



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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MAN AND THE MOON

From time to time since man first evolved on earth he has suddenly lengthened his scientific and technological stride and taken a momentous step forward with exceptionally far-reaching effects on his future well-being.

The discovery of the wheel, the use of fire and how to travel on water in the era of unrecorded history, and in more recent times, Columbus's proof that the earth is round, the harnessing of steam power, the development of the germ theory of disease, the invention of the internal combustion engine and the transistor, the splitting of the atom are some of these steps. Space travel culminating in man's first walk on the moon may be added to the list.

The landing of two American astronauts on July 21 last is a beginning; but a beginning of what? The technical methods of space travel will be improved and no doubt a generation or two hence will regard the rockets and space ships of today in the same light as we do the early horseless carriages and the Wright Brothers' flying machine. Exploration of the other planets will increase, linked probably with permanent space stations orbiting the earth. A permanent moon base is also in the minds of space scientists.

If these and other developments come to pass, how will they affect man's well-being on earth? Some results of space research have already found their way into the domestic market and more will follow. The small extent of this "spin off" as scientists call it, related to the vast

sums of money that space research consumes is perhaps one reason behind criticism made by those people who argue that this money would be better spent relieving distress on earth. It is not our purpose to join in this argument except to say that it is too early to pass judgement. One thing is certain. Space research and exploration will go on.

Man's well-being, however, depends on more than economic factors. He wants to live in peace with his neighbour at home and internationally. If the moon landing leads to more and better understanding and co-operation between men and nations, then he will have truly benefited.

There is a fear that technological progress, which has made space exploration possible, and the widening gap between scientists and technologists and other members of society could lead to the swamping of the individual. To the extent this fear exists, it could be a cause of today's student and other social unrest. Each one of us wants to be treated as an individual with at least some say in the way he leads his life—to be more than just a cog in the machinery of a technocratic society controlled by technological and scientific experts.

The biggest question raised by the landing on the moon is not a new one. It is the old question: Can man's moral development catch up to and keep pace with his material progress and, if so, can this be achieved before it is too late?

—MAX DAVIES.

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

ANNUAL RE-UNION DINNER

We had a fabulous night on Oct. 3rd, at Postal Institute in Zimpler Arcade. The Re-union Dinner was an outstanding success. The venue could not be bettered. The catering was terrific and Col Hodson's handling of the amber fluid could not be faulted. Attendance was well up to average and this was really good considering the vile weather which prevailed on this day and evening.

Col Doig was once again Toastmaster and in good form. Vice President "Spriggy" McDonald honoured "The Queen". Country Vice-President Harold Rowan-Robinson handled the toast of the "Unit and Association" in superb style and in response President Len Bagley was at his best. This toast has not been better handled for years. Bill Epps gave us "Allied Services" in his best manner and Dave Ross's response was in his inimical style. Gerry Maley called on all to honour "Our Helpers" and broke considerable new ground in including all people who help us now. Jack Fowler honoured "Our Guests" and handled the task manfully.

Down from the country to attend were Harold Rowan-Robinson from Bridgetown, Arthur Marshall from Harvey, Ted Monk from Latham, and Lou Thompson from Wannamal, which all in all was not a great representation but having regard to the previous drought conditions which had gripped most of the State in the previous season you could not expect much more from our country friends.

All who were there had a really wonderful evening and it continued on until the wee small hours with much talk and singing.

During the evening we were privileged to welcome Peter Hearle from Brisbane, Qlds., who was in Perth for a Painters' Convention. Peter looked in wonderful health and reported that most of the boys he had recently met in Brisbane were also going well. It helped to make the night to be able to welcome an interstate visitor.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

This annual event took place at Kings Park, Lovekin Drive, on Sunday, Oct. 4th, immediately following the Annual Re-union.

President Len Bagley addressed quite a reasonable gathering including 22 members. His address is published elsewhere in this issue.

