



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

WHAT DOES 1965 HAVE TO OFFER?

With the advent of a New Year a propitious moment occurs to have a look back at 1964 and look forward at 1965.

If memory serves me correctly I forecast that 1964 could be a better year as far as world events than was 1963. How wrong can you be? World events certainly went bad in 1964. Our near neighbours, Indonesia, decided that the time was ripe to start a "confrontation campaign" against the newly formed Malaysia involving

the U.K. and of course Australia. There has been no great damage done as yet but the whole situation is fraught with highly dangerous possibilities especially as the Indonesian leader appears to be a megalomaniac in the mould of Hitler and Mussolini.

Vietnam has really blown its top and U.S.A. and Australia are most deeply involved and this is the really bad situation. There is no doubt whatsoever that Red China is trying to get U.S.A. to do the

Remember These . . .

**FEBRUARY MEETING
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd
FILM NIGHT AT ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT**

**MARCH MEETING
TUESDAY, MARCH 2nd
RIFLE SHOOT AT ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT**

**SATURDAY, 4th APRIL, 1965
LADIES' CABARET NIGHT
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT**

SUNDAY, 25th APRIL, 1965 — ANZAC DAY

wrong thing in this area and U.S. patience is growing very slim. The course that U.S.A. will adopt in Vietnam in 1965 will be most interesting as it slowly appears that she would dearly love to disengage from the interminable tourney that the communists are presenting but cannot do so in good faith. This appears to be a war that cannot be won and is in the same pattern that the Japs struck in dealing with China prior to 1950.

Africa still remains the great question mark. The Congo is an impossible situation and now Kenya and the other new nations are presenting similar problems. South Africa remains a sullen, taciturn nation highly aware of the explosive possibilities within and without her territory. President Nasser, of the United Arab Republic bares his piano key teeth on every possible occasion and is the trouble-maker of the Middle East in much the same way as Sukarno acts in our near north.

The political front of our allies U.S.A. and U.K. is now stabilised with the elections of 1964. President Johnson has a mandate to carry on the work started by the previous administration and has a colossal burden to carry to keep an unstable world from toppling into the brink of disaster. A fledgling Labor Government in U.K. out of office for so long that they are short on experienced administrators has a huge task in front of it. Present appearances are that this government will be looking inwards towards Britain itself rather than outwards towards foreign entanglements.

President De Gaulle, of France, seems to have won many rounds in the past year and this has enhanced his already high stature at home but has not endeared him to his potential allies U.S.A. and U.K., nor to his partners in the European bloc where he wants to be the dominant figure. The lone wolf role he has mapped out for himself could be highly dangerous in the present state of world politics.

The Soviet-Red China situation still remains an enigma confrontation but underneath it all just what is the true position? Nobody really knows this answer and from a

world point of view it is an answer which is highly desirable to know.

At home the scene is also a trifle confused. The Government has been returned once again in the Senate and we have seen the re-introduction of National Training on a limited basis but on this occasion for possible overseas service. This does seem to show an attitude of awareness to our major problem of defence although it is only a drop in the ocean of what is really required. The rate of national growth is truly amazing and Australia is rapidly becoming a true economic force in the world.

Even the greatest optimist cannot foresee in 1965 any end to the turbulence occurring at present in the world's trouble spots and therefore we can only look forward to a similar year to the past one and hopes for world peace in 1965 are not very high. It appears that Australian involvement to our near north will get much deeper and will require clever diplomatic and military handling. Have we got the right people for the job? Only time will tell unfortunately, because at present one cannot be over sanguine of the quality in the job.

Economic growth in Australia in 1965 will undoubtedly be the greatest since Federation as we are on the march and only crippling Government measures such as the man made recession of 1955 can stop the advance.

To sum up the position for 1965, one must say that there will be no great change in the world situation but that the citizenry of Australia should enjoy a period of great prosperity with some possibility of a demand for greater effort on the defence front.

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West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

WORKING BEE KINGS PARK

Probably the most important working bee ever held in the Park took place on Nov. 28 and 29.

The Main Roads Dept. were in a position to assist with our kerbing proposition and it was necessary to spread the work over two days to get it all done. The M.R.D. supplied a full gang of men to do the laying together with a supervisor to oversee the whole effort. The work required from our gang was the removal of the stone kerbing and trenching for the new kerbing also filling in after the kerb was laid. Can assure readers there was plenty of hard work for our boys to do.

Unfortunately the bee on Saturday clashed with the funeral of late Mick Calcutt which the boys attended en masse. Only about ten workers made an appearance and it was tough going keeping up with the experienced M.R.D. boys. However one side was completed on this day.

Sunday saw a terrific roll up of members and this ensured that work could be equitably distributed among the lads and the whole job was completed by 3.30 p.m. on Sunday afternoon.

The difference the kerb has made to the area is terrific. We have been a bit unlucky in that Kings Park Board have been most tardy in removing the iron stone rock from the area and we haven't been able to get the lawn back into good shape as quickly as desirable.

This was a wonderful effort and we must express our great thanks to the M.R.D. for their effort in supplying the kerbing and laying same free of cost. After working with their gang one swiftly realises that this is highly specialised hard work and these boys did a great job. The supervisor, Mr. Panelli, was probably one of the most co-operative persons it would be possible to find. The Association thanks also to all the gang who turned up in such numbers to see the job through. Overall 30 members made the effort and of

course Jack Hasson's two boys, Fred and Ken, who did as much work as four men.

We can now say that this job of kerbing which has been so long in coming to hand is well and truly done at a minimum cost to the Association.

DECEMBER MEETING

This was held at Anzac House Basement on Dec. 1 and took the form of a Bucks Night. Col Doig arranged a programme and on this occasion we did manage a pianist in the person of Syd Dixon and also our old friend Frank Fenn came along and lent a hand with the entertainment. One of our patrons supplied some most interesting slides which seemed to be most appreciated by those present. Must say it was a truly excellent evening and one of the best of this type for many years. The attendance showed that if the chaps make an effort we can stack in the numbers.

