



2/18th BATTALION (A.I.F.) ASSOCIATION

Member of The Council of the Eighth Division and Service Associates

Battle Honours:

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Johore
Malaya
Singapore

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NEWSLETTER NO 139

MAY 2008

Presidents Report

2007-8 has been a very eventful year. We have many new members of the Association.

A number of books have been sold and a small number donated. I would like to see more presented to schools, libraries and R.S.Ls.

Our Christmas picnic was well attended and a good day was had by all. Joan Okey did a tremendous job organising the food and decorations. Bob Flint and Joe Ferris came down from Dubbo.

Anzac Day reunion and Anzac Day church service were excellent.

George Johnson (Kelso) reported that the Broken Blade Memorial has been vandalised to the extent that it cannot be repaired. 8th Div Council have this matter in hand.

Very few changes in the 2/18th Committee. John Blyth has moved to Coffs Harbour. His job as custodian has been taken by Larry Czarnik. Welfare has been taken over by yours truly. Scott Fuller comes in a new committee man. The Committee is now :-

President – Mervyn Blyth

Treasurer – Diane Humphries

Secretary – Colleen Czarnik

Vice Presidents – Wendy Willcocks and Noel Simmons

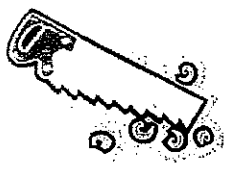
Auditor – Richard Clive

Scott Fuller.

It was decided not to re introduce yearly subscription .However members may forward any donation they may desire to Treasurer Diane Humphries at
31 / 10 McKye St., Waverton 2060

Tall Tales of Molong

BY ROBERT ELLIS
FOR THE
MOLONG MEN'S SHED



Renowned writer

Robert Ellis has written many fiction and non-fiction stories including *Tall Tales of Eugowra* and *Frank Gardiner*. A farmer and shearer for many years, Robert set up the Eugowra Museum. He is now busier than ever, during his retirement, as President of the Molong Museum & Historical Society and Treasurer of the Molong Men's Shed. He loves researching and writing about our local early history (including the Wiradjuri).

He represents Molong at meetings of the Cabonne Heritage Group and Tourism Committees. At Orange, he enjoys the Marsden Memorial Research Group, researching the wool industry and preserving local wool sheds.

Besides his beautiful wife, Helen, his greatest love is writing.

If you have photos or stories (tall or true) then call Robert on 63668 841 or drop into 14 Kite Street, Molong.



Come All Ye Who
Are Weary and I
Will Give Thee
Rest.....

I don't think
they mean us
mate!

Pictured left is the Molong Uniting Church, proposed site of the Men's Shed.

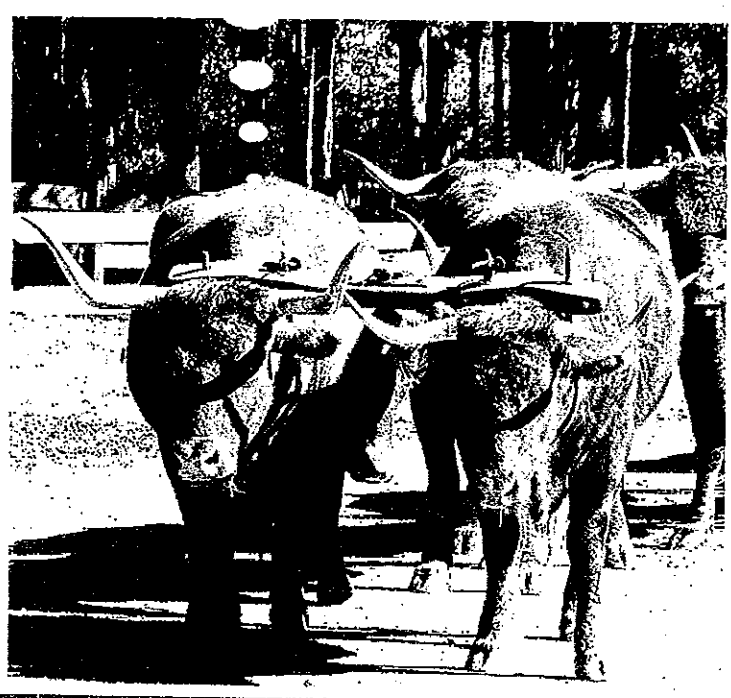
This book of tall tales and true, is a fundraiser for the Molong Men's Shed.

