



# 2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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## EDITORIAL

### OUR ASSOCIATION

Now that our Jubilee Safari has concluded on such a high note the time has come to review our Association over its 25 years of experience.

All I can say is: "What an Association!"

I have tried over the past month to clear my mind of bias but much as I try the thought that as Associations come "We Are The Best" becomes uppermost. What other organisation of its type can point so proudly to our record. When President Len Bagley said in his Commemoration Day speech that he "felt ten feet tall to be President of such an Association" he expressed the feelings of us all in our proudness to belong. If Len felt ten feet tall then the Association must be taller than the 48 stories of the Australian Tower in Sydney which I believe is Australia's tallest building.

While we can keep going the way we have over the past 25 years I see no reason that in the future our stature will grow to even greater heights. We are now in a position where we are not afraid to think BIG and while we think big we will

go on from strength to strength. How can anyone doubt this when you see such a great bunch of blokes with wonderful wives and such colossal teenagers for children to carry on the tradition?

That 10 days in Perth added to all that has happened in the past 25 years is enough to show our capabilities. All we have to do is to plan, organise and achieve, because the essential ingredients of success are there to do whatever we decide to do. Nothing in the future need daunt us as we have sealed our Everests and lived to tell the tale.

All I would wish to say at this moment is thanks for being one of you. The toast is to ourselves. "You have striven mightily and you have achieved." Let this be our catchcry for the future.

You are well and truly of age as an organisation and nothing that you set your sights at is beyond our capacity.

Let's go on into the sunlit future with gay abandon and prove that comradeship is the greatest of all bonds. With that in your favour nothing can go wrong.

**DECEMBER MEETING:**  
**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7**  
**ANZAC CLUB BASEMENT**  
**A CHRISTMAS GET-TOGETHER — A MIXED NIGHT**

# West Australian Whisperings

## Association Activities

### OCTOBER MEETING

On Tuesday 5th, we had quite the most wonderful film evening in the Basement of Anzac House, thanks to the terrific film of all our activities for years edited together by Helen Poynton.

This would be without doubt, one of the most historic pieces of film in existence. The clarity of the film and the overall coverage would be the envy of any professional photographer. Thanks Helen for a colossal show.

We can record our thanks to Gavin Bagley for his great still photography of many of the Jubilee Safari events. Gavin was given a free hand by Dad Len and did a wonderful job of recording people and events at many of our shows especially the tour of the Dams, Wanneroo Nursery and the River Trip, and of course the fabulous Commemoration Service where Dad was the star actor. Gavin, you are a real photographer with a great eye for that which counts and real ability to focus on the main points. Your stills gave us a great deal of pleasure and I'm sure Dad and Mum are proud of you and will treasure these slides for many years.

The night was thoroughly enjoyed by all of us who attended and we must once again thank the ladies for a very nice supper to round off the evening.

### NOVEMBER MEETING

The Calcutt Memorial Trophy for 1971 was completed at the meeting held at Anzac House Basement on Tuesday, Nov. 2. There was a very

good attendance and all the games were keenly contested.

The following were the points scored in the various events:—

Quoits: G. Strickland 4, W. Epps 3, P. Hancock 2, J. Poynton 1.

Table Tennis: R. Kirkwood 4, G. Maley 3, H. Sproxton 2, P. Hancock 1.

Bowls: P. Hancock 4, R. Kirkwood 3, H. Sproxton 2, G. Maley 1.

Darts: J. Poynton 4, G. Strickland 3, G. Maley 2, C. Doig 1.

After taking in points scored at the previous evening held in June the following are the aggregate points for the year: J. Poynton 10, G. Maley 9, J. Carey 8, R. Kirkwood 7, G. Strickland 7, P. Hancock 7, W. Epps 4, H. Sproxton 4, R. Geere 3, C. Hodson 3, C. Vorian 3, L. Bagley 3, F. Napier 2, R. McDonald, R. Dhu, C. Doig 1 each.

Therefore the winner of the Calcutt Memorial Trophy this year is a most popular one in Joe Poynton who was absolutely amazed when the result was announced.

Congratulations Joe on your persistence. It paid off in the long run.

Tough luck Gerry Maley on a close second but better luck next year.

All in all a very successful games tournament has been brought to a close for 1971 with the great credit to all especially Gerry Maley who was the Organiser this year.

### DECEMBER MEETING

This will be held at Anzac House Basement and we once again invite the ladies to be present.

An attractive programme of bowls and other sports is being arranged.

Please bring a small plate so that supper can be available.

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## DECEMBER MEETING:

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7

ANZAC CLUB BASEMENT

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A CHRISTMAS GET-TOGETHER — A MIXED NIGHT



## Committee Comment

The usual monthly meeting of the W.A. Branch Committee was held at Anzac Club on October 19. The main event discussed was the wash-up of the Jubilee Safari.

The Treasurer's report was most enlightening and fantastically prepared by Ron Kirkwood. The whole position was reviewed day by day and analysed as to the various heads of expenditure such as rentals, M.T.T. hirings, catering, refreshments, etc. It put the Committee in the position of not only knowing where we were going but where we had arrived and makes a most interesting document for budget purposes or future occasions such as these.

Remarkably the Branch showed a small profit of \$50 on money raised against the Safari (excluding any donations received) and money spent on functions and accommodation subsidisation. A truly remarkable performance.

With donations received from many people our funds are in a position to carry us through for some considerable time.

The film night was voted an outstanding success and it was resolved that Helen Poynton be especially thanked for her work on the Unit film.

It was decided that a copy of the minutes of the meeting of delegates held during the Safari be circulated to all States with a special note regarding what this Branch has already under way.

It was decided that it would not be opportune to hold a Christmas Party this year.

### When in Town

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## Personalities

In this issue is a cutting from the Scottish edition of the London Times chronicling the death of the one and only Freddy Spencer Chapman who was one of the founders of our Unit. The life of a great adventurer has ended. Probably in the last 50 years there has not been an adventurer such as the great Freddie Spencer Chapman who went out to dare the perils of this world such as Greenland, the Hymalayas, Africa, and of course Malaya during the war, and who came back to write and talk about it. He was a speaker extra-ordinary and a writer of no mean ability. The world is the poorer for his passing.

Also departed from this vale of sorrows the unique Alfredo De Santos. I will not dwell on this as there are write-ups by much more powerful pens than mine in Ray Aitken, Curly O'Neil, Paddy Kenneally and Ron Trengrove. Let me express to his widow, Ruby, and family our most sincere sympathy in the loss of the "Great Rebel".

During the month I had a phone call from Bernard Callinan who was in W.A. for a meeting of Civil Engineers. Unfortunately we could not get together as his time was limited and heavily booked. He informed me that on a recent trip to U.K. with his wife he had the pleasure of once again meeting Michael Calvert who proved to be an excellent host at dinner for them both. Bernie said Michael was doing some sort of research work at Manchester University. Bernie also said that Michael was handling his personal problems like a true soldier that he was.

It is with regret we have to advise that Dot Bagley, wife of our popular President Len, has just lost her mother after a short illness. Our sincere sympathy to Dot and Len.

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(This edition of the "Courier" will be mostly from our correspondents in the Eastern States, so for once your Editor can go easy.)

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**VALE — ALFREDO JOSE DOS SANTOS****ALFREDO SANTOS**

**Revolutionary  
Deportado  
Australian Citizen  
Soldier Extra-ordinary  
Member of the 2/2nd**

When Alfredo Santos died the other day we lost a friend and a member who was, in his own way, unique. The aristocratic article has been purposely omitted from his name for, although Alfredo could lay claim to it, he had no interest in its use. He was essentially a man of the people and a man of the political left.

Alfredo was a political deportado and a life exile to the island of Timor. He was an active opponent of Fascism in the late 20s. All such fighters of his day were loosely designated "Communist", but if Alfredo was a communist it was rather because the communists were the one solid core prepared to recognise the ugly head of totalitarianism, and try to do something about it, than from any deeply shared ideological involvement. Alfredo kept his hatred of fascism to the last.

Like other deportados, Alfredo became a subsistence farmer on Timor, learning the dialects and developing a deep affection for and understanding of the people, particularly those other natural revolutionaries, the Mombai. He lived for many years in this way until a new totalitarianism showed its power on Rai Timor.

Alfredo's reaction to the Japanese Militarists was automatic. He was on the side of whoever was against them.

The force of character required for a man of mature years to uproot himself from what, though classified as exile, was indeed a simple and fairly comfortable life, goes without saying. But for Alfredo there was no other way. He had such an in-built hatred of fascism that he needs had to resist its oriental forms as he had resisted its European manifestations so many years before. Accordingly he joined "The Famous International Brigade", and when that sub-unit received its body blow on a ridge above Dili and most of its surviving members began to lose interest, Alfredo quietly insinuated his way into "B" Platoon. "Idane soldado," said

Juli Madera. "This one is a soldier." Juli's normal rating of the average deportado was not usually very high, so this was praise indeed. With Madera, Alfredo became a member of Four Section. Despite some initial language difficulty it is doubtful if any member of that Section remembers Alfredo as a Portuguese volunteer. Rather they remember him simply as a fellow soldier. He never queried an order. He was never unfit and despite his extra years he stood the days and weeks and months of patrol as well as any of us. He was one of the 15 men who raided Dili and he was in continuous service on the nearer observation posts of Cumeer and Daralau. With Madera he was accorded that mark of respect from every member of "B" Platoon accorded to any other member. That is to say, he was addressed normally as "Alf (or Alfredo) you old bastard". Such affectionate acceptance was the accolade to Alfredo. He took it as a mark of integration and never misunderstood.

