



SURVEY EX-SERVICEMEN'S ASSOCIATION SOUTH AUSTRALIA



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WELCOME

Welcome to our Christmas Newsletter for 2007. This is the second edition in the new format. I have received some positive feedback and quite a few SA members have elected to receive it electronically via email rather than a hard copy via the Australia Post. If you would like your name added to the email list please send me an email.

On behalf of the Committee, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a safe and prosperous New Year.

SOCIAL NEWS

First Friday Drinks

As usual at the Saracens Head on the first Friday this month, there was only a small turn- up of troops due to the closeness of our Christmas Get-together on the following Sunday. Even so, Peter Elverd, Alex Czornohalen, Stevo Hinic, Mike Sarson and Alex Munro were able to wish each other well for the coming festive season, and enjoy a social ale.

Remember to give January 2008 a miss, with most members still on holidays, but meet again on Friday 1st February 08 at 5pm to start the New Year rolling.

Third Friday Drinks in Bendigo

If you happen to be in Bendigo on the day, call in at the RSL Club on Havilah Rd., to meet up with the DIGO crowd at 5pm.

Last Friday Drinks in Brisbane

Should you be in Brisbane, join our Qld comrades at the Gaythorne RSL at 5pm.

NEWS ITEMS

RASurvey Web Site

Kym Weston has registered a web domain name for use by the Corps. The address to type into your web browser is <http://www.rasurvey.org>. From the home page you can select any of the Association branches. When you click on the SA link you will see a generic email addresses for the committee members. Emails sent to these addresses are automatically forwarded to the members private email address. Queensland and WA have some Newsletters available for downloading.

Christmas Get-together at Keswick Barracks

Alex Munro

Held on Sunday 9th December starting with lunch in the Other Ranks dining hall. If any of the old timers unable to attend are wondering where it is, the hall is on the exact site of the former survey orderly room occupied by the late Maj J K Nolan and then the late Brig.F D Buckland, as DAD SVY Central Command as it was.

The new hall is very spacious with lots of natural light, a shade more up-market of similar dining facilities that I can remember as a sapper, so there was no problem with providing our group of 35 guests with an ample and delicious three course buffet lunch. President Bob Dikkenberg was our organiser and guide, ably assisted by Margaret throughout the afternoon.

Following lunch we all traipsed across the road to the military museum for an arranged conducted tour.

Once more, if anyone is wondering where it is, the museum building was previously occupied by 4 Fd Svy Sqn, later becoming the squadron Q Store when the purpose built extensions were added at the back end or southern side. The museum curator gave us a very informative tour of the exhibits on display for the next ninety minutes, and besides exhibits from the Boer War through to the Vietnam conflict, includes some very interesting items from the early colonial days of South Australia. One such exhibit was a small artillery cannon discovered a few years ago buried under the flood water drain that passes the back of Keswick Barracks, during repair work. After a couple of years in a rust removing bath and fully restored, the history of the gun was traced through the serial number, as having been brought into the colony in about 1860 as weaponry for the fledgling militia forces, no doubt to protect Adelaide against the threat of invasion from some global power of the times.

Later stored at Keswick, it was dumped during construction of the drain about 1933. Well worth the visit.

From the museum we next moved into the former survey building for coffee and biscuits and to inspect changes to the interior since 1997, when it was first occupied by 9 Brigade HQ, following the disbandment of the Corps. The furnishings now are certainly of a more lavish quality than I remember.

To conclude the day our next move was into the lounge of the adjacent Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, to enjoy the hospitality of the bar facilities and to socialise for a very pleasant hour or so. A very enjoyable afternoon.

As a matter of interest to those who were unable to attend, a listing of members at the function is included below.

