



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

SOMETHING FROM SOMEBODY ELSE

Your Editor makes no apology for reprinting here an article by Mr. B. B. Callaghan, Managing Director Commonwealth Banking Corp, as he gave it to the Printing and Allied Trades Dinner in N.S.W. After months of striving to find something original to write about I have come to the end of my tether. I find myself with a blank pad of paper and a ball point poised but a brain that just won't function, so here is an article which merits treatment as an Editorial. It is challenging and informative and designed to make one think. Its sheer humility is a good tonic for the reader and gives one to think furiously on the future of this world of ours.

THE DYNAMICS OF CHANGE

I know very little about printing so, rather than try to talk to you about any technical aspect of your industry, I propose to talk about something that everybody should think about—change, yes, change, that deceptively simple word we use for the cataclysmic variations in man's thinking, behaviour and way of life since he came down from the trees.

Change has been with us since before neolithic times. It is with us now, at this moment. It will be with us next week, next year, shaping our future and the future of our great grand-children.

We all recognise this. We know that life in our boyhood was different in so many ways from the life of today. We know that immense alterations in work, play, food, transport, comfort and many other things separate our fathers' time from the existence of Elizabethan man or of Roman man.

But, and here is the paradox, few of us like change, most of us resist it, and some of us resist it violently. Because we are inherently suspicious of change, we go out of our way to form comfortable images of what things should be and we don't like altering those little brain pictures. We regard innovation not as novelty, not as something new, progressive and stimulating, but as destructive to our physical and mental conformity.

Only on those rare occasions when we are self-confident enough to look at ourselves honestly against our environment, or when those first couple

ANZAC DAY:

Make this day a must. We want to see everyone

of strong whiskies clear away the murk around our mental processes and temporarily lift our inhibitions, do we admit that we are incapable of controlling change. Yet even then most of us, still knowing that we are powerless against the march of time, unconsciously try to delay the rate at which change alters the world around us and influences and alters us at the same time.

The New Yorker magazine recently published a cartoon of a monkey mother scolding her offspring. The mother is shown crouching. The offspring is defiantly upright. The mother is saying: "How many times must I tell you? Stoop!"

We are all, I'm afraid, incorrigibly conservative.

But a new awareness is slowly penetrating our consciousness.

What is important now is not change itself but the inexorable speed of change. For endless centuries the world travelled in low gear. Then, with the invention of the machine, it changed into second. Suddenly, and only in the more recent years of this century, has the accelerator been pushed hard down.

It took 1,500 years, between Christ and Columbus, for the world's population to reach 500 million. It took 37 years between 1925 and 1962 to add 1,000 million people and to bring the world's population to 3,000 million. It will only take 13 years from 1962 to add another 1,000 million. And the next 1,000 million will probably be chalked up in seven years from 1975.

India's population increased by 12 million (Australia's population) between 1891 and 1921. It increased by 78 million between 1951 and 1961, and it is even estimated that some of India's cities could have populations of more than 35 million by 1986.

It is a little hard to realise that about 25 per cent of all the people who have ever lived are alive now, or that about half of the energy used by man in the past 2,000 years has been used only in the past 100 years, or that more minerals have been mined in the world since 1910 than in the millennia before 1910.

Within 20 years, a little more than one-third of all people will be under 15 years of age. China already has more children under 10

years than the whole of the population of the Soviet Union.

Not change, but the speed of change, is now posing problems that are beginning to bedevil man. Problems of food and people, youth and age, work and leisure, opulence and poverty, education and ignorance, coloured and white. They all have to be solved if we are to survive. They all have to be solved if the political and economic systems under which we live are to survive.

The world is not merely facing a new industrial revolution, a new onslaught from more advanced machines and more powerful sources of energy. It has reached a decisive point in history that demographers, sociologists and others are already comparing with those eruptions in man's evolution when he began to invent tools or when he moved from being a nomadic hunter to a cultivator and home builder.

As H.G. Wells once wrote: "Human history more and more becomes a race between education and catastrophe."

And by education he meant much more than mere schooling.

Having turned the good wine sour in your stomachs with my Wellsian predictions, I would now like to upset your digestions a little more by relating what I have said to us all—here and now.

I understand that your own industry is facing competition from places like Hong Kong and Japan. I don't know enough about printing problems to discuss this competition with any authority. I'm merely a money lender.

But I do know this competition is a symptom of the changes that are taking place in industries and trading relationships, and of the urgent need for Australian management everywhere to focus on change, to prepare themselves for change, and to realise before change overwhelms them that nothing in this best-of all possible worlds is ever going to be the same again.

Let me quote you Professor Arbuckle, Dean of the Graduate School of Business at Stanford University, because what he says, set against what I've been trying to say, makes sense.

"In our world of rapid change, an undeniable obsolescence factor attaches to the education we received

when we were young. We can no longer go to college and get an education once-for-life. Administrative knowledge and techniques are undergoing a rapid change-rate and, amid the demands of day-to-day problem solving, the manager cannot easily keep informed of these changes. Increasingly, repeated periods of a businessman's life must be devoted to organised educational effort if he is to preserve his original investment."

What he means, in his worldly professional way, is that top managers who fail to keep up in education, business knowledge and technology will rapidly go broke in the commercial world of tomorrow.

And what he is emphasising most of all, particularly for Australia, is the almost frantic need for the training of executives, in universities, schools and industry, who will be capable of coping with the highly sophisticated science and technology of only a few years ahead.

At the speed that ever-accelerating change is travelling, how many people realise that the mystic year 2000, and all that is implied by that date, is only one generation away?

One man who has always been conscious of the dynamics of change, and who has been criticised by the unadventurous for having the vision and the courage to speak out, is the Duke of Edinburgh. Back in 1954, when the post-war industrial revolution was only just beginning, he warned his own countrymen:

"We have now in this country literally to live by our wits; by the wits of the scientist and the engineer who, by their inventions, start new industries; by the wits of the specialist and the expert who can improve the methods of production and materials; by the wits of the designer who can improve the product itself and its saleability; and, finally and most important of all, by the wits of the managers who alone can bring together and make use of the ideas of the scientist, the specialist and the designer."

How many got the message then? How many in England and in Australia are still ignoring it? How many are still content to go on in the old unchanging ways while change is surrounding them?

Much time and effort is being devoted to better management in

Australia, and I'm sure that an industry as lively as yours is doing a lot about it. It is not realised fully that for every new invention, every new industrial process, there is the effort of thousands of businessmen to improve our standard of living. Yet how little time is spent in our seats of learning in the training of the businessman?

Management is so much more than the normal skills of running an office or a business. Management is people. Management is learning more about human beings. Management is really a study of human skills, objectives, motives, ambitions and many other things.

As one authority on management has said: "The success, and ultimately the survival, of every business depends in the last analysis on its ability to develop people."

There is a whole world of change in those last three words "to develop people". There is also immense challenge and reward in human achievement and greater efficiency in helping people to give of their best.

One of the most searching questions that face the manager who is conscious of the speed of change and the need to keep up with it, and the need also to produce better managers is:

How do you install a generator in an employee

How do you motivate people

You've heard of the Kita method. Translated from the ancient Sanskrit it means "kick in the arse". It worked well when one dealt with slaves or serfs, but fortunately we ran out of that class of labour some centuries ago. Today, the Kita method is not only a failure but is also a reflection of the failure of management in the past to understand, to encourage, to stimulate. In simple words—to develop people.

