



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

WHAT OF 1964?

It is usual at this time of the year to pause a moment and look back at the year departed and gaze into the future to see just what offers in the year to come.

The departure of 1963 will not be lamented to any great extent. It seemed to follow the pattern of so many of the post war years with tensions in most parts of the world and full blooded fighting in other parts. It will probably be remembered most for the dreadful assassination of President Kennedy late in the year, and of course for the Cuba crisis early in the year.

Russia and China have had a battle of wills to see who should lead the Communist world and there did seem to be a re-approachment by Russia towards more cordial living with the Western Democracies. This was probably brought about by sheer necessity on the part of Russia who obviously fear Red China's domination of the Red Satellites. Indonesia was still trumpeting its new found strength with the confrontation of the new nation of Malaysia and this could be the trouble spot of the world in 1964 especially as far as Australia is concerned.

The fighting in Vietnam and Laos showed the path of Communism in these old sections of the French Indo China empire. Africa still is in a state of chaos from every angle and could blow up like a volcano at any moment.

Great Britain was beset by scandals in high places which led to a considerable weakening of her international leadership.

France still remains an enigma with De Gaulle intent on some form of European leadership in open defiance of the Nato powers.

That was the unlamented pattern of 1963.

What of the future?

1964 has opened with trouble and plenty of it in Africa. Zanzibar is screaming mayhem of every nature to the previous rulers. Mutinies in Angola, Kenya, Uganda and Tanganika show that there is a long way to go before the African scene becomes quiescent.

Indonesia is showing some signs of quietening in her policy to Malaysia. The American scene seems to have successfully recovered from the assassination of President Kennedy but it is election year and anything can happen this year in U.S.A.

Britain appears to be gradually recovering her poise after a bad year.

There are signs that 1964 could be the start of minor easements of the world tension especially if more can be made of the Russian re-approachment.

At home Australia is continuing with the growth policy and there are distinct signs that both Government and Opposition are becoming more aware of the need for de-

fence and a correct approach to our empty north. There seems no reason to doubt that the prosperity we have enjoyed practically since the war, will continue. We could have a problem in our dealings with Indonesia and a firm stand is essential in this respect.

All in all 1964 could, with a little bit of luck, be a good year and it is our earnest prayer that this be so as world citizenry must be terribly sick of the constant tensions of the post war years.

We wish all members the best in health, wealth and prosperity for 1964.

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

DECEMBER MEETING

A most successful Bucks' Night was held at Anzac House Basement on the first Tuesday in December. Many guests were present and we were also able to return the hospitality of our good friends of the Maimed and Limbless Soldiers Bowling Club. A quiz panel compered by Col Doig helped to add to the enjoyment of the evening and lots of good fun came out of this innovation. Generally speaking a good night was had by all.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

The annual Children's Party was held once again this year on Sunday, Dec. 8, the venue being the South Perth Zoo. The roll up of children and parents was most heartening and was a fitting conclusion to all the work put in by the organisers. Once again Frank Fenn worked like a trojan to keep the children interested in the way of games, races, etc., and he certainly makes the lot of the parents and Committee much easier. Father Christmas made a welcome re-appearance and handed out presents to the children. Oceans of ice cream and cool drinks were consumed and the parents were able to have afternoon tea. This outing was voted a terrific success and much credit goes to the organising sub-committee of Arthur Smith, Charlie Varlan, Bob Smyth and Jack Pengtase, whom we sincerely thank.

FEBRUARY MEETING

After a recess in January, monthly meetings will be resumed in

February when a Rifle Shoot will be held in the Anzac House Basement on the first Tuesday (4th). Please make it a New Year resolution to come along to meetings this year and have a thoroughly enjoyable evening with your mates

Personalities

It is with regret that we have to record the passing of Mr. Stan Burrige, father of our life member, John. Stan was a very good friend to our Unit especially during the war years and all members were always welcome to partake of his ready hospitality. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the family and especially John.

It is most pleasing to be able to publish the fact that one of our members in Sam Fulbrook has won the Wynne Prize for Landscape painting in the recent Archibald Awards. Sam richly deserves his success for his great work in the art sphere since the war. Our congrats Sam, and hope this is but the forerunner of many more rich awards.

Jack and Norma Hasson, curly Bowden and Col Doig made a trip to Boyup Brook on Dec. 14-15, where Col gave the local R.S.L. a talk on Timor. This appeared to be well received by the locals. They were the guests of Terry and Mrs. Paul while at Boyup and were looked after like kings. Tony Bowers and Geo Timms made the trip from Kojonup to be present and it turned the evening into a minor re-union and a great night was had by the Unit boys. The tourists took the opportunity of visiting Arthur Marshall at Harvey on the way down where 'Marsh' gave them a brief but interesting

look at the major works in the area. Bernie Langridge was also visited on the way down at Donnybrook and "Robbie" Rowan-Robinson at Bridgetown on the way back. Both these members proudly showed them over their beautiful orchards which are a great credit to their industry since demob. This was a wonderful weekend and it is hoped that further such enlightening trips will be taken by city members in an effort to weld the Association more fully together.

Arthur and Beryl Smith are currently visiting the Eastern States driving a car to Sydney and then flying back. We wish them an enjoyable holiday and hope that they will have the opportunity of meeting some of the gang in the Eastern areas.

Mr. A. M. (Maurie) Smith, of Sigs fame, visited his old home State recently and completely disrupted the even tenor of the existence of your Editor. Maurie is currently earning a crust as a teacher with the Victorian Education Dept., and looks 100 per cent. While here he was able to meet Dave Ritchie, Don Murray, "Rip" McMahon, Joe Poynton, Gerry Malley, Joe Burrige and Col Doig,

and have a few ales and reslaughter a million Japs. It was really wonderful to clap eyes on the old M.A.M. once more and we are only sorry he was not able to contact more of the boys.

Colin and Olive Hodson and family have returned from the Murchison River singing its praises as a holiday proposition. They say it is a paradise for fishermen, especially underwater boys and crays absolutely abound. This adds to the wonderful praise already given to the area by Don Turton and John Burrige.