Two things stand out in memory as an indication of Alfredo's undying hatred of totalitarianism. The first was on Timor when that Gilbert and Sullivan revolution was taking place. "B" Platoon was camped at Fatumaceric, a little bloody-nosed from the August "push" when the official Portuguese Army making from Manatuto to Turiscai set up a night camp a few hundred yards below us. Having recently killed a carau, the Bull sent an Australian with Alfredo as interpreter to invite the Commander and his officers to dinner. The Porto senior officer made it very clear that as a neutral citizen he was not prepared to fraternize with Australians. He was terse, curt and anything but courteous, finally flying into a wild tirade, his words pursuing them back up the hill. Alfredo was asked in Tetum what had caused this astonishing outburst.

"He was very angry," said Alfredo "particularly when I said that it was all the manners that could be expected from a rotten fascist bastard!"

The report to the Bull on the refusal of his invitation was necessarily somewhat circumscribed.



At a later date, even when there was a strong possibility that the Australian Government would return him to the Porto authorities, Alfredo was filmed at the head of a parade in Sydney, bearing a banner which read: "Mussolini, Hitler, Salazar—All Cousins". A print of this was one of Alfredo's prize possessions. Lesser men would have played it cool and quiet. Though personally a quiet man, an intense spark burned in Alfredo Santos. He not only believed in the Brotherhood of Man but he was always prepared to bear witness to his belief.

Alfredo's story is a facet of the continuing story of our Association. First we have the trying time when pressures were brought to bear to force him out of Australia. During this period he was a sort of yo-yo. When he appeared likely to be "picked up" he was always away in the country or the hills staying with 2/2nd friends. A week later he would be back in the city.

Later when as a result of continuous overtures he was granted citizenship in our country, the Association fought a lengthy battle to have him declared an Australian soldier and hence entitled to superannuation benefits. That both battles were continuous are as much to the credit of Alfredo as to the Association. It is doubtful whether for a lesser man the efforts could have been sustained for so long and brought to such a successful conclusion.

The happiest period in Alfredo's life was his time as an Australian. He kept his Unit friends, he married his splendid and courageous Ruby, and he watched his Australian sons grow into fine young men. Any passing is sad, but our late member was not a young man and this must come to us all. In this period of sadness it remains only to extend to his loved ones our deepest sympathy, but perhaps more importantly to record what manner of man this was.

All over this continent men of the 2/2nd, of "B" Platoon and Four Section will spare a thought for the passing of Alfredo. They will feel a sense of personal loss for in this little man there existed the true greatness of human spirit, which in so quiet a corner yet glowed with a great brilliance. As an example of courage, love, strength and good fellowship, and sincere dedication to

a belief in the essential goodness of man, Alfredo Santos has no peer. He has gone, but while any of us survive he cannot be forgotten.

—Ray Aitken.

### RON TRENGROVE WRITES

Enclosed is an article written by Frank O'Niell.

You no doubt have heard that Alfredo has gone where we hope that one day we will all be at the greatest re-union ever (not that I am religious as you would well know).

I could not hope to emulate this story written by Frank who knew Alfredo so well, but I feel that I knew him well enough to add a few words.

I personally thought Alfredo was a great man in himself. He had the courage of his own convictions and had done this in his own way in Portugal many years before we met him in Timor and whatever his political beliefs may have been he was man enough to throw in his lot with us believing sufficiently in our cause to take the risks we were taking and for this his life was at stake not expecting to get a reward, that of being able to come home with us and start life afresh.

Had I been able to understand him more clearly speech-wise I feel a great story could have been written about Alfredo and his youth into a type of Hemingway book, but like a good many more things in life one is so busy and does not realise time is slipping by. The ingredients were there and an ending of great endings of a reward which was dear to Alfredo's heart. To live in an unfettered freedom after having spent so many wasted years because of a cause, an ideal, he believed was right then and to pay a penalty for having the courage to speak against or act against oppression as he saw it.

Even in death the old fellow wanted to give and did more to his adopted country than so many of us do by leaving his body to the University.

His regard for us was deep and affectionate beyond belief. As a host he was embarrassing so much a fuss did he make of each and everyone of us.

In conclusion may I say I was glad I have known him and feel

much better, wiser and humble for it and it is my loss that I did not know him as well as Frank O'Neill, Bill Bennett and Noel Buckman.

### GO WITH GOD, ALFREDO

(By Frank O'Neill in the "Sunday Mirror", Sydney)

At 8 o'clock last Sunday morning Alfredo Jose Dos Santos died in Sydney.

He had been a Portuguese revolutionary, a political exile, an A.I.F. soldier and an Australian citizen.

He was gentle, compassionate and tolerant, and I record his death at the age of 72 with deep, personal regret.

Alfredo suffered much but he did not complain.

In 1927, when he was 27, he became a political exile, deported from the Portugal where he was born to the penal colony of Portuguese Timor.

For 15 years he was one of a strange band known as deportados, lonely men eking out a hand-to-mouth existence.

Then, in 1942, the all-conquering Japanese swept down through the Dutch East Indies and occupied Timor.

#### Everything to lose . . .

Alfredo and other exiles joined the Australian guerrillas holding out there.

They formed Australia's only "International Brigade".

The Japanese were triumphant everywhere. The exiles had nothing to gain by fighting them and everything to lose, including their heads.

I remember them well in their ragged clothes . . .

Alfredo, Francisco, who looked like the actor Anthony Quinn, the elongated Pedro, the tiny cripple Fernando, Julie . . . rifles on their shoulders, knives jutting out of their belts.

Two of them living near Dili airport noticed that the Japanese left their anti-aircraft guns unguarded when rain fell.

One rainy night they sneaked out, took the guns off their mountings and pitched them into the harbor.

Pedro worked as a mechanic for the Japanese until they noticed their petrol supplies dwindling at an alarm ing rate.

They finally got round to Pedro's place, checked the backyard and

found 44 gallon drums planted like spring flowers.

By that time Pedro was on his way to the mountains.

#### Arsenic and bananas

One deportado whose home I visited on a patrol had bunches of bananas hanging from the front veranda.

He had put them there for marauding Japanese impregnating each banana with arsenic from a hypodermic syringe.

One night they brought a Vickers machine gun and ammunition from Dili, the Japanese headquarters.

They also brought a map showing the enemy dispositions, everything from barbed wire to brothels.

Another night Alfredo, Pedro and the cripple Fernando lifted an entire wireless station—transmitter, receiver and generator—from under Japanese noses in Dili.

When I asked Pedro how they got it past the sentries, he drew a bony finger across his throat and made a gurgling noise.

It took 30 natives and 10 horses to carry it back to Australian headquarters.

Sometimes we would sit in a Portuguese official's house in the mountains and the official would say: "Alfredo, Pedro, Fernando . . . here is a notice offering a reward for you.

"I have been told to arrest you if I see you."

Much merriment, then more talk of their beloved Lisbon.

Out would come the guitars and fiery liquor.

Alfredo would sing the Marseillaise in Portuguese or perhaps Soldado que vais para a guerr, about a soldier going to war.

While the cloud drifted below, cloaking the violence, they'd all sing Valencia and Lo Paloma.

Toasts to victory and calls for "Death to the Fascists".

Fernando the cripple was to die the hard way. With his crutch under his arm he fell from his horse while trying to escape after an attack.

The Japanese cut his throat and tied his still-living body behind a horse. They didn't leave much of Fernando, who had been sent into exile with Alfredo in 1927.

Evacuation came eventually and the deportados came to Darwin on the destroyers with the Australians.



I lost touch with Alfredo, but met him again in a Sydney street one day in 1957.

He married an Australian. The Federal Government granted him citizenship and full repatriation rights and he needed them for he carried to the end of his life a bone exposing ulcer he received in escaping from a Japanese ambush.

Although an amnesty was declared, he never went back to Portugal, preferring Australia. I visited his relatives in Lisbon a few years ago and took a look at the bleak gaols which had held him as a young man.

Last Tuesday his widow, two sons, friends, relatives, members of the 2/2nd Commando Squadron Association, the N.S.W. Commando Association and the Arncliffe R.S.L. gathered at a Crown-st. funeral parlor

not far from the Surry Hills home of Alfredo Jose Dos Santos.

#### **Bequeathed His Body**

The Australian flag covered his casket, which was a fitting tribute to a man whose first visit to this country was made as part of its army.

The panegyric was given by Jack Hartley, of Cabramatta, who fought with him.

A priest conducted the service, then whispered in Portuguese: "Vai com Deus, Alfredo" — Go with God.

We went and had a drink to him.

There was no burial. Alfredo Jose Dos Santos had bequeathed his body to Sydney University for medical research.

I can only hope that they will appreciate what precious clay they have been given.

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## **RANDOM HARVEST**

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

Yours Truly and his better half, Joan, have been having a busy time during the Sunshine Festival, which this year is being held for four weeks instead of one. Geraldton has certainly been living up to its reputation as "The Sun City of the West", and thousands of visitors from various parts of W.A. as well as from Eastern States have been joining in the month of festivities.

My wife and I again judged the Festival Floats and we gave the major prize to the Regional Prison float, "The Pub With No Beer", which also carried the pun "Free Bord and Lodgin". To those who are unacquainted with our Regional Prison, I would point out that it was previously the Victoria District Hospital, and that it is an attractive building, despite its age, and looks more like an hotel than a prison.

