



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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

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

Vol. 16. No. 158.

JUNE, 1962

Price 1d.

Editorial

News—And The Lack Of It

Some four years after taking up the Editorial pen once more, I find myself uttering a fervent: "Thank God" that the annual sweep is under way once more and there is a big chance that there will be sufficient material to fill a "Courier" or two without recourse to my now tottering imagination.

It is a most depressing business to go to the Post Office box day after day only to find that it is like Mother Hubbard's Cupboard, only more so. It is this sort of treatment that gets organisations such as ours fresh out of Editors.

You just can't expect a normal human being to try and improvise

month after month in an effort to get a readable journal into the hands of members.

The business of writing a "Courier" becomes a bore and a chore if there is insufficient material from other sources, apart from the long suffering Editor's head piece. This is something that shouldn't happen as an Association such as ours should be sufficiently alive to the situation to make certain that their intercommunication is a pleasure to all, especially the Editor. I can assure you that when the coffers of news are overfull the sense of satisfaction in producing a really worthwhile paper is immense.

SPECIAL MENTIONS:

That
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
on TUESDAY, 3rd JULY, 1962
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

Is Your Obligation

Make a "Monty" of being there and if possible round up one of your Unit mates and bring him too!

Please make hay and haste with those SWEEP TICKETS as we MUST succeed in a bigger way than ever this year. Treat it as URGENT and IMPORTANT

Advise the Organiser as soon as possible on your requirements of Opening Day Tickets for the Games

The thing that irks most is that it would take so little effort on the part of ALL members to produce a worthy journal chock full of news and views that everyone would eagerly look forward to receiving.

As has been stated ad infinitum, it would only take one letter per member per year to cram our pages to overfull monthly. I would hazard a guess that the total of "writing members" would never be more than 10 per cent in any one year apart from sweep time. Even those forwarding sweep butts are terribly liable to say: "Herewith sweep butts and cash, so long," which is not what you might call a colossal literary effort and news value S.F.A.

My fervent plea to you all this year when your Editor is elected (or re-elected) at the Annual General Meeting in July, is that you get right back of him and make his job a little easier and the readability of the "Courier" something for all.

There isn't a doubt that you can do better than you have in the past

because generally speaking you haven't got much to beat.

The feature "Historically Yours!" goes on by fits and starts purely because the writer is terrified that the articles being written are going to be the history as seen through his eyes and not the all embracing history of every member of the Unit.

Memories dull with the passing of the years it is admitted but usually a person can remember what happened to himself if not what happened in another section of the show. If only members would take a little time off to sit down and quietly write down the highlights of their Unit career as it happened to them and send it down to the Editor to be collated along with other material you would be amazed what a crackerjack history would unfold.

Anyhow I will leave it up to all members to make a firm resolution to do a bit better by their "ulcerated" Editor in the year to come.

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

The big news of the month as far as W.A. is concerned, was the visit to this State of Bernie Callinan. Bernie has changed but little. A trifle more weight, a few grey hairs but that is the lot. The boys over here were able to meet him on a couple of occasions, one an impromptu evening at Anzac Club, when some dozen or so turned up for an evening's natter, and on the second occasion the usual monthly meeting at Anzac House when some thing like 30 of the boys were able to make it.

What amazed the writer was the true spontaneity of the meeting of Bernie with the boys. One would think that this was not his first visit to the State and that the last meeting was considerably less than 20 years ago. He showed a remarkable memory for both names and faces which only goes to show just how well he must have really known everyone in Unit days.

We saw many faces we haven't seen for a long time and it was pleasant to see such people as Gordon

Holmes come all the way from Cranbrook for the occasion.

Bernie was welcomed on both occasions by President "Spriggy" McDonald and he told us how pleased he was to have at last been able to make the opportunity to come to the West. He doesn't know how much we relished the visit.

Formality was completely dispensed with to enable Bernie to move freely from group to group and have a talk. We did try at the tail-end of the evening to get a few of the Unit songs going but afraid the memories are not what they used to be as most of the songs broke down pretty soon after starting.

Thanks to the good offices of his host in this State, Dr. G. Barratt-Hill, Bernie was able to visit Don Turton and have a look at a bit of the country and pick a bundle of mushrooms. Don and he were able to have a bit of a get-together and talk over old times. I'll bet there were some bridges blown on that day with these two Sappers going full tilt.

