

# 2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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

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## *Editorial*

### THE GREAT SAFARI

The time has come the walrus said, to speak of many things!

One of the many things is our projected Great Safari! This is to be a fact! The number of people in W.A. who have already evinced considerable interest in the project is truly gratifying. The big thing now is to rapidly decide on the actual month or months in 1968 when the Safari will take place to enable those who intend to take part a chance to save towards the very necessary expenses.

In this issue of the "Courier" will appear a questionnaire which you are requested to fill in and return to Box T1646, G.P.O., Perth, or to your State Branch as soon as possible. From your answers to the questions posed your organisers will be able to get the general picture and get on with the job of making this venture tick.

Elsewhere in this issue is a very long article by Harry Sproxtton who has recently done a trip via the Safari route and it is most enlightening. Harry assures me that if he had been moving in an organised set up he would have had even more enjoyment as the various chaps in each State would have been organised for contact and thereby saved a tremendous amount of time. Harry's running costs for an E.H. model Holden, manual controlled, worked out at about \$20 per 1,000 miles for petrol, oil and maintenance. This is most encouraging and shows that with a reasonable car in fair to average condition costs are well within anybody's ability to pay.

He also advises that the Nullabor stretch is nothing like the big bear that a lot of people think, provided reasonable precautions are taken.

This pre-run of the Safari is probably the best advertisement we could possibly have and shows that what we set out to achieve is not in any way impossible.

Members are asked to give the whole idea a great deal of thought and then fill in the questionnaire and return it with some alacrity to enable the organisers to get on with the job of turning this dream into a reality.

#### CHILDREN'S PICNIC

MULLALOO BEACH — SUNDAY, MARCH 6 (Long Weekend)

Turn off at 13 mile peg Waneroo Road  
Fun and Games For Everyone

## West Australian Whisperings

### Association Activities

February meeting was held at Anzac House Basement on Feb. 1. A very good response too! The rifle shooting that took place was a credit to those present as several cards were well above average. We had two five shot competitions and Percy Hancock won the first and Bill Epps the second. Bill put up the best shoot of the night with a nice 24 out of 25.

It was good to see Stan Payne along and wielding a neat rifle, but like a lot of us a bit more shaky than of yore.

Gerry Green also present but now having to wear glasses was not the crack shot we knew in the Unit, but the old skill was there and it would not surprise the writer if Gerry turned out to be a tough nut in future competitions.

On view during the evening was the Calcutt Memorial Trophy which has now been completed. It was commented on most favourably not only by our own members but by the City of Perth Sub-Branch R.S.L. whose committee meeting fell on the same night. There will be more about this trophy and the resultant competition in this issue.

The evening definitely proved that the boys do like to have a go with the old rifle every now and again.

### CHILDREN'S PICNIC

#### SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 6

Don't forget this function which is in replacement of the Christmas Party. This year it will be held at Mullaloo beach which is situated on the 13 mile peg of the road north to Yancheep. All you have to do is watch out for the turn off sign.

Arrangements are well in hand to make this really enjoyable family outing in nice surroundings. The organised show by the Association will take place after lunch but you are at liberty to arrive at the scene of operations as early as you like and every endeavour is being made to have shelter arranged as early as possible.

Drinks, ice cream and organised sports will be the responsibility of the Association and you can rest assured

that it will be a wonderful day for those who go to the trouble to attend.

### CRICKET MATCH AT HARVEY

This has been arranged to take place on Sunday, March 20. This again should be a cracker-jack day if it is anything like the last couple of days at Harvey.

Arthur Marshall has agreed to once again organise the day and he has plans for a super dooper day. He would like those attending to be at Harvey to have a bit of cricket starting approx. 10.30 a.m. Then at 12 noon an adjournment for the "Sacred Hour" at the "local". After lunch complete the cricket match and then go to the beach for barbecue and beer. This is only 11 miles away and is only a short distance from the best route back to the metropolis.

This looks like a good programme so make up your mind to be in it and head for Harvey early on the morning of Sunday, March 20.

### APRIL MEETING

This will be held at Anzac House Basement on Tuesday, April 5, and will be the first of the three sports nights arranged for the Calcutt Memorial Trophy.

### MAY MEETING

This will take the form of a Ladies' Night and will be held at Anzac House Basement on Saturday, May 7.

