

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

CORRESPONDENCE IS THE LIFE BLOOD OF THE JOURNAL

Every year at some time your harassed Editor writes something similar to what will follow in the next few paragraphs so if you are bored don't read on because you have read it all before and undoubtedly will read it in the future.

In the first instance we will treat the subject statistically. There are no fewer than 480 persons on the mailing list of the "Courier". If every person wrote just a one foolscap page letter per annum and these were on the law of averages spaced out during the year it would fill at least 240 columns of the "Courier". This would leave your Editor only about 240 columns to fill in for the year. Not too much to ask, surely!

Secondly there is the matter of reader interest. Undoubtedly the best news we can publish is letters from members of their doings. Joe Blow at Woop Woop couldn't care less about a cricket match at Harvey, but he would be tickled pink to read of his old mate Sam Such at Bandilegs who has just become the proud father of quads (if only to his pet goat). This is the news we need. Surely each reader is not so short of experiences that he can't write at least a couple of pad pages per year to the "Courier" so that his mates will know how he is going.

Thirdly, the best way to wear out an Editor is to leave him on his own resources and watch his imagination erode away from over usage. There is just so much of a good thing as far as dreaming up news goes and then your Editor's writing becomes more perspirational than inspirational.

To carry the subject a stage further it is only a fair go for the job to devolve to as many shoulders as possible and this becomes a case of many hands, light work.

One realises that in the very near future the Annual Sweep will bring its influx of letters but it is still remarkable that so many just sign a cheque and include it with the butts and that is the only form of acknowledgement for the whole year.

Just to prove to your mates that after all you are literate and a product of our educational system, what about a letter or two? The fact that your paper is in contact with a major proportion of your Unit mates is the best medium possible for communicating between friends.

Make a firm resolve to write at least 200 words to your journal per year and you will get an immense satisfaction from a job well done.

**LADIES' NIGHT
SATURDAY, 7th MAY**

Don't forget ladies, a plate of savouries for supper

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

MARCH MEETING

As usual this was held at Anzac House Basement on Tuesday 1st. An excellent attendance heard John Burridge discourse on his recent tour through the near and far East and Europe. John spoke most fluently for over two hours on his experiences and then was subjected to a barrage of questions for at least another half an hour.

This only goes to show that we have excellent talent in our own ranks in the way of guest speakers if we only took the trouble to find them. All present voted it an excellent evening and suggested there should be more of them.

BEACH PICNIC

We had the privilege of conducting this function at Mulaloo Beach on Sunday, March 6. Unfortunately it was a bad day with a steady gale blowing and the flying sand made things more than a trifle difficult. There was a fair muster of members but children were in the minority and it tends to suggest that the children are now growing up and desire their own company rather than the Unit organised shows.

However there was a lot of fun for those who did attend and "Spriggy" McDonald and Len Bagley did a great job of organising sports for the children. A list of winners is appended below.

Nice to see country visitors in the persons of Terry and Ivy Paull and their family from Boyup Brook, and Ron Sprigg from Albany.

Seen at the picnic were Jack and Joy Denman, Lal and Gerry Green, Norma and Jack Hasson, Col Doig, Jack Carey, Percy Hancock, Doris and Rod Dhu, Thel and Harry Sproxtton, Colleen and George Strickland, Jean and Mick Holland, Elsie and Jack Penglase, Beryl and Fred Griffiths, Margot and Gerry Maley, Marj Anderson (Ping was out fishing), Dulcie Ryan (Merv also fishing), Arthur Smith, Betty and Spriggy McDonald.

Children's race results:

100 yard dash (1): Margaret An-

derson 1, Noel Strickland 2, Lorraine Holland 3.

100 yard dash (2): Peter Ryan 1, John Penglase 2, Max Griffiths 3.

Wheelbarrow race (1): John Penglase and Doug Hasson 1, Max Griffiths and Peter Ryan 2, Richard Griffiths and Kevin Anderson 3.

