



SURVEY  
EX-SERVICEMEN'S  
ASSOCIATION  
SOUTH AUSTRALIA



NEWSLETTER No.25  
AUGUST 1999

## ANZAC DAY PARADE

The weather this year during the march was sunny and mild;a beautiful day. For the first time in many years the route was changed,to include Pulteney St.,North Tce.and King William Rd,cutting out King William St.but ending in Pennington Gardens as usual.

Our form-up point in future will be on North Tce.,about half way between Pulteney St.and the State War Memorial.

Free parking was available at several central city car-parks,for the first time ever and proved very useful,particularly when returning after the march.

The roll-up this year was fairly good,with twenty three marching in the parade,ably led by George Ricketts as usual with T.J. Wicker carrying the banner.

Others included Bernie Watson,Bob Love,Stevó Hinic,Bill Love, Peter and Barbara Bates-Brownsword ( on holiday from Brisbane) Stan Stephens( down from Pt. Augusta ) Bill Griggs,David Bowyer, Noel Sproles,Peter Elverd,John Harrison,John Whitburn,Dave Collins,Alex Czornohalan,Bob Cooper,John Frith,Alex Munro, Anthony Stephens,Bob Mills and John Showers,now back in Adelaide. Pat Cox was unable to attend.

Our thanks to Bernie Watson's daughter,Mrs.Katie Low,for taking photographs of our group during the parade. Anyone who wishes to obtain copies,please ring me on 82777074.

Heading back afterwards to the Queen's Arms ,I noticed Noel Sproles marching again at the rear of the Vietnam contingent,and also Evan Allanson leading the Engineer's Vietnam group.

## ANZAC DAY REUNION.

The first few arrivals at the Queen's Arms met at about half eleven only to find the pub didn't open until mid-day according to the sign. Not a good start,so with nothing else to do we sat around the footpath until the bar opened.

Half way through the first round came the next surprise,when the bar-maid made known that the pub wasn't serving lunch that day,although we had been booked in for about twenty-five diners.

A bit of a mix-up somehow,which caused our organiser T.J. Wicker

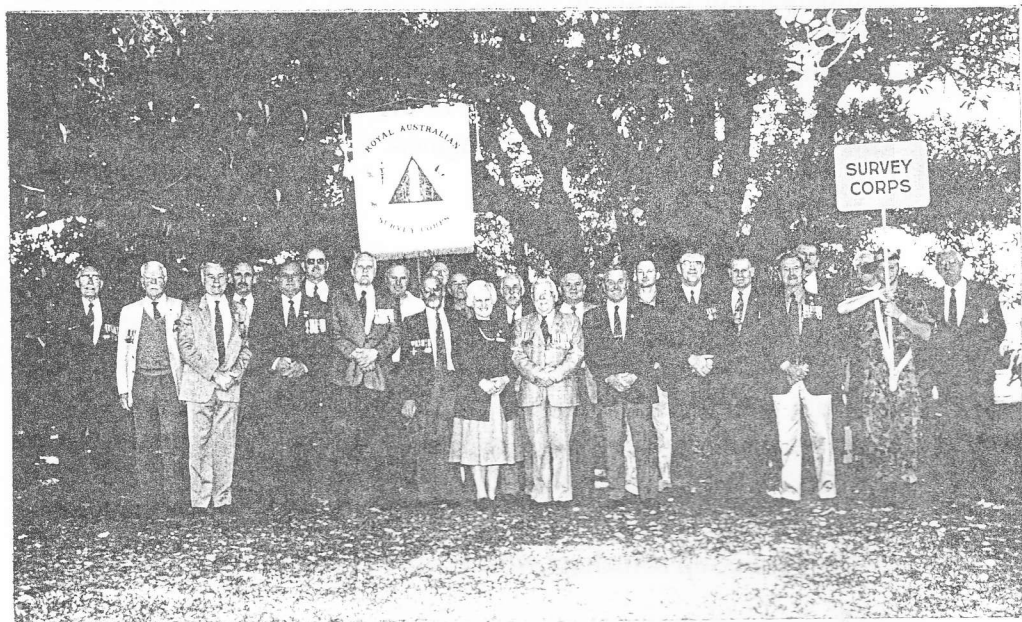
to choke on his drink a bit,however,with some lateral thinking he adopted plan B and sprinted around to Gouger St.to book us into George's Fish Cafe for lunch,only a short stroll around the corner. Unfortunately Stan Stephens arrived at the pub while we were all away at the cafe,so thinking he had come to the wrong place he wandered elsewhere.

