

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

(Registered at the G.P.O. Perth, for transmission by post as a periodical)
(Address All Association Correspondence to Box T1646, G.P.O., Perth)

Vol. 21. No. 194.

JULY, 1966

Price 1c

Editorial

Vandalism In The Name Of Anti-Conscription

As one grows older one either tolerates or castigates the rising generation. The long haired or short skirted crowd get either approval or arched eyebrows dependent on the tolerance that one feels should be extended. Although we become wise in years we also tend to forget the follies of our youth when we too were out on the tiles.

However it is one thing to have the high spiritedness of youth and the devil-may-care attitude to adult conventions but it is an entirely different matter when the high spirits turn to vandalism and especially when that vandalism takes the form of desecration.

It is a known fact that since the youthful banner wavers of the anti-conscription school have got under way the vandalism in sacred places has been on the upsurge.

Firstly there has been the burning of crosses at the State War Memorial at Kings Park as an alleged protest against supposed R.S.L. war mongering. Lately the vandalism has taken the form of removing plaques from trees in the various Memorial Drives in Kings Park, including our very own area in Lovekin Drive. These plaques as you know commemorate one of the fallen in the wars in which this country served and the trees are a living memorial to our honoured dead.

Something in the nature of 25-30 plaques, including one in our area, have been either removed and

thrown away or have been broken. Some of these plaques have most obviously been broken to smithereens by throwing house bricks at them.

The type of lout who would want only produce this sort of vandalistic desecration must be of the lowest mentality and totally devoid of the higher feelings which are supposed to raise man above the level of the animals. Just how they expect such wanton acts to advance the cause of peace or stop conscriptionists being sent to Vietnam is beyond this writer's comprehension. But do it they do!

What is the remedy?

Surely in these years of compulsory education the average intelligent human being is absorbing enough education to know this sort of thing is damnably wrong. Surely the average parent is instilling into his offspring what is right and what is wrong. Just where do these misguided misfits spring from? The world is not all that bad a place to live in and Australia must be just about a paradise, so how these perversions can spring up in a community such as ours is completely beyond your writer.

The penalties inflicted on this type of sadist should be a deterrent that will make any others think twice before performing such acts of wanton vandalistic desecration and the sincere hope is that before very long one of these individuals is caught in the act and gets his just deserts.

—C. D. DOIG.

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

After much publicity this most important meeting was held on Tuesday, July 5, 1966, at Anzac House Basement. It cannot be reported that there was a record attendance but it best be said it was average.

The presentation of reports indicated that the Branch had had an excellent year. These reports are printed elsewhere in this issue.

Members present appeared to be well satisfied with what had been done for them by the Management Committee.

The election of officers provided some surprises, especially for the Committee, and there is now blood to carry on for the ensuing year.

The following were elected officers: President, Jack Hasson (unopposed); Vice President, Bill Epps (unopposed); Secretary, Ron Kirkwood; Treasurer, Arthur Smith; Editor, Col Doig; Auditor, John Burrridge; Committee, Messrs. Jack Carey, Geo. Fletcher, Len Bagley, Joe Poynton, Harry Sproston, Ken Bowden, and Rod Dhu.

New faces since last year are Ron Kirkwood, Joe Poynton, Harry Sproston, Ken Bowden and Rod Dhu, so that is a big influx of new blood.

John Burrridge was once again appointed Warden of Kings Park and the Country Vice Presidents were: Northern area, Peter Barden; Great Southern, Don Turton; South Western, Terry Paul; Kalgoorlie, Steve Rogers; Midlands, Jack Fowler; Southern area, G. E. Prendergrast.

The meeting unanimously elected Don Turton a Life Member of the Association, he being the Committee's nomination for this honour. Bill Epps in an excellent speech, gave an outline of all Don had done for the Association and said that the honour could not go to a more worthy recipient, especially as this was the first country member to be so honoured. Col Doig also added a few words of praise.

Sprig McDonald brought up the matter of a weekend convention or the like, at Rottnest and this was passed on to the incoming Committee to try and arrange.

The meeting was most successful and it is hoped that future Annual General Meetings will be of such a character.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Gentlemen,

A year has passed since you elected me President—an honour for which I thank you. The Committee and I have met each month and I must thank them for the help they have given me during the year.

I feel we have had a very happy and successful year. The Annual Re-union and Dinner was held as usual here at Anzac House. Unfortunately the number present was not as high as we would like, but those who attended made it a success. The Commemoration Service was held on the next day.

Early in September, a family picnic, held in the form of a Car Rally and ending at Gerry Maley's block, proved an excellent success.

Then the Sister Kate's children were taken to Reg Harrington's farm at Wyening late in October. It was a pleasure to see what a happy time was had by the children—also the adults.

Ladies' Night held in early November was not well attended, but was voted a great night by those present. Another Ladies' Night was held in May. This was much better attended and once more was a great success. It was good to see quite a few country members and wives present.

Christmas presents were once again sent to children of Country members. A party for city children was held in March at Mullaloo. The weather was not our friend and also I think we have come to the conclusion that our families are past this stage of entertainment. They are growing up.

The Bowls Night with the Maimed and Limbless was this year held in April and I was very pleased to see such a good roll up. It is indeed a wonderful night.

Anzac Day came and a wreath was as usual laid on the Memorial at the Dawn Service. Numbers not as high as last year for the parade but a good time was had by all who attended. Mr. Carey and Mr. and Mrs. Maley should enter the cater-

ing business. They sure do a marvellous job.

The family of our late member, Mick Calcutt, have donated a trophy to the Association. It has been decided to conduct a series of sports evenings for the winner of this to be decided. The winner to hold the trophy for a year and then receive a replica. This trophy is indeed a masterpiece and our thanks to Messrs. Fletcher and Hodgson for the work put into it.

This year has seen a few Eastern States' visitors. Maurie Smith, who was here for our Annual Dinner and Commemoration Service. Cliff Paff and Alan Luby and wife were over on Legacy business. Alan was able to attend one monthly meeting and gave us a very interesting talk. We were also able to arrange an evening at short notice for Alan and his wife, which was held at Fremantle Club.

The Annual Sweep, which is the backbone of the Association, was a great success and I thank all members for their co-operation. Our financial position is now very sound.

Busy bees held at the Honour Avenue have been well attended. Our part is looking very well and something to be proud of. The new mower purchased for Bill Epps was well overdue and he is certainly showing us how well it works. Joe Burrridge is to be commended for the way he looked after the watering this summer.

