



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

PARADISE

This editorial has been brought on by the wonderful early spring weather that has surrounded us these last few weeks. It makes one reflect on the glories of nature and this country of ours in particular. It takes times like these for us to realise just how lucky we are to have such a heritage as this marvellous land.

When one reads the daily newspapers and reads of upheavals and riots and civil war that is the portion of other parts of this planet, one has to pinch oneself to realise that what we experience is real and not just an episode from Alice in Wonderland or Walt Disney at his best.

When we look around for cause to grumble it is because the latest tax on beer or tobacco is a bit too high or that our aged folk are not getting the basic wage or other such minor quibbles that the only word that expresses what we have here is Paradise.

The big point is, do we really

appreciate the wonderful position we are in? Do we do enough to warrant keeping this Garden of Eden inviolate? Are our minor grumbles getting so ingrained that we look to that mystic body, the government, to do all the planning and thinking for us? In a phrase, are we suffering from a surfeit of the "Welfare State"?

There is one Ethiopian in the lumber and that is the slowly but surely rising tide of nationalism and inter-nationalism to our north. The big question mark is how long can ten millions hang on to this continent in the face of the envious eyes to our north, east and west?

Let us enjoy our paradise but also keep the "powder dry" and have bundles of vigilance with regards to threats from outside. Let us be sure that we have been worthy of the heritage handed down by our forefathers and don't let posterity point the finger of scorn at the way we handled our legacy.

SPECIAL MENTIONS

SEPTEMBER MEETING at Monash Club on 1st. Annual Sports Championship for the "Green Belt". Be in it to win it!

Book up your "Better Half" for **LADIES' NIGHT** on Tuesday of Royal Show Week!

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

This has been a month of terrific activity for the Association with the usual August meeting, the Annual Re-union, the Commemoration Service and the Sweep. Let me deal with them in order as they occurred.

AUGUST MEETING

This was held at Monash Club as usual and a very good muster of the clan saw an excellent programme of pictures supplied by Ampol. With Arch Campbell doing the honours with the projector we saw some excellent films of the big Ampol Professional Tennis the year Lew Hoad turned professional, also an outstanding colour film of the Ampol Fishpot in N.S.W. The final film of the Barossa Valley in S.A. and the story of the Smitns of Yalumba, was one of the best documentaries I have ever seen. Not in any way overdone and not too commercial, it is the sort of film which will publicise Australia to advantage anywhere in the world. Our thanks to Ampol for making this such a wonderful meeting.

ANNUAL RE-UNION

After much initial preparation the Re-union got under way at Irwin Training Centre on Saturday 15th. The venue was splendid. A few found it a bit difficult to locate but generally speaking it was really the "right" place for such a gathering. Led by Tom Nisbet and Ron Kirkwood the gang got the drill hall into shape in the afternoon and all was in readiness for a six o'clock start. The beer was tapped at 6 p.m. and never stopped till the show broke up in the "wee small hours". The catering attended to this year by Mick Holland and his brother and their good wives, was scrumptious to say the least and as usual Jan Wickei added just that touch to the service that makes all the difference.

After the opening prelude, which incidentally was remarked on in glowing terms by quite a few of our guests, the dinner got under

way and then with Arch Campbell in the saddle as Toast Master, we dealt with the toast list.

Geoff Laidlaw, in responding to the toast of "The Unit and Association" expounded the theme of brotherhood and service in an excellent and thought provoking speech. Gerry Green handled the toast of "Allied Services and Native Helpers" in a nicely subdued manner full of sincerity. Geo Fogarty as usual, responded most ably. Fred Napier was at his witty best in toasting our visitors and although he did not use anything like the "half hour" allotted him by the Toast Master, he made all the visitors feel welcome. Alistair Dick, secretary of the Legacy Club, responded on behalf of the visitors and thanked us for the invitation to be present and also extolled the work done by the Unit in keeping so closely knit.

After the toast list those assembled got down to some steady drinking and ear bashing and singing and this, plus the usual "stories", took up most of the rest of the night. Thanks to Ron Westall, the pianist who Jack Carey has brought along for the last couple of Re-unions, we were able to beef out all the old songs as in days of yore. Ron is one of those pianists who can improvise on any theme and just whistle him a couple of bars and he is away.

The only complaint that can be levelled at the evening was the attendance. Numbers were definitely down on the last couple of years and it applied equally to country and city folk alike. Many faces who we had come to regard as "regulars" were absent and we did not win an equal number of newcomers. Those who did attend have stated as one man that this was definitely one of our best Re-unions from a point of conviviality. Year after year we manage a really good turn and just a little effort on the part of city folk in particular could make it a so much better night. Remember, it is to meet as many of their mates as possible that country folk travel a long way to attend and they must feel a bit cheated when such a small number of their old Section is pre-

sent for them to fight the old battles once again with.

Pride of place for long travel must go to Jack Denman who came all the way from Geraldton. Hadn't seen Jack at a Re-union for a few years which made him all the more welcome. That stalwart, Stan King was down from Kalgarin, and Alf Hillman from Broomehill. Gordon Holmes bobbed in once again from Cranbrook and it would not be a dinner without Don Turton who had only recently returned from a trip East. "Robbie" Rowan Robinson came from Bridgetown and brought Clarrie Turner from Capel. Eric Weller made it from Northam and Arthur Marshall made the usual trip from Harvey. Jack Fowler who says he has only missed one dinner in 13 years, made the trip from Wongan Hills, while "Wendel" Wilkerson and Dick Crossing came down from Goomalling. Not really a bad muster of country lads but they did not make up for the city boys who stayed away in droves. Total roll up of members was only 55. Although on a percentage basis this would be terrific judged by other units, it is not good enough for us and we must do better. As stated earlier it was a crackerjack night and not one complaint from those present.

Will write more fully of personalities present in the September issue.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

Thanks to the good work of Arch Campbell, Gerry Green and a few others, the area in Lovekin Drive, Kings Park, was in excellent order for the service held on Sunday 16th.

Once again the roll up was way below expectations and reason for this is hard to explain. This service which should mean so much to us is drifting badly and this must be arrested in the years to come or the whole thing will be a traversery.

Ron Kirkwood gave a simple, moving and highly intelligent address in which he recalled our formation, our deeds of valour, the heroism of the war dead. He traced the work of the Unit since the war and called on all to give greater service to their organisation and to the community in general. The address was followed by a reading of

the names of the fallen, then a march of homage was made through our memorial grove. A very simple but very moving ceremony in which one has the opportunity to pay his own particular homage to his mates in his own way.

