



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial - - -

YOUR DUTY

In the very near future (the first Tuesday in July to be precise) the Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held and it is deemed necessary to once again draw your attention to you the member, to your duty to make every possible endeavour to be present.

Last year the Annual General Meeting was very nearly a fiasco. The attendance was only sufficient to constitute a quorum and the interest of those present apart from retiring executive members, was to say the least, deplorable. Certain high executive positions had to be "hawked" before they could be filled, this in the year in which we were to be hosts for the Commonwealth Games Re-union. It is to be sincerely hoped that such a situation never occurs again.

Office in a proud Association such as ours, should be a prized possession to be contested in the strongest possible manner to insure that the best available person fills the office. This is not to say that it has been incapably filled in the past. On the contrary office bearers have been the very acme of all that should be expected.

The simple fact remains that these men are being left to carry on year in year out without relief, and to a great extent without assistance.

It is quite true that when the Games Re-union was in the throes of being run most members threw their weight behind the effort and made certain that success was achieved, but generally speaking

this is not the case. Everyone seems to be perfectly happy at the way things go along and develop a "couldn't care less" attitude to the conduct of Association affairs.

There comes the time in every office bearer's life when he would like at least a brief spell and not be forced to once again accept office on the assumption that it is absolutely necessary that he continue to carry on or the Association will fold up. We should have plenty of talent among our gang to ensure that the more onerous offices rotate in such a way that nobody is worn out.

The present main executive officers have been in their present positions for periods in excess of three years and this is too long to expect a man to carry on. He should be able to at least think: "Well, I'll have a year's spell and there will be plenty of ready volunteers to take my place."

You are enjoined to make every possible endeavour to attend the Annual General Meeting and voice your opinion as to the past conduct of the Association and also how we should operate in the future. You should be prepared to offer your services to the Association in whatever capacity that you think you can best do a job. After all it is your Association and can only truly function if you, the general member, do your utmost to make it tick. Surely a couple of nights a month is not too great a price to pay to belong to one of the most exclusive organisations in the world

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

Due to circumstances beyond your Editor's control, there have been many Activities since last the "Courier" went of press. Best if these be taken in chronological order.

APRIL MEETING

This was held at Anzac House Basement on April 2 and we were happy to have as our Guest Speaker Mr. Bill Lucas, probably the best known yachtsman in W.A.

Mr. Lucas's victories with his various yachts over the years have stamped him as a man with the widest possible knowledge of this aquatic sport and probably one of the shrewdest skippers ever to lay a hand on a tiller in this State.

Bill held our attention for upwards of two hours, recounting his many races with his arch rival, Neil McAlister, of "Euna Mari" fame while Bill in his much smaller boat "Panamuna", managed to grab off most of the plums in the ocean races to Bunbury and Naturaliste. He was also able to recount his unique experience sailing the steel schooner "Corsair" from Fremantle to Sydney for disposal. Probably of greatest interest to the gang was Mr. Lucas's authoritative handling of all that led up to and during Australia's recent challenge for the America's Cup series. It is not very often that a group such as ours can get on the inside of such stupendous events as this great yachting epic.

We would like to sincerely thank Bill Lucas for his wonderful talk and to thank Dave Ritchie and Bob Smyth who introduced us to this outstanding personality.

ANZAC DAY

After what had been a most unpromising week Anzac Day dawned fair and wonderful. The weather was just indiscribable. Even the Dawn Service, which is usually attended by bitterly cold winds, was nicely warm and a big crowd attended. Our wreath of Double Diamond shape and of lovely red carnations, was laid on this occa-

sion by Gerry Maley and Fred Napier, and boy did they place it prominently on the Memorial! It stood out like a beacon in the desert.

The march was attended by a slightly smaller gathering of our crowd than usual and this is difficult to account for. Tom Nisbet led us most efficiently and Mick Morgan as usual made certain that our banner was prominently displayed. Probably we did a little less hop, skip and jumping than of yore due no doubt to Tom's more experience in leading marches.

The get-together afterwards was at our usual venue, the 16th Battalion Drill Hall in Bazaar Terrace. Mick Calcutt, Arthur Smith and Jack Hasson made certain that thirsty marchers were immediately catered for in the way of drinks. Jack Carey, with assistance from Gerry Maley and "Spriggy" McDonald, saw to the inner man with a luncheon that would cost a quid in any pub in Australia. All this occurs with such ease that one wonders just how self effacing Jack Carey really can be. Cray fish, crumb cutlets, crumb sausages, the most tasty brawn I've ever tasted and many other dishes too numerous to mention were spread out in minutes and eagerly devoured.

The liquid refreshments went on for hours and hours and although we may have been a bit lighter than usual in numbers it was made up for in conviviality.

Mick Morgan seemed to be the self appointed leader of singers and it is years since I've heard the gang so eager to join in all the old songs. The general breaking up occurred about 5.30 o'clock (not bad when you consider it started a little after noon), but of course the groups then sped to many and varied other venues and I have since been told that quite a few didn't make it home until the "sma wee hours".

Seen enjoying themselves were Johnny Moore down from Dwellingup, Mal Herbert taking part in his first city parade and down from Nungarin, "Slim" James having day off the trots, Bill Epps, Jack Penglase a very hardy annual, and Parry sporting as many ribbons

a Yankee General, Len Bagley, "Ping" Anderson, Jimmy Barnes (making his solo run in this State on Anzac Day), "Curly" Bowden, Joe Burrige who had to depart early due to work, Arch Campbell who arrived a little late after dispersing hospitality to the Legacy children, Col Criddle, Ernie Dinwoodie with a couple of mates, Alby Friend looking fitter than I've ever seen him, Dick Geere who with assistance from Jack Carey was grabbing the dough to stop us from going broke and doing a wonderful job, Jerry Hare, Percy Hancock, Mick Holland, "Slim" Holly, Charlie King also looking like a million dollars, Ron Kirkwood just returned from a trip East, Gerry Maley, President "Spriggy" McDonald, Jim McLaughlin one of the better singers amongst us and able assistant to Mick Morgan in this department, "Rip" McMahon, Jim Menzies, Fred Napier who had only recently returned from a trip to the U.K. with wife Gladys, Joe Poynton who appeared to be enjoying himself in a big way, Clarrie Varian, Bob Smyth and Yours Truly, the Editor.