The annual cricket match held at Harvey had a good following.

Notices have been sent out regarding the proposed Safari in 1968. Response so far is encouraging and we sincerely hope members will make it a success. The "Courier" has continued to be forwarded to members with its usual regularity. The matter of a reprint of the Address Book is well in hand. The Association has continued its service to members in the matter of war pensions before the Repat. Col Doig has represented numerous members before tribunals with some high degree of success.

It is with regret that this year has seen a few more of our members pass on.

And now, gentlemen, I would like to say "Thank you" to you all for your support. If re-elected I will try to carry out your wishes to the best of my ability.

JACK HASSON, President.

EDITOR'S REPORT 1965-66

Mr. President and Members,

It is once again my pleasing duty to submit the Editor's Report for the year just completed. It has been a year of steady progress as far as the "Courier" is concerned. Nothing particularly spectacular but the news has gone out to members with some regularity.

During the year 10 "Couriers" were issued, the months of December and April being omitted. The total cost was \$222.18 and we recovered \$40 from the Victorian Branch as their share of the cost. The other States by their participation in the sweep conducted by the W.A. Branch and by their generous donations more than cover their cost of participation in the circulation of the journal.

The present circulation of the paper is of the order of 474, made up as follows: W.A. 191, Victoria 115, N.S.W. 107, Qld. 28, S.A. 16, Tas. 8, A.C.T. 4, U.K. 3, and New Guinea 2. You will appreciate that this is a most satisfactory coverage of members wherever they be domiciled.

I think it can be said that the news content of the "Courier" has given members a good coverage of the various Association affairs and has proved to be an excellent means of contact. One would like a greater degree of letters from members as this is probably the best type of news to disseminate. There is always a huge influx of letters during the conduct of the sweep but a big fall off during the rest of the year. This could so easily be rectified by members writing just a few lines to the Editor at spaced times in the year. I'm sure that it is names that members want to read about as these are the things that bring about memories.

Thanks to Jim Barnes who provided "Faita Fiblets" the "Historically Yours!" section has been able to be continued and provide a nice piece of history. Bill Epps with assistance from outside sources, has done a remarkable job of printing this feature.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all my correspondents who have provided so much readable material. This applies most particularly to those regulars Harry Botterill, in Victoria; Jack Hartley, Paddy Kenneally and Ron Trengrove in N.S.W.; Peter Mantle, in Queensland, and of course that paragon of journalism in W.A., Peter Barden, our Geraldton scribe. I sincerely

hope they keep up the good work in the years to come.

Thanks once again to Bill Epps and his good wife Jess, for the wonderful job of printing, wrapping and despatching the "Courier" and keeping the address list up to date. Without their efforts we would be in dire trouble. Thanks to Keith Hayes for providing address stencils.

Once again thanks to our publishers "The Swan Express" of Midland, who have given us a wonderfully produced paper at reasonable cost and have met all our dead lines with the minimum of trouble.

It is hoped to reprint and re-issue an up-to-date Address Book before the end of this year. The work in this production will once again fall on the shoulders of Bill Epps and we can be assured of a great result.

My efforts over the past year have been much below those of previous years but it is to some extent the best I can offer as my ideas are reaching stagnation point due to length of time trying to produce a readable paper. Should you desire to use my services again in the capacity of Editor with my limited capacity I will be only too pleased to accept the position.

—C. DOIG, Hon. Editor.

APPRECIATION

Your Editor would be most remiss if he did not extol the work of those members who left the Executive this year. I would like all to read the following and be truly grateful.

Fred Napier:

Fred has served the Association tirelessly for many, many years in a number of capacities. Firstly he was an original Committee member and was the M.C., Social Adviser and general factotum of all things to the Association. Then one night at an Annual General Meeting he accepted the "Kings Shilling" and was shanghaied into treasurership, an office he occupied with great success for at least four years. Later he was once again on the Committee after a brief spell and was once again hurled into the breach, much against his better judgement, into the office of Secretary, which office he has performed most ably for two years. Fred was elected a Life Member of the Association in 1964. We are going to miss his services on the Executive

and hope that he makes a comeback in the near future.

Bob (Spriggy) McDonald:

"Spriggy" once again has given fantastic service to the Association in many ways. He has served on the Committee for so long that he appeared to be a permanent appendage. He was President for three years and this included the period during which the Commonwealth Games Re-union was organised and held. He was an absolute tower of strength during this crucial period when things didn't go along absolutely swimmingly. He has been the life of the party at most of the Country Conventions and this has always been a sphere in which he took the greatest interest. Children's parties and trips with kiddies to various venues have also been one of his strong points and he has a marvellous manner with children. "Spriggy" was elected a Life Member in 1963.

Dick Geere:

Dick leaves the Treasurership this year after four most fruitful years. Prior to that he was Auditor for a long while. Dick took over the Treasurership at a very vital time and his firm command of the situation brought a bad situation to hand. His presentation of financial accounts at all meetings and his diligence and collecting and marshalling of funds was a real help to the Association. Dick retires from his position with the A. & N.Z. Bank before the end of the year and expects to trip around quite a bit. Dick was elected a Life Member of the Association in 1965.

Percy Hancock:

Percy has done a tremendous amount of work for the Association and has served on the Committee for many terms, and also has had at least one term as Vice President. Percy originally started a sub-branch at Kalgoorlie straight after the war and this only fell apart when he left the area. He was another who was very strong on the Children's Party side and his ability to wrap parcels was always of great help. He brought many ideas of merit to Committee discussions and was a most valuable member. He was also strong on the sporting side a few years ago and held the "Green" belt on quite a few occasions as Association champ. We hope that Percy's

absence from the Committee will be brief.

Clarrie Varian:

Clarrie was not a candidate this year and the Association is really going to miss him. He has been a tower of strength in many ways and especially in arranging for buses and driving them when we have taken various children's groups on country trips. In the early stages of Children's Christmas Parties he did a tremendous amount of work in preparing and purchasing of presents. We are a very lucky Branch to have chaps like Clarrie available to us in their special capacities.

ADDRESS BOOK

It has been decided to reprint and re-issue the Address Book.