What is the Molong Men's Shed? Well, it's a place—

- ◇ To share stories
- ◇ To make friends
- ◇ To work on projects, e.g. repairing and constructing objects, solving problems, helping others
- ◇ It's for all those men who have run out of space in their own shed or need some inspirational ideas!

There are about 200 men's sheds nationally with diverse origins, locations and organizations. They share a common commitment to older men's friendship, health and well-being.

At the moment, the members of the Molong Men's Shed have been offered an area to construct their shed on the grounds of the Molong Uniting Church. The Uniting Church is helping many other such groups across NSW, providing insurance and other support.



ANZAC DAY 2008

The weather in Sydney held off raining for another wonderful Anzac Day. The day began with the dawn service, then the march followed by lunch at the Bowlers Club in York St. with our 2/18th heroes, families and friends.



The photo below taken at the luncheon shows John McGrory. Mervyn Blyth. Doug Spratt. Stan O'Grady. George Auld.



The Annual Church Service, held at St John's Gordon. The photo below shows the new cabinet that has been installed to hold the original 2/18th Battalion bugle donated by Wayne Moore.

A number of local children attended the service.



Some Lasting Impressions
From
Imelda Mosher.

My Trip to Borneo

For the final dedication of the north and south windows in St Michaels church. Money left over started an education scheme for girls. Interest in this will be continued.

Service in Sandakan Memorial Park. Present was the Headmaster and 11 students (cadets) from Barker College.

Walk to Renai.

Chinese ministers, very positive speeches, expressing great friendship and sentiment through these windows. Cementing the people of Sabah and Australia. Wonderful people.

Very lush and beautiful roses, wattle and hibiscus flowers.

During the service a thank you plaque was presented to the women who fed the starving prisoners. 8 golden wedding rings left in a tin were found.

Anzac Day in the old P,O,W camp. Beautifully laid out gardens on the top of a hill. Wonderful service. Regular soldiers formed the catafalque party having service of 1-5 years in Irak.

Dawn. Very tall trees; as soon as the sun hit them the birds began to twitter.

Female bugler. After the service shared "gunfire" breakfast. Rice and tapioca dishes.

Dedication of Kundesang Memorial in the afternoon. Beautiful roses and vegetable garden

A man from Malaya went to Renai, saw the Kundesang Memorial, and with 6 helpers has dedicated it on the top of the hill.

A large opening, a walled in garden with Australian flowers and lawn in the centre. Australian soil was used. Granite walls.

Up more steps to the Borneo garden (orchids and tropical plants) with small streams running through. Beautifully executed. Abundance of native birds.

Up more steps onto large area with a huge wall tower with all the flags.

Sunset service was held here. At the end of the service assembled by an elongated pool 8 ft wide. 70 people stood, half on each side of the pool.

A poem, written by one of the prisoners named on the wall was read. Roses were then thrown into the water, one rose for every prisoner who died.

More steps up to a magnificent terrace. Wonderful silence. Wonderful view into the valley and up to Mt Tipabu shrouded in mist.

Wonderful sunset.

Beautiful music.

The last post.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

A letter written after the war ended by Major C.E. (Charlie) O'Brien to his brother Jack (John [Jack] Hill O'Brien). Jack spent time on Blakan Mati as a POW. He was a private who had arrived in Singapore as part of the 5th Reinforcements to 2/29 Bn and, as an A/Cpl, gained approval to transfer to 2/18 Bn. Jack arrived in Sydney on 6 October 1945, Charlie on 6 November 1945.

