



*Short days ago we lived,
Felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you, with failing hands, we throw
The Torch. Be yours to hold it high,
If you break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow,
In Flanders fields.*

John McCrea



The Horse's Mouth

The Newsletter of the **RAEME Association** **of WA (Inc.)**

Autumn 2001

This newsletter is the official journal of the **ROYAL AUSTRALIAN ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS ASSOCIATION OF WA (INC.)**. Meetings are held on the first Thursday of each month, except for January, at 7.00pm, ANZAC House, 28 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Membership or other enquiries may be made to any of the committee members. A list is printed on Page 2 of this journal.

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DEADLINE

All contributions for the next edition of THE HORSE'S MOUTH must be with the editor no later than 19th of May 2001.

DISCLAIMER

Thoughts expressed in articles in THE HORSE'S MOUTH are those held by the writer/contributors and not necessarily those of the Association.

Editorial

Well, we are soon coming to another Annual General Meeting. The Venue this year will be a bit different. We are trying to spark up interest in the camaraderie that we all enjoyed when we were serving in the Corps. Those of us who are still within the family know what it is to be closely allied to others with similar interests. Those of us who have left can remember what it was like. What the Association is trying to do is to bring the Old and Bold and the Young Guns back together again. The dinner last year was a classic example of the mix of ages going well. We only wish that the numbers at the dinner were twice the size.

Anyway, we have sort permission to have the AGM down at the 13 BASB Workshop Company this year - on 28th of April 2001. More about that in the flyer that will accompany the Horse's Mouth. Our aim is to get the younger members to show us what they are doing and how things have changed (or have not changed) since the older members have left the system. We would like to see as many people as we can come to the Workshop, both the younger members and the older. An invitation is extended to all members of the Corps (and those who work within the workshop who are not members of the Corps) to come along

trip down to the end of the train, found himself again facing the woman with the dog. Again he asked, "Please, lady. May I sit there? I'm very tired." The English woman wrinkled her nose and snorted, "You Americans! Not only are you rude, you are also arrogant. Imagine!"

The soldier didn't say anything else. He leaned over, picked up the little dog, tossed it out the window of the train and sat down in the empty seat. The woman shrieked and demanded that someone defend her and chastise the soldier.

An English gentleman sitting across the aisle spoke up, "You know, sir, you Americans do seem to have a penchant for doing the wrong thing. You eat holding the fork in the wrong hand. You drive your autos on the wrong side of the road.

And now, sir, you've thrown the wrong bitch out of the window."

GENERAL EQUATIONS & STATISTICS

A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband.

A man never worries about the future until he gets a wife.

A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend. A successful woman is one who can find such a man.

HAPPINESS

To be happy with a man, you must understand him a lot and love him a little.

To be happy with a woman, you must love her a lot and not try to understand her at all.

LONGEVITY

Married men live longer than single men, but married men are a lot more willing to die.

MEMORY

Any married man should forget his

mistakes, there's no use in two people remembering the same thing.

APPEARANCE

Men wake up as good-looking as they went to bed.

Women somehow deteriorate during the night.

PROPENSITY TO CHANGE

A woman marries a man expecting he will change, but he doesn't.

A man marries a woman expecting that she won't change, and she does.

DISCUSSION TECHNIQUE

A woman has the last word in any argument.

Anything a man says after that is the beginning of a new argument.

COMPREHENSION

There are 2 times when a man doesn't understand a woman - before marriage and after marriage.

A rousing salute to the Marine Corp Presidential Guards.

James J. Schiffman, Jr
 CSM, USAR
 7-6th Command Sergeant Major

I picked up on something very funny this morning. CNN showed George W. leaving HM-1 (the Presidential Helicopter). The marine at the front step saluted, GW returned it, and as he walked away. the marine executed a right face to stand facing GW's back.....something that was missing in eight years of the Clinton presidency. The traditional Marine Corps mark of respect was rendered to the new president. That one goes back to the days in the rigging, when the marine orderly to the ship's captain always faced him. no matter his direction of movement, to be ready to receive an order. Who says that enlisted men can't hold back when they don't respect someone? ...And for eight years they did.

Jim's Life in the US

Here is the latest offering from our brother in arms from the US of A.

Alliteration

A bear walks into a bar in Billings, Montana, sits down, bangs on the bar with his paw and demands a beer.

The bartender approaches and says, "We don't serve beer to bears in bars in Billings."

The bear, becoming angry, demands again that he be served and again the bartender tells him forcefully, "We don't serve beer to belligerent bears in bars in Billings."

The bear, very angry now, says, "If you don't serve me a beer, I'm going to eat that lady sitting at the end of the bar!!"

The bartender says, "Sorry, we don't serve beer to belligerent, bully bears in bars in Billings."

The bear goes to the end of the bar, and eats the woman. He comes back to his seat and again demands a beer.

The bartender states, "Sorry, we don't serve beer to belligerent, bully bears in bars in Billings who are on drugs."

The bear says, "I'm not on drugs."

How did the bartender know the bear was on drugs?

See Page 29 in the newsletter for the Bartenders response.

Blonde at the Casino

Two bored casino dealers are waiting at a craps table. A very attractive blonde lady comes in and wants to bet twenty thousand dollars on a single roll of the dice.

She says, "I hope you don't mind, but I feel much luckier when I'm completely nude."

With that she strips naked from her neck down, and rolls the dice while yelling, "Mama needs new clothes!"

Then, she hollers..."YES! YES! I WON! I WON!"

Then, she begins jumping up and down and hugging each of the dealers. With that she picks up her money and clothes and quickly leaves.

The dealers just stare at each other dumbfounded.

Finally one of them asks, "What did she roll anyway?"

The other answers, "I thought YOU were watching!"

Moral of the Story:

***** **Not all blondes are dumb!** *****

The American Soldier

An American soldier, serving in World War II, had just returned from several weeks of intense action on the German front lines. He had finally been granted R&R and was on a train bound for London.

The train was very crowded, so the soldier walked the length of the train, looking for an empty seat. The only unoccupied seat was directly adjacent to a well-dressed middle aged lady and was being used by her little dog. The war weary soldier asked, "Please, ma'am, may I sit in that seat?" The English woman looked down her nose at the soldier, sniffed and said, "You Americans. You are such a rude class of people. Can't you see my little Fifi is using that seat?"

The soldier walked away, determined to find a place to rest, but after another

and get to know the Association.

People say that the Association is not relevant to them. Well, let me tell you, for the \$10.00 per year that it costs you. You get the magazine; support if you need it, with Veteran's Affairs and MCRS (Compensation); if you are ill, you get help from a group of volunteers; we even help members families in the form of assistance with funerals etc., should the member pass on. So give it a go! Be at the AGM this year and make your feelings known!

From the President

Sitting at my desk, I am contemplating our next Annual General Meeting due soon. It has been a very disappointing year as far as attendances at meetings are concerned. We had a terrific turnout and plenty of fun at our last Corps Birthday dinner, but since then it has been a total disappointment, not only for myself but also for your hard working Committee. We have well over 250 paid up members and at meetings we are lucky to attract at the most 12 people and no official apologies are forthcoming.

Our aim to maintain fellowship between serving and former members of our Corps and to establish and maintain social activities can only be done if we all pull together. At the moment all the work is done by just a few and that is rapidly becoming a mission impossible. The aim for the next 12 months is to encourage more members to attend our meetings by finding a more congenial meeting place rather than ANZAC House, maybe on another day. I would like to see us all involved in all kinds of functions and possibly family outings or get togethers. But please let's get those apologies in, we are only a phone call away and the you find the names

of Committee members on page 2 of your "Horses Mouth" magazine.

This brings me to another question, our Bulletin Editor is running short of stories for the magazine, so if you have anything that is worthwhile publishing (i.e. your own army experiences and we even take clean jokes) let John Curtis know.

Well, that is it from me and I hope you may make the next AGM, and we may even have a drink together.

John Klein President.

Soldiers Injured in Vehicle Accident

Seven soldiers were injured this morning in an accident involving an M113 Armoured Personnel Carrier (APC) during training at the Wide Bay Training Area at Tin Can Bay in South Queensland.

The soldiers, comprising two crew and five passengers, suffered injuries when the APC, travelling at speed on a dirt road, broke a track before losing control and hitting a tree.

Four seriously injured soldiers were airlifted by civilian helicopter to Nambour Hospital; one was subsequently rushed to a hospital in Brisbane, and the remaining three were taken to Gympie Hospital by road for treatment.

The names of the soldiers are being withheld however next of kin have been informed.

A joint investigation into the accident is currently underway with members of the Queensland Police Service assisting military investigators.

We will follow this accident with interest. What broke the track? We will be let you know when we find out.

ARMY CELEBRATES 100 YEARS SERVING THE NATION

On March 1, the Australian Army will celebrate 100 years of service to the nation.

Chief of Army, Lieutenant General Peter Cosgrove, said the Army's centenary was a time for all Australians to reflect on the dedicated service of its men and women - both past and present.

"On this significant anniversary it is important that we remember those who have given their lives in the service of their country," Lieutenant General Cosgrove said.