SWEEP

This has finally been brought to conclusion and the result was well up to previous years. The Association thanks to all ticket sellers who did so well. Bob Smyth and "Dusty" Studdy come in for some special mention this year for their excellent efforts. This sweep provides the Association with the wherewithal to meet expenses for the year and besides that is a great breeder of news for the 'Courier' as great numbers of chaps do go to the trouble to send in a line or two to wish us well or even add a word of congratulation. We thank all those who have so generously donated to Unit funds and can assure them their donations will be wisely used as in past years. Thanks also to those members who took the opportunity of remitting their "Oxford Scholars" to keep them financial. This is also much appreciated by your hard working Treasurer.

As organiser, thank you for your co-operation but, oh boy, I do wish you would not add to the callouses or the warts, or the ulcers, by leaving it to the last minute to send in those butts.

"LEST WE FORGET"

AUGUST

- Brown, Pte. L. J., killed in action New Guinea, August 27, 1943. Age 19.
- Holly, L/Cpl. W. I., killed in action, New Guinea, August 27, 1943. Age 23.
- Maley, Cpl. J. L., killed in action, New Guinea, August 12, 1943. Age 33.
- Waller, Pte. D. C., killed in action, Timor, August 12, 1942. Age 21.
- Cheverton, Cpl. W., killed in action, New Guinea, August 27, 1943. Age 19.
- Ewin, L/Cpl. R., killed in action, Timor, August 14, 1942. Age 26.

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Personalities

Down from Borneo on a short spot of sick leave was Doug Fullerton. Doug had an abscess on the liver which really shook him and he lost 28 lb. in six weeks. He was looking fit when last seen and unfortunately couldn't make the Re-union as he had to sail on the "Gorgon" on the Friday before the event.

Don Turton said he had a wonderful trip East in his Land Rover and recommends this as a great method of getting to see the country. He and Vida went as far as Brisbane taking in S.A., Vic., the Snowy Project, Sydney and the northern metropolis. Is planning a trip up Wyndham way next time.

It was good to see Gordon Holmes once again and looking so well. It is quite a few years since Gordon made it for a Re-union, but he reckons he is a certainty for next year.

Had a long and newsy letter from Tony Adams in which he expressed a wish to be remembered to all the gang. Tony is now managing a branch of the A.&N.Z. Bank at Long reach and said that it was a bit of a shock to the system after the seaside of Coolangatta but now he and his family have settled down they quite enjoy the different atmosphere and the vast distances they travel to play tennis and go to social outings. He was planning to take in a trip to Mt. Isa and Mary Kathleen in the near future. Tony said how much he and Iris enjoyed their trip to Melbourne a year ago and meeting up with chaps like Harry Botterill, Max Davies and Bert Tobin and others. Says "You never know we might make it to W.A. one of these days." If you do Tony we can give a written guarantee on the welcome. Thanks for the letter Tony, hope to hear from you again in the near future and like the radio announcer says to the kids on the children's hour: "Have another look in your cheque book and you'll get a surprise."

Peter Mantle also wrote to congratulate the 'Courier' and to send some material for "Historically Yours". Thanks Peter, will use it at the appropriate time and could use a lot more.

Many were those who wrote very

very briefly to return their sweep tickets. Among them were Peter Proctor, who is now with Dept. of Agriculture at South Perth. W. G. (Slops) Hislop, of Carnamah, who says cheerio to the gang. Bluey Wilkes sends his regards and not much else, Kev Millington, of Donnybrook, also wrote in haste

The Brooker wrote to say good day to all and wish the sweep success and say he was still doing the same old job at the zoo. Roy Watson was a real "In Haste" man 'cos that's all he said. Geo Bayliss improved on this effort by two words "Good luck". Tom Martin just couldn't lift a pen and his good wife did the trick for him. Thanks a ton Mrs. Martin, but really you should get that man of yours to write just a word or so to prove to the gang he is not illiterate. Bruss Fagg said cheerio in a few well chosen words mostly written on a postal note. Don Murray sent in his butts with a brief note and promised a letter at a later date. Don was among those present at the Commemoration Service making a special trip from Wagin for the event and that is my idea of real homage.

Harry Holder sent his butts and thanks to all for a good night at the Re-union. Geordie Smith (Hamilton-Smith) had his most to say on a postal note. Neil Scott sent in the tickets and a change of address, he is now teaching at Kellerberrin.

With regard to Eric Smyth, like Clancy of the Overflow, I quote him verbatim: "Sorry I missed the Re-union! Not sorry I did not have a sore head. E.S."

Geo. Timms says regards to all and pays his dues and then lay me down to sleep! Gordon Pendergrast sicked Edith into doing his chore for him and at least we know Blue is still alive and busy

Don May sends his best wishes to all the gang and especially the Sigs. Too busy to attend the Re-union but hopes to be in it one of these days.

Dick Brand our old mate of Anzac Days, has been among the big fish. He and Geoff Laidlaw belong to the same fishing club, the Grosvenor, and a couple of weeks ago Dick landed a 42 lb. jewie while Geoff also caught a biggie. Reckons the refrigerator space was heavily taxed!

Historically Yours!

CHAPTER 4

PRELUDE TO BATTLE

Darwin was not to see much of us or we see much of the northern metropolis. Hardly had we settled down at Winelli Camp than we were rooted out onto army trucks to travel the 20 or so miles into the port to board a transport.

The lads who had found their way into Adelaide River boob were rapidly recovered. A few of those sick with the tropics dropped out, notably one Cpl. "Tiger" Jordan, "Tucker Mucker" in chief to the Officers' Mess. We as a unit were not to see the great "Tiger" again but he lived on in notoriety by spreading a bundle of false rumours on his return to W.A. and helped himself to a slice of free board and lodging at His Majesty's expense, as a result. "Tiger's" vivid imagination proved too much for him and his malicious murmurings brought the law smartly down on the back of his neck.

Things were still terribly hush hush. Nobody knew whither we were bound. We were told that we would board the troopship if there was room for us. There wasn't room but we still boarded her! Her name, the "S.S. Zealandia," Huddard Parker's old trooper of World War 1 who had got around the Australian coast for the 25 intervening years. An old coal burner not exactly fitted for tropical climes. Another coastal ship was to be our escort. "M.V. Westralia," now taken over by the navy and doing her stint as a trooper-cum-escort vessel with armament sufficient to keep the enemy hordes at bay.

