Editorial

Vandalism In The Name Of Anti-Conscription

As one grows older one either tolerates or castigates the rising generation. The long haired or short skirted crowd get either approval or arched eyebrows dependent on the tolerance that one feels should be extended. Although we become wise in years we also tend to forget the follies of our youth when we too were out on the tiles.

However it is one thing to have the high spiritedness of youth and the devil-may-care attitude to adult conventions but it is an entirely different matter when the high spirits turn to vandalism and especially when that vandalism takes the form of desecration.

It is a known fact that since the youthful banner wavers of the anti-conscription school have got under way the vandalism in sacred places has been on the upsurge.

Firstly there has been the burning of crosses at the State War Memorial at Kings Park as an alleged protest against supposed R.S.L. war mongering. Lately the vandalism has taken the form of removing plaques from trees in the various Memorial Drives in Kings Park, including our very own area in Lovekin Drive. These plaques as you know commemorate one of the fallen in the wars in which this country served and the trees are a living memorial to our honoured dead.

Something in the nature of 25-30 plaques, including one in our area, have been either removed and thrown away or have been broken. Some of these plaques have most obviously been broken to smithereens by throwing house bricks at them.

The type of lout who would want-only produce this sort of vandalistic desecration must be of the lowest mentality and totally devoid of the higher feelings which are supposed to raise man above the level of the animals. Just how they expect such wanton acts to advance the cause of peace or stop conscriptionists being sent to Vietnam is beyond this writer's comprehension. But do it they do!

What is the remedy?

Surely in these years of compulsory education the average intelligent human being is absorbing enough education to know this sort of thing is dammably wrong. Surely the average parent is instilling into his offspring what is right and what is wrong. Just where do these misguided misfits spring from? The world is not all that bad a place to live in and Australia must be just about a paradise, so how these perversions can spring up in a community such as ours is completely beyond your writer.

The penalties inflicted on this type of sadist should be a deterrent that will make any others think twice before performing such acts of wanton vandalistic desecration and the sincere hope is that before very long one of these individuals is caught in the act and gets his just deserts.

—C. D. DOIG.
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The meeting was most successful and it is hoped that future Annual General Meetings will be of such a character.

PRESIDENT’S REPORT

Gentlemen,
A year has passed since you elected me President—an honour for which I thank you. The Committee and I have met each month and I must thank them for the help they have given me during the year. I feel we have had a very happy and successful year. The Annual Re-union and Dinner was as usual here at Anzac House. Unfortunately the number present was not as high as we would like, but those who attended made it a success. The Commemoration Service was held on the next day.

Early in September, a family picnic, held in the form of a Car Rally and ending at Gerry Maley’s block, proved an excellent success. Then the Stir children were taken to Reg Harrington’s farm at Weyinge late in October. It was a pleasure to see what a happy time was had by the children—also the adults.

Ladies’ Night held in early November was not well attended, but was voted a great night. Another Ladies’ Night was held in May. This was much better attended and once more was a great success. Notices have been sent out regarding the proposed Safari in 1968. Response so far is encouraging and we sincerely hope that all children will make it a success. The “Courier” has continued to be forwarded to members with its usual regularity. The matter of a ‘reprint of the Address Book is long overdue and he is certainly a 生ore of history. Bill Epps with assistance of a few country members and wives present.

Christmas presents were once again served by the Country members. A party for city children was held in March at Mullaloo. The weather was not our friend and also in April at space found for the Association said that the honour could not go to a more worthy recipient, especially as this was the only member to be so honoured. Coastal Doig also added a few words of praise.

Sprig McDonald brought up the matter of a weekend convention or the like, at Rottnest and this was passed on to the incoming Committee to try and arrange.

The Family of our late member, Mick Calcutt, have donated a trophy to the Association. It has been decided to conduct a series of sports events each of this to be decided. The winner to hold the trophy for a year and then receive a replica. This trophy is indeed a markable job, and is a big influx of new blood. The Bowls Night with the Maimed and Limbless was this year held in March at Mullaloo. The Annual Sweep, which is the backbone of the Association, was a great success and I thank all members for their co-operation. Our financial position is now very sound. The new money purchased for Bill Epps was well overdue and he is certainly showing us how well it works. Joe Poynton give an outline of all Don had done for them by the Management Committee, and there is now blood some surprises, especially for the Branch had had an excellent year. These reports are printed elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. President and Members,
It is once again my pleasure to submit the Editor’s Report for the year just completed. It has been a year of steady progress as far as the “Courier” is concerned. Nothing particularly spectacular but the news has gone to members with some regularity.

