



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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EDITORIAL

ECONOMIC GROWTH AND POLLUTION

Economic growth is under increasingly strong attack by articulate and influential minorities. It is being held responsible for many of the ills of modern industrial society — for the relentless exploitation of the earth's resources, for poisoning air and water, for increasing the pace and pressure of urban living and even for crime, violence and drug addiction. Indeed enormous publicity has been given to claims that growth must stop to ensure human survival!

An Australian Government recent White Paper on economic growth gives the lie to these prophets of Doom.

It is often claimed that pollution and environmental damage are relentless consequences of economic growth; in short, further growth means more pollution and eventual catastrophe. The White Paper rejects this argument and says that pollution problems are due to the conditions under which growth has been allow-

ed to take place. No charges are made for the use of air, rivers, lakes and oceans, and waste is being ejected into these at no cost to the waste-maker—but at a great cost to us. Therefore the onus must be put on the waste-makers to dispose of waste at no cost to the public and don't we know they could come up with a solution if we insist on it!

The White Paper also ridicules the notion which has been hammered into us of late, that at the present rate of consumption, the world's reserves of minerals and sources of energy will be exhausted in a few decades.

This notion has been arrived at by a comparison of present known reserves of particular mineral resources with their present and prospective rate of use. The fallacy in this argument is that currently known reserves are a very different thing from actual or usable reserves; additional reserves of particular minerals

1974 SAFARI FILM NIGHT

SATURDAY EVENING 1/6/74 AT 8 P.M.

Venue: IMPERIAL HOTEL (Dining Room)
Wellington Street, Perth

Make this a must and give your wife a night out.

or new substitutes are certain to be continually revealed by exploration and new technology. One example is iron ore — an inventory of the world's iron ore reserves in 1938 would not have included any reserves in the Pilbara region of W.A. Massive ore bodies were known to exist there but they were not then economic resources. To know that they would become so within the short period of 30 years, it would have been necessary to foresee such developments as the post-war economic growth of Japan and the slashing of transport costs through the development of bulk-materials handling equipment and the event of giant ore carriers.

The White Paper also quotes figures of the world's reserves which are most startling and very comforting to people like me who believed that we were almost out of everything! The Paper says:

"Total natural reserves of most metals may be about a million times as great as present known reserves; only 2 per cent. of the world's known

coal reserves will have been consumed by the year 2000; and if the extraction of oil from shale becomes an economic proposition, oil reserves would increase 700 times."

Dramatic changes in technology are continually transforming all our conceptions about potential sources of energy — nuclear energy, solar energy, tidal energy. It is conceivable, says the Paper, that the great bulk of the world's store of fossil fuels (coal and oil) will remain in the ground, or sea, for ever. How about that?

Reading these facts, for we must assume they are facts, has brightened my life instead of dreading the future whenever I listened to a prophet of Doom, I now look forward to keeping warm and enjoying all the comforts that power can give us in my old age. I hope they now start working on stopping the pollution in my body which, at the present moment, makes it most unlikely that I'll be worrying about a lack of heat in a few years time.

—RON KIRKWOOD.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Meeting: Closed at 10.30 p.m.
MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING—W.A. Branch
Held at Anzac House on Tuesday,
2nd April, 1974

Present: A. Wares (in the chair), J. Carey, R. Kirkwood, B. McMahon, R. Dhu, R. Darrington, C. Varian, F. Napier, C. Doig, J. Burrridge, D. Ritchie, H. Sproxton, R. McDonald, A. Smith, L. Bagley, R. Parry, P. Hancock.

Apologies: R. Smyth (on business), G. Maley (sick), R. Aitken (business). In the absence of secretary, G. Maley, C. Doig took the minutes.

Minutes of Annual General Meeting: The minutes of Annual General Meeting held on 6th March, 1973, were read and confirmed on motion of A. Smith, seconded by D. Ritchie.

Business arising: The matter of the cancellation of the Kalgoorlie Country Convention was raised by F. Napier and was satisfactorily explained.

R. Dhu advised that Memorial Stone in King's Park had been erect-

ed and Unit Colour Patch and Unit Honour Roll now attached. There still remained certain minor additions to be done but the position was most satisfactory.

Mr. Burrridge brought up the matter of the missing board in King's Park and be advised that the replacement was in hand.

The matter of missing plaques in Kings Park was raised and the meeting was advised that there were three missing and the matter was being attended to.

Mr. Dhu advised that flag poles were now in position.

Life Membership: Mr. Jack Carey brought forward the recommendation by the Committee for this year's life membership, Mr. Harry Sproxton. M. Carey brought out many facets of Harry's career in the Unit and extolled his services to the Association which included a tremendous amount of work for the Timor Memorial and his expert knowledge brought to bear on many working bees in King's Park and elsewhere.

Mr. C. Doig seconded Mr. Carey's remarks and the life membership was bestowed by President A. Wares with acclamation from the meeting. Mr. Sproxton said he accepted the honour proudly.

Reports: President A. Wares presented his report in a most comprehensive manner outlining the Association's activities for the past year.

Treasurer R. Kirkwood presented the financial report covering the position for past 12 months. He explained all items in the statement.

Auditor's report was read confirming the accuracy of the accounts.

C. Doig presented the Editor's Report and stressed the fact that the Association could be in trouble as far as financing the courier and also with other matters such as printing.

The reports were received and adopted on the motion of R. Parry seconded by R. Dhu. To this was added motion of appreciation to the Treasurer for his excellent marshalling of the Association's accounts.

Election of Officers: Mr. BurrIDGE was elected as returning office. President, A. Wares re-elected unopposed. Vice-President, J. Carey re-elected unopposed. Secretary, L. Bagley elected unopposed. Treasurer, R. Kirkwood re-elected unopposed. Editor, C. Doig re-elected unopposed. Auditor, J. C. BurrIDGE re-elected unopposed. Warden Kings Park, C. Fletcher unopposed. Committee—the following seven members were elected without opposition: C. Varian, R. Darrington, R. McDonald, I. Dhu, H. Sproxton, G. Fletcher, and P. Hancock. Country Vice-Presidents: Goldfields, A. Davidson; Northern, P. Barden; Midlands, R. Harrington; Great Southern, Don Turton; South Coastal, T. Crouch; South West, W. Rowan-Robinson.

General Business: Mr. BurrIDGE moved that a property and archives officer be appointed to the Association, ex-officio. Mr. Napier seconded. Mr. BurrIDGE volunteered and was elected to this position.

Mr. BurrIDGE brought up the position regarding the position of Treasurer and Editor both of whom desired to be relieved in the near future. He moved the following motion—"that in January of each year the Committee meets to examine the position of office bearers in various posi-

tions, this in particular reference to the positions of Treasurer, Editor and Secretary this being prompted by the fact that present Treasurer and Editor who have agreed to accept office for the forthcoming year on the understanding that a change will be made in these two positions in the coming year". Mr. Napier seconded this motion which was carried.

Mr. D. Ritchie said that in future years he would be prepared to under-study either of these positions.

Mr. Bagley moved that Committee look into the position of understudies for the various executive positions. This was seconded by R. Carey.

Mr. Napier brought up a matter which gave some concern on the recent Safari to Tasmania and Melbourne this being the "Timor Feeling" which seemed to persist. Mr. Wares supported this contention. The meeting generally deplored anything of this nature.

At this stage Mr. Bagley gave a comprehensive report of the Tasmanian section of the Safari and he was full of praise for this tour and was especially thankful for the way Ansett-Pioneer handled everything to everyone's enjoyment.

