



# 2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

(Registered at the G.P.O. Perth, for transmission by post as a periodical)

Address All Association Correspondence to Box T1646, G.P.O., Perth)

Vol. 18. No. 175.

JUNE, 1964

Price 1d.

## Editorial

### OPENING THE RANKS

Once again the suggestion has been put forward that our Association should open its ranks and admit members of other Commando Squadrons at least on an associate membership basis.

The view has been expressed that there are a goodly number of really excellent chaps from Squadrons other than our own who would be good people to have along to our meetings and could bring nothing but profit to the Association.

Most of the chaps concerned are already well known to members and we meet them quite frequently on Anzac Days or in the way of business. The present idea is that these people be sponsored either by members of our Association or by their own Associations situated in other States. In W.A. there exists only two Associations of Commando types at present, namely our own and the 2/5th.

Here in the West the other Squadrons were only represented by a few in each and these chaps have very little chance of forming an organisation of their own. Generally speaking they speak a common language to us as far as war experience is concerned and there would be no chance that in joining in our social activities that they would feel out on a limb.

From a point of view of social gatherings the Association has, in W.A., to some extent stultified in recent years because the same old gang have had to do the work and

provide the ideas and any infusion of new blood could have the effect of giving a lift to the Association generally.

The present scheme as announced, does not mean that the Association will lose its identity and become a Commando Association such as is at present operating in Victoria and New South Wales, but that selected persons would be admitted on an invitation basis to socialise with us as Associates only and without voting power on matters of direct importance to the present Association.

The propounder of the idea made a good point in saying that when the Association was first formed many of the members were unknown to one another as they were reinforcements who joined the Unit in New Guinea or New Britain after many of the originals had left. These same chaps are now the firmest of friends and know one another intimately because of the comradeship on which the Association was founded.

Over a period of years members of other Squadrons could easily form the same deep comradeship among us as has already occurred with our own members.

At present this is only an idea and the Committee would readily welcome any opinion you may have on the matter.

Please write in and give your views and let us know how you feel on this subject.

## West Australian Whisperings

### Association Activities ANZAC DAY

Once again we were blessed with gorgeous weather for our big day.

Arthur Smith and Jack Hasson laid our wreath on the State War Memorial at the Dawn Service and a goodly number of the gang were present. Bob Smyth arranged to have the Union Jack, Australian Flag and the Unit Flag flying in our area until sundown. This had the effect of drawing attention of passers by to the area and all it means to us.

Despite the competition of League football matches a good roll up of the boys was seen on the march and it was most heartening to have so many keen to join in the re-union.

This year the opportunity was taken to have Jim Menzies of the 2/3rd Squadron, lead the parade. It was thought that as so many chaps from other Squadrons join us every Anzac Day that one of their number should lead the march at least occasionally. Jim was most proud that this honour was bestowed upon him.

As usual our flag bearer was Mick Morgan and we are never in trouble that our banner won't be seen when Mick holds it aloft.

After the Service on the Esplanade the boys adjourned to the Drill Hall with great alacrity and were soon knocking back a few drinks. Just to show their apparent good form the first "18" went off in just over an hour.

Jack Carey and Jerry Maley supplied a crackerjack buffet luncheon which must be the envy of many other organisations. By mid-afternoon the game was on and the floor littered with enemy casualties. Very few departed to see the various football games.

After the grog cut out at the Drill Hall most of the gang went to various hosteleries and carried on the good work. A very big mob congregated at the Bedford and sang songs until closing time. Rumour has it that many participants were still carrying on the revelries at well past midnight.

It was good to see "Robbie" Rowan-Robinson at his first Anzac Re-union also Johnny Moore was down from Dwellingup. At his first Unit function ever was Bert Delbridge who was looking quite well. Won't go too deeply into personalities present as the present writer got into a bit of a grog fog and rather than leave anybody out I'll refrain from trying to remember who did comprise the gathering which must have been in excess of 60.

Another great Anzac Day Re-union carried out in the best traditions of the Unit and the Association is all that need be said.

### MAY MEETING

Although hard on the heels of Anzac Day an excellent roll up of members made it for the May meeting held as usual in the Anzac House Basement on the 5th. An impromptu sports night was held and the boys tried their prowess at table tennis, darts and quoits. No world beaters among them but a lot of good fun. These meetings really go to show what a few good mates can do to enjoy themselves and it is a great pity that more people don't make the effort to be in it.

### Heard This?

Middle aged woman—a build in a girdled cage.

\* \* \*

Night club — a drinking establishment where the tables are reserved but the guests aren't.

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(Printed for the publisher by "The Swan Express," 10 Helena Street, Midland, W.A.)

## Committee Comment

The Committee has met on two occasions since last the "Courier" went to press. On both occasions the attendance has been excellent. Discussion has centred recently on the Kings Park Kerbing and Bob Smyth has at last reached some finality with the Kings Park Board on this matter. The board have now agreed to allow us to kerb the area to Main Road Board standards and have also agreed to reimburse the Association for the outlay when the rest of the roadways in the area are kerbed. At present some discussions are taking place with the Main Road Board regarding standards and also to try and inveigle the Department into assisting with the scheme. Because of the complicated set up between Kings Park Board and the Main Roads Department the whole matter has taken much longer than was originally thought but it should not be long now before the area is all kerbed.

Lengthy discussions have also taken place on the best time and form of the Annual Re-union and Commemoration Service. This was sparked off by certain recommendations which came out of the Geraldton Convention. It was finally decided that the present form was probably the best having regard to the future. Holding the Commemoration Service on the same day as the Dinner was ruled out as it was inclined to cheapen the Commemoration Service. It was realised that some country visitors were finding difficult in attending both the Dinner and the Service but all in all the opinion of the Committee was towards a separate service day and in the afternoon as it was the desire that wives and families should be attracted as much as was possible.

The Dinner this year will be held on Saturday, Sept. 5, and the Service on Sunday, Sept. 6. This is the final week of the school term holidays and most people should be available.

The Organiser reported that the sweep on the Sydney Cup has been another success and the funds available from this were well in excess of the Committee's target. This means that the financing of the Kerbing Scheme and the carrying out of other Association Activities should not present any financial problems in the year to come.

The Treasurer's report (which is a feature of all Committee meetings these last two years) showed that we were never in a more healthy position.

### TREASURER'S REPORT For Year Ended May 31, 1964

A nett gain in funds of £266 is shown when comparing this year's statement of Receipts and Expenditure with that of last year—this has been caused mainly by the conducting of two sweeps during the year and extra donations to the Kings Park Kerbing Fund.

Main increases are: Sweeps £161 Kings Park Kerbing Fund £177, Interest £17, and less expenses, etc., Games £22, Re-union £21, Cabaret £12, loss on sale of Commonwealth Bonds £13, against decrease donations £48, increased expenses Christmas Party compared with picnic Turton's £42, new Flag £20, loans written off £45.

The matter of carrying forward the item "Loans £45" from year to year was discussed at a Committee meeting during the year. As the loans have been outstanding for many years and repayment appears remote, without recourse to legal action, it was resolved that they be written off.

D. GEERE, Hon. Treasurer.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING TUESDAY, JULY 7th, Anzac House Basement

This is a MUST! Come along yourself and drag along a member who we haven't seen for ages. Don't be frightened of getting a job. It will do you good if you do, and if you don't help those that do accept office.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FOR YEAR ENDED 31st MAY, 1964

RECEIPTS		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Funds as at 31/5/63:							
Commonwealth Savings Bank	...	161	18	4			
Com. Sav. Bank Reserve Ac.	...	157	9	4			
Com. Bonds (Face Value)	...	500	0	0			
Loans	...	45	0	0			
		<hr/>			864	7	8
Kalgoorlie Cup Sweep	...	329	3	2			
Less Prizes and Expenses	...	86	7	2			
		<hr/>			242	16	0
Sydney Cup Sweep	...	236	12	6			
Less Prizes and Expenses	...	75	4	7			
		<hr/>			161	7	11
Donations	.....				53	17	6
Subscriptions	.....				66	15	0
Interest—Bank Accounts and Bonds	.....				37	1	5
Anzac Day	.....	63	9	5			
Less Expenses	.....	57	9	0			
		<hr/>			6	0	5
Kings Park Kerbing Fund	.....				190	3	0
(Last year £12/15/-)							
		<hr/>					
					£1,622	8	11

EXPENDITURE		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Annual Re-union	.....	93	15	11			
Less Receipts	.....	52	0	0			
		<hr/>					
					41	15	11
“Courier”	.....	124	18	8			
Less Proportion by Vic. Assoc.	...	30	0	0			
		<hr/>					
					94	18	8
Meetings	.....	85	1	6			
Less Receipts	.....	39	11	6			
		<hr/>					
					45	10	0
Cabaret	.....	226	6	6			
Less Receipts	.....	171	13	0			
		<hr/>					
					54	13	6
Christmas Party, Presents, etc.	...	84	12	6			
Less Donations	.....	6	10	0			
		<hr/>					
					78	2	6
Kings Park	.....				31	6	11
New Flags	.....				19	16	6
Wreaths, etc.	.....				7	13	6
Harvey Cricket Day	.....				9	12	4
Administration	.....				22	7	2
Loans Written Off	.....				45	0	0
		<hr/>					
Funds as at 31/5/64:—							
Commonwealth Savings Bank	...	508	11	1			
Com. Sav. Bank Reserve Ac.	...	163	0	10			
Com. Bonds (Face Value)	...	500	0	0			
		<hr/>					
					1171	11	11
		<hr/>					
					£1,622	8	11

## Personalities

Most pleasing to see Bert Delbridge at the Anzac Day March and Re-union. He looked better than he has for years.