### CALCUTT MEMORIAL TROPHY

As mentioned earlier the Calcutt Memorial Trophy is now available for competition. A report by a special sub-committee to arrange details of the competition has been adopted by the Committee and following are the relevant portions of that report.

Competition to be held on April 5, 1966, June 7, 1966, and Nov. 1, 1966.

The sports to be conducted: rifle shooting, darts, quoits, table tennis and carpet bowls.

Points will be allotted on the basis of 1st 4 pts., 2nd 3 pts., 3rd 2 pts., and 4th 1 pt.

Competitors to take their best score in any one of the sports on any of the three nights.

Col Doig to be marshall for the

## Personalities

On a recent trip to Dwellingup Jack and Norma Hassen ran into Johnny Moore and had a few enjoyable beers with him. Johnny is an officer with the Forestry Dept. at Dwellingup.

Had pleasure of seeing Ivy Paull at Mandurah one day when in company with Rod and Doris Dhu we went down for the day. It practically turned into a re-union as we were joined by Fred and Rose Sparkman and their son. A most enjoyable day.

See the old Joe Brand quite frequently as he is a habitue of the same hostelry as Yours Truly. He is the Joe of old and still likes a grog or two.

See Jim McLaughlin with some frequency and only last Saturday he was making intense enquiries regarding the Great Safari and reckons he will be making every effort to be among those present.

Clarrie and Grace Turner were in the big smoke recently and Jack and Norma Hasson got a few of the gang together to have a night with them. Apparently a good night was had by all. Clarrie also came along to our last Committee meeting and met a few of the gang.

Reg Harrington was down at Safety Bay for his holidays and he also called in at our Committee meeting.

Met Jack Fowler briefly and had a noggin with him. Jack was just returning from his beach property at Mandurah which he has just improved by having a \$4,000 house erected thereon. Jack looks terrific as always.

It was most interesting to talk to Harry Sproxtton on his recent trip East but there is no need for me to dwell on this as it is fully covered in his beaut letter in this issue. Sufficient to say it is the type of material we desire to publicise the Great Safari.

sports nights and he is to appoint extra officials to assist in each of the sports.

The idea underlying the points system is that a competitor only competing on one occasion could be the winner providing his scores are the best in the aggregate. This gives country members who only attend on possibly one occasion a chance. It also pays a bonus to those who come along and compete on every occasion as they are permitted to take their best score at any sport on any night.

The trophy is a really unique one and it is certain there is going to be strong competition to win it and hold it for a year as it will be a nice trophy to have on the mantelpiece or T.V.

## Committee Comment

The usual Committee meeting was held on Tuesday, Feb. 15, at Anzac House and a very good muster of Committee members attended.

We were honoured with the presence of Clarrie Turner and Reg Harrington and Merv Schofield as guests.

The Treasurer's report showed that although finances were holding it was becoming rapidly necessary to have an influx of funds and therefore it was decided that a sweep be conducted. Members will be receiving tickets in the near future and you are asked to do your very best with them.

Honour Ave. was stated to now be in really excellent order.

Some considerable time was taken up debating the report of the sub-committee on the Calcutt Trophy and this was eventually adopted. It was decided that the matter of providing replicas for winners be investigated.

Meeting arrangements as shown in Association Activities were agreed to.

The arrangements for the Children's Party at Mullaloo were left with the sub-committee to finalise.

### CRICKET MATCH

#### HARVEY — SUNDAY, MARCH 20

Be there by 10.30 a.m. and be certain of a wonderful day

# Historically Yours!

## FAITA FIBLETS

incorporating

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

Vol. 1. No. 3.

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, Sinkpot.

Squadron Headquarters,  
1st January, 1944.

I would like to take this opportunity to extend to all ranks my very best wishes for your success and good fortune during 1944, and at the same time thank you for the co-operation and loyal support I have received from you all during 1943.

With every man pulling his weight and striving to give of his best I look forward to the coming year, confident of our ability as a Unit to carry out, faithfully and well, all tasks that may be allotted to us.

I sincerely hope that 1944 may be the year in which we reach our final goal of Victory and Peace.