In addition, this year I had the pleasure of judging—along with the Mayor and the Tourist Bureau Secretary—the displays at the Jaycees' Trade Fair, which was held in a 586 by 176 foot wheat bin. Visitors described the fair as a miniature Royal Show, and it drew a record

attendance of 15,469 during five days.

As far as football is concerned I am pretty happy, and I still reckon it will be a West Perth-Geraldton Brigades premiership double. My eldest son, Ross, who a few weeks ago went north in charge of the plumbing section of a \$860,000 contract that the Geraldton Building Company is carrying out at Cape Lambert, was flown down by charter aircraft for the Great Northern League's second semi final and helped Brigades record an eight goal win over Railways. Ross will be flown down again for the Grand Final, which will be his 100th league game. And I reckon Polly Farmer is setting such a splendid example to the younger members of West Perth, that they will do the right thing by him in his final year as a player.

A number of "Double Red Diamond" types recently had a pleasant re-union at Geraldton at the home of Eric and Twy Smyth, the occasion being a visit by Reg Harrington and his wife, Dot, who were on their way north to enjoy some of the attractions of Kalbarri and its 400,000 acre National Park which contains some of the most picturesque country in the world. Those chatting with the Harringtons over a

glass or two (?) included the Eric Wellers and the Nip Cunninghams.

In addition, Reg was hoping to meet up with Bill Drage.

There have been a lot of inquiries around Geraldton lately as to the identity of a charming lass with beautiful ginger hair. The person concerned is Fran Cunningham, youngest daughter of Nip and Mary Cunningham. She has returned to the West after nursing in Melbourne for six months.

Well, I must be off now, as duty calls. But here's a reminder—if any of you are up this way, drop in at my office at the A.B.C. (which is conveniently situated opposite the Murchison Inn Hotel).

**HARRY BOTTERELL, of 19 Baldwin St., Highett, Vic., writes:—**

An appreciation of a wonderful holiday and Jubilee Safari to the Golden West from the Botterill family of Victoria.

We started off from Melbourne on Thursday night, Aug. 19, on the Overland to Adelaide, where we had a couple of hours spare time to look around before moving on to Port Pirie to catch the Indian Pacific to Perth.

When we got to Port Pirie we found that the Indian Pacific was delayed for eight hours due to a derailment the other side of Broken Hill.

It took us only half an hour to see Port Pirie, so we thought we might take in the local theatre but when we saw the pictures to be shown, horrible blood and thunder ones, we decided to give it away, and just sit out the hours till the train came.

As luck would have it the local Choral group was playing the "Pyjama Game" in the local Town Hall so we fronted up and told them we were stranded in town till 1 a.m. was the show worth seeing—a silly question to ask the locals, I suppose, but they said it was a terrific show, so in we went and we thoroughly enjoyed it. Good singing and acting, and we even got a mention, when the producer was presenting the players to the audience after the show he said that there were five Victorians in the audience seeing the show until their train arrived.

The train duly arrived at 1.15 a.m. and we were very glad to get aboard

and get in the bunks. We thoroughly enjoyed the train trip and arrived in Perth at approx. 8.45 p.m.—14 hours late. In fact we had missed a whole day in Perth and a beautiful day at that.

We got off the train with all our luggage and you can imagine how much with five bodies and seeing three of them were females, but we had no worries as about six of the boys from Perth were there to meet us and whisked us off to the Imperial Hotel which was to be our home for three weeks—where we were treated very well for the whole time we stayed there. Mrs. Smith was looking after us at first but she took ill suddenly (not our fault) and Mr. Smith took over and did a wonderful job to make us feel at home.

We had ten days before the Eastern States contingent came in—and in these ten days we were treated royally, and saw all of Perth and its surrounds for miles and our sincere thanks to Percy Hancock, Harry and Thelma Sproston, Dot and George Boyland, Jack and Jean Fowler, Arch and Mae Campbell, who took us out on trips and into their homes. They really looked after us. One morning at breakfast Jess Epps popped in to see if we were O.K. and enjoying ourselves, just a little thing but we thought it was beaut of her.

Ken and Margaret Monk had also come over on the same day as us, but they flew over and went home on the same plane as us.

We went over to Rottnest with them one day and had a wonderful time. It was a little rough going over but turned out to be a lovely day, very warm and we all hired bikes over there to ride around—got photos to prove it too. We had a very good time and the Botterills voted it one of our best days.

We did a couple of trips which we duplicated later during the Safari week—but this was for David's benefit as he had to go home a week earlier to be back at school.

Well, the great day dawned and we went out to the Perth terminal to meet the train with the Eastern contingent on board. It arrived on time (for once). It was a very cold morning but the greetings were warm and wonderful to see. Excitement was at fever pitch as everybody greeted each other. Then on to breakfast which had been arranged at the



State Council building and where a wonderful panorama view of Perth and suburbs could be seen from the top of this building. A perfect start to a wonderful and fabulous ten days that were to come.

Off to the Imperial Hotel to settle in the visitors, and here I must pay tribute to the wonderful organisation which went into action that day from the very first when the luggage was picked up from the train right through the ten days until the visitors were seen off by train on the final Saturday night. Every member of our Association can feel very proud of the Committee in the West for the magnificent job they did—and I feel that a lot of hard work and organisation had been put into it to make it the success it turned out to be.

A Mayoral reception had been arranged for us at the Chambers of the Mayor of Perth, Sir Tom Wardle in the Council building which gave us another magnificent view of the Swan River and South Perth.

That evening was the welcome to visitors at the Imperial Hotel and what a terrific night it was meeting new people and perhaps the most noticeable thing to us about this whole Safari was the family atmosphere. We had our family and quite a few other visitors had all or some of their family with them, and we were to meet families of our hosts during the next ten days, and to meet these people who over the past years had been but names in the "Courier" to us.

The itinerary during the next nine days has been told in the "Courier" but we really enjoyed every day. The Annual Dinner at the hotel where the record attendance was broken and it was very nice to see Alan Luby and Bill Coker receive their Life Membership badges for wonderful service rendered to the Association over the years. A proud moment in their lives.

The ladies had a dinner and a theatre party this night which they tell me was terrific.

The Commemoration Service in Kings Park on the Sunday is a day I will not forget. We were blessed with a lovely day and the avenue of honour was a splendid sight to see looking truly magnificent. A pleasure to march with 80 odd members of the Unit up and down the avenue

and the short and sincere service after the march.

The trip to the dams and the barbecue lunch at Jarrahdale and the impromptu dancing in the afternoon.

On Tuesday a party of about 20 of us went to Wongan Hills to the Fowler farm where we had lunch and then a tour to see the town of Wongan Hills and out to see Stan Saddler's farm and also Charlie Saddler's farm where we had refreshments and then back to Perth—a wonderful day and our thanks to Jean and Jack Fowler and the Saddler families.

Wednesday was the visit to Ray Aitken's nursery at Wanneroo. This was a real eye opener. It is a magnificent nursery of 10 acres and Ray must feel very proud of it as he should be. Unfortunately it rained quite a bit—"liquid sunshine" as it is called over there, but it was a delightful morning. Then on to Yanchep Park Inn where we had lunch and spent a nice afternoon looking at wildflowers and underground caves and animals—and even a little more impromptu dancing.

Thursday was a day on the Swan, on the "Duchess" river boat. It was a beautiful day, lovely sunshine and quite warm. Went right down the river to Fremantle and back up to Mosman Park where we had lunch and then back to Perth. I really enjoyed this day and we had a wonderful crowd on board and I must pay tribute to those who were responsible for the wonderful lunch, and must apologise that we couldn't eat all the food.

Friday night was the last organised function at Perry Lakes Stadium and what a night this was, presentations and speeches of thanks, dancing and entertainment. My daughter Lynette presented a bouquet of flowers to Dot Bagley, and her old man had the wonderful honour of thanking our wonderful hosts on behalf of all the visitors, and then presenting Len Bagley with a set of cuff links and tie pin of a map of Australia in gold with red rubies in a double diamond and a boomerang in gold. A lovely set. This was for Len for the wonderful effort he had himself put into the running of this truly magnificent Jubilee Safari, from everybody who took part in it.

I made mention of the family in-

fluence before. We had a wonderful bunch of kids, girls and boys, who are a credit to their parents and they really enjoyed themselves, full of fun and always singing and on this wonderful night of thanks Helen Kenna made a magnificent speech of thanks on behalf of the kids and then Helen and the youngsters entertained us with a song they wrote themselves and has been published in the "Courier". This brought down the house.

Saturday the last day of our visit, arrived, a day to fill in ourselves, visiting, sight seeing, races, football, etc., then back to the Imperial for refreshments. Some last farewells then off to the Perth Terminal to see the Eastern Staters who were going home by train, off. Many tears shed here. It was hard to believe that it was all over, but what a wonderful experience.

On the printed itinerary card Saturday said: Depart from Perth 8.30 p.m.—THANK GOD. But I feel Thank God we were fortunate to be able to make this memorable visit which we are still talking about and will for a long time.

You have a wonderfully clean and beautiful city, and I hope it will always remain this way. We were impressed with all the parks and playing areas, especially the grass tennis courts as we Botterills all play tennis and we do not see many grass courts here.

We think it is a wonderful place to bring up children. The climate is terrific, in fact we would love to live there.

The Swan River really impressed us, and the kids think that Kings Park is just out of this world.

Thanks again for a truly wonderful holiday from the Botterill family.

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

Where or how does one start a letter when so many memories keep crowding in? With a song title such as "I Remember You" or "Thanks For The Memory" or just plainly things or events or people or happenings I wish to remember? Such as the tremendous feeling I got as my mob arrived at Central Station, Sydney, on August 30 from 1 o'clock until 2 o'clock and I mentally ticked them off on my list.