Bill Epps marshalled the parade for the march of honour through our avenue which was in wonderful condition.

Naturally we would have liked to see many more present but many factors usually combine to prevent a larger attendance. After all on the same day the 11th and 2/11th Bat. held a service in Kings Park and their attendance was only 23 members and 30 others so in proportion we did remarkably well.

I do think that a lot of members shirk their responsibilities on this day purely from forgetfulness and this is an unpardonable crime against those persons whose memories we set out to revere on this day.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Ladies and Gentlemen,

As President of your Association it is my privilege and my proud duty to give this address on this Commemorative occasion.

We are gathered once again in this charming spot to do homage to our fallen comrades and pay our respects to their revered memories.

We, as a Unit Association, are proud of what we have made of this living memorial to our fallen friends, and we hope that we will be allowed many more years to improve this hallowed place to something that this city will be proud of, and that it will become a show place of Western Australia. The lads that this area commemorates died that we may be free, they died to help build a better world and that their loved ones would never know a conqueror's heel.

Every year we pose the question: Did they achieve their glorious purpose or did they die in vain?

Since their passing in the early 1940's we have lived through three

decades. Firstly, the hurly burly of the 1940's when all was re-establishment and Australia was passing from a war setting and a war economy and was phasing into peace.

Secondly the hustle and bustle of the 1950's when Australia went ahead by leaps and bounds and we first saw the upsurge of a buoyant economy and a strong migrant intake. Prosperity was everywhere.

The 1960's saw the 50's carried to an even greater extent of expansion and economic advancement in the early portion of this ten-year period, ominous signs of a breakdown were becoming evident. Drought had gripped many portions of Australia and agricultural economy was falling to pieces and this was starting to have a telling effect on vast areas of the Continent.

Granted, this was being offset by the minerals boom and the overall economy was holding together.

We are now entering the 70's and this could be a decade of perils and pitfalls. I may be wrong but most of the perils and pitfalls ahead stem directly from the scientific, industrial and social revolution that is having a shattering impact on all societies today—a revolution that will undoubtedly change work, living and thought even more dramatically by 1980.

Let me add that these perils and pitfalls are an inevitable result of human behaviour, since people have a genius for solving problems and creating others—like an endless belt of human achievement and human error.

It seems with the economic changes ahead that by 1980 we will see less people on the land and more people in other industries with special emphasis on the mineral front and all that goes along with it. This will bring its intense problems of overcrowded cities with attendant problems of traffic, housing, service

and inevitable pollution. Migration can also pose many problems.

Our drive since World War II to bring in as many people as quickly as possible was based on past thinking, on a concept of an empty continent, on "populate or perish" and of course the needs of our growing industrialisation forced upon us by the 1939-45 war. We may have to do a lot of rethinking on this concept. We do not want migrants just for the fact of having them.

Trade will also be one of the great pitfalls of the 70's. Japan is now one of the industrial greats and in ten years could be in the top three of the world. We are getting very dependent, trade-wise, on Japan. Should Britain join the European Common Market this will bring attendant problems for us—especially for primary produce—but it could have disastrous results for our friend and ally, New Zealand, and we may have to come to her aid both on a moral and commercial basis.

There are of course many problems on which I have not touched but this should be enough for me to try and awaken you to the possibilities and problems confronting us.

We seem to have not gone very far in the past 30 years to solving the problem of man's inhumanity to man and fighting and power hunger still seems to thrive despite a higher degree of education. We live in a young world with over 35 per cent of the population under 25 years of age but youth does not seem to be any more responsible today than it was in our youthful days. The protests and demonstrations on anything and everything under the sun do not seem to me to be adding anything to the good of the world and tend mostly to disrupt rather than assist.