There were many present from other Squadrons and these helped to build our ranks to respectable proportions. These chaps appear to have a wonderful day and many came forward and thanked Executive members for being permitted to be in it with our gang. All in all the usual wonderful Anzac Day with the re-union spirit well and truly alive.

MAY MEETING

As usual this was held at Anzac House Basement on May 7. It took the form of a "go as you please" sports night with table tennis, quoits and darts being the main games. No scores were kept and everybody was encouraged to have a go at everything. Late in the evening somebody introduced the old game of "penny on the line" just for variety. I still have aching muscles to testify to the fact that bending down is no longer to be enjoyed by blokes over 50. Can't say that the form revealed at any of the sports seemed to indicate any world champions either past, present or future among the contestants but the standard was low enough to allow everyone to

kid themselves they weren't too bad.

Arthur Smith appeared to be about the best among the dart players but this could have been because his group weren't so hot (I was among them). Ron Kirkwood, Dave Ritchie and Jack Carey seemed to be a class above the others at table tennis although our President was throwing a mean bat. Percy Hancock and Col Doig seemed to be able to find the quoit peg a bit more often than most and perhaps Ron Kirkwood showed the best form at Penny on the Line.

A wonderful amount of good fun for all present and a particularly good evening's enjoyment.

Among those having fun were Col Hodson, Geo Fletcher, Jack Penglase, Jack Hasson, Bob McDonald, Jack Carey, Ron Kirkwood, Arthur Smith, Dave Ritchie, Gerry Maley, Percy Hancock, Clarrie Varian and Col Doig.

Committee Comment

The Committee met on April 16 and conducted the usual steady amount of business. This meeting was well attended.

The Treasurer reported that finances were still in a sound position but pointed out that it was essential to run the sweep to maintain this position.

Bill Epps advised that he had recently mown the grass in Kings Park in readiness for Anzac Day and considered the area looked very well. He reported that the rustic signs required some minor attention which would be attended to. It was resolved to ask the Kings Park Board to take over a small plot in our area to experiment and find out what was required to make the lawn flourish.

Final arrangements for Anzac Day were put in hand and the Secretary reported that all was in readiness for this day.

The President said he was keen to see the Association run a car rally and it was left to Mr. Geere to make preliminary enquiries in this regard for such an event later in the year.

Mr. Doig undertook to bring along to the next meeting information regarding the granting of Battle Honours.

Personalities



ALBIE FRIEND, 30 Halse Crescent, Melville Heights.

Left to right: Daryl, 19 yrs.; Robert, 12 yrs.; Daphne (Mum); Kaye, 10 yrs.; Albie (Dad); Jean, 14 yrs.; Janet, 18 yrs.
Occupations: Dad, Commonwealth Meat Inspector; Daryl, Cook with the Navy; Janet, Nurse. others at school.

Albie has had a varied career since demob. He and his brother conducted a butchery business and then he completed a woolclassing course and was in that occupation for some while returning to butchery and now to that allied trade of Meat Inspector. He has, where possible, taken a keen interest in Association affairs and has been a constant attendant at most working bees.

(Thanks Albie, for starting the ball rolling with the new personality feature. I hope it is only the forerunner of many more. —Ed.)

Since last we went to print another of our members has answered the last post. This time W. E. A. (Ajax) Harrison. "Ajax" passed away with tragic suddenness late in March and the Association was able to arrange to be represented at the last rites at the graveside in Fremantle Cemetery. We much regret this sudden passing of the jovial "Ajax" who was probably among the real hard cases of our Unit. His ready wit provoked many a laugh among the boys and our gatherings won't be quite the same without him to make a nuisance of himself in a witty way. We send our sincere sympathy to the loved ones he left behind.

Must say it is good to welcome Geo Fletcher back to the fold after many years. Quite by mischance

he met Laurie Tapper who told him of our meetings and he came along to the April meeting, then Anzac Day and lately to the May meeting and says that these shows are a must from now on. Geo looks as fit as a fiddle and if possible as young as that boy that joined us many years ago in New Guinea.

Tom Crouch has been down in the city for a brief holiday and man aged to look up quite a few of the gang including Joe Poynton, Roy Watson, Jack Carey and Col Doig. Col never seems to change indicating that hard work is good for the figure. He says he is now making real headway on his farm at Manjimup after a lean spell for a couple of years. He brought news of Alex Thomson

who is back at Pemberton with the Forestry Dept., to enable his family to go to High School. Tom also said he sees Gordon Rowley quite often and that he is prospering in a big way with his chain saw agency.

Tickled pink to run in with Mal Herbert on Anzac Day. He said he was combining business with pleasure and keen to join at least once in the Anzac Day in the city. Mal said the season had opened magnificently for him at Nungarin and in fact the ground was too wet for him when he was in town at Anzac Day. He was also to take part in a Metropolitan Union Rifle Shoot on the weekend following Anzac Day. Noticed later in the daily press that Mal has once again been selected as Captain for the State Rifle Team. Congratulations from all the gang.

Johnny Moore is becoming quite a regular at Anzac Day Re-unions. The only thing wrong with this is that Johnny looks so young he makes the rest of us feel old.

