

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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JUNE, 1966

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Editorial

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

All that is about to be written has been written before but going on past results it will obviously be worth reiterating once again.

The only meeting in W.A. for the general run of members apart from the Committee at which business is discussed, is the Annual General Meeting. Surely it is not asking too much to expect members to attend just once per annum and hear an accounting of how their Association has been run in the past year and how it is proposed it should operate in the year to come.

An Association such as ours can always do with new blood which usually indicates new ideas and as the same old gang has been at the helm for a long time now it is about time that an infusion was made. There is no time like the present to start with an infusion.

You, the reader, might not be in a position to accept office but you also may have a bundle of bright ideas which you think would help the Association to function in a better manner. The Annual General Meeting gives you the opportunity to bring these ideas forward so that they may be discussed and if necessary tried out to find out if they are worth while.

Then again you may be in a position now to take some office for which you have been unable to nominate in the past because of other commitments. Now is your chance to offer your services in any capacity in which you may be able to serve.

There is a grave duty to all members to try and attend and get a full accounting of the Association's affairs and if necessary voice your approval or disapproval of what has been done. It behoves you to come along even if you are fully satisfied with what has been done and voice your thoughts so that your Committee is aware that their efforts on your behalf have not gone unnoticed.

The year just concluded has been one of the most successful in all ways for many years and this has to a large extent been made possible by the superhuman efforts of your President, Jack Hasson, who is in his first year of that office which only shows that new blood can and does help the onward movement of the Association.

This Editorial could go on and on telling of the reasons why you should make every effort to be present at the Annual General Meeting, but enough has been said to impress upon readers the importance of the occasion. Now it is up to you to be at Anzac House Basement on Tuesday, 5th July, and help YOUR Association along its way.

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT
TUESDAY, JULY 5th, 1966**

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

LADIES' NIGHT Saturday, 7th May

This was a terrific night and we were favoured by wonderful weather and so had a great roll up although once again there were a lot of faces missing whom you would expect to be present. Our pianist, Syd Dixon, and his off-sider on the sax, kept things going with a will and although the dancers were slow to get going they made up for it as the night progressed.

The supper, mainly catered for by Norma Hasson and Jess Epps and contributed to by most of the ladies present, was a magnificent effort.

Naturally the needs of the thirsty were well and truly handled and the show went on until the small hours of the morning.

From the country we had Reg and Dot Harrington down from Wyening; Clarrie and Grace Turner from Capel, and Arthur and Audrey Marshall from Harvey. Not a big representation but very enjoyable to see any of our country folk present. Nice to see Beryl and Fred Griffiths with us once again and thoroughly enjoying everything.

Afraid your writer's memory is much to vague about the evening to try and list all those present so enough to say that we had a great bit of fun and the general consensus of opinion is that these turns should be more often in some form or another.

CALCUTT TROPHY SPORTS NIGHT

The second of the Sports Nights to decide who will hold the Calcutt Memorial Trophy was held on Tuesday, June 7th and once again the attendance was excellent. The going was fast and furious and all present were sure that this is a wonderful form of entertainment and a great way to remember the indomitable spirit of the one and only Mick Calcutt whose name is perpetuated by the trophy.

The following were the winners at the various sports:—

Quoits: F. Napier 4 pts., W. Epps 3

pts., L. Bagley 2 pts., R. Watson 1 pt.
Bowls: D. Geere 4 pts., L. Bagley 3 pts., F. Napier 2 pts., P. Hancock 1 pt.

Table Tennis: R. Kirkwood 4 pts., R. McDonald 3 pts., H. Sproxtton 2 pts., R. Watson 1 pt.

Darts: D. Geere 4 pts., R. Kirkwood 3 pts., R. Watson 2 pts., H. Sproxtton 1 pt.

Rifle Shoot: W. Epps 4 pts., R. McDonald 3 pts., A. Smith 2 pts., J. Burridge 1 pt.

The positions after corrections for the two nights so far held, is: H. Morgan 13, W. Epps 12, F. Napier, R. Kirkwood, D. Geere 8, J. Carey R. McDonald 6, L. Bagley 5, J. Poynton, R. Parry, R. Watson, A. Smith, H. Sproxtton 4, L. Anderson 2, P. Hancock, J. Burridge 1.

The position will be resolved after the final night in November. If you have not yet competed do not despair as the present leader, Mick Morgan, has competed on only one occasion and this shows that a good score on one night will be sufficient to win the trophy. Of course you will have to be good gut the chance is still there for you to win.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will be held on Tuesday, 5th July, in Anzac House Basement. This is the subject of the Editorial in this issue so enough hsaid.

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

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Committee Comment

The usual Committee meeting was held at Anzac Club on Tuesday, 17th May, and there was once again an excellent roll up. The sweep organiser (Col Doig) advised that once again this had been a great success and he wished to thank all those who assisted to make this money gathering effort the success it was. The Treasurer (Dick Geere) naturally was able to report that finances were now in a very healthy state.

A review of Ladies' Night showed that all Committeemen were most pleased with the success of the evening especially as the cost was considerably below anything of this nature that had been conducted previously.

The President was empowered to arrange with Mr. Jim Fitzsimmons to scarify the grass at the rear of our area in Kings Park. (This has now been done and it improves the look of the area to a terrific extent.)

The President advised the Committee that he and Col Doig had written to the R.S.L. protesting at the continued absence of the Unit's name from the official Anzac Day Parade. The R.S.L. had replied advising that in future we would have our official status on the Anzac Day Parade and order of march.

The Secretary and Treasurer both indicated that they would not be available for their positions on the coming year and some discussion took place regarding the filling of these positions which are most important to the successful functioning of the Association.

Personalities

It was good to see Peter Alexander at the Ladies' Night with his good wife. Peter is now working in the metropolitan area and says he enjoys it very much.

Jack and Norma Hasson and Merv and Dulcie Ryan and their families were down at Mandurah recently for a holiday and had a whale of a time.

Seen in town during the month was Ted Loud who was down to see the Repat. Ted and I had a night out and of course finished up at Anzac Club until closing time pounding the respective ears.