Wheelbarrow race (2): Max Griffith and Peter Ryan 1, Richard Griffiths and Kevin Anderson 2, John Penglase and Doug Hasson 3.

Three legged race: Max Griffiths and Peter Ryan 1, Marg Anderson and Lorraine Holland 2, Vicci Ryan and Noel Strickland 3.

Apple race (1): Max Griffiths 1, Kevin Anderson 2, John Penglase 3.

Apple race (2): Margaret Anderson 1, Kerry Sproxtton 2, Lorraine Holland 3.

Apple race (3): Noel Strickland 1, Peter Ryan 2, Doug Hasson 3.

Apple race (older kids): Terry Paul 1, Col Doig 2, Dutch Holland 3.

BOWLS NIGHT

We were the guests of the Maimed and Limbless Bowls Club once again on Friday, March 18, at their Colinst. headquarters. This as usual was a most pleasant night and the weather treated us kindly for once. We tried our best but the disabled boys with their wealth of experience, were far too good, winning pointlessly on all rinks. It wasn't the bowls that mattered it was the sheer joy of mixing with good company and having a good night out that counted.

Our roll up was extra good and this is now a most popular function with the gang. The ladies' section of the M. & L. put on a lovely spread

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and there was bundles to drink, so who could want more?

Among those taking part were: Jerry Maley, Jack Cary, Dick Geere, Col Doig, Jack and Norma Hasson, Perc Hancock, Fred and Glad Napier, Harry and Thel Sproxtton, Geo. and Colleen Strickland, "Doc" Wheatley, Bill and Jess Epps, Dot and Len Bagley, Betty and Spriggy McDonald and Arthur Smith.

Altogether a great night out.

CRICKET MATCH AT HARVEY

This is fast becoming an annual event and we journeyed the 88 mile to Harvey on Sunday, March 20, to do battle amongst ourselves in the cricket match. Teams were composed of those present and captained by Les Anderson and Clarrie Turner. It is understood that Clarrie's team won 52 to 49, but this is subject to audit by the C.I.B. as scorers have been known to cheat before this.

We only played 45 minutes each side as the ground was not available in the afternoon. Clarrie's boy Noel top scored for the Anderson team with 18 and Col Doig scored 8. Jack Cary and Stan Liebrick and Bill Epps did best for the Turner combination (sorry can't make out the scores). However nobody was particularly worried as we were late for the session anyway!

After doing business at the local hostelry for the Sacred Hour we adjourned to the Harvey beach, 11 miles away, stopping on the way at the pine plantation for lunch. The afternoon was spent on the beach and was enjoyed by the younger members of the party.

Later the whole party returned to the Harvey Weir for a barbecue tea along with a "drop of the doings".

It was homeward bound for everyone by about 7 p.m. A really good day once again, thanks to Arthur Marshall for his arrangements and acting as host.

Seen during the day were Arthur Smith and family, Percy Hancock, Jack Penglase and family, Col Hodson and family, Gerry Green and family, Merv Ryan and family, Bill Epps and family, Len Bagley and his family, Jack Hassen and family, Les Anderson and family, Clarrie Turner and family, Terry Paull and family, Fred Napier and Glad, Jack Cary, Col Doig, and of course Arthur Marshall and family.

APRIL MEETING

This will be held at Anzac House Basement on Tuesday 5th. This is a most important meeting as it will be the initial night for competition in the Calcutt Memorial Trophy. Members are asked to make every endeavour to be present and to come early as it is desired to start competition not later than 8 p.m.

Remember, points on the board are what will win the trophy so get away to a flying start by being at the April meeting.

MAY MEETING

As mentioned in last edition of the "Courier" this will take the form of a Ladies' Night and it will be held at Anzac House Basement on SATURDAY, MAY 7.

On this occasion ladies are requested to bring a plate of savouries to assist with supper arrangements. Other supper arrangements are being handled as previously. You are assured of a wonderful night so mark the date off on your calendar as a must!