Bert Burges called to see me the other day and looks as well as ever. He was about to collect his boy who is at present schooling at St. Ildephonsus, New Norcia. Bert left a nice donation for the Kings Park Kerbing Fund. Thanks a million Bert, it is very welcome. Bert is still most interested in the Regional Veterinary Scheme to provide for adequate veterinary attention being available to farmers in the various regions.

Ron Kirkwood, his wife and family, and Col Doig, went down to Don Turton's place the other week end chasing the succulent mushroom and thanks to excellent guidance by Don had no trouble in obtaining plenty. Don was as busy as the proverbial bumble bee and in the middle of season preparation for cropping with three tractors flat out. He and Vida were also flat out preparing for the opening of the golf club of which Vida is Ladies' President. Despite all this we received more than our full share of Turton hospitality.

Ken Bowden was telling me on Anzac Day that he has practically completed the necessary mould for the making of a "Flying 15" racing yacht and will shortly be able to go ahead with the actual building of the boat. Any of you blokes

interested in getting a "Flying 15" built by an expert "Curly" is your man now he has the mould ready for action.

Saw Robbie Rowan-Robinson the other day. Down in the city for one of his many meetings as director of Wesfarmers. Says the apple season has been extra good in his area and that Bernie Langridge has one of the most productive orchards about the place.

Talking of apples Joe Burridge has been flat to the boards during the last month or so and had even to slip away early from Anzac Day to get on with the loading of an export cargo.

Dick Geere has recently been on annual leave and got in a trip to Kalgoorlie to see his brother and several relatives. Dick looks the better for his break.

Another sighted since last the "Courier" went to press was Doug Fullarton who was in the city with regard to certain legal business. Doug is back at Donnelly River Mill for Bunnings and says he enjoys being back in the bush.

Had a brief phone chat the other day with Gerry Green who at present is our official visitor at Hollywood Hospital. He brought word of one B. O'Sullivan, ex-"C" Platoon, who is in hospital. Haven't heard of "Sully" since the year dot. Gerry also was able to tell me that daughter Geraldine was now going along very well after having a stiff trot.

Fred and Glad Napier returned to Australia a couple of weeks prior to Anzac Day after an enjoyable but cold holiday in England visiting Fred's family. Fred said that due to the weather and other commitments he wasn't able to visit "Scotty" Taylor and much regretted this oversight. The big man stacked on a couple of stone on the trip and is now battling to get rid of it barracking for Claremont. Fred says he will give us a talk on the trip at one of the meetings in the near future.

Making the news recently was one Geo Wilson. There was a large picture of Geo writing a letter to his sister who he hadn't seen or heard of for 30 years and who had contacted him through the Red Cross. Geo. is a taxi driver in our fair City of Light. Joe Poynton has been working

back in the big smoke for a while adding further additions to the "C" class hospital wife Helen conducts at Fremantle. Joe looks as fit as ever and still indulges in his favourite sport of skin diving.

Noticed in the press a couple of days ago a death notice for one H. J. (Gunner) Brown at Singleton, N.S.W. Apparently "Gunner" was a W/O in the Permanent Army and died suddenly. Had not previously heard of him for several years and if you will remember we tried to trace him without success to enable a cigarette lighter found in Timor to be returned to him. We are most sorry to hear of his passing as "Gunner" was a really good mate of all the chaps in "A" Platoon from the time of formation until he left the Company after Timor.

ADDRESS BOOK

It didn't take long, did it? The time has arrived to bring your Address Book up to date and in this issue is a list of change of addresses and additions.

Please cut this out and paste in the appropriate place in your book and so be up to date.

W.A.:—

BARNES J. E.,
307 Great Eastern H'way,
Belmont.

BURNS A. R.,
32 Redcliffes Street,
East Cannington.

MURRAY D. F.,
20 Reserve Street,
Claremont.

STRICKLAND G. E.,
15 Dudley Street,
Rivervale.

STUDDY R.,
Commercial Hotel,
Midland.

THOMAS H. E.,
37 John Street,
North Fremantle.

THOMSON A.,
69 Arnott Street,
Manjimup.

FLETCHER G.,
29 Kimbarra Street,
Nollamarra.

DHU R.,
10 Venn Street,
North Perth.

VICTORIA:—

KERR W.,
25 Kennedy Street,
South Oakleigh.

ROBERTS J. S.,
57 Nicholson Street,
East Coburg.

NEW SOUTH WALES:—

COLLINS L.,
12A Dowling Street,
East Sydney.

SMITH B. T. C.,
23 Cabarita Road,
Concord.

SMITH B.,
Pt. Perpendicular Lighthouse,
Via Nowra.

QUEENSLAND:—

CONNELL W. J.,
101 Ashby Road, Fairfield.

SYMONS R. G.,
11 Marne Road,
Albion.

SPECIAL MENTIONS :

JUNE MEETING

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT on 4th

This is to be another Rifle Shoot which is always very popular

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 2nd JULY

Make this the meeting of the year. It is your duty to attend

ANNUAL RE-UNION

Date in August to be advised

COMMANDO CABARET

COTTESLOE SURF PAVILION

1st OCTOBER, 1963 (Royal Show Week)

Book up the wife and paste it on the calendar

Historically Yours!

THE NATIVE WAR

In the last episode Major Callinan briefly touched on the native uprising in Timor and as this was quite a feature of our campaign perhaps a fuller account appears to be warranted.

The Japanese having failed to dig our Unit out of our hiding places and defeat us in battle, decided that the time had arrived to try different tactics. The enemy realised that while we had the backing of the indigenous population and assistance of a majority of the Portuguese administrators, his task of driving us from the island or capturing enough of us to make our role untenable, was virtually impossible.

