



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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

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Price 1d.

Editorial

ANNUAL RE-UNION

The big event of the W.A. calendar is fast approaching. This year it is to be held on Saturday, Sept. 25, at Anzac House Basement. You will notice that this date coincides with the Saturday of Royal Show week and probably one of the most popular periods of the year. Also to be staged on the Saturday afternoon is the second semi final of the League Football and this should be a preview of the grand final.

The timing of the Annual Re-union to fall in with these two events should attract country members to the city with a great big excuse to have a good time.

Your Committee has been ever mindful of making the Annual Re-union a flexible date with the object of attracting as many members as possible to get together and have a beano. We have tried practically every month in the year and to date cannot guarantee which is the best. We have practically turned the full circle as we started off our Re-unions in Royal Show week on the Tuesday before People's Day. These initially were well attended but after a time fell away for some unaccountable reason. For many years now the event has been staged on a Saturday night as this has proved to be the most acceptable night of the week. We have yet to find out the best time of the year.

We can be certain that the catering will be excellent, the refreshments more than adequate, and the

evening will go with a will—it only remains for the gang to turn up for this to be a real crackerjack night.

Country members are especially asked to make every endeavour to be present and where possible make up car loads to get the best roll-up imaginable. We dearly like to get plenty of our country folk to a Re-union because this is one of the few times we are able to see them and they are the people who really make a Re-union tick.

Metropolitan members—and they are in the majority—should not be occasioned any real bother in making the grade. They have but to make up their minds to be in it and, hey presto, it is done. There is no excuse except shift work or illness that is really acceptable for the townies.

Remember your Committee has worked hard to make this function attractive and it is up to you the member to make every endeavour to come along and enjoy yourself with the best of all people—your mates.

A word in season also for the Commemoration Service which will be held on Sunday, Sept. 26.

This should be a MUST in everybody's calendar. This is your opportunity to pay due homage to your mates who can't be with you in your enjoyment of the things we fought for. Your President has to work hard on this day and it is your duty to come along and show your appreciation of his efforts.

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

AUGUST MEETING

A most enjoyable rifle shoot took place at Anzac House Basement on August 3. Jack Carey, after many years, really showed his merit. His top score of five bulls only pipped Bill Epps by a whisker as Bill also had five in the black dot but Jack's was a little better grouped. Jack showed it was no fluke by putting up another fine shoot second time up. All the boys shot well and it only shows that practice makes perfect as we have quite a few of these shoots annually and the improvement since our first efforts has to be seen to be believed. The roll up was very good considering the inclement weather and the counter attraction of the Mavis Branton Show which is shown in W.A. on Tuesday nights.

ANNUAL RE-UNION AND COMMEMORATION SERVICE

Your attention is drawn to the Editorial in this issue on this subject. Suffice to say: "Be in it to win it."

OCTOBER MEETING

This is still to be arranged but you will be further advised.

NOVEMBER MEETING

Remember this! This is to be a Ladies Night and will be held at Anzac House Basement on SATURDAY, NOV. 6.

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Make The
DON CLOTHING CO.
Your Rendezvous For Mercury**

**Meet Dave Ritchie and Say
Good-day**

10% Your Way on All Purchases

**Remember
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Committee Comment

The usual monthly meeting of the Committee was held at Anzac House on August 17. An excellent muster of Committee members churned through the business very smartly.

It was advised that Bill Epps and the President had purchased a new mower after a most satisfactory trial. The mower was now in operation. It was approved that the mower be purchased from the Special Trust fund to enable the normal account to remain as liquid as possible.

Arrangements for the Annual Re-union were put in hand as were the details of a Car Rally cum Picnic at Gerry Maley's block at Parkerville, to be held on Sept. 5.

It was decided to top dress the Kings Park area with fertiliser immediately and Arthur Smith and George Fletcher agreed to do this as soon as possible.

Further discussion took place on the Calcutt Trophy and Col Doig was able to produce a map of Timor and George Fletcher undertook to supply a rough model for the next meeting.

Col Doig advised that he had contacted Eastern States representatives regarding the Grand Safari and was now awaiting replies.