The convoy was not to sail immediately. Oh, no! Nothing too speedy for the wharries of Darwin all had to be at a recognised slow crawl. With sundry threats of strike action and no loading until the vessel on the opposite side of the wharf was unloaded. Needless to say the main cargo to be unloaded was beer from the south! Where in merry hell these stevedores were culled from will never be known. A regular League of Nations and as poor a bundle of specimens as you

would meet in a year's march. Valuable stores such as wireless sets were turfed into the holds as if they were lead ingots. Plenty of raiting of the canteen stores which our Unit and other units were taking aboard, seemed to be the order of the day. Things got to such a pass that the various army commanders were threatening to take over the loading and damn the threats of strike by these jackals. They were to prove a poor old bunch when a few short months later Darwin was bombed and strafed and they fled in droves, some being nabbed at Alice Springs and forced to join labour battalions. Of course the Darwin harbour was then taken over by the army as it should have been when we embarked.

We boarded the old "Zealandia" in company with the 2/40th Battalion who were not too happy at the prospect of this particular move. This battalion comprised mostly of Tasmanians with a few Victorians had been in the Territory for a long time. It had been mucked about in no uncertain manner while many sister battalions had gone overseas to fight in the campaigns of the Middle East and Greece. It had had its ranks depleted time and again by supplying re-inforcements to shows already in the field and in a word was "browned off". Leave down south had been promised and in fact the "Zealandia" had come north for that very purpose and now instead of leave they were being raced off to God knows where. Their C.O. was Lt.-Col. William (Bill) Leggett who is now Sir William Leggett, Agent General for Victoria in London, and a most outstanding representative of his State.

Other units boarded the "Westralia" and included 2/1st Heavy Battery, 2/1st Search Lights, an L.A.D., a company of 2/11th Engineers, and 2/1st Fortress Sigs. This was the force bound for destination unknown and awaiting the movements of the king stevedores of Darwin to get under way.

The other vessel unloading at the time was to take our hosts of a

night or so ago to Ambon and massacre. The 2/21st Battalion boarded this vessel a day or so after we left and what happened to this gallant battalion at Ambon is now history. Suffice to say they fought like tigers but were overwhelmed by superior force of numbers or the order of about 100 to one and went into captivity from which many hundreds never returned. This was the force eventually commanded by the man who formed our Unit, Lt.-Col. Scott, who fought with the bravery one would expect from such a warrior. The code name of this battalion was "Gull Force".

Eventually our convoy of two ships got under way on Dec. 7, 1941. The Timor Sea was as flat as a mill pond. The flying fish skimmed the water and the lake-like surface of the water showed hardly a ripple. The air was stifling, the speed funereal. Soon the call went out for volunteer stokers to assist the crew to force the tired old over-loaded vessel to her breakneck speed of seven knots. Volunteers were not hard to come by especially as the bait held out was cold beer. This was also our first lesson in black-out. The ship was completely blacked out at night and woe betide anyone who smoked above decks. The cabins and holds where the personnel were bunked were like furnaces as not a breath of air stirred to cool the tropical air.

Our first day out brought startling news! The Japs had sneaked into Pearl Harbour and sunk the pride of the American navy and bombed the city. There was no doubt now in anyone's mind as to who would be our adversary. So this was why we were trained! All those rumours of many months of Japanese entry into the war on the side of the Axis powers was now a concrete fact! But where was our battlefield to be?

Not long the doubt. Major Spence soon informed the officers who were to tell their men the name Timor. To most it did not mean much. Sure, we knew of Timor ponies, sure we knew it was a place on the map just north of W.A., but that was about all we did know. Then we were informed that the whole force was to be known

as "Sparrow Force" and boy, were we out on a limb!!

A beer ration was issued daily to the troops but it was a long way off the ice, exactly the distance of the "Zealandia" from Darwin. To be precise and you only had to give the bottle a slight shake, whip off the top and the contents would fly as high as the mast. The inevitable Paddy Knight and his minions had purloined a case of beer off the vessel unloading at Darwin and although just as hot as the rest they swiftly devised many and wonderful ideas of cooling, such as hanging up a bottle in a wet sock! Afraid there was insufficient breeze to do much of a cooling job but most of the case went off.

On board the old "Z" the inevitable daily boat drills were called at which most of the boys moaned, but if only they had known the dire peril they were nearly in they would have welcomed a permanent boat drill! It is now an established fact that a Jap submarine followed the two ships for the last day or so of the trip! What a target the sluggish old overloaded "Z" would have been if the Nip had really let go a "fish".

As sure as day follows night so this journey must end with landfall. And what a landfall. There in the distance could be seen a rugged skyline such as we Australians had never before sighted. God, the ruggedness of it all, the height of those mountains, as we passed Roti Island on the western tip of Timor and headed for Koepang Harbour. Cripes the terrain of Wilsons Promontory was pimples next to this! It made your body come out in goose pimples to think of clambering over these beauties.

We were not given too much time to ponder the ponderosity of our first glimpse of Timor as we hove to in Koepang. This alleged harbour was like a lot of the ports of Northern Australia, highly tidal. At least a mile of filthy coral strand was exposed between the ship and the shore as we dropped anchor and awaited the lighters to unload stores and personnel. Here was our first sight of the Timorese or should I say Indonesians as most of the first natives we saw proved to be Celebes boys who were used by the shipping companies as porters

because of their exceptional strength and ability to handle cargo expeditiously. They were amazing as they shifted terrific loads on their shoulders. Some of our cargo like boxes of Tommy gun ammo, and "light" camouflage sets were like ingots of lead but these fellows made light of them once the load was poised on their shoulders. Here was our first sight of the betel nut chewers with the red juice oozing from black coated teeth and we looked amazed as they took pure lime and added this to powdered betel nut and a type of leaf and salived the lot and spat blood like streams in all directions. Here also was our first real smell of the tropics. All the stenches we had ever smelled before added together could not have been worse. So this was where we were to do our stint for the rest of the war. This was the "nesting place" of Sparrow Force.

