



Vale Dick Geere

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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EDITORIAL

DEMONSTRATIONS

I read with great interest the Editorial on "Demonstrations" and it has set me thinking of demonstrations of a quieter and more dignified kind which secure the same kind of treatment from our so-called illustrious leaders of Government, Local Government, Industrial and Commercial enterprises, etc.

How does one sort out the sincere from the insincere? The rat bags from the genuine? The glory hunters from the fuddy duddies? The pelf hunters from the John Citizen who genuinely believes he is doing something for the betterment of his district, for the population as a whole, his country if you like, or, and for future generations?

How do you make a Local Government understand that you want the coast line preserved for generations unborn to see it in all its magnificent splendor? How can you convince them that you are genuine that only a few will be able to enjoy this panoramic splendour if

gain for a few is allowed by building huge constructions on the water-line interfering with nature's way of repairing and replacing what she has been doing for centuries since time began?

How do you reach people when you strongly express in words that pollution is already serious in your own home town, your own suburb, your own street?

Progress Associations are not always right, but they are always genuine because they are mostly only those Australians who are not lazy and too tired to get away from the bar and try for your sake and mine to make the tin gods and self-esteem and in most cases, self opinionated do as we say bureaucrats, paid and unpaid (the latter with a big ? mark), listen to argument or reasons for or against something that affects each and every one of us directly or indirectly.

I have heard these esteemed officials, big and small, belittle, be-

OCTOBER MONTHLY MEETING:
ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT, TUESDAY, OCT. 5
JUBILEE SAFARI FILM EVENING
Bring Along Your Films and Slides
of the Recent Great Event
A Mixed Night. Ladies Bring Small Plate

smirk, smear and litterally attack these people both to their faces and in print all because they say thou shall do this because we know what's good for you. Do they?

Who gave them divine rights?

If the older generation (ours I mean) showed a little more "demonstration" we might get better and wiser Government, Councillors, Aldermen, Officials.

If we were to get off our spreading backsides more often we might get more of what we deserve and less demonstrations of a violent nature from our younger ones.

Unfortunately, because of poor news media, it becomes harder and dimmer to put these things in their right perspective.

When a programme on T.V. like "This Day Tonight" shows the side you have had carefully suppressed or

didn't think about, one or all of our celebrated leaders smears the comper of the show and his staff, and sets all sorts of wheels in motion to cut this audacious character down to size. Using mainly that time worn cliché, quote: "Of course he is very left in his views that fellow, not exactly communist of course but, well, you know."

How do you "Demonstrate"?

How do you "Stop Pollution"?

How do you "Save Nature"?

How do you make politicians listen?

How do you understand the younger ones?

Or do we the oldies, need to re-think and be re-educated to bring ourselves up to the educated level of our youngsters?

—RON TRENGROVE.

Jubilee Safari

The great event of our calendar has come, has been overwhelmingly enjoyed and has now gone down into history.

What a real nine days' wonder!

From the moment our guests stepped off the Indian-Pacific to a real 2/2nd welcome until they departed, the Safari was a resounding success for all who took part. It can be truly said it was a triumph for organisation both by our visitors from the Eastern States and also from the standpoint of the W.A. Branch. Not a detail was missed by Ron Tren Grove and his willing band of helpers from Sydney and by Len Bagley and his Committee in W.A.

Some members had arrived a little earlier, notably Harry Botterill and his family and Ken Monk and his wife from Victoria. Maurie Smith from Victoria and Ross Smith from S.A., and Charlie Mills from Queensland also got here a day early and so started the show off to a flying start. Dudley Tapper and son Brenton drove over early and were here to greet the rest of the contingent.

The welcome to the Sydney con-

tingent on the Indian-Pacific on Thursday, Sept. 2, was something to be observed to really understand. There seemed to be literally hundreds of Double Diamonds cluttering up the huge platform at the Perth Terminal. Greetings were long and sincere.

Then our guests were whisked off to the State Office Building for breakfast while their luggage was taken care of by Geo Fletcher and Jack Fowler. They were greeted by a breathtaking view of Perth from the 13th floor of this most highly placed building in the city area. Nearly a hundred had breakfast together on this first morning and it was a real piece of genius that provided this great opening get-together.

With absolute perfect timing the gang were hustled back to their accommodation at the Imperial Hotel which was to prove to be a real home to them for the next nine days. In no time flat they were booked in and then their luggage arrived and rushed with precision to their rooms. This bustle was necessary because a Civic Reception by

the Lord Mayor of Perth was arranged to take place at 12 noon.