Your writer, thanks to the courtesy of Bernie and Dr. Hill, travel-

led by Cesna aircraft to Esperance with them and had the time of his life in this "boom" town. Must say it is a wonderful way to see the country and Bernie probably would have been able to get a fuller appreciation of the State on that trip than by any other way.

Peter Campbell met us at the Esperance airfield and we had a short talk before Peter had to take off by car for the city due to the death of his mother.

The trip both ways was highly enjoyable and to see the recent development of the Esperance plains area from the air makes one realise the terrific potential of the rapidly developing area.

The main purpose of Bernie's trip West was in connection with the planning of the land based berths for the projected Esperance harbour which is in the capable hands of Bernie and his local associate Dr. Hill.

Talking to the various local people met at Esperance was an experience in itself as never have I met such a solid body of opinion so favourable to the locality. Not one "knocker" did I hear, all were imbued with the one idea, that Esperance and its hinterland was on the up and up and quickly. You would swear you were in the office of some real estate "pusher" to hear each "local" in action.

It is certainly a beautiful spot and with the vast hinterland to be exploited will undoubtedly be quite a town in years to come even if it doesn't become another "Chicago" as one or two locals predicted.

I must reiterate my heartfelt thanks to Bernie and Dr. Hill for the very kind invitation to make the trip with them. I can thoroughly recommend this form of travel to any who want to see the vast areas of W.A. in its correct perspective.

Bernie returned to Melbourne in a leisurely fashion by the "Oriana" and I believe one or two of the boys were able to see him off.

The big thing about the visit was that it showed just how closely knit the Unit organisation still remains after 20 years and just how much good such visits by chaps like Bernard Callinan are in reviving flagging interest in Association affairs.

KALGOORLIE CUP SWEEP

Our annual sweep is under way once again and by the time you receive this you will have received your tickets for selling. You are no doubt aware that the success or failure of the sweep is the solvency or otherwise of the Association and I would like to impress upon you this year just how much this sweep is going to mean.

W.A. is to act as host State for the Empire Games Re-union and the cost will be good and plenty. A resounding success by the sweep will see the Association out of trouble, but a failure or a partial success would find us in strife.

You are asked on this special occasion to redouble your efforts of previous years and sell the tickets you have and request more. It should not be difficult for you to do this and make the sweep the greatest ever conducted.

Please assist the organiser by returning your butts to the box address as soon as possible.

EMPIRE GAME RE-UNION

All members who will be attending the opening day ceremony are urgently requested to advise the organiser as soon as possible the number of tickets they will be requiring for themselves and their families. These tickets could be very difficult to obtain at a later stage and the earlier we know of your intentions the happier we will be.

The general organisation of the Re-union is now well advanced and after the Annual General Meeting sub-committees will be rapidly formed to fully organise the particulars of each and every function. You can be assured no stone will be left unturned to make this Re-union something to remember.

To Eastern Staters let me say you need have no fears on the score of accommodation as we still have quite a few unfilled "berths" so even if you make up your minds at the last minute we will still fix you up with a bed, etc.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This most important meeting will be held at Anzac House Base-camp on Tuesday, July 3.

This is where you can say your piece with regard to the manage-

ment of Association affairs both with regard to the past and the future.

Once again allow me to reiterate that this year in particular we appeal to you to turn up and throw your weight behind the Association. If you can't accept office don't let that deter you from bringing along ideas or constructive criticism—we will welcome either with open arms. This year with the Games Re-union on our plate there will be work for all and you can surely assist in some capacity or other.

It is a sad reflection on your Association if only about 20 turn up to an Annual General Meeting when the affairs of the Association are laid bare for all to see and criticise. Come along for sure and just for once try and remember some Unit member who hasn't been along for a while and kid him into coming. This is really your big obligation to the Association.

Committee Comment

The final Committee meeting for the present year was held at Anzac House Basement on Tuesday, June 19.

The first task confronting Committeemen was to prepare for despatch of the sweep tickets. Thanks to the energetic co-operation of all this was completed in about an hour and then the meeting settled down to Committee business.

The President took the opportunity of thanking all members of the Committee for their loyal and hardworking assistance over the past year.

Quite a few matters regarding the Annual General Meeting were discussed and several recommendations were formulated for proposal at the meeting.

The Organiser gave an outline of the present position regarding the Empire Games Re-union functions and the Committee expressed confidence that all that could be done was being done to ensure success.