CHILDREN'S PICNIC

Our first venture in the way of a picnic for parents and children was held at Yanchep on Sunday, Dec. 6. This proved to be quite an innovation and was thoroughly enjoyed by those who made the 34 mile trip. Most people arrived fairly early and took in the 12 - 1 session at the local hostelry after which the programme of the afternoon took place.

Races and novelties for both children and adults were arranged under Frankie Fenn and proved extra popular. The Unit race brought forth the first casualties when Jack Carey and Col Doig collided when well clear of the field. Both were cot cases for days. Jack with a badly bruised shoulder and Col with a pulled major tendon in the left leg. Shows the early senility is setting in. The eventual winner proved to be Reg Harrington who won the run off after a dead heat with Jack Denman.

Norma Hasson won the race for the women and received the prize of a bottle of wine which subsequently broke Jack's toe when it

fell out of the refrig at home on Christmas day.

The picnic was enough of a success to make a repeat possible this year possibly at a different venue.

Committee Comment

There have been two Committee meetings since last we went to press and these have been largely concerned with reviewing what has been done in the past. At the December meeting the President took the opportunity of thanking the Committee for all that they had done since taking office in July and also he wished all the compliments of the season.

The Committee were highly pleased with the kerbing working bees at Kings Park and expressed pleasure with all that had been done by Bob Smyth in his successful dealings with M.R.D. They also expressed disgust with the poor effort of Kings Park Board in not co-operating and removing the old stone from the area.

Programming for future months was also under discussion and eventually it was decided to programme for a Ladies' Cabaret Night at Anzac House Basement on the first Saturday in April. This was decided upon after certain members had tried various forms of entertainment at hotels and elsewhere.

It was also decided that a sweep on Sydney Cup be arranged as soon as possible and Mr. Doig was appointed to organise this effort.

Personalities

As shown in the Stop Press of the November "Courier" our late Secretary, President, Committeeman and Life Member Mick Calcutt departed this life on Nov. 26, 1964. His funeral took place on Nov. 28 and a great roll up of 40 members attended forming a guard of honour at the Crematorium. This in some small measure showed the esteem in which Mick was held by the members. As mentioned previously Mick was one of the stalwarts who made certain that the Association got on its feet in the formative stages. The amount of work he contributed as Secret-

ary and Committeeman and general chore horse was amazing. He was the fetch and carry man for all our early shows and did this work uncomplainingly. He probably was at his best as Vice President as this was an office to which he brought all the thoughtfulness that only a good 2 I.C. can do for his President. At Annual Re-unions his care and attention to visitors while the President was busily engaged was terrific. Mick was also a prideful member of the Association and took every opportunity to extol its merits to outsiders. The passing of Mick Calcutt leaves a huge void in Association ranks in this State as he was more than just a member, he was a personality and things, especially Anzac Days, will never seem to be the same now Mick is not there to see all is so well organised. All your Editor has left to say is that it is his fervent hope that in the world beyond the genial Mick has the good time he had while he was with us. Vale Mick Calcutt, gentleman, soldier and good fellow.

All members will join with me in extending deepest sympathy to Merv and Dulcie Ryan in the loss of their daughter Sandra. This sad news was received just as we were going to press.

Back in Perth for a short holiday and to show his children to the grand parents was Ray Cole and his good wife. Managed to have a couple of sessions with Ray and natter over old times and bring him up to date on the doings of the gang. Also met his spouse who is most charming and seemed pleased to have met some of Ray's old mates. Ray is now at Newcastle and is now working in a firm handling rutile. He is very little altered since the old days with a good head of hair and not carrying too much weight.

Another visitor from other parts was Ron Dook over from Canberra with his family for a spot of leave. Saw Ron on a couple of occasions and brought him up to date on the chaps. Ron was most shocked at the passing of Mick Calcutt as you know Ron and Mick were the inseparables of 8 Section.

Back in W.A. for the first time since the war was Roy (Sep) Wilson over here from Victoria and looking a picture of health. There

is no doubt about that Victorian climate it allows one to age gracefully. Fred and Glad Napier put on an evening for Sep at their home at City Beach to allow some of his old mates to catch up with him. These included Geo Boyland and wife, Wendel Wilkerson and his spouse, Jack and Norma Hasson, Ernie Dinwoodie, Jack Carey, Harry Sproxtton, Col Doig and of course Arthur and Beryl Smith. A most pleasant evening indeed and believe it or not heard Harry Sproxtton play that mouth organ once again after a lapse of 20 years.

Saw Eric Smyth briefly while he was down on a business trip from Geraldton. It was during that heat wave and the few noggins went down well.

Good to see Reg Harrington down for Mick's funeral and then he came on to Kings Park on the Saturday afternoon for the working bee. Enjoying a few ales afterwards at the George Hotel Yours Truly nagged him into a field day for a selected group of kiddies later in this year. Shows what happens when these country chaps try to drink with their city

confreres, they end up on the thin edge of the wedge. It all turned out O.K. as Reg brought his good wife and family to the picnic at Yanchep and I confirmed the arrangements for the field day with her so it shows what a bit of salesmanship can do.

Others seen during the Christmas, New Year period included "Slim" Holly and wife, Jack and Elsie Penglase, Don and Vida Turton.

Had quite a few cards from the gang including one from Theo Adams who is now with Ansett N.G. Airways at Goroka, and this was a lovely card depicting our old friends the Chimbus on the farm in full array with bones through the noses, etc. Theo mentions that even after a lapse of 20 years they don't get any whiter.

All Yours Truly can hope is that nobody had a more alcoholic Christmas-New Year than I did. Can assure you that if I had died there would have been no need for formatin as the corpse would have been perfectly pickled. Au revoir for now and the very, very best to all in the New Year. — Yours Editor.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

We have been kept pretty busy with several functions lately.