Jim Smailes has returned to the city once more after a sojourn in Malaya as a mining consultant. Jim is a little undecided as to what he will be doing in the future but says he hopes to be able to settle down in his own home after many years.

Jim Barnes is now practicing as a Veterinary Surgeon at Northam and says he likes it very much. Hope you do very well, Jim.

John Burridge and Col Doig still maintaining their unbroken attendances at Anzac Day Marches. There is a bet of drinks for the mob from the first one that misses.

Joe Brand has sold out at Ogilvie and now decided to be a city slicker and take in a fair issue of the Neon signs. Says he is happy to have a holiday before thinking of what to do with his future.

Mick Calcutt has been on annual leave and getting around to see a few of the gang. As usual the men-ace true.

Tom Crouch was in the city for a brief period to attend the annual sale of beef bulls. He bought a young sire for his property paying in excess of 200 gns. Tom looked real well and sends his regards to the gang.

Beryl Griffiths was proudly showing me her two sons who stood an all night vigil at the 10th Light Horse Memorial in Kings Park on

Anzac eve. Both looked strapping youngsters full of the joy of living.

Gerry Maley now running the Ampol Service Station at Nollam-arra. This is being conducted in conjunction with the station he and his brother have at Morley Park. Gerry reports excellent business. Had the misfortune to be robbed of valuable tools, etc., very soon after he got started but says the insurance co. came good.

Gordon Rowley has been touring the Eastern States due to his excess of zeal in selling the greatest number of chain saws for his organisation thus winning a trip. Good luck to you, mate. Hope you sell many more.

Have seen "Bluey" Smith on a couple of occasions recently and had a few noggins with him. He still delivers the mali for the PMG in the Mt. Hawthorn area.

Doc Wheatley has been to see me on a couple of occasions. Since selling his property at Byford he has been wandering about a bit. Put in a bit of time at Rottnest and at present is in the throes of job hunting.

Our good friend Bill Holder, secretary of City of Perth Sub Branch R.S.L., has had quite a long stint in Hollywood Hospital and after a severe operation is now recuperating successfully. Bear up, Bill, we will be pleased to see you again soon.

At the last meeting we saw "Slim" Holly once again. Says he looks like being a certainty from now on as he has given away his R.S.L. activities after quite a few years.

### VICTORIAN BRANCH 1964 ANZAC DAY RE-UNION

	£	s.	d.
Contributions .....	44	0	0
Less Expenditure:			
Food .....	13	10	10
Less Sale of Surplus .....	2	18	7
Drinks — Ale .....	10	12	3
Soft Drink .....	19	12	0
Postages .....		15	0
Total Expenditure .....	2	6	10
Profit on Catering .....	33	6	1
Add Raffle—Bottle of Whiskey—Receipts .....	10	13	11
Less Cost of Prize .....	9	8	6
Profit on Raffle .....	1	15	9
Net Profit on Re-union .....	7	12	9
	£18	6	8

J. P. WALL, Hon. Treasurer.

## Victorian Vocal Venturings

Sorry to have been so long winded putting pen to paper but the truth is I have been very busy and it just seemed that I could not find time, so when this happens you just have to find time. So here goes.

We had a visit from Gordon Holmes from the West and I believe he saw more of Victoria whilst here than a good many Victorians have. He certainly got about and saw a lot of the boys. Kev Curran at Geelong, Baldy at Geelong, and most of the townies. We had a night out with him and have all enjoyed it very much.

Two of the boys are making a late bid for the maternity stakes with very good results. Norm Baxter and wife started the rot and produced twins. George Veitch and wife not to be outdone came up with twins also. All are well. George and Norm were seen together at Anzac Day re-union in a corner swapping ideas! While this sort of thing goes on our population will be safe. Congratulations to the Baxters and Veitchs from all the boys.

Once again we were blessed with a reasonable day for Anzac Day. We were in a bit of a quandary this year whether to have our re-union straight after the march as in other years or as it being a Saturday and being a full programme of football matches and also races we decided to start the re-union at 5 p.m. and let any of the sportsmen get their afternoon of sport in. I personally did not think it a great success and judging by the roll up of our fellows we didn't gain anything by doing this. The march was very well attended by the Commandos generally but we had a lot of familiar faces missing and unfortunately they were missing from the re-union as well. It was a disappointing roll up of our fellows and only for the visitors and friends it would have been a real flop. We had our usual little service during the re-union and Bernie Callinan gave a very good address followed by the laying of the wreath by Major Love who is in his 80th year. It was very nice to see him about as he is not very active these days.

Tom Foster came up from Sale and it was good to see him. He came up Friday night and I was very pleased to have him out at my place after tea where we chewed the rag to some order. Tom marched and came on to the re-union. Ken Monk made his usual appearance to keep his record intact. Margaret came up with him and stayed at our place. The children were doing the milking in their absence and knowing them they would make a good job of it. Kev Curran came down from Bendigo and marched in the morning and then went out to see his old team, Hawthorn, do over Carlton, and then came on to the re-union. Baldy came up from Geelong, stayed overnight with Bernie and marched with us and then came to the re-union looking his old self, too. Bernie as mentioned before, marched and he is putting on a bit of weight. Alen Boast, Jim Wall, Bert Tobin, Bruce McLaren, Johnny Roberts, Jim Robinson, Pete Krause, George Kennedy, Alf Grachan, George Veitch, Norm Baxter.

Ray Splatt was up from Geelong. He marched with us but could not make the re-union. Ray lays a wreath every year on the Commando Memorial on the west side of the Shrine.

Sammy Fullbrook was a welcome sight. He marched and then came on to the re-union. He is looking very well and I believe has really established himself among the good artists. He plans to stay in Melbourne for a few years and late this year is giving an exhibition of his works.

Scotty Sharpe was another face we hadn't seen for a while. He is a painter by trade. Des Williams was also there as usual. I hope I have not missed anyone.

I have heard on the grapevine that Happy Greenhalgh has got a move from Mungindi back to one of his old stamping grounds—Mac-Lean. Hope this is so mate, and welcome back to civilisation.

Well, that about wraps it up again so until next time, cheerio from — HARRY BOTTERILL.

## New South Wales News

I guess because of the mail strike I didn't get my "Courier" but was able to borrow one and read my last letter amongst a few others. I didn't realise how much space one can take up.

Well, Anzac Day has gone once more and we are looking forward to another year before we meet so many again. Unfortunately it is only at Anzac Day that we do see so many.

This year we had 24 turn up including all the usuals, but also some new faces, at least new for quite some time and I think Noel buckman for the first time. John Donovan was a welcome stranger after so long and Jim Fenwick was there looking rather portly. Les Collins was also a welcome stranger after so long. Sang a couple of songs at Ron Hilliards just like old times. Sports a red Falcon. Lives at Glebe in skyscraper flats overlooking Wentworth Park. Is an inspector in the City Council.

By the way John Donovan's address is 52 Dudley St., Rydalmere.

Jim Smith was there and his address is 11 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Normanhurst.

Noel stayed with Alfredo whilst here in Sydney and boy did we have a chin wag at Alfredo's after returning there from Arncliffe. Alf, Noel, Squirt, Johnson and Yours Truly mainly about the merits and demerits of the Yanks.

Eric Herd was a late arrival at the march, but was detained by a sudden attack by returning prawns catching him on the way up from Palmer St., where he parked his car. When he joined us as we swung into Martin Place he was white and drawn. I guess he hasn't got as hard a stomach as Angus Evans as no prawn would dare to arise after Angus puts it under wraps. Paddy nearly had apoplexy when an old acquaintance was walking past (while we were waiting to get under weigh). Paddy tapped him on the shoulder and said acquaintance turned around and exclaimed: "How are you, you old Scotch —?" Well wouldn't it? Must be losing the accent. Begorra I thought it could never be lost.

News of one from New Guinea

who I am told badly needs a new hat as his present one has been in the family for 15 years and all his friends in the Territory tell him, and boy, when your friends tell you, well it's time you changed your soap—oops—pardon me—tooth paste. I mean see your dentist. Darn it I mean the Chapeau man a-la Q store. However if any one who has a hat that might suit the jungle ciimes please send it to Bill Tomasetti. Send as many as you like, he can take his pick. How are things Bill, John Ryan is over the road on leave and promises to show me some slides with your outine among them.

Goes to show one never knows where one's features will be seen or show up next.