The Civic Reception proved to be one of the highlights of the whole tour. The attendance was in excess of 120 and we were made really welcome by Sir Thomas Wardle and Lady Wardle. Once again our visitors had an outstanding panoramic view of Perth from the eighth floor of Council House with its magnificent views to South Perth.

Sir Thomas's speech of welcome was given with sincerity and Len Bagley's reply was a gem. We were all reluctant to leave this wonderful reception but all good things come to an end.

Thursday evening was spent at the Imperial Hotel with the object of really greeting one another and if the din was any gauge of the get-togetherness then we were really well met. All too soon we came to the end of a perfect day.

One day over—eight to go!

Friday saw us in two small groups visit Parliament House thanks to Tom Bateman, M.L.A. for Canning. This proved to be a most pleasant interlude for those able to take part.

The evening was to be at the trots at Gloucester Park but during the afternoon we had some showers and the meeting was postponed until Saturday night much to our chagrin. However quite a few of the party took the opportunity of visiting the Celtic Club of which they had been made Honorary Members due to the good offices of Percy Hancock.

Bill Epps and Jack Fowler took some of their films to the Imperial Hotel and entertained quite a few of the party who did not go to the Celtic Club.

Two down — seven to go!

Saturday dawned fine and fair and as this was to be a sporting day it was full marks to the weather man. Quite a lot went to the races and the rest headed for the football. Did not hear of any spectacular wins at the races and the footy was nothing out of the bag being the last of the qualifying rounds. However it did give our Sydney visitors a chance to see our various grounds and compare them with their own. This also applied to the lads from Victoria and South Australia.

Saturday evening saw the Annual Dinner for the gents and the ladies

had dinner and saw the film "Wuthering Heights" at the Town House Hotel.

The Annual Dinner was wonderfully arranged by the management of the Imperial Hotel with a crackerjack four course meal. The speeches were well presented and excellently received. Your Editor, Col Doig, was toast master and managed to keep things going smoothly.

Alan Luby, from N.S.W., handled the toast of "The Unit and the Association" with expertise and a nice knowledge of our history. Len Bagley responded with verve. Jack Carey in his usual commendable style, gave us "Allied Services" with Dave Ross in his best form in response. Bill Epps was in sparkling form handling the toast of "Our Helpers". Other toasts were honoured. Col Doig toasting the efforts of Bill Epps and Geo. Fletcher in attending to our area in Kings Park over many years.

A truly memorable dinner and breaking all records for attendance with over 100 being seated.

The good camaraderie carried on until the wee small hours.

The third day over in wonderful spirit and still six to go. So much crammed into such a short space of time.

Sunday was our Special Day. This was Commemoration Service Day in our own special area of Kings Park. This area was in fine shape thanks to Geo Fletcher and a big working bee the previous week.

Most of our guests were seeing it for the first time and all were most impressed and cameras whirled and clicked as photos were taken by the hundred.

Len Bagley, as President, gave an inspiring address (printed elsewhere in this issue) to a very big audience. Then the veterans paid their own true homage to our fallen with a march through the grove. Again we created a record as over 80 marched and a couple who could not make it stood on the sidelines with equal reverence.

A truly lovely little service of homage which is something essentially our own.

After the service practically everyone returned to the Imperial Hotel for drinks and a light buffet tea. Once again this was well done by the management.

I think this is a day that will live in the memory of our visitors for ever. One member was heard to remark that it was worth the trip from Sydney just to be present and take part in the Commemoration Service.

Another wonderful day of re-union had gone.

Monday was a treat of a different nature. Our guests were picked up at their hotel by two buses supplied by that efficient organisation, the M.T.T. Then began a tour of Mundaring, Wein, Bickley Valley, Canning Dam and Serpentine Dam. Each area had something to offer in its own way to people who had not seen it before. Mundaring is full of history, being the first of its kind in the world pumping water over 350 miles to the Eastern Goldfields. The Bickley Valley is a quaint little valley full of orchards and charm and was in its best spring dress. Canning Dam is stark and grand but certainly not beautiful. Serpentine shows what can be done when a beautiful area finds its way into the hands of a top landscape artist. I'm sure our visitors found something to interest them on this tour.

As an added attraction Elsie Watson played the piano accordion on one bus going up and the other coming back.

After the tour of the dams we propped at the Murray Arms Hotel Jarrahdale, for a terrific barbecue. The steaks, chops and snaggers were just the very best, thanks to Jack Carey who supplied the meat. Of course there was a trifle of liquid refreshment to wash them down.

We then adjourned to the interior of the Murray Arms where Elsie Watson was doing duty on the piano. In all my years I have never seen such enjoyment by so many. They danced and danced and danced.