The aim of management today is to help the individual feel that the top men above him are not only interested in his natural desire for achievement but are also keen to encourage his personal advancement. If we offer an employee a challenge to achieve his objectives, if we encourage his need for recognition, aid, security and development, then he will be a happier, more assured human being who will make a greater contribution to the work of

his office, to his industry, and to his country.

This is most important because, let's face it, the chains that shackle man are very much of his own making in this confusing world that is altering so rapidly.

Australian management desperately needs education—especially education that will teach it to think and plan and be aware, as never before in man's history, that the changes we have seen in the past 25 years are nothing compared with the changes that are coming even in the next 10.

We need thinkers, interpreters. We need men and women who are

deeply concerned with the development of human beings and who are not merely managers with computer minds obsessed with facts. We need people who are aware of change and who accept it as a natural process of scientific and industrial man.

We need above all a new breed of broadly educated managers, cultured men in the widest and best sense of that word, who recognise that their most important raw material is not machinery or steel or concrete but people, and who encourage those people to accept change as a challenge and, as they plunge towards the new world of the twenty-first century, to welcome it as an adventure.

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

Committee meetings have been held at Anzac Club in both January and February. The major proceedings have been the making of arrangements for the handing over of the Timor Memorial and the rehabilitation of the Association finance.

It was decided that John Burrridge be sent to Timor as an advance agent to prepare the ground for the main party. This trip was made available free of charge by T.A.A. The Association was indeed lucky that Mr. Burrridge was available as his previous experience allowed him to get a tremendous amount of work done in the minimum of time.

It was decided at the January meeting to hold a quick raffle to get the Association finances back into solvency. The suggestion was an Easter Beer raffle of 500 tickets at \$1, with prizes of five cases of beer, and one case of beer. This raffle proved to be an instant success and has enabled the Treasurer to use the cheque book once again.

Association Activities

Since last we went to press there have been two meetings held at Anzac House Basement. Afraid I can't report record attendances but probably this has something to do with the holiday period.

FEBRUARY MEETING

At the February meeting John Burrridge gave us a talk on his recent trip which took him practically around the world. His treatment of the subject speaks volumes for his ability to absorb knowledge and local colour as he moves around. He was most impressed with the Scandinavian countries but more than a little disturbed by a resurgence of arrogance in Western Germany currently experiencing the greatest economic boon in its history. His prime concern was to contact his various business contacts in many parts dealing with the sale of West Australian apples. John is most optimistic of the future of the apple industry despite the setback of the present season.

Those present belted him with all sorts of questions which he handled with his usual aplomb.

MARCH MEETING

It was originally intended that this would take the form of a rifle shoot but advantage was taken initially to draw the raffle conducted by the Branch for Easter Beer.

This resulted as follows:

1st prize, five cases of beer: 372, J. R. Smith (Bluey), Leederville.
2nd prize, 1 case of beer: 329, A. V. Wheatley, c/- W. H. Rowan Robinson, Bridgetown.

After the sweep was drawn those present seemed to be more interested

in settling down and having a good talk on the Timor Memorial Opening and other subjects of Association interest than in trying to hit a target so the rifle shoot was not proceeded with.

TIMOR MEMORIAL HANDOVER

Readers will remember that in the last "Courier" you were requested to complete a questionnaire regarding your possible participation in this event. The response has been quite good considering the cost of the trip having regard to the period involved and also the number of side issues such as passports, vaccinations, etc., that had to be attended to.

As stated earlier John Burrridge has been to Timor and made all the necessary arrangements so that the party should have the minimum of trouble when they arrive in Timor. John has been assured by the Engineer in charge of the project that it will be finished ahead of time and be fully ready for hand-over on the due date.

Colin Hodson has provided a hand some plaque inscribed in both Portuguese and English which sets out the reason for the memorial.

John is most impressed with what he saw and says that it surpasses even his most optimistic thoughts on what this memorial would look like. The setting is absolutely fabulous.

The following is the programme of movement and events.

Friday, April 11: Leave Perth Airport at 1.50 (actually Saturday morning).

Saturday, 12th: Arrive Adelaide 6 a.m. Onward trip to Darwin 9.30.

Fred Otway and "Happy" Greenhalgh will make their own way to Darwin from Brisbane.

Sunday, 13th: Hand-over Ceremony at 10 a.m.

Afternoon: Grand cock fight for a prize donated by the Association.

Evening: Cocktail Party by Australian Consul at which all Portuguese and other personnel will be seated.

Monday, 14th: Sight-seeing in the Dilli area.

Evening: Dinner for all present for interested parties again arranged by Australian Consul.

The rest of the week will be used to view areas on the island. Parties will be able to make their

own arrangements of places to be visited and we are given to understand there is adequate transport available.

Saturday, 19th: Depart from Baucau for return trip to Darwin.

Sunday, 20th: Depart Darwin for trip home to W.A. via Adelaide.

The following persons have indicated they will be making the trip:

Western Australia:

President Bill Epps and wife.
Ray Aitken and wife.
Jack Fowler and wife.
Geoff Swann and wife.
Peter Campbell and wife.
Reg Harrington and wife.
Tony Bowers and wife.
Bob Palmer and wife.
Col Doig.
Arthur Smith.
Jack Carey.
Jack Sheahan.
Tom Crouch.
Jerry Haire.
Dick Geere.
Mal Herbert.
Harry Sproston.
Don Turton.
Stan Payne.
Lou Thompson.
Bob Smyth.
Dr. Colyer.

Victoria:

Peter Krause and wife.
Maurie Smith.
Bernie Callinan.

South Australia:

Bob Williamson.

New South Wales:

Happy Greenhalgh.

Queensland:

Fred Otway.

At this time of going to press we are not certain who will be performing the hand-over on behalf of the Commonwealth Government.

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DON CLOTHING CO.
Your Rendezvous For Mercury
Meet Dave Ritchie and Say
Good-day
10% Your Way on All Purchases
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Personalities

It is with regret we have to advise of the death of Mr. Holly (Sn.) father of our member Bill Holly, who was killed in action at Fata in New Guinea.

Another sad passing to record is that of Laurie McDonald, son of Glad Napier and stepson of Fred. Laurie was a very brilliant scientist employed at the Lucas Heights project in N.S.W.

Currently Fred Napier is back in R.G.H. Hollywood, this time with a painful back trouble. Troubles seem to come in bunches with you, Fred. Hope it is not long before you are back in circulation once again.

Vida Turtón and Joan Burrige have set out on a bus tour of the Eastern States. Here's wishing them a happy journey.

Saw Les Glasson in town recent-

ly. He has returned to Kalgoorlie after quite a long sojourn at Wyndham. Currently he is foreman in the joinery shop of W. D. Scott, at Kalgoorlie. He looks terrific and bursting with rude health.

Also saw Ernie Dinwoodie in town. Ernie looks well and was having a spot of leave and of course a spot of lager.

Jack and Norma Hasson had themselves a couple of brief holidays recently. Spent a few days with Clarrie and Grace Turner at Capel then later went down to Miami and used up Arthur Smith's beach house for a week.

Clarrie and Grace Turner came down for a few days over the long weekend in early March and stayed with Jack and Norma Hasson.

Believe Ted Monk and wife were in town for a wedding recently. Afraid I missed them although I did see brother in law Ken Payne who put me in the picture.

New South Wales News

RON TRENGROVE, of 46 Hillcrest Ave., Mona Vale, N.S.W., writes:

My last letter to the "Courier" in which I said I hoped to go to Murrurundi for Angus Evan's funeral, well not only did I go but Eric Herd and Ron Hilliard went with me, much to my pleasure and as Ron had seen action with Angus it was more than appropriate.

