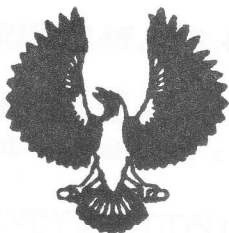




SURVEY
EX-SERVICEMEN'S
ASSOCIATION
SOUTH AUSTRALIA



NEWSLETTER No 31
DECEMBER 2001

APOLOGY

Sorry folks, but I was unable to produce a newsletter for last August, with circumstances at the time putting the task well beyond me.

Therefore a lot of the news included in this issue will be a bit stale to some, but hopefully not all.

MAP MAKERS OF FORTUNA

The history of the Army Survey regiment is not all that long from being printed, so now is the time to get your order in, at the pre-publication price of \$50. I have included a loose copy of the order form, so if you decide to purchase a copy, please do so soon and do not put it off.

The order form outlines the contents of the history better than I can here, so for all those who served at Fortuna reading it is a must, but it would also appeal to many just interested in the history of the Corps.

CHRISTMAS FUNCTION

To be held at the Rob Roy Hotel in Halifax St., City, on Friday 14th December 01, at 7.00pm for 7.30pm. Please return your attendance form to Dave Irving before 10th December, but with any problems give Dave a ring on [redacted] work.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Before I forget, being that time of the year again, your committee wishes everyone-

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

I sincerely hope the coming festive season is just that, for all our readers, so live it up a little, be rash even and buy a lottery ticket.

FIELD SURVEY SECTION GET-TOGETHER

Former members of the old Central Command Field Survey Section wishing to have a reunion function of some kind, early in the New Year, please contact me on [redacted]) with your ideas.

Ex-Fortuna Survey Association - Bendigo

86th Survey Corps Day Reunion Dinner - 30/6/01

Friday-29/6/01

After a quiet trip and a leisurely lunch in Kaniva we arrived in Bendigo mid afternoon. The week before Gary Warnest had advised me that there were drinks at the Golden Square Bowling Club that afternoon from 1630hrs onwards. When I arrived the gathering consisted of Rusty Williams, Brett Van Leeuwen, 'Fred' Smalley, Peter Saunders, Brenton McDonald, 'Mick' Davey, John Phillips and Gary Warnest were already having a quiet drink. Late arrivals were Ian Fitzgerald and John 'Toad' Smith who had arrived with Paul Hopes from Brisbane two days earlier.

Needless to say it was great to catch up with members I had not seen in many years. From those present I also learnt that apart from this gathering there were others at the Foundry Arms, the RSL Club and one other pub that I can't recall. That evening when Pauline and I went out for a meal at the Imperial Palace (i.e. opposite the Family Hotel) we ran into Brian and Marg Rogers and Jim and Trish Mitchell having a meal who were also down for the weekend events.

Saturday-30/01/01

Saturday morning was sunny, but crisp and we went for a wander around the Bendigo Shopping Precinct and could not help but run into Ex-Svy Corps members and their families on just about every corner. I was posted from Bendigo in December 1989 and I could not help but notice how clean the Bendigo CBD was and how cosmopolitan it had become with its little sidewalk café's. I guess a lot can happen in eleven and a half years but there may be something to be said for the amalgamation of councils and shires and the subsequent redirection of resources.

The tour of Fortuna (now called The Defence Topographic Agency – DTA) commenced at 1330 hrs with about 50 people turning up. We were divided into groups and with a tour guide proceeded to be shown through the old building. Some of those in my group were Stan and Helen Campbell, Kym and Faye Weston, Frank and

Naomi Bryant, Dick and Mary Barwald. No access was given to the old Litho Sqn or any of the demountable buildings (i.e. the old Carto and Air Svy Sqn 's). For those who had never been to "Fortuna" before it was quite an experience. For Ex members who had served there to see the rooms open and uncluttered allowed one to fully appreciate the beauty of this majestic old building. The Conservatory (Glasshouse) once full of vertical map cabinets is now used as a conference room. With the acid etched windows and its striking red panels this makes for a very impressive conference room.

The old OR's, SGT's and OFFR's Lines seem to be empty from what I saw. The gardens are still well maintained. The old Gardener's Hut and Duty Room have now been demolished and a purpose built undercover BBQ area replaces it. The demountable huts are now fenced off with a locked gate, associated boom gate, guard hut and 24hr security guard located near the lake end of the main car park. I'm told that Greg Byers (ex Svy Corps) operating as Sandhurst Fencing erected the fence. I must comment that I could not help but think that it was inappropriate that such a magnificent example of Australia's early history and heritage is closed of to the public since the Sunday tours no longer occur.

After the tour concluded everyone went their separate ways and I ended up going to the Foundry Arms and found the likes of George Timmins, Mick Davey, Alex Carney, Lloyd Patterson, Colin Cuskelly, Dick and Mary Barwald and Alex de Grauw. It was a relaxing afternoon except for the AFL when Port Adelaide lost to the Roos. We all departed at about 1700 hrs so as to get ready for the Dinner.

The Reunion Dinner was held at the Bendigo Servicemen's RSL Club, Havalah Road (near the show grounds). I was informed that the dinner venue could only hold 214 seated and closed at that figure. However many others still attended and had a meal in the Club Bistro and at the intermission joined the main dinner by sitting/standing at the back of the function room for the evening's formalities. I learnt when chatting to the organisers of the weekend's events that they were amazed and swamped by the number of responses to attend.

The dinner was a semi formal affair run along the lines of a formal dinner. At the commencement of the dinner a slide projector was

set up showing old slides of events /occurrences that had happened during the Regiment's history such as Sport's Days, Personnel, Adventure Training and Parades. Below I have included the Dinner format:

Grace	Frank Bryant
Entrée	
Welcome/Admin	Dining President - Don Swiney
Main Course	
Apologies/Emails	Gary Warnest
Dessert	
Intermission	
Piping of the Port	Fortuna Pipes and Drums
Toasts	
<i>The Queen</i>	Noel Brinsmead
<i>In Memory of The Princess of Wales</i>	Don Swiney
<i>The Visitors</i>	Tracey Phillips
<i>The Ladies</i>	Colin Cuskelly
The Corps Song	
The Survey Corps	Stevo Hinic
Close	Dining President - Don Swiney

At the conclusion of the formalities Valerie Lovejoy handed over to Don Swiney the thesis she had written for her MA in History. Valerie spoke about her research and thanked those who had responded to the questionnaire and to those who assisted her in interpreting the information. It was explained to us that to conform to the thesis guidelines it had to be shortened. However those parts that were removed to satisfy the thesis criteria will be reinstated prior to printing. The hardbound copy handed to Don Swiney was of A4 size and about 30mm thick. The order forms for the book "Mapmakers of Fortuna, the History of the Army Survey Regt" were available on the night to fill out and prepay \$50 to cover costs. I have given Alex Munro some blank order forms if you wish to place an order. Alternatively if you wish to place an order via Email then the Email address is garyw@tpqi.com.au.

Furthermore, Don Swiney also spoke about the future of military museums, their maintenance, administration and financing. It appears that there is a movement afoot to have them adopt a self-funded means of operation. I cannot comment any further except

to say that I believe it has advanced past the theory stage. What impact this will have on the Corps Museum is uncertain.