ANZAC DAY

This falls on a Monday this year and arrangements are as previously. Please make every endeavour to be present and have a great day with the boys.

SWEEP

By now all members should be in possession of their tickets in the "Commando Gift". Please make life bearable for the organiser by selling these as soon as possible and returning the butts and cash to the organiser pronto. It is quite an onerous task organising a sweep but with co-operation by all it can be simplified no end.

Remember it is by the success of the sweep that we continue to function efficiently as an Association.

Committee Comment

The Committee of the Association met as usual on March 15 at Anzac Club and once again a great response of members. The first business was to get the sweep tickets under way and this was done in record time as we are now getting really experienced at this task.

Business for the evening was cen-

tred mainly around organising the bowls night, cricket match, Anzac Day and April and May meetings. This took some considerable discussion and eventually details were ironed out.

It was decided to hold a small working bee at Kings Park on Sunday, March 27, to clean up the area by application of sump oil.

Jack Hasson and Col Dog reported progress in regard to obtaining an efficient cooling system for beer used by the Association.

Bill Epps brought up the matter of John Burrige's trip in the near future to Timor. It was decided to officially accredit John as Association Representative and ask him to look into any matter which he considers of importance to the Association with special reference to War Graves.

Personalities

It is with much regret that we have to record the passing of Fred (Bluey) Wilkes' wife during the month. Mrs. Wilkes had been ill for some time. Please accept our most sincere sympathy, Fred, in your extreme loss and we hope that time will heal the wound of your wife's passing.

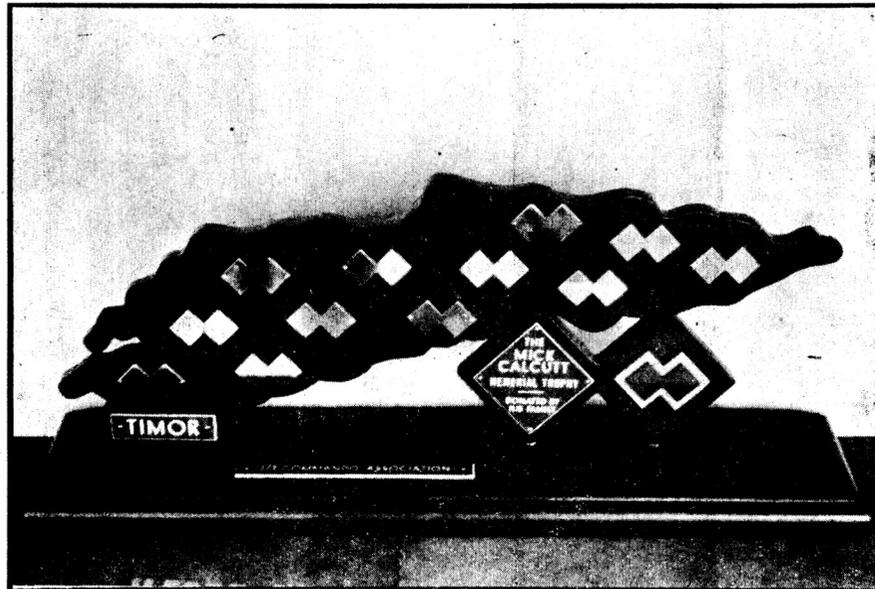
Also with regret we note that Don May lost his sister, Mrs. Mercer, during the month. Please accept our sincere sympathy, Don.

It is a sign of the times that of late we are publishing many deaths but few births and it makes one seriously remember that the Unit was formed 25 years ago this July. This is something in the nature of our Silver Jubilee and we should try and do all we can to make it a bumper year from July 11, 1966.

Although the Association has had many functions during the month it has not been a good month for meeting mates from outside the city limits and therefore there is not a lot to chronicle in the way of personalities.