The names I have written down so many times, who I had come to know so well by name, some I could not remember by face who materialised and who were so shy and reluctant at first. The women who were in the main so quiet wondering if they had made a mistake in coming because they deep down feared it may be a men only show and perhaps fearful that they would witness a drunken orgy and have nothing but troubles. The kids, teenagers, who perhaps were expecting to see a spectacle of old soldier stories they may have heard about (but not always as bad as they are made out to be) rather wary of each and all of us.

I say my mob, because I felt that for so long I had been discussing and a little worrying whether I would make my end of it a success even with the overriding help of Mike Schultz, that everyone had become part of my family and when I received letters from those few who dropped out it was like losing a life-long friend. To those who didn't make it I guess it would be hard to realise how we missed you and to those who could have made it in the West as well as the East you have missed something that cannot be expressed in words spoken or written.

To be met at Perth by so many people who you hope will recognise you and will remember them, forgetting that some you would have seen over 25 years ago and then with a beard on. You walked up to someone and they said: "You're Ron Trengrove." "Yes," you say, "but who are you?" "Don't you remember when you came through Mape and we were hungry and we ate near raw turkey and one of the boongs got away with a bren that night?" How the hell can you remember with so much noise and people talking, all wanting to meet you, you wanting to see them. Confusion appearing to reign supreme, and then a quiet, well sounding organised voice says: "Good to see you, Ron." Bags over there to the truck, buses down there, breakfast at 8, not at Tiffany's but from where you get the most magnificent view you could ever wish to see. Len Bagley Esq. Bloody wonderful. What a team. To see Jess Epps so soon and Bill, made me turn away as I unashamedly must admit I did a few times in the next



ten days and blow my nose as a reasonable excuse.

When before the march on Sunday in Lovekin Drive I had been to every tree, read every plaque and had rejoined the crowd.

To Tom Crouch and Vince Swann I mentioned that I had not realized that it was Nov. 5 that Andy Smeaton and George Thomas had gone, so Vince, Tom and I walked back to each tree and discussed that day and what might have been, also the events a night or two before when I had taken a shot at a dog that had tripped over our wires and quite a few other things we each had forgotten but because we were together back in time each one came up with something that jogged the other's memory.

I wonder how many others, because of that March, that Drive of Remembrance, that speech of Len Bagley's, those faces around us, again had their memories stirred to such great depths. I think I know—I don't really wonder.

The get-together that night. Talk, my God, how we talked. The women who said, so you're the letter writer. The blokes who said they had tried to remember me from my letters and failed, but now they did when someone said, Ron, how are you, mate? You moved on to the next group. Someone said, there's Sprocky, there's Perc, Joe, Mick, Col. It was a never ending kaleidoscope of faces, words, greetings, as someone who had been around all day but you hadn't got round to them. Like our free days when you walked into the bar of the Imperial. There would be two or three Eastern Staters but you hadn't been there five minutes before a W.A. walked in with someone who had just got to town from God knows where and within the hour there was ten or 20, then someone came in like Reg Harrington did to take me to his home out near Bolgart with a few stops here and there such as New Norcia pub. Then on to see Father Michael, Priest and friend of the Harringtons who on being asked to come over to the New Norcia pub for a beer had to refuse because he was on retreat but successfully twisted our arm to enter his office to have a whisky with him. A stop which was scheduled only to last 10 minutes from 4 p.m. but

which we left at 6.15 p.m. and many whiskies later.

Father Michael has a very high regard for whisky so much so that he keeps it in a walk in safe that the C.B.A. would be proud of.

We had hardly had the first one down before Brother (I can't remember his name now so will call him Bruv) came in and was introduced. Produced a glass and made a noise like a dry gear box. Father M. asked him where he was when the Harringtons arrived and he said over at the church and only came to see them. Father M. said he knew as soon as he took the stopper out of the half gallon whisky jar that Bruv. would smell it half a mile away. This accusation did not offend Bruv. one bit. Drew up a chair and out with his cigarettes and joined in the talk which had got around to watches.

Father M. then told us how a friend had bought a good Licko watch back for him from Japan and as his order did not allow him to keep it unless approved by the Lord Abbot, asked this worthy for his permission to keep same but there and then gave it to a dignitary who was with him at the time, saying it was just what he needed for his trip to Rome. Father M. then called the L.A. a name that the parents of the L.A. would not have liked at all.

At this moment of time another car pulled up outside. Father M. had a bo peep out the window, then turned to us and said, I might have known Mons has smelt it as well. Mons being none other than Monsignor Cameron, who after introductions proceeded to enjoy his toddy with the rest of us.

Before we left I took the liberty of presenting Father M. with one of our tie clips as he was in the near future going on a long overdue holiday overseas and he was not taking his dog collar so I thought the tie clip would be an asset provided he did not show it to the L.A. who I assured him might knock it off.

These three worthy gentlemen would have done well in any of the 2/2nd Sections I feel sure, but F.M. probably most in the Sigs. He would probably have to take over from Frank Press because had he met Father M. as I did would realise why as I think Mike's messages travel further and when necessary could

be sent in code, No. 1 nasty bar would understand.

Mike would of course have done well in "Q" Stores as he has a strange sense of security. He doesn't trust anyone when it comes to certain stores as before mentioned.

Bruv would have made ground in any Section, firstly his keen sense of smell would have come in handy on patrol, especially if the enemy smelt like whisky. Secondly he plays the organ so beautifully he could entertain us or lull the enemy into a false sense of security and no doubt because of his dexterity on the keys would not need much instruction on the Chicago Piano (for the uninitiated, the Thomson Sub Machine Gun).

Mons would shine with his charming sense of humour, hidden strength and tactical planning with a higher authority and agreement with rewards to the troops providing Father M. provided it, and of course the latter could always refer it to a higher authority, like the L.A., even though his judgement (earthly that is) does not always agree with Father M. and the occasion may demand a harsh analysis of the L.A.'s parentage.

I have no doubt, on reflection, or investigation, this would be found to have no foundation.

Well apart from a digression or two we arrived at the Harrington's some seven hours or so from when I left the Imperial. Not bad for a 100 mile round about.

More about the farm and family later.

Then Reg and I returned in time for a shower and change before the Re-union Dinner. This was a night to remember if ever there was one.

Our magnificent Chairman was at his best. I had the honour to sit at the official table right next to Col and Ron Kirkwood on my right and Harry Botteril on my left. Apart from the great speeches from those who made them and the wonderful dinner I laughed until I ached and cried. What a night? But then what a family.

Another million words were spoken. I went from group to group until at 1.30 a.m. I was making my way to the stairs when I heard a voice call, Ron. I looked back and could only see a hand raised. On investigation and walking around I

found Gordon Rowley with Jean and Mick Morgan, Helen Poynton and two or three others and two-thirds left of a bottle of whisky.

Sit down, says Gordon. I haven't had a chance to talk to you yet. The above named said they had to go. That left Gordon and me, then to be joined by Reg Harrington. That left the three of us and the whisky which we set about finishing. The night porter cleared the lounge up and it was 2.30 a.m. We managed to finish it up by 3 a.m. and very quietly pounded up the stairs and ever so silently sang and laughed our way to Room 20 which was my room for a night cap. When I opened the door to let Gordon and Reg enter they both burst out laughing as I had laid my Toodyay stone samples out on my table and this apparently we thought very funny. It took us quite some time to get our night cap down, then we called it a day.

Feeling rather seedy I managed to get myself down to breakfast and felt much better for it later in the morning.

I met Reg and Gordon in the lounge amongst a few others who were taking it steady.

I later went and had a sleep before the bus arrived to take us to Kings Park.

That wonderful breakfast on our arrival. That spectacular view. Talking with Gerry Maley and his wife, feeling that wonderful feeling one gets to see a person you have such a high regard for and later on my last day to spend the day with Gerry (his wife's name Dorothy), Mam Smith, at the bowling club. Lunch at home then a drive to finish back at the Imperial to have time for a couple of beers with the man amongst men, Col Doig, and his long-haired mate, then on to the tea upstairs. It was so subdued but so heartfelt and warming.

The wonderful Council House reception to meet Sir Tom and tell him how I was astounded by the clean look, the clean air of Perth, and how it was up to people like him to see it stayed that way. And if any one of you can help him keep it that way you will do more than you have ever done before or yet.

I don't know if Len's son told him what I said to him on Perth station. That if he was in any doubt as to



what he wanted to do when he left school, if he decided on public relations he would have a good start by studying his Dad's effort for this Safari and would be well in front by taking advice and a lead from Len.

The magnificent reception was made more so by Len's speech and general quiet way of unobtrusive command.

What a day the Monday was. The trip on the bus. The dams and the barbecue. The dancing and the trip home.

This day was the beginning of my sore throat but I managed to keep singing until we arrived home. Those kids were just the greatest and made our trip so much more enjoyable if it needed it and certainly noisy. Some bloke who received a nick name like Tendency or Trendy, gave them a bit of a hand and Betty Craig and Marj Greenhalgh also helped with some reminders of some grand old songs which the rear enders at the bus soon thrashed into shape.

You know so much happened that day that one thing crowded out another. For instance I had a job of collection to do which I started on the bus. Well I had managed to get my second drink and had not taken a sip from it (I was also well behind) and I saw someone I had not collected from so walked up put my beer down at an empty table, turned my back, explained the cause of the collection, collected signature and money, gave thanks, turned to collect my beer to find it gone and the nearest bloke walking away with a full glass was Len Bagley. You have got to be quick as the actress said to the Bishop.