The funeral took place at 2 p.m. on the Saturday and was attended by nearly 300 people, I would say. The small cemetery adjoining the church was overflowing with people.

The address given by Alan Starkey, of the local R.S.L. was worth listening to and was some indication of the general esteem Angus was held in in his district, also the address by the local Lions Fraternity.

I haven't got my latest "Courier" here at the moment but I am reminded of a passage in it from Bill Epps' Address to one and all in which he said those who continued to serve this country in a civic or civilian capacity. Well, Angus Evans had continued this line of service in a way that none of us realized until we three who represented the Unit were fortunate enough to

speak with a lot of the townspeople and outer district folks we also were unaware of the service and go ahead and drive he brought to his new district from Narrabri five years ago. He was Shire President re-nominated unanimously the week before he died; President of the R.S.L. and a Lion. He was approachable at all times any hour of the day or night, Joe Carey, Secretary of the R.S.L. told us.

We met Angus's mother, sisters, brother and all of his friends and other relations and before I forget Angus's sister Mrs. H. Dyball, of "Gilglen" Binalong, N.S.W., would like to receive the "Courier" if we could see our way clear to send her one. I had taken the last one with me as I never lose a chance to show other ex-service people what kind of a Unit I once was part of. Well, Mrs. Dyball was so impressed with it and the Address Book that the above request has been made.

Well, even though the occasion was a sad one I am sure that Angus would have enjoyed seeing us admiring and driving around his magnificent property. Ron Hilliard had billeted himself

out with a Jim Ponti (ex navy) who owns a property further up the range from "Yarrabin". Poor Jim didn't know what to make of Ron and was not sure whether he had done the right thing in making the suggestion about staying at his place Saturday night to relieve the pressure on Jean Evans, who had made beds up for us three besides catering for the huge number of guests and relatives. Well, as I say, Ron went up with Jim and next morning when in-laws and sisters and Eric and I were inspecting the property about two mile from the homestead who should be coming down the mountain but Jim and Ron. Jim driving the ute, Ron sitting back like Lord Hilliard, master of all he surveyed. Well, we were about to return so we fell in behind and Jim pulled up at the first gate and we all expected Lord Hilliard to get out and open the gate as custom has always (up until this day) demanded in the bush but no, his lordship sits back on his wide expansive clacker while Jim gets out and opens the gate, drives the ute through to one side, hops out waits for us to go through, then shuts the gate after us. Well, up till then none of us had blotted the copy book. Anyway as from now the tradition of passengers opening gates in the bush has been Hilliardised, as in all same buggered up.

This letter may be read before Christmas but if not I wish all the very best for the New Year, particularly good health.

Will continue this later.

Quite a lot of time has passed since I last finished with (continue this later) so I will not ramble on any more, but will enclose a letter from Bob Smith which is worth reading and publishing in the "Courier" and also from Murrurundi an Eulogy read at Angus's funeral.

P.S. Unless I can win a large amount of money between now and April regrettably I will not be a starter for Timor.

I guess to have two great years in a row is a little much to expect. I always have said I used all the luck I ever had or would have in 1942. Cor, ain't I ever going to shut up.

Murrurundi R.S.L. Eulogy

George Angus Evans, our departed comrade, served in the Army during

World War II as a member of the 2/2nd Independent Company.

As a young man of 20 years he joined the Unit at Canungra in Queensland, where it was being reformed and refitted after a strenuous campaign on the island of Timor.

The training of the Independent Companies was more rigorous and strenuous than other Units in the Canungra Training Centre, and with the strict discipline entailed in the company of experienced veterans, the basic principals of being a good soldier were learned and absorbed by Angus, who, as we who knew him know, always retained an interest above average in the history and feats of our military units.

His particular Unit, of which he was very proud, on the 20th June, 1943, exactly six months after returning from Timor, landed at Port Moresby in New Guinea and was transported to Geroka and Bena Bena on the highlands to become part of "Bena Force", where the men immediately commenced operations against the Japanese forces and carried on the offensive with distinction. It is officially recorded that the patrolling of the 2/2nd Independent Coy. enabled the 7th Division to enjoy a relatively uninterrupted march to Dumpu in the Ramu Valley during the important Markham and Ramu Valley campaigns.

The Unit is also credited with having been in action against the Japanese longer than any other formation of the Australian Army, having served 16 months in New Guinea besides its earlier Timor engagements, and subsequent service in New Britain after New Guinea.

It is of no surprise that with service in the company of such stalwarts as existed in this Unit, that the Angus as we knew him should emerge to carry on in his civilian life the responsibilities he shouldered so well. As a grazier, as a Shire Councillor, and President of the Murrurundi R.S.L. Sub-Branch his capabilities and popularity will always be remembered by the members, and it is with the deepest regret and feelings that we gather here today.

Our sympathies lie with his family, as we ourselves share the same great sadness and sense of loss.

A Later Letter From Ron:—

Did you hear about the dutiful husband who bounded out of bed one Saturday morning and said to his wife, who was preparing breakfast for the family: "Do you know what the date is today?"

She said no.

He said: "It's the 8th of February!"

She: "So what?"

Said he: "Well on Monday we have been married 21 years."

She said, with restrained sarcasm: "21 years and one month!"

Well, fellers, I can't remember everything what with being your Secretary and everything.

Before I forget anything else you one and all can now address any mail to me to P.O. Box 48, Mona Vale, N.S.W., 2103.

I have been receiving your money and butts for the Sydney Cup and some of you have managed to scribble a note. Well, fellers, this is great and one and all and the wives who have written I will mention you one and all further on or in subsequent letters.

Bill Bennett's daughter Marilyn, was married just recently to a famous Australian surf board champ, Nat Young. I had hoped to make it to the church at Newport to give Bill some support but Dorothy said June and Bill did very nicely without my support thank you.

Eric Herd hasn't been so well these last few days since he heard that Dita Cobb is returning home wherever the hell that would be, he says.

Bill Coker had a few words to say to Col over the phone a few days ago. How he found the time I wouldn't know since he acquired Kamerura 2, and is official time-keeper for the Cruising Club. However I guess we'll see him at the annual Arncliffe cricket do.

Dud Tapper will be over in Sydney for Anzac week and I have to answer his letter about accommodation, etc.

Haven't won enough money in the lottery to make the trip to Timor but have received a letter from Hap Greenhalgh to say he and Fred Otway are making it. Also a note from Fred confirming same. Fred also made some nice remarks about you fellows looking after everyone during the week that was and hopes

to see more of those he saw and some he didn't see, when you all rendezvous in Darwin very soon.

Well I will have to lay the blade aside while I make a few phone calls to Alan and Bill. Incidentally had a nice visit from Alan and family in January when he was on leave and staying at Palm Beach.

Well had a talk with Alan and will be seeing him Monday night all being well.

The letter from Betty Craig I will enclose for the "Courier". Thanks very much Betty and very welcome to get letters as we all are interested in everything we all are doing and keeps the family of the 2/2nd in the picture.

Don't forget if you are coming down for Anzac Day let someone know. Ring me 99 3629 or Alan Luby 602 7206, Bill Coker 95 1488, Bill Bennett 99 5320.

Don't wait for the next Safari we would like to see you in 1969. It is not too soon or too late.

Enough for tonight.

Incidentally Coker couldn't make the meeting. Had a crack in his back or a draught on his shirt. Something like that. You know how it is.