"It is also timely to acknowledge the work currently being done by the Australian Army at home and abroad, particularly in peace keeping missions and humanitarian operations.

A church service at St Christopher's Cathedral in Canberra marks the beginning of a series of events celebrating the Centenary of Army and culminates with a spectacular parade along ANZAC Parade at the Australian War Memorial on March 10.

The Church service at St Christopher's Cathedral commences at 10:00am and will include the blessing and dedication of the new Army banner, the nation's gift to the Australian Army. The banner is the first of its kind representing all units in the Army.

The Centenary of Army celebrations will also include an Army History Conference, to be held from March 8-9 with Lieutenant General Peter Cosgrove, Chief of the Army, launching the book 'The Australian Army'.

The Army Centenary Parade is the national focus for Army's 100th birthday, bringing together men and women,

young and old, from throughout the country.

An indigenous soldier will play a didgeridoo as a tribute to the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders who have defended, and continue to defend, the nation. It will also be the first time since the Queen's Jubilee in 1977 that all Colours, Banners and Standards of the Australian Army will be seen en masse.

The parade will include 1000 soldiers, spectacular aerial fly-past, artillery and rifle salute, armoured vehicles, a display of modern and historic military equipment and culminates with the presentation of the Army banner.

A special Centenary of Army dinner will also be held on March 10 at the National Convention Centre. The dinner is open to all current and former-serving members of the Australian Army.

On March 1, 1901, 28,923 colonial soldiers - comprising permanent members, militia and volunteers - were transferred to the new Australian Army.

In the past 100 years, Australian Army personnel have served with courage and honour in the Boer War, the First and Second World Wars, Korea, Vietnam, the Malayan Emergency, the Gulf War and in peacekeeping operations around the world.

Australia has had peacekeepers serving with the United Nations continuously for more than 50 years.

NEW CHINOOK HELICOPTERS HANDED OVER TO DEFENCE

The Department of Defence has accepted the two newest additions to the Australian Army's Chinook helicopter fleet from their manufacturer, The Boeing Company.

accident report form. Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley.

Fortunately by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope, in spite of the excruciating pain I was now beginning to experience. At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of brickshit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel.

Now devoid of the weight of the bricks, that barrel weighed approximately 50 lbs. I refer you again to my weight. As you can imagine, I began a rapid descent, down the side of the building. In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles, broken tooth and several lacerations of my legs and lower body. Here my luck began to change slightly. The encounter with the barrel seemed to slow me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell into the pile of bricks and fortunately only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, as I lay there on the pile of bricks, in pain, unable to move, I again lost my composure and presence of mind and let go of the rope and I lay there watching the empty barrel begin its journey back down onto me. This explains the two broken legs. I hope this answers your inquiry.

Dave

Aunt Karen

The teacher gave her fifth grade class an assignment: Get their parents to tell them a story with a moral at the end of it.

The next day the kids came back and one by one began to tell their stories.

Kathy said, "My father's a farmer and

we have a lot of egg-laying hens. One time we were taking our eggs to market in a basket on the front seat of the pickup when we hit a bump in the road and all the eggs went flying and broke and made a mess."

"And what's the moral of the story?" asked the teacher.

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket!"

"Very good," said the teacher.

Next little Lucy raised her hand and said, "Our family are farmers too. But we raise chickens for the meat market. We had a dozen eggs one time, but when they hatched we only got ten live chicks and the moral to this story is, don't count your chickens until they're hatched."

"That was a fine story Lucy. Johnny, do you have a story to share?"

"Yes, ma'am, my daddy told me this story about my Aunt Karen. Aunt Karen was a flight engineer in Desert Storm and her plane got hit. She had to bail out over enemy territory and all she had was a bottle of whiskey, a machine gun and a machete. She drank the whiskey on the way down so it wouldn't break and then she landed right in the middle of 100 enemy troops. She killed seventy of them with the machine gun until she ran out of bullets, then she killed twenty more with the machete till the blade broke and then she killed the last ten with her bare hands."

Good heavens," said the horrified teacher, "what kind of moral did your daddy tell you from that horrible story?"

"Stay the Hell away from Aunt Karen when she's been drinking."

How the Bartender knew the bear was on drugs.

The bartender said, "You are now. That was a barbitchyouate."

him watch his favorite sports on TV. And most importantly, make love to him several times a week and satisfy his every whim. If you do these things for the next 10 months to a year, I think he'll pull through."

On the way home, the husband asked his wife what the doctor had told her.

"You're going to die." she replied.

The Brickie

Read this slowly...This is a bricklayer's accident report, which was printed in the newsletter of the Australian equivalent of the Workers' Compensation Board. This is a true story. Had this guy died, he'd have received a Darwin Award for sure...

Dear Sir

I am writing in response to your request for additional information in Block 3 of the accident report form. I put "poor planning" as the cause of my accident. You asked for a fuller explanation and I trust the following details will be sufficient. I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was

working alone on the roof of a new six-story building.

When I completed my work, I found that I had some bricks left over which, when weighed later were found to be slightly in excess of 500 lbs. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley, which was attached to the side of the building on the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out and loaded the bricks into it. Then I went down and untied the rope, holding it tightly to ensure a slow descent of the bricks. You will note in Block 11 of the accident report form that I weigh 135lbs. Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rapid rate up the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel which was now proceeding downward at an equally impressive speed. This explained the fractured skull; minor abrasions and the broken collarbone, as listed in section 3 of the

I Wish For...

No Housework

No Cooking

No Cleaning

Less Work

and more

Money.....



The new aircraft will now have minor modifications carried out to enhance safety and performance before entering service with the Townsville-based 5th Aviation Regiment's C Squadron.

After Airworthiness Board approval, the two aircraft will be accepted into service in a ceremony at the 5th Aviation Regiment in Townsville before the middle of the year.

The two new CH-47D Chinook helicopters will bring the total number in the Army to six, boosting its capacity for troop lift and logistic support.

The tandem rotor Chinooks have become familiar to Australians through their use in civil defence emergencies, and they were used to provide aid to Papua New Guinea during the western provinces drought in 1997.

"The Chinook is a superb machine for the Australian Army - it is reliable, strong and flexible," said Brigadier Robert Walford, Commander Aviation Support Group.

"The additional two aircraft will significantly enhance our ability to support field operations and support Defence capability.

WWII Bombing of Darwin Remembered Mon 19 Feb 2001 10:53AM

A mixture of military display and Aboriginal culture marked the start of the commemoration ceremonies for the first bombing of Darwin in 1942.

More than 3,000 people gathered under huge tents in humid conditions in Darwin, some waving Australian flags, to watch the commemoration activities.

An Aboriginal woman welcomed

dignitaries including the Governor-General, Prime Minister and leader of the Opposition.

People from the Tiwi Islands performed a dance about the 180 Japanese aircraft, which flew over their island on the day of the attack, en route for Darwin.

The crowd has heard 683 bombs fell on Darwin, more than were dropped on Pearl Harbour 74-days before the first attack on Australian soil.

Federal Opposition Leader Kim Beazley paid tribute to Australia's military tradition.

"On this day 59-years ago, the tradition changed for the first time. We understood that that tradition could be used and had to be used in defending ourselves and that for a period of time we may stand alone and that our very survival was at stake," he said.

The Prime Minister, John Howard, thanked Aboriginal Australians for the role they played in defending the northern coast.

"We thank the indigenous people of the Northern Territory for their contribution, we salute the contribution of our friends from the US and we reflect how differently life might be today had it not been for their ultimate and total sacrifice," he said.

The Northern Territory's Chief Minister, Denis Burke, says acknowledgement today is doubly important for the families of those killed during the bombing raids.

"Fearing national panic, the Government suppressed the real death toll and extent of the damage, several days later the Prime Minister Curtin reported just 35 injured, some families interstate were told their relatives had died in accidents rather than in the bombing raids learning only the truth 30 years later," he said.

We Profile Our Newest Associate Member

My name is Barbara Anderson and, although I do not have a service background myself, both my father and my husband saw service during the Second World War. My father seeing service with the Army and my husband as a pilot.

During the latter years of my father's life he spent quite a considerable amount of time in Hollywood Hospital and so I spent a lot of time visiting him there. We were both shown a lot of kindness by other Veterans and so when my Father passed away I felt that there must be some way in that I could repay some of that kindness. And so nearly five years ago I became involved with the Training and Information Programme (TIP).

I began my training under the guidance of Les Leverance who was the most patient of teachers in that he had to teach someone who had no knowledge of service details or procedure. But somehow he managed to complete this task and I then began working with Les in the Ex-Service Representative Office (E.S.O.) located in the AMP Building.

After working for some time, I was asked if I would like to join the TIP presenting team, helping to prepare others who thought that they would also like to offer their services to fellow Veterans. Never having done anything like this before I found myself very hesitant, but after discussing the thought with my husband he convinced me to try and so began what has become a very important part of my life.

I then began to train under another very patient teacher, Mac Watson. Both Mac and Les gave me valuable support and help along the way, as did the other members of the TIP Team. Looking

back now to those early presentations, I shudder to think how those people whom were first exposed to me sat through my presentations.

