

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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EDITORIAL

INFLATIONARY TROUBLE

has "come the Walrus said
many things, of cabbages and
troubles are not cabbages
kings. It just so happens
series of unfortunate hap-
have been really caught up
inary spiral. Bill Epps' re-
our publishing sphere the
wan Express' and the cur-
ment's attitude to postage
most definitely put the As-
a spot as far as the
concerned.

this little paper was
from a duplicated news-
all newspaper it was done
monthly postage on second
was abolished. Big laugh!
any can remember what a
died like let alone rem-
had a value as such.
paper with bulk postage
much cheaper that we just
antage of its economics.
days of the 1940-50's
have risen astronomically
postage, what used to
per issue for postage
vicinity of \$12 and this
rt. Printing costs have
y so, from a mere 12
page issue to well over

the famous little "fair-
at page "Price 1 penny"
real big giggle.
has been reviewed by
W.A. who are respon-

sible for producing the "Courier" and it
has been decided that costs have just
got to be passed onto the recipients. It
has been stated by members in all states
that the "Courier" is the means of keep-
ing our far flung Association in being.
The fact that "Charlie" in Qld. can
read of "Joe" in W.A. or "Bill" in Vic,
or "Fred" in N.S.W. or "Vic" in Tassie
is really important. The "Courier" has
been the prime means by which the
famous interstate tours and safaries
have been arranged and operated and
these alone have been the cement in
which the association has been built. To
much can be said for the inter- com-
munication provided by this wonderful
little paper that it beggars description.

It must go on so that our associa-
tion can continue to operate and prosper.
As we grow older the chances of get-
ting to gether probably grow better as
family ties lessen. So we must have this
means of communication.

The foregoing probably sounds like
a terrific preamble to what is coming.
The bite is always in the scorpion's
tail and here is the bite. The manage-
ment committee in W.A. are asking all
recipients of the "Courier" to contribute
\$2.00 per annum to enable this little
publication to continue on its merry
way. We feel that in these inflationary
times \$2.00 is a small amount to pay
for he service rendered.

Col Doig, Editor

W.A. MONTHLY MEETINGS

Minutes of Committee Meeting held at Anzac Club on Tuesday, May 21 1974.

The Chairman: Mr. A. Wares declared the meeting open at 8.25 p.m.

Present: A. Wares, C. Doig, L. Bagley, J. Carey, R. Kirkwood, R. Dhu, H. Sproxton, G. Fletcher, D. Darrington, C. Varian, B. McDonald, and P. Hancock.

Minutes of meeting held on Tuesday, April 16, were read and confirmed on the motion of R. Dhu, seconded G. Fletcher.

Treasurer's Report: R. Kirkwood presented the expenses and receipts of the Working Account, including a donation by J. Kalanowski for \$10, leaving a balance of \$117.12. Accounts were passed for payment and report received on the motion of P. Hancock, seconded H. Sproxton.

Kings Park: G. Fletcher reported that on Anzac Day two flags and poles were taken from our area, they were a Union Jack and the Australian flags. P. Hancock is to investigate position of replacements. L. Bagley reported of the anxiety of B. Smyth over the missing sign board, and it be replaced as soon as possible. G. Fletcher and B. McDonald will report on its progress.

Anzac Day: Held at C. Doig's residence, all voted it a very good venue and should be retained. The hire of a bus by C. Varian was much appreciated. It was moved by R. Dhu that a vote of thanks go to C. Doig, J. Carey and G. Fletcher for their part in making the day a success seconded D. Darrington.

Kalgoorlie Convention. A \$40 deposit has been paid to the Commercial Hotel for accommodation, and a list of likely participants is being compiled. Rail booking to be made at a later date.

Film Night. To be confirmed with the Imperial Hotel for Saturday, June 1, supper to cost \$1.75 per head and a booking to be made for fifty (50) people. It was suggested by L. Bagley that a charge of \$5 per couple be made, any extra required, should be paid out of Association funds.

Annual Dinner: A booking to be made for Saturday, September 28, at the Imperial Hotel, type of menu still to be discussed.

Victorian Safari Account: A comprehensive Balance Sheet, prepared by B. Tobin was presented along with a cheque for

\$400, being a refund of a cheque by the W.A. branch. After the Balance Sheet was read and discussed, it was resolved that the money be put into funds, moved R. Dhu, seconded C. Doig.