(Signed)

G. G. Laidlaw, Major,  
Commanding Officer,  
2/2nd Aust. Cav. (Commando) Sqn.  
A.I.F.

## L I E S

(By Dorothy Gram Kirkwood)

### Earth Trembled:

Bronzed, bug-blitzing Sgt. Drooby, G.S.O., 99 Div., caused disruption, panic amongst microbe harbouring camps. Snapped he: "We have two enemies to fight, Japanese and germs—the latter are to be dreaded most. Japanese fight cleanly; germs infiltrate unknown, unheralded, to strike down your cobbles. We must open a second, third, even a fourth front against germs." To irate, hitherto complacent camp O.Cs., Drooby appeared as the Messiah; elicited promises in death-dealing ops. against sneaking, germ-carrying bugs.

Drooby promised Malariol, Flytox, Anti-mite in gigantic drive to clean up Faita, promised inscribed flag to best kept camp every month, offered to camp Fathers, slogan, "STERILISE TO CIVILISE".

### S.W.P.A.:

Defeat news from S.W.P.A. brought more lines to much furrowed brow of Japan's Tojo; caused him to take lately much-worn path to ancestor's shrine. Tojo's eyes flickered, looked at maps, saw Allied Nations' line creeping in on air-raid-precaution-taking Tokio; saw victorious Guadalcanal veteran Marines landing at Cape Gloucester, Long Island—saw Mountbatten's two year jungle trained troops pouring slowly but surely over border for long awaited, much discussed Burmese campaign. At Cape Gloucester to much bombed garrison, landing came as a measure of relief after period of 3,500 bomb tons per month bashing. McArthur hushed much excited correspondents, said: "This is just an example of what back stabbing Japs can expect." Defending apparent island hopping campaign, quoth he: "By simultaneous landings at several points Japanese cannot use island landing grounds to rush air reinforcements to one point." Meanwhile at Gloucester while Marines poured ashore widened bridgehead, established strong points, enemy made first air counter attack since battle of Garoka, lost 69 planes against Allied four plane losses. At not defended Long Island U.S. troops made unopposed landing, tightening net around Japanese on Huon Peninsula.

lar. With 7 Div. holding centre and 2/nd Sqd. holding left flank, Japanese in Madang area hold an invidious position.

### EUROPE:

As whispered landing in Europe ferred with Churchill at Battle-of-grew stronger and Roosevelt con-Britain bombed Liverpool, all eyes in S.W.P. focussed on auburn haired, much talking Commando, Algernon "Blue" Reid as he prepared to take off in stratosphere flying C.47 Transport from Faita. To questions as to whether he was conferring with Allied leaders, enigmatic "Blue" replied: "Just routine business." Meanwhile speculation grew, hitherto well-informed circles adopted oyster pol-

icy. The world waited; did this mean the long awaited 8th front?

The Gaiety,  
London, D.C.4,  
27th December, 1943.

Neal A. Bray,  
Faita, N.G.  
Sir,

Allow me to take the liberty of conveying my gratitude for the wonderful rendering of the great Shakespearean play "Caesar", which I had the honour to attend.

Seldom in our life is it given to a mortal to see two great artists 'treading the boards' (as Alfred Lunt would say) in the legitimate art, as yourself and myself.





It is on account of this that I now approach you with this proposition, that you wed my daughter Daphne, at an early date and have a child by her. The results of this union could be carefully nurtured and presented to our descendants, who would bless our foresight in perpetuating such a combination of art.

In closing, my esteemed friend, please let me impress upon you the necessity for haste, as Daphne is no longer a young woman—need I say more?  
—Gerald de Maurier.

Believe it or not:—  
“A” Troop beat the Yanks at softball.

### MY DAZE

An interlude at H.Q. during the week.

Sgt. Drooby: “Er — Jock. About this pool.”