Mr. Epps advised that the Address Book had reached the stage where it could be printed at any moment. It was decided that it would be advisable to hold publication a short time longer to enable any changes of address as result of the sweep to be included, seeing that this was now so close.

Personalities

It is with regret we have to record the passing of Peter Campbell's mother. Please accept our sincere sympathy Peter. It was unfortunate that it should have occurred just when it did as both Bernie Callinan and myself were looking forward to your company at Esperance and seeing that farm of yours at Gibsons Soak.

Most pleasing to see Gordon Holmes make the trip all the way from Cranbrook to once again meet Bernie Callinan. Gordon is looking fit and well and doing O.K. he says. Just prior to coming to Perth he said he had met Geo Timms while he and Gordon were engaged searching for a lost child in the Kojonup area.

My thanks to Dave Ritchie for bringing along to the Callinan Re-union the photos, etc., which he has gone to some trouble to mount. These were to be kept as a surprise for the Annual Re-union in November but Dave thought the occasion of Bernie's visit was too good to miss and produced them to the evident enjoyment of all present. They will still be of terrific interest to most members who go to the Re-union later in the year. If you have any photos or messages or anything of interest Dave is prepared to go to the trouble of mounting them if you will kindly loan them.

Have managed to have a couple of meetings with Don Turton since last going to press and he is as usual bubbling over with good spirits and bursting with energy. He asks me to send his good wishes to all the gang.

One who came along to both meetings with B.J.C. was Jerry Haire and he evidently enjoyed himself on both occasions. Jerry is currently lecturing at Claremont Teachers' Training College after many years as a master at Perth Modern School.

The Fremantle gang were in evidence in a big way at both turn-outs. Mick Morgan, Mick Calcutt, Alby Friend, Jack Carey, Arthur Smith, "Curly" Bowden, being seen at one or other of the shows.

Rang Mrs. Poynton the other day and she had to apologise for Joe not being able to attend as he was busy building in the bush and

making an honest dollar while the going was good.

My thanks to Tom Nisbet for making it possible to meet B.J.C. as he arrived from Melbourne, as being vehicleless the walk would have been a bit "dork". Tom also picked up Bernie and brought him along to our first show at Anzac Club. Tom is a pretty busy man at present as Country Sales Manager with Ampol.

Arch Campbell was able to make it for the second show. Arch is also with Ampol and is at present conducting a school for the Coy.

Ray Aitken was able to add to the good humour of both functions with a find of whimsical happenings probably long since forgotten by most others until revived in the inimitable Aitken manner.

Don Hudson also made it for the last meeting and said he may be

along to quite a few meetings from now on as he has hopes of being stationed in the city area. We will welcome the "Huddy" with open arms and probably give him a job or two to do. He doesn't change any and would still be a nasty opponent in a scrap as he looks as fit as a fiddle.

Mick Calcutt told me he had a wonderful trip up north and was tickled pink to have the chance to meet Peter Barden and Jack Denman at Geraldton. Says he can thoroughly recommend the trip to any who feel like indulging.

Bernie brought news of "Taffy" Davies who at the time of B.J.C. leaving Melbourne was an inmate of Greenslopes R.G.H., Brisbane. Apparently he has since left and we hope the old Taffy is now 100 per cent.

Random Harvest

R. C. DHU, of 164 Gillies St., Fairfield, Victoria, writes:—

Please don't think that you are seeing things. After all this time I've discovered I can still write. Admittedly, not too good, but still readable. I reckon I'd be about the worst letter writer in Australia.

This is just a short note to let you know that the wife and I hope to be over in the West for the Games. All being well, of course.

I was in 1 Section, "A" Platoon, if you require that info.

We will be going over by car. Have no idea what date as yet, but will let you know later.

I am working for the Snowy Mountain Authority at present and not too bad, but very cold, as you may guess. The accommodation here is quite good and the food is ample and of pretty good quality, which are the two main things.

I am based at Khancoban now, which is not a bad spot. Fair shopping facilities and a brand new pub (hooray!). The Mrs. is at the above address in Melbourne and I drive down there every two or three weeks.

The country is pretty rugged here but as long as I don't have to walk over it, I can put up with it. There are a few more weirs to be constructed so the scheme will be going for many more years. Quite

a large number of employees have been put off these last few weeks on account of the weather. Snow clearing is about the main thing now.

There are a hell of a lot of N.A.'s employed here. Some of them have real beaut table manners, too. We watched one Italian the other morning at breakfast. He had two helpings of bacon and eggs and never used knife, fork or spoon. Love to see him have a go at a bowl of soup.

