

WAUIRIKIRI

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WHAT WEI WAPFED TO COLLECTIVE DEFENCE

Recently the Western World has invested its safety in Detente and SALT talks. Yet while we sit talking Russia has built itself the largest navy in the world, and the largest army and has almost developed a lead in nuclear armaments. Peace is always preferable to war and discussion is the best way of solving differences of opinion but Detente is no excuse to drop our shields.

The Second World War saw the destruction of the Axis powers who threatened to take control of the world if not checked. However, with the Axis gone the East and West were left to carve up the cake and both wanted the biggest slice. Russia under Stalin had become a superpower and showed itself eager to take over where Nazi Germany had left off. Europe was weak and in ruins and the U.S.A. was not willing to impose its military might upon Russia directly.

In order to compensate for the Communist block's military power the U.S.A. invented the idea of collective defence which heralded the old idea of united we stand divided we fall. By joining countries together into collective defence treaties the U.S.A. hoped to surround the Soviet block and contain them. Thus on 4 April 1949 Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, the U.K. and the U.S.A. joined forces to become the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO).

Six years later, after the Korean War, the Communist victory in China and the French defeat in Vietnam the SEATO pact was formed. The South Eastern Asian Treaty Organization was signed on 8 September 1954 Australia, France, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand, the U.K. and the U.S.A. with the aim of containing Communism in Asia. Today Communism has spread further afield and these collective defence organizations are proving to be nothing more than paper tigers.

(cont. page 2)

FROM: YOU BOBBY SIGNS...
TO: THE EDITOR, WAUIRIKIRI
22 JAMES ST. ROAD,
PERTH. 6000.

NATO today is a disorganized mess with little future hope of improvement. Italy is now close to becoming NATO's first Communist member. Portugal is considering pulling out of the pact as she too changes political colour. Turkey and Greece, two newer NATO members have divided the pact with their fighting over possession of Cyprus. France has pulled out of the treaty to go it alone with her own nuclear weapons. Holland, Belgium and West Germany take a joke of the pact with their soldiers who wear their long hair in sets while on manoeuvre so as to keep it out of their eyes, and who belong to unions with the power to strike. Britain's tiny army is suffering from defence cuts and the U.S.A. is still a thousand miles away across the Atlantic.

SEATO today has virtually ceased to exist, France has withdrawn as an active member. Pakistan has pulled out following her inability to secure protection of a powerful India. Australia has considered withdrawing from the pact in the face of her inability to obtain positive cooperation from other SEATO members. Britain has withdrawn her support from Malaya and it seems certain that she will never return to Asia again. Holland, scared and alone after the Communist takeover in Indochina has turned away from the West and opened ties with Peking so as to protect herself from Sanoi. New Zealand looks to Australia for guidance and will not support SEATO unless we do. Finally the U.S.A. has turned its back on South East Asia and without her there can be no SEATO. Vietnam has marked U.S.A.-Asian relations forever. The U.S.A. is prepared to maintain a presence in the area but only to protect her own interests, she will be very reluctant to become involved in a prolonged war in Asia again.

Thus here we are today amidst the shattered dreams of collective defence and containment, staking our future security on the rhetoric of politicians in far away places while refugees have flooded into Darwin from a war not five hundred miles away during the past month.

Rec 1452A01



USE A BOMB WITH STRIKE TO
KILL WE GOT THAT NEW
RECRUITING OFFICER.

THINK TANK

The comforts of the Palace Hotel, beer on tap and coke with ice (who was the Chicker) prompted an attack of serious thinking as the inaugural Think Tank rolled into action.

A number of our members decided that they would spend an hour of their time together, once a month, so that they may pool their intelligence in an effort to promote the continuing growth of the Unit. Growth is the key to existence for our Unit; we are striving to make the I.N.U.A. the premier unit in the ARMY RESERVE.

Contrary to popular belief the palace was chosen as a venue because of its central location. At least I think that was the reason. It will suffice to say that the Palace will continue to be the home of the WAUR THINK TANK when it moves into top gear on the last thursday of each month.

Think Tank is informal and open to every member of the Unit regardless of rank, beer drinking capabilities or any other vice you may name.

The Think Tank slogan is TARGET ONE HUNDRED, plant it firmly in your mind, get out on the streets and recruit. But dont solicit - thats naughty.

The first great thoughts to descend from the lofty minds of the Think Tank have been concerned with the possibility of mounting an attempt on next years Avon Descent. This would be great publicity for the WAUR especially if we won or got lost.

So there we are men, get out and recruit, get out on the last Thursday in each month and join the Think Tank. With a bit of an effort we can reach TARGET ONE HUNDRED before December camp.

WAURIOR would like to wish the best of luck to all our members who shortly have to sit for annual and semester exams. It is to be hoped that the training we have recieved during our time in the ARMY RESERVE, especially in the WAUR, can be employed to our benefit during these times. Discipline, self-discipline and regularity of habits are the greatest of assets when a cool and calm attitude is required before setting out to complete a task. It may be hard to visualise but the nexus between parade ground drill and sitting down to study does exist. The nexus is discipline, re-inforced by an inner desire, whatever the task, to achieve excellence, to make a first class effort. The rewards accruing to such an attitude of mind are significant. Once again, to those members facing examination, the best of luck.