Jack and Jean Fowler are at present holidaying in the East and hope to travel as far as North Queensland. Jack had high hopes of meeting as many of the boys as possible and was busy bringing his Address Book up to date. Perhaps we will get an account of the trip on his return for publication in the "Courier".

Jack Denman has been transferred from Geraldton to Perth in his employment and is at present negotiating to buy a home in the metropolitan area. Geraldton's loss is definitely the city's gain as we know Jack will be prominent in Association affairs.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Another cup sweep has been drawn and won. We had our drawing at the No. 2 Commando Drill Hall at Ripponlea on Thursday, Oct. 31. We also had our annual general meeting which was held first.

Present were Pete Krause, Bruce McLaren, Jock Campbell, Jim Wall, Bluey Southwell, Alf Grachan, Gerry O'Toole, Wally Kerr, Jim Robinson, George Robinson, David Brown, Bert Tobin, Mam Smith, George Kennedy, Johnny Roberts, George Veitch, Alan Boast, Harry Botterill and Bill Tucker. Were pleased to see these boys but a very disappointing turn-up and a lot of familiar faces were absent which was disheartening as this is our second main function and the sweep is our life blood. Fortunately the Commando boys helped to swell the numbers and make the night a success.

The general meeting was mainly the electing of office bearers so did not take up much time because we had the same old result—the old office bearers being re-elected unopposed. This may be an easy way to do it and perhaps makes the office bearers feel they are doing a good job but it would be nice to see some new blood at the helm and get better ideas and give the old hands a bit of a spell.

We had some apologies: Bernie Callinan, Alan Munro, Bill Roger-Davidson, Gerry McKenzie and Ken Monk.

The drawing of the sweep then took place and it was good to see some of the boys getting a nag or two—the two refers to Pete Krause who got two—but I think Pete could run faster than the ones he got. Anyway the first prize went to Bill Connell in Queensland and I think Bill could really use the

money—anyway Bill, congratulations.

We were hoping for a good result this year but it appears that we will be lucky to break even with last year's profit. Here again some returns were very conspicuous by their absence which is very hard to understand because it does not take a great effort to sell at least 10/- or £1 worth of tickets. It is just as well we have some who sell £10 and £5 worth. George Veitch took the belt this year. He sold £11/10/- worth, and George is a great stand-by for us as he really supports us and never misses out on any of our turns and he has to travel quite a way to get there. Ken Monk was hoping to come down for the drawing but his car broke down and Margaret rang to say he could not make it. Thanks for ringing Margaret. They live 67 miles from Melbourne, but always try to make our functions and very rarely miss them. While we have stalwarts like George and Ken we must kick on.

Bernie Callinan who has recently returned from his overseas' trip with Naomi could not make it because he has had to catch up on his work while he was away and as Bernie is often travelling interstate during the year he finds it hard to make our shows, but he is with us 100 per cent and I must say here that we record our thanks to Mrs. Benediet, Bernie's secretary, for all the hard work she did to sell the sweep tickets while Bernie was away. She does a power of work for us, for which we are indebted to her.

We had quite a few notes returned with butts of tickets. Sandy McNabb, of Athlone; Gerry McKenzie. Drip Hillard, of Arncliffe; Jack Hartley, of Cabramatta; Bob Snowdon, of Talgaro Roadside, via Wodonga, who has mentioned that he has increased his family by one son, Barry David who was born in June, making his total one girl and four boys; Smash Hodgson, of East Ringwood, who had hopes of making the drawing but had to renege. Smash said he had a visit from Jack Price and a friend from Tassie. Said Jack looked mighty lean and fit looking. He is a timber contractor on log supply to some saw mills. J. Martin, of Pen

hurst; George Tait, of Leichhardt; Hill Holstein, of Harrington; Col Beavis, of Heathcote; Len Mitchell, of Bandianna, who sold his usual high quota of tickets; Lionel Newton, of Broken Hill; J. English, of Seven Hills; Jack Fox, of Chelerton; Bulla Tait, of Ayr, Queensland Harry Fredericks, of Crafton; Jim Dent, of Wurringa; Jack Peattie, of West Tamworth; Gordon Stanley, of Launceston, Tassie; Tom Snowden, of Canberra; K. Craig, of Young; Ross Smith, of Nowra; S. Dubber, Waterloo; Dick Adams, of Yarra Glen; George Mathieson, of Grafton; Bill Walch, of West Kempsey; Ron Dhu, of North Perth, (yes, Ron, I did know you were stopping in the West now because you told me when I saw you there last November during the Games, guess I forget to tell Jim), and all the best of luck to you over in the West, Ron; Jack Lett, of Cessnock.

Looking at all these notes again it appears that we have had a real Australian flavour this time as every State is represented.

Well folks, that's all the news I have for now. We are looking forward to our Christmas Party on Dec. 7 at Bonbeach Life Saving Club and should have more news after that. So cheers for now and I'll take this opportunity to wish everybody a very Merry Christmas and a happy new year and may we go on to better and brighter things for our Association next year.

A Further Letter from Harry says:

Another year has gone and we finished the last one with our Christmas party for the children at the Bonbeach Life Saving Club on Saturday, Dec. 7. The weather was only fair and it is very noticeable now that the families are really growing up as our attendance is getting smaller each year and the familiar faces are the ones with the bigger families. However the kiddies had their usual good time and the parents enjoyed it too.

Ken and Margaret Monk and family kept their record complete by coming down from Poowong. Had to leave early to get back in time for the milking. I cannot recall when they have missed a year yet. Also George Veitch and family who also are regulars. Bert

Tobin and family, Bruce McLaren and family, George Robinson and family, Ken Boast and family, Johnny Roberts and family, Jim Wall and family. Pete Krause came along with two of his boys, the other two were home ill and Elvina was looking after them, and others who I just can't bring to mind.

Jock Campbell supplied the drinks and ice cream and lollies—in all a very enjoyable afternoon.

Theo Adams who is with Ansett-A.N.A., has been moved to Madang where he is with M.A.L. (Mandated Air Lines), one of Ansett's agencies, so better send his "Courier" to him c/- M.A.L., Madang.

I had a ring from Kal Carthew, of Brisbane. He has been spending Christmas in Adelaide with his folks and was in Melbourne for a couple of days and is leaving for home tomorrow. He was trying to get in touch with Charlie Browne.