This book has proved to be of untold value to all members but unfortunately it has got out of date. To make the new issue as up-to-date as possible members are requested to advise if the present address to which the "Courier" is sent is incorrect and advise the correct address. Also if you know the address of any member who was not included in the previous Address Book please advise as soon as possible. Use the postal address of Box T1646, G.P.O., Perth, for any replies.

Please treat this matter as urgent as we wish to get on with the reprint as soon as possible.

SEPTEMBER MEETING

It is hoped that at the September meeting, due for the 6th, will be a beauty. It is hoped that John Burridge who has recently visited Timor will be able to give his experiences on his trip.

ANNUAL RE-UNION

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

The date for these two functions has been fixed for Saturday, Oct. 1, and Sunday, Oct. 2.

The venue for the dinner will be as usual at Anzac House Basement. This date coincides with the Grand Final of the football and should give country folk a great chance to take in both treats.

Now is your chance to start making up a party no matter how far away you may live.

Incidentally it is only that Saturday after Royal Show also and it only means that country folk have to extend their Royal Show visit a few more days.

Committee Comment

The monthly Committee Meeting took place on Tuesday, July 19. This was the first meeting of the new Committee and was excellently attended.

The President, Jack Hasons, welcomed the new members and hoped that they would have as enjoyable a stay on the Committee as had previous members.

Bill Epps reported that the area in Kings Park was looking very well.

Jack Hasson reported that a working bee had been held and that the veldt grass had been removed. Unfortunately through an error in timing the spraying had not been done as although Rod Dhu had arrived with a tanker of spray he was early and no one else was there at this time and he departed after waiting a considerable time.

The Treasurer's report showed that finances were in a healthy position.

The following programme was agreed to for events up to December.

September Meeting: John Burridge to speak on his trip to Timor.

Sunday, Sept. 18: Car Rally, venue to be decided.

Saturday, Oct. 1: Annual Re-union Dinner, Anzac House Basement.

Sunday, Oct. 2: Commemoration Service, Kings Park.

November Meeting: Final night of Calcutt Trophy Games for 1966.

December Meeting: Bucks' Night.

It was also decided that a Country Convention be held at Wongan Hills area over the period of Nov. 12-14 (Queens Birthday holiday).

A sub-committee was also elected to look into a weekend at Rottnest and report back at a later meeting.

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

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

A REPORT ON A TRIP TO PORTUGUESE TIMOR

June 15 to June 22, 1966

There is now a weekly flight from Darwin to Bacau on every Wednesday. One can remain in Bacau or carry on in a different plane to Dili. There are normally two weekly services from Bacau to Dili and vice versa. The Darwin-Bacau plane is a Fokker Friendship made available by TAA under lease to the Portuguese Government. The Timor internal lines are by Dove.

Bernie Callinan smoothed the way for me by writing to Pat da Luc who is the Consul for Portuguese Timor, resident in Darwin. Pat da Luc gave me a letter of introduction to Lieutenant Colonel Pizarro, the Military Commandant in Portuguese Timor. Bernie also gave me a letter to the Bishop of Dili, the Most Reverend Jaimie Gourlart, whom many of us will remember.

The assistance of Pat da Luc was required in more ways than one as I most unfortunately left my Health Certificate behind in Perth! However, a letter from Pat to a doctor in Dili soon fixed this little matter.

The flight to Bacau was uneventful but fortunately the plane flew very low over the mountain tops across the island. Immediately upon landing I engaged a small boy in conversation to see how much Tetum I could remember. He was delighted as a visitor speaking Tetum was something he had never seen before. It is amazing how quickly the vocabulary returns and I found by the end of the week that I was conversing quite fluently. There is a duty free shop at the airport at Bacau but naturally, purchases can only be made when leaving the island. After one hour at the Bacau Airport, we then left by Dove for Dili. The flight is a little over half an hour and the only place of importance we passed over was Manatuto. When we landed in Dili, I thought my memory must have left me completely as we landed on the wrong side of the road. Several years ago the old aerodrome that we knew so well was dispensed with and a new one was completed almost immediately opposite. I was met at the plane by Major John Denvers, the Australian Consul in Dili. His driver, Ernesto, was not actually a Creado being too young but was

old enough to remember 1941 and 1942.

Ernesto took me, together with a few other interested fellow travellers, to visit Donna Berta Martins, the old lady who looked after Keith Hayes after he survived the firing squad. She is completely blind and lives in a little uma not very far from where she lived when she looked after Keith. She is extremely feeble and probably will not live very much longer. Her memory is sharp and she chatted away very excitedly about the whole affair. Keith, of course, has been looking after her throughout the years and on this occasion I took a 5lb. box of crystallised fruit for him which doubtless she will enjoy very much. Ernesto showed me the exact place where she picked Keith up and it is a pity that he also was not present. I took some snaps of the area and hope they come out.

On presenting my credentials to Lieutenant Colonel Pizarro, he immediately got cracking and made available a jeep, Second Lieutenant and a driver and gave me carte blanche to visit any area in the whole of Portuguese Timor.

The rainy season had not yet come to a finish and although re-making of roads had just begun, some of the roads were extremely dangerous. After road repairing is finished it will probably be possible to visit several of the main towns by car but transport is extremely short. Before the roads are repaired after the rains of the wet season, it would be impossible to visit the inland towns except by jeep.

Briefly I visited the following places in this order: Tibar, Three Spur Camp, Railaco, the new bridge over the Glano River, Ermera, Hatolia, Letefoho, Atsabe, Maubisse, Ainaro, Same, Turiscai, Aileu. Unfortunately rain fell very heavily on one day and it made it impossible for us to get through to Betano and also Calaco. The following are a few brief notes on the various places.

Tibar:

The road is exactly the same as it was previously. Ai Tasse still grow in the ocean. I remembered these peculiar trees which will not grow on land but thrive when their roots

are in salt water. It is apparently valuable timber and the heart wood is used for carving, etc.

Three Spur Camp:

It was extremely difficult to find this area but after several mistakes I finally located it. It is now all overgrown and no sign of our occupation remains.

Railaco:

We passed through with just a brief look at this little village.

The Glano Bridge:

This is now quite a fine structure. I am not much of a photographer and hope that some of the magnificent views through the Glano Valley will come out decently.

