



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

SOMETHING BIG FOR THE FUTURE

The current Olympic Games being held at Tokyo makes one cast the mind back nostalgically to the wonderful Re-unions held at Melbourne in 1956 and at Perth in 1962 in conjunction with great sporting events.

There is no doubt in the minds of anyone that attended that these were great moments in the history of our post war Association. It was also proven in many ways that while these events were pending and while committees were working towards their success that the organisation never failed to prosper. The obvious answer is that with big things under way the members think in a big way and the net result is a strengthening of Association ties. As someone sagely remarked: "We are never stronger than when we are working."

All this brings us to the point: "What of the future?" The lesson learned from our two great Re-unions must not be wasted and some plans for a big gettogether must be formulated very soon as nearly two years have elapsed since last we greeted one another and big shows take lengthy organisation. The big point is what form should our next re-union take? It is apparent that the Olympic and Empire Games will not

be held on our shores probably in our lifetime so these are out. There must be some point of attraction that will provide the magnetic influence to band us together and it is up to us to find it.

Bert Tobin threw a big possibility into the ring immediately after the last re-union in Perth and it appeared to have considerable merit. This envisaged a kind of mammoth caravanessi starting out with a convoy from W.A. with some form of re-union in S.A. and then the S.A. contingent would join for a movement en-masse to Victoria with further gettogethers and then a movement by all three States upon the luckless N.S.W. who would bear the full brunt of the avalanche.

One could without much trouble imagine the colossal experiences that would be put together on such a safari if the constitution could stand the strain.

This proposal requested members to voice their opinions as to merits or to put forward a better proposition. Unfortunately it met the fate of so many things that ask for written opinion (or even voiced opinion) and that was a blank wall of silence. Possibly the reason for the silence was that it was voiced too soon after the orgies of the West. If that be the case

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then sufficient time has elapsed to reiterate the scheme and ask for opinion.

It is the sort of scheme which would thrust plenty of work upon the Branches in every State and as such give a beautiful working point. It has the added merit of bringing the people together on a number of stamping grounds. And it can be organised and that is for sure!

Transport would be nobody's

problem these days and the "Great Safari" could become a reality with in two to four years if it got the blessing of the gang.

Now boys what are your ideas on this or any other project that will give our Association a focal point for re-union? Me, I plonk for the "Great Safari" (I coined that one only a minute ago) and hope it gets special approval.

Your views please so something can be started. —C. D. DOIG.

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

OCTOBER MEETING

The first time we have managed a games night in opposition to another Unit organisation took place in the basement of Anzac House on Oct. 6. Our opponents, the Korean Veterans Association. We had a reasonable roll up but the K.V.A. boys put us to shame by rolling up in big lumps and thick. Despite their preponderance in numbers we managed a slim victory. The Veterans won the darts and the penny on the line. We took out the quoits and rifle shoot and won a play off at table tennis (thanks to Jack Carey) to make the final score a three to two victory. Just to show that all I have written in the past regarding our mediocre shooting, our team slammed on 24 out of 25 practically by every shooter while the boys from Korea were battling for 18 to 20. The darts was an overwhelming victory for the K.V.A. and we managed the quoits pretty easily. The penny on the line and table tennis were very evenly contested. We had such good fun that this looks a certainty to become an annual event.

WORKING BEE KINGS PARK

One of our most successful working bees for many years was carried out at Kings Park on Sunday, Oct. 11. With a roll up of 15 willing workers one section com-

prising one side of the area was kerbed at the rear with timber kerbing. Thanks to the efforts of Harry Sproxtton this was an excellent job and improves the area no end. It is hoped that another working bee on Sunday, Oct. 25, will see this segment of the work in Kings Park completed.

We are still awaiting negotiations with Main Roads Dept. to have the cement kerbing on the road side completed and our hopes are high that this will be in place very soon. It does appear that this scheme has been a long time in accomplishment but after all sometimes it is good to make haste slowly.

NOVEMBER MEETING

This will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 3. There is a **change of venue** so please read what follows carefully. Through the good offices of Geo. Fletcher we have been able to arrange a conducted tour of the A.B.C. including both radio and television studios.

We will meet at the Adelaide-tce entrance of the A.B.C. Building at 8 p.m. sharp.

It is essential that you be on time as these things are carried out with practically split second timing to fit in with many "on air" schedules. It is the first time for many years that we have been able to arrange such an evening and it promises to be a beauty.

Please roll up in strength and please be on time.

COUNTRY CONVENTION

Arrangements are now in full swing to hold this year's Convention in the Broomehill-Katanning-Kojonup area on Nov. 14-16 (the Queen's Birthday weekend). Accommodation is being booked at the Katanning Hotel and the Convention will take the form of meetings in that area and dos at Alf Hillman's and Bert Burges' properties. We have never visited this area in the past and there is no doubt that this could be a crack-jack if you decide to attend.

Please advise your President Arthur Smith (6070 or 64 1999), Fred Napier (21 0181 or 87 9266) Col Doig (23 0161 or 87 2764) or Jack Carey (5 3961) as soon as possible of your desire to go as accommodation could be a worry.