**(We do not have Bill Tomasetti's present address, so if you can supply we will be more than grateful. —Editor.)**

Incidentally a welcome first for us at the march and Arncliffe was Phil Cooper. Phil, like myself, came or should I say escaped from Koepang and joined with many more the 2/2nd in P.T. I met Phil for the first time since '43 when Arthur Smith was over when we had that enjoyable meeting at Cabramatta, and it was good to see him again and I trust we see him again. I wonder where more of the Koepangers have got to?

I didn't know until I read Bloss' letter or history that Loss Leveside was killed in Timor with Z. It may interest those who remember him (although I think I have written this before) Loss was the absolute last to come through from Champalong and Soe to Atam boa, at Champalong the order was given to pull out but before our ute moved out Loss raced up with his pet 108 (I could be wrong in the correct number) radio set and said "Look after that. See you later." Loss had told us earlier before Nips that he had contacted Darwin one clear night on this set. Well we, that is I had already gone out on a motor bike, moved out and in the general confusion (and what confusion) at Soe, it was found that we had mislaid Loss and I think our last Sig. However a few more stragglers turned up in the next

day or so including Eric Herd and the rest of the 75 L.A.D., but no Loss.

A section of the Menai Bridge was blown and then it was decided that we move on to Atamboa that night and after a nightmare drive through the mountains we arrived next morning. We spent some time at Atamboa and after watching and waiting for a day or so a bridge a few miles north of Soe was blown. It was a single span of concrete over a very deep gorge which had only been completed the previous November. Sufficient to say that it was completely cut at both sides (at least this I was told). Anyway the story goes that it took the Japs a month to build a makeshift bridge across it.

A few days later word came that an Aussie was on the other side and had no hope of getting across without help from our side. No one knew who it was but a truck was sent back and eventually turned up back at Atamboa with none other than Loss.

Next day I was driving around the town when Loss called out to me. He wanted to know what had happened to his 108. I told him that I had been ordered to dump it before we left Soe. His only comment was the words of a song which he sang: "I left my hopes on Blueberry Hill".

Although I closed the letter I find after a lapse of a couple of days I forgot to mention one or two things and now Gordon Rowley has turned up, so as the actress said to the bishop: "Let's carry on".

Bill Bennett has had a nasty accident in his car which happened the week before Anzac Day, though why gashed eyelids, a couple of smashed ribs, a crack on the head, arm in a sling and double vision, should prevent anyone turning up I can't guess.

It appears Bill was driving home from a function his firm had had that evening and the next Bill remembers coming to in the hospital. However he is back at work now but not 100 per cent yet.

A couple of weeks before Easter I called down to deliver a parcel (on my way home from work) to Bill Coker and as it was nearly 10 o'clock Bill and Coral were in their nighties (and do they look cute)

having a quick Scotch or something before retiring. Well we were talking at the front door (after refusing to come in and join the festivities) when Coral said she was expecting guests for Easter to stay, and had spent all day in the garden in preparation for them. Well, where do you put your guests?

What a surprise on Saturday, May 16, to get a call from Bill Coker to say that Gordon Rowley was in town and that he was to be at the Kameruka boat yard after tea. Could we make it? Could we? We arrived about eight with three bottles of the good oil and a kettle for Coral. The oil was superfluous as Bill had an adequate supply.

Although I could not recall Gordon it makes no difference when you are one of the 2/2nd. Gordon's wife and two skin and blisters were there and damn me if I haven't forgotten names already. Dorothy tells me the better half's name is Eve. Excuse me girls but being worried that you might finish up in the garden, I didn't take much notice of names.

Roy Harris and Mavis were there no wonder the girls never moved away from the wall all night.

Later in the evening Jack Hartley turned up.

Gordon's company, or at least whom he represents, were so pleased with his efforts that they sent him on a tour East, much to our personal pleasure, and I hope many more before he gets home.

The effort he accomplished for McCullochs was in selling or being the first rep. in Australia to sell 500 chain saws and if you don't know what they are when you first hear one stand well back. You will know how tough Gordon is if he had to demonstrate every one. They make a noise like a stepped up chocolate wheel magnified 500 times. Congratulations Gordon, and may you get your second 500 quicker than the last.

Roy Harris showed us some slides he took on his trip to the West eight years ago. Well it is surprising the number of faces one thinks one has forgotten until you see films like these. Someone in the gathering said one of a group was Sproxtton. Well you can fool some of the people some of the time, etc., but you can't fool an



old dysentery mate. Believe you me he wasn't in that group.

Before I forget I took my kettle back home as the original one that caused so much bother is chugging along on one lung and 240 S.C.C. volts.

I don't know when I have enjoyed such a nice evening. I guess being in a small group and no noise like one gets in large gatherings or clubs and it is certainly better for the visitor I think because he gets a chance to adjust himself and recall events and people he is asked about.

The evening for me came to an end (8 to 2 a.m. isn't bad) too quickly, however it makes me all the more determined to get to the West one of these days.

Bill Coker picked the visitors up next day and took them around the

harbour in the Kameruka Ark to see the "Krait" and various other spots and I guess because it turned out such a lovely day they would enjoy it very much.

There is a fair chance we will see G.R. again before he goes home and I hope many more of the country boys see him if his itinerary allows him time.

Well, I guess once again I had better close as this is long enough and although I had something else to say the noise of the T.V. has driven it out of my head. Except that I may have some more news of some other of the boys as Eric and Heather Herd last time I saw them, were going on a proposed 1,000 mile tour of N.S.W. and I guess will be back before you receive this. —RON TRENROVE.

## Historically Yours!

Due to the good efforts of Bernard Callinan we are able to present in these pages a view of Timor 80 years ago. These articles, which will go on for some time, were written 80 years ago and you will agree the picture they paint is not terribly dissimilar to that which greeted us some 22 years ago. This is a most interesting chapter from a book written by a naturalist in 1880 which Bernie apparently was able to borrow from Geelong Grammar School Library (undoubtedly the hand of the Baldwin is apparent somewhere) and has photo stated and sent on to us for publication. The original idea was to edit this down but after considerable reading by one or two of us it was decided to re-print the chapter on Timor in full. Don't be put off by the botanical names and phrases used. I didn't understand them either but it is an excellent and concise history of Timor at the day and age and well worth your attention so read on McDuff!

### CHAPTER 1

#### SOJOURN AT FATUNABA

Arrival at Dilly — Dreadful effects of fever — Search for a site for a house — The town of Dilly an ethnographical studio — Fatunaba — Our residence — The enchanting view thence — Interesting birds and plants — Difficulty with servants — Preparations for departure into the interior — Dialects

Sailing on the 15th December from Amboina, we spent a couple of days in our favourite strolling-ground of Banda, and sighted Timor early on the 19th, anchoring at noon in the harbour of Dilly, where we were heartily welcomed by our old friends the Governor, Major da Franca, and his family. We were above measure saddened to see their terribly emaciated

countenances, which proclaimed more forcibly than words, the pestiferous nature of the climate. One of their number—the youngest—already slept under the shade of the Santa Cruz; in all of them the notorious Dilly fever had killed down the cheerful vivacity, buoyancy of spirit and bright eye with which they had stepped ashore in the month of May. With the ut-

most kindness commodius apartments were offered us in the Palace, but it was perfectly evident that if I wished to accomplish any successful work in Timor, it could not be from Dilly as a centre, constantly exposed to the pestilence that nightly rises from the marshes surrounding the town.

On proposing to make our residence somewhere on the hills, the Governor suggested to me the neighbourhood of the convent of Lahani, situated a few miles behind the town in a picturesque valley. Though more salubrious than any part of the town itself, the locality was still too much within the fever zone to tempt us to court a renewed attack of the malaria, whose dire effects we had sufficiently experienced in Timor-laut.

Early on the following morning, therefore, on horses kindly provided by the Government Secretary, Mr. Bento da Franca, and accompanied by Senhor Albino—one of the most genial spirits and most influential officials in Dilly, who in his own person was Master of the Port, Director of Public Works, and Colonel of the native troops—we rode up the hills in quest of a location. A damp mist hung about the town as we started, but when we had ridden a few miles southward and ascended some 300 feet, the sun rose and displayed before us a landscape whose great beauty I was utterly unprepared for, disheartened somewhat as I was by the hot sandy town and the depressing effect of the fever-stricken condition of the Europeans. Before we had reached 500 feet above the sea, I felt as if in a new atmosphere, so fresh and exhilarating was the air. Now winding round the flanks of deep glens, the water courses dug out by the rain (for there was neither path nor road otherwise), now ascending slopes so steep as to make it impossible to sit on horseback without clutching grimly to the mane, now by the edge of sheer precipices, the path brought us, at 1,700 feet, to a coffee-garden whose shrubs growing under deep shade, exhibited the dichest display of fragrant blossom that I have ever seen. Close by on a projecting shoulder, over which the summit of the mountain rose 1,000 feet higher, was a grassy plateau of a few yards in width

commanding a view of unexampled beauty, and convenient to a quiet nook, where under the shade of a grove of Canary trees a sparkling stream fell with a noisy purl over a rocky projection into a shallow pool. A few feet in front of the plateau the ground dropped suddenly into the wooded sides of a precipitous valley, widening out as it descended, till its enclosing spurs broke off abruptly in the green seaward plain, beyond which the white spire of the church, the Governor's Palace, the grey dwellings of the natives, and the guardship lying in the bay, glinted through the palms. Due north full in our faces, rose abruptly out of the sea the high blue peaks of Pulo Kambing, while half hidden by the arms of the valley down which our view extended, on the left the lofty eastern buttresses of Allor, and on the right the serrated ridges of Wetter, touched the sky, boundaries within which the blue sea lay calm as an inland lake. No second thoughts were necessary to decide that our dwelling should stand there, and I carried back with me to A—a sweet-scented rose plucked from a bush growing near the spot as a hopeful token of the goodness of the site. During our descent a largish beetle banged itself against my hat, which I found to my delight to be a specimen of the rare rose-chaffer (*Lomaptera timorensis*), the only known specimen of which, if I mistake not, taken some twenty years before by Mr. Wallace in this very island, has remained unique ever since. On my arrival at the Palace, breakfast was proceeding, and I placed my prize under a glass shade in the room I occupied till my return from the table. Alas, during my absence a servant had cleared away the noxious bicho, and I never afterwards saw another specimen!