Ermera:

Unfortunately I had no time to visit Villa Maria, but it would appear that the plantation is now much larger than previously. At Ermera I met Antonio Casiniro who said he remembers Captains Callinan and MacKenzie at Fatu Bolo. He must have been quite a young man at the time but he remembers moving with the Australians to Daralau from Atsabe. It was market day in Ermera and some of the locals were performing the Handkerchief Dance with their primitive music. We had lunch at the Military Camp in Ermera where I met Captain Nuncio and Dr. Faria. The hospitality of these Portuguese Army Officers was really overwhelming, particularly when it must be conceded that these men who are all young, would scarcely have much interest in matters 24 years old.

Hatolia:

Having spent quite some time at Hatolia previously, it was interesting seeing the place again. There are of course, many new buildings, but I was able to locate a Chinese shop and actually found the old Chinese lady who remembers giving me an ancient Chinese Medallion. She was thrilled to pieces at this meeting so many years later and this was the first of quite a number of very sentimental re-unions. We left Hatolia and returned through the coffee country to Ermera as the road was impassable to Calaco. I took some snaps of the beautiful Madre del Cacau trees under whose shade coffee trees must grow in all countries apparently except Brazil.

Letefoho:

The Chef-de-Poste is Dimongos

Olivera, who is a very young man. His father, Antonio do Santos Olivera, may be remembered by some. He was apparently at Fatu Makeric and previously worked in the Dili Customs. I took a snap of the house in Letefoho where the troops were billeted.

Atsabe:

From Letefoho we carried on to Atsabe where I spent the night with the Administrator. His name is Lucio Eugenio da Encarnacao. He has a fine garden of which he is proud. He had many plants familiar to us growing excellently, amongst these were Dahlias and Zinnias and a plant with small flowers which he referred to as "Do not forget me"! I put him right on that little matter and he was amused to hear our name for the well known bulb—Mothers-in-law Tongues. He was such a keen gardener that I felt that I should acknowledge his hospitality with something out of the ordinary. Fortunately I was able to secure two very luxuriant creepers in Singapore and I made arrangements for them to be shipped to Dili c/- the Australian Consul. It takes only seven days from Singapore to Dili so that the plants being in pots, will out-turn well. The Administrator had apples and grapes growing in his garden but they were of poor quality. The roses were reasonable.

Each night I was completely worn out by rattling over these horrifying roads for six to eight hours and was usually asleep by 9 p.m. Each morning I would get up really early and take some snaps, weather permitting. About 6.30 on the morning at Atsabe, I had a long chat to a lot of little kids whose names brought back happy memories. There were two Maumalis, one Mauberi and quite a few other familiar names.

Maubisse:

We made this our base and from here visited Ainaro, Same and Turiscai. For two nights I slept in the Officers' Quarters and once again the hospitality of Captain Manuel Eduardo Alves Botelho and Lieutenant Antonio Fonseca and others was outstanding. Maubisse you will remember, is a pretty little town and is even prettier today. I visited the top of the saddle where 8 Section carried out a successful ambush. I climbed to the top of the hill and found the ring of stones exactly the

same as before. I very cunningly purchased a Lepa at the Maubisse market thinking I would save a few escudos but upon my return to Dili, found that they were cheaper there! The Maubisse market was a whopper and it is a big centre today. With the help of the Administrator of Maubisse, Jose Pires, the son of Lieutenant Pires who will be remembered by some of us, I interviewed nine old creados. One of the creados named Miranda, was very sick so he sent his wife along. The following are the names of the various creados together with their respective "tuans". Most of these are guesswork as it was impossible after so many years for these creados to remember the correct names or to describe their tuan accurately.

Creado: Miranda. Tuan: Capan (pronounced like captain without the "T").

Lekemau: Sec-Marie. This looked a certainty and when I checked with Sig. Murray (Don) it was definitely his old creado.

Maumali: ?

Lekeberi. Captain Bola who apparently used to take out his false teeth and snap them at Lekeberi! This would appear to be Gordon Rowley.

Mauberi. Alan.

Mausaris. ?

Lekeberi. Thinks his tuan's name was Buck who used to call Lekeberi by the name of Polly.

Juan. Klefall or Krefowl, I could not make head nor tail of this.

Berihooloong. Alan.

It seemed as though most of these creados were together during the war and they moved from Fatubesi to Lisuat and carried on through Same to Betano.

The Officers' Quarters in Maubisse are very comfortable and the food is good. They listen to Radio Australia continuously and it was most interesting to see numerous copies of Bernie Callinan's book which was translated into Portuguese. Quite a number of officers in various places produced this book to me. On the last night in Maubisse I went to dinner in the Sergeants' Mess. During the day there had been a soccer match between Maubisse and Aileu which resulted in a draw, one all. It is the custom for the home side to turn on a chicken barbecue or some-

thing similar. It would be best if I drew a veil over these particular proceedings, suffice to say that a chicken barbecue in the Portuguese Army does not vary much from a chicken barbecue in the Australian Army.

Ainaro:

The scenery between Maubisse and Ainaro was magnificent as indeed it was over nearly all the areas I visited. From many places of course, we could see the mighty Mount Ram elau with its peak Tata-mai-lau. On the way we picked up a Timori named Adriano. He claimed to remember Tuan Booli which could possibly have been Baldy Garnett and Tuan Cairsh which could have been Merv Cash. I wasted quite a lot of time interrogating men like Adriano but in most cases it was impossible to be quite sure of the results. You will all remember that it was a habit of Timori to say what they thought would please you and they are the same today. This Adriano came from Hatabulico and went with the Australians from Ainaro to Sooracraik. In Ainaro I met Jaimie Verdal who is now an employee of the Post Office. Previously he ran a sort of eating house in Ainaro and remembers doing a deal with Doc Dunkley over food. In addition to the Doc he remembers Gerry MacKenzie and Dave Dexter very well. I previously spent a little time in the Ainaro Hospital with a poisoned foot and reckoned I could pick out the exact bed—it is now a maternity ward! The house belonging to the Chef-de-Poste, Ademar de Santos is no longer there. Like many houses which appeared quite sound 24 years ago, they have been torn down.

Same:

On the day we decided to drive to Betano, the rain came down in torrents. It was a nightmare drive with the jeep seemingly sliding over every inch of the way down hill. We found that the road between Same and Betano was cut in two places and we could go no further. There is an outpost of the Portuguese Army in Same and we had lunch there. It was a somewhat grim meal with potatoes and dried cod from Portugal together with some soup. The Second Lieutenant who was in command insisted on sharing the first Papaya of the season despite my protests. There were also plenty of

soubraca of good quality. Same is building itself into a tourist resort and I visited the new hotel which is shortly to be opened. There are six double rooms and one single room and the whole township of Same is looking most attractive. I presume it will be open only during the dry months and after the roads have been put into order. I can hardly imagine any tourist wishing to visit Same during the wet, except by helicopter.