Hardly a glimpse of Koepang did we see except a few white-washed buildings in the distance as we landed and paddled ashore on this evil smelling coral strand and like Lazarus took up our beds and walked. The march was not to be very far and it was now we saw our first campsite on the fringe of a vast star shaped aerodrome which we found was called Penfoei. Here the Dutch had started to build barracks for the incoming troops. Those already completed were constructed of "Batik" which is the long stem of the tropical palm put together like a lattice. The floors were a kind of concrete made from coral. The roofs thatched with palm leaves. The whole effect one of substantiality, and an open invitation to an air raid!

Great big toilet and abolition blocks were there but of course uncompleted and the water closets had no water, nor did the showers.

First job, dig slit trench latrines in solid coral. Our Unit being excess to expectations, did not bed down in the barracks, but made our camp in true army style by pitching tents behind the barracks.

We were amazed at the obvious prior preparation which had gone into the preparation of this campsite but were not left in doubt very long as we were told that an Australian officer of the R.A.S.C. in

the person of Capt. Dudley Francis had been here for months arranging everything and posing as a civilian. The air force set up at Penfoei was terrific. The drome was of the pattern known in those days as a star drome. Lengthy runways went in every direction as it was reckoned a plane could only effectively take off and land into the wind and this drome was so placed it did not matter which way the wind blew a plane could land or take off. We saw how this huge expanse of runways was built stone for stone carted by native women mostly and labourously placed and hammered into position by the men. Thousands of natives laboured on this construction but the work had been long as the natives demanded payment daily after each day's work and generally a work force of many hundreds would start on Monday and would dwindle as the week went by and each native earned enough for his or her subsistence which was apparently all they thought necessary.

The hangar at the drome was a huge building pieced together from wood for all the world like a giant wooden Meccano set. Most of this work was done by Chinese carpenters working with the most primitive of tools which they wielded with terrific dexterity.

On the surface all looked marvelous. A massive aerodrome, and permanent seeming barracks, the wonders of the tropics, but what lay ahead? What was to be the role of "Sparrow Force"? Once again the veil of security seemed to have descended and once again we were in the dark.

To digress a moment to give some thing of the picture of these various "bird" forces. Firstly there was the 1st Aust. Independent Company, which together with 2/22nd Battalion comprised "Wren Force". The 2/22nd were mostly in New Britain with the 1st Aust. Ind. Coy. spread out in sections from Guadalcanal, Tulazi, the Solomons, New Britain, New Guinea, New Ireland and Manus Island, a length of at least 3,000 miles. Then "Gull Force" was at Ambon on the various islands of that small archipelago and then "Sparrow Force" manned this island of Timor. Later the 3rd Aust. Ind. Coy. took up positions in the New Hebrides and contingents of the

New Zealanders looked after the Tonga Group. There you have it, the then red dotted line of offense or defence or what have you, spread out in front of Australia's coastline from New Zealand to Timor. This whole network came under direct command of Special Forces at Army H.Q., Melbourne. What was hoped to be achieved by this attenuated line stretched like rotten elastic over thousands of miles of sea, nobody will ever know. But as history has proved the impossible was achieved and by this line and other later activities no invader found his way to Australian soil. It will take a better historian than your present writer to give the answer and to say just how much this red line was responsible for the eventual result enough to say we proudly were part of the operation.

So here we were in Timor, stores unloaded and watching the old "Z" and the "Westralia" steam away. What was to be the next move? Where on this island would we take up our positions?

Timor is not a large island, being less than half the size of Tasmania. Its area 12½ thousand square miles, being about 230 miles long from east to west and 50 miles wide from north to south. The western half was under the flag of the Netherlands and the eastern portion own-

ed by Portugal. It was not generally reckoned to be highly productive and the Dutch did not prize it highly and generally thought it to be the tail end of their East Indian Empire while the Portuguese used their portion mostly as a penal settlement. What was its significance in regard to the main strategy of war in the saving of Australia? It was a possible springboard for operations against our northern coast line and the Darwin fortress (?). Time alone would tell where we fitted into the pattern and we in our ignorance left our fortunes in the hands of those who knew the whole picture.

(To be continued)

(Bernie Callinan writes to bring a little light to bear on the episode appearing in the July issue in which it was stated that some of the offices went to Darwin to get the atmosphere. Bernie says it was originally intended that quite a few officers and others be sent to Darwin (7 M.D.) to get rid of the ennui of Katherine, but of those sent most very rapidly got in touch and asked to be returned as Darwin was a worse stink hole by far than Katherine. What about a comment or two from some of you who went just to get this "Katherine Boredom" into the correct perspective.)

Random Harvest

B. J. (Peter) BARDEN, of 6GN, Geraldton, Box 310, writes:—

It's been quite a memorable week in Geraldton because several days were spent in the town by one Honourable G. G. Laidlaw, in his capacity as W.A. Manager for Ampol Petroleum Ltd. Jack Denman and myself had a few noggins with Geoff yesterday afternoon, and he's meeting Eric Smyth for a couple tonight. The previous time I saw Geoff was in September, 1945, and it was indeed a pleasure to have a chat after such a long time.

His visit to Geraldton brought good news for the town (as a matter of fact I had an "exclusive" interview with Geoff this afternoon on the subject and will have a news item concerning same in my tonight's news bulletin over 6GN)

because he announced that Ampol expects to spend about a quarter of a million pounds in the Geraldton area during the next 12 months. They propose establishing an Ocean Storage Terminal, which will enable the company to start marketing its petroleum products not only in Geraldton but in an extensive area north of Carnarvon, east to Meekatharra, and south to Three Springs, Morawa and Mingenew. In addition Ampol has bought a central site in Geraldton for the purpose of establishing the first Ampol service station in the town. The purchase price of this property alone is believed to be more than £20,000.

Hearty congratulations to the writer of the editorial in the 'Courier' on the subject of civil defence as raised by Jack Denman. You'll

be interested to know that as a result of Jack's pursuance of the subject, the following motion has been sent by the Geraldton R.S.L. for the State Congress starting next Monday: "That Congress deplores the apparent lack of progress in the organisation of civil defence in Western Australia." I might mention that on my own motion the Geraldton Sub-Branch has the following on the Congress agenda: "That Congress requests the National Congress to seek government approval to make the observance of Anzac Day uniform throughout Australia and suggests the adoption of the South Australian solemn observance until midday, followed by organised sport and pictures with proceeds to go to war veterans' funds and Legacy."

