



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

(Registered at the G.P.O. Perth, for transmission by post as a periodical)
(Address All Association Correspondence to Box T1646, G.P.O., Perth)

Vol. 24. No. 222.

MAY, 1970

Price 1c

Editorial

THE SPIRIT OF ANZAC

Once again we have arrived at a period when it is as well to look back on events of the past especially those events which have done so much to form the tradition which is now Australia. Nothing in the history of this fair land has contributed more to our depth of tradition as the Spirit of Anzac.

At the time of the Gallipoli Landing Australia had hardly got the feel of its new Federation. The State complex was still largely ingrained. But the blooding of our boys and men in the cauldron that was Gallipoli brought the nation together in a way nothing else could do. The deeds of valour performed by our troops and those of our sister Do-

minion New Zealand, have been recounted too often to be reiterated here but the Spirit of Anzac was born in those dark years of World War I and it is this spirit which has done most towards our nationhood. This spirit undoubtedly flowed over in a big way into World War II and again cemented the structure of our nation. It can truly be said that it was witnessed again most strongly in Korea and once again in Vietnam.

However the Spirit of Anzac is not only nurtured in war, it is as strongly evident in peace. The lads who donned a uniform in the wars in which Australia has played so much of a part were sturdy volunteers, largely imbued with a patriotism to

JUNE MEETING:

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

TUESDAY, JUNE 2nd

First Evening of Calcutt Memorial Trophy

Be In It To Win It This Year

JULY MEETING:

Ladies' Night. Films by Jack Fowler

Once Again in the Basement

see that Australia remained a nation of free men and women.

They just as easily shed their temporary uniforms as they donned them and took up the cause of peace. They were, after each war, the sturdy pioneers who went out into the country to open up vast tracks of country which contributed so much to Australia's growing economy. They pioneered in every field and provided Australia with some of her greatest citizens in all walks of life. They were the people on which Australia's greatness was built. This is the true Spirit of Anzac.

When one considers that it is now only 200 years since Capt. Cook discovered the Eastern seaboard of Australia it is truly remarkable to look back on our achievements since that date. But our true greatness has been achieved really in that space

of time from 1915-1970, and this can be attributed largely to the Spirit of Anzac.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the young people of today never cease to be imbued with the Spirit of Anzac. One does see some minor signs of desparagement of this glorious spirit but it can be truly accepted as coming from a small minority who do not trust loyalty or patriotism in any way. The large body of youngsters of today show the enthusiasm necessary to carry this nation onwards to ever growing heights of nationhood. It certainly appears that when the present aging generation lay down their tasks they will be eagerly taken up by the new generation.

Let the toast of the past and the future be "The Spirit of Anzac".

—C. D. DOIG.

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

APRIL MEETING

This was held as usual at Anzac House Basement and took the form of a mixed evening with numerous ladies present. Ray Aitken gave those assembled a most interesting talk on Australian plants for the home and garden and had a very large selection of these plants on hand to demonstrate their particular qualities.

As most of you know Ray is the complete expert on Australian Flora and in his whimsical way was able to keep everyone particularly interested.

After the talk we were able to have a light supper provided by the ladies.

The success of the mixed evening augers well for such functions which will be held in the future. There is no doubt that at our age functions which include the women folk hold more for us than any other type of function.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12

As a follow-up to Ray Aitken's talk on the previous Tuesday the opportunity was taken to visit the Wanneroo Wildflower Nursery which

Ray owns in partnership with two other persons. The attendance was really outstanding and the afternoon proved to be a real eye opener to most of those present.

Ray greeted us in shorts and a battered felt hat of the Anzac vintage and then with real good humour gave us a tour of his 10 acre area.

The magnitude of it all was somewhat overwhelming to see countless thousands of plants and trees propagated and thriving in wonderful manner. The place is laid out in the most modern manner and is a labour saving as is humanly possible.

Most of those present came away with one idea to return and get some of those trees and plants and lay out their gardens in a truly Australian or West Australian manner.

It was a really crackerjack afternoon rounded off with some refreshments when it was over.

ANZAC DAY

That great day has come and gone once again and if anything this was one of our better days.

The Dawn Service at the State War Memorial saw Len Bagley and Gerry Maley lay a wreath on the Memorial on behalf of the Association. A goodly number of the members at-

ended this service which unfortunately this year was not all that well attended. Seen in the gloom of the morning were Len Bagley, Gerry Maley, Col Doig, Geo Boyland, Fred Napier, "Spriggy" McDonald, Bill and Jess Epps, Arthur and Beryl Smith and Arch Campbell.

For the march we paraded strongly under the leadership of President Len Bagley and Banner Bearer Mick Morgan. The usual hop, skip and jump-cum-hurry scurry down the Terrace and William-st. to the most unmarching tunes of a couple of Salvation Army Bands. Then of course the ceremony and march off. This time no bands at all for us. Still we managed to do a fair job of saluting the Governor and then to the trough.

Our meeting place, the W.A. Rowing Club, is so close to the march route it doesn't matter and we were probably having a revivor before the Unit immediately behind us had reached their breaking off point.

Thanks to Joe Poynton refreshments (liquid) were already set up and ready to go. A little later Jack Carey with some assistance from outside, set up a fantastic meal as he always does.

Then it was on for young and old for the rest of the afternoon. Two lads from the R.A.N.V.R. Band turned up with a trombone and a sax and provided us with most welcome music which helped the community singing no end. Mick Morgan, Fred Napier, Jack Penglase, "Dusty" Studdy, Les Renalde (2/16), Col Doig and others helped the entertainment along.

The party was still in progress when this writer left at 7.30 p.m.

A very wonderful day and all thanks to those who had any part in the organising with a special cheer for Jack Carey. and his catering.

It was nice to see Bob Palmer on parade, his first for 23 years. Peter Campbell was in town from Esperance and he also made it and that was the sum total of our country friends as in most areas there has been a break in the season and they were very busy.