The Nip decided the time had arrived to wrest administrative control from the Portuguese and to try and turn the natives against us. By slaughtering quite a few Porto Chef de Post in the areas in which he was in control he hoped that this would be a salutary lesson to all the others.

Incidentally the first Portuguese killed were those not particularly sympathetic to our cause.

The Jap also brought in great numbers of natives from the Dutch end to work up discontent among those natives loyal to the Portuguese and to start a native war.

This task of a native rebellion was all too easy because among the natives there were many who had no great love for the Portuguese masters and who remembered the rebellion of 1912 put down with much blood. Many of the natives who assisted our cause did so in the mistaken idea that we would eventually help them to get rid of their Porto masters.

As recounted by Major Callinan the first time the Jap used the natives was in the August show when these were used as a forward screen in front of his troops and these natives were afterwards proved to be of Dutch area origin. The tactic was quite successful both from a war point of view and from one of morale.

The psychological effect upon our

troops of seeing natives fighting against us after so many months of learning to trust them as 100 per cent allies, was enormous. From then on we never knew who to trust as friend and who to treat as foe among the natives, that is apart from our own creodoes who remained constantly loyal.

This effect on our morale made for redoubled guard and patrol activity as from now on we were on our own. We could no longer count on being forewarned by the natives who lived in the territory between us and any possible Jap advance.

The uprising of the natives also affected the food position because it must be remembered that we lived almost entirely on what could be produced by the natives and purchased by us. While they were fighting they were not tending their crops and their idea of a war was to burn out villages wholesale.

The remarkable thing about all this is that the Jap did not attempt to bring about this state of affairs earlier. During our unimpeded period with the natives we had managed to build up terrific good-will with this populace which no amount of Jap influence at a later period fully impaired and this even after the insurrection we did manage some measure of effectiveness that would not have been possible without native good will.

This good will was brought about mainly by the fairness of our treatment of the natives at all times. Despite anything that may be said or written to the contrary our treatment of natives at all times was exemplary and this writer cannot recall one incident where our treatment of natives could be brought to book and proved to be of an unsavoury nature. As a matter of fact the one big argument by the Portuguese against us was the easy way we treated and dealt with the Timorese.

After all that preamble back to the native war. The main impact of the uprising was felt in the provinces of Frontier and Sao Donin-

jos where the main body of our troops were ensconced.

By the time the uprising reached its height we had largely evacuated Frontiera and were in the Sao Domingos Province. The loss of Frontiera was a grievous one as this was one of the most prosperous of all the provinces and food was always easy while we were in this area. Also the Administrator Sousa Santos was one of our truest friends. Although of excitable nature and nick-named the "Barometer" because of his ups and downs he steadfastly supported our cause and because he was second only to the Governor in status he carried along a lot of Administrators and Chef de Posts who might have wavered if left to their own devices.

The main specific trouble area from our point of view might be defined as from Moubisse to the Cablakis. This was the area held or should it be said, peopled by "A", "C" and "D" Platoons. "C" Platoon was in the Moubisse area, "A" Platoon in the Same area, and "D" in the Cablaki area.

This writer will attempt to relate what happened in the Cablaki area and this will largely be indicative of what also happened to Capt. Dexter and his merry men and to Capt. McKenzie with "C" Platoon.

It must always be remembered that as far as this native embroilment is concerned ours was only a watching brief we never entered into it one way or the other but we had to make sure it did not overflow and engulf us.

At the time in question from September to November, 1942 "D" Platoon was holding the various saddles in the Cablaki Mountains making certain that the enemy was denied access to the vital south coast and also to allow the whole Company a breathing space to regroup towards the East if necessary. There was no room for reserves, every available man was forward in various positions under the able leadership of Capt. Turton and later Lt. Doig, Lt. Green, Lt. Rodd and Sgt. Davies, each commanded sections over looking the valley towards Moubessi.

After things had settled down after the August Show (as recounted in the previous episode) the first signs that all was not well with the native population in the hills

and valleys to our front was the sight of distant fires which appeared to be native villages being fired. Small patrols were immediately despatched to discover what was going on. These returned hastily to advise that native was fighting native and that quite a few villages had been burnt down.

Turton was quite alarmed at the news as the food position in the Cablaki area was far from good and at the time consisted mainly of Kau Kau (sweet potatoes to you) and if the natives started destroying this then starvation could easily descend upon his troops. He issued orders to each of his section leaders to keep a close watch on the position and to try and persuade the natives in their immediate area to keep out of the trouble. The good relations with the natives in the near vicinity revived for a period and most of the trouble seemed to be in the Moubesse area fermented by Dutch natives and fanned by Jap intervention.

It was not possible to keep the trouble at bay for too long and the first close outbreak occurred in the area manned by Lt. Green and his Sappers. This started with spadmodic sniping at our positions and at the natives in the area. These natives who appeared to be the most docile in the world soon found latent blood lust and rushed to the defence of their homes and gardens in the face of the intruder.

These natives seemed to accept our intrusion of their area as a matter of course and learnt how to avoid the various Jap sorties but when it came to their own kind attacking them it was a horse of a different colour. Katanas (large knives always carried by the native), bows and arrows, shovel spears and even old weapons smartly came into action. They swept upon the insurrectionists and great was the blood letting. Unfortunate captives quickly had their heads cut off and the still dripping head placed on the spears to be carried home as trophies of battle—a most nauseating sight.

The battle raged back and forth across the valleys with the chants of the victors mingling with the screams of the victims. The whole business had a most unnerving effect on our boys already at a stage past living on reserves and living on their nerves. It is one thing to

be a combatant in a war where you are being shot at and shooting back it is quite another to be a spectator in a grim battle of attrition.

