

Secretary Visits Kyogle

MAX HERRON, our secretary, with his wife, Peg, and daughter, Lynne, paid a flying visit to Kyogle over the Easter weekend for the wedding on Saturday, 28th March, of their only son, David, to Lynn Downes, of Kyogle. The service was held in St. James' Church of England, the same church in which the service was held for the late Ray Smith of the 2/1sts.

Peg and Max stayed with Maurice and Joan Powell at Geneva, just out of the town, and the Powell house was turned into a meeting place for Pioneers. It must have been a relief to Joan and Maurie to see the Herrons drive off, and peace descend on their home again.

BILL HOFFMAN finalised all arrangements for Max to meet some of the Pioneers in the district. He also attended the wedding, where he very ably proposed the toast to Peg and Max.

CECIL BLANCH, now working for a builder in Kyogle, visited Max on the Sunday morning and passed on the news that his son, Gary, had been involved in a road accident two days previously—fortunately he only suffered a few bruises and shock. Cec sends greetings to all his old friends in H.Q. Coy.

JIM HALL, together with Bill Hoffman, showed Max and Peg over Kyogle and even dragged PETER BELL out of the hotel to go with them. On top of the lookout, Peter made the statement it was the first time he had been there himself, and had not realised the town was so big. Jim took Max out to his property for lunch on the Saturday and Max was pleased to meet Jim's wife, Lil, who made him very welcome. Jim has two daughters, Margaret, now married, and living in England after serving in the Navy, and Anne, a Captain in the Army Nursing Service in Vietnam. Jim and Lil are hopeful of the two girls returning within the next two years.

While at Jim's place, Max met up with Robert Aitken (son of "Scotch" Aitken of the 2/1, killed in action at Balikpapan), who was holidaying at Kyogle. Robert and his wife, Christine, reside at Woodford, Queensland, near the old 2/1 Pioneer camp site. He works in the A.N.Z. Bank at Woodford and is the proud father of two daughters. "Scotch" Aitken's sister, Mary, was also visiting Jim while Max was there.

PETER BELL organised a session in the pub with Brian Jackson, Jim Hall, Bill Hoffman and Max. Peter reports that Junors Store, a landmark in Kyogle, is about to be pulled down and an arcade of shops to be built with Junors a self-service store.

FRED BLANCH came to see Max and reports he is working on the railways near Brisbane, but comes home each weekend. Fred sends greetings to all his friends in the 2/1. He passed on the news that the 17-year-old son of Jean and Alex George had been killed in a building accident at Lismore the previous week. The Association joins all Pioneers

Lahey And Harnetty Have An Innocent Purve (?) On Chloe

By John Harnetty, "C" Coy., 2/1

Brethren, if you ever have the experience of lifting your phone and listening to the plangent jangling of a half-hundredweight of rusty nails in an equally rusty five-gallon drum, you can bet the bloke at the other end is Robert Lake.

Don't mistake me! I love Bob as a brother, and it's not his fault he has a voice like an ill-tuned grinding machine.

Bob asked me to meet him in Melbourne with some cobbles. At first we opted for the main door of St. Paul's—then changed our minds for a pilgrimage to Chloe—the luscious nude adorning the saloon bar of the Prince's Bridge Hotel (Young and Jackson's to you!).

You might not find the front door of St. Paul's, but you couldn't miss Chloe. Why, I think her location appears in an ever-increasing rush of directories and street maps.

Anyhow, as art fanciers, Bob, self and mates paid due tribute to the well-nourished curves of Chloe, then moved on to the business of downing a few. My business of downing a few involves total Schweppesmanship.

The others didn't share my compulsory teetotal limitations. They knocked it off in foaming, brown guglets, and heretical though it may seem, they declared it a Right Good Drop.

I heard no rude remarks about the Yarra being upside down, and I was accorded full honours even though I'm a renegade New South Welshman. In other words, it was a mighty pleasant gathering, and the sincere wish of Bob and myself was that a few more of the old mob couldn't be with us.

It was an evening to be remembered. Why, we were so busy gassing about old times we forget (most of the time) to cast libidinous gazes on Chloe!

But it was good to cut up old touches. There was name-dropping galore. A few reputations gained credit, and others got

in extending their sympathy to Jean, Alex and family in their bereavement.

LEO FERRIS came in from Lynch's Creek on the Sunday morning and one can imagine how the lines were crossed when these two sigs. got together. After an hour's session at the Powell house, Brian Jackson called and Leo, Max and Peg accompanied Brian to the local bowling club. Leo sends greetings to Keith Reynolds, Wal Parsons, Arthur White, Ron McFarlane, Les Reynolds and all sigs.

(Peg and I would like to thank all those who made our stay in Kyogle such a pleasant one, and hope to return one day with more time on our hands.—Max H.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW DUE

Your subscriptions should be posted NOW to M. HERRON, Hon Sec., 3 Enoggera Rd., Beverly Hills, 2209. When writing, please state your christian name and your Army "nickname," surname, present address and last address (if moved recently), Platoon, Company and Unit (whether 2/1 or 2/2).
The Order of the Lead-lined Brickbat.

But I wouldn't have missed it for worlds, and was sorry when it was over.

As a footnote, I might add that nobody really worried about passing the lustful eye on Chloe—much! To our delight, a couple of very respectable women came in and asked permission to photograph her. I wonder if they were art fanciers, or were going to take the pictures home to show that they had been in one of the Sinks of Iniquity of Melbourne?

I'd like to put in a word about this occasion that has so far missed mention. If any Pioneers, 1st or 2nd, are coming down from Sydney, I'll always be happy to troll a bowl with them. (Even if my grog has to be the soft stuff, it's not my fault. Blame the doctors!)

I'm not hard to find. I'm in the telephone directory, and in the Pink Pages under Journalists, What's more, it will not only give me a chance to renew old incidents, but will be a happy chance again to see the faces of cobbles in that five-odd years that gave us a bit of the horrors, deprived us of mates whose memories we still cherish, and in general separated the men from the bastards. With that passing thought, I'll shut my big yap.

But let's not forget each other. When I saw Bob Lake I realised what the last 10 years had taken from me. But with a bit of luck I'll be up in the Smoke for Anzac Day. We can tear things apart then, eh?

NAME TO REMEMBER

Last December a party of bowlers from the R.O.T.A. visited Bateman's Bay for the weekend. In the party were three 2/1 Pioneers—Harry (Curly) Bentley, Jack (Split the Wind) Pearce and Jack (Mick) Dodson. On arriving at the bowling club the steward inquired if there were any Pioneers among the party. When the abovenamed spoke up, the steward took them to a club member who was trying to make his fortune on the poker machines.

The steward asked if we knew this member. All answered in the negative. When the member spoke up, even though it was nearly 30 years ago, it was a voice that couldn't be forgotten—Captain (Jock) Macadam, the original R.S.M. of the 2/1 Pioneer Battalion.

Jack Macadam went to 10 Platoon, B Company, when he got his commission. From there he went to H.Q. Company. It was from there he went walkabout with an English officer on the Bardia Road Sector, and to many was not heard of again until this occasion at Bateman's Bay. He was overwhelmed at meeting some of his boys, and wished to be remembered to all.

Even though he does not keep the best of health these days, Jock is still able to sink a few. Any Pioneer visiting Bateman's Bay is asked to call at this Bowling Club on a Saturday and ask for Jock Macadam.

What an afternoon! What a reunion!
—Jack (Mick) Dodson.