



# 2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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## Editorial

### A MIXED BAG

Firstly as Editor and Sweep Organiser, let me thank everybody for a really magnificent result. Financially the Association is back on an even keel and the future of the publishing of the "Courier" is definitely assured with your most generous response. Added to this the number of letters sent in by members returning their butts has enabled your Editor to bank up quite a bit of material for future issues of the "Courier".

The conduct of the sweep gives me a great deal of pleasure in that it brings about such a high degree of contact with members and brings back wonderful memories of the blokes all over Australia.

My extreme thanks once again.

Secondly, as Organiser at the W.A. end of the Great Safari, let me also thank all those who have forwarded their questionnaires. The response to date has been good, but there still remain many who have not advised their intention.

Would you please do your utmost to make up your mind and forward that questionnaire to me as soon as possible, and definitely before June 30, 1967.

Even allowing for those who have signified their intention of making the trip the success of the Safari is assured. You will hear plenty of this in the ensuing months as plans are brought to fruition so save madly to have the time of your life on what can only be the trip of a lifetime.

My third subject is that of the re-

issue of the Address Book which is enclosed in this issue. Thanks to truly herculean effort on the part of Bill Epps we have been able to collate all the changes of addresses up to about one month ago and this little book is as complete as possible up until that time. However we still have some nomads among us who change their address at the crucial moment and you will be advised of these through the "Courier" and you are asked to make the necessary changes as they are published to bring your book up to date.

You may not be aware that this Address Book of ours is probably unique in Australia so treasure it as it is worth its weight in bank notes.

The fourth issue for this pot pourri is that of the projected Memorial to those gallant persons who assisted us in Timor. The Committee of the W.A. Branch have now settled upon a design which is considered to be as satisfactory as any such design can ever hope to be and they are now in the process of working out various details.

An approach has already been made to the Commonwealth Government to try and get them to subsidise us in this venture. It is hoped that they will assist at a minimum of a dollar for dollar subsidy.

You can well realise that all this takes time. We still have to get a firm quote from the Timor Public Works Dept. on this structure but it is hoped that the final figure will be well within our power to encompass

with Commonwealth Government assistance.

In the near future ALL members will be asked to make generous donations to an appeal for funds to erect this memorial and I am sure that your response will be the same as it

has been to all other worthy objects that the Association has undertaken. You will be fully informed of all that transpires as soon as we have the information available.

So ends a Hotch Potch Editorial.

—Col Doig, Editor.

## West Australian Whisperings

### Association Activities

#### APRIL MEETING

This was the first round of the Calcutt Memorial Trophy for 1967. The roll up could have definitely been much greater but the competition was extremely keen. Everybody seemed to be trying a little harder than usual and points were hard to score.

Bill Epps headed the point scorers for the evening and attained 9 points.

Curious to relate last year's winner, Mick Morgan, failed to score a point (so did your President and your Editor).

The second round will be played on Tuesday, June 6, so be in it to win it. Remember one good night's score could be enough to win you the coveted trophy.

Full score sheet of the evening is as follows:

Quoits: D. Fullarton 4 points, P. Hancock 3 points, W. Epps 2 points, R. Dhu 1 point.

Rifle Shoot: A. Smith 4 points, W. Epps 3 points, R. Kirkwood 2 points, D. Ritchie 1 point.

Table Tennis: R. Kirkwood 4 points, H. Sproxton 3 points, R. McDonald 2 points, J. Carey 1 point.

Bowls: W. Epps 4 points, R. McDonald 3 points, D. Fullarton 2 points, L. Bagley 1 point.

Darts: J. Poynton 4 points, J. Carey 3 points, L. Bagley 2 points, A. Smith 1 point.

Progress points: W. Epps 9, D. Fullarton 6, R. Kirkwood 6, R. McDonald 5, A. Smith 5, J. Poynton 4, J. Carey 4, L. Bagley 3, P. Hancock 3, H. Sproxton 3, R. Dhu 1, D. Ritchie 1.

#### ANZAC DAY

We were favoured with a real hot day on which to celebrate Anzac Day.

Geo. Fletcher laid a wreath on behalf of the Association at the Dawn Service and Arthur Smith and assistants Bill Epps and Kaye Hasson, saw to it that our flags were flying in our area in Kings Park.

The march through the city saw a very good muster of the boys who on this occasion were led by Mick Morgan with Jack Denman carrying the banner. We put up a marvelous performance as we did not change step once either on the march onto the Esplanade or the march off past the saluting base.

Thanks to good work by Geo. Fletcher we were able to get the use of the premises of the W.A. Rowing Club right on the river after missing out on our usual venue at the Drill Hall in Mounts Bay Road. This proved to be a wonderful spot and most adequate for our needs.

Jack Hasson, Arthur Smith and Geo. Fletcher saw to it that our thirsts were immediately quenched after the march off and the liquid refreshments flowed freely for the rest of the day.

Thanks largely to Jack Carey and Gerry Maley we had a truly scrumptuous meal which would cost you \$3 anywhere in Perth. Crayfish, cray legs, prawns, sausages, sandwiches, polony, you name it we had it and even after everybody had eaten to their fill there was enough to feed another 50 people. What would we do without Jack Carey?

We were joined this year by quite a large number of lads from the 2/3rd and other Squadrons which helped to swell our ranks.

Among those on parade were Mick Morgan, Jack Denman, Jack Hasson, Bill Epps, Ron Kirkwood, Arthur Smith, Col Doig, Jack Carey, Geo. Fletcher, Joe Poynton, Len Bagley, Ken Bowden, Rod Dhu, Harry Sproxton, Les Anderson, Peter Alexander, Geo. Boyland, Joe Burrigge, Arch Campbell, Eddie Craghill, Col Criddle, Dick Darrington, Doug Fullar-

ton, Gerry Green, Jerry Haire, Keith Hayes, Col Hodson, Harry Holder, Charlie King, John Little (2/3rd), Gerry Maley, Spriggy McDonald, Syd McKinley, Jim McLaughlin, Jim Menzies (2/3rd), Don Murray, Fred Napier, Ray Parry, Jack Penglase, Dave Ritchie, Merv Ryan, Ron Sprigg, Tom Towers, Roy Watson, Doc Wheatley, Tom Foster, and of course all those from other Squadrons whose names I cannot recall. The show went on at the Rowing Club until 6.30 and then we had to farewell Ron Sprigg on his way to Albany with many choruses at the Railway Refreshment Rooms and then much singing at the Bedford Hotel till closing time.