The Commando Commemorative Cairn was unveiled at Tidal River on Sunday, Nov. 15, by Lieut.-Gen. The Honourable Sir Edmund Herring before a terrific group of Commandos who came from all over Victoria. This show was organised as a weekend function and they started rolling in Friday night with their families in caravans, trailers with camping gear, etc., and they were blessed with a very nice weekend of weather and it was sunny and warm every day. The Commando Association must be congratulated for a very well organised and run service and it was a fitting finale for all their months of work getting this cairn under way to have such a marvelous attendance. There must have been between three and four hundred men present. I myself did not go down until Sunday but on

arrival it was very plain to see that the early arrivals had had a very good time with re-unions of fellows they hadn't seen for years. The present No. 2 Commando Co. who provided the guard of honour for the ceremony also put on a good show of rock climbing, unarmed combat and rope sliding from a height of 90 feet or so.

The ceremony took the form of a march of all Commando Units in their order, 1, 2, 3, etc., from the ranger's office past the saluting base to the Memorial Cairn. Sir Edmund Herring gave a very good address and his memory was very good as he gave a thumb nail sketch of most of the actions the various Squadrons had done during the war. The Cairn was duly unveiled by Sir Edmund after his address and wreaths were laid by various members. The Cairn itself is a very impressive sight with a big double diamond in bronze

on the top, and the colour patches of the Units are up near the top and stand out very well. Our Unit was very well represented. We were led in the march by, Bernie Callinan and Geoff Laidlaw with the following behind, Arnold Webb Bluey Bone, Dick Adams, Alan Adams, Ian Briggs, Tommy Foster, Stan Whitford, Bert Tobin, Jim Wall, Gery O'Toole, David Dexter, Ken Monk, Rolfe Baldwin, Des Williams, Bill Peterson, Tommy Coyle, Alan Boast, Bill Piper, Joe Tell and Alfredo who came down from Sydney also marched with us. It was good to see some of the above boys, Webby, Ian Biggs and the Adams boys all looking well and hope we see more of them. Bill Peterson who lives at Fish Creek down near Tidal River looking sun-tanned and lean was one of the workers for the weekend helping to make things tick. A terrific day and everybody thoroughly enjoyed it.

We had a meeting of the new Committee at Bert Tobin's office on Tuesday, Nov. 24. Those present were Bert Tobin in chair, Bill Tucker, Harry Botterill, Alan Munro, Jim Wall, Smash Hodgson and Kevin Curran who made the trip from Bendigo especially to tell us of the planning of the weekend family outing to Bendigo on Feb. 27-28, 1965. Apology from Johnny Roberts. Although not a big attendance we had a very good meeting and disposed of a lot of business. We finalised details for the working bee at Elva Davidson's home, Nov. 29, the Christmas Party at Bonbeach, Dec. 5, trip to Bendigo was discussed and Anzac Day Re-union also came up for preliminary discussion.

It was good to see Kevin and he told us he thought it was better to come down and tell us all about his plans for the trip to Bendigo, than try and write about it. He has certainly got things under way. Here is his suggested itinerary: arrive Bendigo by 10 a.m. Saturday, Feb. 27, lunch at the hotels (Kevins and Tom and Leslie Finleysons who are relatives of Max Davies) Waterloo Hotel, 1.30 p.m. off to the Epilock Weir 14 miles away where Bluey Sergeant is in charge, a good look over the weir and trips out on the weir by speed boats, afternoon tea with Bluey

and family, back to the hotels. 7.30 barbecue at Kevins place. Sunday, 28th, tour of Bendigo and old gold mines and other places of interest, back to the hotels for lunch, then the journey back home.

We thanked Kevin very much for coming down and outlining such a very good itinerary, and now it is up to us all to make this trip a success by our turning up in good numbers. Our members will be getting a circular re this trip as to cost, etc., early in the year.

Next meeting is down for Tuesday, Feb. 9.

On Sunday, Nov. 22, a few of our members namely Sam Fullbrook, Bill Tucker, Bert Tobin, Bernie Callinan and self went along to the annual commemoration service of the Commando Memorial at the Shrine. We marched from Princess Bridge to the Shrine and had a short simple service at the memorial site. Bernie Callinan was the guest speaker and he gave a very good address with good timing as he finished just before we had a terrific storm and the rain really came down in bucketfuls.

On Sunday 29th we went out to Mrs. Elva Davidson's place at Mooroolbark to help put her place in shape. We had a good working team, Johnny Roberts and his son Ian, Jim Wall, Bruce McLaren and son Campbell, Bert Tobin and son Warrick, Smash Hodgson, Bill Tucker, George Veitch and his two boys Ron and Gary and self. We managed to put in a good day's work. Bill Tucker arranged for a pal of his to bring along his chain saw which proved a big blessing as Bill Davidson had accumulated quite a stack of logs over a period and the chain did the job in a matter of minutes whereas it would have taken hours with the axe. We cleaned up the logs and split and stacked them, cleaned up the back yard, spread several yards of gravel and cleaned up the front of the place near the road. Elva was very appreciative of our work, and to you Elva it was a pleasure to be able to do it and we only hope that you let us know when we can be of help again.

On Saturday, Dec. 5 we held our Christmas party at the Bonbeach Life Saving Club. The weather as usual was bleak, very windy and cold but we were under shel-

ter in the club. Our numbers are really thinning out for this show and it is very obvious that this would be the last one. George Veitch and family are trying hard to keep it going (I do not think George has ever missed one of these shows) and with his near one year old twins who are terrific babies refuses to give up. Ken and Margaret Monk and family made the trip from Poowong. Like George, Ken has never missed this party. Bert Tobin picked up Elva Davidson and her three girls Sally, June and Anne, and brought them along and Bruce McLaren took them home again. Jock Campbell provided the sweets, drinks and ice cream for which we thank him

very much. Alan Boast and his two boys, Jim Robinson, George Robertson, Jim Wall, Johnny Roberts, George (Pancho) Humphries (Pete) Krause, Bill Tucker, Harry Botterill and their families were present. A good day and a fitting end to the year.

I take this opportunity to wish everybody a very merry Christmas and a prosperous new year for 1965 and we all look forward to better and bigger things. I also must thank whoever is responsible for deciphering my writing so that this news gets into the "Courier". Beats me how they do it and get it right. So until next time, yours as always — HARRY BOTTERILL.

Random Harvest

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

It seems ages since I last wrote to you. However, I am being kept even busier than usual because my wife, Joan, is still recuperating after having been in Perth for three months during which period she underwent a major operation. However, it proved to be highly successful. I am at present on annual holidays and do not know whether I'll be going to Perth as has been customary in the past, because my wife gets tired fairly quickly.