Don Hudson, Rod Dhu, who is on leave, and self, had a pleasant hour the other Friday. Don is in the throes of trying to get an hotel and hopes to be a "mine host" in the very near future. Don was an iron ore driller at Mt. Goldworthy for quite a while but says that would be the hardest and dirtiest job he has ever tackled.

Also seen last Friday was Gordon (Slops) Hislop, down in town briefly. Gordon is "mine host" at the Gingin Hotel and says he is going along nicely and would be tickled pink to see any of the gang who head that way.

There are still numerous Great Safari Questionnaires outstanding and these are required as soon as possible to enable the organisers to know just what their task will be. Can assure you that there will be a big contingent on its way from all States and this will be really something to remember and probably the re-union of a lifetime so try and make up your minds as soon as possible.

Please accept a grateful Editor's and Sweep Organiser's thanks for your wonderful contributions to the sweep and by donations and of course those letters which will fill quite a few "Couriers".

It is with much regret that we have to announce the death of Hughie Meyer. As you will remember Hughie was a member of 5 Section in Timor and was a real good bloke. He transferred to 2/16th Batt. after Timor and served with that Batt. during the Shaggy Ridge show and earned quite a reputation for himself as a soldier. He was employed by Cyclone (Aust.) Ltd. at the time of his death operating a wire netting machine. Our ranks are slowly thinning which is to be expected but after all Hughie was only 51 years old which is not a great age. Vale Hughie Meyer, a good friend of your Editor.

Had a nice letter from Ken Hasson sailor boy son of Jack and Norma, who is at present on the Sydney and has been cruising in Vietnam waters. He is really enjoying himself and sends his regards to all members of the Association.

Write to Your Editor:

Col. Doig,
Box T1646,
G.P.O., Perth.

TREASURER'S REPORT

A comparison of funds on hand at 31st May, 1966, with those held at the commencement of the financial year shows a decrease of \$123.00 caused mainly by purchase of a suitable mower for our King's Park area at a cost of \$315.45. Other increased expenses are Sister Kate's Day \$78.00, nett costs of the two Ladies' Nights \$44.00 to which must be added less receipts Anzac Day

\$24.00, Less Subscriptions \$11.00. Contra to these are Less Kings Park expenses \$125.00, More Donations \$62.00, More Sweep Profits \$57.00, Less Typewriter purchased \$40.00, Less Nett Costs of Monthly Meetings \$23.00, Less Courier costs \$28.00; Less Harvey Cricket Day expenses \$18.00 (accounts not received in time for inclusion in current year's figures).

GREAT SAFARI

Get those Questionnaires back to Box T1646 or your State Branch

Random Harvest

J. P. KENNEALLY, of 28 Wilkins St., Yagoona, N.S.W., writes:—

This is the season when Unit members from the tip of Cape York to Eagle Hawk's Neck, or should we say the tip (southern) of Van Diemens Peninsular, and from east to west of this continent, remember you, and after much sucking of our pens, we eventually come up with some story, short or long.

I had a very interesting visitor here a short while back. A Father Morrison. He runs the Mission Station at Bundi. Any of you blokes who remember Bundi would get quite a shock to see it now. It is also a District Officer's post now and is becoming quite important.

Father Morrisson is pushing a 66 foot wide road through from Bundi to the Valley and managing to maintain a grade of 1 in 14 fall. I was doubtful when he said so, but he assures me that it is so. They are following the Imbrum River. He reckons they are over the worst section now. That is from Bundi to the river (Imbrum). A drop of over 2,000 feet and as those of us who know it, that's a lot of drop in a short distance.

The Mission has a boarding school at Bundi. There are 450 pupils attending. They are taught a standard Australian curriculum, and this is done in English from the word go. The pupils start school at four years of age. It is staffed by nuns and lay teacher volunteers from Australia. The classrooms and building

would compare to any school here, either State or denominational. Mentally the pupils compare favourably with ours. Physically they are years behind. Boys and girls don't reach puberty until they are 17 to 19 years old. The natives that we took to be 11 or 12 were in all probability 17 or 18. My four year old, Father Morrisson assures me, was equal to an eight or nine year old Bundi boy in build, not mentally. The Bundi boy of that age would be in fourth class.

Difficulties there are enormous. Malnutrition is just part of every day life. It's even a way of life. The protein value of kau kau is practically non-existent. It fills them all right, but doesn't do much to build them.

The life span of a native expires round about 50. He has reached an equivalent of 70 or so by then and remember he has not even begun to reach physical maturity until 17 or 18.

To overcome this lack of protein the mission has introduced cattle. Well bred cows and pedigreed bulls. Selected natives are given three heifers. The only stipulation half the calf drop is given back to the mission who in turn pass them on to other families. In this way they hope that each village will be able to build up a herd that can eventually supply them with milk and meat thus giving them the food protein they lack in their native diet. It's slow, but at least it's more helpful

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FOR YEAR ENDED 30th MAY, 1966

		RECEIPTS			EXPENDITURE
		\$	\$		
Funds as at 31/5/65:				Annual Re-union	\$ 184.40
Commonwealth Savings Bank		955.08		Less Receipts	100.00
Commonwealth Reserve Account		335.86		"Courier"	222.18
Commonwealth Bonds (Face Value)		1000.00		Less Proportion by Victorian Assoc.	40.00
Sweep		645.96	2290.94	Meetings	170.22
Less Prizes and Expenses		156.24		Less Receipts	112.10
Donations				Ladies' Night 6/11/65	133.38
Subscriptions		116.79		Less Receipts	63.50
Interest—Bank Accounts and Bonds		116.79		Ladies' Night 7/5/66	113.91
Anzac Day		116.37		Less Receipts	85.00
Less Expense		0.42		Children's Picnic, Christmas Presents, etc.	107.14
				Less Donations	28.78
				Kings Park	78.36
				Purchase Airoh Mower	61.96
				Wreaths, etc.	315.45
				Administration	18.80
					27.13
					1017.08
Funds as at 31/5/66:				Commonwealth Savings Bank	1136.84
Commonwealth Savings Bank		31.40		Commonwealth Reserve Account	31.40
Commonwealth Bonds (Face Value)		1000.00		Commonwealth Bonds (Face Value)	1000.00
					2168.24

\$3,185.32

\$3,185.32

than sitting on our backsides and talking about what should be done.

