



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

THE WINDS OF CHANGE

When Mr. Harold McMillan as Prime Minister of Great Britain, coined the phrase "The Winds of Change" in respect to the position in South Africa and the African continent in general, he did not realise that he had put into the English language a phrase that was to fit so many different aspects of life. Probably it is only a variation of the old standby: "The Turn of the Wheel of Fortune", but all in all it seems to cover the variations in a better manner.

The "Winds of Change" have to a large extent hit your Association. The method of conduct of various functions has altered in a tremendous way. The original concept was a purely male organisation for members only with wives excluded except for an odd night now and again. Latterly this has changed to a marked degree. Certainly there are still many functions such as Anzac Day and the Annual Re-union which follow the original pattern, but these are largely the exception. Picnics, barbecues, car rallies and Ladies' Night which include the womenfolk seem to be part of the new order. Probably the reason lies in the fact that the children are growing up and Mum and Dad like the idea of getting out together with their friends.

Undoubtedly the social atmosphere has improved terrifically as a result of the intermingling and the "Winds of Change" have been most beneficial.

With the passing of the years the mellowing effect on members is most noticeable. The present tendency is to take things much more quietly. Anzac Day Re-unions are no longer numbrustrous affairs. Conversation and song has taken the place of horse play and considering our age it is a good thing. It is also noticeable that those who assemble for such re-unions are all willing and eager to assist to clean up and leave a good impression with the landlord.

The whole affect on the Unit organisation has been one of closer friendship which now includes the family group rather than just the individual member and this can only ensure that the organisation will live on much longer and go on to greater strengths in the future.

Thank God for the "Winds of Change" if it means that we as an Association stick together in a better and brighter way.

JUNE MEETING — TUESDAY, JUNE 7

Second Night of the

MICK CALCUTT MEMORIAL TROPHY GAMES

Be in it and get a better score than Mick Morgan (present leader)

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

APRIL MEETING

The first night of the Calcutt Memorial Trophy games went off with a bang. The attendance of 20 members was good and the competition extra keen. It is a long while since your writer has seen members so keen on a meeting of any description and it bodes well for the future of this competition. We had our teething troubles, naturally, but there was nothing that can't be ironed out easily in future competitions.

The points system devised by the Committee appears to be what was expected of it. This meeting proved that a competitor competing on only one night and doing well, can amass sufficient points to take off the trophy. It also proved that a competitor who attends all three meets can improve his scores to an extent which makes his attendance a bonus and he too could win.

The most successful competitor was Mick Morgan who laid a great foundation for himself with a points score of 13 out of a possible 20. Bill Epps also scored well with 11, and Jack Carey finished up with six. Others to score were Ray Parry, Fred Napier and Joe Poynton with four; Ron Kirkwood three; Arthur Smith and Ping Anderson two, and Harry Sproton one.

The actual results were as follows:

Table Tennis: R. Parry 4 pts., J. Cary 3, R. Kirkwood 2, W. Epps 1.

Bowls: F. Napier 4, H. Morgan 3, W. Epps 2, R. Kirkwood 1.

Darts: H. Morgan 4, J. Poynton 3, A. Smith 2, W. Epps 1.

Quits: W. Epps 4, J. Carey 3, H. Morgan 2, J. Poynton 1.

Rifle Shoot: H. Morgan 4, W. Epps 3, L. Anderson 2, H. Sproton 1.

Remember, you are not out of it if you did not compete last time so make every endeavour to attend the next competition night which will be Tuesday, June 7.

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

ANZAC DAY

This was as per usual. We are getting to the stage where Anzac Day practically organises itself.

Afraid can't say we had a record roll up because we were a bit light on as far as numbers go but it was compensated for by enthusiasm.

The day started by Len Bagley laying a wreath on the State War Memorial on behalf of the Association at the Dawn Service. (This made headlines as it found its way onto the front page of the "Daily News" on Anzac evening as reproduced elsewhere.) Arthur Smith, Bill Epps and Kay Hasson erected the flags on our area in Kings Park. Then came the march. This would be the greatest shambles of all time. The placing of bands was atrocious and reflects no credit on the march organisers. As bad as the march to the Esplanade was it was even worse on the march off past the saluting base. At one stage it appeared that we were not going to have any music at all, and in fact the couple of Units in front of us didn't even have the beat of a drum as they passed the State Governor. It is a wearisome business marching along lines of on-lookers without even the beat of a drum and the whole sorry business came to a close.