Joan and I ran into Mrs. Eric Weller down the street the other day. She and Eric and the family had just returned from a fortnight's holiday at the Murchison River, where she said Eric got amongst the fish and landed a number of Spanish Mackerel and schnapper weighing up to 20 lb each. It was Eric's first holiday for four years and it should hold him in good stead for the big housing project on which he is engaged. Eric and his associate builder have 20 State houses on the go at Rangeway, on the eastern suburb of Geraldton (where, incidentally the Mayor, Mr. Charles Eadon-Clarke, has the store and also the only squash centre in the Geraldton area).

The Wellers recently added to Geraldton's population with the ac-

quisition of a bonny baby daughter by the name of Josephine. Hearty congratulations to the proud parents.

My wife and I also had a yarn the other day with Bruss Fagg, of Northampton. He now works for the Water Supply Department and reckons the government jobs are the best because there is not the same worry that is associated with a private business. Bruss said he was at present enjoying fairly good health but that this was not the case with his wife whom he had just taken out to their cottage at Horrocks Beach because of her ill health and the spell of hot weather.

Nip Cunningham and his family appear to be enjoying good health — and the way he was pedalling his cycle down Marine Terrace the other day would have done justice to Hubert Opperman at his best.

Well, we are preparing for the footie season once again and the club with which I am connected, Brigades, last night appointed Subiaco league player Noel Flynn, to the position of playing coach. He has 112 league games under his belt which is not bad for a chap of 28. In 1962 we imported Barry Dalton from Perth and bagged the premiership, so here's hoping for a repeat performance.

Our elder son Ross is doing the plumbing work for a £33,000

school at Exmouth, where he says one of the worst features is the red dust. They have to travel four miles each way to the Yanks' campsite for each meal, so you can imagine how early they have to rise. However it is worth the inconvenience because of the money they make by working long hours and by not having many things on which to spend it. Ross works for the Geraldton Building Co. Pty. Ltd. which plays a major role in the economy of the town (the company's turnover last year was well in excess of £1,000,000).

The household chores are calling so cheerio for now with kind regards to all the boys.

KEL CARTHEW, of 73 Gilbert-rd., Windsor, Victoria, writes:—

Reading the Editorial of the October "Courier" where it was suggested by Bert Tobin re a reunion in New South Wales.

Whilst agreeing in principle with Bert Tobin's suggestion I disagree that N.S.W. be the venue.

I have given this some thought and would like to offer this suggestion.

The year 1966 will be the 25th anniversary of the forming of the Unit, this would be a good year to hold it. The city to be Melbourne.

The reason for Melbourne would be, it is more central and would be easier for the W.A. members to get there, and the cost a little easier. Queensland and N.S.W. members could travel to Melbourne. Also Victoria is the State where the Unit originated.

The re-union to take place and cover approximately two days. A dinner on the first night and the second day to meet members and have more time to be with such members, the third day all members return to respective States.

Mode of travel:

The W.A. members charter a plane or perhaps two would be required, and pick up the South Aus members enroute.

The Queensland members would charter a plane and pick up the N.S.W. members enroute. Tassie members could cross Bass Strait by boat and plane.

Finance:

To finance this project every State Association would have to

start preparing for this immediately. All ways of raising money would have to be explored and the return of every function would be sent to the Victorian Branch, excepting W.A. The money they raise would be banked in their own bank in Perth. The Association would also have to donate a sum of money to this fund.

Members' Contribution:

Every member would have to donate a sum of money from his weekly pay, e.g. 5/-. If the strength is 300, 300 at 5/- per week for 12 months would give a princely sum of £3,750, if the strength is over 300 all the better.

To get every member to attend, the fund would have to be prepared to pay the member one day's wages he (the member) would be away from work.

A voluntary basis donation would not be good enough, it would have to be a concerted effort by every member. Every member of the Unit who is in Australia should be required to attend.

The dinner would not be the responsibility of the host State, the State Associations would have to pay proportionate amounts, where as in Queensland there is no Association as yet, but N.S.W., W.A. and Victoria would have to share the dinner cost and refreshments plus 10/- from each member who attends.

If every member would pay 5/- per week for the 12 months a voluntary donation could be asked for from members. A couple of social evenings or balls could be run during the year to raise funds. In Brisbane a ball would raise approx. £50 clear, however a few socials could also raise another £50, a total of £100. So if each State could raise that amount and I consider Melbourne, Sydney and Perth could do a lot better, the fund would be up around the £5,000 mark. To organise this a committee would have to be formed, comprising of the President of the Association, also Secretary from W.A., the President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Victorian Association and one member from N.S.W.. The meeting would be held by telephone hookup and the two final meetings would be held in Melbourne by the full committee.

This seems to be a wild dream but consider it, and it could work quite smoothly and it is not out of the realms of possibility.

The sum of £5,000 plus would be used to charter the planes, as the members could not be expected to pay the plane fare. The Victorian members would also have to pay the 5/- subs although they are going nowhere.

Considering this scheme is acceptable every donation would have to be forwarded to a centre point, and the elected Treasurer in each State would forward the money to the fund Treasurer not later than the 28th day of each month, who would then send him a receipt for the total amount sent. The local Treasurer would issue a receipt to each member as his donation was paid.

Sundry expenses would be paid from Association funds.

MRS. J. WICKS, of P.O., Wyalkatchem, W.A., writes:—

I am dropping these few lines to let you know change of address. I wrote some time ago but as yet have not received the "Courier" each month and this we miss greatly. Jack sends his regards to all and wishes everyone a Merry Christmas.

Have been up here 10 months now. Jack likes the life very much.

As for the children and I we do prefer the city life. We are 12 miles out of town. The weather is lovely though they say February is the hottest month.

Jack has met one of the boys from Koorda, the name Johnson. I just can't think of his other name at the moment.

Well I will away, looking forward to the "Courier" soon.

RAY COLE, of N.S.W., writes:—

In the event that Douglas Lockwood's features are not syndicated to the Perth press I enclose three recent articles by him on Timor which were published in the Newcastle paper.