The roll-up for the reunion was pretty good,with about thirty sitting down to lunch at George's,although not all were able to attend the AGM back at the Queen's Arms afterwards,including Peter and Barbara Bates-Brownsword,Pam Harrison,Lea Wicker and Steve McGuiness.

Our AGM was fairly short as there was no need to elect office bearers,as the present committee was only elected last December at our Christmas function. The fate of the dedication plaque originally on the front wall of the former 4th Field Survey Squadron building was discussed,and it was decided to approach HQ Keswick Barracks to have it re-installed back onto the now renovated building, as an historical reminder of the Corps.

For the rest of the afternoon it was back to the bar and pokies,until the reunion ended about 4pm.as every-one moved on.

### AFTER THE MARCH





Sitting Bob Cooper, Bob Love, George Ricketts, John Nathan,  
Bill Love, John Scharber, Jim Dunn, Bernie Watson, Alex Munro.  
Standing T.J. Wicker, John Jones, Greg Higgs, Peter Hammer,  
Bob Mills, John Harrison, Bob Dikkenberg, Peter Elverd,  
Alex Czornohalan, Rob Langley, Dave Irving, Stevo Hinic,  
Bob Griffin and Bill Griggs.      ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

## CORPS BIRTHDAY DINNER.

The dinner was held at the Rob Roy Hotel on Friday 2nd July 1999. A total of fifty five guests gathered in the saloon bar at 7pm. for drinks, before moving into the dining room just after 7.30pm to sit for a three course dinner.

Unfortunately president Bob Cooper and Rhonda were unable to attend as both were house bound with severe head colds.

Well into the evening, secretary T.J. Wicker read out apologies received, before calling on George Ricketts to address the gathering. George welcomed all present, with a special mention for those who had travelled long distances to attend. He then briefly stressed the importance of the occasion before proposing a toast to the memory of the Royal Australian Survey Corps.

Those attending were Effie and Roger Rees (who had driven over from Canberra) Bill Griggs and son Cameron (ARA, on leave from Townsville) Stevo Hinic and Pauline, Dianne and Neville Stone, Joy and Dennis Marshall (from Victor Harbour) Mary and Bob Mills, Moyna Briggs, Marg and George Ricketts, Stan Stephens and Yvonne (down from Pt. Augusta), Bob Williams, Margaret and Bob Love (from Strathalbyn) Rita and Jim Dunn, Lea and T.J. Wicker, Sue and Andy Capp, Rosemary and Peter Hammer, Janine and Max Coletti, Pam and John Harrison, Elizabeth and Bill Love, Bernie Watson, Barbara and Mick Hanson, Margaret and Robin Wilson (from Gawler) Joan and Alex Munro, Pam and Bob Ballard, Jackie and John Shephard, Lorraine and Ken Talbot-Smith, Pauline and Ken Jeffery, Desi Asaris and brother Andy (RAAF, on leave from Canberra) Jane and Brett Knuckey (from Birdswood) and Sharon and John Jones.

It was a pleasant occasion throughout the night and I think everyone met up with friends not often seen. A few hardy souls were still there close to midnight, and I also heard that another group returned to Stevo Hinic's hacienda, to party on until the wee small hours.

## CROSSING THE SIMPSON DESERT.

Alex Czornohalan has been at it again. Remember our newsletter article last year about a father-son group from Blackfriars Priory School tracking along the Gunbarrel Highway into the desert areas of the NT./SA./WA.outback by 4WD.vehicle,well they recently undertook a similar trip. Not too many students this time because of exams,etc,which raises the question of whether the trip is organised for the youngsters or the oldies,as only 7 students went accompanied by 23 adults,ages ranging from 8 to 60 years.

The plan this time was to cross the Simpson Desert,on the 60th.anniversary of the crossing by Dr.C.T.Madigan,leading a scientific expedition of 8 men and 17 camels during June/July 1939. A local pastoralist,Ted Colson,had earlier in 1936 crossed the desert which was named by Dr.Madigan after the president of the S.A.branch of the Royal Geographic Society,Alfred Simpson.

Alex was voted as I/C Stores by the group,obviously relying on his experience on mapping trips in the bush. Leaving on 3rd. July '99 from Adelaide,with seven 4WD.vehicles and two heavy trailers,they travelled north through Quorn,Marree,Oodnadatta and on to Twin Peaks and the start of the crossing.

Crossing the Simpson Desert was not intended by Mother Nature to be easy,and so it proved. The track was incredibly rough and non-existent for long stretches,with the group relying on their GPS equipment to navigate by,and more often than not requiring mutual support between vehicles to surmount the sand ridges.