This year for the first time Jack Denman lead the march and it was extremely bad luck that he should run into such a shambles. Mick Morgan was back in his old position as standard bearer after leading the march last year.

Re-union at the Drill Hall was on from about noon. Jack Hasson and Arthur Smith had done an excellent job of prior preparation and drinks were immediately available. It was good to wash the taste of that march out of the mouth.

Jack Carey and Jerry Maley did a fantastic job of catering for the needs of the inner man and believe me you couldn't have purchased that meal for a couple of dollars at a pub. Crayfish, prawns, ham and egg pie, gorgeous brawn, sandwiches—you name it, we had it! A really crackerjack re-union.

Mick Morgan managed to get the crowd singing and we had some good entertainment from chaps like "Dusty" Studdy, Mick Morgan, Jim Mc-

DAWN SERVICE ANZAC MORNING 1966



Our wreath was laid by Len Bagley. Others who attended the service were Col Doig, Jerry Green, George Boyland, Arthur Smith, "Spriggy" McDonald, Fred Napier and Bill Epps.

Laughlin, Col Doig and chaps from other Units. We finally quit the Drill Hall at 6 p.m. only to regather at the Bedford Hotel where the fun and games continued.

Believe me there were some terrible sights next day, Yours Truly included. Anyhow Anzac Day comes but once a year so what's the odds!

Among those present were Joe Poynton, Roy Watson, Bill Epps, Fred Napier, Jack Hasson, Jack Cary, Jerry Green, Jerry Haire (at the march only), Gerry Maley, Sprig McDonald, Col Hodson, Geo Strickland, Ray Parry, Jim McLaughlin, Dick Geere (Mr. Moneybags himself), Percy Hancock, Mick Morgan, Alby Friend, Ping Anderson, Len Bagley, "Curly" Bowden, Geo Boyland, Joe Brand, John Burridge, Arch Campbell, Jack Denman, Terry Paul (all the way from Boyup Brook), Rod Dhu, Harry Holder, Mick Holland, Ron Kirkwood, Jack Penglase, Arthur Smith, "Dusty" Study, and Col Doig. There were as usual quite a few from other Commando Units.

It think all who took the trouble to attend voted it a good day and evening and made the usual mental resolve to be there next year.

TRIP SOUTH

This is being chronicled as an Association Activity because this turned into a minor re-union. Jack and Norma Hasson and Kay and Doug, along with their particular appendage Your Editor Col Doig, spent Easter with Clarrie and Grace Turner at Capel. A truly wonderful three days!

We slowly made our way via the coast road through Bunbury to Capel on Good Friday arriving in time for the milking. Luckily for us Clarrie had very few cows in milk but it did help to show the children just how a dairy operates. The usual few beers and then tea.

We had hardly finished tea when Bert Matthews and Frank Freestone arrived. They were doing a leisurely tour of the south west and had already visited Arthur Marshall at Harvey and Bernie Langridge at Donnybrook. The evening turned into a re-union and the empty pile grew apace. This was a truly hilarious evening and I don't think I have seen Frank Freestone laugh so much for ages. We did finally get to bed.

Jack Hasson arose in the morning and decided to assist with the milking moaning the whole time about lack

of breakfast as apparently Clarrie performs the cow drainage chore on a cup of tea only. Jack had no reason to complain as when breakfast did occur he had enough to feed a team of buck navies for a fortnight.

The rest of the Saturday morning was spent looking over the property and feeding the livestock. The kids had a ride on one of the thoroughbreds. Then a few beers and an enormous lunch.

The afternoon was spent on the cot to prepare for the revelries of the evening. The Doig assisted Clarrie with the evening milking and then prepared to take a shower (after a whisky thank God). He was not working at his top and forgot to turn on the hot water (boy, was that water cold). Apparently the hot water system is secreted in the top end of the shower. It is a long time since I got so much soap off with so little water. Boy, did the towel suffer? It took a swift noggin of McCallum Perfection to get the blood circulating again. This caused fantastic guffaws from the Hassons and the Turners (perverted sense of humour).

Saturday evening was a real bush night out with a few ales at the local hostelry and then a barbecue at a nearby farm. The Doig once again managed to stay in the limelight by telling an odd story or so.

Sunday Clarrie gave us a big run around the Capel area (Hasson stayed in bed until the milking was over, couldn't bear that lack of breakfast). The scenic side of Capel is really lovely and Clarrie being a Capelonian from way back knows every nook and cranny and we saw every nook and cranny. He had me lost at about the two mile mark.

