



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

25th ANNIVERSARY OF OUR FIRST ACTION

The 19th February, 1967, is the 25th anniversary of the Units first action at Dilli.

The night of 19/20th February, 1942, will continue to live vividly in the minds of all those who faced the enemy for the first time. The story of this encounter has been recounted many a time and oft and "The Drome Show" will always be part of our glorious history.

Much water has flowed under the bridge since those hectic days when first the heat of battle descended upon us. Many of the youths of that show are now grandfathers which shows that the passage of time is swift indeed. Practically everyone involved in this first action has settled down to a steady civilian existence and army days are far behind, but the memories will live on for ever.

The solid training the Unit received prior to embarkation stood us in good stead when the testing time arrived but this was offset to a great

extent by the ravages of malaria which had stricken most of the troops and left them weak and listless. It can be truly said that we acquitted ourselves with some measure of glory in our first action and this was to be the pattern of things to come.

The rest of the campaign in Timor and the following campaigns in New Guinea and New Britain followed the high plane set by our initial action. In fact the blooding of the troops and the experience gained probably made our Unit unique in its kind in the Australian Army.

We were indeed fortunate in the high quality of our reinforcements who added terrific lustre to an already great Unit. War history records that we served the greatest length of time against the enemy of any Unit in the Australian forces. We were used up in a terrific way in the most lengthy of campaigns but there was never any slackening of effort from first to last.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

KINGS PARK

SUNDAY, 19th FEBRUARY, at 3.30 p.m.

followed by

BARBECUE AT HOLLAND'S

270 Orrong Road, Carlisle

The passing of 25 years has probably added glamour to what was damned hard work at the time but the sense of satisfaction in a job well done still remains.

We might pause awhile at this point to give some deep thought to those who were less fortunate than ourselves, who paid the supreme sacrifice.

Our first battle casualties occurred on the 19/20th February, 1942, and these, of course, were not to be the last. These brave souls have long been with their just reward.

The point of the matter is: "Was it all worthwhile?" This is the complete enigma of all wars.

Only the passing of time can decide what was won and what was lost.

After 25 years it does seem extremely doubtful if we gained what we fought for and that was a better world to live in. The offsetting

feature is that at the time we did assist in stopping an invasion of Australia with all the ravages that would have come in its wake. Probably our mothers, sisters and other loved ones left behind would agree that anything that saved them from the terrors of invasion was a worthwhile effort.

Let us close off the debit and credit of the campaigns by saying that we did what was asked of us in the best possible way and did not ask for any particular rewards.

The Branch in W.A. is taking the opportunity to hold a Special Commemoration Ceremony in our area in Kings Park on Sunday, Feb. 19, 1967, and this will be followed by a barbecue. It behoves all those who possibly can to make the supreme effort to attend on this occasion and pay due homage to our fallen comrades.

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

Due to the Christmas-New Year season there has been a lull in the usual activities of the Association, but we will be under way for 1967 in a big way from now on.

DECEMBER MEETING

This took place on Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1966, at Anzac House Basement and was a Bucks' Night when friends could be invited. The Association took the opportunity of bringing along Mr. Calcutt Snr. to present the Calcutt Trophy to the winner, Mick Morgan.

Mr. Calcutt was accompanied by his son Syd who thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the show. Mr. Calcutt at the age of 91 gave a wonderful speech in which he complimented the Association on the idea of the trophy games and congratulated Mick Morgan on his victory, but said he must be considered a bit lucky as he only won by a single point from Bill Epps.

Mick responded in the usual breezy Morgan manner and in doing so exhorted all that could to make a truly

strong effort to be in it to win it next year.

President Jack Hasson presented Mr. Calcutt Snr. with a Unit tie and also the very first of our new colour patch tie clips, as a memento of the occasion.

The rest of the evening was taken up with a bit of singing and a lot of fun. We are once again indebted to Syd Dixon for coming along and playing the piano for us.

The evening proved to be a fitting wind-up to what had been a good social year as far as the Branch is concerned and reflects great credit on Jack Hasson's ability to give the Association drive in its social functions.