Really appreciate receiving the "Courier". Good to hear the news about the gang. My regards to all.

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

Science. Hoop has gone in for his fourth term as Mayor of Roma. He wasn't anxious about it but they elected him in just the same and I believe as an experiment he and his crowd have illuminated portion of the town with natural gas lights and they are getting excellent results with their project. At present some of our leading gas engineers are overseas gathering info and if the experiments at Roma continue to be successful, these engineers envisage pumping some of this natural gas down to New South Wales and Victoria.

This natural gas smells like petrol. In Canada and America the utilisation of natural gas for industrial purposes is big business and in Australia it may yet become a household word.

Art. The artist Sam Fullbrook, has drawn favourable comment from our art critics and three of his paintings have been selected for display in the vestibule of one of our daily newspapers, the Courier Mail. Many artists aspire to have their paintings shown in that Hall of Fame, but few of them succeed. Sam has made the grade.

Literature. I have read a newspaper introduction to Dave Dexter's book, the New Guinea Offensive. I see Dave goes in for statistics which is a good thing in case of argument. The journalist goes on to relate a 6th Divi action that was written by Dave, and I came to the conclusion. "Wow!" Where do I buy this exciting book? Last year I came across an article written by Bernie Callinan, it was about that controversial country, South Vietnam. He had a talk with Ngo Dink Diem, the president of that country. The article was set out in a why and what style. Very educating at a time when we all need educating as to what is going on in countries to our near north.

Also came across an article written by Frank O'Neill. He was having a natter to President Sukarno, of Indonesia. It seems everyone is having a yarn to presidents, bar me. I can't even get a word in edgeways with the president of the swagman's union.

Occasionally I come across articles written by Allan Dower, of the 2/4th. Another writer, Tom Hungerford, of the 2/8th, was a guest of honour at the recent Adelaide Arts Festival. He must be among the top notchers to receive such treatment.

Invention. Fred Otway has invented and built a bee hive lifter to take the back breaking work out of bee keeping. I can't tell you the principal of it as that would be unfair to Fred, but I trust that by now his patent rights have come through. The machine is of all steel construction. For a while I was giving him a hand with designing, but had he followed through with my suggestions he may have met with disaster as bees have a habit of taking to people in a big

way. I'd rather wrestle a bullock than play around with those things. That dreadnought Fred, can have it on his own for mine, and it's pleasing to know that some of his "A" Platoon mates in the West are also inventors. Bert Burgess with his wool rolling table, and Arthur Marshall with his bulk handling equipment. There also may be other blokes with the bent and I for one would be interested to hear about their inventions (I'm sympathetic.)

Bluey Pendergast and I were infected with the invention bug for a while "but we got over it".

These "A" Platoon blokes follow in the foot steps of Baldy, their old Platoon leader. Did he not invent bowyangs? And I've been wondering whether he wears his bowyangs on his hikes to the You-Yangs.

And over in the West Don Turton has set us an example with the Turton Scheme, an example that some of us hope to follow some day

To Whom It Applies:

If you belong to the Queensland scene,
Your pals ask where you've been,
Some Interstate jokers
Think you've joined the devil's stokers.

So give the lie to that.
Every bender Tom, Dick and Pat,
Start the ink flowing
Tell 'em how yer goin'
(They'll appreciate that).

Balancing the Exchequer:

Out in the wide open spaces
Few traffic laws embrace us.
Travelling through the bush is rough,
Driving through the city's twice as tough,
And we sympathise with you
When you make a blue,
And the copper roars: "Pull over, driver!
That'll cost you a fiver."

This article is being published because it will give everyone some food for thought. Paddy has apparently given quite a bit of time to thinking out this project business and we would like to have your opinions on this sort of thing. Perhaps you might write in and tell the Editor what you think of projects as such and what sort of projects are best suited to a show like ours.

An Appeal For Projects and Ideas:

I'm far from being a Rhodes Scholar and those of you who don't already know that will soon wake up to it as we move along. All great movements must have a beginning somewhere and in the initial stages of a movement there must be at least one person with the faith and foresight to visualise the objective as already accomplished.

In this Association there is not only one person, but a group of members who have thought for some time that there is a need in this Association for an all round project where we can all be participants and contributions in a very small way.

Over the years some of our Editorial writers have stressed the needs of the Association and they haven't just written those articles to fill up the "Courier". No. I believe they have written them in the earnest hope that some of us other chaps will follow up with an idea or two so that we can obtain those needs.

