

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Address all Association Correspondence to: Box T1646, G.P.O. Perth 6001

Vol. 84

OCTOBER 1990

Price 1c

COMING EVENTS

ANNUAL REUNION LUNCHEON

MEN ONLY

Friday, October 19th at 11.30am
at Lions Club Hall, Park Road, Mandurah

BE THERE TO ENJOY SOME SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

ANNUAL COMMEMORATION SERVICE

LOVEKIN DRIVE, KINGS PARK

Sunday, 18th November at 3.30pm

LEST WE FORGET

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL

Friday, 7th December at 11.00am

at Anzac Club, Perth

Please Wear Your Name Tags

VALE GORDON HOLMES

It is with regret we have to advise of the passing of that old veteran from the south west bush, Gordon Holmes. Gordon died as a result of a massive heart attack at the Mt Barker Regional Hospital on 26th July, 1990. He had been in poor health for a number of years and had spent quite a lot of time in the Kojonup Hospital for Aged Care in the last few years.

After service in the Militia in 1939-40 with the 25th Light Horse Gordon joined the AIF and was at Northam Camp when the 'Hush Hush' were called for. He joined immediately, was eventually to become a member of No. 3 Section 'A' Platoon and served throughout the Timor Campaign. He did not rejoin the Unit after Timor.

In civilian life Gordon was making a small farm in the Cranbrook area but worked for a lot of his time as a farm labourer around the districts of Cranbrook, Kojonup and Frankland and thus became very well known throughout this large area. He was always something of a loner and liked to put a lot of his time in the bush.

As far as he could, Gordon took a great interest in the 2/2nd Commando Association and attended many reunions and country conventions. In the early days of the Association he never failed to get in touch with someone in executive capacity whenever in the City.

His funeral was conducted on 31st July 1990 at the Yeraminup Cemetery near the Frankland River. This small burial area had to be seen to be believed. At the moment it consists of three graves, Gordon's grandmother buried 1922, Gordon's father buried 1919 and Gordon buried 1990! The setting is beautiful in a dell under a grove of trees and has a small gateway, obviously made by a local tradesman, of wrought iron on two stone pillar gate posts.

Gordon was a loner in life and is definitely a loner in death. A contingent of Don Turton, Jack Carey, Col Doig and Jack Fowler came from Perth, Joe and Helen Poynton, Tony and Gwen Bowers, Roy Watson and Barbara Goddard, and Don Hudson from Mandurah and Bernie Langridge picked up Harold Rowan-Robinson from Bridgetown. Remember, the trip from Perth was 400 kms and from Mandurah some 300 kms each way.

Harold Rowan-Robinson gave a short address. Don Turton recited the Ode and the undertakers provided a tape of Reveille and Last Post. A very impressive little service in this remote area but, wait for it, at least 100 people from the areas attended and the Clergyman gave a nice address. It makes one

feel very humble and very proud to be a member of an Association that can give such a magnificent response at such a great distance.

The members who attended from Perth, plus Bernie Langridge and Robbie, would like to express thanks to Mr and Mrs Herbert (cousins of Gordon) for their nice gesture providing hot soup and sandwiches for us and also acting as guides to the funeral venue.

Col Doig.

VALE DERN ANNING

Once again we have to record the passing of one of the Timor veterans, Dern Anning, in Hobart on the 16th July 1990. A letter from Vic Pacey gave us the sad news.

Dern was originally with the 2/40th Bn. and was among those personnel who got through after the Jap capture of Dutch Timor and he then soldiered on with the 2/2nd until evacuated from Timor in December 1942. He was originally with Col Doig's crowd at Maliana and later with Max Davies' Section in 'D' Platoon.

Dern was one of those really likeable blokes who never seemed to get perturbed or upset. At one time he was a partner of the redoubtable 'Smash' Hodgson on some of his patrols.

Dern did not rejoin our Unit after Timor and the Writer met him in Hobart in early 1946 and had quite a run around that City with him.

It is really sad to see the veterans of our early campaign falling by the wayside in quite a large number.

A sad farewell to a thoroughly nice chap.

Col Doig.

VALE TOM FITZGERALD

We have to advise with regret of the passing of Tom Fitzgerald on 24th August 1990, quite suddenly.

Tom was an original member of No. 4 Section 'B' Platoon, and served in Korea where he was fairly severely wounded and was later to be accepted as TPI.

Tom did not take any great interest in Association affairs and only attended a very few functions. His main recreational interest was the Perth Football Club.

We extend our condolences to Connie and his family and relatives on his passing.

Tom's funeral was held on 28th August 1990 at Karrakatta and was attended by the following from the Association: Don Turton, George

Fletcher, Fred Sparkman, Col Criddle, Percy Hancock, 'Doc' Wheatley, Jack Carey, Don May, Tom Bateman, Keith Hayes, Ernie Bingham, Ted Monk, Arch Campbell, Wilf March, Col Doig, Mick and Jean Holland.

DONATIONS TO COURIER

Reg and Dot Harrington, Sylvia Walsh, Beryl Griffiths, Swampy Marsh, Bert King, Doug Fullarton, Steve Stevenson, Col. Andrew, Ron Gurr, George Piper (deceased), John Poynton, Jack Carey, Wilf March, Les Halse, Fred Sparkman, Ray Aitken, Don Hudson, Col Doig, Roy Watson, Barbara Goddard, Jess Epps, Phyllis Brown, Joan Hamilton-Smith, Bernard Callinan.

For some time Helen and Joe Poynton and other members in the Mandurah area have been fostering the idea of having regular outings in and around Mandurah where the 2/2nd is now strongly represented.

On Monday, July 16th, this idea came to fruition when a group of twenty two

Mandurahites attended a meeting at the home of Bill and Elvie Howell. It proved to be a lively, sometimes hilarious meeting, with all present showing great enthusiasm and confidence in the successful and happy future of the group.

The first decision to be made was how often to meet. Everyone agreed that the third Monday of each month was acceptable but Tony Bowers was not so sure because Monday is one of his golf days but, on contemplation he admitted, with a rueful grin, that he's not playing golf these days! (We all hope that Tony's back will improve soon).

There was much discussion and many good ideas were put forward with regard to future outings.

With all necessary decisions made, it was time to get down to the business of enjoyment at which, of course, 2/2nd members excel.

Bill and Elvie made us most comfortable in their spacious home, and in no time at all everyone was talking at once and so began a happy get-together, the first of many. Hot and cold drinks were enjoyed, two profitable raffles organised and then we adjourned to Bill's Barbecue Room where we lunched, laughed and launched.



The Mandurah Two-Twos

12 Marda Way
Nollamara 6061

Dear Don and Vida,

Thank you for calling and bringing the copy of the Courier. It was most appreciated. Sincere thanks also to Col Doig for the excellent write up of Jerry. Your Eulogy too Don, on my sister Bridget and brother Jack's behalf, once again our sincere thanks.

It was a sad time for the 2/2nd, Ernest Wilcox passing to his eternal reward so soon after Jerry.

My daughter and son-in-law played the video for us. We all thoroughly enjoyed it — the Kokoda Trail and Timor. Also the Anzac Day March, we could see Jerry quite well, however, we all agreed that he didn't look well, and he had a slight limp. Courage and old fashioned stubbornness carried him through. He carried out what was his greatest wish, and that is all that mattered.