For interest I have attached a nominal roll showing the names of those who attended the weekends events. Also included are the apologies from those who were going to attend but couldn't. It is amazing how many people one has worked with and forgotten until you see a name.

Sunday – 1/7/01

The BBQ was held at 12 noon at the Eaglehawk RSL on Eaglehawk Road and the turnout was once again unbelievable. It was a nice cool sunny day with the BBQ set up outside and a log fire burning near by. Inside the RSL, tables were set up showing Fortuna memorabilia; Corps history and Survey items from the Corps Museum were on sale. A lapel badge, specifically made for this occasion, was being sold @ \$7.00 each. The badge, about 30mm x 15mm and designed for the coat lapel, is very well done and I believe are still available from Gary Warnest. Needless to say I tried to catch up with those I was unable to catch up with the night before. By mid afternoon it was time to say:

“So long to you, gotta be on the road again,”

“It's been great to meet you here,”

“Right good company, right good cheer”.

Corps Toast

Mr. Dining President, Fellow Corps Members, Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Before I propose the toast it would be remiss of me not to say just a few words about the Royal Australian Survey Corps.

Let us take a few moments to reflect on the Survey Corps and its contribution to the development of this great country we live in. May we also reflect on the people who made up the Corps, the unique characters, the colourful personalities, highly trained and motivated. Their ingenuity in overcoming adversity, their ability to subdue hardship, confronting the eternal problem of the lack of resources but they still carried out their tasks to exacting standards. Many examples of the hardships faced by the Corps are described in Coulthard-Clark's book 'Australia's Military Map Makers'. However, if I may take the liberty to comment after reading the same book one actually realises how unrecognized and understated the role of the Survey Corps and its members has been in the development of this country.

In 1936 the then OC of the Survey Corps, Major Vance commenced a "Corps liaison letter" on a three monthly basis aimed at improving the "esprit de corps". Little did he know that 60 years later the Corps would be disbanded but the "esprit de corps" still exists and this is evident by the turnout here tonight. It is also evident by the numbers who had wished to be here tonight but due to various reasons could not. This camaraderie is also very apparent when one reads articles from the various newsletters published around the country by Ex-Svy Corps members who willingly volunteer their time and resources.

As we reminisce we realise the profound influence that the Corps has had on our personal lives. The many lasting friends, acquaintances and even more importantly, the spouses met whilst on postings, courses and detachments. Tonight amongst us are partners and guests who have never had the opportunity to feel that camaraderie that we as Corps members have felt. I have no doubt that at the conclusion of the events of this weekend they too will feel the bond and friendship that we developed whilst serving in the Corps.

For those members who are unable to be here tonight I'm sure their thoughts are with us. For those members who have passed on our thoughts are with them. A common analogy often quoted is that the Survey Corps was like a "big family" and many here tonight will subscribe and understand that view. I have no doubt that the many civilians who worked at "Fortuna" felt part of that family too.

When the Survey Regiment as we knew it closed, it was the end of a unique era. I know that when the Regiment's history is finally published and the story of that era is told, I for one, look forward to reading it. I am sure that those associated with it's publication will chose a suitable date and time to allow us the opportunity to appropriately acknowledge that achievement and the efforts of it's author Mrs Valerie Lovejoy who is present here tonight. It would also provide us the chance to gather in an even greater number to share and celebrate the significance and meaning of this occasion to us all.

I'd like to conclude by saying that when one carefully reads the words to the corps song one cannot help but feel that they, very appropriately, describe the current situation. However let me say that "you can take the Survey Corps out of the army but you can not take the Corps out of the people".

Ladies and gentlemen please charge you glasses and be upstanding!
"To The Royal Australian Survey Corps"....."The Corps"

STEVO HINIC
30/6/01

Attendance Corps Day Weekend 30 Jun /1 Jul 2001

Name	Surname	Partners Name	No	Name	Surname	Partners Name	No
Allan	Adsett		1	Mick	Dempster	Rhonda	2
Les	Anderson		1	Alan	Derby	Anne	2
Jim	Ash	Tracy	2	Peter	Dillan	Madaline	2
Bob	Aulsebrook	Dianne	2	Sonny	Dingle	Libby	2
George	Austen		1	Les	Dixon	Sandy	2
Mick	Banham	Cathy	2	Verity	Dixon		1
Dick	Barwald	Mary	2	Don	Driver	Gayle	2
Peter	Bates-Brownsword	Barbara	2	Pat	Drury		1
Theo	Batten		1	Val	Edwards		1
Hayden	Beer	Malcolm	2	Mick	Ellis	Margaret	2
Kevin	Berry	Janet	2	Stephen	Ellis		1
Terry	Bevis	Karen Purtle	2	Peter	Elverd	Julie	2
Peter	Biorac	Margaret	2	Joe	Farrington		1
Kevin	Boehm		1	Carmel	Fauth		1
Rob	Bogumil		1	Pat	Fisk		1
Ian	Bootland	Pat	2	Ian	Fitzgerald		1
Cam	Bramich		1	Errol	Fletcher	Annette	2
Noel	Brinsmead		1	Mick	Flynn	Carol	2
Geoff	Brooke		1	Bill	Forrest		1
Trevor	Brooks	(ch) Fiona, Felicity	1	Greg	Francis Wright		1
Fred	Brown		1	Eiva	Gale		1
Bob	Bruce	Mary Morley	2	Bob	Garritty	Deborah Frank	2
Frank	Bryant	Naomi	2	Rowan	Gillies	Cathy	2
Steve	Burke	Sherri	2	Mr L	Golding	Mrs L	2
Duncan	Burns	Sandra	2	George	Graham	Pat	2
Mick	Byrne	Susan	2	Joyce	Gray		1
Alex	Cairney		1	Graham	Hales		1
Stan	Campbell	Helen	2	Warren	Hall	Raeleen Gray	2
Doug	Carswell	Chris	2	Bruce	Hammond		1
Ralph	Chant	Cheryl	1	Alan	Hancox		1
Jack	Charlton	Judith	2	Peter	Harrup	Jill	2
Neil	Charter		1	Gordon	Haswell	Dot	2
Brian	Chinn	Pat	2	Tony	Hilbig		1
Alan	Choat		1	Steve	Hill		1
Colin	Clarke	Lorraine	2	Stevo	Hinic	Pauline Mannix	2
Bruce	Cockburn	Marjorie	2	Barry	Hogan		1
Yvonne	Cocker		1	John	Hogan		1
Damien	Cole		1	Paul	Hopes		1
Lyn	Cooper		1	Geoff	Ingram		1
Kaetlyn	Corbould (nee Robinson)		1	David	Jobe		1
Noel	Coulthard	Jenny	2	Jenny	Johnson (nee Haddow)		1
Col	Cuskelly	Mazz	2	Janet	Justin		1
Jodi	Cuskelly		1	Chris	Kelly	Maria	2
Terry	Danger	June	2	Damien	Killeen		1
Mick	Davey	Lorraine	2	Trevor	King		1
Peter	Davies		1	Wayne	Lloyd		1
Barbara	Day		1	Terry	Lord	Sharon	2
Bohdan	Dazkiw	Geraldine	2	Valerie	Lovejoy	Colin	2
Alex	de Grauw	Kath	2	Andy	Lucas	Gloria	2
Marlene	Deine		1	Harald	Mai		1
Rhys	Delaine	Joanne	2	Merv	Marks	Ina	2