Committee Dinner: Much discussion took place, and it seemed that the suggestion be, that we have a suitable quiet place and later on offer to a members residence, preferably in the summer months. To be discussed further at some future meeting.

Correspondence: Inwards: From the Agents of Commercial Hotel, Kalgoorlie, confirming receipt of \$40 and a letter of appreciation. To the Vice Presidents, advising them of appointments. To A. Higgins of Commercial Hotel, Kalgoorlie, re: Convention.

Outwards: To Victorian Safari, letter of appreciation. To the Vice Presidents, advising them of appointments. To A. Higgins of Commercial Hotel, Kalgoorlie, re: Convention.

Inwards correspondence and a letter was received and confirmed on the motion of C. Doig, seconded G. Fletcher.

General Business: A photograph of the Association has been enlarged and is to be placed in our portion of the House basement, in recognition of services to the Association.

The meeting closed at 10.45 p.m.

Minutes of Committee Meeting held at Anzac Club, on Tuesday, May 21 1974.

Prior to opening, the meeting was held in silence, in honour of the late Mr. George Boyland.

The Chairman: Mr. A. Wares declared the meeting open at 8.00 p.m.

Present: A. Wares, C. Doig, R. Dhu, R. Kirkwood, B. McDonald, C. Varian, H. Sproxton, J. Carey, G. Fletcher, D. Darrington, P. Hancock and L. Bagley.

Minutes of Meeting held on Tuesday, May 21, were taken as read and confirmed on the motion of C. Doig, seconded by C. Varian.

Treasurer's Report: Reported on the Working Account, which revealed a balance of \$484.22. It was moved by R. Dhu, seconded by G. Fletcher that the Treasurer's report be received and passed for payment.

Kalgoorlie Convention: It was moved that a deposit of \$10 per head be made on persons going to Kalgoorlie, to cover initial costs of both rail and hotel.

gs, such deposit to be paid by August. Mr. Wares is to make the necessary bookings. The Secretary was asked to write a letter containing all the details concerning the trip, which could be circulated to intending participants.

Film Night: All present voted it an excellent night and venue, and also that Dick Fowler and Gavin Bagley be thanked for their presentation of the movies and slides of the Tasmanian Safari. It was suggested that they be shown again at some future date, using the Imperial Hotel for the occasion, and that beer, sherry and half whiskies be included in the price charged for the evening.

Annual Dinner: To be held at the Imperial Hotel, on Saturday, September 28, which is Football Grand Final Night.

Committee Dinner: It was suggested by Dick Darrington, that it be held at an Old Time Music Hall. Prices to be

obtained by the secretary, then a date can be decided upon.

Correspondence: Inwards from Mac Reid and Harry Handicott. Outwards to Bert Tobin and Alan Luby. It was moved C. Doig, seconded R. Kirkwood that correspondence both inwards and outwards be received and confirmed.

Meetings: It was decided that Committee and General meetings will commence at 7.30 p.m. during the winter months.

President Alec Wares reported on his recent tour of the South West. In the company of his wife, Elsie and Jess Epps they met and contacted many association members and their wives. All the country members he spoke to expressed their interest in the Association and its activities, a frequent question was: "When is the next Safari, and where is it to be?"

The meeting closed at 9.40 p.m.

ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

I am afraid the least said about Association activities in this state is the soonest mended. We have had a foul winter, rain, rain, and more rain and added to this the attitude of members to coming out and having a few beers and driving home is definitely hardening. The meetings held in June and August have resulted in very small gatherings. We have sat around and talked of what we can do to change the tenor of things but mostly to no avail. The August meeting was at least enlivened by John Burrige giving us an account of his recent trip to Timor with his wife Joan. They really got around that island. Joan was quite impressed by the road system to such that after about a week

the hind parts can't take too much more. The memorial is still in great shape and apparently John contacted a Chinese gentleman who conducted an Anzac Day Service at the memorial this year. This chap wishes to continue with such services in the years to come. He has our blessing if he is game enough to continue.

The future of meetings on 1st Tuesday could easily be in jeopardy as we grow older and more reluctant to go out at night. Perhaps the answer could be Sunday morning shows, such as working bees in Kings Park with a meeting after or back yard shows at various residences. This will be a point for discussion in the near future.