Margaret and president Bob Dikkenberg, Carol and Graeme Ragless, Dianne and Neville Stone, Lincoln Smith, Jan and Bill Griggs, Pam and Bob Ballard(from Goolwa), Lorraine and Mick Davey(from Mt Gambier), Rita and Jim Dunn, Moyna Briggs, Kay Trueman, Pam and John Harrison, Pauline Mannix and Stevo Hinic, Naomi and Frank Bryant, Jan and John Nathan, Elizabeth and Bill Love, Alex Munro, Margaret Wilson, Victoria and Bob Mills, Lorraine and Ken Talbot-Smith(down from Gove on leave), John Frith and Mark Bates.

Apologies were received from Gordon Santo, Marg Ricketts, Joan Munro, Barbara and Arthur Henson and George Timmins.

Sue and Simon Capp were able to drop into the Mess for a social visit late in the afternoon.

PEOPLE NEWS

Colin van Senden

Bob Ballard recently gave Alex Munro a news cutting from a local newspaper in the Goolwa/Victor Harbour area, reporting on a lecture Colin gave to the Port Elliot and Middleton Probus Club, not long ago.

Colin spoke of the communication line connecting South Australia to Western Australia, a project he was involved with as a senior surveyor over the years. Colin's lecture covered the period from 1877 with the establishment of a soft metal line and the use of morse code transmission, until 1967 with the use of microwave technology and voice transmission. He mentioned the Eucla repeater station at the border, having a common central wall with SA staff on one side and WA staff on the other side. He also spoke of the harsh working conditions for the men involved, and the long distances traversed in bringing in water and fuel, of the hard limestone often encountered across the Nullabor Plain where towers were to be erected, and of the tinned food consumed in the absence of refrigeration and the prevalence of unwanted insects.

Colin also mentioned the co-axial cable that was put down many years later, laid four foot deep across the Nullabor and still in use. Apparently the lecture was well received by the audience, so well done Colin.

Our thanks to the newspaper reporter. Actually, the description of working conditions in the bush would sound very familiar to many bods engaged in mapping operations in earlier days.

50th Wedding Anniversary

Barbara and Arthur Henson celebrated fifty years of marriage in early December. Congratulations to both and well done.

Marg Ricketts

Marg rang recently to pass on her apologies for being unable to attend the Christmas gathering, as she was travelling to Brisbane that day to attend her mother's birthday party, at the grand age of 103 years.

She recently spent two months in America, staying with her grandson Nich, and although the stay was enjoyable enough as she doesn't see her grandson all that often, she was very glad to be home again.

Brian Taylor

Not seen for a long time now but Brian called in recently, to pick up a plaque he had ordered, the one as advertised in our last newsletter commissioned by the Fortuna Association.

Now semi-retired, Brian has not changed one bit and looked very well, although the belt line indicated a degree of good living to some extent.

T J Wicker

Both TJ and Lea visited Adelaide in mid November for medical appointments, not available in hometown Stansbury on Yorke Peninsula, so hopefully all went well. TJ also collected the survey plaque he had ordered.

George Timmins

George experienced an unfortunate flare-up of his cancer problem a few months ago, which required almost daily treatment at a hospital over a five or six week period. Fortunately the treatment was available in Wodonga, so George was able to accept the kind invitation to board with Gordon Lowry during the treatment, returning to Swan Hill each fortnight at the weekend to catch up on the odd domestic chore. The results so far have been very positive with further periodic check-ups needed. We are all with you on this one George.

Brian Mead

Brian visited Adelaide during November with his family, to stay with his sister and her family, as well as others over from Victoria, without doubt a good sized gathering for a very special event, being a long overdue family reunion including a couple of birthdays as well. A very successful few days from all accounts.

Brian also had the time to meet up with Stevo Hinic, Alex Munro and Eddy Jacobs at the Saracen's Head, for a few pleasant hours, resurrecting a host of almost forgotten events from long ago.

Mark Heinrich

Correction. In the last newsletter I wrote some notes from memory after chatting to Mark in Canberra. Mark sent me an email has graciously corrected my bad memory. Thanks Mark.

Mark transferred to the Inactive Reserve in early 2002 after serving in the Defence Imagery and Geospatial Organisation for the first 12 months of its life, and prior to that a few months in the Directorate of Strategic Military Geospatial Information (the successor to DSVY-A) until its incorporation into the newly formed DIGO. Earlier postings were mainly in the material acquisition organisations in their various incarnations.