We are slowly getting back to toil after our Perth visit. The return journey partly by trans train was a very leisurely one and with excellent weather conditions very relaxing. We particularly enjoyed a short stay at Lake Banney in

S.A. and a pleasant interlude with some old friends in Canberra.

Many thanks for spending an hour or two with me during my visit.

TONY ADAMS, of A.N.Z. Bank, Quay-st., Rockhampton, writes:

Moved here in August. Came as a big surprise as we thought we would be in Southport for some time. Good solid town or I should say city, population 42,000—every convenience and plenty of wealth, estimated two million cattle within radius of 100 miles..

Branch is quite large, staff 18, so there is plenty to do. Live over the bank facing the Fitzroy River which gives a nice outlook and a cool breeze.

Ran into Joe Palm at a cattle sale the other day and he paid me the greatest compliment by asking me if I was Basher Adams' son. That shows how little I'm showing my age, how well I'm looked after by the cook! Joe has a place about 150 miles from here and is due in town this weekend so we will chew the rag a bit. He is not on the mailing list so I'm enclosing his address and will give him my last few "Couriers".

By the way my Address Book needs amending. I have amendments listed in "Courier of May, 1963, and August, 1964. Are there any others? If so could you spare me a copy please.

I'll write fully in the new year. Please give my regards to one and all. I've enjoyed the "Couriers". Your literary ability is A.1. Arthur Smith's address was a beauty and Col's editorials.

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

Was very pleased to hear that the oranges were appreciated and thanks a lot for your kind wishes. There is not much I can do for anyone as I have not many chances to get around. I do not drive and my wife has not had much experience at night driving so we have to do most of our travelling in the day time and our chances will be less after the holidays as we will have two going to school and we like to be here when they return.

Bill Epps deserves some of the thanks as he was the means of

getting the case to the party. I would have liked to have attended the party but I was expecting some assistance to try to fix the windmill up (we had to pump water by hand as the mill was broken) and as that was the only free time my helpers could get and had to take advantage of their offer.

Would like to wish everyone the compliments of the season and if I can assist in any way such as a few eggs when they are plentiful I will only be too happy to do so. I have only a few fowls but we often get more eggs than we can use. I do not send any to the board. I have a mixture of breeds from bantams up so get an assortment of sizes but they still are useful for cake making and such.

"SHORTY" STEVENS, of Yallunda Flat, S.A., writes:—

As I have some time to fill in I'll pen a few lines to the "Courier". At the moment I'm in the grain line-up, my first load of wheat for the year and also the first opportunity to catch up with correspondence.

This last year has been one hell of a year for us to put it mildly. The rot started last March when we were burnt out in the State's biggest fire for the year and we happened to be the heaviest losers. We'd have lost over £3,000 worth not counting feed value. Main loss all our breeding ewes. The sheep men would appreciate their value, they were all 4 and 6 tooth and mated, just starting to lamb. Everywhere I look I can see burnt fences, six to seven miles of it so I'll have plenty to keep me quiet for a year or two.

We were in Lincoln on the day and were unable to do much about saving stock, etc. The buildings were saved by several units.

We did hope for a decent year to help catch up a bit, but it turned out too wet again for us and our crops are not what they could be. Still a chap can still work a little so I guess we'll make out.

Got a bone to pick with Arthur Marshall for coming to S.A. and not contacting a chap. Will chew his ear when I go West, which I will do one day.

Some time ago I saw a news

item regarding Geroka so I've cut it out and am sending it to you. May be of some interest.

I hear a bit of news of the Whagi Valley, east of Mt. Hagan, as a young couple from here are up at Mendi and have been there three years now and news comes back now and then. No doubt things have changed up there and I would not mind a trip back again just for a look.

Paddy's idea of helping out is quite a good one. The various denominations are up there and all of them really need any help they can get. I agree we want to continue to help the natives because the Indonesians are far too close for my liking.

Regarding the Caravan Convoy for those who are caravan minded and have a suitable car it would probably be a good trip, but the time of the year would have a bearing on the support or otherwise from the farming community. The way things are with us I'd say we'd be very doubtful starters.

Would like to point out to Litch that we have still got the phone connected and it will still be on next time he's in Pt. Augusta.

Here's wishing everyone a prosperous new year and our Editor bags full of letters.

Hope you can decipher this. I'm getting old and shaky.

A mate of mine has bought land 150 miles north of Geraldton and moves over in February, one Vern Hill. I think Marshall may have met him at a rodeo one time. I'll give him the addresses of some Geraldton chaps and hope you'll do the right thing.

News Cutting:

The Eastern Highlands Agricultural Society will hold a show at Goroka, New Guinea, on August 29 and 30, and what a show it will be.

When it was announced in February that the show would be revived after a break of several years the Eastern Highlands natives responded so enthusiastically that thousands of them quickly cleared a new 27 acre site.

The news that the show will be on again travelled fast and far, and 80,000 natives from all over the highlands and coastal areas, all in their original primitive warrior garb, are expected to attend. It

will take some of them a week to walk to Goroka but that will not stop them.

Unusual features of the show will be spiritual dances and "sing sings".

Many tribes, each with its own language and customs, live in the highlands the most densely populated area of Papua and New Guinea.

The show society faces a big

problem—catering for 80,000 people for two days. Fortunately supplies of sweet potato, the staple diet, are plentiful. It is estimated that the natives will eat 500 tons of it, an average of about 7 lb. a head a day.

An emergency landing ground was built at Goroka for the invasion of Lae in 1943, and the 2/2 and 2/7 Independent Companies of the A.I.F. served in the area.

Historically Yours!

(Conclusion)

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO EUROPE

Bad news from Dilly — Start thither — Camp in the open — Bees — Lacio river — Rajah's of Laicor — The Queen of Lacio — A hot ride — Geological note — Matu — Metinaru — Salt marshes — A long night-ride — Return to Dilly Palace — Extract from A's journal — Return to Fatunaba — Fevers — Decide to return to Europe — Surprised by the arrival of steamer — Regretful departure from Fatunaba — Revisit Banda and Amboina — Menado — A lucky accident — Batavia — Krakatoa — Home.