NX34793

Major C. B. O'Brien

2/18 Bn

AIF

No 6 P.W. Reception Camp

Singapore.

15 Oct '45.

Dear Jack

I suppose you are well home by this time whereas we hope to leave here this week-end, the last boatload except for a couple of hundred waiting for the next hospital ship. I enquired about you here on arrival from Bangkok about four days ago and eventually located your card at 2 Aust Echn. showing that you had left on date & boat and that you were passably fit. I've been rather worried about you as we had reports that food in Singapore during the last year or so was very poor whereas for us it had improved considerably. It was a relief to find that you were at least fit enough to travel by ordinary ship. I guess that by this time you'll be feeling good again. Some time during leave I'll be in Melbourne and we can swap yarns. I've collected from the mail office here—what a shambles—a couple of cables that have apparently arrived here since you left. I enclose them herewith.

Personally I haven't had such a bad time since leaving Singapore in May '42. We first were on aerodrome construction and then towards the end of the year

on the Burma Thai Railway. At Christmas 1943 we came to Siam where I've remained till now. At first we were with the troops—but in Feb this year we were put in a special officers' camp—not so good. When the show broke I was in transit to a new officers' camp NE of Bangkok and celebrated the end on the smashed Bangkok West Station.

Health has been fair most of the time. I did touch 7½ stone for a while but managed to pick up till I'm about normal weight now. Had me crack of dysentery fortunately not bad, and of the 25-30 attacks of malaria only 4 were bad ones. Dengue came in also with about 6 months of pellagra in the bad days.

1943 was a year of hell on the railway line. George Ramsay did a good job and with the average death rate of about 25% the crowd we were with had only 14.9% - way below the average. Ray Griffin was killed by a bomb in the base hospital at [Thanbyagat]. About mid 1943 a second larger hospital was opened [55 kilos] in with a Dutch Co. Brig Varley sent me then to keep an eye on them as Camp Adj & CO Australian Section. I managed to force the Jap [Comdr] to give me a Camp Comdrs' badge and [rank] me equal to the Cutch CO so was able to check them a bit. You've probably seen enough to know what they are like. They had about 600 and we averaged 1150-1200 with admissions and discharges going on all the time. I buried nearly 300 of our men there. On transfer to Siam I was appointed to a similar job at Nakom Paton some 50 kilos west of Bangkok. Late 1944 all officers were sacked by the Japs and back to Konburi. Here at Tanatkan Camp the liberators gave us little hell for a while - about 10 raids largest 22 planes bombing & M.G.ing the two bridges one 50x and 120x from camp fence. It is no fun when a 2000 pdr drops under 100 yds from one's funk hole, believe you me. We had remarkably few casualties in the raids. Brit bombing was accurate, U.S. rather haphazard. After the show was over I was sent back to Nakom Paton as Area Cm=omdr. Had a lot of fun - armed 50 of my men with rifles & brens—in the midst of 8 - 10 thousand armed Japs and got away with it by bluff. The General had a nice blue Chev-de-luxe Sedan till I saw it—it was quite useful to move round the district.

Hope to see you soon,

Love to all,

Charlie.

ANZAC Day 2008, Villers-Bretonneux, Northern France.

Several months ago I read in the Sun Herald travel section that the 1st official dawn service in France was going to be held on ANZAC Day 2008. I was lucky enough to be visiting cousins living in Paris around this time so I decided it would be a great opportunity to go.

A wonderful web site had been set up, www.anzac2008-france.com detailing the events, available accommodation and transport to the relevant areas in Northern France. A lot of accommodation was booked out by the time I was looking in February, however luckily I found a small hotel in Amiens on the web site. They had their details both in English and French and emailed my confirmation to me in perfect English. Amiens is the largest town in this area of Northern France and the Somme River flows right through the centre.