Jack Carey has been enjoying a spot of leave and has been getting around the country quite a bit. Took in the Bunbury Cup where he met Terry Paull and Clarrie Turner.

Jack Penglase and his wife and family have recently finished holidays and got around the country in a big way. Went down to Hoptoun and Ravensthorpe to look over the old home territory. Jack says his little NSU Prinz performed like a bird.



WHO WILL WIN IT? First night of competition is Tuesday, April 5

Victorian Vocal Venturings

There is very little to report, no Association activities as yet. We have had a couple of visits from interstate and overseas (New Guinea).

Firstly Harry and Thel Sproxtton and his boy passed through Melbourne at Christmas time on their way up to Queensland and came through again on their way back at the end of January. Managed to round up a few of the boys to see Harry who was looking particularly well. No doubt Harry will tell of his trip through the "Courier" in every detail.

Theo Adams (some will remember as our esteemed barber) is down at present on leave from Goroka in New Guinea, looking very fit. We had a little get together last Friday at lunch time and to top it off Johnny Rose was passing through on his

way back to Hallston, N.S.W., and he came along as well. I had not seen Johnny since January 1943, but could still recognise him. Very tanned and lean and enjoying life to the full. Present were Bernie Callinan, Bert Tobin, Bluey Southwell, Jim Wall, Johnny Roberts and self. Johnny was going straight on home so we could not arrange for any other meeting but Theo is down for a couple of weeks longer and a night last Monday was arranged to meet some of the boys but Yours Truly could not make it, so I do not know how the night went.

As stated before, very little is happening around here newswise and if it is I am not hearing about it, so I will sign off now and hope to have more news next time.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

Random Harvest

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

Enclosed return on Great Safari. All things O.K. the wife and I will definitely be in it.

We have had three inches of rain here last month and at present I have more green feed on the place than in August last year so am hoping for another inch soon to make it the best season in history. If we don't get it that could mostly die. It is trying at the moment but with too much wind we are not too hopeful.

I was in Perth this week but with only one day there and that at the Farmers' Union Conference did not have any time to look up any members and all I bought during my stay was half a dozen beers.

Crops in this district during the past season made some amends for the light wool clip. I averaged 13 bags for oats and 11 for wheat, but some crops went as high as 100 bushels for oats and 66 for wheat, but on better country than mine.

However I think the present green feed should be worth at least two pounds of wool per sheep to me this year on last year's result which was the lightest I had had for ten years.

One thing it has done is delay a

hell of a lot of smaller jobs that I would usually have finished by now and they are still ahead to keep me busy for some time yet in what is usually my slack period.

FRED OTWAY, of 98 Wecker Rd., Mt. Gravatt, writes:—

The Decimal Day has come and gone, and so will Safari Day. I didn't get much enjoyment out of "D" Day but I intend to out of "S" Day, so you can put me down as a starter for the Safari.

I will probably get down to Sydney on Anzac Day to see my old mates. It's nice to think that someone misses the old digger, thanks Fred Janvrin.

I'm in the process of selling the old homestead and will have a bit of extra cash so I will finish in the West for a visit in a couple of years' time.

I dropped in on Wally Condon, who lives at Redcliffe. I hadn't seen Wally for 22 years. Wally has two boys. He is a carpenter by trade.

Jim Fenwick dropped in some months ago, and I ran him around a few of the boys. It's not possible to get around to everyone as time is short, so it's the nearest ones. Eddie Timmins was away anyway. We

picked up Alec Veovodin, Angus McLachlan and Freddie Bryant. Jim should be retiring this year and intends to settle in Redcliffe. I saw Col Cubis a while back. We went around to Bluey Taylor's wife's place but she was out.

I went down to South West Rocks, N.S.W., for a holiday. When I came home I found in the Address Book N. Buckman, c/- South West Rocks. His name is Noel I think. After 22 years it is hard to pick up the threads.