The mission has acquired a lease of 10,000 acres down in the valley earmarked for food production, mainly with the object of giving the natives a diet that will give them a normal life.

I learned quite a bit about the natives and their life along the Bismarck Ranges. At Bundi it takes nine months for the kau kau to develop to the edible stage. At Dengalagi it takes two years. How do you reckon we'd go if our staple diet or I should say our only item of food took two years to grow? I reckon Brother Wolf wouldn't be at the door, he'd be right in the kitchen.

But of course we don't have to worry. We're lucky. We live in Australia and when we're doing it tough we are going without a couple of beers. Of course we went without a feed quite often during the war, but it didn't last for ever. I'd say all of us know nothing of hunger. There are millions of people living not that far from us who know nothing else but hunger and misery and about all they get from us is a lousy couple of bob if an appeal is launched. I think I mentioned it before. We can't help them all. We could at least adopt one section and do something for them, or will we just sit on our bloody behinds and say: "Poor bastards. Here give us a beer!"

Anzac Day came and went. I had three visitors on Anzac eve. I'm lucky to still have a door. Ray Martin blew in, followed by Drip Hilliard and Jimmy English. The most important personage of the party appeared last, Ray's wife Joyce. I told them I wouldn't give them a drink for love nor money. They'd have to do with tea. Jimmy English was as cheeky as you like: "Keep it," he says, "we've got our own." He did too, with a small bottle of the green stuff for himself. His boast was bigger than his thirst. He drank more tea than starboard light. Drip was going easy on the beer and so was Ray, but I'll bet he hadn't been. He's as fit as a fiddle, lean and hard. I'd say he's over 13 stone and no fat. He looks really well. He and Joyce are a bit broken hearted. They have an 18 year old son, six foot two and a half, and he plays rugby league, second row forward. As Joyce said all that much bone and muscle going

into rugby when it could be gainfully employed playing Aussie Rules. Never mind Joyce one day he may be wearing the Green and Gold playing for Australia then you'll be looking down your nose at those Victorians who can only saddle up against another State. As for Ray no good him looking down his nose, he's a bit like me in that respect, anything at the end of it is out of sight. Yes, I reckon No. 4 Section had more nose than any Section in the A.I.F. (all right you blokes let someone else have a look in the mirror).

Back to Ray. He insisted on rendering "I Don't Work for a Living". As Ray said it reminds me of Sam Fullbrook. (Wherever you are Sam four of us were thinking of you at the time. Good luck.) Martin's voice hasn't improved with the years but his humour is evergreen. He couldn't stay for the march as he had to leave for Griffith on Anzac morning.

Angus MacLachlan gave us a pleasant surprise. He was here for the march. Angus and a friend of his and their wives, were in Sydney for part of their holidays. Angus fairly rocked me. He didn't look a day older than he was 20 odd years ago and he was only 19 when first I met him. Fair dinkum he's positively handsome. Lois you don't want to let him out on the loose.

We had quite a wongi. I had not seen Mac for about 21 years. He told me he hadn't been too good, but changed jobs and hasn't looked back since. He has joined an organisation. We used to call them the Forty Thieves when I was a wharf labourer. Anyway you blokes who may visit Brisbane from overseas don't try any smuggling. Eagle Eye may be on the job. I hope he doesn't wait another 20 years before visiting us. All right for young blokes like him but I'm beginning to dodder.

Noel Buckman blew in from Newcastle. His wife, daughter and son did a great job up at Alfredos dishing out the eats and ale. Good youngsters. Buck and his wife can be justifiably proud of them.

Bruce McLaren up from Melbourne. I picked the build and shoulders in one. His features eluded me until towards the end of the day I placed them (the beer must have been memory stirring). He gave us all the Melbourne news.

I reckon he enjoyed himself. We certainly enjoyed his company.

Of course Alfredo and Ruby turned on the hospitality. Ruby makes sure we have plenty of nourishment before we leave the Big Smoke for the do at Arncliffe R.S.L. How she copes with it year after year beats me. I'll bet we've got the only Portuguese Digger in the A.I.F. He's a beauty. I reckon he did No. 4 Section an honour when he joined us. He's 67 now and he's had his share of trouble with tropical ulcers, but he swings along the streets of Sydney like a youngster in that march.

A lot of blokes who live in Sydney were not there. Don't know what they do on Anzac day. I did know of a case onetime. This woman told me she'd put a bottle of beer in the fridge for her husband to have a drink on Anzac day. He wasn't out of our Unit but at times I get a feeling maybe some of our blokes are remembering their mates in a similar fashion.

We mis Johnny Rose. Here's hoping he gets back to Sydney one day for the march and re-union. He was a regular.

Except for Frank Press who blows in from Orange for the doings when possible we must be the only officerless Unit in the march. Don't worry, the war's been over for 21 years, We'll forgive you the pips.

Curly O'Neill was there but Squirt wasn't. I've got sore ribs. Curly nearly stove them in keeping me in line. We were in the last rank. Curly strode out that well and looked so authoritative the onlookers must have thought he was a colonel marching incognito. He marches much better than he climbs. However I reckon the bloke at the top of the ladder appreciated the beer. Ron Trengrove will more than likely have the full list. It was a big roll call. It could have been bigger.

This year was the 50th anniversary of the Easter Rebellion in Dublin. I attended the ceremony at Waverley Cemetery, Sydney. Michael O'Dwyer, one of the leaders of the 1798 rebellion is buried there. A memorial has been erected to his memory. Quite a turn out. It was a beautiful day, a blue cloudless sky and looking across the peaceful cemetery and out over the Pacific Ocean it was hard to visualise what Dublin was like in 1916, or the courage it

took for a handful of men to take on a fight they knew they couldn't win, but they were prepared to be free once again in their country men. Within a week they were defeated and were marched off to prison, and 17 of them courtmartialled and shot. The biggest mistake General Maxwell ever made. It finally led to the partial withdrawal of English troops from Ireland. Lloyd George saved the six North Eastern counties for the Union. I wonder does he now think (wherever he is) if it was worth all the lives it cost since.

Enclosed are the butts. What's left over can go for dues. I must be well behind.