Turiscail:

The road to Turiscail was unbelievable. There is only room for one vehicle so heaven knows what would have happened if we had met someone on the way. It was by far the worst road we travelled and George Vasconsolas, the Second Lieu tenant who was with me, told me that if it rained we would probably have to remain in Turiscail. It started to rain halfway there and I was prepared for a long wait in Turiscail. However, most unexpectedly, the rain petered out. I particularly wished to visit Turiscail to get news of my old creado, Cookie. He was a well known character in Turiscail and was a sort of minor chief. He died 14 years ago but was well remembered by the present Chief and many others. It was market day in Turiscail but it was only a small affair. I thought that it was about time I sampled tuaca. Upon asking for it there was a good deal of shuffling and uneasy looks and it appears that it is illegal to sell tuaca. However when George, who was resplendent in a cavalry uniform, assured the locals that there would be no repercussions, a bottle was obtained. Unfortunately it was not tuaca but tua-sabe the fermented brew. (Later on with much difficulty I got the genuine tuaca in Dili and as I had remembered, it is certainly a very pleasant drink.) The Chief in Turiscail was most co-operative and arranged a cock fight for my benefit.

Although a non-smoker these days I asked for tabac, bata culic and doodook (perhaps better known as wampum). The tabac and bata culic were of courses available, but no doodook. The standard of living has apparently improved and all the Timori use matches nowadays. I tried in many places for doodook but without success. Undoubtedly it would be available in the little villages but we kept to the main roads

as I am in no condition for long marches nowadays. I had to finish that wretched cigarette otherwise I may have offended someone, but I cannot really claim to have enjoyed it. The road back from Turiscail to Maubisse had become worse during the previous three hours due to the rain and it was greasy as well as rough. Both George and I were very happy when we reached home. Several months ago a truck with 21 Chinese went over the side and they were all killed.

Aileu:

On the fifth and final day of our plan was to go back to Dili via Aileu and the northern road which entered Dili close to Dare and the hospital. In Aileu we were met by Captain Azevedo who showed us around this important centre. There were still signs of the Japanese occupation with the shelters dug into sides of the hill. I took a few snaps of the big monument erected to remind people of the massacres which took place in Aileu in 1942. Twelve people were butchered by disloyal Timori who were egged on by the Japanese. The following is a list of those who were killed.

1. Capitao Freire da Costa.
2. Senhora de Freire da Costa.
3. Secretario Administrativo Gouveia Leita.
4. Medico Dr. Pedrosa.
5. Soldado Evaristo Madeira.
6. Capo Julio Alvaro Costa.
7. Soldado A. Maher.
8. Aspirante Administrativo Antonio Afonso.
9. Soldado Joao Florindo.
10. Tres Soldados Nativos Nao Identificados.

The Administrator of Aileu is Alfred Pires who as a little boy remembers Tom Nisbet very well. Alfred's father was Chef-de-Poste at Laucluba and claims that Tom taught his father (and himself) how to use a Tommy gun. Captain Azevedo employs his soldiers just as much in agricultural pursuits as in army training. His idea is that this will better fit them for civilian life later on. The troops were growing corn, rice and even strawberries and at the same time raising pigs and poultry. We had a truly magnificent lunch at Aileu and then set off on the last leg to Dili.

Dili:

I had a little more than one day left and was quite busy. The first

call was to Aphonse Pereira, who many will remember at Villa Maria. He is starting to look a little old now but really has changed very little in 24 years and still has the same "explosive" personality. I was overjoyed to find that Anselmo Almeida was still in Dili and still working at the Banca Nationale Ultramarino. I remembered him quite clearly and he was anxious to hear news of Ron Kirkwood whom he collects very well.

The currency was changed several years ago and the old patacas and avos have disappeared. They are replaced by escudos. There are three hotels in Dili, one being very modern and erected on the site of the old Hotel Dili. Small shops are now catering for the ever increasing tourists and quite a few local handicrafts are available at most reasonable prices. Should anyone be visiting Dili it would be a good idea to get in touch with Joelino Simoes. Joelino is a son of Ernesto who is the driver for the Australian Consul. Joelino is a most friendly young fellow who will be of immense help to anybody visiting Dili in the future. He is particularly anxious to meet any of the old 2/2nd.

The weather during my stay was very good and we had rain on only one day. As you will remember it is quite cold in the hills and I slept with a blanket. Down at Dili (and also in Same) it was hot and sticky. There is still malaria there and a visitor is advised to take anti-malarial precautions. Anyone returning from Timor is given malarial tablets by the Department of Health in Darwin.

I also called upon the Most Reverend Jaimie Goulart, the Bishop of Dili. Bernie Callinan had given me a letter of introduction and I found the Bishop in really excellent health. I had not previously met him as during the war he was in the eastern end of the island. We had a long chat and he pointed out one very vital piece of information on which I was previously ignorant. When one considers that Australia was a combatant nation and lost about 20 men Portuguese Timor was neutral and no less than 40,000 died as a direct result of the war, many of course, at the hands of the Japanese and through starvation.

It seems to me that to say there is an imbalance here would be the understatement of the year. Every

year at our annual dinner we propose a sincere toast to "Portuguese Friends and Native Helpers", but surely the time has come when we must show, in a far more practical way, our gratitude to the people of Portuguese Timor. Before leaving Perth our President, Jack Hasson, and the Committee, decided to appoint me officially as Association Representative and asked me to investigate what avenues there are to achieve this purpose. It is my recommendation that a fund be opened immediately and that consideration be given without delay towards the best way in which a memorial can be erected.

On the return trip from Bacau to Darwin, I discussed this matter with Senator John Wheeldon who is enthusiastic and who suggested Federal Parliament help might be forthcoming. The Australian Consul in Dili, Major John-Denvers, is also of the opinion that a memorial in some form or other would be appropriate and would be very gladly accepted by the Portuguese authorities. Major-Denvers considers that monuments can be over done and that a more suitable memorial could be a sheltered lookout at Dare or some other suitable spot close to Dili, with a memorial tablet prominently displayed: the shelter would be practical from the point of view of the Timorese on their way to Dili market. The tablet or plaque would make clear the gratitude of the Australian troops and Australians generally towards the people of Portuguese Timor, and would be viewed by most of the ever increasing stream of tourists to this little island.