This, sought of day by day slaughter went on for weeks until a new problem arose—the disposal of corpses which seemed to worry neither side. The whole of the kunai reeked with an overpowering stench of rotting corpses and patrols in the vicinity were considered to be a hazard to human life.

Eventually the natives loyal to us seemed to have gained a victory and things simmered down for a while only to flare up again in the area handled by Lt. Rodd when a Jap patrol came out from Mombisse, now evacuated by "C" Platoon who were on the Mendello Ridge.

It appears the stench was even too much for the Nip who never pressed home any attacks and returned to Mombesse or places distant.

In the back of everyone's mind the grim thought pervaded all else that this was the beginning of the end. Without native assistance our tenuous supply line couldn't hold together. Our whole strategy was based on living off the country and here was the whole concept blowing up in our faces. Portuguese authority had collapsed in the area and we were in no position to fill the vacuum and if we didn't we faced starvation.

The Japs took things a step further by murdering certain native chiefs who allegedly had co-operated with us. This had the effect of frightening the natives into switching sides in big numbers.

The writing was on the wall and it was only a matter of time before we would have to evacuate this area and seek refuge in the Eastern portion of the island and we knew full well the Jap would develop the same cycle once again.

At this critical stage the first words of evacuation started to drift through and the feeling of relief among practically all ranks was terrific.

Because of the immense effect of a local native war upon the success or failure of our cause it is felt that it should be told and for good or ill that is best this pen can do to such a vital incident.

Heard This?

The young soldier and his girl burst in on the justice of the peace and told him that they wanted to be married immediately. They were crushed to learn that even a special license would take two days.

Suddenly the soldier brightened up and said, "Say, couldn't you say a few words just to tide us over the weekend?"

* * *

STAYED FOR THE LAST ACT

Little Margie had been out on a date and had not come rolling in 'till the wee hours. Mamma was quite upset about it. "What could be keeping you out so late?" she wanted to know.

"Well, mother," she replied, "if a boy takes you to the movies the least you can do is kiss him good-night."

"But I thought he took you to a Broadway show and dinner at the Stork Club."

"Yes, he did"

* * *

TALENTED

A shiftless wretch was hauled into court on a charge of living off the proceeds of his wife's solicitation in the streets.

"Aren't you ashamed to be loafing around the house while your wife makes your living in this shameful manner?" the judge demanded angrily.

"Well, I do feel a little sheepish about it," the man answered, "but, Your Honor, she's too damned dumb to do anything else!"

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

When in Town
Make The
DON CLOTHING CO.
Your Rendezvous For Mercery
Meet Dave Ritchie and Say
Good-day
10% Your Way on All Purchases

Remember
DON CLOTHING CO.
William St., Perth

Random Harvest

PETER BARDEN, of 6GN, Box 310 Geraldton, W.A., writes:—

I'm sorry I haven't written for some time, but we have been experiencing quite a bit of misfortune lately. First of all our elder son Ross (an apprentice plumber) was bitten by a deadly guardar snake which he encountered when digging a drain. Ross killed the snake and took it with him to the doctor and was given a number of injections at hospital. (You would not credit it, but none of his work mates applied a tourniquet). A couple of weeks later he experienced aches and pains in his joints and was put into hospital for three weeks where he experienced a particularly bad time and lost 1½ stone (from 11½ stone to 10 stone). He was taken to Perth where a specialist discovered that he was allergic to the serum they had given him for the snakebite. Ross has now resumed work but is not allowed to do hard work. He still gets aches now and again and the doctor says it will take some time for the serum to work out of his system. However he has been training for football which begins tomorrow and we are all hoping he soon starts to put on weight.

Dad died last week in hospital after a long illness at the age of 85. If death can be beautiful, then this was it. My brother (Rev. Father John Barden) had just been transferred from Wittenoom to Geraldton upon his promotion to the position of Administrator of the Cathedral, and he, the Bishop and other priests as well as the Saint John of God Sisters, Mum and myself were with Dad saying prayers as he peacefully passed away. John said the Requiem Mass held for Dad at Mullewa; the Priests sang the Mass; and the Bishop also took part.

Now onto the brighter side of things. The Queen opened our beautiful civic centre (built at a cost of about £100,000) and my wife Joan and myself had the privilege of being allotted seats in the front row of 1,000 official guests from all over the northern area. I actually was working on the day helping cover the Royal Visit for A.B.C., National and State news

services, so I couldn't stay seated all the time. However, we were later in the day among the official guests entertained in the lovely reception room at the civic centre and had a most enjoyable (and "wet") time from about 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Jack Denman as High School P. & C. President, was at the reception with his wife. Jack's son, John, continues to be prominent in swimming circles and was among the group of half a dozen students who were given a great ovation by the 700 pupils of the High School when they received their life-saving awards at the school the other day.

Getting back to the civic centre, the civic authority was fortunate that new bowling greens had been established, because they were able to transplant at the civic centre the lawns from the old bowling greens. If any of the boys visit Geraldton an inspection of the civic centre is a "must".

I had a visit the other day by my friend, the Premier, David Brand, who was on his way to Northampton to open a new school wing (yes, the development of the Geraldton area is really terrific), and he stated that the Queen and the Duke had spoken highly of the Geraldton arrangements and were very impressed with "The capital of the North".

Irish (he's called by his correct name of John by most people these days) Hopkins is back again at the Club Hotel, Mullewa, following the death of the publican. Irish is my brother-in-law and he looked well when I visited Mullewa for Dad's funeral. He showed Joan and I through the new Club Hotel which was built to replace the one destroyed by fire, and I must say that it's a very nice hotel. If any of you are passing through drop in and have a couple of noggins with Irish (I mean John).