While arrangements, in response to the kind mandate of the Secretary to the native Rajah of Motael in whose territory the Fatunaba hills lay, were being made for the erection of a bamboo hut for me, we spent some very interesting days in Dilly. The town, though vastly improved since Mr. Wallace's visit, was still disappointing in many aspects, and its Hibiscus-lined streets looked poor and un-

inviting. The lack of money to carry out efficiently the necessary municipal arrangements was painfully evident. No more enlightened or energetic regime could be desired than that under the officers at the head of affairs during our sojourn in Dilly, through whom—and I use no mere terms of compliment—had the necessary resources been at their disposal, Portuguese Timor might have caught the tide of prosperity she has long waited for.

In going into the various offices and shops I was struck to find all business conducted, not, as in the Dutch possessions, in the lingua franca of the Archipelago, Malay, but in Portuguese. It has been a feature of all the countries occupied for any length of time by the Portuguese that they have so indelibly impressed their own speech on the rude tribes they have conquered, that its words have remained a part of their language centuries after their rule has passed away. On the other hand, in the Netherlands colonies comparatively few Dutch words have been thus kindly naturalised. In the different quarters of the town native police posted in little encampments are always on guard, and during the still nights it was curious to hear from Timorese throats the *Alerto stal* at the stroke of every hour. Besides the official staff very few Europeans live in Dilly; the entire trade of the island being conducted by Arabs and (chiefly) by Chinamen.

The streets of Dilly itself offer to the traveller a fine studio for ethnological investigation, for a curious mixture of nationalities other than European rub shoulders with each other in the town's narrow limits. At a single glance one sees that this crowd has few elements in common with that seen at Cupang, in the west. Tall, erect indigenes mingle with Negroes from the Portuguese possessions of Mozambique and the coasts of Africa, most of them here in the capacity of soldiers or condemned criminals; tall, lithe East Indians from Goa and its neighbourhood; Chinese and Bugis of Macassar, with Arabs and Malays and natives from Allor, Savu, Roti, and Flores. Besides a crowd in whose veins the degree of comminglement of blood

of all these races would defy the acutest computation. It was interesting to study the character of each in their unconscious ways one among each other. The Hindu, with a stately bearing, carried himself with a natural yet not offensive, air of superiority; the non-dominating, provident, industrious, unobtrusive Mongolian wended his way, obtaining rather than asserting the next place, and was looked on with respect and good-neighbourly consideration; the sturdy Africano rollicked about, noisy (generally drunk), careless, improvident, hated and feared by the indigenes, who fraternising with none of the interlopers in their land, and keeping themselves quite to themselves, sat about in small companies under the trees or on the shore, or moved about in their erect, haughty, somewhat sullen and suspicious way, but not at all shunning the town like the West-Timor people. The Arab led his secluded life among his own race, energetic, taking many hard rebuffs with a few words, while the Malays, semi-Malays and trading peoples fraternised pretty freely with each other on the shore and over the sides of their praus.

The shop of Ah Ting, Major of the Chinese, was my favourite study-room while in Dilly, for there during the whole day came and went an endless succession of these nationalities for the purpose of barter or simply to lounge.

The most marked characteristic of the Timorese is their independence and self-assurance. With the utmost sang froid they would occupy all the chairs reserved for the use of Europeans, without for a moment, even on the entrance of an official of the Government, thinking of offering to give place, although on being asked they would remove with perfect good will, as if it had been a simple omission on their part not to have done so before. It is innate in him to feel that he is as good as any one else. Towards their own rajahs, however, they show much deference and respect, if not servility. One regrets the difficulty that exists in portraying in written words the life and vigour of these scenes.

It was interesting to observe the wide contrast between the character of the Mongolian and that of

the Timorese. The former with extreme patience and perfect good humour, over and over again taking down, exhibiting, putting up, discussing the price of the same piece of goods with the same individual, who, regardless of time, with him the most inexhaustible element in nature, would break off without a word, to examine a score of different things that might chance to catch his eye, or to join in some discussion carried on by his friends away in the street perhaps, by-and-bye to return to only to break off again from his bargaining, which cannot possibly be concluded till one after another of his companions has in whispered consultation given his idea of the transaction under consideration. When at last he has made up his mind to purchase or exchange his produce for, say, cloth of so many arm-stretches, if he is not of more than ordinary stature, he brings the very tallest man of his acquaintance to be his standard of measurement, who considers it a duty to his friend to adopt every possible device to expand his chest and arms. Placing the end of the web at the tip of the longest finger of his left hand, and making a gigantic inhalation, he runs his right arm out to the fullest extremity of his finger-tips, invariably succeeding in getting an inch or two more than he ought as he picks up the mark, from which he will on no account, even though his eyes be never taken off the spot, remove his finger till the cloth has been cut. Should by chance he move his finger the slightest degree, the whole measurement must be done over again, and even after the portion he has purchased has been severed it must be measured several times over by himself and his friends. The suspicious Timorese has wasted his (to him) valueless time, and has satisfied for the moment his fancy; the Mongolian has a profit both on the produce he barter for, as well as on the commodity he disposes of, and by degrees amasses riches which the other can never attain to.

On Christmas Day, 1882, with two natives of Goa as servants, the only men who could be persuaded to venture among the hills with me, I removed to Fatunaba to superintend the erection of my bun-

galow, making my temporary quarters in a native shed in the coffee-gardens.

As the royal salute of twenty-one guns boomed from the fort below me on New Year's Day, I was reminded that I ought to be having a holiday, but had I left the men, even for a few hours, not one of them would have been found on my return, and days would have been required to hunt them up. On the 3rd, A. joined me, and by the 16th the house was completed—though the grass roof did not look at all rain-proof—rather to the astonishment of the Timorese, who perhaps had never done so continuous a piece of work in their lives before. When the work was quite finished they demanded a pig to celebrate the event, in accordance with custom; but as I had neither flocks nor herds they had to forage in the neighbourhood, whence one of them returned shortly with a nice fat specimen on the point of his spear, which, despite our most urgent protestations and threats, they cut up and divided in their own savage way on our new and deliciously clean verandah. By a bribe a kanipa (gin) all round we were relieved of the pleasure of seeing them cook and devour it.

By next day, all our baggage and the implements of our trade and profession having been dragged up the cliff-like face of these "Tiring-rocks", as "Fatunaba" signifies, our house was set in order. Notwithstanding its want of elegance, and an ominous lean that it had to one side, our pile dwelling with its three rooms opening in a line on to the verandah, was very comfortable and very convenient. An extra apartment was fitted up to serve for a bath-room in bad weather, when the delicious natural shower-bath in the stream below our door couldn't be used.

We were now ready for work; but before beginning in earnest, we decided to take one undisturbed day of rest. It was a delightful holiday of inactivity. We were both enchanted with the outlook from our verandah, whence a single turn of the eyes commanded a wide and varied scene. It would be as useless to attempt as impossible to describe the beauty and our intense enjoyment, of the hourly effects from dawn to twilight, the

myriad combinations of the sunlight on the near hills, on the surface of the sea, and on the island peaks of Allor, Kambing, Wetter, whose ridges and crests rising at varying distances caught the sunlight at every angle and in every degree of intensity. We felt that it was well worth not a few privations to live day after day in the face of a scene of such surpassing loveliness.