We went down to Smoky Cape lighthouse. Here we looked out upon the grand coastline, rugged and the same as when Bob Smith's tiny feet pattered up and down the track to the lighthouse, and along the beach, for this is where he spent his childhood days. It's just out from Kempsey. Having near completed the selling of the property I have decided to sell my bee hives. I find that I could be working them, and then give the money to the Government, or part there of, so as to make it not worth while. I know what the farmer suffers through bad seasons, and drought. You are completely at the mercy of the seasons. That is all a bee-keeper is, a bee farmer. We have just finished the worst drought on record. With bee keeping expenses go on whether you get honey or not. Lots of bee men have suffered losses just like sheep and cattle. No blossoms in the trees, no honey and pollen (protein) so they die out.

I'm still painting schools, old and new, but will have a few more holidays in the future.

FRANK PRESS, of "Bobanaro", Carcoar, N.S.W., writes:—

Have just read the January issue of the "Courier", and felt that it is nearly time that I dropped a line to you with the latest that has happened in this part of the world, although drought is about all that is talked about. It is terribly dry, and has been for 12 months. Everyone around these parts is wondering what the hell will happen if a lot of rain doesn't fall in the immediate future. This district is probably one of the most pasture improved in N.S.W., but like everything else, improved pastures will not grow without rain and so we all have that worry as to just how much longer we can hold out.

Was surprised to read where you (that is I presume it is you) have re-

signed from the State Council of the R.S.L., saying that you did so before you were bored to death. Things must be a lot different over there to what they are at Council meetings here. One may often feel frustrated but certainly never bored. Proceedings are often very lively and one's wits must be about him at all times to keep up with what is going on. I am in my first year as a Councillor on State Branch and find that it is very stimulating and feel that a tremendous amount of good is being done in welfare, repatriation, etc., over here. National Congress this year will be held in Perth and I would love to get across to it, but only time will tell whether that is possible.

And talking about trips interstate, I had a very nice trip through parts of Victoria in December. As Harry Botterill mentioned in the last "Courier", I, accompanied by my wife, Kathleen, went to Portsea to the graduation ceremonies of the Officer Training School where John, my oldest son, passed through. That in itself made the trip well worth while, but I had much added pleasure in meeting quite a few of the old Timor gang, and I must say the years seem to have treated them all well. They all look as if they could Piggie Atsabe just as well as they ever did.

The Passing out Parade and Ball were held on the Friday and on the Saturday we had lunch with the Callinans and the long yarn Bernie and I had was one of the pleasures of the trip. On the Sunday I joined Harry Botterill, Mam Smith and the others and went along to the Commando Association's Christmas Picnic where I met quite a number of other Unit Old Boys. Sneaked away for a while and went to see Pete Krause who also looks in the pink. When we arrived he was enjoying the swimming pool that he had recently installed in his back yard. Pete did the right thing and produced the necessary refreshments, and it was lovely to see his smiling face again and to learn he is holding his own in the mad world of commerce. All in all I had a very enjoyable day and it appears that Harry, Jim Wall, Bert Tobin, etc., are doing a great job in keeping the Victorian Branch of the Association going. Let me say here: "Thanks for the wonderful day!"

On the Monday, Kathleen decided that she couldn't leave Melbourne without doing some shopping, so

whilst she was thus engaged I went out to Ampol and saw Geoff Laidlaw who looks as well as I have ever seen him and seems to be on top of the world. After lunch we set out on a leisurely trip home, but did not get out of Melbourne before being almost cut in half by one of those prehistoric monsters these backward cities still have running along the middle of their streets. Fortunately I saw it just in time and it missed by inches, frightening hell out of me in the process, and so to the clanging of tram bells, the blowing of police whistles and the nagging of Kathleen I proceeded along Bourke-st. until I could find a safe route out of the damned place and eventually, after a pleasant trip arrived in Bendigo, where we called on and were treated with tremendous hospitality by Kevin Kurran and his good wife. After Kev closed his bar we found a quiet little corner and had several hours of ear bashing and tonsil oiling, awakening the next morning feeling just a little bit seedy.

