



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

I wonder how often we stop to think whether what we want is what we need and what we think we need is what we really want. I suppose our foremost thoughts on wants and needs are of food, clothes, a home, and peace of mind, but each word conjures up likes and dislikes and status symbols in different categories and before we get very far we jump from necessities to niceties, then luxuries, till we are bogged down with possessions, time payments, debts, repairs, and emotions of self-satisfaction, worry, envy, dissatisfaction and boredom.

I seem to have been hearing off and on for years from my husband, that there are only a few basic things needed for living—a dry place to sleep, enough to eat, and something to keep out the cold and though we don't stick to this philosophy ourselves, I am sure Eric would cope quite satisfactorily and without too much rancour if we suddenly were left with literally nothing. I used to think this a bit of deadend thinking and lacking in ambition but since rubbing shoulders with Timorese I realize that this background philosophy was obviously picked up

at a crucial time in the lives of many of the 2/2nd boys. Timorese have a happiness about them that does not come from the "flesh pots" and though their skirmishes in the past have had to be severely castigated at times, there is always that underlying atmosphere of quiet industry, independence, humour, and a lusty enjoyment of "living" that we have lost, if ever we had it.

Although I would dearly love to see everyone I know take off for Timor, it would be the end of its charm, if our ways infiltrated the ranks of its natural and friendly people, so we as a nation will probably go on searching expensively and wearily for the very qualities these people have had for countless years. I suppose the higher our civilization becomes, the further we will be from reality and it is a pity that we cannot have periodical "attitude" boosters to help us appreciate the truly good things and get down to "tin tacks" in our thinking. Talking of thinking, how do some of you others think? Col's thoughts are always worth reading, but we don't want his brain to run dry.

—TWY SMYTH.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

TUESDAY, MARCH 4th, 1970

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

THIS IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO YOUR ASSOCIATION

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

CHRISTMAS PARTY

This was held at the Highway Hotel, Claremont, on Saturday, Nov. 29. Once again it proved to be an ideal way of celebrating the festive season with our womenfolk.

Although it is accepted that the evening cost money it is good value and definitely money well spent.

Great credit must be given to Len Bagley who pioneered these evenings and organised them 100 per cent, even to collecting the cash.

The turn-up from the country was a little disappointing but this can largely be attributed to the very bad season and the danger of fires in the various areas. However Don Turton was able to make it and also at a later hour Jack and Jean Fowler.

The surroundings at the Highway Hotel are ideal for such an evening and the organist and drummer provided a nice pattern of music. Later in the evening most of the gang managed to get into good voice and with the capable compering of Mick Morgan, the show went with a bang.

During the evening Sid Calcutt, on behalf of the Calcutt family, presented the Calcutt Memorial Trophy to this year's winner in Jack Carey.

The opportunity was also taken to draw the now famous Backward Sweep much to the enjoyment of all present, especially as most of the early prizes, worth very little, went to members of the Unit. (A complete list of the prize winners is appended elsewhere.)

At this late stage it would tax your scribe's memory too much to try and advise just who was present but the crowd was adequate although we could always do with a few more couples at these wonderful evenings.

DUDLEY TAPPER'S VISIT WEST

This is included in "Association Activities" because largely that is what it turned out to be. Dudley, Audrey and son Brenton, left Adelaide on Dec. 20, and journeyed by car to W.A. via Norseman, Esperance, Albany, Denmark, Pemberton, Bunbury and so to Perth. They had

Christmas dinner with "Geordie" Smith and family at Denmark Hotel and this was one of the highlights of their trip.

Of course they got together with the Thorntons at Denmark and chewed one another's ears for the first time for over 20 years. They were unlucky to miss Ted Loud at Pemberton. Ted was out fighting a forest fire on this Boxing Day. At Bunbury they met up with the first of Dud's family, brother Bert (ex 2/4th M.G.). Then on to Perth to stay with Col Doig for a fortnight and get around and meet the family and various members of the Unit.

A welcome party was held at Col Doig's place on Saturday, Jan. 3 and was attended by over 60 people, all in some way attached to the Unit. This party was a great success and much credit is due to Joy Rev-

mish who did most of the catering. Joe and Helen Poynton took the Tappers on a sight seeing tour of Serpentine Dam with which they were most duly impressed. They also had a prawning day at Mandurah with "Dutchy" Holland and Roy Watson & Co. and had a wonderful time but not too many prawns. Ray Aitken provided a couple of the highlights with a visit over the Warreroo Wild Flower Nursery which is really something to see and should be a must on everybody's programme. Dud and family were also guests of the Aitkens at a dinner party.

All in all a really wonderful trip for the Tappers and enabled Dudley to renew acquaintances with his family and friends for the first time since the war. The Tappers advise returning safely to Adelaide on Thursday, Jan. 16.

FEBRUARY MEETING

This will take the form of a film evening when with any luck we will be able to show quite a few films of interest to the Association including the last Commemoration Service at Kings Park, Men of Timor and a couple of others of general interest. Also there will be slides of great interest that we were not able to show at the previous film night.

Make this a must for Tuesday, Feb. 4.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This year for the first time the Annual General Meeting will be held in March. This is an innovation in an effort to attract greater interest and attendance at this most important meeting. I feel sure everyone has the best intentions regarding this particular meeting but somehow get side tracked and finally do not attend.

Time without number the importance of attending this meeting has been stressed upon members so just let me reiterate that you should make every endeavour to be present and hear the reports of your Association's doings presented, and if possible take the strongest possible action to get with it as far as your Association is concerned.

Remember this year the Annual General Meeting, Tuesday, March 4, at Anzac House Basement. Please make every endeavour to bring along to this meeting a member who you know has not attended for some time. You never know that if you respark off his interest he may be a permanent attender from then on.

Committee Comment

Since last the "Courier" was issued there have been two Committee meetings and the matters dealt with have been largely of a routine character due to the particular time of the year.

The Backwards Raffle proved to be an outstanding success and most

sellers reported no trouble in disposing of their quota. As a result the Treasurer was able to advise of a rapid boost in Association finance.

The Committee most favourably commented on the Christmas Party at the Highway Hotel and passed a vote of thanks to Len Bagley who did the organisation so admirably.

The President, Bill Epps, advised that he and Col Doig had contacted Mr. Dick Adams, who is handling the watering of our area in Kings Park and presented him with a small token of our appreciation. Mr. Adams was quite keen to continue his good work and proved to be most easy to get along with.