President A. Wares gave a report on the Melbourne section of the Safari and said what had been done by the Victorian Branch was excellent but felt there had been too much free time.

Mr. BurrIDGE moved that more protocol be brought to the opening ceremony at monthly meetings and that a toast be drunk to absent friends naming certain persons not present. It be the Secretary's duty to write and inform these persons whose toast was drunk. Seconded by D. Ritchie and carried.

Mr. Doig brought the matter of the social side of the Association and stressed the position of poor attendances. R. Dhu also spoke along similar lines, Len Bagley had similar thoughts. P. Hancock suggested we get next to those attending on Anac Day and try to spur them to some effort.

Mr. McDonald got to the position of drinking and driving which he thought deterred people from attending as it detracted from the enjoyment of the evening if one thought of a possible charge.

Mr. Sproston thought that only way to improve attendances was to get people involved in some sort of Association activity. Mr. Burrridge suggested we have a "Target Meeting" in which everyone tried to bring along as many as possible to make a really record attendance.

Mr. Ritchie brought up the idea that we should stress that the Unit had funds and that members should think about this and this may get better attendances.

Mr. Napier thought that a free Anac Day or free dinner may attract

some members back to meetings. Mr. Burrridge said he thought that the whole thing was psychological that some persons had a fixation about not coming to meetings.

Mr. Hancock said where sheer necessity came into it were never in trouble.

After all the discussion the matter remained unresolved and was left to the Committee to try and do something.

The meeting was declared closed at 10.40 p.m.

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

MINUTES OF COMMITTEE MEETING. Held at Anzac House on Tuesday, 19th February, 1974.

The Chairman: Mr. A. Wares, declared the meeting open at 8.05 p.m.

President: A. Wares, R. Kirkwood, G. Maley, A. Smith, R. Dhu, D. Darrington, H. Sproston, G. Fletcher, L. Bagley, C. Doig and C. Varian.

Apologies: From J. Carey was accepted.

Minutes of meeting: Held on Tuesday, 15th January, 1974, were read, and were confirmed on the motion of A. Smith, seconded R. Dhu.

Treasurer's Report: R. Kirkwood reported that the only movement in Working Account was a donation of \$20.00 from Blue Prendergast, and the balance was now \$486.57. Report was received on the motion of R. Dhu, seconded G. Fletcher.

Kings Park: G. Fletcher reported having the plaques that are missing and a busy bee was suggested to replace these. This was arranged for Sunday, 2nd March, early morning.

Flags: C. Doig has main unit flag and pole, but the Union Jack, the Australian Flag and the old Unit Flag are missing. The standards have been stolen. A concerted search is to be made in an endeavour to locate the missing flags.

Correspondence: Outwards—to Mr. Ian Miller and Mr. Tom Strickland.

Inwards—from H. Tobin, Vic. branch, re Safari. A. Wares, letter of unavailability for further term. P. G. Maley, letter of resignation.

Correspondence as read was received on the motion of C. Doig, seconded A. Smith.

C. Doig had previously moved that the letters from A. Wares and P. G. Maley be tabled for the time being and this was seconded by C. Varian.

Safari: C. Doig expressed the hope that this would be the wonderful success that was anticipated and hoped that Scotty Wares and Len Bagley would have no problems on Safari.

L. Bagley read out the circular sent by Victoria Branch to their members. It gave a full summary of the final arrangements and also a costing of the functions.

Moved G. Maley that C. Wares and L. Bagley be authorised to meet additional expenses as required and keep editor posted with details. Seconded C. Doig.

It was agreed that members gather at the Norwood Hotel at about 7.30 p.m. on Friday, 22nd February, to farewell those on Safari.

Courier: This was published within the last week or so and was a most timely edition. The Swan Express has been sold out to a group located in Middle Swan. Len Bagley reported on his conversation with one of the persons involved and it is with interest that we look to the future.

(Continued on page 6)

2/2nd COMMANDO ASSOCIATION

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure for the Year Ending 28/2/74

| RECEIPTS | | EXPENDITURE | |
|---------------------------------------|------------|--|------------|
| Balances fwd. 1/2/73: Working Account | 79.76 | Monthly meetings: Expenses | 157.53 |
| T. & C. Reserve Account | 4,859.55 | Receipts | 107.30 |
| Safari Account | Nil | | 50.23 |
| | 4,939.31 | Courier: Costs | 195.72 |
| Interest received: Reserve Account | 301.14 | Receipts | 125.00 |
| Working Account | 7.37 | | 70.72 |
| | 308.51 | Kings Park: Sundry maintenance | 35.23 |
| Donations received | 88.20 | Annual Dinner: Expenses | 167.10 |
| Anzac Day: Received | 173.00 | Receipts | 117.00 |
| Expenses | 165.33 | | 50.10 |
| | 7.67 | Proportion of raffle receipts to Victorian branch (to date) | 1,000.00 |
| Sale of Lapel Badges | 4.00 | Administrative costs | 53.50 |
| Ties | 2.00 | Sundries | 48.80 |
| | 6.00 | Balances as at 28/2/74: Working A/c. | 709.17 |
| Raffle of Fullbrook painting | 13.00 | T. & C. Reserve Account | 4,705.72 |
| Mammoth Raffle: Received | 4,980.30 | Safari Account | 621.50 |
| Prizes and expenses | 3,084.75 | | 6,036.39 |
| | 1,895.55 | | \$7,344.97 |
| 1974 Safari: Received | 13,946.06 | | |
| Paid Out | 13,859.33 | | |
| | 86.73 | | |
| | \$7,344.97 | | |

(Continued from page 4)

Presidential letter of unavailability:

C. Doig spoke on his feelings regarding the excuses given as reasons for Scotty Wares' decision not to stand for re-election, on the score that any non events were not in any way the fault of Scotty and Elsie, and also quoted the fact that on the point of effort they must be marked as 100%. There was no way in the world that any reason could be found for the apparent unsuccessful functions. Ron Kirkwood backed up Colin's remarks, and Harry Sproxton expressed the opinion that it would be more a loss to the Association than we should have to suffer. These comments were backed up by Arthur Smith and Len Bagley. Scotty was asked to reconsider his decision. After consideration Scotty withdrew his letter and agreed to accept nomination for a further term.

Letter of resignation from secretary:

Col Doig brought up several points that perhaps had been overlooked by the Secretary.

Defer letter until next meeting.

Life Membership: G. Maley reported that a further supply of badges was to be collected on 20th.

Col Doig moved that only one person be nominated this year and recommended H. Sproxton for this honour. Seconded L. Bagley. It was agreed that Mr. J. Poynton be considered for this honour next year.

Anzac Day: Thought was given to utilising bus services and holding the re-union at Col Doig's home after the march. Clarrie Varian will enquire into the availability and cost of a bus. It was agreed that the suggestion was well worth consideration and will be followed up with the necessary publicity.

Unit glasses: Further problems have been encountered and some action must be taken, but this is left in the hands of Col Doig.

The meeting: Closed at 9.45 p.m.

MINUTES OF COMMITTEE MEETING. Held at Anzac House on Tuesday, 19th March, 1974.

The Chairman: Mr. J. Carey declared the meeting open at 8.10 p.m.

President: R. Dhu, D. Darrington, C. Varian, G. Fletcher, C. Doig, R. Kirkwood, J. Carey, G. Maley.

Apologies: A. Wares, L. Bagley, H. Sproxton, not yet returned ex Safari.