His job since taking off the uniform though has been in the headquarters of the Defence Science and Technology Organisation, which has provided a great opportunity to apply much of what he had learned in management and leadership over his Army career (and also to hang around smart people). Interestingly, he discovered recently that the Leanne Elverd he knows in DSTO is Jack (Peter) Elverd's sister.

Of note is that DSTO has attracted its fair share of ex-RA Svy people: John Gregs, Dave Stephenson, and of course Dr Bob Williams (Andrew McLeod also did a few years with DSTO). Mark has fond memories of his time in the Corps and especially in Adelaide.

Noel Sproles

Lynda and Noel Sproles have just returned from Brisbane to meet their first grandchild, Amelie. Their son, James, is currently posted to 16 Aviation Brigade at Enoggera as the Legal Officer so Noel took the opportunity to visit the former site of 1 Fd Svy Sqn. To complete the nostalgia, they returned via western Queensland and NSW where Noel made his first field trips in the Corps. The area had just received up to 200 mm of rain so it was a rare opportunity to see the normally dry brigalow country covered in flood water.

Peter Cates

from Queensland Bulletin

Peter is reported in *Magna Carto* to have taken on a volunteer role for two years with 'Australian Volunteers International and the AFL to help develop AFL in PNG. Cheryl remains in Adelaide with the dogs and close to the grandchildren. Service life runs strongly in the Cates family. Peter's youngest son has just been posted to 4RAR in Sydney. Another son is with the SAS and a third is at Duntroon.

Dale Johnson

from Westlink and Queensland Bulletin

Brian Mead in WA received a call from a former RA Svy member - Dale Johnson. He served from 1978 - 81. Dale had heard on the grape vine that the Corps had disbanded but became very curious on sighting a RA Svy Memorial at Caloundra, Qld. His time was spent at 4 Fd Svy Sqn and although he was a Carto Tech, he was employed for long periods in the Litho cell. Noel Morrison was the litho operator posted to 4 Fd during this period. He remembers TJ Wicker, Alex Munro and Bill Griggs.

Dale is now employed by the Post Office in Tasmania and Brian promised to pass on the various contact details to him.

MEMBERS CONTRIBUTIONS

Thank God for Little White Pebbles

By Stephen A Rose (Steve Austen)

1958 was a watershed year for Central Command. The much rumoured measuring equipment – the Tellurometer – arrived! (I think the actual rumoured equipment was the early version of the Geodometer, that fitted in the back of a utility truck, that could be used to measure baselines for triangulation).

The field season around Darwin started off field checking the few maps produced from traditional theodolite and chain traverses, either new or based on recovered wartime work, done in 1957. Then we moved out of Darwin area to Ben's Hole near Lake Finnis on the eastern side of the 50-thou mapping area. Here we were introduced to the Tellurometer and given a crash course by Sgt Bill Mitchell and WO Ted Laker, who had just returned for the Survey School.

We quickly traversed down the Adelaide River flood plains using this new equipment, using Jeeps and trailers for transport. Due to the flatness and heat shimmer we had to use 44-gallon drums to raise the tripods – very frustrating as at sun-down when the heat shimmer abated, it was possible to see back about three traverses legs done during the heat of the day. There was some radiated photo-control down from a couple of hills – but this method could not be used if there are no hills in the area being mapped.

After completing that side of the map area, we used the Army work boat traversing westward from Darwin around the coast to Cape Ford, passed the Daly River mouth. This left a vast area between the coast and the hills around Rum Jungle to be done. The only way to do this area was using a helicopter. The first helicopter was provided by TAA and could not lift much of a load and required a couple of hundred metres of clearing for take-off. A loop traverse from hill top to hill top was done while photo-control was done by radiation from these hills.