We enjoyed reading all the Courier news, very interesting, particularly 'Paddy's Visit to New Guinea' and also Timor Memorial.

The weather has been very cold and I must say I am looking forward to some nice Spring weather which surely must be just around the corner. It has been one of the coldest winters I have known. Jack, my brother, in Denmark, said it is the wettest and coldest winter he has experienced and he has lived there all his life and he is aged 78.

Well Don and Vida must close, thanking you both once again, and thanks too to all the 'boys' of the 2/2 Commandos. God bless.

Yours sincerely,

Anne Ryan

RAKING UP THE LEAVES

*'Twas peaceful and quiet that day in the Park
As I raked up the leaves and the pieces of bark
When I gazed up and down that long line of
trees*

*And memories stirred with thoughts that can
please*

*To recall the 50 and 2 of the men honoured
there*

*Who proudly the double red diamond did wear
I thought of my mates, those splendid young
men*

*There were Charlie and Bill, Scotty, Paddy
and Ben*

*The memory lingered on how they looked
then*

*As along with the leaves the heart had been
stirred*

For memory lasts; it cannot be blurred.

Jerry Haire

October 5, 1953.

A SAD LOSS

Ted Loud has been unfortunate in losing his wife Phyllis, on the 18th August 1990, after a long illness. The funeral was held on Friday, 24th August.

Phyl was a member of the W.A.A.F. during World War II and the boys met her quite frequently when we were on leave in those days. As a motor transport driver she really excelled.

After demobilisation Phyl started a small green grocery business at Pemberton and also provided most of the catering for the various functions in the Pemberton district.

We extend to Ted our most sincere condolences on his sad loss. and also to their family.

The following members attended the grave side service: Don Turton, Jack Carey, Ray Aitken, George Fletcher, Jack and Norma Hasson and Col Doig.

Col Doig.

8 Hilltop Crescent
Rhyll 3923

VICTORIA 1991 50TH ANNIVERSARY

The organisation of our 50th anniversary get-together is proceeding smoothly, with some 54 participants so far. As indicated in the August Courier, all are being accommodated within easy walking distance of each other and suitable water holes.

Following the publication of the itinerary in the Courier we felt there may be some from other states who would like to participate. Some indication of interest has already reached me by the 'grapevine,' phone calls etc. Could all intending participants please apply to me immediately by letter or on the application form (previously sent to Vic., S.A. and Tas. members) enclosing \$30 to book accommodation. Planning cannot proceed until we know the numbers and requirements of individuals. We are trying to place people near particular mates, though we will be gathering as a group on each day.

Further information will be published in the Courier from time to time and an up-to-date resume sent to each participant as the need arises. The next of these information sheets will probably be sent to participants in November.

Regards to all

Leith Cooper,
Hon. Sec.

Reprint Of "THE INDEPENDENTS" By JIM SMAILES

With a masterly foreword by Major Rolf Baldwin, this unique and remarkable Narrative Poem, written by the Author while on service in TIMOR is available once again in limited numbers.

This will be the last chance to lay hands on a masterpiece which will be of outstanding souvenir value as the years roll by.

A further feature of this great work is that the cartoons amplifying various verses are the original work of the great Paul Rigby on his arrival in W.A. This gem of a production would be great as a gift to Children, Grandchildren, Relatives and Friends, especially on such *Anniversaries as Christmas, Birthdays* and other *Great Occasions*.

Priced as below, you should snap up as many as possible while they are available.

1 or 2 copies — \$4.00 per copy
3 copies for \$10.00

Extra Special Offer — 10 copies for \$30.00. All plus postage.

Postage:

1 copy W.A. 80c	Interstate 90c
2 and 3 copies W.A. \$1.20,	Interstate \$1.40
4, 5 and 6 copies W.A. \$1.90	Interstate \$2.50

As accommodation is in high demand at this time, intending members are urged to advise and forward at least a \$20 deposit to Alan Luby, 6/35 Richmond Avenue, Dee Why, 2099 as soon as possible.

We will also need to advise the Club Catering manager of numbers if you want to join the Mess Parade.

Further detail in due course.

SAFARI PORT MACQUARIE 1992

Preliminary arrangements have commenced to conduct our next Safari Reunion at Port Macquarie on the north coast of NSW during March 1992.

A meeting was held recently to get the ball rolling, and, as usual, full details will be formulated in due course and published.

As well as myself and Edith, Harry and Amyce Handicott, Todd Roods (2/6) and Janette Hyde (Function Co-ordinator of Port Macquarie RSL Club) were in attendance. Being locals, they have their finger on the pulse and have the contacts to work up the kind of programme and accommodation we desire.

An endeavour will be made to secure accommodation similar to the Silverton block where we enjoyed the Gold Coast Reunion some years ago, as well as motel and caravan park blocks for those who have that need.

Further advice will be promulgated in the Courier — in the meantime, keep well, and fill those Piggy Banks!

Best wishes to all.

Alan Luby

JUBILEE DINNER 1991

Tentative plan for NSW, Queensland and ACT members Jubilee Dinner to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the formation of the 2/2nd Commando Squadron, 11th July, 1941.

The Jubilee Dinner will be held at Coffs Harbour Ex services Club, High Street, Coffs Harbour, Thursday, 11st July at 1900 hours. Cost approximately \$35 per head including drinks.

All members, wives and widows are welcome to attend.

Travel by road, rail, air or sea.

Recommend Chelsea Motor Inn or Plantation Hotel/Motel. Approximately \$40 double, 3-5 minutes from Club.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER

N. Grachan
15 Banksia Court
Mulgrave 3170

Enclosed my donation to the Courier, suddenly realising same long overdue. My dears, what would we widows do without it? I derive so much pleasure, also warm and sometimes sad memories of bygone days, as I peruse each edition, the togetherness of the 2/2 will always be foremost.

My first experience of a Sarari, each day brings me untold happy reflections. I met so

many beautiful people, and the experience of emotion, as people met, many after a long lapse of time, will forever be encased in my memory. I feel so proud and a much better person for being part of the great 2/2. Thank you.

Regards to all.

Nina

S. R. Marsh
17 McGough St
Glenorchy 7010

Enclosed is a donation for the Courier which I always look forward to.

Lost one of our old mates, Dern Anning, a few days ago — a big turnup at the funeral.

I still enjoy my game of indoor bowls at the Claremont RSL every Wednesday, and our Senior Citizens trips away into the country every six weeks for a counter meal at different towns and hotels.

Looking forward to the next Courier and regards to all members.

Yours sincerely,

"Swampy"

B. King
C/- P.O.
Quorn 5433

Thanks for your reply to my earlier letter and the price list of various items. I am enclosing a cheque, please hand the extra money to the Courier fund.

Eric Weller is well on his way home by now and 'Litchie' is up on his station at Marree.

Have had a letter from Tom Nisbet — I envy him his trip back to Dili in August.

I hope all is well with all members.

Best regards.