Travelled from Bendigo to Leeton the next day and the Wednesday night found us back home.

I was sorry that I missed Baldy. Tried to ring him several times but he must have been on a vacation somewhere. Fortunately it had been my pleasure to have had a visit from him here a couple of months previously and a most enjoyable few hours we had together too. He was very pleased to meet, whilst in Carcoar, an old school mate of his, one whom he had not met since leaving school, so he found the trip worth while if only on that score.

This just about runs me out of something to say, so keep your energies on the Great Safari, 1968 will not be too long in coming around, so if not before, I look forward to seeing a lot of you then.

BOB SMYTH, of 34 King St., Perth, W.A., writes:—

I am enclosing a most interesting article from the "West Australian" newspaper, Thursday, Jan. 27, and I feel it could be worthy of reprinting in the "Courier", together with the following thought.

Numbers of our members seem to be reaching the age where they load up a vehicle and go touring in other States of Australia.

I do not wish this thought to interfere with the plans already made

for the great Eastern States Safari, but it appears relatively cheap to visit Timor once a car load or two has found its way to Darwin.

Maybe a few days in Timor would be more than adequate, but there are possibly many who would contemplate the visit when it is appreciated the return fare from Darwin is only £18. I am also influenced by the comment that the week's holiday is extremely cheap.

"Timor Is Old World"—Reprinted:

At 10 a.m. every Wednesday a T.A.A. Fokker Friendship aircraft slips out of Darwin airport bound for Portuguese Timor.

The journey takes 1½ hours, the fare is £18 return.

The aircraft is under charter to the Portuguese government, but Australians may make use of it, and are doing so in increasing numbers.

For right on their doorstep, an exotic foreign holiday awaits them in one of the most beautiful and unspoiled parts of the world.

It is also extremely cheap.

The Portuguese discovered Timor in 1511, but did not occupy it till 1665.

One gets the feeling that little has changed with the passage of nearly three centuries.

The Timorese still live, work and create their art much as they ever did.

The most tangible evidence of Portuguese rule is in the 17th Century forts surmounted by ancient cannons.

And there are some splendid churches, but the Dominican order is quiet and self-effacing. The Dominicans came before their government, at the end of the 16th Century.

Timor is a synthesis of the very old world and an Eastern culture which is extremely complex and refined. And the island itself possesses a wild, dramatic beauty.

The aircraft arrives at the international airport of Bacau and, after a few minutes of formalities, one can either go on to the capital of Dili—flying in the twin-engined Dove, at a cost of 30/—or stay a few days at Bacau itself visiting the northern tip of the island.

The stone inn at Bacau is cool and spacious. White doves flutter up from the flagged courtyard.

Mealtimes are not hard and fast—the needs and wishes of the traveller are what matter.

Soups are followed by a fish and

salad, then meat and vegetables, a dessert, and tropical fruits.

Allowing for the free flowing red and white wines (and they are literally free), the superb Timorese coffee and the liquers, a couple of hours may well elapse over the meal. So the siesta habit comes easily to the visitor.

An excellent swimming pool fed by a mountain stream is only a few minutes' walk.

Timorese and Balinese carvings are quite cheap as is the famous Timor cloth. There are any number of bargains in silk and cotton goods.

A superbly fashioned bangle of pure silver costs only £1.

Trips to the mountains, or a journey down to the tip of the island—where another motel is open at Tutuala—shows Timor as a photographer's paradise.

Hunting is legal and wild buffalo and deer are plentiful.

Despite language barriers, the courtesy and kindness is unfailing.

Dili, the capital, is only about half an hour by air from Bacau.

Because the country is tiny it is possible to see and do a great deal in a comparatively short time.

There is no night life in the conventional sense—no high pressure gaiety.

Historically Yours!

FAITA FIBLETS

incorporating

Garoka Grumblings — Moresby Murmurings — Canungra.....