BOWLS NIGHT WITH MAIMED AND LIMBLESS SOLDIERS

This has been arranged to take place at the H.Q. of M. & L. Bowls Club in Colin-st., on Nov. 20.

This has always been a great night out. So if you want plenty of enjoyment here is your opportunity. Once again please advise either President, Secretary, Editor or Jack Carey of your intentions.

DECEMBER MEETING

This will take place on Dec. 1 at Anzac House Basement and will take the form of a Buck's Night at which you will be permitted to bring a guest. The Committee will be arranging some excellent features to make the show tick so keep this date marked in your calendar.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PICNIC

The venue at Yanchep has been booked for Sunday, Dec. 6 and all will be in readiness for a good initial picnic. The Association will take charge in the afternoon starting at 2.30 to organise fun and games for the children. Many will undoubtedly take advantage of the day to have an all day picnic and start out good and early and they will be able to take up positions in our booked area whenever they arrive.

Should anyone require transport for themselves and their families please once again advise Arthur Smith, Fred Napier, Col Doig or Jack Carey.

Committee Comment

The usual monthly Committee meeting was held at Anzac Club on Oct. 20. There was a full muster of members and much business was transacted.

The Treasurer indicated that finances remained healthy and our balance in working account stood at £380.

Bill Epps reported that he was still investigating the merits of various kinds of mowers and would advise at a later date on the advisability of mower to be purchased.

Messrs. Doig, Smith and Hasson reported on the working bee at Kings Park and all agreed it was a terrific effort. Arrangements for a further working bee to be held on the 25th were completed.

Mr. Smyth gave a resume of his dealings with Main Roads Dept. with regard to the cement kerbing. He was optimistic that the M.R.D. would assist in a major way that could save the Association many pounds. He was empowered to continue with his negotiations.

Mr. Napier and Mr. Doig reported on the Association's efforts to assist Mrs. Crossing and their reports were received by the Committee who expressed pleasure with what had been accomplished. Mr. Fletcher undertook to have a look at Mrs. Crossing's new home and see what was needed in the way of assistance.

A report from Bert Burges on his bookings, etc., for the Country Convention was received. Mr. Burges was to be empowered to carry on with arrangements for this Convention.

Mr. Doig reported that he had booked the venue for the picnic at Yanchep. It was decided to make an appeal through the "Courier" for all those without transport to advise either President, Secretary, Editor or Mr. Carey so that suitable arrangements could be made. Telephone numbers of these mem-

bers to be advised through the "Courier" columns.

All agreed that the Sports Night with Korean Veterans Association was an excellent evening and should definitely be repeated at a later date.

It was decided that December meeting be an open Bucks' Night, Messrs. Doig and Carey to arrange details.

Personalities

It is with regret that we have to advise that our old mate Mick Calcutt is gravely ill in Hollywood Hospital. Mick has been so much part of the Association since its inception that it would never be quite the same without his presence. He was originally Secretary, Treasurer, Committeeman, President, and is No. 2 of our Life Members. He was the willing chore horse of all our early functions and the debt owed to him by the Association is enormous. We hope that he recovers from his present illness and is restored to his usual good health speedily.

Steve Rogers is now out of hospital and has returned home. We hope your recovery has been complete, Steve, and you are fully able to cope with the baking business.

Elsewhere in this issue is another letter from John Burridge detailing his tour of Europe. These letters have been terrific and serve to show what can be done by some one with the desire to share experiences with his mates. Thanks ten million Joe, for a wonderful effort.

The other day there was a report in the local daily newspaper by one Douglas Lockwood telling the story of Timor revisited by a Sgt. Conley. It was a good story but afraid the Sgt. Conley doesn't ring a bell with Yours Truly. Can anyone elucidate or is he another having a feed of our mob?

Managed to do a couple of Charity Tickets to Rod Dhu on the footy. Yours Truly managed to pick the wrong side two weeks running. Anyhow Fred Napier seemed to get a great kick out of the Claremont Tigers looming up for the first time since 1940.

Saw Joe Poynton and Roy Watson heading swiftly into the grand

final. Joe busily pinning on some Claremont colours.

Had a few lagers with Terry Paull who was down in the big smoke for specialist attention to his hand. He reports that with the finer weather he hopes to have the timber mill in full swing once again.

Has anyone seen hair or hide of "Slim" James lately? He seems to have disappeared out of the ken of the gang. Must be working too hard getting a quid.

As usual sighted Don Turton a couple of times during the month. Also in this connection have to advise that our good friend Vida lost her mother since last we went to press and we would like to add our sincere sympathy to all the others.

Heard This?

EXTRAS INCLUDED

A famous stage actress, noted for her bawdy excursions into free loading and love, once received a letter from a French nobleman who wanted to rent her his castle in the south of France for the summer.

His letter contained a glowing description of the property and ended up with his asking price: 1,000 dollars for the season.

"Also," he added in his letter, "there is the gardener, Pierre, whom you will need to take care of you. In addition to caretaking, he also drives the car. His payment for the summer is 250 dollars."

The actress immediately cabled her reply: "RUSH PHOTO OF PIERRE!"