Minutes of meeting: Held on Tuesday, 19th February, 1974, were read, and were confirmed on the motion of C. Doig, seconded R. Dhu.

Treasurer's Report: R. Kirkwood reported on expenses and receipts and the balance of working account at this date is \$646.57. He presented the annual figures to be presented to the Annual Meeting. This was of great interest and was highly commended by R. Dhu and the Treasurer was thanked sincerely by the Chairman for his efforts.

Kings Park: G. Fletcher reported on busy bee and all but two plaques are restored. R. Dhu is handling watering and area is looking much better. Granite block was cleaned with phosphoric acid and has come up well. A further busy bee has been organised.

Unit Flags: In the absence of any report from Arthur Smith, G. Maley promised two suitable flags.

Anzac Day: C. Varian reported on cost of bus \$10, and it was agreed to take advantage of this and that the re-union be held at the home of C. Doig. Catering arrangements are left in the hands of C. Doig and J. Carey. G. Fletcher will arrange for wreath and this will be placed by G. Fletcher and D. Darrington.

Safari: D. Darrington reported on his impression of the events covered by the Safari. He felt that it was a wonderful event and he had the opportunity of meeting many comrades he had not seen since the end of the war.

Life Membership: J. Carey will propose the nomination of H. Sproxton for Life Membership, and this will be seconded by Colin Doig.

Resignation of Secretary: G. Maley reported that after much thought and consideration, and for medical reasons, he will have to confirm his resignation. This fact was accepted.

Annual General Meeting: The chairman asked that every endeavour be made to generate interest in this meeting.

Visitor from Victoria: George Johnson of 2/6 Company was welcomed to the meeting and was given cordial greetings.

Kalgoorlie Convention: R. Dhu suggested an early approach to the Commercial Hotel, Kalgoorlie, for bookings for approximately 20 double rooms for the October long weekend. The Secretary was instructed to write to the Hotel accordingly.

The meeting: Closed at 9.00 p.m.

MINUTES OF COMMITTEE MEETING. Held at Anzac House on Tuesday, April 16, 1974.

The Chairman: Mr. A. Wares declared the meeting open at 8.30 p.m. and welcomed all Committee members for the ensuing year.

Present: G. Fletcher, J. Carey, D. Darrington, R. Dhu, C. Doig, A. Wares, L. Bagley.

Apologies: From R. Kirkwood, H. Sproston, C. Varian, R. McDonald, P. Hancock were accepted.

Minutes of meeting: Held on Tuesday, March 19, were read, and were confirmed on the motion of C. Doig, seconded R. Dhu.

Treasurer's Report: R. Kirkwood being absent there was no Treasurer's report, but finances would be similar to that stated at the Annual General Meeting.

Kings Park: C. Doig reported on three recent working bees. Much work had been accomplished, especially with regard to the Memorial stone. Special cemented bases have been made for three flags. Dick Adams, who did the watering of our area, has passed away, due to a heart attack. R. Dhu has undertaken to see that the watering was continued to keep the area in good condition. A work-

ing bee for Sunday 21st for a general clean up was arranged; prior to Anzac Day.

Anzac Day: Liquid refreshments to be arranged by C. Doig and catering by J. Carey. Wreath to be arranged by G. Fletcher. Bus has been arranged by C. Varian and is to be parked at the back of Government House at the dispersal point, to transport members to C. Doig's residence.

Safari: A letter of appreciation to be sent to the Victorian branch for their efforts connected with the 1974 Safari, moved C. Doig, seconded J. Carey.

Kalgoorlie Convention: A cheque for \$40 be sent to the Commercial Hotel, Kalgoorlie to secure accommodation as per letter of April 9, advise at a later date the number of people participating.

Future Functions: Film night to be held on Saturday night, June 1, at the Imperial Hotel, to show Safari films, Ian Miller of MMA and his wife to be invited.

June and November to be set aside for Calcutt Memorial Trophy nights.

May to be a bowls night.

July—guest speakers R. Smyth and J. Burridge to be contacted.

It was suggested that a copy of the monthly minutes go to all committee-men and a reminder note of the date of the next meeting of the committee.

Committee Dinner: To be discussed at the May committee meeting.

Country Vice-Presidents: To be notified of their appointments as elected from the Annual General Meeting.

New South Wales News

We held a meeting on 1/4/74. Those present: Alan Luby, John Darge, Ron Hilliard, Paddy Kennally, just the bare quorum. Ron Hilliard saved the day, apologies from Allan Addison, Mick Devlin, Cliff Paff, don't know what happened to the rest.

Alan Luby called for a few suggestions for the 1976 Safari.

1. Sydney the rendezvous, a bus

tour of the beauty spots along the dividing range and coastal areas.

2. Surfers Paradise the rendezvous with tours radiating from there.

3. A ships tour from Sydney, perhaps heading the triangular course taking in New ealand and Figi.

We did agree that all N.S.W. members give the matter thought and submit ideas.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

The Melbourne-Tasmanian Safari has been and gone and I think that I echo everybody's sentiments who had any part in it that it was a terrific success. From the first morning when the W.A. contingent arrived to be greeted by a limited number of Vic. members (it being a working day) until all our visitor went their various ways after the Safari—I think everybody enjoyed themselves immensely.

We had the first function welcome to all visitors on 25/2/74 at the Carlton Bowling Club, which turned out to be an ideal venue and they turned on a very good night. We had around 100 in attendance, and John and Shirley Southell acted as hosts.

The following day the visitors took off on their Tasmanian tour and we did not see them again until 5/3/74, and going on remarks I heard from all concerned it was a wonderful tour—well organised and greatly appreciated and enjoyed—Len Bagley and Scotty Wares can feel very proud of the work they put into the organisation of the tour. Well done, Len and Scotty.

We had our dinner dance at the Carlton Football Club on 6/3/74 and again a wonderful venue and an excellent night. Gerry and Mary MacKenzie were the hosts for the evening. Alex Boast's son was a member of the band and they did a tremen-

The next organised function was the coach tour to Lorne on 10/3/74 this was a terrific day—we had two buses plus those that went in their own transport—and we had a barbeque lunch at the golf club—which was a wonderful place with a delightful setting overlooking the water on the south coast of Victoria.

Our last organised function was the farewell evening at the Carlton Bowling Club again—and another good night. Bernie Callinan was the host for the evening. They say all good things come to an end and even though the pace had been a cracker and signs of fatigue were showing, it was a little sad saying good bye to our visitors and I only hope they all enjoyed themselves as much as we did having them with us.

We were very pleased to see the following Victorian members during the Safari: Max Davies, Mam Smith, Alf Grachan, Ron Eastick, Ken Monk, Peter Stafford, Kev Curran, Gerry MacKenzie, George Humphrey, Smash Hodgson, Alex Boast, Gerry O'Toole, Geo Robinson, Geo Veitch, Jack Renehan, Paul Costello, John Roberts, Bert Tobin, John Southwell, Dave Brown, Bernie Callinan, Wally Wiggins, Rolf Baldwin, Jack Fox, Bluey Bone, Alf Harper, Jim Robinson, Bill Sharp, Bill Tucker, Ron Scott.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Gentlemen,

It is my privilege and duty to present this annual report.

Annual General Meeting: This meeting was very poorly attended, only 16 members attending. At this meeting two members were honoured with Life Membership, namely Len Bagley and George Fletcher.

Anzac Day: There was a good representation at the Dawn Service, and a wreath was placed on the Memorial on behalf of the Association by George Fletcher and myself. After the march and service at the Esplanade we moved straight to the W.A.