They say never be short of an idea. This is what I propose.

If we haven't got a target lined up for the year of 1963 I suggest that we make an all out effort in creating a bank of ideas for that year, and when the 12 months are up the brains trust could draw the ideas out of that bank and use what they wanted in forming up a master plan or an all round project.

Now assuming that we are all in agreement in wanting an all round project. It will need finance to give it an initial start. This is what I suggest in that line.

There are 494 members in this show. I'm no idealist so for argument sake we'll use the figure of 400. If each of those members were to contribute a bob a week for 52 weeks of the year, each member would contribute £2/12/- for the year. Multiply that by 400 members and the Association would have £1,040 coming in each year to finance a project.

Keep up that pace for five years and it's £5,200.

Now depending on what sort of a project or investment the show takes up, you might get your shillings back with interest. Anyhow what odds if you don't? Your money would go to help some of

our less fortunate members, and that might be enough interest for you. It depends on how you are designed yourself.

If you can't see your way clear to pay your bob a week make out an application right away as you are in need of immediate assistance.

If we take the average wage of each member at £15 per week, a bob out of that per week is only a three hundredth part of your wages, and that's not much to pay for friendship. I don't mean fair weather friends. I mean fair dinkum friends. Blokes who have stuck to you in the past and would stick to you in the future if necessary, and the definition of a true mate is someone who will see you through when others reckon you are through.

And before we go any further I suppose you want to know how do you handle "pikers" in the "Contribution Stakes". I have an answer for that one, but it would take too long to go into it here as at present I'm only trying to give an outline.

With the approach of the Games Convention this would be an opportune time to adjust the thinking caps and get our minds out of neutral and make a start at designing a project that's attractive to all. And some of you may yet show the Editor and the mob that you have improved on the brains that you were issued with at birth.

In Ireland they say there are countless ways of choking a cat to death without giving it butter. So if you get scratched the first time line up with another idea.

Australia is a big place and our members are scattered throughout this vast continent, therefore we have to think big, and parish pump ideas won't suffice if we are to give this show perpetuality. And if we in Queensland are to come from behind scratch and do the right thing by our mates in the West and the South we will need to be part of a project that's all embracing, as we have lost the initiative in gaining public support.

I don't say do away with the existing Association structure. It's very good. It has served the purpose for 17 years and doesn't appear to have many faults. All I'm doing is suggesting that we reinforce that structure.

In this show we have members in all trades and professions, as well as counter jumpers and knock-about men, and they have a terrific fund of experiences that we could draw from. So far that potential, in lots of cases, has gone untapped. At the least it would be a news source for the "Courier".

Let's go back in history and quote a passage from the "Courier" of July, 1960. "The past has so surely proved that this Unit functions better when it has a fight on its hands." I reckon that scribe hit the nail on the head and didn't miss by a fraction. What's wanted is something with a bit of fight, a bit of go, a bit of sting in it, a target that we can all aim for, as well as the existing objectives.

I have designed a fund raising project but I made the mistake of designing for 90 per cent work and 10 per cent fun. However, when and if the appeal opens up I'll design another one with 10 per cent work and 90 per cent fun, if that is possible. The old project might amuse some and intrigue others when they read it. At least you might get an idea or two out of it. I'm not here to bore you with my achievements or blunders. I'm writing to see whether you could design a better fund raising project.

I think an ideal project would be one that after being given an initial start would become self perpetuating and recreate finance by its own impetus.

Nations don't progress unless they are willing to accept new ideas and the same rule applies to a business or an association and high sounding words become meaningless if they are not followed up by constructive suggestion.

And now it's goodnight everyone hoping to see you as either competitors or supporters when the barrier goes up in the "Project Stakes".

"Curly" O'NEIL, writes from Tenant Creek, to Col Doig:—

Here is an overdue piece for the "Courier".

I am thinking now of the day you put the whole war in perspective for me.

We were standing stiff-necked and rigid awaiting the arrival of some choleric general who was to

harangue us. You were out front. Suddenly you put your hat on sideways, your hand in your shirt, turned round and made a face.

"Hooray," I felt like shouting. Well chum, long may you prosper. I hope to see you one day.

(Thanks a million "Curly". Hope you are successful with the "Griffin Stakes". Will help to get even for all the uncomfortable nights he gave me pressing clobber on my bed for himself and all his mates.—Col.)