Attendance Corps Day Weekend 30 Jun /1 Jul 2001

Name	Surname	Partners No	Name	Surname	Partners Name	No	
Ian	Marnar	1	Peter	Treble	Sharon	2	
Dennis	Marshall	Joy 2	Brett	Van Leeuwen	Juana	2	
Warren	Matheson	1	Mariane	vanderZee		1	
Wendy	McCarthy(nee Leitinger)	Tony 1	Stan	Vote	Maureen	2	
Pat	McConnachie	1	Dennis	Walters		1	
Brenton	McDonald	Marg 2	Gary	Warnest	Judy	2	
Noel	McNamara	1	Graeme	Wastell	Julie	2	
Siggy	Mehling	1	Jeff	Webb		1	
Dave	Miles	Pam 2	Kym	Weston	Faye	2	
Bronette	Minelli	Pietro 2	TJ	Wicker	Lea	2	
Jim	Mitchell	Trish 2	Bob	Williams		1	
Wally	Mooney	Eileen 2	Rusty	Williams	Mary	2	
Rosemary	Morris	Max 2	Andrew	Wilson	Karen	2	
Andrew	Morrison-Evans	1	Terry	Winzar		1	
Mick	Muzzeen	1	Approximately 258 people were in attendance at various stages during the weekend. 214 people went to the dinner. Apologies for any missed names.				
Joe	Otto	1	APOLOGIES				
Lee	Palfrey	1	Gary	Ames		1	
Chris	Parkinson	Beryl 2	Bet	Bengouth	Greg	2	
Lloyd	Patterson	1	Bob	Brewer		1	
Roger	Pearson	Debbie J 2	Greg	Byers		1	
John	Phillips	Tracy 2	Bob	Comley	Carmel	1	
Bill	Porter	Angie 2	Michael	Coventry		1	
Peter	Presser	Lesley 2	Mark	Fitzgerald		1	
Don	Ridge	Ruth 2	Arthur	Henson	Barbara	2	
Brian	Rogers	Marg 2	Paul	Hunter	Sharon	2	
Bob	Register	Kathy 2	Mick	Knight	Val	2	
George	Ross	1	Peter	Lefell		1	
Wayne	Rothwell	Karen 2	Rob	McHenry	Tosha	2	
Virginia	Rowe	Greg 2	Alex	Munro	Joan	2	
Adrian	Rynberk	Clare 2	Bob	Roche		2	
Ken	Shaw	Nancy 2	Peter	Saunders	Ed Reardon	2	
Rod	Skidmore	Kristin 2	Frank	Thomas	Lyn	2	
Bob	Skitch	Wendy 2	Steve	Throssel		1	
Brian	Sloan	1	Rick	Vanderbom		1	
Phil	Smalley	Donna 2	Rob	Wilson	Margie	2	
John	Smith	1	Ed	Wright		1	
Daryl	South	1	TOTAL				28
Neville	Stone	Dianne 2					
Robert	Straube	Santina 2					
Laurie	Sutton	Pam 2					
Peter	Swandale	Jacinta 2					
Don	Swiney	Glen 2					
Stuart	Symonds	Jane Mcl 2					
Peter	Tangey	Robyn 2					
Adrian	Taylor	1					
Margaret	Taylor	1					
Stuart	Thaxter	1					
Ian	Thiselton	Mary-An 2					
Bob	Thrower	Margaret 1					
Alan	Timcke	Barbara 2					
George	Timmins	1					

PEOPLE NEWS

The late Len Beadell

Perhaps not known to many, but Len's ashes were originally buried at the site of the first survey peg to mark the centre line of the Woomera Rocket Range. With the range now available to commercial operators, and consequently any future use of the grave site area not known, Len's ashes were removed to the Woomera Cemetery last year.

Early in 2002, probably in February, it is intended to place a Permanent Survey Mark on the new grave, authorised by the Survey General's Dept., and also a metal plate enscribed 'Lenny's Rest'. A.M.G. co-ordinates obtained for the grave site will be converted to astro co-ordinates for placing on the survey mark, in keeping with Len's ability with field astro observations.

The project is being organised between Range staff and members of the Institution of Engineering and Mining Surveyors.

Charlie Watson

Charlie departed Canberra around mid-October for the Woomera Rocket Range, to attend the flight testing of a scramjet engine designed by the University of Queensland. I have no idea in what capacity Charlie attended. The test was inconclusive and will be re-run later. If successful, the engine would be the basis for aircraft travel from Australia to Europe in around five hours or so.

George Timmins

George reported from Swan Hill that he has never known fishing in the Murray and Darling Rivers to be so good, and has been recording big catches throughout the year.

The Great Aussie Tourists

Tony and Dell Balkauskas are still in Darwin and loving the place, so will not be leaving for the W.A. leg of their journey for some time.

Received a letter from T.J. and Lea Wicker, sent from QLD, and I hope to give details later in this edition. They really are doing the ultimate tourist bit. T.J.'s mobile number is for those interested.

Frank Bryant

Frank and Naomi decided several months ago to depart from Adelaide after many years, and are now relocated in Bendigo. I have no idea why the move occurred.

PEOPLE NEWS

Robin and Margaret Wilson

Robin and Margaret were booked to go to the Big Bash in Bendigo last July, but had to cancel when Margaret was admitted to hospital for surgery, so it was a disappointment for both. Robin is still involved with pigeon breeding, but also helps out at the local Gawler R.S.L., recently selling poppy tokens in the shopping malls for the Armistice Day Appeal.

Ron Weinert

Not heard from for about 5 years, but thought to be in the Clare district somewhere. Ron's son recently moved with his family to a new address at Gawler, as the next door neighbour to the Wilson's. Margaret discovered this when she introduced herself to the new neighbours, and also found that Ron had visited his son a few days before. It's now arranged that Ron will call on Robin at his next visit.

Gordon Lowrie

Gordon has been having a rough time over the last year or so, having a disc replaced in his upper back/neck area at a Melbourne hospital, plus being diagnosed with diabetes requiring daily medication, plus another operation in Melbourne for angina, otherwise he is doing fine. We wish you well Gordon. For those interested, he still lives in Wodonga.

Grant Harrison

Who can remember Grant as a youngster, when his dad John Harrison was with 4 Fd Svy Sqn.? Now a fair bit older, Grant was honoured as the 'Bushing King' at the McLaren Vale wine show held in October this year, an award reserved for the top winemaker at the show. A photograph of Grant appeared in The Advertiser, resplendent in purple robes and crown, followed by a lengthy article of his achievement. Well done Grant. Proud mum Pam told me that the award wine was a shiraz, costing a packet, so see your bank manager before ordering a case.

George Ricketts

George suffered another stroke last August, and was admitted to the Repatriation General Hospital at Daw Park. He was seriously ill at first, but gradually improved over the next few weeks until he was fit enough to be moved to the rehabilitation ward, where he progressed well. He was released in time for his 80th birthday on the 13th of October last, to attend a party at home arranged by his family and friends. George is not doing as well at home as he would like, but I can report that he has not lost his sense of humour. Best wishes for your birthday George, and we all wish you well.