Kal gives news of a few of the boys in Brisbane. Peter Herle, who is doing well as a painter, Freddie Bryant, who is trying to rally a bit of support up that way, Dr. McPhee, who is at the hospital up there, Rus Symons, Angus McLachlan and Basher Adams.

He has given me Col Cubis's address so that he may get his "Courier". It is: Nursery Road, Run-corn, Brisbane. Also another one of the boys who has been amongst the missing: Merv (Spud) Murphy, 28 Benthlam Street, Mt. Grav-at, Queensland.

The Commando's appeal for funds for the Memorial Cairn at Tidal River has met with very little success from our members who were circularised, which is very disappointing, only about £30 has been raised. So get in behind this chaps. We think it is a wonderful thing. For general information the Commando Association in New

2/2 Commando Association of Australia—Victorian Branch

STATEMENT OF NET PROFIT 1963 MELBOURNE CUP SWEEP

Drawn Thursday, 31st October, 1963, at McWhae Avenue, Ripponlea

No. of Tickets Sold	N.S.W.			Vic.			Total		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
	1305			3863			5168		
Ticket Sales—Cash Received	65	5	0	193	3	0	258	8	0
Less Expenses									
as per Summary Below	28	10	1	84	7	6	112	17	7
Net Profit	£36	14	11	£108	15	6	£145	10	5

SUMMARY OF EXPENSES — 1963 MELBOURNE CUP SWEEP

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Prizes:—						
1st Prize	50	0	0			
2nd Prize	10	0	0			
3rd Prize	5	0	0			
35 Horses at 10/- a horse	17	10	0			
						82 10 0
Printing of 9,000 Tickets						16 17 6
Postages, Stationery and Stamp Duty	11	12	1			
Less Stamp Duty added to cheques		2	0			
						11 10 1
Cleaning of Hall		2	0			2 0 0
Total Expenditure						£112 17 7

APPORTIONMENT OF EXPENSES ON BASIS OF TICKETS SOLD

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
New South Wales	28	10	1			
Victoria	84	7	6			
						£112 17 7

J. P. WALL, Hon. Treasurer

South Wales raised £300 and the Cavalry Commando Association in South Australia raised over £32 for this appeal besides efforts for the various Commando Unit Associations around Australia, and as our Unit members were trained at Tidal River we should be right behind this venture.

Bert Tobin has moved also. Sold his place in Regent and moved last weekend to 15 Beatrice Street, Burwood.

Well, folks, that's all the news for now, so until next issue all the very best for the coming year to you all. —HARRY BOTTERILL.

JIM WALL, of 18 Shaw St., Nidrie, Victoria, writes:—

Just a short and hurried note to ask you would you mind including the attached statement showing the results of a Melbourne Cup Sweep and covering note in the January "Courier", space permitting.

I have not seen many of the boys lately—John Roberts on Christmas Eve, Kevin Curran on New Year's Day, and Harry Botterill on the beach at Sandringham one day during the holidays.

I took the family to Bendigo on New Year's Day for a picnic and called in to see Kevin. He is looking well and hopes to spend a few days in the city about the end of the month.

Everything going well—I hope to spend a couple of weeks in Sydney during the May school holidays, so I may be able to see a few of the Sydney boys whilst there.

Cheers for now and all the best for the new year.

* * *

The accounts of the 1963 Melbourne Cup Sweep have now been finalized, and the result is a profit of £108/15/6 for the Victorian Branch and £36/14/11 for the New South Wales Branch.

I wish to thank those members and their friends who sold tickets, as without their wholehearted support it would not have been possible to obtain such a satisfactory result.

George Veitch won the "Oscar" for selling the most ticket (£10-10/- worth), a mighty effort, George. He was closely followed by Gerry O'Toole and Bernard Callinan, each of whom sold £10 worth. Bernard Callinan was overseas until a week or so before the sweep was drawn and his secretary, Mrs. Benedict, organized the selling of his tickets. Mrs. Benedict, with the assistance of her girls, also printed the circulars which accompanied the tickets sent to members and special thanks are due for this assistance which was greatly appreciated. Thanks girls.

The C.M.F. Points For and Against

"BLOSS" LAWRENCE, of 87 Duke Street, Northam, W.A., writes:

I read with interest your comments about not being able to publish Ron Trengove's letter because of his opinions of the C.M.F. Working on the theory that all criticism has some merit I for one would like to hear his views. Having spent some 12 years with that same C.M.F. I know she is a no perfecta but a lot of people put a helluva lotta effort into it and if any of his criticisms can lighten the load I am all for it, particularly coming from Ron who struck me during my pilgrimages East as a pretty level headed commonsensical character.

Talking of visits East the time

has come for another trip o'er the border, this time to Puckapunyal and the Armored School chasing that elusive crown. Duration is from 10 to 20 February and I propose to spend an extra week over there after the course. If my plans work out I should be able to catch the Sydney bound train at Seymour on Friday evening the 20th, which puts me in Sydney on Saturday a.m. the 21st. Then if I can escape I'll leave on the Monday night for Albury to spend a couple of days then down to Melbourne on the Thursday, leaving for home on the Sunday. Jim English has been informed and I will write Bert Tobin in the next day or two at the same time sending a

stamped envelope to James E. who took a potshot at me last year for the same thing, procrastination.

My term in Northam is fast drawing to a close and we should be back in the city early in the year, March if things go right. Meantime we are on the market for a house in the Bicton-Palmyra area so if Ping Anderson or his spies hear anything and reads this give us a buzz via Ted Ridley, Ping. It doesn't have to be a mansion as long as it is presentable and we don't want another new house—once is enough.

My apologies for not making it to the Cabaret. It had the promise of being a good night which it was by all accounts. Will try and make it for sure next year.

A Further letter from "Bloss" says

Attached is a rather hurried reply to your request for an opinion on it and as for the decision to publish were I the Editor—yes I would.

The problem of Ron being a serving member is not a great one. We do not have a large audience so that the wrong people would not see it. "Laughing Jack" and Fokis would not, at this late stage of their careers, be inclined towards any punitive action, if at all. Tom Nisbet would, I think, welcome it as I do. When you get right down to it there is not a lot of bite in it, mainly the complaints of any newly joined member and would be worth seeing for the comments.