Sunday afternoon saw the farewells and the return home. A wonderful weekend and magnificent hospitality. Thanks ten million Grace and Clarrie and hope to ditto repeat some time in the not too distant future.

Perhaps Bert Matthews and Frank Freestone might like to write of their adventures on their trip from Perth around the south west.

JUNE MEETING

7th June, at Anzac House Basement. The second night of the Calcutt Memorial Trophy Games. If you were not in the first effort this is your chance to get points on the score board so be in it.

Melbourne Personalities

Tom Nisbet has received a transfer in his employment with Ampol to Country Sales Manager, Victoria Region and will again be working with the old Laidlaw. Tom expects to take up duty in the very near future. We wish you God speed and good luck in your new position, Tom, and hope you are able to contact quite a few of the boys on your trips around Victoria.

Saw Bill Drage a couple of times during the month as he was down in the Big Smoke for attention to his eyes. He looks as big as a bullock and still the same old Drage. He had a night out with Joe Brand and Joe was noted bashing his ear to good effect.

Another in town was Les Criddle. Les also having a little medical treatment and having a little tonsil oil at the same time. Les looks well and says his large family is thriving.

Missing on Anzac Day was Harry Sproxtton who says he was in bed with the flu.

Good to see children of members succeeding at sport. Latest was Don Bowden who won his Club yatching championship with his Gwen 12, Blondie II. Don made the trip to Queensland this year for the Australian Gwen 12 championships which were held at Bowen.

Ken Hasson, son of President Jack Hasson, also won a trophy for the best bowling aggregate and average in his grade. This was the subject of quite a write-up in the "Daily News".

COMMANDO GIFT 1966

Drawn Anzac House 10-5-1966

First prize: C2290, T. Jones, Capital Hill, Canberra, A.C.T.

Second prize: B2551, L. Litchfield.

Third prize: A1591, C. Booth, W.A.M.E.

Consolation prizes:

A1624, F. Gardiner.

A40, Ray Aitken.

B2758, J. McLean, 2 Goldsworthy Crescent, North Glenelg, S.A.

C551, K. Hallinan, Cabramatta, N.S.W.

A1969, J. L. Scott, co. 7 Crosby St., Floreat Park.

A615, H. Brand, 31 Maisie Crescent, Wembley Downs.

B358, Kaye Millington, 10 Venn Street, Bunbury.

A1924, J. Pace, P.W.D., 8th Floor.

B1775, M. Creelman, 65 3025.

A653, G. Brown, 26 Scadden St., Wembley.

C1314, J. Rose, 82 Byron Street, Hillstone, N.S.W.

C2785, co. R. Finklestein, co. BFM Pty. Ltd.

A741, J. C. Burridge.

B1801, Lyn Myers, A.N.Z. House, 84 St. George's Tce., Perth.

C1681, C. Hoffman, Porphy.

B1108, A. Rowley, Flinders Bay.

A665, Margaret Burges, Box 224, Katanning, W.A.

C1322, A. Dos Santos, 19 Goodchap St., Surrey Hills, N.S.W.

B2102, A. Bidstrip, 29 4th Ave., Mt. Lawley.

A1820, B. & J. Filodart, Joon-danna.

B1671, T. Sproxtton, Rudloe Road, Morley Park.

B668, A. O'Connor, Box 97, Bus-selton.

C1915, F. A. Craigie, 70 Penny-quick St., Rockhampton, Qld.

C2281, H. Kingdom, Capital Hill Hostel, Canberra.

A1684, D. Geere.

A1711, L. Glasson, Wyndham.

A776, A. Campbell, 36 Ardross Cres., Mt. Lawley.

A2414, G. Holmes, Cranbrook.

C984, Miss M. McEwan, 11 Brae-side Avenue, Keiraville, N.S.W.

C1946, W. Dorham, 6 Lagoon St., Mackay, Qlds.

C1867, W. J. Connell, 101 Ashley St., Fairfield, Qld.

A2335, Jean Holland, 270 Orrong Rd., Carlisle.

C2301, S. Kapsalis, Capital Hill Hostel, Canberra, A.C.T.

B1565, Vince Yovich, P.F.C.

B940, Blue, 31 Waddell Street, Palmyra.

C2693, Hope, 3 Mt. Henry Rd., Como.

B2043, D. K. Turton.

A207, J. E. Barnes, Box 151, Northam.

A2131, Julie Herbert, Box 41, Nungarin.

A2970, T. Marshall, Harvey.

A230, J. E. Barnes, Box 151, Northam.