PEOPLE NEWS

Bernie Watson

Bernie required further treatment when his cancer problem flared up again some months ago, but the news is not all bad, as the treatment has shown positive results, so we hope this continues.

Brian Collings

A change of employment for Brian, who now works as a radar speed equipment operator, measuring the speed of impatient [or careless] motorists, no doubt adding to the government coffers each day. Stick to it Brian, there's money in it!

TARLEE BASELINE RESTORATION

All the planning and organising required to restore the East Base of the Tarlee Baseline came to fruition on Saturday morning 14th July this year, when a brief ceremony to commemorate the completion was held.

The weather was kind for the occasion, in that the passing clouds didn't drop any rain but the breeze remained steady and chilly.

I attended with Bill Love and George Ricketts and other former Corps members there were John Harrison and Pam, Diane Dunn, Lincoln Smith, Bill Griggs and Dave Stephenson representing 3 Fd Sqn R.A.E.

Also attending were representatives of local historical groups, the local farm community, members of the Kapunda and Light Council, the Clare and Gilbert Valley Council, Surveyor General Peter Kentish, a representative of the Northern Argus newspaper, members of the Saddleworth S.E.S. and the Institution of Engineering and Mining Surveyors, as the organising group for the project.

An encribed metal plate has been fixed to a steel post set in concrete just below the restored beacon, situated almost roadside on a rise, below which the short ceremony was held. Following the formalities everyone departed for a less windy spot nearby, to enjoy a late morning tea of hot tea and coffee and a sausage sizzle, very much appreciated given the cold weather. The S.E.S. group present had set up a large tent in the event of rain, but not just any tent, as this one was self-erecting using compressed air from a gas cylinder. Impressive I thought, and just right for camping, except for the price tag of around \$15000.

Restoration of the base was an important project in protecting the heritage of the Corps and the mapping surveys done throughout S.A.

Tarlee Baseline Restoration

John Harrison with the organising committee are to be congratulated on a job well done.

To visit the base travel east for 2.4 kms along Weichert Rd., which joins the main Adelaide-Tarlee road 2.5 kms south from Tarlee and about 77 kms north from Adelaide.

As a point of interest the standardisation of the measuring tapes used on the baseline was checked by staff at the University of Adelaide, using the electrical resistance method.

The enscribed plate reads-----

‘This plaque commemorates the establishment and subsequent precise measurement of the Tarlee Baseline, from this point to West Base 7.6 km to the west which was used to coordinate the then arbitrary independent State-based surveys for the commencement of the first National Australian Mapping Programme in June/July 1934 by a surveying party lead by Capt. Vance and Lt. Fitzgerald of the Australian [Army] Survey Corps and the subsequent restoration of the monument by members of the South Australia Division of the Institution of Engineering and Mining Surveyors—Australia. The original centre-pole and vanes is currently displayed in the Riverton Museum together with a brief history on the Baseline measurement process.

Placed by the South Australia Division of the Institution of Engineering and Mining Surveyors—Australia with assistance from 3 Field Squadron R.A.E., Footersville Pty Ltd, Wattle Paints, Cowells Woodroffe Steel Building Products, Office of the Surveyor-General, the Royal Australian Survey Corps Ex-Servicemen’s Association, the Clare and Gilbert Valleys Council and the Light Regional Council on 14th July 2001.’

PHOTOGRAPH CAPTIONS

Anzac Day 2001

Photo No 1. Waiting before the march. From L to R facing the camera-- John Whitburn, Noel Sproles, Bob Mills, John Frith, Bob Cooper and David Bowyer.

Photo No2. During the march along North Terrace, Bob Love leading and pushing Bernie Watson.

Photo No3. Chatting after the march, from L to R, Dave Irving(back to camera) Alan Adsett, Taffy Amos, George Ricketts(seated), Anthony Stephens, Bob Love, Bernie Watson(seated) and Ken Talbot-Smith.

Photo No 4. Group photo after the march. L to R. Bob Cooper, Dave Irving, Alex Munro, David Bowyer, Taffy Amos, George Ricketts(seated), Anthony Stephens, Ken Talbot-smith, Bob Love, Bernie Watson(seated), Alan Adsett, Stan Stephens, John Whitburn, Peter Elverd(holding banner), John Frith, Pat Cox, Noel Sproles, Peter Davis, John Harrison, Dave Collins, John Scharber, Mark Bates, Stevo Hinic, Bob Mills.
The young lady at centre is a cadet who volunteered to carry our unit sign.

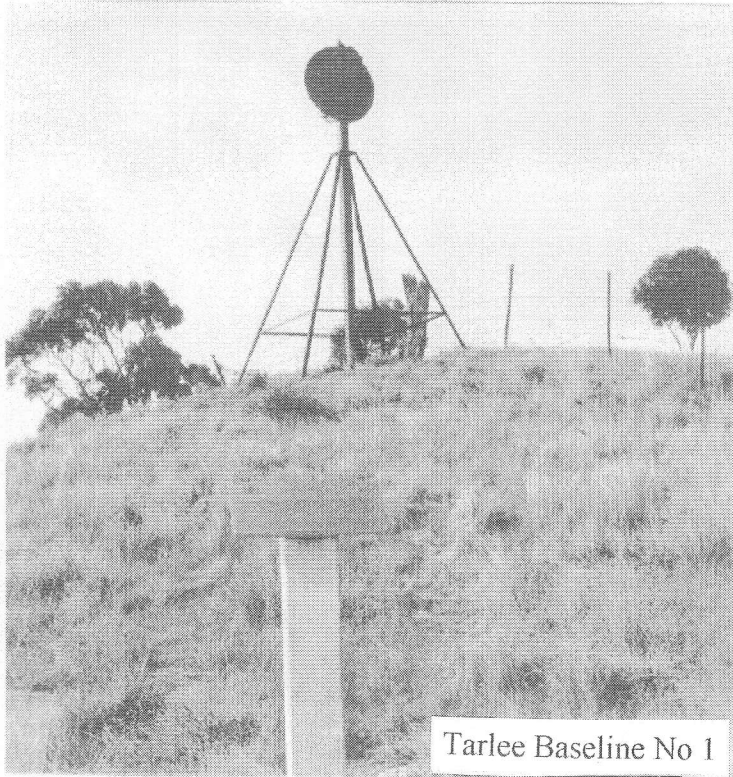
Photo No 5. Reunion lunch at the Saracen's Head Hotel.

Photo No 6. A.G.M. 2001. L to R. Seated—Bob Love, Taffy Amos, Dave Irving, Bob Cooper, Rob Langley, Pat Cox, Bernie Watson.
Standing—Alex Munro, Ken Jeffery, Bob Mills, Mark Bates, John Frith, Peter Elverd, Mick Hansen, Anthony Stephens, John Harrison, Stevo Hinic, Lincoln Smith, Brett Knuckey, John Scharber, John Nathan and Jim Dunn.