During the year 10 “Couriers” were issued, that months of December and April being omitted. The total cost was $222.18 and We recovered $40 from the Victorian Branch as their share of the cost. The small contribution in the sweep conducted by the W.A. Branch and by their generous donations more than cover their cost of participation in the circulation of the journal.

The present circulation of the paper is of the order of 474, made up as follows: W.A. 191, Victoria 115, New South Wales 107, Qld. 28, S.A. 16, Tas. 8, A.C.T. 4, U.K. 3, and New Guinea 2. You will appreciate that this is a great satisfactory coverage of members wherever they be domiciled.

I think it can be said that the news content of the “Courier” has given us financial security. We have a good circulation, and to that we can add a few more of our members pass on. And now, gentlemen, I would like to say “Thank you” to you all for your support. If re-elected I will try to carry out your wishes to the best of my ability.

MICK CALLUTT, President.
hope they keep up the good work in the years to come.

Thanks once again to Bill Epps and his wonderful team for the wonderful job of printing, wrapping and despatching the "Courier" and keeping the address list up to date. Without their efforts we would be in dire trouble. Thanks to Keith Hayes for providing address stencils.

Once again thanks to our publishers "The Swan Express" of Midland, who have given us a wonderfully pro-duced paper at reasonable cost and have met all our dead lines with the result that during this crucial period we have been much below those of previous years but it is to some extent the best I can offer as my ideas are reaching a stagnation point due to length of time trying to produce a readable paper. You should desire to use my services again in the year after four most fruitful years.

My efforts over the past year have been much below those of previous years but it is to some extent the best I can offer as my ideas are reaching a stagnation point due to length of time trying to produce a readable paper. You should desire to use my services again in the year after four most fruitful years. Prior to that he was Auditor for a long while. Dick took over the Treasurership at a very vital time and his firm commis-sion brought a bad situation to hand. His presentation of financial accounts at all meetings and his diligence and collecting abundance of funds was a real help to the Association. Dick retires from his position with the A. & N.Z. Bank before the end of the year and expects to trip around quite a bit. Dick was elected a Life Member of the Association in 1965.

Percy Hancock:

Percy has done a tremendous amount of work for the Association and has served on the Committee for many terms, and also has had at least one term as Vice President. Percy originated started a sub-branch at Kalgoorlie straight after the war and this only fell apart when he left the area. He was another who was very strong on the Children's Party side and his ability to wrap parcels was always lavish. He brought many ideas of merit to Committee discussions and was a most valuable member. He was also strong in many ways and especially in arranging for buses and driving them when we have taken various children's groups on country trips. In the early stages of Children's Christmas Parties he did a tremendous amount of work in preparing and purchasing of presents. We are a very lucky Branch to have chaps like Clarrie available to us in their special capacities.

ANNUAL RE-UNION

COMMENORATION SERVICE

The date for these two functions has been fixed for Saturday, Oct. 1, and Sunday, Oct. 2. The venue for the dinner will be as usual at Anzac House Basement. This date coincides with the Grand Final of the football and should give country folk a great chance to take in both treats.

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

JULY, 1966 2/2 Commando Courier
A REPORT ON A TRIP TO PORTUGUESE TIMOR
June 15 to June 22, 1966

There is now a weekly flight from Darwin to Bacau every Wednesday. One can remain in Bacau or carry on in a different plane to Dili. There are normally two weekly services from Bacau to Dili and vice versa. The Bacau plane is a Fokker Friendship made available by TAA under lease to the Portuguese Government. The Timor internal flights are weekly. Bernie Callinan smoothed the way for me by writing to Pat da Luc who is the Consul for Portuguese Timor, and arranging for me to be met at the plane by Major John Denning. Pat da Luc gave me a letter of introduction to Lieutenant Colonel Pizarro, the Military Commandant in Portuguese Timor. Bernie also gave me a letter to the Bishop of Dili, the Most Reverend Jamieourlart, whom many of us will remember.