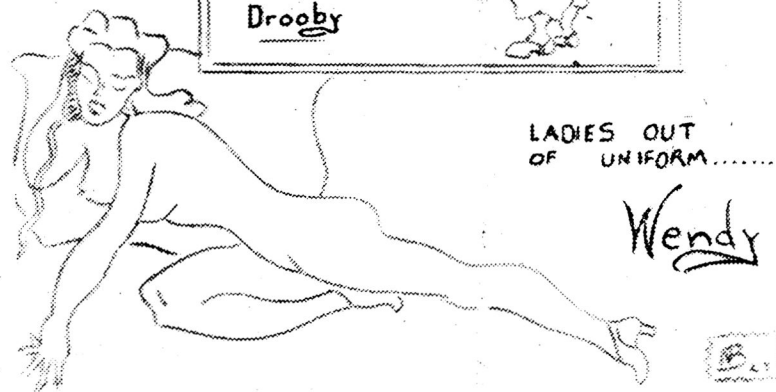
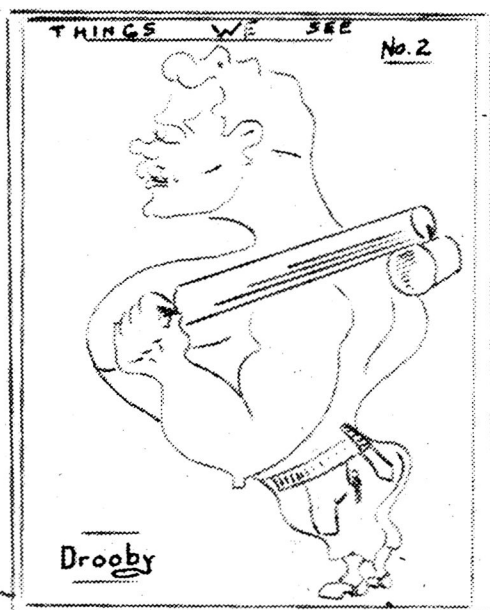
W.O. Jock McGregor: “What’s wrong with the ??? pool?”

Sgt. Drooby: “Mmmm, yes, the men, Jock, they’re washing in it. It’s unhygienic.”

Jock: “Well, what’s wrong with them washing in the ??? pool?”

Sgt. Drooby: “Mmmm, Yerrrs, it’s not that Jock, but I’ve seen, er, two puk-puks in it! Mmmm, yes. And at 0745 hrs. this morning two of the men were feeding them.”

And so it goes on, amid the



cheers of the men. Sgt. Drooby certainly has a cross to bear.

History repeats itself: “Bunny Anderson, having completed a 20 year cycle since the last time, again fell, or was dropped on his head, this week.

Who was the Acting Blank File observed attempting to fire .38 rounds through his Owen Gun? “These ??? Australian weapons!”

Quoth the Doc: “Now, when I was on Mt. Wilhelm . . .”

A substantial reward is offered for information leading to the finding of Japs—preferably live ones.

—Ye Bosse.

### CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE

(By L-Cpl. J. Hartley)

Oh, it's hard to get out of the army,  
And back into civvy life,  
Where you never do patrols or guard,  
Or get into ruddy strife.

It's a bit of a cow in the Army,  
When you're out in the rain and snow,

But the soldier's life has pleasures  
That the civvies never know.

They don't get camel steak and cookies,

Or coffee made from burnt wheat,  
They never see puk-puk or morkkas,  
Or are kai-bombed—a wonderful treat.

They never see spuds dehydrated,  
Egg powder, or meat in a pail,  
Or know the pleasure of waiting  
For week after week for their mail.

Quite often I just sit and ponder,  
Of the dear, dead days of yore,  
When life was all beer and skittles,  
And of women by the score.  
Would I like to be quit of the Army?  
And not soldier on as I should?  
To be quite frank and truthful,  
My bloody oath I would.

But still, there's something about the Army,

Not much fun, lots of work, storm and strife,

But the Navy and Air, they can go “they know where”,

For the Army, it gets you for life.  
So all you Cavalry Commandos,  
Just stop and think awhile,

Of Frankie Forde and his pal Eddie Ward,

And soldier on with a smile.

## Random Harvest

HARRY SPROXTON, writes:—

Herewith a brief account of our trip to the Eastern States which was made exactly 20 years after passing through for discharge.

With Thel and young Don (we left Kerry behind with Thel's mother as she gets terribly car sick) we set off from Perth on Dec. 12, and made a short leg to Coolgardie where we stayed overnight with my brother. The temperature was 102 deg. when we passed through Southern Cross, as this was at the beginning of the heat wave due for Perth.

We left Coolgardie the following morning with no particular goal in mind, as we had blow up mattresses, a portable gas outfit, plenty of food and water and we could pull up and camp whenever we felt like stopping. We arrived at Balladonia in the early afternoon with the temperature again over the century and I had mental pictures of the old Nullabor shim-

mering in a heat haze. While we were enjoying a couple of cold ones, two or three truck drivers who had just pulled in were describing the road ahead of us with colourful adjectival phrases and one big fellow cheered us up considerably when he stated that in his 11 years of interstate driving he had never seen the road in such a shocking condition.