I still work from the E.S.O. office in Perth and my partner is Don Horsley, We are in the office each Monday and Friday and find that our days are full. Also home visits are becoming more frequent as some of our clients can no longer make the journey into the city. We both agree that the effort we put into our cases is amply rewarded when our Veteran receives those benefits to which they are entitled.

If I have one regret in life, it is that I had no knowledge or understanding of the effects of having been in a conflict and does have upon our Veterans. If I had had this when I was growing up and looking after my father, who brought me up, then, perhaps, I would have not been so impatient with him or always wondered why he wasn't the same as other people's fathers.

This type of work is very rewarding and each day continues to be a learning curve. To any one who may be considering joining the TIP Team, don't hesitate, come and join us now. There is so much that we can do to help our fellow Veterans and their families. And the bonus is that you will experience a whole lot of self-satisfaction at a job well done.

Missing Person

Mr. Bill Littlefair, former CFN, at 3 Base Workshops, Vic, is trying to locate Mr. William Dennis CROSS (nicknamed Scotty) formerly of Ekgin, Scotland. Please contact the above at Unit 3 - 104 Mackie Street, VICTORIA PARK, WA 6100 or telephone (08) 9470 3602.

amiss. You may look okay but you have mental capacity of a staple gun. The coffee you chug is only irritating your rumbling gut, which is craving a rootie tootie fresh and fruity pancake breakfast from IHOP. Last night has wreaked havoc on your bowels.

3 star hangover (***)

Slight headache. Stomach feels crappy. You are definitely not productive. Anytime a girl walks by you gag because her perfume reminds you of the random gin shots you did with your alcoholic friends after the bouncer 86'd you at 1:45 a.m. Life would be better right now if you were in your bed with a dozen donuts and a meatball sub watching the EI fashion awards. You've had 4 cups of coffee, a gallon of water, 3 Snapples and a litre of diet coke-yet you haven't peed once.

4 star hangover (****)

Life sucks. Your head is throbbing and you can't speak too quickly or else you might puke. Your boss has already lambasted you for being late and has given you a lecture for reeking of booze. You wore nice clothes, but that can't hide the fact that you missed an oh-so crucial spot shaving, (girls, it looks like you put your make-up on while riding the bumper cars). Your eyes look like one big vein and your hairstyle makes you look like a reject from the class picture of Revere High, '76.

5 star hangover (*****) AKA "Dante's 4th Circle of Hell."

You have a second heartbeat in your head that is actually annoying the employee who sits in the next cube. Vodka vapor is seeping out of every pore and making you dizzy. You still have toothpaste crust in the corners of your mouth from brushing your teeth. Your body has lost the ability to generate saliva, so your tongue is suffocating you. Death seems pretty good right now. You definitely don't remember whom

you were with, where you were, what you drank, and why there is a stranger still sleeping in your bed at your house.

6 star hangover (*****) otherwise known as the "Infinite Nutsmacker"

You wake up on your bathroom floor. For about 2 seconds you look at the ceiling, wondering if the cool refreshing feeling on your cheek is the bathroom tile or your puke from 5 hours ago. It is amazing how your roommate was as drunk as you, but somehow manages to get up before you the next morning.... You try to lift your head. Not an option. It is when you turn your head too quickly only to smell the funk of 13 packs of cigarettes in your hair, and suddenly you realize you were smoking, but not ultra lights...some jackass handed you Marlboro reds, and you smoked them like it was your second full time job. You look in the mirror only to see remnants of the stamp "Ready to Rock" faintly atop your forehead..... that explains the stamp on the back of your hand that has magically appeared on your forehead by alcoholic osmosis. You have to be to work in t-minus 14 minutes and 32 seconds and the only thing you can think of wearing is your "hello kitty" pajamas and your slippers.

Husband's Check-Up

After her husband's checkup, a woman was called into the doctor's office. The doctor told her, "Your husband has a serious disease. There are several things you'll have to do for him, or he will surely die. Each morning, fix him a healthy breakfast. Be pleasant to him. Make him a nutritious lunch for work, and a especially nice meal for his dinner at night. Don't give him chores, or that will increase his stress. Don't discuss your problems with him either. Try to relax him in the evenings by wearing lingerie and giving him backrubs. Let

Life According to Perry

Here is the latest offering from our own home spun Philosopher Perry.

THINGS THAT MAKE YA GO HMMM!

Why does the sun lighten our hair, but darken our skin?

Why doesn't glue stick to the inside of the bottle?

Why don't you ever see the headline "Psychic Wins Lottery"?

Why is "abbreviated" such a long word?

Why is a boxing ring square?

Why is it called lipstick if you can still move your lips?

Why is it considered necessary to nail down the lid of a coffin?

Why is it that doctors call what they do "practice"?

Why is it that rain drops but snow falls?

Why is it that to stop Windows 95, you have to click on "Start"?

Why is it that when you're driving and looking for an address, you turn down the volume on the radio?

Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavour and dishwashing liquid made with real lemons?

Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?

Why is the third hand on the watch called a second hand?

Why is the time of day with the slowest

traffic called rush hour?

Why is the word dictionary in the dictionary?

Why isn't there a special name for the tops of your feet?

Why isn't there mouse-flavored cat food?

You know that little indestructible black box that is used on planes?

Why can't they make the whole plane out of the same substance?

Can fat people go skinny-dipping?

Why do you need a driver's license to buy liquor when you can't drink and drive?

Hangover rating

1 star hangover (*)

No pain. No real feeling of illness. Your sleep last night was a mere disco nap that is giving you a whole lot of misplaced energy. Be glad that you are able to function relatively well. However, you are still parched. You can drink 10 sodas and still feel this way. You are craving a steak bomber and a side of gravy and fries.

2 star hangover (**)

No pain, but something is definitely

Can We Help You

The RAEME Association is concerned about the welfare of RAEME members in Western Australia, Particularly if they have a disability or getting a bit on the elderly side. We would like to set up a practical help and support group who can provide a voluntary service such as gardening, home help, transport, or assistance with shopping, etc.

So, if you are fit and healthy and are willing to give a little of your time to help other members of the Corps, contact the Secretary and let him know. We will maintain a database of helpers and expertise.

If you need assistance because of age or infirmity, let us know. We will be only too glad to make sure that you have the help you need. And the best part of it is that it is all part of the service.

Vale Elaine O'Brien

Sad news I am afraid. For those of you that know Lawrie O'Brien, you may know his wife Elaine. Sadly Elaine passed away on Thursday 15 February 2001. She has been fighting with cancer for some time, but sadly it has got the better of her.

If you could pass this news on to others that may have known Elaine that would be helpful.

The news is that the funeral for Elaine will be as follows;

Date: Monday, 19 FEB 01

Time: 1130 hrs

Location: South Chapel, Leppington Lawn Cemetery
Camden Valley Way, Leppington NSW

That is all the info I have at this time.

This message was sent to us by Chris Jones from NSW RAEME Association.

Vale

We have a message from NSW with a number of Corps Members who have passed away in the last year

On a sadder note, these members and / or spouses have passed away.

Peter Finn Brodel 23 JAN 00
Norman Charles Pender 10 FEB 00
John William Buckley 29 MAR 00
John (Jack) Leonard Spry 2 MAY 00
June Middleton 28 SEP 00
Alfred Oliver (Alf) Keevers 17 JAN 01

This is a list we presented at our AGM on Saturday last, so as to update your records if you didn't have them all. Clive Conner passed the information about Alf.

BFN, Chris

History of RAEME Association

50 years ago our predecessors held their Annual General Meeting. Things haven't changed much in the past 50 years. Looking at a few of the points bought up during the meeting we find that:

RAEME-.ASSOCIATION (W.A. DIVISION).

Minutes of Annual General Meeting held 12th Feb 1951 at W/Comd ARA Sgts Mess. Swan Barracks Perth.

BUSINESS ARISING FROM FINANCIAL REPORT

Discussion took place as to the Division's liability to the Federal Council for 'per capita' charges against Annual Subscriptions up to the end of 1950. Moved Lt Col Jones and seconded Maj.Davenport that the Hon Sec communicate with the Hon Fed Sec to obtain clarification of the position regarding liability to Federal Council in the light of new procedure as per context of para 2 in Minutes of Fed. Executive Council Meeting of 5th of July 1950.

It seems as if there was some dissension about paying a "per capita" fee to the Federal Executive. This was when the RAEME Association was an Australia wide association and all other groups' branches of the parent body. The members at that meeting were not too happy about paying out money that they got no benefit for.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT:

The President reported that the year's Social Activities consisted of an informal gathering on ANZAC Day and the monthly smoke socials, now held in conjunction with RAE Association,

through facilities kindly provided by ARA Sgt's Mess; and urged that these should be continued. He regretted the financial membership (35) was still poor; though slightly better than last year; and hoped that through the efforts of all members this would be increased, thus enabling broader social activities to be undertaken. He thanked all retiring office bearers for their support and declared all offices then vacant.

It is amazing how the Association has changed in the past 50 years. The President referred to Smoke Socials. Today – they would be very firmly outlawed. The attitude on smoking having had done a complete about turn, from socially acceptable to not acceptable at all. He also mentions the old problem for all associations, that of non-payment of annual fees. Nothing has changed no matter what the association. There are always non-payers.