The person who ended up doing the radiated photo-control had to take the following: a pair of photos for each point to be done, pocket stereo, pin-vice and needle, a field compass and a calico bag to carry them; a 18inch star picket, bronze plaque and some wire to attach the plaque to star picket after it was knocked into the ground, a 4 foot length of 2-inch capped galvanized pipe for a witness post (with id number centre popped into it), an axe, a water container; a small Kern theodolite and legs (for reciprocal vertical angles); a helio (out of its box to save weight), in another calico bag, and its legs; the Tellurometer remote (out of its box to save weight), power pack with attached carrying straps), set of adjustable legs for the Tellurometer, a 12-volt car battery with Jeep safety strap, under the cell connecting bars, for carrying; two barometers in carrying box, a whirling psychrometer in its carrying case, field book, a 10ft tape measure to measure height of light, theodolite and tellurometer. Sometimes binoculars and radio (the two part set worn on a web-belt). The carrying donkeys usually were myself, John Harrison or Vin Sutherland as we had bush sense and less likely to get lost as a search would be a waste of helicopter time and money.

The TAA helicopter would drop you and the load on the grass plain below the selected hill, and then go off to move the second remote party or the main party. It was up to you whether you carried all the gear up in one load or two. I used to do it in one load. One day I had to squat down to relieve the many straps around my throat and ended up on my back with the battery sitting on my chest – I was like a beetle on its back – I could not move. I had to wriggle out of everything and start loading up again – I think I was near the top of the hill and took the gear the rest of the way in two loads. Leaving was not so bad as you could clear sufficient area for helicopter to land and take-off.

After doing the fairly easy coastal plains we switched to the hilly area, of what is now Litchfield Park, and south to the Daly River road which was almost the southern boundary of the 50-thou mapping. The north part of the loop traverse started at Mt Carr, beside Adelaide River (township), extended west then south to Mt Litchfield and along Daly River Road, through Mt Burrells to connect with other 1st order trigs nearby. At the start we had a base camp at Bamboo Creek, west of Rum Jungle, on the western side of the ranges. We used to use an old wartime mining track, that was quite good except for washed-out creek crossing, and it came out near Batchelor airstrip – Google Earth now shows what looks like a major road through that area.

I had to go to either a traverse point or photo-control point off this track using a Jeep as it was relatively close to our camp. The point was a rise on top of the plateau and it appeared that one could drive almost there following a creek that crossed the track. This I did for quite a way until I found that the edge of the plateau was an escarpment. The creek forked close to the escarpment and a spur, between the two creeks branches, that was drivable almost to the top of the escarpment and then an easy climb up on to the plateau. It was only a matter of carrying the gear by following one of the creek bed almost to the site. The creek bed was a shallow depression worn into the underlying conglomerate rock, about 6-10 ft wide, with little white pebbles embedded in it. Memory is little vague as whether I had a companion then or whether he and gear came in by helicopter after I cleared the site and a helicopter landing area; I think the person was the late Geoff Briggs. For some reason we did not finish there until twilight and it was a rush to get down to the creek before the light failed.

It was only a matter of following the creek bed back to the escarpment and then sideways to the Jeep. The tricky bit was making sure we did not walk over the edge – a sharp 15-20 foot drop to rocks below. It was pitch-black but luckily I had good night vision and could see the little white pebbles embedded in the rock by the star-light. Suddenly they disappeared!. I halted, and stopped my partner – we had almost walked over the edge. After that little scare, finding the Jeep and getting back to camp was a piece of cake.

In those halcyonic days we used to joke that “the impossible just took longer.”

THE 1957 DARWIN TRIP - SOME REFLECTIONS 50 YEARS LATER (Part One)

By Frank Bryant

The 1957 Darwin Trip was a very successful project so it seems fitting to put something on paper after 50 years. This is not a journal of the Project. It is just a few personal reflections.