I think, I repeat, I think a good time was had by all. My memory is a little teeny bit hazy on final events.

#### MAY MEETING

This unfortunately came hard on the heels of Anzac Day and we suffered quite a bit in the way of attendance possibly some very minor difficulties in the way of leave passes!

It turned out to be a really good night. Joe Poynton brought along a bundle of 8mm. movie film taken by himself and his good wife Helen, and this was most interesting as it included the last two Commemoration Service in Kings Park and the barbecue at Mick Holland's after our 25th Anniversary day. Everybody was a potential movie star.

These films are a must for the Safari. Joe also had some excellent films of their trip up north.

Harry Sproxton had a bundle of slides of his trip East 12 months ago and of course these were of great interest as they are to some extent a preview of what we hope to see on the Safari.

It was a real pity many more did not take the opportunity to see these films for themselves.

#### DRAW OF COMMANDO GIFT

This took place on Tuesday, May 9, at Anzac Club and we had an excellent roll up and had a really wonderful bit of fun deciding on the winners. The draw is as follows: A1841 Bill Griffiths, 72 Beryl St., Tuart Hill.

B354 Kaye Millington, 10 Venn St., Bunbury.

A1459 Alma Fitzsimmons, 38 St. Quentin Avenue, Claremont

A962 G. R. Duff, Three Springs.

A896 Craghill Children, 169 Vincent Street, North Perth.

A1538 D. Fowler, Box 73, Wongan Hills.

A56 Marg., 170 Forrest St., Palmyra.

A615 H. Brooker, 110 Goodwood Parade, Rivervale.

A2050 Hasson, 6 Swan St., South Perth.

A432 A. G. Bowers, Kojonup.

A1199 R. Dhu, Subiaco.

A1576 A. E. Friend, Melville Heights.

A2876 Ted Phil, Pemberton.

A2403 "Sick Neck", c/- C. J. Holly, Bayswater.

A982 R. Crossing, Swan St., Guildford.

A60 Marg, 170 Forrest St., Palmyra.

A567 Dick Brand, c/- S.H.C.

A800 Trevor Potter Ward.

A1517 J. F. Fowler, Box 73, Wongan Hills.

A2481 E. M. Howell, 9 Allnut St., Mandurah.

A711 Hank, c/- Bobbie Burns, 68 3221.

B17 A. Martin, Inglewood.

B592 M. Nichols, Yealering.

B1509 Margaret Christie, Gosnells.

B2454 C. Beavis.

B2176 A. M. Weller, 136 Kempton St., Bluff Point.

B2299 Bob, 254 Swan Taxi.

B2883 M. Weaver, 74 Ferry St., Forbes, N.S.W.

B951 G. F Fountain, 177 Melville Parade, Como

B455 Mick Morgan, 11 Daly St., South Fremantle.

B2397 J. Carey, Robbs Jetty.

B844 R. Baker, 127 Attfield St., South Fremantle.

B2197 Meryl Wheatley, 253 Fulham St., Cloverdale.

B1825 Jim Henderson, 17 Coventry St., Kalgoorlie.

B2167 A. Weller, 136 Kempton St., Bluff Point.

B340 J. R. Menzies, 57 Doonan Road, Claremont.

B809 J. Penglase, 18 Queen St., Bentley.

B213 A. Swinn, 39 Richmond St., North Perth.

B2441 C. Beavis, Heathcote, N.S.W.

C86 Mr. G. Field, 18 Margaret St., Wyong, N.S.W.

C1267 K. Faulkner, 152 Morts Rd., Mortdale, N.S.W.

C1261 Joe Tell, 8 Carrington Ave., Mortdale, N.S.W.  
 C153 N. Clarke, c/- C. D. Doig.  
 C1075 John A. Rose, 82 Byron St., Hillston.  
 C1139 Bob Smith, Norah Head, via Wyong, N.S.W.  
 C1193 F. Anderson, 79 Regent St., Kogarat, N.S.W.  
 C1117 M. H. Weekes, 241 Brisbane St., Dubbo, N.S.W.  
 C2383 N. A. Geason, c/- H.E.C., Launceston.  
 C2468 Anne Richards, 12 Bradshaw St., Latrobe, Tas.  
 C1927 F. Otway, 98 Wecker Road, Mt. Gravatt, Qld.  
 C2484 Joan Burton, Allies Creek, via Mundubbera, Qld.  
 C48 Angus Evans, Murrurundi, N.S.W.  
 C1921 F. Otway, 98 Wecker Road, Mt. Glavatt, Qld.

### Committee Comment

Since last we went to press the Committee has met on three occasions. We have been lucky in that at each meeting we have had a large attendance of Committee members. This has been the usual as far as this year is concerned and the Committee has been without doubt the most industrious that your present writer has experienced since the Association was formed.

The bulk of business dealt with concerned current Association affairs such as monthly meetings, Anzac Day, Kings Park area and such long term projects as the Great Safari and Timor Memorial. Sub-committees have reported on both of the latter events and these are now in a highly organised state. Anzac Day was fully organised. May meeting was arranged and the sweep was fixed up.

Generally speaking the affairs of the Association were fully taken care of in a big way.

We were lucky at the May meeting to welcome Tom Crouch who was down from Manjimup and was able to bring to bear several very good points especially regarding the Safari and the Timor Memorial.

### Personalities

It was very nice to see Tom Crouch down in town. He was down having some medical treatment and I was lucky enough to see him on many

occasions. One night Jack Denman, Tom and myself got together and boy was that bar full of Japs? The big boy looks extra well and says he is a moral for the Great Safari.

Tom Foster down for Anzac Day. Currently managing a farm at The Dale in D. K. Turton's area and appears to be quite happy in the service. Is knocking a block into shape in the Geraldton area for his son. Tom just never changes. He does not look a day older than when he was in the army.

Ron Sprigg made it for Anzac Day and I have an awful feeling we did him a ton of no good. Anyhow, Ron, we did give you a rousing farewell. You would think it was a departure for Europe rather than just going back to work.

Ray Aitken and his wife are at present on a tour of Europe starting off in Greece and wending their way through Spain and all other parts. Ray has promised to write me a note on his travels as he goes through the various ports. Have a good trip Ray, and we wish you and your wife well.

Good to hear Arch Campbell in good voice on Anzac Day. All the old faithfuls such as "One Dozen Roses" and "To Mother With Love" Real nostalgia for the gang.