There is no doubt about it, it is nice to receive money and the response to the sweep is great to say the least, but the nicest thing as far as I am concerned is to get a note or letter from you even if it's hard to read. Some like bankers' notes but then bank managers are like doctors. Don't let the patient or client know too much so write so they can't read it. Thanks all the same "Bash".

Nice letter from Perc Hancock which deserves wider publication.

Hap Greenhalgh's note I have already mentioned, also Fred Otway.

Thanks Harry Holder for your wishes and I can assure you whatever we did for you on the Safari we only hope we will get the chance to repeat.

Fred Otway gives his regards to you all and I hope you get as much pleasure out of the Timor trip as I would expect if I was able to make it.

It was wonderful to get such a nice letter from Betty Craig and I was not a bit worried about the cheque Betty as if you read the first para of this letter you will know

that even good secretaries (get that good part—gone to his head already) make mistakes and forget Your letter also needs a wider public.

Thanks Nip and if you see Eric and Twy Smyth give them Dorothy and my good wishes.

Nice work about Timor, John Fowler and hope you get away with all your work cleared up.

Well Moira Coats I am not sure we should have sent you tickets as I imagine you would have sufficient problems of your own. However thank you very much and I am sure if you need any advice or help the Vics will be able to more than help if you let them know. We were all shocked to hear of your husband's death although it was some time after.

Jack Peattie very welcome to say the least and I hope by the time you read this you will have received my note about Anzac Day.

Thanks Stan for your long letter and commendation about my pen but I guess one should be able to do something reasonably well. I don't envy those who have to decipher them for you all to read.

Your letter Ken Monk was a pleasant reminder of other days and you seem to have your hand well and truly on the "teat" as you are so busy with bills and children.

Gloria Isenhood's note was welcome. Thank you for good wishes.

Sid Janvrin also short and sharp note. Thanks for it. It all helps to let us know you are around.

I enclose banker's note, but I can't decipher it except I think he will be with us on the Perth Safari.

Well, I am going to close this up and hope it makes a "Courier" before Anzac Day. As the "A" said to the "B": "See you on the handle at the club, Bish."

The following are some of the more newsy letters written to Ron.

From Ken Monk:

Please find butts and cheque for same enclosed with this scrawl.

Pen and self are not really the best of mates but have had to do a bit of book work and bill paying so thought I'd better do this lot too.

How's the world treating all you N.S.W. boys?

I see in today's paper in the death column the death of one Walter

Wordie. I feel sure it is the Wally Wordie who was with us in New Guinea. His brother died at Goroka. The paper said it was suddenly.

Have not seen any of the boys for quite a while so cannot give any news on them.

Am still milking cows for a living. It is a bit easier now as the elder boy has left school and helping at home. Have another boy at Tech. School and two girls one doing midwifery at Queen Vic Hospital and the other in her third and last year at Teachers College at Geelong.

From Ron Sadler:

Enclosed are ticket butts and a cheque. I wish you success with the sweep. We have just had one drawn over here, a special, first prize five cases of beer, second prize, one case of beer. I haven't been notified of winning it yet but am still hoping.

How are you these days? Well, I should imagine. You still put the pen to paper very ably. I wish I had the gift.

All is well in my particular family. Our son, Peter, has registered for call-up this year. We are hoping he misses out on the ballot.

He is a big help here on the farm, besides that I'm selfish and don't want to see him go to Vietnam. Our daughter Margaret, finished school last year and is now at Teachers Training College.

The last few years have been very kind to us on the farm and we have been doing well. I felt very sorry for the farmers in the East when the big drought was on a year or two back. The West is fortunate in this regard. Droughts occur very rarely. I suppose you've heard before "The West is the Best".

We were very sad when we heard that our old mate "Blue" Harris had passed on. You will remember that Blanche and I stayed with Blue and Mavin when we came through Sydney some years ago. They had also visited us here. Another good bloke gone.

Best wishes to you and yours.

From Betty Craig:

Keith is at present on holidays and has gone to Gilgandra to see his father, so I am sending back the money and butts for the tickets,

as over the next month or two we will be very busy.

After a lot of holdups and setbacks we have finally been able to make a start on our house, and the brick foundations are just about finished. At the moment I think that we are all counting the bricks as they go into it. It will be lovely to be able to move around with a little bit of freedom, as over the last three years we have been very cramped, still we have been warm and dry so that was the main thing.

We have had a very busy time over the last couple of months, as my mother passed away suddenly on Christmas eve, and we have been helping my sister settle things there. It is very awkward to do things when you are away from home. Still it is not very far from Young to Goulburn. We are going down again early in the morning and then going on to Canberra on Monday morning and home to Young Monday night. We are taking Phillip to Canberra to see a specialist about his nose, which was badly broken a few months ago. It seems to be reasonably good, but it has a little bump on one side which they would like to check on before too long.

Janette has gone into fourth year at High School, and seems to be settling into work again fairly well. I hope that this year she will be able to do quite well. She seemed to be struggling last year most of the year through because of missing so much the year before because of the operations on her ears.

We have not been doing anything of note just lately, as it has been so hot over here. I don't think that I can remember it being so hot. We have had good rains over the last few weeks, and the country here is looking very nice. There have been good harvest results and the fruit now is really lovely. At the moment the orchardists are picking prunes and everyone is very busy.

I hope you will forgive me typing you this note, but it is much quicker than writing (and a lot easier to read—Ed.) and I am sure to forget to send the butts back if I leave it until later.

Best wishes to you all from Keith and myself and we hope that this year will be a very good one for the 2/2nd.

We had a lovely day at Carcoar

with Ted and Di Cholerton over the long weekend. They are all well too. We tried to ring Frank Press and his wife but they must have been out. We are hoping that when the trip to W.A. comes round that we will be able to go by car from here to Ted's and then pick up the train at Orange with Di and Ted.

From Percy Hancock:

It was a pleasure receiving this book of sweep tickets to assist you in a manner of replenishing "kitty" as you made mention, for how well I can realise the affect the Safari could have made upon it. Although I was not one of the fortunates to attend I have heard plenty of which made me somewhat envious. Never has such an occasion made history.

Enclosed once again pleasure in forwarding butts on the Sydney Cup which were well received by personal friends and when results come through would appreciate a copy for their information.

The boys of the 2/2nd to all I know are keeping well and still conversing on the Safari and the Timor unveiling yet to come. I unfortunately will not be in attendance for finance says otherwise. My daughter, 15 years old today, is representing W.A. in the Australian Women's Athletic Championship in Brisbane during mid-March and my share of her expenses and accommodation plus her mother's who is making the trip really puts on the brakes.

My wife's parents are in Brisbane and they not having seen Cheryl since she was two years old, the occasion warranted a family re-union don't you think? Anyway a representative of the 2/2nd for the Australian Championships sounds good. Although she will be the youngest competitor how nice it would be for the 2/2nd to get a mention. How tight our fingers are crossed. I trust N.S.W., Vic. and Qld. cross theirs.

Anyway my best regards to your successful sweep. Also my regards to the 2/2nd boys who still could remember me. My regards to Allan Luby and Cliff Paff whom it was a pleasure to see whilst visiting Perth, also Happy Greenhalgh plus Paddy Kenneally, Frank Press, Johnny Reese, etc. How many can one remember? But rest assured any name omitted still remains in the memories of the W.A. 2/2nd.

Random Harvest

G. B. "Peter" PIPER, of Yuvathal, 14 Royal Crescent, Camberwell, Vic., writes:—

I have much pleasure in enclosing cheque towards the Timor Memorial Appeal.

