

(To be read aloud with an American intonation)

Land ho ! Last night it was a beaming lighthouse on the starboard beam, and this morning eager eyes find revealed a landfall - a new country - Australia, which approaches very slowly. Gradually, as the convoy creeps silently inward, coast line features clarify and broad sandy shores, white in the southern sun, sweep gracefully around an even green fringe of grassy slopes. Ship after ship draws in toward the growing picture of chimney stacks, expansive woolstores, & habitations.

Then the port itself grows higher & more distinct, as a cheeky, butting pilot boat guides the great liners into haven. ~~XXXXXXXX~~, busy western port, welcomes the troopships, and curious soldiers line decks to take in fresh sights. There on the wharf are some Aussie soldiers. Anzacs meet again ! How long will we have to wait until allowed ashore, where are the familiar signs that disclose the positions of welcome hotels ?

Wait, wait, wait - impatient, expectant, until a quick march that continues onto the quay, & then out into the street itself. We're on terra firma again. Even after only a few days afloat it is grand, too. "BREAK OFF" School is out (or is a war on ?) by the look of it, as flying figures gallop excitedly in all directions, and it is only a matter of time before thousands of embryo Enzed soldiers have made their devious ways to the city of ? ? ?

No wild aborigines having boomeranged our car, or Kelly Gang ambushed the party of explorers, we drive into a glorious leafy picturesque boulevard of eucalyptus trees. Flanking this avenue are many types of beautiful native trees, including a chameleon gum tree, changing the colour of its bark with the seasons. Brilliant red waratahs, (? - Editor) golden wattles in pretty bloom, & leafy shrubs, passed by. We crest the rise, & behold, a treasure city - ~~XXX~~ - a magic carpet below. The panorama stretches towards the misty blue peaks of the ~~....~~ ranges. "There's gold in them thar hills."

Below us winds the bridge-spanned ~~....~~ river, the haunt of that queenlike bird, from which the State takes its emblem. What changes this untroubled river has witnessed within the past two centuries. She has seen hardy pioneers encamped on her banks seeking a home & existence on the vast territories that made, by their very vastness, the settlement of the new south continent so perilous a venture. She saw white prospectors come, who found precious gold nearby; the rush of men lured to the yellow metal as if by a magnet; the growth of this city of the plains, conceived & built & fostered by wealth of gold - wrested from the good earth. Opulence is reflected throughout the fair city in the columned facades of business & public structures, massive examples of Victorian & classic architecture; the beautiful theatres; the well kept parks & gardens that delight the eye as we pass by.

We do the rounds. Aussies drink good beer. You can tell that at the first sample. The lager goes down very well, too. You don't have to pay very much to be in "good spirits" either. An excellent place, alright, & the large quantities of ex-diggers that appear makes it seem that every citizen must be an ex-digger. Did all the town go to the last war? Well, a good part of it is apparently off to this one, for look at all these distinctive hats with their upturned brims. By now some have strangely passed onto N Z heads, while a corresponding number of peaked hats crown the pates of young Australia.

Of course we must have a look round the big stores. The merchandise itself doesn't have a chance, for the big attractions are walking round behind the counters. Well, well, the magazines & Cinesound newsreels weren't retouched, after all. Australia's best publicity, the beauty of pleasant girls, & sunny smiles so enchanting. Unfortunately, we cannot stay & admire all day. We purchase postcards & suitable trophies, & off we trot to the Post Office, surmounted by a tall Eiffel Tower pylon carrying the antennae of the big broadcasting station. Emerging triumphantly, having posted souvenirs to loved ones at home, we decide to visit the zoo. Having satisfied ourselves that the kangaroo is still existent (in the zoo, at least) & the happy kookaburra isn't extinct, away we go to look over, instead of through, bars, just for a change. Pubs stay open here until 9 P.M. Evening descends, the streets become livelier & livelier. Surely all the locals have turned out to celebrate; & aren't the boys making the best of their hospitality.

Pleasant memories of that eventful day were carried away by everyone. We do hope that we left a good impression on the cheerful people of the Western State, & that some day the opportunity will come again to visit this place on another day's shore leave

-- And so with these thoughts, we say farewell to Australia, to the memorial on the hill, to her gallant people, & sail away into the blue horizon