Seen on parade: Len Bagley, Mick Morgan, Bill Epps, Fred Napier, Gerry Haire, Gerry Green, Joe Poynton, John Burrige with son Johnny recently returned from Vietnam, Ray Aitken, Bob Smyth, Doug Fullarton,

Fred Griffiths, Jack Carey, Harry Sproston, Jack Hasson, Rod Dhh, Ken Bowden, "Ping" Anderson, Merv Ryan, Dick Geere, "Spriggy" McDonald, Col Doig, Arthur Smith, Johnny Moore (Dwellingup), "Dusty" Studdy, John Lillie (2/3), "Digger" McEvoy (2/3), Percy Hancock, Gerry Maley, Jim McLaughlin, Jack Penglase, Tom Foster (Geraldton), Ron Kirkwood.

There were probably others but my memory is slipping with the passing of the years so please forgive me if your name has been omitted.

Committee Comment

The monthly Committee meeting was held at Anzac Club on Tuesday, April 21, with Len Bagley in the chair and a full muster of Committeemen.

Treasurer Dick Geere gave a resume of our working account which was looking a little sick after meeting many outstanding accounts.

The Secretary, Gerry Maley, informed the meeting that tie clips and lapel badges were now to hand from Brisbane. It was decided to sell these at 70 cents for tie clips and 50 cents for lapel badges. This would about cover expenses.

Arrangements for Anzac Day were finalised and all was said to be fully in hand.

The sub-committee formed to deal with the Jubilee Safari gave an interim report and this was agreed to in principle to allow the main fundamental points to be transmitted to the Eastern States for approval or amendment.

It was decided that a "Backwards Raffle" at 50 cents per ticket be conducted and commenced on Anzac Day.

The Committee was most pleased with the response to the mixed evening with Ray Aitken as guest speaker and it was thought that more of such evenings should be arranged. They were also pleased with the response to the outing at Wanneroo Wild Flower Nursery and Ray Aitken was to be thanked for his efforts on both occasions.

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

Personalities

It is with regret we have to advise that Merv and Dulcie Ryan had the misfortune to lose a grandson in tragic circumstances. We pass our sincere sympathy to Merv and Dulcie in their sad loss.

Eastern States' members can now purchase Unit Tie Clips and Lapel Badges at 70c for tie clips and 50c for lapel badge or \$1.20 the set, by writing to Box T1646 G.P.O. Perth, 6001, enclosing the necessary boodle.

There has been little in the way of a "passing parade" since last we went to press so can't give much in the way of personalities this month.

CAN YOU HELP?

CAN WE HELP?

Have had a letter from Bernard Callinan which is printed hereunder.

"I mentioned briefly to you Antonio Sousa Santos' troubles when we met in Perth and now I would like you to arrange for some consideration to be given to a special appeal to help him and his wife.

That he is in great trouble is more important than how it came about; but any fault on his part lies in his placing too much trust in the word "Australian".

He signed documents as guarantor for the rent for a business being established by some Australians in Lisbon; they left without meeting the conditions of the lease and judgment has been given against Antonio for a large sum which he could not meet and a distress warrant has been issued against him.

The final blow is that now his wife has been taken to hospital with cancer.

At a time when we needed help he risked everything he had for us and I think most of us would like to do something to help him.

I have sent him a sum of money to help lighten his troubles a little and I am sure that any further help we can send him will be rewarded by the gratitude of him and his wife.

All good wishes."

The background of this matter appears to be that Sousa Santos met by some means an Australian couple who were starting up a hairdressing

business in Lisbon and apparently he guaranteed the rent of the premises. They did all right for a year but apparently in the second year failed to pay the rent and skipped the country and Sousa Santos has been left holding the bag to the extent of many thousands of escudos.

He has a judgment summons issued against him for the debt and it appeared he would have all his assets estreated. His greatest sin appears that from his association with our Unit he trusted all Australians. We all know that unfortunately we also breed a nice line in con men and Sousa Santos appears to be a victim of such a pair.

I think it can be truly said that the instigator of most of our material assistance gained in the early months of the Timor campaign came from Sousa Santos who willingly espoused our cause to his own jeopardy. It was he who honoured the early "surats" which provided us with much needed food. At the time he stood high in the administration set up and his word to other Porio Administration staff was sufficient to see that we were fed by Portuguese and natives alike. Many there were who partook of his personal hospitality at Bobanaro. He was one of the Unit's truest friends and his wife in just as big a way.

Now he has fallen on evil times in his old age and probably as a result of his trust in the word "Australians". We who had so much from him should now do our best to repay in some way for his good deeds in 1942.

I give my heartfelt support to this appeal and hope that members will rally to the cause and give something to assist this fine Portuguese gentleman over his stile.

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New South Wales News

ALAN LUBY, of Ambulance Station, Liverpool, N.S.W., writes:—

At last I find myself with the time and the inclination both at once, and will try to bring you up to date on our doings in the Sunny State.

Our Sydney Cup Sweep has been run and won. Some kind character donated the tickets they bought to the Association, and what do you know, for the first time I've ever known it to happen our horse was first past the post. Second prize went to Ken MacIntosh, and third to Norine Haire. I have enclosed the draw, which had to be made before final acceptances in order to catch the mail. Will leave it to you as to how much of it can be published in the "Courier".

Owing to the dirty weather on Easter Monday, there were heavy last minute scratchings, which resulted in only 11 starters, and the mud runners coming good.

Generally speaking the response with ticket sales was good, particularly from interstate. Probably the poorest result was from our Sydney suburban area. For some reason or other this reflects the apathetical lack of interest in this Branch of the Association which has prevailed over the last 12 months. For our last Annual Meeting, only eight turned up, to be followed by me being the only starter for the next three months. We have not had sufficient for a quorum of five on any meeting night since.

What about it fellows? I can't be the N.S.W. Branch on my own.

In spite of this our arrangements for Anzac Day will be the same as usual. Wreath laying at the Cenotaph at 0740 hrs. Break off at Hyde Park and assemble at Hastings Deerings at Wooloomooloo for a short snort, thence by whatever transport is available to Arncliffe R.S.L. Club for the regular lunch and entertainment. For those whose wives wish to join in the evening there will be a dance and artists at the Club from about 7.30 p.m.