On 24th April I took the train from the Gare du Nord in Paris to Amiens (only 1 ½ hours away in a fantastically comfortable and clean train). I was thrilled on arrival to find my hotel was located across the street from the train station. The government and local tourist information had set up a stand at the train station just for the thousands of ANZAC visitors arriving. Of course they spoke English and had maps and details of the 4am shuttle bus to the site of the service at Villers-Bretonneux.

All the guests at my hotel were Australian and they were there for ANZAC Day. So our host very generously served breakfast a 2:30am on Friday 25th April for all the guests. Many guests were on pre-organised tours and coaches – but I walked across the road to the train station at 3:30am to catch one of the well organised (and heated) shuttle buses.

Of the people already waiting for the shuttle bus at 3:30am - 1 Aussie backpacker who couldn't find any accommodation had stood there in the cold all night waiting. Others had slept on the floor of the local gymnasium and another 63 year old lady from Griffith had sat in a bar all night waiting to come to the shuttle bus, as she was also unable to find accommodation. Everyone was in a great mood and excited despite early hour.

It was only ½ hour on the bus to arrive at the Australian War Memorial – it is a magnificent, tall, tranquil, sacred tower in the middle of The Somme fields about 2 kms outside Villers-Bretonneux. It was a very moving experience to arrive with maybe 5000 to 7000 other Australians - no one spoke, the sky was pitch black, the air was very, very cold and the Memorial Tower was beautifully lit in subtle yellowish light. Apparently it was opened 20 years after WWI in 1938 by King George XI.

We were met by representatives of today's defense force and they gave everyone a badge and copy of the full programme including beautiful sepia photos of the soldiers and trenches in 1918. We had to walk up a hill past hundreds and hundreds of WWI Australian graves towards the Tower. The organisation was incredible – when we got to the top of the hill there were 2000 seated visitors and many, many more visitors standing. I was keen to be in the front – so I decided to stand by the choir (from St George's Cathedral in Perth) right up the front for the best view of proceedings. Not only were there Australians and New Zealanders but many local French people who were so welcoming and friendly. It was a wonderful atmosphere despite being such a solemn occasion. All Australian print and TV media were represented here and this story had been seen on all French TV news.

The audience was a very mixed group with young high school students through to older Australians and some WWII veterans as well as many defense force personnel. Boys and girls from a Newcastle High School in NSW paraded in the original uniforms of the Australian soldiers from 1918.

It all commenced at 5:15am with the pipe band and the head of the Australian War Graves Commission as MC. He told us the story of the English and local forces that had unsuccessfully tried to liberate Villers-Bretonneux and then on 25th April 1918 – 90 years ago today – the Australians won back Villers-Bretonneux while losing 1200 men. He told of the more than 46,000 Australians who died on the Western Front. After singing Amazing Grace many battalion representatives, politicians and individuals laid wreaths as well as representatives from New Zealand, US, Canada, France and even Germany. Of course the last post was the highlight of the service. The bugler stood on the top of the softly lit tower. The sky was now a dark blue as the sun was about to rise, the French and Australian flags threw shadows on the memorial and the birds were just waking as dawn was approaching. Both La Marseillaise and the Australian National Anthem were sung with great gusto. By the end of the service it was daylight and was still very cold and misty – all adding to the atmosphere, and there was absolutely no wind. At the memorial the village put on coffee, tea and croissants for everyone – thousands and thousands of us!!

It was lovely walking around the grounds after it was all over to look at all the flowers and messages on the wreaths, while a lone piper played. Many cars and buses then drove the 2km to Villers-Bretonneux for the rest of the day's celebration. I decided to walk. The Somme is a very, very flat area with yellow canola fields for as far as the eye could see. It's so tranquil and flat and open with no where to hide – all I can think is what a stupid place to have a war.

Villers-Bretonneux and the next town are only 5km apart – so unlike Australia where you may drive for a day and not see a town. The fields and country side are so green – nothing like most of Australia and so cold for most of the year. What a strange place the soldiers must have found themselves in back in 1918.