C2154, J. Palm, Mt. Aldis, Duaringa, Qld.

B1649, T. Sproxtton, Rudloe Rd., Mt. Lawley.

C2138, F. Otway, 98 Wecker Rd., Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

C2993, co. R. Finkelstein, BMF Pty. Ltd.

C1941, Robyn Dorham, 6 Lagoon St., West Mackay, Qld.

A953, C.R.C., 124 Nanson Street, Wembley.

B1883, Mrs. R. Adam, Ludlow. A629, B. Reck, co Zoo.

C2158, V. Palm, Mt. Aldis, Duaringa, Qld.

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Victorian Vocal Venturings

Committee meeting held in Bert Tobin's office on Tuesday, 29-3-66. Present: Bert Tobin (in chair), Alan Munro, Bill Tucker, Jim Robinson, George Robertson, George Kennedy, John Southwell, Jim Wall, George Veitch, Harry Botterill, apology from Bernie Callinan.

Arrangements were made for the Anzac Day Re-union at the 2nd Commando Coy. Drill Hall at Ripponlea. Decided to hold the re-union as usual after the Anzac March in the morning.

Discussion took place re Safari from West for 1968 and it was decided to immediately set aside \$300 for this important event.

A working bee to Elva Davidson's place for May 1 was decided, to have wood cut for the winter and general tidy up.

Anzac Day March was up to usual attendance. We marched with the Combined Commando Companies, and for the first time the march went straight through without a single hold-up. Noticed a few of the boys were showing a bit of puff at the end. Must be getting older. We went straight on to our re-union after the march where eats and liquid refreshments were quite plentiful.

Was very pleasantly surprised to see when entering the Drill Hall the familiar face of Tom Nesbit with Geoff Laidlaw. Tom had flown in that morning and he is to become a Victorian as he has transferred from the West. Welcome Tom, we will be very pleased to have you with us.

Kevin Curran from Bendigo, Bluey Sargent from Epalock, Mitch from Bandianna, and Ken Monk from

Poowong, were country visitors, also Baldy came up from Geelong, got a leave pass from the school and thoroughly enjoyed himself. Tommy Coyle was also there. He has moved to Noble Park now so we should see more of him. Another surprise was seeing Jack Renehan looking a perfect picture of health and the size of the local brewery.

A few names noticed during the day, apologies for any I may have missed: Peter Piper (off one of the boats supplying Timor in 1942), Geoff Laidlaw, Tom Nesbit, Ken Monk, Alf Grachan, George Robertson, Bluey Sargent, Tommy Coyle, Gerry McKenzie, Jim Robinson, Jim Wall, Kev Curran, George Kennedy, Keith Cooper, Bert Tobin, Alan Munro, Bill Tucker, George Veitch, Baldy Sandy McNabb, Morrie Smith, Jack Renehan, Bernie Callinan, Ken Boast Paul Costello, Bluey Southwell.

We had our usual small ceremony and Gerry McKenzie gave the address. Bert Tobin read out the list of fallen, and Bluey Sargent laid the wreath by the Honour Roll.

It was a very good re-union and all seemed to enjoy themselves, plenty of singing and some good individual items. Baldy singing "Casey Jones", Geoff Laidlaw "Sweet Violets", don't know whether this is the right title but these words appeared quite a lot. All in all a very good day.

Some new address for the "Courier": T. Coyle, 1293 Atherton Road, Noble Park; Jack Renehan, 113 Sackville St., Collingwood; Alan Boast, Box 90, Clayton.

That's all the news for now, until next time, all the best.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

Historically Yours!

FAITA FIBLETS

incorporating

Garoka Grumblings — Moresby Murmurings — Canungra

Vol. 1. No. 4.

9th January, 1944.

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

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

THAT ROAD TO TOKIO

First issue of the London "Times" each day is printed on special paper and delivered to Buckingham Palace by a King's Messenger. It seems a pity, therefore, that the circulation of "Fiblets" does not permit of a copy being delivered to Tojo. Maybe it would then enter his militaristic skull, the utter impossibility of carrying on a war against a nation that makes laughter from doings in the world's grimest sport—war.

As a newspaper man who has faced the rigours of muddy roads in jeeps, who has a definite twitching of the feet at the sound of opposition fire, one feels a little ashamed when with the 2/2 Cav. (Commando) Sqn. The very friendliness of the men who have blazed new and dangerous trails in the anti-Axis fight, gives a rather "choco-fied" feeling.