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Victorian Vocal Venturings

We enjoyed a very enjoyable day at Ken and Margaret's farm on Sunday, Sept. 27. It started off by raining but when we got there it had cleared up and turned out into a very nice day.

There were 48 bodies including men, women and children and we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We had a good mixture of country and city, although I think we should have had a lot more city sickers.

Those present were Pete Krause and family, Bert Tobin and family, Bruce McLaren and his two boys (Loraine was given a leave pass as she had had a hectic ten days looking after their stall at the Royal Show and as it finished only the day before she was really tired out), self and family, Tommy Foster and family came over from Dutson Downs, Stan Whitford and family, and Blue Bone and family.

Stan has given the farm life away and has gone into a big sports store at Wonthaggi which enjoys a very nice business throughout Gippsland. I hadn't seen Stan since the war but he has not changed a great deal, looking a little heavier but very fit which is to be expected as he told me he was playing football till he was 43, not a bad effort. Blue Bone has gone on to a farm at Ruby which is between Korrumburra and Leonagatha, and is doing very well. Bluey has not changed much either except for the little bit of extra weight and thinning of hair and he too looks very fit.

Ken Monk was responsible for getting Stan and Bluey along and it was good to see them and their families.

Margaret had accumulated eight dozen eggs, and she sold these and donated the money to our Provident Fund, so we are 34/- to the good. Thanks Margaret, we appreciate this very much. In fact our thanks to Ken and Margaret and family for the delightful day.

I visited Maurie Smith in hospital at Preston expecting to see him sitting up with his neck in a brace but unfortunately all has not gone well, and when his neck was x-rayed they found that the break was not knitting right. So now

poor Maurie is stretched flat out again and has a gadget like calipers fixed on to his head with a pulley and weights to stretch his head out so that the break will mend properly. He will be four to six weeks in this position, so naturally he was not very happy but he can still smile and still hopes to be well enough to get over to the West at Christmas. I would ask any of the boys that if they get a chance to pop in and say hello to him as he would sure appreciate it.

Well, folks, that's all the news for the moment so until next time all the best.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

Heard This?

TAME A DAME

After a lion tamer had been drunk for three shows in a row, the circus ringmaster had to fire him. In desperate need of someone to work the beasts, he put an ad in the Country Gazette. Two candidates arrived for interviews. One was a local drug store cowboy and the other was a voluptuous blonde. The ringmaster shook his head.

"I'll try anything once," he said, and turned to the girl. "Here, girlie, take this blank pistol and the whip, grab yourself a chair and see what you can do with Leo in there."

The girl, to his astonishment, ignored the equipment and empty-handed, darted to the cage, opened the gate and went inside. The lion roared and bounded towards her. The girl did not flinch, but stood her ground until the lion's fierce laws were almost upon her, then suddenly, she flung open her coat! She was completely nude! The lion stopped and began to fawn about her, licking her feet and purring. The ringmaster chuckled with delighted surprise.

"Well, sport," he said as he turned to the young man, "lem-me see you top that!"

"Step aside, brother," he answered, "and get rid of that lion."

Random Harvest

JOE BURRIDGE writes from Lucerne, Switzerland:

I last wrote from London but will not say any more about our glorious month there. We had light rain on one day only and our London visit is now just a magnificent memory. I tried to contact "Scotty" Taylor but missed him.

From London we went to Paris for three days. We did not stay longer as Paris—and indeed all France—is not the place it was. France has been the tourist hub for so many years that the inevitable has happened. Civility has disappeared, a tip is demanded for the smallest service and for no service at all. Generally tourists have had France and are now bypassing it for Spain. Tourism is such enormous business nowadays that de Gaulle is really worried at the falling tourist income and intends "taking steps" to remedy the position, whatever that means.

In our short stay in Paris we visited the Flea Market, the Folies Bergeire and one very rude and very naughty restaurant, and we walked arm in arm through the Arch de Triomphe and right down the Champs Elysses which we had been talking about for years. Paris is the most beautiful big city I have seen.

We went by train from Paris to Barcelona. Both the French train and the Spanish train were crook and not up to the Transcontinental at home. I was surprised at this as I had heard glowing reports on European railways. However the train from Barcelona to Geneva was very good and now we are travelling on Swiss railways which must surely be as good as anywhere in the world.

We really enjoyed our fortnight in Spain which included one week on the island of Majorca. This was one of the highlights of the trip. A luxury hotel at moderate prices, beer cheaper than in Perth and just as palatable, a swimming pool in the Mediterranean and beautiful weather. Joan and I got a decent sun-tan in that one week.

One day I hired a car and explored the island. I had got an International Driving Licence before I left and was anxious to have

a go at driving on the wrong side. It was of course strange for a while but I soon got used to it and we had no mishaps.

Spain is one of the last countries where the tourist can get courtesy without commercialism, and charm combined with cheapness. I suppose in a few years Spain will also become a national sacrifice on the altar of greed and graft before the Almighty Dollar, but until then, it is a tourists' paradise.