ELECTION OR OFFICE BEARERS:

At the end of the elections Mr. Alan Field was re-elected as President; Mr. M. H. Murray, the Vice President; Sgt. J.M. Cummings, the Secretary; Sgt. Newman, the Treasurer. The Committee consisted of WO2 Wilson, Mr C. Attwood, Mr A. Bedford, Mr P. Rettig, Sgt S. Sumner and SSgt Clingin.

There are a few names that are very familiar in the group. For instance, is Mr. P. Rettig any relation to our infamous Dennis Rettig? Dennis, let us know will you? There is also mention of a Sgt. Rettig at the same meeting.

GENERAL BUSINESS

Moved Mr. Murray. Seconded Mr. W. Clark; 'That monthly smoke socials continue to be held on third Tuesday of each month in conjunction with RAE Assn. as in the past. CARRIED.

Quite obviously that the camaraderie at that time was very strong, even if they did not have many financial members.

Moved Lt Col. Jones, Seconded Sgt Cumming "That in view of the small response to the Memorial Window Fund, this be now abandoned and collections in hand returned to the donors."

Another project that didn't get off the ground. How many times have we seen that happen? Somebody has a great idea; it is taken on board and everybody loses interest when it comes to work or paying out. Times haven't changed. The most important project undertaken by RAEME that has really taken off is, of course, the Craftsman Memorial. Donations are still being taken for that project. If you have any extra, Maj. Gammon in Bandiana would like to hear from you.

Moved Mr. Murray, Seconded Lt Col. Jones. *That the Association, again take part as a body in ANZAC Day ceremonies as in the past, that all ex-RAEME personnel be invited to join and the Committee endeavour to arrange for a suitable "get together" function after the March".

There is surely no change here. Each ANZAC Day the RAEME Vietnam Vets have organised a function at the City Hotel. This is their day and we should all try to attend and support them in the usual manner. We feel sure that the Vietnam Vets would welcome anyone who wishes to support them.

Moved WO.2 Wilson, Seconded Mr. Rettig; "That the committee endeavour to arrange a "Ladies –Night" whenever practicable.

Today, the Ladies would create a riot if we even thought about excluding them from any celebrations in the Association. Equal Opportunity has bought many more females into our Corps than had ever been there during WWII or the years immediately following the

hair loss, skin welts, blindness, extreme nausea and even had an ear lobe drop off, the victim never attended a doctor's surgery or hospital for a check up.

9- Military Sergeant John Joe Winter killed his two timing wife by loading her car with Trintynitrate explosive (similar to C4). The Ford Taurus she was driving was filled with 750 kgs of explosive, forming a force twice as powerful as the Oklahoma Bombing. The explosion was heard by several persons, some up to 14 kilometers away. No trace of the car or the victim were ever found, only a 55 meter deep crater, and 500m of missing road.

10- Patty Winter, 35 years old, was killed by her neighbor in the early hours of a Sunday morning. Her neighbor, Falt Hame, for years had a mounted F4 phantom jet engine in his rear yard. He would fire the jet engine, aimed at an empty block at the back of his property. Patty Winter would constantly complain to the local sheriff's officers about the noise and the potential risk of fire. Mr. Hame was served with a notice to remove the engine immediately. Not liking this he invited Miss Winter over for a cup of coffee and a chat about the whole situation. What Winter didn't know was that he had changed the position of the engine, as she walked into the yard he activated it, hitting her with a blast of 5,000 degrees, killing her instantly, and forever burning her outline into the driveway.

11- Michael Lewis, angry at his gay boyfriend, used the movie, Die Hard With a Vengeance as inspiration. He drugged his boyfriend, Tony Berry, into an almost catatonic state, then dressed him only in a double sided white board that read "Death to all N****rs!" on one side, and "God Loves the KKK", on the other. Lewis then drove the victim to

downtown Harlem and dropped him off. Two minutes later Berry was deceased.

12- Conrad Middleton, 26 years old, was killed by his twin brother Brian after a disagreement over who should take the family home after their parents' passed away. Conrad had a nasal problem, and had no sense of smell. After the argument Brian stormed out of the house, then sneaked back later, and turned on the 3 gas taps in the house, filling it with gas. He then left out a box of cigars, a lighter and a note saying, "Sorry for the spree, have a puff on me, Brian". Conrad promptly lit a cigar, destroying the house and himself in the process.

Articles

Is there anybody out there who fancies themselves as a writer. We badly need articles for the Horse's Mouth. They can be anything - jottings from a unit; humorous (or otherwise) stories of your time in RAEME; reports of activities from any of the kindred associations; jokes (clean ones, of course); or memories of past members of the Corps. We will look at anything that would be of interest to other members. Don't think that your life is dull, colourless and boring. Nothing could be further from the truth. You would be surprised how interested people are when they see experiences of people they know or can associate with. We would very much like to start columns about the units (or social jottings) and from the other RAEME Associations in WA. Here is your chance to make a name for yourself and for your unit or association. Just send any article to The Editor at our address on page 2 of the magazine.

FBI TOP 12 DEATHS OF THE YEAR

Every year the FBI is asked to investigate over 36,000 Serious Crimes including Suspicious Deaths and Homicides. Every year the Homicide Investigations Unit puts out its Top 12 Homicides of the year.

1- Alex Mijtus, 36 years old, is killed by his wife, armed with a 20-inch long vibrator. Mrs. Mijtus had had enough of her husband's strange sex practices and one night during a prolonged session of fun she snapped, pushing all 20 inches of the vibrator into Alex's anus until it ruptured several internal organs and caused severe bleeding.

2- Debby Mills-Newbroughton, 99 years old, was killed as she crossed the road. She was to turn 100 the next day, but crossing the road with her daughter to go to her own birthday party her wheel chair was hit by the truck delivering her birthday cake.

3- Peter Stone, 42 years old, is murdered by his 8-year-old daughter, who he had just sent to her room with no dinner. Young Samantha Stone felt that if she couldn't have dinner no one should, and she promptly inserted 72 rat poison tablets into her father's coffee as he prepared dinner. The victim took one sip and promptly collapsed. Samantha Stone was given a suspended sentence as the judge felt she didn't realize what she was doing, until she tried to poison her mother using the same method one-month later.

4- David Danil, 17 years old, was killed by his girl friend after he attempted to have his way with her. His unwelcome advance was met with a double-barreled shotgun. Charla's (the girlfriends') father had given it to her an hour before the date started, just in case.

5- Javier Halos, 27 years old, was killed by his landlord for failing to pay his rent for 8 years. The landlord, Kirk Weston, clubbed the victim to death with a toilet seat after he realized just how long it had been since Mr. Halos paid his rent.

6- Megan Fry, 44 years old, is killed by 14 state troopers after she wandered onto a live firing, fake town, simulation. Seeing all the troopers walking slowly down the street Megan Fry had jumped out in front of them and yelled Boo! The troopers, thinking she was a pop up target, fired 67 shots between them, over 40 of them hitting the target. She just looked like a very real looking target, one of the troopers stated in his report.

7- Julia Smeeth, 20 years old, was killed by her brother Michael because she talked on the phone too long, Michael clubbed his sister to death with a cordless phone, then stabbed her several times with the broken aerial.

8- Helena Simms, Wife to the famous American nuclear scientist Harold Simms was killed by her husband after she had an affair with the neighbor. Over a period of 3 months Harold substituted Helena's eye shadow with a Uranium composite that was highly radioactive, until she died of radiation poisoning. Although she suffered many symptoms, including total

Don't Forget

The HORSE'S MOUTH welcomes any correspondence, letters to the Editor, moans or groans. If you have a point of view, let us know. You can send contributions to the Editor at the address on page 2. Remember that you are responsible for what you write. The journal has a disclaimer, also on page 2. So let's have the articles and points of view that are just busting to get out.

war.

Moved Mr. W. Clark, Seconded Sgt Rettig; *That all members concentrate on an effort to increase the financial membership of the Association.

Nothing has changed here either. All associations have the same problem with members who forget to pay their subscription.

So there we have the RAEME Association 50 years ago. All in all not much has changed. The most interesting part of having all these minutes from so long ago is the names which crop up who were known by so many of us "Johnny Come Lately's". Looking at the Nominal Roll we even see that Mr. G. B. Stainthorpe was serving in Japan in the BCOF when the above AGM took place. Another person mentioned in the book is Mr. A. F. C. McKechnie, the father of our recent DPP (now Judge) John McKechnie. Another person mentioned is Mr. L Fenton. Any relation, Dick?

If anyone has a relative who was in RAEME during the war or the years succeeding, let us know and we may be able to help with information. There are quite a few names in these minutes.

UNTAET Peacekeeping Force Deputy Commander

The United Nations has appointed an Australian, Major-General Roger Powell, as the new Deputy Force Commander of the UN peacekeeping mission in East Timor.

Major-General Powell will replace Australia's Major-General Mike Smith as the Deputy Force Commander on 9 March 2001.

Major-General Smith has helped shape the United Nations peacekeeping mission into the success that it has

become since it replaced INTERFET last February.

It is a privilege for Australia to once again have been asked by the United Nations to fill this position.