You will all be sorry to learn that Brush Fagg, of Northampton, is in hospital at Geraldton, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

I saw Nip Cunningham riding his bike to work at the Mercantile Club the other day and he looked in the pink of condition.

Eric Smythe is also looking well,

and still receives a lot of enjoyment from yachting. He drew my attention to the double diamond colour patch carried by one of the local yachts (the only thing wrong with it was that it was not red, but blue, the 2/4th Commandos I believe).

I must be off now as duty calls. Kind regards to all the boys.

JIM FENWICK, of 35 Picnic Point Road, Panania, writes:—

I guess it is about time I dropped a line to the "Courier".

Since last writing I have been in Melbourne to do a course. I got through that and as a result got a posting. Fortunately I will be able to live in the same place, just means about two to three hours travelling each day. One bright spot is an alleged promotion which is supposed to be on its way.

While in Melbourne Bill Tucker and his wife came down to the School of Signals and we had a yarn about old times over a few ales.

The night I left Melbourne I had a few ales with Harry Botterill, Bert Tobin, Jim Wall and Johnny Roberts. Time went quickly and I had to catch the train. There is no doubt about the hospitality of the Victorian Association members especially the five I have mentioned. Wherever I go through Melbourne they make me feel I have been contacting them weekly not for years and at times only by phone.

Since I arrived back I contacted Lt. J. Laffy here at the Barracks, but have been unable to get around to see him again. He asked after most of the people over in the West.

Also I saw a familiar figure on Panania railway station and it took me a couple of days to catch up with him—Tom Tierney. Tom has been living at Panania several years now and asked after a lot of people and gave me news of others. His address is Tom Tierney, 4 Panania Avenue, Panania, N.S.W. He mentioned he had not received his address book nor the "Courier" for some time, so if his address was the hold up there it is for you. Tom looks well and is about the same as when we saw him, maybe a little greyer on top.

I am hoping to get a posting to Darwin so if you get a request to change the address for the "Courier" you will know I succeeded.

At the beginning of the year I slipped a disc and have been getting heat treatment for it ever since. This wet spell we are having is giving it hell. Maybe that is the main attraction I have for Darwin.

Did not get to the Anzac Day march due to illness in the family. I had hoped to make it but will do so next time if I am still here.

Had an invitation to Harold Newton's daughter's 21st birthday party recently.

Well, this is about all the news I have at the moment. My regards to all over there.

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

I have at last come down to earth after my return home. My mind was in the West for quite a few weeks, but one Saturday morning about 5 a.m. I realised I was taking in Swan but it was coming out of me in buckets full. I was out in the bush swinging an axe. Had to get the winter wood in. We did a pretty good day's work. Was back in our local at 2.30 p.m. Have cut and split 10 ton. Our ton is 80 cubic feet. Had to put back what came out. I think I overdid it because had tea at 8.30 p.m. Thought a good hot soak would do me good. In the tub I got. Came to with a hell of a jar. My mate hit me in the chest with a glass of cold water. I had gone off to sleep for a couple of hours. Everybody thought it a great joke bar me.

We have had a pretty dry spell in Tassy this summer but on Friday night we had two inches of rain. Things are pretty green. I think the farmers have had a good season of course there's always that little moan but they seem to get around in new cars every year.

Work over this way is pretty good. Apple season is in full swing but the big news is that the hydro has been given the O.K. to go ahead with their £50½ million project. They are going to bloody near sink the upper reaches of the Mersey Valley. That's the one we live in. They are going to construct five dams. Going to take

water from the Mersey through the hills, etc., and put it in the Forth, the next river west of the Mersey. It will take about 10 years to finish it, so there will be plenty of work about. It looks like the northwest coast will be a base for a few new industries.

This being the first time I have written since coming home I want to thank one and all for the time given to Barry and myself. By the way remember the lass in the Went worth? She is coming over to Tassy after Easter. What have the West girls got that our girls haven't? We had the time of our lives. I have Anne interested in the West. It's possible that we both will be coming over in a couple of years. I intend to write a few personal letters which will be done in the near future.

I had a good four days in Adelaide. Stayed with Bob Williamson and his good wife Clarice. Jimmy Veal and Audrey and family came to Adelaide so the old three got together again. We had a few. Now I have tasted the lot my vote goes to Swan, Baags, Melbourne, West End. I arrived home with a few cans. My mates go for Emu.

I have slowed up a lot lately but my step father comes up from Hobart Good Friday for his holidays and being an employee of the Cascade, guess what!

Anzac Day will be my next venture. The old Double Red will be on parade at dawn service. By the way, remember that lad we called the Ant and couldn't get his right name? Well it was Yeates. Even saw a photo of him and Tom Nisbet. I traced that 45. I looked up Sid Wadey in Adelaide. He looks to have a pretty fair job and a nice home. Has two girls.

Well that's it. Not a very good effort I must say. I shall do better the next one but once again thanks to all my mates who made the reunion super.

J. P. "Paddy" KENNEALLY, of 28 Wilkins St., Yagoona, writes:—

I hope the Golden West is enjoying more sunshine than we are at present. Looking back over the months to Christmas it is doubtful if we have had one week when it didn't rain. I know that in March we had 24 wet days and April has not been much better.

The Anzac Day march went off well. It rained before the start, but it was fine for the march itself. The sun even shone brightly at times. We had three members whom we hadn't seen for a number of years, namely, Mick Devlin, Ted Cholerton and Jim Smith, all looking remarkably well. Cholerton is a real bushman these days, as lean as ever, but he hasn't put on an ounce since his army days. Strangely enough Mick Devlin and Jimmy Smith would be in the same category. If I live another 50 years I'll always see Mick Devlin bringing off the finest intercept I have ever seen in rugby, and setting sail for the try line. He deserved a try but some speedster from the 26th Bn. caught and tackled him a yard or two from the line.