There are some people who will never forget this day, notably Alan Luby who celebrated his birthday, Scotty and Elsie Wares, and Harvey (Slim) and Kate James each had their 30th wedding anniversary which were acknowledged by the gang.

How many days have gone?

Tuesday was to be a free day with a cabaret at the Fremantle Club in the evening. However Jack Fowler took a big gang up to the Wongan Hills area and others went in other directions, all seeing as

much of W.A. as they could in their limited time.

The cabaret was another excellent evening although on this occasion the attendance was a bit light. Possibly the pace was telling on the locals. Bill Epps made a really good speech of thanks to the President and Secretary of the Club who had so readily made their premises available to us. The supper was sumptuous, the music excellent, and the atmosphere all you could ask of such a night.

Wednesday dawned ominously with heavy showers of rain pelting down. How unlucky could we be as this was the day to see the Wanneroo Wildflower Nursery per favour of Ray Aitken. However the weather did improve and I think everyone had an adequate look at this masterpiece in flora culture and were entertained right royally by Ray.

Then onwards for lunch at Yanchep Hotel with Elsie Watson working the buses again with her squeeze box. This park gave our visitors another look at the parks in the near vicinity of Perth. Once again it was dance time with Elsie at the piano. All too soon it was time to depart.

I've lost count of time. Gerry Maley did the honours in thanking Ray Aitken.

Jupiter Pluvius in his best mood for Thursday and thank God too, because this was the river trip on the ferry Duchess. The river as flat as a mill pond and no cold breeze. This gave our visitors a chance to see the extent of the Swan River, the goodness of Swan Lager, and a view of Perth and suburbs from a different angle.

Lunch handled by Jack Carey and the ladies (especially Helen Poynton) was a beauty. Food to burn and of the tastiest. Again our good friend Elsie Watson doing the music honours.

A long and wonderful day on the water.

Friday saw a great meeting in the morning of delegates from all States to discuss the past, present and future of our Association. This was a most successful function and will be reported on fully at a later date when each Branch has had a chance to look at the resolutions passed.

The evening was our culmination at Perry Lakes Stadium and the crowd was immense. The atmos-

phere electric, the fun absolutely terrific. Never in all my years have I seen such a gang get together with the obvious object of sheer enjoyment of newly cemented mateship.

Col Doig did the introductions. Len Bagley said his official farewells. Harry Botterill responded for the visitors. Marge Jones (Merv's wife) from N.S.W. spoke for the ladies. Helen Kenneally gave a terrific speech on behalf of the younger members of the party. Then Helen and her mates entertained with a special song (printed elsewhere) of their own telling in song the history of our Unit. Terry Charlesworth's School of Jazz Ballet provided an excellent floor show.

During the evening Dot Bagley, our President's wife, was presented with an orchid bouquet by Lynette Botterill. The opportunity was taken to present to Len Bagley a set of gold cuff links and tie bar set with ruby Double Diamonds from everyone who took part, for his wonderful job of organising the W.A. end of the Safari.

This was a truly magnificent evening and one which will live in the writer's memory for ever.

The last of the official functions had come and gone and the nostalgia had set in but our visitors had not departed and were not to go until 9.30 p.m. on Saturday 10th.

Saturday was a free day with quite a few going to the races and on this occasion I did hear of some good wins and others of course saw the first semi final of the football at Subiaco Oval. Then back to that inevitable venue the Imperial Hotel for a buffet tea and drinks prior to train departure.

Geo Fletcher had already taken care of the visitor's luggage in the morning.

The tea in the evening was easily the soberest moment (and I don't mean least drunk) of the whole Safari. Everybody was feeling that sense of departure and words were hard to find. The farewells were long and sincere, the hand clasps were those of true friendship renewed in a magnificent 10 days of togetherness. We in W.A. did not want them to ever go and they of the East were reluctant to depart. Such is the friendship of which our Unit is made. This is more like a family group than an ex-army Unit.

The train eventually wended its

steady way from the Perth Terminal and it did not seem a brief ten days ago that our friends had arrived and now they were gone.

We hope that their enjoyment of the Jubilee Safari lives on for many a long day in their memories as it will in ours.

This is just a brief saga of a momentous occasion and I hope that some of our visitors will take time off to write their impressions to the "Courier" as they should give us terrific reading because after all it did happen to them.

Too much praise cannot be given to those who organised this Jubilee Safari because without their special efforts it could have been a frost. Firstly Ron Trengrove in N.S.W. has toiled long and arduously over a long period to get his contingent to W.A. It is no small matter to get people in the mood to take part then get them booked to travel, gather the money and generally fit them out for travel in a party. This Ron did in a wonderful way and there was not a single hitch in his arrangements. Granted he received a great deal of assistance from his committee in N.S.W. but the main task was carried out by Ron Trengrove. Thank you a million times Ron, for your unsparing efforts to get the gang from N.S.W. to us so happily.