We are now in Switzerland and this is the most beautiful land I have ever seen. We have seen Geneva, Lausanne, Bern and now we are in Lucerne. The train travel is top class and the scenery is magnificent. Surely Swiss countryside at end of September must be the ultimate in beauty, serenity and orderliness.

From Geneva we went briefly in to France and by cater car 13,000 feet up near to Mont Blanc—the highest mountain in Europe. We saw the first snow in our lives and Joan and I had a snow fight. Then we ascended another mountain by electric railway and went inside the biggest glacier in Europe. Millions of tons of ice—in colour ranging from white to aqua blue. Inside the glacier they have carved out four rooms of a house—all of course in ice. It was one of the strangest experiences ever.

From here we go to Innsbruck in Western Austria and then over the Dolomites into Italy—thence on board the vessel at Naples.

I forgot to say that we saw a bull fight in Barcelona. It was an experience I would not have missed but I would never go again. My sympathies are all with the bull every time. The Spaniards say it is not cruel, as the bull is angered—not terrified, and that it can't be compared with that cruel sport of fox hunting in England where the poor fox is absolutely terror stricken. They probably have a point.

Write to Your Editor:

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

ARTHUR MARSHALL of 7 Peet St. Harvey, W.A., writes:—

Thanks for the offer of making me a scribe for the South West for the coming year. I'll try and keep you up to date with any happenings in this neck of the woods.

This last 12 months have been a really busy time for us, and I think we have accomplished a fair bit. Especially in our own district where our business has expanded considerably. Mind you we rely on the farmers for most of our work and realise that it is only by giving a good service that we can keep going ahead. This time of the year we are top dressing irrigation pasture and getting ready for hay baling. It's the time of the year we wonder. We wonder if anybody else is starting up in opposition baling. We wonder how the spreader trade will be and we wonder if the bank account will stretch the distance till somebody starts to pay.

To start off this letter with I think the highlight of this last 12 months has been the cricket match we held here towards the end of summer.

Everyone seemed to enter into the fun of it and because we had all day to enjoy ourselves there seemed to be plenty of time to yarn about anything and everything that we are all doing these days. Points learned from the cricket match were that Col Doig should have spent more time on the warm up track before attempting to bowl at top speed and for those of you who weren't there, his one and only over would have done credit to Graham McKenzie. Arthur Smith was our trump card after we had convinced him that he was batting as well as when he played Country Week way back in 1938. Joe Poynton found that it is still just as hard to hit the cricket ball as when he played at Strathpine in Queensland and Jack Hasson found out never to park a car under a tree while one is in the pub. Limbs have to fall off some time and session time is as good as any. Hope you got it fixed up like new, Jack.

One day last summer I saw a car parked in the shade near Harvey and in it quietly knocking off a couple of cans was Dr. Dunkley and his wife. I hadn't seen the

doctor since 1943 but I recognised him even though I only got a glimpse of the veteran as I passed in a car. We talked for a while, and I can tell you chaps that the years have treated our old doctor of Timor days very kindly. It was a terrific thrill to me just to see him after all these years.

I suppose I can tell you about our episode of the weir wall nearly collapsing and threatened to flood our town. We were called out at midnight by the "Civil Defence" people going around and knocking on everyone's door and ordering them to the high school and golf house which are both situated on high ground. I felt exactly like when we used to get a stand to in the islands. That feeling of, well how do we get out of this one? Only this time I had a family and business at stake, not just myself to worry about. Every thing we owned was right in the path of the flood if the wall gave out. We packed everything up on tables and beds until we realised that if things did happen well the house would very probably finish up two or three miles away. So we just took our business books and a few personal items and headed for the high school. Well as you know nothing did happen, thank the Lord, and after spending 36 hours with 900 other Harvey people (of all nationalities) we returned home.

It would take me far too long to put down all the funny incidents that went on the night we evacuated. You just don't shift a complete town of in excess of 2,000 people from a flooded town at midnight in pouring rain without the impossible happening. Well it did, a dozen times or more. I listened to enough stories (true too, mind you) to fill a good sized book. One of the best I thought was some Italian boys who were in the car and hurtling out of town before the "Civil Defence" chappie had stopped knocking. Suddenly they realised they had left father behind. Without easing down they had a quick conference and one of them said: "He's old and hasn't got many years to live, keep her going Louie."

I said to one Italian, just for a joke: "Rocky, didn't you crawl under the house in the water and

get your horde of money out?"
 "Not me, Mr. Marsh, that was my brother. I keep mine in the bedroom."

We gained something from all the publicity. Our "dicky" wall received attention. The Government is to start a brand new one. A much, much bigger one. It's to be about a hundred yards or so down stream from the old one, and though the old wall will be left untouched it will be 60 feet under water, when the new weir is full.

Harry Botterill and Bert Tobin, Audrey and I enjoyed our short visit to your homes. We were only sorry we had to drop in on you without any warning and our stay was so short. We landed in Melbourne Saturday evening and left Tuesday morning by car for Adelaide. We didn't do much in the way of business in Melbourne, but once we got out among the contractors we think we did rather well. It will be months though before we will be able to fully assess what the results really were. A contractor rang me up at 5.30 (the other morning (our time) from Arrarat in Victoria and ordered two spreaders for delivery in November. That is a start and will help pay for our couple of days' stay at the "John Batman Motor Inn" in St. Kilda. Brother, Ned Kelly is still alive in Melbourne. Just as well I'm not a rat, 3/- for a piece of cheese.