The present that the Association is to make to the Engineer of the Timor Memorial project, Senor Marcus De Costa, has come to hand and is in the form of a set of gold cuff links and tie bar in shape of maps of Australia with boomerang shaped keeps and the Unit colour patch in red double diamond carried out in imitation rubies. The whole work was done by Johnny Roberts, of Melbourne, and is a fantastic piece of jeweller's craft. This present will be forwarded to Senor De Costa with a suitable letter as soon as possible.

After the party at Col Doig's place for Dudley Tapper and family, it was decided that this could be the answer to future social activities by the Association as it appeared that these were attractive to most members and could be run quite reasonably.

RESULT OF BACKWARDS RAFFLE

- 1st: Absolutely Nothing — 650: G. Rowley, Manjimup.
 2nd: Our Good Wishes — 891: E. Weller, Bluff Point.
 3rd: ½ Doz. Swan Labels — 202: A. Davidson, Kalgoorlie.
 4th: 1 Doz. Emu Export Labels — 829: N. Thornton, Denmark.
 5th: 1 Bottle Port — 154: Tommy Williams, Robbs Jetty.
 6th: ½ Doz. Bottles Beer — 572: C. Evans, 3 Kennedy St., Melville.
 7th: 1 Bottle Champagne — 871: A. Walsh, Floreat Park.
 8th: ½ Doz. Bottles Sherry — 199: K. Cassin, 186 Stirling St., Perth.
 9th: 1 Doz. Bottles Beer — 074: S. Payne, Nukarni.
 10th: 1 Bottle Scotch Whisky — 981: J. Smails, Roleystone.
 11th: 5 Doz. Bottles Beer — 332: J. G. Keefe, Room 811, P.W.D.,
 West Perth.
 12th: 10 Doz. Bottles Beer — 469: E. Butcher, 4 Treen Street,
 Bunbury.

Personalities

Apart from Dud Tapper and family, Jim Robinson and his daughter was over in W.A. over the new year period. Jim made a rush trip with a friend and thoroughly enjoyed his brief stay in the West. Mick Holland was his guide and master and took him around quite a bit. He also met up with Les and Katie Dingle to whom he was host on our trip to Melbourne on the Safari.

Bill Drage was a patient in the Mount Hospital for about a week but has now returned home and we hope recovering satisfactorily.

Ted Loud was briefly in Perth, having to come down for his father-in-law's funeral, a Mr. Church, a Boer War veteran. Ted looked extra well and says he will recommend the ulcer operation to anyone suffering from this nagging complaint.

It was extra good to see quite a bit of Ray Parry while Dud Tapper was over here. Ray is a ball of health and still as energetic as ever. Dud missed out on seeing Harold Brooker as we visited the zoo to specially make contact but Brook was on annual leave.

Jack and Jean Fowler will be retiring to City Beach to dwell in the very near future.

Ted Monk and his family are at present holidaying at Safety Bay.

FAREWELL SPEECH BY NICOLEAU GONCALVES

Senhor Aitken, Senhor Bill Epps, Senhor Colin Doig:

Hoto campagnia. Hau mai husi Timor Semana huito agora. Semana ne laran hau tende fila fali ba Timor. Hau lau hoto cidade Perth. Hau tama iha escola Senhor Aitken nia, iha escola seluc hanessian, escola agricultura, escola tecnico, escola primaria. Hoto senhor mestre, fio senhora maestra ho labaric escola fetoh manni colia ho hau. Hau mos gosta colia ho sira. Hau hanoin emma hoto iha Australi laran, manni, fetoh, labaric, emman hoto mecac, laran diac, matennic e civilizado.

Hau lau iha cidade laran ba iha Denmark, Harvey, Esperance e wandering. Emman hoto mecac diac, gosta hatete ho hau. Hau mos gosta hatete ho sira. Hau tama iha agricultura Western Australia. Harae

emman hoto servico, haquiac carau, bibi, bibi madae fulin, manu, kuda, fahi, halo toz bot lau no maquina. Agora hau mai hare dit. Hau filha fali ba Timor hau hatete hoto buat nebe hau harae. Labele compara Timor hanessian Australi. Hau emman Portugues Timorese nebe hau terus castigo iha Japanesne laran laos ba bandero Portuguese mas ba bandero Australi.

Agora a for agradece e complimentas ba Senhor Governador da Australi, hoto official civil e militar ho Commando 2/2nd, Hoto senhors e senhores ho labaric hoto. Agora soldades nebe ha rai iha Western Australia a muitissima obrigado.

Ray Aitken's Translation:

I came from Timor seven weeks ago. Next week I will be returning to Timor.

I have walked around all the city of Perth. I have spent time in Mr. Aitken's school and other schools such as agricultural schools, technical schools and primary schools. All the masters and mistresses and children both boys and girls have talked with me and I have enjoyed talking with them.

I think all the Australians, men, women, boys and girls are kind hearted, intelligent and civilized people.

I have been to the towns of Denmark, Harvey, Esperance and Wandering. Every single man I saw was a good man, and enjoyed talking to me, just as I enjoyed talking to him.

I looked closely at Western Australia. I noticed that everybody works hard in husbandry with cattle, sheep, fowls, horses and pigs, and they make great farms using machines. I have just looked at it. I will go back to Timor and tell everybody what I have seen. It is useless to make a comparison between Timor and Australia.

I am a Portuguese Timorese who has been a slave and prisoner in Japanese hands, but not, I would point out, under the Portuguese flag but under the flag of Australia.

Now I wish to give my greatest thanks to officials great and small, civil and military in Australia. To the Commandos of the 2/2nd, all the men and all their wives and children. I hope they keep in good health and for now accept my deepest possible gratitude.

Random Harvest

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

We all received a tremendous shock to learn of the sudden demise of Jack Denman, a stalwart of the 2/2nd Association and a man who gave excellent service in peacetime as in wartime.

Jack certainly made his presence felt in community affairs at Geraldton, having been President of both the R.S.L. and the High School Parents' and Citizens' Association, as well as a keen worker for Legacy.

To give you some idea of the esteem in which Jack was held, let me say that even though the Governor, Sir Douglas Kendrew, was in Geraldton when we learnt of Jack's death, I had no hesitation in placing the flag at half-mast at our R.S.L. Headquarters, Birdwood House.

Getting onto matters of a pleasant nature, I was delighted to have a couple of noggins with Arthur ("Don Bradman") Marshall, of Harvey. He was in Geraldton giving farm demos of his famous invention—the Marshall Superphosphate Spreader. "Marsh" tells me that the production figure has reached 1,000.