Rowing Club, where lunch was supplied by Jack Carey. One thing which is very unfortunate, our flags from the area in Kings Park have disappeared, and to date no trace of them.

Guest Speaker: Don Turton gave a very impressive report on his trip around Australia and Timor visit, which was appreciated by all present.

Calcutt Memorial Trophy: June and November were the two months in which members competed for the Calcutt Memorial Trophy. This was won by Jack Carey and was later presented to him by Syd Calcutt a brother of Micks.

Bowls Evening: A mixed bowls night was held in Jul and this was won by Len Bagley and Elsie Wares. **Mammoth Raffle:** This proved very successful and all tickets were sold and a profit of approximately \$1,750 was made.

Tasmanian-Melbourne Safari: The Tasmanian section of the Safari was a huge success, due in my opinion that all those who participated were in contact with each other for the full eight days. The Melbourne part seemed to fall apart after the night of the dinner dance as most of the N.S.W. and Queensland memyers left Melbourne. Special thanks should go to Ansett-Pioneer and the two drivers that they supplied namely Ken MacKenzie and John Ferguson, for the wonderful organisation.

Mandurah Picnic: This was held on the 27th January at Helen and Joe Poynton's home and was a great success. Many thanks Joe and Helen to you both and also to your friends who assisted with the lunch and barbecue. Thanks also to Bill Howell for organising the liquid refreshments.

Kings Park: Thanks to the untiring efforts of George Fletcher who keeps the area looking particularly well. Vandals have again this year tried to destroy the area but it is again back to its original condition. On a num-

ber of occasions there have been busy bees to assist George Fletcher and I wish to thank them. The granite slab has been placed in the area and is ready to have the Honour Roll attached.

Courier: This is without doubt our most important means of communication with all members of the Association, and is looked forward to by everyone who is on the mailing list. Special thanks to Jess and Bill Epps, who still collate and wrap them for posting.

Bereavements: Unfortunately some of our members have passed away during the last twelve months. They are sadly missed by their loved ones and Association members. The Association extends sympathy to the bereaved families in their loss.

Conclusion: My sincere thanks go to all members, for the support they have given me during my term of office. The past twelve months have been very full and enjoyable ones. The success of my term was due to a most capable and co-operative committee, who have advised and assisted me to conduct Association affairs. It has been a pleasure and honour, for me to serve such a proud and strong Association.

Thank you gentlemen, A. Wares, President.



EDITOR'S REPORT

Gentlemen,

I am afraid my Editor's Report this year is a fairly average one. To say the least we have not had a good year. To get the paper to the readers has been a difficult task and it so now. We are really feeling the effects of the loss of Bill Epps to the side of our activities. Thanks to a fabulous effort by our president, 'Scotty' Wares and to Jess Epps, we have managed to get by. 'Scotty' has done most of the typing and has taken over the addressing and despatch of the 'Courier' while Jess has done most of the collating of the paper. If it were not for these two we would be in real trouble.

Also this year the firm "Swan Express" has changed hands and we will be doing business with a new owner. I would at this stage like to thank the previous owner, Mr. Clarke, for his efforts on our behalf over many years and also hope that we can do as successful business with the new owners.

We managed to publish 6 issues during the past year and this I think will have to be considered to be F.A.Q. for future years. Our circulation remains constant at around 480 mark. 'Scotty' Wares has kept the address list up to date despite the continual movements of the readers.

Thanks to Paddy Kenneally in N.S.W., Harry Botterall in Victoria and Peter Barden in Geraldton, we have had a fairly constant flow of news of interest to the members. We hope these scribes will keep up the good work in the years to come.

As editor I cannot complain regarding letters this past year and if they continue to flow at this rate in the future we can be assured of a

successful Courier.

Costs could prove to be a burden in the near future as postage will be increased within a couple of years, also it seems inevitable that printing costs will rise.

I wish to thank everyone for their co-operation in the past year and wish the "Courier" well for the year to come.

1974 SAFARI

Suddenly there we were—standing in the corridor of our train coach and saying to each other "I can't believe it, can you." But it was true and as we stood there hugging each other (very nice too) with excitement we realised that 2½ years of waiting and looking forward was over and the 1974 2/2nd Safari had really and truly started. We had a tremendous send off from families and friends who had gathered in slightly inebriated gaiety to see us off to Melbourne and Tasmania. I think even a few tears were shed, both by those **not** going and by those who **were** as the train pulled out. The least said about the rest of the evening on the train the better. All I know is that car 1 where Scotty and I were domiciled was filled with parties and sub-parties, convivial males wandering mistakenly into wrong compartments where some wives (hard working to the last, of course) had flaked out earlier. However the late hours did not prevent almost all of us, some dressed and some still "en deshabille" being out on the platform at Kalgoorlie at 6.00 a.m. to greet Pat and Peter Campbell and Ernie Hoffman and pipe them on board. (I think that is a naval term but never mind.) It was pleasant also to draw a few breaths of really fresh cold air.

After our first meal on the train—a delicious breakfast—we settled down to amusing ourselves in the lounge. No prizes for guessing how this was done. All I can say is that the lounge steward should have had a gold medal for his ability to cope with our mob. In some mysterious way the first class bar **ran out of beer**

before we reached Port Augusta and had to borrow some from the economy class to see us through to Port Pirie. The whole train journey was fabulous—food super, drinks delicious fun and excitement all the way.

A change of train at Port Pirie and on into Adelaide—this probably being one of the slowest parts of our trip. However at Adelaide we had a couple of hours break and a meal at the station restaurant. A friend of ours met us and showed us the beautiful new cultural centre, some completed and some partly built, that is adjacent to the rail terminal. I am sorry that the time did not allow us to look right through it. On to the overlander and another hilarious evening with the excitement starting to mount as we approach Melbourne. At the station next morning there was a tumultuous meeting with our Melbourne members and their wives. It was so good to see the men renewing acquaintance with old mates. I think that seeing this happen is one of the greatest thrills for the women on these re-unions.

Slight panic at the Spencer Motel when it was found that there was no booking for Nan Thomas (a friend accompanying Dot and Geo Boyland), and also, believe it or not, her luggage seemed missing. However this was soon smoothed out and the truant luggage retrieved from the station, and all was well again. I must say right here that Nan, a visitor in Australia from the Old Dart, was just the greatest. It must have been a traumatic experience for her to be suddenly in the midst of such a bunch of rowdies as we were, and she was teased and rubbished by all

and sundry. Believe it or not, I think she just loved it and took all our joshing with the greatest good humour. "Good on yer mate, yer as good as a dinkum Aussie — you beauty."

With true femininity, the women first found their way to a beauty parlour for a hair set and then filled in the rest of the day shopping, sight-seeing, etc., until we all assembled to proceed to the welcome smorgasbord evening arranged by our host state at the Carlton Bowling Club. Our particular hosts for the evening were John and Shirley Southwell and believe me it was a wonderful evening. Many Victorians who had not been able to meet us at the station were there and of course by now, members from N.S.W., Queensland, and South Australia were assembling. Fred Otway from Queensland turned up half way through the dinner and so did Dick Darrington who gave us a wild story about being lost in a taxi cab en route to the bowling club. What really did happen Dick?

Any way it was a terrific evening and a great climax to the first part of our trip.