Next morning, just as we had set out, we were hailed from a neighbouring height by a man whom I made out to be in military uniform. On coming up, he informed me that he had been trying to overtake us for many days, and delivered to me letters from the Government Secretary (Senhor Bento da Franca) to say that Mrs. Forbes was very ill, and urging my immediate return to the Palace which she had been conveyed from Fatunaba.

As the route I was following was the nearest, I could gain time only by making forced marches. Descending by an undulating route to the Vebirah river, we reached the first level ground traversed in our journey—a plateau clothed with gum-trees parallel to and sloping gently with the course of the river and about one hundred feet above its channel. In being entirely composed of a perfectly horizontal mass of sand and small pebbles, embedding strata of crystalline sandstone which protruded through it at a high angle, its geological features were identical with what I have described as seen in the

Samoro and other rivers I had crossed.

A little before sunset, after a march of ten hours broken by a halt of only thirty minutes, we camped on a grassy spot on the bank, in little extemporised grass huts. During the brief twilight after the sun had disappeared, the air for some twenty minutes was suddenly filled with the hum of bees (Apis dorsata), as if a swarm had alighted among the flowers of the gum trees.

Just before daybreak while it is still dusk, the morning air is in a similar manner inundated with their noisy hum. The singular habit of these bees, in feeding in the sunless hours of the morning and evening, I was totally unaware of till I came to live at Fatunaba, where close to our door a grove of these trees grew. In the evenings the Melaleuca certainly becomes more fragrant than it is at midday; but I could not ascertain what would be very interesting to know, if its flowers exude their nectar, or shed their pollen more freely late in the evening and early in the morning.

After a comfortable enough night, which favoured us by not raining, we resumed our march before dawn. I was anxious to start sooner, but my carriers refused to travel in the night till "the three rajahs in pursuit of the seven maidens" had set, and Rainaromak (Venus) had risen some twenty degrees above the horizon.

Following the Vebirak we reached the bed of the Sumasse, a river many hundred yards broad, running between vertical walls of shingly detritus some two hundred feet high. Its channel gradually widened out into a broad shingly expanse full of Tamarind trees, Acacias, Palms, and Cactus, till it finally merged in that of the river Lacro (which I had crossed far up at Sauo on the outward journey), over whose broad tree-dotted estuarine plain, their united streams having outrun their high shingly barriers, distributed their water in rivulets, which near the headland of Illimanu debouched into the sea at no great distance below, where we turned our faces back westward to ascend again the valley of the Lacro.

A little distance up the river's left bank we came to the Rajah of Laicor's, whose people were housed in the most miserable dwellings we had seen—in low huts on the ground of a mere thatched stockade of palm-leaf stems, with a platform or two against the walls with in to sleep on.

The Rajah, an opium-besotted individual, refused to help me with a change of horses and men, but I compelled him much against his will, to supply our whole company with the breakfast—of pig-flesh, rice, Indian corn, and fresh-drawn palm-wine—which we were so much in need of, it being then nearly ten o'clock, and none of us had eaten since the previous evening.

The headquarters of the Rajah of Lacro were fortunately quite near on the other side of the river, and thither we proceeded, and for the first time found some signs of state and of a more advanced civilisation. I found here a large Catholic church, which on all religious days, I was told, was very well attended. The entire population of the kingdom professed Christianity; and the outward in-

dications of general advancement over their neighbours was apparent; but I cannot say that in individual characteristics I observed much improvement.

The missionaries of the Roman Catholic, perhaps more than those of any other, Church deserve the highest praise for their great self-abnegation and for their persistence in seeking out the most discouraging spots of the globe, where their simple life and fraternal interest in the concerns of the native, have exercised a powerful civilising effect.

The present ruler being a female, all business was transacted on her behalf at the palace-guard, a strong, neat, wooden building near the royal enclosure, in which a high official was always in attendance in command of an armed guard to keep watch over the regalia and treasure stored there, as well as over the prisoners confined in an adjoining building. These miserable creatures, however, had little chance of escaping from the rough hurdles on which they were condemned to lie, with their feet fast in the stocks, and their necks through a hole in a great log of wood too heavy to be easily moved. Many of them had several months of their punishment still to work off, but for what crimes they were suffering I could not discover.

On my arrival, I immediately sent my letters to "Her Majesty", requesting to be furnished at once with fresh horses and a guide, to continue my journey to Dilly, which she courteously promised should be ready for me at daybreak. It would have been too literal an interpretation of her promise to have expected to get away at that hour.

At ten o'clock, however, the horse and guide arrived, and I started at once, leaving my impedimenta to follow behind, in charge as usual of an official of her kingdom and of my faithful and intelligent companions, the Hindu officer and corporal, without whom as representing the Government, my journey into the interior would have been an absolute impossibility.

The broad channel, first of the Lacro river and then of its tributary the Liguani, formed a magnificent highway, along which I pass-

ed westward at a steady pace, under a thermometer marking 110 deg. in the sun and 92 deg. in the shade, between low undulating hills clothed with a shrubbery of Zizyphus Jujuba, and entirely composed of horizontal beds of shingly detritus, till at four o'clock I struck off to the right up an abrupt rise of 1,500 feet by a path studded with crystalline calcareous rocks and boulders with a flinty clink, rounded by attrition and perforated with holes and crevices like coral blocks, bored by mollusca and sponges, which had been raised up out of the sea. Strange to say, on the descent of the northern slope, not a single calcareous block or stone was to be seen anywhere.

As we commenced this descent, which was quite steep and precipitous, in the fair way of the path we came on a little mound which they called Matu, round both sides of which the road diverged. Each native with me gathered some leaves or a twig from a tree and laid it on the mound, "to ensure a safe descent". On the trees near by were hung up various articles—cigarettes, cois, little cigarette cases, and leaves in which rice had been carried, and stumps of Indian corn heads.

I have recorded above almost the same custom in Sumatra where on a large block of stone by the side of a forest path something was offered by every passer-by for "luck". A parallel exists at this day in Dauphine, where every passer-by throws into a certain chasm a little stone as an offering to the mountain spirit; and I believe the custom is not unknown in our own country.