Your Timor exploits were given space in the newspapers of the free world; commando-like you have gone into the blue again since then, but if hard writing will help—and a lenient censor allow—the second instalment of your thrilling story will go to the people, letting them know that the 2/2 Commandos are carrying on.

"Faita Fiblets" comes as a pleasant shock to the stranger. It is more than a Unit paper—it is an outlet for talent that is plainly shown in sketch, verse and humour in capturing the personalities of Unit members. Your title incorporates many other publications. May I express the hope that "Tokio Tumbings" incorporating "Faita Fiblets" will be ready for other Australian troops when they follow you into Japan.

You have climbed many hills and toiled up many mountains in the past. You know that bigger and more difficult ones stretch before you, but I

am sincere when I wish you happy patrols across them, bigger and better ambushes, and softer beds in the Palace of the ex-Son of Heaven.

King Wood, Public Relations Representing Australian War Correspondents.

LIES

(by Dorothy Cram Kirkwood)

NEW GUINEA:

To 7-months fighting, patrolling Commandos came entertainment fun, as Lieut. Steyne, leading concert party arrived Faita, brought happiness to hard living, beef eating troops. Much merriment provoking were tropical skits, jokes caused belly laughs. Greeted with "oohs", "ahs" was female impersonator, hitherto strong men gnashed teeth, raved at memory stirring voice and dress. Cracked, horse laughing "Beau Bryant": "A spin if (s)he'll sit on my bed for two or five minutes."

LANDING:

Meanwhile to weight dropping, war weary, Intel. Sgt. Kirkwood, came gullible boys for confirmation of closest confided furrphies. "Jew hear Yanks have landed between Madang and Wewak, landed Rabaul, Japs have new type automatic 75mm. to fire A.A. or torpedoes; cause of recent bridge collapse on road was midget subs with R.A.N. crews led in by Boomerangs." To all furors the debonair "I" gave confirmation, denials, amendments, made "off the record statements". "Units 6th Army will land between Madang - Bogadjim within week." "I" wishes to notify all ranks all ranks to obviate queries, that due consideration of Sitreps, A.B.C., B.B.C., N.B.C., and San Francisco news broadcasts, he is of the

opinion (and may be quoted as saying such) that we are winning the war. This viewpoint will remain static until such time as the next Allied plane crashes in this area, when the situation will be reviewed in the light of understatement in our losses in communiques and the fact that the Jap air force is NOT dominated and beaten, as our propagandists inform us.

ENGINEERING MIRACLE:

To drome bereft U.S. Army Air Force came heartening news that Fajita airstrip is serviceable once more. Loss of this strip came as hard blow to overworked pilots, flamed fire of jealousy between rival air forces when U.S. Navy based Catalina, circled, landed three weeks ago. As gall to Army pilots were words of Cat piloting "proop Ikenbastad": "Apart from a light spray Cat landed like a duck." Army prodded whip wielding Capt. Turton, quoted Lae, Nadzab, Gusap. Sappers were roused, worked, spades flashed, trees fell. At end of week Unit nicknamed "Strip" Turton gave O.K. to eagerly

awaiting transport pilots; first plane landed reported good; more followed. McArthur announced to world: "Engineering feat equalled only by Panama Canal." The Sappers slept.

DEE DIX

Dear Miss Dix,

I have been married for eight months to a boy in New Guinea, whom I love very much. He has written to me, asking me to buy him two pairs of briefs, size 34, but he forgot to enclose the coupons. Shall I tell him there's a war on or will I use my last ten coupons. Can you advise me? (Sgd.) "Wondering".

P.S. I have some nice scanties in my bottom drawer. Do you think he would like those instead?

I'm afraid your husband knows there is a war on. T'was only yesterday he was observed diligently exerting energy chasing butterflies as part of his war effort. He really should conserve it. After all briefs are brief said scanties from bottom drawer. Have them filled and sent

RETURNING FROM AN 8-DAY PATROL — CROSSING THE RAMU RIVER



From left to right: L. Anderson, T. Towers, L. Bagley, J. Hallinan, two native boat boys, K. Curran (obscured), M. Wheatley, D. Dexter, B. Giles.

to him. Anyway, what's a coupon or two between husband and wife? Not everything is rationed, besides those paper scanties are so "tearable". (This letter to Miss Dix came from —Australia. Ed.)

SIX GOOD REASONS FOR MARRIED LIFE

1. Propagation of the species.
2. Spiritual companionship.
3. Cheaper living.
4. Free labour.
5. Personal gramophone.
6. Non-stop gossip column.