The assistance of Pat da Luc was required in more ways than one as I most unfortunately left my Health Certificate behind in Perth! However, a doctor in Dili soon fixed this little matter.

The flight to Bacau was uneventful but fortunately the plane flew very low over the mountain tops across the island. Immediately upon landing I engaged a small boy in conversation to see how much Tetum he could remember. He was delighted as a visitor speaking Tetum was something he had never seen before. It is amazing how quickly the vocabulary returns and I found by the end of the week I was conversing quite fluently. There is a duty free shop at the airport at Bacau but naturally, purchases can only be made on land.

After one hour at the Bacau Airport, we then left by Dove for Dili. The flight is a little over half an hour and the only place of interest we passed over was Manateu. When we landed in Dili, I thought my memory must have left me - or rather, I landed on the wrong side of the road! Several years ago the old aerodrome that we knew so well was dispensed with and a new one was completed almost immediately opposite. I was met at the plane by Major John Denning, the Australian Consul in Dili. His driver, Ernesto, was not actually a Creodo being too young but was old enough to remember 1941 and 1942. Ernesto took me, together with a few other interested fellow travellers, to visit Donna Berta Martins, the old lady who looked after Keith Hayes after he was shot down. She is completely blind and lives in a little umu not far from where she lived when she looked after Keith. She is very feeble and probably will not live very much longer. Her memory is sharp and she chatted away very excitedly about the whole thing.

Keith, of course, has been looking after her throughout the years and on this occasion I took a 5lb. box of crystallised fruit for him which doubtless she will enjoy very much. Ernesto showed me the exact place where she picked Keith up and it is a pity that he also was not present. I took some snaps of the area and hope they come out.

On presenting my credentials to Lieutenant Colonel Pizarro, he immediately got cracking and made available a jeep, Second Lieutenant and a driver and gave me carte blanche to visit any area in the whole of Portuguese Timor.

The rainy season had not yet come to a finish and although remaking of roads had just begun, some of the roads were extremely dangerous. After road repairing is finished it will probably be possible to visit several of the main towns by car but transport is extremely expensive. Before the roads are repaired after the rains of the wet season, it would be impossible to visit the inland towns effectively.

Briefly I visited the following places in this order: Titar, Three Spur Camp, Rallyaco, the new bridge over the Glano River, Ermera, Hatolla, Lefetofo, Atsabe, Maubisse, Ainaro, Camp, Railaco, the new bridge over the Glano River, Ermera, Hatolla, Lefetofo, Atsabe, Maubisse, Ainaro, Camp, Railaco, the new bridge over the Glano River, Ermera, Hatolla, Lefetofo, Atsabe, Maubisse, Ainaro.

I visited all these places on the way back. Several drivers, the Australian Consul in Dili. His driver, Ernesto, was not actually a Creodo being too young but was old enough to remember 1941 and 1942. Ernesto took me, together with a few other interested fellow travellers, to visit Donna Berta Martins, the old lady who looked after Keith Hayes after he was shot down. She is completely blind and lives in a little umu not far from where she lived when she looked after Keith. She is very feeble and probably will not live very much longer. Her memory is sharp and she chatted away very excitedly about the whole thing.

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Briefly I visited the following places in this order: Titar, Three Spur Camp, Rallyaco, the new bridge over the Glano River, Ermera, Hatolla, Lefetofo, Atsabe, Maubisse, Ainaro. I then climbed to the top of the hill and found the ring of stones exactly the
same as before. I very cunningly purchased a Lepa at the Maubisse market thinking I would save a few escudos but upon my return to Dili, I found that they were cheaper there! The Maubisse market was a whopper and it is a big centre today. With the help of the Administrator of Maubisse, Jose Pires, the son of Lieutenant Pires who will be remembered by some of us, I interviewed nine of the creados. One of the creados named Miranda, was very sick so he sent his wife along. The following are the names of the various creados together with their respective "tuans". Most of these are guesswork as it was impossible after so many years for these creados to remember the correct names or to describe their tuans accurately.

Creado: Miranda. Tuan: Capan (pronounced like captain without the "P").

Lekeberi: Sec-Marie. This looked a certainty and when I checked with Sig. Murray (Don) it was definitely his old creado.