John Lillie (2/3rd) has sold his farm at the Williams and is now living at Gidgegannup. The same old John, looking more like T. G. Nisbet every day.

Can't think of much more in the way of personalities but you will all be able to catch up with a lot of the gang as you read the letters sent in with the sweep.

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### "BETANO BEACH"

#### THE ROSE WITH A DIFFERENCE

In co-operation with the President and members of the 2/4th Australian Commando Squadron Association and its well known rosarian member Des Fankhauser (now a school teacher in Hopetoun, Vic.), we are very pleased to be able to offer you "a rose with a difference".

Years ago Des was laid aside in the Heidelberg R.G.H. and it was during those long days and hours that the now deep rooted interest in the cultivation and propagation of roses first planted itself in the heart of this former Captain of the Australian Rules Mordialloc Football Club. When he was eventually discharged from Heidelberg, Des set about establishing a rose garden—years later it was in this garden that the idea of developing a special rose grew in his mind.

Through such a rose he would be able to express his appreciation of the assistance which had been his in his hour of need. Through such a rose it could well be that other needy ex-Commandos could be helped!

Painstakingly Des tackled the task of propagating a suitable new rose. His 2/4th Commando friends having been told that he had at last developed a rose worthy of the cause, set about naming it. They could have chosen "Kunda Bridge" to commemorate a small but vital engagement with the Japanese on the outskirts of Lae in New Guinea; or "Buna" to remember the dozens of 2/4th boys killed in the ammunition room of an American landing craft by a Japanese aerial torpedo off Buna in New Guinea; or "Tarakan" in memory of the nerve racking episodes code named "Snag's Track" and "Agnes" which resulted in the loss of the lives of well remembered and honoured Australian lads.

But "Betano Beach" it was. At Betano on the south coast of Timor, lies the rusting hulk of the once famous Australian destroyer "Voyager". Unfortunately in the R.A.N. the name of that ship is now synonymous with tragedy. Most Australians today need not be reminded of the other "Voyager" now forever

asleep in its deep grave off the south coast of New South Wales.

In the late afternoon of Sept. 23, 1942, the "Voyager" was busy at her task of disembarking the 2/4th Australian Independent Company (later renamed the 2/4th Australian Commando Squadron) which was to relieve the weary and often hard-pressed men of the 2/2nd Australian Independent Company in their guerilla warfare activities against the Japanese. The "Voyager" came in close—too close to Betano Beach—it remains there to this day. Inevitably the stricken ship was spotted by the Japanese. Attacked incessantly by bombers, incredibly only one bomb out of a hundred hit home. But the game was up and orders were given to destroy the grand old "Voyager".

The grounding of the "Voyager" alerted the Japanese. Soon the 48th Division veterans of the Philippines campaign in 1941-42, swarmed out of Dilli on the north coast and began combing the mountains and jungles for the elusive guerilla force now built up to about 500. The beginning of the end in Timor had indeed begun that fateful afternoon at Betano Beach.

May those who obtain a "Betano Beach" rose share the privilege each year of witnessing its vermilion petals dedicate the memory of the "Voyager" and those Australian commandos who will forever remain a part of Portuguese Timor.

We have told you the history of this rose, now ready for your garden. Its purpose is two fold; firstly, as a memorial, and secondly, the proceeds of its sale will assist ex-Commandos in their time of need. The rose is available at \$2, of which 80 cents is allowed for cost of packaging and freight and the remaining \$1.20 will be paid into our Association funds.

What does Des Fankhauser get out of this? Nothing but the personal satisfaction of knowing that the result of his years of experimentation and propagation will bring relief and succour to ex-Commandos in distress.

Anybody requiring this rose, which is a Florabunda, should get in touch with the Secretary, Ron Kirkwood.

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING  
 TUESDAY, JULY 4th**



## Victorian Vocal Venturings

Must apologise for missing out on a couple of issues but have been kept very busy at work and finding time to write seems a bit harder each time.

We had a Committee meeting at Bert Tobin's office on Tuesday, April 11. Present were Jim Wall, Bert Tobin, Jim Robinson, George Veitch, George Kennedy, John Southwell (in chair), and Harry Botterill.

Bill Tucker, our last Secretary, has found the pressure of business too much and had asked us to try and get a new secretary to take over. George Kennedy was asked and he agreed to take over. We thank Bill for his past services in this job which is not an easy one, and wish George all the best for the future.

We got down to the task of organising the Anzac Day Re-Union. We thrashed out the best time to have the Re-Union. In the past we have had it right after the march, but with the advent of sporting fixtures in the afternoon it has made it a big drag on those who help run this Re-Union as we have found that there is a big lag in the afternoon and then a surge of bodies from 5 p.m. onwards—going on till 10 p.m. and those who have to be on hand are very tired by this time. So we decided to start proceedings at 5 p.m. and encourage the boys to still go and march in the morning. The venue of the Re-Union was at the usual place: 2 Commando Drill Hall in Ripponlea.

All details were worked out and the various jobs allotted to each member.

As time was marching on we decided to organise a family barbecue picnic on May 28 at Toorourrong Reservoir and we would like to have a good roll up.

We then arranged to have another meeting on Tuesday, May 2, at Bert Tobin's office, to discuss further the Grand Safari next year.

The meeting closed at 11 p.m.

### Anzac Day:

The weather was very suspect on this great day. Had a shower in the morning but the weather behaved itself while the march was on. We had a very poor turn up, only seven members marched. Leigh Cooper, Bert Tobin, Jim Robinson, Johnny Roberts, Bernie Callinan, self and

Ken Monk who once again came down from Poowong with Margaret who stayed with my wife, Olive. I don't think Ken has missed a march yet and we look forward each year to having them with us.

We had a nice turn up to the Re-Union and the following were there with apologies to any I may have missed: Alex Boast, George Kennedy, Ken Monk, Harry Botterill, George Veitch, Bruce McLaren, Bert Tobin, George Robinson, Vic Clark, Jim Wall, Alan Munro, Ron Eastick, Johnny Southwell, Tom Nisbet, Geoff Laidlaw, Jack Burrill (President of Commando Association), Boy Coates, Dave Brown, Leigh Cooper, Johnny Roberts, Alf Grachan, Bernie Callinan, Baldy Galdwin, Mam Smith, Paul Costello, Bill Taylor (Treasurer of Commando Association), Jim Robinson and Pete Krause.