Bert

J. P. Kenneally
6 Kenneally Court
Cork Hill, Youghal
Co. Cork, Ireland

I'm having a great time here. It's a land of question marks, contradictions and humour. The way a young student put it to me — "Perhaps we should be more serious, concentrate more on the job, and be more efficient. I saw a German on a job once and that man was not created to be just an efficient

robot or piece of machinery, there's more to life than that." I reckon that was the best explanation of their approach to living I have come up with here. "There's more to life than that." They explore the other side.

Spent a week in England, a different philosophy there. They have a more conventional approach, all placed in neat tidy squares, and strictly to rules. I went down to Sussex to see Michael Calvert. He was out, but believe it or not, a car passed me on the road, a quick glance at the driver and I let out a mighty "Hoi." I was right. We had lunch at a pub a bit down the road. A most interesting few hours listening to Michael relate his experiences in Australia. I've read the book on his exploits in Norway, Burma and Holland but the one I would love to read, should he ever get round to writing it, is his post army life. During that lunch I had a few peeps here and there into that life. Michael Calvert was a superb soldier and leader. I think his greatest battle, and victory, was the one he waged against himself. I've rarely enjoyed a more absorbing few hours.

Mr Ian Ronald I did not find, no number to the house, no name in the phone book so I saved my legs and time. Apart from visiting relatives and a couple of trips to London, I spent my time tramping through an extensive area of woods, quite close to my cousin's house in Bexley. Nora had a lot of gossip to catch up on with our mutual cousins. She had spent three years in this part of Kent prior to meeting, as she fondly thought, an incognito millionaire, way back in 1951. She came 13,000 miles, found reality, and has enjoyed the joke every since.

We are living in the house Nora was born in here. Her brother owns it now, mostly it is empty and any of the family visiting Youghal use it. The front door is a busy place, as people pop in to see Nora and renew old friendships. We have had a few reunions in some of the locals too. They are an entirely different kind of pub to ours in Australia, or the English pubs. Singing is not frowned upon, and serious talk is taboo. Nora as usual sticking to orange juice and a clear head. I drink the black orange juice, consequently I have to walk miles to make sure I fit inside my clothes. My brother-in-law took me for a nice short walk — eight miles later we arrived back in town.

As for the cattlemen of the Unit, I saw a herd of two year old bullocks, current value eight to nine hundred quid (Irish), Australian currency sixteen to eighteen hundred dollars. No wonder the Irish farmers are smiling in their Guinness. My cousin told me 1992 and no more borders for the European common market countries. Maggie Thatcher is against it but it looks like she will have to comply. Britain hitched her wagon to Europe, despite a

century of preferential treatment by the Commonwealth countries. She cut the painter, I doubt that it can be respiced now. We have had to find alternative markets. We are a European people, geographically we are in Asia.

As usual, I've been on the move, up in Donegal a really beautiful part of Ireland, an incredibly rugged and scenic coastline, wild upland mountain bobs, little habitation. It is possible to feel as isolated up there as in outback Australia. Years ago I tramped across the mountains from Glencolumcille to Letterkenny adjacent to Lough Foyle. Doubt I could do it now, much as I'd like to, back through Llgo and Yeates country to the Shannon River and back down to Cork. That will be the extent on my travelling for now.

Next week Nora and I will go to Tipperary, over the Knockmealdown mountains, and probably one of the finest views of rural Ireland from the V. Tony and Carol Bowers, Peter and Pat Campbell were with me 12 years ago when we went up through those mountains in bleak, cloudy weather. On reaching the V, we looked down over a sun drenched golden vale. The climb was worth it.

I'll call it a day. I'm off to see a cousin who has never bred a fast greyhound in his life, he is still trying. I will be introduced to his future hopes, a vivid description of their ancestry, and a more vivid forecast as to what their abilities will be. There must be something

somewhere, he still gets enough tucker to support a 15 stone frame, or else its the fresh unpolluted air he breathes as he walks them for miles. Nora and I have to walk two miles up hill to reach his home. The view from the top will be worth it.

I have enclosed a photo. You will have no trouble identifying the well groomed figure on the left, the other is Mike Calvert as he is today.

Paddy

A. Luby
6/35 Richmond Ave
Dee Why 2099

Dear Jack,

At last I'm in a position to make a reply to your letter of June 22, waiting until I had some information for publication on pending activities next year and 1992 Safari.

We hadn't heard of either Keith Wilson or 'Willie Wilcox for many years, and only learned of Willie's death half an hour prior to his funeral time. I have spoken on the phone to his widow, Gloria, who tells me she is OK. Also spoke at length with Keith who has undertaken to write up the Vale you requested.

Pleased to hear that Arch is on the improve, he was pushing himself to keep up with the Nuriootpa programme.

I'm sure Don will do a great job as Association President — please pass on our congratulations to him, and our good wishes. Ron Orr was pleased to have a visit from him as he passed through Grafton. Ron is another of our soldiers who has shown marked deterioration.

Tom Nisbet sent me details of the Victorian Association plan for next year during March, at which we hope to be present. Arthur Littler informs that the remaining Victorian branches will have their celebration at the normal commemoration service at Tidal River in November.

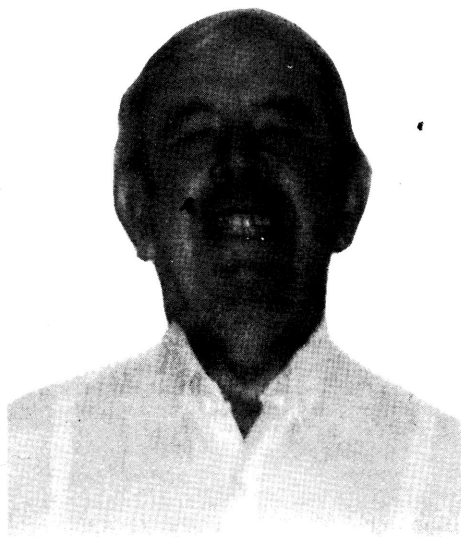
Recently I had a phone conversation with Betty Craig who was enjoying a few days break with Ron and Marje Goodacre. She has had another session with the A.A.T. Board. She was happier with the reception and attitude of the Board and has a further hearing set down for September 26 when they request the attendance of some of our members to speak about conditions, diet and other factors of service in New Guinea and New Britain. Also, whether he ate food that had been handled, grown or prepared by natives. They are interested too, in whether any of our members have suffered from Multiple Schlerosis. We cannot recall any in NSW off



BOB SMYTH'S ROGUES GALLERY — SEQUENCE 12



Vic Pacey



Gerald Slade



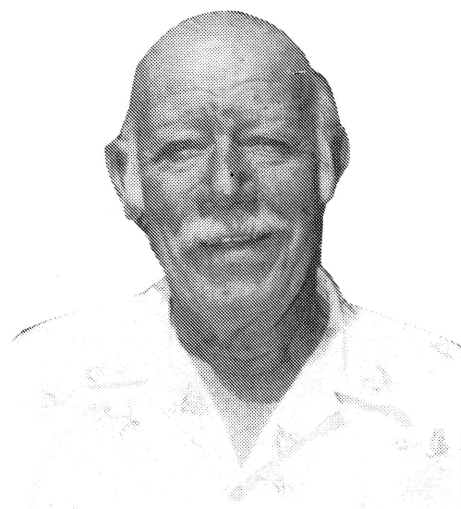
Les Hills



Gordon Watts



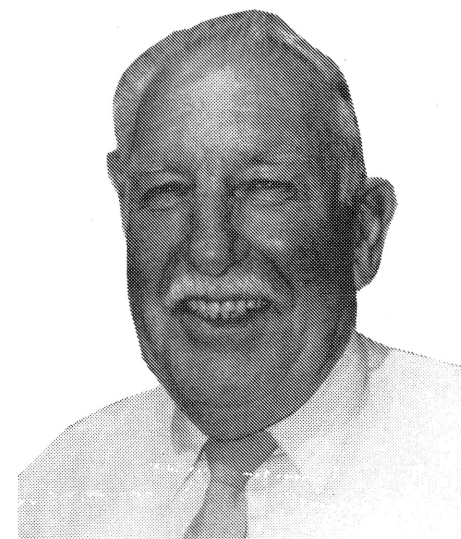
Gordon Rowley



Jack Penglase



Alex Thomson



Clarrie Turner

hand, except perhaps Jack Servante who came to a tragic end. If you can come up with anything along these lines, please let us know.