All the best and I hope you get your 200 words and many more. It's a fine wet day here. It may clear up next week. We can do with the rain.

BERT MATHEWS, and FRANK FREESTONE, writes:—

A few impressions of our tour through the south west summed up later. Hardly leisurely because we had decided to see as much of the country cobbles as possible in a given time. Unfortunately most of the time was spent in travelling.

Leaving Good Friday, approx. 10 a.m. we kept a steady jog out of Perth and made for Harvey. Roads were good and we soon were looking for Arthur Marshall in Harvey. I spotted a cricket ball in a drive so that's where I enquired and strange to say I was right. Marsh was out and Mrs. Marshall and daughter were going to tear him to pieces for being late. He appeared an hour later, grubby and greasy. He had been crutching sheep, he explained. He was a weekend farmer and had 400 sheep or 57 acres chewing clover burr. We had an enjoyable hour's chat while he got cleaned up. Unwittingly he had solved a city mystery "Why we get stringy mutton done up as lamb."

The road again, Donnybrook Hotel next stop where we booked in for the night. Let me add here hotels do not want to accommodate travellers, charge bed and breakfast for two \$7.50. I thought we were taking shares in a sheep station.

Eventually found Bernie Langridge. showed us over his freezer plant. Very nice too. Bernie can store food for years and with his cases of apples I should say could easily withstand a nuclear blast and on our quick talk I gathered like the butch-

er who uses even the squeal, small unsalable apples are pulped for juice. Cores and pips might eventually be fed to the pigs thus saving the housewife making apple sauce with the roast pork.

Road again to find Clarrie Turner on directions and in half light travelled four times further than necessary but well worth it. We ran into one of the best nights I've had for months with Clarrie and family, J. Hasson and family and that ever-green Col Doig, declining Mrs. Turner's kind offer to cook us tea. Clarrie was not content so he proceeded to feed us slice after slice of the loaf in the bottle whilst giving us the low down on cattle and hay. Col was having a slice too. The night was nippy but he got warmer and warmer and when we reluctantly dragged ourselves away he was real hot. I had to take my woolly off. We found the hotel, crept up the back stairs.

Saturday morning on road to Bridgetown. Ran into the Apple Festival so slipped across to Boya Brook. We thought one of the nicest set out places we had seen. Unfortunately Terry Paul and family was ride-about too. Back to Bridgetown to Manjimup. Gordon Rowley was ride-about. I noticed that he had quite an array of shrubs and flowers. So on to Pemberton. Knocked back one. Eventually wormed our way into the hotel. Went looking for Ted Loud. Contacted Mrs. Loud but Ted's ute was broken down out bush so had a look at the trout nursery. Nothing spectacular but interesting. Ted found us at the hotel having fixed his broken king pin with a split pin from a bicycle. Promptly hauled us to his club and made sure we had a good time. Ted was waiting 10 a.m. Sunday morning to show us one of the forestry lookout trees, 212ft. which I had said foolishly, the night before, you first I'll follow, but looking at that tree I decided I was on Terra Firma, the more firma the less terror. Our excuse, two good nights in a row was too much. Ted was all for us stopping but we had to travel. Mrs. Loud wanted to present us with a case of apples. Thank you Mrs. Loud, but we had suits, blankets and cases in the back of the car.

We had intended to hit the coast round to Albany. Bert was doing

all the driving and the further we got away the further to get back so cut that plan. Went back to Manjimup to Rocky Gully. Struck pay dirt straight away at Rocky, a hotel sold lager at about 46c a bottle and Gordon Barnes stepdaughter who lead us a dusty chase to the farm where so many persons were standing at the rails watching some event I thought of the old time country race meetings. Gordon's welcome exclamation was not appropriate for Sunday. We were invited to share dinner and noggins. Mrs. Barnes' organising was terrific. With the help of a couple of young ladies dinner was served, kids first, adults next, washed and cleaned up with seemingly no effort. A rest in the shade for half an hour and off to Broomehill to try and locate Alf Hillman. Broomehill was deserted. Even the pub looked dry. A couple of times around and then we had to make direct approach. It happened to be the postmaster's residence. The lady gave detailed directions so we could be quite sure of finding Alf and then remembered Alf was in Perth, at I think a bowls carnival, so made for Katanning where movement must have been heavy because shops had sold out of food.

Easy trip next day through Williams, Armadale and home.

The scene was similar to 30 years ago. Miles upon miles of bush and scattered paddocks but a lot of the enjoyment has vanished. Gone the corrugated gravel roads, all bitumen. Gone the falling axe, it's a Rowley chain saw and bulldozer. Gone the bustle of late seasons. Contract a plane or Marshall's super spreader. Gone the pleasure of milking. "Don't believe Col Doig's milking efforts." I bet there was a milking machine, milk line and waiting tanker somewhere. So many pleasures lost in the march of progress but to me there still seems a lot of open space for more.

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

Alan Luby rang me a few minutes ago. He is in town attending a conference and looking over a new position offering as officer in charge of the Western Districts Ambulance area based at Liverpool. Alan says there is a good chance that he will accept the position, depending on the family's re-action to the move.

Here's hoping Edie and the children will be in favour of it as we could certainly do with Alan's influence in this area. Alan says he saw Ron MacArthur recently in the Grafton area. Ron is now a T.P.I. with arthritis. He also sees Arthur Birch occasionally thundering past in his furniture wagon.

We had a particularly good roll up again this year for the Anzac March and it was really grand to see a few faces there that we hadn't seen since the war. There was Bunny Anderson for one looking slim and very fit. Bunny now works on the railways and has changed very little since I last saw him. His address is 25 Paton St., Way Way. Another whom I haven't seen since the war was Jim Finlay, formerly a Queenslander, but now living at 14 Marie St., Castle Hill, N.S.W. Jim suffered a very serious illness and came to Sydney for medical treatment and having recovered has decided to make his home here. Still a very good looking bloke and it was nice to see him again.

Also making his first appearance was Pte. Dick Burton, still soldiering on at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, A.C.T. Dick is on the General's Staff and expects to move up to north Queensland later this year.