FEBRUARY MEETING

This will have been held by the time this edition gets to you but it is to take the form of a minor sports night.

SPECIAL COMMEMORATION SERVICE

This is an important function to mark the Silver Anniversary of our first action in Timor. It will be held as usual at our area in Lovekin Drive, Kings Park, commencing at 3.30 p.m. After the service a bar-

becue evening has been arranged to take place at the home of Jean and Mick Holland, 270 Orrong Road, Carlisle. All who attended the wonderful function held at the same place during the Games Re-Union will be able to appreciate what a terrific venue this is.

Members from far and wide are sincerely urged to make a supreme effort to get to this service and make it the best commemoration we have ever held.

MAIMED AND LIMBLESS BOWLS NIGHT

Once again we have been invited to join the Maimed and Limbless Association in a bowls evening at their headquarters in Collins Street, West Perth. Although this is a little short on notice, Friday, Feb. 24, we are hoping for a pretty good roll up of both males and females. In the past this has always been a No. 1 night and anyone who has already attended can guarantee you of an evening of fun and games.

MARCH MEETING

This will take the form of a guest speaker who is being brought along by John Burrige. His name is John Sweeney and I believe he is a really good egg who will be able to hold our attention without any trouble. Once again please make every effort to attend and thus show our guests that we appreciate the fact that they give up their time to speak to us.

GREAT SAFARI

Watch the March edition of the "Courier" for what will be the real starting point of this great Re-union.

A sub-committee comprising Jack Hasson, Len Bagley, Harry Sproton and Col Doig are working like beavers to get down to tin tacks and get an itinerary ready for the March edition. You are asked to co-operate with great urgency in your replies to any questionnaires which will require your attention.

CALCUTT MEMORIAL TROPHY GAMES

You will also be advised in the March edition of the form these games will take this year and the nights they will be held.

PAT DA LUZ

FICAREI CONTENTE COM A SUA COMPANHIA!

Every member of our Association throughout Australia joins in extending the hand of friendship to our newest Honorary Member. Not many knew him personally but a great number had heard of his exploits. We say "Welcome" to Pat da Luz, presently Consul for Portugal in Darwin and previously "Honorary" member of 2/2nd Independent Company and "Z" Special Force.

Probably Pat's oldest link with the Unit was with Dave Ross in Dili. Pat was Radio Operator in Dili before the war and was instrumental in pinching that transmitter from the Japs just after "Winnie the War Winner" had established contact.

Pat was evacuated to Australia, trained in Victoria and landed back in Timor by an American sub. He remained in Timor until the end of the war.

We are proud to have you with us, Pat, and hope that our association is a long and happy one.

Committee Comment

Only one meeting of the Committee has been held since last we issued a "Courier". This was held at Anzac Club on Jan. 17, 1967.

A considerable discussion took place regarding the proposed Memorial in Timor. Mr. Burrige was able to inform the meeting that he had had a letter from the Australian Consul in Dilli to the effect that the Portuguese Governor was all in favour of our proposal for a rest house and also the site had been approved and generally speaking he was 100 per cent our way. However there was one fly in the ointment in that the Australian Consul thought it might be some time before we got this in writing from the Portuguese authorities.

It was resolved to have the Secretary pursue the matter further with both the Portuguese authorities and the Consul.

A working bee to clear the Kings Park area of bark and debris was arranged for Sunday, Feb. 29.

Sub-committees as under were approved to enable the various functions to move along with smoothness: Great Safari: Hasson, Bagley, Sprox-

ton, Doig. Commemoration Service for Feb. 19: Hasson, Epps, Carey, Doig. Calcutt Memorial Trophy: Poynton, Carey, Epps, McDonald, Doig. (It appears Doig talks too much and found himself on everything.)

Mr. Burrige offered to arrange for a guest speaker for the March meeting and his offer was accepted with alacrity.

It was decided to conduct a sweep along similar lines to last year and once again Col Doig was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

All in all a most profitable meeting and a lot of important business was disposed of in good time.