On the health front we have had a few casualties, but fortunately, none of them really serious. Alfredo dos Santos had a spell in Concord last year but seems to have made a good recovery. Ron MacArthur,

from South Grafton, was a recent inmate of the same hospital—sorry I could not get over to see you Ron, you picked the wrong time for me, but trust that you are A.I. by now. Tom Field from Wyong, has been having an uphill battle to recover from a nasty accident last October, and will be having treatment over a long period to attempt to regain the full use of one leg that was badly smashed. Jim English has had his share of ups and downs both personally and with daughter Pauline. We hope that brighter days are ahead for all these, and any others that we have not heard about.

Saw Cliff Paff at the Royal Easter Show and the sweep drawing. He was full of news from his recent trip over to the West, and we were pleased to hear first hand news of so many fellows with whom he came in contact.

Also saw Sig. Allan Addison, whose address is 35 Railway Pde., Bankstown. Allan is one of the blokes who has not been sighted since war years, so I organised him for a leave pass for Anzac Day and hope to see him with us. You might pass his address to Bill Epps for inclusion on the "Courier" mailing list.

You might have noticed in Ron Trengrove's last letter that Jim English is our candidate for Life Membership this year, and we would hope to present him with his tie-bar at our Anzac Day get together. Would appreciate your despatch of the necessary tie-bar during the next week or so to enable this to be done.

You might also let me know if and when we may be able to borrow any of the films and/or slides that were taken of the Timor Memorial so that we can arrange a night and give it due publicity.

In conclusion I'd like to say thank you to all those who supported our sweep either by purchase or sale of tickets. Some went well beyond the normal expectancy, and this gives one the heart to carry on.

Our kindest regards to all and good health for 1970.

Sydney Cup Sweep

Drawn at Arncliffe R.S.L. Club

March 23

7624, Rain Lover: Mrs. L. March,
3 Bricknall-rd., Attadale, W.A.

171, Fileur: Frances Press, Bobonaro, Carcoar, N.S.W.

9575, Big Philou: Jan. Cain, c/- Don Murray.

9422, Cyron: D. Fullarton, East Victoria Park, W.A.

3419, Sandy's Hope: Mrs. Joy Hodgson, 14 Everard Rd., Ringwood, Victoria.

6943, Gt. Exploits: W. Rowan Robinson, Bridgetown, W.A.

4987, King Pedro: E. Craft, c/- R. Williamson, Nth. Glenelg, S.A.

4142, Lochourt: K. G. MacIntosh, 7 Winding Way, Belair, S.A.

6244, Gnapur: Cohen, Loftus st., c/- E. Craghill, W.A.

2705, Alsop: G. Veitch, Sunbury, Victoria.

9212, Bright Shadow: R. Mevs, 64 Swan Rd., Attadale, W.A.

5326, Overtrick: T. Smith, c/- W. Coker.

3415, Pt. Douglas: Mrs. Joy Hodgson, 14 Everard St., Ringwood, Vic.

4192, Artic Symbol: 2/2nd Commando Association, donation.

9184, Vansittart: Phyl and Ted Pemberton, W.A.

4937, General: E. Timmins, 5 Arrowsmith St., Camp Hill, Oland.

8381, Oolite: T. Bowers, R.M.B. 599, Kojonup, W.A.

8272, Sir Frances: Terry Turner, Elgin, W.A.

8991, Te Kura: Mrs. N. Haire, 59 Monk St., South Perth, W.A.

1944, Tavel: R. Trengrove, 46 Hillcrest Ave., Mona Vale, N.S.W.

9671, Blue Plume: J. A. Cardy, 14 Hampshire Ave., West Pemble,

410, Grand Canyon: Phil Prestage, c/- A. Hodge, Whitton, N.S.W.

6935, Rocket Fuel: D. & M. Ryan, 30 Wrexham St., Bicton, W.A.

4226, The Goods: R. L. Gurr, Pte. Bag, Naramoorta, S.A.

9409, Mohawk: H. Holder, Hay St., Perth, W.A.

8543, Ulysses: P. Barden, Geraldton, W.A.

1941, Honey Babe: K. Curran, Fleece Inn Hotel, Bendigo, Vic.

7308, Supercharger: R. Moore, Dwellingup, W.A.

Historically Yours

KEN DOAK, of P.O. Box 376, Albany, W.A., writes:—

After a trip away through the drought areas I returned to this glorious haven to find the latest edition of your "Courier" in my mail. Although something of an interloper in the ranks of the Double Reds I do always look forward to this little publication, and would like to help you out in some way, if I only could. Hence this letter.

I have here, and am enclosing a copy, the Editorial to the first edition of the 1st Coy's paper, "The Independent Howl", which, published at Kavieng, New Ireland, ran to four editions before the powers that be back in Australia became aware of its existence and very promptly issued orders for it to cease publication forthwith.

I doubt very much that there would be another copy of this in existence as I would probably be the only one in that old group silly enough and sentimental enough to have stuck to my copies after orders had been issued for them to be

destroyed, and to have finally brought them back to Aussie with me. Unfortunately, the four copies were accidentally burnt, but for some reason I had written this particular Editorial into an old diary, and so still have it after these 28 years.

There is one point which might be of interest to some of your originals; the Editor of this Howl was one of the boys from W.A. who went to Foster with us; Jimmy Steinhauser. Jim, as far as I know is now with the Kalgoorlie Miner, as he had been before enlisting.

Anyway, I am sending this Editorial to you in its entirety and should you feel disposed to make use of some or all of it, then I feel sure no one would object. I could make a number of comments on it but apart from saying that I feel that the words of the C.O. of the 1st contain a message applicable far beyond the range of any single unit of human beings, military or civilian, past or present, I will leave the rest to you, and to your readers should you choose to make use of it.

In closing I would like to thank you for having given me the privilege to be on your mailing list over these many years, and also for the hands of friendship which you and your members, have extended to me during times of need.

"THE INDEPENDENT HOWL"

The Official Organ of the
1st Independent Company, 2nd A.I.F.

Vol. 1 No. 1

11th August, 1941

Kavieng, New Ireland

Editorial by the Commanding Officer
Major Edmund Wilson

"OH LOYAL TO THE ROYAL IN THYSELF"

With these words Tennyson once began an address to the Queen of England, and I can find no more fitting opening to this Editorial than to make these words an injunction to the readers of this Company paper on its first edition and say, "Be ye loyal to the royal within yourselves".