The big organisational task in W.A. fell on the capable broad shoulders of Len Bagley, your President, and I think the great success of all the functions and the perfect timing speaks volumes for his able administration. The whole Committee in W.A. is to be congratulated on the manner in which they got behind Len and so eased the burden in a big way. Thanks Len, you good and faithful servant.

Now for a summary of those who took part in this momentous Jubilee Safari.

From Queensland: Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacLachlan, Mr. Charlie Mills.

From New South Wales: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Press, Miss Frances Press, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Merv Jones, Mr. Ron Trengrove, Mr. Mick Mannix, Mr. Cliff Paff, Mr. and Mrs. Ron Goodacre, Mr. and Mrs. George Greenhalgh, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Field, Mr. and Mrs. Mick

Devlin, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Peattie, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hallinan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Keenahan, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Luby, Miss Maria Ludy, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Coker, Mr. Mark Coker, Mr. Graeme Coker, Mr. and Mrs. John Darge, Mr. and Mrs. Jim English, Miss Pauline English, Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Kenneally and family.

From Victoria: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Botterill, Miss Lynette Botterill, Mr. David Botterill, Miss Glenda Botterill, Mr. Jerry O'Toole and his sister Mrs. Hill, Maurice Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Monk.

From A.C.T.: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Snowdon, Miss Snowdon.

From South Australia: Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hollow, Mr. Ross Smith, Mr. Dudley Tapper and his son Brenton.

And all the way from New Guinea: Theo and Ato Adams and those gorgeous kids Dulcie and Paul.

From W.A.: On various occasions we saw the following members, mostly accompanied by their wives: Ray Aitken, Les Anderson, Len Bagley, Gordon Barnes, Tom Bateman, Ernie Bingham, Alf Blundy, Tony Bowlers, Geo Boyland, Alan Brown, Arch Campbell, Jack Carey, Tom Crouch, Dick Darrington, Joy Denman, Col Doig, Bill Epps, Ralph Finkelstein, Geo Fletcher, Jack Fowler, Doug Fullarton, Fred Gardner, Gerry Green, Fred Griffiths, Percy Hancock, Reg Harrington, Jack Hasson, Keith Hayes, Alf Hillman, Col Hodson, Harry Holder, Mick Holland, Harvey James, Charlie King, Ron Kirkwood, Bernie Langridge, Ted Loud, Gerry Maley, Arthur Marshall, Alby Martin, Bob McDonald, Rip McMahon, Ted Monk, Johnny Moore, Mick Morgan, Fred Napier, Bill O'Connor, Bob Palmer, Ray Parry, Stan Payne, Jack Penglase, Joe Poynton, Dave Ritchie, Jim Ritchie, Dave Ross, Harold Rowan-Robinson, Gordon Rowley, Merv Ryan, Charlie Sadler, Stan Sadler, Jim Smailes, Arthur Smith, Gordie Smith, Eric Smyth, Fred Sparkman, Ron Sprigg, Harry Sproxton, Geo Strickland, "Dusty" Studdy, Vince Swann, Lou Thompson, Norm Thornton, Clarrie Turner, Don Turton, Clarrie Varian, Scottie Wares, Roy Watson.

Apologies were received from Bob

Smyth and John Burrige who were absent overseas and also from Bert Burges who was tied up with farming commitments.

As you will see a very representative gang of the old Unit comrades.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Today is one of the greater moments of my life, as it is my proud duty to address you on this our Commemoration Service for our fallen.

We welcome to this service our visitors from the Eastern States, many being present at this service for the first time and others who have taken part on some previous occasion. I think our visitors, as they gaze at this hallowed piece of ground, will be most proud of the way in which our Unit honours its dead. Probably nowhere in the world could you find such living reverence and serenity as one finds in this grove of trees. The pity of it all is that certain segments of the community do not also see it as we see it and on occasions commit stupid acts of desecration that avail them nothing and make our task of beautification just a little harder.

We celebrate on this day the Jubilee of our Association's formation and the taking up of the torch that was handed to us by those brave souls who paid the supreme sacrifice. This torch was but a tiny ember when we caught it in the war years of 1940-45. With the passing of the years it has grown into a mighty beacon and we can feel a high sense of gratification in the way in which we have kindled the flame of remembrance.