We did 952 miles in a Mini Minor in our travels from Melbourne to Adelaide. It was an Avis Rent-a-car. We went down to Geelong and then on through Ballarat. I saw Ralph Baldwin's school and just would have loved to have stopped, but we had only four days to get to Adelaide and our object was to call on as many contractors as possible.

We put a spreader in the Adelaide Royal Show, and it has since been sold by Elders. We have high hopes of coming to some arrangement with Elders in Adelaide for the selling in South Australia.

Spent three days in Geraldton for the Sunshine Festival. What a town! Everything Peter Barden writes about it is true and lots more. We stayed with Eric and Margaret Weller and had a really good time. It was a rushed trip.

We were exhibiting a couple of spreaders at the Festival and I had to spend most of my waking hours at the display. Still Eric and I went back over a few trails and spent pleasant hours talking of Timor days. What a wonderful position they have at Bluff Point for a home. The sea for their front door step and cray fish for their neighbours.

By the tone of this letter you will think our life revolves around super spreaders or top dressing of super. If you do, you would be correct, because there is nearly some contractor or farmer here every day talking super. Audrey and the kids reckon we're mad, but it keeps me out of mischief, or that is what I like to think.

For the information of all and sundry you could still pick Ken Monk out in the crowd at the M.C.G. on grand final day. He just hasn't changed a bit. Even though his two big daughters look as though they keep him busy keeping an eye on them. We'll come back to Victoria another time (providing things go O.K. in the spreading world) and will bring our own car, then it will be possible to get around and see some of you chaps.

Audrey just said finish off now or you will be needing a separate "Courier" to put it all in.

Before I finish though Jack Carey, I thought Old Easts were robbed of the pennant. Don't ask me why or how, but they were definitely robbed. By Monty, by the boundary umpires, or by the goalies. I don't know, but they were robbed. And to think I was with a flaming mob of one-eyed Claremont barrackers. If there's one thing I can't stand is a joker who can't see the other side's good play. How long do I have to wait to see us win a grand final? Since 1954 I've only missed one final round match and that was 1957 when we won.

JACK PENGLASE, of 18 Queen St. Bentley, W.A., writes:—

My apologies for not attending the monthly on Tuesday but have just returned from a rather hectic week's touring. I visited Kalgoorlie for two days. There I met Eric Thorlander and spent a very pleasant evening with him

and his good wife Molly. Tried to dig up Tony Davidson but found him a bit elusive and time being short I was forced to move on. Down through Norseman to Esperance with a drink here and there with mining mates of pre-war days. A day and a night in Esperance and on to my old home town of Ravensthorpe. All the old faces of years gone by seemed to be in town this particular weekend and though 20 years has put a new generation in the district, the hard core of friends and school mates are still prominent. It would have done old Harold Francis Newton's heart good to have been there, but not his bloody head, and so not altogether regretfully I eventually pointed the little "Prinz" nose for Perth and more or less gave her the bit.

I hope to be well enough to buckle to the working bee on Sunday.

S. C. JARVIS, of P.O. Muchea, W.A., writes:—

Just a line to let you know that I have changed my address.

I have sold the Gosnells place on terms and have taken this place on terms. One doesn't know what a change entails, what with stamp duty, etc. I have not been so poor for ages, but I hope to get out of the wood from now on.

I have quite a lot to do here. Several of the gadgets are not working. There is a 32 volt plant here but I do not know enough about them to meddle. It has not been used for some time and I cannot afford an expert just now.

There was quite a lot I had to do at Gosnells, septic, extra rooms so I thought I had better get a bigger house. We have a lot of room here so far. The place is 45 acres and good pastures and fences. There is about 50 mixed citrus trees. I have been cleaning them up a bit.

Was somewhat shocked to read in the "Courier" that Woc Crossing had passed away. I saw him on several occasions at the trots but that was a long time ago. I thought then that he looked remarkably well. Also Ted Jensen getting killed, that was terrible.

Well, I hope that you are enjoying the best. I heard Arch Campbell going strong on Saturday. He was about as excited as I have ever heard him.

We live at the 34 mile peg and down the Muchea road. The property has a bit of the Great Northern Highway as our boundary. I am able to get medical treatment from the Air Force doctor at Pearce. We are seven miles from there. We have to do our shopping at Midland. The eldest girl goes to Bullsbrook School. The bus picks her up at the gate about 8.30 and she is home again before 4 o'clock. The second girl will be going after the Christmas break and the lad will be about a year later. If he grows up like he is going there won't be anything for me to do. The kids like it here. They say that there are so many things here that they wanted—big lilac trees to put swings in, and cubby houses to play in.

Well, all the best to all the lads.