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2nd January, 1944.

Nett Sales: 500,000,000,000,000

Printed and published at the office of the proprietors:
No. 1 "The Mudhole", Flats, Skeeter Avenue, Stinkpot.

RESULTS OF WEAPON COMPETITION

(Held 26th December, 1943)

Rifle: 1. Sgt. Cash, "A" Troop H.Q. 2. Sgt. Burges, "C" Troop H.Q. 3. L-Cpl. Wheatley, Tpr. Smith B. T. C., 2 Section.

Bren: 1. Tpr. Perkins and Dent, 1 Section. 2. Tprs. Mildren and Webster, 2 Section. 3. Tprs. MacQueen and Holland, 8 Section.

O.S.M.G.: 1. Cpl. Hillman, "C" Troop H.Q. 2. L-Cpl. Poynton, 2 Section. 3. Cpl. Anderson, Tpt. Section.

Pistol: 1. Tpr. Bowden, 1 Section. 2. L-Cpl. Monk, 3 Section. 3. Sgt. Dixon, Sqn. H.Q.

Fiblets tender their congrats to the following lately-become-proud-fathers:

Lieut. Fox, son, 7 lb., born Oct. 23.

Lieut. Hearle, daughter, 7 lb., born Nov. 10.

Lieut. MacKintosh, son, Nov. 10.
W.O. Coupland, son, 7½lb., Dec. 9.

They say Anti-Mite if you ask her nicely.

OPEN LETTER TO THE SQUADRON S.M.

Sqn. S.M.,
Sir,

Ref. Smells

On approx. 25th Dec., 1943, I was breathing in whilst seated at my table in the H.Q. hut at Faita. I noticed a smell of peculiar intensity, which appeared to be coming from the direction of the floor to the N.W. I commented on this to NX-80051, Tpr. Bray, N. A., who stated that he too could smell something. We have, as yet, done nothing in the matter as we understand that the locating of smells is in the hands of the Sgt. Hygiene. Apart from headaches, no ill effects have been noticed. (Sgd.) R. S. Kirkwood, Sgt.

THE ADJUTANT'S LAMENT

I have been in this Army a good many years,
I have seen many changes and shed a few tears,
Then I joined this here show and the first thing I hears
I was in for a job giving things to you dears.

Now the "Q" is a job amongst men of my clan
We always did dodge, and we all gave a hand
To those who were caught and unlucky to land
A task giving things anyone can demand.

Now I've suffered abuse and some things pretty hot,
But I can't please 'em all, and give things on the spot,
Some things we can't give, but you'll get what we've got,
For despite all your growls we're a pretty fair lot.

I have said all my say, but you'll find down below,
Some remarks from a bloke who is likely to know
About things that are done by myself, Bill and Joe,
So give us your help and we'll see how we go.

Now the Adjutant Q. is a much maligned man,
Though he works pretty hard and he does all he can
To satisfy blokes like Merv Cash and his clan,
When their ammo is wet and they want some more jam.

Then the aeroplanes come, and drop kai far and wide,
And great Mastah Jim, with his bloody thick hide,
Says: "My boys can't cart boxes, the tucker can bide
Where it is at the 'Q', before I'll be defied."

And then Freddy sends down for a small tin of oil,
And though it's not opened and all the staff toil,
When Foxy says: "Wait!" he just lets his blood boil,
Hurls abuse at the Q, lets his good nature spoil.

And a letter comes back after seven days gone,
Many signals are sent, and Sig. Hearle's very wan,
For that dum-headed Yank, he has been gone and done
Forgot the damn place where that note should have gone.

Then the Seven Div. moans when the census is late,
And they say parachutes must be in by a date,
But the planes won't come in, so they just have to wait,
Hence the Q. has his troubles—they're both urgent and great.