After digesting all this I decided to get as many miles behind us as possible, so once more we headed off and reached the John Eyre Motel in time for an early evening meal. This is approximately 684 miles from Perth and although the road is not bitumen it is formed up ready for sealing some considerable miles past this point.

After tea we drove on 99 miles to Madura and camped at the top of the pass.

From Madura to Eucla the road is very stoney but didn't seem to have



the huge potholes in it that the South Australian section had.

Our third night we spent a few miles east of Ivy Tanks and by mid-day the following day we had arrived at Ceduna with most of the rough going behind us. The weather had been very kind to us and apart from the first two days was quite cool and enjoyable.

I have dwelt on this section of the trip a little to reassure any of you who may have doubts about it, but as Col Doig would say: "It's a piece of cake."

On leaving Ceduna we took the dirt road to the south through Streaky Bay and Port Lincoln and here paid the penalty for lack of organisation. I had always thought Shorty Stevens lived near Snow Town and I actually passed the turn-off which led to Yalunda Flat.

To cut a long story short we carried on through Whyalla, Port Augusta across the end of the Barossa Valley and up the Murray Valley to Berri where we stayed for a few days with my cousins at Winkie.

From here we travelled out a few miles to Loxton to see Howard Marks and spent an enjoyable couple of hours with Howard and his wife and family who made us very welcome. At this point I must apologise to Howard for not contacting Bob Williamson in Adelaide on our return trip, but I had run out of time and was actually a week behind schedule and had to pass straight through Adelaide en route to Perth. This meant missing old Neuzerling for which I deeply regret.

On passing through Mildura in the evening of Dec. 22 I called at Norm Tillets address but unfortunately there was no one there although the sprinkler was going on the lawn.

We arrived at Bendigo about mid-day the following day and had no trouble in finding the Fleece Inn, and of course Kev Curran, his wife Glad and their son who is another Tuan Bort. We spent about three hours in this genial company and then our host guided us in the direction of the Eppalock Dam where the supervisor is none other than Harry Sargent.

There once again we were made to feel very much at home with Harry and his lovely wife who wined us and dined us until regretfully we had to return to the bitumen and head

for Melbourne where we arrived shortly before midnight.

In Melbourne we stayed with Thel's uncle and aunt and that should be very much in the plural as her relations seemed to be everywhere and one night I met no less than 22 in one hit. Unfortunately on arriving in Melbourne I lost no time in getting hold of some virus and lost two valuable days off our time quota.

I contacted the old Botterill and we spent an enjoyable afternoon and evening with Olive and Harry, or perhaps I should emphasise evening as in the afternoon Harry very kindly drove me all the way to Seaford to see our old friend Duncan Campbell. Jock hasn't altered but looks a little tired on it and no wonder as he and his wife put in about eight days a week on their business at Seaford.

We left Melbourne on New Years Day arriving in Sydney the following evening where we were fortunate in getting accommodation at a motel at Warwick Farm. I must add at this stage that accommodation is extremely hard to come by at this time of the year and booking ahead is just about a must.

I rang Ron Trengrove's number with no success and after 33 attempts came to the conclusion that the day after New Years Day was not a good time to find chaps at home.

However, on arriving at Epping I had little trouble in finding the home of Michael Devlin and the man himself out on the front lawn. I had the advantage in knowing who it was, but three seconds after saying: "How are you Mick?" he said: "Strewth, it's Sprocko," and 20 years rolled away as if it were 20 minutes.

During our brief stay in Sydney, Betty Devlin and family were our guides and the fact that we finished up in one piece after locking horns with half a million motor cars is a testimony of their ability.

Two days later we pulled up in the main street of Kempsey and within five paces came face to face with Bill Walsh and wife Beryl which considered little short of miraculous. Bill has sold the taxi business and is now at ering the population of Kempsey is the Kempsey R.S.L. Club. This building has everything in the way of modern day amenities and the couple of hours we spent with Bill and Beryl were an education in the way

R.S.L. Clubs and Service Clubs operate throughout the East.

At 5 o'clock that evening we arrived at Maclean on the Clarence River and stopped outside the Post Office just as the genial Postmaster, Mr. George Greenhalgh was shutting up shop for the night.