NOVEMBER MEETING — TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3

To be held at A.B.C. Building in Adelaide Terrace

COUNTRY CONVENTION AT BROOMEHILL

LONG WEEKEND — NOVEMBER 14, 15, 16

Please advise as soon as possible if you intend to be present to enable accommodation at hotel to be booked

CHILDREN'S PICNIC AT YANCHEP

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6

This can be made into a family picnic day and you can get there as early as you like. The Association Official

Part will commence at 2.30 p.m.

Historically Yours!

CHAPTER III IN THE KINGDOM OF BIBICUCU (Continued)

In the sunny valley of Serarata, near a picturesque waterfall, butterflies, chiefly of the common families of Pieridae and Lycaenidae, were abundant, and formed all along the water's edge quite a border of bright colour. Bird-life was far scarcer than nearer the northern coast, but along the more wooded flat lands by the southern shores, the natives informed me that they are very plentiful. A lively little Pipit (*Anthus medius*), with the perfect habits and call of a Wagtail, frequented the barer grass fields in flocks, while among the shrubberies a pretty *Cisticola* which I first took to be a wren, and a black Fantail Flycatcher (*Rhipidura Rufiventris*), flitted about with the restless habit of their tribe. A bright orange *Pachycephala* and a species of Tit (*Parus timorensis*), which I did not obtain, were not uncommon.

On the trees the white-headed Fruit-pigeon (*Ptilopus cinctus*) sat motionless during the heat of the day in numbers, on well exposed branches; but it was with the most extreme difficulty that I, or my sharp eyed native servant, could ever detect them, even in trees where we knew they were sitting. The peculiar coloration of the plumage of these birds in the hand or in the cabinet is so conspicuous and striking that it would scarcely be believed that they can occupy leafless branches (if there be foliage behind and above them) with the most perfect safety from detection. Neither the kakuak (*Philemon*), the oriole, nor the cuckoo (*Centropus*), which were so conspicuous among the trees and shrubs around Fatunaba, were observed at Bibicucu.

My herbarium, however, made more rapid increase than any of my other collections and every day I gathered plants rare or unknown in any European cabinet, to which perhaps the handsomest addition

was a large climbing species of *Artocarpaeae* with the chastest possible foliage, which coiled itself in regular spirals about the bole of a tall tree. Its stem was studded with figs in all stages of growth and of almost every hue, from richest purple-lake dotted and blotched with pure chinese white, to light red or brilliant scarlet speckled with the deepest orange; others again, when gathered and laid in a heap on the ground, might have passed for the eggs of some of the Pheasant or Grouse families.

On the 20th of April the horses returned from Fatunaba, bringing me the botanical drying paper of which I was so much in need, and in corners of the baggage, where A. had mindfully thrust them, I found welcome additions to my table, which could not have been spared, however, I knew, without pinching the meagre Fatunaba larder; and among which I found a note with the evil and disquieting tidings that our house had been attacked in the night and plundered of nearly all the stock of trade goods and other valuables that it contained by the treacherous hill men, who had taken advantage of her defenceless condition.

She bravely said nothing of being afraid, so I could only hope that the anxious fear—more trying than the danger of the moment—of further visits from them might not in the oppressive stillness of the night in her unprotected hut, prey on her nerves not then fully recovered from the severe strain of that short but trying scare of a Kateobar attack in Timor-laut.

I retained the porters and horses to convey me next day to Saluki, on the other side of the valley of the Makalaha, where I had arranged to go, not without great disappointment; for every day then would be taking me farther from Kabalaki in the Manufahi kingdom, which I had wistfully gazed at so

long, and whose summit must support a flora the most interesting of all Eastern Timor. My Hindu guide, however, refused the responsibility of conducting me thither, not only because of the Lamkito robbers who skulk in the long grass at its base to pick off and rob all passers by, but also because war was on the eve of breaking out between the two kingdoms which would prevent any Bibicucu men from accompanying us.

In leaving Bibicucu I made a detour from the shortest way, attended by a high official of the kingdom, to the bed of the Makalaha, which was reached by a steep winding descent of 1,600 feet, as I was very anxious to see the weekly market of the district, which was held under the Casuarina trees there.

As soon as my approach was observed a loud screaming from the women and children spread an alarm resulting in a stampede of the entire concourse. The officer accompanying me dashed among them, shouting and reassuring them that I was only passing by, and was in no way going to meddle with them.

Meantime I had sat down under the shade to place in paper the plants I had gathered on the way down, without lifting my eyes toward them, and as quite unconscious of their presence there.

By slow degrees, first one, then another and another, enticed like so many monkeys by curiosity, crept in about to see me, to them, strange performance, and as I differed little from an ordinary human being they forgot their fright, and in a little while the market was proceeding in its accustomed way, through which I then strolled quietly with open and interested eyes.

There were between two and three hundred people congregated—a wild and savage-like crowd. The men were dressed in little more than the ordinary T-bandage or hakpolike of native make, about their loins; some, but not all, of them had a kerchief girt about the head, while their hair was twisted into a knot on the top or back of the head, or combed out into a crimped or semi frizzled mop. Every man wore suspended over his shoulder a tais or plaid,

which differed in ornamentation and excellence of manufacture according to the district in which it had been made. From his shoulder-knob depended his coi, or wallet, the cords for whose opening and closing were elaborately strung with circular disks of shells alternating with dice-like beads of bone richly carved. In this is carried a store of betel-leaves and pinang nut, with tobacco and other chewing necessities, and the universal bamboo drinking cup in case in his travels he should meet some friend or acquaintance who has a supply of palm wine (laru) or of kanipa, as they name the coarse gin imported by thousands of cases every month into the country.