We have had a couple of cripples among us. Firstly Pete Krause jumped from his lounge onto the ground (about 12 feet) and broke both his legs. This happened last December. One of the legs has come good but the other is a bad break and Pete was on a crutch and still made it as did Bruce McLaren who broke his leg whilst returning on a cruise from New Zealand on the "Himalaya". It ran into the tail of the cyclone Dinah and when the ship tilted Bruce slid across the ballroom floor and landed up against the wall or whatever you call it on ships, and had a bad break below the right knee. Bruce has his leg in iron supports and gets around with the aid of a stick. Hope you both get over the breaks pretty soon.

Tom Nesbit was telling me he is settling in very nicely now with his family and has the boys and the girl placed in various schools.

We had quite a few visitors along from other Commando Squadrons and a visit from a Portuguese, Carlos De Lemas, who a few years ago was doing a lot of surveying in Timor, and it was good to hear him talking of all the old familiar places again.

Ken and Margaret Monk were recently in Sydney for a few days and met a few of the boys over there.

Blossom Lawrence was over recently on a conference connected with the fire brigade. He rang me on the weekend before he left but I was

unable to meet him owing to home and growing family commitments, but I believe Boy Coates met up with him.

I was over in Tassie just a week before the disastrous fires in and around Hobart. I took my son David (16 years) with me and we spent the A.N.A. long weekend having a good look around the southern part of the island. Covered approx. 800 miles which is quite a distance on this little isle, and nearly all the country we went over was burnt out just one week later. Saw Vic and Esse Pacey and family and spent an evening with them and went round and called on Max Loveless who showed us slides of his recent trip to Western Australia. He certainly

enjoyed that trip. Vic and Esse went on holidays up to Deloraine on the north coast on the Monday before the historic and terrifying Tuesday. Got up the east coast and then heard about the fires which were very bad out their way, so immediately set off for home again, very worried what they would find, and as it was the fire came into their backyard but the boys from the local R.S.L. saved the home. A very close thing.

Here are some new addresses: A. Boast, 21 Black Street, Middle Brighton; T. Nisbet, 3 Saturn Street, North Balwyn; B. McLaren, 6 Bellevue Road, North Balwyn.

Well, that's about all the news for now. Hope to make it next issue.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

## Historically Yours

### "MY EARLY DAYS ON TIMOR"

(By NX42322, R. TRENGROVE, 75 L.A.D., Later 2/2nd Ind. Coy.)

Ron Trengrove has sent to me a couple of exercise books full of his early experiences in Timor. These are far from complete but they do tell a story and I think a story well worth repeating so the time has arrived to include these in our old feature "Historically Yours!" I hope the readers will have as much enjoyment reading them as I did.

I am going to try and write down as much as I can remember of my 12 months on Timor as accurately as I can remember it and dates and months as near as I can remember. If I say weeks where it was only days it is only because at times we lost track of days and weeks as Sunday was a patrol day as was Monday and every other day. And when things got hot, and we were on the run, every day was like a week, and nights twice as long.

As everyone knows the Japs struck Pearl Harbour on the 7th December, 1941, and we of the 75 L.A.D. who were expecting to go on leave from Darwin, were attached to the 2/40th Btn. who were also all packed up ready to go to Tasmania on leave.

The ship which was to take them was in Darwin. It was the old Zealandia which was sunk in Port Darwin in February, 1942, the day of Darwin's first raid.

Sunday night, 7th December, 1941, we had gone to bed about nine o'clock and for some reason I had been lying awake for an hour or more. Everyone had seemed to be expecting something that day. All were kind of excited. It may seem as if I am, or have, imagined it, but I thought of it after the first excitement had subsided that night and often since.

Our tents were nearest the "C" Company huts and my tent closer than the other two belonging to our outfit. It was a hot night with the moon well up. It had been like that for a few weeks as we were in the middle of the wet season. All was quiet when I saw lights switched on in "C" Company's orderly room and about five minutes later uproar and confusion was on in "C" Company's lines.

Those of us who were not awake in the L.A.D. soon were awake and wondering. I got out of bed and put my boots on (incidentally all that



I did put on or had on) and ran over to the first hut which was No. 13 Platoon's, and enquired as to what all the row was about, to be informed that they were ordered to get out of bed and have everything ready for a move immediately.

The boys were convinced it was leave, but I reckoned not as the Japs had everyone guessing for the past few months and we all knew that the Jap Minister was going to see Roosevelt. However, that's all they knew so I went back to our tent and was told that our W.O.2 Willersdorf had gone over to Battalion Headquarters to find the reason for the commotion and would be back in a few minutes.

I immediately set to and lit a fire and started to boil the water in the dixie for tea. By the time we had had tea and a biscuit we were waiting on the return of Willersdorf. He seemed to have been away hours and most of us were considering going back to bed when he turned up and called us all together in the tent and told us that the Japs were in the war and that we were to start packing up the L.A.D. immediately.

The time then was still before midnight and we knew we would not get any sleep that night. Luckily we had had all our crates for the gear made months before so all we had to do was pack the tools and spare parts which doesn't sound much but when one considers we had two store vans of three ton capacity full with these necessary parts and they had to be packed securely and in their correct crates, and then all the tools of the trailer and the tool kits of our fitters. We had an all-night job in front of us.

We worked right through until four in the morning by which time everything but our own personal gear had been packed. I had made some hot Bourn Vita about this time so we all had time off for a smoke and the drink and something to eat, after which we packed our own gear and then went down to breakfast and were sitting waiting for the order to move by five o'clock.

After a lot of palavering from Ordnance heads and signing various papers, Willersdorf gave us the order to get out on the road and take our place at the end of "C" Company, who had already moved out.

Sufficient to say that after one of

the slowest rides I have ever had in a truck we arrived at the wharf in Darwin. We had come 27 miles already and some of us were wondering if we would ever see that road again.

We were lucky in the fact that all attached units to the 2/40th Btn. were to travel on the merchant cruiser "Westralia". About 300 of us were put aboard her. She was laying out in the stream and us chaps were among the first half a dozen boat loads to get aboard and so we had a good chance of picking a good spot for ourselves.

Everyone thought that we would be pulling out that night but we were mistaken as we did not pull out until Wednesday, 10th December.