Major-General Powell is an experienced and capable officer. His appointment as Deputy Force Commander will ensure that the high level of leadership that has been characteristic of the peacekeeping mission to date is maintained.

He has enjoyed a diverse career spanning more than 20 years in the Australian Army. His previous appointments include Commander of the multi-national Peace Monitoring Group on Bougainville and Commander of the Army's Training Command.

In addition to Australia's contribution to the mission's leadership, there are approximately 1600 Australians in the multinational force.

These highly professional men and women are doing an outstanding job in difficult circumstances.

They, along with the military forces of 30 other nations, are working actively to help build a stable and secure East Timor as it transitions to independence.

MAJOR GENERAL R.A. POWELL, AM

Major General Roger Anthony Powell commenced his Officer Training at RMC in 1968. He graduated into the Royal Australian Armoured Corps in 1971, having successfully completed a Bachelor of Arts degree through the University of New South Wales.

His early postings were to A Squadron, 4th Cavalry Regiment as a reconnaissance troop leader and to the 1st Armoured Regiment, initially in a range of Regimental duties, and then as the Adjutant in 1975. In 1978 he

undertook graduate studies at Florida State University, where he obtained a Master of Science Degree in Educational Psychology.

In 1979 he was promoted to Major and posted to Headquarters Training Command as Staff Officer Grade Two (Development). In 1982 he commanded a tank squadron with the 4th Royal Tank Regiment for two years, initially with the British Army on the Rhine in West Germany, and then in Southern England. Major General Powell completed Command and Staff College at Queenscliff in 1983. In 1984 he was posted to Headquarters 6th Brigade as the Brigade Major.

Major General Powell was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in 1986 and posted as Staff Officer Grade One (Manpower) in Army Headquarters. In December 1986, he returned to the 1st Armoured Regiment as the Commanding Officer. He attended Joint Services Staff College in 1989, following which he was appointed Military Assistant to the Chief of General Staff.

In December 1990 he was promoted to Colonel and posted to the Australian Defence Force Academy as the Director of Military Education and Training and Commanding Officer of the Corps of Officer Cadets.

Major General Powell was promoted to Brigadier on 15 December 1993 and assumed command of the 6th Brigade on 20 December 1993 for two years. He was awarded an AM on Australia Day, 1996. In 1996 he attended the Australian College of Defence and Strategic Studies, following which he took up an appointment in the Australian Defence Headquarters as Director General Land Development. On 15 October 1998, he assumed command of the multi-national Peace Monitoring Group on Bougainville for six months.

He was promoted to Major General on 23 April 1999 and assumed command of Training Command - Army on 10 May 1999, holding this position until 15 Jan 01.

Major General Powell is married to Rhonda and they have two adult children. He enjoys reading military history and is also a keen sportsman, with a continuing interest in Cricket, Australian Rules football, Tennis and Squash.

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DEFENCE FORCE HELICOPTERS RESUME FLOOD EVACUATIONS

Although floodwaters were receding in northern and central New South Wales today, Navy and Army helicopters were kept busy with several evacuation tasks including a large group from an aged persons' home.

Dr Brendan Nelson, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Defence, today acknowledged the efforts of the helicopter crews and said it was pleasing that the Australian Defence Force was able to help in some way during the flood crisis.

Dr Nelson authorised the ADF support after the NSW Government requested military assistance on the weekend and helicopters were deployed from the Naval base at Nowra (NSW) and the Army aviation base at Oakey (QLD).

He said the helicopters had completed a number of evacuations today and tomorrow's operations would be evaluated later tonight.

"Although river levels are dropping, emergency authorities are concerned that further heavy rain is expected in the area this evening and the situation may rapidly change overnight," he said.

"As the threat of rising floodwaters diminished earlier today, flood relief operations turned to health concerns, search and rescue tasks, and emergency food drops," he said. "Failures in essential services, including water supply and sewage treatment, initiated precautionary evacuations from the worst affected areas."

The military aircraft, boosted today by four additional helicopters, made reconnaissance flights over the flooded areas to check on isolated farms and small communities.

One of the Navy's large Sea King helicopters airlifted 49 people from a retirement home at Mount Seaview, west of Port Macquarie, earlier this morning. The group was flown a short distance over flooded terrain to an open road and a waiting bus.

An Army Chinook helicopter also joined the effort today after arriving at Kempsey. With its larger capacity, the Chinook will be used for fodder drops tomorrow but was able to join the Navy helicopters today to evacuate about 45 people from the Smithtown area.

An Army Iroquois and a Navy Seahawk were involved in medical evacuations of two women from the South West Rocks area, north of Kempsey. The women, one pregnant and the other suffering abdominal pains, were transferred to the Kempsey Hospital. Later this afternoon a Seahawk completed another medivac of two people from Gladstone to the Port Macquarie Hospital.

Dr Nelson said the skill and ability of the helicopter crews was another example of how the ADF provided vital assistance during natural disasters.

"I understand the presence of the helicopters has helped lift public morale as people know the crews are watching over them and prepared to assist with emergency supplies or immediate evacuations," he said. "The aircraft have also assisted with transporting Police and emergency personnel throughout the region."

HELICOPTER DETAILS

Details of ADF helicopters involved in flood relief operations are as follows:

NAVY

2 x Sikorsky S-70B-2 Seahawks
3 x Westland SK50 Sea Kings

ARMY

5 x Bell UH-1H Iroquois (Hueys)
1 x Boeing CH -47 Chinook

we position with his have Johnny in a forward section ready to move in to a dawn attack.

Around about four o'clock of a fairly dark morning there was movement on the track ahead, and presently a Nip hove into view, followed a few yards further back by several more.

STRATEGY

We had a Bren on the track and Johnny got behind it, but knowing his limitations as a shot, he decided to use strategy.

His plan was simple! Just to wait until the first Nip was fairly close then open up on him, collecting his pals at the same time. For a start, the plan worked well.

Ten feet away - not a move!
Eight feet - still hold the fire!

Six feet and Johnny squeezed the trigger, for a total result of a loud click (the Mag was not on correctly).

Before the startled Nip knew what had happened, Johnny had up with the Bren and jabbed him in the bread basket, and then into him with his fists.' And the language that was used, my, my!

FREE ADVICE

As Johnny was trying to tear the Nip's head from his shoulders, he was telling him about his unmarried grandparents. Judging from the yells of the Nip, something of the same was being said about the dishonourable Australian. From right and left came cries of, "Go it, Johnny," and a lot of other advice on what to do, while all the time a few were dancing around trying to get a shot in with Tommy Guns.

Some thought that they were cads to interfere in a private war, but the Nip decided things for them when he 'broke away and tried to beat a bunch of forty-five slugs from a standing start. As far as we know, he was the first of that particular show to knock on the "Pearly Gates," but he was soon followed by many more of his dishonourable

comrades.

Bill Haafe

This little story was taken from a book called "The Seventeenth Australian Infantry Brigade". It shows that, even though times were desperate, the Aussie Digger humour still shone through.

PARATROOPS

We were back in Benghazi in '41. Camped in the Barba Barracks, fortified with Chianti and Cognac, Pat Eaton, Keith McKay, Keith Pullen and Bill Grimes sallied forth. It was fairly moonlight. Over came Jerry and let hell loose in our first taste of a thorough aerial blasting.

We took cover under a sandbagged doorway, the ack-ack opened up, and the old "Terror" blazed away. Suddenly a parachute unfolded in the sky and floated gracefully towards us. It seemed he would land 100 yards or so from our corner. As he came to earth ' just beyond the hospital we raced towards him. A Tommy took the lead and I couldn't get past him. He was fast. "After the blighter!" he cried. "He's bombed London."

He arrived at the black bulk on the ground. I arrived. Mesmerised, I looked. We left together. The others left. I beat the Tommy back to the hospital. We, being engineers from the 2/8 Fd Coy, left for help and our Major Travers promptly took action. Our paratroop was a 2,000-pound parachute bomb. We passed the corner where we had sheltered. It had disappeared. It was a lucky parachute bomb for us.

Bill Grimes, 2/6 Aust Inf Bn.

Another story of luck from the book, "Seventeenth Australian Infantry Brigade."

special needs will be the first in Australia to benefit from the introduction of Fact Sheets aimed at helping families to better access the services they need, the Minister Assisting the Minister for Defence, Bruce Scott said today.

Speaking at the launch of the first in a series of Defence Special Needs Support Group (DNSG) Fact Sheets at Gaza Ridge Barracks, Mr. Scott said the Fact Sheets cover topics such as; early intervention, attention deficit hyperactivity disorder and learning difficulties, respite care, school services, equipment, and information for families who have a gifted or talented child.

"The DNSG Fact Sheets are a vital resource, ensuring that all Defence families with special needs have access to up-to-date information on the types of service available, eligibility requirements, and how to access those services.

"I am confident this DNSG initiative will be warmly welcomed by Defence families in Albury/Wodonga and eventually by the broader Defence community as the fact sheets are extended to other regions within Australia and overseas.

Since 1994 the DNSG, a national charity run entirely by volunteers, has been helping Defence families who have a family member with a disability or special need through some 33-support groups across Australia.