Every man was armed with a spear and a long knife, and if he had not a long Tower flintlock over his shoulder, he grasped a bow and a handful of arrows, light shafts made of the tall canes that grow everywhere in the island, tipped with poisoned bamboo barbs. Many of them carried besides a buffalo hide shield to ward off the stones which, suddenly enraged, they are in the habit of discharging—and with wonderful power and accuracy—at each other.

Most of the men had round the waist ammunition pouches of thick buffalo-hide, in form much like European cartridge belts, with compartments for the small bamboo cylinders in which they keep gunpowder, shot, flints, balls of lead or of ruby crystals gathered out of the river beds; here and there a man from the western kingdoms of the Portuguese territory could be told by the excellence of the construction of these accoutrements, and the elegant way in which they were studded with large tin-headed nails or with rows of Dutch silver coins, and occasionally with an English sovereign among them transfixed by a nail through its centre.

The women wear very few ornaments—a few armbands of silver or horn, and occasionally earrings, and, transfixing the knot in which their hair was gathered behind, a high semi-circular comb, elaborately carved in beautiful and complex patterns. These are said to be given by the youths to their

sweethearts, and possibly represent a sort of engagement token.

Their dress was a simple tunic, the *taisfeta*, hung from the waist or from the armpits to the knees.

The women did all the selling and buying, while the men strutted about exchanging with each other drinks of palm wine—to which they are inordinately given. Besides the different food stuffs, there were exposed for sale on the ground, piles of those beautiful cloths, entirely spun and woven by themselves, in which both between themselves and among the surrounding islands a large trade is done, and cigarette and tobacco holders exquisitely woven out of thin shreds of palm leaf, on which are worked in additional fibres most artistic coloured designs in yellow, red, and black, of dyes made also by themselves; the red out of the nut of the *Morinda citrifolia*, the yellow from the epidermis of an epidemic orchid called *suaik*, and the black (or dark blue) from the indigo.

The favourite and typical ornamentation that I observed on their weapons and accoutrements, and engraved on their pipes, closely resembled that on some of the ancient British remains found at Taplow in 1882.

I was told that rarely a month passed without once, or oftener, the market being suddenly broken up by a drunken brawl, as few of the men ever leave it sober.

I myself witnessed the preliminary blaze of passion in a fiery spirit who, aggrieved in some way, had sought his foe in the marketplace, whither he had come, however, just too late to find him. It was a sight to remember—the flashing eyes and passionate mien of that wild savage, the hasty and significant look at the priming of his flint-lock, as he dashed away in hot pursuit (a wild cry being passed down the valley to the pursued), bounding from rock to rock in the river bed like a chamois, his coil and long knife dangling by his sides, and his tails flowing out behind him with the fleetness of his pace. I watched him till he disappeared behind a bend of the river; but I never recall the features of the man without wondering what was the issue of that passionate chase.

They are vindictive people, without a vestige of pity, as might be expected from their having always had the dealing out of punishments for wrong done to them by their own hands. A man I knew, whose neighbour had by accident (or design) killed his pig, failing to obtain the restitution he demanded, seized his neighbor's child and ran off with it, holding it on his shoulder as a shield against the father should he wish to fire on him, and carried it to the coast, where he purchased a horse with the proceeds of its sale. I do not know certainly, but I am strongly of impression, from what I know of the character of the people, that the vendetta exists among them.

While in the act of turning from watching this human hunt to continue my journey my eye lighted on an object that rivetted my interest more than all else among these savage marketers—a red-haired youth (first one, then a few others), some with straight, some with curly hair, with red eyelashes, blue eyes, and the hair over his body also reddish. I found on enquiry, that a little colony of them, well known for their peculiar colour of hair and eyes, lived at Aituha at no great distance off. Though they lived in a colony together, they were not shunned by their neighbours, who even intermarried with them. The offspring of these unions took sometimes, after the one, sometimes after the other parent.

In looking eagerly at their faces I saw more than their features only; their presence there was an excerpt out of a long history. In imagination I saw past them down the dim avenues of time—a far, far cry—to their early progenitors and pictured their weary retreat, full of strange and romantic vicissitudes from a more northern clime till forced off the mainland by superior might, into exile in this remote isle, where as a surviving remnant amid its central heights, they are living united but not incorporated with the surrounding race whose pedigree has no link in common with their own.

What the pedigree of the Timcrese is I have not sufficient evidence for forming any decided opinion; but that they are a race in

which many elements commingle seems certain. I saw no one with what I can with perfect truth designate as "black skin" such as seen among the Aru islanders.