"Brush" Fagg continues to be a keen member of the Northampton R.S.L. and an indication of his enthusiasm is shown in the minutes of the sub-branch meeting from which I'm just preparing a news item. He was mover or seconder of half of the eight motions passed at the meeting. One W. A. Drage, who is patron of the Northampton Rifle Club, is well to the fore in a working bee which next weekend will plough 250 acres of land made available for cropping purposes to raise finance for the R.S.L. and the Rifle Club.

I was pleased to receive a letter from Arthur Marshall, of Harvey, regarding an inquiry about the demand and price for tomato and bean sticks in the Geraldton and Carnarvon areas, and will obtain this information as quickly as possible. Arthur says: "Things are reasonably quiet during the winter months (not that I mind) but if anything is a good thing I'm always after a quid or two." "Marsh" continues: "We still have three youngsters, and even though we have thought of an addition, haven't got around to it yet."

Well, duty calls, and I've also got a few jobs to do as secretary of Brigades Football Club, so I'll close with kind regards to you all.

A Further Letter from Peter:

First of all I must say I was astounded to learn of the honour you have bestowed upon me by electing me Country Vice President for the northern area. Please find attached

my sweep butts together with the money concerned.

As you have not yet published extracts from my previous letter I will make this one shorter than usual. However I must mention that I had a good yarn with Bill Drage in Geraldton the other night. It was at a bail for senior students of the High School, and Bill proudly pointed out to me his daughter who was dancing at the time. He also pointed out Joe Brand's daughter and said Joe was somewhere around the Town Hall, but it was so crowded that I missed seeing him.

With regard to the kiddies' Christmas Tree, I would like to submit the name of my youngest son, Rex, who is 10 years of age. My Eldest son, Ross, is nearly old enough to be a Father Christmas himself, he's going on for 17.

GEORGE R. LEWIS, of Kulpara South Australia, writes:—

Enclosed cheque for £2 to cover sweep tickets, subs., etc., and hoping sweep will be a financial success.

We are having a very dry season here this year only about 3½ inches of rain having fallen for the first six months of the year. Needless to say no seeding has been done around here yet, which is unusual for this part of S.A.

I had a garage here for about 18 months, but didn't get enough work to keep going so I gave it away and went back to farm work. In my spare time I carry on alterations and building of our house when money permits.

I haven't seen anything of any of the boys around S.A. I used to see Shorty Stevens passing through here on his way to a scrub block he has down the foot of the York Peninsula, but I have not seen him for some time. I had an invitation to 7 Div. Cav. Re-union in Adelaide the night before the Anzac March but unfortunately I could not make it because my boss was in Sydney on holidays and it made all extra work for me, because we were in the middle of lambing and having a fair amount of trouble because of the lack of green feed.

The articles of the doings of Unit are making good reading in the 'Courier' and I look forward to reading them.

JOHNNY MOORE, of Dwellingup, writes:—

Here I am again with annual letter, bet it gets harder each year to understand.

At last I found one of the boys to have a yarn with. Went into the Prince of Wales Hotel in Bunbury for a drink a couple of months ago and Fred Sparkman was having a couple to steady his nerves after a swift run down from Perth. Said that he was stationed in Perth now so I suppose you will see him more often. He hasn't changed much, you could never miss him.

Everything is about the same with me and mine, still only got one offspring, don't know how I would get on with any more. He is only three years old but believe me he never lets up.

Well, as usual, no more news. You will find another pound in with the sweep money it is for subs.

J. CORNEY, of 1306 Albany Highway, Cannington, writes:—

Just a few lines with sweep butts and cheque for £2. I don't know how I stand for subs but if I am up to date the extra can go towards the Christmas Tree at the end of the year. I don't know if I will make the dinner this year as at present am not the best but if at all possible I will be there.

Saw two of the old lads when I was down at the Repat. building recently, Charlie Vernede, who is working for A. T. Brine & Son., contractors, and Ernie Evans, but don't know where he is working. Unfortunately I did not get their address. Geo. Wilson who was also one of the crowd, was Dr. Dunkley's servant, is driving a taxi for Black and White and is stationed out at Boans at Cannington. Will try and catch him and send him along as I don't think he has been to any of the dinners.

Best of luck with the sweep.

STAN SADLER, of Wongan Hills, writes:—

Please find enclosed sweep butts and cheque to cover same.

Had rather a heavy day yesterday and I don't feel so hot today. It was the official opening of the Wongan Hills Civic Hotel Ltd. by Mr. Court and the celebrations carried on into the night. Both John Fow-

ler and I are tied up in the business as directors.

In common with most of the rest of the south west, we are having an uncommonly warm and dry winter. Things are O.K. so far but we would like some rain. Crops are very late owing to the late break in the season. Web Worm, Red Mite and Lucerne Flea are prevalent, but fortunately we have missed out on the Web Worm. We have plenty of Red Mite.

We start shearing on Monday, will be glad to get the wool off. We've been having a lot of trouble with blowfly strike, I think mainly due to seasonal conditions with lack of frost.

I haven't been in contact with any of our boys except John Fowler. Dick Crossing, from Goomalling, rang me up one day to see if we had any seed wheat to spare. Things seemed to be going along O.K. for him.

STAN KING, of Pingaring, writes:—

Just a short note to return the butts and £2. Things are pretty good around here at present. I have just finished shearing and the sheep cut a lot better than I expected, good length wool with plenty of weight. Let's hope the price goes up a bit when I sell it. We were late seeding this year, but the crops are up and getting away to a good start. Feed is a bit short, but with a bit more rain should finish O.K. Only one chap in this district has reported the dreaded Web Worm, it's a bit of a mystery yet, but I suppose some one will eventually find something to oust it.

Well that's the lot for now. Regards to the mob and will see you all at the dinner as usual.

ALF BRADY, 1328 Ganger Street, Wongan Hills, writes:—

Please find cheque for £1 and sweep butts enclosed. I hope you have a good result with same. My kindest regards to all. I might mention that I am on transfer from Wongan Hills to Donnybrook so will you please address my 'Courier' to the post office Donnybrook, as I should be there by the time it is due again.

I will now say cheerio and once again all the best for the future

RON DOOK, of Finsbury Hostel, Pennington, S.A., writes:—

I feel a little red around the gills as I think to myself that in the time away from the old home town it has taken the return of a sweep butt to force me to apply a pen to paper.

It is so strange though, even as I sit here to write, the feeling of news emptiness that is apparent after such a short period away from W.A. Perhaps it is because my job these days takes up a greater proportion of my time than previously and my interests are fewer.

