



No 9
March 2003

The WAURior

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

In this edition...

Look out for these items and more

- ✓ **Welcome to new members**
- ✓ **Member contributions**
- ✓ **Current Unit News**
- ✓ **Unit History file**
- ✓ **Sightings**
- ✓ **History Committee report**
- ✓ **Official history Part 8**
- ✓ **Interesting websites**

Contributions sought!!

Many thanks to Bill Hawthorn and Ken Keesing who are putting younger members to shame with their outstanding contributions. Thanks as usual to Shaun Chapman for Rambling, History Report and other contributions and Dave Knight for his Websites column.

If there is anything you would like to see in The WAURior, remember it is your Newsletter. I would be more than happy to consider any ideas for a regular series or a one-off feature. As always, I am very keen for contributions of any kind. Until the next edition. I remain, your humble Editor...

Michael Jenkin

Ramblings from the Treasurer

With Shaun Chapman

Welcome to the first WAURior for 2003 and the 9th edition produced so far – it is going to be a bumper year for your association and as usual there are several irons in the fire. The next big event is the 2003 Anzac day ceremonies. The association will be laying a wreath at Kings park dawn service and marching in the parade, once again as guests of the DRA. This year we want to make a full morning of it by having a Gunfire breakfast – a big fry up and a few heart starters will be order of the day – Work is in progress on finding a suitable venue – walking distance to the RSL (staggering distance for the return leg) is the primary prerequisite, parking is also desirable. If you can help or have any ideas please contact me at work on 9458 1700 or sdcc@westerngeo.com.au. The other major event for 2003 will be the October reunion at the farm – this event is a definite goer and promises to be a weekend to remember. Details will be released in the next few months. Background tasks will include completing work on the WAUR Historical display and putting more information up on the Website. However our big push for 2003 will be to increase association membership – for this we need your help - spread the word, encourage your mates to join, the more we have on board the bigger and better things we can do. Surprisingly enough some people seem to be in denial of their service with WAUR almost embarrassed by it – this is indeed strange and a little sad - as an association we well realise that we won no wars, we are not celebrating our military achievements we are celebrating the mateship and good times had whilst in service. Being in the WAUR Association is a chance to forget your worries and regress back to that happy free time when we worked hard, laughed hard and had a warm fuzzy feeling afterwards – the essence of the WAURior. The foundations are set, its time to grow, a scattering of sundowners and a few surprises will make 2003 the year of the WAURior.

★ **ANZAC DAY – 25 APR 03** ★

**Full details on Page 3 of this Newsletter. To ensure a smart turnout, required dress is:
White shirt, Cream/beige trousers, Association tie, Dark blue jacket/blazer, Black shoes!**

PLEASE SUPPORT YOUR ASSOCIATION IF YOU ARE FREE

The Committee would like to extend a very warm welcome to the following members who have joined the Association since the last edition of The WAURior:

February 2003

Andrew Moore

Your Association now has 99 paid up members!

Stop Press – we have just approved our 100th member!
Full details next WAURior.

Current Unit News - Meet the New CO WAUR

LTCOL Milton Butcher enlisted in the Western Australian University Regiment in 1976 and after several years service as a soldier, commenced officer training. He was commissioned in 1981 and was posted to the Katanning Depot of 11 Independent Rifle Company as a platoon and depot commander.

In 1985, LTCOL Butcher returned to WAUR as a Course Manager for NCO training and in 1986 raised Signals Platoon.

In 1988 he was posted to 11/28 RWAR and raised Signals Platoon in the new battalion, serving as the Regimental Signals Officer for two and a half years. Following completion of RCSC he joined 5 ARRU as the OIC of Officer Enlistment.

In 1992 he was posted to the Kalgoorlie Depot of 16 RWAR where he completed a range of appointments including platoon commander, company second-in-command and OC Reconnaissance Platoon.

Following promotion to Major, LTCOL Butcher served as OPSO and SI Basic Training Wing, WAUR. From 1998 to 1999 he commanded D Company, 11/28 RWAR.

In 2000 he rejoined WAUR as TDO and remained until he commenced duties as an instructor with the Officer Training Instructional Group at RTC WA in 2002.

In 2001 he completed the Reserve component of the Australian Command and Staff College course.

On 1 March 2003, LTCOL Butcher assumed command of WAUR. In his civilian life, LTCOL Butcher holds degrees in Arts (History and Economics) and Honours in Education.

Currently he is the Relieving Principal of Ballajura Community College, the largest government secondary school in the State.

He is the Treasurer of the Rotary Club of Mt Hawthorn. LTCOL Butcher is married to Jodine and has two children.

Please join us to commemorate Anzac Day 2003. This year, the Association activities we have planned are:

- ❖ Wreath laying at the Dawn Service (State War Memorial)
- ❖ Gunfire Breakfast
- ❖ March through Perth
- ❖ Mess crawl

Association members are welcome to attend all or some of the above. Details are as follows:

Dawn Service

Held at the State War Memorial - King's Park commencing at 0545 h. Be aware that last year 25,000 people attended, so you will need to plan to be there at about 0430 h or earlier to get a good spot close to the Memorial.

Gunfire Breakfast

TBA

March

Form up at 0930 h opposite Council House on St George's Terrace - look for an "A" frame sign with Number 96. Once again this year, we are marching with the DRA contingent. Required Dress: White shirt, Association tie, Dark blue jacket, cream/beige trousers, Black leather shoes. Please do your best to get close to these requirements.

Mess crawl

After the March, we will make our way to ANZAC House at 28 St George's Terrace for a few beers, after which we will take off to various Messes etc.



Dave Knight's latest offering:

www.stayfriends.com

Another contact friends type of site. Like most they charge a subscription fee.

www.diggerz.org

This is an Australian diggers site where you register. Online chat, views, arguments, replies and news articles. Not a site to remain invisible on as the opening pages states a couple of times.

www.sasmuseum.org

Australian SASR publicity site for their museum. Some interesting photos but not much on the site.

www.anzacs.net

Great history site about ANZAC troops of all sorts.

Got any other interesting, unique, weird, odd or strange web sites? Send them to dsknight@bigpond.com for consideration in this column. David Knight.

Press Release re Officer Graduation

Friday 14 February 2003 MIN 01/03

FUTURE LEADERS OF ARMY RESERVE GRADUATE

What: Graduation as Second Lieutenants from the Part Time First Appointment Course

Who: Minister Assisting the Minister for Defence, Danna Vale

Where: Royal Military College, Duntroon

When: Saturday February 15 at 9:30 am

Background:

Mrs Vale will review 121 part-time General Service Officer Cadets at a spectacular graduation parade at the Royal Military College, Duntroon. The Cadets will graduate into the Australian Army as Second Lieutenants on completion of a vigorous training regime which has generally taken over two years through their local University Regiments, followed by six weeks full time study at Duntroon. Mrs Vale said the achievements of the graduating Reserve officers were a source of great pride for the College. "The graduation of part time officers from the Royal Military College of Australia is of great significance to the Army, and through it, to our whole community and nation," Mrs Vale said. "Service in the Reserve makes unique demands. The obligation to balance the often conflicting needs of two careers, plus the demands of relationships and further education, can be very difficult. "I congratulate the graduating class on their hard work and application in acquiring the knowledge and skills necessary to assume leadership responsibilities," she said.

The Minister also acknowledged the essential support provided to the graduating officers by their spouses and partners, parents, relatives and friends over some very intense and demanding periods.

The Story of the Glockenspiel

By Trevor Arbuckle & Shaun Chapman

5

Glockenspiel is a percussion instrument that looks like a lyre on a short pole. For Marching bands the musician has a carrier with a pouch into which the pole fits the glockenspiel is held upright with his left hand, while playing the tune with a drum stick in the right. The keys are metal, there is a set of ordinary keys and a set of sharps/flats, very similar to a piano. The pitch is usually quite high so that the notes pierce above the standard brass instruments.



The name glockenspiel comes from the German language and means "to play the bells". The medieval glockenspiel was a sort of miniature carillon (Bell) sometimes played mechanically by means of a rotating cylinder with protruding pins. In the 16th century it was given a keyboard. The 18th century glockenspiel had metal bars instead of bells, and in the 19th century. the keyboard disappeared and the bars were struck by hammers. It has been used in the orchestra since the 18th century. Related modern instruments are the tubophone, which uses a keyboard with tubes instead of bars, and the vibraphone, which has resonating tubes beneath its bars that vibrate using electricity.

As the glockenspiel has horns like a lyre, it is simple to attach a banner across the horns. This also serves to provide a backing to the instrument. In 1983, a banner was given to the ARes Band by WAUR – and paid for by the Officers Mess. At the time, the Band was not allowed to use any of the banners at the Band Centre, this one was presented to mark the good relationship enjoyed between the Band and WAUR and to give the band ownership of a specific banner.