SIX REASONS AGAINST MARRIED LIFE

(by G.B.B. of "A" Troop)

1. Propagation of species is only an excuse for ????
2. Spiritual excuse is only possible after excess of (1) above.
3. Cheaper living if other half works.
4. Free labour known to be very contrary in this respect.
5. Personal gramophone. After 1st month U.P.B. usually found in pub with G.B.A. to escape same.
6. Non-stop gossip column. Admittedly unsurpassed.

Note: Authorities for the above: Cpl. Otway (Chief Bach.), Pte. Jones (Gentleman), Book of Life.

- (1) U.P.B.: Unfortunate Poor
- (2) G.B.B.: Glorious Brotherhood of Bachelors.

MY DAZE

For the benefit of well wishing anonymous enquiries, I am in a position to state definitely that the female impersonator was impersonating. My injuries may be viewed at H.Q., between the hours of 1800 and 1830. C'est le Gueere!

A certain well known member of "C" Troop is reported as "Malaria Malingering". Banjo weary troopers are keeping a weather eye cocked and making the most of it—the fireworks display, by the way has nothing to do with premature optimism on the part of said troopers.

Rumour has it, a bloke from the Transport Section, eats his meals standing up these days. Quite a number of washers engraved with the initials K.G. are to be found by in-

terested souvenir hunters in the Tabusu area.

Another Candid Camera fiend in the form of an envoy of Public Relations from the Divvy arrived in camp this week. Travelling under the monicker of Norm (Fitzpatrick Traveltalks) Stucky, he claims to have started at the French Postcard School of Photographic Art and worked down.

The Hot Doig hopes you savejoy 't of fun.

Pleasant periods,
Fanny Ponsonby.

CIGARETTE, CIGAR, PIPE (Which Do You Prefer?)

Bad men want their women to be like cigarettes. Slender, trim, to be selected without much thought, set aflame, and when the flame has subsided, discarded.

THE FASTIDIOUS MAN wants his women to be like a cigar. They're more expensive, make better appearance, last longer, and after all, if the brand is good, they are seldom discarded.

THE GOOD MAN wants his women to be like his pipe. Something he becomes attached to, knocks gently but lovingly, fondles in a dreamy sentimental mood, and gives greatest care and consideration.

NOTE: A man will give a cigarette, offer you a cigar, but he never shares his pipe.

—Philosopher Fullarton.

IN REPLY TO SGT. KIRKWOOD'S 2-1-44

Sgt. Kirkwood,
Ref. SMELLS:

The "Maestro De Salle Privees" has no record of the rarer odours. If you can describe the type and Mk., he will no doubt be able to enlighten you. For your guidance the category of the odour of which you speak may come into the FIZZ, FUZZ, ANTI-FIZZY FUZZ, SPLASH, or colour classes. In conclusion Almar Lubyman, has been quoted: "All foxes smell their own holes." While another school of thought says: "It's a poor man who cannot tolerate a comrades' breath."
—Squadron S.M.

GREAT SAFARI

Get those Questionnaires back to Box T1646 or your State Branch

Random Harvest

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

Please find attached my ticket butts, together with notes to cover the sales.

Well, we had a beaut sunny Anzac Day at Geraldton and it enabled a few Double Red Diamond types to have a "few" noggins together and also a good chin-wag.

Nip Cunningham and I marched together in the Dawn Parade and then enjoyed a "couple" of coffee and rums at the gunfire breakfast for which our R.S.L. Auxiliary members had been cooking albacore during the wee hours of the morning.

A record crowd, estimated by the R.S.L. State Executive member and former Geraldton Secretary, Jim Buckle, to be 4,000, attended the 11.30 civic commemoration at Birdwood House. Sub-Branch President John Spendlove hit the nail on the head when addressing the huge assembly, including numerous children's groups who had taken part in the march. Mr. Spendlove commended the memorials such as Birdwood House which gave service to the community, just as the people they commemorated gave "service" by paving the way for what was proudly known as their Australian way of life. However, they could build a greater memorial by making Australia a greater and better place in which to live. Addressing particularly the large number of youth assembled, Mr. Spendlove said this could best be achieved by good, loyal citizenship, as exemplified by people in various spheres who were today building Geraldton and the region into something of which they could be justly proud.

Nip Cunningham was again a proud man on Anzac Day. His younger daughter, Jan, occupied an important position in the parade when as a Queen's Guide she marched with her contingent, swinging her arms in a style which would have done justice to any army instructor. (After marching alongside her father, Nip, earlier that day, it's easy to see whose style she emulates.)