I am not too sure now whether the sloop "Koala" went first and the "Zealandia" then "Westralia", or vice versa, however sufficient to say we were on the move at daylight and we were just clearing the boom when the sun began to rise in front of us and it was one of those usual glorious sunrises that one so often sees at Darwin, like the sunsets which were always worth watching and which I very seldom missed seeing when I was stationed at Larrakeyah Barracks.

We had to go very slowly to keep up with the "Zealandia" who was at her top speed of about eight or nine knots. The sloop was nearly always well to the fore and for our protection well in the fore and round on all sides was the pride, and I think, the full strength of the Royal Australian Air Force consisting of three Lockheed Hudsons. By the full strength I mean the strength of the Darwin Squadron and no doubt they did a good job then and later.

We didn't have much to do other than look over the rails of the ship, and it was in doing this that I saw my first sea snake, a yellow, black spotted one about three feet long, floating on top of the water.

After we had been at sea and out of sight of Darwin, or I should say Vesteys and Larrakeyah, we had our first idea of how the Navy worked. A ship was seen on the horizon and on getting nearer to us she made off a little to the east and on our first signal refused to stop but on the second order which was given in typical Navy style: "Heave to or we fire," which she did promptly, and our commander, a big bearded giant,

by the way not so much in height but in width, went over to the ship he had ordered to heave to in a naval cutter or pinnacle.

She turned out to be a Dutch ship and her skipper thought that we were Japs.

We continued on our way and on Friday morning of the 12th December, we sighted land and in no time we seemed to be between two islands, one on our left was named Lemoa and the one on the right was Timor —Dutch Timor.

Well, we pulled up past a town which we were told was Koepang, and then on to the bay where huge boats, bigger than life boats, came out to us and in no time now it seemed we were piling down the gangway with our gear around us, each man looking like a moving mountain and piled into these cumbersome looking boats. If I remember correctly we were towed about four in line by a motor launch.

We couldn't get right up to the jetty as the tide was out, so they took us in as far as they could. We were told to have nothing to do with the natives, but not me. I gave my kit bag to one and my pack, and then clambered on to the shoulders of another who took me to the jetty. A lot of the boys carried out the officers' orders and waded in, but Eric, Cam and I and numerous others, did the same as I mentioned above and even some of the officers lowered themselves for once and took a ride.

It was so stupid not to have done it as the Dutch officials had specially mobilised this large force of natives to do just that, and the natives were quite put out about those who refused to be helped.

The order about having nothing to do with natives was so ridiculous as we proved later on and had we been freer with them than we were we might have had a much better understanding with them and they with us later on when we needed it.

Well, we got ashore O.K. and then we had to stand about and wait for trucks, but not for very long, as everything was fairly well organised, thanks to the Dutch, I imagine.

Australian trucks had been there waiting for us for six months, but the Dutch would not allow us to come over until the Japs came into the war.

We were taken to the barracks that had been made for us alongside of Penfoei Aerodrome, which in

peace time was a civilian drome, but now the R.A.A.F. was in charge with the Royal Netherlands Air Force and the N.E.I. Army.

The Dutch had gone to a lot of trouble for us and on their advice we had been supplied with beds which were very heavy and well made and comfortable.

We were debussed at the entrance to the camp and it was here that we met the Javanese soldiers who later on proved such gallant and game fighters, who lost so much by the enemy in Java. A Javanese soldier, a Sergeant, who was in charge of the guard was very friendly and wanted all of us to come and see him and his wife and child in Koepang. His name was Van Nuisenberg who later on up in the Portuguese Timor was such an able and competent spy for Capt. Van Sweetman, a Dutch Captain who I met a month or so later.

After a lot of preliminary chopping and changing we were eventually settled in a small hut made of bamboo and grass thatched roof with a concrete floor. They were exceedingly well made and all done by native labour. A number of natives were under the command of a senior native who had had training in carpentry. We had a lot of amusing hours asking the Malayan name for the tools they were using and although I can't remember them now I still recall "pencil" was pronounced "penceel".

All the heavy carting was done by native women who carried the coral rock and concrete in small baskets either on their heads or shoulders. Each basket would not hold as much as the average household bucket. They worked in gangs of 20 to 30, and either had a native man over them or a woman chief who seemed to favour some and harangue others severely for apparently nothing at all. They all either chewed tobacco or sang, laughed and chattered in some way and occasional fights broke the monotony. When this latter happened a stick or some smart kicks were brought into play by the chief of the respective gang.

Things began to straighten out after a few days and we of the L.A.D. started work on the trucks in earnest.

Our meals, of course, came out of tins, and after a week or so bread was issued which, although very sour, was a change from dog biscuits.

Troops were not allowed leave to Koepang for at least a week, but me, being the driver of our ute, I was, in after a few days of landing, having driven Willersdorf, who wasn't such a bad egg if he had only known his job and could have seen his lack of knowledge and let well enough alone.

Well, things began to settle down to the same lazy, dassie, humdrum life we had been living in Darwin, and I was now in the office cataloging all our spare parts which were beginning to arrive.

Laurie Ross, who was one of the nicest chaps I had the pleasure to meet in the army and who smoothed over a lot of upsets in the L.A.D., was then a L/Corporal but was very soon made a Staff Sgt. which I for one was very pleased to see him get as he managed everything and would have been an ideal officer which he became on his return to Australia in August, 1943.

Eric Herd, my pal, who was the second recent addition to our small Unit, had a terrific row with W.O. Willersdorf and in my opinion was justified in his argument and it was the first time that Willersdorf had been spoken to in such a manner. However Laurie smoothed that over but only because he said that he never heard what Eric said and I can't write here what he said as the words are not exactly the words one uses in terms of endearment.

Harry Leviston, who was also a champion chap, heard everything that went on and he gave us a running (and running it was) description of what happened and Harry being never any other way but laughing, gave a very vivid description which proved most amusing. Willersdorf was struck dumb and then came to life running after Eric shouting out: "Halt. Stop. Halt that man." Eric turned round and repeated what he had said inside, which inflamed Willersdorf to fresh hues in the face and temper, but to no avail. Harry was asked had he heard what had been said but denied same although as he said he was almost in agony refraining from laughing. However, after a lot of palaver the whole thing was forgotten, and Christmas was on us.

We were to have had pork for Christmas dinner but finished up with tinned salmon, tinned fruit and dog biscuits and raspberry jam. Pigs were abundant on the island and al-

though they all belonged to the natives and a large number were bought for Christmas, the C.O., Lt-Colonel Leggett, who was an excellent soldier and was taken prisoner, said that he didn't think they would be fit to eat, which also was later proved to be wrong as I had more pork in 12 months hence than I had ever seen before.