It was decided that a further Ladies Night was most desirable and that the November meeting should be put back to Saturday 6th to accommodate this function.

The President and Col Doig undertook to get in touch with Reg Harrington regarding the outing to be arranged for the children of Sister Kates Home. It was tentatively suggested that a Sunday in mid October would be the best date. Clarrie Varian to go into the matter of a suitable bus to transport the children to Wyening.

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Personalities

Advice has been received from "Curly" O'Neil, in N.S.W., of the death of our old mate Jim Griffin. This came as a severe shock as it was generally regarded that Jim was among the indestructibles despite his age. Every show has its characters and Jim undoubtedly was one of these rare birds. As you will recall Jim joined our show as a refugee from the 2/40th Bat. and I well remember him especially at Maliana where I had a section made up of lads from the "other end". Jim at that time was a special mate of Max Davies who was to provide such a valuable aid to me in the months to follow. Jim's ability to get into the spirit of things with the natives and to see him in a rice dance with the aboriginals was a sight for sore eyes. I think the fact that he had spent so much time in the outback made life in Timor a piece of cake for him. He was always the first one with his "harness" on when volunteers were called for. His ability to walk was amazing. After Timor it was generally felt that he would not rejoin the outfit but he was well and truly in the van when we sailed for New Guinea. The slippery mountains of New Guinea did manage to take toll of the old boy's legs but his ready humour and arguments with the boys made him a morale booster of the best type. His games of draughts with Marshall and Co. were terrific especially the occasion of a Jap flap in the middle of a game when everybody rushed to stand to and old Jim stopped to "fiddle" the board so that he could have a quick victory on resumption. He was Dave Dexter's batman at the tail end of the New Guinea campaign and as such became my batman when I took over from Dave and he was my constant companion for many months and one of the best mates I ever knew. It was surely felt that Jim would not pull on the New Britain show but there he was in all his glory. I well remember an occasion when "The Bull" decided in New Britain to put all batmen on parade. Jim, who could float in the water like a cork, decided to take off to sea and float around for hours with only his

nose and toes sticking out. The sunburn on these tender members was terrific and he looked a complete mess but he wouldn't be repressed. I also recall an occasion at Lae when the late "Doc" McInnerney decided to conduct a clinical test on Jim with the newly acquired rum issue. Jim went through all the stages of drunkenness on about 10 ozs. of O.P. rum from the giggles, through boastfulness, right to the blackout. He was still out when we boarded the "Hooker" to return to Aussie. What a man! The Unit and its post war Association has lost one of its greatest characters. His correspondence through the "Courier" with "Curly" O'Neil and Arthur Marshall on the subject of "Bushies" and "Townies" has enlivened the columns on many occasions. "Curly" O'Neil wrote a colossal val edictory to his old mate in the Sydney paper which was reprinted in the "Sunday Times" in this State and his tribute was manifest of the manner in which Jim Griffin was esteemed by the Unit. He was a great soldier (D.C.M. and M.M. from World War 1) a great moral booster among a bundle of kids such as we mostly were in Timor. A great raconteur, a great mate, and as loyal a friend as was ever born. I have lost a treasured friend and I shed a tear for the passing of the one and only Jim Griffin. May you get your just rewards in the Great Bush Out Yonder, Jim. (Editor.)

Roy Watson tells me he has a boy playing a good brand of football with North Fremantle Under 18s. If he is half as good as Roy he will be a distinct asset to the team.

Jack Hasson's two boys take a keen interest in the footy business. Fred looks after a couple of teams of lads in the Kensington competition and they think the world of him. Ken has played a few games for "Leeuwin" where he is a Cadet.

Saw Terry Paull in town during the month. He had been having treatment for his hand. Terry says things were progressing favourably on his timber mill at Boyup. Said with all the activity going on there was no trouble selling sleepers. He did have one complaint to hand on from his wife and that was that Your Editor had not yet made his

promised trip to Boyup Brook. Something for the future.

Had a brief visit from "Robbie" Rowan-Robinson and his good wife during the month. Both look extra well. "Robbie" reported a bumper apple season but difficulty was experienced in exporting the crop due to lack of freezer boats. He is currently working on a plan to sell the surplus locally through a pool.