'Personalities'

On the 14/6/74 Geo. Boyland passed away after what was quite a brief illness though in the latter stages he suffered more than considerably. Geo. came back from the recent Safari to Tasmania and Victoria in very good spirits and really looked well. Apparently his condition deteriorated quite rapidly and a brief 2 months after his return he passed away.

Geo. was one of the original members of the Unit and gained rapid promotion. He was one of the 3 original platoon commanders being assigned to the command of "C" platoon on the formation

of the 2nd Independent Coy. He commanded "C" through Timor but did not rejoin the Squadron after that island show. He was drafted to training of troops at Canungra and did a really good job in this capacity.

After demobilisation Geo. was firstly with munitions and then with the Department of Labour and National Service as O.I.C. of the first unemployment and Sickness Benefit Section. He later came to Department of Social Services from which he retired on invalidity grounds about 2 years ago.

Within the Association Geo. served for some years on the Executive firstly as a committee member then as vice President for a year and later as Treasurer for two or three years.

The Association's sympathy goes out to his widow Dot and family. Geo. was a good husband and father and his passing will be a great loss to Dot and the girls.

On the very much brighter note and for the first time for what must be many years we have to announce a fatherhood among the gang.

Jack Carey has become a member of the clan of parents. Could not be happier than if it had happened to yours truly. Congrats Jack and Delgo on producing young John a seven pounder.

Don Turton and a mate have recently had a fishing holiday at Onslow and report a magnificent holiday. Fish galore and a wonderful time in a quiet way. Don can thoroughly recommend Onslow to anyone who wishes to have a real fisherman's holiday at Onslow caravan park.

Ted Lond has had more than his fair share of family problems in the last few months. Firstly his brother died and then his sisters husband died and then more recently his brother's lad was killed in a motor accident in N.S.W. It's a long road with no pubs in it Ted, hope for a lot better trot in the near future.

Tony Davidson has had a bit of strife with his ticker and had some time in hospital. I have been reliably informed

that Tony has sold out his business "Kalamunda Fruit and Vegetable Supply" in Hannan St., Kalgoorlie and gone into temporary retirement.

As reported elsewhere John and Jean Burridge had a wonderful trip to Timor and can recommend this trip to any of the gang who are thinking of an overseas trip.

COMING EVENTS

The Annual Reunion Dinner will be held at the Imperial Hotel on Saturday September 21st, 1974. This year we have decided to stay with Preliminary Final Night of Footy Final Night and Please keep this date in mind and try and the last night of that week in the hope that we can attract a very large roll-up. make the dinner and you country folk get a car load together and swell our figures to really great numbers. Start at 6.30 p.m. Buffet at 8.00 p.m. \$300 per head.

The one and only Calcutt Memorial Trophy games for the year will be held at Anzac House on Tuesday, 5th November, 1974, (Melbourne Cup Night) so please be in it to win it.

KALGOORLIE CONVENTION CANCELLATION

Due to insufficient starters by members and inability to secure accommodation on the "Prospector" the committee had no alternative but to reluctantly cancel the arrangements for the convention.

NEW SOUTH WALES NEWS

MARGERY JONES, 11 Rowan Street, Mona Vale, Sydney, 2103 writes

I write on a pouring wet day which we Easterners are learning to live with it just goes on and on, I hope your recent storm wasn't anything as devastating as our big blow which has left behind millions of dollars worth of damage.

I had a card today from Tahiti from Beryl Griffiths, Merv and I had much pleasure in having dinner with her as she passed through Sydney, it was very early hours of the morning that we returned her to her ship. What a happy, bright, enthusiastic person she is, I know she will charm quite a few people as she journeys around the world. Talking of cards I still have the ones I bought to send to Keith and Betty Craig and to Happy and Rene Greenhalgh, just to let

them know we missed them on our Tassie trip.

I've quite decided Merv and I could be permanent travellers, that is of course if our trips could be organised as we as we have been accustomed to of late I tip my hat to all those who must have worked so hard and which I took for granted (so enjoying myself was I) that it took me until I arrived home to realise that there had not been one hitch. Thank you from us both. I will also remember for a long time the lovely day I had with Olive and Harry Botterill when they took me to see "Rippon Lea." I have since seen a TV programme about "Rippon Lea" and was able to enjoy it all. I wish I could have been at your night, for all over Tassie those buses stopped and cameras clicked.