I am not a gourmet of any kind, but I have yet to eat better barbecued steak and kidney than I did that day. I backed up for another round and I must admit in all modesty I cooked it well.

Elsie Watson's untiring efforts on the goanna, portable and fixed, was worth hearing and certainly made our succeeding days very enjoyable. With our strolling players on tap all the time we were very seldom without music.

If I was Jack Carey I would be going to Arthur Murrays and learn to trip the light fantastic. He and his delightful girl friend Dalais, I think would really get more out of

their many delightful times that must come their way. Give it a go Jack. Seasy once you start.

In the evening when we arrived at the I.H. some went to the bar, some went out for the evening, but as I wended my way up to the second floor I swung around the corner to walk down to my room and there to my amazed gaze were the Craigs and the Peatties making tea. Yes, tea! Now as everyone knows I never refuse a cup of tea and Bob and Joyce Smith were in it and soon to join the orgy was McLaughlins and the Cokers and probably some more strays from the other decks. This tea orgy became quite a feature on the second floor and of course as my room as you may have heard me mention, was at the end of the hall, room 20 to be exact, I could not escape these tea parties. However if you were not wanted and were sitting on the floor Marj Peattie would tread on your hand or would conveniently not see you until last or would not put any sugar or milk in your tea. Well, that's what Keith Craig thought at one of the Peattie bedroom tea parties. But I mean when you get the type that tries to ride his cabin bunk like a bronco you know how Bronco Craig got to be known as Bronco or sursingle Craig and of course one never knew when he might go off again. I think what started him off was Betty going into a shop at Port Pirie and buying two left slippers. Well, I ask you, just anything for a laugh. At least that's what she wanted us to believe. I can tell you she was watched rather closely when window shopping around Perth we always managed to engage her attention when we were near shoe displays.

Fatal fascination, I guess. Any way the shop assistant at the Port has now recovered.

Of course there was the fellow who ordered at the bar two sevens holding the glass up and silently saying, quote: "Two of these" and then loudly, seven. Goes on with the general conversation. After a few moments told his beers have arrived to find the barmaid thought he said seven sevens. Most expensive shout I ever had.

The evening at the Fremantle Club was a beauty. Bus loaded with the nicest people as I say you meet

em on Safari. The quartet singing wasn't exactly Ink Spots but it was good and it was here my friend and yours turned up with a return to nostalgia and a long talk. None other than himself, Arch Campbell. It was so wonderful to see another bloke you had such a high regard for and who you hadn't seen since before when?

But Arch and Mick Morgan gave a splendid rendition of Flannigan and Allen's Underneath the Arches. I would have sung the sequel "Where the Arches Used to be" only my voice had completely gone. Lucky, weren't you? Ron Hilliard would have been delighted had he been there.

That day was a rest day but my very good friend Harry Sproxtton and Jack Hasson arrived just before 9.30 to take me around and first and foremost to get Sprocky a good hire car. As you know Harry had his beautiful Premier badly smashed the night of the re-union.

After we had succeeded in setting Harry up with a bomb we went home to the latter's place for lunch. Then Harry's wife and Yours Truly was driven around the beaches and views to the north of Perth which once more proves my point. When you have friends as we have friends you have friends indeed.

While on the subject of friends I would like to thank Gordon Rowley and Eric Smyth for wanting to take me home for a few days but I had to refuse because and only because, I did not consider it was good manners and would have been an insult to the organizers in Perth to have used my time and at their expense to go away, as much as I would have liked to do this. Also Percy Hancock for asking me so many times if I had someone to take me out or something to do on our free days, also Bill and Jess Epps who made the point on a number of occasions, and if I have forgotten anyone who wanted to take care of me for the day you are included in the above.

Wednesday was a day of days. Apart from the trip out to Yanchep it was glorious, both the trip and out at Yanchep, but Wanneroo, Ray Aitken's wonderful wildflower extravaganza of nature cultivated and helped along by man and what a man, with more people with a motivation like

Ray's our problems on pollution would not be of the gravity they are (and they are, you know). Besides this being something to see for the non-gardeners and gardeners you could not help but be spellbound with interest in what nature has done for us (and we look so little).

Although the rain damped things a little and it was difficult to always be close to Ray one got the gist of what was being done and how.

But it was here, while sheltering from a shower of rain and being in the shed where someone had placed a carton or two of canned beer, sampling one of these unnatural occurrences I was it seemed right out of nowhere introduced by someone I have forgotten, to Joy Denman, and part of her family, the rest I was to meet later. To say I was overcome is an understatement to meet Jack's family was something I have wanted to do for years. Jack, in my estimation, was a giant among some giant men in the 2/2nd, and I am afraid telling Joy so and how I met Jack first at Beco then later to go to him and be commanded by him at Mindello, and fully realize that my first impressions of him were true, was the cause of bringing us both to a very emotional point for which I told her I was sorry that I had rambled on. But how does one talk of an absent friend without getting emotional? I always enquired about Jack when anyone from the West was over and I had always hoped to meet him in his own territory. However my memories of Jack Denman, his calmness, thoughtfulness for others, as was well and truly demonstrated at Mindello when we were in such poor physical condition, his strength in command both above and below his rank, are things those closely associated with him know much better than I can express.

From Wanneroo we went to Yanchep where we had a delightful lunch, a wonderful afternoon.

Did you notice how fast the time went when we were all together in such wonderful harmony and accord? Ten days of delightful pleasure, enduringly sustained. Cor, where does he get it from?

More speeches, and what a ripper from Gerry. Then home once again. More tea on the landing, second floor, wash up, down to the



bar for a couple. 8 p.m. round the corner with the Craigs, Peatties, Paff, Lubys, and Smiths for tea and sandwiches. Back to the pub after a walk around a few blocks. Couldn't go far, you know, shoe shops, Craig Mrs. B. actually.

What a day Thursday. Sunshine fit for a king or the Duke of Anybugger. The pleasant walk down to the ferry. Weren't those scramble crossings fun? You would have thought we were a mob of kids. Of course no one knew we were tourists. No one knew we were the 2/2nd. We all kept our identity a secret. Wasn't it great the way the young kids looked after Pauline? I would have liked to have seen them racing the wheel chair around the hall circuit on the third or fourth floor.

Never have so many enjoyed themselves with so many others.

That wonderful, wonderful clean air when you were out on the ferry looking back at Perth like a white blue diamond sparkling clean in every direction, clear crystal air and what's more breathing it. What a picnic? Where was it? Does it matter? Must have been a girl's name. I can't remember it. What food. I say what food. I don't want to repeat myself but what food and did I get some cheesecake photos with my spy camera. You betcha.

You know I hope, as Col says, I trust some or all of you write about your view of this Safari.

By the way, none of the excursions were dry and I don't mean we went swimming.

Once again a glorious day came to an end and I bet you know where I finished up—on the floor of the second floor with a cup of tea clutched in me and.

Later a walk around after supper around the corner with the McLaughlins added, and then to bed, I think.

A very well remembered meeting on Friday morning of delegates from everywhere. As Col has told you more will be heard about that from the West.

What the hell did I do Friday? I went down to the Anzac Club with Ron Kirkwood and Jack Carey to see the enlargement of the Anzac Day March in the "Week That Was" but what did I do after that or was

that the day I went out with Sprocky, I can't remember.

Perry Lakes Stadium Friday evening. What another night. I managed to move from table to table nearly all night. A smorgasfood table literally groaning with every variety of tasty dishes that you could desire for supper or was it late dinner? I guess to remember all things one was going to write would be beyond anyone unless you spent your time taking notes.

This evening was notable for its speeches, but two unexpected ones came from two very lovely ladies. This may not be as surprising as you would think except Helen Keneally has not had as much experience or practice as Marj Jones (talking that is) but Marj's speech was a gem and being off the cuff it was something to hear. Helen's brought the house down for its sincerity, its warmth and from one so young, its wisdom and for you all to read I will enclose it with this letter. Coming from such fine parents she must be a comfort to them that they have such a wonderful daughter and a family as a whole. Gerald of course soon had those train crews whipped into shape.

On reading through the September "Courier" I find it hard to believe that I missed so many but as you can see we were a bit busy at times. After all when Dutchy Holland kissed a woman good bye on Perth station, wished her a good trip, only to find out she lived in Perth and was seeing some friends off who were not connected with us at all. I guess I can be pardoned.

Saturday, night of departure. A chance for the W.A.'s. to rest at last. They had been on the go since we arrived. It was not so tiring for us. They had foreseen this so to make it easier for them in one aspect they had thoughtfully put us in one hotel. When the day's activities were over we were home, but they had to wend their various ways and some long distances home then next day be on tap before starting time at the hotel or at the venue for the day.

My Saturday was spent with Gerry Maley and Mam Smith taking in some more sights. Lunch at Gerry's then in the afternoon my first real chance to have a look at Kings Park. Dot and Gerry conducting. What a place of beauty, natural and

man made. The man made part blended in so well with nature and as one would expect abounding in nature's wildflowers. Another drive through Lovekin Drive, two magnificent snaps I took of the board plaques. I only wish they could be blown up to a larger size.

As I have said we came back to the pub then on to the station to say farewell. It seemed as if we would never go but it had to end and I wished it was just starting over.

The trip over on the train was a three day re-union for all the Easterners and each day was glorious, nights were long and enjoyable fun and talk galore. I had many a long talk with Cliff watching this Australia go by before our morning tea arrived, our medicine that Cliff dish-ed out, our very good arrangement for showers and space in our cabin which makes for good travelling. The calling on everyone through the day in their cabins or lounge car, the laughs and there were many.