Just as every man has a soul, so has every Unit a soul or spirit known as "Esprit-de-corps". The Army Unit is much more than a machine; it is made of flesh and blood, and therefore it is influenced by human feelings, and is responsive to human impulse, historical traditions, established customs, privileges, special uniforms and badges, regimental mottoes, colour patches, etc., which affect the character of Units far more than can be imagined by those outside the Army who often think of such things, if they think of them at all, as trifles.

These many things which go to make up pride in your Unit, form a kind of link between it and discipline, and it is the paramount duty of each of us to create and preserve this "pride of Unit" by every means in our power.

Of all circumstances over mankind, few are so powerful or so far reaching as pride, or, if you prefer it, self-respect. There is some innate quality which I have called "royal" in every man. It is that regal quality which carries a man on when everything may appear lost;

it is that quality which makes him do the decent thing as long as there is a spark of manhood left in him.

We often hear it said of a soldier: "He did not know what fear meant." Do not believe it for a moment, for when danger or death is near all men fear it. There are some men, many men, who overcome that fear, and they are called brave. What enables them to overcome fear? One of the greatest of the influences which hold a soldier to his duty in battle is pride. We must, therefore, one and all avoid any act which will tend to lower or destroy that pride or self-respect which I have called "the Royal" in ourselves.

This paper will be a record of this Company's activities, of its humour and pathos, its trials and its temptations. Everyone and anyone in the Company will be free to contribute a morsel of literary genius to its pages, and I trust it will do much to foster the feeling of Esprit-de-corps within the Company.

We have every reason to be intensely proud of this Unit, the first of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere, also to be proud of the cause for which Australia is fighting.

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold that Milton held."

We must, however, think not only of the present but of the future also; we must even now begin to prepare ourselves to win the peace as well as the war. We must not only be a band of hard independent fighting men, but also independent thinkers.

"Mind is the master power that moulds and makes;

"A man is mind, and ever more he takes

"The tool of thought and sharpening what he wills,

"Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills."

Therefore let us within this Unit, through the medium of this paper, bring forth the brave, the good and the humorous thought and we will find that it will ease the monotony of daily routine, and in many ways will help to build that Esprit-de-corps so vital to the well-being of any Unit.

I therefore commend it to you as a worthwhile effort. Remember always the motto of our Unit: "We will; it shall be done".

Random Harvest

PETER BARDEN, of 6GN Radio Station and ABGW Channel 6 Television Station, Geraldton, W.A. writes:—

Kind regards to all "double red diamond" types from their colleagues in the "capital" of north-central W.A.

First of all, I wish to issue a challenge, on an Australia-wide basis, as far as father-daughter, or should I say, daughter-father yachting combinations are concerned. Eric Smyth, a crew member of the diamond class yacht "Wild Fire", has, through his great yachting ability, built up over many years, played a major role in that yacht's acquisition of seasonal honours.

Eric Smyth's 17 year-old daughter, Erica, has skipped her moth class yacht "White Wings", to season's honours in the number two section of that class. Erica, who is now doing a Science course at the W.A. University, returned at the weekend to sail the final heat, in which she had only to compete to win seasonal honours. She sailed comfortably, to finish second and win seasonal honours.

Incidentally, Eric Smyth tells me that the other day he had a good yarn with Tom Foster—over a couple of noggins. Tom is running a big farm at Wicka, on behalf of a big English syndicate.

Nip Cunningham seems to retain that fitness for which he was renowned when a star of the hempen square. In the words of Eric Smyth: "He's pedalling his 'Straight Eight' as good as ever!" For the "uninitiated" let "Yours Truly" add: "Nip would have been a worthy opponent for Hubert Opperman in his cycling days."

Eric and Margaret Weller are very proud grandparents. Their daughter, now Patricia O'Donnell, having presented them with a bonny granddaughter, Christine.

The Weller's eldest son, Tony, is doing an arts course at the University (including Economics, History), after passing his Leaving examination in seven subjects, including five distinctions, as well as obtaining his four matriculation subjects and also winning a Commonwealth Scholarship. Tony was a student of St. Patrick's Christian Brothers College

at Geraldton which has turned out numerous outstanding students, including a Rhodes Scholar.

As far as Yours Truly is concerned, I have been doing well with lawn bowls, reaching the quarter finals in the singles championship and yesterday assuring victory for Red faction in the Northern League pennant by helping our team to defeat a Mullewa team 43-11.

Well, I must be off for now, as I have just given myself an assignment to obtain a news story for our new Geraldton T.V. station.

I have just been appointed accredited Geraldton representative for West Perth Football Club—so look out for the Cardinals!

Just had word that John "Irish" Hopkins, of Western Mining's iron-ore undertaking at Morawa did a good job as host President for the R.S.L. group conference on March 11.

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

I have been most remiss in my correspondence to the "Courier" for several months. I have no excuse to offer. I do however tender my apologies for being so thoughtless, and hope this shall not occur again.

We had a quiet Christmas, in fact we usually do. The family enjoyed it, with the usual swapping of presents.

I took off with the three boys for the mountain country along the N.S.W. Queensland border. Nora and Helen stayed home. Nora reckoned having the house to herself and Helen would be better than a cruise, as the four arguing, fighting and untidy males of the family would no longer be her responsibility.

We took off on boxing morning and made Acacia Plateau that night or evening. We had a good trip the back way to Singleton and then along the New England Highway to the border. I took the very seldom travelled road from Tenterfield to Legume, it's only a gravel road for most of the way on that stretch through some isolated country. All the way the N.S.W. country looked good, green and fresh. Tamworth is quite a busy town. Of course there is a bit of industry there, consequently jobs available to the youngsters

leaving school. Armidale is of course the educational centre for the north and north west. The fresh cleanliness is a feature of the New England townships and of course from Singleton onwards the Caledonian names hits one smack between the eyes—Aberdeen, Tamworth, Glen Innes, Ben Lomond and numerous others. The canny Scot left his mark in this part of the country and being a canny man he knew a good stretch of country when he saw it.