We took our time coming home from Melbourne travelling on the Princess Highway and never have I seen the country side so green and wonderful, this seemed to just finish things off nicely, the only trouble was I kept bumping into Mick Mannix who was still insisting I'd drunk his beer. Now we all know that to drink another man's beer is an unpardonable thing and I wish to state here and now; not guilty. At Lakes Entrance Merv managed to lock the keys in the car and in the early hours of the morning Mick and Betty Devlin were banging on the door to see if we had managed to open the car, we had, so we said goodbye to the Devlins who were soon to branch off to Gundagi.

I did so enjoy Elsie's account of our trip I didn't think I'd forgotten anything but I had. The "Sarsparilla" Yuk. I could just see Paddy driving that bus to

"Tidal River" how I enjoyed that letter I wish I could have made that trip.

I am surprised the Bagleys made it home with all that luggage, no doubt Len's packing ability was gained during his army days. Believe it or not Len I'm still carrying that poodle up and down the stairs. The jokes from Frank Press (clean of course) are still making me laugh, gosh I could just go on and on.

Our son, Stephen, his wife and my little granddaughter, have bought a property in Tasmania, 25 miles from Devonport at a place called Sheffield and as letters come from them I'm able, because of our safari to get a mind's eye view. Merv and I, in Oct. will be off to New Zealand for our holidays, no doubt it won't be quite the same without you all, then we can get down to looking forward to the next Safari.

We send our kindest regards to you all.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN NEWS

Dear Editor,

I don't often have a read of Courier. I might get to share a funny story if Donald thinks it may raise a giggle. However I had the latest edition of 'C' pushed under my nose last week with the comment, 'there y' are Maggie, rattle off a page or two, poor old Doigy sounds desperate.'

I have had a few thoughts persisting in my head since November 14th. They may serve the purpose. They concern the Royal Wedding.

I can't remember when I so thoroughly enjoyed a couple of hours of television. As I watched, I got the feeling that this was more than a ceremony, a spectacle, there was a message behind it. I wondered if thousands of others got the message too, and thoroughly approved the attempt to spread that message.

I think the thing that struck me first was that, regardless of all the pomp and ceremony, it really was a family affair. I felt grateful that they had allowed millions of other eyes to watch as well as theirs. Prince Phillip's obvious pleasure and approval in his role, was good to see. The younger children were a delight. Personally, I think the British can still teach us a lot when it comes to putting on a darn good show. The dignity was

there, and I think we, as Australians need a bit more of it at times. Perhaps it's tied up with history and we are still so youthful as a nation. The beautiful historic buildings in London, and the huge trees, those priceless old coaches. How sensible to preserve them so carefully.

It was a privilege to see inside Westminster Abbey. The Christian marriage, with meaningful vows, not lightly given and received. The beautiful old hymns and prayers were so appropriate, their messages there for all who would listen. I wonder if any who had had a civil wedding, got the feeling they had missed something.

The glimpse of the historic marriage register was most interesting.

Whoever planned the whole series of events has my congratulations. The smooth shifts from one camera to another and some really spectacular views and angles — full marks to the T.V. camera men.

On T.V. and radio we were forced to listen to many sneers and jibes at Princess Anne and Lt. Phillips for days before the wedding. I felt that the Royal Family made some very valuable points in reply.

Margaret Stevens

RANDOM HARVEST

PETER BARDEN, 6GN Radio Station and ABGW Channel 6 TV Station, Geraldton writes:—

It has been our pleasure to have two small reunions of double-red-diamond personnel during the last few weeks. I selected a very pleasant venue—the Victoria Hotel, only two doors away from the new ABC premises.

The first reunion arose from a visit by Harry Sproston, of Watermans near Perth, on his way to Exmouth with brother-in-law Alan Dickson for a fishing holiday. I was interested to learn that Harry Sproston's son Don is in his fourth year of a 7 year study for the priesthood, at Saint Francis Xavier's Seminary at Adelaide, because my brother John is a Monsignor at Geraldton where he is Administrator of Saint Francis Xavier's Cathedral Parish.

Harry Sproston, who is in the pink of condition, is still associated with the building industry. He supplies the builder's registration for Colin Reynolds Homes, which erects about 70 houses a year in the Perth metropolitan area.

Those present at this reunion included Eric Smyth, who is doing well in his accountancy business; Tom Foster, who with son Chris is conducting a successful stock feed manufacturing enterprise as well as a farm near Dongara. Tom is planning a trip to the north-west and Darwin to expand his business in the hope of having Geraldton re-included in the ports of call for the State Shipping Service. Also at this reunion was Nip Cunningham, who continues to keep the premises of the Mercantile Club in tip-top condition. Nip's daughter Francine is on vacation from Goldsworthy where she's a nursing sister and she gave her parents a very pleasant surprise—two shipping tickets for a trip to Singapore. Nip says he and his wife Mary will be away from July 19 to August 19. Nip's other daughter, Mrs. Jan Johnson of Ogilvie in the Northampton district, and husband Allan are doing well on their farm, having received very high prices for bulls at the beef sales in Perth.

The second reunion resulted from a visit by Jack Hasson and wife Norma of Perth who were completing a caravan

trip around Australia. They were delighted during their nine week trip to meet Jack Hartley in Sydney. The two Jacks had not met since 1946—28 years ago.

Bill Drage brought Jack and Norma Hasson into my office earlier in the day and we had a great chin-wag. Bill was in fine form, telling us about his favourite pastime of fishing in the Useless Loop area where he has a fishing camp. However, I have it on good authority that Bill's 7-year-old grandson, Paul Rock, showed his father and Bill a thing or two on their latest trip—he landed a 14 lb. schnapper.

Tom Foster and Nip Cunningham were at the Victoria Hotel for this reunion but Eric Smyth was on a fishing trip to Rosemary Island in the Dampier area, following a recent holiday trip to Japan on the Norwegian vessel "Gert-rude Bakke". Jack Hasson said he thoroughly enjoyed this get-together—and before leaving the next day his wife, Norma, dropped in with a note of thanks and three souvenir badges from the Bedford Park Bowling Club, for myself and two of my bowling mates who were with us at the reunion.

We were all sorry to hear of the death of George Boyland and we extend our sympathy to his relatives. One of my bowling mates at the reunion with Jack Hasson remembers when George played football for Rovers at Geraldton.

Well, I must be off now, as duty calls. Kind regards to all the boys, from all the lads in this area.

G. TURNER of Box 97, Capel W.A. writes:—

Well, writers-cramp seems to be the common thing since the safari, so I thought I'd better be the next one to suffer from it.

Our trip seems ages away now, but what a beauty it was. Many thanks to the organisers of the safari, both in Melbourne and Perth and many thanks to the people who took part in it. You were all such good company all the way, the old jokes were just as funny, the old

songs sounded just as good as they did 30 odd years ago, and I think the bond of friendship between the men of the unit is stronger than ever. Even we old wives have got to know one another pretty well too — nothing like a holiday together to get to know people — yet I think we are all very firm friends.

Thank you for a very wonderful wedding anniversary at St. Helen's, it was a gorgeous surprise and the best anniversary we've ever had. Even with the porridge joke. Every time I make a pot of porridge for breakfast Clarrie and I burst out laughing and I guess when we are eighty years old we'll still be reminded of Tasmania every time we eat porridge.

We had a few lovely outings in Melbourne with our eldest son, Terry, and his wife and two delightful children, so Melbourne really meant something to Clarrie and I when all ones kids are thousands of miles away, these odd meetings are milestones in your life.

We felt quite lost after the safari finished and everyone went their separate ways, I think Glad and Mac and Clarrie and were the last ones left at the Spencers. From there we flew off to Canberra—much drama when we were put through a security check at the airport and Clarrie flipped when he went through the radar thing and was whisked away and searched, only to produce his cigarette lighter and case! I had to laugh at the look of horror on the security peoples' face when they looked at all our dilly bags and luggage that they had to search before we boarded the plane. As I always carry a bottle of pills for every emergency, from hot flushes to hangover, plus various balls of string, labels, hair rollers, a million pairs of shoes and various flasks for medicinal purposes, our hand luggage was considerable. We nearly had hysterics when they confiscated Glad's and my nail scissors in case we hi-jacked the plane—my God. I had to be three parts drunk and under sedation before I'd even get on the B— thing, let alone worry about doing the pilot over with my nail scissors!

Canberra was its usual lovely self, Glad and Mac met up with friends and they took us everywhere and gave us a very good time.

Then on to Sydney, Wollongong, more old friends and sightseeing. The highlight of Sydney was the Peoples

Palace which was the only place we could find with any vacancies. It was rather a rude awakening after all the lovely places we'd stayed at—there were miles of corridors where Glad always got lost and we'd all have to go searching for her. The mens' toilets were up two flights of stairs from our room, so Clarrie was either going up or coming down all night. However the beds and rooms were clean and we put it all down as experience.

From Sydney we bus toured to Brisbane, Townsville and Cairns. These bus tours are really the only way to see the country properly, they stop at all the places of interest and we hadn't a worry in the world, everything was organised for us.

The country was lovely all the way up the coast, gradually getting hotter as we got farther north. We loved Queensland, they were having a good year after the floods and the country was really in good shape. The tropical palm trees, crotons and acaliphers etc., were out of this world, growing so beautifully and so full of colour.

We saw Lucky and his family at Townsville, he was kind enough to have us out to tea one night—thank you very much for your hospitality Lucky, the barrimundi was the best fish we tasted on all our travells and was delicious.

Then on to Cairns and the Atherton Tablelands. I adored Cairns, its a beaut place and the climate is out of this world, even at midnight we didn't need a cardigan, it was just beautifully warm.

I could tell you all about the various places we visited on our way up north, but the writers cramp is setting in, and they were so numerous that it's impossible to put it all down on paper. We travelled 18,000 miles altogether, and saw everything there was to see on that 18,000 miles—really it would take to write it all down.

From Cairns we flew to Port Moresby to spend 16 days with our daughter, Bethel, and her husband, who have lived up there for the past four years. Boarded the plane in Cairns, so up-tight with excitement at seeing them again after so long that I didn't even worry about the flying bit. Bethel had told us not to wear any stockings or petticoats on leaving Cairns, only sun-frocks and sandals. I found out why we stepped out of the plane in New

Guinea. The heat hit us in the face—such a clammy humid heat that you could fry an egg on the tarmac.

We walked off the plane, there was the desperate searching of faces and there they were—the kids! Bethel looking more beautiful than ever, her husband his usual dashing self (even though he's a Dutchman) and the dearest Quaintest little granddaughter, 13 months old, that we ever did see.

People have asked me my impressions of New Guinea—I find it very hard to give it to them, because to me it was just where the kids were.

It was a very beautiful place, literally what one has read about, all mountains and tropical growth. There are literally thousands of natives wandering around rather aimlessly, with nothing to do. There were beautiful little naked children, babies carried in string bags on their mother's backs and hung up in a tree asleep if their mother stopped for any length of time. Everybody—both white and black, seemed to us to drive like crazy, but then Clarrie and I are used to country roads, so it may have been only an impression.

Food is very expensive in New Guinea—tomatoes 20c each, a mouldy cabbage heart \$1.10—meat not so fresh and very dear. Milk is bought in cartons, but is a prepared milk from powder mostly imported from New Zealand. Even that doesn't stay fresh for very long, even in the fridge. Bethel and Bill both work, Bethel at D.C.A. and Bill at the Housing Commission. Their baby is put into a baby minding clinic every day, of which there are dozens in Port Moresby. She is left there at 7.30 every morning, with a basket of nappies and three bottles of milk. At the clinic she is given her breakfast and bathed then from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., she is put outside under shady palm trees with perhaps a dozen or so other babies, all dressed in just nappies, to play in play pens, supervised by about six lovely native girls all dressed in bright pink smocks. At 1 p.m. the babies are taken inside bathed again, given a hot meal provided by the clinic, then put down to sleep in a dormitory where there are fans in the ceiling keeping the room cool. Every child has its own little wooden cot, no other child ever sleeps in it, even if the child

doesn't attend the clinic for a couple of weeks. Bethel picks the baby up about 4.30 p.m.—she is beautifully clean and cool. The nappies she has used during the day are rinsed and put into a plastic bucket with lid and collected by the parents when they collect the child. This particular clinic is run by a trained nurse, a European, and the charge is 12 dollars a week. A marvellous idea, really.

Most of the houses up there are owned by the Commission and are all built to the same pattern, something like our State Houses over here. We were a bit shocked to see wire mesh over all the windows and bars on the fly wire doors. The houses are all built on stilts and cars are parked underneath the houses with a light on all night. Apparently the natives knock off cars like nobody's business.

We, personally, never felt any feeling of fear, but then we were only visitors. Any white women I spoke to living and working up there, spoke with apprehension about the coming of independence and most were trying to get jobs elsewhere and leave New Guinea before the 1st of December.

At night we often saw groups of Police patrolling the roads around the residential areas. There are specially trained riot Police. I believe, who are very good at breaking up any gathering that gets out of hand. Mr. Somari has the right idea, though, on any public holiday he closes all the pubs, as its mainly when the natives have a lot to drink that they get out of hand.

There's a lot to see in Port Moresby, the university is a big place with a very beautiful garden, dozens of different shades of bouganvillia which are breathtaking. There are quite a lot of local carvings, masks etc. to be seen and bought, a cultural centre with a whole museum village built to scale. The war cemetery is really something, so beautifully kept, so colourful and so sacred. There is an uncanny stillness and silence out there that is hard to describe. We all attended the dawn service out there, Clarrie joined the R.S.L. men in the march, and it was a very moving experience.

Everybody drinks beer out of stubbies in P.M., straight out of the bottle which is sitting in a little foam cooler.

They offered us a glass to drink out of when we first arrived up there, and being ladies, Glad and I tried the glass, but within an hour, we too were drinking straight out of the bottle. It was just so hot that the beer was warm in the glass before we could drink it, and goodness knows we aren't slow drinkers.

The kids took us somewhere every day, and all too soon our 16 days had flown past and it was time to say goodbye. New Guinea is a fabulous place the white people are all so interesting, all nationalities, Germans, Rhodesians, Dutch, New Zealanders—you name it, they're there. I really don't think the natives are ready for independence, there is a certain amount of confusion in shops and banks regarding the right change and the running of things—this is obvious to the casual visitor, so what must it be like in the more important positions.

I think there may be trouble between the Papuans and New Guineans before the year is out—most of the whites are leaving "Going Finish" as they call it, in case any trouble starts—I just hope my kids get out before the 1st of December.

So—onto another plane back to Sydney—back to gales lashing Sydney and Melbourne, nearly freezing to death. Caught the train for home, arriving in Bunbury on the 9th of May.

So—our holiday was over. Looking back there were a lot of highlights and a lot of laughs. Our anniversary in Tasmania, which was most appreciated—Mac's stomach getting bigger every day—I really didn't know whether he was in calf to his new Devon bull or whether he was going to explode and start the world war. Thankful to say that as soon as he stopped drinking so much beer and started milking cows again he lost quite a few inches round the middle—he really had us worried for a while.

The trying to keep a straight face when Bethel's houseboy in N.G. asked—in Pidgeon English, for an hour off to go to the hospital for a needle—apparently he'd got a dose of V.D. and said his "Big Fella cock all bugger up." I thought I'd bust—but then I have a very corny sense of humour.

The dreadful trauma of all these wretched planes and the nerve-wracking experiences of going to Hayman Island and goodness knows what other islands and thinking the boats were sure to capsize and go down in the rough seas. The experience of carting all these cases and dilly bags from bus to bus, plane to plane and motel to motel. By the time I had got coral from the Great Barrier Reef, sea shells for my collection from New Guinea, a bag full of duty free whiskey, cigarettes and French perfume and run amuck at the Melbourne markets, we didn't have enough fingers for string bags.

Still, we got home eventually, after a really lovely holiday—of course we spent far too much money, everybody does—why we save up so carefully before we go for a trip and then think it's a crime if we bring any of this money home, I really don't know.

But, here we are, back to neck of mutton and madly saving up for the next holiday—who's coming with us?

Regards to all

EDE HEWETT of Box 77, Wongan Hills, writes:—

Rupert and Ede Hewett extend their deepest sympathy to Jess Epps and Dot Boyland in the loss of their loved ones.

We regret being unable to attend the film evening on the 1st of June (?). It would have been beaut to have met you all again. We both enjoyed being part of the family of 2/2 Commando's on tour to Melbourne and Tasmania this year, a holiday never to be forgotten and still amazed at the terrific organisation which had been done here and in Melbourne to such a tour so enjoyable—hats off to you all.

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SEPTEMBER MEETING:

FIRST TUESDAY, BOWLS.

**SATURDAY 21st, ANNUAL DINNER, IMPERIAL HOTEL
6.30 p.m.**

OCTOBER MEETING:

FIRST TUESDAY, BOWLS.

NOVEMBER MEETING:

FIRST TUESDAY, CALCUTT TROPHY.

**MEMBERS, PLEASE MAKE THE MONTHLY
MEETINGS A MUST.**

ATTEND AND ASSIST YOUR COMMITTEE.