May I offer very sincere congratulations to all concerned in the splendid effort of "behind the scenes" work which has gone into making the appeal a success. Moreso in securing the Commonwealth Government and State Government grants.

Would be interested in details of the projected trip to Timor next year though this could clash with a New Zealand journey in May next when I go back to Auckland for the Centenary celebrations of my old school Auckland Grammar School. Just whether it is possible to make both journeys is a moot point but I would certainly wish to know details in case there is a chance to come.

DAVE DEXTER, of 48 Frofatti St., Turner, A.C.T., writes:—

Yes, it had slipped, but having seen the last "Courier" I hasten to do my bit before the last post is sounded on Nov. 30.

Seems ages since you were here. You would not recognise the P.M.'s Lodge now with great white walls round a garden. Incidentally the new consul to Dili, Max Berman, is a good mate of mine. We used to work together in the External Aid Branch in E.A.

FRANK PRESS, of Bobanara, Carcoar, N.S.W., writes:—

I have been going to drop you a line ever since the Safari ended, but with one thing then another coming up, I have just found the time to get on to it, but at the outset I would like to say "Thank You" all very much for the pleasure your visit and the re-union gave us all here in N.S.W. My only regret is that other commitments prevented me from spending as much time with you as I would have liked to, but if everybody over here enjoyed your company as much as I did, then the effort that went into the arrangements was well worth while. Both Kathleen and I enjoyed the re-union and Anzac Day arrangements very much and are looking forward to

the return visit that is set down for 1971.

It was good to learn that the Prime Minister came to the party regarding the Memorial. It makes the target so much easier. I was talking with my local M.H.R. and mentioned it to him, but I don't know whether he made any mention of it to his superiors. Anyhow it was quite a feather in your caps to be able to pull it off. My cheque to the Appeal is enclosed.

Well this is all for this time. My kindest regards to all over there and once again thanks for your company in April.

R. A. MACKEY, of P.O. Woodville, S.A., writes:—

Hi you old so and so. Please accept this small effort on behalf of Memorial Project. Best of luck for your effort. If I can rise to the occasion I'll remember Timor once more.

RON MEARS, of ?, S.A., writes:—

Owing to having moved house from 221 Flamboro St., Doubleview to South Australia we may have missed some "Couriers" but till we are settled will then forward address to receive "Couriers" and raffle books.

S. A. CRIDDLE, of Three Springs, writes:—

Excuse me for being late. Far better late than never. Enclosing cheque for subs and the balance can go to the Timor Fund.

I am a long way back with my homework but I wish all the boys the best and I'm very pleased the boys had a very good trip on the Safari. Wish I could have been with you. Never mind may see you soon in the Royal and have a short snort with you. All the best as I have to cook the dinner, a couple of chooks in the oven. Wife is out.

All the best to the boys.

MERV JONES, of 11 Rowan St., Mona Vale, N.S.W., writes:—

Enclosed donation for Memorial Fund and apologies for lateness. If too late put the money into "Courier" distribution.

Reverting to that B—— Hallman's

remark in the last "Courier" no one could be more sorry than I at missing out on the earlier itinerary of the W.A. boys but through my own fault of not notifying my change of address and not receiving the "Courier" I was completely out of touch.

However I certainly enjoyed seeing all the old faces from all States (including N.S.W.) and will certainly turn up at the next Anzac Day march.

Am just about to ring Tom Tierney and give him a roast over the thrashing dished out by the "Sea Eagles" over the "Bunnies".

Regards to all the mob.

EDITH PENDERGRAST, of P.O. Box 93, Collie, W.A., writes:—

Don't receive too big a shock when you see who this letter is from. Have always had good intentions but that is as far as I got. Now my little girl has received her gift, so decided to write and say thank you very much on her behalf. Would like to make a correction of her age, if I may. Your books have her down as four years. She was born April 26, 1963.

Have had Gordon very ill since the end of August. Started off with his old army trouble, off work for a month. Had just worked for a few days when he suffered a heart attack. He is still not the best, but has gone back to work again now. When you're running a business for yourself once you stop so does the money. He has now applied to the Repat. for an increase in the pension. At present he only gets \$22.60 each quarter and you can't do much for a family on that. If they start arguing with him about it he will be asking the 2/2nd to see what they can do about it for him.

Well enough of our grizzles for now. Would like before I close to wish the 2/2nd members, wives and families a very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

PETER BARDEN of Radio Station 6GN., Geraldton, W.A., writes:—

Please find attached butts and \$5 for the "Drink Yourself to Death" raffle. Congrats to whoever was responsible for this novel raffle—I'm sure it will be an outstanding success. To me it looks like another Doig brainchild.

Now on to some local news about Double Red Diamond types and

their families in this great Geraldton area of ours. In the news is Peter Foster, 11 year old son of Wicka farmer Tom Foster. This student of the Chapman Valley School at Nabawa submitted the winning entry in a competition conducted to find the most suitable name for a residential area of the future near the Moresby Ranges at Waggrakine to the north-east of Geraldton. The name submitted by Peter Foster—"Kyarra"—is aboriginal for "Hilly Breakaway".

And now a little about the news world with which Yours Truly is associated. I've read some beauties in my time but the prize for the daddy of them all—as far as newspaper blues are concerned—goes to the "Geraldton Guardian" reporter who, reporting on a fatal stabbing on a ship, wrote that nurses and crew men comforted the unconscious man on his way to hospital. The point of course, is "How can you comfort an unconscious person?"

I have just been re-elected publicity Officer for the Geraldton R.S.L. and one of my first jobs of the new year was to compile the submission, which I hope will help Geraldton win the huge Collett Cup for the outstanding country Sub-Branch of the year, for the ninth occasion. Ours is certainly a lively Sub-Branch. For instance, we have started a fund to build a regional War Veterans' Home at Geraldton. We donated a record amount of \$669 to the Slow Learners' Group, as a result of a fete. We raised \$457 for the Australian Overseas Forces Fund. We donated \$192 to the Sunshine Festival Committee, after raising \$791 by running the Festival Street Parade and other entertainment, and of course, we did much for R.S.L. members and their dependants.

Bruss Fagg has just been re-elected President of the R.S.L. at Northampton, and was heartily congratulated on the highly successful year during which a membership figure of 81 was achieved.

I see plenty of Nip Cunningham. He's pedalling as well as ever. He's consuming as well as ever, and he and his family are all enjoying good health.

Eric Smyth and family continue to take an active interest in yatching and Eric appears to be in the pink

of condition. I saw him riding to work recently on a light motor cycle—a trend being followed by a number of business men because of economy and easier parking reasons.

If there are any Swan Districts supporters among the Double Red Diamond types in the Big Smoke (and I'm sure there are) I suggest that they be on the lookout for a 17 year old footballer from Bruss Fagg's Northampton territory—Garry Cripps. This fair headed wingman-backman is well worth watching.

Well, cheerio for now and kind regards to all.

J. P. KENNEALLY, of 28 Wilkins St., Yagoona, N.S.W., writes:—

News at present is scarce, Jimmy English being the only Unit man I see. Jim is mostly confined to the house so he does not pick up much in the way of news.

Alan Luby turned up one day in the ambulance. Out climbed Nora. He'd seen her shopping in Yagoona and drove her home. Half the street dislocated their necks trying to see what the ambulance was doing at Kenneally's. I was painting and one woman thought I must have fallen off the stage and set my wife on the road to freedom. I haven't seen Alan since as he went off holidays shortly afterwards.