It was great to have our very good friend Bruce McLaren from Melbourne with us for the day. I think Bruce enjoyed himself but I think we rather shocked him by our lack of reverence. I'm afraid that's our usual form up here, Bruce, but what else could one expect with characters like Curly O'Neil and Noel Buckman casting their disrupting influence over the gathering?

Roy Martin was also in town from Griffiths with wife Joyce, but unfortunately they had to leave for home before the march.

Others whom we hadn't seen for a long time were Ernie Wilcox, now residing at 121 Carpenter Rd., St. Mary's; Neil Bray, better known as Fanny Ponsonby, debonair as ever and has now taken up permanent residence at 80 Arthur St., Forestville; Snowy Weir who now works for the P.M.G. and lives at 2 Wonderland Ave., Bondi; Tom Field came down from Wyang. Tom was also here last year and I hope we can look forward to him being a regular. Eric Chapman made the trip from

Swansea and brought with him a very fine banner. Many thanks Eric for the many hours of work you must have put into it and I hope you and your pal Wally enjoyed yourselves. Also down from the smoky city was Noel Buckman, wife Marie and family. Buck hasn't changed one iota over the years, still plays up and says Marie is the greatest wife in the world to put up with him.

Last but by no means least among our out of town visitors, were Angus and Lois McLachlan and their friends Harry and Nola Lithgoe, from Brisbane. The foursome were on the last legs of a touring holiday and decided to give Sydney a social uplift by gracing us with their presence on Anzac Day and for a few days thereafter. I think they were trying to relive their honeymoon days. Anyway they had a lovely time on Anzac Day and were most impressed by our Cabra-Vale Dawn Service and the facilities available at our club. Angus says if this is what poker machines can do for the community he's going to have a word in Mr. Gair's ear as soon as he gets back. Wait till he finds out Lois put the housekeeping money into a bandit and he has to catch rabbits for grub on the way home. You can blame Jacky Keenahan for leading her astray Angus. All jokes aside, mate, it was great to see you again and to meet such "bloody lovely people" as Harry and Nola and your own dear little Lois.

Now to get back to Anzac Day. I must mention the names of others who attended as follows: Jim English, Ron Hilliard, Eric Herd, Ron Tren-grove, Pat Costello, Mick Mannix, Alfredo Dos Santos, Paddy Kenneally, Bill Coker, Snowy Went, Les Collins, Fred Janvrin, Roy Harris, Curly O'Neill, Snowy Weir, Jim Hallinan, John Darge, Bill Hoy, and Joe Tell. I had hopes of seeing Russ Segmans along but he apparently couldn't make it.

We followed the usual routine after the march a thirst quencher down at Hastings Deering in William St., then up to Alfredos' place where Ruby and her helpers had a very tasty lunch waiting for us. Alf and Ruby are always wonderful hosts and we are eternally grateful to them both for their kindness to us. From Alf's we went on to Arncliffe R.S.L. where we were greeted with more food, beer and entertainment. Then just when we were all bloated,

soaked and exhausted, the hardy few staggered off to Ron Hilliards where Pat and her girl friends had beautiful hot soup, tea, coffee and other tasty morsels waiting for us. Ron kept us laughing with the shaggiest dog stories I've ever heard. Many thanks Ron and Pat for your annual contribution to a wonderful day.

I think I'd better end this here. There is still quite a bit I want to comment on but it's getting a bit too unwieldy for one letter so I'll carry on a bit later.

RON TRENGROVE, of 46 Hillcrest Ave., Mona Vale, N.S.W., writes:

As the A said to the B, we should do this more often. That is what I gather from your frequent appeals you would have more of us do—"write letters" that is.

I guess if each one of us gave it sufficient thought we could manage more than a letter apiece per year, but everyone of us says "Let Joe Blow do it. I don't see anyone. What can I write about."

Anyway here is my effort for a long time and I will try with one or two more during the year.

Well, as you will have seen I have found the second book of the history I started to write in 1945 and 46 of my personal angle and happenings on Timor. I can't think or believe that it will be of great interest to many but only to a limited few. If you should decide to give it out in the "Courier" I would like it stressed that it was written when a lot of things were not as clear then as perhaps some years after and if some things about persons, etc., don't seem quite nice or right well let's say it was because I was not in the best of health and one was not as mature as one would like to have been in retrospect.

My only wish is that I could recall what happened from the last venture onward in my story up to our final or my final parting from the Company in February 1943. Places, things that were said, anecdotes, faux pas, etc., without all the little things that were said, acts and one thing and another make a story a story and not a record of dull events.

Anzac Day, 66, has gone and once more a few more faces appear who have not been seen since 45 maybe. Personally I got the greatest pleasure out of shaking hands with instant recognition of Bunny Anderson who I

don't recall seeing since 1943. I may have seen you once, Bunny, before the 40s went out but I doubt it. It's hard to put into words exactly how one feels when you meet someone you have a high regard for. You might say why for one more than another. The reason now or at all is forgotten. Suffice to say 20 odd years were whipped away in a flash as I stepped into line as the boys came along Liz St., and the first new face I see and recognise was B.A.'s. Well after the usual questions, where the hell did you come from? Like as if I had just stepped down from Mars or the moon. Everybody's very polite as you can well imagine. You're late, you b—. Where the hell have you been? Damned near missed us you lazy cow Thanks gentlemen for those few kind words and the ones I didn't hear. You and the bishop can kiss my shady side.

We adjourned as usual to Hastings Deerings in Riley-st. I don't know what you think but I think it's damned nice of old Hastings (1066 and all that) to provide such a convenient spot. If it rains we have cover. If it doesn't we still have cover. We have somewhere to sit around the petrol pumps and there is plenty of room on the footpath for an occasional pedestrian to slip past without interfering with our drinking. There is a handy lav. where we can go to relieve the pressure.

So on to Alfredos to see how many more than last year can we fit in and each year we get more in.

Let me go back a bit. Two more faces appeared, Dick Burton, whom I could not recall yet we trekked around Timor for long enough together and Willie Willcox who sure did come back to me later real clear. Dick first time ever considering how close he has been to Sydney of course when one has eight children one hasn't got much spare time as some of you others would well know. It might have been better if some of you came to the Day more often and got the word about these things. I'm nearly off my rocker with two. I think Willie said he had seven. I may be wrong but some one said it. So now they are settling down and over the honeymoon stage we may see them as regulars. So any more of you fellows who read this remember your age and come next year.