Tall, well proportioned men with frizzly hair, and of a rich yellowish brown or of a chocolate colour, I saw in abundance, as well as short, stumpy men, with straight hair on the head and with no lack of beard and moustaches. Mr. Earl, in his book "The Native Races of the Indian Archipelago," has also noticed the "great differences exhibited by the peoples of the tableland above Dilly. Some of the natives have a dull yellow colour; the parts exposed to the sun are covered with light brown patches; the hair is straight and thin and its natural colour reddish or of a dark chestnut brown. There are also found in Timor all intermediate shades of the skin, from dark yellow to black or chocolate brown and the hair from red and straight to the short and woolly (in another place, 'short tufted') hair of the Papuas."

As in Timor-laut, I believe we have in Timor a mixture of Malay represented perhaps in such faces

In the eastern extremity of the island the people, I am told, resemble Malays, and they speak the Malay language. Among the Fatumatubia Mountains—I have it on the, as I believe, excellent authority of one of the commandants of the district—lives a race of dwarfish people, speaking a "language" of their own. Their dwarfishness consists not so much in the dimensions of their bodies, as in the shortness of their limbs which are thick and strong. They live among the rocks, are great robbers and much detested. The men wear only the T-bandage while the women go absolutely naked, and when they appear to trade with other than their own people they ensconce themselves in baskets up to the arm pits. These people may possibly be Negroes.

From the market place our way lay up a most pleasant naturally macadamised road in the river bed by a very gentle ascent. The cliffs of loose shingly horizontally lying water worn detritus, which banked it in on both hands, rose perpendicularly often to 200 feet through

which in many places elbows of strata at right angles to the direction of the river protruded forming as it were a series of deep pockets, in the debris of which especially where there are largish boulders among it, is found the gold of which this river is said to contain more than any other in East Timor. The gold is most abundantly found in pockets beneath which strata dip as to form as it were a floor, the fata-viti, the "mat (i.e. bottom) rock" of the native. The sources of this river, to which no one may approach without first sacrificing a pig or fowl, are most rigidly Luli. Only in one month of the year, when the river is at its lowest ebb, will they dare to undertake any gold-washing, and then only after one of their most solemn ceremonials.

Before deciding on a day to commence the gold-washing, some of the children—in order, I imagine, that no suspicion may be awakened among the river spirits that the search is intended—are sent to report whether the river is sufficiently low, and in a favourable condition. On their return the people are assembled, and public proclamation made—"Oh! ho! ho! four days hence we go to gather gold!" On that day the Dato-luli, dressed in all the vestments of his office, proceeds (in the district of Saluki) to the top of the curious Peak of Fatunaruk, where a flat stone exists which is supposed to be the most sacred altar in the kingdom. Behind him follow all the people—men, women and children. The older men seat themselves on the ground nearer to the Dato, the women, children, and young men keeping at a respectful distance.

The Dato-luli, then in front of the great stone, invokes the Spirits of their dead, Maromak of the heavens, and Him of the earth. All then return to their homes, where each acting as his own "house-priest" kills a fowl or a small pig, and offers on the Luli stone in his own house, which he then carries to the river to wash the auriferous sand over. It is affirmed that every one finds gold on that day—more or less, all some.

The ritual to be followed by one who is to search for the first time differs somewhat from that observ-

ed by those who have searched before. On his return from the mountain the celebrant must enter the Uma-luli, taking with him a fowl or a young pig, which, after he has made what appears to be a sort of confession to the Dato, is killed and a piece of flesh from its heart and from its jaws is offered to the Luli, the rest being partaken of by both of them. The novitiate gold-washer, after receiving some sacred siri and pinang, accompanies the Dato to the river, where, after another fowl or pig has been killed he may collect sand anywhere at random, and "of

a surety he will find gold in it, for Maromak who alone gives the gold will give him fortune."

After ascending the river bed for three hours, we turned to the left up the Fatunarak Peak, 3,400 feet, to the chief of Saluki's, where I spent several busy and successful days among the vegetation of the deeper ravines. This was the first metalliferous district I had visited, and for the first time the proportion of the people suffering from goitre was so large as to attract notice from the most casual observer.

(To be continued)

Remember These . . .

NOVEMBER MEETING — TUESDAY 3rd TOUR OF A.B.C.

Meet at Adelaide Tee. Entrance — 8 p.m. SHARP

**COUNTRY CONVENTION
KATANNING - BROOMEHILL - KOJONUP AREA
14th to 16th NOVEMBER (Queen's Birthday Weekend)**
Advise as soon as you can if you can make it

**BOWLS v. M. & L. ASSOCIATION
COLIN STREET H.Q. of M. & L. — 20th NOVEMBER**
Your Early Advice Please

**DECEMBER MEETING
BUCKS' NIGHT
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT — 1st DECEMBER**
Bring a Mate if you so desire

**CHILDREN'S PICNIC
YANCHEP — 6th DECEMBER**
If you have Transport Worries advise us good and soon

Here is who to advise about any of the above mentioned

ARTHUR SMITH (Work 6070, Home 64 1999)

FRED NAPIER (Work 21 1081, Home 87 9266)

COL DOIG (Work 23 0161, Home 87 2764)

JACK CAREY (Work 5 3961)

BILL EPPS (Work 74 1404)