Whatever is decided upon, I suggest that such a decision should be made as soon as practicable. The many Portuguese with whom I discussed this matter all realised that lack of communication in the past had been the great barrier against the implementation of plans for some such memorial. Indeed, before the recent inauguration of the weekly Darwin-Bacau flight, Timor was one of the most inaccessible places in the world.

I should not think there is one single member of our Association who would not be wholeheartedly in favour of a memorial of one kind or another. Let us therefore lose no time in pooling our enthusiasm, our ideas and our energy in achieving a

reply to this challenge which is both adequate to the fine purpose which prompts it and suitable to a Unit of our distinction.

—JOHN BURRIDGE.

Editorial Note:—

Any words of mine would be largely superfluous if I tried to add to John BurrIDGE's account and especially his conclusions. Suffice for me to commend to all readers his ideas of a memorial in Timor to the gallant efforts of all who assisted our cause. The subject will probably re-

quire a degree of debate as to the best form of memorial and all readers are requested to write to your Editor on this subject as out of the welter of ideas could come some absolute gem. The idea of a general appeal to members for funds for the purpose could do with some discussion but I know that if such a fund is opened members will be generous as they have been to all worthy appeals in the past. This is subject matter for thought so please think upon it and let your Editor know your ideas as soon as possible.

SEPTEMBER MEETING

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

JOE BURRIDGE TALKS ON HIS TIMOR VISIT

Historically Yours

FAITA FIBLETS

incorporating

Garoka Grumblings — Moresby Murmurings — Canungra

16th January, 1944.

Vol. 1. No. 5.

Priceless.

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

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

THE BOYS ARE HOME

There are a couple of famous old lines:—

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,

And the hunter is home from the hills."

The hunters are home at any rate, or most of them. The patrol is over, the job is done.

Names once in the limbo of unknown things are now fraught with meaning for us all—Wesa, Kesawai, Koropa, Faita, Usini, Urigina, Orguruna, Ulili, Bagasin, Kulau, Amenick and now Topopo. These join the remembered names from the other isle, and are fast becoming milestones of tradition along the kaleido-

scopic vista of our forward march. Those who follow the trail into unknown parts, who climb up amongst the mountains, who, in the words of Kipling, "hear the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers", know well the meaning of home. When, in the brief and furious moments of our soldierhood, we stand without our veneer, while all around is the song of the whistling lead, we come very close to fundamental things, and in our deep waters, know again the longing for home.

And what is our home? A camp of nine kunai huts on the bank of a stream; where the weather oppresses us; where the mossies attack us with accuracy and consistency more

than that of the Lancasters; where more members of the insect family get in our lamps, eyes, tea, ears, noses, weapons; where malaria nags most of the time and then downs us as though with a rolling pin, just like a wife; and where the God of the rainy season shows His anger by converting our kunai flat into a dismal swamp. Still, it is one of the best homes we have ever known, and particularly at the moment, when against all reason and probability, most of the boys of the patrol jumped at the crack of dawn are home. And there is the sound of joyful trumpets in our ears. —D.D.

DEDICATED TO THOSE BRAVE COMMANDOS OF MUDEFLATS

There with pencil in hand he stood,
None other than correspondent King
Wood,
Beside him there with camera clicking,
Was Norm Stucky for action looking.

Now first they went to the Li-ber-
ator,
Dixon was there with Owen gun to
fore,
On tail or wing or beneath he
flaunted,
For many photos Norm Stucky
wanted.

To follow a weary patrol was needed
For big bronzed Commandos in vain
they pleaded,
Ready to help was Headquarters
Staff,
So weary they returned from hospital
path.

Now braver men, never have I seen,
Allan and George with guns so clean,
Our "I" staff was represented in full,
Kirkwood and Bray were there add-
ing their bull.

Did break my heart to see them
stagger,
Under weight of webbing, rifle and
dagger;
And here I swear for evermore,
To look on them with wonder and
awe.

Oh! how their dear ones will fret,
To see those boys all muddy and wet,
Over those action photos they will
pore,
And vow to end this bloody war.

—Anon.

(Just as well. —Ed.)

A TREATISE OF STRIPS AND THEIR HABITS

"By One Who Should Know"

Touched upon recently in the 2nd edition of "Faita Fiblets", back numbers to be had at seat No. 2. (Please replace after perusal.)

Requirements: A 1 x 2 mile area of marshy ground, preferably kunai covered. Must be unburnt as it is harder to find blackboys therein. Liberally sprinkled with "booms", both concave and convex. The "Sinking Swimmers" late of "Harmony Hall", now situated "Inertia Inn".

Tools: 1 mower, innards of dubious efficiency; 1 jeep, clutch r-t-d, t'other jeep, driver ditto repeat.

Method: From interrogation find E.L.G.; this was used in Bleriot's time and worked beaut. Reccy by flying about a bit in a Cub, poke a forkie stick into the waving kunai and go home for kai. You can see Fanny Adams anyhow. Next, hoping for the best while fearing the worst, gouge some kunai down with mower. Choose line of strip to coincide with large hill one end, plenty of timber at the other, commensurate with some blackboys skilfully hidden to hurl Sheriff off mower seat in graceful parabola. Do very little outside of smoking, and if there's a blue, be socialistic and share it up. Get someone up with a bit of artillery who can stand it. He will arrive by Cub, landing sweetly on our kunai whilst you are wondering if he will crack all of his legs or only some of his arms. Lean nonchalantly on the mower and make him come to you. Remember the Tiger of Dilli? He will come, inspect mower and will waffle as follows: "Aha, a mower, a Rawlings. Two speed, of course, high and low. Gear change lever here. Hullo, that seems to throw it out of gear. Anything wrong with it?" Now, reader, if you are wise you will lie in your blandest style, even if the wheels are broken and the machine is palpably able to disintegrate there and then. Reason is, tell the truth and you are commanded to remove the sump cover. This is a messy greasy business on hands and deprives one of the pleasure of wiping the snout on the back of the hands, forcing one to indulge in sniffing, thereby laying oneself open to a charge of being haughty and aloof.