My Goa men were both able to shoot, but as neither of them could skin at all well, my ornithological collections got on very slowly, for I myself gave the most of my time to the gathering of plants, which had not been at all carefully collected in Timor, while of the ornithology of the island, Mr. Wallace had already given us the chief features. Though no new birds were shot, those obtained were of great interest to us, especially the kakuak (*Philemon timorensis*), whose curious bawling cry in the gum-trees was invariably the first to awaken the silence of the dawn and the last to break off at night, and which had the exact habits of its relative which I discovered at Larat (*P. timorlaensis*). As there, so here also, a species of Oriole, mimicking it in colour and in form so closely as to be almost indistinguishable when both birds are in the hand, was constantly seen feeding in the same tree with it. That in each of these different islands of the Austro-Malayan region an Oriole should seek protection under the aegis of the habits and strength of this one genus of birds and of no other equally powerful or fleet group, and that in the islands of the neighbouring region, where true Orioles abound, it has not been found to occur, is one of the most curious and remarkable facts in the whole of Natural History. *Neopsittacus euteles*, a gorgeous little green and scarlet parrot, and the fine white cockatoo (*Cacatua sulphurea*)—the males with black, and the females with red eyes—abounded round our dwelling, and gave us daily great pleasure by their liveliness and by the snowiness of their plumage. One very bold visitor we could not bring ourselves to destroy even to add to our collection, the lovely scarlet *Myzomela vulnerata*, which, when we were quiet,

often hopped down even on the rail of our verandah from its favourite perch on the top of a gum-tree close by. A *Mussaenda frondosa* bush, and the tall grass-stems on the other side of the path from our hut were constantly resorted to by several species of Finch, the pigmy *Amadina insularis*, the *Munia pallida*, and the *Estrela flavidiventris*.

My own hunting grounds were the slopes above our hut, where the vegetation was very different from that which I had hitherto been accustomed to in the richly-clad western islands or in the humid Moluccas. I can scarcely say that we had any true forest, for the trees rarely entwined their crowns sufficient to give it a park-like look. The precipitous ravines afforded the only really dense vegetation that existed where out I laid the foundation of a promising herbarium. My means of drying the specimens, however, were very limited, as I could not manage at that time to requisition more labour to erect a drying-house; and unless in these regions plants are dried by fire heat, they become mouldy in a very short time even with the most careful attention, and are then a terrible heartbreak to the collector. I was specially gratified in gathering on the bare hot clayey face of the mountain a lovely little sun-dew (*Drosera lunata*) growing luxuriantly in extensive patches. Accustomed to gather its kin at home in boggy heaths, I was surprised to find it flourishing in so dry an exposure; but on digging it up I found it held a store of moisture against hard times in the tuberous roots with which it was provided. This was a characteristic of not a few of the herbaceous plants growing on these arid slopes. Another plant, also a home-family, one of the *Vacciniaceae* afforded us a rare pleasure, like a breath from home every time we ascended to 2,000 feet. This shrub, of an undescribed species I am delighted to find, grew in the ravines in the form of a tall bush, and has an open tross of rich scarlet waxy bells. Its low habitat in so hot a region is somewhat surprising; but the amount of "grey beard" lichen with which, like the rest of the vegetation about it, it

was loaded, told how cool and moist an atmosphere it was living in.

Among the tall grass fields one of the commonest orchids was the white sweet scented *Habenaria susannae*, remarkable for the great length of its nectaries. Diurnal lepidoptera were noticeably very few at Fatunaba; but at night more moths (belonging only to a few species) than at any other station where I have lived, crowded to my lamp. Among them the most abundant were two moderate-sized Noctuae, a new species of *Ophiodes* and *Remigia virbia*, and a largish species of Humming-bird moth (*Protoparce orientalis*). I made it a point daily to watch the fertilisation of these *Habenarias*. They were invariably cross-fertilised during the night by a moth which, as it always left a few of its hairs on the stigma, I feel certain is the same as one and perhaps both of the Noctuae just mentioned, but the tongue of both species is far too short ever to reach more than half-way down towards the minute drop of sweetness concealed at the very tip of the nectary. The large pollinia in many cases had been carried only as far as one of the petals or to a neighbouring leaf, as if the moth, finding the burden too great for it, had rested there, and succeeding in freeing itself of them.

Collecting was carried on till the end of February with all the vigour possible, my herbarium especially rapidly increasing in size; but I had fully expected to have been by then far in the interior. The weather, however, had been very disastrous for us, and we had had much difficulty with our servants. It was a weary tramp up to Fatunaba from Dilly, and as all our provisions had to be carried by our own men, they very soon tired of the exertion that this entailed, and of living so far from the kanipa stores of the town. One of the Goa men was an inveterable toper, and had very soon to be discharged. His place was taken by a younger brother, who proved a good and willing servant; but he could not stand the cold nights of the mountains, so when he left in ill-health, followed soon after by his brother dismissed for larceny, their place was filled by an Allor youth, who knew a little Malay.

Goma was a servant faithful as a dog, strong and willing to work, but having not the slightest idea of European ways, which he had never seen, he afforded us much amusement, if not much profit, by his willing attempts to serve us. As he was only delaying in Dilly, for a favourable wind to go home by, we soon lost him, and for a whole fortnight—days of privation anything but slight—we had to reply on ourselves for the performance of all our domestic duties, till our kind helper, Senhor Albino, sent us a Timorese, the son of a chief in one of the kingdoms of the interior, who had been for some time a prisoner in Dilly, but whose freedom was restored to him on the sole condition of his serving us faithfully as long as we wanted him.

The results of the haste with which our thatched roof was finished off soon became evident enough. At times not a single spot in the hut—except where our bed, roofed over with a waterproof sheet, stood—was dry. Everything of value, therefore, that we possessed, food, books, plants, gunpowder, clothes, had to be stored on or under this piece of furniture, so that we derived little rest or comfort from it. The repeated gales bent the hut itself so far that it would have been carried down the valley but for a couple of gum-trees which I had to fell and prop it up with. Our food supply was wretchedly poor and very scanty, often necessitating a purchasing expedition to Dilly to replenish our stores—visits which in our solitary life were red-letter days from the few hours of European intercourse with our kind friends at the palace which they brought us, for which we invariably paid dearly, however, in fever attacks—in A's case of a very violent kind—a few days after our return. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, we had no lack of enjoyment of a most serene description in this rough and ricketty abode—if in nothing else, certainly in the inexpressibly delightful scene ever before us under the morning and evening sun, and in the bright moonlight nights.

With the natives we had a good deal of intercourse, as they came often past our hut on their way to Dilly with their produce—chiefly Indian corn and European pota-

toes. Their character did not gain favourably on us. If their demands for kanipa were not complied with, they took themselves off in a very offensive and threatening way, muttering curses as they went. If not watched closely, they were apt to think that various useful or attractive objects of ours were belongings of theirs. Among them some had frizzy, some had straight hair, some tall, others again short and stumpy—while in other characteristics they varied so much that it is impossible to believe them to belong to a pure race.

The weather by the middle of March having showed signs of clearing, the Governor with great kindness gave orders for an escort to be ready to accompany me into the interior as soon as travelling could be considered safe.

March 29th: Tomorrow, at last, I shall be able to start my transport ponies having arrived this evening. To my dismay, however, only half as many as are necessary for my baggage. On inquiring of the Hindu officer in charge, I find that it would require a week to collect the extra number I wish. The only thing now possible is taking only a portion of the botanical drying-paper which is bulky and heavy, to advance at once to Bibicucu and send back for the rest. The saddle for the pony I am to ride has been forgotten also. The escort consists of the Hindu officer, who is to act as my guide, interpreter and adviser, and is charged with full authority over the rajahs in whose kingdoms I may stay, a Hindu corporal, and an official of the Rajah of Motael's kingdom through which we first pass, who is to be relieved by a like officer from each kingdom in which I may sojourn. He must attend from his own Rajah's headquarters to the headquarters of the next Rajah, and is responsible for every item, not of my baggage only, but of my person also, till relieved by his fellow in the neighbouring kingdom. My own authority is a friendly and most plenary document addressed to all the Rajahs that I may meet in the interior.

The whole of East Timor is apportioned out under certain chiefs called Leoreis, each of whom is independent and absolute in his own kingdom. At present there

are forty-seven of these, but many of them possess far greater influence than, and exercise a sort of vassalage over, the others. Each Reno, or kingdom, is divided into districts each of which is called a Suku, ruled over by a Dato, who receives his orders from the Leorei by a special officer appointed for that purpose. The Dato has under him two other officials, a Cabo and a Tenente\* who assist him in the regulation of the Suku.

Nearly every kingdom has its own dialect. Crawford says that in Timor there are forty different languages. I am not in a position to say whether they are dialects or languages; but I observed that in some districts the people did not understand the speech of their neighbours.

I feel quite anxious at leaving A. here alone. Female servants are impossible to be found in Dilly; but the old woman who looks after the coffee-gardens near us, has agreed to sleep in the hut within her call, and to assist her in her few domestic duties. She herself will not hear of any one else, and scouts the idea of danger from the natives, and is quite brave over it. Our friends at the palace desire her to make her home with them, but the fever risks of Dilly are too great. I do not like the neighbours over much, and am far from comfortable in the idea of leaving her so unprotected.

\* These terms are probably adopted from the Portuguese.

(To be continued)

### *Heard This?*

Tears welled up in her dark eyes. "Darling," she said in an emotion-packed voice, "I've missed you so very much!" She raised the automatic and took more careful aim.