Midday the following day saw us piling into our Ansett bus en route to the Tullermarine Airport for our flight across Bass Strait to Tasmania. Many of us, mostly women I think, had never flown before and were approaching that airport with gallant smiles on our lips and butterflies in tummies, but determined to be very brave about it all. However our resolutions were hardly needed as it was a perfect day and our flight was as smooth as silk. Speaking for myself I was absolutely thrilled and I think one of the most beautiful sights of the whole trip was seeing the coast of Tasmania sparkling beneath us like a green jewel floating in the glorious deep blue of the ocean. All too soon the trip was over and we had disembarked at Launceston (pronounced Lon-Ceston please). Soon we had met our two bus drivers, Ken MacKenzie and John Ferguson (about whom more later), and were whisked off straight away on a tour of a nearby wild life sanctuary and an inspection of the historic and beautiful Entally House. We were enraptured with the glorious gardens and hot

house flowers as well as the fabulous antique furniture and settings. Back to Launceston and the Metropole Hotel—a comfortable but very old building (apparently accommodation is hard to come by in this city) without either a lift or bell boys. Some of our brave commandos were a bit the worse for wear after struggling up to the third floor with heavy suit cases. At about this time I was becoming aware of the delightful atmosphere that envelopes Tasmania. Probably because of its insularity, it has retained an old world charm and tranquility that is truly delightful. Nowhere is there hustle and bustle even in the capital and other cities. The people are super — friendly, rather conservative in dress, and the young contingent are well dressed; well groomed, and well behaved. I never saw a pair of bare feet and scarcely any blue jeans. Hippy type dressing appears to be non-existent. The whole island is geared to the tourist trade, but it is delightful to see the way that the people are careful to preserve their old history. Instead of tearing down their old buildings and relics the National Trust make sure these are maintained and restored as far as possible. It was interesting to note how even new houses are designed so that they blend in with the many beautiful old homes still in excellent living condition. Van Diemens Land (I love that old name better than Tasmania) is beautiful, beautiful, beautiful. Not just in spots — any state has that—but everywhere. Green mountains, the blue of winding water courses, pretty towns nestling in green valleys, were constantly about us as we proceeded around this lovely isle, and it is enhanced by the lovely gardens that cultivated by almost every householder. I could run of superlatives as I write about Tasmania but a love affair developed between this island and me that will never die.

The next morning was spent in more sightseeing around Launceston, including a visit to the glorious Cataract Gorge. I had known in advance about a chair lift across this gorge and I was determined that no way was I going across on it. However everything was so lively, and as it was only a sixty foot drop, I de-

cided to be heroic and try it, and glad I am that I did, for it was a wonderful experience. Afterwards we set forth on the Tasman Highway to St. Helens travelling through steeply Weldborough rain forest where we mountainous country and the lush saw some incredibly tall tree ferns. All the roads in Tasmania are extremely winding. Our driver Ken Mackenzie, told us that the longest stretch of straight road anywhere on the island is 3 miles and we never drove on that bit. You can realize how interesting this made all our driving. Both of our drivers were terrific chaps, and rapidly became one of the crowd. At all times their courtesy and care for our well being was unfailing and as drivers on difficult and sometimes even dangerous roads, they were tops. Many, many, thanks, John and Ken.

St. Helens, like most of the towns we came to, looked as if it just grew on the East Coast, peaceful, pretty, and sleepy. Our evening here was highlighted by a celebration. Clarrie and Grace Turner had been married 30 years, and this was a great excuse for the Champers all round, and much hilarity. That evening we danced and some very fancy foot work was displayed, much to the amazement of some of the young people there who seemed surprised that old timers like us were not yet past it. We now travelled southwards hugging the coast road and enjoying glorious scenery. We travelled through St. Mary's, Elephant Pass, Bicheno and Swansca (aren't the names delicious?) and at Buckland we visited St. Johns, the oldest remaining church in the whole continent. On again to the Tasman Peninsula where we were enthralled and awed by the rocky coastal formations of the Tasman Arch, the Blowhole, and Devil's Kitchen. The night was spent at Lufra Hotel at Eagle Hawk Neck, by now everybody mingling irrespective of the State they came from, and our visiting company, Edie and Rupe Hewitt, travelling with Jean and Jack Fowler, Glad and Mac Reid, friends of the Turners and the aforesaid Nan Thomas, all joining in the general fun.

Next morning we visited Port Arthur and saw the ruins of the old Convict Settlement. It is difficult to write about this place. Cliff Paff said to me that he thought it should be blown up and forgotten and this was certainly one point of view. However I think the idea of preserving these grisly reminders of one of Australia's most shameful periods of history, is so that we do not forget, and never repeat this enactment of man's inhumanity to man. It was rather interesting that at a small museum near the settlement the lady who manages it reminded many of us of our good friend Jess Epps, both in looks and manner. Jess, you have a double.

After lunch we proceeded via Richmond towards Hobart. Richmond has Australia's oldest bridge, completed in 1825, a beautiful arched structure, and framed through one of its arches we could see the historic St. John's Church with its tall spire.

With many wee stops—always for the men—we travelled on to Hobart where we were to stay for two nights. The capital city nestles prettily at the foot of majestic Mt. Wellington on the sparkling waters of the Derwent River, and is clean and beautiful. That night after dinner, and arrayed in our most dazzling finery we all went to the Wrest Point Casino. The building itself is attractive and unusual and the furnishings and decor inside very lovely but to me that casino is the one jarring note in this beautiful island (and that is not just because I did my dough either). Somehow I was disappointed — I expected to find an atmosphere of tense excitement with handsome international gamblers and beautiful adventuresses lurking around every table—oh! I have been watching too much TV—but all I saw were people like ourselves, losing money in a sterile, unemotional and frightening way. Some of our menfolk—Ernie Hoffman, Peter Campbell, Frank Bryant from Queensland had a bit of luck at the "Swy" game, but mostly I think that we were losers. I truly hope we never get a casino over here in the west. (I know that later on in Sydney I had more fun playing the poker machines with a dollar's worth of 5 cent pieces.)

Next morning we were rejoiced by meeting up with Vic Pacy and wife Esme who accompanied us on that day's sightseeing. The previous evening Ivo Brown had met up with the boys in the bar, and we later had contact with Dern Anning, so we felt that we had not missed out on the Tassie boys of the Unit. Firstly Ansett's had arranged for us to have group photographs taken in front of the Casino, and this proved to be hilarious, as our photographer turned this into a clowning session, but the resulting photos which we received that night were really terrific. That day we travelled to the D'Entrecasteaux Channel and through the famous apple orchard country of the Huon Valley. One of our most memorable stops was at Sandy Bay where the late John Palotto established his Tudor Court—an old converted stable that houses a miniature Tudor village, an exact scale model of the English village of Cheam. John Palotto contracted polio at the age of nine and was left completely paralysed. His only mobility was in his fore arms and yet painstakingly and lovingly he used his time to make this delightful display, perfect down to the last detail. I think we all felt very humble when we saw what one young man had accomplished in the face of almost overwhelming infirmities. After lunch at Cygnet, we journeyed on to the top of Mt. Wellington, an exciting trip, and a rather frightening one for some of us chicken-hearted women. I don't care what you say, boys, those hair pin bends were AWFUL and those sheer drops down the side of the mountain were scary, when they seemed only inches from the side of the bus. However the glorious panorama that stretched out to the horizon was worth it. I would like to see Tassie when there is still some snow on the mountains.