Next you will be ordered: "Pull it along, I want to see how it works."

So did we but not so badly as that.

You now begin to convulse the colon into a position whereby prodigious amounts of these accessories to nuts can be secured at a discount. The dot dodges out, dents the dirt and dives back again—constantly. Gas operated, shock and recoil don't even leave the barrier against this. All this for being truthful. Don't do it, boy! He will then offer to send you a fitter, despite the fact you may have some good'uns already.

Now measure strip. You know it is too short, so you chat to him as amiably as you can. With the mower episode in your mind and your breath being a bit reluctant to return. He may hint the Garbo stunt by counting aloud. Don't be discouraged. Remember you are a commando. Also that boldness was that captured Kesawai for the Seventh. Keep at him. If he is 475 yards, halt him, look back and say: "575 yards is a fair way, sweat, isn't it?" I believe my confrere to have been super subtle in this way, as our strip finally measured 100 yards over our most hopeful tally.

You will now be requested to dig a hole a foot deep. Yes, your measurements are as specific as that. The soil at the bottom sticks to your pick. Hurl it to the s—, as the Colonel only tests for dampness the soil you have removed from the surface. "Don't need to worry about that," gaffs he. We ain't. It's the pilots what are doing that.

Now earnestly he will take notes, but don't even momentarily raise your hopes. Time enough for that when you get anything. As you won't don't wound yourself by disillusion. It is necessary to have an ANGAU representative present at this juncture, for now the Colonel launches into the following work, concluding each job with this remark "You've got natives. Drains, plenty, L shaped, blind one end. Trees over the river, must have those out to a 15 degree wing from each side from end of strip. 40 degree glide appended to this job. Booms, rouse 'em true." Should there be no ANGAU representative, you lose the fun of watching the stunned expression of a man who has heard seven years work for 100 coons delegated to a man possessing 30 coons. Also you will miss some blistering remarks as would need asbestos to hold em.

The Colonel will now fade into the distance. Next day a fitter will arrive with the wrong cog and he will dither about most gleefully for a day before finding this out. Left to you now is nothing but memories. You will clutter the strip up with discarded inventions which you hope no-one sees you trying to use—vainly. In short you will be condemned to the rusty and trusty shovel with the order of the "Cross de la Pick-eau". Hold tight to these small privileges for "Slitties" are handy against "Kitties".

In closing, console yourself that just like you, Art moved Epstein, it moved Rimsky-couse-a-cough and who hasn't heard of "Handel's larger like a bath". Likewise consoling is the thought that leave always comes about 11 months after the first juicy furies start.

P.S. Same which moved aforementioned famous men is at map ref 009-009. Designation, thatched boong hut, owner Doc McInerney.

DO YOU KNOW?

That:

A furphy is a silly thing,
So wipe it off with a smile.
And you won't be disappointed,
If we're here for yet a while.

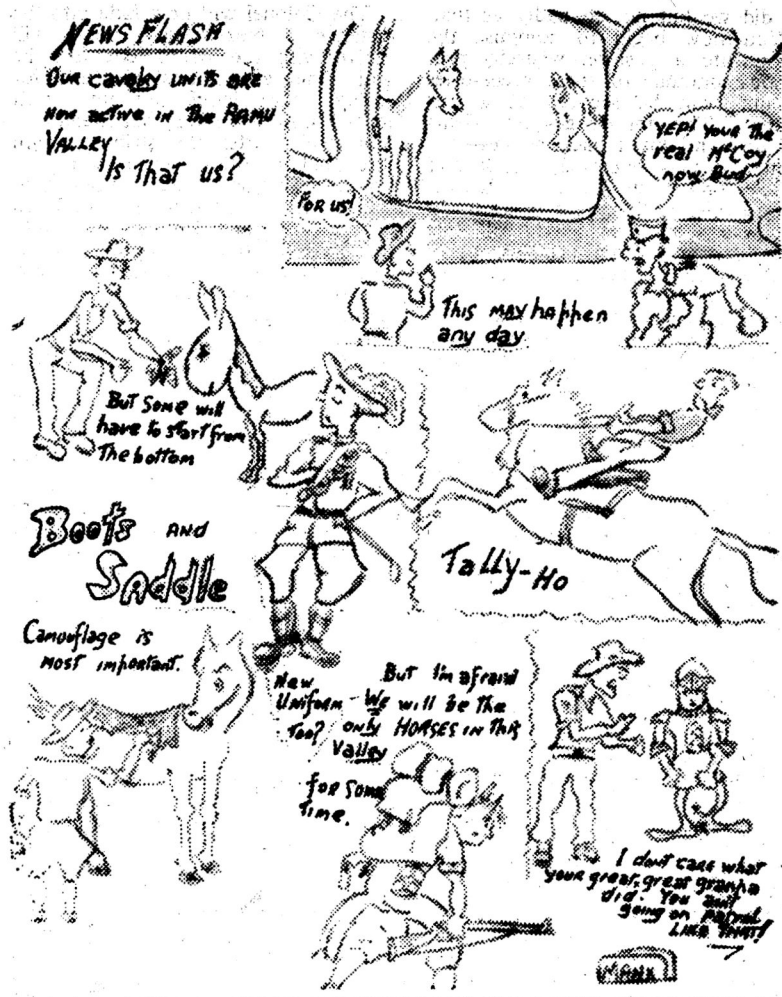
That:

Mokkas, mites, and other jungle insects won't bite you if you stand all night in a water bottle filled with Paff's Perforated, Perfumed, Pile Powder. "Piff Paff".

That:

In this horrid hole there is a lonely soldier who has not a soul to write to. So anybody with a dead Aunt or a Great Grandma, please forward address to Gerry Edwards, c/- this paper.

Owing to the absence with leave of the dashing, daredevil, debonair, socialite columnist Dorothy Gram, who has gone hunting rice-scoffing, sulking, geisha loving, lotus growing Fujyamas with an up-snorting gun-bristling, sweating, herculean marlin-spiked toothed, ration tin-eyed patrol from the hard-working hard-fighting, hard-up H.Q. of the senior Cav. (Commando) Sqn., her racy, snappy, chatty, article in the latest first-hand, hot off the press, news, views and reviews is unavoidably held over. (We hope to renew Miss Kirkwood's column next week. —Ed.)