One of my lifelong ambitions has been realised, inasmuch, the watching of a Test match. My next ambition whilst I am over in these parts is to see a Melbourne Cup run. Incidentally I managed to induce Jim Laker to come out to the hostel and he brought young Sweetman with him. Of course much to the delight of the kids of the hostel (and myself). I had a few hits against Laker with Sweetman as keeper. An opportunist, says you, but I did really get a kick out of it.

Another bit of past history of course, but I did see the W.A. v. S.A. football game and I would say that W.A. were very unlucky to lose. In my opinion S.A. has a stronger side to play W.A. next Saturday. Although he is getting a bit long in the tooth I would say that Len Fitzgerald will give the centre half back for W.A. a headache, as he is one of the best centre half forwards I have seen.

I also saw Victoria give S.A. a football lesson in no uncertain manner, but I enjoyed every minute of it. East Perth are in the same category, eh!

Thanks for still sending the 'Courier' and I too must congratulate you on your brilliant editorship. There is no need to tell you how I miss such events as Anzac Day and the King's Park working bees, but with a bit of luck I may make the Christmas events as I hope to drive overland and spend Christmas in the West with the family.

Would you thank Arch Campbell for his very newsy letter and tell him I will be writing in the near future. I would also appreciate it if you would convey my sincerest regards to all the boys, and wish the

committee success in all the coming events.

Send me another book of tickets if you have one available and I am enclosing a cheque for the two books. Regards.

DOC WHEATLEY, of Hills Road, Byford, writes:—

I'll take this opportunity to congratulate all you chaps in office and on the committee for the great job you have been doing. It's good to read the 'Courier' and hear how the other chaps are making out. We have a fully licenced country club at Byford now and it's just the berries as Les Halse can assure you. Les and his wife came down with the Pickering Brook dart team and a good night was had by all. Slim James and his wife took a run up from the city. Just the same old Slim, looking fit and prosperous. Incidentally Slim's nice car made me a bit envious so I put the truck in and took out the latest Zephyr ute, and after having trucks for so many years I'll have to keep my eye on the speedo or the mirror if I don't want the cops on my tail. My apple trees are growing well and I should have a good orchard in a few years. Meanwhile market gardening keeps me busy but enables me to keep the wolf from the door. I'm hoping to see all the boys at the annual dinner as I intend being there.

Cheque for butts and subs is enclosed and I hope this finds you all in the pink.

BERT BURGESS, of Burlands Broome hill, writes:—

Herewith sweep tickets and cheque.

Regret great hurry, crutching sheep among other jobs.

Alf Hillman rang to say he is going to the Re-union. Don't think I will make it. Chief reason we have just taken a little boy from the Child Welfare Dept., aged seven, and hope we can adopt him. He is settling down well and going off to school but I wouldn't like to go off for a couple of days just now. Other wise consider this time of the year quite suitable.

Do you remember the caricatures that were done in the Sgts' Mess at Wayville? The R.S.M. showed them to me again on one of my later

trips through there. All the surrounding buildings had been demolished but that one and the Sgts.' portraits kept intact.

Kindest regards and best wishes for successful sweep and Re-union.

BERNIE LANGRIDGE, writes:—

Once more it is with a guilty conscience that I pen a short note to you to accompany the sweep butts.

I would like to congratulate you all on the last 'Courier'. I really enjoyed it, especially "Historically Yours". I do admire the members who have retained such vivid memories of every detail. It amazes me that someone is able to piece together so accurately something that happened nearly 20 years ago. I have not sent in any contribution because I feel it would be inaccurate and incomplete.

I have been in touch with W. H. Rowan-Robinson re the Re-union and we hope to make a hurried trip up and maybe pick up Clarrie Turner if he can leave his cows.

Life is very busy here still with five children to provide for I seem to have let Babs and myself in for a full time job for about 20 years. The twins will be one year old on August 7. I'll be very close to the retiring age by then. Cheerio and hope to see you at the Re-union.

Kind regards to all my mates.

JIM SMAILES, from New England Antimony Mines, Guyra, N.S.W., writes:—

Enclosed please find butts for 40 tickets and cheque for £5. Just write out another three books to me and I will take a chance. Do not post butts over as I am likely to be away a bit in the near future. I wish your sweep every success.

I found everything quite satisfactory after my holiday trip back to Perth. I was away four weeks, flew west and then returned by train. The wife and I really enjoyed it all. Quite an improvement on previous wartime crossings of the Nullabor Plain in "Curtain's Cattle Truck Coaches". Dropped off for four days in Victoria and generally had a good time (or as good as a man can have when his wife is with him).

On returning however I was only home three weeks when I had a slight mishap underground and hurt

my back. Am now in Armidale Hospital with a slipped disc in the lower back. Am in a plaster cast from hips to arm pits and somewhat restricted in all movements except eating. It appears to be a stage of deterioration of the arthritic condition of some years ago and could see me in Concord before Christmas. However here's hoping and I'll keep you posted.

Regards to all.

BERT MATTHEWS, of 185 Ravenscote St., Double View, writes:—

Please find enclosed sweep butts and £2, one for butts which I am sorry if running late, but I hope is a great success, and the other for my subs in which I must be a bit behind. I have been missing out on a few Unit dos of late having been busy on quite a few of the nights on which they have been held. However I hope to be seeing you all at the old discharge camp on Saturday 15th, with luck and a good thirst.

ERIC WELLER, of 37 Perina Way, Northam, writes:—

This is just a line to let you know we received your tickets and are returning them by this post.

We are once again in Northam but our next job looks like Dalwalinu. We have been over most of the south west now and built ourselves a beach cottage at a place called Peaceful Bay where Gordon Rowly is also a summer resident.

I hope to make the Re-union and will bring my dues up to date.

I will make this short as I have to hurry to catch the post. Regards to all.

ALF BLUNDY, of Smith St., Beverly, writes:—

I am sorry to say I have left these butts till the last minute, so am writing these few lines in haste. Also added to the cheque is my sub fee, will you fix it for me.

I have had a marvellous run of shearing for July, but August so far has been a bit slacker with this horrible weather.

Trying to write in a hurry and the memory has forgot everything I had intended saying so I hope you will excuse this note. Cheerio to you all.

ALF HILLMAN, of Broomehill, writes:—

Herewith sweep butts, late as usual but not too late I hope.