An early morning departure from Keswick was scheduled for ? May 1957. Arrangements were made to collect some people from their homes before dawn. The OC, (then) Major J.K. Nolan picked up Alex Munro on Goodwood Road. The task to pick up WOI Robin Wilson was allocated to me. Because he lived in a new area it was intended that he would leave his front porch light switched on. Unfortunately, Margaret went to the porch to collect the milk for breakfast and turned the light off as she went back inside. I drove around the district for some time looking for a front light, none to be seen. Eventually I spotted a silhouette, at a lighted window, of a man shaving. Knocked on his door and enquired if he knew Robin. He lived next door.

We were very late leaving there so a fast trip to Keswick was required. South Road was being widened with an extra lane on the south side and there were small red lamps marking the edge of a significant drop. It was quite a misty morning and Jeep lights were not ideal those days. Suddenly, just in front of us, we spotted one of the red lights moving out onto the road. The milkman was delivering along the street and his horse and cart was moving right into the middle of the road with no one in control. We were travelling at a solid pace so a quick right turn followed by a quick left turn was necessary. Robin said a few incoherent words and then did not speak again until we arrived at the barracks.

The convoy moved out for the long journey north. WO (Snow) Simpson (RAEME) and Corporal Wally Brownlow brought up the rear in the 3 Ton 4x4 with spares and tools plus field tables, food and water. They, and Sapper Ron Lane, surged ahead to prepare for tea and lunch stops – they caused some surprise to motorists travelling both ways as they stood by the FS tables on the side of the road.

It was a good and uneventful trip to Copley where we were to load the vehicles on to flat top rail cars. As usual, there was quite a delay in getting everything organised on the (old) Ghan. This part of the trip was quite an unusual experience. We left late in the evening with four in each cabin. The OC, then Major John Nolan, was in a first class single birth cabin.

Next morning the conductor came around and advised us that he had moved all the “short journey” passengers (third class sit-up along the wall) into spare second class cabins and there was going to be a party in the rear carriage. As I recall, it went on almost non stop for the whole trip to Alice Springs – it was interrupted at each wayside stop whilst some cold beers were consumed and more supplies purchased.

At these stops the train horn was sounded and everyone hurried back on board – some even having to run to get on. At one stop (it may have been Oodnadatta) a chap in the bar told those present not to worry when the horn sounded as he was the driver and it was only the engineer trying to hurry him up. Someone glanced out the door and saw the train moving off. The so-called “driver” just laughed as they all took off after it. The real driver stopped the train rather abruptly and my injured knee gave way. Quite a to-do.

This meant confinement to quarters for the rest of the journey. To help pass the time Major Nolan and I played chess. Many will be aware that he was a stickler for correct dress and conduct whilst in uniform. At one of the Pub Stops, we interrupted our chess to watch the young ones racing to be first into the hotel. Suddenly he said “Look at Sapper Weinert”. Ron was doing a good pace but didn’t have his beret on. JKN said “You will have to speak with him, that is not good enough”. I thought it was the lack of beret which caused the comment but just then he added “If he doesn’t get a move on he will be beaten and we don’t want that to happen.”

It was a very pleasant and relaxing journey with many stops for refreshments – both solid and liquid. When we arrived in Alice Springs, sometime after lunch, some of us heard a rather irate passenger berating the Station Master because the train was about four hours late. The response by the Station Master was a gem. He looked at his watch carefully and then said “Yes it is still Saturday. The train isn’t late if it arrives here on the nominated day. We report it when it is more than three days late so that food and water supplies can be arranged for the passengers.”

After retrieving our vehicles we headed to a local caravan park for a couple of days rest before journeying north. It was an interesting park with small square tents as our accommodation. It was intended that I be admitted to the local hospital for a few days and then returned to Adelaide for repairs. Permission was requested to continue the journey as a passenger in the Dodge Van. The OC agreed (eventually) and he actually drove the Dodge from Alice to Darwin.

Whilst we were in the Alice caravan park, the OC met Colonel H.A. (Bill) Johnson who was then with National Mapping. He offered J.K.N. fresh Melbourne water from a large supply he had with him. He also suggested that we all should stop over at Mataranka Springs which was owned by a “friend” of his.