But I guess this is enough for one sitting and I trust that we read from many others how Safari 71 was to them.

There are many more things and what it meant to me and for which I'll remember 71 and remember you one and all.

#### **Helen Kenneally's Speech:**

Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is my great honour to speak on behalf of the younger members of this Jubilee Safari. It is nothing but exclamations of praise we can give about the last 12 days. We have had such a tremendous time and met so many beautiful people, we have all wondered if there is such a thing as a generation gap.

For this really tremendous time we owe many thank yous. To Mr. Len Bagley and his Committee who went out of their way to see we be included in every function, and at no time did we feel out of it; to you wonderful West Australians who have literally spoiled us with your overwhelming hospitality; and finally to those in the Eastern States. Firstly to Mr. Alan Luby and his Committee who did a lot of the pre-organising in Sydney, to all you beautiful people we met and got to know—and I mean got to know—on the train, and a very big thank you must go to our parents who made it possible for us to come.

Although each day of this Safari has been tremendous, I felt that the highlight of the trip was at the Memorial Service last Sunday. It was so obvious the very strong friendship that you members of the 2/2nd have between you, and also the deep respect you hold for those who died while fighting with you and for you. You have made Australia a free land to live in and for this we sincerely thank you.

Now, in our own noisy way we would like to sing a song and dedicate it to the present and past members of the 2/2nd.

(As printed in the last issue of the "Courier" —Ed.)

#### **J. P. KENNEALLY, of 28 Wilkins St., Yagoona, 2199, writes:—**

Following the happiness and festivities of the recent Safari to the West, it's sad to report on the death of one of our members. I refer to Alfredo Dos Santos.

Jimmy English informed you almost immediately of his death so my news is no shock or surprise to you.

Alfredo had been a very sick man. I visited him quite often in hospital. It was no shock to me. I remember one occasion in Concord Repatriation Hospital I waited for three hours on the doctors' report. I was sure Alfredo would not survive that night, yet the old "Revolutionary" rallied and recovered to a certain extent. He was slowly dying. The day after I returned home I visited him at the nursing home to which he had been removed. The nurse couldn't rouse him so Alfredo never knew I had been there. I went to give him the news of the Safari, and particularly of Mick Morgan's good wishes on his behalf.

Two people to whom Alfredo had a special affection, Mick Morgan and Noel Buckman. He died without the news at 8 a.m. 10/10/1971.

To Ruby, his wife, and his two sons, Tony and Mark, we of the N.S.W. Branch of the Association extend our deepest sympathy in their sad loss.

Speaking for myself I am glad for Alfredo's sake that his particular "Gethsemane" is over.

Jack Hartley composed and read the valedictory at the service for Alfredo. I hope he forwards it to the "Courier". It was a fitting farewell



to Alfredo Dos Santos, a man who strived and fought for the rights of human beings from his earliest manhood. It was the cause of his exile. He went further and put his life, and very existence, in jeopardy by helping, and then joining, the Australians in their fight in Timor. His reason? A materialistic world would shrug it off as being senseless, because no material benefit could possibly accrue. Alfredo saw it differently.

We were right, the enemy was wrong. Alfredo as a neutral should have stood aloof. A man of his character couldn't. If he believed in it, he had to be an active participant.

I well remember after the August push Alfredo, Noel Buckman and Tex Richards had been cut off. They spent the day hiding on the side of a hill near Lital whilst the Japs searched high and low for any Australians. (As Noel Buckman put it "S" was trumps, and I don't think he meant Spades). They had only got in the night before. Bill Holly and I were leaving next morning to look for Bob Ewan, Alfredo immediately insisted on coming. Bill was tough and willing. He made the pace a cracker, but Alfredo stayed with us, even though he always had trouble with tropical ulcers.

During one of our rests I asked Alfredo how old he was: 43 he said. Cripes, I thought, the man should be home taking it easy not pacing it with blokes young enough to be his sons.

We found Bob and buried him. Poor Alfredo couldn't hide the way he felt. Bob was also one of his favourites.

I'll never forget it either (apart from the loss of Bob Ewan). The whole countryside was deserted. We saw three Timorese in a day's march. Just ashes and burnt villages. The Japs had their revenge on the people who helped us. Bill, Alfredo and myself, plus the Timorese were the only living men in the area. There was a fair wind blowing and the sound in the trees was like a keening for the dead, and I was thinking (and I'll bet the other two also were thinking): "How long before it is us?"

We in No. 4 Section knew Alfredo well. He, Julie Madero and Juan Da Silva, also Chico joined us in Remexio after the raid on Dilli. Add

to them the crippled cobbler, who grabbed a rifle and rode off on patrol with Bill Tomasetti, and Ron Kirkwood, in the early hours of the morning. They ran into the Japs in force on the saddle east of Dilli. The cripple lost his horse, was captured by the Japs, and executed for helping the Australians.

They saved our lives as the shooting roused and warned us, so we were ready for the "Sons of Heaven" when they came.

All we have now is memories of the International Brigade (as we called them). Julie Madero is dead, Long Juan Da Silva is dead. The last I saw of him he was standing by the side of the track, cold, miserable and gaunt, mentally and physically wrecked. Poor Juan paid a high price for his help to the Australians. The poor cripple whose name eludes me, gave his life early. Now Alfredo is gone. Chico may be still alive. I hope so. It would help to know that at least some of them were surviving with us. After all it wasn't their fight.

The Safari! What can anyone say about it? From the minute we got on that train in Sydney it was joy. The comradeship and friendship which existed between all the party had to be seen to be appreciated, and why shouldn't it be? It was formed and nurtured in hardship, and men living for weeks on end with each other, and relying on each other, can't hide their faults and short-comings. So each man knew his neighbour backwards. We forgave each other our faults, because besides them we see other traits in our mates that far outweigh his faults, but the amazing thing to me was the way the women re-acted. Outside of an odd meeting they were strangers to each other and to their husband's mates as well, yet they carried on as if they'd been leaning on the fence gossiping for years, and had the sure knowledge that their loving spouses would be wandering back to a man's world we knew in our youth. And that's where I lift my hat to our respective wives. They were prepared to let it be so. Their reward? They know that in their own hearts.

The West. It's still the same old West. Many changes, particularly in Perth, but the people, at least the ones we met, no different in their

approach to life and people than it was when I first went there over 20 years ago. Friendly, easy going and hospitable.

I couldn't possibly say one outing event or excursion was better than another. I couldn't possibly nominate a best. They were all best. That I attribute to the people who were our hosts. It didn't matter where you came from, or what you were, you were a member of the 2/2nd, or one of his family. That's all that mattered. It entitled you to all the hospitality and friendship there was.

On behalf of my family and myself I thank all the West Australian members who made our stay such a happy one. My clan are sure and certain that they have never had such a happy and eventful holiday.

You spoiled us with kindness and good fellowship. As far as your Committee goes they did an outstanding job. Anyone who could quibble at a single thing on that itinerary or programme would be whinging in Paradise.

(More later, good night.)

We had our first meeting on Oct. 11 since returning. Present: Mick Devlin, Alan Luby, Bill Bennett, John Darge, Jack Hartley, Jack Keenahan, Bill Coker, Paddy Kenneally.

Alfredo's death put a damper on things. Little to discuss or put forward as we are just picking up the threads of organisation once more.

Our annual meeting will be held in November. We should start swinging into gear then.

My family back to ordinary living once more. All back at school and getting ready for end of the year exams. Gerald is off to the interschool sports today. His contribution to the god of sport will be in the tug-of-war. He'll be just cheering the runners and jumpers on. It will be a mighty tug-of-war when the brawny nine year olds flex their muscles and dig their toes in. I hope they have a good strong rope.

Sean went flying today. He always seems to know a mate, whose father has a mate who has or does something unusual. This time he fastened onto a pilot who arranged a cheap flight over Sydney for them. The pigeons are still flying too. He's getting them ready for next season's races. Watching Sean and Michael

trying to balance their budget to feed the growing flock would be a revelation to P.M. McMahon, and maybe a lesson as well.

Helen still at Teachers' College. She'll be out at one of the High Schools next month, prep. teaching for a month.

Nora housekeeping away. Having leg trouble. I don't know, but I reckon another medical opinion might help there, as they don't seem to be getting any better.

Working in the Campbelltown area at present. You passed through there when you were over here three years ago. The country is dead. bone dry. They have had five inches of rain in eight months, which puts the area in the arid category. It's been searchingly hot out there with scorching hot north westers. I've really got to move to keep up with the concrete. I pour at 7 a.m. every morning in an effort to beat the heat. 100 feet of kerb and gutter, all completed by 10 a.m., and hard enough to strip the framework for setting up again. Too much for one man. I've been saying and thinking that for a long time but I'm still doing it. I am, however, hoping for a change.

I am now calling this a day. I've a few letters to write yet.

Below are the list of names of the Unit members who turned up to the memorial service for Alfredo Dos Santos. I wish to pay special tribute to Noel and Marie Buckman who, with their son, came all the way from Newcastle to pay their last respects to a beloved friend. Alfredo was holidaying at Bucks when his final illness came on him several months ago. He never really recovered, as apart from a very brief period only a matter of days, really, all his time was spent in hospital.