I'm working down on the coast below Port Kembla at the moment. A good job. Another three weeks should see it finished. At present the weather has put a stopper to work, it's been raining since Saturday night and doesn't even look like stopping. I reckon it will go for another week. It has its advantages, as I'm catching up on my correspondence and reading a book or two, besides enjoying a bit of rest.

Living in a boarding house here and a rather good one too. About the only boarding house I've ever been in where I didn't have to go to a restaurant as well to keep the hunger pangs at bay. The only complaint I have is the mosquitoes. About three hours sleep a night, but a man can't blame the landlord for that. Mossies are part of the landscape down here, more so as the place is right on the shores of Lake Illawarra. We can look out the window and see the fish jumping.

Also one of the best contractors I've ever worked for—their own

quarries, sand pits, earthmoving equipment, metal trucks, low loaders and ready mix plant, concrete on the job at 5 a.m., cheque every fortnight and keeps back no retention money. I wish he had more after this. Unfortunately he, or they (it's a family concern) don't expect any more until April. Believe me men like that are very scarce in this business.

My family has all returned to school. Helen got a reasonably good pass in the school certificate and is in fifth year now. She'll complete sixth year and see what her results are then. Michael moved on to third year and I expect he'll carry on in his usual easy going way despite threats of what will happen if he doesn't put his head down and get into it. Sean, our freckled faced red head, did it again. He passed in fact his report was a very pleasant surprise. He's in first year high school now. I wish him luck. Gerald also passed with honours (don't know how they work it out). He tolerates school, but has no doubt whatsoever it's a waste of good playing time.

I'm afraid I won't be amongst those present in Timor in April. I'd love to be. Something completely unforeseen in the way of good fortune would have to come my way and it's a lot to want to happen, particularly as I consider I've been very well done by in life as it has been and is. To be wanting any more would, I think, be ingratitude for the things I have. So enough for the day. I'll certainly be with those present in my mind and see once more the tracks both good and bad, and reconcile myself to the fact that I could not walk, as I once did, with ease and a lot of grumbling.

Is Norm Thornton going? If so will he ride a stumbling Timor pony from Maubisse to Aileu, or to be correct Flahill, and let all the world know what he thinks of Timor, riding in the cold of a dark, dark night.

Oh well, they may have been hard days, but when one is young all days are good no matter how hard, and as we get older the Good Lord gives us the wisdom to put up with the hard ones anyway.

I'd better call this a day. Regards to all, particularly No. 4 wherever they are.

TOM FIELD, of 18 Margaret St., Wyoong, N.S.W., writes to Len Bagley:

I suppose you wonder how this is written to you from the N.S.W. I have been trying to find out for many years what had happened to you if you are the one that got a bullet in the leg. I was the one on your right as you got it and we managed to get you away. If so how have you been all these years?

I found your name in the 2/2nd Address Book. It is funny how you meet people. I was at a job and we were talking about malaria and one bloke said that he had not had it since he was in Timor. It is a small world. It was Norm Demery. I think he was with the No. 5 Platoon. We had quite a lot to talk about.

I have been going down to the Anzac Marches for quite a while and always enjoy myself but last year was top of the cake. I had a few days away and I enjoyed it just as much as they did. There were so many there. Did you get down? I don't recall the name but anyway I took quite a lot of snaps and I gave them to Jack Hartley to get what they wanted and send the negatives over to the West. There were some steady drinkers there.

We have been invited over to see your State in three years so most of the boys are saving up for the big trip. I myself and wife, will be going and looking forward to the day.

I am an old married man like the rest. I have two girls and two boys. Margaret, my eldest, 24, is a teacher. Paul, 21, is a spray painter. Both married. Grant, 18, is a painter. Ann, my youngest, is still at High School. I myself have been doing building work as a labourer, haven't got the brains to be anything else.

This is enough of myself. How have you been? I suppose you have a wife and children, but any way I will be glad to hear a few words from you.

(Tom seems to have his names a bit mixed up as Len Bagley does not know him. I think Tom is looking for "Skeeter" Bagnell who was with him in action. We do not know his present address but think he is somewhere in N.S.W. Perhaps one of you guys over there can help us out if you see him.—Editor.)

ALF HARPER, of 14 Roberts Rd., Belmont, Geelong, Vic., writes:—

I'm sorry I haven't written before this but hope I am still in time to participate in the fund for the Memorial Project.

We were all most grateful to all of you Sandgroppers for being able to see you during the Safari. It was wonderful seeing all the old faces again.

My family had a great time during your stay in Melbourne and wish me to thank you.

Regards to all.

CHARLIE SADLER, of Box 108, Wongan Hills, W.A., writes:—

Just a short note to say how sorry I was at not being able to be present at the Annual Re-Union. I was very pleased to hear that you all had such a wonderful time on your trip over East and only wish I could have been in it. I had a pretty good description of it from John Fowler and doubt whether I could have stood the pace.

I am enclosing a further contribution to the Timor Memorial appeal.

COL KNIGHT, of Pacific View Flats Pine Avenue, East Ballina N.S.W., writes:—

Please find enclosed my cheque for Memorial Fund, or whatever you think fit.

However it is a long time since I have written to the Association and often feel a little ashamed. I have been receiving the "Courier" fairly regularly, but having quite a number of moves. I think probably the old address of 188 Ballina Road, Goonellabah has lost contact.

Having more time to relax now I will endeavour to correspond more often.

Hoping the appeal is a success and all the best for now.

ALF HODGE, of Farm 1325, Whitton writes:—

Thanks for the reminder note. Although I hadn't forgotten, the intentions have always been first class but the action part had been non-existent. Anyway enclosed you will find a cheque for the Memorial.

No doubt it will be a credit to the Unit to erect such a memorial in Timor and the Timor people will realise that what they did for the

boys during those dark days was appreciated.

Sorry I was unable to take any part in the Safari, but I followed you all the way. I was busy with the rice harvest at the time, but congratulations to you and all your willing workers for a grand performance.

Quite a dry spell has set in here again and already the dry area crops are beginning to feel the pinch. Unless it rains in the next few days they can only expect half a crop. I am on an irrigation farm myself and the water supply appears to be quite adequate for this season, although during the latter end of last summer it was declared a draught area, but we were fortunate enough to get our rice crop finished.

Please give my regards to Mick Morgan and the rest of the boys.

Cheerio for now, and best wishes to you, Col, and all the chaps for doing such a good job year by year.

I. J. BROWN, 333A Macquarie St., Hobart, Tas., writes:—

Please find enclosed my cheque to the Timor Memorial Appeal.

Very pleased to hear things are well under way and am looking forward to a picture of the finished article as at the moment I've run out of rich uncles and see no possibility of a visit to the island in the future.

HARRY FREDERICKS, of 190 Queen Street, Grafton, N.S.W., writes:—

Would definitely like to make a somewhat belated donation to the Timor Memorial Project. Hope I am not too late. Enclosed find cheque.

I never see any of the boys these days except George Mathieson and Ron Orr occasionally. I think the Timor Memorial is a great idea as we certainly do owe the people of Timor a great deal.

Glad that all you chaps from the West had such a good time on the Great Safari to Sydney. It was a great idea.

Some day I hope to see a few of you chaps some how some place but I don't get much chance to travel big distances. Probably would not know some of the fellows now if I ran into them seeing as how I have not seen most of them for 22

or 23 years. Anyway remember me to the boys over your way, particularly any that were in "A" Platoon.

Do you ever see Sparky or Jim Ritchie these days?

I will bring this screed to a close now and try and write a letter to the "Courier" once in a while.