I am very appreciative of the kind words and the honour you pay me by saying, in effect, "Step up boy we can use you!" The Association owes me far more than I it and I fully intend taking as active a part as is physically possible on my return.

Went house hunting yesterday. Think we have a winner in one at Bicton (Fifth St.). Looked at seven all told. If we do wind up with this house the family will move in at the end of January with self some time in April so I should with any luck, be at the May meet ing and onward. I did intend offering but you never really know if you are butting in or not, this obstacle has been removed so here is looking forward to being of some service.

Back to the att. I seem to have rambled on at the end so you may

have to do some editing. If you want to publish it do so.

Ron Trengrove's letter, written in April:

Angus Evans called me the week end before Easter and came out and stayed for tea on Sunday. We talked of things and events as far apart as the poles, but of most interest to us all is that he has sold his property to the Americans to grow cotton. He is one of quite a few in the Norrabri Wa Woa area who have done so. His intention is to go into cattle somewhere south but has not made any plans as yet.

Some of you already know that "Yours Truly" joined the C.M.F. before Christmas and having attended a few weekend bivouacs and in March a fortnight's camp I think I am a little more qualified than I was when I last wrote to the "Courier" on the matter of Indonesia and Australia's defences, if any. To go into detail would be too monotonous but a few of the things I would like to tell and they more or less in my opinion back up what little I have already said.

A Brigadier from another State who bowled into our tent, caught me minus my tweeds, giving forth about waiting for lazy so and sos to go to the canteen, put his finger on the complete trouble with the army and conditions prevailing in the present camp and others like it, was that the service is a political football and manpower was being wasted on camp duties in every camp including R.A.A. establishments. The latter statement was true as we had R.A.A. personnel in with us who had been in the Reg. Army for 18 months and apart from intensive basic training they had done nothing but similar camp duties as this, to name them, erect tents, hygiene duties, toilets, showers, grease traps, etc., guards, picquets, orderly room duties, emu parades. These jobs comprise some of the 350 jobs as advertised in recruiting notices not to mention mess orderlies, wood heap, dish washers, etc. All these duties occupied ten of the 14 days camp the actual job we went to do used up four days. What we learned and believe you me, it wasn't much, was done better in 1944-45. Modern equipment? No. 1,

a very good rifle known as the S.L.R. No. 2, one bulldozer and two fork lifts. When we needed the dozer it only half worked and nearly wrecked the crane, mobile, we were using which had a slightly slipping clutch.

A 1945 landing ship (Australia has four). We got them cheap in 1946 (£400,000) so I am told. Of course the one we had was in pretty good shape. The paint was good quality, it's holding the rust together, which in turn is holding the steel together. A smaller landing craft capable of holding a truck and half which broke down when it arrived but was able to return to Sydney at the end of the camp under its own steam. A 300 ton cargo boat which had just come out of dock having had £25,000 spent on it. She broke down a few miles this side of Newcastle and had to be towed to Port Stephens by the landing ship (they had a tow rope). She is a first class boat made of solid timber. Would have no difficulty navigating local rivers without causing wash on the banks and eroding same. At the end of the camp after we had loaded and unloaded or vice versa, using equipment that is no longer used by modern world transport and shipping companies.

There were one or two other pieces of equipment and craft not worth mentioning. Ducs and trucks were sufficient and in reasonable condition. Do they still use Ducs anywhere else?

We had seven booby traps to set on a perimeter of not less than 800 yards long, not including about 800 yards of beach front. Needless to say we were penetrated, ripped, raped, rifled, mortared, grenaded, and generally wrapped up in every attack.

The keenness of all concerned in the first week was a sight worth seeing and I saw all the old crowd Kiwi Harrisons, O'Niels, Bennetts, Dobbs, Poyntons, Doigs, Denmans, etc., all over again. But, and it's a big but, Majors, Brigs., Capts., Lieuts., of the old school all agreed the petty duties ruined the camp. It should all be done by civilians and every minute of duty time should be used to teach these younger boys whatever it is they should be taught as time in the C.M.F. is limited and if you want

to get em you have got to give them something of interest. All the above and Sgts., agreed they would remember this camp by the number who would not turn up or resign at the next parades in May.

Why did I join up? The truth is I thought it was an easy way to get my rates and it is, also unless a war breaks out I believe I can only stay in until I am 45. Also if it does break out I feel I would like to do something as no matter what we feel it has got to come. I don't think we want anyone here uninvited.

I said I wasn't going to say much. Well it isn't really, it's a skim over. The troops came from S.A., Vic., Queensland and N.S.W. and the second war blokes who are in would do you good to see or delight your heart to be amongst. One who many of you remember came from S.A., who wishes to receive the "Courier", Ron A. Mackey, 18 Folkestone Rd., 5th. Brighton, S.A. Ron is a Corporal. If you think the above is bolony and sour grapes from an old soldier he will back me up.

The foregoing was as bad for N.C.O.'s as for O.R.'s, and a percentage of the officers had theirs.

What these statements all add up to is this. There were 500 men and officers with officers from other States and New Zealand, Malaya and America, to observe how this operation could be done. Well from a Brass Hat view, success, but from a majority viewpoint it was a shambles. If this is indicative of our preparedness God help us because we have no navy or air force to speak of. Where does all the money go they spend?

Foot note: I even had to pick wildflowers to put in the Sgts. mess, so that Mr. Cramer, Minister for the Army, would not think it was too austere.

A further letter written in November:

It may seem unbelievable but I have written two letters this year, but did not post one of them, so I will not make this too long.

I am going to enclose part of the first letter I wrote but I doubt if you can publish it as I am not allowed under Military law to write about the service, but if you can see fit to use it in any capacity, do so.

In 1946 I started to write a diary of all I could remember of Timor. I filled two exercise books. Unfortunately I did not finish and only got up to the stage where the Japs landed in Timor. My sister came across them this year whilst clearing out some cupboards at home and sent them over to me. I will send the first one over to you. If it would be interesting enough you might be able to publish it in the "Courier". Unfortunately I think the record book has been burned with some rubbish.

I am still in the C.M.F. but don't think I will be staying in much longer.