Personalities

It is with regret that we have to advise of the deaths of parents of two of our members since last we went to press. Wilf March and Gerry Maley both lost their mothers. We extend our sincere sympathy to both Wilf and Gerry in their sad loss.

Jack and Norma Hasson's daughter Kay has been on a Y.A.L. tour of the Eastern States, going as far as Cairns and was able to greet Arthur Marshall's daughter Terry who was also on this trip. While on the subject of the Hassons, son Ken has returned to the West and has been posted to H.M.A.S. Diamantina after doing his specialist course in radar at Watson in Sydney. Ken is always a great worker at any of our busy bees in Kings Park.

Was able to see Don Turton and his family over Christmas and had an enjoyable couple of days down on his farm.

Also saw Clarrie and Grace Turner for a weekend and had a most enjoyable run down the coast as far as Caves House where we took in a session. All send their best wishes to the gang.

A most welcome but brief visitor was David Dexter who was over here in his capacity as Secretary of the Universities Commission. Dave and I had a most enjoyable evening and he was full of questions on all the gang and I did my best to bring him up to date. Also gave him a few chores to do for us. Dave especially sends his greetings to the gang.

Had a nice day out with Rod and Doris Dhu and Terry and Ivy Paull

at Mandurah over the long weekend in January.

Saw a cutting from a Melbourne paper the other day showing where Bernard J. Callinan (yes, our Bernie) had been appointed Deputy Chancellor of the new La Trobe University in Melbourne. Allow us to add our congrats to all the others please Bernie.

Report has it that Bill Epps paid a visit to Dick Crossings one evening recently and chewed the rag about anything and everything for what turned out to be a very enjoyable evening.

Heard This?

SAVED BY THE STORK

There she sat, surrounded by admirers. Her beauty was beyond description and as the music started the timid young man lurking in the background darted forward.

"Pardon me, Miss, may I have the next dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with children," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said. "I didn't know your condition."

* * *

The private who reported: "I finally persuaded my girl to say 'Yes'."

"When's the wedding?" asked his buddy.

"Wedding?" echoed the private. "What wedding?"

* * *

Mrs. Kelly, having presented the world and her husband with triplets, was resting comfortably at the hospital when her friend, Mrs. O'Reilly, came to call.

"Triplets!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Reilly. "Faith and it's a wonderful thing, havin' one's family all at once like instead of one at a time like common folks."

"Aye, that it is, that it is, Mrs. O'Reilly," beamed the proud mother. "You know the doctor says it happens only once in two hundred thousand times?"

Mrs. O'Reilly, visibly impressed, shook her head and said: "Saints above and is that a fact now? If I'm not bein' over-curious, Mrs. Kelly, WHIN did you be findin' time to do the housework?"

Random Harvest

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

I must say how sorry I was to have missed out on seeing Col Doig during his Geraldton visit. However, it was not until the night before he left that we were made aware of his presence, and it was then too late to arrange anything. However, I have since met up with Bill Drage and he tells me that he and Col had a grand time together—not only as far as the amber fluid was concerned, but also with regard to fishing. I believe it was a beauty that got away, Col.

Dragie has been in the news a lot lately. On the latest occasion the local newspaper said this veteran golfer was in fine fettle, and that while strong winds bothered most of the field in the summer golf event at the Geraldton Club, the further Bill went the better he played. It was his first game in two months and he carded 82 for a nett 62, placing him well ahead of the rest of the field.

Writing about "double red diamond" types I must mention how sorry we were to learn that Nip Cunningham had to spend a couple of weeks in Hollywood Hospital. However I am pleased to report that he is back home once again, returning in time for Christmas. Nip's youngest daughter Francine, has been in the news again. This time she just missed out on being dux of Stella Maris College, and then a couple of weeks later attended the unveiling of an Honour Board which contains her name as one of the eight Queen's Guides from Geraldton. This is the highest award in the Girl Guide movement, and recognises among other things, citizenship qualities.

There's no doubt about Arthur Marshall. His fame is spreading far and wide. Every morning on my way to 6GN I pass the big queue of grain trucks waiting to deliver copious quantities of golden grain from what might be a record harvest, and there staring me in the eyes on the rear of one of the bins on a wheat truck were the words: "Marshall, of Harvey", which of course refers to the designer of the equipment.