The next day, Sunday, was a marathon drive. Because of accommodation difficulties we had to cover the distance from Hobart to Burnie on the north coast in the one day. This was a distance of about 300 miles, but much of this road was through steep mountainous terrain that required slow careful negotiation by our drivers. Full marks to John and Ken for their wonderful skill and their

fortitude in driving unrelieved for about 12 hours straight. I think it was only our singing and mad jokes that kept them awake towards the end. To go back a bit—after leaving Hobart we proceeded along the Lyell Highway to New Norfolk, where we had morning tea (strawberries with great gobos of whipped cream!) at the Old Colony Inn, a beautifully restored and maintained relic of the old coaching days. Here we took on board a picnic lunch which we enjoyed at a little holiday resort on the banks of Lake St. Clair. I must mention here that included in that lunch were tinned drinks of—wait for it—SARSPARILLA. Most of us had never encountered this little treat before and hope never to again. Give me APPLE CIDER any day.

On through the power stations at Tarraleah towards Queenstown and this is where the road became extremely winding and frighteningly steep. As we approached the Mt. Lyell copper mines at Queenstown the country assumed an awe inspiring change. It was like travelling on the surface of the moon. Vegetation was non existent and nothing but grey and reddish forbidding rock surfaces were everywhere. The sulphur fumes from the minues have caused all the trees to dig and without tree roots to hold the soil the 100 inch rainfall in this area has washed it all away. The resultant appearance of the mountains has to be seen to be appreciated. At Queenstown we paused at the hotel and drank a birthday toast to Barbara Palmer from Busselton, W.A. On again, this time to see a most unique mineral display and museum at the Zeehan School of Mines. I was lucky enough here to obtain a booklet detailing the tragic history of the fate of the Tasmanian aborigines, the last of whom died almost 100 years ago. Another example of the thoughtless actions of the white man.

At last, very tired and hungry we arrived at our destination. For the first time it was necessary for the party to split — one bus load to Wynuaard and the other to Burnie. However it was all together again the next morning, and we enjoyed a delightful drive to Table Cape and Boat Harbour Beach, a most attractive holiday resort. Burnie is the third

largest city in Tasmania and a very lovely and thriving one. After lunch we drove on through beautiful country to Ulverstone where we visited a little factory engaged in hand made copper ware. Everyone let their heads go here and madly bought lots of delightful objects for the folks back home. How is that bugle going Ernie? At Devonport we spent our last night in Tasmania. The hotel manager kindly gave over the lounge to us and did we have a party. Almost everyone got into the act and one of the best was Fred Napier who stole the show with his comic songs. One of the best bits of clowning came when Alan Luby dubbed (with Geo Boylands walking stick) the two drivers as honorary members of the 2/2nd and presented each with a double diamond lapel pin.

Well it was back to Launceston next day driving along Bass Highway through Deloraine and a last minute buying spree for souvenirs. I haven't mentioned much about our purchases, but some of us became compulsive souvenir buyers, didn't we DOT? How many extra suitcases did you have to buy Len? Anyway we all had fun, and it was with great reluctance we boarded the plane to take us back to the mainland. Goodbye, lovely little island, may I see you again one day?

I think we all felt rather flat on arrival back in Melbourne—I know I was positively homesick for the mountains and valleys of Tasmania—but we cheered up in time to ready ourselves for the wonderful dinner dance given in our honour by the Victorian Branch. This even took place at the Carlton Football Club and our hosts were Gerry and Mary MacKenzie. We had a wonderful meal with dancing between courses, this was one of the highlights of our Melbourne visit. I know that Harry Bottrill has written this up more fully in this issue, so I won't elaborate further.

Rather sadly, next morning our party started to break up with the return home of Alan and Edith Luby, Mel and Geo Mathieson, and Cliff Paff. However this was offset by the arrival in Melbourne of Buller and Jean Tait, Paddy Kenneally from

N.S.W. (sadly Norah was not well enough to accompany him), Jim Fenwick from A.C.T., Alan Hollow and Ken Dignum from S.A.

The rest of our time in Melbourne was occupied in many ways as we split up according to our interests, some sightseeing, some attending race meetings, several visiting friends and relatives, and many of us being entertained by Bert and Wilma Tobin, Harry and Olive Botterril, Ken and Margaret Monk, Beryl and Alex Boase. These people were indefatigable in their efforts to drive us about and I spent a most delightful day at the Monk's farm. Thank you one and all for your great efforts.

On the following Sunday, we had a full day drive to Lorne, a most beautiful coastal resort on Port Philip Bay, where we had a magnificent barbecue lunch at the golf club.

At last, sadly, our last night in Melbourne came, and hosted by Bernie Callinan we attended another get together at the Carlton Bowling Club. By now our ranks were much depleted, many of the members having proceeded to other venues. Good-byes are always rather heart rending and this was a much more subdued gathering as we realised that for some of us it could be a long time before we met again.

And so—the party's over. On re-reading this rambling account, I feel very dissatisfied. There is so much more I could have said, so many funny little incidents I should have recounted—like Edith Luby leading the ladies in search of a "cuppa" at every stop—like Carol Bowers in search of a laundromat in Melbourne and going in the wrong direction on the tram and ending up in one that had the water cut off—like Mick Morgan (and others) always pleading for WEE STOPS on the bus trip—oh I could go on for ever. However Scotty says that his one finger that he uses for typing is wearing out so I must stop. It was a great trip people and wonderful to meet together once more. Let's look ahead now and start planning for the next.

—ELSIE WARES.

RANDOM HARVEST

PADDY KENNEALLY writes:—

You almost scored a typed letter, read it, at present it is in the waste paper basket, and that is its right place. It always reads stilted and disjointed, I expect that results from the fact that it is legible.

We are having a great time here in N.S.W., bear, train, postal and petrol strikes. I don't blame the strikers so much. It must make the blokes feel a bit savage to see their pay packets buying less every week. Particularly when a big percentage of people work unlimited overtime, have two jobs, and their wives working as well. Frankly I doubt if prosperity is worth all that. I work hard, damned hard and usually long hours, but the weekends are my own. They can scream blue murder, but Saturdays and Sundays are my own, and I won't work.

Had a great time in Melbourne for the Safari. We missed Tasmania, Nora took ill three days before we were due to leave Sydney. I know nothing about it as I was working down the coast, and only getting home on weekends. I arrived on the Friday night thinking that's the end of work for awhile. Helen soon put an end to my day dreams. No need to worry, Dad and Mums not feeling too well, Nora certainly was feeling bad, so the Tassie trip was out. She insisted that I go to Melbourne and give her regards to everyone there. My sister stayed with her while I went.

The Victorian branch are to be congratulated on their arrangements for the Melbourne sector. The dinner at Carlton Football Club and the Bowling Club were first class. Everyone had a chance to meet and carbash. Rolf Baldwin if he hasn't found the Elixir of Eternal youth, he most certainly found something and I wish he would share it. Among those present Alex Boase, Jack Fox, Kevin Curran, Bernie Callinan, George Robinson, Gerry Mackenzie, and all looking well. Wouldn't have known that he was at the dinner.

Johnny, with that beard, you are his double.

In future Safaris I think that the locals should make a special effort to be present at some of the functions. Our mates do travel long distances to the rendezvous, and the least the locals can do is make the effort to meet them. This applies to all States. In Sydney we had an exceedingly large number of absentees on Anzac Day at our annual re-union, and no excuse as that is a public holiday. This criticism is not aimed at any particular state or city, but we have seen many people work whole heartedly to ensure an enjoyable holiday for visitors and many of their matts failed to turn up and welcome them.