Happy and Rene have their home in a lovely position overlooking the Maclean Bowling Club and after a few wonderful days with them I fully understand how Harry Botterill put on a stone in weight during his holiday at Maclean. Incidentally there are fish in the Clarence River and quite good ones too. I must point out this fact for the benefit of Victorian visitors.

On Tuesday, Jan 11, we headed north once more and shortly after midday arrived at Kyogle to be met by our old friend Jim Cullen. Jim has in excess of a thousand acres of grazing land at Afterlee, approx. 14 miles from Kyogle and I think in all about 350 head of Hereford cattle, which were in the throes of being dipped during our stay.

On the Friday morning accompanied by Jim and Beryl with their daughter Catrina and son Neal, we set off to an early start and passed through Lismore to Bangalow where we tarried a short time with Russ Blanche and his good wife at their business premises in the main street.

By lunch time we were at Murwillumbah and in the afternoon we saw Tweed Heads and the Porpoise Pool, Coolangatta, Southport, and arrived in Brisbane at nightfall. After tea and a good look around we set off through Beaudesert and over Mt. Lindesay checking in at Kyogle some time after midnight.

All in all it was a very full and enjoyable day and I think the Cullen clan enjoyed it just as much as we did.

The following morning we said farewell to Jim and Beryl and their hospitality and headed south back to Maclean. After a brief stop in Kyogle to say hello and have a glass with Tommy Yates and his wife

Happy and Rene during our absence had organised a get together to take place at Wooli on the coast where Ron and May Orr were holidaying. This event was on the Sunday afternoon and those who made the trip from Grafton were Alan and Edith Luby with their daughters

Peta and Maria; George and Mel Mathieson and daughter Susan; and Harry Fredericks. After a visit to the Wooli Bowling Club we re-gathered at Ron and May Orrs holiday bungalow and proceeded to enjoy ourselves around Haps new bar-b-q which made a very happy ending to a wonderful afternoon. The only one to have altered a great deal is Ron Orr who is without exaggeration three times as big as when we knew him in the old days.

The next morning with Rene Greenhalgh as our guide we journeyed to Grafton which is a surprisingly large centre with excellent shopping facilities. In the afternoon Alan and Edith Luby showed us over the Ambulance Depot and then drove us to many points of interest in and around Grafton. Alan without a doubt is working to capacity plus and how he manages to fit everything in is beyond me.

It was now Jan. 17 and we were fast running out of time and our plans of further stops in Melbourne and Adelaide had to be discarded. I think Maclean has so much to offer that when the Safari eventuates Happy and Rene will have half the Unit as neighbours for their retirement.

We left these two good friends on Wednesday, Jan. 18, and travelled back via Glen Innes and the New England Highway as on the trip up we had followed the coast from Melbourne by way of the Princes Highway and then north from Sydney on the Pacific Highway.

After an overnight stop at Scone we checked in to Canberra where we stayed a day and a half and managed to spend a few hours at the War Memorial Museum.

Leaving Canberra late in the afternoon we used Cooma as our overnight base and mid-morning the following day found us at Lake Eucumbene in the Snowy Mountains Scheme. I won't waste space trying to describe it as the achievements here have to be seen to be believed and much is beyond imagination. After a very long day we reached Albury via the Hume Reservoir, had tea and continued on to Melbourne arriving there around midnight.

We had hoped to accompany Harry Botterill and family on a visit to see Ken Monk at his farm down at Poowong but our time quota had run out.

During the one day remaining Harry spent some time on the phone with excellent results and at 5 o'clock at the London the following evening 10 or 11 of us were there to enjoy that short hour. The response at such short notice speaks volumes of the attitude of the members of our Association. I made a mental note by way of order of arrival and trust I haven't omitted anyone and must blame it on Victorian hospitality of I have done so. Those responding to the call included Geoff Laidlaw, Gerry Mackenzie, Gerry O'Toole, Harry Botterill, Jim Wall, Bernie Callinan, John Roberts, Bell Tucker and George Kennedy.

The next day was the start on the road back and although we started off again with two days topping the century the trip from Ceduna to Perth couldn't have been better weather.

In all we covered nearly 9,000 miles and met some 23 members of the Unit and that alone made it very worth while.

This started out to be brief and very smartly got out of control, so I will leave it to our Editor and his pruning shears.