The band played for WAUR regimental parades as well as being co-located for ANZAC Day. Like most marching bands they were very familiar with "Sons of the Brave". The above photo shows the glockenspiel with the WAUR supplied banner attached.

Association Merchandise Price List

Cuff links (pair)	\$20.00	(Gold metal, swivel clasp)
Lapel pins	\$ 7.50	(Gold metal, single pin)
Association Shirt	\$30.00	(Quality fabric, embroidered logo)
Song book	\$ 2.50	(Authentic reprint - all the favourites)
Stubby holders	\$ 7.50	(Yellow text on Green, top quality)
Tie bars	\$12.50	(Gold metal, bulldog type clasp)
Ties	\$45.00	(Silk blend)

Association pack ~~85.00~~ **75.00**
(Tie, tie bar, lapel badge, cuff links)

Tie pack ~~57.50~~ **50.00**
(Tie, tie bar)

Lapel pack ~~27.50~~ **25.00**
(Lapel badge, cuff links)

ORDER FORM ON BACK PAGE

Association member Bill Hawthorn sent in this brilliant account of his time with National Service and WAUR. As you will see, this detailed and humorous recollection gives a great insight into part-time service in the late 1950s and early 1960s. Congratulations to Bill for this outstanding work and we can only hope that reading it inspires other association members to also put pen to paper.

[Ed: Bill's excellent work will be serialised over the next few editions]

I was sitting around a camp fire for a couple of weeks with like minded people all telling tales of misspent youth and mid life experiences to which I contributed a few episodes of my experiences in National Service and the C.M.F. These are true stories and in the opinion of many of my camp fire fellows they believed they should be more widely shared - so this is an effort to preserve some of the humorous events that I experienced in my service to her majesty the Queen of England and Australia.

THE SWAMI PLATOON

The army has a firm belief that it's soldiers should be up at an early hour and ready for the days activities. For many of my fellow university conscripts getting up at 6.00 am every morning was a real challenge. It always commenced with the corporal staggering in the dark down the alley way between the beds and their recumbent contents , screaming out, "rise and shine", or, "wakey wakey hand off snakey". This was always greeted with groans and curses as slowly lights were switched on and sleepy eyed figures tumbled out of bed to get ready for the early morning parade.

One literally threw on a khaki shirt and shorts and a pair of boots before staggering down to the parade ground and forming up in platoons to be called to attention by the sergeant who screamed out each persons name in alphabetical order. Thus a chorus of , "Private Bloggs ! " -"Sir", echoed around the parade ground accompanied by the stamping of feet as each man jumped to attention responding with the obligatory "Sir". At the end of the screaming the sergeant then counted the bodies and then called out to the lieutenant, " All present and correct - Sir". Announcements, edicts and the days schedule were presented after which we returned to the barracks to shower, shave, spit and polish, make beds and prepare for the morning inspection. It was a busy time as hut and kit inspection was at 7.00a.m. and breakfast at 7.30a.m. Precisely at 7.00a.m the Lieutenant accompanied by the platoon sergeant would appear at the door of our hut and scream out, "Stand by your beds".

This meant standing to attention at the end of your bed whilst with meticulous attention to detail the officer opened up the narrow doored closet that stood beside your bed. Shirts and trousers had to be hung or folded in a precise order, your clothes brush and boot brush and polish had to be arranged in the approved manner. Boots had to be mirror polished, all webbing correctly blanched and arranged, all items of clothing carefully arranged in the approved manner and lastly the bed had to be precisely made and tensioned so the blanket on the bed formed a smooth tensioned surface on which a sixpenny piece could be dropped so that it would bounce to an ordained height. Low betide anyone who failed to tuck his blankets in smoothly so that they made that smooth tensioned surface. A few of us, pressed for time, had resorted to a short cut of not smoothing out and tucking in our sheets, but simply hiding the crumpled bed linen underneath the nicely presented blankets.

One morning our lieutenant' Ducks bum, (because of the way he walked) must have suspected something like this, as he went through the entire hut ripping open our beds to reveal all the unmade bed linen beneath the blankets. Immediately he called on the sergeant to write down in his discipline book that in order for us to make our beds properly we would have to appear on the parade grounds at 6.00a.m. complete with our bed linen for the morning roll call. This was an embarrassing punishment and we complied with it for a couple of mornings receiving much derision from the other platoons. However one morning we decided to wear only our sheets on parade, as togas. To great guffaws and amusement from the other platoons we I tried up in the early morning light resplendent in our white sheets. The trouble was however whenever a name was called and we snapped to attention the sheet inevitably fell down revealing all, much to everyone' amused embarrassment. After that we no longer had to bring our sheets on parade.

CONSCRIPTION

In January of 1958 a marble was drawn with my birthday number on it and I was conscripted into the army to do National Service. This came as an unwelcome shock as I was enrolled at university and didn't want to waste my time training as a nato . However as there was no way of avoiding it I would have to make the most of it, so my parents duly took me to catch the bus that left our small country town of Darkan. This bus connected with another bus in Collie which took me to the train siding in Australind. On the way to Perth the train stopped at places like Harvey, Waroona and Pinjarra where it took on board more conscripts.

I was amazed to find one stocky 18 year old farm worker had actually volunteered to do National Service and was keen to get started and in fact wanted to go and fight the Commie bastards up in Borneo. The thought of pushing my way through the hot steamy jungles of Borneo in search of a disappearing enemy filled me with repugnance. He was welcome to it. At the Perth railway station army trucks awaited our arrival. We were escorted into these and taken to the Swanbourne Army Barracks, which consisted of a whole series of timber and fibro dormitories, a large dining hall, Regimental aid post, officers and sergeants quarters, a quarter masters store, and ordinance sheds etc. as well as a number of parade grounds. On our first day we were issued with our kit, hats khaki fur felt, belts, boots, gators, shirts, shorts, trousers boot brushes and a clothes brush, all stamped with the distinctive D^D insignia.

I remember being outfitted from a series of areas - the hat department, the boot department, the shirt department etc where they sized you up and handed you the appropriate garments which you signed for. For some reason when I reached the khaki shorts section they didn't have any shorts my size. The choice was either a pair that would have strangled my testicles and split the first time I bent over or a pair three of my size could have climbed into. I chose the larger pair. They hung from just below my armpits to just above my ankles and the only way I could hold them up was to unbutton the belt loops and attach them to my shoulder epaulets. I chose these as at least I could move in them even though I felt I resembled a circus clown.

The first month of training was marching, marching and more marching and parade ground and rifle drill. My Lee Enfield 303 rifle was manufactured in 1917, the rifling inside the barrel was worn out and I swear the barrel was bent because when we practiced on the rifle range I couldn't hit any of the targets.

The object of the exercise was to get a score of 40 points in any group of 5 shots 50 being a perfect score. As soon as one had achieved this they finished their fire arms practice for the day. About half a dozen of us lay on the ground constantly being re issued with more rounds of ammunition - constantly trying to hit the target so as to score our 40 points. As the day wore on and our shoulders went from a blue black bruising to a deep purple from the constant mule like kicking of our ancient weapons , we tried padding our shoulders with handkerchiefs and cotton wadding. By 5.30 in the afternoon, exhausted we remaining sharp shooters were closing our eyes and firing the rounds at anything as quickly as possible in order to get over the pain of the constantly kicking fire arms. Miraculously at about 5.40 it seemed we had suddenly transformed ourselves into acceptable marksmen as the scores all came up indicating we had achieved the established goal . I learnt later that the guys working in the butts had had enough for the day so they decided that it was time we all passed the required standard so they all put in the spotting discs on the targets that indicated we had succeeded.

With the Owen Machine Carbine I was to have a different experience. This was shooting in a standing position and often from the hip. There was little if any kickback with these weapons, the only characteristic was the lift they underwent in a burst of automatic fire. That is , as you continued firing the short muzzle of the carbine lifted into the air spraying bullets over the top of your target. A group of us lined up in front of human shaped tin targets and under the watchful eye of a sergeant went through the appropriate drill of loading, cocking and short burst firing, always remembering never to turn around swinging the muzzle of the gun with you. The muzzle had to remain always pointing at the target. I had successfully fired off about 20 rounds when my gun stopped firing. I indicated to the officer in charge that something was wrong and he came over, carefully standing behind me and sized up the situation, somehow or other a cartridge had jammed, so he grabbed the magazine which was on top of the weapon and yanked it off - as he did so the gun fired and a bullet ejected catching us by surprise. He accused me of pulling the trigger which I had not done, but it indicated how easily these guns could discharge. Subsequently I learnt that when the OMC's were first issued in New Guinea the greatest number of casualties were with our own men rather than the Japanese enemy. They were a light easily maintained 9mm weapon for fighting in close quarters, but of little use over 150 metres.