Acacia Plateau is right off the beaten track. I found my way there over 30 years ago. I was a youngster at the time. I had tired of office work and wanted to go bush. I went via unemployment, after walking out of the office I had no talents to offer employers who were basking in an era of a plentiful supply of labour ranging from unemployed University graduates to the poor unfortunates who had to leave school at the earliest possible age permitted so as they could help to support a family where most of the Dads were on the dole. I soon tired of wearing out shoe leather looking for non-existent jobs. It gave me the excuse I wanted to head for the scrub. I discovered the Plateau, liked it, and the people who farmed it, and stayed for a couple of years timber felling, scrub bashing and road work. Played cricket and football. Plenty hard work, little money, but made friends I still write to. One in particular I worked with her sons, and any time I hear Australian pioneer, I think of her husband and herself, clearing a selection, working the bullock team or timber hauling. They raised a family of 14, eight boys and six girls, and a fine tribe of men and women they turned out. The war put a bit of a dint in it, two killed and one wounded. That woman and her husband have to my mind anyway, stood for what Australia was.

Poor old Queensland. I only went as far as Toowoomba but even the famed Darling Downs were crying out for rain and that part of the country was fortunate compared to western Queensland. Got talking to a couple of blokes in a pub from the west. The picture they painted was pretty grim. I know round Killarney it should have been looking like a green carpet. They had a

fair bit of rain there. It however, looked nothing like the place or country when I first saw it.

I played football for Killarney before the war. Saw two blokes I knew or played with, and one of them was only back on a visit, the rest had moved out, or were dead. It used to have, three pubs, a big general store, and several smaller ones. There's one pub, and a couple of small shops now. Prosperity has almost killed the place. Everyone goes to Warwick. The railway has gone, the coal mine at Iannymorel has closed and there's nothing outside of the butter factory to offer employment, unless you want to fall timber and do a bit of fencing. There's damn all for the kids leaving school except head for Brisbane, Newcastle or Sydney, and to be perfectly frank it's the same story in every bush town all over Australia. The only future for young people leaving school is to get out of them. They have very little to offer in so far as a good job is concerned. One day we may pay a very high price for the concentration of all industry at a few key coastal areas.

Came back down the Pacific Highway. All the north coast towns were crowded with holiday makers. The highway clogged with cars from three States, and caravans everywhere. Dropped Michael and Sean off at Foster. They were to put in a couple of weeks camping with some friends of ours, a holiday which ended tragically for our friends. Their 21-year old son took sick and died within three or four days in Taree Hospital. It was a sad end to a very fine youngster's life.

Gerald and myself continued on to Sydney through Bullahdelah, which had almost been wrecked by a recent storm, and home to Yagoona. The pubs were still open so I got me a schooner and a couple of bottles. I'd put 620 miles behind me in one day—I needed them.

Nora had found the place a bit lonely without us. I told her she had better look after us well or we'd take off for good the next time.

The boys loved the farm, especially the shooting, driving the tractor and an old bomb ute all over the place and the rodeo and cattle draft at the Killarney Rodeo. The trip through the Tallune Range was glor-

ious and continuous stand of fine straight timber, and wallabies every where. The dog had a torrid time for a while when we got home. Gerald was playing farmers. The dog had to muster the cattle, then he had to be a cow to be milked, a calf to be fed, and the final insult, a pig in the sty. Blackie was most certainly glad when the farming urge left Gerald.

The New Year didn't start too well. A spate of family deaths all in a month, Nora's mother and aunt died in Ireland, one of my aunts died on Christmas day in Ireland, and another one shortly after here in Sydney, added to the death of our friend's son. It was all death notices for a month.

I didn't attend the February meeting. Alan Luby rang. I told him I was going to the doctor but would see him at Arncliffe R.S.L. about 8 p.m. I was a long way out — 9 p.m. before I left the doctor. Too late to attend then. I crushed a finger. It's beginning to get better now. Might have been better had he lopped it off. Just a mass of pulp. However, it's improved out of sight in the last month. A few more weeks should see it pretty good.

The children got through their school exams all right. Helen is in sixth year now. Michael in fourth year. They will be sitting for their Public Exams this year. Sean continues to improve. He's in second year. The good Lord alone knows the facts. Sean said to his mother: "I don't say I'll be much better (in conduct) but I promise you I'll improve, Mum." And the red headed "devil" really is. His mother will miss him when he grows up and gets married. Gerald, well he moves in each year, makes no secret of the fact that school is a waste of good playing time. Has the devil's own job trying to master arithmetic. If school consisted only of talking he'd be dux of his class. Unfortunately for him, study and himself, are not compatible.

Alan Luby, Jack Darge, Ron (Drip) Hilliard and myself, went to Arncliffe on Monday night to get the sweep tickets out for the Sydney Cup. It was a small work force for the work involved. Jack Darge and his wife do a mountain of work on this sweep organising and typing the

envelopes, and the accompanying letter. I reckon our members here, particularly in the Sydney area, could show a little more enthusiasm for the meeting. I fail to see that any great hardship is entailed. It's held at Arncliffe R.S.L. The steward comes around at adequate intervals to attend to our glasses. There is no great expense to deter a bloke if he's a bit light in the "kick". I'll bet here and now that most of us spend more in an hour or two in club or pub after work, so what's wrong with us? Instead of regarding it as a meeting look at it as a convivial get-together and a pleasant night out, which it really could be if the roll up was greater and the work spread over a bigger work force.

Now coming to these sweep tickets. All this Unit Association asks of us in the line of money is one Melbourne Cup Sweep, one Kalgoorlie Cup Sweep, and the Sydney Cup Sweep. Even if we bought all the tickets ourselves it involves at the maximum \$7. a year, and it's no good saying that's too much because basing it on the price of beer in N.S.W. and our big schooners, it's less than one schooner of beer a week we have to go without to keep our Unit Association financial, and in a position to help a needy comrade or his family should the circumstance arise, and my boys it's no good trying to tell me that one schooner per week less is going to cause us undue strain. I'll bet most of our wives would rather see us go without a few more and put the cash in the kitty of some deserving cause. They'd probably have many more dinners in their husband's company at night. So if any of us are insulted it's too bad. Go without and help the Unit.

Furthermore we N.S.W. members must get on the job concerning this Safari to the West in 1971. It's only about 18 months away and it will take quite a few dollars and a lot of organising. One further reason for keeping in closer contact with your State Executives and helping to get as many as possible to Perth next year.