BY DES LILYA

Poet Laureate of "A" Troop
(Sung to the tune of "The Marines' Hymn")

From the hills of Matahusa to the Ramu River plains,
We have bashed the Japs on every move and we'll bash the — again,
Let them come in hordes and swarming droves,

Let them come where'er they will,
For old "A" Troop is awaiting our intentions are to kill.

One night they came to Wesa, their objective was to raid,
But before another sun had set, with their lives they dearly paid.
Our gallant Corporal Maley, he was killed while in the fray,
Now in each man's heart lies deep regret and his loss we will repay.

So you people back in Aussie you can always safely say,
That the Second Cav. Commando boys will always win the day.
The kanakas here they fear our name and the — quickly learnt
That every day they lost their lives and their villages we burnt.

Our Commander Capt. Dexter crossed the Ramu late one night,
With a Section of his fighting men who were looking for a fight.
And then they struck the Kiap Road and an ambush there they set,
When along came a huddled Nips and walked into their net.

So they opened up with everything at a range of thirty yards,
And they wiped out forty five odd Nips, it was just like playing cards
And five Nip bullets Capt. Dexter took till he called the game a day,

But poor old Cyril Doyle was killed. He died a hero's way.

Number 1 Section went back on top for a few days well earned rest, But Baldy Nagle stayed behind to give the Nips more hell, A patrol he led to Koropa and the Nips were still in town, So he gave the yellow bastards hell, till he finally went down.

So if you care to come along to our famous battle front, We can guarantee you lots of fun and the Nips will bear the brunt, Though our food supply is light at times we will treat you with the best, And when we get relieved we know we have really earned a rest.

SPORTING RESULTS

The main event of the day (Cavalry Cup) was won by: 1. Tojo out of Madang by Easter, ridden by 2/2nd. 2. Bren Gun out of Canoe by Cpl. Monk, ridden by The Bull. 3. H.Q. out of Bed by 1000, ridden by The Bosun. Other starters: White Moustache out of Control by Blunt Scissors, ridden by Joe Garland. Rat Tat Tat out of Bren by Armourer, ridden by Alf Jones. Native Labour out of Sorts by Sudden Demand, ridden by Angau. Drome out of Use by rain, ridden by Gigo. Josephstal out of Bounds by 7 Div., ridden by Sapper Patrol. No News out of

Radio by Signals, ridden by Pete. Broken Bottle out of Parcel by Bis-cuit Bomber, ridden by Col. Poynton. Forced Landing out of Sky by Liberator, ridden by U.S.A.A.F. Thank Goodness out of Hospital by Good Luck, ridden by Dr. Mac. Winners price 2 to 1 on. Other starters, write your own ticket.

POSITIONS VACANT

Wanted: Young man of smart appearance, keen, intelligent, university education preferred, to operate vacuum cleaner capable of removing "bovine excreta" in Faita area. Applications to "Unhygienic" c/- Fiblets.

Wanted: Airplane and pilot capable of landing on ten yards of dry ground. Urgent. Apply: Smasho, c/- Fiblets.

Wanted: Young man, average or less intelligence, preferably with gift of gab and also capable of turning a blind eye, to understudy Pay Sgt. Good position and extremely good prospects of advancement in more ways than one. Apply: "How to get away with it," c/- Fiblets.

Wanted To Buy: Good alarm clock for H.Q. guard. Prepared to give good price. Apply: "Gleam", c/- Fiblets.

Applicants are advised that the position of King's Messenger has been filled by Algenon "Bluey" Reid.



**MAY MEETING LADIES' NIGHT
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT — SATURDAY, MAY 7**

**ANZAC DAY:
Arrangements As Usual**

Be in it in a big way and don't forget to get a leave pass!

S W E E P

Get those Butts back as soon as possible and certainly before May 10th. Remember the address: Box T1646 G.P.O., Perth

G R E A T S A F A R I Q U E S T I O N N A I R E

Please return these as soon as you can. Include them with your Sweep Butts so the Organiser can get on with the job