"For the past seven years the DNSG has had a positive impact on the quality of life for families with special needs, providing support as well as information and assistance to nearly 1500 families in Australia and overseas."

DNSG has built up a very productive working relationship with the Defence Organization and has been

instrumental in highlighting difficulties Defence families with special needs face when they relocate, on average every 2-3 years.

"The DNSG/Defence relationship has led to the introduction of a Special Needs Policy by Defence which was unique in recognizing that families with special needs often required additional assistance," Mr. Scott said.

The DNSG Fact Sheets have been produced with the assistance of the Victorian Department of Human Resources, the Albury-Wodonga Military Area Amenities Fund, APS Benefits, Defence Health, Navy Health, and monies raised by DNSG's 'Dig Deep for a Dollar Day'.

Mr. Scott said the DNSG Fact Sheets are available by contacting DNSG directly or from the World Wide Web at www.dnsg.org.au.

Fringe Benefit Exemption Saves Troops Almost \$5 000

The men and women of the Australian Defence Force who are either in receipt of family allowance benefits or are required to make child support payments are set to benefit from a Federal Government decision to exempt Defence funded removals from the Fringe Benefits Tax reporting requirements the Minister Assisting the Minister for Defence, Bruce Scott, announced today.

Mr. Scott said that each year some 3 000 servicemen and women are required by Defence to move house within the locality of their existing posting.

"The Federal Government's decision to exempt Defence personnel removals carried out at Departmental expense will preclude the reporting of a fringe benefit, worth on average \$4 850, to the

members group certificate," he said.

"The reporting of this additional income previously had the potential to financially impact on servicemen and women through reductions in family allowance benefits and increases to income assessed payments such as child support payments.

"There are many instances where personnel are required to move house within their posting locality for reasons beyond their control, for example building renovations and the availability of service housing.

"This decision demonstrates the Federal Government's commitment to recognizing the unique circumstances of ADF employment," Mr. Scott said.

Early Military PAMS

The following is a copy of instructions for early English cavalymen in the handing of their weapons. The spelling and language is as in the document. Things haven't changed much. Today's PAMS are just as confusing. Note the use of technical language. Again, nothing has changed.

Apart from pistols, cavalymen were soon equipped with muskets having shorter barrels, and then with carbines,

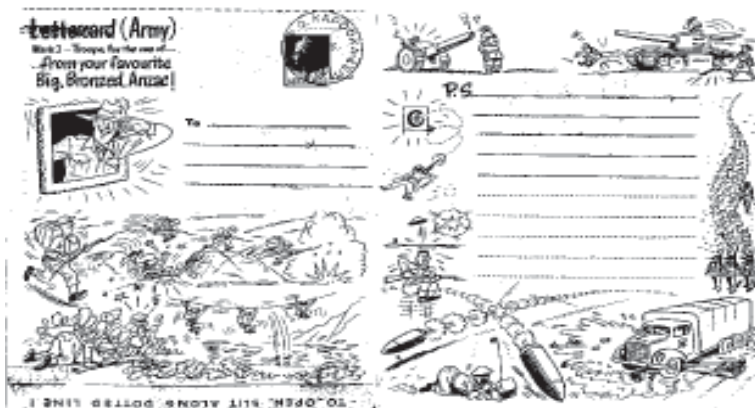
which were usually larger than pistols and fitted with stocks so that they could be fired from the shoulder. In the 1630s, when the English were attempting to standardize weapons for infantry and cavalry, a pistol was 26 ins long, with an 18 inch barrel, while both arquebus and carbine were 45 ins long, the barrel being, 30 ins, the carbine having a smaller bore. (The musket, 62 ins long, had a 48-inch barrel.)

A manual of 1672, giving instructions to cavalry for loading their 'carbines' shows the need for discipline and coolness.

All the carbines being dropt (let fall) and hanging by their swivells; the postures are as followeth.

Silence being commanded.

1. Handle your carbine
2. Mount your carbine, placing your butt end upon your thigh.
3. Rest your carbine, in your bridle.
4. Bend your cock, to half bent (which, in effect, was the same as applying a safety catch.
5. Guard (or secure) your cock [i.e. put on the dogcatch, which held it back].
6. Prime your pan.
7. Shut your pan or fix your hammer.
8. Sink our carbine on your left side.
9. Gage your flask.
10. Lade your carbine.



I have seen the face of terror,
Felt the stinging cold of fear
And enjoyed the sweet taste of moments of love.

I have cried, pained and hoped but most of all I have lived
times others would say are best forgotten.

At least someday I will be able to say...
That I was proud of what I was.....A
SOLDIER

We thank Jock's Family for sharing with us a little of his life.

SCOTT ORDERS REVIEW OF POSTAL VOTE PROCEDURES FOR ADF PERSONNEL SERVING OUTSIDE OF AUSTRALIA

A complete review has been ordered into the procedures for administering postal votes for Australian Defence Force personnel serving outside of Australia following a failure to deliver more than 600 Queensland State Election postal ballots to ADF personnel serving in East Timor, the Minister Assisting the Minister for Defence, Bruce Scott, announced today.

Speaking from the final stage of the National Party Federation Outreach Tour of regional and rural NSW, Mr. Scott said that he was deeply concerned to learn that more than 640 Queensland State Election postal ballots intended for ADF personnel serving in East Timor were returned as undeliverable to the Queensland Electoral Commission (QEC) from the International Mail Exchange in Sydney.

"I am advised that the postal ballot

papers were then redirected by the QEC to a military establishment in Darwin but were not received," Mr. Scott said.

"I understand that a smaller parcel containing 20 postal ballots arrived in East Timor on polling day, however, there was insufficient time to distribute them to troops in the field before the close of polls.

"It is totally unacceptable for ADF personnel deployed overseas to be denied the right to vote.

"I have ordered a thorough investigation into this failure and have directed a complete review of the processes for postal voting for ADF personnel deployed overseas and at sea.

"I have directed that this report be provided to me by Friday 17 March," he said.

Mr. Scott said he appreciated the advice of the QEC that those personnel who had submitted applications for a ballot paper would be notated on the electoral roll as having attempted to vote and would not be penalised.

"What is more important, however, is that our men and women serving our country overseas must be able to exercise their right to vote and I am determined that in future they will be able to do so," Mr. Scott said.

Immediate Action

This little story deals with a well-known identity of "A" Company, 2/6 Bn, one Johnny Noble. The one thing that was always a source of amusement to the rest of the boys was his shooting.

When Johnny got on the range it was time to hunt for a hole and stay there until he had used up his rounds.

In the opening scene of this little act,

sponsor JR's on a regular basis - they sponsored eight JR's in all over the next 6 -7 years.

In 1974 Jock and Betty put a deposit on their house in Swan View and moved for the last time. Ellen was an apprentice men's hairdresser and Jock would eagerly wait for her to come home and tell him the latest dirty jokes that she had been told by her customers.

In January 1978 Jock left the Army after 20 years of service to his new country and started working for Wormald Security as a Security Guard at the Swan Brewery. The one good part of this job was that he got to take home a carton of beer as an extra bonus on top of his wage! Yes, as we all know Jock loved a beer or ten!

Jock had some trouble adjusting from his earlier career in the Army and at one stage he became unemployed. His next job was to be a temporary one in March 1982 and in October that year became a permanent employee with the Mundaring Shire putting in foot paths etc.- it was also to be his last job before retiring at the age of 65. During his time with the shire Jock was brought home from work with stitches in his leg. When Jock told us a bobcat had fallen on him we couldn't stop laughing - we used to say that's what you get for leaning on your shovel.

He didn't like to miss an ANZAC March as he was proud to have served his Country and when the announcement was made that there was to be a reunion of all Vietnam Vets in Sydney, Jock was one of the first to say he would go. So off he went on the bus to Sydney in 1986/7? to meet up with long lost comrades.

Whilst Jock was still in the Army, Ian fondly remembers trying to drink Jock under the table by taking him to one of his mate's parties. But Jock ended up having to pick Ian up off the floor and

put him to bed before he could carry on drinking with Ian's mates.



Jock Manderson

Jock retired from the work force in bad health but that didn't stop him from going to every Vietnam or RAEME reunion and ANZAC Day march until this year.

They say a man is a success
Who has gained the respect of intelligent people,
And the love of children,
Filled his niche,
Accomplished many tasks
And gave you the best he could.

Jock Manderson was such a man.

Jock was a proud soldier and I would like to dedicate these words to all who served as proud as Jock....

SOLDIER

I was what others did not want to be
I went where others did not want to go
And did what others failed to do.

I asked nothing from those who gave nothing
And reluctantly accepted the thought
Of eternal loneliness should I fail.

11. Draw forth your scouring stick (or rammer)
12. Shorten your rammer.
13. Lade with bullet and ramm home.
14. Withdraw your rammer (or scouring stick).
15. Return your scouring stick.
16. Recover and rest your carbine in your bridle hand.
17. Fix your hammer (or steel)
18. Free your cock [i.e. remove the dogcatch].
19. Present your carbine.

In presenting of the carbine he must rest it upon his bridle arm, placing the butt end to the right side near the shoulder; or at length with his right hand.