We've had a visit from June Bennett who sends her regards.

Jack Leslie appreciated the welcome he received in Perth on Anzac Day.

Edith (much the same) joins in sending love and best wishes to all our friends.

Sincerely,

Alan

R. Splatt
C/- 235 Grenfell St
Adelaide 5000

Dear Jack,

I was beginning to wonder when I would hear from someone in the Company, when your letter arrived from Perth. I was pleasantly surprised, although I had expected a letter from Melbourne, being a Victorian. It does not matter a great deal, as long as my small contribution finishes up somewhere to our Company's benefit, so be it. Further to this, I mailed off another letter to Melbourne containing \$50 for life membership, and am still waiting for a reply. I did have a letter from Mr Boast saying he had informed the Melbourne Secretary.

The paper you sent me was the first I have had for quite a period. Admittedly, I have moved about a fair bit and understand it would have been difficult for mail to catch up with me. I last saw the Melbourne and Victorian fellows two years ago on that year's Anzac Day. Since then have not heard from them, so I wrote to Tom Nisbet who said it had been taken care of. Then I had your letter, which I thank you for. It's good to hear of the whereabouts of the Company fellows. I will be leaving here but at the moment I cannot say just when. However, I will, of course, let you know.

I am quite fit and managing to earn a few dollars as a Designer/Artist and keeping up with the trend of things generally. At odd times rather frustrating but manage to meet the challenge of the commercial world and earn myself an interesting living.

I lived away from Australia up until a few years ago, an interesting existence. Perhaps I will write it all down one of these days. I had commenced to, and have already written quite a fair amount — perhaps one day a book.

Would like to hear from you, if in the near future you have a spare moment.

All the best for now.

Raymond

J. Fowler
Alaska

We had a good trip from Perth to Vancouver where we spent a couple of days and visited the Victoria Gardens, the nicest gardens I have ever seen.

We came to Juneau, Alaska on the 'Star Princess,' a beautiful ship twelve stories high. We are in a beaut cabin on the eighth floor, and what a magnificent trip. Our group are the only Australians, the rest are Japs, Yanks and Canadians. There are 2,000 people on board and we talk to them all. The food is first class and plenty of it, and there is always plenty of good entertainment, the sea is like a mill pond and we are enjoying every minute.

We've had a look around Juneau and it is quite a place, and tomorrow we go on to Skagway.

Kindest regards.

John

C. Andrews
5 Oakwood St
Caloundra 4551

Herewith cheque to carry on Courier.

Also please note change of address.

Best wishes to all.

Col Andrews

L. Bomford
St. Anne's Nursing Home
142 Davey St
Hobart 7000

A few lines to let you know of my change of address. I entered the rest home recently as my health is not the best.

I was glad to see in the last Courier that Wally and Isobel Elmore paid you a visit. Wally and I have been mates for a long time and he always finds the time to visit me when down from Launceston.

I regret having to tell you that Dern Anning passed away recently. Dern had been in ill health for a long time. Dern was in Headquarters and was a very straight forward man who was well liked by all who knew him, as indicated by the large crowd at his funeral. He is survived by his wife Pat and two daughters.

Kind regards to all.

Lance Bomford.

EDITOR: *Get better quickly Lance. Kind regards from us all.*

S. Walsh
54 Kirwan St
Floreat Park 6014

Enclosed is a cheque for the Courier and thanks a lot for sending it. good to hear of everyone, long time no contact. Was glad of Colin getting in touch with me, would like to see everyone again.

Sorry to hear of the number of deaths, unfortunately age and health catches up with us all.

Would love to attend any of the functions. Do still play the piano and remember all the evenings in the past when Alf was with us.

Regards to all.

Sylvia

N. Tillett
48 Wanstead St
Corowa 2646

It is a cold, wet day here, which is not helping my writing but it is a good chance to catch up on mail.

We have been at the above address since last January. Fran comes from Corowa so it was fitting that we should buy a home here, where a number of her family still live. It is a nice old place, noted mainly for being the place where the politicians of 1900 met and formulated the Federation of Australia.

Most of the towns on the NSW side of the River Murray are renowned for their golf clubs and poker machines. Corowa has such a Golf Club but also has the biggest Bowls Club in the world and a very big RSL Club. Daily a constant stream of buses arrive from Melbourne and suburbs, bringing people eager to spend their money on the 'pokies' so that we locals can get cheap golf, meals and entertainment.

Our Victorian Unit is well under way for its 50th celebrations next year and I have not any doubts about it being successful.

Cheers for now, best regards to all from Fran and myself.

Norm

K. Wilson
1/198 Booker Bay Rd
Booker Bay 2257

Recently I wrote telling you of the death of Ernest (Willie) Wilcox, not Eric as printed in our address book. Alan Luby asked if I would see Willie's wife Gloria and get any information that would be useful for his Vale Notice in the Courier.

As you know, Willie was only 17 years of age when serving his country in Timor and went on to serve in New Guinea and New Britain until the end of the war.

Willie was a real Aussie battler. His family consisted of four boys and three girls, and to provide for them he worked in two jobs, one with the Auburn council and the other as a cleaner at night with Grace Bros. This enabled him to buy a home at St. Marys, which he later sold and then bought his retirement home at Umina on the central coast of New South Wales.

Willie suffered from asthma and this decided him to retire from the Council after 31 years service. After retirement it was found that he had an enlarged heart.

When I met him after many years he was the same happy go lucky fellow I knew in the army. His family told me he went through life in much the same manner. When he moved to Umina most of his family moved to the central coast also. Gloria has had a lot of support from them. He was much loved and will be sorely missed.

Willie died on Sunday, 10th June and was buried at Pt. Clare Cemetery on the 14th June. He passed away suddenly at home after having been for a walk to the beach and admiring the beautiful Broken Bay scenery. He had been joking with his family and was discovered sitting in his chair. A good way to go but hard on his family.

I was not notified of Willie's death until the Wednesday evening, otherwise I'm sure the Sydney fellows would have attended his funeral. However, I represented the Unit and also the members of the Woy Woy RSL were in attendance. The Last Post was played at the cemetery. Poppies were placed on the casket.

Best wishes.