\* \* \*

### GOOD MAN TO HAVE AROUND

Two models were discussing a mutual friend.

"Gosh!" said one, "can that guy dress!"

"Yes," answered the other, "and quickly, too!"

## Random Harvest

**PETER BARDEN, of P.O. Box 310, Geraldton, W.A., writes:—**

I had a very pleasant surprise at the "Gunfire Breakfast" that followed our dawn parade on Anzac Day. I met up with one Barry Lawrence ("You can call me Bloss if you like, but not too much of the Blossom"), who was introduced to me by Nip Cunningham's brother, Bill, immediate past president of the local R.S.L., and one of the standard bearers on Anzac Day. I had read that much about Barry over the years, that I felt I had known him for years. Relieving for a week as Fire Station Officer at Geraldton. Barry was to have returned for the march through the town that followed the dawn parade, however he was unavoidably detained with the result that the only two Double-Diamond types marching together (and right up the front at that) were Nip Cunningham and "Yours Truly". Nevertheless, after the parade, Barry joined us at Birdwood House for the public commemoration of Anzac Day, after which the three of us adjourned to Birdwood House itself and partook of some much-welcomed refreshment (there was coffee and tea for those who preferred those beverages) and plenty of "the cup that cheers", and although Barry was off the amber fluid until later in the day when he was to make a few calls on chaps like Eric Weller, Eric Smythe, and any others whose names he could see in the Address Book, I believe that he made up for it when he, that night accompanied Nip and his wife to an evening of dancing and sipping at our Marquis Hotel-Motel.

Last night it was my pleasure to have Barry to tea. It's a pity that his stay is to be so short. However, I have been able to introduce him to a number of prominent Geraldton people, including the Mayor, Mr. Charles Eadon-Clarke, and they had an interesting conversation about Civil Defence (the Mayor is the local director of the first country branch of the State Civil Defence and Emergency Service formed in W.A., and Barry, of course has a good knowledge of the topic through his job with the Fire Brigade).

The only other 2/2nd chap we sighted on Anzac Day was one Jerry Edwards, who was in good form when he arrived after the dawn parade, and who apparently could not make the later parade although he said he would be back to see Barry Lawrence. Had he turned up it was certain that he would have helped entertain with his harmonica.

Since starting on this letter a couple of days ago, we (Nip Cunningham, Eric Smyth and myself) have, with our wives, had a night out at the Marquis Hotel-Motel with Barry Lawrence, after which we adjourned to Nip's home where Nip showed us posters and press cuttings of the "good old days" when he was a promising young boxer.

A couple of nights before leaving Geraldton to return to Perth, Barry Lawrence was guest to tea at a nurse's flat at the maternity hospital. Don't get me wrong, he had tea with Eric Smyth and Mrs. Smyth (she is a Sister at this hospital and was on duty at the time).

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Brand, of Northampton, were farewelled in that town in fine style, before shifting to the "big smoke", and a similar public farewell has been arranged for Bill Drage and his wife who will be shifting to a new home at Geraldton soon after having sold their farm for about £80,000. Bill has been connected with numerous organisations in Northampton, so he can expect a headache as the farewell function is bound to extend into the wee hours of the morning. However, Northampton's loss will be Geraldton's gain and we will be looking forward to seeing you, Bill, at the R.S.L. meetings every second Monday (and, of course, on occasions in between).

Eric Smyth is still very keen on his yatching, and he and his daughter won a family event at the Geraldton Easter Regatta, a feature of which was the official opening of £20,000 extensions to the Yacht Club's headquarters. At the official opening the Minister for Local Government, Mr. Les Logan, said: "You now have something modern and useful and I don't think you could have bettered the site, where

you can look down on the swimming in the pool, the good form on the beach, and the yachting on the harbour."

Geraldton is certainly going ahead by leaps and bounds and two of the latest buildings that are well worthwhile inspecting if any of you happen to visit the town, are the Anglican Cathedral, built at a cost of £81,000 (to give Bishop Frewer, aged 80, his first Cathedral church, although he was consecrated Bishop of the North-West 35 years ago), and the Civic Centre, constructed at a cost of £90,000.

Well, I must be off now as duty calls. Kind regards to all the boys.

**"Blue" SARGENT, of Lake Eppalock, Axedale, Victoria, writes:—**

Well! you might say and it's about time too and I sure agree with you. It's almost three years since I dropped a line and then as now it was to notify you of my change of address. It is now as you see above. I have had the fortune of being given Victoria's latest reservoir "Eppalock" and it's quite a job, believe me. Perhaps not up to the Ord River project in your neck of the woods but it is to be the resort of Victoria's inland waters.

Had the pleasure of meeting Gordon Holmes while he was staying with Kev Curran in Bendigo. I could not place Gordon for a while but after a couple of sherbs and half an hour later, bits started to click together. I called in two nights later and he was still there so Curran says, "Hey, you two, get into that corner and kill a few Japs", but what he did not tell us was that he and Baldy had "married" all the spare ones on Baldy's last visit. However we did get a few laughs. Kind regards Gordon.

Had a few chaps from No. 4 Co. at the last reservoir I had. Ron Harris and Harry Fremantle, both Timor vets., and a reo named Rumbold.

Could not make the Anzac reunion again this year. I had to go to Castlemaine Old Folks Home, so once again I missed out. Saw the march on telly, or rather part of it, and realised more than ever it's a must for next year.

Still only two children. Dianne going to Bendigo Girls School and Robert to Axedale State. Have to

travel them five miles. Our neighbour has one lad going to Axedale so we take it in turns to take them. It's a big help to have someone to share with.

Gave up smoking a couple of years ago and have put on a couple of stone since. Feel a lot better for it.

Have miles and miles of work here, the reservoir only just completed, still in the cleaning up stage. The construction gang do not worry about what sort of a mess they leave. We have quite a programme of beautification to get through and a bit of general maintenance. The shore line is approx. 110 miles, three speed-boat clubs, two yacht clubs, scouts guides, survey regiment, Education Dept., Citizens Assoc., and four church youth clubs have their own areas scattered along the shore line and more being formed. Kiosks,, boat launching, building, trading and stowage, toilet blocks, etc., going up everywhere, even three housing societies. It's going to be really big within ten years.

Well, fellers, all for now. I'll try and do better in the future.

**SPUD MURPHY, of 37 Bentham St. Mt. Gravatt, Brisbane, Q., writes**

Thank you for forwarding me the "Courier". In the past I have depended on Kal Carthew to give me his when he had finished reading same. I find it very refreshing and abundant with information.

Kal most likely has told you I have been serving as a part-time soldier (C.M.F.) and had attained the rank of No. 2 which was eight years ago. Since the change over to Pentropic there has been a lot of changes in the C.M.F., but frankly speaking in all due respect to the senior officers in Canberra, I consider it does not work for Australian Army, as we have only a small population. For America with a population of approx. 160 million O.K.

I think Australia should revert back to their previous status of Battalion and Brigades reducing the numbers in Battalions to 700 men, and form a Commando Squadron of three companies with 160 men in each company, and attach one company to each Battalion thereby being their ears and eyes and also being used as shock troops, which in



my opinion would give greater mobility to the Battalions, and allowing them to use their maximum strength and firepower, when the going got too tough for the Commando Squadron. Well, enough of this for now as it is beginning to sound like a bitch, although there is room for thought.

Kal Carthew is in the same unit as me, his posting is Pay Sergeant (C.M.F.) for the Battalion.

I ran into Frank Searle Anzac Day 1963, and had a considerable amount of liquid refreshments. He is still the same as ever—a real lady's man.

Saw Eddie Rowe a few years back in Brisbane. He had his neck in plaster. Said he had it broken, not by the missus. Has a farm down Canungra way. Kal Carthew knows his address.

Haven't seen Freddie Bryant for quite some time now. He looked thin and was on a special diet having just come out of Greenslopes Repat. Hospital. Fred's one ambition is to become a T.P.I., and I hope he gets it.

Sitting here writing these few lines at random and raving on, I look back over the years and think of all the good times I had with the Unit, and still feel the pride of serving with the boys. I don't think I will ever find the same comradeship again as I felt then. I'd better sign off now as I am starting to get sentimental, and that is when you can't think straight and finish up writing trash.

All the best to you in the future and hope the "Courier" will always maintain the "Spirit de Corp" of the old Unit.

**ANGUS EVANS, of "Yarrabin", Murrurundi, N.S.W., writes:**

It seems such a time since I last wrote to the Association, I thought it about time I did so, and let you know a few of the happenings.

Firstly, you will note by the above address that we have changed our place of abode, having been here about five months.

I sold my original holding to an American who is a syndicate of cotton growers from Arizona.

The price was too good to miss, and as I'd had a belly full of wheat growing everything was quite satisfactory.

This place I have now is purely

wool and cattle with a 32 inch rainfall and adapts itself to pasture improvement, with fertiliser the carrying capacity can at least be doubled.

Apart from Ron Trengrove and Ian Martin I have not seen any of the 2/2nd boys since last writing, but of course through the "Courier" am able to know what most of the gang are up to.