In each section we usually had one Lee Enfield 303, which was adapted to firing hand grenades and smoke bombs. These were called Enfield Yokes as they were braced with wire straps to prevent the weapon falling apart because of the huge back pressure put on the weapon when it discharged a hand grenade. A discharger cup was mounted at the end of the muzzle and this had a sliding gas release port which enabled one to estimate how far the grenade would be catapulted. A ballistite, which was a cartridge shell without a bullet, was placed inside the breech of the gun and when fired the exploding gunpowder and gas would push up against the base plate of the hand grenade in the discharger cup and project it into the air for a considerable distance. As it turned out, the Enfield Yoke was an excellent weapon to be used against the other platoons in our constant inter platoon rivalry.

We discovered that the tins of foot powder with which we were issued, would fit snugly into the discharger cup and so be a wonderful projectile if we could prevent the ballistite from blowing a hole in the bottom of the tin and distributing foot powder over the firer of the weapon and anyone else standing close by.

What we discovered was that Her Majesties coinage - notably the common copper penny was ideal as a base plate for the foot powder. If the penny sat on the muzzle of the weapon under the base of the foot powder tin which had its lid very loosely applied, then when fired the foot powder canister would hurtle up to 80 metres through the air and on impact its contents exploded in a great white cloud covering everything in its vicinity with a coating of fine white powder. Thus, one Saturday morning armed with 3-4 Enfield Yoke rifles we crept up to the dormitories that housed the boys from the Goldfields and the Eastern Wheat belt districts. With the dormitory doors and windows open we were able to land three canisters which exploded on impact inside their dormitory. The occupants like white banshees, came streaming out through clouds of foot powder. We retreated back to our dormitory locking the doors and windows, waiting for the inevitable retribution. It came in the form of a horde of young men armed with pillow cases stuffed with gear so that when you were clouted with a pillow case it would not kill you, but just render you into a dazed state for some time. The most lethal weapons were the pillow cases containing steel helmets, these could leave a nasty bruise or even a bone fracture. Our battle was eventually broken up by the sergeants and officers and we all lost our leave privileges, were put on special guard duties, kitchen duties and spent the rest of the day hosing out the dormitories, cleaning and mending the damage we had made. Nevertheless the vision of completely white coated army conscripts staggering down the steps from their dormitory has stayed with me for a long time. Naturally I had to do some kitchen duties, but these were not as irksome as one might have expected. In hot weather being sent into a huge walk in refrigerated room was not an unpleasant experience, particularly if your mate outside the heavy insulated door warned you of any impending inspection by an officer or sergeant. This meant that in the interior of the refrigerator one could sample the ice cold milk, dig into the large canisters of ice cream and sample the cold meats etc. The trick was not to be caught. Outside the refrigerator, in the hectic mad house of the kitchen one was busy pouring potatoes into the shoot of the peeling machine, that tumbled and rumbled the potatoes into smooth round balls. Other duties consisted of cutting, slicing and stacking mountains of food and opening huge tins of Fruit salad with a tin opener that reminded me of a small crow bar. At meal times a duty officer came down to inspect the food and check with the conscripts to see if there were any complaints over the quality and quantity of food. Complaints were virtually non-existent as on both accounts the army maintained a high standard. A hygiene officer always accompanied the meals officer. His duty was to see that the working environment was clean, uncontaminated, neat and orderly, including the working staff. Sometimes it was difficult converting the chaos of mass food preparation into an orderly coherent looking outfit. On a number of occasions, I recall desperately jumping up and down on large boiled potatoes that had been spilt on the floor, trying to force them down the drain holes, turning them into mush as I prepared to hose down the tiled kitchen floor ready for inspection. After inspection and after the meal was consumed we had a more leisurely time recovering our senses and cleaning and stacking away the cooking pots, dishes, dixies and utensils. There were more onerous duties than being a kitchen hand in the 'Tucker Fucker' dept.

Guard duty at night or in the early hours of the morning was a curse, because it was so difficult to keep awake and the penalties for failing to keep guard were more severe than other offences. I was assigned one night to the sentry box at the front entrance of the barracks, I think it was the 2am - 6am shift. It was a damp coolish night, so I was rugged up in my great coat armed with my rifle and a fixed bayonet.

Curled up in my sentry box peering into the surrounding damp darkness, it was extremely difficult to stay awake. By 5am. I was only half awake - the coldness stopping me from drifting off completely- when I heard a strange noise coining down the invisible road outside. A tingle went down my spin as I readied myself for whatever it was. Alert and peering into the darkness I tried to discern what it was, then I heard a faint panting sound and out of the gloom emerged a large dog - a Labrador, I think. It was friendly and came right up to the sentry box, in fact so friendly was it that it shared the box with me until I was relieved by the next rostered on duty individual, who was somewhat surprised by what he found.

Our training incorporated a knowledge of weapons such as rifles, grenade launchers, mortars and anti tank missiles as well as training in navigation, tactics, ambush drills etc. Fitness and endurance were important factors, so route marches were common. Our longest route march was to be about a 20 kilometre hike from Wanneroo to the Swanbourne Barracks with just a basic pack. Army trucks took us to a location somewhere near Wanneroo, where we were given maps, a packed lunch and checked to make sure our water bottles were filled. It was expected we should be back in the barracks between 4 and 5 that afternoon. We started off en mass , but as the day wore on groups tended to break off deciding there were short cuts or better routes to be negotiated. I was with about 8-9 other guys as we plodded in the increasing heat of the day down country tracks and main roads before reaching some suburban market gardens where we feasted on stolen watermelons from a field full of them. This revived us somewhat to continue tramping through the suburbs of Gwelup, Innaloo, Churchlands and Wembley Downs. By mid afternoon we were becoming distinctly foot sore and weary even though we kept our spirits up by singing bawdy songs together as we marched along. It was time to use some motorized forms of transport, but I wanted to make sure we didn't arrive too early, thus casting doubts as to how we had returned to barracks. By the time we reached West Coast Highway near City Beach we'd had enough marching so checking our finances to see if we had enough money between us for bus fares we determined to catch a bus for the remainder of the route march. Eventually a bus came along, stopped and we boarded it much to the relief of our weary feet. As we sped along West Coast Highway we saw small groups of other soldiers, bent forward, sweating and with grim determination striding out for the barracks. Some of them looked up in amazement as they saw us fleetingly go by, sitting up sedately in the bus. I was feeling slightly uncomfortable about this aspect of our route march when I noticed two covered army trucks approaching us - as they went past I noticed in the back of the trucks some rather dejected looking fellow route marchers - it suddenly dawned on me that they must have arrived back at the barracks via motorized transport and the suspicious officers in charge had realized they couldn't possibly have done it on foot so they were being taken back to do it again. I panicked, "Quick get off the bus ",I shouted , as we rang the bell in order to alight at the next stop which was at the top of Rochdale road. We were about 3 Kilometres short of Campbell Barracks via the roads. It was almost 4pm. We decided to jog the last 3Ks up Rochdale and Alfred Rds to arrive at the barracks in a lather of perspiration, arriving probably about 4.20 pm - a credible time if one had persisted all day at a tremendous pace. We ran in a bath of perspiration up the hill in Alfred Rd. and then down through the gates of the Barracks to the cheers of officers and N.C.Os who were awaiting our arrival. We were congratulated on our efforts as we had set a new record for the time taken on that particular route march. Later certain whispers were heard and suspicions aroused that suggested we hadn't competed fairly. I believe we were supposed to show some initiative and enterprise and I guess that's what we did.

[Ed: To be continued...]



Seen on the left

Andrew Jackson proudly announced that

Aaron Leslie Jackson

was born on 03 Feb 02 at 5.22pm.

For those of you that are into figures he weighed in at 3825g (8lbs 7ozs in the old money) and was 54.5cm with a head circumference of 36cm.

All doing well!



Congratulations to Vince Smith on promotion to Major and OC D Coy 11/28 RWAR. Quite a change to being a Sect Comd at Nannup with WAUR in the early 90's

GOING TROPPO!

Andrew Russel has pulled up stumps and relocated to Brisbane to head up a office for Model - we wish Rus and his family well in this new venture.



This in from Jeff Peterson:

Chook,

I'm settling into the new posting as the CO of No 3 Airfield Defence Squadron and as you can imagine there is shit loads of activity at the moment. I would not be surprised if you don't see a bunch of Air Force dudes in berets on the news the way things are going. Its an interesting unit I have half permanent Air Force the remainder are Reserves. The Reserve scheme being run is similar to the Ready Reserve scheme, with a year of full time service and the rest part time. At the moment there are moves afoot to get the whole unit turned back in to a permanent squadron. I have spoken to Russ, he has settled in a suburb about 20 minutes from us. I also bumped into another ex-WAUR guy who was in your platoon for recruits, Paul McGinty. He has turned from a deeply religious pacifist into a Nursing Officer in the Air Force. I'll word him up on the Association. Hope to hear from you soon, all the best to the family and the guys at the boozier. Jeff

This is from Brendan Lewis- see pic below, circa 1985...