Keith

E. and M. Weller
136 Kempton St
Bluff Point 6530

This is overdue, but we have been travelling far and wide and now we are spending a month in Newman with our daughter and son-in-law, so we have more time.

I would like to thank the South Australians for a wonderful time in Nuriootpa. We enjoyed every minute and were treated like royalty. It was so nice to meet up with everyone, but sad to miss those who could not be there.

We went from Nuriootpa to Victoria and saw all the towns along the Murray, and down to Wangaratta to see Archie and Dawn Claney

who gave us a wonderful welcome. We enjoyed our stay and didn't want to move on, but we had to. We went up to Bright and over the mountain to Mt. Beauty which is well named. We went up Mt. Hotham but we got a white out and had to turn back about 10 kms from the lodge. We went up Buffalo where they say you can see forever but the cloud cover was so thick we could manage about 15 feet and then it rained so we decided to leave. It was also freezing cold, or it seemed that way to a West Aussie.

We went back to South Australia by a different route, across the middle. It was sad to leave the green of Victoria for the dry of South Australia. We went back to Nuriootpa and up to Quorn where we met Bert King whose caravan was parked next to ours. We were only going to stay overnight at Quorn but decided to have a ride on the Pichi Richi train, so stayed the weekend.

When Eric went on his daily walk he met up with Lyle Litchfield and we stayed another ten days as it rained almost non-stop and we couldn't get up to Hawker and beyond. We moved our van around to Lyle and Lois and had a wonderful time with them. We went up to Wilpena Pound and then to Marree and spent a fortnight with them on their station. It was the week of the races and people came from miles around. Back to Quorn where we said a very reluctant farewell to Lyle and Lois and off up through the centre. We would like to have gone through Oodnadatta but the road was closed so we went up to Ayers Rock. Eric climbed it and I looked on. To Alice where we got zero and less every night and 16 to 17 in the days, and we were looking for the heat. That came at Tennant Creek and we shed several layers of woollies and the ugg boots. We spent the weekend there and one night at Daly Waters and off to Mataranka to the artesian waters where we swam. We took a trip up the Roper River to the Red Lily Lagoon which is beautiful, then to Katherine and back to the gorge. We stayed there five days waiting for mail, then across to Timber Creek and in Western Australia by then it was hot, 37° when we arrived in Kununurra. We flew over Lake Argyle and The Bungles and went down to Halls Creek and to Broome where we spent a fortnight catching up with all our friends who still live there. Now we have our suntan back. Broome has changed so much, but the prices haven't and it still costs a fortune to live there, although Katherine was more expensive, especially the vegies. We met up with Patricia and John in Hedland and went fishing for three days and only caught seven fish.

Came over to Newman on the lovely new highway. The scenery is beautiful except for the first half, out from Hedland, where we had

to drive through a sand storm for 40 kms.

We will be in Perth at the beginning of September and will be coming to the Convention but will not require accommodation.

We only had two mishaps, first we holed our water tank coming down from Marree and were lucky to get the only water tank they had in Port Augusta. When we arrived in Broome we discovered our tow bar was hanging on to the Datsun by the skin of its teeth, and had to have it welded back on. We had cold shivers down our spines when we imagined what could have happened if it had broken on the highway, and considered we had used up a year's supply of good luck.

Love to all.

Eric and Margaret

P. Barden
2 Dampier St
Geraldton 6530

It is with deep regret that I will not be attending the Fremantle Convention. I have had four operations in St John of God Hospital at Geraldton, three in May/June and the latest on August 16, because of Fistula trouble, so I have restricted my activities in the hope that the matter will be rectified in the not too distant future. My health generally is pretty good and I continue to eat only the good things because I have had diabetes for many years. Nip Cunningham will also not be attending the Convention because he has had more surgery in connection with sun spots. However, we both extend our best wishes for a highly successful Convention, which we are sure it will be because of the interesting itinerary and calibre of those associated with its organisation.

Many thanks for the privilege of continuing to represent our wonderful Association as Northern Area Country Vice-President, an honour which dates back to July 1959, three years after I came to Geraldton from Mullewa.

Hearty congratulations to Don Turton on his acceptance of the Presidency after having played a major role in Association activities over the years; also to Stan and Charlie Sadler on their Life Memberships.

Recently I had a phone call from a young man, Carl Bradbury, on a visit to Perth from the Eastern States, who was seeking contact with Tom Foster to see if Tom had a suitable area on his property at Allanoooka for a hunting expedition to try out a new rifle. Our address book only contains Tom's P.O. Box number, so I gave Carl both phone numbers, (099) 27 6022 and (099) 27 6062, the latter being the shed number. It would be a good idea if Tom

and Mary's address and phone number were written into the address book.

I must be off now as I have a commitment in connection with information for inclusion in a book on the history of Geraldton City RSL Sub-Branch, which is to be produced in association with the 75th anniversary of the Sub-Branch in 1992.

Best wishes to you all.

Peter

J. Hamilton-Smith
1 Pease St
Denmark 6333

Enclosed donation towards Courier etc.

Have just been reading Paddy's account of his return to the jungle. I've just come back from a visit to Sarawak where we made a couple of excursions into the jungle. In comparison to Paddy's journey I only stuck my little toe in where he went in boots and all!

I'm a lady of leisure now as I have sold the business. I hope to catch up on some travelling which I should have done 20 years ago.

Regards,

Joan Hamilton Smith

EDITOR: *Thanks for your donation and the humour of your trip compared to Paddy's. Regards from us all.*

A. E. Friend
29 Rushton St
Carnarvon 6701

Dear Jack and Delys,

At last pen to paper, it's a long time coming and I have meant to write so often.

After speaking to you I have drawn something like the plaque I was talking about. This is only a suggestion regarding design and when you bring it forward it may change altogether. However, the cost of the club's plaques was \$110.00 for the first one, then \$42 for any others, so if the proposal is acceptable to the Association I will pay for the artwork and the first plaque (plus postage).

Have had quite a few of the old boys to see me lately, Jack Fowler, Stan Payne, Keith Hayes and Don Hudon. It's great to see them again. I feel like a hermit here but my back and right leg kill me sometimes and restrict my travelling.

Had a call from Alan Hollow the other day and he asked me to make the effort and be at the Fremantle Convention. A great thought and, depending on back etc., might make it. It's

been a long time since I attended a gathering, but I think of the old boys quite often, especially the old No. 4 — 'B' Platoon.

Well Jack, must away for now. Give my regards to all and sundry and best wishes to you both.

Albie Friend

C. V. Pacey
9 Brushy Creek Rd
Lenah Valley 7008

I have to advise the death of Dern Anning on 16th July, 1990 after a long illness with Lymphoma. Dern was a member of the 2/40 Bn., and was a popular member wherever he was posted in Timor.

Mrs Anning advised me that Dern was able to return to work with the Dept of Social Security until sickness prevented same. He played competitive bowls, enjoyed reading and was always pleased to receive the Courier to read news of friends. Mrs Anning would appreciate receiving future editions of the Courier.

Dern was a good man and will be missed in many ways.