Christmas passed and we were getting well into January, 1942, when I got a dose of dysentery which was followed by a bout of dengue fever, followed by malaria, but all were not very serious and only kept me inactive for about a fortnight. By this time we were well organised and were going to move to Baboe, half way between Penfoi and Champalong, the latter being headquarters and hospital situated on a mountain top.

We had lots of leave and plenty of laughs.

I mentioned before that we were not allowed in Koepang for a week but it was notable on each occasion that I was in there in that week that a large proportion of officers and senior N.C.O.'s., W.O.'s. and Sergeantst, were to be seen in the shops and consequently got the pick of everything before the old private had a chance to get any of the good things. I suppose that is known as good old Australian Army fellowship between officers and men that we hear so much about but very seldom see.

At the time we left Darwinn our C.O., Capt. R. C. Neave, was on leave, also one of our fitters, Col Mackenzie, and they arrived back with a lot of 40th Btn. chaps who had gone on leave and some odds and sods of reos. in the beginning of February.

Penfoi by this time was protected by one company of 2/40th Btn., "C" Company, the other Companies being spread over about a 30 mile front from Baboe to Tenaure, pronounced, if I remember correctly, ten hour. The latter was where all equipment and heavy loads of any description were unshipped and it was situated a few miles south or should I say south west of Koepang. Between Penfoi and Baboe was our Coastal Artillery, the 2/1st Heavy Battery, consisting of two six-inch naval guns standing out plain on top of the coral rocks overlooking the entrance to the bay and to the west or south

Koepang. Singapore style I imagine. Good for practice shooting at nothing or if the enemy were silly enough, at them if they came in that way, which they did not.

I am not sure now whether they the Japs, started their first raids in January or in February. Sufficient to say one afternoon a plane was spotted very high up in the sky almost invisible so high was it up, and circled for a few minutes and then made off. It was the same procedure they had used everywhere. Spotter today, Zeros or bombers tomorrow. In this case if memory again serves me right, no planes came the next day, but they came with a vengeance the next three.

Beautiful Zeros, but from photos I had seen of Messerschmitts they were more like German planes than Zeros. However I guess they were Japs. Everyone was that excited afterwards that they didn't appear to know exactly what they were.

They scored reasonably well that day. One Dutchman being hit in the knee and one Kittyhawk in for repairs made unrepairable. Needless to say no Japs lost, and could those sons of Tojo fly? They were no mugs. They came in over Champalong in a long powerful glide down on to Penfoi drome.

The alarm had been given in Baboe but apparently not at Penfoi as the Dutchman who was shot saw the planes coming and started to shout that the Americans had arrived, and was jumping up and down with excitement at the prospect of Yank fighter planes coming. His jubilant outburst was cut down very smartly when the plane got close and a burst of machine gun fire raced away from the first plane and chopped the ground up near him. He broke into a smart gallop but was brought down much faster than he could have done voluntarily.

A good pal of mine, Tom Thick, of the 2/11th Engineers, also was whacked on the rump in this raid, and I only wish Tom was here to give the details more clearly than I can remember them. However I will try and write them down as best I can and as Tom told me afterward.

It appears that Tom was in the hanger at the time, what for I don't know. Sufficient to say he was there with a couple of Javanese boys who

were there looking after the petrol. The nose of the Kittyhawk was there just outside the door of the hangar, and on the first burst from that fast flying Jap Tom and the Javanese tried to drag the Kitty inside, but the next Jap had spotted the Kitty and started firing at it and needless to say Tom and his boys didn't waste time diving for cover under a huge log of wood. For some reason Tom was a bit slow and his rudder was still out in the open when a piece of shrapnel from the Jap's cannon zipped across his stern and sure made him move. He decided that was a bit too hot in there and got up and made for the back door which, to Tom's consternation, was jammed full of Javanese and one or two Aussies all trying to go through in a body like a scrum. Just as he got there they broke through with Tom a split second later. He had also been nipped on the arm with some hot lead and some other portion of his anatomy but nothing serious enough to impede his speed. He made a bee-line for a trench and when he jumped in there was another chap there, Aussie or Javanese I don't know which. Tom said he hadn't been there more than a few seconds when he noticed a peculiar smell and he looked at the other chap and decided that he had either got into the wrong slit trench or the chap had forgotten where he was, and as Tom said, Zeros or no Zeros his nose couldn't put up with the aroma, and he immediately made for another trench where he waited until the Zeros had finished their exhibition and he then noticed that the Javanese Shell Petrol boy was going up on the roof of the hangar to put a fire out which had been started by incendiaries, so Tom went over and up after him and was helping to beat the fire out when back came the Zeros again. The Javanese boy had the best idea, he just sat down and slid off the roof. Tom went down the ladder and was on the ground a matter of seconds after the Java boy, and he again went for his trench.

When Tom got excited he stuttered a bit and in the telling he got excited and it sounded much more amusing than I have been able to tell it here. But it was not amusing for Tom, believe you me.

(To be continued)

## Random Harvest

**J. P. "Paddy" KENNEALLY, of 28 Wilkins Street, Yagoona, N.S.W., writes:—**

To quote our German amigos "Der Tag" arrived. The roll up was not quite up to what we have been getting in recent years. Only one arrival outside of the metropolitan area. Charley made it from Newcastle. His first Anzac Day ever with the Unit. He looked disgustingly healthy, fit and debonair. Just a touch of grey to accentuate the distinguished look (a bit different from mine, I represent the harassed look). He enjoyed himself and I'm sure by now he has recuperated by the shores of Lake Macquarie. His surname, sorry me boy, I've forgotten it once again, but I knew the face as soon as I spotted it in the line up. Ken Trengrove more than likely has it in his little black book.

As usual we had a little refreshment at Hasting Deerings garage in the heart of the Loo. Just to get us in the right mood for Alfredo's, which put us in the right frame of mind to cope with Arncliffe which eventually got us into the feeling that we were 25 years younger. Sent us home with the idea we'd never felt better or fuller from food and liquor. Alas next morning it proved to be an hallucination as I slowly dragged myself out of bed at 4.30 a.m. in the pre-dawn darkness, my brain and every muscle feeling as if I hadn't had a rest or a sleep for 60 hours. I made it to the rock heap and to its credit by 10 a.m. I was feeling reasonably healthy, even though the think box was slightly sluggish. I envied all the characters working for a boss, and pitied the boss. They, I should imagine, said: "Bugger him, he can carry me for one day."