We set off on our journey north in good spirits. Roadside camps were set up each night. On one occasion most of us opted for a spots in a shallow dry sandy creek bed. Next morning we were quite surprised to see fresh animal tracks through our camping spot. Nobody heard any movement. Progress up the highway was mostly routine until we arrived at Mataranka. The OC knocked on the homestead door, introduced himself to the gentleman at the door and passed on Colonel Bill Johnson’s regards. He then enquired if we could stay the night as H.A.J had indicated that they had good ablution facilities and camp tables. At this point a very irate lady appeared at the door and bluntly said “No, you cannot stay here. During the last wet season we were flooded out and all of our facilities have been wrecked.” The OC politely thanked her and turned to return to the Dodge. The lady then said something along the lines of “What the heck – soldiers know how to cope – you can all stay but do not leave any rubbish.” We returned to the road and led the convoy in to a lovely spot alongside a warm-water spring.

Whilst the evening meal was being prepared it was decided that some would play water polo with an empty boot polish tin as a puck. There were a few Johnson River croc’s about but they kept away from our area. All of our group’s swim gear was stowed in our metal trunks and not readily accessible. We had been told that there were no guests staying at the homestead so we assumed we had the place to ourselves and therefore need not worry about togs. The game seemed to be a lot of fun. All enjoyed the warm water.

Our survey assistant (R.L) was quite a regular prankster. Some time later he was seen hurrying along the track towards the homestead and then returning quickly to the water polo group. His message was that a lady had arrived at the homestead to stay the night and was heading down the track for a swim before dinner. Everyone just laughed and continued playing. R.L then frantically ran up the path again and told the approaching lady that the group in the pool were naked and he was having trouble getting them out of the water and dressed. Her response was heard by most of our group. It was along the lines of “I am a doctor, I am going to have a swim, and I will not be

offended whilst they stay in the water.” By this time most were out of the water and attempting to get dressed behind any tree. Our OC was a fairly large person and was having great difficulty trying to hide behind a small tree whilst pulling his trousers on. The lady was very pleasant and bid us farewell with some small quip.

To be continued - Part 2 will be published in the next newsletter

Tales from the Past

By Peter Rossiter

I missed the first year in NT 'cos of New Ireland. After leave at the end of '57 and an abortive search of Wilpena Pound in Jan '58, I went with the C Comd Fd Svy to NT for that year's trip. Apart from being stuck in Larrakeyah as the Dogsboddy, one item sticks out. Army Aviation was just getting off the ground, more or less, and the pilots were still in 1920's mode, and so were some of the planes. W Comd Fd Svy bods had got into trouble with lack of food and water at one time and the only way to try to get F&W to them was by air. Major Buckland blasted someone on the phone and an Army Auster arrived - you know, one of those Pommy planes designed in the 1920s and built in the '50s? Vaguely like a Cessna in build, but that's all. Driving it was a Sgt Charlie Miller, a damn nice bloke. And, luckily, a good pilot. So, we packed some tins of food in a couple of boxes, half filled a couple of plastic jerrycans with water, and set off. Arriving over the W Comd bods, Charlie said to open the door, then he would fly as low as he dared, and I was to drop the bits out; hopefully, not all of it would be destroyed. Interesting!! Ever tried to open a plane door at 100-mph? Luckily, the Auster was a "tin and string" sort of plane, so I did manage to get the door open, not break a leg, or fall out, and dropped the gear. The tins, apparently, were OK, but the jerrycans didn't make it. Shouldn't have expected them to, really. Seems the chaps on the ground spent quite a while gathering the tins.