The convoy crossed 512 sand ridges at an average speed of about 6kph.with the vehicles and occupants constantly tested by a guestimated 22853 bumps,lumps and jumps during the crossing.

The straight line distance was calculated at 188 kms.but with hundreds of twists and turns the actual crossing distance travelled was 247 kms.in a travelling time of just under 38 hrs. Day temperatures were mainly in the mid-twenties celsius,but dropped below zero at night.

Not all sweat and tears though,as they were particularly well set up with tucker,dining on steak,fresh salads and pancakes,etc,just to name a few goodies.

Dinner on day four consisted of 10 kgs.of prawns,20 dozen oysters,5 kgs.of fresh fish plus extras,all helped down with wine. Pretty good organising,with a fair input from Alex I would say.

Travelling on bush tracks after the Simpson Desert was a breeze.

On to Birdsville for an overnight camp,naturally meant a visit to the pub after dark,where a captive audience of tourists just had to listen to the Conquerors of the Simpson,who without doubt had unchallenged Bragging Rights for the night,but well earned though.

The group was surprised at the amount of development that was happening in Birdsville and also with the amount of tourist traffic,considering the isolation of the place. An example of the tourist diversity was a group of senior citizens from Melbourne,driving restored Ford Model A cars and towing trailers.

Moving on,the team eventually reached Adelaide after being away for 14 days,very weary but satisfied with the trip.

As far as known about 17 groups of 4WD.enthusiasts have succeeded in crossing the Simpson Desert,no doubt all well prepared,as breakdowns and repairs are a regular feature and remember to first obtain permission from the traditional owners and the police. Costs can be a bit high at times also,with unleaded petrol costing around 94 cents and diesel about 90 cents a litre,but worst of all a carton of beer cost \$68 at one place,so take plenty of spare cash. Thanks to Alex Czornohalan for the information.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS 1999.

Subscriptions for 1999 are still \$10 to cover the period Jan-Dec,not the twelve months between AGM's,so if you have yet to pay please contact treasurer T.J.Wicker.

Exceptions are for WW2 members,family of deceased members and interstate subscribers,all of whom pay only \$5. Lowering of the rate for interstate members is because many subscribe to more than one newsletter ,also they do not receive most other correspondence sent out during the year.

## PEOPLE NEWS.

Bob Love Just before last Anzac Day, Bob appeared on a T.V. news feature placing a small Australian Flag on the grave of Tom Derrick V.C. in Centennial Park War Cemetery.

Each year students from Scotch College place about 6000 flags in the cemetery prior to Anzac Day, and as an old scholar of the college, Bob was giving a helping hand while representing the RSL.

John Scharber Leads a quiet life these days, and keeps out of mischief by doing gardening and lawn cutting around his home district.

Trevor Hann Trevor was in town for a few days recently, to attend a farewell party for his daughter, prior to her departure to the U.K.

Trevor has been based in Thailand for about fifteen years, mainly working on survey projects in the oil industry around S.E. Asia, including China, Vietnam, Indonesia and Laos.

He remembers meeting Harry Hansen in Indonesia some time ago and Kevin O'Halloran in Singapore, but working out of Perth.

Mario Zappula Heard from somewhere that Mario is now managing a private hotel in Castlemaine VIC., but have no other information.

Rhys Delaine Retired from the Service about mid-August ex 1 Topo Sqn, to join his wife in managing a tourist resort on Magnetic Island, QLD.

Wolfgang Thund Recently took his discharge from 1 Topo Sqn, to work for a Brisbane firm engaged in mapping projects.

Bill Jones wanted Wolfgang to work in his organisation, but was too late in making a bid.

Peter Presser Peter is off to Spain with a team of Riverland rowers to participate in the World Masters Games, presently being held. I believe a strong contingent of Australian rowers is attending.

Bill Jones Bill is now the QLD. manager for ERSIS ,and no,I do not know what it means,but it's a Brisbane based firm producing specialised geographic software for earth sciences research.

Garry Warnest Garry no longer works for ATSE at Fortuna, but is now employed with Intergraph Mapping Services,a contract mapping firm operating from Bendigo,and managed locally by Graham Wastell. Colin Cuskelly and Stewart Midgley are also on staff. Garry told me that they have plenty of work at the moment and that the staff has increased from five in February this year to twenty-three as of now.

Bob McHenry Bob has apparently landed a plum job,as overall Australian manager for Intergraph (Aust),operating from Canberra. The company is a subsidiary of the American parent Intergraph. As national manager,Bob would probably oversee the Bendigo operation.