I had a yarn today with Eric Weller, who is fit and well. He's being kept flat out because the building firm with which he is associated, continues to receive many contracts. Geraldton is certainly on the move. Building permits during the past year included 229 new homes and 31 new building premises.

Sorry to hear that Bill Drage has been in bed with some type of wog and we're all hoping to see him around again soon.

I often see Nip Cunningham—he's pedalling as well as ever and appears to be in the pink of condition.

Well, I must away now, as duty calls. Kind regards to you all!

A Later Letter from Peter reads:—

Yes, we've got our own T.V. Station and as I'm penning these few lines I'm trying to watch some of the programme. However, the more important things must take preference—therefore I'm hoping my epistle will prove of interest.

I was delighted to have a few noggins with Arthur Smith, Treasurer and Past President of the 2/2nd

Commando Association, during his week at Geraldton with the telephone planning section of the P.M.G. Arthur also enjoyed a few (?) noggins with Eric Smyth, Bill Drage and Nip Cunningham. He told me that during a recent visit to Kalgoorlie he had a good yarn with another double-red-diamond type, Jack Sheehan.

Incidentally Eric Smyth's daughter, Erica, is continuing to follow in the footsteps of her father, as far as yachting ability is concerned. The latest headline in the local newspaper reads: "Girl Skipper Gave Lesson in Sailing", and the intro para stated: "Girl skipper Erica Smyth gave her male rivals a sailing lesson in the 'B' Division Moths when sailing 'White Wings'. She led at every buoy and came home first and fastest."

Well, I must away now as duty calls (I'm a newsman, you know).

However, before I sign off I would like to recommend that the 2/2nd Association apply now for a share in the annual proceeds of the Anzac Day Trust Fund. You will see from the attached news statement that a number of other Unit Associations have shared in this distribution, so why not us?

Kind regards to all the boys.

P.S.—I almost forgot to mention that Erica Smyth won a citizenship award as a fifth year student of the Geraldton High School.

News Statement:

A total of \$40,180 paid into the Anzac Day Trust Fund this year will be distributed among 28 different ex-service organisations throughout Western Australia.

The Premier, Sir David Brand, said the total this year included a special State Government grant of \$10,000 to compensate the fund for the loss of betting taxes due to no trotting meeting being held on the evening of Anzac Day. This special grant, together with \$21,239 contributed to the fund by way of betting taxes derived from Anzac Day race meetings brought the Government's total contribution this year to \$31,239.

Other major contributors were the W.A. Turf Club with \$4,112 from its Anzac Day race meeting (includ-

ing donations by Perth jockeys of their losing mount fees), and the collection of \$5,008 from occasional licence fees from hotels and clubs.

The biggest allocations are \$14,575 each to the R.S.L. and the Legacy Fund of Perth. The R.S.L. will allocate \$2,475 to the W.A. Aged Sailors, Soldiers and Airmens Relief Fund, while Perth Legacy will allocate \$1,457 to the Fremantle Legacy Fund.

Other allocations are to:

Totally and Permanently Disabled Soldiers' Ass.: \$2,700.

War Widows Guild: \$1,500.

Air Force Association: \$1,000.

Limbless Soldiers' Ass.: \$750.

Blinded Ex-Servicemens Ass.: \$700
11th and 2/11th Battalions Ass.: \$530.

Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs: \$500.

2/28th Battalion and 24th Anti-Tank Coy. Ass.: \$450.

R.A.A. Ass.: \$400.

British Ex-Service Ass.: \$350.

Australian Legion of Ex-Servicemen and Women: \$300.

Old Contemptibles Ass. and Partially Blinded Soldiers' Ass.: each \$250

South African Imperial Veteran's Ass. and Naval Ass. of Australia: each \$200.

Ex-Prisoners of War Ass.: \$150.

16th Battalion Ass.: \$130.

2/16th Battalion A.I.F. Ass. and Polish Ex-Servicemen's Ass., Branch No. 9: each \$120.

Pegasus Ass. of W.A., T.B. Sailors Soldiers and Airmens Ass., and "Z" Special Force Ass.: each \$100.

28th Batt. A.I.F. Ass.: \$70.

Polish Ex-Servicemen's Ass., Branch No. 10: \$60.

TWY SMYTH, of 43 Marine Tce., Geraldton, W.A., writes—

I have taken your remarks in the last "Courier" to heart and humbly offer this spell to the paper. So much has been written lately on Timor but all with a definite male flavour that smacks of reminiscent tales of the past so here is a purely feminine viewpoint.

I had felt some reservations when Eric mooted the Timor trip but in truly loyal wifely style I co-operated and without hesitation, I say it is the most intelligent thing I have ever done.

At Derby we felt a little panic stricken because the ship was running late and it was with relief that

we found we could leave it at Wyndham and fly to Darwin from Kununurra in time to make our connection to Timor.

I have not travelled so many times by air that I am blasé about it and I felt quite a wave of excitement when we took off. The air view of Timor set me tingling and I mentally said "goodbye" to the Twy that had been in Australia.

At Bacau the unbelievably bureaucratic set up went from the sublime to the ridiculous—from the young, exquisitely handsome uniformed officials to the cramped free for all toilet to which one had to elbow one's way through the crowd. I discovered what Eric meant by "time not meaning a thing", and I decided not to kick against the pricks but to drift along with the tide, and just as well or I would have spent a week of sheer frustration. "Captain Biggles" appeared out of the past and his plane took us safely to Dili though I wouldn't trust it much further. The huge impressive Dili Airport building was our first experience of Portuguese facades everywhere we went. I felt a little sad to think these people who are endowed with beauty, and I'm sure talent, should find it necessary to bolster themselves with these great columns, porticoes, stairways, and structures some of which are already beginning to look a bit tawdry.

A jeep with a smart Eurasian fellow called Adolf met us on arrival and drove us to the Mirama Hotel. One of his passengers, a Timorese airport employee, became wildly excited when he discovered Eric was one of the immortal 2/2nd. In fact it was "open sesame" for the rest of the week and those two words were magical. I basked in the reflected glory of Eric's past associations.

The hotel was delightful and I wouldn't have any of it changed, from the friendly atmosphere to the ceremony of meal times (the meals being invariably lukewarm by the time we got them), the attentive room boy who all but ripped Eric's shoes from his feet for cleaning within five minutes of our arrival, and my first experience with a bidet which ended with a very wet extremity. Donna, our hostess, with her husky voice, her charm, and her

tales of the past, and our very young table boy with his toe bandaged and his giggles at my attempts to get a decent cup of tea, all have left endearing memories with us.