We have just experienced a most pleasant surprise. Bob (known as

Arthur to some of you) Burns and wife Joan of Cannington, spent a week's holiday at Geraldton. I was best man at their wedding and we hadn't seen one another for seven years. Bob was a "tiger for punishment", after returning from Ra-baul with the 2/2nd he rejoined the army and was an instructor with the S.A.S. As you can imagine, the four of us had a great time together.

I am penning these lines on Boxing Day. It has been a pretty hectic Christmas but I'm having a comparatively quiet day today because I'll be resuming work tomorrow, compiling news for my own regional bulletins as well as for the State bulletins, and also arranging T.V. coverages of Geraldton events of State-wide interest.

Kind regards to all the boys.

BERNIE LANGRIDGE, of "Crawley", Donnybrook, W.A., writes:—

Just a few lines to wish you the very best for the festive season.

Sorry I have been such a poor contributor to the "Courier". It is a marvellous little paper and as family responsibilities decrease I am sure we will appreciate it all the more.

My sincere appreciation for your great contribution to all the Commando Squadrons.

Son David writes:—

Thank you very much for the game of scrabble that you gave me. I have already had some fun out of playing with it.

Daughter Erica writes:—

Thank you for the manicure set. It is just the thing I have been wanting.

Daughter Gem writes:—

Thank you for the manicure set. I have enjoyed it very much. Now Mum can tell me off if I have dirty finger nails.

With all my very best wishes and love.

TONY "Bash" ADAMS of Rockhampton, Qlds., writes:—

To put it bluntly I've had one of the most hectic years of my life. I am ashamed to say I haven't written to you at all. Goodness knows I've

thought of you often enough but there it is, time, time, time.

Always manage to read the "Courier" and enjoy your efforts on our lazy behalf.

Joe Palm pops in now and then and we discuss events. He is a delightful character. We went to the Anzac Day march and Macs together. I stayed at his property some weeks ago for one night. It is good to have someone near at hand who understands.

Our Judy commenced nursing on May 1 so Iris and I have had most of the year alone. She is wonderfully well since an op. last year and we are enjoying life although we would like to be nearer the young ones. Both Paul and Judy love their work. Paul is just finishing his second year and Judy at present is at the Children's Hospital. It is a great relief to know they are happy in their work. Paul sat for two Uni exams again, passed one and failed one, same as last year. It is difficult when you are only 19 and there are a few skirts about—to settle down and study!!!

Business is good here. Like the town and the people immensely. Being 500 miles from Brisbane prevents us from going there as often as we would like. Still play golf at least once a week and enjoy the company and break. Legacy work fills up my time fairly well besides plenty of work.

You devote a lot of your time to Unit functions and by accounts in the "Courier" you are never still.

I am eagerly looking forward to the '68 get-together and whatever happens I'll be there.

My earnest wish is to be able to sit up all night yarning to you and blokes like Drage, Campbell, Davies and Co.

So long old chap. Best wishes.

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

We are enjoying variable conditions, a few days of heat wave, and the past four days a deluge. The rain was welcome, the place was burnt to a frazzle and I was frightened to walk on the lawn in case it blew up.

Things going as usual here. Bank hold ups, robberies, bashings, and yet you'd be surprised how quiet it is living in suburbia. I haven't seen a "blue" in the local pub for years, but of course the time I hop in for a

pint it's all working plugs having a natter and a grog before proceeding home for the night. Any trouble that erupts is usually round about 10.30 p.m. when the boys are full of giggle juice and the nightmares they have with them are busily stirring up trouble. As I get up at about 4.15 a.m. in summer time believe me I don't see much of what is happening at 10.30 p.m.

We've had Sir Vice Marshall Ky and his glamorous better half on their visit. After all the hot air and demonstrating talk, it passed very quietly. Of course the usual slogans Fascist Murderer, Nazi Butcher etc., were on display. Well, if I remember my history there was another butcher strutting the scene and his name was Stalin. If anybody wants a few lessons on how to liquidate: imagined opposition a study of Russia under Stalin will guarantee a first rate education on means and methods. The devil must be having one hell of a time trying to stay top dog in his sultry kingdom since the unlamented departure of Hitler, Stalin and Musso. He's welcome to them.