Reaching Metinaru long after sunset I halted to rest my horse, for the first time since starting. Resuming the march after two hours, I pushed on westward along the seashore, through a long stretch of salt-marshes, which in the starlight looked like snowfields. Near Hera the flat shorelands are barred by the spurs of the hills which run out into the sea there to form that high headland; and, looking back on that dark night's ride, it seems marvellous how we surmounted without accident their rocky spurs, where the path was often interrupted by perpendicular

steps many feet in height, down which, followed by my horse, I scrambled, more by the sense of touch than by that of sight.

At daybreak I gained the last height, looking down on Dilly and the familiar island-dotted scene, and reached the Palace at eight o'clock, where I was thankful to find A. amid our kind friends much recovered, but showing in her emaciated figure how severe her sufferings had been. When the trying strain she was exposed to and her terrible position and privations are realised, it is surprising not that she at last broke down, but that she bore up so long and so bravely. From her journal, which she had struggled to keep, I have extracted a few entries, commencing some days after my departure.

"How exceedingly still it is! Birds now come and perch on the very rail of the verandah—lovely little things which we could get only a glimpse of before; and in the near vicinity the Gamut-bird practises its notes, to whose clear crescendo I listen with rapt attention. Towards evening I look, eagerly even, for my little woman. The first time I saw her she was sitting under the sloping roof of her hut, devouring an unripe mango, and I stayed to look twice to be sure that she was really human. And this is my sole companion, for whose return I long! I am trying to pick up from her some words of her language; in exchange I was going to teach her civilised ways. Feeling too weak to brush my hair, and thinking it would be delightful to have again that little attention, I showed her how I wished it done—by quick, firm strokes. She nodded assent, and took the brush, but, alas for my hopes—she vigorously imitated my action—with the back of the brush."

(Other visitors than birds came about her dwelling for) "A wild-looking man from the mountains came past, and, evidently struck by the novel-looking hut, with its appurtenances of civilisation and its white inhabitant, he stayed to satisfy his curiosity, and, after going round to look at everything, he lay down on the verandah to stare at me"; (and) "last evening at sundown my quiet was disturb-

ed by the advent of a number of mountain men, who, after coolly monopolising my fireplace to roast their supper of maize at, spread themselves to sleep on my verandah. It was gorgeous moonlight; and, as I was very wakeful and restless, I rose to look at the group in deep sleep around me. What a very strange experience for an unprotected woman, in a doorless hut, on a lonely hillside, thus surrounded by a number of semi-savages! I have been trying to occupy myself constantly to divert me from the loneliness of my situation, but I am often helpless from fever."

"My nights quite sleepless, I lie and listen for the return of the thieves" (who had entered and robbed the house, and had a second time in the middle of the night returned, decamping, however, on A's. calling out, and who, had she dared to oppose them, would not have scrupled to put it beyond her power to turn informant. When writing to me in the interior, with rare self-denial she restrained from telling me the state of affairs at Fatunaba), "and am consequently daily more and more attacked with fever; but I must make an effort to see to the fire in the drying-house, where the herbarium arriving from the interior is deposited." (After a considerable break) "Long bout of fever: unable to do more than sit on the verandah; the silence is most oppressive; my old woman is getting tired of her duty, and forgets to come to me. I dare not express displeasure when she does come, lest she desert me utterly. I carefully concealed from H. all mention of my loneliness and of the old woman's defalcations, as it is of the greatest importance that his mind should be free from anxiety on my account; but perhaps it had been wiser to tell him; for I feel very ill, and it is only the thought that these rare plants must be tended that keeps me on foot."

(After another long break): "At the point where my journal is discontinued I quite succumbed to what was as much nervous as malarial fever; day after day attacks came on with increasing force, while my powers to help myself became decreased. The old woman at last would not come near

me, by signs and much talking she indicated that she would be tabooed by her own people if she stayed by a sick person." (She doubtless feared that she might be thought a Swangi or Disease-producer.) "I had then to fall back entirely on myself, as she would not carry any message for me to Dilly. Fortunately there was a store of water in our large stone tank, and my small paraffin stove was full of oil. In a stronger hour I dragged some boxes in front of my bed, and placed within reach rice, salt and some vessels. Eggs in abundance must have been within a few hundreds yards of me in nests among the grass, to which I had traced our few fowls, but I dared not venture so far in the morning—the only time I had a little strength—the very high winds that prevailed. It is one phase of these fevers that when an attack has passed a great faintness comes on, which even a mouthful of food or drink will relieve. I never fully realised the boon of sick-room attentions till I had to rouse myself at these faint moments to cook the only available food I could take—rice water. But the oil in my small lamp at last was done, and I was unable to go to the store to refill it. For some days I must have been delirious; during the nights I tossed in my sweat-soaked garments, sometimes able to reach out for dry ones, sometimes not; but, more than from all the discomfort and weakness, I suffered from the terrible stillness. Undisturbed, the rats played in wild riot through my hut during the day, and in the night gnawed everything gnawable—sometimes they even attempted to penetrate inside my mosquito curtains, within which I had dragged my store of rice. So ferocious were they that I saw them seize a parrot on a tree which overshadowed the hut, which they brought to the verandah and devoured there, while the feathers scattered in the wind. I shuddered to think how H. would find me if I should die before he returned or help should come. A passing lad—whom I sighted through the bamboo slits of the hut—I called to me, bribing him by coin after coin to carry a note to the Palace begging for medicine and aid. Just

as he at last consented, after much dubitation, and the most urgent entreaty on my part, it began to rain (rain is always abhorred by the natives), which made him hesitate in his purpose—a terrible moment for me. but, espying my open parasol in a corner, he seized it and marched off. I don't know whether my hilarity in my utter prostration was more at the ludicrous figure he cut, his only wettable garment being his loin-cloth, or in hysterical and delighted anticipation of obtaining help at last."