The initial efforts of the Association, which was handed to us on a plate by our fathers, mothers and loved ones, was to honour our fallen in this area in Kings Park. All who are present will glory in what has been achieved. When first two embarked on the task, this area was a wilderness of weeds, today it is a beautiful lawn, reticulated and kerbed and is the cynosure of all eyes and a tourist attraction in Kings Park. Much money and a greater deal of personal effort by members, has achieved this fine result. We do this work as a labour of love and will continue to do it while we have the health and strength to continue.

I think we can look upon this Association of Unit members, as wearing their colour patch as proudly today, as when we were in uniform. We have been active in the extreme in many areas of social endeavour. We have stuck together through thick and thin and I have no doubt will do so until our dying days. The things we have achieved for our members are a legend. The Interstate Conventions, commenced with the great Olympic Re-union in Melbourne in 1956, furthered by that magnificent get together in Perth for the Commonwealth Games in 1962 and then that Great Safari to the Eastern States in April of 1968. Now we have this Jubilee Safari of 1971.

These have engendered a togetherness of which we can be justly proud. These are the big moments; but we have countless thousands of little moments, with monthly social meetings, country conventions, annual dinners, picnics and a hundred other doings too numerous to recount. Our care of the underprivileged, with trips to members' farms in the country are high on the list of our achievements.

Perhaps the highlight of recent years has been the building of the Memorial in Timor as a mark of respect to all those persons who so cheerfully helped us in the dark days of 1942. The opening of this Memorial, on April 13, 1969, will be a day that will live in the minds of us all and especially those who were privileged to attend. This magnificent Resting Place will be something of which the whole of Australia will be proud for many years as this island to our north becomes more of a tourist attraction.

The calls upon our Association for help have been met generously on a number of occasions and only recently you all responded most eagerly when our old friend of Timor days, Sousa Santos, sent out a rallying cry.

The independence of spirit, which was created in us when we were formed as a fighting unit, has been the terrific force which has driven us on. We learned to rely upon ourselves and upon our mates. We learned to give and take, but most of all we learned what it was to have esprit-de-corps. And this is the greatest asset, that can be hand-

ed down to anyone. It is this motivating force which will carry us into the future.

An Association such as ours, must not live in the past, it must be ever conscious of the present and the future. We can take great satisfaction from past achievements, but we must work in the present and plan for the tomorrows. What has been done, is only a guide-line, for that which can be achieved in the future. We now know what we are capable of, and we must use this knowledge and energy to push on strongly, into the years that still have to be born.

I think we have proved the point, that mateship that is born in the cauldron of the battlefield, and later tempered with the maturity of experience of life, is the very best friendship of all. We have learned this lesson and we have learned it well. Their kinfolk can also be prideful, of the things that their mates have achieved, and can be happy in the future of such an Association.

Today, I can truthfully say, I feel ten feet tall to be the President of such an Association, and I feel everyone present can also feel equally proud of their commitments to such a fine organisation. Let us lift our eyes to the horizons of tomorrow and carry that torch with ever increasing virility. Let us set our sights high and make our targets the greatest ever. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain, by making our aims the very greatest.

I appeal to all of you who are present, to use this brief moment as a time for rededication to the tasks that most certainly fall upon us, reflect upon the past and give due praise for all that has been achieved —so that we may go forward hand in hand to the golden sunset of tomorrow.

I would like at this moment to thank you all for coming along and sharing in this simple ceremony of homage, and hope with the passing of the years we will continue to remember those who did so much for us.

I would now ask you all, ladies and gentlemen, to stand a moment while I read the names of those who grace our Honour Roll.

THE 2/2nd DEDICATION SONG

(As sung by "The Noisy Lot")

There was a Unit in Timor
 They call the 2/2nd
 And they've been the ruin of many a
 poor keg
 In this land of the golden sun.

Their mothers were a sober lot
 But their fathers weren't the same
 They tried to raise their children
 well
 But they all grew up the same.

At the tender age of twenty
 They left their sheltered homes
 To fight the war in Timor
 For which they did not groan.

Then to New Guinea they did go
 To fight the Japanese
 Through mud and slush they trudged
 along
 To claim a victory.

December '45 arrived
 To Australia they returned
 To drink this barren country dry
 A merit they had earned.

They raised their little families
 We are a noisy lot
 And we'd like to thank you for
 this trip
 Even though you're drunken sods.

So mothers tell your children
 Not to do what they have done
 Not to spend their lives in sin and
 misery
 In this land of the golden sun.

MANY THANKS

Dear Members, Wives and Children,

It was a most pleasing sight to see so many members and their families at the Association's Jubilee celebrations. Both Eastern States and W.A. members turned out in force to renew old friendships and so make the 25th Anniversary of the formation of the Association a most memorable one.