Tarlee Baseline Restoration

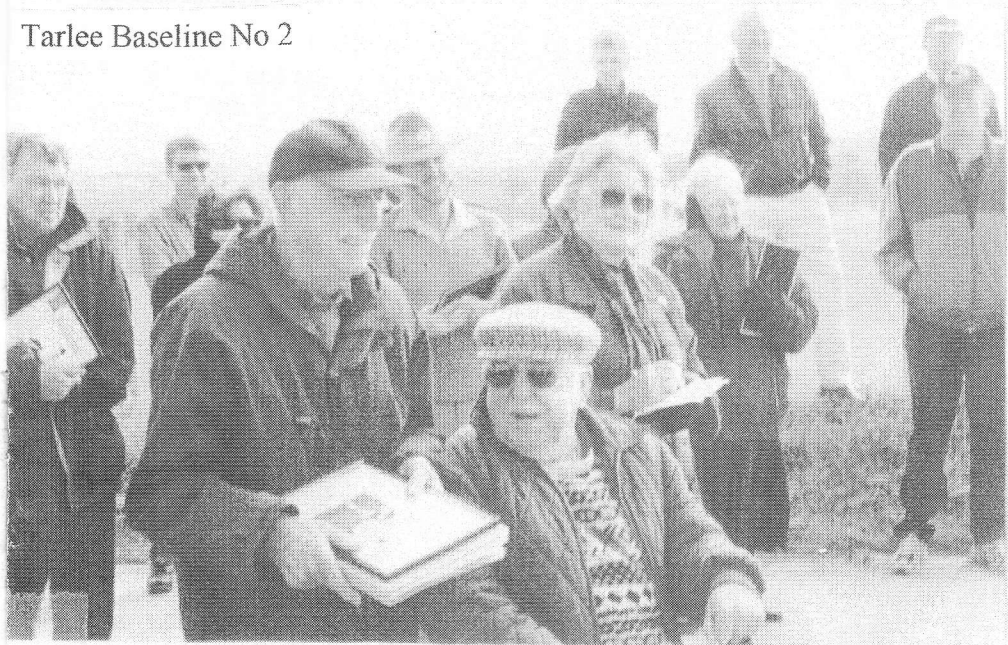
Photo No 1. Restored East Base with explanatory plaque set below.

Photo No2. Part view of those attending the ceremony to mark the restoration. Centre front is Bill Love next to George Ricketts(seated), centre rear in uniform is Dave Stephenson, with Bill Griggs at right.

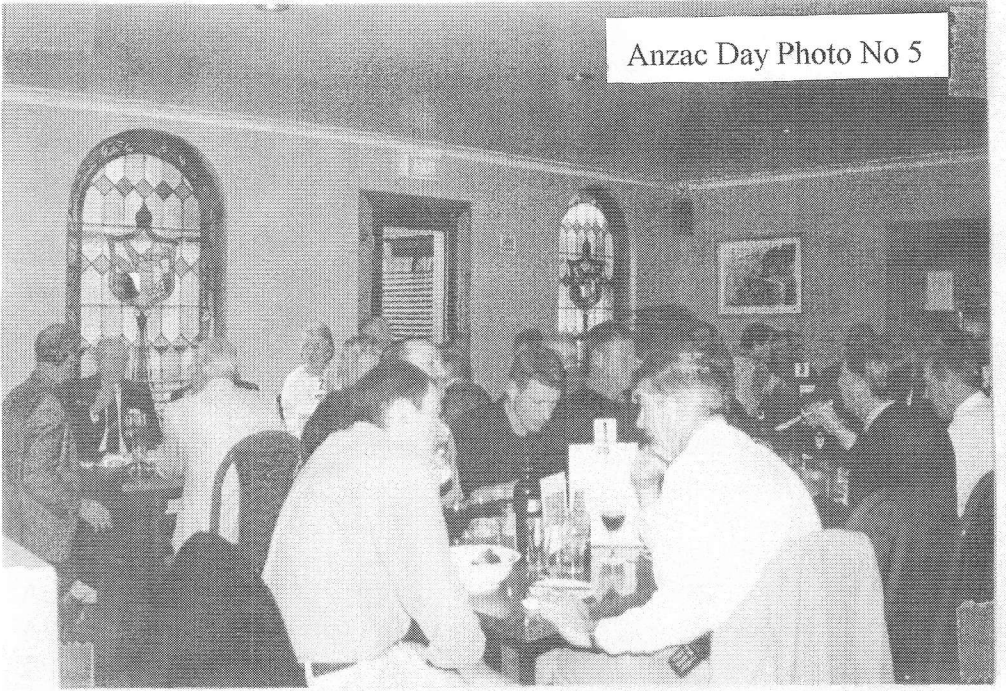


Tarlee Baseline No 1

Tarlee Baseline No 2



Anzac Day Photo No 5



Anzac Day Photo No 6

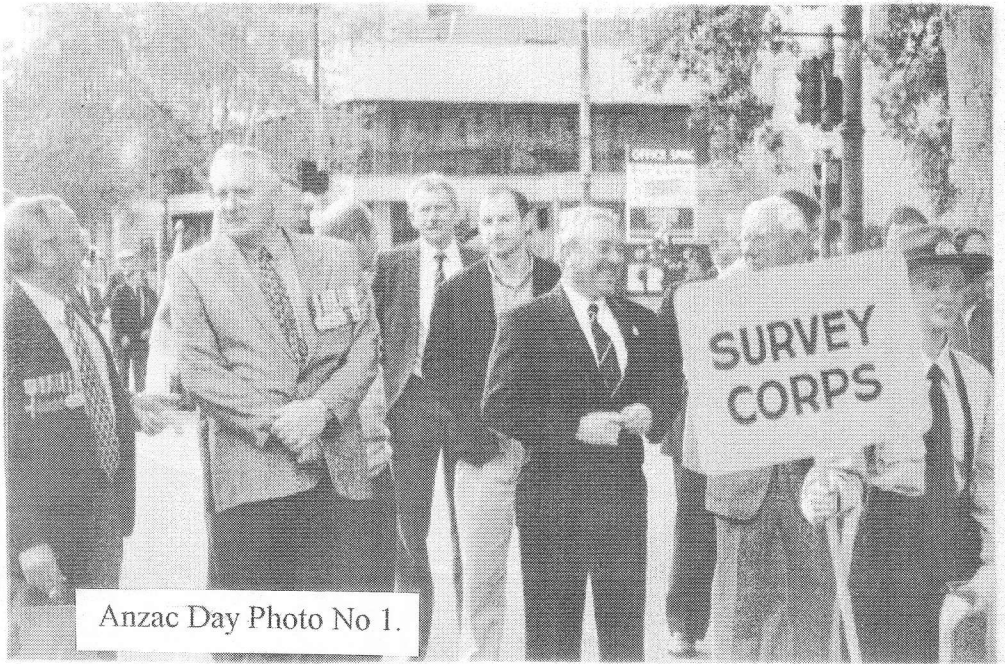




Anzac Day Photo No 3



Anzac Day Photo No 4



Anzac Day Photo No 1.



Anzac Day Photo No 2

REPORT on ANZAC DAY 2001

The March

Wednesday 25th April was a fine and mild day, remaining pleasant throughout, contrary to an earlier weather forecast.

I gave George Ricketts a lift into the city, where we found that many inner roads had been sealed off for the march, at least 10 minutes before the nominated time, forcing me to park a lot further out than intended, with time running out. No problem though, until we tried to unfold George's wheelchair, which was supposedly fool proof in operation but gave us no end of trouble for a good 5 minutes.