Since the departure of the French not one South Vietnamese Government has met with the approval of our press here. Strangely enough very little criticism of Ho Chin Min's North Vietnam. There's sure no trouble up there. The boys in the saddle up there really know how to liquidate it before it even becomes a glimmer of a thought. If it's the paradise they talk about why did a million North Vietnamese risk their lives and give up the little they had to get away from it to South Vietnam? These banner wavers should take a real hard look at the people they support, besides the ones they oppose.

The annual cricket match is scheduled at Arncliffe on March 19. I'm afraid I'll miss this one, that's the day St. Patrick goes on display at the sports ground. The annual St. Patrick's Day sports. As Nora remarks I escort her to the grandstand and then wander off to see whom I know. She does admit I get back in time to take her home.

Saw Jimmy English a week or two ago. He had another spell in hospital but is pretty right again now. As for the rest haven't seen most of them since Anzac Day and more than likely won't see them until next Anzac Day. I must contact Alan

Luby, he's back in the big smoke now. I hope Cliff Paff makes it next Anzac Day. It's a long time since the big fella showed up. I remember the last time he was here. He, Kiwi, myself, Jack Hartley, Bill Coker, demolished a steak or two at Hurstville R.S.L. Cliff also gave a couple of poker machines a belting. I also remember a New Australian shiela singing some song, no one knew what and cared less. I don't reckon she was much of a singer but she was an eye-ful to behold. She wore a barbed wire dress, protected the property but did little to hinder the view, bless her.

The children wander back to school next Tuesday, peace and quiet will reign once more. The youngest kicks off for the first time. He's not keen. Gerald knew when he was well off. He reckoned his life was good. He'd say to me I won't be going to school, I'm not going to get any bigger. I'm sorry to see him getting older and bigger. He was great as he was. Unfortunately they can't stay that way.

My regards to the men of the West. I'll be writing to Norman Thornton and Keith Dignum soon I hope, in the meantime I wish all the boys everywhere the best. I'll bet they are a much tamer crowd now than they were 25 years ago. It will soon be the 25th birthday of the Japs' visit to Timor. Well they shortened the birthdays of a few of our blokes but by golly bundles of them celebrated no more either. Here's to all the men that never came back. God rest them and the same to the blokes on the other side. After all they can't all be wrong all the time.

I am signing off now. This is my third letter this morning. I must be off and attend to some business. I hope it clears up by tomorrow. I haven't struck a profitable blow since Tuesday.

By the way, that woman that works in the R.S.L. bar there, thank her for her card to Nora and myself. There was no address and I've forgotten the name. Get it and send it on to us will you?

G. B. HOLMES, of R.M.B. 426A, Kojonup, writes:—

Will you please note change of address. Am still in the same place but get my mail from Kojonup now. I haven't been able to make the

last two re-unions. Had full intentions of going to the last one with Lew Carpenter, 2/3rd and found out when I got to Cranbrook that it was impossible to get a bed in Perth so had to come home. Isn't it possible to hold them when there is not so many other things on? The last one I went to I had a job to get accommodation and it isn't worth it. If the re-union isn't worth going to without some other excuse they must have changed a lot.

Re Great Safari:

I am hoping to make it but I don't think it will be by car. Have been hoping to see you as I'm not much good with a pen. For me time and cash is the big factor. Have you thought of chartering a plane for it? I believe is fairly reasonable. Also what would it be like to make it in parties say about 20 as it doesn't matter what time of the year you choose it will not suit all and it would be a lot better for accommodation.

Well I haven't any news and please excuse this scribble.

Write to Your Editor:

**Col Doig,
Box T1646,
G.P.O., PERTH.**

Heard This?

SERVICE, PLEASE!