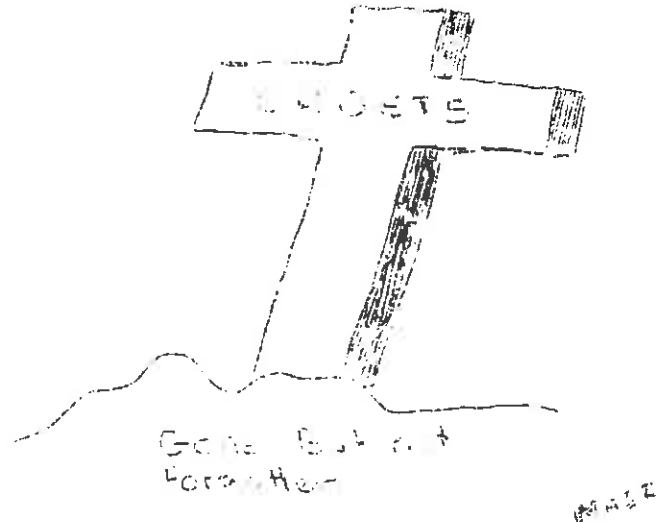
ROBIN DARK.

THE LEGEND OF YEW SPEW

"Ah. Yew Spew
How are you?"
Said his cousin,
The slightly smaller,
And for a long time not seen
Fue Spew.
"I am well Fue Spew,
For the jungle has treated me as
its own.
I have risen above the foliage.
And Fue Spew
Tell me of your wife Moo Spew?"
"Ah Yew, Moo is well.
We now have a child, Boo Spew."
The conversation was interrupted
As the wife of Yew,
The matronly Moo Spew
Broke out of the jungle.
Fue was first to greet
The emerging Moo.
"It is good to see you Moo.
In the jungle what did you do?"
"Far in the jungle Fue
I have been meeting with brother
Loo."
"I recall Loo Spew," said Fue.
"He had the brains of a snake
And was seldom awake,
But changed he has I am told."
"Changed indeed,
Now he, Loo, is revolutionary
Since he met,
Poufloo the fighting fairy."
"Together they have
Created havoc upon the hills
And Loo Spew is held in dread."
Braking from his silence
Came Yew,
Who said what he meant.
"It is wrong that Loo Spew
Since taking up his
Terrorist ways,
Remains of the Clan Spew."
Moo muttered
"Yes, perhaps Loo Spew
Should Spew alone."

WILL THE LEGEND OF YEW SPEW
BE VOMITED OUT AGAIN IN THE
NEXT WAURIOR?
STAY ENLISTED SO AS TO GET THE
NEXT WAURIOR AND HAVE THIS
QUESTION ANSWERED.

Rumour has it that WA(u)R is hell.
This was the cry that echoed
through the Bindoon Training Area
last weekend. The question now is
what is Rec. Dom Fragoneri's
definition of hell?
Probably the morning after his
birthday booze up.



All conservatives and some
not too trendy Liberals will be
pleased to know that there has
arisen a movement of rightwing
activists at the U.W.A. whose
purpose is to crush leftwing
dissidents on campus.

To this end St Georges Coll-
ege raised its own army towards the
end of last week, and then
unleashed it on the unsuspecting
student body. Chaos was rampant.

The "army" marched well and
maintained formation in the face
of adversity. Perhaps we could
send the recruiting officer to
the college concerned.

(See West Australian, 26th
September 1975. p12).

ANNUAL RANGE WEEKEND BINDOON
19th-21st SEPTEMBER

Roll call actually showed that there was still hope after all. The weather having already spat forth a sample of what was in store for the weekend, showed no sympathy toward those gathering to rage destruction upon a defenceless assortment of cardboard, wood and plastic chaps. But as time would show the elements were out manouvered by the organisers as very little rain fell during shots and other organised activities. Rather it poured down during the unimportant moments like when breakfast had to be cooked and when the diggers were trying to sleep - result - NOTEL SHIKATON again.

The grouping into platoons according to stage of training worked well until it came to cooking. It seemed all the good cooks ended up in number two group. One of their cooks was seen cooking bacon and eggs. I would have learnt how he managed that out of a ten man rationed packs. However he was being shepherded by Lt. Stanley and Sgt. Ficcadoni.

Zeroing proceeded quickly with groupings from five inches down. Some groupings were even on target so we were promoted to the mechanical range. Those stupid targets poking up their heads at intervals up to 300yds, popped down before I could get sight of them, but some got blasted and many got shattered with gravel. One lane gave up the ghost completely. Most shooters qualified, all thought that this shoot was well worth the trip and should be done more often.

Saturday evening and the canteen arrived by truck. Steak everyone yelled; steak some got. Refreshments and an odd snagger around a good fire warmed the spirits. Following was the Bindoon Open Air Theatre - converted by some into a drive in.