Mason Barrett Lewis was born at 11:30pm last night. He weighed 3.075 kg (6lb 12oz) and was 48.5 cm long.

After 15 hours of labour, he was born by emergency caesarean (he had wrapped the cord around his neck to stop himself from falling out!!)

Both Sim and Mason are now healthy and happy at Masada Hospital.



Margaret River stalwart plans growth in slump

PEACHES OR RASPBERRIES: Xanadu managing director Andrew Moore ponders what the future will uncork in a tougher business environment.

Xanadu wine still a bottler

By NICK BUTTERLY

XANADU Wines will continue to grow despite a withering world wine market. Xanadu, whose brands include Secession, Lagan Estate and Lone Gum, forecasts a 40 per cent rise in net profit for the 2002/03 financial year to \$3.05 million and predicts exports to the US will double to more than \$23 million on the back of new acquisitions Normans and NXG.

Xanadu, one of the original Margaret River wineries, was founded in 1977, listed in 2001 and has a market capitalisation of about \$40 million.

It also has vineyards in South Australia's Adelaide Hills region. The company exports 73 per cent of its product to the UK, Germany and North America.

In 2002, Xanadu sold 223,000 cases of wine and is targeting sales of 400,000 this year.

"It's tough out there," Xanadu managing director Andrew Moore said.

"If anybody in the wine industry tells you it's not they're lying. I've never seen it this tough."

Australia's wine industry is suffering its first hangover since making a splash on the international scene.

An oversupply of wine, particularly reds, and tougher overseas competition has squeezed small players.

The shake-up has been reflected in Xanadu's share price, which has lost about 30 per cent of its value since September.

Mr Moore, who also sits on the board of the Australian Wine Export Council, said the lower price end of the wine market was the toughest.

Supermarket chains in the UK and the US are offering consumers buy-one, get-one-free schemes, and competition has been stepped up from countries such as Spain and South Africa.

THE SUNDAY TIMES, JANUARY 12, 2003 55

Media tart, Xanadu Wines head honcho and newly admitted Association member

Slogging it out on another busy day...nice work if you can get it...



Association webmaster and part-time rambo Bart Simpson (seen left) at a recent Army Open Day – if the fairy floss doesn't get em in – nothing will!

Australians learn at an early age through attending school and community Anzac memorial services that this is our most important national day. Medalled, distinguished and lately very elderly, guest speakers tell the story of the landing at Anzac Cove to attentive, impressionable youngsters. The wreath laying ceremony, half-mast flags, two minutes silence, bugle calls and readings from patriotic poems have ensured that generations of Australians “will not forget them”. For those who wish, as they grow older, to learn more about the Gallipoli Campaign, there are the Bean “Official History” volumes, very graphic feature films and recently Carlyon’s excellent book. It was at this stage of my knowledge and understanding of the subject that I visited the Gallipoli Peninsular last year.

Turkey is a remarkable country, steeped in history and custodian of ancient archaeological treasures. Although not on the normal tourist track I fully recommend that Australians at least make the effort to visit Istanbul and make their pilgrimage to Anzac Cove. I hope you find as I did that Turks actually seem to like Australians and harbour no resentment for our part in the invasion of their country less than 100 years ago. I accepted this happy sentiment but was keen to understand why it was so.

My tour guide was Capt. Ali Efe (Retired Turkish Navy), whose grandfather had been killed in the 1915 campaign. His knowledge of the terrain and the political and military history of the period is exceptional. His Gallipoli tour can be booked through Hassle Free Travel, which has an office in the “Anzac House” Youth Hostel in Canakkale, the largest town on the coast opposite the peninsular. The one-day tour I took visited only the Anzac battlefields and I did not see the British and French landing places and memorials at the southern tip of the peninsular. In retrospect I am sorry my itinerary did not allow 2 or 3 days in the area. If a visit to Gallipoli is on your wish list you may like to keep this in mind.

The tour included extended stops and information presentations at Brighton Beach, Anzac Cove and past Ariburnu (the point which split the 3rd Brigade landing) to the new Anzac Commemoration site overlooked by the “Sphinx”. The tranquil view of the Aegean Sea and the countryside from the bus does not prepare you for the scene from the beach looking inland. Rugged cliffs rise almost vertically and one

imagines the troops scaling the first line only to be confronted with another and another. Names such as Razorback, Dead Man’s Ridge, Shrapnel Gully and Valley Of Despair tell their own tragic story. At Brighton Beach the first “What if...?” entered my mind. The terrain from the proposed landing site (to the right of Anzac Cove at Brighton beach) allowed immediate entry to many gullies and valleys leading to the dominating ridges from which the Turkish defenders pinned down the Anzacs.

At no time during the campaign did the Allied land forces penetrate further than 1 kilometre into Turkey.

At the Kabatepi war museum Ali gave a very balanced account of the campaign from both the Allied and the Turkish points of view. Turkey was drawn into the conflict unwillingly and was forced to side with Germany due to the Allied agreement with Russia. The tone of the commentary was to pay homage to the bravery of the men on both sides. He cited many acts of heroism, on both sides, including unofficial truces and the saving of wounded enemy. In the latter stages of the stalemate men in trenches close enough to speak to each other exchanged food and tobacco instead of the homemade bombs used earlier. (At Quinn’s Post we saw the trenches, which were only 8 metres apart). Ali’s opinion in regard to the withdrawal was that the Turks were aware but chose not to exploit the opportunity. They were delighted to see the enemy leave. It is remarkable that not one death on either side is attributed to the evacuation of the Allies.

The top road along the ridges gives access to the Lone Pine Cemetery and Memorial, The Nek Cemetery, the tunnels and trenches at Johnston Folly, Quinn's Post and Chunuk Bair. The latter is the site of the New Zealand Memorial and a Turkish monument in honour of the Turkish Mustafa Kemal, military hero (later the first President of the modern secular Turkish Republic). Kemal was the commander who moved his troops quickly into position on the ridges overlooking the landing site. The museum has a spectacular view of the Aegean Sea and coastline and a sombre reminder of the advantage the high ground gave the defenders. Inside there are many display cases of memorabilia, uniforms, weapons and equipment and also personal items such as watches, which were found on the battleground.

Recently a severe earthquake affected this area of Turkey, most of the memorials suffered some structural damage. It was heartening to see that new sandstone blocks had replaced the cracked ones in the Anzac Beach and Lone Pine Memorials and that all the Anzac cemeteries are well cared for. Our tour finished appropriately at dusk at Chunuk Bair in the shadow of the NZ and Turkish memorials. It was here that the New Zealanders scaled almost vertical cliffs and held the hilltop for 3 days before being driven off by Kemal's troops. The withdrawal of the wounded from this position was a feat of incredible courage and heroism by the Field Ambulance stretcher-bearers.

Ali Efe concluded with the view that not only was the new state of Turkey a direct outcome of the failure of the forcing of the Dardanelles by the allies but that it also hastened the collapse of the Russian Empire in 1917. It appears that Turks believe these outcomes outweigh the horrific cost in loss of life at Gallipoli.



Ken Keesing visited Gallipoli on 24th October 2002.

A recent report by the Military Justice Audit Team has found that allegations of "a culture of widespread bastardisation and brutality" within the Australian Defence Force are, in the most part, unfounded. The audit team, which travelled to every Defence establishment across Australia and interviewed staff from all three services, found surprisingly few cases of unfair treatment and bullying within the Army and Navy. When it came to the RAAF, however, the report told a different story. Complaints to the MJAT came from a total of 13555 RAAF members, compared with three from Navy and just one from Army. While this statistic is alarming in its own right, it becomes horrific when one considers that each complaint represents a sad story of abuse, mistreatment and neglect. As one senior RAAF officer put it, "Each story is, in itself, a sad indictment on the Air Force. When taken as a whole, however, they demonstrate a reprehensible lack of regard for personnel on the part of RAAF managers at all levels."

One young pilot from Adelaide told of having to spend two nights in tin city accommodation, despite the fact that there was an empty five-star hotel just 10km away. Another said that he had been forced to endure a gruelling 2.4km run every year since he joined in 1997. One airwoman alleged that she had been overlooked for promotion on numerous occasions, simply because she was fat, lazy and stupid. An aircraftman from Amberley stated he had been refused permission to wear civilian attire to work, despite the fact that his uniform clashed with his eye colour. Another had been forced to wear uncomfortable safety boots for periods of up to eight hours straight. A number of personnel complained of having to attend courses that were not relevant to their jobs, such as rigorous ground combat courses and drawn-out lectures on occupational health and safety. To add insult to injury, a young corporal was even ordered to pack up chairs in the classroom after one such course. The huge backlash against treatment of Air Force personnel should provide senior ADF officers with a vital clue with regard to the massive retention problems experienced by the RAAF in recent times. Over the past two years, Defence has spent some \$19.8 million looking into the issue.