Our local travels started the day we arrived and we took the slowest trip ever to Liquesa. I thought this trip was rough but I had only begun. Liquesa is seeped in the past and I could easily understand why Donna won't go there. The associations are too painful. We saw the poor side of Timor on this trip and I was beginning to think that Eric's praise of Timor was exaggerated. I was dumbfounded at the dreary surroundings and the painstakingly primitive methods these seaside people have, of extracting salt for sale and the fisherfolk who eat everything and anything from the sea.

Then—next day we went on an over-night trip to Eremera and Artsabi and I was utterly captive of everything Timorese—the children—the women—the pigs, dogs, ponies, buffalo, monkeys, goats, cockbirds, the mountains, the ghastly roads, the horn blowing, the hazardous climbs, the smells (not horrible) and the markets—oh the markets! I adored them and didn't want to leave them. There was a wonderful feeling I had among all those people who have so little by our standards and yet who have so much simple dignity and waste nothing and are so generous as well. One day we asked for a green coconut. They gave us two but refused payment. I wished I had brought balloons for their little boy who was using the bladder of the goat they had killed a few minutes before.

The Pousada at which we stayed at Eremera gave us a resounding welcome in the form of a quicksilver young man whom we nicknamed Jerry Lewis and who made our stay comfortable and entertained us hugely. Have you ever tried to sleep on two single beds put together and one single sheet? Have you ever been chorused to sleep by a canine eistedford from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. when the chooks took over till 5 a.m. when the entire Eremera population woke up?

At Artsabi the highlight was the silver factory. No three storey building of brick and steel this, but a primitive lean-to with beautiful silverware painstakingly manufactur-

ed with a few odd tools and a fire on the ground. Eric said it had not changed in 25 years.

Back to the semi sophistication of Dili after a hair-raising journey over the worst roads I have travelled in my life, but with one of the best drivers.

At the invitation of the Australian Consul we visited the memorial. I agree with him that one of the trees is in danger of polluting it. A marvellous place this is and I think I'd be making a permanent humpy there if I were one of the women climbing that mountain. Before leaving Dili we witnessed one of the famous cock fights. My friend and I were the only women amongst about 500 men and though aesthetically revolting, it was one of the most interesting experiences I've had.

Leaving Dili amid flattering farewells from Donna and "the boys" we climbed aboard "Biggles" plane again for Bacau and after the fourth inspection of visas and passports, we were housed in the modern wing of the Bacau Hotel. This is very new and quite elegant, except that the plumbing leaves a lot to be desired and the electricity works sometimes. However the view from the little balcony was breathtaking and I loved watching the town life going on in front of us. One of the people we met was an Italian nun and I do wish I could have had more time with her. In her charming English she told us of her Timor experiences and she became quite animated when she heard Eric was of the group who helped the nuns off Timor, she being one of them.

From Bacau we did a day trip to Vecqueque where we visited the furniture factory. I drooled at some of the lovely stuff there. We had lunch prepared at a Chinese store famous for their roasted in oil peanuts which were delicious. The highlight of this trip was our fortunate witnessing of the call to census at Ossu and Vecqueque where we struck both villages dressed up for the occasion with flowers and bamboo decorations. Groups of women in national costume were beating little drums and dancing a fascinating circular dance, calling everyone to the census. They were beautiful in their native woven cloth and silver ornaments. We were also lucky to see them wearing this

cloth at a tiny village. Our happy and co-operative driver got us back to the hotel safely and that night after dinner we shared drinks and reminiscences with the other guests. The Japanese caves captured our imaginations and no whedding will get the natives into them—the associations being too gruesome, and they are probably today as they were 25 years ago.

Next morning we swam in the beautiful pool attached to the hotel—cared for by a natty young man with a smart straw hat—one escudos a day admission. After coping with some unbelievably difficult stamp transactions at the minute post office housed in an enormous white porticoed building, we "did" the market again. We were early and saw the hundreds of vendors being herded into tidy rows by a policeman—no talking or bartering—till 9.30 a.m. when a drum ceremoniously rolled and then it was free for all and what a shambles! We bought some beautifully light primitive pottery and wished we could have visited the area where it was made. This was the last day and Eric bought a bag of sweets and became the first Pied Piper of Timor.

Next morning we left Bacau at 8.30 a.m. to catch the plane for Darwin at 11.30 a.m. and sat for three hours with the usual miles of red tape being unravelled and were very sad to see this wonderful holiday come to an end. If I ever go again I will take three things—balloons for the children, safety pins for the women (they wore them in preference to buttons), and lots of tea bags for me.

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

Sorry for this disjointed effort but it started out to be a personal letter to Col Doig regarding certain Repat. matters but rambled on to encompass all sorts of things so please forgive me for kind of starting in the middle and finishing at the start. Won't offend again.

My most memorable fall was when we were on our way back from Beco where I first met Jack Denman and where I got my first eye to eye look at a Jap who was going around the Posto in a Zero. (I think he had been on the saki the

night before as his eyes looked like the map of the tracks of Timor.)

When we left Beco Maritz, who was the Chef de Poste, insisted on getting horses for us all. I can't remember all the party but I think Tom Hick was one and Les Milne was because he got horribly drunk on rice whiskey and wanted to give the bayonet point first to Mariz and his Chinese friend but Jack and I managed to quieten him and get him to bed.

Well, on the way back to Luai my pack saddle slipped, my leg went through the front legs of the horse, I came down with a resounding crash on the side of my head and shoulder, my rifle gave me a mighty smack in the back of the skull but I was brought around very smartly by a tremendous pain in my left knee. The bloody horse brought his hoof crashing down on my knee in his frantic struggle to get to his feet.

I fell down a gully one night when seven of us, Vince Swann was in charge, were keeping a watch on the Mendilo track to Maubisse and Turasci the night before the Nips cut off and killed two of the boys of Scotty Taylor's section. I remember finding out afterwards that I had fired a burst or two through the bamboo clump where they got their water from and another one of the boys was hiding in there being caught out on his own.

The previous night I was on guard on the track on my own about 100 yards back from some tin cans and spikes we had planted in the track when the trip wires made the cans rattle I immediately lay down and put my Bren on full auto, and had a slight rise for a skyline, when a few minutes later (with my hair standing on end and sweat trickling down my spine right to the cheeks of my pink arse) a white face appeared. I let go with a short burst, jumped to my feet, ran over to the hut, said: "Out, the bastards are here."