Maunali: ?

Lekeberi. Captain Bola who apparently used to take out his false teeth and snap them at Lekeberi!

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call was to Aphose Pereira, who
many will remember at Villa Maria.
He is starting to look a little old
now but really has changed very lit-
tle in 24 years and still has the
same "explosive personality. I was
overjoyed to find Anselmo Al-
meida was still in Dili and still work-
ning at the Banco Nacionalul:Ultra-
marino. I remembered him quite
clearly and he was anxious to hear
news of Ron Kirkwood whom he re-
collects very well.

The currency was changed several
years ago and the old patacas and
avos have disappeared. They are
replaced by escudos. There are
three hotels in Dili, one being very
modern and erected on the site of
the old Hotel Dili. Small shops are
now catering for the ever increasing
tourists and quite a few local handi-
crafts are available at most reason-
able prices. Should anyone be vis-
ting Dili it would be a good idea
to get in touch with Joelino Simoes.
Joelino is a most friendly young
fellow who will be of immense help
to anybody visiting Dili in the future.
He is particularly anxious to meet
any of the old 2/2nd.

The weather during my stay was
very good and we had no rain on only
one day. As you will remember it
is quite cold in the hills and I slept
with a blanket. Down at Dili (and
also in Moresby) it is hot and sticky.
There is still malaria there and a vis-
itor is advised to take anti-malarial
precautions. Anyone returning from
Timor is given malarial tablets by
the Department of Health in Darwin.
I also called upon the Most Rev-
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historically yours
DEDICATED TO THOSE BRAVE COMMANDOS OF MUDFLATS

There with pencil in hand he stood,
None other than correspondent King Wood.
Beside him there with camera clicking,
Was Norm Stucky for action looking.

Now first they went to the Li-ber-tory,
Dixon was there with Owen gun to fore,
On tail or wing or beneath he roved,
For many photos Norm Stucky wanted.

To follow a weary patrol was needed
For big bronzed Commandos in vain they pleaded,
Ready to help was Headquarters Staff,
So weary they returned from hospital path.

Now braver men, never have I seen,
Allan and George with guns so clean,
Our "I" staff was represented in full,
Kirkwood and Bray were there add-

A TREATISE OF STRIPS AND THEIR HABITS

"By One Who Should Know"
Touched upon recently in the 2nd edition of "Faith Piblets", back numbers of No. 2. (Please replace after perusal.)
Requirements: A 1 x 2.5 mile area of marshy ground, preferably kunai covered. Must be undertaken by 3, other jeep, driver dito repeate.
Method: From interrogation find E.G.: this was used in Bleriot's time and worked beaut. Reccy by flying about a bit in a Cub, poke a forkly stick into the waving kunai and go home for kai. You can see Fanny Adams anyhow. Next, hoping for the best while fearing the worst, gouge some kunai down with mower. Choose line of strip to coincide with large hill one end, 2nd, other commensurate with some blackboys skilfully hidden to hurl Sheriff off mower seat in graceful parabola. Do very little outside of smoking, and if there's a blue, be socialistic and share it up. Get someone up with a bit of artillery and have him stand on the grassy hill and manage to arrive by Cub, landing sweetly on our kunai whilst you are wondering if he will crash all of his legs or only some of his armsholantly on the mower and make him come to you. Remember the Tiger of Dillig. He will come, inspect mower and will say, "Aha, a mower, a Rawlings. Two speed, of course, high and low. Gear change lever here. Huilo, that seems to throw it out of gear. Anything wrong with it?" Now, reader, if you are wise you will lie in your blankets style, even if the wheels are broken and the machine is palpably able to disintegrate there and then. Reason is, tell the truth and you are commanded to remove the sump cover. This is a messy greasy job on hands and deputies one of the pleasure of wiping the snout on the back of the hands, forcing one to indulge in snuffing, therefore, taking oneself open to a charge of being haughty and aloof.

Next you will be ordered: "Pull it along, I want to see how it works."

So did we but not so badly as that.
You now begin to convulse the colon into a position whereby prodigious amounts of these accessories to nuts can be secured at a distance of 100 yards. It requires to dents the dirt and dives back again—constant. Gas operated, shock and recoil won't give you the barrier against this. All this for being truthful. Don't do it, boy! He will then offer to send you a fitter, despite the fact you may have some good 'uns already.