Many faces were missing and with out excuse. The boys from the metropolitan area have no excuse except illness. It was awkward for country members being on a Tuesday it would play havoc with their schedules.

Plans are all ready about for the invasion from the West. We hope the numbers coming are "barrack", and I hope we can really give you a memorable welcome. It will be for most of us the last meeting, except for the odd few who can make a visit East or West.

The family is making its way favourably, school reports nowhere near being exceptional, but encouraging, that is except for the youngest. He started school this year. Hasn't learned a thing except that his teacher is very attractive and he goes to extremes keeping on the right side of her. That is without going to the trouble of learning anything. He'll survive.

I'm afraid I'll have to ring off. It's almost time for slumberland. It's been a long day. I am enclosing a cheque for the tickets, the balance to cover my membership fees. Good luck to all in the West.

A certain party in the Denmark area owes me a letter. His conscience will stir him if he has one. You know what contractors are. I owe a couple of letters to certain gentlemen in South Australia. Don't despair, they're coming and I'll back them to arrive before the shortest day in the year.

An Irish Rugby Union team arrived here this week. If they are no better than our present local crop they should have stayed where they came from. Rugby Union is sure at a low ebb at present. I'd say judging on the recent tour of England we'd be at all time low.

Good night and good luck.

**JIM RITCHIE, writes:—**

I can't give you an immediate address because I haven't one to offer. At the moment I am a superman. By that I mean I am at present working at the Esperance Fertilisers. I always seem to finish up in the fertiliser.

By travelling around I gain an insight to life denied to many whose job keeps them, year after year, tied down to one particular environment. But on the debit side I lose contact with blokes that I would like to meet again. That is where you or the "Courier" (I can't separate the two) is so vital to me.

Looking at the calendar it strikes me that I should by now have had tickets to sell on the winner of a race in Kalgoorlie. My mail hasn't caught up with me yet. So be it, but not to worry.

At the moment I am pregnant. Gee, I told that to a woman the other day and she couldn't get away

quickly enough. She must have thought I was a queen. I didn't bother to explain to her that I was pregnant in mind. I wanted her to conversationally help me give birth to an idea. This is where you and every person who reads the "Courier" can improve on this letter help you to make the Safari east the best ever. That Safari idea is catching on.

Now this Safari will possibly be the first and last of its kind. So let's make it the best of its kind. Let's make sure that our Eastern hosts don't find us arriving with our hand held out for a few bob. Let our Committee concentrate on raising funds to make this Safari the best ever. Now, a special raffle—or two or three—would raise the funds. Everybuddy (sorry) even the 'tothersiders, would go out of their way to sell tickets.

I'm not pregnant any more, but the after worth has yet to come.

I don't dig that joke in "Heard This", "Courier" February, 1967: "Woman's best asset man's imagination." Who lives more on imagination? Man or woman?

Yesterday I had to struggle up a cliff face carrying four bottles of beer. This cliff face was all of 12 feet and I was puffed when I reached the top and I wondered: Am I getting old? I hope everyone else in the Unit is getting old with me. Did you ever climb the track up to Mindello? Try it now. Could "Basher" carry two full packs today as he did in New Guinea from the Ramu Valley to H.Q.? I forget where headquarters were at the time, but I know it was a long way up and Tony Adams made the distance and forced us all to stay with him. Why can't we hear more from Tony?

I could name a hundred who I would like to hear from or about. I have an idea about that but first I want to say a little more to "Basher".

Isn't it only wishful thinking Tony when you say about Paul, quote: "It is difficult when you are only 19 and there are a few skirts about."

Now I have a suggestion to the Editor of the "Courier". We are all a little befuddled, bedazzled, or any other be you'd like to name, but stupid as we may be we all like a puzzle. Why not have one column put aside each month where you ask your readers a question. In the same form as Prof. Murdoch's readers questions. I feel sure that you

will get enough replies to fill the "Courier".

For instance I have asked many so-called knowledgeable people what is meant by the word "lyric" as applied to a song. Is lyric the words or the music of a song? Get your readers puzzling as they may come up with puzzling answers. Another question in line with this is: Did Robert Burns write "Auld Lang Syne"?

This is all just a regurgitation of the effluent from a pregnant mind.

**PETER MANTLE, of P.O. Box 120, Biloela, Qld., writes:—**

Some other fathers may be interested in the course of study that my daughter Pamela, aged 18, has just started at the William Angliss Food Trades School, Melbourne, as it's not widely known—certainly not in Queensland anyhow.

It's a four year course in catering and hotel management, fitting them eventually to be managers of top-class hotels and posh holiday resorts, etc., as well as handling the food, etc., side of large institutions. I understand that the school's diploma is recognised in many overseas countries, so that the diplomate could aspire to management of some of these super-ultra places in England and the Continent that we read about in crime novels.

By the time they've completed the course, each man or woman has a pretty good idea of the job of all those who will be working under them . . . cooks, maids, waiters, receptionists, etc., as well as being competent in the managerial side, human relations, and so on. At the end of their first year's studies, each student is assigned to a job in the industry for 16 weeks as a waiter-waitress. At the end of the second year 13 weeks as a cook. Third year 13 weeks on the front office side.

Pam in her first year is doing cooking, food technology, current affairs, statistics, hygiene, food service, some chemistry, plus a lot of other stuff that links in with the work. She's loving it. English expression is a requirement too, but she's exempted by virtue of exams already passed.

Second year: more social sciences, costing and control systems, catering, principals of management, more food science, more cookery, and housekeeping.



Third year: social sciences, report writing, personnel management practices, maintenance and engineering, reception and front office procedures and further studies of earlier subjects.

Fourth year: communication, economics of catering and the hotel industry, hotel and catering law, financial aspects of management, work improvement (for staff I think), bar and cellar management, administration, and further study of therapeutic feeding which they began in first year.

Admission is through the Fitzroy Technical College.

**"HAPPY" GREENHALGH, of Maclean, writes:—**

Please find sweep tickets and cash enclosed.

I haven't seen many of the boys lately but had a yarn with Arthur Birch a few days ago. Has his own furniture moving van now and reported is doing alright.