Not all of the Air Force's hierarchy, however, are upset by the revelations. Said outgoing Chief of the Air Force, Air Marshal Errol Flynn, "I'm delighted with the result. I am very happy that our retention problems are due, in the most part at least, to something as harmless as bastardisation. I thought everyone was leaving because of me."

Source: *The Northern Australia Times*

LONDON: GREEN LIGHT FOR AUSTRALIAN MEMORIAL

Westminster City Council has approved the proposed design for the new memorial in London to those Australians who served, suffered and died in two world wars. The council unanimously decided to give the design full approval, enabling the project to go ahead. This will allow on site work to commence in April, with a view to completing the memorial to coincide with the 85th anniversary of the end of World War I on Remembrance Day 2003.

The memorial will be a significant addition to Hyde Park Corner and a fitting tribute to those Australians who fought alongside British forces in the defence of freedom during two world wars. The design for the new memorial features a long curving wall of green granite, reflecting the sweep of the Australian landscape. The wall will feature the names of the battlefields where Australian and British military personnel fought, superimposed upon the names of thousands of home towns of Australian men and women who served during the two world wars, many never to return home.

In keeping with Westminster City Council's requirement to incorporate a significant light and water feature into the memorial, the Australian design uses water to create shifting patterns of light to highlight different facets of the memorial. The striking design will enhance its location and bring a touch of the Australian landscape and character to the heart of London. The new memorial has been designed by Sydney architectural firm Tonkin Zulaikha Greer and artist Janet Laurence. The design was one of four submitted in a limited design competition considered by the Australian Government from an initial field of 12 Australian firms invited to submit expressions of interest. Tonkin Zulaikha Greer's past work includes the design of the Australian Vietnam Forces National Memorial in Canberra and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier within the Australian War Memorial. The new memorial will become the focus of Anzac Day services in London from 2004. Images of the proposed design for the London memorial are available at www.dva.gov.au/media/media_images/images.htm

[Ed: I took a look and all I can say about the design is "shithouse" - but see what you think...]

Updates:

The unit history project is steaming along with over 2000 images scanned so far. Work is in hand for a virtual photo album and the Website to made available off line at the association room.

History Requests:

Outstanding Tasks: Trevor Arbuckle handed in 60 slides which are being scanned by Ray Galliot these will be up on the Website when available.

Work in progress:

Barracks: Work continues on the barracks occupied by WAUR, A mountain of information has been collected and the long slow process of writing up a report has begun. Regimental Marches: Research on the music we marched too is being collated, this from John LeTessier s research shows the quirky side of the marches: "Sons of the Brave" was selected quite early in the life of the Regiment, but when the Unit was granted affiliation with the Ox. and Bucks, "Nacht Larger in Grenada", their march, was chosen. For some little known reason "Soldiers of the Queen" attracted musically minded ears and patriotic hearts, so that at the time of the Colours parade, this was regarded as our official Regimental quick march. Some time later, officialdom placed down its heavy hand, reminding the Unit of its original choice, and so "Sons of the Brave" was back as the one and only quick march of WAUR. "Nacht Larger in Grenada" and "Soldiers of the Queen" however, must have a place in the Regimental repertoire. The ironic thing is that in actual fact, the regimental March was not played the day WAUR received the Colours!

Recently promised:

(as in last Year!)...Mick Mathews has several dozen photos from the 80s when WAUR was in its prime - I expect delivery soon. Dom Fragomeni also has photos from the late 70s. Kevin Byrne is locating several old WAURiors from 1970s which he had a hand in producing. Website: The IT team have been flat out with newborns and hectic workloads so there has been little change to our site.

Historical Display:

The display is taking shape, office dividers have been put up on legs to display photos. Also various historical documents and photo albums have been laid out for all to see. One of the more unusual things to have occurred is a TV producer from Germany Patrick McGee, Senior Editor, Current Affairs, Deutsche Welle TV, who made contact claiming to have brought a WAUR Bugle at a Flea market, another fellow picked one up on Ebay – it appears some enterprising chap in the sub continent is making bugles complete with a WAUR crest – several have surfaced world wide. One is in the hands of UWA and hopefully one is being sent to us. More to follow on this one however It appears that in the early 80's WAUR commissioned 300 brass badges to be made in Pakistan in preference to the plastic ones being issued by the Army at the time – our theory is that some enterprising local held on to the master mould and put it to good use!!

[See also the e-mail exchange re this item on page 24]



How do you measure up as a student? Do you pass all courses with flying colours or are you the person who everyone laughs at? Try the following questionnaire to see how YOU rate:

1. The DS points out that you are making a basic mistake. Do you:

- a) Thank him and ask him politely to tell you if you are making any others.
- b) Abjectly apologise.
- c) Correct the fault.
- d) Argue about principles.
- e) Threaten to punch him if he doesn't keep his nose out of your business.

2. You are on Exercise and have been given a problem to solve. Do you:

- a) Attempt to bribe the DS for the correct solution.
- b) Try to steal the DS notes to get the perfect solution.
- c) Use the normal appreciation sequence.
- d) Ask another course member what he thinks.
- e) Refuse to do the problem because no-one hinted at the solution.

3. At the mid-course barbeque you are provided with a limited supply of beer. Do you:

- a) Purchase your share and distribute it amongst the DS.
- b) Offer to sell your share to the DS.
- c) Buy your shout in turn.
- d) Drink quietly in the corner.
- e) Not drink, but buy your share and bury it to stop anyone else getting it.

4. You are at a country pub and a big Bikie is about to thump one of the DS. Do you:

- a) Run over and offer to let him punch you instead.
- b) organize a rescue party for the DS.
- c) Look the other way.
- d) Offer words of encouragement to the Bikie.
- e) Offer to hold the DS while the Bikie thumps him.

5. You have just heard another student's solution to a problem and the DS asks you for your opinion. Do you:

- a) Protest that you are sure that the DS solution is much more interesting.
- b) Knife him about every conceivable fault.
- c) Say that it might work,
- d) Say confidently that you like the plan.
- e) Challenge the DS to think of a better solution.

6. You are in the middle of nowhere giving an O group, when the DS goes to sleep. Do you:

- a) Wait politely until he wakes and then continue.
- b) Ask him if he'd like a pillow.
- c) Wake him gently before continuing.
- d) Kick him in the ribs to wake him.
- e) Have the section quietly sneak off into the scrub and hope the DS gets lost

7. Your DS shows a marked aversion to crossing creeks. Do you:

- a) Plan all of your navigation around spur lines and ridges.
- b) Apologise profusely every time you have to cross a re-entrant.
- c) Shrug your shoulders and do your job.
- d) Laugh quietly to yourself every time you cross a creek.
- e) Search every square by the contour method, showing particular attention to creek lines.

Continued next page...

8. Your DS is an ex Recon PI Comd and is a great exponent of the art of Camouflage, especially camouflage cream. Do you:

- a) Ask him politely for permission to copy his camouflage pattern.
- b) Ask him to inspect your section and give advice.
- c) See that camouflage principles are adhered to.
- d) Ask him if he has applied to Clown's Union for permission to use that particular facial makeup.
- e) Refuse to wear cam cream on the grounds that it gives you pimples.

9. (a) Females only.

You are a female student and all of the DS are male. Do you:

- a) Organise a party for the DS and supply a female friend for each of them.
- b) Hint heavily to the OC that it could be to his advantage to have you pass.
- d) Do your best to Pass the course on personal merit.
- d) Tell the OC before the course starts, that you want to be treated as a man.
- e) Kick any DS who makes an advance in the groin.

9. (b) Males only.

You are a male student on the same course. Do you:

- a) Have your sister seduce the OC.
- b) Bring along some female friends at every social opportunity.
- c) Treat the course as a military subject, and act accordingly.
- d) Avoid all contact with the DS.
- e) Threaten to punch the DS for picking on you.

10. At the end of an exercise function, the results have not yet been published. Do you:

- a) organize free booze and dancing girls for the DS.
- b) Move quietly around, buying free drinks and offering to run errands.
- c) Show your delight at finishing the course by getting hilariously pissed.
- d) Refuse to attend.
- e) organise the boys to boycott the function and have a booze-up at a different location.

Scoring for each question for each:

A	score	5 points
B	score	4 points
C	score	2 points
D	score	1 point
E	score	0 points

Ratings:

40 - 50 Points: You are the course brown noser. You are certain to be the butt of all DS jokes. What's more, your chances of passing are nil.