You would have to have a roll

call. Then on to Arncliffe where as usual everything was set up for us. I never got round to seeing everyone or counting heads. We have so many join us now at the march who are not 2/2nd but are footloose or know us, each or all, and for some reason or other join in.

Angus McLaughlin from Queensland, was here on holidays and no doubt will write to you about it. I haven't seen Angus since 43 for sure. Why we didn't call on him the night Fred Otway took me to see Eddie Timms and Fred Bryant I don't know except there was a reason. However we are calling again as we are going north in September instead of going to the Perisher Valley skiing.

Now if I missed anyone else who hasn't been with us on the Day for a long time or ever I am sorry but I left Arncliffe early this year and went over to the Anzac Club at North Sydney. Bill Bennett, Neil Bray, Eric Herd and Yours Truly. We were invited to join the few who were there of the Combined Commando Association at their table which we did Bob Harker being the instigator of this and as I see him at the club quite frequently he still looks gaunt and miserable until he sees someone he knows when he gives you the old smile and hand pump, village style.

I am not sure but the clubs seem to me to be responsible for breaking up the formations as everyone wants to go to his club very soon after the march is over. I may say that I was guilty this year but have noticed this happening increasingly so every year for many years now.

Had I stopped to get stories and information from all those who turned up I guess I wouldn't be at home now (the day after 8 p.m.), but this is where you other fellows can help out the "Courier" if it's only about one other bloke it does help our Editor.

Anyway, enough for now.

BRUCE F. McLAREN, of 6 Bellevue Road, North Balwyn, Victoria, writes:—

Your Editorial of March has got a message over to me, so I am enclosing a few lines of how I observed and enjoyed Anzac Day in Sydney.

I am far from being a scribe but I write as I saw, and I feel this is the only way. I did suggest to the boys

in Melbourne that perhaps next Anzac Day a few of us should go over, for as you can see their hospitality is tops.

Best wishes to you all in the West.

Anzac Day in Sydney
(By Melburnian Mac)

Being in Sydney on business on the Friday before Anzac Day I decided to stop over and see what happens in the big city on this memorable occasion.

On Friday night Curly O'Neil and self paid a visit to Alfredo Dos Santos where we met Roy Martin and his wife who came down from Griffith for the occasion. Alfredo, who I met for the first time, is a wonderful host along with his wife and family, who fed and poured beer most of the night to entertain us. We drank until O'Neil's conscience got the better of him, for Betty was waiting dinner for him which no doubt was ready for 7 p.m.

Before assembling for Anzac Day march a lot of the fellows and myself met again at Alfred's for breakfast. What a wonderful chap who can't do enough for the 2/2nd. I tried hard to bring a little Melbourne decorum to the assembly in the way of a few words on Anzac Day, but was smartly howled down, although I did get the message across (I hope).

We then proceeded to the assembly point where the heavens were good enough to give us a little sunshine without rain, and, after the usual delay off we set.

I personally found the Sydney people most enthusiastic in the reception of the Anzac Day March which was well controlled, no delays and ample bands to march to. The trek down the streets seemed to get longer and longer although I borrowed O'Neil's umbrella to push me along, and just before reaching the finishing point the 2/2nd broke off and proceeded down the hill where a truck was loaded with grog, to quench the thirst of the weary marchers. Back to Alfredo's then where again there was more food and beer to be drunk. It was nice to see fellows like Snowy Weir, Les Collins, Mick Mannix, Paddy Kenneally, and a host of others to chat to after 20 odd years.

The Arncliffe R.S.L., where the 2/2nd meet after the march each year, is typical of the modern and up to date clubs of N.S.W. (bless or

otherwise the poker machines). This is a wonderful home on Anzac Day where beer and food is on the R.S.L., the boys chip in and monies go back to Legacy through the R.S.L.

Among the many chaps and faces that I met were the following: Jim English, Doc Gallard, Ron Hilliard, Jack Hartley, Eric Herd, Ron Tren-grove, Pat Costello, Mick Mannix, Tom Field, Alfredo Dos Santos, Joe Tell, Dick Burton, Angus McLachlan, Paddy Kenneally, Ray Martin, Bill Coker, Snowy Went, Snowy Weir Neil Bray, Les Collins, Fred Janson, Roy Harris, Eric Chapman, Bunny Anderson, Noel Buckman, Jim Hallinan, Jim Finlay, John Darge, Bill Hay, Curly O'Neill.

This I feel was a wonderful turn-up, especially for chaps that come down from so far away. A few of the more sober chaps and myself attended a service held in the park adjoining the R.S.L. at sunset, which to me was most impressive. At about 6 p.m. those who were left adjourned to Ron Hilliard's home where again hospitality was the key note. O'Neill at this stage was fast asleep in the front bedroom. Thanks to Jimmy English, Ron Hilliard, Jack Hartley and lots of others the day was a memorable one for me, and I was sorry that I had to catch the 8 p.m. plane back to Melbourne.

W. F. BRYANT, of 319 Stanley Rd., Carina, S.E.7., Brisbane, writes:—

Quite some time since I last wrote you though one should write more often. Somehow it never gets done. No excuse I guess. Let's put it down to the lack of thought.

You will notice I have filled in the questionnaire about the Great Safari in 1968. I think it a very good idea and will be a starter and it would be nice to see my old mates of the past. We had our good and bad times together but what a great thing it would be to see each other after years that have gone by without sight of each other. It will bring back memories of the past. Great idea this Safari, boys. I congratulate you on the whole idea. Nice work.

I receive the "Courier" each print. I do appreciate it. The wife and I do look forward to it and have quite a yarn over it. Last week Mum sent the sweep butts and cash to you for the raffle. I hope you received it O.K. Also in this note I will send a few bob to help keep the

"Courier" going. It's always nice to receive it.

I am still in the catering game, a game that keeps one pretty busy. Not much time to get around as one wishes, so I am mostly at work and too tired to get out when one gets home. Besides one has to catch up with the odd jobs at home, so actually I don't get around at all.

Well lads, I feel good now I've written so with that I'll say cheerio and best to all.

