

# GILLESPIE! . . .

## Whaur's Yer Troosers?

By JOHN HARNETTY, C Coy., 2/1

It's to the writer's unceasing regret that his postwar wanderings have never brought him up against William McIntosh Gillespie, one of the few tamed Gaels boasted by the Battalion.

In passing, one of the others was John McAdam—but he rates a chapter all to himself.

Jock Gillespie joined the battalion early in the piece, along, if I remember rightly, with Gordon Osborn, Johnnie Gilchrist and a number of others who came in from the 30th Battalion, the Sydney Scottish.

They proceeded to prove that what they had learned in a crack peacetime mob was very useful in wrapping around the sinews of war.

As orderly room stooge at Ingleburn, Greta, Dubbo and divers other places north, south, east and west, I bumped Jock fairly frequently hither and yon, and so am fairly well placed to give him a little publicity.

Jock was long resident in Australia before we all met up in a combined form at Greta, but he had never lost the Doric brogue which is an essential ingredient in the proper recital of Burns's "Ode to a Haggis."

In consequence of this, he suffered the good-natured jibes of his confreres more than somewhat, because it's the fate of the Scot to be ribbed about his accent in every part of the world but Scotland.

Here, one learns, one is likely to be boffed on the beezier if one indulges in sly digs about the Scottish use of the Queen of Tongues.

There's the quite delightful tale told about Jock aboard the "Johan de Witt," when one night somebody sarcastically remarked that Scotland was a spent force, since there were more English than Scots in the auld hame.

Jock took this quietly, and surprisingly agreed, so the story runs.

"Moreover," he said, "That's right, and there's one place in Scotland which has a greater density of English population than any equivalent area in the whole of the British Isles."

Naturally, somebody asked: "Where's that, Jock?"

Jock, still just as quietly, rejoined "At Bannockburrn! We buried the lousy Sassenachs twelve deep there!"

### ITALIAN AND GUM ARABIC

During the desert days of the Lovely War, to quote Herbert Talberg's recent letter to the "News," Jock was work-boss between Derna and Cirene.

Because of my miniscule knowledge of Italian and Gum Arabic, I got a job as his part-time interpreter, and had many an interesting little swan around the joint when Jock took the pay around.

I remember one night being summoned around to Jock's office on the other (harbour side) part of Derna, to do a job with some Senussi head men who were wanted for a labouring job.

The establishment was quite a pleasant one, inhabited by officers and senior N.C.O.'s of the R.A.S.C.

The household staff included a number of rather comely, if seasoned, Italian signorinas, and I wondered how the beauty chorus had got there to do the cooking and washing-up.

I heard afterwards they were some of the filles de joie riding in red-painted Italian regimental transports cut off by the Long-Range Desert Group at Beda Fomm, and scattered over the North African Command as unusual P.O.W.'s.

It must have looked odd to see Jock and myself touring around, because my five-foot-six compared ill with Jock's six-foot-several.

I won't quote his nickname for me, but it carried the imputation that I suffered from hereditary duck's disease. However, I have long since forgiven him!

And if anybody knows the whereabouts of the gent, information would be appreciated. Or perhaps he has migrated back to Scotland to see if it's true what they say about Sauchiehall Street on Saturday nights?

### HOSPITAL VISITATIONS

By JACK COLLIS

● **NORM PHILLIPS**, 2/2, was very sick for some time and had to spend the festive season as a patient in Concord Repat. Hospital, but was discharged in January.

● **SID JOPSON**, 2/1, had a few days in Ward 19 at Concord.

● **HUGH GREEN**, 2/1, was in Ward 610 for a few weeks at Concord.

● "Take it away" **JOHNNY WHEELER**, 2/1, had quite a long spell as a patient at Concord Repat. Hospital after a serious throat operation in St. Vincent's. Johnny wishes to be remembered to all his friends.

● **IVOR EVANS**, 2/1 was a patient in Ward 12 at Concord Repat. Hospital with an injured back. Ivor was also visited by Jack Westwood, Max Herron and Bob McGregor.

● **BOB MCGREGOR**, 2/1, Vice-President of the association, was an inmate of Concord Repat. Hospital in March for an operation to his foot. We wish Bob good health and a speedy recovery—it is to be hoped this ends the chiropodists' bills for you, Bob.

## MAILBAG

● **CHARLIE WILBY**, 2/1, of Crooble, sent along an apology for not attending the Port Smoko because his two big sons were on holidays and Charlie had to stay home and look after the property, which was unfortunate, for he has a holiday home near Port Macquarie.

Jack Hueston called on Charlie recently and naturally it ended in an all night session.

Thanks for your newsy letter and your subs., Charlie.

● **MICK ROBERTS**, 2/1, of Leeton, sent along a very newsy letter and subscription. Thank you for both, Mick. He was assisting in conducting a 7th Division Re-Union on 16th March, and our Secretary displayed the poster and gave full details to all members at the Port Smoko. We do hope you had a good roll up Mick, for we know, with John Douglas as guest speaker, you couldn't help but have a good night. **JOHN PURCELL, JACK PAINTER, LES GAVEL, PHIL MAHY, NORM MULCAHY and JIM RHODES**, send their regards to all their friends. Would you send Jim Rhodes' address to the secretary, please, Mick.

All the **LEETON BOYS** would like to be remembered to Max Law, "Nicco" "Sailor" Hall, Jack Robbo, Ern Cross, "Saccy" Jack, "Loggs" Clarke, Trevor Beckitt, "Tommo" and all the rest of B Coy., 2/1. They invite any Pioneer passing through to call on Mick and the boys.

● For twenty years **VIV** (troop starver) **PARKINSON** has made Bondi his hunting ground, and has now seen fit to move countrywise to Caringbah and anyone calling that way . . . well, what's the use, you'd still starve anyway.

● **JOE BARKER** (H.Q. Company) sends his best regards, but what is the trouble, "One-Round," you don't get around much any more.

● **ROY LEADBEATER** (D Coy. 2/2) was known as the Richmond River boy—always dabbled as the cane-cutter from Mossman. Roy travelled possibly all over Queensland cutting cane, and then he would go south for the fruit seasons.

Suddenly, up comes Roy with a pub at Rockhampton (more startling to those who knew him) and a wife. As most of his fellow men said: "Trust Leady." The wife provides the inside work and takes charge of the "peter" in business hours. Not content with just a pub, but does the right thing by giving a nudge to the Queensland Golden Casket, roughly worth about 7,000 pounds. To you, Roy, we of the Pioneer Association, wish you the very best. One of your friends gave us this information and we hope that you will appreciate the spirit in which this was written. Good luck, Mr. and Mrs. Leadbeater.