Recently had a most enjoyable evening at Anzac Club with Ernie and Mary Dinwoodie and some friends. Ernie and Mary are in the pink and he has now fully recovered from his broken leg. Still battling along on the motor repair game.

Dave Ritchie is at present an inmate of R.P.H. with a badly ulcerated leg and a vicious body rash which is the result of the bad leg. Dave has had a bad trot for some time now and we sincerely hope he makes a complete recovery this time up. Keep the chin up Dave.

Also currently in hospital is our genial Secretary, Fred Napier, whose trouble is very similar to Dave. His leg has broken out again accompanied also by a body rash. Fred is in Hollywood receiving treatment. Hurry up and come good mate, we miss you at our meetings.

If members have problems regarding Repatriation Benefits and potential entitlement to war pensions or treatment for these they should discuss them with Col Doig. Members should remember the latter they leave their applications for acceptance of disabilities as war caused the harder they are to prove. Get in as early as you can is the motto.

STOP PRESS:

It is with regret we have to announce the passing of Major Stuart Love in Melbourne on Sept. 7, 1965. A full report will be given in our next issue.

ANNUAL RE-UNION

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT
SATURDAY, 25th SEPTEMBER
(Saturday of Royal Show Week)

COMMEMORATION SERVICE:

LOVEKIN DRIVE, KINGS PARK
2.30 p.m., SUNDAY, 26th SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER MEETING:

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT
TUESDAY, 5th OCTOBER

SISTER KATES CHILDREN'S DAY OUT:

REG HARRINGTON'S PROPERTY, WYENING
SUNDAY, 24th OCTOBER
Further Details Later

LADIES' NIGHT:

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT
SATURDAY, 6th NOVEMBER

Random Harvest

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

It seems such a long time since I have written to you and even now I probably won't finish this letter for a few days, but at least it's a start. I have made a big change in jobs lately and am no longer in the taxi business. I sold the cab a month ago and took off for the wide open spaces.

My name is going to be mud in Melbourne as I was in the city for a weekend but apart from a couple of friends of Maria's we didn't contact anyone. I felt terribly guilty as I told Bert Tobin I would contact him if I made the trip, but our time was limited as we were in the last week of the children's school holidays and we had to crib a few extra days as it was.

On the way down to Melbourne we called in at Tommy Fosters, but Tom had just left ahead of us for Adelaide. Mary had also gone into Sale shopping so we had to be content with saying hello to Kate and Christopher.

After leaving Melbourne we went on to Bendigo to say hello to Kev Curran and his good wife Gladys. We really only intended an overnight stop there, but the big fellow's hospitality is hard to turn down, so we stayed an extra day with them and were made wonderfully welcome. Blue Sargent was also on hand to meet me the first night and by 11 p.m. we had the hallway stacked with dead Japs and the cook had trouble getting into the mess hut in the morning. Blue was kind enough to show us over his "baby", the Eppalock Weir, the next day so we really enjoyed our brief stay in Bendigo.

From there we charged on up to Hillston where the Rose clan appear to be slowly but surely taking over the whole town. They seem to have a finger in every pie and every activity and who could wonder—lovlier people I have yet to meet. John and Nancy both look extremely well and are very happy in their little town. Our stay was only an overnight one in Hillston, but it was an enjoyable one in the company of such dear friends.

The next leg of our journey took us down through the irrigation area and into Canberra. In the morning I rang Dave Dexter at his office and was able to have an hour's chin wag with him. Dave doesn't appear to have changed much in the 20 years since I last saw him—none of the middle age spread many of us have acquired and just a little greyer, but still looking very fit.

After leaving Dave we spent the remainder of the day going through the War Memorial. It had to be a quick run through as it's an enormous place and one could really spend a couple of days in seeing everything. "Winnie the War Winner" is now set up with the full story in a glass case and there is also a painting of Bernard Callinan, Geoff Laidlaw and several other bearded heroes whom I could not recognise. We also visited the photographic section on the lower ground floor and saw all the Unit's official photographs. I really expected to see more but the attendant said they still have years of work ahead of them preparing and indexing photographs, so perhaps there are still more to come.