Once again I thank you all for being there, for, without you, there would be no Association.

I feel the bonds of friendship and

mateship grow stronger with the passing of time, and we must make the most of the years ahead.

The success of all functions and arrangements was due to a fantastic team effort of members and co-operation of business people. I would most sincerely thank the W.A. Committee, and especially Colin Doig, also members and their wives for the time and energy they spent to make sure of an excellent result. My congratulations to Ron Tren-grove for making all the travel bookings and bringing with him such a sizable party (and all in one piece) to the West.

On behalf of the W.A. Branch I thank all Eastern States' members for the beautiful tray which was suitably inscribed and presented to us, also to Roy and Joy Martin for that lovely bark painting and Theo Adams who gave us a framed photo of a New Guinea boy. These wonderful gifts will take pride of place among our treasured possessions.

Congratulations to Alan Luby and Bill Coker who both received Life Membership badges for outstanding services rendered to the Association. We are indeed fortunate to have members such as Alan and Bill.

My wife, Dot, was most thrilled and speechless at receiving such a lovely bouquet of flowers and has asked me to thank you, and also to send her best wishes to all.

To Alan Luby, Harry Botterill, Marg Jones and Helen Kenneally, you flattered us with your wonderful speeches, and we sat back and enjoyed every word of them. Not only did you speak about us, you also sang about us. Thanks to the teenagers we now have another Unit song.

They were the quickest and most enjoyable ten days I have experienced in a long time. Now I am looking forward to seeing you all again in 1974.

Finally I most deeply THANK YOU for the tie clip and cuff links which were presented to me. Words cannot adequately express my appreciation, but nobody could wear them with more pride than I.

—LEN BAGLEY.

**NOVEMBER MONTHLY MEETING:
 FINAL NIGHT CALCUTT MEMORIAL TROPHY**

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

The Committee of W.A. Branch has had meetings every Tuesday night since last the "Courier" went to press. The business has naturally had to do with the more finite details of the Jubilee Safari. Much time and effort has been required to get details down to the most minute of timings.

A wash-up Committee meeting was held on Sept. 14 and a good attendance of members held a post mortem on the whole events of the Safari and expressed pleasure at the way it went off. The final financial statement was not fully available but it appeared that money raised for the special purpose of conducting the Safari plus sales to W.A. members should be adequate to cover the cost.

Thanks were expressed by President Len Bagley to all members who so adequately assisted in the conducting of the Safari.

VALE

RICHARD LAWRENCE (DICK) GEBRE

It is with the greatest regret we advise of the death, as a result of an accident, of our Treasurer and Life Member, Dick Geere. The profound shock of Dick's death so close upon the death of Jim Wall in Victoria cast a gloom over the whole of the Association.

Dick was an original member of No. 1 Section, "A" Platoon, and later transferred to the Headquarters Sigs. After Timor Dick joined the R.A.A.F. and held a Commission as an Intelligence Officer. Always the conscientious soldier and always the meticulous bloke.

In our early years Dick was firstly our Auditor and later our Treasurer. In every capacity he did a fantastic job being meticulous to the highest degree. He was currently our Treasurer when he met with his fatal accident.

We cannot speak too highly of his efforts for the Association and we were proud some few years ago to confer a Life Membership upon him.

In his early years Dick was a top

grade sport and was one of the best swimmers in Kalgoorlie at a time when that centre produced many champions. He was a lover of fast motor bikes and cars and an expert sporting car driver. In later years he played a lot of golf.

His business career was mostly spent with the Union, later A.N.Z. Bank from which he retired some six or seven years ago. Latterly he was employed part time in the Cash Office at Boans. He gave a lot of time to Red Cross Volunteer Drivers and made a habit of driving for them at least one afternoon per week. He was unmarried.

I feel a deep loss of a friend and colleague on the administration of our Association and I feel all of our Committee are going to feel his loss to our Councils in a big way.

It is with true regret we say a fond farewell to Dick Geere, good soldier, good servant and solid citizen.

—Col Doig.

Personalities

Where does one start with personalities when so many were met during the period of the Jubilee Safari? Perhaps a good start would be with those who arrived early.

Harry and Olive Botterill both looked in the pink and their family could not have been nicer.

Ken Monk also appeared to be in the best of health and apart from an odd grey hair Ken was much the same in army days.

Jim and Jean English and their lovely daughter, Pauline, came over by car and the trip did not seem to have done them any harm. Jim was the guest of Jack and Jean Fowler during their stay in Perth.

Dud and Brenton Tapper also motored over from S.A. and although we had seen Dud only a couple of years previous he also has shown no change.

Maurie Smith—well the same old Maurie. Generous to a fault and just as lovable as ever.