Galloping Around in China

By Peter Rossiter

So, China. The trip was slated as 17 days - became 15 (Max) after to and from. Arr in Shanghai (Pudong) about 6,30-pm local. Stood around for a while - it is an airport, after all! (Modern train stn). Went to nice hotel, ate, went to bed. Next morning, we were treated to traffic, China style!! Blockages everywhere - footpath, bike track, road, all choked with vehicles or people. The good thing is, no-one seemed to be "aggressive" the way they are here, and pedestrians seem to be -more or less - sacrosanct. The overpasses and other high roads are lined with plants, as are the streets. Beaut!! Also, we noticed quite a few "older people" with lurid jacket, brush and pan sweeping the roads, footpaths, etc. Very little rubbish about. We had an escorted tour of the city - well, parts - for two & half days and didn't scratch the surface. Also, the Oriental Pearl tower at 350 metres was quite a viewing platform at night!! Wow!! Had a ride in the Maglev train back to the airport - 35-km in seven minutes. Lovely!

Next town, Chengdu. Flew there. Most of the day wasted. Then, off to see the Pandas, of course. Better looked after than a lot of the people. Two days at Chengdu, but there are seven million people in the city, so, again, two days ain't enough.

Now comes the good bit. We went to the Seven Villages valley and Mao County. In a bus, one of several hundred thousand. Narrow winding road, up to 3500- metres, blade-like mountains all about, covered in pines and topped with power transmission towers and cables - probably killed nearly as many putting them up as when building the Wall. Wonderful scenery!! There're numerous lakes up in the valley, some yellow, most a beautiful pale green. And people, of course! Chinese; thousands of 'em, nearly all toting a digital camera of some sort. And there was a cable car ride up into the misty bits at near the top. Good for the Tum!!

After that, Xian and the ceramic warriors and such were almost an anti-climax - but not quite!!

Once again, not enough time to see much outside the pub and the bits we were taken to see. Almost lost a couple of the group, but at least we didn't have any tummy troubles.

To finish off, three days in Beijing, with a visit to The Wall - and that tells a story, too. 75-kms, supposed to be 1.5-hrs drive. It was a traffic jam from end to end, took us 4-hrs and the driver knew a short cut - another bus going to the same place at the same time took over five hrs, the driver

didn't know the short-cut. There was another road parallel to the "freeway" we were on; it was, for over 20-kms, clogged and at a standstill with trucks.

The food was mostly Chinese and somewhat different to what we all might be used to, but, edible, nevertheless. Chopstick practice essential before going. Local beer in 700-ml bottles @ 3.6% alcohol was 10-yuan - about \$1.45 - and not bad, either. No drunks evident, anywhere. We enjoyed ourselves, and the group we were with, and we intend to go again.

Cape York or Bust

by TJ Wicker

Planned this one for a couple of years as my mate Rob needed to take 3 months off work.

Rob & Jenny also purchased a Kimberly Kamper for the trip rather than hire one at great expense.

We left 8 June and went to Mildura to catch up with Peter & Lesley Presser and Rob & Jenny met us their 2 days later. Our plan was to follow the Darling River to Bourke but that plan went out the window on day two as they had that much rain the roads were closed and the Darling was flowing again for the first time in 12 months. So we cut across the tar and up to Lightning Ridge. It continued to rain as we made it to Charters Towers. 3 days of rain and we decided to go across to Townsville. We planned to do this on the way back down but with all the rain we were starting to wonder if we would be able to get to the top. So 8 days in Townsville and on day 4 the rain stopped. Checked out Cairns and Port Douglas and then across the Daintree River on the ferry and up the Bloomfield Track.

Once we reached Cooktown we found out that all the roads were open and had dried out. So off through Lakefield NP. Had a night at Kalpowar NP and went into "Pandanus Park" The Veterans Retreat set up by Les Hiddens of the Bush Tucker Man fame. Had a great time on the banks of the Normandy River. At 4pm each day everyone drives in to "The RAP" for drinks and any new people coming in get a call of incoming and greeted by the masses. They have a 12 km stretch they use and some come in and stay for up to 4 months. Last year on Long Tan Day they had 350 at the service they ran. We couldn't hang around for the 18th Aug but they expected 200 or more this year. If anyone wants detail on how to get there give us a call.