That should be enough of my

NOVEMBER MEETING:
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT
TUESDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 3rd
MICK CALCUTT TROPHY SPORTS NIGHT

gloomy philosophy of the future, but I only utter this to get people to think deeply of tomorrow. Out of all this, have we built the Eutopia that our friends died for? The best that can be said is that we have tried and we will continue to try. We may not be of great numeric strength, but I do think by our deeds of the past we have adequately shown that we can perform great feats. This is exemplified by our wonderful memorial in Timor and also something that you can see with your own eyes at this moment, in this very area, in Kings Park. We must continue to exert as much pressure in all spheres as we have in the past and continue to work for the common good of the community. Let us say to everyone: "They died not in vain."

On this day let us, in this little bit of heaven which is ours, spare a moment to think of those who have been left behind by our heroic fallen—the wives, the mothers and families. Theirs has been the burden of years. Theirs the ultimate loss. Difficult as it was for us to bury our dead on a distant shore, it compares not with the sorrow of those at home who had to bear the loss without word of farewell. We were close at hand and knew of the heroic deeds they performed in losing their lives so we could carry on the task. Time is a wonderful healer and it is hoped that the scars of the past are now growing dimmer with the passing of the years but, unfortunately, they will always be there. My message to you who were bereaved is to lift up your hearts and be of good cheer, safe in the knowledge that your loved ones are in a place of honour for all such heroic souls.

Let today be another day in which we, who were left behind, rededicate ourselves to the task ahead and render unselfish service to the com-

munity in general. We have the ability; let us be sure we use it—and use it wisely. Many of us are reaching a stage in our lives where family responsibilities are getting a little less and we are having greater leisure. Let us put this to the best possible use for the greater good of our fellow man. Do not let our minds or our bodies lie fallow, but let them grow for the betterment of mankind.

I would like at this moment to thank you all for coming along and sharing in this simple ceremony of homage, and hope with the passing of the years we will continue to remember those who did so much for us.

Personalities

Eric Thornander and his good wife Molly in excellent fettle. Eric was the top salesman for his firm in Australia last year and earned a trip to Melbourne as a result.

Tony and Agnes Davidson are in great heart and have a lovely family even including Simon, the Boxer dog. Their home is lovely and Tony says business is quite good in the fruit and vegetable game.

Ernie (Hoffie) Hoffman never looked better and I think just a little opulent with all his irons in the fire. It was really nice to see him.

Jackie Spencer now on Service pension and looking after himself well at Boulder. I really enjoyed that night with you, Jackie.

Les Glasson is foreman of a joinery and cabinet making shop in Boulder Road, Kalgoorlie. Les, was not in good health when seen and was in the throes of having a series of tests to discover his main trouble. Hope it all clears up good and fast, Les. Anyway it was good to see you once again.

It was with regret that Eric

CHRISTMAS PARTY:
HIGHWAY HOTEL, CLAREMONT
SATURDAY, 5th DECEMBER

Cost: \$10 per Double Ticket

Thornander advised me that our old mate Paddy Doyle had passed away some three months ago. Paddy was an original member of 5 Section in Timor and was a top grade soldier, frightened of nothing. He served the Unit well and truly and his passing leaves another gap in our already thinning ranks. Vale Paddy Doyle, good soldier, good Irishman and good bloke.

We also regret to advise of the passing during September of "Herbie" Thomas, an original member of 2 Section in Timor and another top grade soldier and good bloke. Herbie was as game as they come and I always remember his fortitude after the Nips landed and he just about cut his foot off with a knife. He never whimpered through it all and took his bad luck with the strength of character one expected from him. After the war "Herbie" did many jobs even returning to race riding in the Carnarvon area. He cooked in the outback for geologists parties. Herbie leaves another blank file in the old gang and we salute the memory of a brave, game, humorous bloke well beloved of us all. Vale Herbie Thomas.

Don Turton has been on a trip to Broome but have not contacted him since his return.

Arthur Marshall looked extra fit at the dinner as did Lou Thompson and Ted Monk and "Robbie" Rowan Robinson. All reported that things were not too bad with them this year.