Jim English and myself went in to see Alfredo Dos Santos a couple of weeks ago. He is looking better now, but he'd had a pretty hard time of it. Alfredo is no chicken now. There's a lot of water gone

under the bridge since Alfredo walked the "Dallans" with No. 4 Section. He is 70 years old and whilst his spirit is as willing as ever the body is tired and weary. Ruby is keeping well, and Tony, their son, is a credit to them. I'll drop in and see him again shortly.

O'Neill is back. Useless me going in to see him yet. I'm off the beer and Curly would not take kindly to lemonade. I hope to see him on Anzac Day when I'll be rebaptised with a bottle of D.A.

Went to Bankstown R.S.L. picnic today. Sean and Gerald had a whale of a time. They really turn it on for the kids. Nora and myself had an equally good time loafing around and nattering with friends. If there's one thing I like its doing nothing more exciting than conversation.

I have a bundle of good books to read but lack the time to get stuck into them. I hit the cot early at night and leave it very early a.m. One day I'll find something easier in the work line and then I'll read to my hearts content.

My regards to all the men I knew where ever they may be. Good luck and good health to you.

Congratulations to Twy Smythe on her editorial. 2,000 years ago Christ expressed the same ideas as to what man needed, telling us we cared and worried too much about material needs. St. Francis, and many more reiterated it. I hope Eric's philosophy and your ideas catch on Twy. Strangely when I was a kid in Ireland everyone was dead poor, enough to eat, and poor housing, and having Irish thirsts the men could never afford enough to drink. The British were shooting us up and burning us out, yet the people always seemed to be singing and laughing. Take a good look at our affluent society today. About the only time we burst into song is when our belly is full of giggle juice.

I'm off now. We have just finished our usual Sunday tea, a donnybrook, we call it a debate. We got onto foreign investment. Helen, Michael and myself hammered away at each other. Our alliances changing as often and as quickly as the "Ties" in a war. Good night. Good health and good luck to you all. Life is fine in a fighting family.

(A large quantity of the following letters were sent to Alan Luby along with the return of the N.S.W. Sweep tickets.)

LEW THOMPSON, of Warnamal, W.A., writes:—

I have enclosed sweep and money. Better late than never.

The wife and I and young Gil, who is no more young, send you and all the very best for 1970.

Remember me to Bill Bennett and the rest of the mob.

Here's hoping to see some of you chaps at one of our annuals in the near future.

MARGARET AND KEN MONK, of Poowong East, Victoria, writes:

Enclosed please find butts and a cheque for tickets. I should have posted them before now so I hope they arrive in time.

Our eldest, Barbara, is at present in Perth staying with relations. She was trying to contact Col Doig and was going to visit the Fowlers too. Elva is teaching at Arcadia, near Shepparton and enjoying it very much. Colin is Ken's right hand man on the farm. He has been home with us since he left school in December 1968. Our youngest Robert is at Warragul Technical School doing 5th year.

Ken sends his regards to all his N.S.W. mates. We hope your sweep is a success. Best wishes to all.

BULLA TAIT, of Box 492, Ayr, Qland., writes:—

Herewith a cheque and ticket butts. Write out another book for me and take the rest for a donation to kitty. Also am enclosing two cheques from the Association for last year's horses we drew. Did not cash them in but left them in as a donation. Your Treasurer may need them to square his books. Last year you did not send a result of the draw with the cheques so we had to listen to the race not knowing who we had running for us. As no more cheques came along our horses must be still running.

Met Jim Foote last Friday. He is looking very well and the good humour and big smile are still there. Outside of a fair share of flood water cyclone "Ada" did him no damage when it swept through Proserpine. One of the lucky ones he reckons.

We bashed one another's lugs for a whole two hours. Called on Tom Nisbett when last in Tom's ville. He says he has quite a few of the northerners drop in. Seems to have settled in O.K.

Have had a very dry trot since in Sydney. Had some rain off "Ada" and a little last weekend. Seems funny to be crying "drought" when down Proserpine way they have had 105 inches for the year and to the north about 60 inches, but it won't rain in our area. Must be all bad buggers.

Well, hoping you enclose the result slip this time (can understand how you make mistakes when you have to drink that bloody "Reschs" and "Tooheys"). Took me a fortnight to regain my health and sense of taste after the "Week That Was".

Best of luck in the sweep.

"Beaky" SMITH, of 3 Maitland St., Norah Head, N.S.W., writes:—

I suppose I am addressing Ron Trengrove, if not then I must apologise as I have recently shifted and I cannot locate my address book.

Before I progress—would you please note my change of address.

Still able to plug along but can assure you this T.P.I. inactivity gets me down at times.

I had a very pleasant visit from Tom Fields and wife recently. Tom is still on crutches but quite cheerful even though they have had a rough trot.

Alan Luby called to see me a couple of times also on his last trip to the Entrance and I was able to take a trip in a return visit to his lovely house before he left for Sydney. We parted, both having won a game apiece in our game of crib. We had a very pleasant evening.

I do hope the sweep is a success and the "look" rolls in. I was able to sell the book you sent, to my immediate family so had no sales problems.

Sorry I have no news in which to swell the coffers but I do not see too many of the old mob.

Cheerio for now and kind regards.

RON KIRKWOOD, of 118 Eric St., Cottesloe, W.A., writes:—

Herewith butts for the sweep and my hopes for a very successful one, too. Also a cheque in case you need to sell another book or something.

Saw Cliff Paff this week, looking as fit as a fiddle and twice as big as one too! He gave us news of some of you which we were pleased to hear. Expect to hear you've reached the top too, Alan, soon.

Best regards to all and to you.

W. J. CONNELL, of Victoria Point, Qlands., writes:—

Had it been anyone else but you, you may not have my dollars. I couldn't help out last year, and things aren't much better now, but I must be getting soft in my old age.

I haven't been in the best of health these last few years and have had to give work away and buy into a business just in case. I've bought into a small country Post Office which my wife runs at the moment, but I aim to learn it so as we can work it together, or separately, as the case may warrant it.

Between the N.S.W. Branch, the Victorian Branch, the W.A. Branch, and the Combined Commando Association, I'm pretty well fed up with tickets. On top of that I think Queensland must run more raffles than all the other States put together.