The tiny farming town of Villers-Bretonneux hosted thousands of us Australians all day for the ANZAC Day celebrations. The town has never forgotten WWI and Australia. One of the streets is named Melbourne Street and the school is called VB School. The museum was opened for us and full of wonderful photographs and memorabilia from the Australians on the Somme in 1918. There was an ANZAC Day march to the Town Hall at 10:30am lead by 4 light horsemen and horses. The pipe band played a very rousing version of Waltzing Matilda and On the Road to Gundagai. Next was a service at the Cathedral conducted in both French and English. Finally, no ANZAC Day is complete without a very large game of 2 up that developed in the middle of the town. I'm not sure of their local gambling laws – but they were put on hold for us that day.

At the end of a truly fabulous day many of us packed into the local train back to Amiens for a well earned snooze and I prepared for tomorrow's trip to Paris and then the long flight to Sydney.

I heard on the radio on Friday 23rd May that this Dawn Service in Northern France will be an annual event on ANZAC Day. I can highly recommend it if you are ever in France in April. If anyone needs any advice or information don't hesitate to contact me (02) 9955 0805. From Diane Humphries, Treasurer 2nd 18th Battalion Association.

In April my husband Bill and I joined Lynette Silver on the Sandakan Dedication Tour. Thanks to encouragement from Merv Blythe I decided it was something I really wanted to do.

20/4/08

We started the tour in Singapore with only 23 of us, having already made many introductions on the flight over. We had 2 ½ very busy days in Singapore.

The first day we walked to Fort Canning. This was an open observation hill during the war but now is covered in beautiful big trees and gardens. We toured the Battlebox, the underground WW2 command centre. It was here that General Percival made the decision to surrender to the Japanese.

We then had some time free to walk around the city. After an afternoon of walking in high humidity where else could we finish the day but at Raffles Hotel to enjoy a Singapore Sling!

21/4/08

The second day we had a tour of the island. We started at City Hall where the Japanese had signed the surrender in 1945. One of our group members, Sheila Bruhn had been a civilian POW and recounted her memories of standing on the balcony at the front of this building and watching the Japanese being marched out after signing the surrender.

From there we headed up Mt Fabre and had spectacular views over Singapore. Next we headed north, basically following the line of retreat of the Allies in reverse with Lynette pointing out key battle sites.

We visited the site of the Bukit Batok Memorial – a 40ft high memorial the POWs were forced to build in memoriam to the Japanese losses. As a PR effort the Japanese allowed the POWs to also erect a cross to their own losses but it was only 10ft high and behind the Japanese memorial. The POWs became very skilful at delaying or sabotaging projects and in this case they amused themselves by putting a matchbox full of termites at the base of the Japanese memorial. All remnants of the memorial (it was destroyed at the end of the war) are now gone - only the steps leading up remain.

Next we went to Kranji War Memorial. I can't write an adequate description of this place or how it made me feel - I think that is individual and different for everyone but it is beautifully kept and very thoughtfully designed with all 3 forces represented.

We viewed "the Causeway". This is a very busy roadway between Singapore and Johor Bahru across the Straits of Johore. During the war Allies blew a 70 metre hole in the Causeway in an attempt to stop the Japanese, but at low tide, the Japanese repaired the gaps and then crossed over to Singapore.

Our lunch this day was at a yacht club next door to the Naval base and docks where soldiers on the Queen Mary were disembarked.

In the afternoon, we went out to Santosa Island (during the war years known as Blakang Mati – a worksite for many of the 2/18th men) and toured what remains of Fort Siloso.

22/4/08

We set out up the Old East Coast Road. Our first stop at Tanglin Barracks. It was from here the message went out "Come home boys" and our men congregated after the retreat. Then the Japanese marched them to Changi. We followed the route of the march and visited Changi Museum and Chapel, the Changi Murals and Changi Beach.