Those present at the service for Alfredo were: Alan Luby, President 2/2nd Cdo. Association N.S.W.; Ron Trengrove, Secretary; Don Lattimer and Alan Besley, of the Combined Commando Association, N.S.W. Branch. The following Unit members were present to pay their last respects to one of our comrades: Noel Buckman, Curly O'Neill, Jack Darge, Ron Hilliard, Jack Hartley, Jim English, Bill Coker, Eric Herd, Bill Bennett, Tom Martin, Joe Tell, Bill Hoy, Jack Keenahan, Paddy Kenneally. Apologies were received



from Mick Devlin, because of circumstances he was unable to make it.

One last word of thanks to the priest who performed the service of the dead for Alfredo. Whether he was Portuguese or not I do not know. He was however no stranger to Alfredo. He came from Saint Peters Parish, Surry Hills, the parish in which Alfredo lived. He paid tribute to Alfredos fortitude in the trials of his long illness, his courage and devotion to his fellow men, and above all to his kindness to all men.

For myself Alfredo must have been the kindest and most humane of all revolutionaries. All I ever saw from him was kindness. Ill get around to telling how he finished up in Timor. He was a trifle unlucky. That story will keep for another day.

To all in the West, my best regards. Myself and family thank you sincerely for the marvellous holiday you gave us in the West during our stay. I hope my children looked on our section of Lovekin Drive, Kings Park, and noticed the devotion, time and care spent on it to make it a fitting memorial to our mates who didn't return, and the message those names on the trees tell another generation of youth. Right through history it's been sacrifice and I reckon it will be so till time is no more.

Good bye and good luck.

P.S. Just as well I didn't post this last night. Curly O'Neill has a farewell to Alfredo in today's "Mirror", Sunday, 17/10/71. I am enclosing it. I'll get another.

Whilst I'm about it, farewell to Curly and Betty, they are heading for England once more. Bon voyage, and my good wishes to you both. Have a look at Ireland for me.

**HELEN KENNEALLY, writes:—**

Hi there. When I was younger—and very idealistic (?)—I promised myself that no matter what, I would always keep my letter writing up to date. It seems as though I have failed miserably, for on a close analysis of the calendar I find that it is nearly six weeks since I returned to Sydney.

However, you "oldies" have a very apt saying: "Better late than

never". So I would like to render a very late, but a very big "thank you" to all you wonderful people in Western Australia. In all honesty I can say that those two weeks in August-September will stay alive in my memories for ever. I am continually at a loss of words (you wouldn't think so with my back-ground) when I attempt to describe firstly the trip and secondly the absolutely wonderful friendliness and hospitality of you West Australians.

I absolutely adore your beautiful city and you will find it very hard to keep me away. So I hope you will be able to tolerate one off-key singer, with an out-of-tune guitar.

The journey home tended to be a bit of an anti-climax compared with the rest of the trip. However they didn't manage to keep us quiet all the time.

Thanks to Mrs. Darge, Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Jones, Maria Luby and myself managed to make our way back to the train at least 60 seconds before departure times.

However we all arrived at our destinations very tired but with fond memories of a really tremendous two weeks. I will never be able to thank Mum and Dad enough for the wonderful opportunity they gave me to meet such friendly and sincere people, and to see what must rate amongst one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

Naturally enough I found it hard to settle into the day to day routine of college life. Fortunately though, things have been pretty busy lately, so I've been kept occupied. I have a few minor exams in the next few weeks and then I go on a month's prac. teaching which will bring me to within a week of Christmas. Isn't it terrible to have one's life planned for weeks ahead?

I will finish this letter with a couple of verses of a song a friend of mine composed and I think are very appropriate.

"Morning shall find us awaking the East.

Wishing so many things, this not the least,

That the rivers of time could be cheated and fooled

And the great wheels turning could be halted and ruled.

But we might as well ask for the  
moon and the stars  
Days end, days begin, what's past is  
past.  
And there is no use in wishing we  
could always be here  
And there's no sense complaining for  
this is no time for tears.'

Thanks to everyone in both the  
East and the West for a really tremendous two weeks.

Peace and happiness to all of you.

**KEITH and BETTY CRAIG, of 43  
Edward St., P.O. Box 234, Young,  
N.S.W., 2594, write:—**

Just a line to say many thanks for all you did for us while we were in W.A. It was wonderful to renew friendships made 3½ years ago and meet the folk who were unable to come over then. We saw a lot of the country too, which was something we were thrilled about, thanks to Jack Fowler and Tony Bowers, who both went out of their way to show us so much.

We enjoyed the films so much. It is wonderful to have had the opportunity of seeing Timor and some of the other films. Thank you so much for everything.

Our slides and photos turned out very well and we were very pleased really. We will always be able to recall our trip to W.A.

We called on Frank and Phyllis Sharp in Dubbo over the weekend. We went to Gilgadra to see Keith's father and showed them our slides as they didn't have any. They were thrilled with them too.

Frank said he thought a new Address Book was to be printed. If so would you change ours a bit. Just cross out South Greenbank and put in 43 Edward St. We have still kept the P.O. Box as it's handy. Also I wonder if it would be possible to put in the wives' names in the book. I often try to remember the name of someone's wife and can't. It might not be possible but is just a thought.

Many thanks again and best wishes from us both.

**ALAN LUBY, of Ambulance Station  
Liverpool, 2170, writes:—**

We've been home long enough to recover from the scars of the Safari and to settle back to the more mundane life—sorry to say! It was wonderful while it lasted and what a

magnificent trip it turned out to be.

We'll give you and Len and all your Committee in the West top marks for your organising and your arranged programme. These were something that were a delight to participate in, and coupled with the spontaneous gestures of personal hospitality, these were the kind of things that made our visit such a success.

From Edith, Maria and me personally please convey to all concerned our sincere appreciation for all the pleasant times we enjoyed whilst we were guests of your State and your members.

Your programme was refreshing in that as well as renewing so many friendships, we were able to see so much of the beauties of Perth and its environs.

I think the other, and probably equally important feature of the whole Safari was the way the younger members of our families were able to make the trip with us, and to meet and join with your families in the various outings. This was something that will be of life-time value to them all, because over the future years their paths will cross as ours have crossed in the past, and wherever they journey the Red Double Diamond will be their emblem of togetherness.

On the return journey I broke my journey at Adelaide and spent four days with my relatives whom I had only seen once in 30 years, and here again had a most enjoyable sojourn. Dud Tapper was kind enough to phone each night to ensure that I was not at a loss for something to do. Sorry he was not able to make it for my departure but have received a message through Paddy as to why.

Bert Bache was kind enough to look after me on the odd day I ventured into the city to organise my train tickets. I found a lot of interest and was most impressed with my visit to his firm's warehouse. This would be one of the most efficiently organised businesses I have ever seen.

The journey from Adelaide to home was somewhat lonely after the company I had enjoyed on the way over and back that far. The "Overlander" was the acme of comfort but the "Inter-capital Express" left much to be desired from every aspect.



Right through from the West to around Yass the country looked very lush, but from there on it is tinder dry. Over the last few days we've experienced some very severe bush-fires which added to our problems, particularly during a busy holiday weekend.

Since my return I have been kept on the move catching up on the work situation. We have a very large building programme proceeding in various stages in various areas, and as you can well imagine this adds to the problems of normal running operations.

However, have found time to visit Joan Darge who has been in hospital for an operation which appears to have been successful. Joan was looking quite well and should follow on to a normal recovery. They were still elated over the safe return of son Robert from Vietnam—Robert is as big as the side of a house and like others is looking forward to return to civvy life in a few weeks.

Yesterday I called in at "Bon Accord" Con. Hospital, Coogee Bay-rd., Coogee, to see Alfredo dos Santos, who has been an inmate there for the past couple of months. I'm sorry to say that our old mate is still quite ill and he has a long way to go to pull through this one.

Have been in touch with Ruby and apparently there is nothing we can do for him, or them, at the present time. Tony and Marcell have been down from Brisbane to keep an eye on things.

Would also like a mention that we'd like confirmation and dough for the 2/2nd glasses that were ordered by various people either at Perth or on the way home.

Will close now to catch the mail.

Edith and the girls join me in sending our kindest regards and best wishes to all, and in particular to you, Col, and Joy.

**BOB "Beaky" SMITH, 6 King St., Shortland, N.S.W., 2307, writes:**

After our trip home it has taken me this long to recover enough to pick up a pen—not that the trip home took it out of me—it was that hectic 10 days we spent in your beautiful city and in the company of you riotous lot.

Perth is a beautiful city, and when I look around over here I shudder for Newcastle is nothing but

belching industrial chimneys and dust, grime and smoke. The time we spent in Perth I marvelled at the clean state of the streets in the city—no rubbish blowing around—and clean sky lines, even allowing for the few days of dull weather and rain. I will take Perth any time.

My purpose in writing this letter is to thank all those who made our stay a most joyful one and to those who went out of their way to entertain Joyce and I. Well, all I can say is thank you again. We will never forget our stay. I refer to "Slim" and Kate James, Bill and Jess Epps, George and Colleen Strickland and Reg Harrington, for if it was possible they made our stay just that more enjoyable. It was great to see so many of the old "Sap" faces again after so many too long years.

For anyone requiring a fluent and most able guide around Perth I can go no further than recommend "Slim" James and Bill Epps. "Slim's" car always seemed to be picking us up and even old Roe Street came under our close scrutiny.

The most wonderful day of course was the Sunday of the service in Kings Park. The 2/2nd area is very lovely and obviously very lovingly looked after. Len Bagley's speech was given with much feeling and made me feel proud (again) to be a member of such a fine Unit of men. Poor old Mick! Couldn't keep step with the marching group. (Don't dare say it was me out of step.) There was a marvellous roll up on this day.