20. Give fire.

Note; that the carbine is to be fired about 12 foot distance, and to be levelled [aimed] at the knees of your enemy's horse, because that by the strength of the powder and motion of the, horse, your shot may be at random.

21. Drop (or let fall) your carbine.

These postures may serve for the harquebus; but observe, when at any time you make your approaches towards an enemy, your carbine is to be mounted, with the butt end on your thigh, with your hand above the lock; and so [also] when you march through any town or city; otherwise it may be dropt.

The note with order number twenty reveals the extent of the recoil and the range at which a cavalryman using a carbine, (later called a 'carabineer') was expected to engage the enemy in the 1670s. At about twelve foot distance he had to aim at the knees of his enemy's horse in order to hit its head - if one draws the inference in order number twenty-four for the pistol, given below.

The commands for loading and firing

pistols (twenty-five in all) were similar in most respects but the, differences throw interesting sidelights on cavalry tactics and aiming.

1. Uncap your pistols.
2. Draw forth your pistols.
This must be performed with the right hand; the left pistol first, and then mount the muzzel.

[Numbers 3 to 11 are similar to numbers 3 - 9 for carbines.]

12. Lade your pistols with powder.

For your more speedy lading of your pistols, there is lately invented a small powder flask, with a suitable charge; but it is not to be denied but your cartroaches are very serviceable.

[Numbers 13 - 22 are similar to numbers 10 - 18 for carbines. 1

23. Present your pistols.

24. Give fire.

In the firing of your pistols, you are not to fire directly forwards, to your enemies horses head, but towards the right hand with the lock of the pistol upwards [i.e. with the pistol turned over, right side uppermost].

25. Return your pistol, &c.

The soldier having fired and returned his pistol, (if time will permit him so to do) he is to take himself to the use of the sword, (his sword being drawn and placed in his bridle [i.e. left] hand ...) and having received it into his weapon hand for service, must place the pummel upon his right thigh and so to raise his point to his mark, high or lower, as occasion serveth and therewith endeavour to disable his enemy either by cutting his horse's bridle or other [wise] his arms, that lie serveth in, which if discreetly manage will prove peril to them.

Now you know how to do it the old way!

Boy Service Nostalgia **(Episode 2)**

Last Newsletter we followed Peter on his first day in the "System". He has now come into the real "Nitty Gritty" of becoming a member of Her Majesty's Army. Remember this is in 1938. Bigger and darker adventures were about to overtake Peter. Now read on.....

Finally the big moment arrived and we were "sworn-in" and took the oath of allegiance, following which that beautiful bright silver "King's Shilling" was given to each of us, confirming that we were now really and truly "Soldiers of the King", all-be-it very young ones. I was to treasure that coin for some long time having lovingly wrapped it in a yellow duster and buried it at the bottom of my kit bag. Until one day, the urge for N.A.A.F.I. "char and wads" at a time of restricted cash flow resulted in having to part company with this most prized possession.

With the satisfactory completion of the medical exam we were declared physically fit and free from infection, or as we were to come know it "FFI". As a result we were lined up in single file outside the Recruiting Officer's office where we again experienced our first of many such future "march-ins" to senior Officers sanctums. It was at this particular moment that the full realisation of the fact that we were finally in the Army proper dawned upon all three of us, as the sudden thunderous order to "Quick March" fell upon our young ears like a blast from a cannon. This order was immediately followed by an equally loud "NEFT-NITE-NEFT" as into the office we went all-be-it far from in step. Then with a further thunderous "ALT-NITE-URN" we finally finished up facing the Recruiting Officer three abreast but in a bit of a heap from which we were duly,

and very expressly, told to sort ourselves out. Without doubt, from that moment onwards, a very significant change in attitude, coupled with what we thought at that time to be a feeling of antipathy, was evident from the Recruiting Sergeant towards all three of us. Little did we realise then that we were experiencing an attitude which, to a great degree, was to become the norm for all of us over the next few years of our service

We were then officially welcomed into His Majesty's forces by the Recruiting Officer and told how fortunate we were to be selected to serve our Country. He also said that we would be provided with a free technical, academic and military education, which would ensure our future both in the Army and in civilian life after the completion of our service. Naturally, whilst we were duly impressed by all that the officer was telling us, I'm sure we didn't fully absorb all he was saying, at that time. It was not until some years later that, I recalled his words and really appreciated the opportunity and advantages that my enlistment and apprenticeship had provided me.

The time had now arrived for we boys to proceed to the next point of operation. The fact that this was to take place some distance from Leicester was confirmed by the bundling of all three of us into the back of a waiting 15cwt. truck, and being driven directly to the, then, L.M.S. station. There we were duly given the necessary travel warrants and placed on a train for London. Being told only that we would be met on arrival, but by whom we had not the slightest idea. The two hour trip to London passed very quickly for us that day, all three of us having so many questions but non of us having any really positive answers to offer. Finally the train drew slowly into St.

Uncle Reg who lived in Australia suggested to his parents that they would 'sponsor' 2 paying their fares of 10 pounds each, John at the young age of 23, and his youngest sister Catherine boarded the ship 'Empire Brent' for their journey to a new country and a new life in Australia.

In January 1958 Jock joined the Regular Army with RAEME and off to Adelaide he went to do his basic training leaving behind Betty and his 2 children. A few weeks into his training Betty wrote to Jock telling him that their 'complete' family was to be extended! Yes! Betty was pregnant again! Betty (now several months pregnant), Ian and Ellen joined Jock in Adelaide, and on the 6th November 1958 Betty gave birth to their second daughter 'little Patty' (Patricia). On the 13th February 1961, their 4th and final child Robert was born.

With Robert only a few months old Jock - now a Boilermaker/Welder in the Regular Army, was transferred to Brisbane and thus began their Army family life. 'Whilst there, Jock was playing football for the Army as his regular sport only to suffer a knee injury requiring him to have the cartilage removed and was told he would never be able to walk without a limp or march on Parade again. When he was discharged from hospital Jock was more determined than ever to prove the doctors wrong and with this in mind he set out to be able to bend his knee once again. After months of frustration Jock was able to throw away his walking stick and later gained the mobility of his knee and proved the doctors wrong!

In 1963, Jock packed up the family and moved to Victoria - firstly to the suburb of Broadmeadows and then to Dallas North. Whilst stationed at Watsonia Army Barracks Jock got word that the only way Betty and he would be able to buy their own house was with a War

Service Loan. After several discussions with Betty, Jock volunteered to do a stint in Vietnam so that he would qualify for the war service loan and be able to secure a piece of land for his family on his return.

So in February 1968 Jock left his family once again. This time for the uncertain shores of Vietnam with 102 Company. Around October of that year the Australian Government decided to make another Battalion using the members of existing Battalions already in Vietnam - something that had not been done since WWII. Jock took pride in being selected as one of the original members of the newly formed 106 Field Workshop Battalion in Nuidat.

In February 1969 Jock returned to Australia and like all Vietnam Veterans via a midnight flight into Sydney. Betty went off to work the next morning not knowing that he was only a matter of hours away from home. Jock arrived home that morning just after his children had left for school so all the neighbours knew he was home before Betty did and they kept it quiet so that she would get one hell of a surprise when she walked in the house. They weren't wrong there - Betty was over the moon to say the least when she opened the door! And it was early to bed for the kids that night.

In September 1969 Jock once again packed up his family, and moved back to the West to Bellevue a suburb of Perth. His new place of work was just down the road within walking distance at the Midland Army Workshop. (Ian was to stay in Melbourne with friends to finish his year at Tech school - and rejoined the family that Christmas). Jock took up playing lawn bowls for the Army - a sport he enjoyed to play well into his 60's and win many a trophy.

Around 1971 Jock was introduced to the Navy's Junior Recruits from HMAS Leeuwin and he and Betty decided to

intake. At about this time I particularly remember looking up again at the windows of the hallway, which were situated all along the top of the outer walls. Joining the walls to the ceiling almost like a set of vertical sky-lights. Looking up at them just after we first arrived I noted that all we could see through them were the tips of a few dirty grey slated roofs and the top of the odd chimney. Then later all became pitch black outside. But now I, together with my two Leicester companions, were somewhat amazed to see that through these windows, all down one side of the building, were the very obvious lights from the inside of several buses, and at that height they could only be double deckers. After more careful inspection we could just discern the red paintwork on the outside of the window frames which immediately designated them as the good old London Transport vehicles.

Peter is now into his training. What will happen to him as the dark clouds of World War II are starting to gather? Next issue we will again follow the adventures of Peter and his mates.

Jock Manderson was a well-liked and true friend of all. It was a real blow to hear of his passing.

Here is a part of the eulogy that was presented at Jock's Funeral. In this eulogy you can see the love his family and friends had for him.

JOHN SCULLION "JOCK"
MANDERSON

25th May 1926 - 1 July 2000

In meeting today I recalled when....

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a dear friend. He referred to dates on the gravestone from beginning to the end. He note that first came the date of his

friend's birth,
And spoke of the second with tears.
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years, for
that dash represents
All the time that he had spent alive on
earth.

With those thoughts in mind we recall that Jock Manderson in many ways was a man whose life revolved around his providing for his wife and family enjoyed many things in life and made the most of everything he had.