We all got out, took up the positions we had arranged, or Vince had arranged I should say, waiting for the inevitable charge which did not come. We had to find out what caused the tins to rattle so Paul Simmonds and me decided to go around the track and see what we could while Vince and the boys took a much better position to give us cover if and when we came back at

a rate of knots. Paul took the inside of the track and I took the outside. He fixed bayonet and me with my hair still on end a Niagara running down my spine, stuck the Bren waist high and around we went seeing F.A. in any direction. When we got to the trip wires Paul edged his way around the inside and I went around the outside as it was placed in a bend like a V shape. It fell away rather sharply and so did I, arse over tip for some 20 feet or so, once again getting everything bar the roof of my mouth bashed, but mark you as with my rifle, never losing my loving friend, Bren, who had bashed me from arsol to breakfast time during my fall, and for all our efforts next day we found a pig uninjured scavenging near by.

Well, apart from one or two others I think they were the worst. Of course I had a couple of good falls from the motor bike in Koepang and Dutch Timor but all in the day's work.

I have just read this through and maybe if you think it worth while it could go in the 'Courier' with the exception of page one.

John Darge lost his father last year and although it was a blessing for his father it was sad for John and his family. I had known his father, rather well through having worked with him in Larke Hoskins after the war. Had the same affliction as his son—partial to a brown ale or two.

You have all read of Silent George in my letters. Well to those who don't know or have never met him George is the father of Kathy Wayne who was shot by a Yank in Vietnam. George Warnes to the 2/2nd in New South Wales has been better than a member because he has done more for us as a friend and as a member of Arncliffe R.S.L. Words could not express to George and his wife what we with children and those without feel about this but George in our helplessness we express our sympathy more than words.

Alan Luby has been trying hard to carry the 2/2nd N.S.W. through on his shoulders but you can't do it as the interest is not there and fear that because of sectional interest closer to home with most, selfishness with others, we are falling apart and if Allan does not get more help, attendances, etc., we are washed up.

This goes for nearly all of us, myself included. Even stalwarts like Bill Bennett, Paddy Kenneally, Jim English, realize this and the few of us are losing heart. My telephone talks with Allan have been anything but cheering between us. My conclusions are that the return Safari will be a washout because the Sydney section is not or won't or can't give it support so one can hardly expect our country members to support it if we do not collectively organise it for them. Allan Luby cannot do it on his own without the assistance of you, who know you can do it with a little extra effort. A few did it in the West to come here. Surely there is enough interested here to make a few to do it her. We haven't a Col Doig, a Bill Epps or a Len Bagley to name a few, to work so hard but if you want to go you will have to show the interest the committee and members showed in the West—and bloody quick.

Did you hear about the feller who lived with his mother and took work home. Mother lived 3,000 miles away. When the police visited mummy they found 21,000 diamonds son had bought home to work on.

Then there was the honeymoon couple woke up early first morning at the hotel. She: "Move over closer to me, darling." He: "No, I've got to dress and get a paper." She protested to no avail. She rings for the manager. He comes in. She says: "Can you hear a train?" "Madam, that's impossible, the nearest train to this town is 150 miles." She: "Hush, there it is again." Manager says impossible. She says: "I know. You are not lying down here." After much protesting manager lays down alongside of her. Still he can't hear it. She says: "I know, you will have to put on hubby's pyjamas." Eventually manager does. Lays down again. Husband walks in. Manager says: "I know you will find this hard to believe, but I am waiting for a train."

Speaking of falls and other things, I don't know if anyone else got a bird's or lizard's view or has described the spectacular fall of Arch Campbell and his Section in the Same Valley alongside Cablakai Ridge or Range.

Arch's Section was positioned on a prominent steep rising spur jutting

out into the valley pushing the track well out around it but giving Arch and his boys an excellent view of honourable sons if they marched down as they were marching outside the valley when my section led by Ray Cole and our opposite section from the 4th Co. hit them.

I myself had been placed on a flat spur below Arch only further out in the valley behind an old village stone wall with the Bren and instructions to knock off at extreme range if possible the honourable bastard on the white horse. I had for company a 4th Co. Bren gunner who was told to work with me. I had a marvellous view of Arch and his crew on my left. In fact their backsides would have made great targets. Khaki blots everywhere. Concentrating on the track away past Arch's spur and knowing that the rest of the sections were getting further away from us I was starting to feel lonely especially as my new mate and I had not been formally introduced (you know how it was in those days. One couldn't bowl up to a perfect stranger and say: "Ow are yu, mate?").

Things were dreadfully quiet when on my right high on the ridge above the valley I spotted three or five Nips galloping along the ridge with a heavy machine gun. I thought maybe they are doing the same on our side when I saw Arch's section moving. Moving did I say? They were literally tumbling as the rise was so steep that if you didn't go sideways down you must fall and that's literally what they did. I saw Arch last to leave his position and start to run then he was flying, his hand went out to a tree he was passing. He stopped with a mighty jerk only momentarily though as I found out after his shoulder gave out as I said he was last to leave but he rolled arse over kettle and beat the rest who were not slow to the bottom. It was a fantastic sight. They could not have been faster or clearer to me if they had been fair sized boulders. They then all went past me and everyone said: "Don't stay too long. They're on the ridge above us and coming fast."

Arch came past. I told him what we were doing and he said: "Well, don't wait too long."

Well, now we were really on our own. I don't know how long it was

before we spotted half a dozen Nips race behind an old hut high above us with a heavy looking machine gun. We both trained our guns on them. When some heavy firing broke out across and behind us we discussed this in a quiet, orderly fashion and decided that it was better to get out before we were surrounded and go we did. Boy, was my friend Bren, with his six feed bags, heavy. This was the first time I had had to carry it for such a long way as we had sent our creados well ahead.

If only a movie camera could have taken pictures of Arch and his boys doing their unrehearsed tumbling act. It was a classic. You would have to see it to believe that they could fall so far and fast without major injuries.

This started out to be a short note to you, Col, but guess I got the itch in the middle and kept going. Now I am nearly at the end of my itch or scratch would be more appropriate. However I didn't write this all in one sitting. So far I have taken two days with an hour or so each day.

Well I guess this is all for now. Hoping you and everyone have a bright, healthy and prosperous New Year.

ALAN LUBY, of Ambulance Station Liverpool, N.S.W., writes:—

I've been trying for ages to find time to pen you a few lines but there has been so much to do lately that it has just not been possible.

However here's an earnest endeavour and will trust that nothing distracts me for the next half hour or so, while I try to recollect all the things I have to convey to, or ask you about.

Firstly I must say how saddened we were to learn of the passing of Jack Denman. What a colossal bloke he was! Our sympathy goes out to his widow and family.