The Lorne trip and what a view from the golf club. Good company and a beer is to be enjoyed any time, but when a man can sit there and view miles of ocean and coastline, well it becomes special. The barbecue and setting were superb, and if one could not be happy there, it would be useless trying anywhere else.

Twelve of us went to Wilsons Promontory to look at the place where it all started. We hired a mini bus and the passengers were doubtful if we would make it. The only one who was not worried was the driver and that was me. I was too busy trying to find the gears and the right road.

I really enjoyed my stay in Melbourne, hardly went to bed before 1.30 a.m. and up early to mass. No hangovers and believe it or not never swore. This was due to the influence of Mick Morgan, Tony Bowers, Peter Campbell, Clarrie Turner, Bob Palmer, and Mrs. Boyland who accompanied me to mass.

Yes it was a great safari, and is more than a holiday, it's a journey back to a part of our youth. The most vital part for all of us — it's well worth making the effort to be part of it.

Good night and good luck, and may God Bless All.

BERYL GRIFFITHS, 166 London Street, Joondanna. 6060 writes:—

What a wonderful holiday we have all just had. I always wanted to visit Tasmania and it surely lived up to its reputation. My only regret is that it was over all too soon. Would love to go back and explore it more leisurely. The same applies to our stay in Melbourne.

Very big thanks to our organisers, Scotty Wares and Len Bagley, who smoothed our paths and to the Victorian people who also worked so hard for our enjoyment. I found it impossible to accept all the hospitality offered or to see all that was offering.

A big feature for me was that names became people, wonderful people. Another was watching the re-unions between chaps who hadn't met since the war. The Tasmanian tour welded us together in a delightful friendly way. Many thanks to all those kind chaps who helped us with our luggage. I have decided to travel lighter in the future! So please, may I go with you all again?

Fred is living in fear of all the bills for drinks, meals, taxis, etc. Maybe he will come with us on the next Safari and join in the joys of re-union.

Greetings to you all.

DOT BOYLAND, 17 Draycott St., Karrinyup. 6018, writes:—

George and I wish to express our appreciation to Scotty Wares and Len Bagley for the arrangements of the Safari to Tasmania.

We had a most enjoyable time. Starting with the trip across in the train, then the welcome in Melbourne was tremendous, renewing old friendship, etc., etc. The trip around Tasmania with a special celebration here and there, was something we will always remember.

The hospitality of some folks in Victoria was overwhelming. Plenty of laughs with Paddy and his stirrer friends from South Australia.

Our friend, Nan Thomas, thoroughly enjoyed herself and was most impressed by the friendship of one and all towards each other. Nan said it was the most enjoyable holiday she has had and wishes to be remembered to all, with a big thank you for having me.

The friendship that is strengthened by these meetings is wonderful. Keep it up please.

Hello to Jim and Joan Fenwick, we appreciated the time spent with you in Canberra. Also to Bill Coker thank you for the enjoyable boat outing.

I was a very quiet trip we had up to Sydney, nevertheless enjoyable.

Sorry, Cath and Frank Press, we were unable to get to Ofange to see you. We flew home from Sydney very tired folks.

Now its back to housework and the garden as usual. Till a later date.

FRANK SHARP of 22 Quinn Street, Dubbo, N.S.W. 2830, writes:—

It is a very wet miserable afternoon so gives me a golden opportunity to write a short note to all my good friends in W.A.

I would sincerely like to thank you and your committee for the wonderful and excellent job that you did for the staging of our 1974 Safari to Tasmania.

Everything was so ably arranged and went off like clockwork without a hitch or reason for complaints from anyone.

Phyllis and I both send you our personal thanks for such a wonderful holiday and also a cheerio call to all those lovely couples and of course the bachelors, those good fellows who did so much to make the trip the joy and pleasure that it was, I thank you one and all for your good company and friendship that we will never forget.

I honestly feel that the lasting friendship that has been cemented between our members in W.A. and N.S.W. over the last three Safaris will live forever.

I do trust that everyone had a good safe return home to their respective states and have all settled back into harness again, I have been back to work a fortnight.

We received our slides back last week I took four reels of films on the trip and they have come out really well and much pleasure will be experienced showing them through the projector to our relatives and friends, also the stories of our trip.

I am hoping that the Tassie and Melbourne beer did not upset those Esperence farmers who were with us

on the tour that they had to upset poor old Gough Whitlam when he made a courtesy call to Perth during one of his many oversea tours, now, Tony Bowers, please refrain from upsetting Prime Ministers.

Hello, Gracie Turner, how the devil are you after the vacation? Do hope that you had a good holiday with the Reids. Give my regards to them and Clarie, and please Grace, watch the hot porridge during the winter months, don't get burnt.

I heard a whisper on the grapevine that the Transcontinental Express was overloaded with the W.A. contingent on their return with all those souvenir hunters and poor old Lennie Bagley did not have enough arms for juggling ports and packages, best wishes Len and Dot.

I will not make Sydney for Anzac Day but I know the boys will enjoy themselves, so nice to meet them all again, also their good wives.

Thought I may have had a short note from my old pal Marg Jones but I am sure she has been very busy studying form with the N.S.W. Rugby League line up this year, her golden haired boys from Manly Warringah will be fighting hard in this year's competition—best of luck to them, Marj, also yourself and Merve, thanks for your good company and those happy days in Tassie, keep Merves vitamins up for the 1976 Safari.

We will both be in whatever arrangements you make for the 1976 Safari, God providing and good health we will see you all again. Do hope that Fred Napier is keeping well, lovely to have met you and Gladdie again. Fred, look after yourself and we will have a little tottie with you and Gladly next merry meeting.

I have attempted to get this letter out before Easter but with these postal strikes you may not get it before Christmas. One again I would like to say thank you for a wonderful tour and do hope that more of our members will line up and give you their fullest support and co-operation to make these Safaris bigger than ever.

Cheers to all my very good friends in all states, wonderful to see you all again and may we both wish you all a very happy and peaceful Easter holiday.

Kindest regards, Frank Sharp.

JIM SMITH, P.O. Box 173, Arawa, P.N.G., writes:—

A few lines to advise local happenings to the Smith family over the past few months and also to ask you to note change of address as above.

In July last year my wife and I flew from Port Moresby on a trip lasting nine weeks and covering 16 countries. It took us via Hong King to London—a few days there to get over air travel—then on a 28 days air conditioned coach tour of Europe through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, France, Monaco and Spain. Across the channel by hovercraft for 10 days in London—then a 13 day coach tour of U.K. Perhaps the most memorable part of this was to see the Tattoo in Edinburgh Castle as part of the Edinburgh Festival.

Then from London per Jumbo to Singapore (3 days) Kuala Lumpur and Penang (7 days) and so back home. Spent too much money—came back broke, but wouldn't have changed a thing.

So now we have joined the big umbrella—Bougainville Copper—and live in a company house at Arawa—the town built especially for the mine I work at Anewa Bay, the port from which all copper concentrate is exported in up to 30,000 ton carriers—each consignment being worth around \$10-15 million and approximately one shipment being sent every 10 days. You may have heard of the \$158 million net profit for last year's operation!

Our two children are working in Australia—Diane as a receptionist at Park Royal Motor Inn, Brisbane, and Gavin is with Elders GM at Richmond, Queensland, halfway between Townsville and Mt. Isa. Both were right in the thick of things in the recent floods.

By now your Safari will be a thing of the past and only pleasant memories of renewed friendships remain. How I wish we could have joined you! Will again be on holidays January, 1975, when I hope we can meet up with a few of the blokes in Sydney.