By the Address Book Joe Garland is not such a great distance from here, and when I get an opportunity will probably look him up.

If, by any chance, any of you have an opportunity don't forget to visit us.

As I have nothing more to report I wish you all the best in the future, and finish.

**S. E. JARVIS, of Evelyn St., Gosnells, W.A., writes:**

Please find sweep butts and money. Trust that the sweep is a big success. Regards to everybody.

**W. A. DRAGE, of Northampton, W.A., writes:**

Why in hell I am writing I don't know. I will be in Perth on March 2. Anyway find enclosed sweep tickets and cheque, extra few bob for subs., etc.

Well I am no longer a farmer. The rams have done their job. I am now living the life of a beach comber at our local beach. Fresh fish every morning for breakfast—beat that you city slickers.

Well won't say any more until I see you next week.

**I. J. MARTIN, of Box 40, Miling, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosed find cheque to cover tickets, subs. and any over to general funds. Best of luck with the sweep.

**TONY BOWERS, of 'Lagar Downs', R.M.B. 593, Kojonup, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosed please find cheque for sweep tickets and subs.

Hope you are still fit and able to love a beer or two with the boys.

Had a note from Marshall about cricket match at Harvey but don't think will be able to make it.

Peter Campbell was down and had two or three days with him

crabbing at Bunbury and going to the races. We met Jack Carey and had a beer or two. Peter is looking extra well these days and doing O.K.

Well am not much at letters so will close. See you, one of these days.

**SHORTY STEVENS, of Yallunda Flats, S.A., writes:—**

I have been thinking about penning a few lines for some time and having just received the tickets will try and catch up a bit. It is some time since I wrote so I can go back a bit I guess.

I was over in Victoria with the family for a holiday in September and never saw any of the Unit chaps. I studied the old Address Book pretty well and no-one seemed to be living near where we were—must be all city slickers I reckon. We spent most of our time in and around the Grampians.

Called and saw Dignun and Tapper whilst in Adelaide. Neither appear to have altered much and seem to be able to cope very well.

I noticed in the paper where Don Turton was over this way in November and bought a few good sheep to take back with him. I know the owners of that particular stud well and was down there two weeks before their sale and had planned to go back again. Owing to circumstances I was unable to go and so I missed out on seeing "D.K.T." I hope the sheep prove profitable for you Don. Next time you are coming over we might possibly see you.

When I last wrote we were having plenty of rain. Well it rained too much in the winter and drowned our crops—and not enough in the spring to revive them at all, consequently we had a very poor harvest just here where we are, the worst we've had.

The State as a whole had an exceptionally good year. We're hoping for better luck next year.

We could well do with it, at the moment we have only just been connected to 240 volt power and we are finding plenty of folk only too willing to sell all sorts of appliances and gadgets if we are prepared to pay up. Just the same it is very nice knowing the engine won't have to be maintained anymore. On top of this Mum has

talked me into painting the house so I am fully occupied; about time I guess, I've had the paint in the shed for two years.

I was thinking of quite a few of the lads last month and in particular Basher, Ted Monk, Litch, Wepner and Arty Cullen—who by the way I've not heard of for years. Does anyone know of his whereabouts? If I remember rightly it was 20 years ago on Jan. 10 when we were out on the Yullilie patrol.

I lost my old Dad on the 10th of last month and it struck me how 20 years ago to the day I very nearly cashed in my chips. It was only luck I did not. I wonder if any of the chaps concerned can remember the trip back. I reckon you'd remember a bit of it, Basher. How about the little boong hanging on the stretcher while I was carried over that deep stream? Gosh, how time flies. It does not seem 20 years ago.

Well I've rambled enough I guess. Am enclosing sweep tickets and cheque and hope the whole show is a success.

**GEO. E. WILSON, of 20 Braebrise Rd., Cannington, W.A., writes:**

Please find enclosed butts and money for raffle. Sorry I'm late. Hope all well.

**J. C. PENGLASE, of 18 Queen St., Bentley, W.A., writes:—**

Please find enclosed sweep butts and money for same. Am still all afternoon shift but can see the end in sight, so it should not be long before I can participate in a bit of social life again.

Expect to take delivery of my new N.S.U. Prinz tomorrow, which will keep my nose to the grindstone for a while.

I hope Hassen, wife and Col Doig have fully recovered from their hectic few days. If ever I saw "alcoholic remorse" on a person's face I saw it the night they visited me.

Regards to all.

**JOAN HAMILTON-SMITH, of Denmark, W.A., writes:—**

Herewith tickets for sweep. Geodie, as usual is pen shy. Hope it is successful.

Just for the record we have two sons, Lindsay aged 8 and Geordie aged 9.

**BERT BURGES, of "Burlands",  
Box 224, Katanning, W.A., writes**

Sorry about the sweep tickets, will post them in Katanning tomorrow morning. Five shillings added to cheque for subscription. Best wishes for a successful sweep.

Mrs. Spence, in Brisbane, Allan's mother, had an operation recently and has since suffered a broken rib as a result of a fall and is consequently causing considerable concern to her family. Mrs. Spence will be remembered by many for her great kindness and always took a keen interest in our Unit and individual members.

Will you please let Arthur Marshall know that I didn't receive his letter in time to do anything about the country versus city cricket match. Hope to be in on the return match.

Kindest regards to all.

**WYN THOMPSON, of Forestry  
Dept., Ludlow, W.A., writes:—**

Please find enclosed butts and remittance for same.

How are things? Alex never seems to ever get around to writing to you, so I'll fill in for him. Hoping the sweep is a great success for you all.

At the present our eldest is home from school with the mumps so I suppose they will all go down, one after the other.

By the way we have a new one for the Christmas list, Peter, two years in November.

The fire season has opened down here this week and already we are surrounded by a veil of smoke. Alex is kept busy working on fire breaks with bulldozer, etc. It has been terribly hot the last week or so. We are lucky to have the beach so close, the nips ride their bikes down.

Well I guess I had better away now and get tea on.

**DUD TAPPER, of 54 Collingwood  
Ave., Flinders Park, S.A., writes:**

Am in receipt of your late reminder re sweep and am returning same.

Am still in good health, family the same. The S.A. bulletin reports that we have reaped a bumper harvest of wheat this year. The silos were in trouble for a while as to how to store same, but have apparently overcome their worries.

We have been experiencing very rough seas for the past couple of months so fishing has been curtailed. Today's paper announced a man drowned. Went overboard with his line and never came up. Must have hooked one of our small schnapper.

I have not seen any of the boys lately. I still see Keith Dignum regularly but apart from him it's very rare. I did run into Bob Williamson one afternoon. He said he was going West one day so you may hear from him.

The Adelaide Festival of Arts has been a terrific success and promises to be an annual affair. We have tickets for the premier of "Car-men" next Saturday night and according to reports should be a good show. We are looking forward to it.

Well, I am pushing the clock a little at this stage so will have to sign off. Wishing you every success in everything. Will write more fully later. Regards to all.

**M. SMAILES, of 114 Brookton Rd.,  
Roleystone, W.A., writes:—**

Sorry to be late with these returns but I have just returned from a trip to Malaya to visit Jim. He is still in Malaya but should be home any time now for a spell before he returns to Malaya to consult on another job. No doubt he will look you up during his stay in Perth.

**PERCY HANCOCK, of 13 Strome  
Rd., Applecross, W.A., writes:—**

Just a covering note for the butts and money. Sorry to have had to be reminded.

As I told you Val went over to Melbourne for the Women's Athletic Australian Championships which she thoroughly enjoyed, particularly when able to witness the cream of Australia's women athletes. The organisation could not have been improved, particularly as it was completely controlled from start to finish by women.

Val called in to see Jerry O'Toole whilst over there and he appeared pleased immensely on her calling upon him. He wishes to be remembered to us all in the West. Her time was strictly scheduled over there so was unable to accept the 2/2nd hospitality which was offered to her by Jerry.

**FRED WILKES, of Brunswick Junction, W.A., writes:—**

Please find enclosed sweep butts and cheque. There is very little news down this way so will ring off for now with all the best to all the gang.

**HAROLD BROOKER, of 110 Goodwood Pde., Rivervale, writes:—**

In one hell of a hurry so will only be a short note. Haven't got any news anyway. Am returning sweep butts and money. Must be my turn to win.

Still at the zoo. Still on the square and still got my halo. How do you like that? Well so long for now.

**JERRY HAIRE, of 59 Monk Street, South Perth, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosed P.N. and the butts.  
Good luck with the sweep.

**NIP CUNNINGHAM, 182 Augustus St., Geraldton, W.A., writes:—**

I am enclosing a money order for the sweep butts and the rest is to assist the Association to carry on the good work of the past. I trust the sweep will be a huge success and that all members who invest on the big event are successful in picking the winner.

I heard the other day that Don "Soapy" Hudson was in Geraldton for a few hours and was sighted knocking over a couple of beers in Shepards Hotel. I met Bill Drage at the R.S.L. annual re-union and he is looking fitter than ever and is looking forward to retiring and living in Geraldton.

