

DRUGS AID PROGRAMME FOR THAILAND

Australia is providing equipment and training worth \$250,000 to help Thai authorities combat drug trafficking, the Minister for Administrative Services, John McLeay, announced on June 29, 1980.

Mr McLeay said funds, equipment and training would be provided through the Australian Federal Police over the next 12 months.

"The provision by Australia of material aid and technical support recognises the contribution of Thai narcotics authorities in assisting Australian efforts to reduce drug trafficking," Mr McLeay said.



"The aid will be made available to the Office of the Narcotics Control Board (ONCB) in Thai-

land to help that organisation build up its operational efficiency."

The Minister said equipment to be supplied to the Investigation and Suppression Division of the ONCB included motor vehicles, mobile radio transceivers, video and camera equipment and night-time surveillance equipment. Training in both Thailand and Australia would also be provided.

Mr McLeay added: "I am advised that the materials and training to be provided by Australia were decided upon after careful evaluation by Thai and Australian narcotics law enforcement experts."

Poetic Justice

The following two poetic gems (eat your heart out, Pam Ayres!) were sent to the editor signed ANON.' If ANON has any other poems (or in fact, if any member has any pieces of poetry) we would like to hear from you.

"TO GO OR NOT TO GO"

It's early in the morning,
I'm snuggled up in bed,
I pull the blankets tighter,
And wrap 'em round me head.
Then I hear the ringing,
And I pick up the phone,
I try to say hello, but,
It comes out as a groan.
"Goodmorning" says this cheery
voice,
Whilst mine is full of gloom,
"I'm sorry if I woke you,
this is the Duty Room.
We're a little short
and wondered if you'd come in."
Then I look at the Mrs
and give a sideways grin.
Last week she'd had a headache,
But last night it was better,

To hell with the overdraft,
And the bank manager's letter.
"Sorry I can't make it,"
I say with a whine,
Then the Duty Room reminds
me,
A Call Out's double time.
I look at the Mrs. curlers,
The cream cov'ring her face,
"Okay, I'll come in,
When do I start and what's the
place."
I remind the Mrs of the money,
She smiles with a sigh,
And putting cream upon my
face,
She kisses me goodbye.
All the way in there,
I'm still yawning from last
night,
Look in the rear vision mirror,
Boy, I look a sight,
As I walk into Russell Hill,
I wish I hadn't gone,
'Cause everybody's laughing,
I've still got me 'jamas on!

ANON.

A.F.P. or A.F.G.

I've been standing here for ages,
I keep looking at the time,
It's four o'clock in the morning,

And roughly minus nine.
With me scarf wrapped round
me ears,
I can hardly hear a sound,
And I'm now three inches taller,
'Cause of the ice that's on the
ground.
Just standing in a garden,
Looking after someones home,
I don't look like an officer,
More like a garden gnome.
I look at all me extra clothing,
And see I've gained six pound,
I hear the screech of gears,
And know the bus has come
around.
Then I'm in another garden,
And the sun begins to rise,
I look up and see the little,
sparrows in the skies,
Then I felt something hit me,
I wonder what was that?
And a bloody rotten sparrow's.
Left a message on me cap.
Now birds are very clever,
They know which way is home,
But I wish someone would tell
them,
I am not a garden gnome.

ANON.