It was bad luck that Vince Swann and Tom Crouch could not make the dinner but they did advise that other commitments made the trip impossible. Vince advised by phone that the season at Salmon Gums was a lot better than last year.

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Jubilee Safari

Interest is definitely quickening with this great event which takes place in September, 1970.

We have had many letters from the Eastern States advising that they would be coming over to meet their mates in W.A. and have the holiday of a lifetime.

The sub-committee dealing with arrangements in W.A. have continued to meet and have now arrived at a budget to meet the costs of this Jubilee Safari. They have proved that if the Mammoth Raffle can be a success the financing of the whole affair will be a piece of cake and provide a large amount to subsidise accommodation for those travelling interstate.

We once again publish the proposed list of events to make a memorable fortnight in W.A.

PROJECTED PROGRAMME OF EVENTS

Friday, Sept 3: It is expected that visitors will arrive and be met and settled in to their accommodation. In the evening there will be a get-together at Imperial Hotel where most of the visitors will be staying.

Saturday, Sept. 4: Re-Union Dinner for men at Anzac House Basement. Women will have a theatre night at Town House.

Sunday, Sept. 5: Commemoration Service, Kings Park, and then return to Imperial Hotel for celebration.

Monday, Sept. 6: Tour of the Mundaring, Canning and Serpentine Dams with a barbecue at Murray Arms Hotel.

Tuesday, Sept. 7: Free day or a River Trip on Swan River with a barbecue.

Wednesday, Sept. 8: Morning tour of Wanneroo Nursery. Lunch at the Yanchep Inn.

Thursday, Sept. 9: Ladies' Night at Fremantle Club.

Friday, Sept. 10: Free day and night. This will enable members who wish to take special guests to various places.

Saturday, Sept. 11: Garden Party. This will be held at Perry Lakes Stadium.

Sunday, Sept. 12: Free day or a River Trip as for Monday, Sept. 6.

YOUR EDITOR'S TRIP TO KALGOORLIE**KALGOORLIE—PROSPEROUS TOWN OF TODAY AND TOMORROW**

Your Editor, being on annual leave, decided hurriedly on a trip to Kalgoorlie to discover if all the talk of prosperity was in truth a fact. Thanks to the good offices of Eric Thornander a hasty booking was made at the Grand Hotel, Hannans Street, Kalgoorlie.

After a long, long train trip, taking in about half of W.A. (we diverted at Northam and travelled via Goomalling, Dowerin, Wyalkatchem to Merredin) we reached Kalgoorlie at 8.30 a.m. on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, and immediately contacted Eric Thornander who looked well and prosperous and was indeed a busy man.

Our next contact was Tony Davidson who took immediate charge of us and had the usual half dozen loosening up noggins before proceeding to show us the new housing area at Lamington and onwards to the new Tower Hotel. Both these prospects are an eye opener to the newcomer. The housing at Lamington is of an unusually high standard and the layout extra good. It was noted that the tree planting in the area was proceeding apace, which in Kalgoorlie is an extra good thing.

The Tower Hotel, only recently opened, is really outstanding. This writer knows of nothing better in the metropolitan area and many new hotels definitely not nearly as good. The furnishing and decor are outstanding.

Then we partook of the Davidson hospitality in going home to see Margaret and the family including Simon the pedigree Boxer dog. (What a beauty is Simon!) Tony made arrangements to show us Kambalda the following day, Thursday.

Thursday morning while wandering in Boulder Road we met a mate from Perth who was also holidaying in Kalgoorlie and he kindly had us driven all around Mt. Charlotte Reservoir and then right around the mines in Boulder finishing up at Jacko Osmettie's pub, the Cornwall, at South Boulder.

In the afternoon Tony Davidson took us on an unforgettable trip to the new towns of Kambalda and Kambalda West. What a sight! A

new beautifully laid out townsite with every possible amenity where conservation is the dominating theme. No trees are destroyed and hundreds more are being planted. Streets are all on the curve and are kerbed. Street lighting which would make Perth look like a rural hamlet. All power lines underground and their street lights are things of both beauty and utility. Housing is excellent and in Kambalda West really top grade and mostly in brick.

The Kambalda Hotel puts all others I have seen in W.A. in the shade. I thought the Tower Hotel in Kalgoorlie was good but this Kambalden edifice leaves it for dead. The swimming pool is a gorgeous sight. The lounge huge and space and furnishing and decor terrific. Added to this I liked the Hannans beer. This was a real highlight to our trip.

Friday morning saw the arrival from Edgedina of "Hoffie" (Ernie Hoffman). "Hoff" took over where Tony Davidson left off and showed us all over the State Battery, then out to South Kalgoorlie for a look at the new housing in that area. This is mostly being done by the big mining companies and is of excellent quality.

In the afternoon and evening we spent a most enjoyable evening at the now refurbished Palace Hotel (Bob Smyth is a member of the syndicate which owns the Palace). "Hoffie" proved to be a great host in the Steak Bar.

Saturday morning we were again the guests of "Hoffie" and at midday were joined by Eric Thornander who had by then ceased to be busy and joined in the welcome stake. Out to Eric's home for a brief while and then in the late hours of Saturday night the whole gang of us out to see Jackie Spencer at Boulder. The old boy was tickled pink to see us all and magged for an hour or so over old times. It was good to see Jack looking so well.

Sunday morning Eric again took over and after showing us a few spots took us out to Jack Sheehan's Ranch. Unfortunately Jack was in Perth on business but it was most

delightful to meet Mrs. Sheehan and some of the family including their prize Bassett Hound who was that day to be shown at the local Dog Show. He had already won a heap of ribbons at previous shows.

As we were leaving by train at 6 p.m. on Sunday we took the opportunity of seeing the Goldfields Museum in the British Arms Hotel in the afternoon and then Tony and Agnes Davidson and Eric and Molly Thornander picked us up at the Grand Hotel for final drinks and saw us off on the train.

What a memorable week in the company of nice people who seem to be so full of hospitality.

Now for a few thoughts on Kalgoorlie. This by any standards is a boom town and I don't mean a short term boom town. Everyone has an aura of prosperity. They talk like people who have confidence in their area. They talk in millions not thousands. The confidence is overflowing into many areas and what is being done is being done in a solid, substantial way by a lot of hard headed people who normally would not waste a second thought on boom towns.

Much is being done to rectify the errors of the past. The tree planting programme alone will yield terrific dividends in the future.

Kalgoorlie started out a well planned city with wide streets and these are about to be invested with good solid buildings in good taste and built to last a lifetime. The upsurge in quality housing has to be seen to be believed.

This is definitely a town with a heap of tomorrows and will eventually be one of the prides and joys of W.A. It is alive and kicking. It has venues for people to really live it up. It is a metropolis where people of all ages can live in the modern way.

I like the strong sound of optimism one sees on all sides. It engenders confidence in the newcomer. The talk of shares and share dealing on all sides leaves one bewildered. The number of new millionaires in the goldfields region must rival Texas at its top.

Yes, you goldfielders, I liked what I saw and I liked what you did for me. Thanks a million and I'll be back again some day. —Col Doig.

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

Mr. Eadon-Clarke, Travel Promotion Consultant of M.M.A., of Perth, who has just completed a tour of inspection of Timor for tourist potential, has come up with the idea of a return journey to Timor for the 2/2nd. The idea is to cover roughly the route taken by the Coy. He believes he can arrange for the co-operation of a naval craft.

The party would leave Darwin and sail to Koepang, then on to Dilli. From here they would travel overland to Betano where they would be met by the ship to return them to Darwin.

So far this is only an idea but could be gone into properly in 1972 after the Jubilee Safari is over.

You must admit this could be a comparatively cheap holiday for any member who is interested. If you are interested drop a line to the Association, Box T1646 G.P.O., Perth, and we can then give Mr. Eadon-Clarke some idea of numbers so that he can carry on from there.

Heard This?

Caller: "Is Geraldine at home?"
Her father: "She's round at the rear."

Caller: "Yes, I know, but is she home?"

**NOVEMBER MEETING:
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT
TUESDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 3rd
MICK CALCUTT TROPHY SPORTS NIGHT**

RANDOM HARVEST

PETER BARDEN, of 6GN Radio Station and ABGW Channel 6 Television Station, Geraldton, W.A., writes:—

Well, Yours Truly and his "Better Half" have just completed adjudicating in one of the highlights of the Sunshine Festival—the street parade of floats—and, as usual, the job was a difficult one because of the extremely high standard and the record number of competitors. However, judging by the manner in which our decisions were acclaimed by the Governor-General, Sir Paul Hasluck, and the huge crowd, we feel sure that we did the right thing in giving the main prize of \$60 for the "Best Float Overall" to the "Yellow Submarine" made by inmates of the Regional Prison who also were dressed as the "Beatles" and played the musical tune "The Yellow Submarine" as the float moved along the packed streets.

Apart from the 40-odd floats, there were 14 "Sunshine Queen" candidates in the street parade, each of them travelling in a trailer-borne speedboat. All of these girls received a great ovation, and there was special applause by all "Double Red Diamond" types, for one of the attractive lasses—Kate Foster, daughter of Tom and Mary Foster who are playing an important part in the agricultural development of the Geraldton area, in spite of the difficult times in rural industries.

Well (there's plenty of Aqua Pura in Geraldton) we have just had the pleasure of a visit by one of the best known furniture personalities of Perth, "Finkie" (in other words, Ralph Finklestein), and his wife and 16 year old son Paul. We had a beaut night out at the two-storey mansion of Eric and Twy Smythe—who proved the perfect host and hostess to a gathering which included the Bardens, the Fosters and Nip and Mary Cunningham. The bottle of vintage sherry that Eric brought up from the cellar for the final drink of the night prepared us well for our departure from the warm surroundings.

At my request Nip Cunningham displayed his scrap-book of boxing

cuttings which dated back to 1931, when in Nip's own words: "I used to run over the sandhills each morning before breakfast and touch the lighthouse." His most memorable fight was on March 26, 1932, when he went 13 rounds against the middleweight champion, Danny Ryan.

It, of course, took a lot of enticing on my part to get "Finkie" to talk about his boxing career. However I did discover that as "Kid Berg" he was State amateur middleweight champion in 1938 and State professional middleweight and light-weight champion from 1939 to 1949. How we vividly remember Ralph's many fights when he was P.T. Instructor of the 2/2nd—particularly the one in Queensland when he was given overwhelming support from the ringside and was entertained royally after the bout, in appreciation of his game endeavours against a veritable Hercules.

Recent visitors included Mick Morgan, of the "Big Smoke", who had a "noggin or two" with Nip Cunningham.

Well (we'll never go thirsty in Geraldton) I must be away now, as duty calls.

Kind regards to all.

CLARRIE TURNER, of "Killora", Elgin, W.A., writes:—

This is a job I have been trying to get at for some time now and feel a bit ashamed at not having sent in a note before this.

Anyway being Sunday and it is raining, I am unable to get out to do much else (thank goodness) as Grace always seems to have some gardening, lawns, etc., which want doing.

By now you have probably heard that I have at last taken over the farm and as it is now mine (if I manage to pay for it!) there is a terrific amount I would like to get done and so it means keeping my nose to the grindstone for a while, although I do not want to work myself to death over it. I only hope I can make it worth while.

The "Courier" has been very interesting with the letters coming in from members and their wives and hope for your sake that they keep it up.

The Safari arrangements sound to be well in hand and should be a wonderful success. Grace and I will be planning to be present for at least some of the welcome and festivities, as we have a fair while to plan it.

The Mammoth Raffle I think is a very good move and should be a great success and feel certain that it will be filled without much trouble.

Haven't seen any members down this way whatsoever apart from having the President, Len Bagley, and his wife down with us for a few very pleasant days. Grace and I are always ready to welcome any members who may make it to our area.

Will be trying hard to make the Annual Re-union and failing that Grace and I will try and make the Cabaret Night.

Cheers and regards to all.

TOM FIELD, of 18 Margaret St., WYONG, N.S.W., writes:—

My wife and I have decided to take a raffle ticket, but as things are we can't afford more, and have had no luck with our friends, so we have filled in one application form and we are returning the other.

We hope you have great success with the raffle and good luck for the 1971 Safari. Hoping to see you then.

JACK PEATTIE, of 11 Denne St., West Tamworth, N.S.W., writes:

I am enclosing a cheque for a ticket in the Safari Raffle for myself. So far I have not been able to get any takers for another ticket except for a couple who have promised to buy one if they strike the jackpot on one of our club one-armed bandits. I'll keep trying.

Things have been pretty depressed in this area for quite a while due to wool and wheat prices and a bad drought. However the brought has broken over the last three weeks so

there will be more money around in the future.

Excepting for plenty of work, things have been pretty quiet around here. However I generally manage to keep a shade in front and that's something!

While going through my file to toss out some junk a few weeks back I came across copies of Allan Stewart's "Swine Song" and a poem by Brook that Betty Craig typed out for me when she and Keith stopped for a few days after the last Safari. I meant to send them on to you then but it only goes to show that the best place to lose something is in a filing system. I also noted that I owed Keith and Betty a letter—if all goes well I'll get it away in the near future.

I know that the poems will bring back memories to you and if you have room to print them in the "Courier" should raise a chuckle with the old 5 Section.

Regards from Marj and myself. Looking forward to seeing you again next year.

NEW GUINEA

(H. T. Brooker)

Now we're sick of climbing mountains,

We're sick of climbing hills,
We're sick of tins of cabbage,
We're sick of quinine pills.

There's jungles and there's leeches,
There's rain and muddy tracks,
And if you're not ruddy careful
You'll end up on your back.

Now across a certain river,
There's supposed to be plenty of
Japs,
All camped out in the jungle,
Or in the hills perhaps.

But wait until we're ready,
We'll hit 'em hard and fast,
Our patrols will go more steady,
Than they have done in the past.

MAMMOTH RAFFLE:

Please Return Those Application Forms
To Box T1646, G.P.O., Perth, 6001
as soon as possible

For the Jap is pretty cunning,
And I guess he'll be rather sore,
He'll try out everything he knows,
To even up the score.

It's not that we get flurried,
It's not that we're afraid,
But you get a little worried,
When you go out on a raid.

And up here we have an Angau,
Who goes to town a treat,
When we go out to kill a cow,
To get a feed of meat.

Now back home in good old Aussie,
Where there's strikes on every day,
Put the bastards in New Guinea,
On six and six a day.

I guess that would stop their howling
And when they'd been here a while,
They would realize it's no good
growling,
While Tojo's still able to smile.

But when this war is over,
And we are free to roam,
I'm heading back to the good old
West,
To settle down at home.

So give me a life of freedom,
And that I hope not far,
When we can gather in the pub,
And drink what's behind the bar.

Give me a sunburnt country,
Just like the Nullabor Plain,
Where there's not a ruddy mountain,
And not a drop of rain.

THE SWINE SONG

(Allan Stewart)

It was somewhere in New Guinea
near the Guyebi battleground
That a team of friendly natives and
their odds and ends are found.
They bring in all the cargo and they
bring the lines of kai
And they take us over mountains
that reach the ruddy sky.

Now the Doig our Lieut. insisted
that we treat 'em well and fair,
For he watched their every need
with a mother's gentle care.
While we doctored all their ulcers
and bandaged up their toes
He showed Miss Dix's cunning in
smoothing out their woes.

Quoth Doig in manner dashing: "As
a trained guerilla band,
If supplies are on the bugle we can
live well off the land."
So the Marys brought in kau-kau
left their perfume on the breeze
With their dirty stinking lap-laps
and their teats below the knees.

Our administration flourished with
an air of welcome cheer—
The boss in all his glory and old
Askap in the rear.
The ration shortage hit us; our need
for succour big;
So rounding the boss-boys hopped
the skill on for a pig.

NOVEMBER MEETING:

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

TUESDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 3rd

MICK CALCUTT TROPHY SPORTS NIGHT

CHRISTMAS PARTY:

HIGHWAY HOTEL, CLAREMONT

SATURDAY, 5th DECEMBER

Cost: \$10 per Double Ticket

Here the pig's a household body, the
pride of every heart,
Like the Jew and all his money,
coon and pig will seldom part.
But our Col's a man of action, not
the type to let it rest
Informed the local boss-boy he was
"Shit nothing at the best".

The kanakas read the meaning, with
their chieftains on the spot,
So it wasn't many moons till we had
porker in the pot.
While rarely sugar touched the cup,
and never smell of jam
The menu on the whole was never
short of ham.

Next the all important question was
the one of payment, then
Diving deep into the pockets pulled
out dollar pound and yen.
But the wily, cunning savage not
awake up to his needs,
Grabbed the filthy lucre, scorned a
knife and string of beads.

Now the lads of Kortara getting hot
upon the track,
Roped a porker for a deena and a
sucker for a zac.
To show their friendly spirit and to
keep the trading brisk,
Gave them "Good St. Peter" stamp-
ed upon a metal disc.

But we got a sudden message and its
meaning sounded hard,
You must dig your trenches deeper
and double every guard.
You have robbed our coloured ally,
he has suffered fearful loss,
He has raced across the Ramu and
will bring the Jap across.

So the keeup came from Bundi on
investigation bent,
And he livened up proceedings with
satorial comment.
The boongs were summoned to the
spot they came from far away.
King Sol in all his glory never
witnessed such array.

Now our Jim has his job at heart
both near and far remote,
And this wicked exploitation fairly
got his goat.
So he got the facts together from
the last down to the first
Robbery was proven black slavery
at the worst.

So he swiped the useless coinage
from the natives one and all
Gave them shells and pretty keena
worth practically f—— all.
Now I'm not used to shells and
such, but this is what I'm told,
These homes of long dead fishes
must be worth their weight in gold!

Oh stranger passing Guyebi if you
value life and limb,
Never mention pigs and money or
you'll sure end up in strife.
You may dream of ham and eggs
in the sweet bye and bye
But if you broach the subject now
you're a better man than I.

You have read of Fuzzy Angels with
their cheerful friendly smiles
The gentle, faithful servants the
darling of this isle.
This idle childish burble is enough
to make me swoon,
I'll shout for all the mob if the
author ever saw a coon.

Heard This?

"So after a while I kissed Alice.
When she seemed to go for that, I put
my arm around her. She went for
that too, so I gave her a squeeze and
kissed her again."

"Then what?"

"Well, then she really flipped, and
she said, 'Tommy, you're wonderful.
You can have anything you want'."

"So?"

"So—I took her bicycle!"

(Printed for the Publisher by "The Swan
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MAMMOTH RAFFLE:

Please Return Those Application Forms
To Box T1646, G.P.O., Perth, 6001
as soon as possible



NOVEMBER MEETING:
CALCUTT MEMORIAL TROPHY SPORTS NIGHT
ANZAC CLUB BASEMENT
NEXT TUESDAY — NOVEMBER 3rd

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th
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