Are you still at Liverpool? I've been through there once or twice, but like most others I know am always in too much of a rush to look you up. I sure could do with a bit of your medication just now.

Well I have never been one to write much, so I hope you will accept these few lines (and my cheque). It won't bounce, I can assure you, but it won't fall too heavy either.

All the best to you and your family.

GORDON ROWLEY, of Manjimup, W.A., writes:—

Just a very short note along with the tickets. Sorry to be so late but have just found them under all the junk.

My regards to the gang over there and will probably turn up in that area again one day. I hope so.

Had the good fortune to meet up with Cliff Paff the other day. He called in while over here on business. Cliff, Gordon Hislop, Tom Crouch and I had a business conference in Hislop's Hotel from 10 a.m. until about 7.30 p.m. then adjourned to the Pemberton to see Ted Loud. The conference was a huge success.

We would like to hold more conferences and would be pleased to hear from any of the gang at any time. Regards.

ALF HODGE, of Farm 1325, Whitton, N.S.W., writes:—

Enclosed please find P.N. and sweep tickets. The balance can go into kitty or whatever you like. I hope it will be quite a success as I know to run anything it is mostly left to a few.

We are getting close to rice harvest time, so will have a busy Easter. The mice are very bad in the M.I.A. area although damage to my crop is very little at the moment.

One day, in the next few years, I hope to pay a visit to Sydney so will be looking some of the boys up. My regards to them when you see the magain.

NIP CUNNINGHAM, of 182 Augusta St., Geraldton, W.A., writes:

It gives me great pleasure to return your sweep butts and wish you every success with same.

I haven't seen anyone from your fine Sydney town since Cliff Paff called on me, which was certainly a pleasant surprise.

Trusting you receive the money order in plenty of time before the drawing of the sweep. I will close now with best wishes to all the boys over your way.

EDITH JONES, of Sunnydale, Goomeri, Qlands., writes:—

Please find enclosed sweep tickets and cheque with a little extra for kitty. We enjoyed your letter. Yes, our family is growing up, eldest is 16 (boy) and at home helping Ken, still four at school, the youngest is nine.

We hope you and your family are well and happy at Mona Vale. Should be a good spot.

Note: Goomeri is in Queensland. 2/2nd Association has it in N.S.W. and it does upset the P.O.

C. R. MARTIN, of 97 Canal St., Griffith, N.S.W., writes:—

Please find enclosed ticket butts for sweep and creque for same.

Thank you so much for your nice letter. I am afraid our children are both past the school age. Our son, Geoffrey, is a butcher, 22 years of age and married, and we are the very

proud grandparents of a four months old grandson. Our daughter is 21 and I think we have a wedding coming up this December.

Could you kindly change my initials to C. R. and not K. G. I have written to the West twice about same but it has not been changed. The right name is Charles Roy Martin.

I must away now, wishing you all the best of luck with your sweep and best wishes to all the boys.

RON SPRIGG, of 60 Hill Street, Albany, W.A., writes:—

A few lines in with sweep butts. Only received them two days ago, but as you say must be a quicke so will reply before they get put away out of sight and forgotten as so often does.

Things are much the same in my neck of the woods. My baby left school at Christmas and is now a working girl, and our boy in his fifth year apprentice. Our eldest girl of course married with two beautiful boys. So perhaps in a couple of years we could be just Darby and Joan.

Had a great surprise to receive a visit from Tom Crouch and Cliff Paff for a short time on Friday, both looking 100 per cent. Were only here for about an hour but was able to show them a few of the sights of Aibany of which Cliff appeared to be very impressed (understandably really). Was very sorry was unable to take them around to view our rugged south coast. Hope you had a safe journey home, Cliff. It's almost two years since our Safari to your fair city. How time flies. In no time at all will be your turn. Am looking forward to seeing those able to make the trip. Hope to be able to arrange my holidays to coincide.

Cheerio for now. Wishing your Branch every success with the sweep.

BOB SMYTH, of 34 King St., Perth, W.A., writes:—

I am enclosing butts and cheque for the Sydney Cup Sweep.

As you are doubtless aware Cliff Paff has been over here for a week or so and was able to make the monthly meeting last Tuesday.

Cliff advises that you have recently received a noteworthy promotion in your job—congratulations.

I report to North Cottesloe beach each morning where I frequently see John Burrige, Dick Geere, Jim Menzies and, much earlier, in the season, Barry Lawrence.

I hope your Association makes a bundle out of the sweep.

Kind regards to you and your team.

RON ORR, of 27 Vere St., South Grafton, N.S.W., writes:—

Just received the sweep tickets and please find butts and P.N. enclosed.

Have been off for a couple of weeks with an obstruction in kidney. Had a minor op. on Monday and it is travelling downwards and in another week or so will try to remove through the bladder. I know now what it means to "pass fish hooks"!

Ron Jr. came home from Vietnam with two stripes. Saw a fair bit with 6R.A.R., got himself married to a very nice local lass so everybody is happy. He is posted to Enniggera and then hopes to go to Malaya. Ian is a clerk with N.R.C.C. and Philip has started school.

Had a good year as President of the Club. Annual meeting March 24, and intend to stand again.

Regards to Edie and the family. Hope you are all well.

D. TAPPER, of 54 Collingwood Ave. Flinders Park, S.A., writes:—

Enclosed you should find the butts for the raffle and dollars to cover same. I was very pleased to receive your screed and ask you to pass on my regards to all members you contact in the near future.

I have little news to pass on. I will not be in Sydney this Anzac Day having been threatened with extermination from my good wife if I even mention the trip. Perhaps next year when the memory fades and love grows stronger.

All the best with your sweep.

GEORGE SHIELDS, of Box 374, P.O., Bowen, Qlands., writes:—

Thanks for the circular and tickets. I enclose butts and cheque and you may notice I have taken them all in the name of my daughter, Janice, who is at present doing a librarianship course at the Uni. of N.S.W. I hope she wins it so you can deliver the goods personally.

If perchance any of the boys do happen to reside near her address

and have a spare moment I would deem it a favour if they happened to drop in and say "hullo".