Then we headed back to Changi Airport to fly to Kota Kinabalu, Sabah where we joined the rest of the group and our numbers grew to 70+. This included the Principal of Barker College (Sydney), his wife, the school's Cadet Leader and 10 Cadets. This group joined the tour as 3 "old boys" from the school had been at Sandakan and the school had also generously contributed towards the windows in St Michaels Church.

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The main emphasis of the tour was in Sabah (the old North Borneo) visiting sites of the POW camps and following the route of the Death Marches. Our time in Sandakan was very special as it was here that we attended the service of Dedication for the Friendship Windows at St Michaels and All Angels Church and had ANZAC Day.

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23/4/08

It was really a travel day, flying from Kota Kinabalu to Sandakan. In the afternoon we held a private sunset service at Sandakan Memorial Park (on the site of the POW camp) for special tributes for those in the group who had POWs who died at Sandakan. Here we held our first gum leaf burning and it was the first of many emotional times for "our group".

Lynette started this leaf burning tradition because some wives and families used to pack gum leaves around parcels to their soldiers so they could enjoy the smell of home. Here in Australia the smell of burning leaves sets off the alarm bells but, in Sandakan, it smells great.

24/4/08

In the morning we went out in small boats to see a water village and Berhala Island which was a leper colony. It was from here that some of the POWs escaped. After

lunch we all scrubbed up to go to St Michaels Church for the Dedication of the Friendship Windows. This was a very special and moving event. The singing of our National Anthem got me choked up with pride, enough that I had to stop singing and then we witnessed the unveiling and dedication of two of the most beautiful windows – real works of art. The creator, Philip Handel was part of our tour group and he and his wife Catherine are the loveliest people. Philip is a very humble and sincere man and it was an absolute pleasure to meet and have time with him.

The service included dances by local children and presentation of awards to some of the locals who helped to care for "our boys" during the war. It is amazing to think they were children themselves when they were being so courageous.

25/4/08 ANZAC DAY

Up at 3.30 to be at the Sandakan Memorial Park for a 5.30 dawn service. We were greeted warmly by local school children and then witnessed a lovely service as the sun came up so very quickly because we were close to the equator. I was very proud to assist Imelda Mosher in lighting the gum leaves as part of the service. She had been one of the wives who sent leaves to her husband during the war. At the conclusion of the service we were all invited to take a flower from a basket provided and lay them on the Memorial in memory of someone. Mine was for my Dad and Bill's was for the other men of the 2/18th. We then enjoyed a "Gunfire" breakfast served by the locals amongst the trees.

Time to leave Sandakan and we spent the afternoon travelling by coach across Sabah to Ranau, following as close as possible along the route of the Death March. We stopped a couple of times along the way so some of our group could walk off into the roadside bush to remember their family members who had perished near that point. Lynette's research had traced these places for many on the tour.

By evening we arrived at Kundasang and checked in to Mt Kinabalu Resort.

26/4/08

Departed early to go to Nabutan to start the walk to retrace part of the Death March route. Unfortunately due to wet weather on the previous days the parts of the track we could access were limited and so we only did 2 miles. The first mile was muddy and thick jungle. This was a great experience for us especially with our local guides taking care of us, carrying water and finding us bush berries, flowers and wild ginger to taste along the way. I can't imagine how the POWs managed in malnourished, diseased and exhausted states they were in with poor or no footwear and carrying 20kg loads up to 12miles a day. This gave us a great appreciation of the conditions they endured. Those who were not fit enough to do the walk met us at the Sabah Tea Plantation at the end.

In the afternoon we visited the sites of a couple of jungle camps and at one we held a small service and gum leaf burning to remember those who had been there.

We finished the day with a sunset service at the Kundasang Memorial. This is an amazing place with gardens representing Australia, England, Borneo and a reflection pool with a balcony looking out to Mt Kinabalu. Such a well kept secret and so beautiful.