MAX BAXTER, of 18 Tovanahos One, Bentleigh, writes:—

Well our re-union is all over and a great time was had by all. Had quite a good turn up around the 60 mark. Quite a few from Sydney and also a couple down from Brisbane.

Took a few days to get over it but it was worth it all. So now we start thinking about next year.

This cheque is a donation from the 2/4th Association. Nice to hear that all went well with your fund. One day if God spares us we may get over to Timor to see the memorial.

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

Please find cheque enclosed. \$5 for raffle and rest for dues if I am behind. If any left to go to any fund you may suggest.

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

Herewith \$5 and good luck with the income side of the sweep.

Once more I am a non-starter for the Timor Dedication Ceremony. Family and business are the main drawbacks as usual. No need to labour the point that I would love to be there. Hope all those attending have a wonderful time.

Sorry I'm late. Write me another book of tickets out. If not available put the extra into funds.

All O.K. here. Chas and Mavis are in Adelaide. Regards and best wishes.

C. GORTON, of 138 Marmion St., East Fremantle, W.A., writes:—

Please find butts for raffle also money for same. Hope this finds you well and enjoying a bit of nourishment which is certainly necessary this weather.

One of the chaps from Kalgoorlie, Keith Beachem, looked me up at the wharf the other day. He was down with his family on holidays and staying quite near us in Palmyra.

He tried to find Mick Morgan a couple of times but missed him each time.

Glad to say all of our family are keeping well in health. The last has just started work in the Forestry Dept. He was the only boy but the house is usually got some of our grandchildren around. We have six now. All the more the merrier. You can send them home when you get sick of them.

Hope the raffle is a success.

RIP McMAHON, of Beader Hotel, Onslow, W.A., writes:—

A bit unlucky with the sweep this year as I am running one for the R.S.L. on the Sydney Cup at \$1 a throw and also one for the Kindergarten at \$1 a throw on the Easter Mile. However managed to get rid of six.

Onslow is very quiet at present as nobody cares to come through this way during the wet season.

The best of luck for the sweep. See you in town one day.

RON SPRIGG, of Albany, W.A., writes:—

Please excuse the brief note but I have been in bed all the week with a poisoned foot and any little blood disorder really upsets me. However not to worry. No flowers will be needed and I hope to be back in harness by the middle of next week.

All the best with the sweep.

F. P. CUNNINGHAM, of 182 Augusta St., Geraldton, writes:—

I am enclosing a money order which is for sweep tickets and \$2 towards the Association.

I had a visit from Roy Watson about three weeks ago. We had a good natter and downed several glasses of the amber fluid.

I was in Perth for a few days last week to see a couple of specialists. I have to go down again and report to the Bethesda Hospital in Claremont, for plastic surgery on March 11.

Trusting the sweep meets with every success. I will close now with best wishes to all the mob.

BOB "Beaky" SMITH, of 13 Barnard Crescent, Toukley, N.S.W., 2253, writes to Ron Trengrove:—

No doubt by now you will be busy with all arrangements for Saf-

ari No. 2 for 1971, so as one who nominated to be a starter I had better "extract the digit" and get cracking. Herewith enclosed please find cheque for \$30 being for the past two months and this present month. You will notice by the enclosed form I have made out the monthly installments to be \$10. I do hope all is going along well with all the other lads who nominated to be starters.

Since the old health forced my early retirement from the Lighthouse Service I have been plodding along—now well, then not so well—but still keeping on top. I have another trip to Repat on the 28th so as the "quacks" can have another look at se.

By the way I was pleased (as no doubt you were) to see the good response to the number of lads and their wives who have so far put their names down for the Safari. Possibly there may be some drop-outs but maybe there may be others who may find at a later date that they can go.

Do hope this finds your wife, your self and family well.

BERT BURGESS, of "Burlands", P.O. Box 224, Katanning, W.A., writes:—

Would like to be able to say that Marie and I will be starters for Timor in April but, unfortunately, things are too involved for both of us to be away at that time.

I add my congratulations to all who have combined to make the occasion possible and I hope that the handing over will be a happy and impressive ceremony.

Alf Hillman's mother died recently and I enclose the obituary notes from the Katanning paper. Mrs. Hillman will be remembered for her kindness to everyone with whom she came in contact.

Met Arthur Marshall, at a sheep sale in Katanning recently. Must still be able to pass on his costs as he looks prosperous and confident.

Regards to all.

Obituary:

The Late Mrs. May Hillman
Another link with the earlier days of Broomehill district was broken on Jan. 8 with the passing of Mrs. May Hillman.

Mrs. Hillman was the youngest daughter of the late Thomas and

Christen Norrish, of "Sunnyside", Broomehill, and spent her early childhood between "Sunnyside" and the old "Goblup Estate".

With her marriage to John Frederick Hillman in 1909, she moved only eight miles from her girlhood home to "Moulyerup" and was his helpmate in the building of his property and in a busy civic life. A noted horsewoman as a young woman, she always played an active part in the district sport, from tennis to golf and bowls.

While her husband was overseas during the First World War, Mrs. Hillman managed the farm while caring for three young children, and during the Second World War, while her only son was in the army, she helped again in the farm work.

One interest which Mrs. Hillman shared with her husband was in the history of the district, and her memories of the earlier days gave him valuable material for research. Another interest they shared was in gardening, and here Mrs. Hillman was noted for her "green fingers" and will be remembered by many people in widely scattered places for the cuttings, seedlings and small plants she gave to friends and acquaintances.

The last four years of her life were spent in Bentley, at "Hilltop Lodge" and at the Charles Jenkins Hospital.

She is survived by her son and three daughters, seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

The funeral was held in the district she had known so well and for which she had worked so long. The service was conducted at the graveside in the Broomehill Cemetery on Jan. 10 where she joined her husband.

KEITH AND BETTY CRAIG, of P.O. Box 234, Young, N.S.W., writes:—

As you will see the cheque was written out one month ago and I am sorry to say that is as far as I got with the correspondence that day. I am sorry that this donation for the appeal is so late, but Keith and I do hope that it will be a help.

Since leaving Sydney after the Great Safari, we have been very busy, and today has seen some of our efforts accomplished. I have just had a phone call from War

Service in Sydney to say that all is well, and we can now go ahead and build our house. Of course it will be some months before it can be lived in, but at least it is a start. We have been held up for months and months, and couldn't understand what had been happening, but apparently they lost some of our papers through someone filing them under another name. However, all is well that ends well and so long as they didn't get themselves completely tied up in all that red tape I don't care. Both Keith and I feel we are walking on air today.

I feel quite inadequate when I try to find words to describe the Safari. I do feel that words would never describe the faces of you fellows meeting someone you hadn't seen for so long. To sit and watch the expressions on the faces of you all who were at the dinner at Cabra Vale will be something I shall never forget. It was really moving, and I was very happy to have been a part of it. To me personally meeting so many people who were only faces in a photo album was wonderful and to be on first name speaking terms with everyone straight away, without any feeling in any way strange was just wonderful. Everyone was so pleased to see everyone else, to meet their families it made everything go with such a swing. The work that the members of the Association had done for the enjoyment of everyone who came to Sydney was wonderful and really appreciated by all who had the privilege of being there.

After we left Sydney we wended our way to Tamworth and had a few days with Marj and Jack Pettie. We both liked Tamworth very much and it was lovely to talk over all the doings on the Safari and make sure we hadn't missed out on anyone who had been there. We then travelled across country to Coonabarabran and then to Gilgandra to see Keith's father and home via Orange and Carcoar staying with Ted and Di Cholerton for a night. I am afraid that it was very hard to line up for work on the Monday morning after all the wonderful activities we had been part of for the past three weeks.

Since then as I have said we have both been very busy. I had a month away soon after returning home

when I went back to Goulburn to enter hospital for an operation. All went well and I was very soon able to get back on my feet and come home. I left Keith chief cook and bottle washer with the help of Janette, and they seemed to manage O.K. They were all very pleased to see me home, however, as I guess they were sick of their own cooking.

Phillip had a slight car accident when travelling to the show for the weekend with a friend of his. They struck a patch of ice on the road and slid over the side. He broke his nose very badly and I guess from now on will always have a slight bump on it. However he was very lucky as on the snow roads they could quite easily have gone over a 200 ft. drop.

Keith took sick suddenly and ended up with gastro enteritis, losing a lot of weight in a short time, but is now on the mend, and said he is really feeling better, and he is now beginning to put on weight again. Trouble with him is he couldn't afford to lose too much.

Thought everything was going too well, and Janette went down with double pneumonia, but is now back at school, but it certainly put her behind in her work. We have had such a mixture of weather here this last few months, that it is no wonder that people are sick. I don't ever remember knowing of so many people who were really sick. Now it is spring or supposed to be, and this last 10 days we have been back to winter with a vengeance. We have had gale force winds, and snow about 100 miles away, heavy frosts and sunny days all mixed up. We are hoping that October will be a better month, as I am afraid that this type of weather will have done a lot of harm to the small orchard properties around this area. They were all hoping for a good season this year to help them recover after the three years of drought they have had. We can only hope at the present time. Crops, etc. look very good, but they will all soon need rain.

All the best for now.

We would like to thank you all for making the trip across and we were so pleased and happy to see and meet you all. I hope that we will be able to come across to W.A.

when the Safari is on again in reverse.

Best wishes to everyone from us here.

P.S.—Just received the "Courier" and think the picture is really good. Everyone can be seen and Ron is to be congratulated and thanked for making it available to us all through the "Courier".

All the best.

E. HOFFMAN, of Porphyry, via Kalgoorlie, W.A., writes:—

Thanks a million for the treatment received in Perth. Never felt better.

This type of raffle created quite a laugh here. Sold them like hot cakes. They prefer Black Duck to the home brew. Extra book is required. Take them out in my name.

Nothing much to report. Life is bad to normal. Thanks again for everything. Lots of it.

AGNES DAVIDSON, of 16 Whitlock S., Kalgoorlie, W.A., writes:

Tony asked me to drop a line plus ticket butts and cash with the assurance that we'd like to do just that regarding your prize.

Also when mailing same we have a change of address. Quite recent (only twelve years) but we somehow always manage to get your mail.

Hope you have a very successful raffle.

LEW THOMPSON, of P.O. Wannamal, W.A., writes:—

Have enclosed butts and dollars for the "Easter Beer". I reckon that it will be snowing by Easter time.

By the way, this Timor trip. I suppose it is too late to try coming. Anyway all the best.

PETER MANTLE, of Box 120, Biloela, Qlds., writes:—

Here's another yard or two of deathless prose.

It won't hurt my feelings if you never use a line in the "Courier". On the other hand you may be glad to have a bit set in type standing by (overmatter) to fill when material is short for an issue.

(Am holding these articles for just such an emergency occasion.—Ed.)

G. V. SWANN, of Salmon Gums, W.A., writes:—

Those tickets just sold like hot

cakes, or cool schooners in this dry country. Could have sold 100. Pam sold them all in about 10 secs. and forgot to keep us one, so I am afraid you will have to send us at least another book. Most folk were that tickled about drinking themselves to death that they would have paid double.

Hope you are fit as we are down here. Regards.

GEOFF HERBERT, of Box 41, Nungarin, W.A., writes:—

I wish to thank the Association of which you belong for sending me and my sister the shuttlecock set. I hope you have had a Merry Christmas. It has been a very good year

up here and there has been lots of wheat.

G. HISLOP, of Mt. Tom Price Motor Hotel, Tom Price, writes:

Enclosed find butts and cash for "grog" raffle. These two books sold in exactly four minutes. If you have any more books available can sell them with ease.

Regards to all the boys.

Remainder of cash for membership and "Courier".

(Printed for the publisher by "The Swan Express", 10 Helena Street, Midland, 6056, W.A.)

COMING EVENTS:

ANZAC DAY:

This will take the same form as previous years. The Association will lay a wreath at the Dawn Service. The Re-union will be held at the W.A. Rowing Club Rooms on the river straight after the march off.

Make this day a must. We want to see everyone

TIMOR MEMORIAL HAND-OVER:

What about a big send off party at Perth Airport on Friday night, April 11th?

Have This?

"Who's for dinner tonight?" asked the cannibal husband.

"A couple of old maids," replied his wife.

"Ugh! Left-overs again!"

* * *

Geographical Ages of the Human Race:

Women:

15-20: Like Africa—Partly virgin, partly explored.

25-35: Like India—hot and mysterious.

35-45: Like Europe—devastated but interesting in parts.

45-55: Like America—highly efficient but dollar conscious.

55-65: Like Australia—everybody knows where it is but no body wants to go there.

65 and over: Like U.N.O.—it functions but nobody's interested.

Men:

20-30: Tri-daily.

30-40: Tri-weekly.

40-50: Try weakly.

50-60: Try oysters.

60-70: Try anything.

70 and over: Try to remember.

* * *

Wife on warpath: "And don't be sitting there making fists at me in your pockets, either."

* * *

The owner of a big furniture store was in Sydney to buy some stocks and he met a really beautiful girl in the lounge of the hotel.

But she was French and they could not understand a word of each other's language. So he took out a notebook and drew a sketch of a taxi. She nodded her head and laughed and they went for a ride in the park. Then he drew a picture of a table, in a restaurant with a question mark and she nodded, so they went to dinner. After dinner he sketched two dancers and she was delighted. They went to a night club and danced and had a lovely time. At length she asked for the pencil and drew a picture of a four-poster bed. He was dumb-founded. He's never been able to figure out how she knew he was in the furniture business.

"Are you sure Gertrude was a chaste girl before you married her?" asked a mother of her son.

"Yes, I reckon so," replied the son sullenly.

"What makes you think she was chaste?" pursued his mother a little sceptically.

"Because, hang it all, mum," the son exploded, "she was caught."

* * *

Farmer Jones' chickens just were not hatching any eggs, so he bought a new rooster. When he brought the rooster home, he immediately put him in with the chickens. The rooster looked about him and decided to get rid of the old rooster. The chase began while the farmer watched. After a few minutes he said in disgust: "How do you like that? I paid for a rooster and all I got was a damn fairy!"

* * *

He (trying to make conversation): "Honey, there's the old sun rising for the first time this year!"

She (sleepily): "Well, as you told me last night, there always has to be a first time."

* * *

The psychiatrist was interviewing his patient, a slender thing of beauty.

"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?" he asked.

"Why, no," blushed his patient, "I rather enjoy them."

* * *

An old hillbilly woman came upon number 13 of her 14 offsprings playing in a hog wallow—up to his chin.

"Son," she drawled, as she put her foot on his head and shoved him under, "I know I hadn't ought to do this, but it'll be easier havin' another one than cleanin' you up."

* * *

The magazine Cavalier quips: "You have no doubt heard about the number of magazines it requires to fill a baby's bassinet: A Cavalier, A Mademoiselle, a couple of Escapades and Time."