30 - 39 Points: Sorry fella, although you occasionally show minor streaks of common sense, your methods are underhand, and sure to be commented upon by the DS and other students alike. Chances of passing - almost nil.

20 - 29 Points: You have the knack of missing the odd bit of brown nosing with a rebellious nature. Provided that your barfly tendencies are discreet you have a fair chance of passing the course.

11 - 19 Points: A fair and honest course member. Provided you have worked hard, and kept most of your disparaging thoughts about the DS to yourself, you should pass.

0 -10 Points: How did you get on this course anyway? Do you have friends in high places Did your father bribe the CO or did you remind your weakling OC about bad things that can happen to people in blind alleys on dark nights? Anyway, your only chance to pass the course is to convince the DS that you are the toughest bastard in the Army, and that crossing you would be folly. But be warned, if there are 2 or more DS this tactic seldom works.

Calling all Scientists...

This in from Roger May

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UK Alumni Association

Hi everyone,

Apart from our work with UK Alumni, British Council Australia works to find opportunities to network scientist early in their careers with their UK contemporaries. This year, we intend to reward a young scientist who has achieved some truly inspiring work with a \$10,000 Eureka Prize - The British Council Eureka Prize for Inspiring Science. The Eureka Prizes are one of the most prestigious prizes for science in Australia:

(<http://www.amonline.net.au/eureka/>).

The British Council prize will consist of a trip and a short programme of study in the UK . More information about the Prize can be found at:

http://www.amonline.net.au/eureka/inspiring_science/index.htm

We are encouraging our Alumni to communicate this fantastic opportunity to their own Australian networks. In addition, we are offering an Alumnus the opportunity to judge the British Council Australia Eureka Prize for Inspiring Science.

For our inaugural Inspiring Science Prize we are seeking the services of one of our Alumni to join the judging panel: Dr Karl Kruszelnicki, Dr Doreen Clark AO and a British Council staff member.

If you think that you can judge what is truly "inspiring science" - we'd love to hear from you. Please send a note of interest and the reason why you could judge the Prize to the British Council Science Manager, Adam Selinger:

(adam.selinger@britishcouncil.org.au)

Advance warning!!!!!!

**The WAUR Regimental Ball will be held on
10th May 2003**

At Winthrop Hall UWA

Details to follow when available

When the main mission was accomplished, some very tired looking troops disembarked at Rottnest. The ground cover turned out to be appreciably thicker than an aerial reconnaissance might have suggested, the sea breezes had not penetrated into the gullies and lying up places. The thirty members of 11 Field Security Section who had been enemy guerrillas looked no better off. Not so remarkable, however, was the way everyone got a new spark of life going when leave to the settlement was granted that evening. This was our last Camp with Captain D. Hill as Adjutant, for he left on 6 May with a re posting as Quartermaster to the Special Air Service Company at Swanbourne. The remainder of 1963 consisted of regular weekend bivouacs and night training parades, Promotion examinations being held in June. In October the Director of Infantry Colonel Ochiltree, OBE, met a number of officers in the Mess, whilst in Western Australia on an inspection tour.

The Annual Camp for 1964 was again conducted at Rottnest and though it was not realised at the time, it was, to be the final "overseas" duty. Recruiting had been going on at a steady rate, but study commitments, interstate movement and inability to attend camp on the part of some members limited our numbers to an average attendance of some 90 all ranks. 11 Field Security Section again attended the Camp, sharing in the life of the Regiment. A pre-camp day and a half signals course had been run by members of 405 Signals Squadron at the Regimental Depot and had proved most useful, saving Camp time for field training and overcoming the shortage of wireless operators and smartening up the skill of users generally.

This year we had further variety in medical advice, for as no Regimental Medical Officer had been posted to the Regiment, the position was filled by Wing Commander G. Leyland, Dr Leyland being Medical Superintendent at the Fremantle Hospital. Attached Officers of other arms included chaplains: Chaplain 3rd class A.W. Morris (PD) attended the first weekend 8-9 February. Chaplain 4th class R.J. Hobby (C of E) attended the middle weekend 15-16 February and Chaplain 4th Class B.J. Hickey (RC) attended the full Camp.

The Band paraded at Reveille each day and started the day off with a good military beat, then on Visitors Day, Sunday 16 February, they gave a recital in the Barracks and played also in the Settlement.

A highlight of the two weeks was, of course, the three day exercise, aptly named from the viewpoint of junior commanders, Exercise "Soul Searcher". During the first week a narrative was built up by posting on the notice boards pseudo news bulletins and flashes showing the threatening activity of those terrible Phantomians.

A Commanding Officer's Orders group at 0230 hours broke the news that our shores had been violated and the Unit moved before first light from the security of barracks to occupy two hill features (there's always a hill, isn't there?) - and to carry out constant patrolling. Enemy materialised from time to time looking remarkably like 11 Field Security Section. Though there was some doubt at first, the Directing Staff and umpires were sufficiently on the Diggers' side to call the Victory ours on the third night. A realistic feature of the exercise was the employment of air support. The Company and platoon Commands were able to carry out aerial reconnaissance and genuine air re-supply of rations and mail came "down the chimney".

On the second day of this exercise the aircraft carried AN/PRC 10 sets and ground/air communication was in most cases workable. Every chance to carry out experimentation was grasped. This exercise had been planned originally to take place on Garden Island as had the previous year's, however, the Army boat Lorea became unserviceable and the result was a transposition of enemy forces to Rottnest. The secret was well kept right up to the time of the Commanding Officer's Orders Group. The days were, as usual, of a near century heat and much patrolling was done at night, a fact much appreciated by everyone. The attack on the enemy base was something of a fiasco, the leading platoon being, swallowed by friendly forces air support, so time was wound back and the assault was repeated, this time as a lesson and faults rectified. Both enemy and friendly forces united to exploit down to the beach and the truce was consummated with a swim in the ocean, magnificent indeed!

In previous years, field firing exercises had been carried out to practice platoon and sections in fire and movement with ball ammunition. Not infrequently, delays had been incurred by vessels sailing into the danger zone, necessitating the safety boat to shepherd them out, so this aspect of training was curtailed and instead only the Owen Machine Carbine was fired on the miniature range. Only one member failed to qualify and twelve members were registered as first class shots. The two previous years had seen members of Officers' and Sergeants' Messes wear Mess Dress 2A in the evenings of non-training nights. This consisted of "Blues" trousers, white shirt, black tie, and with officers, shoulder boards. This form of dress was not continued with in 1964.

Whilst the Regiment was in Camp the Governor of Western Australia, Major-General Sir Douglas A. Kendrew, KCMG, C., C.B.E., D.S.O., was "dined in" by the officers of the Command at the Adelphi Hotel in Perth on Thursday, 20 February. The Commanding Officer and 3 other Officers attended, crossing by boat and returning next morning by aircraft. The Commanding Officer left Rottnest in a fast outboard powered boat of the SAS which gave up the ghost some distance out from Fremantle and lost him much of the headway he had over the other three.

"Army Week" over the past few years had become an established event in the calendar when WAUR was called on to provide the Guard of Honour for His Excellency, the Governor of W.A. when he attended for the first time the Western Command display at the Claremont Showgrounds in April, 1964. Practice had taken up a period each night since return from Camp and two rehearsals were held prior to the actual parade. The Guard was no discredit to the Regiment and His Excellency declared it a "Good Guard". It consisted of 70 rank and file and was commanded by Captain J.J. Le Tessier with Lts K.B. Keesing, **[Ed: now an Association member]** and P. Waterman subalterns of the guard. During the inspection His Excellency spoke with a number of the men, but it was with Corporal A. Aplin, MM, that the Governor talked longest. Cpl. Aplin had served under Sir Douglas Kendrew in Korea when serving with the Royal Leicestershire Regiment; of added interest is the fact that his Excellency is Regimental Colonel of that Regiment.

A Green Jackets visitor in the Officers Mess on 3rd April 1964 was Lt. Andy Green stationed in Penang where the 43rd and 52nd were serving. It had been a fruitless hope that at some stage some officers might have had the opportunity of a visit to our allied British regiment while they were posted in the far East.

This was not to be, however, and it was the least that could be done that some younger members of the Mess would not let Lt. Green forget his visit to Australia.

On 1 May 64 Lt. Col. M.A.S. Williams relinquished command of the Regiment to take up his new appointment as executive Officer of 1st Battalion Royal Western Australia Regiment. His place was taken by another former Sapper officer who had become an infantryman, Lt. Col. L. Thompson.