Life has been treating us fairly well in this area this season. Crops are not likely to be anything like as good as last year but for stock, and wool is 75 per cent of our income down here, it is so far the best season in history. A heavy carry over of feed at the end of last year held on until late in the summer, then light showers every couple of weeks started green feed and kept it going with fine sunny days being ideal growing weather so now we have more green feed than is usual at the end of September. How it finishes we have yet to see but we should have a near record wool clip. I myself with about 100 more grown sheep than last year expect 12 to 15 bales more wool.

I have not seen much of any of the boys for some time. Bert Burges a couple of times, George Timms at a sale a few miles from here a month ago and last night while passing through town on way to Katanning for their R.S.L. Dinner found Don Turton and wife wandering round looking for a beer while on their way out to Bert's for the night. They were taking a round-about way home from their holiday over east.

At present Bert is uncertain of making next weekend but I am now able. When date was changed to August I had to miss out a couple of years but now have one of the step-sons home to do the chores so can get away.

Regards to all.

TED MONK, of Latham, writes:—

Enclosed please find sweep butts and cheque for £3, £1 for butts with remainder making me financial if anything over put to general funds.

Have just completed shearing, had a good run with fine weather, wool much lighter but by far better and brighter this season. Hope to have a new shearing shed up by next season. Intend building the frame myself with railway line arc-welded together.

Wheat crops in this area backward up to date, owing to an exceptionally dry season.

As a suggestion was wondering

whether it would be convenient to hold the annual Re-union a week later in future, as this would coincide with picking children up from Perth for school holidays. I am placed in the position where I must be in Perth the weekend after the Re-union to collect my daughter from boarding school and bring her home for the August holidays. Perhaps there are others in a similar position.

Re the idea on sale of sweep tickets mentioned in July 'Courier' thought I would cash in on the idea and offered my wife 5/- to sell the book. She made an excellent job of same as you can see by the butts.

Cheerio for now, best wishes to all.

DON YOUNG, c/- B. V. Bowtill, Mullewa, writes:—

Please find enclosed one postal note for £1.

Well how are you? Myself I am extra well. At present we are shearing. We are having a good season, the crops look very well. Irish Hopkins leaves for Perth tomorrow. He said he will go around and see Col. Cheerio for now. I will send you down next week a couple of pounds for funds. Regards to the gang.

BILL DRAGE, of Box 117, Northampton, writes:—

Well this will be a surprise to you and everyone else, to hear from me. I hope you and the rest of the boys are still going strong. Haven't been down to the bright lights for 18 months, with a bit of luck—and a few bags of wheat, I hope to see a few of your smiling faces and shiny seats at Christmas.

Things up this way are pretty b—— dry. Could do with a few drons of the old rain, and as for grubs, there's bloody millions of them. At the moment have one of David Greys planes sitting in the paddock ready to give them merry hell in the morning.

Haven't seen much of any of the boys lately. See old Bruss and Joe now and then. Old Joe can tell just as big lies as ever.

We are having a Diggers' day up here in a week's time playing golf, and I mean golf, none of this ale drinking and telling untruths.

You will find enclosed sweep

butts and a cheque for £5. After taking out the money for the butts the rest can go to help the Association's funds along.

Hope you can read this. Wishing you and the rest all the best.

P.S. Please give my regards to that dope Kirkwood.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Owing to the large batch of letters accompanying returned sweep butts we now find that we have reached saturation and run out of space. A large number of letters have therefore been held over until next month.

New South Wales News

Howdy,

Here we go again, the old Sebastian penning something for all you other Sebastians to read. With all the phone calls I didn't get before the budget with tit bits (there's that woman again) of information, but I have sweet Fanny Adams to tell you about.

I find that now I have really started the extension I will have less and less time to do writing because I have to think of so many things to do and want from as far ahead as three weeks, and being one of those practical slow brained people I have to arrive at things after lots of rechecking. War Service Homes Division has given me six months to have the ranch completed but as I can only do it weekends it may take a little longer, so I may miss out now and again in the coming months.

Thanks for the thanks and once again I can really appreciate your effort on behalf of all of us and like most of us I didn't realise how hard you have to work, until I started this writing once a month.

I must tell you a story I know about a feller who once wanted to be a trumpet player. It appears that this trunk, er, I mean, ex-trumpet player had ideas about fresh air and to get the mostest air he could muster he would strip and do his deep breathing and calithenics (that's not a rude word) before the open window in the front room just

P. ALEXANDER, of 48 York Street, Boulder, writes:—

Thought it about time I got rid of my sweep butts, usually leave it to the wife, she just refused to have anything to do with them this time.

Am hoping to see a few of the boys up here at the race round this year, should be right for a bit of the "good oil" from Boy Hewitt.

The family and I will be going down to Fremantle in January for the holidays. Am hoping to meet up with Merv Ryan. Missed him the last twice I have been down that way.

Enclosed £1 for sweep and 10/- for subs.

before retiring for the night. Well the old duck opposite, not the one who got the blast up the passage, but the one in the flat next door, made a complaint to the police about a man continually exposing himself at night in front of the open window with the light on. The Sergeant, being as all sergeants are, an understanding sort of a soul decided he would have to see this himself so came down at the appropriate time to view this phenomena of our ex-blower of trumpets exposing himself. The sergeant after waiting sometime in the old duck's room, saw the light go on opposite when the O.D. said: "There, see what I mean?" But the sergeant, after doing his best and wondering if there was something wrong with his eyes, confessed he couldn't see anything. "Oh," she said, "you have to stand up on your tip toes on that chair."

Which goes to show you girls that there at least would be another person who would know that the three boot issue was true.

After hearing an abbreviated story of Bloss Lawrence's last weekend in Sydney it makes one wish one was an interstate visitor. The Keenahans, Hallidays, Englishs, Kenneallys, really gave the aforementioned the treatment and how!

Well, I guess that's the best I can do you lot for this month.

Even the rationing didn't help. Well let 'em starve.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Last Committee meeting held at Wayside Inn on Wednesday, July 8. Present: Bernie Callinan (in chair), Bert Tobin, John (Bluey) Southwell, Jim Wall, Jock Campbell. Apologies received from Harry Botterill absent on business in Tasmania.

Correspondence. Fred Napier informed our branch that 'Courier' costs are now £36/10/- and this amount was passed for payment.

Baldy expressed regret for non-attendance at Kallista and suggests the You-Yangs as next prospect for a barbecue and this was nominated for July 19 as a day out with Barry Lawrence.