Sunday saw three events. Civilian shooting experts coached those of the unit that were sensible enough to realize that they needed assistance. Scores on the mechanical range improved greatly as a result, and a better understanding of the basics was achieved. A section fire demonstration showed the destructiveness of the groups within the section, and for the section as a whole. Apparently a demonstration of the Carl Gustaff showed its potential if a section was fortunate enough to have one. Some of us didn't see the demonstration.

But would you believe, none saw a humorous episode of the "BUDDY" system when Compton and Cox, in an exhausted state were faced with the problem of sleeping upright. Lt Stanley had obviously got through to them.

TRAINING 12 SEPTEMBER

To enable efficient training (when is training efficient?) the Unit was broken into groups according to the amount of previous training completed. As usual there were a number of diggers, probably the dozey ones, who didn't seem to fit anywhere. However for these lost so and so's a home was found. Training on the SLRs and the Carl Gustaff went smoothly - heaven forbid, what went wrong? Unfortunately when the time for lectures came members of the Unit got up to their usual antics with the chairs. There wasn't enough of them. Yes, over there. Can't find any. Had someone hidden them? What on earth is going on? Lectures were restricted to the chosen few.

The roll up was encouraging, so was the roll out after the Canteen closed. But it all looked good for a big turnout at the Annual Range Weekend at Bindoon.

The usual Canteen discussion afterwards centred around the Fragomenis. It was odds on that their contribution to the Bindoon weekend would be a big bang. But the Fragomenis weren't saying anything. The big question was who would be number two on the Carl Gustaff. As it was the question wasn't answered till the weekend.

GOURMET LIVING FROM A TWENTY FOUR HOUR RATION PACK M.R. DAVEY.

Casserole of Bully Beef.

10 minutes.

required....bully, condensed milk, mushrooms or mushroom sauce, bikkies and if available onions, tomatoes, garlic and claret.

- 1.....cut bully beef into bite size chunks and add a small amount of condensed milk. add mushrooms and a little water (preferably claret)
- 2.....simmer for ten minutes, adding water to thin gravy or bikkies to thicken it. add onions garlic etc.
- 3.....serve while hot.

Casserole of bully cannot be made with the bare provisions of the 24 hour ratpack. The mushrooms are essential. The claret etc is optional.

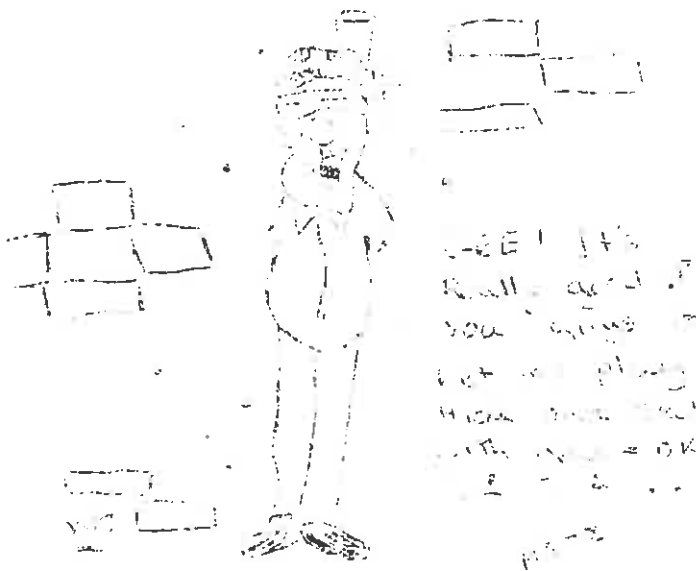
For the benefit of our diggers and their diets the M.A.I.C. will from time to time publish extracts from M.R. Davey's book. M.R. Davey is a past member of M.A.I.C. but his legacy lingers on.

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Once again Tuesday evening saw a good role up in the O.R.'s Canteen. The charming Speed Dowling performed admirably behind the bar, keeping beer up to Henderson and Lark who were setting the pace. Bottle throwing and wrestling were dropped from the night's activities. This was possibly because of the presence of a lady amidst the troops. Yes a lady. In fact Peter Ray's lady. The normally wild and woolly diggers were transformed into the cultured gentlemen they really are. However as the evening passed the noise level rose dramatically, climaxing with a crescendo of clucking as Dark flew the coop again.

The serene atmosphere was also disturbed by a crack display (not a crowneye) of marching in the drill hall. Observers were later heard to say that the sergeants themselves were cracked. Following this the RSM's voice boomed throughout the hall. Many Diggers were seen to tremble in their seats. Infiltrating and obviously enjoying proceedings in the Canteen were Leuts Montgomery and Snackles. Digger Dom Tragomeni was celebrating his birthday and this occasioned another round of drinks. Several new recruits were also sighted in the Canteen.

Indeed the OR's Canteen is the ideal place to release those frustrations which we students are faced with at this time of year. (They are called exams). So next Tuesday bring a lady friend, or two, and we can all be frustrated.



The WABRIOR nearly lost an editor a few Friday nights ago. Rec Dark spent a wild night in the University Waterhole with Cpl Henderson. It was the South American getaway all over again as they sucked lemons, gulped tequila and threw salt everywhere. Their health the next morning left a lot to be desired.