BLOSS LAWRENCE REPLIES

Most of what Ron has written is unfortunately true. However things are never quite as they appear. Taking the criticisms broadly as they come, here are some considered comments.

1. Duties:

While units continue to use standing camps, duties will always be a major problem. The remedy is simple; get out of the camps into the scrub, revert to troop cooking and exit the problem. From our own experience we can prepare, eat, bury the rubbish and be rolling again in 40 minutes. The rations are tinned, all they require is heating and the cooking standard is high.

You cannot do it, of course, in a permanent camp. The only tentage we use is a covers, waterproof, English a tarp.

It becomes too primitive for the V.I.P.s, so they don't stay or better still, they don't come, so there is no wildflower problem either.

Civilians are not the answer. You wind up with all the unemployed, the Tired Tims, and the drying out metho bibers. The last time we slept in an army hut was five years back and civilians went out with red coats.

2. Training Stores:

The yearly allocation is laid down for each unit and the Engineers (Ron is one) do better than we do. Better or worse it has to last the year so you can either fritter it away piecemeal or use it all during camp. For any C.M.F. unit this is the big event of the year and all means towards success

must be used so we take all the booby traps, trip flares, explosive, blank ammo and A/Tk. mines we can lay our hands on legally or otherwise. Obviously the Q.M. or the training officer, if they run to one, is the answer in this case.

3. Equipment:

The key to this one is maintenance, and applies to all equipment whether it is a dozer or a derringer. At the risk of boring I can only quote our practice. The first Sunday in every month is M day when the vehicles get a thorough going over and are road tested. This is quite apart from the normal parade programme of four Thursday nights and one weekend per month. The point is that we do it not "the other bloke", and it is not done we don't go.

It sounds as though Ron is in a small ship or port operating squad so I can't speak for the condition of the craft or the antiquated cargo handling methods but the age factor does not apply to all units.

We have the Ferret Scout Car, the Saladin Armoured Car and the Saracen Personnel Carrier, all in current use overseas, with sufficient recoilless rifles, rocket launchers, and the new M.G., the M60, for training purposes.

4. General:

I could not agree more with Ron's statement about time in the C.M.F. being limited and all of it should be fully utilized. Again the answer is simple. You go over the 19 paid days a year and how do you pay them—you don't. Granted there is no profit in it but there is a hell of a lot of satisfaction.

10 Light Horse Regt., Royal Australian Armoured Corps, we have been told repeatedly, is the best C.M.F. Armoured unit in Australia which is very nice but you do not achieve this without a lot of bloody hard work. I have troopers who regularly put in their 28 days of home training a year and if the average officer doesn't stack up 32 he shouldn't be an officer.

Admittedly in a glamour unit like 10 L.H. they do it because of the prestige of belonging but bear in mind almost all of them have civilian study problems, two nights a week in most cases, they play sport, own motor cars, not forget-

ting the petticoat government. All distractions which would make it easy to pass up the C.M.F. that night or weekend, in other words it would be too easy to give up the C.M.F. in favour of any one of 50 other activities but they don't. The why of the thing gets down to interesting training, and plenty of socialising away from the army. This last is more important to the average lad of 19 than we realise.

He regards it as an exclusive club where everybody has a common interest and there is always plenty of grist in the conversational mill.

This last was not meant to be an advt. for Tenth Light Horse (what happened to the other nine) but to try to make the point that these are all the things that go towards a good unit. None of them are new. As I recall the 2/2nd used them with marked success.

Historically Yours!

TIMOR AND RETURN

There are two ways to start something like this. Leaving the Liberator over Timor or the Squadron at Bulolo, either way it wasn't easy to have chosen the latter, mainly from the memories angle though the two events were nearly 12 months apart. Three happenings stay firmly fixed after nearly 20 years although not necessarily in this order.

1. Ning McKaigg sitting in the tent for an hour or more saying, in effect: "You're a clot for leaving!"

2. The Bosun saying it in a different way. "Do you know what you are doing?" Then something about two stripes which I had lost nine months before.

3. Then it was the Bull's turn at bat. No bloody transport to Lael I know it is 90 bloody miles! How do you get there? You bloody well walk! So along with the Baron and Dashing Des we set out and meantime Geoff old fella in your hat and on your head. We'll walk if it kills us. We didn't and it didn't. I thought the old gentleman was glad to see the back of us and so was wrong again for the nth time.

Then there was the night stage at the 70 mile with tinned snags and gin, brand unknown, supplied by the local Angau rep. who was one of nature's gents. Very little sleep that night, one long conversation in Pidgin with the bottle passing to and fro and his dark henchmen all in the act. Plinty gin e stap!

The mud in the staging camp at Lae and that puffed up Sgt. there

with the unpronounceable name and the thick accent. Then it was the flying boat at Moresby with the sun shining and the breeze strong from the south. A good day for a sail or a flight and so it proved.

Milton tennis courts in Brisbane and our first intro to the many establishments of L Special with the many odd characters, as well as the first meeting of the group all from 2/2 except Jonesy from the 2/40th. Eight all told as I recall. Col Criddle, Jack Hartley, Des Lilya, self, Alan Stewart, Fred Otway, with the one and only John George Roffey.

A taste of the fleshpots in Brisbane then north again to Maryborough and Fraser Island where they treated us like we knew it all. A pleasant interlude which passed all too quickly. Not a lot of work but plenty of sport and swimming with the fish traps suffering from the night marauders who were, it is surmised from that bunch of 2/2nd toughs who would steal the very bed from under you boys but we can't prove it. Yes, the fish was nice and the oysters from Stony Point even more so.

The Fraser Island therapy did us a power of good enabling us to survive the gruelling months ahead in Melbourne that Queen City of the south (with apologies to Baldy and Polly Farmer) where we took leave subject to recall. Sorry Sandgropers, you can't go home.

Forsooth then we will spend it here, and then what? You report to L.H.Q. in Batman Ave. for move ment to the Mt. Martha Research

Station on the shores of Port Phillip Bay.

It sounded grand for a holding camp but came in very handy on our visits to Mornington, Dromana, Ryde and Portsea where a good story was needed to explain our presence and activities. If the questioning got too close to the bone like "What line of research" well you could get by with a tale of testing wheel barrows or ladies' underwear or weapons or whatever.