I don't know if you have ever seen through the War Memorial, but it truly is a magnificent place and something of which all Australians can feel justly proud. Canberra itself is a beautiful city in a valley surrounded by mountains, and although this was our first visit to the A.C.T. it certainly will not be our last.

Home once again with the boys back at school and Dad had to look around for something to do. Age can be a problem when seeking a new career after working for oneself for 20 years, but fortunately I managed to land an excellent position as a sales representative with the world's largest publishing company.

This year we had our best Anzac Day of all time, with chaps coming for hundreds of miles to be with us for the first time in many years, several for the first time since the end of the war. Here are a few new addresses for you: Ray Martin, 97 Canal St., Griffith;

Tom Field, 14 Margaret St., Wyang; Bernie Weir, 2 Wanderland Ave., Bondi; Noel Buckman, 206 Dunbar St., Stockton, Newcastle; Keith Wilson, 9 Beaconsfield St., Milperra.

Our country visitors included that stalwart Cliff Paff, Frank Press Tom Yates from Kyogle, Jim Culen from Kyogle, and Eric Chapman from Newcastle. Having Curly O'Neill back to disrupt things made our day complete. We had been hoping Bloss Lawrence would be over in time for Anzac Day but when he did arrive it gave us an excuse for another get together at the Arncliffe R.S.L. and this time we were able to give the wives a night out also.

I'm afraid Curly had rather a disastrous night as on the way over to Arncliffe he had his utility wrecked by a drunken driver—not himself—and then on the way out to the club he damaged both legs giving a parachuting exhibition from the foyer staircase.

We have a few hospital cases among the boys at present. Jim English is in Concord and not very happy about it. Jim hates hospitals and I can't say I blame him. Jack Laffy is also in Concord but I haven't been able to see him yet. Another long lost member to turn up in Concord is the Seconda Shell Peter Banovich. Will try to see Jack and Peter later this week and find out what cooks with them.

Well, I think I have rambled on long enough for this time. I hope to be able to write more often in the future.

Kind regards to all the boys.

A Further Letter from Jack reads:

Have managed to gather a little more news for you, so better get it away before it goes stale.

I mentioned in my last letter that several of our lads were in Concord Hospital and since then have managed to see them all for a brief visit. Jim English improved enough to go home, but as yet I haven't had a chance to get over there to see him. Joe Tell was up and around in his ward and said his ulcer and nerves were calming down and he was feeling much better. Peter Banovich was also looking well, but has been having a great deal of trouble with blood clots which charge around in his veins and refuse to be dissolved.

Peter has had several spells in Concord with this ailment and this time is not permitted to walk anywhere, so apparently it's quite a serious business. Strangely enough Peter has lived in the Cabramatta district for many years and we locals have probably passed him in the street many times without recognising him.

Jack Laffy is another old hand having more than his share of worry in Concord. Jack is still the same old gregarious Army Captain type and apart from a gammy leg looks very fit. It seems Jack had a serious car accident some time ago which left him with a permanent portside list and it was necessary to have a bone graft to level him up again. Naturally this means a long period of complete immobilisation, but all being well he should be as good as new again in a few months. He sends kindest regards to all his old friends.

Another long lost soul I have recently heard of but have not yet contacted, is Eddie Elliot. One of the ladies who helps in the tuckshop at our school says Eddie is her uncle, so I will have to make a few more inquiries.

I am enclosing a clipping from a local paper telling the story of Jeffrey Went, son of our one and only Snowy and his charming wife Dorothy. Despite his mother's modesty Jeff was extremely unlucky to miss the gold medal as his time in the last heat was much faster than the winning time in the final. I understand Jeff gashed his hand badly on a broken tile when making the last turn and leading by three yards, and the injury was enough to ruin his chance.

Well this is about all the news at the moment, but knowing how you have to scratch for material for the "Courier" I have dug away down into my memory and come up with a little piece of prose. I don't know who wrote it, but it gives much food for thought and I hope all our chaps read it more than once.

"Around The Corner"

Around the corner I have a friend In this great city that has no end; Yet days go by, and weeks rush on And before I know it a year has gone;

And I never see my old friend's face,

For life is a swift and terrible race; He knows I like him just as well, As in the days when I rang his bell, And he rang mine. We were younger then.