Politically and militarily the world's state of affairs was far from healthy at the start of 1965. The confrontation of Malaysia by Indonesia was becoming a border dispute in the Sikkim area which was not really resolved by resort to arms. That latter country was also engaged in a dispute over Kashmir with Pakistan, the clouds that brought the storm of war in later months also severely strained the principle of the brotherhood of the British Commonwealth. The escalation in Vietnam was being felt. More American forces were being sent in and shortly the 1st Battalion Royal Australian Regiment with service elements was to go there. During the year a new form of National Service was passed by legislation and young men of twenty became eligible by ballot. This unstable world position and the prospect of compulsory military service led to an increase in the recruiting rate, quite sharply in the following year with National Service being readily agreed as rather less acceptable than part time soldiering.

In January of 1965, Major P.M.R. Smith became the first member of the Unit to move to one of these troubled parts of the world. He was one of six CMF officers selected from the whole of Australia to attend Exercise Bullroarer in Malaysia. The exercise was in fact postponed and these officers given the opportunity of gaining first hand experience of service conditions. With Major K. Fitzgerald of Northern Command, Major Smith was allotted to the senior Praaq (Fighting Aboriginal) Regiment, and spent six of his tour's twelve days with them in Fort Tapong – Bubon area in Northern Malaysia close to the Thai border. In this activity Major Smith had left one set of trees for another. Before arriving in tropical jungle he had spent the first week with the Regiment in Camp, oriented for the first time in the jungle training area near Collie. WAUR was located at the end of a dusty trail on the shores of Wellington Dam. It marked the first tented camp for the Regiment, messes, offices, stores and Sleeping lines were all under canvas. In these days there could not have been too many members who had had the experience of a whole camp spent this way.

The challenge was accepted and some home luxuries installed; one tent in the officers' lines boasting bedside carpets, electric light, a dust proof wardrobe and means to produce a hot cup of coffee as a nightcap. An industrious operator had sunk post holes of a generous size in, many places so there was no lack of disposal points for refuse. The health standard was high. Major H.J. Woodliff, RAAMC, was in camp for the first few days and was relieved by a civilian, Dr. K. Elliott, who stayed for the balance of camp. Capt. P.J. Henry provided another "first" by setting up a field dental treatment post. The most painful experience witnessed in this tent must have been the absentee Public Service Examination undertaken by one subaltern.

The spiritual welfare of the Unit was provided by Chaplain M.J. Troop(RC) for the weekends and Chaplains H. Tassell and B. Eccleston (C of E) who were present for the first and second week respectively.

In place of 11 Field Security Section, we had 15 Psychology Unit attached for the period of Camp, numbering four officers and 52 other ranks. An attachment from members of 1 RWAR was present under command of Lt. G. Negas, who later in the year transferred to the Royal Australian Regiment and was posted to Holdsworthy in NSW. Two familiar NCO's, WO R. Bandy and Sgt. J. McCourt both recently returned from Vietnam, gave emphasis, to the need efficient meaningful training. Their presence and the impressions of action in that country, together with the life in the forest without the many conveniences of city life, engendered some of the feeling stated in the opening paragraph of this chapter. The reader should not think that we lived entirely a life of gloom. Outdoor film shows were provided on two or three nights and a brief visit was paid by Miss Australia, Carol Jackson. That she spent most of the time in the Sergeants Mess indicated that either that privates and officers do all the work, or that Sgt. McLeod had some qualities not hitherto recognised.

Wellington Dam was used to some bridging equipment, but unfortunately a wider variety of engineer stores could not be made available. Also unfortunate was the fact that swimming was disallowed, nevertheless some quaint but effective hot showers were put to use with water done to a nicety in "elephants". Whilst in Camp the Regiment was visited by the Chancellor of the University, Sir Alex Reid, who was accompanied by the Honorary Colonel. On the tree fringed parade ground Sir Alex addressed the troops, expressing his appreciation of their work and wishing them well. The exercise undertaken by all troops was again one with a counter insurgency. Despite the closeness of the Company area to Camp radio transmissions between the two were unworkable pointing out that high ground, if covered with timber gives little advantage for relay purposes. Ambushing and counter ambushing were two aspects which received practice and some patrols went out and covered a considerable amount of ground during the hours of darkness. The lesson was an easy one to learn here - the need for rest periods.

As usual, the directing staff dropped the hint where a good reconnaissance patrol could find something and this demanded a further reconnaissance by the Company Commander, in this case, Major Anderson. Some spot-on navigation through close country and over long legs resulted and the ensuing battle procedure set the wheels in motion for a first light attack. The night move was by starlight with visibility down almost to the minimum. The distance was covered in good time and troops lay up to rest for a brief period before moving to the Start Line. When the assault went in the enemy was found to have used some subtle hiding places but, as regrettably happens on these occasions, with the meeting, up after three days of adversaries well known to each other, an old time reunion atmosphere is felt and the exploitation, reorganisation and search stage has to be handled under very strict control by the Directing Staff and officers of troops concerned. A critique was held later in the morning when a demonstration was given of how guerillas may be expected to conceal food, weapons and even men. Some of the younger soldiers were obviously finding difficulty in remembering all that an attack entails; the need for training and that no substitute for constant training in this important stage of the attack exists must be appreciated by all ranks. In fact, to quote Brigadier D. Mills-Roberts CBE DSO MC, writing of his wartime commando experiences "Sweat saves Blood". Just two weeks in close timber made the return to Perth seem almost dreamlike and at least in the writer's case, the memory of vertical tree trunks took a few days to clear from the mind.

[Ed: to be continued...]

Below is a reprint from the 1999 50th anniversary parade and dinner invite:

A History of the Western Australian University Regiment

Raised on the 22nd of April 1949 as the Perth University Regiment (PUR) to provide military training to undergraduates, the Regiment commenced with two platoons based at the University of WA. The Regiment's first of six homes was in the old Flying Boat Base on the University grounds in Crawley. The title PUR did not correctly represent the broader role of the Regiment and was changed to the Western Australian University Regiment in August 1949. Shortly after, WAUR moved to a depot on Stirling Highway. 1951 was a significant year for WAUR, with the raising of a third platoon at the Claremont Teachers College in July and by October WAUR began to train officers for the CMF¹. By June 1952 WAUR had 176 members. WAUR was honoured with the presentation of the Queen's and Regimental Colours on 25 May 1958 by His Excellency the Governor of Western Australia, Lieutenant General Sir Charles Gardiner KCMG KCVO CB CBE. In 1962 WAUR moved to 20 Mounts Bay Road into a building with an interesting history in its own right. The building was originally built for The Cameron Highlanders of W.A. (now 16th Battalion). The building was built using public subscription and much voluntary labour. Over the next twenty years WAUR continued to grow becoming a sizeable regimental strength.

WAUR in the 1990's

In October 1991 WAUR assumed the role of Officer Cadet training, a task that it has carried through to the current time. This defined role led to a restructuring of the Regiment in 1992, the same year that it moved to its current location, the historic Artillery Barracks in Burt Street East Fremantle. An Army restructure lead to WAUR coming under the command of the Royal Military College Duntroon in July 1997. With a current strength of around 120 personnel, WAUR now offers part of an integrated First Appointment Course for Officer Cadets in the Army Reserve. Students on WAUR courses come from WAUR as well as other University Regiments around Australia. WAUR students complete their training with a six week course at RMC Duntroon to graduate as Second Lieutenants in the Australian Army.

50th Birthday Parade

1999 is the fiftieth anniversary of WAUR. To mark this event a Regimental Parade is being held on Saturday March 6th 1999 at 11.00am. The Parade will commence with ground being held by LRVs from 10LH and will include parading the Regiment's Colours and a formal acknowledgement of the recent graduates from RMC. You are invited to attend the Parade and afterwards participate in light refreshments. The Army Museum, which is co-located at Artillery Barracks, will be open after the parade and tours will be running.

50th Birthday and Graduation Ball

Later on the evening of March 6th, WAUR will hold its 1999 Graduation Ball for Officer Cadets from the class of '98. This year the Ball is particularly important given that it will celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Regiment's being raised. The Ball will be held at Burswood Convention Centre. The Western Region Army Band will provide the evenings entertainment with their 'big band' dance music. Please see overleaf for details of the Parade and Ball. An RSVP form is included on the reverse.

Assistance Appreciated

If you have old photographs, stories or memorabilia from WAUR we would be happy to hear about these. Please call us on the numbers overleaf.

¹ The forerunner of today's Army Reserve.

If any Association members can help please contact us ASAP

Dear Shaun,

Could you please assist me in obtaining certain items of dress required of a RSM?

1. As a Reserve RSM in WA I am not entitled to Service Dress on issue. This is extremely frustrating as I attend many parades and conferences where the dress requirement is Service Dress. I have received permission from the Army to wear Service Dress if I can obtain such a uniform and have it tailored to fit. In your WAUR Association newsletters would you pls advertise if there is any ex member out there roughly my size (about 6 ft 2 inches/188 cm tall, 92kg/14.5 stone weight) who wishes to either sell or donate their Service Dress uniform.