Then the word was brought that we were bound for Richmond, N.S.W., where they would do their best to make us parachutists and if it doesn't open don't worry we have got plenty more. When you have qualified we'll give you a pretty pair of wings and three bob a day extra in your skyrocket. How does it sound? Sounds O.K. and although much has been said or written about parachuting being for the birds (ouch) we breezed through. Some of us even enjoyed it, but the fellow who said it was man's second greatest thrill—well now!

Then it was back again to Martha by the sea for another sample of high living brought smartly to a halt when we set out to retrace our steps of some three and a half years before. Overland to Darwin on the trip of no joy. Even the turkeys were missing at Banka or was it Barrow Creek?

We whiled away the time by doing mock exits from the door of the moving coach, not recommended for the timid although a charge or two of fourpenny dark did assist. Darwin and another cover name, this time Luggar Maintenance Section or L.M.S. So now we were in the luggar repair business for security purposes anyway.

The long period of waiting, postponements, cancellations, aborts at L.M.S. was highlighted by a trip south to Brisbane and Leyburn near Toowoomba where a conversion course from the DC3 to the Liberator bomber was completed. The exit method was totally opposite to that of the old Doug. Instead of trunnelling out the door there was a small playground type slide mounted over the rear escape hatch. The drill was to leap onto the slide and out the hatch where

upon the tail wheel presented itself a few inches above your head. By the usual magic the parachute opened and there you were at 3,000 feet enjoying the quiet as well as the view. Once you beat the butterflies it was a soda.

A week at Coolangatta then back to Darwin to pick up where we left off singing "Why Are We Waiting?"

On the lighter side I passed my 21st milestone and we celebrated VE night on navy rum. Meantime we had been split up into separate groups or parties in Z jargon. My party leader was Capt. Phil Wynne, an ex-Sig. from the 2/4th. Our job—to relieve Jack Cashman and Jim Elliott. Des Lilya went to a group of four led by Lt. Joe Wilkins also from 2/4th. The Baron, Crid and John George drew Bunny Austin. Jack Harney had left us sometime previously to join the Borneo groups.

Another cancellation at this time the promised kite had gone down in the sea off New Guinea. There were no survivors.

Another aircraft was laid on and it was our turn but Des and his bunch have the priority so we go on stand by and the hours go by until they pass the appointed time for return with the obvious questions being asked with the equally obvious lack of answers. It was some two months later when the Japs gave me the story. A Liberator had crashed between Aileu and Maubisse but was burnt to virtually nothing when the Jap search party arrived on the scene. It could only have been Des and his party as this was the only Lib. operating in the area at that time. It was confirmation of what we had feared and you could only hope it was quick for if Des had to go that is the way he would have wanted it.

Reams could be written about Des Lilya, suffice to say that he was the best, and the fellow who made the statement that the best go first must have had him in mind.

Now was the time for some down to earth thinking with a lot of questions without answers. Some of them were:

(a) Is it possible that Cashman and Elwood are still free after two years and the death of "Sos" Liveridge and Zecca Rebels.

(b) Would either one or both work the set under duress as comms. have been perfect.

(c) With (a) and (b) in mind should they be advised of their relief or not.

These and many more kept us busy mentally at least. It was finally decided that the operation would go on but C and E would not be told although in the light of later events it is reasonable to assume their Jap captors were.

One of the many intangibles in the pot was the personality of Major Bingham, the British O.C. at Darwin, the original odd bob, given to rare and wonderful decisions made on the spur of the moment and very fond of a drop of the hardstuff. He was replaced about this time by a Lt.-Col. John Holland, a Victorian construction engineer who brought sanity into the fray. More's the pity he did not come sooner but the damage was done.

A cheerful thought at the time was the fact that this would be my

thirteenth jump. So who's superstitious? I am!

Meantime a stores drop by a Mitchell medium bomber was scheduled so Wynne and I went along for the ride. Our first look at Timor since December 1942, and it hadn't changed externally. Why should it. Our landfall was Betano, with the old posto standing out like the proverbial, then NE to the DZ, out with the storpedo and bobs your uncle—back to the mess boys and enjoy yourselves.

The D was bare in every respect, no sign of life or movement. For all we knew it could have been miles away from the spot. No acknowledgement or wave or even that rude sign. We should have been jerry to the set-up then. What the hell—she'll be right!

All doubts disappeared with the welcome we got from the Mitchell boys of 2 Sqn. What a way to fight a war. As Wilbur Wright said: "It sure beats walking!" And it was sure the civilised way of living.

FEBRUARY MEETING — Tuesday, February 4
Anzac House Basement
RIFLE SHOOT

Random Harvest

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

First of all, on behalf of all "double red diamond" types in the Geraldton area, I would like to express my sincere thanks for the splendid response by city types to the recent Convention held in Geraldton. Your presence, and the presence of a pleasing number of wives, was a contributing factor towards what has been generally acclaimed as an outstanding success. The Northampton R.S.L. folk are still talking about the huge contribution our chaps made to the success of their annual dinner, and of Col Doig's tremendous personal contribution by way of what they maintain is the best response to the toast to the R.S.L. that they have ever heard (take a bow Col.).

It was certainly a great pleasure seeing so many of you after such a long time in most cases and it was particularly pleasing to have a yarn with Joe Poynton and also to meet his wife Helen (whose humorous contribution at the barbecue was one of the best I've experienced). The local R.S.L. Sub-Branch is grateful to our members for the manner in which they attended in full strength for the pilgrimage to the War Cemetery.

And now for some good news for Perth, but bad news for Geraldton. Jack Denman has been transferred to Perth with Mobil Oil Pty. Ltd., and shifted there on Boxing Day. It is a promotional move so we must wish Jack and his family all the best. Our loss will be your gain, as I'm sure you

will find that Jack will take a keen interest in the 2/2 Association. (He is a former President of the R.S.L. Sub-Branch, High School P. and C., and Legacy Group, so you will see that he has had a wealth of experience in executive positions.)