And now we are busy, tired men; Tired with playing a foolish game, Tired with trying to make a name.

"Tomorrow," I say. "I'll call on Bill,

Just to show that I'm thinking of him."

But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,

And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner! Yet miles away "Here's a telegram, sir. Bill died today."

And that's what we get and deserve in the end;

Around the corner, a vanished friend.

This is the Cutting Jack mentioned: SILVER MEDAL IS HIS REWARD

Jeffrey Went, the 16 year old deaf swimmer from Canley Vale, will be returning home from America in six weeks with a smile and a silver medal—his prize from the Deaf Olympic Games.

Until then, he will be living it up in the States on a conducted tour and enjoying the cruise home on the P. and O. liner, Oronsay.

Yesterday, his mother, Mrs. J. Went, summed up her feelings: "It has been a wonderful thrill for him and the family."

Jeffery left Australia on May 28 for Los Angeles by air.

He went to Washington where he visited the University for the Deaf.

He attended services at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and then started an intensive period of training for the games.

Medal

He was swimming four to six miles a day during the training.

He won the silver medal for the backstroke coming second by only one-tenth of a second behind the winner.

Stories that Jeffrey missed winning because he cut his hand on a cracked tile in the baths were discounted by his mother.

She said: "I think the question of the broken tile was a lot of sour grapes and ballyhoo."

"Somebody was trying to cover his coming second with an excuse.

"As far as I am concerned, Jeffrey did extremely well and we are all very proud of him.

Representing

"He was after all, one of only two boys representing Australia at the games.

"This in itself is a great honour as far as we are concerned."

Mrs. Went has had many letters from Jeffrey since he left.

"Most of his letters tell how exciting it has all been for him," said Mrs. Went.

The Cabra-Vale Ex-Servicemen's Club donated £100 towards his expenses.

Friends and neighbours including many Fairfield businessmen raised another sum.

JIM BARNES, of P.O. Box 151, Northam, W.A., writes:—

It's a long time since I first mentioned the fact that I still have copies of the original of the "Courier", published, apparently, in the city of "Stinkpot" and some other documents of interest to the Association historian. At last I have my belongings thoroughly sorted out and enclose herewith all copies of "Faita Fiblets" and a few other boxing programmes, etc.

I am sorry that pressure of business has kept me from attending meetings in Perth but the very fact that I am pressed for time is a good thing, of course.

Jack Carey was at the last race meeting in Northam and we found time for a few quiet grogs.

Give my best wishes to all the boys. I will keep trying to get down and must make it one of these days.

FRANK A. CRAIGIE, of Pennywick St., Rockhampton, Q., writes:—

To receive the August issue of the "Courier" was like receiving a letter from home. It filled a void of loneliness that I have experienced over the last 20 years, to read of the happenings of so many of those who, up to now, have been just memories was a wonderful experience and I hope that now you will accept me once again to your company.

Way up here in Rockhampton very few ex-commandos show up. The only member of the 2/2nd I have met is Freddie Bryant and

many thanks to him for his letter in the Bully "Courier".

I am afraid he has got his messages mixed up. What I do have is the movement order for evacuation of those who returned to Australia with me in the old "Kuroo". Remember her? A mighty ship and a great crew. I am enclosing this order and two newspaper cuttings that you may find interesting. I have a few more but having saved them for over 20 years am reluctant to part with them.

I was in Greenslopes Repatriation Hospital just before last Christmas and heard that there was a Commando Association there but could not make any contact. Some years ago I received a letter from someone in Brisbane about the formation of an Association. I answered and sent the five bob as requested but never heard anything more.

Don't know where Fred got the "Wimpy" from. I can remember "Half Pint" in the Sgt. Mess, but then what S.M. ever knows what he is called? I'll bet I had quite a few, but I can say this, if love between men is possible, then I loved the old 2/2nd. My only wish is that I could get them all on parade and number them, with no blanks. All 273 of them.

Well back to business. Will you please let me know your fees, etc. (if someone will nominate me), and I will forward P.D.Q. Also if anyone has any back copies of the "Courier" I would gladly reimburse them if they sent them along to me.