Merv Marks While visiting Adelaide recently,Merv found time to visit George Ricketts in hospital.

Jason Wells Jason now resides in Torquay Vic. He completed a degree in computing some years ago and now works part time as a programmer at Deakin University. The remainder of his time is spent as a consultant,but hasn't been consulted all that much lately.

Jim Aller Jim resides in Adelaide,and is employed as the No1 storeman at Konica (Aus) Pty Ltd. He looks fitter and healthier than when he worked in the Orderly Room at Keswick,but his hair has changed colour though.

John Zuringer Along with about three-hundred other protesters,John recently objected to a proposed development of a ship-breaking yard at Pelican Point at Pt. Adelaide. He came on a bit too strong and was arrested by a grumpy policeman,along with thirty-two others,and is now awaiting Judgment Day,keeping in mind Yatala Labour Prison is just down the road a bit.

The following article appeared in the 2/1 Survey Association newsletter "Survey Sentinal" and recounts a period during WW2. when the 2/1st. Survey Company was enroute to the Middle East. Laced throughout with humour, it gives a picture of conditions prevailing at the time.

Written by Bill Mathews and titled "Security" I thought it well worth a repeat. Thanks to the author.

"It wasn't enough that we had sprung a leak halfway across the Indian Ocean from Bombay. God Knows! It was uncomfortable living on a dirty little tub- 'The Khedive Ismail' with a 12 Degree list to Starboard but finally we limped in to the 'Mare Rubrum' (better known as the Red Sea). We promptly dropped anchor. Weakened by debilitating heat, food supplies low, water rationed, half the Ships lighting turned off to conserve power for the pumps, and with brilliant Military inefficiency we were left for about 9 days to sweat it out. What had we done to deserve this? Had we broken Moses covenant with God, and were we

being punished by the 'Curses' (God's Wrath). After all there was Mt Sinai looming up in front of us where Moses received the Divine Messages from God Himself, and Israel pledged to obey God, and a new creation began. The agreement was sealed at a sacrificial alter. The key words were to obey God!..... Certainly our situation didn't look all that bright as we sweltered on this apology for a ship, which was rumored to have originally been used to transport Pommy Troops from Taufiq to India, to protect the interests of the East India Company. Incidentally we could not confirm this ..... I personally had grave doubts that a Rotten Bit of Flotsam as this Tub could have survived for such a lengthy period.

Eventually we were inflicted by severe boredom. Oh, not all of us, for I almost forgot the Poker Players, who were after all insensitive to discomfit and heat, as the games proceeded - sometimes, nonstop Day & Night. I think if you could've stopped the games for a moment, The Players would have been surprised to find the ship had a considerable leak , and an odd angle. Anyway, by this time in a flash of brilliant strategy, the whole Ships complement was ordered to sleep and

keep, to the left hand side of the Tub- that is, as we faced the Sharp end. This was supposed to level the Ship up - which it didn't of course, and we all kept walking around like sheep on the side of a steep mountain slope. As a consequence we developed a nasty case of Baa-ing which caused great aggravation among the Officers, who started to threaten us all with 'more curses'. Now about this time a rumor was hatched that a German Submarine was reported to be in the Red Sea.

With this in mind and to help us fill in the days of boredom, which dragged somewhat, a wonderful piece of Bastardy was conceived and Guard Duties were mounted on board the Ship.

A brilliant idea, quite a humorous Brain Wave, until my name appeared as one of the Luckless Guard Duties that night.

You have got to admit the situation had all the ingredients of an uproariously funny comedy. As a very serious inspection of the Guards - fully dressed together with rifle and bayonets were closely scrutinized by a very dry and humourless Lieutenant, all drawn up in military rank, on a deck sloping even

conduct a series of lectures on security and the dire consequences should any security measures be breached! Speak to nobody, do not discuss where you came from, who you are, what you do. The enemy is everywhere. All Arabs are spies etc. We were given a number - 279 Never forget your number and never under any circumstances say that you are 2/1st Field Survey Company 2<sup>nd</sup> AIF. From now on 279 and nothing else. They then left us, but all our Officers were fired up with some authority and were using it all over the boat. "Who are you with" was yelled at one in the toilet or elsewhere. '279' you yelled back. This charade went on Day and Night *ad nauseam*. Finally we all got the message well and truly.

At last we up anchored (*with all members being instructed to move to the other side of the ship to help right it, so that we could get underway*), and chugged up the Red Sea to Port Taufiq, (known to us phonetically as Port Tewfix) in Egypt at the Southern end of the Canal.