It looks as though Bill Drage will be coming to Geraldton to live as he has brought a block of land. He has sold his Northampton farm for £80,000 and will vacate the property in March. While on the subject of Bill Drage and Northampton I'm sure all the boys would like to sincerely thank Bill and his two Northampton colleague (Bruss Fagg and Joe Brand) for their generosity in paying our admittance fees to the R.S.L. dinner.

Before I forget, Col., many thanks for the 2/2nd tie you sent to me. You can rest assured that I will wear it with pride.

I was delighted to be able to give our Unit such a lot of publicity in the local press and I hope each of you who attended the Convention received the two local news papers I addressed to you. The cuttings, at least, could be kept as souvenirs of your Geraldton trip.

Kind regards and seasonal greetings to all the boys, especially Spriggy McDonald, whom it was our pleasure to billet during the Convention.

GEORGE (Happy) GREENHALGH,
of Mungindi, writes, on Dec. 8, 63:

Looking at the above date brought back a few memories. A little blurred now, though at the time they seemed indelible. I can still remember standing at the bow of the old Zealandia and spitting into the sea. It was so calm and she was so slow that you could see the splash. That was my first sea trip. What a difference on the way back and what a lovely sight that old flat coastline?

Mention in the "Courier" of the Drage and Joe Brand makes me think what a pity we did not see them last year. Perhaps now they are old retired gentlemen we may see them over East sometime. I can't even imagine that big hairy chested bastard of a Drage retiring. I clearly remember just making Joe's camp under a great big tree half way up from that old Cactus Camp in Timor. I had

tried to contact the Bull somewhere on the plats to no avail and I think Tony Towers was with me. Anyhow it was the first and only time in my life that my legs buggered up on me. I reckon I had half a dozen rests in the last few hundred yards. Joe, as you can well imagine, was most kind and after resting there I was able to kick on next day. I think this incident happened the day after the Jap landing. At that time "B" were camped on a ridge about an hour or so's walk from the saddle. I can never remember the name of the place. I do remember playing cards one night there in the moonlight. Paddy Knight was one of the players and I will remember him wanting to sell his paybook. It may well have been one of the Knight's acts or who knows. It wasn't very long afterwards that he was killed but of course not at that spot.

I have not seen any of the boys since last year so it is just as well we have a "Courier" for the likes of me.

I feel I must agree with the efforts to make us aware of our defence problems. Who else among us are more fitted to speak on these problems. By that I don't necessarily mean with authority, but awareness that we have this problem and to see that it is not shelved. Like Paddy K. I feel that our number one is our population. We are one of the very few underpopulated countries and to my way of thinking until we remedy that we are really dependent on others. Personally right now I think we should have a National Service scheme in which every young man would serve a compulsory two year turn. I don't think the youth of today is any worse than we were. They are just not getting the lead as far as I can see. What with the unsettled state of affairs all over it must look a hell of a mess of a world to them. Everybody's got the "up you Jack, I'm all right" attitude and that's to my way of thinking just what makes our little Association like an oasis in a bloody great desert.

I'm afraid on looking over this it's as all over the place as is possible. However I hope it finds you fit and well. I'm just as lean as ever and as fit. The worst I get

is a boil on the arse. I look like moving from here which won't cause me to shed many tears. This office has been regraded downwards. Some new idea of regradings. Unfortunately a bit too complicated to go into. I am going to try for the coast and if all goes well may finish over near Alan Luby. Anyway I hope so.

I'll be sending a few cards over West but would appreciate you passing on my best wishes to all the lads you see.

LYNN FOWLER, of Box 73 Wongan Hills, W.A., writes:—

I have just received the lovely manicure set which your Commando Association sent me from the Christmas party.

Will you please thank the Association very much for sending me such a lovely gift.

A merry Christmas and a happy new year to all.

J. GRIFFIN, of Cookegidong, Jerilderie, N.S.W., writes:—

Postal note for the sweep and "Courier".

It is a good move to have the sweep on a better known race than the Kalgoorlie Cup. I was over to Warrigul in Gippsland last year on my holidays and whilst there I saw on television all that was to be seen of the Empire Games at Perth. I give Perth a pat on the back for the efficient way in which they conducted the Games.

How are all the boys over that way? I trust in the best of circumstances. O'Neil is on top of the world. Sydney town was too small so he reached out for the lights of London and he has embraced glamorous Paris and Rome.

I was pleased to have a card at Christmas from him. His despatches to his paper in Sydney are very interesting. What a shock I have in for him when I decide to let him return to Aussie. Our bush law lays down in his constitution that when a city slicker leaves shores he loses all citizenship and if he wishes to return he returns as a migrant and has no civil rights until a lapse of 25 years.

You will note from the above that I have O'Neil securely hog-tied. O'Neil and I drew up this section of the constitution on New Britain and before getting O'Neil's

signature I borrowed some grog from the Officers' Mess and poured it into O'Neil and before he knew what happened he signed it and by the way sub section lays down that a bushie can come and go at will.

That animal Marshall has been promoted to King of the Slippers. I have moulded him into a yes man I have only to make a sign and he comes to heel pronto. He keeps me informed on all the happenings of the concrete jungle dwellers of Perth. He informs me that you are a fully fledged slicker. When I have used him a bit more I will jump him.

Best wishes to all.

BERT BURGES, of "Burlands", P.O. Box 224, Katanning, W.A., writes:—

I include herewith the newsletter passed on to me from Tom Taylor.

Our latest arrangements are that we will be going to Perth as previously decided, Jan. 4, but instead of going to Rottnest the family will take up residence at my cousin's house at 238 Vincent St., Nth. Perth, whilst she is away. I will enter hospital on the following day Sunday or Monday, at St. Anne's in Mt. Lawley.

Just shows how ones memory fades with the passing of 20 years. The story Hughie Myers brought to mind I now recall as: Dick McKenzie won the money (£8) and sauted the dinner. It was Hughie who was so generous to the waiter.

George Boyland asked to be let know when I enter hospital. Could you pass the above information on to him please.

Kindest regards and best wishes for Christmas and the new year to all the lads, their wives and families

TEX RICHARDS, of 12 Bradshaw St., Latrobe, Tas., writes:—

Friday, Dec. 13, was my downfall. I lost the use of both legs. Had a very dry Christmas mostly in the cot. Have been in Repat. hospital, Hobart, since Dec. 30. Am only let out of bed under my own steam to have a bath first thing of a morning, from then on it's a wheelchair job. They plan to take a couple of stone off me and boy could I go a feed of spuds and steak. My old stomach thinks

its throat has been cut but never fear I'll be ready to go soon.