Secondly—many thanks for the photos of the Timor Memorial. This gives us some idea of the pictorial setting and looks so attractive in its tropical surrounding. From what we see, the result was well worth the effort and a credit to all concerned.

We trust that at some time the film of the trip can be made available for us to show locally. I often think of how fortunate those people were who joined in the trip and

what a wonderful experience to return there after so many years, to see the island in so much more favourable circumstances.

During the recent stay of Nicoleau we decided to send him a gift from N.S.W. This we did, in the form of a book on Australia generally, and it was sent by mail c/- Ray Aitken. I've not heard from Ray as to whether it arrived safely and would like to know just to satisfy my curiosity. We know that Nicoleau would be given a magnificent welcome and again, we would have enjoyed some more active participation but of course time and distance were the things.

We have been somewhat in the doldrums this year with a marked lack of interest in Association affairs. Only about 10 turned up at our annual meeting in spite of notice being mailed personally to all New South Wales members. For the last two meetings I've been the only one to show—who knows what tomorrow night will bring, but it's most disheartening to try to run a branch on these lines.

Ron Trengrove, Bill Coker and Bill Bennett have been my only contacts by phone and they are all well. Alfredo Santos has been in Concord Hospital but is home now. I was in his ward one day and unaware that he was there. Tom Field was injured in an accident and in Gosford Hospital but have not heard any recent report on him. Tom Martin tripped over a schooner and tore a strip off his shin—last news he expected to resume work within a day or two.

The remaining thing to tell you concerns the enclosed cheque of \$50 which was voted to assist with the "Courier" production. We trust it will be received in the spirit in which it is sent.

Edith and the girls join me in sending our kindest regards and best wishes to all.

REG HARRINGTON, of "Ainaro", Wyening, W.A., writes:—

Herewith butts and cheque to cover. I trust that my luck holds as I have never won first prize yet.

Thanks a lot for the prints of the memorial. The combination of the two prints give a fairly clear picture of the structure, most particularly the sonework.

We were most fortunate to run into Twy and Eric Smythe on the eve of their departure to Timor and gave them the name of a little Chinese lass we got to know. Nelly must have enjoyed your company Twy and Eric as she straight away wrote and told us about it.

I don't know whether I told you of the fact that we are sending money to Timor to educate a young lad to the priesthood at the Seminary at Dare. Doing this as a continued appreciation of the people of Timor and in particular to the memory of my little creado, Tony, whom I found out the Japs had executed. We have had several letters from the priest who arranged it and one from the lad himself, Tito Dos Santos Baltista. It is a wonderful feeling to be able to have the opportunity to do something that should be of great benefit to many, as if he does not carry on and become a priest he would still have received a good education that can be passed on to many others and I would judge that education is one of the greater needs of the island.

We are about to set out on the harvest. The boys made an attempt to get started yesterday, but had a rather major break, so will have another attempt this afternoon.

Laurie is making for the altar on Feb. 27 so it is important to get the harvest done so that we can organise his house.

I heard a whisper that there is a move afoot to revisit Timor soon. I think it might be difficult to get away without us if it does happen, drought or no drought.

We have just recently hooked on to the S.E.C. power and have to change all the equipment from 32 volt. You just should see how my wife gets onto these discounts. The main thing I want is something to keep that 10 doz. cold. Who was the sadist who thought up that raffle?

Cheerio for now. Regards.

BERT BURGESS, of "Burlands", P.O. Box 224, Katanning, W.A., writes:—

Herewith sweep ticket butts and cheque for same. I'm sure that it will prove to be most successful for the Association and should add to the pleasures of the eventual winners.

Many thanks to the Association

and the individuals responsible for the photos of the Timor Memorial. It is beautiful and I must get over to see it in the original sooner than later.

Would it be possible to have enlargements in colour of these two photos? I should think that there would be enough interest amongst members to make the cost reasonable.

Is Nicoleau still over here? Would love to see him. We went to the Royal Show on Tuesday but only for a few hours. Didn't run into any of the gang as I was hoping to do. I'm sorry that it was a rushed trip and couldn't stay for the reunion.

Alf Hillman has fought gamely for a long time against the arthritis in his leg but has now compromised and come up to Katanning to live leaving most of the responsibility of his farm to one of his sons-in-law.

We haven't declared ourselves a drought area but I'm sure that the Apollo 12 crew would not be at all impressed if they were to land here. Will be looking for an early break to the season.

Best wishes for Christmas and the new year.

**MARGARET WELLER, of 136
Kempton St., Bluff Point, W.A.,
writes:—**

I am sorry I didn't send these sooner but Eric was in the bush and I didn't have any signed cheques. He arrived back tonight.

We are grandparents now. Our eldest daughter has a daughter. Time sure flies by.

Our baby is five this year and off to school. Tony is doing his Leaving and Matriculation exams, and of course we have our fingers crossed for him. Ann is in first year.

Geraldton is still growing. I think it has doubled its size since we came here and is still growing. We built way out of town and now we are built in all round and for about 1 1/2 mile past.

Eric still suffers from writer's cramp. I am enclosing extra money for his Association fees.

Tony came third in his Leaving class which has 30 pupils so we feel he is doing well and hope that he keeps it up.

Well, I must away as I have the weekend shopping to do and time is marching on. Regards to all.

NIP CUNNINGHAM, of 182 Augustus St., Geraldton, writes:—

Just a note to say I am enclosing a money order for sweep and butts. Plus a couple of bucks to help the Association funds.

I had the pleasure of a visit from George Boyland a couple of months ago. He was on his way up north. He caught me at a busy time and I never had a chance of having a good natter with him. Half an hour after he left two of his old Geraldton mates dropped in, namely Cosy Mountain and Alf Robinson. They were both disappointed that they had missed him. Apart from Roy Watson, Arthur Smith, Henry Sproxtion, Rod Dhu and Merv Ryan that is about all the boys I have seen this year.

Trusting this sweep meets with every success, I will close now with best wishes to all the Association.

Wendle Wilkie and I knock over a couple of lagers at least twice a week.

**STAN SADLER, of P.O. Box 24,
Wongan Hills, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosed are the ticket butts and cheque to cover same plus some extra to make me financial. The balance a donation.

I think I mentioned feeling sorry for the farmers in the Eastern States in a letter last year, with their droughts and said it never seemed to happen in the West. However the West has copped it this year and a lot of places are very badly hit. Wheat Quotas now limit production and I reckon the drought and wheat quotas have delivered a knock-out blow to a heck of a lot of farmers.