After the 11.30 parade (which featured a wreath-laying ceremony at which about 50 wreaths were laid by representatives of various organisations) Bill Drage and Yours Truly

ly sat down to an enjoyable "session" of the amber fluid, arranged by the R.S.L. in Birdwood House. We had a good old yarn, but unfortunately I had to return to work as I had my usual news bulletin to complete.

Bill is looking in the pink of condition and would recommend Geraldton to anyone wishing to follow his example and retire, or to anyone who would like to settle in a rapidly expanding provincial centre with a second-to-none climate. Although they live at Geraldton, Bill and his wife often visit their old stomping grounds at Northampton and made their latest trip to attend the golf opening as Patron and Patroness of the Club (this might be a unique honour because I haven't heard of a husband and wife combination holding these positions in any other club).

Eric Smythe also appears to be in the pink of condition and continues to be a keen member of the Yacht Club and still a successful competitor with his catamaran "Safari" which he sails with his accountancy partner, Graham Leevers. His two daughters, Jan (16) and Erica (14) are following in Dad's footsteps with their Gwen yacht "Safari the Second". They have already won a couple of trophies and a few flags, including a consistency trophy, and are believed to be the only all-female crew sailing a Gwen in W.A. at least.

Tom Foster of South Australia (but originally of Geraldton) was here during Easter to have a look at a farming property and had an enjoyable noggin or two with Eric Smythe. Now, as I write this letter on May 2, I am told that Tom Foster's son Richard arrived here today to work on a farm, and was met at the airport by Eric.

Mrs. Smythe, too, has been in the news. She helped make history in Geraldton church circles at least, when she was one of the two preachers at two church services conducted entirely by women in the Presbyterian Church. "Twy" Smythe chose "Long Soup" as her subject, referring to recipes for soup and likening the different types of vegetables and their qualities to the different personalities of people they met every day.

"Twy" said the recipe of life was.

to appreciate other people's qualities, because even though they might not appeal to everyone, they contained a lot of goodness just like the various vegetables that made up a soup. In fact, they contained something from which other people could learn for the benefit of the community in general.

Bruss Fagg's wife Joyce, of Northampton, has also been in the news. She recently met a sister, Mrs. Peg Bentley, of Melbourne, for the first time in 16 years—and in a most unusual manner. The meeting took place on Tommy Hanlon's T.V. show in Melbourne. Joyce Fagg (Bill Drage's sister) won the free trip to meet her sister, after her niece submitted an application to the Tommy Hanlon Show.

Well, so long for now, with kind regards to all the boys.

JIM SMAILES, of Useless Loop, via Shark Bay P.O., W.A., writes:—

A few lines with enclosed butts and cheque. Take out another three books in my name, making five in all, and see if you can't get me a winner sometimes. All the best for the success of the sweep, and continued financial stability to the Organisation.

I was in Perth recently for a few days, but just could not quite get around to seeing and doing all the things I wanted to.

The job up here is particularly interesting, and a mighty one, huge dimensions such as distances, isolation, costs and general problems. The tonnages involved and expenditure goes into millions rather than thousands and staggers me sometimes. There is no doubt the north is big, involving big thinking and planning over long periods of time.

The climate here is very nice, however, never too hot nor cold. It is nice being able to cast a line in now an dthen and catch a real fish. It is amazing what fish are about at times. The roads are not bad either, and I get to Perth occasionally by car, it being a 12 hour trip per Falcon.

Often hear of some of the Geraldton-Northampton boys but have not caught up with any as yet. Believe Bill Drage has been in one time (hence all the empty bottles along the road). Would always like to see any of the gang who do venture up this way. There is always

some sort of a bed and a table to put the feet under.

My two boys joined up with the army about three years ago and are now both overseas. John has been in Vietnam for the full term of No. 1 R.A.R. and is due home in May. Will be 20 in August. Has been wounded and had malaria twice. Also has some very concise answers to some of the rot published in the letters to the paper, and the types carrying placards in the streets. Vince has been in Malaya but is now in Borneo. Both of them are volunteers and proud of it. Would not miss it for worlds. Makes me feel old. Daughter Anne completing her Leaving this year then going nursing at Charlie's Place for her training.

I will give a longer screed on Vietnam, as described by young John in his letters. It is a bad business, but must be, I am afraid. Our boys over there do not appreciate the divided view in Australia today. The politics of it are a disgrace to fighting men.