Vic

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND ADDITIONS

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SPLATT, Mr R.
Ray
C/- 235 Grenfell St
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ANDREWS, Mr C. S.
Col and Jeanette
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BOMFORD, Mr L.
Lance
St Anne's Nursing Home
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Hobart 7000

FOSTER, Mr T.
Tom and Mary
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Geraldton 6530
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MARSH, Mr S. R.
Swampy and Joan
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HAMILTON-SMITH, Mrs J.
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PADDY'S VISIT TO NEW GUINEA Part 2.

Apparently the Marys are not as docile as they appear, walking to market with the garden produce, whilst the Lord and masta ambles along chewing Betel Nut. (Which unfortunately has reached the highlands and is extensively used. It and the lime used in conjunction burn the teeth away to the gums and eventually gives them cancer in the mouth.) About an hour and a half and we reach Kundiawa. Like all highland towns a seething mass of people. The markets flat out, and all shops crowded. We don't stay long.

My Baptist Brigand driver anxious to get home, we head for Mount Hagan 90 kms away. Nearly impossible to see through his windscreen. His mother banged her head into it in a crash. Samuel, the driver, said "My mother not hurt, only the windscreen." It's like trying to see through a fan. The road sticks to the valley floor, the road is excellent and for once seems to be free of pigs, goats, dogs and sheep, but not people. Each side of the road is flanked by tea, coffee, pepper, cardamon plantations, tea and coffee predominating. There are also huge areas of corn and bananas. Coconut palms grow up here but do not bear fruit.

Mount Hagan at last. The truck barely moves through the crowd. Sam parks, we get out. I want a birthday card for Nora, nothing suitable, so I do it by letter on top of my pack in a reserve near the P.O. The job finished I address the envelope, pop in the letter, walk

round the P.O. and sent it down the shute. No stamps affixed. I didn't find that out until I saw the stamps I had bought in Kundiawa for the job still in the wallet. Sam ran us out to the Catholic mission we had seen on the main road on the way in. I met Father Peter from Rose Bay in Sydney and a Divine Word Order Missionary Priest. "Come in and have lunch," was the greeting, "There's a boy with me Father," I said, "Bring him too" was the reply. I got Andrew. I told Sam we were right, he had wanted me to go out to his place on the farm. I was inclined to accept, but I would not have been able to go to mass on Sunday had I done so. I declined reluctantly. He was a humorous happy go lucky rogue, with little harm in him.

We enjoyed an excellent lunch. Father had to hear confessions at 2.00pm. At 3.30pm he was relieved, joined us in a cup of coffee. I've rung Kanninga they have a room, and they are more reasonable in tariff. Our guest accommodation is occupied at present. He drove us to Kanninga, 32 kina night double and breakfast. I said "We will have dinner tonight too." I asked the price. "Hold it" I said. "till I check the treasury, no tea." To do so would have left me I think with 5 kina to get to Goroka 180 kms away. I turned to Andrew "We will just have to go without mate. Just think of all the batteries I've had to buy you so as you could walk to music, and cigarettes, so as you could walk,

puff and listen. Well, enjoy them tonight for your tea." Sadly, "Yes masta." I went to 5.00pm Mass, got there about 4.45pm. Two priests were still hearing confessions, so I went myself. I reckon that afternoon those priests heard more confessions than a dozen parishes would hear in a year in Australia. the christians fast becoming pagans, the pagans becoming christians. After mass I walked up to the market nearby, I came back with two big cobs of cooked corn and a dozen bananas. Walked through the office, my tea hanging off my hands. Andrew looked at tea, and his face fell.

Then he laughed when I laughingly said, "It will keep us nice and slim Andrew." We enjoyed the corn, would have been better with a bit of salt. We could only manage eight bananas. Off to sleep. Breakfast next morning was excellent, all the Corn Flakes, Vita Brits you wanted. I backed up on the Corn Flakes as did Andrew. Plenty of tea or coffee. Then I got a shock when the kitchen boy marched in with bacon and eggs and two slices of toast. That followed the Corn Flakes. One more cup of coffee and we were off, handed in the key, shouldered the pack, and looked for transport. A bus pulled straight up. These buses are long wheel base Toyotas, Mitsubishi, and Nissans. Some in very good condition ranging down to scrap heap. We climbed aboard one of the latter. Off we roared, no glass in one panel in the back where Andrew and myself sat in frozen isolation.

All the highlanders had enough sense to sit forward of the freezer in comparative comfort. A bit of agitation up front, and glances our way. "What's all the strife about Andrew?" I asked. Andrew went forward, came back with a grin, "He would like the 12 kina masta." So I shelled out 12 kina and all is happy up front and freezing down the back. We swing off the road, and pull up a mile or so down the by road, our driver immediately jumps out, holds earnest confab with the driver of the other bus, comes back and says, "You go that fellow bus masta, me go back, no more people go Kundiawa, people go back Hagan." So we transferred as simply as that, he gives me back 10 kina. I board the other bus up front, behind the driver, hand over the 10 kina, we are off once more, in a more comfortable bus.

At Kundiawa, we change again into a bus going to Lae. The same system, a talk, a nod, six kina handed back, six kina handed over to our new driver. We head for Goroka. The valley floor behind us, the mountains have closed right in so we are back in ridge and gorge country, 90 kms to Goroka, and plenty up and down. We are up front once more, gardens everywhere, high up on the mountain sides. This is what they produce these days,

far far more than in our day, kau kau, taro, cabbages, cauliflowers, tomatoes of all breeds, as well as the ones they had in our day, those small sweet ones, broccoli, carrots, parsnips, corn, cucumber, and a long red melon, very nutritious, the name eludes me, bananas of all kinds, big red ones that I first saw in Timor, and a short very thick ordinary banana, it's a battle to eat two of them; vegetable marrow, sugar cane which they eat extensively, probably for its energy content, paw paws, mangoes. Besides pigs which still rule the roost, they have sheep and goats, and I forgot to mention the most beautiful crisp, tasty lettuce I ever devoured.

The men are broad shouldered, deep chested, with powerful shoulder, chest and arm muscles, solid and hard, powerful thighs, legs. Their leg muscles are like steel springs, and they seem capable of walking up steep mountains for ever. The Marys — their dress may have changed, they now wear blouses, or T-shirts and voluminous dresses. Up in the high altitudes they stand in those ice cold creeks washing away. Their role in life has not changed one iota. You will see them up on those incredibly steep mountain sides, digging away with their digging sticks, or harvesting some of the crop. Whilst I'm on crops, they grow all the vegetables and fruit I mentioned in their gardens, plus coffee, of which they have their own little plantations. This is a good cash crop for the village. There are markets every day of the week, along the roads, and at big and small centres. The Marys haul all the produce to the market, their big dilly bags hanging from their foreheads. They are big breasted, broad in the shoulder and hips and powerful legs which you only see when they sit crosslegged, their skirts folded between their thighs, and above their knees. The lord and masta clears the garden, the Marys cultivate, harvest and haul from it to the home for food and to the market for cash.