Remember me to all you meet, and may you all be spared to carry on the good work you appear to be doing in W.A.

PETER MANTLE, of Box 120, Bileela, Queensland, writes:—

The Premier of Queensland and I were just about to commission the multi-million dam and power station near here (he was going to do the talking and I was going to do the reporting for my own paper), when up walked a prosperous looking gent with his eye on the identity disc we'd been issued with and said he'd read my illiterate letters in the "Courier" (or words to that effect), he was Tony Adams. He's only 100 miles from me at Rockhampton, but we'd have

never known about each other but for the good old "Courier".

This area is in its eighth year of drought, though many areas are worse, and cattle being sold seem in fair condition. But there's no scramble of people rushing to pay their bills, and some of the traders are having a thin time of it, particularly as the big work forces on dam and powerhouse are gone.

Nevertheless there are enough crusts to go around for the three meals a day, and last week we had to put out a 14-page paper instead of our usual 10.

Grand Safari sounds grand. In my rather treadmill job there's no hope of participating, but I'll certainly get down to Sydney for the final re-union. I can, so to speak, go so far but no safari.

No real news, but my conscience was pricked by your report that letter writing by members was at a low ebb.

All the best for the annual Re-union.

STEVE ROGERS, of 474 Hannan St., Kalgoorlie, W.A., writes:—

I have received a note from Fred Napier advising me of my appointment as the Association's Goldfield correspondent, and demanding some news of the Kalgoorlie boys, so here we go with a letter-cum-report and to hell with the consequences!

Tony Davidson:

Runs a couple of fruit and vegetable shops up here, and is in magnificent physical condition. As a matter of fact he has put on so much weight that from a distance he reminds me of a cow elephant that has taken a course of fertility pills with astonishingly successful results. He attributes his striking figure to the excellent fruit and vegetables he eats, but cynical blokes like Eric Thornander and myself, put it down to the vast quantities of Hannans lager he consumes daily. Anyway Tony is doing O.K. and looks it.

Eric Thornander:

Is top salesman for Noel's up here. I'm frightened to go near him because he always ends up by selling me some electrical gadget. He is at present undergoing a voluntary purge, has given up smoking, drinking and swearing. For a teetotaler he turned in an excel-

lent performance the weekend Don Hudson was in town. I saw Eric on the following Monday looking very green about the gills and he told me he had a tummy upset due to something he had "eaten" over the weekend. A good salesman has an answer for everything.

Jack Sheehan:

Comes into the bakehouse three times a week for his bread and although he complains about getting old and slow I understand that some boongs who raided his fowl run at night some months back still have ringing noises in their ears and have great respect for his right hook. The story of the raid on Sheehans chook house is worth telling and Arthur Smith knows all the facts, so you city slickers get Arthur to tell the tale. Jack has a small farm a mile or so out of town, runs fowls, geese, goats, and a few horses, but I understand his main harvest is gathered at a spot about three miles out on the Broad Arrow road. You just follow the road till you come to three 44-gallon drums painted white and turn off and there you are—one ring for the dollar bettors and one for the ten bob and up boys. Cool drinks available on the spot and a frequent taxi service. What more could you want?

Jack Spencer:

Last report I had on Jack he was prospecting out Kanowna way but haven't heard the results. Jack looks well, and the years seem to have been kind to him. He tells me he is troubled at times with the typical goldfields dry throat but he is doing his best to beat it.

Peter Alexander:

Haven't seen Pete for ages, but understand he is still holding the mining industry together. I notice that the Mines and Workers Club at Boulder still has record bar sales so Pete is apparantly doing his best to keep our local brewery working overtime. How about coming in and having a couple with me Pete? I can generally be found at the "Star and Garter". If not there I live directly opposite that delectable pub.

Keith Beacham:

Can be seen recklessly hurling Nestles cans around the town at a steady 20 m.p.h. Keith was also in fine form when Hudson was in

town. When I last saw him that Saturday night his arms were spread wide and waving like the sails on a Dutch windmill.