Off up the Old Telegraph Track (OTT) and out to Chilli Beach a lovely spot but more wind than Stansbury. Across to Weipa where we did a fishing charter and had a great time. Back to the OTT and stopped in at all the falls. Fruit Bat, Twin and Elliot. Over the ferry at the Jardine River and a few days around the top checking out all the historic sites. Spent a day at the Tip where we had a drink and tried to fish but the water runs through at a great rate.

We took the ferry across to Thursday Island and had a drink at the Top Pub (northerly most pub in Aust.) On the way back down we camped out at Vrilya Point right on the beach for some more fishing. Great spot on the west coast of Queensland. Checked out Captain Billy's Landing and made a dash south to check out places below Townsville having done those places north on the way up due to the rain.

Won't go into all the places but stops at Bowen, Airlie Beach, Rockhampton, Bundaberg (and the rum factory), Hervey Bay and then planned to go onto Rainbow Beach for a few days fishing. I have done this twice before and Rob was looking forward to it. But heard about the rain heading north up the coast and in hind site glad we gave it a miss. It rained like you wouldn't believe and we headed south at a great rate of knots. The average rain fall was around the 600mm mark but some places had 800mm and one had 950mm. We went into Yamba to see Pauline Chillcot and Rob and Jenny started working their way down the coast as they hadn't been that way before. We cut across country and home via Mildura and a night with the Pressers again. This is our last trip in the Kimberly Kamper and it is now on the market. We will go back to a semi off road van so we can do some places during the winter but not all up north during the dry season. Next plan is to take an 8 week trip with rig around Tassie. The Troopcarrier has served us well for 8 years but that is also going in December and we are picking up a 3Lt turbo diesel Hi Lux dual cab. Have to have some room to take all the grandkids out once in a while.

VALE

Brian Murray

Brian passed away in late November in Canberra. He enlisted in the Australian Survey Corps early in WW2, and was posted to 3 Fd Svy Coy at Colac in Victoria, where in mid 1942 along with 33 other volunteers he was transferred to the 8th New Guinea Svy Sect, later serving in the Wau area in which the enemy were very active from March to October 1943 as part of Kanga Force. Brian also served in the Kokoda campaign, and has the honour of Mount Murray near Uberi being named after him. Following his service in PNG, Brian transferred to the RAAF as air crew, remaining until the end of hostilities. In civilian life he gained a Master of Commerce from Melbourne University and served in senior appointments in the Immigration Department at home and overseas until retirement. He worked tirelessly for the NG Survey Association, and for the establishment of a "Carriers Memorial" in Canberra in tribute to the carriers and people of PNG who had served with us in WW2.

A truly remarkable career, for one who will be remembered by many throughout the country. Our thanks to Charlie Watson.

The brothers Clutterbuck

Both passed away on the same day in Perth in very early November, within a few hours of each other.

Cedric Clutterbuck aged 87 years. He enlisted about 1941, joining 4 Field Survey Coy (as fore runner to 5 Fd Svy Sqn) remaining with the unit for about ten years on mapping operations mainly on the seaboard of Western Australia, until his discharge in 1950, except for a year as a surveyor in an artillery unit during that time. In civilian life he went into farming on a war service co-operative block at Mt Barker, until 1962, when he returned to Perth to join Australia Post, staying in that position until retirement in 1982.

Eric Clutterbuck aged 82 years. During WW2 Eric was in the RAAF for about five years, until his discharge in 1946.

Following a period in civilian employment, he enlisted in RASVY in 1948, joining the 5/48 Basic Course at Balcombe to graduate as a Fair Draughtsman, as known then. He was consequently posted to the Survey Regt at Bendigo for several years until his posting to the Staff College at Queenscliff as a sergeant draughtsman, where he remained until a posting to Survey Directorate about 1963/64. In 1968 Eric was posted to Vietnam for one year, then to 5 Fd Svy Sqn until retirement in 1974, ending 26 years of worthy commitment to the Corps.

Both brothers were keen members of the WA Association over many years, and will be missed by their many friends, especially younger brother Noel who also served in the Corps. Our condolences to their families.