Ross Smith the pipe smoker from Claire, S.A., carrying a nice line in beef and dancer par excellence.

Charlie Mills from Southport, Queensland, the fastest moving enter in history. It was a case of now

you see him, now you don't, as he scarpered off the Perth Terminal.

Will give you a run down of the party on the Indian-Pacific next issue.

The Association would like to thank the following persons for their most generous donations to Association funds during the Jubilee Safari: Jack Hartley, N.S.W.; Ron Trenchgrove, N.S.W.; Angus MacLachlan, Queensland; Frank Jackson, N.S.W.; Frank Sharp, N.S.W.; Cliff Paff, N.S.W.; Allan Hollow, S.A.; Jack Peattie, N.S.W.; Bob Smith, N.S.W.; Ross Smith, S.A.; Bruce Smith, Vic.; Peter Campbell, W.A.; Vince Swann, W.A.; Helen Poynton, W.A.; and Ron Teague, N.S.W.

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DON CLOTHING CO.

RANDOM HARVEST

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

It was good to see you for a while that night at the Floreat Hotel. I don't see much of the fellows these days which is my fault of course.

You are all doing a grand job down there, especially Col.

I hope to be down for at least some of the functions in September when the Eastern Staters come over.

It's been as dry as hell up here and we've been starting to worry about another drought. Last night we had 24 points of rain, the first for three weeks. That takes the pressure off a bit. We want a good soaking rain, however. It's still hanging about so there is hope yet. Seeding is all finished, half barley, half wheat.

I invested in some cattle recently. They are damned expensive to buy. I wished I was selling them instead. However we intend to stay in cattle

Heard This?

A minister was sitting at a box in an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The dresses of the ladies were very décolleté. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed: 'Honestly, Reverend, did you ever see anything like it in your life?'

"Never," gravely replied the clergyman. "Never since I was weaned."

* * *

The stork having crash-landed without warning, the agitated young husband sent for the doctor. The doctor arrived half asleep, and sent the husband out of the room.

After a short while the doctor opened the door and asked for a screw-driver, which the astonished husband gave him. Then he emerged once more and asked for a hammer. When, on the third occasion, he wanted a hacksaw, the amazed husband cried: "I say—are you sure she's all right?"

"Not yet," growled the doctor, "but she will be when I get this confounded bag open!"

* * *

She was a cabbie's daughter, and all the horsemen knew'er.

and have built ourselves substantial cattle yards and have strung some barbed wire on a few of our fences.

I'm hoping that Peter, my boy, will do a course in Artificial Insemination and that we can eventually build up a stud of European origin. It's a long project. We are having a dozen cows inseminated this year so that's a start.

Blanche and I are going up north for a week shortly. She hasn't been up before except to Carnarvon. We are motoring up the inland road and coming back along the coast. Leave Peter to look after the farm.

We've cut down on our labour force and do not have a married couple now. We employ casual labour when necessary. We manage O.K. without working too hard. The farm is about completely developed and maintenance is all that is needed.

All the best.

RON (BABE) TEAGUE, of 30 Cousins St., Muswellbrook, N.S.W., 2333, writes:—

It suddenly dawned on me the other day that I hadn't seen a "Courier" for some time. When I checked up on my list I found I had not let you know of my changed address.

Well better late than never.

In 1969 I was fortunate in being selected as Mechanical Planning Foreman for the new power station at Liddell on the northern N.S.W. coalfields. All the selected personnel had to do some training at either Vales Pt. or Mummorah power stations for six months. This meant that four of us from Tallawarra had to travel 150 miles home on Friday nights and back again on Sunday afternoons for that time. The main problem was that we had to travel through or around the outskirts of Sydney each time. Those city slickers are certainly rave drivers!

We have been at our own station for the last 18 months and I have been able to obtain quite a lot of experience creating our routine maintenance programme and preparing it for computer programming.

Our first machine has been in service since June last and when the fourth and last boiler turbine goes into service (approx. late 1973) we will have the largest thermal power station in the southern hemisphere.

To give some idea of its size the following figures may help: Output, 4 x 500 megawatt machines—2,000 MW. This is approx. half the estimated State demand in 1973. Coal used: Over 5,000,000 tons per year. Cooling water: 850,000 gals/minute (4 pumps only).

We had to build a dam of 2,800 acres area containing 121,000 acre/feet of water. It was filled from the Hunter River 11 miles away. This supplies water for the cooling process and ash and dust disposal only. There are two other dams for domestic water and ash and dust retention.

All the equipment is "bort liu".