I am, as you have learned, riding a horse across Australia.

"Why are you doing it?" a woman asked me the other day.

"For money and vanity, madam," I replied.

Now, there are two more important reasons why I am perched on the back of an oat-eater.

One is because I haven't got all my marbles. This admission probably will bring loud cries of "Hear, Hear," from certain characters I know.

The other reasons is GRIFFIN.

When I get to Adelaide, Griffin will be dragged out of the scrub to greet me.

Many hands will be laid upon him. Then my South Australian representatives, Dud Tapper and Dig, will tie him to the back of my horse with a wait-a-while vine.

Griffin will be dragged through the streets while the assembled populace hisses and boos him and throws things.

In King William Street what's left of Griffin will be called upon to speak.

He will say: "I rename this street King Curly Street. I hereby renounce my spurious claim to be King of all Bushies. The King of the City Slickers is taking over. I surrender." (Loud cheers from the crowd.)

Griffin then will be ceremoniously stripped of his bowyangs, Wagga rugs and pen knife.

He is to be sat backwards on a mule. On his shoulders he will carry a battery operated neon light (symbol of the city) and round his neck he will wear a bell. Then he will be turned loose in the spinifex.

Well, that disposes of the mythical monster, for the moment anyhow.

I regret that I couldn't make my annual appearance on Anzac Day. I was in Darwin, studying my fingernails and getting set to leave for Point Stuart.

I would not have been allowed to go, anyhow. Last year I took a group of N.S.W. stool pigeons home with me. As soon as they got in the door they began singing: "You should have seen him today. Did he play up!"

"So what," I yelled, crazy with the grog.

Well that did it. Anzac Day was just April 25 for me, I was told. However, time passes and memories become sweeter.

In the last few years I've had the opportunity to look at all the places the 2/2nd soldiered.

Two years ago I flew to Moresby, then Lae and visited the cemetery there. Our crowd was all together in this well kneped spot, which is the way it should be.

I flew over New Britain, over Jacquinot, Wide and Open Bay, then on to Rabaul. I saw that island we took over just after the war, the one which cost me a couple of hooks and Dick Crossing Bob Smythe and Bruce Smith a few quid.

I tried to find the site of our camp. But believe me . . . you can't go back again.

I flew up the Ramu on my way to Hollandia and there some 10,000 feet below was the Faita strip. It looked as if someone had run a Victrola mower through the kunai, but the marks were still there. You couldn't mistake them.

Earlier this year I flew over Timor on my way to Djakarta. As we passed it at 35,000 feet I was

handed champagne, oysters, beef tournedo, liquers and cigars.

"Gosh," I thought to myself, "Just like the food we used to get down there."

I gave myself a tremendous send-off from Singapore and lost one shoe getting on the plane.

I woke up somewhere over the Philippines and sitting opposite me was a gentleman reading the London Times, eating a boiled egg and wearing four rings on his sleeve.

The sight of him terrified me. "Excuse me," I said, "are you the captain?"

"I am," he said. "Well why the hell aren't you up there captaining this thing?" I said.

He laughed (very English laugh) and assured me that somebody or something was flying it. I went back to an uneasy sleep and woke up in Manila.

So much for the travelogue. Now we come to the point.

You, Col Doig, in Perth; you, Bruce McLaren, in Melbourne; you, Squirt, in Sydney; and you, Paddy Wilby, in outback Queensland; some night when you are sitting comfortably by your fires you may hear a tinkling noise and a voice crying: "Long live the King of the City Slickers!"

It will be Griffin and his bell. Sneak out quietly, check up to see that he has his neon light flashing. Then set your most vicious and horrible dogs on him, shouting the while: "Get behind there, heel him, heel him!"

Griffin will be off in a flash of light and a tolling of bells.

Now I must be off. So long everybody.

Heard This?

Dickie had just succeeded in making the staff of his school paper and his first assignment was to cover the school play. He immortalised himself immediately by writing: "The auditorium was filled to capacity with expectant mothers eagerly awaiting the appearance of their offspring."

* * * *

The hospital staff was planning a costume party and the young nurses were discussing the outfits to be worn.

"What do you think old Sourpuss, the supervisor of nurses, is going to wear?" one pretty young thing asked.

"With her varicose veins," her friend answered, "she could go as a road map!"



That

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

TUESDAY, JULY 3

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

Is Your Obligation



Make a "Monty" of being there and if possible round up one
of your Unit mates and bring him too!