**DORIS DHU, of 10 Venn St., North Perth, W.A., writes:—**

Am enclosing butts and money. Hope the sweep a great success. Best of luck and health to all.

**HERBIE THOMAS, of Flat 9, Myuna Flat, North Fremantle, W.A., writes:—**

Hi there mate. How's tricks? Enclosed is a flag and butts for the sweep and hope you've sold plenty. This is not a very good area for selling—the wharfies want all their dough (hard earned) for grog.

Dropped into "The Don" Ritchie yesterday to get me a rain coat for the coming footie season and thanks to the brilliant Doig brain it cost me another 13½ holes be-

fore I got out of the shop—I had to buy a Double Diamond tie.

That's it for now, see you next meeting.

**F. SPARKMAN, of 15 Staines St., Vic. Park, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosed please find sweep butts and dough for same. Hope the sweep is a success.

**E. H. CRAGHILL, of 169 Vincent St., North Perth, W.A., writes:—**

Please find enclosed money and butts for the sweep.

**J. R. SMITH, 42 Queen St., Bayswater, W.A., writes:—**

Please find enclosed money and tickets. Wishing you all success.

**BOB PALMER, of Cowaramup, W.A., writes:—**

Just a few lines with the sweep tickets. Running late as usual but they should reach you in time.

Sorry I couldn't make it to Harvey last Sunday. Have my two lads to take to cricket here of a weekend and that Sunday was an all-day match in this Association. Besides taking the boys I still play myself and knocked up 43.

Well, I said only a note and this is it. Regards to all.

**A. E. FRIEND, 30 Halse Crescent, Melville, W.A., writes:—**

Butts and cash enclosed. As usual last minute job. This is in haste as my time in town is limited for next few weeks. I'm still on temporary transfer in Albany. Hope the sweep is a success as always.

**G. R. LEWIS, of Newdegate, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosed find sweep butts and cheque to cover same plus subs. Sorry to be late in getting butts back but I am a bit pushed for time lately catching up on work. We have only managed two days' holiday so far, a trip to Denmark where we spent an evening with Norm Thornton and Geordie Smith and their wives, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. We hope next trip to visit another place and look up some of the boys but that won't be till after seeding, if and when the season breaks.

This is just a note wishing you every success in the sweep and best regards to all.

**J. CORNEY, of 10 River St., Cannington, W.A., writes:—**

Just a few lines returning sweep butts and enclosing cheque. I don't know how I stand regarding subs. If I am up to date you can put the extra towards Anzac Day refreshments. Will try and make it this year even if only appearing at the service on the Esplanade.

Sorry I am unable to put in an appearance at the monthly meetings, but owing to eyesight failure do not wander round in traffic at night.

Trusting the sweep will be a success and best wishes for the crowd.

**R. JOHNSON, of Koorda, W.A., writes:—**

Please find enclosed check for tickets and the rest wherever it will fit in. Sorry I am late with tickets. Have been away too long.

**STEVE ROGERS, of 474 Hannan St., Kalgoorlie, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosed please find cheque and sweep butts.

I see Jack Sheehan often. He is still as fit as ever. Should you see that noted business "Typhoon" Battling Burrige, tell him I will be down this year to collect the dozen of beer he owes me from the Dilli aerodrome.

Tell Arch Campbell to have a quid on Claremont this year.

**BOB WILLIAMSON, of 2 Goldsworthy Crescent, North Glenelg, S.A., writes:—**

I am enclosing the butts and a cheque, the extra for subs or what have you.

I will write later giving some news, etc., meanwhile all the best.

**EDITH PENDERGRAST, of P.O. Box 93, 10 Gibbs Road, Collie, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosing sweep butts and cheque to cover same. All tickets are ours so haven't worried about naming the lot. Hoping the Association has a wonderful success with same.

**JEAN FOWLER, of Box 73, Worgan Hills, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosing butts of sweep and the cheque, hoping we aren't too late.

John has been caught up in all

the local affairs, Shire, R.S.L., etc., plus trying to keep supplies up to builders of the new shed, so hasn't a hope of writing a note to you at present.

Best wishes for success of sweep

**GORDON HISLOP, of Dwellingup Community Hotel, Dwellingup, W.A., writes:—**

Please find enclosed sweep tickets and money. Use the remainder as Committee sees fit.

Regards to all the boys from self and wife, and good luck with the sweep.

**R. W. L. CROSSING, of 91 Swan St., Guildford, W.A., writes:—**

Will you please note our change of address from South Perth to 91 Swan St., Guildford.

**LORRAINE JOHNSON, of Box 7, Koorda, W.A., writes:—**

I am thanking you for the lovely book that I received for Christmas. It is such a wonderful book that I read it in bed too.

**YVONNE JOHNSON, of Box 7, Koorda, W.A., writes:—**

Thank you for the present you sent me. It was very nice. John, Norman and Trevor thank you too.

**A. MATTHEWS, of 185 Ravenscar St., Double View, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosed please find sweep butts and cash for same.

Haven't seen any of the boys about for quite some time, but I have been busy. What little time I get off I go fishing, however the big ones still get away.

My regards to all.

**SHIRLEY ALEXANDER, 48 York Street, Boulder, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosing sweep butts and postal note for same. I did my best to get Peter to drop a line but no such luck.

Spent a couple of weeks at Rockingham. Had Harry and Maisie Holder for company and we enjoyed it very much.

Hope the sweep is a success and that I win first prize.

**ROSS SMITH, of William St., Clare S.A., writes:—**

Well, mate, it is a long while since we have seen one another but do not think mate that I have

forgotten anyone of my mates as it will live long in my memory as the best few years of my life.

I am still battling on with the sand gropers but believe me I have never been better off in my life. I am getting a few grey hairs at the moment but my boys are living up to my reputation as a footballer. Not at rugby but at the national game here in S.A.

I have not seen too many of the boys here in S.A. but had the pleasure of calling on D. Tapper while in Adelaide and believe me he has not changed one little bit. Still the same old Sgt.

You never know, one of these days I may make the trip across the desert. I am not that far away now but when you are married with three or four children it takes a little bit of encouragement from the better half to get away.

Well, there is not much more I can write about but will enclose butts and money to cover same, hoping this short note finds you in the best of health and thanking you again for the fine effort you and a few more of the boys are putting into the "Courier" keeping us in touch with our mates.

**COLIN CRIDDLE, of 124 Nanson St., Wembley, W.A., writes:—**

Please find enclosed cheque covering sweep tickets and subs. Hoping the sweep is a financial success.

My apologies for not being at the meetings of late, as I have been snowed under with club activities since last June as State Secretary of the Australian Parachute Federation.

Can you favour me this request. What is Blossom Lawrence's Fremantle address. Would like to get Bloss along to our club training on fire fighting as we have been allocated to air reserve emergency stand-by. For the record our training night is Thursday, on the corner of Kimberley and Ruislip-sts., West Leederville.

That's all for the present. My regards to all the gang. Will keep in touch.

**S. E. PAYNE, of Timarus, Nukarni, W.A., writes:—**

Just a few lines to return sweep butts and cheque to help to bring

subs up to date. Have been back-sliding in this regard.

The season did not treat me so well. The farm is very quiet these days with all the family away at school, at least two at school and one job hunting in Perth. Doesn't quite know what she wants in the way of a job. Don't know if it is in your line of business, Col, but suggested she saw you to see if you could give her any leads.

I am the world's worst letter writer, detest it in fact.

**ALF HILLMAN, of Broomhill, W.A. writes:—**

Just remembered this as I was leaving to go in to bowls. Just at present I am not game to produce tickets for sale round here as every club or movement of any kind has at least a couple of raffles going so if you see anyone reaching for his pocket you run like hell.

However, best of luck on the switch over.

**MARY DINWOODIE, of 212 Sth. Terrace, Sth. Perth, writes:—**

Please find enclosed postal note and sweep butts. Hope the sweep is a very successful one.

**ERIC THORNANDER, of 10 Robert St., Kalgoorlie, W.A., writes:—**

A hurried few lines to return butts and cash to cover same. The extra is for subs, probably in a bad state by now.

Generally things are going along quite well with my little lot. Our two boys are now working. Don't misunderstand me. They are not what one would term great financial assets. The eldest has ambitions of being a top speedway rider. Has met with local success and has eye of the experienced on him. As for the wife and myself, well, we are not in the least bit keen.

Still connected with electrical selling. Have had a busy couple of days at our fair where my firm had an excellent display.

Well seeing I can't sell you a fridge or washer I will say cheerio.

My best regards to all the boys.

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**Write to Your Editor:**

**Col. Doig,  
Box T1646,  
G.P.O., Perth.**

***Remember These . . .***

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# ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

**TUESDAY, JULY 7th, Anzac House Basement**

This is a **MUST!** Come along yourself and drag along a member who we haven't seen for ages. Don't be frightened of getting a job. It will do you good if you do, and if you don't help those that do accept office.

## **ANNUAL RE-UNION AND COMMEMORATION SERVICE**

**SATURDAY and SUNDAY, 5th and 6th September, 1964**

Make Your Arrangements Early