It was confirmed that Bernie write to Ron Hilliard offering condolences of this branch.

Dates arranged for Barry Lawrence: Tuesday, July 14, London Hotel saloon bar, 5 p.m. and for those who can dinner afterwards.

Friday, July 17, Hotel London, saloon bar, 5 p.m., meet more boys.

Sunday, July 19, family picnic trip to You-Yangs.

A letter from Cpt. Fletcher, 2nd Commando Coy. C.M.F., requesting closer liason between our respective organisations. This resulted in a motion as follows: "That with their permission, the Officer Commanding and the Adjutant Quartermaster, 2nd Commando Coy., be elected honorary members of the committee of the 2/2nd Commando Association of Australia, Victorian Branch, and that all members of the 2nd Commando Coy. be granted honorary membership to the above mentioned Association."

Decided that annual meeting be rejuvenated by the addition of refreshments, etc.

Melbourne Cup Sweep, prizes remain same, tickets down to 12,000 and draw night will be Oct. 29.

Jock passed on a letter he received from Stuart Love, which follows as best as I can decipher it:

"Dear sir (which is much more formal than I should have liked to have commenced this letter), I was most honoured and very pleased to read your letter of the 15th which was waiting for me when I returned from a trip to the Snowy River Scheme last Friday night. God willing, I shall certainly be present at

the Re-union next Saturday afternoon and shall be very happy indeed to give a short address to the members present. My wife and I spent last December at Waikakei, about four miles north of Taupo in New Zealand, where this very interesting scheme for using Geo-Thermal steam as power for generating electricity.

"I succeeded in making personal contact with two of our N.Z. Commando comrades, Johnny Wiseley, who was 2 I/C. No. 1 N.Z. Independent Co., and then became O.C. of No. 2, and Duncan MacIntyre, a subaltern of No. 2.

"I didn't go to the South Island where most of the officers we knew seem to live, but I was in touch by letter and Christmas cards with Charlie Saxton, of Kameitton. Charlie was over here for the Olympic Games and was present at the unveiling of the Commando War Memorial. I saw him then.

"Again thanking you for your very kind letter and assuring you of my sterling interest in No. 2 Independent Co. Yours Stuart Love."

We arranged a welcome night for Barry (Blossom) Lawrence for Tuesday at the Hotel London, but unfortunately Blossom was held up in Sydney and did not arrive until Wednesday but our night was not in vain, because Don Turton was there and it was a real pleasure to see Don again and looking particularly fit. He hasn't changed a bit from the last time I saw him which was during the war. Don is on his way up to Queensland by Land-Rover, where he hopes to catch up with Basher Adams and any of the boys on the way. Present to welcome him were Bernie Callinan, Max Davies, Bert Tobin, Gerry O'Toole, Bruce McLaren, Cam Rodd, Bluey Southwell, Jim Wall and self. Unfortunately Don had a prior dinner engagement so only had a brief time with him, as he was leaving next morning on his way north, and on his return will not be coming through Melbourne. Bert, Max, Bluey, Bruce and self stayed on and enjoyed a very excellent dinner and drank Blossom's health.

Bloss duly turned up next day looking particularly fit. Has got a

lot bigger since I last saw him. I had him out to stay Thursday night. Bert looked after him on Wednesday night and at the weekend. I was unable to attend Friday night but I believe they had a very enjoyable night. Bert took Bloss and Rod Dhu to a football match on Saturday afternoon. I was to meet them but I gave up too soon and went on to the match and they must have arrived just after I left.

Bloss has met quite a few of the boys and says he has enjoyed himself very much. Boy Coates rang me up last Saturday morning to say he had come down from Culgoa (210 miles away) to see Bloss but owing to changed plans he missed him. Bloss sent him a telegram when he arrived to see if he could come down again, but Boy could not make it.

The picnic at the You-Yangs was very disappointing from the turn up point of view, only Bert and Wilma Tobin and kiddies, Jim Wall and family and Baldy and wife Vi, but they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Bloss said he had no trouble recognising Baldy. After the picnic Baldy took them back to Geelong Grammar School and showed them around the grounds which I believe is something worth seeing. Tomorrow Bloss returns to the West and on behalf of all Vic. members we wish him well and have enjoyed having him with us.

Alan Stewart is to go on his long awaited move to Canberra shortly. We will miss him very much as Alan could always organise a hall or utensils at short notice and always willing to give a hand.

It is with deep regret that we learn of Alf Grachan's deep loss. His mother and father both passed away within a few days of each other and from all members of Victorian Branch we offer our deepest sympathies to Alf and family.

Curly O'Niell was in Melbourne for a couple of days recently doing an assignment for his paper in Sydney. Bruce McLaren looked after him while here and as Curly's stay was short Bruce had no time to organise a get together, so we will have to catch up with Curly some other time.

Pete Krause announces very proudly that he is a father once again and another son, too. This

makes three boys now, and as this one was about a month late I bet Alvina is very pleased it is all over. Alvina and baby are both well.

Gerry Maily has changed jobs and is now Office Manager for Danston Home Furnishers of Dandenong, a job he likes very much and very near to home.

Des Williams is doing very nicely in his butchers shop at South Melbourne. All the best, Des.

I recently was in Tasmania and looked up the boys over there. Spent an evening with Blue and Joan Stanley and family. Joan had a very nasty accident recently, was rolled over in their car by a speed hog in a sports car, and had her right arm badly damaged and may in time lose the use of it, unless an operation to have a nerve grafted on the arm (which can only be done in Melbourne) is successful. We wish you all the best of luck Joan and hope everything turns out successfully for you.

Ivan Brown is still painting Hobart all sorts of colours. Signwriting is his game and he is very successful at it.

Joe Loveless is still going strong with the P.M.G. Transmission Branch and looks very fit.

Spent a very pleasant evening with Vic Pacey and family and thoroughly enjoyed myself. Vic's family is growing up now although Vic still looks the same as before except for a few grey hairs.

Ken and Margaret Monk and family came down for the day last Sunday and all are very well. Were sorry that they could not go on the picnic but were unable to get anybody to look after the cows, so had to go home early. Sorry to miss out with news last issue but I hope this makes up for it.

Yours as always,
HARRY BOTTERILL.



Heard This?

A solicitor was attending a funeral. A friend arrived and took a seat beside him, whispering: "How far has the service gone?"

The solicitor nodded towards the officiating clergyman and whispered back: "He just opened the defence."