We celebrate his life with many memories of loved husband Father, Grandfather and friend.

Let us think also of those family and friends past and present who cannot be with you, but know that they are thinking of you.

Let us share memories with each other of happier times and to remind us of those days.....Jock's daughter Trish shares the family's tribute to Jock..

On the 25th May 1926 Catherine and Robert Manderson had borne their 4th child a son, John Scullion at Maryhill Glasgow, Scotland. He joined siblings Jenny, Robert and Ellen, later followed his sister Catherine and brother Andrew.

As John grew up he got into many scraps, played many a prank but most of all he loved to dance. After leaving school John landed himself an apprenticeship with the Glasgow Dockyards as a Boilermaker. When WWII broke out John marched himself off to the recruiting office and joined the Royal Air Force. Two weeks later the Air Force found out that he had an apprenticeship and was quickly 'kicked out' back to the dockyards to finish his apprenticeship, as he was needed more at the dockyards building the ships.

After the war he worked as a bus conductor. John's Aunt Minnie and

Pancreas station with three young heads straining through the open carriage windows in a vain effort to see who it may be that would be meeting us. But we really need not have bothered, as we were to learn whom it was, sooner than expected. The very sight of our reception party initially frightening the young lives out of us. As we stepped out of the train onto the platform, complete with our little bags of personal possessions, we heard, above the noise of the station, a bellow for "All you'se boys over ere".

Turning in the direction of this most specific instruction, which we took for granted, was meant for us, the six-foot plus tall figures of four khaki clad statues appeared staring downwards in our direction. All four of these figures wore a khaki service dress with glistening brass buttons, "collar dogs" and shoulder numerals topped by an S.D. cap equally bedecked with a brightly shining cap badge and buttons securing a highly polished chin strap. The peaks of these caps being positioned downwards until they almost touched the wearers nose, completely covering their eyes and forcing their heads upwards and backwards in order to see. A broad brilliant red sash extended over the right shoulder of each figure and ended in a large tassel over their left hip, which in turn supported a brilliant white belt with equally highly polished brass buckle. The belt also supported a white scabbard in which rested a highly polished bayonet. All of which topped a pair of razor creased SD trousers, immaculately wound puttees together with black, steel studded AMMO boots with mirror polished "toe-caps." All four figures wore khaki gloves, and three of them carried short silver capped canes. The fourth figure, with three broad white

stripes on each arm carrying a large ebony coloured stick also with a large silver top.

As we duly obeyed these instructions and slowly approached the figures, we all felt completely overawed and were almost ready to turn and run. But finally we reached where they were standing, and stood bending our heads backward to try and see into the faces of the figures towering over us. Finally the sergeant bent down, as best he could with the restriction of his rather tight belt and large girth. He, relatively quietly, said to us from behind his magnificent waxed moustache, in a very distinct but gravelly welsh accent, "Now you's boys just follow my soldiers and they will take you to where you have to go". So, with a distinct feeling of relief, away we went following behind two of the sergeant's men to the end of the platform where, once again, stood the proverbial 15cwt. Morris "Pick-Up" into the back of which we were duly bundled, and commenced a journey which virtually resulted in a tour of the city of London.

By now it was almost midday and the weather had changed from the wet windy overcast of the English midlands to a bright, relatively warm, sunny afternoon. This made our rather quick tour of the city most enjoyable, giving us the opportunity and additional thrill of seeing some of the sights of London that we had only previously viewed in the papers or the movies. Little did we realise then that, some of the places we saw would not be there the next time we came through the city. Like all good things though they eventually come to an end, as we were to realise when the 15cwt. finally drew to a halt at the very large main entrance of a most forbidding large grey building, which we were later to find was the famous but rather ominous "Whitehall Central Recruiting Office".

My memories of this particular portion of the day are somewhat sparse. Possibly because by this time we had been on the way and under a certain amount of pressure and uncertainty for the last several hours, and this was now taking its toll. What I do particularly remember however is that, all three of us were both tired and hungry as they hustled us out of the truck and through the very large main doors, which opened up, into a massive semi-circular hallway. All around the circumference of this hallway were set numerous reception rooms and offices on each side of a central passageway. The whole area was alive with khaki uniformed soldiers of various rank "clipping" in their AMMO boots as they hustled from one office to the other fully equipped with files and clipboards. It was one of these men, a corporal, who duly descended upon us shortly after we had been deposited on one of the many large and very uncomfortable slatted wooden benches that were set out around the hallway for visiting personnel. Once again we were left in the state of uncertainty, wondering what was to happen to us next. But we need not have bothered, for after checking our names from his list the corporal immediately became a friend for life to all three of us when he asked if we were hungry. As may be imagined our concerted response was very immediate and positive, so he quickly led us across the hallway to one of the surrounding doors over which was the sign N.A.A.F.I. A word that was to become an integral part of our vocabularies and imprinted on our minds for the rest of our lives as synonymous with initially "tea & wads" and later "beer & fags", together with a beautiful female face and body, if you were lucky. Not forgetting, of course, the less attractive products of Blanco (green & white), Brasso, Silvo, Cherry

Blossom boot polish and many other necessities of Army life. These products tended to deplete what little was left over from your Five bob per week pay with which to try and enjoy life at least once per week.

This, our first experience with the "Navy, Army, and Air Force Institute", however, was to say the least most pleasurable and we were given a meal, by a most attractive young lady in a blue and white uniform, which to us at that time was the equivalent of a banquet. In fact it had such an effect on myself that I can still remember most of the menu consisting of a very large portion of a steak and kidney pie accompanied by an equally large portion of mashed potato and cabbage. Then just to top things off this magnificent meal was followed by another very large helping of sponge pudding topped with raspberry jam. Not forgetting the continual supply of N.A.A.F.I. char that accompanied the meal throughout. Looking back on this today I realise that, this was the first and last free meal I can ever remember getting from that august organization.

It was quite suddenly, after having fully satisfied our hunger and consequently lost our in-depth concentration on the job in-hand that; we realised the N.A.A.F.I. area had been slowly invaded by several more boys who were duly taking advantage of the same facilities. Our complement must now have increased by at least another twenty boys, and we presumed that there would be many more to come before the day was done

How correct we were, for, after we had been once again moved out into the hallway area, and as the seemingly never ending day drew onwards, we watched batch after batch of boys arrive from all over the country. From time to time we walked across the hallway, either to visit the gents or just to ease

the uncomfortable position on the slatted wooden seats to which we had again been directed. By five o'clock in the evening the great hallway was a mass of young boys strung out over all the benches. Those that were not lucky enough to get a slatted seat, finished up on the floor or just stood up and waited for what-ever was to happen to us next. The resultant noise echoing around the vast hallway was, to say the least, quite considerable.

Whilst once again my memory fails to do justice to this gathering, the arrival of one particular batch of boys has remained prominently in my mind. It was well into the evening, after we had been back into the N.A.A.F.I. for what they referred to as "TEA", but from what I can recall, was virtually another dinner. Although I can not recall what we actually consumed, it was certainly very satisfying. We were once again reclining on our slatted wooden seats surveying the continually changing scene, when the main doors opened again to admit what we presumed to be another batch of boys. To a large degree we were correct in this presumption, but this resulted in being unlike any other batch that had arrived so far, and I must admit left an indelible imprint on my memory. As the large main doors swung inward we heard, above the noise of the gathering, the order "In single file quick march". An inquisitive hush suddenly descended over the great hallway, and into view appeared firstly, a rather small boy followed by seven more, each being that little taller than the one in front, and a way was quickly opened up for them into the centre of the hallway. All were dressed in a typical Scottish military uniform, with Tartan trousers, short black jackets with brightly shining buttons, a white Ruff at their throat and a black Scottish type forage cap with tartan band around the brim. Upon the

brim rested a large silver coloured cap badge and a black tail ribbon trailing from the rear. They marched in, halted and left turned, then stood at ease with the precision of the Guards Brigade. We were so enthralled with this exhibition of obvious top rate drill that we almost applauded, but managed to restrain ourselves. When these boys had been fed and began to mingle with the rest of the now very large assembly, we found that they were from the Queen Victoria Military School in Scotland. This particular school having, as I learned much later, a very high reputation within Army circles for producing some extremely prominent military personages. The boys were either the orphan sons of deceased soldiers who died in service, or the sons of personnel serving overseas in areas where no suitable educational facilities existed. The school took them at quite an early age and gave them both a very good academic and basic military education until the age of fourteen. Following this they were given the option of sitting for the R.A.O.C. or R.A.S.C. technical apprenticeship entrance exams, as we had all done, or continue with a normal civilian academic education. All these boys were to prove to be of great assistance to many of us with their intimate knowledge of military life and the many things one really needs to know to make life that little bit easier, especially during our initiation period. One of these boys in particular became a very good friend of mine throughout our Boy Service and I am forever in his debt for the many tips and assistance he gave me during those four years. I understand he was killed at Arnhem.

As the evening progressed the arrival of new batches of Boys continued until it appeared the place would overflow through the front entrance doors. I later learnt that, finally there were two hundred and fifty boys altogether in the total