CAR RALLY
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th

ANNUAL RE-UNION
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

COMMEMORATION SERVICE
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2nd - KINGS PARK

Random Harvest

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

Another link with the 2/2nd has come Geraldton's way. A few of us radio types were recently having a jug or two (?) with officials of the visiting East Fremantle Football Team when a newcomer to Geraldton joined the party. He was none other than "Dutchy" Holland's brother Mick, who has entered the real estate business in our fair town.

I recently ran into Bruss Fagg, of Northampton, when the footie team I'm connected with in an official capacity, visited that northern town, and he was justly proud of the gesture by their womenfolk. They had just presented the club with a rubbing-down table and it will be Bruss's pleasure to look after this excellent piece of footie equipment in his capacity as property man.

On the dismal side, I have just been told by the Geraldton R.S.L. hospital visitor that one ex-Double-Red-Diamond type, Gerry Edwards, is in hospital here but will be going to Hollywood for further treatment to his back. It would therefore be appreciated if some of you could call on Gerry and help cheer him up.

I haven't run into Bill Drage lately but I see where his elder daughter, Susan, became engaged to a prominent Geraldton footballer, Gary Rock, son of the Great Northam Football League President, John Rock. There no doubt will be a bit of friendly rivalry as Drage's nephews play for Northampton.

I often run into Nip Cunningham and he appears to be as fit as ever. His youngest daughter, Francine, has been in the news again—not this time because of her ability in the Girl Guide movement, but because of her public speaking prowess. "Fran", a student of the Presentation Sisters' Stella Maris College, represented the college in the zone final of the "Youth Speaks For Australia" competition and performed creditably to fill third position when speaking on the subject of "National Development".

Archie Campbell has been in town as President of Perth Legacy Club and no doubt met up with his old pal, Eric Smyth. He attended the combined dinner of the Geraldton Contact Legacy Group and the Torch

bearers for Legacy and congratulated members on their excellent efforts. Eric is an official of this hard-working organisation.

The Barden family are all enjoying good health. Our elder son, Ross, is to enter "double harness" on August 13. He is marrying Nancy Stokes, who incidentally is current champion of the Geraldton Golf Club, so he may begin to take an interest in that sport instead of playing footie.

Must be away now as the wife and I have a civic reception to attend, in honour of "Miss Australia". We've certainly had a mixture lately, as far as civic receptions are concerned (the last one was for the Japanese Ambassador, and the previous one for the Anglican Bishop of New Guinea).

Kind regards to all the boys, and don't forget, if any of you are in Geraldton, I'm easy to find. I'm at the A.B.C., almost opposite the Town Hall, in a convenient situation, immediately opposite the Murchison Inn Hotel.

SHORTY STEVENS, of Yallunda Flats, writes:—

A few lines to go with the sweep butts. Am also enclosing the questionnaire on the "Safari".

I would like to commend you chaps in W.A. for the way you are tackling this event and I sincerely hope it is as successful as the efforts warrant it. Personally, the more I think the thing over the more I am sold on the idea of seeing the chaps together again.

Marg and I are very hopeful of taking part, but as I have made my run a bit late as usual, we will have some family with us. I do not know what the organisers have in mind regarding children but would be interested to know.

Was disappointed to read Spocky had by-passed us so close. Apparently he does not read the "Courier" very often. I thought my name appeared now and then. Had he taken the turn-off he noted he would have added only a total of 15 miles to his tally. Still better luck next time.

It will be a while before the trip starts and I would not like to add any more driving to the W.A. boys than they want, but from Ceduna to Whyalla, or Pt. Augusta, there are

two alternatives and I guess Sprocky would be well able to advise here. I would like to say, however, that if it is decided to come via Pt. Lincoln if you care to detour to us I guess I could find a tree or two to camp under or a sheep or a calf to barbecue somewhere for sure. For your information we are just under 400 miles from Adelaide and a good sealed road all the way.

The extra mileage via Pt. Lincoln would be approximately 150 miles which could make a difference when planning.

Hate to admit it but at the moment I am finding age seems to be catching up with me. Seem to have gone awful creaky in the joints lately. Had a good splash of rain three weeks ago with green grass and clover up well but now with a few days of strong wind behind us we're scanning the skies a bit. How about sending us a bit of moisture from over your way?

Hoping you get a good response for the sweep. Cheers for now.

J. T. RITCHIE, with a Shearing Team, Goomalling, W.A., writes:

Fingers came along before forks, so we're told. Signs, signals and other means of communication with ones fellow man came along before man adapted himself to the rather curious habit of being able to keep in touch with another with a written word. Now this makes your task as Editor strangely hard. Strangely, because we have allowed ourselves to become so softly civilized that we expect and indeed accept one man as the sole passer-on of signals to those who, somehow, we'd like to remember.

Your editorial was like a hand above water grasping for straws. I hope that the rest of the blokes in the Unit will throw in with you, and themselves, to keep the "Courier" alive. Please accept this letter as one of the straws.

I still haven't explained what I

meant quite clearly enough. I've lost the "Courier" and forget the particular month you wrote your editorial, begging, pleading, hoping, praying for some correspondence to help to keep the "Courier" alive.

But I guess that's not really important. The important thing is you've asked us time and again to drop a letter to you occasionally. Have we done it? I feel guilty because I value the "Courier" and would like to hear about other b— such as I. But I will never hear about blokes I slept with if they don't write to the "Courier".

Just at the moment if it's of any interest to you, or any other reader of the "Courier" I'm doing S.F.A. Now, what a great life that is. Do S.F.A. and where do you get? Yeah. Nowhere, except in trouble, boob or thinking that the harlot down the street looks like a model for a fashion advt. It's the cockies to blame. Just because I have a spell in shearing I can't get a job on a tractor because the bloody cockies won't let me drive it until the rains loosen the ground up a bit. How hard can you, or the ground, get? I'll guarantee this, nothing is harder than the heart of a woman who is not on your side, yet nothing so velvety responsive as the woman who blindly believes you are a good joker.

Heard This?

Some girls are like a zipper nightie—just puff one thing and it's all off!

* * *

Guy: "Doctor, you won't believe it but I'm troubled with a bad case of housemaid's knee! I don't know what to do—it keeps me awake all night!"

Doctor: "Why don't you try sleeping alone?"

* * *

The optomist is often as wrong as the pessimist, but he is by far the happier.

NOVEMBER MEETING
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT
LAST NIGHT OF THIS YEAR'S CALCUTT TROPHY