Ern Hoffman:

Visited Kalgoorlie some months back and the town is slowly recovering from the shock. "Hoffy" looks very well, sports a military type moustache and looks a bit like an ex-Indian army man. He has that beery—sorry—I mean ruddy complexion of a man who lives in hot climates. Anyway judging from his ample waist line his gold mine at Porphyry must be easy to work.

Paddy Doyle:

Haven't seen him for months and months so can't give any up to date information on him.

Steve Rogers:

That's me! Trying to make a living by running a bakery and at the same time cope with a wife and six kids—we don't have T.V. in Kalgoorlie. After a spell in Hollywood last year I have to go up for X-ray every three months. Lead a pretty quiet life. Do quite a bit of clay target shooting for relaxation. We have a good Gun Club here. Have nearly £4,000 in buildings and electric traps. Would like to send a cheerio to Peter Barden. Just imagine it Peter, if we were down the sou-west now we would be both barracking for the same footy club—Harvey-Brunswick.

Some of our visitors to Kalgoorlie in recent months.

Don Hudson:

Has been out on the Trans Line with a P.M.G. party. Put in a weekend in Kalgoorlie, disrupted everyone's plans and got at least three husbands put in the dog house. Eric Thornander has written to the P.M.G. suggesting that a huge block of concrete be sunk into the ground 50 miles out along the Trans and that when the P.M.G. gang come in Hudson be chained to the block and given enough food and water to last till the gang picks him up on their way out bush again. Up to date Eric has had no reply but he is still hoping. Hudson looks well. His magnificent chest has slipped a little and now hangs over his belt and in the bar he has lowered his voice from a strident bellow to a dull roar. Apart from that he is still the same quiet, shy, retiring boy we knew

so well in the army. All this will teach him not to broadcast the fact that I have a bald patch as big as a dinner plate.

George Timms:

Blew into the bakehouse one morning and it was good to see him again. Apart from an odd grey hair or two he hasn't altered a bit. Jack Sheehan arrived a few minutes after George and we had a hilarious hour recalling old times. George's impersonation of a certain well known Major and the late "Boyo" Hewitt having a severe difference of opinion regarding "Boyo's" chastity among native women was a gem.

Arthur Smith:

Was here just two days ago. He looks as fit as a fiddle but has a very poor opinion of the way the Main Roads Dept. grades the gravel onto the edges of the road. Something about a windscreen that isn't there any more.

Well, this letter must now end.

Heard This?

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

A honeymoon couple made up their minds that no one was going to find out that they were newly-weds. They carefully removed all the rice from their hair and clothing, removed the "Just Married" sign from the car, and even went so far as to scuff up their brand new luggage on the pavement to give it that "travelled" look.

The thing was working out fine —no one in the hotel lobby had taken the slightest notice of them —until the groom stepped up to the desk and said in a loud voice: "We'd like a double bed with a room, please."

* * *

WHAT'S MORE SHE GOT CAUGHT

Old Mrs. Johnson was in fairly robust health for a grandmother, except that she was troubled with diabetes. This would not have been serious except that the old girl had an almost irresistible sweet tooth. She gave in to her craving for some chocolate creams one day and the resultant reaction landed her in the hospital in rather serious shape.

All I have to do now is sit back and wait for the writs to come rolling in. I can see them now—gross libel, slander, defamation of character, etc. Oh, well, this was originally Fred Napier's idea so if I finish up in court I will immediately cite him as co-respondent. Enclosed please find cheque to bring my yearly subs up to date.

* * *

HISTORICALLY YOURS!!

Thanks to Jim Barnes who has faithfully preserved the records we are now in possession of the first seven copies of that amazing paper printed in New Guinea in December/January, 1943-44. We will be reprinting these over the next few months and it should bring back a touch of nostalgia to most of the gang who served in this area during the period. Some of the writing is really fantastically good and only shows the versatility of the gang in most walks of life.

When Mrs. Johnson's daughter and grandchild arrived at the hospital that afternoon during visiting hours, they discovered that due to crowded conditions grandma had been bedded down in the maternity ward. Since children are not allowed in maternity wards, the little girl was told to wait outside.

A few minutes later a nurse noticed the youngster and, in an effort to be friendly, said: "Are you waiting here to hear about your momma?"