We reached the form-up point with plenty of time to spare as it happened, after the fastest trip George ever had in a wheelchair. Bernie Watson was also in a wheelchair, but there were plenty of willing hands to push both. There was a good roll-up of about 23 members, including a former U.K. ex-serviceman in Welshman, Edward Amos, (better known as Taffy) who had come up from Strathalbyn with Bob Love. Taffy had served with the Welsh Regiment in Korea.

Our group was ably led by Bob Love, with Peter Elverd carrying the banner in lieu of Dave Irving, who was nursing a broken wrist due to a pushbike prang. The march went along without too many stops and starts and it is always gratifying to see the crowds lining the parade route each Anzac Day, and hear the applause given each group. The salute was taken by the Governor, Sir Eric Neale, at the saluting base by Torrens Parade Ground. A group photo was taken at the dispersal area, before everyone gradually moved off to the reunion or other activities, with some remaining for the memorial service following the march.

The Reunion

Held at the Saracens Head Hotel in Carrington St, City, and once more proved suitable for our get-together.

Close to thirty attended, arriving from about mid-day on and meeting in the main bar for a drink before lunch, catching up with friends not seen for a long time. Personally, I found the company very convivial. Lunch was served just after 1p.m. in the dining room, and the menu provided was certainly sufficient to suit all palates, with everyone enjoying their meal.

Following lunch it was back to the bar for a short coffee break, or whatever, before the start of the AGM, which was held in a tiny conference room leading off the dining area.

We all managed to fit in, but only just, and only because two or three bods decided to keep watching the AFL football match on TV in the bar. The meeting lasted about 35 minutes as usual, being a bit noisy at times and providing a few laughs.

After the meeting it was back to the bar for further refreshments and discussions on whatever, but mainly on the days of yore. The footy match on TV also held a few glued to the screen.

Most remained for an hour or so longer, before gradually moving their separate ways home, and several were still there when I left just after 4pm. I thoroughly enjoyed the day and reckon most others did too, so keep our Anzac Day reunion in mind for next year

AGM Report

I have only covered the essential topics to give you a fair idea of the meeting.

Taffy Amos was welcomed to our group.

A donation of \$20 was approved to the RSL Anzac Day appeal.

Subscriptions for the year were to remain the same at \$10, with concessions for WW2 and interstate members and wives of deceased members

The format for the next Corps Birthday Dinner and Christmas Function was discussed, with the secretary to make arrangements.

The treasurer reported that \$690.80 was in the bank, with \$513.70 required for outstanding debts, leaving \$177.10 unencumbered.

A very quick election of office bearers was pushed through by the mob not wishing for a Guernsey, so the same team won again. Re-elected again were Bob Cooper as President, Dave Irving as Sec./Treasurer, Bob Mills as Ass. Sec./Treasurer and Alex Munro as the newsletter producer.

Photographs

Several photographs were taken on the day, courtesy of Bernie Watson, so if anyone is interested in obtaining copies contact me on

Charge per print is at cost price.

Snakes alive

By

Noel Sproles

I had my first acquaintance with a snake as a four year old on my grandparent's farm in northern Victoria. My aunt sent me to get an egg from a turkey's nest but when I crawled into the bush where the turkey had laid its eggs, I discovered to my horror that a big brown snake was already in residence. The snake went one way like a streak of lightning and a little boy went even faster the other way back to the house having had the fright of his life. Living in the bush as a youngster who liked to wander about with the dog meant that this was not to be my only brush with the odd 'joe-blake'. However it was not until I went to N Comd Fd Svy Unit that it started to become what seemed to be an all too regular occurrence!

My first big field trip was down south of the border in New England. We were putting a tellurometer traverse through an old triangulation scheme in a heavily timbered area. One morning Sergeant Charlie Kovacs started screaming and belting the ground with a piece of doubled over fencing wire. Charlie had found a red-bellied black snake and, being European, had an even greater fear of snakes than most of us. In a frenzy he took to the poor snake pummelling it to death mercilessly and screaming all the while. Funny as hell to watch in fact. I always had a soft spot for Charlie ever since we went into a backblocks pub one night for a quiet beer after a few weeks in the bush. We were in uniform and the ubiquitous drunk started pestering us about how he had single-handedly won the war. I was a second lieutenant at the time and he sneered at me and said to Charlie, words to the effect, that I would know nothing about how war was but 'You would, wouldn't you Sarge'. Charlie spoke to the drunk for the first time in his Hungarian accent and said 'Yes I know what it was like - I

was on the other side shooting at bastards like you!' Onya Charlie!

Later that year we were in Cooktown. Corporal Ross McMillan and I were walking from our campsite to the pub along a deserted street on a moonless night past abandoned houses. Cooktown was a bit of a ghost town at that time. Ross saw or sensed something in front of us and stopped me and we shone our torches onto the leaf-strewn pavement. There in the torchlight was the biggest and ugliest looking taipan you would ever want to see. We watched in horrified fascination as this monster reared up, smashed a hole in a decrepit front fence and zipped into the overgrown garden. It happened that this particular house was occupied as we could see the lights inside. We deliberated if we should go and warn them and eventually took a deep breath and carefully negotiated the path to let the owners know what was in the bottom of their garden. 'Yeah thanks mate', said the owner, 'we have seen him a few times. Better do something about it one day I suppose'! We pussy footed back down the dark path, got to the pub for a few stiff drinks, and never walked down that side of the road again.

On our way back to Brisbane from Cooktown, Major Jim Stedman told me to stop off at Ingham and do a connection from a HIRAN station to the first order coastal traverse. 'Take you a couple of days' said Jim. The weather closed in and it took us weeks! Ain't it the way. Ross McMillan was occupying a traverse station in a swamp near Hinchinbrook Island but had company in the form of a big python. Ross had similar feelings as Charlie Kovacs towards snakes and one day hit the poor harmless python over the head with a machete. Trouble was that a pair of us relieved Ross and his partner on the station just after he did this and, in the heat and humidity, the snake was getting a bit ripe. We tried cremating it with AVGAS from the helicopter

but it did not work and we finally had to bury it – a task in itself, as it was now a mass of heavily rotten flesh. However we got our own back on Ross when he eventually replaced us in turn. The path from the helipad to the survey station went under a green ants nest and, as a parting gesture, we put a machete through the nest. It was great hearing Ross bemoaning over the radio the problem that he was having trying to get to the station without being bitten by some very mean green ants.

The next year we were doing the fieldwork for the mapping of the newly acquired Shoalwater Bay Training Area. Towards the end of the job, I took Craftsman Bob Lowe up with me to Mt Remarkable just outside Rockhampton to panel a station. On our way down, Bob screamed, threw away his axe and ploughed through the bush like a bulldozer. A bit hairy in fact as our Kelly axes were razor sharp and he had thrown it in my direction! Bob, like Charlie and Ross, was terrified of snakes and he had just looked down, as he was about to step on a really big python. He finally stopped about 100 metres downhill and screamed back ‘Kill it, Kill it’. The python was just minding its own business so I took a photo, said goodbye to it and left it in peace.