2. I am also seeking a Sam Brown that is my size. I am prepared to purchase the item if necessary.

Thanks

Jeff Murray
RSM WAUR

E-mail from Germany - Re Stolen Bugle

-----Original Message-----

From: Patrick McGee
Sent: Wednesday, 15 January 2003 2:42 AM
To: Shaun D. Chapman
Subject: Bugle

Patrick McGee,
Senior Editor, Current Affairs,
Deutsche Welle, TV, Berlin

Dear Sir,

At a flea market recently I bought a copper and brass bugle with the crest of the WAUR. I would like to know how I came to liberate it in Berlin, and even more, how it got here. Also, would you like it back in the event it has been stolen? I hope to hear from you soon, and remain
Yours faithfully, Patrick-Peter McGee

Chook's response on 16 Jan 03...

Patrick,

Thank you for taking the trouble to track us down - here is the story as best we can make out. Someone in India is knocking out cheap copies of an old bugle with our badge on it. How they got it we don't know for sure - although it appears that in the early 1980's a consignment of Brass badges was made up in India by WAUR because the Australian Army could only supply plastic ones! We think they are putting those brass badges on a standard copy bugle.

Yours is the third one that we have heard about in the last year. The Association would like to get one of these clones eventually but it is not stolen property as such.

[Ed: looks as if Patrick is going to do the right thing and send the bugle to us...]

Airline Anecdotes

Occasionally, airline flight attendants make an effort to make the "in-flight safety lecture" a bit more entertaining. Here are some real examples that have been heard or reported:

"As we prepare for takeoff, please make sure your tray tables and seat backs are fully upright in their most uncomfortable position."

"There may be 50 ways to leave your lover, but there are only 6 ways out of this airplane..."

"Your seat cushions can be used for floatation, and in the event of an emergency water landing, please take them with our compliments."

"We do feature a smoking section on this flight; if you must smoke, contact a member of the flight crew and we will escort you to the wing of the airplane."

"Smoking in the lavatories is prohibited. Any person caught smoking in the lavatories will be asked to leave the plane immediately."

Pilot - "Folks, we have reached our cruising altitude now, so I am going to switch the seat belt sign off. Feel free to move about as you wish, but please stay inside the plane till we land it's a bit cold outside, and if you walk on the wings it affects the flight pattern."

After landing: "Thank you for flying Delta Business Express. We hope you enjoyed giving us the business as much as we enjoyed taking you for a ride."

As we waited just off the runway for another airliner to cross in front of us, some of the passengers were beginning to retrieve luggage from the overhead bins. The head attendant announced on the intercom:

"This aircraft is equipped with a video surveillance system that monitors the cabin during taxiing. Any passengers not remaining in their seats until the aircraft comes to a full and complete stop at the gate will be strip-searched as they leave the aircraft."

Once on a Southwest flight, the pilot said, "We've reached our cruising altitude now, and I'm turning off the seat belt sign. I'm switching to autopilot, too, so I can come back there and visit with all of you for the rest of the flight."

As the plane landed and was coming to a stop at Washington National, a lone voice comes over the loudspeaker: "Whoa, big fella...WHOA..!"

"Should the cabin lose pressure, oxygen masks will drop from the overhead area. Please place the bag over your own mouth and nose before assisting children or adults acting like children."

"As you exit the plane, please make sure to gather all of your belongings. Anything left behind will be distributed evenly among the flight attendants. Please do not leave children or spouses." "Last one off the plane must clean it."

And from the pilot during his welcome message: "We are pleased to have some of the best flight attendants in the industry... Unfortunately none of them are on this flight...!"

Heard on Southwest Airlines just after a very hard landing in Salt Lake City: The flight attendant came on the intercom and said, "That was quite a bump and I know what ya'll are thinking. I'm here to tell you it wasn't the airline's fault, it wasn't the pilot's fault, it wasn't the flight attendant's fault...it was the asphalt!"

An airline pilot wrote that on this particular flight he had hammered his ship into the runway really hard. The airline had a policy which required the first officer to stand at the door while the passengers exited, give a smile, and a "Thanks for flying XYZ airline."

Airline Anecdotes continued...

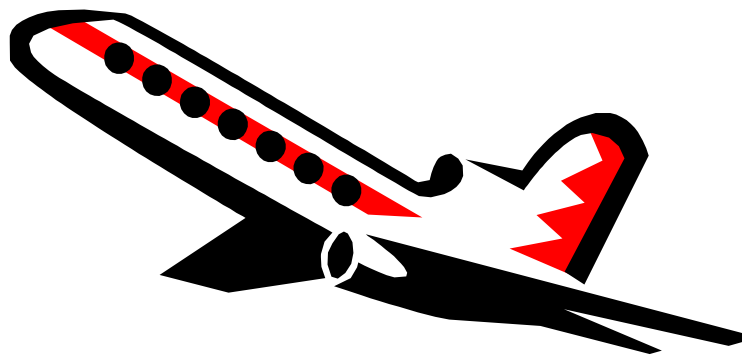
He said that in light of his bad landing, he had a hard time looking the passengers in the eye, thinking that someone would have a smart comment. Finally everyone had gotten off except for this little old lady walking with a cane. She said, "Sonny, mind if I ask you a question?" "Why no Ma'am," said the pilot, "What is it?" The little old lady said, "Did we land or were we shot down?" Overheard on an American Airlines flight into Amarillo, Texas, on a particularly windy and bumpy day. During the final approach the Captain was really having to fight it. After an extremely hard landing, the Flight Attendant came on the PA and announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Amarillo. Please remain in your seats with your seatbelts fastened while the Captain taxis what's left of our airplane to the gate!"

Another flight Attendant's comment on a less than perfect landing: "We ask you to please remain seated as Captain Kangaroo bounces us to the terminal."

After a particularly rough landing during thunderstorms in Memphis, a flight attendant on a Northwest flight announced: "Please take care when opening the overhead compartments because, after a landing like that, sure as hell everything has shifted."

From a Southwest Airlines employee....

"Welcome aboard Southwest Flight XXX, to YYY. To operate your seatbelt, insert the metal tab into the buckle, and pull tight. It works just like every other seatbelt, and if you don't know how to operate one, you probably shouldn't be out in public unsupervised. In the event of a sudden loss of cabin pressure, oxygen masks will descend from the ceiling. Stop screaming, grab the mask, and pull it over your face. If you have a small child travelling with you, secure your mask before assisting with theirs. If you are travelling with two small children, decide now which one you love more." Weather at our destination is 50 degrees with some broken clouds, but they'll try to have them fixed before we arrive. Thank you, and remember, nobody loves you, or your money, more than Southwest Airlines."



Artillery Barracks Fremantle

Securing a Building

Army - Storm in and deny access to the enemy.

Navy - Turn off the lights and lock the door.

RAAF - Take out a 10 yr lease.

Holding Ground

Army - Defending an area with any force necessary.

Navy - Bombard all things moving on water.

RAAF - What? Pushups?

Capability

Army - We can do it, just tells us when and where.

Navy - I think we are going to need new equipment.

RAAF - Money..... More money and then maybe.

Guard Duty's

Army - 24hr shift of guarding the Unit.

Navy - Shift work (no shore leave).

RAAF - Contract to civilians.

Flex Time

Army - What?

Navy - Rest day on Ship.

RAAF - If I do an extra ½ hour per day I'll get every 2nd Friday off.

Remember:

Army sleep under the stars.

Navy navigate by the stars.

RAAF choose their hotel by the number of stars.

Seen at the recent Peace Rally in London





Western Australian University Regiment Association Inc.

PO Box 317
Kalamunda WA 6926

ORDER FORM

Name	
Postal Address (If applicable - see below)	
Daytime Phone No.	

INDIVIDUAL ITEMS			
Item	Qty	Price	Total
Cuff links (pair)		\$20.00	
Lapel pin		\$ 7.50	
Association Shirt Chest size:		\$30.00	
Song Book		\$ 2.50	
Stubby Holder		\$ 7.50	
Tie		\$45.00	
Tie bar		\$12.50	
PACKAGES			
Package	Qty	Price	Total
Association Pack (Tie, tie bar, lapel pin, cuff links)		\$75.00	\$
Tie Pack (Tie, tie bar)		\$50.00	\$
Lapel Pack (Lapel pin, cuff links)		\$25.00	\$
Sub Total			\$
Postage (if applicable) (\$3.00 for all packages & individual items (\$5.00 for shirts)			\$
TOTAL			\$

DELIVERY INSTRUCTIONS
<input type="checkbox"/> Please post my order to the address shown above
<input type="checkbox"/> I will collect my order from the Association rooms at Fremantle at the next monthly meeting.
<input type="checkbox"/> I will collect my order from the Secretary (CBD, Perth). Please call me on _____ so I can arrange a convenient time.