We have been more fortunate than most with our rain and our crops are reasonable, below our average, but payable. Sheep feed is scarce and we will be feeding most of our sheep towards the end of summer.

Haven't seen any of the 2/2nd boys around lately. Had a note from Rip McMahon to say hello and that he was barman at Goodmalling Hotel. Haven't seen him yet.

I'll be seeing John Fowler in a couple of days. The R.S.L. is having a dinner at the pub and we will meet there I guess.

News of interest is that Dexter, John's son, has become engaged to Sir Eric Smart's daughter.

I was very shocked to hear that Jack Denman passed away. They don't come any better than Jack. We missed it in the paper. Found out too late to attend the funeral.

I'll close up now. My very best wishes to you and regards to all.

BILL DRAGE, of 20 Boronia Ave., Geraldton, W.A., writes:—

Just a few lines to send these tickets back.

It was very bad and sad news about Jack Denman. I suppose there was a good roll up at the service. I damn near flew down but Glad wouldn't let me.

There isn't much to write about. Hope you are all well. Things here are pretty good. Will see you all in the near future. Find enclosed cheque for tickets.

MAL HERBERT, of Box 41, Nun-garin, W.A., writes:—

Herewith raffle ticket butts. I have sent enough funds for five more tickets. Please take out for me. Owing to the drought winning this raffle is about the only chance I have of getting any Christmas beer.

GORDON ROWLEY, of Box 358, Manjimup, W.A., writes:—

Just a hurried note with the tickets and cheque to cover.

My regards to the gang. Sorry to miss the Re-union, maybe better luck next time.

The Backwards Raffle is a beauty and you can send along another two or three books if you like, as I have had no trouble to sell these. Full marks to the one who came up with this one.

Regards to all.

Extra couple of dollars for funds.

BRUCE McLAREN, of Box 47, Blackburn, Victoria, writes:—

Just a short note to fill you in on our activities here in Victoria. We held a committee meeting at Bert Tobin's office last night to make our final arrangements for the drawing of our Melbourne Cup Sweep which will be drawn on Oct. 30.

In the past we have always held the night at the 2nd Commando's Company Drill Hall, Ripponlea (which you know) but now they have moved across the bay to Williamstown. We decided because of our past association, we would again ac-

cept their offer to use their facilities, etc., so we all are looking forward to a good night.

Those present at the meeting were George Kennedy, John Southwell, Alan Munro, Jim Wall, George Veitch, Jerry O'Toole and Sam Fullbrook—not a bad turn-up for our size in Victoria.

Am enclosing a cutting out of the Brisbane Courier Mail which may be of some interest for our "Courier". Sam is a great fellow and richly deserves his success.

Going back over the years his paintings were only worth \$50, today, he commands, and receives from \$500 to \$1,500.

That's about it. Keep up your wonderful job with the "Courier" because to me and others it is something that will always hold us together as the years go on and we get older and greyer.

All the best to you and the boys.
Mr. Fullbrook Won The Double;
(Extract from "Courier-Mail")

Mr. Fullbrook won the \$1,000 H. C. Richards Memorial Prize with his "Portrait Study", and the \$80 L. J. Harvey Memorial Prize with his pencil sketch, "Girl With Melon".

It was the first time since 1953 that the same artist won both prizes in the same year.

Mr. Fullbrook had won the H. C. Richards Prize in 1967 also.

Mr. Fullbrook, who was born in Sydney in 1922, is represented in all State Galleries and in the National Collection in Canberra.

He won the Wynne prize for landscape painting in 1963, and shared it in 1964. He also won the 1966 David Jones' prize.

The competitions were judged this year by a panel of directors of the various Australian State Art Galleries, who are in Brisbane for their annual conference.

Spokesman for the panel, Mr. Hal Missingham, said the standard of entries was quite good.

In the H. C. Richards Memorial Contest the judges had made their final selection from a list of three paintings, each of which had been totally different from the others.

"Portrait Study" had been chosen because it was first and foremost "a lovely painting—a very tender painting."

"It is rarely one sees a portrait of this quality," Mr. Missingham said.

"This is not a fashionable painting in today's use of the word.

"But Sam Fullbrook is an artist who has steadily been increasing in stature over the years.

"He doesn't take any notice of what is fashionable and what is not fashionable. He just gets on with the job of painting."

BERNIE LANGRIDGE, of Box 53, Donnybrook, W.A., writes:—

Many thanks for your note and the cheque for the winner. He was thrilled with his win and thinks the Backwards Raffle idea is unique.

I was in Melbourne recently at an Apple and Pear Board meeting. I looked up Geoff Laidlaw and Tom Nisbet and had a bite of lunch with them and of course a good yarn. They told me about a bit of a meeting on the following evening so I made contact with Bert Tobin and we arranged a meeting place and all went along to a Commando Training Unit Camp and we all helped draw the Melbourne Cup Sweep. These boys put on a bit of a display

of equipment and did some unarmed combat demonstrations.

It was quite a thrill to be with some of the old gang. Many of them had changed almost beyond recognition but they were the same characters under the changed form.

Bert Tobin asked me to tell you that Kevin Curran had purchased some tickets in the name of the W.A. Association but I think they were forwarded to you personally. Bert thought this could confuse you—receiving some tickets and no explanation.

Most of the farm enterprises are going well. The season here has not been good but is by no means serious from a feed and water aspect, although water for irrigation is generally regarded as being fairly short.

We were in Geraldton in August and looked up Tom Foster and Eric Smyth and Bill Drage and had a good old wongi. Bill is showing his age but Tom and Eric look particularly well.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

TUESDAY, MARCH 4th, 1970

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

THIS IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO YOUR ASSOCIATION

Come along—bring a member, and ensure that this meeting fulfills its true function

(Printed for the publisher by "The Swan Express", 10 Helena Street, Midland, 6056, W.A.)

When in Town

Make The

DON CLOTHING CO.

William Street, Perth

Your Rendezvous For Mercery

Meet Dave Ritchie and Say Good-day

10% Your Way on All Purchases

Remember:

DON CLOTHING CO.

Heard This?

A mountain woman from West Virginia goes into the hospital for 10 days every year to have another baby. On one of her annual visits the doctor said: "Madam, you really ought to stop having babies every year."

She looked at him in dismay, then exclaimed excitedly: "What! and give up my only rest? No sir-ree!"

Judge (to defendant): "What induced you to strike your wife?"

Defendant: "Well, your honour, she had her back to me, the broom was handy and the back door was open. So I thought I would take a chance."