Well enough for now, and more a little later. I am pretty good in health and holding the 60 odd slaves to the job to the satisfaction of a really good board of directors. We will be in production by the end of this year if all goes to schedule. Who knows I may get a trip to Japan on one of the salt ships.

Cheers for now and regards to the gang.

YVONNE JOHNSON, of Box 7, Koorda, W.A., writes:—

I am sorry that I left it so late to write to you. I hope you are well. I'm writing this letter to thank you for the lovely Christmas box you sent me. That is all now.

LORRAINE JOHNSON, of Box 7, Koorda, W.A., writes:—

I hope you are all well and having a good holiday.

We went to Rockingham for our holidays on Boxing Day.

My brothers, John, Norman, Trevor and me, all thank you for the lovely Christmas box you sent us.

On the 14th of February when school starts, I will be going to my first year of High School in Wyalkatchem. That's all for now. Goodbye!

I am very sorry I left it so late.

**L. A. CRIDDLE, c/- W.A.G.R.,
Three Springs, W.A., writes:—**

Well, folk, here I am, pen in hand. To pick one up is like a black snake to me but all is well at home, wife and family well, children—most of them are at school so all is quiet. The oldest girl is at high school, second year.

Forwarding ticket butts, also a cheque for same and a little extra for subs.

The season has got off to a good start. Had two inches of rain about April 4. Pen short of ink, will have to change over. Well, as I said, had good rain and the feed is off to a good start, plus the farmers are ripping up the loam ready for seeding. They all had a bumper year last year and this year may be another one, although two years previous was too wet. Good for the grazier but not for wheat.

Received the "Courier" yesterday and was very pleased to here all the boys are well. They never seem to grizzle so all must be well

Saw Irish Hoppy some months ago and he looked in the pink. Had a couple with him also his good wife. Stricky was up this way last year but didn't see much of him as I promised I would go to Coorow and have a day out but it didn't eventuate.

Well folk, there isn't much news around so will close off for now, wishing the boys all the best in the future. May be down for a few days shortly so may see some of them, but won't be going as hard as the time we met last with Ted Loud.

**JERRY HAIRE, of 59 Monk Street,
South Perth, W.A., writes:—**

I had the pleasure recently of meeting Stan Payne and his son at Merredin. It was so long since Stan and I had met that we eyed one another off for a little while like a couple of wary carni-barts before deciding that we really knew each other. This is not to suggest that the years have drastically altered Stan's appearance—he looks remarkably well.

Both Stan and his son have decided to catch up a bit on space-age techniques and they are learning to fly. By now each is probably fully qualified. I don't know how many other pilots there are in the Unit but Stan certainly makes one. Perhaps a time will come when he'll take another

look at Timor—this time from a comfortable box seat as it were. Good luck to him.

Enclosed please find cheque to cover sweep and sub. Best wishes for a successful draw.

**M. L. WHEATLEY, of 253 Fulham
Street, Cloverdale, W.A., writes:—**

Just a few lines with butts and cheque. The extra dollars for the "Courier", etc.

I'm working my water tanker on a part of the Standard Gauge, near Robbs Jetty at present. Had a spot of bad luck last night as some thieving b—— broke open my tool box and got all my tractor tools and grease gun. I'd like to put a bullet in his guts.

Anyway I was glad to have this job come up as I was thinking about going roo shooting again.

I hope this finds you keeping well and the same goes for all the gang.

**BILL HOLSTEIN, of Harrington,
N.S.W., writes:—**

Hello mate. Do you still chew that quinine bark or maybe you have found something more nourishing?

Am still hoping for the day I can visit you in that city of the West and have a drink with a few of the boys.

Am enclosing money for butts and "Courier". If any of the tickets win a prize put it into general funds.

Will close wishing you all the best.

**F. P. "Nip" CUNNINGHAM, of 182
Augustus Street, Geraldton, W.A.,
writes:—**

I am enclosing money order plus sweep butts. Wishing the sweep every success. Sending my best wishes to all the old gang.

**EDDIE ROWE, of Pine Creek, Can-
ungra, Qlds., writes:—**

Please find enclosed ticket butts and money, also subs.

Pleaseled every one of the old mob are doing fine as we all are here.

We look forward to receiving the "Cour'er". Champion reading in it.

Leslie, our eldest son, went down to Brisbane tonight for his army medical. He has had his call up for National Service. He should pass easily.

We haven't had the best of weather over this way. Had very dry weather but we have done extra well considering.

I'll close now. All the best to all the boys.