We disembarked and boarded the train. Now at the end of the train was a type of Parcel Van with sliding doors, and unoccupied.-----A perfect place for cards

more so now. We looked like we were trying to defy gravity, as we Marched off to the various postings. It was painful and side-splitting in the extreme. A group of soldiers marching along in single file with one leg longer than the other, rifles sloped ready to protect the whole ship from cockroaches - of which there were thousands and all as big as sparrows.

My first posting was down in the bilge, not standing on the bottom as it was under water. As the water was sloshing about part-way up the wooden steps in the dim light I could see the cockies swimming towards the steps to climb up.

My humorless Lieutenant told me my duties. If anything intrudes through the Ship's side, like what, I asked. His reply was it maybe a Torpedo, if so sound an alarm and take evasive action. And he was an Officer of the Crown! Anyway about this time the monotony was broken when a launch pulled up to our side and on to the deck appeared three British Officers with Red Bands around their caps. Bombay Bay Bloomers (shorts covering the knees) long socks, Khaki Shirts and sand coloured Suede Boots (Brothel Creepers). They were British Army Headquarters Security Officers. The purpose of their visit was to

and the card players took it over and closed the doors.

Finally the train got going alongside of the canal to El Cantara just about Dusk. We were then loaded on to a big barge and transhipped across the canal and told to gather in an earth park at our disembarkment point and await further instructions.

However during the transhipment, an unfortunate incident occurred — The German Air force decided to drop some bombs on the Military Air field about 2 miles from El Cantara. This caused considerable concern and somewhat of a panic – especially when one is on a crowded barge in the middle of the canal, with no where to run.

It was a nasty introduction to the war, although the bombs finished nowhere near us, they certainly sounded like they had your name engraved on them. The sky was covered with search-lights and the greatest danger (fear-wise) was caused by the Anti-Aircraft guns' flak which seem to fill the sky.

However we disembarked safely and awaited in the little Earth Park for instructions. The air raid was over and a wonderful glorious quite pervaded the stillness of the night. "Will all 2/1st Survey Company make their way over to the monument on the left of the park".

We could just see the monument in the dark and eventually the whole company were together, ready to march forward to the train nearby to move us onward to Palestine.

That is, the whole company - but one - our Commanding Officer (I don't think he attended the lectures)! He had been grabbed by the Security Officers for telling the enemy that we had arrived in the Middle East.

He was taken away for interrogation. Oh! I forgot to tell you that our Card Players - so engrossed that they had omitted to check that the Van was connected to the Train.

They didn't find out until the Train had already gone 8 hours earlier. Military Police got them.

Finally we reached Hill 69, Palestine."

POSTSCRIPT: The Khedive Ismail was torpedoed and sunk in the Mediterranean two months after we Disembarked . *(Tom Hunter has a "Herald Newspaper" cutting that refutes Bill's information).* The Herald is dated Thursday Feb.27th,1958. This article is written by *Ex-Petty Officer A. Walker.* (One

of only 23 survivors) The Khedive Ismail (7290-ton) was ploughing along with an east-bound convoy. She was in a "safe" area and her 1263 crew and passengers were going about their jobs, relaxing, attending a ship's concert or playing tombola. Then came disaster, and 1240 died. The "safe" area had become a hunting ground for a Japanese submarine.

A. Walker goes on to say that the time from the blast of the first torpedo to the plunge of the Khedive Ismail was 1 min. 40 seconds.

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Ern Folks wishes to bring to the notice of the members that they are eligible for the Australian Service Medal 1945/75 with Clasp SW PACIFIC, which is awarded for thirty (30) days service in the Netherlands Indies, Portuguese Timor, Sarawak, Brunei, British Borneo, Philippine Islands, Solomon Islands, Nauru and Ocean Islands, and waters forming part of these territories between 3 September 1945 and 24 November 1946; and for participation in the Royal Australian Air Force military activities on Morotai Island between 3 Sept. 1945 and 10 July 1948.

Applications should be made to the ARMY MEDALS SECTION, Central Army Records Office, GPO Box 5108BB, Melbourne Vic.3001.

## PEOPLE NEWS

Simon Wendell Cooper Simon resides at Hope Valley, south of Adelaide. He was in ARES at 4 Fd Svy Sqn from July 88 until Feb 92, serving full time from Oct 89 until Nov 91.

On 6th Dec 98 Simon was ordained as a Lutheran minister at Faith Lutheran College in Tanunda.

He is currently the chaplain at Hope Valley Lutheran Retirement Home, providing accommodation for about five-hundred retirees.