Many thanks to you all who helped to make the trip such a memorable one and will see you all again on the Safari.

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

It was a great pleasure seeing you during my recent annual leave and having a noggin or two with you at the Royal Hotel. I would suggest that any other country members in the "big smoke" on a Friday, call in at the "Royal" between 1 and 2 p.m. and have a yarn with "Mr. Editor". I can assure them that it will be a very interesting 60 minutes. Furthermore the yarn will no doubt provide you with some material for the "Courier".

Before we returned to Geraldton we made a point of visiting Lovekin Drive in Kings Park. Hearty congratulations to those responsible for the obviously outstanding work performed in our Honour Avenue. The value of the reticulation system was clearly evident and a 2/11th mate who accompanied us agreed that our sec-

tion put the other Honour Avenues to shame. You never know, it might provide food for thought for other Units.

It was my pleasure to "run into" Jack Carey at the Perth Cup and the smiles all over his face indicated that he was having a good time. Anyhow it was very nice to see you once again, Jack.

As both the wife and I are now keen bowlers, we spent a lot of our holiday time at the nearby Manning Memorial Bowling Club and thoroughly enjoyed the excellence of their greens. (I would commend this Club to any of you city-ites thinking about taking up this sport which can be summed up in one word—"relaxation".)

Talking about bowls, my wife and I had a yarn with Bill Drage and his wife at the Geraldton Bowling Club during the festive period. Bill is apparently too fond of his golf to get stuck into bowls. Here is an extract from a recent issue of the local newspaper: "Bill Drage was in dynamic form around the greens, listing nine one-putt holes. Unfortunately, however, this was the only phase of his game in which he held control. When he managed not to slice his tee shots he hooked them, hitting one down the middle on the rare occasion. Often his second shot went into an unplayable position in the rough. However, not to be beaten, he insists that next week will see his true form."

We still haven't heard how you got on the next week, Bill, but one thing is certain—you had an enjoyable "post mortem" at the 19th.

Bill's many friends will be glad to hear that he is looking exceptionally well (I always said that Geraldton was a good place in which to live).

Don Young of Mullewa, recently entered "double harness" and says he's sorry he didn't do so years ago. Married life is obviously agreeing with him as he looked in the pink of condition.

Geraldton is certainly going ahead by leaps and bounds, the latest addition being a 7-storey regional hospital expected to be completed within the next couple of months. It is a £1½ million build-

ing on which my elder son, Ross, is busily occupied as a plumber with the Geraldton Building Co.—a mammoth organisation which last year had a record turnover of more than £2 million. Whenever any "double red diamond" types are visiting this town, I suggest they have a look over this company's huge premises where more than 300 men are employed.

Big harbour works have already been undertaken in connection with the export of iron ore which will get under way in March. The ore is being mined at Koolanooka near Morawa. (Incidentally Irish Hopkins is now in charge of the bar at the Morawa Hotel). Japanese technicians are now carrying out blasting tests in our harbour with a view to deepening the entrance.

I have a suggestion to make, which I feel sure will be supported by you, Col, as a member of the R.S.L. State Executive. It is that more of you ex-diggers take advantage of the facilities that are offering at Anzac House Club. You already hold your Association meetings at Anzac House Basement so why not make the Club a regular meeting place. You will not only pay less for your beer, but you will also be able to play billiards, snooker, pool, darts and carpet bowls, as well as obtain a meal or a snack. Facilities for a shower, including towels, are also available.

Well, I must be away for the present, so kind regards to all the boys.

**PETER MANTLE, of Box 120, Biloela, Queensland, writes:—**

1966 subs and the balance to general funds.

There has been rain in the past few weeks, changing the whole picture of future hopes for this area. We're not out of the woods—or desert—by a long chalk, but after the drought year that followed eight dry years, it's encouraging. A few months ago one farmer I know was cutting down his bottle trees to feed stock . . . and when you get to that stage, you really are desperate.

This isn't hot news, but may be of some interest to anyone with a young kid of faulty eyesight: my

daughter Marjorie aged 10 now has contact lenses, and took to them with very little trouble. So has my wife. So has my son aged 15. My own eyes need bi-focal glasses, so contacts wouldn't be much advantage as I'd have to carry reading glasses. But they've been a blessing to my wife Margaret, whose glasses had needed to be so thick that their sheer weight in this sweaty climate became painful. I'm told that a 10 year trial—now about halfway through—may well demonstrate that contact lenses slow up the rate of worsening short sightedness in youngsters: that, say, between the age of six and 16, a short sighted kid is going to get progressively more short sighted, but less with contact than with glasses.