Historically Yours

CDO. NEW BRITAIN

ANNIVERSARY DAY, 11th JULY, 1945

(Capt. A. Campbell)

Birth of the 2 Aust. Indep. Coy. took place at Darby, Wilson's Promontory, on the 11th July, 1941. Today it celebrates its fourth anniversary, having fully earned a niche in the annals of Australian War History by campaigns in Timor and New Guinea.

The nucleus of the Unit were WX personnel recruited from Training Battalions in W.A. Major A. Spence (QX) was C.O. and Capt. Callinan (VX) 2I.C., whilst W.O. Craigie (QX) was C.S.M. and Capt. C. R. Dunkley (WX) the M.O.

Known as platoons at that stage, the officers of "A", "B" and "C" were as follows:—

"A": Capt. Baldwin, Lts. Dexter, McKenzie, Turner, Sgt. Smyth.

"B": Capt. Laidlaw, Lts. Nisbet, Dalg, Mackintosh, Sgt. Coupland.

"C": Capt. Boyland, Lts. Cole, Burridge, Campbell, Sgt. Smith.

Engineers: Lt. Turton, Sgt. Green.
Signals: Lt. Rose, Sgt. Press.

A total of all ranks inclusive, 275.

No. 1 camp at Darby was taken over by us from 1 Aust. Ind. Coy., and there the foundation was solidly laid. All were very keen and the camp soon became a hive of industry, both in construction and training. Men were sorted and singled out until it was believed the Coy. was on a firm footing to begin the colourful career of 2 Aust. Ind. Coy.

Now veterans of four years, they have been bolstered by reinforcements who have more than upheld the traditions of the "Old Originals", making the Unit highly efficient in fighting and parade ground soldiering, a decided asset. Having weathered all storms over the four years, all can be justly proud of the Unit tradition and "Esprit de Corps". It can be said without fear of contradiction that this Unit is the best known, and held in higher esteem than any other now called Cdo. Sqn.

Many happy returns, 2/2nd, on the fourth Anniversary of your for-

mation. Ere the war ceases, may you add even more fully to your records and prestige.

FOUR YEARS' ACHIEVEMENTS

It is with some pride we note our officers are at last gaining recognition for their valuable services to the Sqn.

Some of the more recent promotions which have been effected:

T/Maj. C. F. G. McKenzie-

Maj. T. G. Nisbet

Maj. D. K. Turton

Maj. D. St. A. Dexter

Capt. T. B. Adams

Capt. C. D. Doig

Capt. A. Campbell.

We extend to them our congratulations, wishing them "Good luck and good hunting".

FOOTBALL

Victory Over Battery:

Our sporting activities in this area began on July 8, with a game of Aussie Rules against the Arty. Despite the condition of the ground, some brilliant periods of play were witnessed and the Squadron ran out winners, 9.10 to 5.8. Outstanding players were Webber, Watson, Fryer and Marshall.

Defeat By M.D.S.:

Displaying a marked tendency to play the man and not the ball the Squadron was soundly defeated by the Ambulance. Best players for 2/2nd were: Watson, Webber, Snowden and Edwardes. Final scores: M.D.S. 17.15, 2/2nd 8.5.

"Sandgroppers" Victory Over Sqn.:

Fryer and Watson again predominated for our team but the "Sandgroppers", playing excellent football, always had the edge. Final scores: Sandgroppers 19.6, 2/2nd 8.6.

CONVERSATION PIECE

M.O., inspecting timbering of the men's new latrine: "Do you think they will grow?"

A Sapper: "No, sir. Only other ranks will be using this turnout."

And then there was the French gentleman giving the G.G. about Noumea: "In Noumea, we have a siesta at noon, then we sleep. At night, we go to bed."

GHOST TRACKS

(by A. D. Bost and H. A. Fredericks)

Lieutenant Green, our "T" man, said,
Here's a map or two.
Now off you go and look for tracks,
You're sure to find a few.

We saddled up and off we went,
Jack Poynton in the lead.
We walked all day and half the night,
With not a bloody track in sight.

At last we settled down to rest,
Amid the rocks and bloody pests,
To try and catch a spot of sleep;
But not a bloody peep.

A sleepless night, our camp behind
We went forth, more tracks to find.
A miserable dozen tracks we tried,
Our boss was never satisfied.

And so at last we made for home
And swore that we no more would roam

From this our camp, we call our home,

To look for tracks that don't exist
Except on maps turned out by drips.

PENICILLIN

(Capt. I. McPhee)

Moulds have been known to have the property of destroying germs since the end of last century. Many were tested to see if they could be used in medicine, but they all proved to be too poisonous for man to use.

Prof. Fleming, in 1929, found that a mould which had accidentally contaminated some germs which he was growing, killed them. He recognised the type of mould as penicillium, and he found that when he grew this mould in broth, that the broth had the power to kill the germs after the mould had been removed from it. The substance that was present in the broth, and gave it the germicidal properties, he called penicillin. They experimented with this, but it wasn't until 1938 Florey and his associates were able to produce penicillin in a sufficiently pure form to allow its use in man without any harmful effects.

When taken by mouth, it was found that it was destroyed in the stomach. After testing it, it was

found that weal application and injection into veins were the most satisfactory methods of use. The next thing to be done was to discover which germs the penicillin would kill, and which diseases it would help to cure. This was done by bringing penicillin into contact with laboratory grown germs and by using it on patients suffering from various diseases. Knowledge of this substance is still far from complete, but by recording its effect on patients, who are suffering from various diseases, it will soon be possible to tell in which cases it will be effective. It would appear at present, that nearly half of the diseases due to germs will benefit to some extent from penicillin treatment.

Work being done at present, with other moulds shows that others will probably prove to be useful. It is quite possible that some of them may prove more effective than penicillin in certain diseases, and may even be effective against diseases for which we have no special treatment.

TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS

We extend our sincere thanks. Your copy, accepted or rejected, has been instrumental in the production of this magazine. With the wholehearted co-operation of all ranks we will endeavour to bring forth in the future, a publication worthy of the 2/2nd Cdo. Sqd.

Remember:

Experience is not what happens to a man, it is what a man does with what happens to him.

SONG OF THE MONTH

SILVER WINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Silver wings in the moonlight,
Flying high up above,
While I'm patiently waiting,
Please take care of my love.
Silver wings in the moonlight,
Silver bird in the sky,
Many times he has told me
He loves both you and I;
So I must share him with you,
What can I do—it just has to be,
I'll never keep him from you, honest
If you won't keep him from me.
If you love him like I do,
Take him safely and then
Silver wings in the moonlight
Bring him homeward again.