Simon is now trying to rejoin the ARES as a padre, so be on the look-out for Captain Coops.

He is the fourth ex Corps person (possibly the fifth) that I know of who have become ordained ministers.

Brenton Whittlebury Now resides at Box Hill, Vic.

Brenton left AUSLIG at the end of '96, spending the next nine months at government expense, retraining for alternative work and applying for employment. He came up with a great idea to produce grape seed oil, until he realised that you need money to make money. He then spent three months on job training in nursing homes as a patient services assistant. Brenton then took a position with Gardner Perrot, a division of Brambles, providing industrial cleaning services using high pressure water jets, becoming permanent staff six months later.

At present he works a six day week with varying shifts, inspecting the insides of sewer pipes using closed circuit television. A tiny camera connected to 300 metres of cable and mounted on a little tractor, travels down the sewer pipes enabling Brenton to report on their condition. A shit of a job but someone has to do it.

John Zuringer (Again) Judgment Day came and John and the other thirty-two protesters arrested at Pelican Point, were duly fronted at the Pt. Adelaide Magistrates Court. The magistrate was an understanding soul and said he might have done the same, so dismissed all charges, probably with cheers all round. Well done Zing.

THANKS to John Zuringer and Garry Warnest for news items.

### SICK LIST.

George Ricketts. George suffered a severe stroke late in July and was admitted to Daw Park Repatriation General Hospital, with his right side paralysed and the loss of some vision. For the first two weeks his condition was not good, causing a lot of concern regarding his eventual recovery, but a change in medication was tried with success and George began to recover slowly from there on.

He was transferred to the rehabilitation ward on 19 Aug and while he has a long way to go yet to full recovery, his latest progress gives a lot of hope. All our best wishes George for a speedy recovery.

I suggest any correspondence be sent to his home address at

Glen Osmond, 5064, or telephone

### TALES FROM THE BUSH.

The Monster of Emu Field was written by Lofty Keene from memories related by Ian Thomson, recalling a joke played on Archie Hancock and others. A few of us were working on a traverse in the Emu area about 1962, near the atom bomb test site, and on the night in question were camped near Emu Field, the airstrip prepared specially for the bomb test

We had occupied a derelict shed with the luxury of a concrete floor and nothing else, but it did provide shelter from the wind. The shed was surrounded by piles of abandoned equipment including some large radio antennae, all left behind when the bomb test was concluded, altogether a very desolate place and a bit eerie after dark, which probably prompted the jokers involved. Anyway, the poem tells the story.

## THE MONSTER OF EMU FIELD

The lights are out, the wind is up, ears take up the strain.  
something's out there, not sure what, that makes this screech of pain.  
Still, we're all locked up, windows shut, doors are tightly sealed,  
safe and protected while we're in here, from the monster of Emu Field.

Years ago the bomb went off, the place a deserted station,  
nothing survived so Darby had said, perhaps an odd mutation!  
Maybe an oversized rat, or a dog, now it's fate is surely sealed,  
"For I'll get the bastard tonight" said Archie, "this monster of Emu Field."

He was fair taken in was Archie, with his gun tucked away by his side.  
Karl Bratz, Thomo and Hansen his mates, had grins near a mile wide.  
Bill Love was there with his advice, his glee was hard to conceal,  
It was about to rear it's head again, was this monster of Emu Field.

Army surveyors, a bunch of them, camped in an old tin shed,  
nothing better to do at night then play tricks on their mate while in bed.  
prompted by the noises they heard, while lying awake in the dark,  
while poor bloody Archie, the victim, was the target for their rotten lark.

They had tied some string to an old antenna, outside and around the bend,  
the cord running in and under the beds, Wayne Gillies on the other end.  
And once again the scene was set, as the cord began to tighten,  
the antenna outside on the concrete moved, Archies face began to whiten.

He held his breath 'til he heard it again, then leapt from his bunk with a scream  
burst outside with his gun all cocked, but the monster was not to be seen.  
For the antenna had been recalled, back round the bend out of sight.  
but he still let go with a round or two, "to keep it at bay for the night."

I expect their containment of mirth, registered as quite awe inspiring,  
but often, pranks such as these, have a habit of quickly backfiring.  
And this one was no exception, as the sunrise slowly revealed,  
that the tyre on Darby's Rover, became the victim of Emu Field.

## THE CANNING STOCK ROUTE CYCLE CHALLENGE.

Cycling the Canning Stock Route would certainly be a challenge, being one of epic proportions by my reckoning. Information given me states it is one of the loneliest public tracks on Earth, almost 2000 km. of unmaintained 4WD track through isolated desert area in central Western Australia. Explored, surveyed and established between 1906 and 1910, it was used for droving an estimated 31 mobs of cattle from 1911 until 1958, from the Kimberley region to southern markets.