On that same job, we were camped at Yamba. Unbeknown to us at the time, we were on the family home of one A.L.McDonald who was then a brigadier and was to eventually become Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff. Committee. Anyhow, the place was infested with snakes to the extent that we stripped our beds each morning and remade them at nights to avoid getting into a made-up bed with unwelcome company. One night I went into my tent, switched on the light and turned to see a nice big snake between the entrance and me. I had stepped over him in the dark. A few panicky yells brought the ready reaction force that soon dispatched the snake under a rain of shovel blows. On another occasion, Corporal Grant Small and I were doing nighttime theodolite

observations on a nearby hill when a snake started crawling across my boots. I never stood so still as I did that night even when on parade with the RSM looking straight at me.

My piece de resistance however occurred in Vietnam in 1968. I had just got back to Nui Dat from several weeks on a firebase and was getting rid of all my gear to have a long anticipated shower. Before I left for the firebase, I was using timber from old 2.75 inch rocket cases to build an interior lining around the sand bag wall surrounding our tent. I had left the lid of a case leaning against the sand bags, and I idly pulled it away from the sand bags as I was taking off my webbing. I nearly died as a big fat krait went flying upside down through the air! It had been climbing up the sandbags using the lid as support when I pulled it away. The krait darted towards the edge of the tent and only its tail was visible as it disappeared under the duckboards by the time I could get my rifle and chamber a round. I forgot about my lovely hot shower as I furiously boarded over the gap between the sandbags and the duckboards. I shared the tent with John Bullen and it took some heavy-handed persuasion from him to get our batman to come into the tent each day. I understand that a couple of diggers cornered the snake in the open after we left and dispatched it.

The mayhem we visited on the poor old snakes seems strangely out of place nowadays where snakes are so carefully protected. However I wonder if there are terrified people out in the bush who are still killing them with fencing wire, bullets, machetes, or shovels? All to the sound of loud screams just to add atmosphere. Somehow, even though I have had a long association with our legless friends, I do not feel that I miss their company now that I am a townie in the big smoke.

SOCIAL NEWS

FIRST FRIDAY DRINKS

Our numbers have been down at the Old Queens Arms over the last four months, although the weather was foul on two occasions, so keep it in mind with December still to come. Give January a miss but remember to turn up on Friday 4th February 2002.

THE BIG BASH

Held in Bendigo last June/July but has been covered further in, so read on.

CORPS BIRTHDAY DINNER

Held as usual at the Rob Roy Hotel on Saturday 23 June 2001.

My memory has faded a bit since then so I'm unable to remember who attended in total, but around 40 members and partners attended, the number being down a bit on last year mainly because of those who decided to attend the Bendigo event the following weekend.

However, the crowd was a fairly jolly lot and I'm sure everyone enjoyed themselves as well as I did. Our president Bob Cooper proposed a toast to the memory of the Royal Australian Survey Corps, being the only official activity for the evening other than the apologies being read out. The meal was excellent, although those who chose steak for the main course should have been provided with a steak knife without asking, but otherwise the service was good. It was a pleasant function to the end. My thanks to Mary and Bob Mills for a lift home afterwards.

NOVEMBER REUNION at BENDIGO

Always held on the weekend before the Melbourne Cup, this year on Sunday 4 November. The venue was the R.S.L. Club at Nth Bendigo, starting at mid-day with their usual general meeting. Normally held at the Eaglehawk R.S.L., the committee planned a low-key function only as they are still recovering from the Big Bash, hence no BBQ, and lunch was ordered individually in the café and served in the function room.

Not a large crowd attended but I did see Evan Giri, Pat and George Graham, Don Ridge, Don Sweeney, Doug Carswell, Gary Warnest, Tracey and John Phillips, Dave Christie and Dave King from Melbourne and John Rankin from Shepparton, amongst many others, and I was able to have a good long chat to several. The obligatory Cup sweeps were run but the horses I scored didn't, so my money finished with someone else. The reunion broke up at around 4pm, when I joined Gary Warnest and John Rankin in the pokies bar to finish an enjoyable day.

Of RSMs and Hair

Noel Sproles

I was cleaning out a cupboard the other day when I came across an old photo album. In it was a photo of Sappers Noel Sproles and Hans Kramer taken at Balcombe on the road leading to the Mactier Club. I was barely 19 and was sporting a brand new crew cut – the ultimate in cool in the late 50s. If I remember it correctly, it was Hans who egged me on to get it. My mother greeted my crew cut with wide-eyed surprise when I next went home on leave. However, her reaction was nothing compared to that from Mr ‘Tara’ Hocking whom I was to meet some weeks later. Tara was the Regimental Sergeant Major of the Officer Cadet School at Portsea and he was not appointed to that august position because he was a wilting violet or backward in coming forward!

My first acquaintance with Mr Hocking was when he jumped aboard the bus that had just delivered us to the Officer Cadet School. “Lambs to the slaughter” comes to mind! He cut a fine figure and every bit of leather and piece of brass on his uniform glittered and gleamed. His pace stick remained so horizontal that it seemed he must have had a gyroscope hidden in it somewhere. The creases in his KDs were so sharp that you could imagine shaving yourself with them while using his boots as a mirror. Topping it all off, like garnish on a dish of haute cuisine, were several rows of crisp and bright campaign ribbons. His first address to us comprised just one sentence, albeit a very long one! It went like this: “My name is Hocking I am the RSM you call me sir on the command move off the bus form three lines thumbs against the crease of your trousers heels together and feet at thirty degrees MOVE!!!” It went downhill from there.

A few hours later I was struggling back from the Q store with rifle and webbing and kit bag hanging off my back and my arms loaded down with all types of uniforms. As I struggled along I took in the picturesque view of Port Phillip and Mud Island and the ships passing so close to the beach that you could hear the engines thumping. My reverie was shattered by Tara's booming voice from the orderly room verandah. We then had the first of the many single sentence one-way conversations that we would have over the next 12 months. 'Mr Sproles - you will have all year to admire the view look to your front there is a pace ladder in the ground get on to it thirty inch paces LEFT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT HEEL TOE HEEL TOE EYES FRONT'. Bloody hell I thought, how did he know who I was? There goes the protection of anonymity! His secret of course was that photos were taken of all candidates as part of the selection panel process and he had studied every photo and so knew whom we were before we even got to Portsea.

He was not without humour. Every now and then we went through the sizing exercise - you know the routine - 'Tallest on the left, shortest on the right' sort of thing. We must have been growing lads to justify the frequency of the operation. Arthur Schaske was bow legged and was always on the short end of the line. Every time we went through the routine, Tara would roar from one end of the parade ground to the other 'Mr Schaske, if you could get your knees together you would be on the other end of the line!' The only possible reply was a crisp 'Yes sir' as to laugh on parade, even at the RSM's feeble jokes, was to guarantee seeing the sun rise next morning as you attended the defaulters parade.

We had the dubious distinction of graduating into the senior class just as the Army replaced the Lee Enfield .303 rifle with the SLR. While our junior class had only the SLR to deal with, we were

blessed with both. When not in use, our rifles were laid out, completely stripped, in our rooms on our 'tables bedside'. The duty cadet would ring the RSM five minutes before morning parade to see which rifle our class had to take on parade. Tara would hum and ha and eventually nominate one. That meant we then had to get one rifle assembled and the other stripped each morning on a few minutes notice with the risk that one mistake or one mark on any component guaranteed a journey down the hill next morning to greet the sun.