My regards to yourself and all the fellows.

DIG, 24 Selkirk Avenue, Eaton, S.A. 65023, writes:—

Well I have always said I am a man of my word, when you were at the Shandon Hotel on the 68 Safari, I promised I would write something for the "Courier" and I have been waiting patiently ever since for something to happen—well it did—"our bus trip to Tidal River".

If the unit ever lists its deeds of glory I would like to see mentioned along with Timor, Ramu Valley, Wide Bay, the bus trip to Tidal River.

Like most great epics in history it had a lowly beginning, as I walked into the foyer of the Spencer Hotel, a group of chaps were standing around. Paddy Kenneally said, "Dig, would you like to go on a bus trip to Foster".

"Foster!", my head swam, at last I would be able to claim, "When I was at Foster". I yelled, "Bloody oath!"

Paddy had hired a bus, one of those drive-yourself jobs. Paddy was the driver and he asked me, would I be relief driver, if it meant getting to Foster I would have walked.

Next morning I arrived, half an hour late, all were anxious to move off, they all glared at me, that didn't worry me, I was going to Foster, just as I was about to climb into the bus someone mentioned Tidal River, I was all ready to climb out again, I think it was Bob Palmer who assured me I was on the right bus.

The first problem, the bus a 12 seater, but actually only seated 11, and poor Fred Otway being the gentleman that he is, was letting everyone else get seated, he finished up 12th man. Any other regimented train group would have left him on the footpath, but we were trained as independent C.O.'s, living off the land, showing initiative, so we dumped him in the back with the spare wheel, it wasn't much of a view but at least he could see where he had been and in the heavy Melbourne traffic it was better than seeing where you were going.

We set off in high spirits through the Melbourne traffic. This was to be Paddy's day of glory. Paddy was coach captain, I was co or vice-captain, we had 10 navigators (alias back seat drivers).

The next problem we had was Paddy couldn't find second gear, the bus was equipped with 4 forward gears and one reverse gear, although I don't member Paddy using it. Now there is nothing more disconcerting than crawling through heavy traffic looking for a lost second gear.

This was my turn to step into the breach, not being noted for valour, and I will honestly concede the fact that I was motivated by desperation, "call it what you like". I grabbed the offending gear lever and clunk, I rammed it into second gear. A great shout rang out from the rear and I was immediately promoted to gear finder and sorter outer, 1st class. I never did get to drive the bus.

Paddy knew the way to Tidal River, our destination, but he was having trouble finding his way out the city. Now this was where our 10 navigators shone, they all knew the road out of the city, but they were all different roads, till one of our more observant ones said if we stayed on the national highway No. 1 we would be right, I think that remarkable observation came from one of our women folk, the pretty one. Yes we had women with us, bravery shows no favouritism of gender.

The further we went the more efficient we all became in our chosen jobs. I have my doubts about Fred Otway, he first seemed to sit and stare out the back, he would have been a dead loss in the R.A.A.F. as a (A.H. Charlie). At this stage we had cleared the traffic and the serenity of travelling through the quiet country side proved too much for us, someone suggested a cup of tea, so we stopped at the next road house, while the others went in and ordered Paddy and I decided to check the tool kit, if any, in a small compartment under Paddy's seat. We found a jack and a camera. "Beauty", I said to Paddy, you can have the jack, but stubborn Paddy was all for handing the camera in when he returned the bus, I said, "Like hell, that's worth dough". Bob Palmer though so too, he took it away from us, it was his he had slipped it under seat when he got in the bus. Paddy and I went in and had a cup of tea. I had two good cameras anyway.

Eventually we reached our destination, "Tidal River". I got out of the bus and looked around. Foster at last, then I remembered all the tales I had heard about the hills, the steep slopes, the steep declines everywhere you walked was either up hill or down, they forgot to mention the flat ground from the kiosk to the memorial 200 yards, I paced it out, and by the way, they never mentioned the kiosk and the girls serving in it either.

We walked over to the memorial and looked with pride, not so much for its physical size, but for what it stood for, the colour patches around the top looked dowdy and faded, except the Double Red Diamonds it looked as if someone had shinned up there the day before and painted the red diamonds. While we were there a kiola bear wandered across the road and climbed a tree and sat and peered down at us and looked for all the world like an old Jew pondering over what per cent he would charge us, those of us who had cameras had a field day with him and the red lowrys that came and landed on the ground on your hands and head posing like veterans.

We left the memorial area and stopped where the camp site was, got out of the bus and while memories were being racked as to where the actual camps were we ate the pies and pasties we had bought from the kiosk. I would like to say now, I for one, appreciated the groups attitude towards the litter bags the pies were in were screwed up and poked under the undergrowth out of sight too often this is not done.

The trip back was quite uneventful and Paddy, the coach captain, improved as each mile rolled by. I assured him traffic would be no problem, everyone would be leaving the city and we would have the in roads to ourselves, this relieved the tension for Paddy no end, I actually saw him turn his head to looked sideways, previous to this, Paddy would only roll his eyes. As we approached the city limits, the traffic built up again until it resembled sardines on an assembly line, this would have been alright only we were in the right hand

lane on a four lane highway, and we had to get into the left hand lane. I thought this is great, I haven't got a change of clothes or a tooth brush and we will finish up in Sydney before we get over.

This was a challenge our 10 trusty navigators could not let go by unanswered, Paddy was back to his original position staring straight ahead, they guided him through between towering semis and laughed like mad when we got through without taking any paint off the sides of the bus, with a few more quick manoeuvres the dauntless 10 had Paddy in the left hand lane, a sheer impossibility.

As we came down the street which runs along the side of the Spencer Hotel the crowd started to sing, I am sure the pedestrians thought the bus was loaded with drunks, and how the hell did they negotiate the traffic. Paddy pulled the bus up to a perfect stop, didn't run into the car in front. We all climbed out and stood around smiling with an air of achievement, everyone being reluctant to move off, so breaking up such a gathering of gallantry, I noticed someone had to keep turning Fred Otway around, he had this habit of looking out the back.

Considering the questionable help Paddy had, he did a terrific job, he delivered the bus back to the depot in that heavy traffic on his own, and I will bet he found it easier than when he had all his helpers with him.

The heroes that took part in this epic feat were Paddy Kenneally, Mac Reid, Bob Palmer, Barb Palmer, Pam Smith, Ern Hoffman, Pat Campbell, Peter Campbell, Fred Otway, and your truly.

Col, the photos I took of the Melbourne part of the Safari will reach you in due course, Bert Bache is making up a couple of titles for them. I hope you will have them before Anzac.

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REQUIEM

On Tuesday evening, 30th April, our good friend and mate, and former president of the Association, Bill Epps slipped quietly away. His passing is a deep sorrow to his many friends and heartfelt sympathy goes out to Jess, his sons and all his family. Bill gave many years of hard work to the Association and mainly through his efforts the 'Courier' has survived as the official link of the Association. Although severely handicapped since his illness 18 months ago Bill has done his best to keep in touch and always helped in the assembling of the 'Courier'.

When the road is weary, rest is sweet.

Vale Bill.

MAY MEETING:

FIRST TUESDAY, BOWLS.

JUNE MEETING:

FIRST TUESDAY, CALCUTT TROPHY.

JULY MEETING:

FIRST TUESDAY, GUEST SPEAKER.

MEMBERS, PLEASE MAKE THE MONTHLY MEETINGS A MUST.

ATTEND AND ASSIST YOUR COMMITTEE.