A big brute of a fellow walked into a bar and asked, in a booming voice, for a fifth of whisky. The bartender handed this goliath a fresh fifth, which he placed to his lips and drained dry. When the last drop was gone, he beat with his fist on his great chest and roared: "There! Now I feel like a bull!"

A girlish little guy at the other end of the bar followed in a plaintive tone with: "Mooooooo . . ."

NEVER TOO YOUNG TO LEARN

Judge: "I'm sorry, Mandy, but I can't issue a license for your daughter. She's only 15 and that's too young."

Mandy: "That don't help us none, Judge. Is you tryin' to tell me dat she too young to do what she already done did?"

Historically Yours

FAITA FIBLETS

incorporating

Garoka Grumblings — Moresby Murmurings — Canungra

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Priceless.

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

Printed and published at the office of the proprietors:
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SPECIAL WEEK-END SUPPLEMENT

GAROKA GAMBOLS

(By A. Stewart)

Having left the boys at Faita, to the mud and to the Japs,
To sweat and toil across the river, with scant and faulty maps,
We had settled at Garoka, void of every little pest,
Except the fleas that lived in millions, woke us from our rest,
Or the conscientious corporals, gave us jobs or guards perhaps.

Most vivid of the memories of Garoka that we'll keep,
Will be the menace that stood o'er us, with Kiwi and his jeep,
What made her hold together we will never, never know,
No one this side of heaven ever knew what made her go,
Not a drain in all New Guinea or a log she wouldn't leap.

She started up like thunder, without aid of runs or cranks,
Had right of way on every road from Aussies, boongs or Yanks,
She went sailing over rivers, or crashed through jungle vines,
Nissy drove her through a trailer, just to show her sturdy lines,
The day we left the valley, Angau offered prayers of thanks.

The boys that love the sandy state, or leave the open sewer town,
Ear-bashed us all about their Rules, that sport of high renown,
Their first exhibition thrilled us with their high and dainty marks,
They played on like warriors, ignoring spectators' rude remarks,
And the boongs stood by awe-struck as they thundered up and down.

So the boys that sprouted Rugby answered to the starter's call,
Were seen to hurtle at each other, slip and slide and crash and fall,
As they heaved and moaned and panted, the question passed around,
"If they want to murder one another, why the hell they use a ball?"

Now the kings of swing amongst us thought some music would be grand,
Got that wizard Corporal Lewis, who quickly thought and planned,
Bits of bamboo, bits of wire, and a tin that once held flour,
A belly tank that came from Nippon, he toiled on hour by hour,
From this weird conglomeration, the world's first Gazooka Band.

With Don Fryer as conductor, minus dinner suit or spats,
The silence of the night was rent by myriad sharps and flats,
So we launched our concert party on an unsuspecting world,
Costumes made from sheets of paper, hemp moustaches neatly curled,
Mr. Doig as manager, Drip and Dig as sexy brats.

Then Mick Morgan's "Hirsute Heifers", made the laughter ring on high,
Though their busts were oft mis-shapen, they displayed a shapely thigh,
"Basewallahs" showed how Army runs, the crooners were in trim,
Sam paid a tribute with an ode, perhaps a modern hymn,
The jokes of the witty lads would make the censor weep or cry.

But tragedy was round the bend, our horrors can ne'er be shown,
Jungle juice was in the making, from ingredients better left unknown,
Gentle hands that helped to strain it, held by arms that love the bar,
Burning throats that gloated o'er it, as it rested in the jar,
Were to stand that night in mourning on the crater she had blown.

Brave young men of dash and daring wept without a trace of shame,
If you shed not a tear that night you were something more than game,
The second brew was just superb, antics then were out of line,
Hallowed be those brewers' names, I will worship at their shrine,
Those men, the boys from Four and Six would like to maim or drown.

Christmas we were very busy, all our plans were set and drawn,
Heaven only knows what happens when Commandos strike at dawn,
We endured that freezing morning, not for sake of fight or clash,
But to catch the sleeping gentry, and to watch the mighty splash,
To dance like some mad demons on that frozen slippery lawn.