I remember one leave (68 days I think I had) I'd been drinking fairly regularly for about a month between the Australia in Collins-st. and the George in St. Kilda with the boys and had only seen daylight occasionally. Mick Wellings, I think it was, and I got cunning and reckoned we'd try and sober up by going to Tassie away from the menaces. You would not want to know but on the same boat with the same thoughts were Birtchy and Sam Fullbrook. All we saw of Tassie was the inside of various hosteleries.

Arthur reminded me of the time he quaffed 46 boags beers in Launceston. We reckoned he couldn't drink the same number of Victorian beers but he tried and I well remember floating him on to the Spirit of Progress that night about 6 p.m. on the way back to Sydney. He never reminded me of that.

As reported in the "Courier" saw Freddy Otway for a few minutes on his way through on holidays. Same old Fred and except for a hair or two missing not a day older.

I'm pleased the choice for a memorial in Timor took the form of a shelter. I sincerely hope it will be a credit to us as we certainly got some shelter from them.

As you know I have previously intimated some desire to return and have a look at the island again and you never know it might be a good

time for some of us when the handing over ceremony takes place. Well worth a thought.

Hope to see you and many more of the boys on April 25, 1968, in Sydney. I don't know if I will be able to make it but will certainly be trying.

Kind regards to yourself and the boys in the West.

**MAX LOVELESS, of 44 Tregear Street, Moonah, Tas., writes:—**

I would have liked to have seen a bit more of the fellows while we were in Perth but we were flat out having a look at the place.

Our daughter has been working in Perth for about three years altogether. She will be leaving for England next month.

How are they?

Our son Kim went across to Perth about three weeks ago. He is a clerk in P.M.G. Dept. I think he is working at Wembley.

Had a couple of letters from Bert Burges recently. His youngster was in Hobart for Christmas holidays. I showed him around a bit and introduced him to Vic and Ivan's families.

**W. G. HISLOP, of Gingin Hotel, Gingin, W.A., writes:—**

Please find enclosed sweep butts and money for same.

I enjoy the "Courier" and realise the expense must be getting a little more every year so you'll find a couple of extra dollars to put in kitty.

Regards to all the boys and ourself.

**G. SHIELS, Box 374, P.O., Bowen, Qld., writes:—**

At last you've got me again. As usual my regrets for making your burden harder by not writing more often, but no excuses, only regrets and from an old sinner a hope to do better in the future.

Am enclosing sweep butts and a cheque. Keep the change and put it in consolidated revenue. I may have to bite you one day.

I am doing well in health and still making a small crust out of these tomatoes. Growing them has more problems and troubles than I would care to tell you about at the moment but spare me a day and a few beer and I'll wear your lug out in no time at all.

The family are all well and grad-

ually drifting off. The eldest girl is last year Brisbane Uni. The next first year Townsville Uni. The third Sub Junior, and the fourth girl, three years, waiting to start school. Needless to say Mum and I are now in retirement.

I get to Brisbane every three months but it is usually a rush trip as I go down representing local growers at a tomato growers' conference. I usually have to hurry back to keep the organisation going at home. I happened to spot Ralph Finklestein boarding a 727 jet for Sydney at the Brisbane airport one day. He was busy getting his mug photographed by his relatives and by the time I got close enough to speak he was on his way aboard. However had a few words with his relatives and caught up on some of his history he had never mentioned.

With a daughter in Townsville Uni. see and hear news of "No Grass" Soper quite regularly. His grass still hasn't returned. He and I are endeavouring to plot and plan to meet the 1968 Safari in Sydney. I understand we will be protected from the evils of these re-unions as our good wives will be with us. (This is being censured of course.) I am really looking forward to it and only hope circumstances permit it.

This is all for now and congratulations on the good work in the "Courier". I wish I could help you more in this great task.

**JIM SMAILES, of Useless Loop, Sharks Bay, W.A., writes:—**

Make it up to five books in all and see if you can't get me a prize.

**MRS. G. V. SWANN, of Box 10, Salmon Gums, W.A., writes:—**

I am sending tickets and money, also name of the latest member of our family. He is Paul Rodney Swann, born Sept. 24, 1965.

We are both looking forward to the Great Safari 1968.

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

I hope it won't embarrass you if I send the butts in fairly early. I find if I postpone this till later it's always a rush to beat your deadline. Best wishes for the success of the sweep.

The Great Safari seems a wonderful project. I envy all those who are able to take part.

A paragraph in Friday's "West"

described a re-union of 104 old bowlers, guests of the Royal W.A. Bowling Association. One of the oldest was Mr. Arthur Calcutt (91), Mick's father, who still keeps a watchful eye over his son Cyril encouraging his development in this ancient game.

**STAN SADLER, of Box 24, Wongan Hills, W.A., writes:—**

Enclosed are raffle butts and a cheque to cover same and my sub. Any over can go where you think it is most needed.

Easter brought Fred and Glad Napier to the bowling carnival in Wongan and they came out to visit us one night. Fred has been out here several times before of course, but I gave him careful directions to refresh his memory. However we waited and waited for them to arrive and finally we got a ring from a farmer about five miles away. He had some lost cityites there. So he put them on the right track and I went to meet them in case they got lost again. They woke up they were lost when they saw a sign "Dowerin Shire Boundary".

It was nice to see them once more and listen to Fred's humour.

Don Young was in hospital here a few weeks ago with an injured back. Charlie went in to see him. He is working over at Koorda.

Shearing is in progress here at the moment. Charlie is just about finished and I start on Monday, so I'm hoping the weather continues fine. My wool will be very dusty this year, owing to heavy stocking and poor feed, coupled with an unusually dry summer. Wheat yields were very good, much better than expected. I averaged 27 bushels, which is the best ever for me. I've had better looking crops yield much less. You saw the crop and by no stretch of the imagination would you call it a nine bagger. I had it insured for seven bags.

Well, that's all for now. All the best of luck to you.

**JOE TELL, c/- Repat. Hospital, Concord, N.S.W., writes:—**

I am back in hospital again. I am sending back sweep butts and money wishing you every success in the sweep. Best regards to my mates down there.

I was visited by Alfredo Dos Santos. He sends his best wishes to you all.

**JUNE MEETING:**  
**JUNE MEETING:**  
**2nd NIGHT — CALCUTT MEMORIAL TROPHY**

**TUESDAY, JUNE 6th**  
**ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT**

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**  
**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**  
**TUESDAY, JULY 4th**  
**ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT**

**GREAT SAFARI QUESTIONAIRES**  
**QUICK PLEASE — THESE ARE URGENT**