Now measure strip. You know it is too short, so you chat to him as amiably as Larry. With the mower, one is better in your mind and your breath being a bit reluctant to return. He may hint the Garbo stunt by counting aloud. Don't be discouraged. Remember you are a commando. Also that boldness was that captured Kesawai for the Seventh. Keep at him. He is if 475 yards, halt him, look back and say: "575 yards is a fair way, sweat, isn't it?" I believe my confere have been superb subtle in this way, as our strip finally measured 100 yards over our most hopeful tally.

You will now be requested to dig a hole a foot deep. Yes, your measurement is as specific as that. The hole is to be dug outside of smoking, and if there's a blue, be socialistic and share it up. Get someone up with a bit of artillery and have him stand on the grassy hill and manage to arrive by Cub, landing sweetly on our kunai whilst you are wondering if he will crash all of his legs or only some of his arms intently on the mower and make him come to you. Remember the Tiger of Dillig. He will come, inspect mower and will say, "Aha, a mower, a Rawlings. Two speed, of course, high and low. Gear change lever here. Hullo, that seems to throw it out of gear. Anything wrong with it?" Now, reader, if you are wise you will lie in your blankets style, even if the wheels are broken and the machine is palpably able to disintegrate there and then. Reason is, tell the truth and you are commanded to remove the sump cover. This is a messy greasy job on hands and deputies one of the pleasure of wiping the snout on the back of the hands, forcing one to indulge in snuffing, therefore, taking oneself open to a charge of being haughty and aloof.

Next you will be ordered: "Pull it along, I want to see how it works."

The Colonel will now fade into the distance. Next day a fitter will arrive with the wrong cog and he will dither about most gleefully for several days before finding that out. Left to you to remedy nothing but memories. You will clatter the strip up with discarded inventions which you hope no-one sees you using. In short you will be condemned to the rusty and trusty shovel with the order of the "Cross de la Pick-eau". Hold tight for these small paws i.e. "Sltties" are handy against "Kitties".

In closing, console yourself that just like you, With the mower, one is better...
PETER BARDEN, of Box 310, Geraldton, W.A., writes—
Another link with the 2/2nd has come Geraldton's way. A few of us radio types were recently having a jug or two (?) with officials of the visiting East Fremantle Football Team when a newcomer to Geraldton joined the party. He was none other than “Dutchy” Holland's brother Mick, who has entered the real estate business in our fair town.

I recently ran into Bruss Fagg, of Northampton, when the footie team I'm connected with in an official capacity, visited that northern town, and he was justly proud of the gesture by their womenfolk. They had just presented the club with a rubbing-down table and it will be Bruss's pleasure to look after this excellent piece of footie equipment in his capacity as property man.

On the dismal side, I have just been told by the Geraldton R.S.L. hospital visitor that one ex-Double-Red-Diamond type, Gerry Edwards, is in hospital here but will be going to Hollywood for further treatment to his back. It would therefore be appreciated if some of you could call on Gerry and help cheer him up.

I haven't run into Bill Drage lately but I see where his elder daughter, Susan, became engaged to a prominent Geraldton footballer, Gary Rock, son of the Great Northam Football League President, John Rock. There no doubt will be a bit of friendly rivalry as Draggi's nephews play for Northampton.

I often run into Nip Cunningham and he appears to be as fit as ever. His youngest daughter, Francine, has been in the news again—not this time because of her ability in the Girl Guide movement, but because of her public speaking prowess. "Pran", a student of the Presentation Sisters' Stella Maris College, represented the college in the zone final of the "Youth Speaks For Australia" competition and performed creditably to fill third position when speaking on the subject of "National Development".

Archie Campbell has been in town as President of Perth Legacy Club and no doubt met up with his old pal, Eric Smyth. He attended the combined dinner of the Geraldton Contact Legacy Group and the Torchbearers for Legacy and congratulated members on their excellent efforts. Eric is an official of this hard-working organisation.

The Barden family are all enjoying good health. Our elder son, Ross, is to enter “double harness” on August 13. He is marrying Nancy Stokes, who incidentally is current champion of the Geraldton Golf Club, so he may begin to take an interest in that sport instead of playing footie.