On to Goroka. The bitumen extends beyond Chuave, but is very much in disrepair. Comes good again at Watabung, a big centre, police, government men, and a high school. It's gravel for quite a long way now. The bitumen starts again at Watabung, a very well kept hospital building, what medical staff it carries I don't know. It's roughly 40 or so kms from here to Goroka. The bitumen starts again here, also the long climb up to Daulo Pass, 8,000 feet above sea level. It's a slower, grinding, winding haul. Nothing changes, the gardens, the river far down below, and numerous creeks piped under the road. We cross the divide, and it's all down hill to Goroka. Once down on the flatter ground the valley widens and the coffee plantations appear. Jim Taylor, a famous New Guinea identity, had a huge plantation running for

miles each side of the road. Jim is dead now, buried in a nearby Catholic mission cemetery. His daughter runs the lot and reputed, and probably is, a couple of times over a millionaires. Didn't hear whether married or single.

There is one other famous survivor from a family of brothers, who stand out larger than life in New Guinea affairs. The Leahy brothers, originally from Queensland. It was Mick and I don't know which other, could have been Dan, who discovered the Western Highlands whilst on a prospecting trip way back in either 1934 or 1935. I remember the event quite vividly in the '30s. It created a sensation, a huge valley teeming with fierce independent clans, which no one even knew existed. Dan is still alive, 95 years old, had numerous sons and daughters, God knows what the wealth of the family is in plantations, businesses all over Papua New Guinea, of all descriptions, probably still have gold mines. I know everywhere I've been I've seen Leahy and Collins stores and warehouses. Theo told me almost impossible to estimate the kina value of their vast holdings.

On to Goroka, get there about 1.00pm. We walk up to Theo's "Minogere" lodge, I shed my pack, I humped it from Faita flat to Dengelagu. From there truck or buses hauled it for me. I'm back in Goroka but have no intention of staying, I've got one more trip to do, it's February 19th now. I'll have time. Shower, see Theo down in the bar, a couple of drinks, I'm off it I drink lemonade. An early night. Monday, a search for a birthday card for Nora, nil. Wives still don't count. I see one lone anniversary wedding card, I like the card, and surprisingly the wording is very good in it. I cross out anniversary and substitute birthday. Wrote a long letter in the middle, and sent it on its way. Next stop the bank. For 240 Australian dollars I received 159 kina 12 Toe. That will give you some idea of the rate of exchange. If I remember correctly the rate of exchange was \$1.440% dollars to purchase 1 kina. Then they take out so much tax for travellers cheques. Your Australian currency is almost halved. It's a bloody expensive country to visit, and I was fortunate, I stayed with Theo for naught.

That evening I told Theo, "I'm going back into the mountains again tomorrow." He just smiled and said "You are a glutton for punishment." I said "It will be a quick trip, just one objective." "What's that?" he asked. "Climb Mount Wilhelm," I replied. He just said "WHAT!!! Well bugger me." I had paid off Andrew and given some for his brother Peter, also Andrew's fare back to Bundi via Bena, Kainantu and the upper Ramu. When I said farewell to Andrew next morning he was sporting new jeans and a watch. I gave him 5 kina towards the jeans. "They cost 10 masta," says me man. "Fair enough, I'll pay for one leg, you pay for the other," I laughed, Andrew

grinned, and probably was thinking no harm in trying. He was a good lad on the track but I still humped my own pack. He was my turn-im talk.

Tuesday 22.2.89. Caught a bus from Kundiawa about 7.45am, arrived there about ten. Walked straight over to a truck pointing the way I wanted to go, "You go long Keglsugl?" "Yes masta." "How much?" "4 kina," "Gammon, 3 kina," I said. He agreed. There was a couple standing on the road close by, so I walked up and asked them where they were going. "Keglsugl," said the girl, "he'll take you for three kina and that is the correct price, so don't give him anymore." I told the girl she could sit in front with the driver, the bloke was her brother, I told him you can sit in the back with me, and look after their packs. There were half a dozen natives so the driver had a pay load. He filled up with some diesel, and off we went.

About 15 kms from Dengelagu there had been a landslide so that was finish for us. A truck bogged. Our bloke would have suffered the same fate. We off loaded, he turned around and headed back but not before giving each of us a kina. He hadn't completed the job. That kina each was to pay our way to Keglsugl. With the help of a government vehicle which had come up behind us, we hauled the bogged truck out. When I saw the type of knot they were going to use, I grabbed the rope put a bowline on each end to hook on, one push on the key rope and it's loose. We got him out with the government ute pulling and plenty of pullers and pushers each side of the truck

The Yank looked on, his sister took photos. the government man asked me where we were going. "Keglsugl," I replied. "I am going there, you and the others hop in," he told me. It was a double cab so the Yanks rode in comfort, I rode in the back. We pulled up at the lodge, holiday accommodation run by a German, don't know his surname, christian name Herman. He also has a joinery shop and is as busy as hell putting frames together for a housing contract in Kundiawa.

The Yanks were staying in the lodge for the night and going to Goroka next day. I gave them Theo's lodge address, told them it was clean with excellent meals, and cheap. they did stay there. When they got to Goroka she apparently worked in Rabaul probably for some American mission group. Her brother was returning to California. The government man took me up the road. He asked if I was going up Wilhelm? I said yes. "Taking a guide?" he asked. "No, why should I? The track should be well defined," (it wasn't) I replied. He then said "Paddy, I recommend you take a guide. From the lakes up the track is not well defined, but still fairly easy to follow

except in several places, where you would be losing valuable time finding it. Time you cannot afford if you want to be down before the mists and the rain closes in. It is dangerous in many places and if anything happens to you up there no one will know about it because no one lives up beyond the end of this particular track we are on. Your life could depend on someone being with you." I saw the logic of his advice and took a guide. He had travelled in the back of the truck with me from Kundiawa. He lived here down at Dengelagu.

We bought some rice, coffee, sardines and the inevitable packet of smokes for the guide. It was raining. We set off up the track, me trying to keep him to my pace. About a mile up we came to the hut where we picked up the key to let us into the lodge up at the lakes. A little further up we passed the last habitation, a couple of huts where two other guides lived. I needed no more. Into the jungle, rain heavy, so is the track. In fact as time went by it became a creek as water cascaded down it. Three roots, cordoroy and mud, wet and cold, on and up we went for five hours. Those trees were ringed by moss all the way up the trunk, that super duper instructor would be flat out backing his theory that the north face of a tree would be free of moss.

We finally reached the lodge. A rather large fibro house. The guides hands were that cold he had to swing his arms, rub his hands, jump up and down for a quarter of an hour, before he could turn the key in the lock. I was no better, probably worse. Inside, plenty of pots, pans, cutlery and dishes (crockery), a fuel stove, no wood unfortunately, a two burner kerosene cooker, two rooms with a sleeping platform in each capable of sleeping four each, eight foam mattresses, a big centre room capable of sleeping about twelve round the walls on the floor. Back to the kitchen, two tables, two benches, one small hurricane lamp, a broom. We got out of our wet clothes, put the tea on, boiled rice and Jap sardines, nearly as big as herring. We were drying our clothes as well. I gave Joseph, the guide, a dry warm skivvy and dry socks for his feet. I changed into all dry clothing. I made up the beds, two mattresses each, the other four over us, as we had no blankets. A cold night. In the dark at the other end of the lake, the cascade stood out like a beacon. Sheer white falling for over half a mile down the mountain into the lake. We went to bed. Up at 4.20am next morning, breakfast, coffee and biscuit. These are rather tasteless and about four inches square, very nourishing. As soon as we could see the track we set out, a camera our only luggage.