ANNMIRE WELLER, of 136 Kempton St., Bluff Point, writes:—

Thank you for the lovely present you gave me at Christmas. It was just what I needed. I am very sorry for not writing before now. The book was lovely.

Do you know that I have a baby sister? Her name is Josephine Weller. She is 16 months.

J. HALLINAN, of 72 High Street, Cabramatta, N.S.W., writes:—

Just a line or so to say all are well in this neck of the woods.

Had a cricket match against Arncliffe R.S.L. and had quite a tussle to make same a draw. Of course we suffered a casualty or two but performed very well at sensible point—beside the keg.

Enclosed cheque for tickets and rest for dues, etc.

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

I have made a bad blue with sweep butts. Lost them but will give you names of people so you can write out another book for me. Am enclosing the money. Could you write persons' names on the back and send them to me, also two more books.

This is just a short note. Things haven't been the best for some time now but am improving. Am nearly down to fighting weight. The family are all doing well. I have been doing a job or two on the side lately. Stayed at Hotel Tamahere Davenport, last weekend. The chap who owns it is Alf Miller. Was a W.O. in the 2nd 6th Coy. He is doing alright for himself. Any of his old mates are quite welcome.

It's about 6.30 a.m. Have a few things to do. Find sleep hard to get these days. Have had dope. Don't seem to make much difference. Will write a long letter when I send the other books back.

STAN SADLER, of Box 24, Worgan Hills, W.A., writes:—

Enclosed are ticket butts and a cheque to cover same and membership and so on.

Easter is on us once more and the local tennis tournament is on again. We still have a go, Charlie and I, but nowadays get more hidings than wins. Age is catching up on us, but I can't resign myself to bowls yet.

Shearing is on here, but we've just had the remains of cyclone Shirley and it has drizzled for three days so no more shearing until after Easter.

We have a full team this year. Four shearers, cook, classer and three shed hands. All I do is put the sheep in the yards and take them away after shearing. It is fairly expensive this way, 4/3 per head, but it leaves us free to do other work. Of course there is plenty at this time of the year.

Ran into Bill Drage in Perth a couple of weeks ago. He was always very solidly built, but is now almost square. Looks very well. Retired farmer, chief hobbies golf, beer and fishing. Man after my own heart. I was just about to pick up a Honda 90c.c. motor bike when I met Bill.

These little machines are Jap made beautifully finished for the money, £146. No doubt about the Jap, he is turning out very good articles now, very different to pre-war.

I use this machine for sheep work on the farm. It has a special big sprocket to give it slow speeds, necessary for driving sheep and going over rough ground. I put a box on the carrier and the dog rides behind me. It certainly saves the ute a lot of rough work. They are supposed to do 150 m.p.g. of petrol but I find in actual fact they do 70 m.p.g. in this sort of work which is still very good. I've done a little more than 300 miles so far. Could be a bit bleak in the winter.

Well, I'll close up now. All the best.

BOB WILLIAMSON, of 2 Goldsworthy Cres., North Glenelg, S.A., writes:—

Enclosed please find sweep butts and a cheque to cover these and my annual subs. Usually my butts are just about last in, but with a colossal effort I have got them in early. I am still receiving the "Courier"

regularly and am always interested to read the letters and articles from the old gang. However, despite my good intentions I don't seem to get around to writing very often.

I meet up with Jim Veal and Howard Marks at intervals and we always manage to sink a few ales.

Everything is going very well with Clarice and I and we are both still keen water skiers. I am also still trying to play golf, but am not scaring the experts.

Well that's all for now. Best of luck with the sweep and my regards to all the old gang, especially the old Sappers.

BERT MATTHEWS, of 185 Ravenscar St., Double View, W.A., writes:—

Sorry if I am late with ticket butts but forgot about them until today so decided to take the lot and be hungry and win the lot so am enclosing dollars for tickets and subs, as I think it's about time I put in again.

Hope the sweep is a money maker. Maybe I'll be seeing you down south over the Easter weekend.

W. G. HISLOP, of Gingin Hotel, Gingin, W.A., writes:—

Please find enclosed sweep butts and money. Please use remainder as you see fit.

Kind regards to all the boys and best of luck in the sweep.

A. R. BEVERIDGE, of 44 The Quarter Deck, Merewether Heights, N.S.W., writes:—

Sends in butts, money and says note new address.

MARGARET (for Eric) WELLER, of 136 Kempton St., Bluff Point, W.A., writes:—

This is very short as I am in a tearing hurry. I have been meaning to write for ages but since our last baby arrived I never seem to catch up with anything. She is 15 months now and a bundle of mischief. We called her Josephine Mary.

We are planning for the trip and have filled out the questionnaire. The time preferred I have not filled in but as we can take our holidays during the summer and so many must fit theirs in to meet seasonal commitments as far as I can say at the moment we won't have room for passengers, but if plans change I will let you know. During the

Christmas holidays would mean the school children could come. I must fly.

D. K. JONES, of "Sunnydale", Goomerrie, Qlds., writes:—

Please find enclosed raffle tickets, butts, and cheque, for these and subscription.

During 1965 we moved to Queensland and are concentrating on cattle. Quite a change from wheat which has been our mainstay for the last few years.

L. H. LITCHFIELD, of Mundowdna Station, Maree, S.A., writes:—

Enclosed please find cheque for sweep butts.

I look forward very much to receiving my copies of the "Courier" and appreciate the work you chaps are doing to keep our Association going.

Kindest regards and best wishes to all.

N. CROSSING, of 91 Swan Street, Guildford, W.A., writes:—

Please find enclosed money and sweep butts. I hope it is a big success.

Dick is away in the Kimberleys and won't return in time for Anzac Day, but I hope he will come back in June.

E. H. CRAGHILL, of 169 Vincent Street, North Perth, W.A., writes:—

Please find money and butts enclosed.

JOHN J. POYNTON, of Main St., Great Western, Victoria, writes:—

Herewith cheque for book of tickets, the balance use as you think fit.

I was in Bendigo to a Clay Bird Shoot last week and called to see Kevin Curran. He sends his regards

to you all. He looks well. Wish I could say the same here. Been having rough time this last six months. Have given up hope of doing a further trip to W.A. The boys will have to come and see me.