All "B" Platoon were there in strength, something that is very rare,
Even Bob Smyth and Captain Nisbet, with their mate the Goode, were there,
Mr. Mac laughed like blazes as all others went in straight,
But when number six got moving, he quickly met his fate,
All deserters like old Golliwog, were followed to their lair.

The sporting programme flourished, but we suffered aches and pains,
Old Sparky with his patent tack, vainly tried to ease our strains,
Lame and bandaged men were with us, casualties were high,
The Loud cracked up completely, Herbert nearly lost an eye,
Steel-head Merritt went to Nadzab, just to show his awful sprains.

Spine bashers had a harvest month, all so peaceful left to dream,
Number Six were Section champs, but Cholerton reigned supreme,
Thornton too, and Staff, the Sig, were always number one,
The boys down in the dit-dah hut rarely ever saw the sun,
Any jobs the Tapper did he slipped in forty winks between.

There were horsemen there amongst us from the east and west of course,
There were horsemen there amongst us who had never seen a horse,
Breeding habits of these neddies simply got upon our nerves,
So Eddy roped a mare and stallion, gave exhibition serves,
The boys turned up entirely though there wasn't any force.

The Air Force came a job to do, to patch up their kite with wings,
But that gallant old Wirraway was mostly now in rings,
So they joined our little circle, we took them on the spree,
They listened, patient, to our tales, dinkum Aussies you'll agree,
Some day we'll meet them back in Sydney at the "Carlton" or the "Kings".

Now the Padre came to cleanse our souls, stayed on there for some while,
Though a man of understanding, he severely cramped our style,
Duck made a slip or two, Lud kept within his place,
And when he tried to hold his mouth, he nearly burst his face,
Kenneally trying to be good would make an image smile.

If Brass Hats ever think of us, and leave their games of poker,
They will not want to send us home, we just go broke and broker,
Some day a smirking clerk will come, and ask us where our station,
Imagine now his dying smile, as we end and brief narration,
And altogether we will yell: "Take us back to Garoka!"

NEWS SUMMARY FROM JANUARY 23 TO 28, 1944

ITALY:

The main news from the Italian Front is centred on the new Allied landing at Natuno, south of Rome. The landing took place in the early hours of 22nd Jan. Some 50,000 troops, including Armoured and Artillery support were got ashore practically unopposed. Our troops broke into a three pronged drive. One along the coast, one towards Rome and the other inland to cut the German supply lines to their positions on the Rapido River and at Cassino. The centre drive has captured the enemy airport at Littoria, while the coastal drive is threatening the seaplane base at the mouth of the Tiber River. The Tiber River runs through Rome and this brings the coastal drive up to the same latitude as Rome itself. On Friday, news was broadcast that the first serious counter attack our forces experienced since the landing, took place at Littoria. The Germans threw tank and artillery supported infantry against the forward troops of the centre drive. This counter attack was smashed. The new landing, plus British propaganda in leaflet form, has brought "jitters" to the Axis troops on the Cassino front and caused a considerable number of troops to surrender. German Command is reported to be moving reinforcements, consisting of troops opposing the 8th Army, across to the 5th Army front. Allied aircraft have concentrated their attacks on railways and marshalling yards in and around Rome to disrupt Axis attempts to get reinforcements to the Southern Fronts. They have also been active over Cassino. The British Navy has bombarded enemy positions at Gaeto, north of the Southern Battle Line and also given successful protection to the landing of further troops and supplies at Haturno.

RUSSIA:

In 13 days fighting, Russian troops have broken the German blockade of Leningrad. In doing so, they have completely smashed a defensive line that the enemy had been building for 2½ years. The Russians advanced 40-60 miles along the whole front, liberated 700 inhabited localities, recaptured 2,000 square miles of territory and are now 40 miles from the Estonian border. Further advances were made along the Luga-Novgorod railway. Enemy counter-attacks along the line between Warsaw and Odessa have been completely smashed. These attacks were of the "everything plus kitchen sink" variety and have caused the Germans a great deal in lost troops and equipment.