On and up through cascading water and rock faces, following the cascade for some way, then away to the left. We reached the 13,000 feet mark in good time, 1697 to go. Way up the

mountain we come to a camp about 150 feet below the track. We yelled back and forth, I wouldn't go down that 150 feet for a million, I would have had to climb up again. I wanted every foot I had gained. It was the Swiss girl Marian, "You will see Dominique on the mountain," she yelled. "Right, goodbye and good luck," I shouted. Joseph and I pushed on. Sometime later I looked up, away up above on the skyline was Dominique. He looked so tall lean and fit I envied him. We lost sight of him and on we went. Over a rise and across a rock face he came as though it were a paved path.

I leaned back against the warm rock face, "How are things going Dominique? I saw Marian back at the camp." "Fine," he said, "What was she doing?" "Striking camp," I said, "Good, we are in a hurry and must make Bundi by Wednesday. Do you mind if I take your photo?" "Not at all, you can take one with my camera too," which he did. I then took a photo of him and Joseph with my camera. As he was putting his gear away he said, "Paddy, I don't wish to be rude but how old are you?" "73," I replied. He smiled and remarked "73 and still climbing mountains." "I don't look like climbing this one," I replied, "I'm stopping in shorter distances covered. How far to the top?" He told me "Half an hour, three quarters at the most." "You are the bearer of good news, I will make it," I answered him. Then "Goodbye Dominique, a safe trip back to Switzerland for you and Marian." He continued down, we scrambled upward. Some sheer faces, but only for 20 feet or so and plenty of hand and foot holds. We reached the summit. We just sat and drank up the view in all directions, a quarter of an hour or so. That's all there was to drink but it was a heart warmer and stimulant at the same time.

Distance was nothing, fifty or sixty miles away, I saw a valley and a river. The sun shining on the water made it as clear as if it was at our feet. Mount Herbert and all the other peaks for miles around stood out plainly and we topped them all by two or three thousand feet. Apart from Mount Herbert, which is roughly 1,000 feet lower than Mount Wilhelm. It was warm and clear, so we just sat or stood up there admiring the most magnificent views I've ever seen. It was worth all the hard work in getting there. It took me four hours and five minutes to reach the top from the lakes, which are roughly 11,000 to 11,500 feet above sea level, they are just above the timber line. Mount Wilhelm itself is 14,697 feet above sea level according to the map. The only place I saw an altitude marker was the 13,000 feet level. The summit has a four sided metal fin which I reckon is a trig marker. Nowhere round there did I see an altitude marker. Several stone cairns on flat rocks left

by previous climbers, we added one each to the pile ourselves, and that is the top of Mount Wilhelm. The scenery in those Bismarcks is really magnificent, the jungle rivers, peaks, rock faces. Incidentally I sued to see Shaggy ridge quite clearly every day from Bundi.

Three hours it took back down to the lakes. Seven hours the lot. We chopped wood and lit the fire, cooked our tea, sat around in front of the fire for a few hours and hit the cot. Off sharp at 6.00am Thursday, 24th February, 1989. The track down is dry, so we can see where we place our feet. Dry, it's not a bad track. We make good time, we are in Kegsugl by nine. I've already paid Joseph 20 kina per day. 40 kina. We hike down the now disused air strip. The government is talking about putting a lodge above the top end of it. If so the planes will more than likely come again, landing on an up-dated strip. The cascades and lakes could be popular tourist attractions. We pull up at Herman's lodge, I meet him and we talk.

He is quite free with any information. I go outside and there is a chap, government rep. I reckon, talking to Joseph and the bloke who gave us the key. I mention the fact I have to pay for the lodge. "Were you on your own?" the neat bloke asks. "No Joseph the guide and myself were there for two nights." "Right, four kina a night for you, 2 kina a night for Joseph." You should have seen the look on the key minders face. He could have slaughtered the bloke. On his own he would have charged 20 kina for the two nights. I was 8 kina better off. I thought the guide would have been 15 and not 20 kina so I was back to taws (taws — means 'back where you started').

I went off down to Dengelagu mission, got a big jar of coffee and some biscuits. The government truck from Kundiawa turned up about twelve. He told me he would be back on Thursday and if I were there he would bring me back to Kundiawa. He did and somewhat further. He took me to Chauve, where I waited on the side of the road for almost two hours, all the traffic was going west to Hagan, a couple of utes and several container trucks heading for Lae went by, no good. About 5.10pm this big pantec pulls up to drop a bloke off, I walk round to see the driver, I ask if he will take me to Goroka, he hesitates, then "Are you on your own?" he asks. I tell him, "Yes." "OK," he says, I get in. That's how I met Joe Tina, a well educated Baptist, driving for a Baptist coy. His wife works for the same coy, in the office. He is loaded with pepper, cardamon for export.

He will reach Lae in the early hours of Friday morning and back load to Mount Hagan. He's been to Australia before and is going again at Christmas, all the way to Perth. If he stays in Sydney I'll see him. We get into Goroka about 7.00pm. I proceed to Minogere, have a shower

and my last sick free day. In the early hours of Friday morning 24.2.89, I wake up an aching, shaking body. I shivered for hours but no relieving sweats. I had to go down to Nugini Air, to ratify the booking then back to bed. Saturday night to the Christian Brothers at North Goroka. I had to excuse myself early, back to bed. Went to mass next day, came back watched the fight with Theo, more vomiting, back to bed. Stayed there till Tuesday morning, good trip to Sydney, off to bed. Then, thank God, the sweats came, everything saturated. Felt all right for a couple of days. Then Friday, 3rd March, I am away again. Hospital on Saturday. Been here ever since, no further attack before this evening I'll be discharged, can't find any malaria in my blood or urine, so naturally negative. We will see.

Goroka, you wouldn't know. The mission strip where we camped, now occupied by a teachers training college, planted trees everywhere. From up there you can't even see the airfield, yet it occupies the site of the first strip, the one we landed on, no matter which way you look, you can see little at close range because of the trees.

Education. Many high and primary schools in the highlands. Government run, many religious primary schools and some colleges.

Health. Far more extensive, and better now. The Betel Nut is ruining their beautiful white, strong teeth, besides giving them mouth cancer. Physically they are a strong, sturdily built people. An amazing number are tall and rangy, but tall or short they are powerfully built.

Vehicles all Japanese. Earth moving equipment all Japanese. The only non Japanese vehicle I saw belonged to Theo's wife Aarto, a Ford. Mostly Japanese processed foods in stores. There are Japs coming and going all the time. they are lean, young and alert. even while waiting for a cup of coffee the papers are out, the ready reckoners being tapped away. The Japs have merely turned their militaristic energy into commercialism, and on an enormous scale. Our pleasure loving business tycoons can't pace it with them. They will do business with them for mutual profit, the Jap dictates the terms, and the profit proportion. I'm begining to think they look on us with contempt. Michael told me a massive ten billion dollars worth of Australia was sold last year, what proportion of that went to Japanese interests I don't know. We either wake up and act or we fold up. Our young people will have to change their whole attitude to their country. We can't trust big business or governments formed by either party anymore. To both of these groups Australia is just dollars to be harvested.