It was a good Anzac Day. Ron Trengrove will give you the roll call in his letter. I must however mention B. T. C. Smith, from 2 Section. Hadn't seen him since way back in 1945. The years have treated him well. As the woman remarked on Bert Tobin looking too youthful to have been in the stoush, so with Bruce. He is living in Sydney now, managing his firm's Sydney branch, so I expect we will see more of him. Doc Gallard also put in an appearance at Arncliffe. A little heavier these days since he gave up hard work to tends to the needs of thirsty members of the Campie R.S.L. It is unfortunate for our cricket team as he was a holy terror with the bat.

Talking about cricket. I fortunately missed the last match. It didn't finish until about midnight. A draw I believe. Luckily for my health it was held on St. Patrick's day, and I was at the sports ground having a look at the sports and swapping lies with my Irish friends and tall lies they do be too, seeing we only meet once a year.

Pleased to see "Historically Yours!" appearing once again. How ever I must disagree with No. 5 Section being credited with slipping away between the Japs and leaving our doughty enemies to fight it out between themselves. It was 6 Section. It took place on the knoll just south of Liltai, a few hundred yards. They opened up on the Japs coming down the track

to Liltai. The Bren jammed and it was time to call it a day anyway. I'd say they squeezed through the flanking Japs by the skin of their teeth. However the boys of 6 Section would know the story better than I. I was only there by accident and wishing I was somewhere else. Tom Nisbett, Neil Scott and myself had been making our way out of that circle all night and then didn't make it in the dark. However the sudden burst from No. 6 put new life into us and picking up Julie Madero on the way, we made it across the last river and to a better chance of winning another day. We propped on the other side for a look and how the hell 6 Section or us got across from up there will always be a mystery. The hills were crawling with them. But a greater mystery was the fact that Tex Richards, Noel Buckman and Alfredo Dos Santos were holed up there all day and still got out without the Nips springing them.

Bill Holly, Alfredo and myself went back to look for Bob Evans. After leaving Fato Ma Keric we only saw five natives all the way to Liltai. We brought them, or I should say practically kidnapped them, just in case we found Bob wounded. We found Bob all right but he didn't need our help any more, and as we scratched a grave out of the hard ground with our bayonets I could hear him once again saying: "Cut out your language, you could be meeting your maker any minute." Bob was killed less than 10 minutes later. Bill Holly was to join him 12 months later, almost to the day, on a different island and probably under worse conditions.

I can never remember Timor being so desolate as it was that day. We seemed to have the whole place to ourselves. We found the dump and brought back some sugar and tea, also the "Bull's" saddle. Bill paid the natives three patacas. I remember him well telling the Bull about the three patacas it cost to get the gear back. However the Boss was short of money himself too. Things were bad and food supplies had to be organised once more, so it fell on deaf ears. As for me I didn't have any money anyway so it didn't matter. Strange enough I'm just about the same

financially these days but I'm still alive.

Now about this kerbing in Lovekin Drive. I presume you will only be kerbing your immediate area. Kerb and guttering, storm-water pits, pipes and drainage and road work I know a little about. I cannot actually recall what the length of our area would be. To my mind you have two alternatives (I am assuming you will be putting in kerb only and not the guttering). Outside of paying £200 you can get some form work and set up and pour yourself or you can precast it in approximately 3ft lengths and let the Trust day labour set it up. Seeing it is kerb only one cubic yard of concrete should give you 54 lineal feet of kerb of the following dimensions: 12 inches high, 6 inches wide. That would give you six inches in the ground and six inches above road level. You would want three 18 ft. back boards, 1½ in. thick and 12 in. wide. Three 18 foot face boards 1½ in. thick by 6 in. wide. Pegs and spaces, anything would do for pegs, you could cut 6 in. plates out of off cuts of fibro. It takes about one ton of metal, ½ cub. yard of sand and six bags of cement to make a cubic yard of concrete at standard mix in a ratio four parts of metal, two of sand, and one of cement. Some of the boys are sure to know something about concrete finishing. I'm sure the engineer of the trust would set you right on levels, horizontal line, under and over vertical line. Should you precast it you could still set the timber up, except you would have to use two 12 inch wide boards. Use fibro plates six inches wide and about 15 inches long to act as spacers and put them in every three feet. Pack your concrete well and edge the top. Pull your spacers out before it goes off and let the trust lay them for you. It would cost much less than £200 and does not entail a great deal of work. I wish I was there. It would give me a chance of doing something for our Association.

Sorry to hear about "Boyo" Hewitt. He was a character that stays in a man's mind. He certainly took all his setbacks cheerfully. Bad health must have been hard for a man of his nature to bear

and yet to listen to him you would never think he was suffering.

I'm off now to visit Drip Hilliard and persuade him not to lead me astray. Good bye and best of luck to you and all the boys. Some of them owe me letters, a big black headed devil from Fremantle and a tycoon from Denmark.

GERRY O'TOOLE, writes:—

I have another query for you to solve. Fred Napier's daughter (Betty) was supposed to pass through this fair city of Melbourne on Jan. 5. I told her that I would meet her at the railway station and show her the town. Later Betty wrote confirming this. I met the train, both of them (there were two divisions). Had her called over the loud speaker. No sign. Went down at night to see the first division out. No sign of Betty. Can you find out from Alf Walsh or someone if she has gone to Sydney or not? Has me a trifle worried as I'd hate her to think I wasn't dinkum about it. Then maybe she changed her mind. Did not go. Had a letter from Fred posted at Colombo, up till that time he was having a whale of a time (I should say "they").