The track was first travelled successfully by 4WD vehicle in 1968 taking 34 days, and is now popular with the off-road brethren because of the remoteness and difficulty. As far as known, the track has only been conquered by two cyclists up until now.

Bob Mills and Mrs. Gill Plastow accepted the challenge in mid July this year. Both experienced long distance cyclists, they teamed up to combine their resources, to provide a support team of five members and three 4WD vehicles.

Travelling from north to south and starting in mid July, they were able to cycle only about 110 kms. of the 200 odd kilometres of the track between Halls Creek and the junction with the Tanami Track, as conditions were impossible for cycling.

From there on the track was passable for the next 1750 kms. to the end. On the seventh day at about the 400 kms. mark, Gill had an accident and injured her knee, forcing her to retire from the challenge and ride out the remaining distance with the support team.

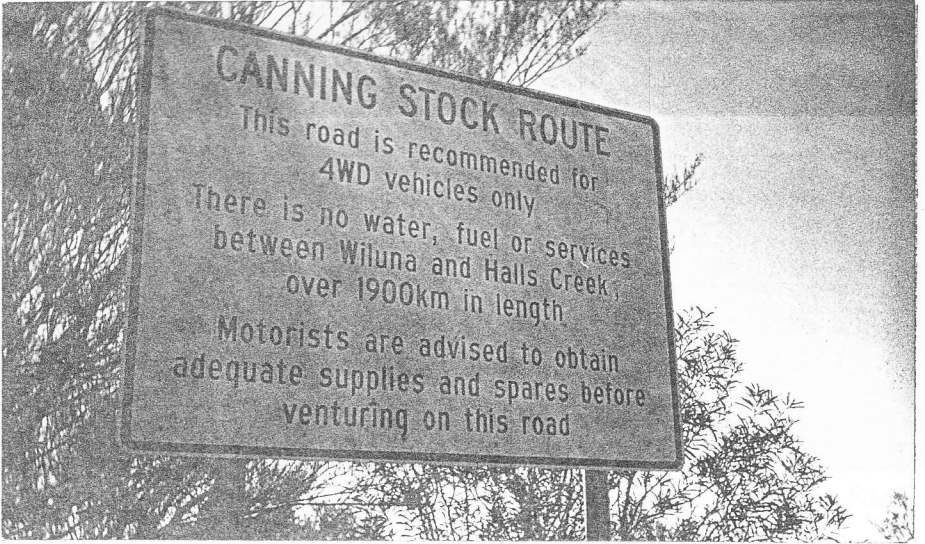
With their birthdays only nine days apart, Bob and Gill celebrated their 56th birthday on the same occasion with an impromptu trackside party.

Pushing on alone, Bob reached the end of the track in a total time of 22 days, on his best day riding 145 kms. and on his worst day covering 36 kms. only. Each day took about 12 hrs. including rest stops.

Not too bad an effort considering he only retired from the Service last year after numerous years in the ARA and ARES. Well done Bob and congratulations to both.

Part of the Challenge was to raise funds for the Heart Foundation, so let a few moths out of your wallets and make a donation through Bob to such a worthy cause. Bob's telephone number is 82981089.

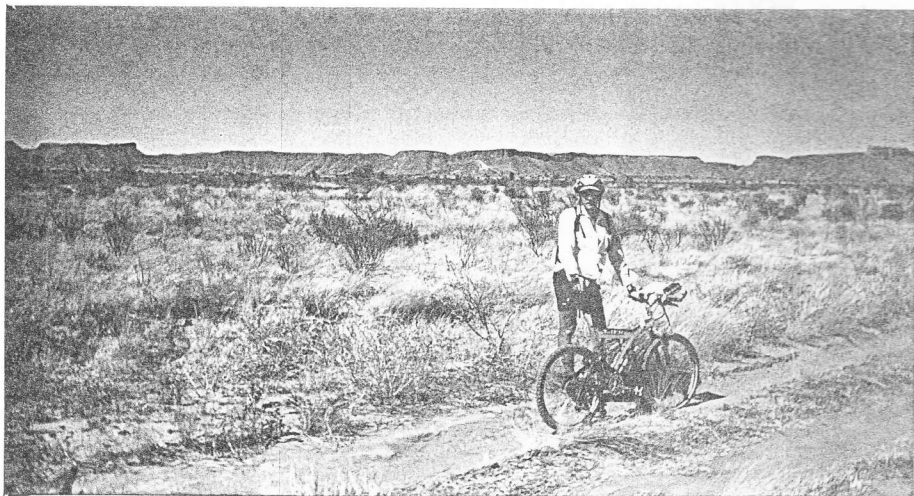
THE SIGN SAYS IT ALL



THE BIKE



ON THE TRACK



HALLELUJAH — AT THE FINISH



## SOCIAL NEWS

Our Christmas function will be held at the Rob Roy Hotel on Saturday 27 Nov 1999 at 7 for 7.30 pm. Mark the date on your calendar now, however, a letter will be sent out with all details nearer to the day