Re your Safari. Wish I was young enough to join you, although I have done the trip three times, as far back as 1928.

Regards to all.

DORAN, of 6 Lagoon Street, West Mackay, Qlds., writes:—

Please find attached money for tickets and for "Courier". All the best to the Association.

LES and GLORIA ISENHOOD, of 9 Eveleen Street, Cardiff, N.S.W., writes:—

At last these butts and money order are on their way. We all hope the sweep is a great success.

Les is still getting over writer's cramp from 1946. I guess it was writing to all those good sorts. These days he just hates to pick up a pen or pencil and put a few lines to a letter, but give him a mate to talk to and you can't put a stop to him.

Our regards to everyone, particularly to our pals at Melbourne. Am still looking forward to another trip that way.

N. (Joe) PALM, of Mt. Aldis, Quaringa, writes:—

Have been going to drop you a line for some time now. Just not one of those good correspondents I guess.

I see Basher Adams quite often and with the "Courier" arriving I'm keeping in touch.

We've had some terrible seasons and it looks as though we are going into another one. However give my regards to the boys you come in contact with, especially those Section 3 characters.

I am enclosing butts, also extra to help you keep up the good of the Association.

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

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
TUESDAY, JULY 5th, 1966
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

Historically Yours!

FAITA FIBLETS

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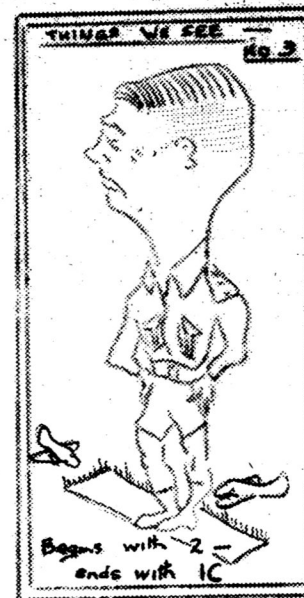
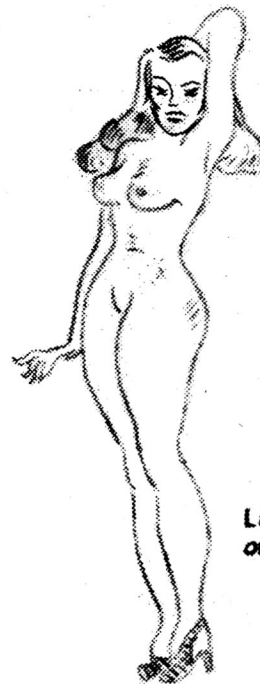
Garoka Grumblings — Moresby Murmurings — Canungra

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



LADIES OUT OF UNIFORM.....

Midge



ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT
TUESDAY, JULY 5th, 1966

HINTS TO YOUNG FATHERS

(By a Confirmed Bachelor)

To Wash The Child

First chlorinate the water. We recommend the MEA river. It is rather soft and not dirty as one Bondi Daddy knows. Remove all contents from your pockets in case the baby cannot swim—mainly tobacco (boong twist most important).

Wash the kid quietly (gag the brat if he screams). Don't use a beer bottle, it may make the child allergic to beer or plonk. It would be considered in the best of pubs to be an unforgivable crime if the child could not drink. Dress the kid in a lap-lap, this prevents chafing and brings peace in the home—maybe. Next feed the _____ or little dear. Give him/her a nice big feed of dehydrated onions, it leaves a beautiful perfume and is guaranteed to drive away all, repeat all, relatives, welcome or unwelcome. Guaranteed to be especially effective for Ma and Pa in laws. Next we recommend our famous dehydrated stew. Will not harm baby's teeth. You continue this method until the infant is six months old, then start on solid foods. Canned beef steak without the tin for the first week or so, and of course you must have some Mills and Ware's army biscuits to strengthen the teeth. The child must not be taught how to handle an Owen gun or hand grenade until it is capable of running a hundred yards in nothing flat. The infant must run as soon as possible—it will live longer. When the child is ill you must take her/him to a doctor. Phone Nokai 1768, after hours 81643, for Cpl. Ritchie. He will supply a goolash. Though I think it would be safer to hit him on the head (the infant I mean). One more thing, the child must, repeat must, be kept away from mountains. They will injure his/her health. For further information (forwarded under plain cover) write to Specialist, c/- Fiblets.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Blond handsome young man, excellent prospects, great lover, and can supply own sheet, wishes to meet blond pretty young girl, view bigamy. Apply "Urgent!" c/- Fiblets.

Wanted, something to do. Apply "Docmac", c/- Fiblets.

Wanted: Some other — to make out these A.B. 83's. Apply M.S.S., c/- Fiblets.

Wanted: The name and armament of the bloke that "put me in" at the concert on Thursday night. Apply "Ben Turpin and Post War Period", c/- Fiblets.

Wanted: Some one capable of driving a jeep without wrecking same. Apply: Leg along me bugger up pinish", c/- "Q" Store.

THIRSTY THOUGHTS

(By Mine's a Pint)

I write this in New Guinea, but my thoughts are far away,
At a certain spot in Sydney, in a street called Castlereagh;
Don't think that I am pining, for the things that I hold dear,
But it's hot up in New Guinea, and by cripes I'd like a beer.

When I'm wandering round the Ramu stained with sweat and feeling blue,
With mud up past my kneecaps, and it sticks like bloody glue,
And I look just like a packhorse, loaded up with all my gear,
Can you blame me if I grizzle, for by cripes I'd like a beer.

When the tropic night has fallen and I doze beneath my net,
Just like a boy of twenty one, I have my dreams and yet,
With all these luscious lasses, I just whisper in their ear,
"I think you're simply lovely, but by cripes I'd like a beer."

So you blokes back there in Sydney, count your blessings two by two,
On every second corner, where they sell the amber brew;
As you lift your foaming tankard, kindly shed a silent tear,
For me up in New Guinea, for by cripes I'd like a beer.

And when at last I'm home again, and out on pleasure bent,
I'll search around the town all day, and count the time well spent,
If I can find a digger mate whose fought for months up here,
For we'll be kindred spirits, and by cripes we'll drink some beer.