



## DAVE'S DAIRY

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**Wednesday.** We got a good start making the silage pit this morning, but about nine o'clock Mary came padding across the paddock to say the war was over, and I had to take the family into the town to celebrate. I didn't like leaving the pit much because I'm starting to take a real pride in it. And anyhow, I wasn't sure what the bank manager would say if he saw me running around on a week day. So I went in and rang him up. He was very decent about it, and said I could "do what I liked, when I liked and how I like, Dave, old boy. Click." Perhaps I've misjudged that man.

So I hurried around, wiping the kids' noses, and so on, and we got away after an early dinner. The town was certainly doing itself proud. I marched down the street with the others, waving a small flag and feeling rather a silly ass for a while, but everyone else was doing the same, so that feeling soon passed off. I was alongside the bank manager and before long we were arm in arm. Then the bank manager suggested some refreshment, so we adjourned. It was very pleasant. The bank manager kept introducing me as his old friend Dave, old boy. I almost screwed up courage to ask about an extension, but I don't suppose he would have remembered about it the next day. Then I told him I had a white horse at home and we ought to go home and get it and I would tot him up a bit and he could ride into the town and make out he was the Japanese Emperor and then he could formally surrender to the chairman of the council. I slipped a couple of quick whiskies into him and he took to the idea like a bird. So we went home and I ran old Biddy in. She is only an old Clydesdale mare, but she is white -or she is if she's clean. So I cleaned her up, and dolled the bank manager up in Mary's good dressing gown, that she used on her honeymoon. Then I hoisted the bank manager aboard. He rolled about a bit but I got him out on the road all right, and then slipped on ahead in the car to arrange for a fitting reception. I quickly gathered a crowd, headed by the chairman of the council. Biddy and the bank manager could be seen in the distance, Biddy meandering along, and her rider evidently singing. When they got close, the bank manager persuaded Biddy to trot, and then hurriedly persuaded her to walk again. So they arrived in front of the institute with what the bank manager thought was quiet dignity. The Emperor then surrendered to the officer commanding, but not before the crowd had done the bank manager over properly. They kept trying to shove his face in the gutter and I'm a bit scared about what Mary is going to say about her dressing gown.