She is a long way from home (in the big cold smoke) and I think would possibly appreciate a hullo from one of the Unit if possible. She is managing O.K. but would receive a pleasant shock to see the Unit is still a Unit if one happened to see her.

All the very best of success with the sweep and thanks and congrats to the organiser.

FRED OTWAY, of 98 Wecker Rd., Mt. Gravatt, Qland., writes:—

I will write an account of the Timor Trip when I have time and am in the mood. The last few months I have been getting the young bloke set up in a house with all it entails painting inside and outside, concreting, etc. All after work and on weekends. Nevertheless I will write of the old places, etc., this winter.

GLORIA ISENHOOD, of 9 Eveleen St., Cardiff, N.S.W., writes:—

Please find enclosed butts and money covering same. Hope this competition is a grand success.

Les and I are running around with swollen heads just now as our second daughter, Dianne Gay, has been entered in the Miss Australia Quest by her modelling teacher. It will mean a bit of work one way and another as she must raise money for the spastic children, though as she loves people and children especially, this will be mostly pleasure for her.

T. G. NISBET, of 58 Landsborough St., North Ward, Townsville, Qs., writes:—

Enclosed please find sweep tickets and cheque. This amount is a bit more than the cost of the sweep tickets and I leave it to you to invest in further sweep tickets if there are any swinging, or put it into general funds.

As you will see from my address I am based in Townsville and not Rockhampton, so please adjust your records. Also the name is Nisbet— I would have thought that after appearing on so many of your A46 and having consumed approx. 500 gls. of Mist Bith Sed my name and its spelling would be indelibly printed on your memory.

I have seen most of the 2/2nd who live in the general North Queensland area, Arthur Soper, Jim Foot and Buller Tait. Like Yours Truly the hand of time has made some adjustments to hair, figure and weight but generally they are pretty fit.

I missed the great Peter Mantle when I was in Biloela last time but we have made contact and I propose to look him up next time I am there.

By the way the local Legacy Club are staging the Federal Conference in Townsville this year. If you or any of your local members are coming up get them to look me up. I have just transferred from Melbourne but so far haven't got a job on the work committees organising the Conference.

All the best, Alan. Give my regards to all the boys, particularly Alfredo. I hope to see him one day.

WILF MARCH, of 3 Bricknall Rd., Attadale, W.A., writes:—

Long time no see but still like to receive sweep tickets from your Branch and help the Association along.

I have dropped out of the affairs in our W.A. Branch but must make an effort to overcome this in the near future. Time has certainly slipped by. My two "kids" are grown up now and only my wife, Lorraine, and myself are home. My youngest, a daughter, Karen, is married with an infant, whilst my eldest, a son, Terry, attained his Bachelor Science at W.A. University two years ago. Makes me feel old sometimes.

Hope that everything is O.K. at your home and progressing well.

Regards to members. Perhaps I will come over your way one day and see you all. Who knows?

JACK HASSON, of 113 Fourth Ave. Mt. Lawley, W.A., writes:—

Am enclosing cheque and butts for sweep. Hope it is a great success and that I am lucky!!

Life over here has been a bit hectic—weddings galore. Our Kaye was married in February so now we have only Doug—he'll be 12 next week. Growing fast.

How are the girls and Edie? Our best wishes to them all and hope you have a happy Easter.

Regards to all the chaps.

JACK PEATTIE, of 11 Denne St., West Tamworth, N.S.W., writes:—

Herewith butts and cheque for sweep. Things are pretty quiet here again and on an even keel again.

My 18 year old lad nearly became another statistic in the road toll when, as a passenger, he was badly knocked about with chest injuries. Luckily he pulled through and should be O.K. in the long run. We expect him to return to work—light duties only—next week. We've had it pretty hectic since the accident in early January. Like all these things you never really know what it is all about until it happens to you.

Because of Ian's accident I don't expect to make Anzac Day this year but all the best to yourself and the boys if I don't get there. I'm still a starter, with Marj, for the return Safari to the West if it is still on.

FRANK SHARP, of 22 Quinn Street, DUBBO, N.S.W., writes:—

Please find enclosed money for the sale of tickets, also butts for the draw on Monday. Look forward each year for a book of tickets from your Association.

My wife and I are putting away a few dollars each week towards the trip to W.A. next year so will be looking forward to seeing you all again then.

Please keep me informed of any doings within the Association and also any information regarding the trip West next year.

I have been doing some work on the Indian-Pacific train since it started running. It is a beautiful train and I feel that we should be able to have a few very happy and comfortable days together on the journey.

It is like a great floating hotel on wheels every comfort and amenity, hot and cold showers, air conditioned and sound proofing. Very good meals and liquid refreshments.

I am the Loco Inspector out in this area and our duty is to travel with all crews working these trains to see that there are no hitches or delays.

Had a nice letter from Ron Hilliard a few weeks ago.

Thanks once again for the few lines and tickets. Hoping that you are keeping well. Pass my best wishes onto all the boys.

MAX DAVIES, of P.O. Box 19, Stawell, Vic., writes—

After reading your appeal for editorials in the "Courier" I thought the enclosed may be of some help. I'm afraid I must add that they are not 100 per cent mine, but both seem to me to have a bit of a message and are yours to use if you think they are any good.

Being a bush bunny I don't get to see many of the boys these days although I did manage to get to Melbourne for Anzac Day last year where I wax-bored a few over a couple of beers.

Spent a night with Johnny Rose and wife last month at Hillston. Johnny seems pretty fit although his wife said he is a bit up and down. The blighter can still drink anyhow.

Heard This?

Two old maids leaving the art gallery: "Didn't that statue of Apollo have a tremendous physique?"

"Yes—and wasn't it cold?"

Moi: "I would get married, but I'm having a hard time finding a husband."

Goit: "I'm married, and I have the same trouble."

Lady in a furniture store (probably Finky's): "I am doubtful as to whether I want a divan or an armchair."

Clerk: "Lady, you can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable chair like this."

Lady: "O.K. I'll take the divan."

of 2 - 4³ 17

JUNE MEETING:

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT

TUESDAY, JUNE 2nd

First Evening of Calcutt Memorial Trophy

Be In It To Win It This Year

JULY MEETING:

Ladies' Night. Films by Jack Fowler

Once Again in the Basement