One of my hobbies is an interest in the Civil Defence Organisation. To enable me to carry out my duties more effectively I attended the C/D School at Macedon in Victoria last June. There I met one of our old Timor days Tassies—Bert Price—who asked to be remembered to all the old "D" Platoon boys (?).

Bert's address is: H. W. PRICE, 6 Rosewood Rd., Risdon Vale, Tasmania, 7016.

It's amazing how the years run away isn't it? The last time I wrote was when I changed my address in 1959. Then I was filling your ear with the exploits of our kids. Now they have all left home to live in Sydney. The youngest and eldest married. We're very proud grandparents. The middle one is still single but as she says "giving the field the once over".

As we are Darby and Joan we did a five and a half thousand mile caravan tour through Queensland last year to celebrate our youth, etc. Being a good planner I left the Unit Address Book at home so was unable to call on any of our northern blokes.

Use the enclosed cash how you think fit.

My regards to all the boys and best wishes for the success of the Safari. Sorry we couldn't be in it but the job was quite a kick up for me and I couldn't have two long breaks in 12 months.

There's an open invitation to anyone passing through to call in and wet their whistle.

PETER CAMPBELL, of Gibson, W.A., writes:—

Enclosed cheque for ticket and subs.

We will be very lucky to be down for the Safari but am trying to the best of my ability to arrange, since 500 miles is a bloody long way.

Just in case I do not make it regards to all the gang.

MRS. A. O'CONNOR, of Box 97, Busselton, W.A., 6280, writes:—

I am sending for a Package Deal ticket. Bill will be down for the Annual Dinner and if things are quiet on the farm may be able to stay on for some other functions.

GORDON ROWLEY, of 20 Hospital Avenue, Box 358, Manjimup, W.A., writes:—

Please find enclosed cheque for Package Deal ticket.

This is being written while leaning on the counter at work so I will be very brief.

Will be down in September to see the gang and hope to enjoy a lot of fellowship with as many as possible.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

A Committee meeting was held at Bert Tobin's office on Aug. 3. A very good roll up. Present were: Alan Munro, George Veitch, Bert Tobin, George Kennedy, Bruce McLaren, Sept Wilson, John Southwell, Jim Robinson, Johnny Roberts, George Robertson, Alec Boast and Harry Botterill.

The main business was to discuss the Melbourne Cup Sweep which is the main money raising function of our Association. The burden of the last couple of sweep drawings has fallen heavily on Bert Tobin's shoulders and it was decided that to give Bert a bit of a break we elect a new treasurer every year with the main duty of running the sweep.

Bruce MacLaren offered his services for this year and arrangements were then completed. The drawing to take place at George Robertson's place, 10 Ashlar Crescent, Blackburn, on Thursday night, Oct. 28.

Also Bruce MacLaren offered to hold a pre-Christmas evening at his place on Saturday night, Dec. 4, which promises to be a good night.

A lot of discussion then took place on the future of our Association and it was decided that we must keep going at all costs and this can only happen if everybody gets right behind it and help out by supporting the Committee and that we have functions which bring the women-folk and families into them.

This turned out to be a very good meeting and with the good roll up we look forward to a good year.

The Combined Commando Association held a dinner at the Science Centre on Friday night, July 23,

commemorating the 25th anniversary. The main item of the evening was the presentation to the Past Presidents who held office during this time. This was a very good evening and our Association was well represented.

July has turned out to be a very sad month. Gerry and May McKenzie's eldest boy passed away, and also George (Pancho) Humphrey's wife Wenda passed away and to their families we extend our deepest sympathies.

Then on July 26 came the sad news that Jim Walls had passed away. He died suddenly in his sleep and to Gaye and the girls we extend our deepest sympathies as we all remember Jim for the wonderful worker he has been for our Association, a real stalwart and a wonderful husband and father. A very good muster of Jim's mates and friends attended his funeral.

Arch Clancy came down from Caboor and Kev Curran from Bendigo made the journey but owing to thick fog on the way down he arrived too late. Rolf (Baldy) Baldwin and Alf Harper came up from Geelong. Bruce McLaren and his friend Jim Norris who were going to Sydney changed their flight so that they could pay their respects to Jim. Bert and Wilma Tobin, Johnny Roberts, Bill Tucker, Dave Brown and myself and my apologies to any other I may have missed.

—HARRY BOTTERELL.

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OCTOBER MONTHLY MEETING:

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT, TUESDAY, OCT. 5

JUBILEE SAFARI FILM EVENING

A Mixed Night. Ladies Bring Small Plate

NOVEMBER MONTHLY MEETING:

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT, TUESDAY, NOV. 2

FINAL NIGHT CALCUTT MEMORIAL TROPHY