Anyhow I digress - back to the crew cut. On our first parade, Tara gave each of us his undivided and personal attention. When he got to me, he paled, took a step back and told me in no uncertain terms what he thought of young gentlemen sporting crew cuts! He then uttered a momentous directive that goes so far against the grain for any RSM that I suspect that it was an all time first and has never been repeated since. 'Grow your hair Mr Sproles - you have two weeks to do it!' What could one say but 'Yes Sir! -Right away Sir!'



GOLD COAST MARATHON—24 JUNE 01.

by
John Nathan

I commenced training for the marathon in February with long runs each Sunday of between 18 to 20 kms. During the week I ran about 8 kms on Tuesday, 12 kms on Wednesday and 10 kms on Thursday, with Friday and Monday as rest days plus some speed work of around 6 kms each Saturday morning. At this early period I was also doing some interval training, as well as around 56 kms each week.

During April-May the long runs progressively lengthened and the Friday rest day was now worked to improve the kilometre count. A few 30 km runs in May and June were not nearly enough, as I was to find out later in the race. My top weekly run was 78 kms whereas in past marathons I had a couple of 100 km weekly totals, and in the final week completed only 37 kms.

And so up to the Gold Coast with race partner Graeme.

On Friday the 22nd June we ran 5 kms of the marathon course, and on Saturday ran repetitions of 5 x 100 metre run-throughs to sharpen up our minds as well as our bodies. My main two goals were to finish the race and go under four hours.

Sunday race day arrived and Graeme and I were up at 4.30am. We had a lovely apartment and knew we could recuperate in the spa after the race. The starters gun broke the tension at 5.40am and we were into the Gold Coast Marathon at around 5.5 min/km for whatever ?

I got into a bit of strife with some Queensland runners when they saw my S.A. Road Runners singlet and asked derisively whatever happened to the Multi Function Polis, so I reminded them that QLD. is the only state still clearing heaps of scrub and timber and to get with it. Next moment a lady came along and said leave them, so we ran together. She was a triathlete from Toowoomba and the mother of two sets of twins and had competed in Iron Man events, so she was confident of a reasonable performance.

At the half way mark of 21.1 kms I said she had been pulling me along at a good pace but she insisted that I had pulled her along, however, it was clarified who was pulling who as she gradually left me at around the 26 km mark. Graeme had not caught up to me but I expected to see him very soon. My pace had dropped of a little and I was looking forward to the 30 km drink station as I had one of Graeme's energy drinks and a Power Bar.

After consuming the drink and bar I enjoyed a short resurgence, but blisters began to give me some bother and soon with about 10 kms to go my body was telling me it did not want to be there. I thought I had passed the 38 km mark but it was only the 37 km mark, so I felt a bit dejected. Many of the competitors were now walking and running, but I kept on running if you could call it that, crossing over the finish line with just 2 seconds to spare in 3 hrs 59 mins 58 secs, achieving both goals. Graeme got in a bit over 5 minutes later, but suffering with dehydration. The winner was a New Zealand competitor who came in at 2 hrs 13 mins, and the runner-up was a Japanese, with a Japanese lady winning the women's race.

Well done John, you have certainly won the respect of all members for guts and determination.

THE MILITARY ENGINEERING HERITAGE COMPANY

The Military Engineering and Heritage Company has been formed to assist the operation, management and development of the Australian Army Museum of Military Engineering at Moorebank, N.S.W.

The museum holds the historical collections of both the Royal Australian Engineer [RAE] and the Royal Australian Survey [RASvy] Corps.

The Company is managed by a Board of Directors responsible for all activities. Sponsor members support the museum with an annual subscription [June to July] of \$15, tax deductible. Active members are similar but also assist the museum through volunteer work, with all money received directly supporting the museum activities.

Members will receive a copy of the Company constitution, membership ID card and a regular newsletter. Fund raising in this way has become necessary, because Government grants from all sources are very limited and insufficient to maintain the history of both Corps for posterity.

All Association members are urged to become members of the Company, by completing the enclosed loose application form, so please give the matter your earnest consideration.

Courtesy of Magna Carto



VALE

FRANK BUCKLAND.

Brigadier Frank Desmond Buckland OBE, CO AHQ Svy Regt 1 Dec 62 to 29 Jan 65, D Mil Svy 23 Mar 67 to 31 Aug 72, Col Comdt RASvy Jan 73 to Jan 76, Patron of The Canberra Survey Corps Association, died in Canberra 17 May 01 after a protracted illness.

Frank Buckland joined the Aust Svy Corps in Sep 1938 as a topographer and transferred as a sergeant to the 2/1st Aust Fd Svy Coy (RAE) following its raising in 1940. He served in the Middle East with 2/1st and was employed plane-tabling along the Trans-Jordan - Syrian border. On the return of the 2/1st to Australia he was commissioned as a lieutenant on 23 June 42 and served in Australia in staff appointments and in New Guinea. In the immediate post-war years Frank was on the staff of Survey Directorate and in 1947 was selected to accompany Major Bill Johnson to UK and Kenya to study the application of radar-controlled air photography and the use of Multiplex.

A posting to the School of Military Survey followed, before an appointment as OC W Comd Fd Svy Sec and DAD W Comd, on promotion to Major. Then one of the first two exchange postings to HQ FARELF where he was Mentioned in Despatches before returning to Australia where he was OC C Comd Fd Svy until, on promotion to Lt Col, Frank became CO AHQ Svy Regt. This was followed by two years as AD Svy AHQ before promotion to Colonel, Director of Military Survey in 67. He retired as Hon Brigadier in August 72, in his own words, 'to make way for younger officers'. During his service as D Mil Svy Frank Buckland was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire (OBE), the citation noting his professional ability and his personal attention to the well-being of the members of the Corps. He was instrumental, during this time, in launching the series of operations in Indonesia that are now being recognised by the award of the Australian Service Medal with the clasp SE Asia.

Following his retirement Frank Buckland devoted his time to working for the Smith Family and Canberra Legacy, of which he was President 1977-1978. Always a keen sportsman, he continued to play squash, tennis and golf into his late sixties. Diagnosed with cancer Frank fought a hard battle until he succumbed on 17 May. Always a very private man who concealed his true feelings, he stipulated that he should be privately cremated. The service was attended by his family and a few close friends. The Corps was represented by John Hillier and Clem Sargent. Our sympathy goes to his wife, Joy, son Graham and daughter Sue, his five grandsons and one great-granddaughter.

VALE

BRIG. F. D. BUCKLAND OBE.

Died in Canberra on 17th May 2001, finally succumbing to cancer after a lengthy illness.

Mrs. JEAN RELF.

Jean died peacefully in Adelaide on 30th November 2001, her health gradually declining over a long period.

BOB ROCHE

Died in Bendigo on 15th August 2001, after suffering many years with a leukaemia condition.

WALLY BROWNLOW

Died in Adelaide on 3rd October 2001, following a heart attack.

TED BURGESS

Died in Cairns on 24th November 2001, following what was thought to be a heart condition.

TOM CHISHOLM

Tom died in Bendigo on 28th May 2001, following failing health for some time.

PETER SADLER

Died in Canberra about three months ago, but no other details are known.

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