Had a small "session" last week with a few of the boys, some chap from Queensland, or top of N.S.W. You'll probably get full details from Harry. Believe it or not this chap drinks nothing but squash. He didn't stop the others but 12 squashes would float me out the door. He must have had at least a dozen. Ugh! I think his name was Moore. Nice bloke.

The temperature at time of writing is 90 deg., 6.40 p.m. That is very hot for this place. No Fremantle Doctor over here either. So if this gets a little disjointed in my mad desire to get it down on paper, make allowances.

Thinking back on the show over there it's hard to pick out any one entertainment as a 'highlight'. I reckon it was all perfection and when we, I mean Harry, Bert and I, finally settled down on the plane, we didn't have much to say because I'm sure Bert and Harry (like myself) were back tracking over the marvellous holiday we had had. Such a grand bunch of people. It makes me feel proud and grateful to know folk like you.

And to you in particular, Colin, my personal thanks for all the little extra things you have done. On my own behalf give my regards to Arch and May will you? In spite of looking very tired he drove me to the airport. He can probably take it a little easier now for soon the footy season will be upon us, with little time to waste.

I warned you this was likely to be disjointed. Give my regards to Jess. Also to all those lovely friends we have in common.

Write to Your Editor:

Col. Doig,
Box T1646,
G.P.O., Perth.

Heard This?

GOOD MEMORY

Two girls were looking at the new paintings on display in the gallery. Suddenly they came before a nude which one girl recognized at once as a painting of her companion.

"Why, dear, I didn't know you ever posed in the nude," said she in a tone of astonishment.

"I certainly do not!" was the highly indignant reply. "He painted it from memory."

* * *

The mother-in-law does not remember that she was once a daughter-in-law. —Spanish proverb.

* * *

THE INGENUES

A beautiful showgirl was entertaining her four-year-old niece for the weekend. She was in the tub bathing when the little girl entered the bathroom and asked if she could climb into the tub with her.

"Come ahead," said the showgirl, and then noticed that the little girl was staring very intently at her.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I am wondering," said the niece "why it is that I am so plain and you're so fancy."

Victorian Vocal Venturings

March 24 was the date and Sunday the day when we held a very successful and enjoyable barbecue in the You Yangs. Successful because of a roll up of 13 car loads of bods which was a fitting result for the circular sent out by Jock Campbell our secretary. It was a beauty, Jock, and we were sorry that Jock and Kaye could not make it. That's the penalty of running a mixed business shop, you just cannot get away.

The following families were present: George Veitch and Co., Bruce McLaren's and Bruce's sister-in-law and Bruce's mother, Jim Wall's, George (Pancho) Humphries', Johnny Roberts', Bert Tobins', Geoff Laidlaw and wife; Mac Walker (C.O. 2/4th Coy.) and family; Pete Krause's, Baldy and Vi and self and family. Wally Wiggins came along with his family in the afternoon.

We rendezvoused on the Geelong Road and then Baldy led the convoy to Big Rock. A nice quiet spot where we all parked together and had our lunch. A very nice scene and Baldy did a spot of quiet photography and the results should be very good (hope he brings them along to the Anzac Day show).

After lunch the real stalwarts wended their way up to Mt. Flinders quite a sharp climb but it was well worth it as the view from the top was magnificent and I'll say one thing for the softies who renege, they did the right thing when we got back—had the chairs ready and a nice glass of ale which really went down well.

It was a very enjoyable day and I am sure all enjoyed it. There was plenty to keep the kiddies busy, climbing rocks, etc., and everybody else managed to have a chin wag with each other, which is the real object of these outings, and we will certainly have more of them.

It was good to see Geoff Laidlaw and the first time I had met his wife Lalla (hope the spelling is right). Also Mac Walker and Mrs Walker and their son Don. Mac had spent the weekend at Point Lonsdale and decided to make a day of it with us. We certainly enjoyed meeting his family and I

hope they enjoyed themselves. It was good to see Mrs. McLaren (Bruce's mother) and I think she really enjoyed herself. Baldy and Vi did a very good job as hostess and guides and we voted them King and Queen of the You Yangs. There is never a dull moment when Baldy and Vi are around.

All in all a very enjoyable day. Bernie Callinan could not make it as he was busy preparing for his trip overseas. Also Paul Costello rang me to say that he could not make it and wished us all the best for the day.

I believe David Dexter was hoping to make it but something must have happened to him.

Was very sorry to hear that Alex Boast lost his brother recently and to Alex and Alice we offer our condolences.

There being no further news I'll sign off until next issue.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

Heard This?

DON'T HOLD BACK

The physics professor was very shy indeed, and as he looked desperately around the restaurant for the sign he wanted to find, he squirmed and wriggled in discomfort. At last he got up enough nerve to ask the waitress, and blushing, he inquired:

"Er . . . ah, Miss, could you tell me where the men . . . I mean the smoking room is?"

"Relax, pop!" the waitress said. "Go ahead and smoke right where you are!"

* * *

A TOUGH BEARD?

Rastus came home one evening rather early and unexpectedly, and found his Mandy quite flustered. His perturbation was not decreased at the sight of a strange pair of men's shoes under the bed. Rastus quietly drew out his razor and began to strop it.

"Whut you all gonna do wid dat razor, Rastus?" Mandy nervously inquired.

"Woman, dey's a pair o' genmun's shoes unde de bed. If dey ain't no man in dem shoes—ah'm gonna shave!"

Paste These In Your Hat

ANNUAL MEETING

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

TUESDAY, JULY 2nd

For the Near Future

COMMANDO CABARET

COTTESLOE SURF PAVILION

TUESDAY, 1st OCTOBER, 1963

(Royal Show Week)

Organise Your Party

Advise any mates you have in other Squadrons