"Oh, no," retorted the little one, "I'm waiting to hear about grandma."

"Grandma!" exclaimed the nurse incredulously. "Come now, I really don't think it could be your grandma."

"Oh yes it is," insisted the little girl, "she's been cheating again!"

* * *

Remember those chocolate babies they used to sell in candy stores, ten a penny? A little fellow demanded threepence worth, and added: "I want all boy babies."

The confectioner asked why.

The little shaver explained succinctly: "More chocolate!"

Historically Yours!

FAITA FIBLETS

incorporating

GAROKA GRUMBLINGS - MORESBY MUMURINGS - CANUNGRA

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L I E S

(By Dorothy Gram Kirkwood)

MacArthur Strikes:

On Wednesday, as the first rays of the tropical sun dispersed the mists over Arawe, enemy held base on Southern New Britain, rubber boats bearing tough, hard-hitting, Rangers of General MacArthur's S.W.P. Command stole silently in on the foxholed sons of Nippon. No sound warned the record-bombed garrison as sentries, patrols were silently, surely killed; troop-barges, laden with Marines sneaked in as units of Admiral Kincaid's Jap-hunting fleet opened up on forts, pillboxes, barracks. With the first light planes of General Whitehead's five-to-one victorious Fifth Air Task Force roared overhead adding further death and destruction to previous day's record smashing blitz. From the bridge of the battle-honoured, oft-bombed TEXAS, Brig. Gen. Montgomery-Vanderbilt, hard hitting, five-language-swearing Boston socialite, smiled, handed cigars to observers of this first-step-action on road to enemy-held Rabaul.

Marines Sweated:

Sweating Marines hunted, pursued, killed equipment-dicing Japanese through coconut plantationed flats; paused, ate, drank, peered through tropical-vegetationed trees, saw white-starred fighters, bombers circling; waiting, protecting; paused, then went on hunting, killing. By 1100 hrs., while singing,

shouting, stripped-to-the-waist soldiers, sailors ferried much needed stores, ammunition, food to eagerly-waiting Marines, Brig. Gen. Montgomery-Vanderbilt set up H.Q. in former Jap-furnished, rice-smelling mansion, saw rice-pumpkin breakfast set for six-inch-killed Jap Commander, ordered grape-fruit, pretzels. U.S. Engineers bulldozed, hacked, scraped bomb-pitted Arawe drome; Cubs landed while sun-browned Yankees widened, lengthened, prepared for transports fighters, bombers, to give much-bombed Rabaul, Cale Gloucester, Gasmata, Talasea the final K.O. Marine Sergeant rested red-hotted Garand, cracked: "We sure gave those Goddamned bastards hell!" S.W.P.A. Commander MacArthur smiled to questioning, probing, newspaper men, quoted Napoleon: "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

Tokio Blustered:

Meanwhile in Tokio U.S.-hating, bland Tojo bolstered fast-falling defeat-sapped morale of public with exaggerated enemy-losses accounts, quoth he: "We destroyed two battle ships, five cruisers, three destroyers, ten transports, 182 planes, 4,000 men, including 400 high-ranking officers; three of our planes have not yet returned." Meanwhile victory-tasting troops of U.S. mopped up, prepared for next blow on road to Tokio.

Said Commando-Commandong, Jap-scourge Major "Bull" Laidlaw on hearing news: "We'll win this war Sumau."

Today's happy thought: "The love bug will bite you if you don't wash out."
(If you don't believe me ask the Doc.)

ANNUAL RE-UNION

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

SATURDAY, 25th SEPTEMBER

This is the Saturday of Royal Show Week

★ ★

COMMEMORATION SERVICE:

LOVEKIN DRIVE, KINGS PARK

2.30 p.m., SUNDAY, 26th SEPTEMBER

Make This A Certainty

★ ★

OCTOBER MEETING:

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

TUESDAY, 5th OCTOBER

★ ★

SISTER KATES CHILDREN'S DAY OUT:

REG HARRINGTON'S PROPERTY, WYENING

SUNDAY, 24th OCTOBER

Further Details Later

★ ★

LADIES' NIGHT:

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

SATURDAY, 6th NOVEMBER