Remember our First Friday Drinks each month at the Queen's Arms.

This month Trevor Hann said he would turn up, while in town, and bring Dikko along also but failed miserably, however, ten of us did attend for a pleasant hour or so.

## BACK to SME.

The Sergeants' Mess at the School of Military Engineering at Moorebank NSW, has issued an invitation to all former and serving SNCO's and WO's of RAE and RASVY, to attend a Back to SME function at the school between 17 to 19 September 1999.

Anyone interested can contact me on Tel [redacted] or WO1 N. Johanson at SME on Tel [redacted] for further details.

## EDWARD JOHN EYRE

Remember in our last newsletter of famous explorer E. J. Eyre owing the Port Lincoln Council \$30,000 in back taxes for a block of land he purchased over 100 years ago. It appears that a great nephew residing in QLD and with the same surname, is interested in buying the block, just to keep it in the family name.

## ASSOCIATION PLAQUE

The plaque purchased by our Association as part of the Legacy-RSL Anzac Highway project, is now in place at the base of a tree on the median strip of the highway at the junction with Grosvenor St. Glandore

A dedication ceremony for all plaques was held on Sunday 18 August 1999, attended by George Ricketts, T.J. Wicker, Bob Cooper and Alex Munro.

## VALE

Harry Dunn. It is with considerable sadness that Harry's death is reported, passing away at the Kapunda Hospital in late April this year, a few days after his 70th birthday.

Harry was a Lancashire lad who joined the Royal Artillery in 1947, serving mainly abroad until he elected to discharge after twelve years service.

He migrated with his family to Australia in 1965 to settle in Adelaide, where he joined the Royal Australian Survey Corps the following year.

After training he was posted to 4th. Field Survey Squadron at Keswick Barracks, from where he spent the next few years on mapping operations in the Northern Territory during the dry season, and also a period instructing at the School of Military Survey. Harry took his discharge from the Corps in 1972, to take a position with the S.A. Highways Dept and later with the Dept of Marine and Harbours, working on survey projects throughout South Australia.

Harry was also a Fellow of the Institution of Engineering and Mining Surveyors, awarded after many years of dedicated service to the Institution.

George Ricketts, Joan and I, Moyna Briggs and Margaret and Robin Wilson travelled to Kapunda on Monday 3rd. May '99, to attend the funeral and offer condolences to Diane and son Andrew.

The Kapunda Uniting Church was packed to overflowing with mourners, a true indication of the respect and high regard with which Harry was held within the community and his friends far and wide.

Thanks to John Harrison for details supplied.

Peter Gale. Those who knew Peter will be saddened by the news that he passed away in early April this year, in Geelong Vic., suffering from leukemia. Unfortunately no other details are known.

Peter was a WO1 cartographer who served for many years at Fortuna, where he retired about 1970, to leave Bendigo and live in Geelong.

## VALE

Ian Cambell I regret to report that Ian died on 16th. February 1999. Although he had been in ill-health for many years ,in and out of hospital fairly regularly,his death was sudden and unexpected. Ian lived alone in Brisbane,passing away at his flat, from what was thought to be a bronchial attack of some kind.

His ashes were flown to Melbourne and interred in his parents' grave. A family service was held at the graveside,during which Last Post was played by an old soldier who had volunteered his services,which would have pleased Ian. The existing headstone could not be altered,so a memorial plaque has been placed in the gardens at Springvale Cemetery.

Ian trained as a surveyor,-serving at Fortuna and in Vietnam during 1970-71. After discharge he was a regular visitor at 1 Topo Sqn functions and ex-servicemen's functions,both in Brisbane and interstate,often turning up in Bonegilla and Bendigo.

He became something of a character,and always travelled with his trusty camera,taking numerous photographs at each function.

Ian worked for many years on a volunteer basis with various Vietnam Veterans organisations,trying to improve their lot,and will be remembered by them and his many friends.

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