Must be away now as the wife and I have a civic reception to attend, in honour of "Miss Australia". We've certainly had a mixture lately, as far as civic receptions are concerned (the last one was for the Japanese Ambassador, and the previous one for the Anglican Bishop of New Guinea).

Kind regards to all the boys, and don't forget, if any of you are in Geraldton, I'm easy to find. I'm at the A.B.C., almost opposite the Town Hall, in a convenient situation, immediately opposite the Murchison Inn Hotel.

SHORTY STEVENS, of Yallunda Flats, writes—
A few lines to go with the sweep butts. Am also enclosing the questionnaire on the "Safari". I would like to commend you chaps in W.A. for the way you are tackling this event and I sincerely hope it is as successful as the efforts warrant it. Personally, the more I think the thing over the more I am sold on the idea of seeing the chaps together again.

Marg and I are very hopeful of taking part, but as I have made my run a bit late as usual, we will have some family with us. I do not know what the organisers have in mind regarding children but would be interested to know.

Was disappointed to read Spocky had by-passed us so close. Apparently he does not read the "Courier" very often. I thought my name appeared now and then. Had he taken the turn-off he noted he would have added only a total of 15 miles to his tally. Still better luck next time.

It will be a while before the trip starts and I would not like to add any more driving to the W.A. boys than they want, but from Ceduna to Whyalla, or Pt. Augusta, there are...
two alternatives and I guess Sprocky would be well able to advise here. I would like to say, however, that if it is decided to come via Pt. Lincoln if you care to detour to us I guess I could find a tree or two to camp under or a sheep or a calf to barbecue somewhere for sure. For your information we are just under 400 miles from Adelaide and a good sealed road all the way.

The extra mileage via Pt. Lincoln would be approximately 150 miles which could make a difference when planning.

Hate to admit it but at the moment I am finding age seems to be catching up with me. Seem to have gone awful creaky in the joints lately. Had a good splash of rain three weeks ago with green grass and clover up well but now with a few day wind behind us we're scanning the skies a bit. How about sending us a bit of moisture from over your way? Hoping you get a good response for the sweep. Cheers for now.

J. T. RITCHIE, with a Shearing Team, Goomalling, W.A., writes:

Fingers came along before forks, so we're told. Signs, signals and other means of communication with ones fellow man came along before man adapted himself to the rather curious habit of being able to keep in touch with another with a written word. Now this makes your task as Editor strangely hard, strangely, because we have allowed ourselves to become so softly civilized that we expect and indeed accept one man as the sole passer-on of signals to those who, somehow, we'd like to remember.

Your editorial was like a hand above water grasping for straws. I hope that the rest of the blokes in the Unit will throw in with you, and themselves, to keep the "Courier" alive. Please accept this letter as one of the straws.

I still haven't explained what I meant quite clearly enough. I've lost the "Courier" and forget the particular month you wrote your editorial, begging, pleading, hoping, praying for some correspondence to help to keep the "Courier" alive.

But I guess that's not really important. The important thing is you've asked us time and again to drop a letter to you occasionally. Have we done it? I feel guilty because I value the "Courier" and would like to hear about other b—such as I. But I will never hear about blokes I slept with if they don't write to the "Courier".

Just at the moment if it's of any interest to you, or any other reader of the "Courier" I'm doing S.F.A. Now, what a great life that is. Do S.F.A. and where do you get? Yeah. Nowhere, except in trouble, boob or thinking that the harlot down the street looks like a model for a fashion advt. It's the cockies to blame. Just because I have a spell in shearing I can't get a job on a tractor because the bloody cockies won't let me drive it until the rains loosen the ground up a bit. How hard can you, or the ground, get? I'll guarantee this, nothing is harder than the heart of a woman who is not on your side, yet nothing so velvety responsive as the woman who blindly believes you are a good joker.

Some girls are like a zipper nightie—just put one thing and it's all off!

Guy: "Doctor, you won't believe it but I'm troubled with a bad case of housemaid's knee! I don't know what to do—it keeps me awake all night!"

Doctor: "Why don't you try sleeping alone?"

The optimist is often as wrong as the pessimist, but he is by far the happier.

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NOVEMBER MEETING

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

LAST NIGHT OF THIS YEAR'S CALCUTT TROPHY