27/4/08

Up early to see Mt Kinabalu before the clouds enveloped it – spectacular! We left Kundasang and headed back to Kota Kinabalu. That evening we had dinner at a restaurant with cultural dancing for entertainment.

28/4/08

Morning visit to Sabah Cultural Village, then in the afternoon some of the group left us to head home. We farewelled them with an impromptu singing of Waltzing Matilda. This became a "tradition" each time our numbers got smaller. Our numbers now dropped to 40 and we were back to one coach.

29/4/08

Travelled leisurely along local roads, avoiding main roads to Kota Klias. Along the way we saw rice fields, water buffalo and lots of local life. In the late afternoon we went on a sunset cruise on the Klias River and saw Probiscus monkeys and, after dusk on the way back, fire flies.

30/4/08

Spent the morning travelling by ferry to Labuan, an island off the coast of Sabah. This was an area of conflict during WW2 and one of the first areas reclaimed by the Allies.

1/5/08

Visited Labuan War Cemetery for a private service. This was our last service for the tour and by now we had all participated in some way in a service. Then we continued sight -seeing around the Island – including Surrender Point. That evening we held a "Farewell Dinner" – there was lots of photography and exchanging of contact details.

My Dad, Pte Jack Hazlewood was not in Sandakan. He was a POW in Changi, worked on the Thai Railway and was taken to Labuan to recuperate before coming home at the end of the War. That is why going to Singapore and Labuan were significant to me but it was still relevant to go to Sabah because his mates in the 2/18th had been there.

Sharing in the service at St Michaels and ANZAC Day in Sandakan is something I will always remember. The small private services we conducted along the way were personal, emotional and full of respect for each other and those we were remembering.

Merve told me how nice the Malay people were and he was so right. Everywhere we went people acknowledged and greeted us – with smiles & waves, young & old. No matter what they were doing they stopped to welcome us. These are the people who looked after "our boys" and these are the people we acknowledged in the Friendship Windows.

Article Supplied by Lynn Rugg

A Spot of Humour

Grandma in Court

Lawyers should never ask a Mississippi grandma a question if they aren't prepared for the answer. In a trial, a Southern small town prosecuting attorney called his first witness, a grand motherly, elderly woman to the stand. He approached her and asked, "Mrs Jones, do you know me?" She responded. "Why yes, I do know you Mr Williams. I've known you since you were a young boy, and frankly you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realise you will never amount to anything more than a two bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you." The lawyer was stunned!

Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, "Mrs Jones do you know the defence attorney?"

She again replied, "Why yes I do. I've known Mr Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him." The defence attorney almost died.

The judge asked both counsellors to approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said, "If either of you dopey idiots asks her if she knows me, I'll send you both to the electric chair"

A man goes to the doctor complaining about stomach problems. The doctor asks him what he's been eating.

"I only eat pool balls," he says. "Red ones for breakfast, yellow and orange ones for lunch, blue for afternoon snacks, purple for dinner and black for a late night snack." "I see the problem", says the doctor. "You're not getting enough greens."

"Last night while I was drinking with you lot in the pub, a burglar broke into my house." a man told his mates. "Did he get anything?", one asked. "Yeah, a broken jaw, a black eye and six teeth knocked out." The man replied. "Poor sod, the wife thought he was me coming home drunk again."

A priest and a nun were on the golf course

On his first swing he missed. "Shit, I missed"

The good sister told him to watch his language

On his next swing, he missed again. "Shit I missed."

"Father I'm not going to play with you if you keep swearing." The nun said tartly

The priest promised to do better and the round continued. On the 4th tee, he missed again. The usual comment followed

Sister is really mad now and says, "Father John, God is going to strike you dead if you keep swearing like that."

On the next tee Father John swings and misses again, "Shit I missed."

A terrible rumble is heard and a gigantic bolt of lightning comes out of the sky and strikes Sister Marie dead in her tracks.

And from the sky comes a booming voice, "Shit I missed."