The Darwin paper puts out a monthly called "The Terrorist". I saw a copy of their December issue with quite a long article and many photographs on Portuguese Timor. Some things described as of today are so vastly different from how we knew them that it's quite funny to read.

I have written away to Darwin for three copies of the publication, and will send one to you, Mr. Editor. I've also sent them a copy of "Commando Courier", explained our interest, and sought permission for the "Courier" to quote slabs from the Timor article. If permission is granted, you, Mr. Editor, may think it worth running a few extracts from the article. If permission is refused you can still print a rewrite of the information it gives. The actual sequence of words can be copyright, but there is no copyright in facts, and you'd be at liberty to use the facts in writing an article of your own.

**JIM FENWICK, of 71 Morgan Crescent, Curtin, A.C.T., writes:—**

Just a few lines notifying you of my change of address from 35 Picnic Pt. Rd., Panania, N.S.W., to 71 Morgan Crescent, Curtin, A.C.T.

Also I have changed occupations. I retired from the army as of Nov. 7, 1965, and took on the job of communications co-ordinator at Orrol Valley, a stallite tracking and data acquisition station about 35 miles out of Canberra.

It is a new field for me although I have been fortunate enough to keep on the communications side of

this space tracking business. I find it most interesting especially as we were able to listen to the last two man in space trips direct from the satellites themselves as it actually happened.

We drive the 35 miles each way daily and it is an improvement on commuting by train in Sydney or Melbourne.

I am at present purchasing this house so you veteran home owners are well aware of the snags I am going through. This is not helped by the Public Service attitude here of "there's always next week" or 'like it or lump it' which seems to have spread to the shop keepers and tradespeople.

Despite the above I like Canberra and hope to stop here until at least my four children are finished at school. While chasing my children to hurry up at the Dickson swimming pool I saw Alan Stewart and had quite a yarn. Have lost Alan's address and have no others of other 2/2nd chaps in Canberra. Hope this note will help me contact them.

All the best to everyone.

**BILL CONNELL, of 101 Ashley St., Fairfield, Queensland, writes:—**

You're a lucky man, all these surprise letters you receive from time to time. It must be at least a couple of years since I last wrote. However, I'm still in the land of the living and in the best of health. My two lads are both growing up fast. The eldest will be 19 in April and the youngest 14 in March. Nearly off my hands.

Before I forget, would it be possible to send me an Address Book? I never did receive one.

I receive my "Courier" regularly and enjoy it very much. Seeing "Shorty" Stevens letter reminds me I did a trip to Canberra too, over Christmas and I couldn't find "Boong" Maley's name on the Honour Roll. Or was I looking for the wrong name? The chap I'm thinking of was killed at Weisa, "A" Troop, but I'm not sure of the Section now. My memory is so bad about some things that although I can remember all their faces and most names I can't remember which Section or Troop. Also who was the chap we buried at Goroka while we were resting there alongside the mission air strip?

Also if the right fellow's reading this, who was in the swimming pool with me the day the two Zeros came over and straffed the mission house? I sure thought I was his target that day.

I sure wish we could have some of those "dos" over here that you have over there, but we just can't seem to get together here in Queensland. There has been a few attempts but no one turns up. Most of the chaps I knew well are from Sydney, so maybe I'll make that "town" one of these days. I guess we all have good intentions but we never carry them out.

Please find enclosed money for subs. Must be owing by now.

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### CHILDREN'S PICNIC

**MULLALOO BEACH — SUNDAY, MARCH 6 (Long Weekend)**

Turn off at 13 mile peg Waneroo Road

Fun and Games For Everyone

### CRICKET MATCH

**HARVEY — SUNDAY, MARCH 20**

Be there by 10.30 a.m. and be certain of a wonderful day

### APRIL MEETING

**ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT — TUESDAY, APRIL 5**

First competition for Calcutt Memorial Trophy

This is your chance for a flying start to win this coveted trophy

### MAY MEETING LADIES' NIGHT

**ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT — SATURDAY, MAY 7**