Had a very nice card from Mick Morgan. His wife just thinks about this snow on the mountain this time of the year. Bloody terrible I call it. Oh to be in the West sinking a few Swans!

Anne is very fit. Her only trouble is that she likes her food too much, thus a little tyre round the middle.

All the children did well. Charles did very well at Tech in his first year at his trade. Denise got an 'A' pass in her last year at school but can't get into a nursing school until November. It's hard to get in until you are 17 in Tassie. It's possible she will get a position in the local chemist shop but this young lady wants to travel God bless her. Warren was the surprise packet. Went like a bomb. We are very pleased with him. Patrice is also doing very well. I think she will lead the field in years to come.

Everything is getting a new dress for the Queen Mother.

Well can't think of much to write regards the family and the couple across the road. Please excuse writing, etc., not used to writing lying on my back. Trusting you all have a good holiday.

Barry's love has broken off writing. So for now here's to more weight off, if you want it, and a gay life.

JACK HARTLEY, of 19 Elva St., Cabramatta, writes:—

Enclosed are butts and cash.

Sorry to have been so long in returning them but I never seem to have a moment to spare these days.

I am also enclosing a cheque for £50 which the boys voted to assist in paying for the work being done in our section of Kings Park.

Have quite a lot of news to pass on but at the moment I'm so damn tired I can't think straight. However I'll get cracking on it very soon.

Many thanks for all the hard work you put into keeping things going.

MARY DINWOODIE, of 212 Sth. Terrace, South Perth, writes:—

Please find enclosed postal note and sweep butts.

Ernie is still indisposed with a broken leg. He is to go into hospital again next Tuesday to have another check up and is hoping for a good report this time, but if not he may have to have a bone graft. Hoping the sweep is a great success.

CLARRIE TURNER, "Killora Stud"

Elgin, W.A., writes:—

I have remembered to return the butts of sweep in time for once. Remainder of cheque for subs.

Sorry I was unable to make the Re-union this year and sincerely hope all went well. Bernie was in touch with me about going but I couldn't leave the lad I have to cope with it all.

Terry, our eldest, who is doing his leaving this year, will be in Perth next week for the schools hockey carnival and also has to report to Air Force House as he has made application for a pilot in the Air Force.

Weather conditions are pretty terrible down here this year and as each day comes we wonder just how much more rain we are going to get as we have already had 40 inches for the year.

Cheers for now and regards to all.

ELSIE (Wife and Secretary for Lionel) NEWTON, of 274 Kavliia St., Broken Hill, N.S.W., writes:—

Enclosed please find cheque and butts for sweep, and subs for the year. We are always pleased to receive the "Courier" and wish you all the best.

J. T. RICHIE, c/- Synott & Dunbar Shearing Team, Weebo Stn., Leonora, W.A., writes:—

Am in the process of breaking myself in to shearing again and bed holds such a strong attraction for me I'm afraid this will be a rush letter job. I'll enclose butts and next letter will send a few more quid to make me financial with the Unit again. I'm a few years behind.

Two of the butts were dropped into a glass of beer by a bloke who thought it would be a good joke so for the record the missing butts and addresses are enclosed.

Sorry I'm too tired and sleepy to improve on this letter but will improve later.

RON SPRIGG, of 60 Hill St., Albany, W.A., writes:—

A few lines in with the sweep butts as usual have taken them all myself. Wish you all the success possible with the sweep. Am enclosing the usual little extra to use as you think best.

I have not written a word since the Games Re-union, but believe me I have often thought of it. It was great to see those old faces again and for my part was much too short. I did receive that little parcel Happy and was it a pleasant surprise. Very many thanks to you Harry and Bert. For your information Colin those three boys presented me with the Unit tie after their visit here. I think Bert's idea of the approx. 1968 get together could be a great idea and I have some long leave I would like to ear-mark for it and if I behave myself by then my family should be grown up enough to be left behind. Here's hoping.

I have just been bringing my address book up to date. It was good to hear through Jim Fenwick of Tom Tierney. How are you Tom? How about dropping us a line and letting us know how things are with you.

Saw Keith Hayes down here at the trade fair and he is the only one of the boys I have seen this year.

Must close now. Regards to all the boys.

ALF HILLMAN, of Broomehill, W.A., writes:—

Herewith sweep butts and cheque to cover same plus a bit for the Kings Park fund.

I don't know how long it will be before I get this posted however, as my creek is heavily in flood so that I cannot get out except by tractor and it looks like raining for ever. It has rained for nine of the last ten days for something like 1 1/2 inches.

We missed out on all the earlier floods that the rest of the agricultural areas suffered from and only sustained a slightly above normal wet season. Now however everyone wants to get on with their shearing and an aggregate of 500 a week for three shearers is getting to be considered good.

Crops in this area were just beginning to regain some semblance

to crops after earlier wet when this lot arrived so now the final result doesn't look too rosy.

I was in Perth for a week in July but as I had to take in two conferences in the Local Govt. week and R.S.L. Congress I did not have any spare time. Then just when I had finished and thought to have a day to get about my wife rang from home and I had to get back in a hell of a hurry for the funeral of an old friend of the family, one of the few remaining descendants of the first settlers in this district. For this reason Dave Ritchie was the only one I got a chance to see.

Well, cheerio for now. Best wishes to all.

Heard This?

Many's the country romance that started out with a pint of corn and ended up with a full crib.

WORM IN THE SPRINGTIME

One sunny day an earthworm poked its head out of a hole in the ground, and gazed on the world about him. It was springtime. Romance was in the air. The worm sighed wistfully, as it contemplated the beauties of nature.

Chancing to turn its head, it saw another earthworm squirming up out of another hole in the ground.

"Ah, Miss Worm!" it exclaimed. "It is springtime, and all nature is mating. Will you be my wife?"

The other worm wriggled disgustedly, as it replied: "Shut up, you dope! I'm your other end!"

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Make The
DON CLOTHING CO.
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