As good fortune would have it, this lad met a messenger from Madame de Franca, who had become anxious at A's. long silence, on his way to inquire for her. The news of her state brought at once the doctor and a friend who instantly returned for an ambulance. Though the afternoon was far gone before it arrived the descent was at once begun. The carriers struggled on while daylight lasted—one short hour; then owing to the steepness of the road and the darkness of the night they refused to carry longer, when she had to walk. After a terrible journey of five hours duration she reached the sympathy and comforts of the Palace—kindness which will be treasured by us both as long as we live.

We returned at once to our home at Fatunaba, whose beauty was as fresh to us as ever, and it was impossible not to feel that there could be no fairer spot for a dwelling. I had sufficient to occupy me for several days in arranging the herbarium already in the drying-house, and when three days later, the giant packages collected between Saluki and Lalo arrived I had work for several weeks. We had not long settled when A. was again laid down with a most violent type of fever which then seemed to be specially epidemic in Dilly, and to which one of the Governor's sons succumbed in a sudden paroxysm. As these attacks, notwithstanding all the remedies tried, daily became more severe, we decided that as I had accomplished all that was possible in Timor, and as nothing in the way of fitting out for my next journey to the high mountains of South-Eastern New Guinea could be done

in Dilly, our wisest course was to return to Europe by the mail due the 3rd of June.

On the 30th of May, on coming out at daylight into the verandah, I was thunderstruck to see the mail steaming into the harbour—when there was not half of our baggage packed, and all the porters to find. Hurrying down to Dilly, I learned that there would be no other steamer for five weeks but that The Lansberge would remain till next evening.

Through Senhor Albino's kind aid I obtained a company of men in charge of a sergeant, and, hastening back to Fatunaba, packed up my collection and such articles as we most valued, as it was evident that all our belongings could not possibly be transported in the short time at our disposal.

The Timorese carriers and A's old ape-like woman—though she did not deserve it—were made frantically happy by rewards of household gear and paraphernalia, plates, spoons, knives, cooking utensils, old meat tins, and gifts of such trade articles as mirrors, beads, and kerchiefs, as had escaped the notice of the thieves.

We were forced to leave behind us the whole rude furnishings of the house—stoves, lamps, water-tanks, cans of petroleum, stools, gunpowder and shot, and a considerable store of kanipa, or gin with filthy spirits of wine in bottles of the same shape. We have often pictured to ourselves the astonished eyes and the jubilant dance of the first Timorese who, passing by, should find the deserted hut, and its Eldorado of kanipa and the rest, especially if he commenced with the snake-tinctured spirits of wine—all his for the appropriating!

By five o'clock in the evening the last porter's load disappeared round the elbow of the hill; but we remained behind for a little to take a last sorrowful farewell of the sweet spot in which we had spent so many days of privation and sickness hard enough to bear while they lasted, but which have long been quite forgotten, while the supreme happiness we experienced in our work together and the surpassing beauty of the scene on which we daily looked, will remain among our most treasured

reminiscences as long as memory lasts.

As it was impossible to obtain sufficient porters to carry A. the long irksome descent had to be accomplished on foot, painfully, but with uncomplaining and resigned cheerfulness, for was it not for the last time? By nine o'clock we stepped on board.

Owing to the fall of a horse baggage and all, down a steep slope, and the breakdown and running away of some of the porters, it was only at sundown of next day that the last of our baggage was safely shipped. By a happy coincidence the Governor and his family—fewer by two, and woe-fully altered by sickness—were again our fellow passengers on their way back to Europe.

In the early morning of the 1st of June we steamed away for Batavia via Amboina and a few hours later our hut on the Fatunaba rock glinting in the morning sun, disappeared below the horizon. After one more day under the nutmeg arbours of Banda, and a farewell visit to our friend's Machik in Amboina, we reached Menado on the 10th, where we were delayed by rough weather. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good". In the gale our steamer dragged her anchor, which had to be hauled in, and when it appeared it brought with it three other anchors, where, "On an island's winding shore, There for ages long they lay, At the bottom of a bay," each more foul than the other, with hydroid Zoophytes, Sponges and Crustacea, which were specially handed over to me and carefully bottled.

Off the north-west cape of Celebes, we passed between the main land and a broad slice of land, with small trees and stumps erect on it, drifting in a north-easterly direction. After short calls at Macassar, at Ampanam in Lombok, and at Baleling in Bali, we reached Surabaya on the 23rd of the month. Here we had with deep regret at last to say good-bye to the Da Franca family, to whom we had been indebted for the greatest possible official and private kindnesses, as it was necessary for us to trans-ship for Batavia, where we arrived five days later.

We had nine days to spare be-

fore the arrival from Brisbane of the mail for Europe. These were spent in the delicious and salubrious air of Buitenzorg, in packing up my bulky herbarium and in the renewing of many old friendships.

On July 9th we sailed in the British India Company's mail steamer Quetta—at last homeward bound. At sundown we dropped our pilot at Anjer sleeping peacefully among its cocoanut palms, and a few hours later we passed the blazing crater of Krakatoa—scenes well known and familiar to me, of which I retain many most pleasing memories; but it was the last look that was ever to be possible to me; for, ere little more than a month had passed, both were doomed to destruction.

On the 13th of August the Quetta reached Plymouth, and on the 14th we arrived in London, transported in 75 days from the make-shifts, discomforts, and rough contrivances of a rude hut among half naked savages, to all the elegances of a great London hotel, with its fashionable crowd, a contrast—to me certainly—too great to be comfortable or pleasant for some time at least. I realised that I was more than half a barbarian, to whom the restraint of civilisation had become irksome and who would have rejoiced to have been at once spirited back again to his swarthy friends in the Eastern Archipelago.

(THE END)

* * *

HISTORICALLY YOURS!

This instalment brings this most interesting and informative series to a close and I think that all readers will agree that it has worthily filled the "H.Y." spot for many months. The thanks of all to Bernie Callinan who supplied the photostat copy of this venerable old book obviously loaned by Rolf Baldwin from the Geelong Grammar Library to Bernie. The series has shown how little Timor changed from 1868 until we arrived in 1941. Perhaps the author's experience with the natives was a little different from that experienced by us but the terrain, the living conditions, the roads, the government, were as if the clock had never moved in 70 years