EUROPEAN AIR OPS.:

Targets in Germany, France and Austria have been successfully bombed in the past week. Docks and installations at Calais were bombed by Marauders on the 23rd January with good results. Berlin was raided on Thursday night, 2,300 tons of bombs being dropped on the capital. This brings the total tonnage of bombs dropped on Berlin since the war started to 16,000 tons.

BURMA:

British troops are advancing along the Arakan front and are now 4½ miles from Mondow and have captured Tamu. Stubborn Japanese resistance is being met on all fronts.

R.A.F. and U.S.A.F. bombed railways in North Burma and also targets in Mandalay, Myohoung, Kerj and Sagaing. Two 1,200 ton freighters were sunk off the east coast of China and two launches off Otuo Island in the Bay of Bengal.

ADMIRALTY ISLAND:

On the 24th January, Liberators bombed and sank a 2,500 ton freighter. On the 28th January Lorengau was the main target. Eight enemy aircraft were destroyed on the ground and one freighter and a number of barges were sunk. Our losses were three planes. On the 27th January, Admiralty

Island received its heaviest attack, 120 tons of bombs being dropped. Runways, installations and one jetty in the harbour were destroyed.

NEW BRITAIN:

Rabaul has received much attention from Solomon based aircraft. Japanese interception has been very erratic, varying from 70 fighters to nil. In actions over Rabaul during the past week, we sank six ships, forced two to beach themselves, shot down 113 enemy planes with 35 possibles. Our losses reported as 16.

Ground action has been limited mainly to patrol clashes, although Marines at Cape Gloucester report the capture of Nallo Point, a Japanese barge base in Borgan Bay.

MARSHALL ISLANDS:

Wonje Island has been repeatedly bombed. In Wednesday's attack, fires were started among dumps, etc., on the shore and a freighter and escort vessel were damaged in the harbour. Sixteen enemy aircraft and a possible six more were shot down without loss to ourselves.

AUSTRALIA:

Bus and tramway services in Sydney and Newcastle, and 21 coal mines, celebrated Australia Day by going on strike. Prime Minister Mr. Curtin, threatened action under the National Security Regulations, but with no avail. Strikers returned to work on the 27th but Mr. Curtin emphasised that the law was in progress to punish the strikers. In his own terms he classed them as "enemies of Australia just as much as the Japanese".

At the close of the Prime Ministers' Conference in Sydney, Mr. Curtin warned the public of Australia to expect heavy casualties in future operations.

The new drug, Penicilin, is now being made in Australia.

(This now concludes these interesting "Faith Fables" and once again the Editor tenders his thanks to Jim Barnes for the loan of his original copies.)

Heard This?

WIND AND FRESH HEIR

The young widow came to the doctor's office to find out if she really was about to have a baby. The doctor examined her and then assured her that she had nothing to worry about—she only had a simple gas condition.

Three months later, with a considerably enlarged waistline, the widow returned and asked if by now it was not obvious that she was soon to be a mother. The M.D. gave her a thorough exam then pronounced his verdict: gas on the stomach.

"Just let it pass," he said, "let it pass and you'll be all right."

Some years later while walking down the street the doctor was surprised to see the young widow with a little boy, dressed in a sailor suit.

"Ah, you're married again, I see," said the doctor.

"Like fun!" the widow snapped back. "See this?" She pointed to the little boy. "I followed your advice and let it pass, put the gas in a sailor suit and called him Elmer!"

* * *

UNRELIABLE

A couple of lawyers were discussing their personal problems during a court recess.

"... and as if that weren't bad enough," one said, "that selfish wife of mine . . . you know what she did? She has rationed me! Cut me down to a miserable once a week!"

"Don't feel too sorry for yourself," said the other counsellor, "I know of at least three fellows she has completely cut off!"

* * *

Woman's best asset man's imagination.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

KINGS PARK

SUNDAY, 19th FEBRUARY, at 3.30 p.m.

followed by

BARBECUE AT HOLLAND'S

270 Orrong Road, Carlisle

MAIMED AND LIMBLESS BOWLERS NIGHT

M. & L. HEADQUARTERS, WEST PERTH

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24

MARCH MEETING

TUESDAY, 7th MARCH

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT
