



The WAURior

No 28
June 2012

The official newsletter of the Western Australian University Regiment Association Inc.

In this edition...

Look out for these items and more

- ✓ WAUR News
- ✓ Member contributions
- ✓ Unit History file
- ✓ Sightings
- ✓ Funny Stuff!

Contributions Sought!!

Thanks are again due to those who forwarded emails. Remember, if there is something you would like to see in your Newsletter, please let me know. As I have often said, I would be delighted to receive your contributions - no matter how small!

Regards, Shaun Chapman (Ed)

Want more?.....

Back issues of previous WAURior's are available for FREE via Email just send a request to chapmans@iinet.net.au

Ramblings from the President

With Shaun Chapman

Greetings and welcome to The WAURior Newsletter issue 28.

This newsletter goes out to nearly 200 former members of WAUR and the list grows every week.

Membership is free if you know someone who could benefit from some WAUR Action then send them to our website <http://www.waurassociation.iinet.net.au/> or tell them to email me direct.

Whilst on the website I have added a heap of stuff to members area including the original WAURior newsletters produced on annual camps.

The log in is: waurior
Password: duck

We are always on the lookout for anything WAUR if you have any old newsletters, photos please send them in. Better still put pen to paper and tell us your WAUR story.

Thanks to those who responded to my request for articles the newsletter it does take a bit to put together and the more contributions I get the easier it is.

Following the good turnout at the Colours function more events are in the planning. Whilst everyone is busy and its very easy to make excuses all who make the effort to attend Association events are rewarded with an enjoyable experience

Anyway enjoy the read...

FACEBOOK

WAUR is now on Facebook you are welcome to join or add to the group as a way of keeping in touch with other WAURiors.

www.waurassociation.iinet.net.au

Feedback from issue 27 of the WAURior was very positive. The X on the photo on page 14 was identified as Gerry Postmus by several readers.

Calling all Geeks

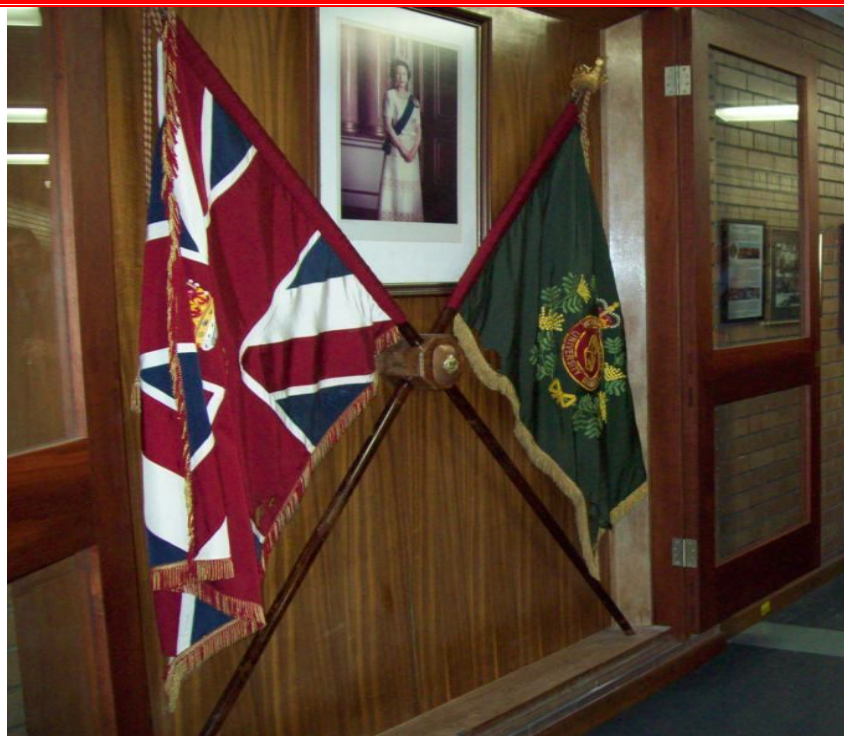
The association has 3000 photos and several videos covering the full history of WAUR we have also just recently been granted access to a recording made by the WAUR Band in 1957. Some work has started but what we really need is someone with the drive and knowledge to put all of this into a saleable DVD package. There is the full gambit of media history – Vinyl LPs, 16mm reel tape, 8mm tape, VHS and a multitude of photo scans. If anyone has any inkling to help out or ideas of making this happen then please contact me.

WAURs new patch revealed



Above is the new patch that will soon be seen on WAUR uniforms.

Colours Sundowner



The 25th May 2012 marked 54 years since WAUR received its regimental colours in a ceremony held on the grounds of the UWA Campus. To celebrate this event a sundowner was held at Leeuwin Barracks the current home of WAUR. Approximately 25 Association members attended this event and were treated to a very entertaining and informative guided tour on WAUR operations today by the current RSM Gary Browne followed by food and fellowship in the OCDTS mess. Many thanks to Ray Galliot for organizing this event and WAUR staff for supporting this endeavour.



Association members in front of the Colours.
Sadly the colours are in such disrepair that they are no longer paraded.



Above: BJ Smith, Steve Reynolds and Peter Byrne.
Right: Ken Keesing, Rod Willox and Ian Gaynor





Alf Till and BJ Smith



David Knight, Julie Vintiner and Barry Cugley



Above: Ray Galliot and Barry Cugley
(you had to be there to explain this one)
Right: Andrew Moore



David Knight, Shaun Chapman and Phil De Saint Jorre



Gary Browne entertaining the troops.

A friend of mine just started his own business in Afghanistan.
He's making land mines that look like prayer mats.
It's doing well.

He says prophets are going through the roof.



Jim Townsend and Mick Bruce displaying their mess manners



1984 3 Platoon Recruits at Northam



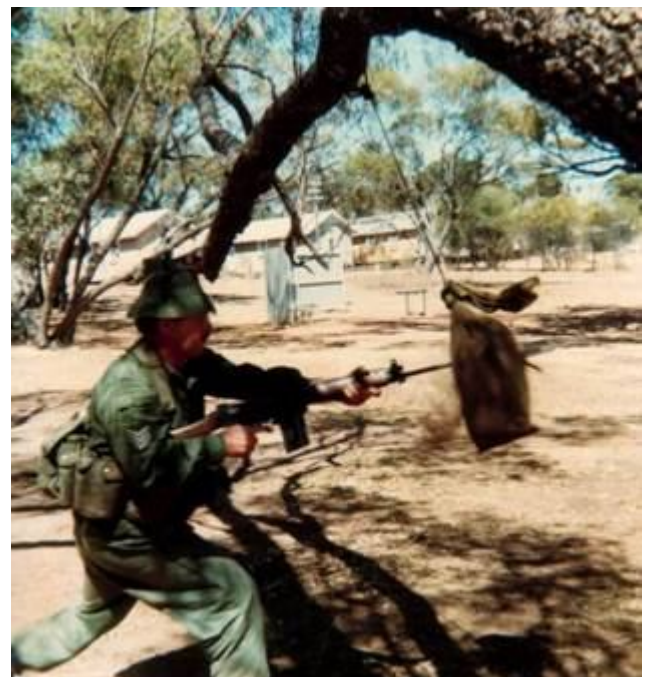
Andrew Russell, Matt Mackay, Squizzy Taylor, Jim Townsend, Phil De Saint Jorre, Peter Arbuckle and Bruce Willis in the Mounts Bay Road Mess



Carl Gustov action at Bindoon



Above: Toga Party Northam Camp
Right: 1985 Bayonet Drill Demonstration



To all officers of W.A.U.R. in camp at Northam
January 1967

Gentlemen,

As this years annual camp starts I want to bring the following points to your notice :-

This Regiment is an organisation for the production of Army Officers. We are neither a uniformed club for young men nor an excuse for social grogging. An officers duty is to lead men and the leadership of men in war must be his constant study.

The power of leadership depends on the following, among other things :-

1. Personal Control of oneself and ones temper
11. Sound professional knowledge, as intelligent men will never follow an ignorant one.
111. Personal sympathy for the troubles and short-comings of ones subordinates.
- 1V. Personal integrity both on and off duty and the realisation that there are some things which an officer cannot do or say.
- V. Personal belief that it is the man that counts, even in this nuclear age, and with good men anything is possible.
- VI. Personal conviction that ultimately a war is decided by victories won by men on the ground and that therefore the aim of all training is victory in battle.

The high morale already shown augurs well for the future of this camp - put into it your best endeavours and you will be well rewarded.



C.O. W.A. University Regt.

WAUR CO LtCol Michael (MAS) Williams setting the tone..

Roger Jones the first enlisted OR in WAUR on formation recalls his memories:

A VERY MODEST MILITARY MEMOIRE

with passing reference to W.A.U.R

As a 14-year-old entrant to Year 4 at Perth Modern School in 1946, one of the more unexpected experiences I was subjected to was being drafted into the school Cadet Unit. But having had various older members of the family involved in both World Wars, it seemed to be something of a privilege to be issued with the coarse woollen uniforms, the pipeclayed puttees, the huge, studded brown boots and the well-oiled long-barrelled SMLE Mk3*. Travelling by tram and train from my home in East Fremantle to the West Leederville station nearest the school every Thursday, the day on which you wore your uniform and carried your rifle, made you feel just that little bit bigger.

The signal section which I eventually joined had its own arcane mysteries of Morse code, heliographs and No. 5 wireless sets – they might have seemed, in retrospect, to have a flavour of Lawrence in Arabia (and I hope he had never been cursed with the size, weight and unreliability of the No. 5), but they had a certain cachet.

Leaving Mod I thought I had left the Army. But the Army fought back – in early 1949, as I recall, there were indications that a University Regiment was to be formed, and as a second-year Education undergrad I began to feel the call. It wasn't until July of that year that I turned 18, the earliest age for recruitment in those days, but shortly after I became the first recruit into the newly-formed unit – 533649 Pte Jones RT, as I believe the proud possessor of the first unit regimental number allocated after the then designated OC of the unit, one Captain Hilary Morton who I recall was ex-RAAF and on the staff of the science faculty.

'Regiment'? Well, for the first twelve months there were exactly eight of us (counting the OC), so in our first annual camp on Rottnest Island (in the old tin-hutted Bickley Camp, as I recall) we had to be tucked up into a company of the then 16/28 Bn, The Cameron Highlanders of WA. And we didn't grow very quickly as a unit, in spite of some rather exciting recruiting campaigns in the university grounds – during one of which I made myself extremely unpopular by letting loose a brief blank burst with our prized Vickers MMG in the Winthrop Hall undercroft.

But they were great days, with fond memories of bivouacs at places like Yanchep (with the morning winter chill kept at bay per medium of RSM 'Chum' Vaisey's trick with a milk churn and a number of bottles of rum), arms and promotion courses, range practices at Swanbourne and Guildford and further camps at Rottnest and Northam. As the unit grew, so did our eagerness and capacity for taking on some of our CMF competitors and rivals in a variety of nefarious activities both in camp and out, with the inevitable mixed results! In spite of such activities, I eventually managed to make sergeant.

Being commissioned in my final fourth year, I had to leave WAUR, spending a brief period in an infantry company of the then 28 Inf Bn before being posted as Brigade Intelligence Officer with HQ 13 Infantry Brigade in its old two-storey building in Lord Street. For the next two years, while being a teacher and assistant senior boarding-house master at Christ Church Grammar School, I enjoyed more camp and course activities.

Family business took me to Sydney in early 1954, and I missed the start of the school year. For a while I did regimental duties with 45 Bn, The St. George Regiment based at Arncliffe, but a chance encounter led me to the Paddington barracks and enlistment into the ARA in June 1954 as a lieutenant in the Australian Army Education Corps (in 1960 the Corps was granted the prefix 'Royal').

The next four years I was to spend at the Army Apprentices' School, then at Balcombe on Port Phillip Bay in Victoria, conducting courses in English and history up to matriculation level, followed by a couple of years as Command Education Officer in WA and a short period in the Education Directorate at AHQ, then in Albert Park Barracks, Melbourne.

However, wider fields still beckoned, and having subsequently qualified in the 'all arms' range of promotion subjects for captain and major and completed a Tac3 course at Canungra, I was the first education officer since World War 2 to undertake the Staff College course at Queenscliff. There were a few other West Australians on the 18-month course in 1961/62, including the then Major Phil Bennett who was later to become a major-general and Governor of Tasmania. Many and varied were the subjects covered, including such arcane topics as mountain warfare (in which it was maintained that the 'mule artillery' could always be distinguished from the 'mule GS' by the handkerchief tucked up its hoof).

A couple of non-corps appointments in the rank of major followed, both at AHQ in Canberra – one in officer policy in the Directorate of Personnel Administration and the second (and much more frantic and interesting, given the reintroduction of National Service, re-organisation from the infamous 'pentropic' organisation and the build-up in Vietnam) in the Policy, Planning and Mounting section of the Directorate of Staff Duties (known universally as PPM or 'Peter, Paul and Mary' – and there were three of us, too). There are many memorable stories from that period, one of the best concerning a remarkable phone-call from the wharf in Sydney, where HMAS SYDNEY was completing loading a task-force build-up to Vietnam, advising that a certain field regiment had managed to load all its trailers (some undoubtedly containing the mess silver) but had had to leave its guns on the wharf! Somebody in AHQ – thankfully not in our section – had forgotten to take trailers into account in preparing the complex loading tables!

Back to the Education Corps for a stimulating 2½-years in Papua New Guinea, as Assistant Director (LTCOL) Army Education, HQ PNG Command in Port Moresby, with the biggest education unit since World War 2 (including over 20 National Service sergeants and lieutenants, all well-qualified teachers) conducting general education and pre-officer training courses for the soon-to-be-independent PNG Army.

Then back to Staff College but as an instructor this time, with primary responsibility for the Communication and Thinking Skills stream (so becoming known to many Staff College graduates as 'CAT-man'), military history and civil-military relations, but also – because of my pre-existing 'psc' – doing a number of terms as a 'syndicate DS' (quite a privilege for a 'non-arms' instructor). I was to spend something of a record 5 years at Queenscliff, and undoubtedly one of my strongest memories of that period is of the mess party in December 1972 with the announcement of the final withdrawal of Australian troops from Vietnam; some of my students that year had completed up to three 'tours' in the 'Nam, and the relief to them and to their families was palpable.

My biggest surprise, though, was still to come. In early 1974, MAJGEN Alan Stretton, who had been my boss at AHQ in the PPM days and had just been appointed as Director General of the newly-formed Natural Disasters Organisation, picked me as his first Principal Staff Officer (Operations and Plans). So as a colonel I shared with him (and many others) the experiences of Cyclone TRACY and other such events.

At the end of 1975, an opportunity arose for me to combine my teaching skills and new-found interest in emergency management, so I took the uniform off to become deputy director (later director) of what is now the Australian Emergency Management Institute at Mount Macedon in Victoria, and I'm still active as a consultant. But those 28-odd years with the Army, including my time with W.A.U.R., will remain among my fondest memories.

Ian Gaynor submitted this as evidence that Drop Bears are real and not just a made up story for the amusement of bored ARES soldiers in the early 1980s!

Carnivorous Koala drops surprising bear tale on the unsuspecting

By [Matthew Perkins](#)

Sometimes you hear a story that defies belief, the kind of tale that enters legend - and there's some evidence of one of those at the Australian Museum.

Download this mp3 file; http://mpegmedia.abc.net.au/local/sydney/201105/r774404_6616437.mp3

The Dangerous Australians exhibit at the museum mentions but doesn't display one particular rare animal.

Drop Bears are described by Frank Howarth, Director of [the Australian Museum](#), as fierce carnivorous creatures that drop from trees on to their prey.

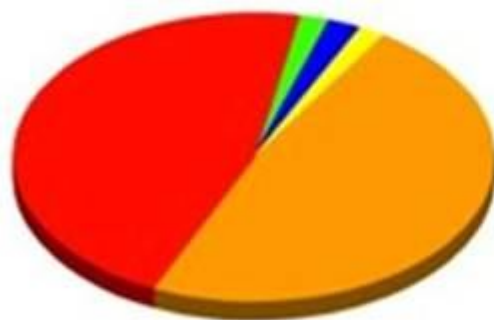
Related to koalas but the size of a large dog, these animals go without mention in Aboriginal culture but appear in more recent reports, especially from fair-skinned, backpacking bushwalkers.

"Should you find the carcass of a drop bear, please let us know because we don't have [one] in the collection," Mr Howarth asks, before noting, "be very careful when you're out bushwalking - it pays to look up!"

Related Photos: areas where drop bears are most active.



Things I Learned From Watching CSI



- How to take a fingerprint sample.
- How to tell which direction the blood splattered from.
- How to think out of the box when faced with problems.
- All female CSIs can double as supermodels.
- You can kill someone with anything.



Tom Shannon Major (Retd.) TD PhD late The Royal Green Jackets and OCTU Course 7 1971) writes: I have recently been given the challenging voluntary job of selecting and writing about an *object of the quarter* for the Oxfordshire Museum as part of the Soldiers of Oxfordshire Trust floor (OXON is Green Jacket Country). Here is the online version of my current offering that has its own area on the second floor: <http://www.sofo.org.uk/research-centre/exhibitions>

A Little Bell with a Very Big Story

Strange how life can be sometimes. I had been hugely enjoying listening to Neil MacGregor's fascinating series on BBC Radio Four of the *History of the World in 100 Objects* and thinking that it was a wonderful way to weave stories about *things* to share our world and history with us. At around the same time, I was invited to be a volunteer to take on the challenging job of selecting and exhibiting a military object each quarter at the Oxfordshire Museum in Woodstock. I was busy trawling through the collections of the Soldiers of Oxfordshire museum archive when I spotted an unassuming and small bell in one corner. When I learned that it had been captured in a German trench by men of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire at the Battle of Arras in April 1917, I thought there might be a poignant story to be told around this little bell and indeed there was.

As part of the battle, the soldiers of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry attacked the German trenches near the village of Arleux in the early hours of the 28th of April with Scottish Highlanders to their south and the Canadians to the north. The men, commanded by two 21 year old Captains, had to cross about 500 yards of open ground, reaching and holding the enemy trenches at a cost of 200 casualties. The bell was found at the entrance to a dugout and was brought back to the British lines when the men were relieved two days later. By the end of the battle in mid May, British and Dominion troops had suffered more than 150,000 casualties, gaining little ground since the first day with the situation reverting to stalemate.

The bell had been used by the German sentries to warn of the imminent arrival of poison gas, that most appalling and indiscriminate of weapons used in the Great War. After its capture and until the Armistice, the little bell continued to have the same important job, only this time being rung to warn men from the two counties to protect themselves.

If you would like to see the bell and to think about the young men who heard it rung in earnest all of those years ago, it will be on display until late July.

Tom Shannon

Australian Police Entrance Test

An Australian man is seeking to join his State Police force.

The Sergeant doing the interview says: "Your qualifications all look good, but there is an attitude suitability test that you must take before you can be accepted."

Then, sliding a pistol across the desk, he says: "Take this pistol and go out and shoot six illegal immigrants, six drug dealers, six Muslim extremists, and a rabbit."

"Why the rabbit?"

"Great attitude," says the Sergeant. "When can you start?"

THE NORTHAM ATTACK

Our officers seemed to like us charging up hills, maybe it was to keep us occupied, subdued, exhausted and controllable, anyway they planned a big attack on a hill somewhere the wilds of the Avon Valley near Northam on one of our annual camps there. We had been camped out in the open for a couple of days, but a camp kitchen set up had saved us from having to cook our own meals. We were not exactly the flavour of the month as the previous night a small group of us whilst trying to manoeuvre through the bush in dense darkness by looking at the phosphorescent dial of a compass, we had become hopelessly lost. Fortunately we saw the head Lights of a jeep slowly making its way along a narrow bumpy bush track. We had been told all encounters were to be regarded as contact with the enemy so we decided to ambush the jeep and commandeer it. We pushed a log across the track and waited. The jeep picked up the log in its headlights and stopped. We could hear the driver cursing. As he got out to inspect the obstacle we leapt upon him and informed him he was a prisoner his protests were in vain. We bundled two other occupants from the jeep and tied them up and took off back towards where we thought our camp was located. Eventually we found our camp, but our cheeky disposition changed when we discovered we had captured a visiting Brigadier's jeep. We went into hiding expecting to be charged whilst the jeep was hurriedly redirected to go and rescue the Brigadier and his men.

Knowing we were not the flavour of the month, I think it somewhat prejudiced our behaviour the next day. I remember a morning of administrative muck ups, but eventually fully armed, with full packs we found ourselves in the early afternoon in extended lines approaching a long ridge through open forest. It was hot. we were sweating profusely being heavily laden with gear and fired after our previous nights escapades. We didn't mind doing a charge to take over a given area as long as it was close by, but there was little enthusiasm for running across about 600 metres of open forest before encountering a steep incline covered with prickly bushes. We were ordered to move rapidly across the 600 metres of open undulating ground and then with shouts and much gusto we had to ascend the ridge and take control of its summit. By the time we had run the 600 metres we were thoroughly exhausted, never - the -less panting and sweating we scaled the rocky broken prickly bush covered slope expecting to meet some stiff resistance. There was no one there. Totally exhausted, dispirited and feeling somewhat rebellious we assembled on top of the ridge only to be chastised by our officers because behind the ridge was another ridge which is where the enemy were located. Again we had to charge across a small dip and up another ridge so that by the time we reached the summit again without meeting any resistance we were absolutely limp with heat fatigue and ready for rebellion. We would go no further. Accordingly we were given a short break before being ordered to dig in and prepare a defensive position against an expected attack that night. A defensive perimeter was set up and we dug into the stony dry ground without any enthusiasm. The trenches were shallow, despite admonition from our commanders, we preferred to grab a few branches and dead logs behind which we could hide and shelter-. Exhausted , we consumed our 24 hour ration packs, set up sentries, appointed those on duty and collapsed into our trenches. Half of us were asleep the other half alert , waiting with rifles at the ready. Around midnight there was a loud hissing sound and a flare illuminated the night sky, which saw us silhouetted in the bright light. This was followed by a rapid burst of fire from the enemy who surrounded us. We were ordered to return fire, by a panicky sergeant. Nothing happened. We were blinded by the light, exhausted and pissed off. "Piss off you stupid bastards ", someone called out. Another flare went up and more gunfire ensued " Return fire," came the orders. "I'm dead ", someone said. Then a voice called out "We're all dead you stupid fuck wits "

We were not going to respond - our taunters slunk off leaving us in the darkness with an eerie silence. Our commanders decided it was better to let the situation lie, mutiny was in the air. The next morning we faced a pep talk and some morale boosting rhetoric. I don't recall any charges being laid, but we abandoned any more company attacks during that camp.

THE END



Brett Greensill having completed the Perth Marathon sent in this pic for those disbelievers



Greg Smith, Andrew Russel Shaun Chapman and Paul Tubman catch up at the Brisbane Airport.



And just for reference Left Brett Greensill and above Andrew Russel in the late 1980s



Left: Paul Tubman, Jeff Peterson and Shaun Chapman catch up.

If you have any news photos or gossip on Association members then please send them to me at chapmans@iinet.net.au

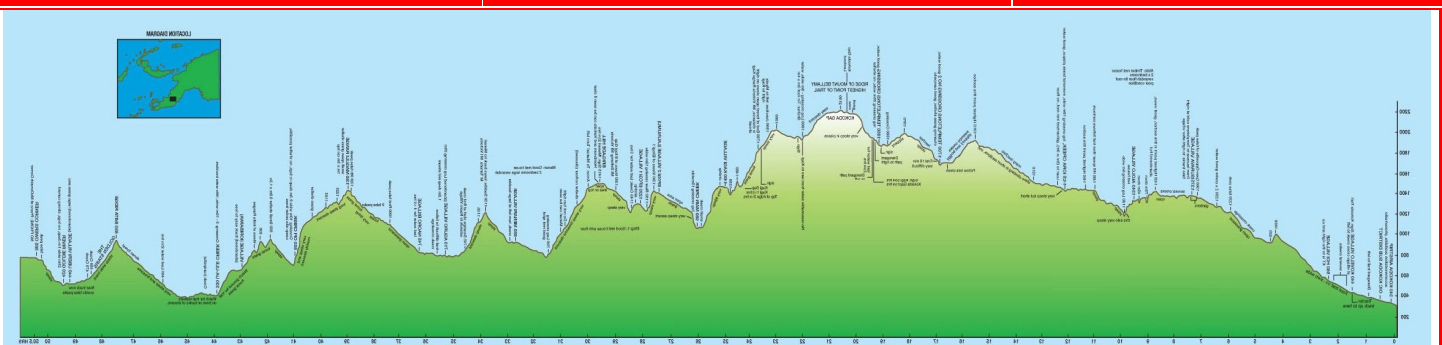
August 2011 saw a small group intrepid WAURiors crossing the Kokoda Track. WAUR Association members Shaun Chapman, Paul Tubman, Barney Clarson, Greg Smith and Chris Donnelly (OCTU) crossed in one group with BJ Smith crossing on the following tour, we were all ably guided across by Frank Taylor of Kokoda treks and tours. Months of training and a serious carb loading session in Cairns paid off as we hauled ourselves over the razorback ridges experiencing the highs and lows of physical and emotional exhaustion. Cumulating in a service at the Isurava memorial and including a visit to the Gona Beaches it is hard to summarise the whole experience. Unless you have done the trek no amount of words or reading can get across the nature of the terrain. One can only marvel at how under resourced soldiers fought a campaign in such country and be inspired by the individual acts of courage and bravery shown.



Above: Barney Clarson
Right: The "Wall"



Greg Smith – As if it wasn't hard enough already....





Shaun Chapman, Paul Tubman, Chris Donnelly, Barney Clarson and Greg Smith



River crossing Kokoda style



Made it!



50TH ANNIVERSARY

ANZAC DAY

1965

Commemoration Service

FOR THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES
IN DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE



CONDUCTED BY THE

Returned Servicemen's League

on the

Esplanade, Perth

Sunday . . . 25th April, 1965,
at 11 a.m.



Musical Director:
MR. EDGAR NOTTAGE.

Comper:
MR. W. WEBB,
State Secretary, R.S.L.

Parade Marshal:
MR. A. E. CARO, E.D.

*Let us remember with thanksgiving and honour before God and man all
ranks of the Services who died giving their lives for their country.*

WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THE ANZACS

"Anyhow, I have commanded an Australian division."—The last words of Major-General Sir William Bridges, mortally wounded at Gallipoli.



"Any sort of decisive action would be impossible without the Anzac Mounted Corps."—General Allenby, 1916.



"From start to finish the Australians distinguished themselves by their endurance and boldness. By their initiative, their fighting spirit, their magnificent ardour, they proved themselves to be shock troops of the first order."—Marshal Foch, 1918.



"Those damned Australians!"—Field-Marshal Erwin Rommel, 1941.



"The 9th Australian Division struck what history may well proclaim to be the decisive blow at Alamein . . . The magnificent forward drive of the Australians, achieved by bitter, ceaseless fighting, had swung the whole battle in our favour."—Winston Churchill, 'The Second World War.'



"There is one thought I will cherish above all others—under my command fought the 9th Australian Division."—Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander, 1943.



"In my life I have fought with and against many kinds of soldiers, but I have never seen any who carried themselves more nobly in battle, more daringly or more stout-heartedly, than those men of Anzac."—Field-Marshal Viscount Slim.

DAILY RATES OF PAY (Male)

	\$ c
Private	4.97
Lance Corporal	5.26
Corporal	5.71
Sergeant	6.80
Staff Sergeant	7.25
Warrant Officer II	7.68
Warrant Officer I	7.99
Second Lieutenant	7.82
Lieutenant	8.60
Captain	10.91

DAILY RATES OF PAY (Women's Services)

Private	3.39
Lance Corporal	3.58
Corporal	3.88
Sergeant	4.78
Staff Sergeant	5.08
Warrant Officer II	5.37
Warrant Officer I	5.57
Second Lieutenant	5.43
Lieutenant	5.94
Captain	7.48

OUT OF POCKET EXPENSES AND FARES

An allowance of 15c a day is included in the above amount to compensate for travelling costs to and from parades. Where transport costs exceed 30c a day further allowance may be claimed.

MARRIAGE ALLOWANCE

An allowance of \$1.02 a day is payable to MALE members only in respect of attendance at Camps, Schools and Courses, when such attendance is full-time and continuous for not less than 4 days.

SEPARATION ALLOWANCE

An allowance of 70c a day is payable in addition to marriage allowance to MALE members in respect of attendance at Camps, Schools and Courses, when such attendance is full-time and continuous for not less than 10 days, and includes at least two Saturdays and two Sundays.

EFFICIENCY GRANT

The CMF Efficiency Grant will be changed in 1966 from \$20 per year to:

- First year — nil
- Second year — \$20
- Third year — \$100
- Fourth and succeeding years — \$40

The Efficiency Grant is awarded to all ranks who:

- (a) attend not less than 19 days' Home Training
- (b) attend a 14-day Annual Camp
- (c) qualify at the annual Small Arms Practice (not applicable to Women's Services)
- (d) are certified as proficient in their rank/posting by the unit Commanding Officer.

SKILL AT ARMS

Prizes of varying amounts are payable for "skill at arms".

The pay earned while serving in the
Citizen Military Forces
is exempt from Income Tax

Pay rates for the CMF 1966 - And you thought you had it bad!

In the press.

SDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1967. OFFICE: 346 FITZGERALD STREET. Telephone 13 and 12. P.O. Box 8. PRICE 3d

124 IN THE SHADE

A thermometer placed in the shade in Fitzgerald St., Northam, yesterday afternoon at half past two climbed to 124 degrees.

Official weather station readings for the shade temperature up to that time were 103 at 11 a.m. and 104 at noon and 108 (the maximum) at 2 p.m.

A spokesman for Northam's cool drink factory said sales had sky-rocketed with many retailers calling at the factory for extra supplies.

Footnote: At the same time the temperature inside the Northam Advertiser office was 102 degrees.

Colour Party



♦ ♦ Pictured with W.O. McGilligan (extreme left) are members of the University Regiment colour party at the march-past at Northam Military Camp on Saturday. The party (from left) comprises Lieut. J. Waltham (carrying the Queen's colour), W.O.2 P. Dodd (colour guard) and Lieut. J. Lawrence (carrying the regimental colour).



Former WAUR CO Rod Willox and Ken Keesing recall this incident from 1963 "The Unit was heading out to Rottnest in a landing barge and the CO (Mike Williams) gave the order for the bugler to sound a salute to HMS Bulwark (a Marine Aircraft Carrier – which was equipped with Westland Wessex choppers which could each carry a fully equipped Rifle Section) as we passed by. The vessel was berthed at the North Wharf in Fremantle harbour. This was done – we also dipped the flag on our stern.- and to our total surprise and admiration within a minute or so the entire ships company (Naval only) were lined up on the deck, the flag dipped according to protocol (as one of Her Majesties warships paying its respects to another) and in return we heard the Bosun's pipe acknowledge. A minute or so afterwards the Marine bugler returned the appropriate salute.

We were all acutely embarrassed but most impressed at the response. I'm not sure that the RAN would have done so well!



Above: WAUR conducting a barge landing at Rottnest
Top: Marching the Colours onto the barge

BACK PAGE FUNNIES



A TOUCHING GOLF STORY.....

DAN STOOD OVER HIS TEE SHOT ON THE 450 METRE 18TH HOLE FOR WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY.

HE WAGGLED, LOOKED UP, LOOKED DOWN, WAGGLED AGAIN, BUT DIDN'T START HIS BACK SWING.

FINALLY HIS EXASPERATED PARTNER RAY ASKED, 'WHAT THE HECK IS TAKING SO LONG?'

'MY WIFE IS WATCHING ME FROM THE CLUBHOUSE BALCONY,' DAN EXPLAINED, 'I WANT TO MAKE A PERFECT SHOT.'

HIS COMPANION RAY SAID, 'YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE IN HELL OF HITTING HER FROM HERE.'

You asked for it - now **buy** it!

In response to member's demands, your Association (at great expense to the management it has to be said) arranged for the production of quality ties, lapel badges, cuff links and tie bars. These items will be on sale at Association Functions and are also available by mail order. The lapel pins, tie bars and cuff links are in a quality gold coloured metal and feature the Unit crest. The Association ties are modeled on the original Unit tie and have been made up in a quality silk blend material. Visit the Website for ordering details.

Price List

INDIVIDUAL ITEMS

Lapel pins	\$ 7.50	(Gold metal, single pin)
Association Shirt	\$30.00	(Quality fabric, embroidered logo)
Ties	\$45.00	(Silk blend)



Left: Tie Pin, Below Tie Bar.
Right Shirt Crest



Question: Should a Child Witness Childbirth? (Here's your answer.)

Due to a power outage, only one paramedic responded to the call.

The house was very dark, so the paramedic asked Kathleen, a 3-year-old girl,

To hold a flashlight high over her mother so he could see while he helped deliver the baby.

Very diligently, Kathleen did as she was asked. Heidi pushed and pushed and after a little while, Connor was born.

The paramedic lifted him by his little feet and patted him on his bottom. Connor began to cry.

The paramedic then thanked Kathleen for her help and asked the wide-eyed 3-year-old what she thought about what she had just witnessed.

Kathleen quickly responded, 'He shouldn't have crawled in there in the first place.....smack him again!'

Julia Gillard was visiting a Sydney primary school and the class was in the middle of a discussion related to words and their meanings.

The teacher asked Ms Gillard if she would like to lead the discussion on the word '*Tragedy*'.
The word '*Tragedy*'.

So our illustrious leader asked the class for an example of a 'Tragedy'.

A little boy stood up and offered: 'If my best friend, who lives on a farm, is playin' in the field and a tractor runs over him and kills him, that would be a tragedy.'

'Incorrect,' said Gillard. 'That would be an *accident*.'

A little girl raised her hand: 'If a school bus carrying fifty children drove over a cliff, killing everybody inside, that would be a tragedy.'

'I'm afraid not', explained Gillard, 'that's what we would refer to as a *Great loss*'.

The room went silent. No other children volunteered. Gillard searched the Room.

'Isn't there someone here who can give me an example of a tragedy?'

Finally, at the back of the room, little Johnny raised his hand and said:

'If a plane carrying you and Mr Rudd and Mr. Swan and Mr. Garrett was struck by a 'friendly fire' missile & blown to smithereens, that would be a tragedy.'

'Fantastic' exclaimed Gillard, 'and can you tell me why that would be a Tragedy?'

'Well', said Johnny, 'it has to be a tragedy, because it certainly wouldn't be a great loss, and it probably wouldn't be a f*cking accident either!'



Western Australian University Regiment Association Inc.



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

LAST NAME				
FIRST NAME				
NICK NAME				
ADDRESS				
POST NOMINALS			BIRTH DATE	
CONTACTS	WORK		HOME	
	MOBILE		EMAIL	
SERVICE DETAILS	REG NUMBER		RANK	
	YEAR IN (WAUR)		YEAR OUT (WAUR)	
MOST MEMORABLE WAUR OCCASION:				
FAVOURITE SAYING FROM THE ERA:				
SERVICE HISTORY:				
BRIEF PERSONAL PROFILE: (Family/Job/Hobbies/Achievements etc)				
Membership Agreement				
I HEREBY APPLY to be an ordinary member of the Western Australian University Regiment Association Inc. ("the Association"), and I agree to be bound by the Constitution of the Association.				
Name of Applicant: _____ Date: / /				
Please email completed applications via the email link on the contact page of the WAUR website www.waurassociation.iinet.net.au or post to PO Box 317 Kalamunda WA 6926				
Once processed you will be added to the Associations email list for inclusion in mail outs.				