The trip on the river was fantastic and again "Slim" gave us the low-down on all the points of interest, etc. What a day that was and the weather could not have been more kind to our happy crowd.

Our visit to the wild flower nursery was beaut, but unfortunately Jupiter Pluvius decreed that rain should fall that day—just enough to make things uncomfortable. However rain couldn't dampen spirits out to enjoy themselves and our trip and stay at the Yanchep Inn was another great outing to go into the memory bag.

Last night in Perth! What an evening and will anyone ever forget it? Too many items to mention, but let it be sufficient to say that by the sound of everything around us

it appeared everyone was having a wonderful time. "Slim" again took us home to the hotel and we joined our usual group of souls outside our bedroom door and again tea was brewing. Our lot crawled into bed at 3 a.m.

Saturday, our last day, saw us on our way (via Bill and Jess Epps's car) to Mandurah to meet Bill "Boy" Howell. Unfortunately we were not able to spend long with Bill as he had a prior engagement, but it was wonderful to see him after so long. He doesn't seem to have aged a day.

Bill and Jess then spent the rest of the day showing us around and gave us the hospitality of their home for the evening meal. Bill also showed us the films of the Sunday night show which Joyce and I had missed out on.

Then on to the rail head to join the train.

What a send off—I am sure I missed out on saying good bye to some for there were that many there at the station. All too soon we were on our way but unfortunately my trip home was not the best. I went down with some wog which brought on the old asthma and I did the trip in a rather miserable state. I came good on the last part of the journey and when we arrived in Sydney I was almost normal (?).

Quite a mix-up with some of our luggage—apparently it was carried on to Melbourne and we had to trip home without it. However it arrived two days later.

I received a letter from Ron Trenchgrove about this stereo and I set out to track down the chap in Newcastle who had it. I can assure you he was a very hard person to nail down. However after a lot of running around and waiting I was able to make contact and now have the stereo here. I will be taking it down to Ron in the very near future.

The old health has not been the best since being home and on top of that only last week the old Dad passed away. He was an old light-house keeper too, for 39 years (as was his father for 42 years).

I believe that it has been proposed that our next get-together be in three years in the form of a trip to New Zealand. If there are any lists being compiled of possible starters then include Joyce and I in that list.

I am sending a cheque to help towards my subs (they must be awfully overdue by now).

Must away now—my kind regards to all in the West.

#### **RAY COLE, from Somewhere Above England, writes to Joe Burridge:**

I can't recall Col Doig's address or have access to it at this distance—hence I'm mailing the attached press cutting on of Spencer Chapman. It may or may not be of consequence but I thought it some tribute to rate a double column in "The Times".

It was quite by chance I happened upon it whilst flying from Glasgow to London. It appeared in the Scottish edition.

#### **Spencer Chapman**

("The Times" (London) 31/8/1971)

Mr. J. H. Wass writes:

The Victorian Commando Association (Australia) has learnt, with deep regret, of the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Spencer Chapman, who was appointed a honorary life member of the Association in recognition of his outstanding services to the British Commonwealth of Nations and for his part in the organization of the first Australian and New Zealand Commando Units.

As a member of the 104 British Military Mission he arrived in Australia in November, 1940. The mission consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, Captain M. Calvert, Spencer Chapman, WO1 P. Stafford and WO1 Misselbrook, and it was their task to raise and train units then called "Independent Companies" (later designated Commando Squadrons) and to select a suitable locale for the establishment of a training area.

That the wild, mountainous and most southerly point of the mainland, Wilsons Promontory, Victoria, was chosen would undoubtedly have been influenced by "Freddie" Spencer Chapman's love of the rugged life which he lived whether in the Arctic, on a Himalayan expedition or when serving Outward Bound in Africa. His knowledge of fieldcraft gained on his adventurous journeys became the foundation of Commando training in Australia. Those who did not have his bushcraft ability would not exactly praise Wilsons Promontory when forced to spend a sleepless night on a freezing mountain top, but they blessed his train-



ing when fighting in the jungles of the South West Pacific area and in Malaya.

He became a legend to those whom he trained and to those who later received the same training from the principles which he initially laid down. In the midst of a body of men who had reached a peak of physical condition, he was outstandingly fit. His personality was such that everyone came to almost worship him.

He spoke in reverend tones of the beauties of the sky . . . of Castor and Pollux, of Alpha Centauri, of Betelgeuse and of those thousands of stars and planets with which he was on first name terms. He made navigation by the stars "live" and many men, shortly after, blessed his teaching when trying to find their way at night in strange territories.

Around the bush fire and in the mess, he regaled his men with his own real life adventure stories. He told a good story and told it well, but always managed to turn it into a lesson which fitted into the training schedule. How to survive in hostile surroundings; how to find the way in unfamiliar country; how to organize and direct men in operations; how to live off the land . . . all this valuable knowledge and much more, flowed freely from his lips. His background training aided by his outstanding personality enabled him to "sell" this basically dry army subject of fieldcraft to everyone.

Those who had the privilege of meeting this tall, enthusiastic soldier and those who were not fortunate enough to know him personally, learnt much to admire in him over the years. We in Australia, found time in the midst of our wartime activities to mourn when it became known that he was missing in Malaya and to rejoice when word came through later that he was safe.

**FRANK PRESS, of "Bobanaro",**  
Carcoar, N.S.W., writes:—

On this cold and wet morning I think that it is appropriate to write to you and say once again: "Thank you all very much for the wonderful 10 days we had with you."

It certainly was a trip that I will remember for the rest of my life, not only for the wonderful time that I had myself, but for the kindness and consideration shown to Keth-

leen and Frances as well. We all had such a happy time that it would be hard to point out what was the highlight of the trip.

Every facet had been so well thought out and organised that to say one thing stood out over any other would be difficult. Was it the tour of the dams, the trip to the wild-flower nursery and Yanchep, or the river trip on the Duchess? Each one of these was an unforgettable experience as also was the hospitality extended by the numerous Perth families who entertained us in their homes. The visit to Parliament House was also an outing enjoyed, especially by Kathleen.

Then there was the train trips over and home where luxury conditions and good company made every minute enjoyable. But if I had to point to one thing above everything else I would say that the Commemoration Service in Kings Park was in itself the event that made the whole trip worthwhile. I have never experienced a more sincere demonstration of remembrance and its format is one that must make the organisers feel very proud.

And one must not forget the wives and families who travelled with us. They all played a big part in making the visit such a happy one. Their ability to turn a blind eye on some of the things the menfolk did helped such a lot, and the teenagers who travelled with us helped us all to feel so much younger. What a change from the gaff we are fed regarding the generation gap and student protest.

I could go on writing for quite a while about this or that aspect and I know that when I had finished I would still have not adequately expressed my true feelings and thanks for the many kindnesses extended nor my appreciation for the vast amount of work that went into the organisation, but it would be remiss of me if I did not say thank you to Ron Trengrove, Alan Luby and John Darge for the effort they put in this end. They did a remarkable job.

Well, this is all for now. Once again thanks so much for the wonderful time you all gave us in the West. We can now look forward to the next get-together, wherever it may be.

I send my regards to everybody

whom it was my good fortune to meet up with and I do hope that you enjoyed our company as much as we enjoyed being with you all.

**HAZEL AND ALLAN HOLLOW,**  
of 11 Matheson Ave., Findon,  
S.A., 5023, write:—

Well, once more home, and back in harness. Allan tells me it's my turn to write, so here goes.

We just can't believe that the Jubilee Safari is ended. From the time we arrived in Perth everyone made us so welcome. The organisation that went into this Safari was absolutely fantastic, and as far as Allan and I were concerned, perfect. The only thing we regretted was the fact that just as we had become friendly with so many nice folk, we had to say goodbye.

Allan and I spent a week in Albany which we thoroughly enjoyed, but found rather quiet after all the festivities in Perth.

We thought we'd said goodbye to everyone, but when we stopped in Perth on the way home were very delighted to meet up with Paddy Kenneally and his wife and boys, who were on their way home also.

More goodbyes in Adelaide.

Our children were there to meet us and I must admit we were glad to see them after being away for over three weeks.

We'll certainly look back on this Safari with fond memories, and that is for sure.

Our very best regards to all the beaut people we met and we hope they will visit us if ever they have occasion to visit S.A.

### *Heard This?*

See that girl over there?

Yeah.

She's fresh from the country and it's up to us to show her the difference between right and wrong.

O.K. pal. You teach her what's right.

\* \* \*

Two women, friends of long standing, boarded a plane. Just before the take-off, one of them was struck with a horrid thought. Hastily making her way into the pilot's compartment, she tapped the pilot firmly on the shoulder.

"See here, young man," she commanded. "Don't you dare travel faster than the speed of sound! Emma and I have a lot to talk over on this trip."

\* \* \*

The wife of a New Guinea millionaire called the new Chinese houseboy on the carpet.

"Boy," she scolded, "I am telling you for the last time—you absolutely must knock before coming into any of the bedrooms."

The houseboy nodded his head and smiled. "That's all light, Missy," he said soothingly. "Every time come, look through keyhole. Nothing on, no come in."

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## DECEMBER MEETING:

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7  
ANZAC CLUB BASEMENT

A CHRISTMAS GET-TOGETHER — A MIXED NIGHT

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## NEW EDITION OF ADDRESS BOOK

The Committee has decided to reprint the Address Book.

Now is the time for you to check up on the address on your "Courier" wrapper. That is the latest address we have and will be the one printed in the new Address Book. If this address is not correct please drop us a line and have it altered.