

Newsletter No 41 December 2005



# SURVEY EX-SERVICEMEN'S ASSOCIATION

## SOUTH AUSTRALIA



NEWSLETTER No 41  
DECEMBER 2005



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On behalf of your committee I extend to all our members and their families, compliments of the season, hoping that all enjoy the coming festivities and holidays, so to all I wish----

MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR

### Newsletter Format

My request for comments regarding a change to our newsletter format, whether to remain at A5 size or go to A4, did draw a few comments from members (Thank you) with the concensus being that most had no preference either way.

We still have extra covers to use before a final decision is required, so more comments please.

With limited resources and lack of computer savvy on my part, I know our layout and presentation is a bit on the plain side, but I'm sure the news is passed on well enough, so I don't lose much sleep. The newsletters distributed by other Associations (W.A.,QLD, Bendigo ) are presented a shade more professionally, especially from W.A.,where the layout and printing in colour is produced by a commercial organisation, all done at mate rates through a member, a freebie no less. I understand QLD is able to utilise a friend at court, also.

### Social News

Secretary Dave sent out notices about a month ago, advising a change to our normal calendar, changing our usual Christmas function to a New Year BBQ. This is intended to be held in late January or early February 2006, with notices posted out well before. Unfortunately we were unable to secure a venue and date with any certainty, that suited the members we checked in a phone-around. It's always difficult to arrange a function in December, but more so this year.

### First Friday

Last one for this year on Friday 2nd December at the Saracen's Head was a very pleasant two hours, attended by Pam & Bob Griffin, Alex Czornohalan, Stevo Hinic, John Frith, Margaret & Bob Dikkenberg, Mick Sarsen, Lincoln Smith and including me, ten in all. Time passed

by very quickly, or seemed to, before drifting away with a "Merry Christmas" all round.

Remember to give January a miss, with our next get-together on Friday 3rd February 2006 at 5pm.

### Visit to the Birdwood Motor Museum

Brett Knuckey is hoping to negotiate a reduced entry fee, and if sufficient members indicate a desire for the visit to go ahead, he will also arrange a BBQ/picnic set up in the grounds of the museum. The proposal now is for a Sunday visit next March 06, with details notified by the usual flyer about four weeks before.

### Our Super Bikie

As reported in our last issue, Bob Mills was an entrant in the World Solar Cycle Challenge conducted last October, from Ceduna to Adelaide via Pt Lincoln and Pt Augusta and all towns between. I am happy to report that Bob came in 5th place from a total of 10 teams, completing a trouble free run, being the only one to do so.

Well done Bob. The winning team was from Damascus College in Ballarat, a group which supports and promotes solar powered cycling very seriously. Bob also had pole position for the race, winning the time, speed and braking trials held before the race. On some sections of the route, with full battery power and generally good conditions, he was able to average 44 kms per hour. Bob rode an Avanti cycle, powered by an electric motor in the front wheel, with the battery charged from a solar panel on a tiny trailer towed behind, and topped up each night from 240v mains supply.

Keeping fit must be fun, because one week later he was off again, this time in the Bike S.A. Annual Tour, a 7 day event from Mt Gambier travelling through various towns in the South-East, being more of a semi-social sightseeing tour but still averaging 100 kms per day.

Not content with the above lot, he has entered in the amateur group of the Tour Down Under for a 150 km section, being run next January, so perhaps we can report on that in a later edition.

### In the footsteps of Captain Cook

In June this year Ken and Lorraine Talbot-Smith and family, Peter (Jack) and Julie Elverd, Marlene (Eddy Jacobs former wife) and her partner,

went sailing for a week in the Whitsunday Islands group, an adventure that took over two years in the planning.

### Sailing the Whitsundays

by

Jack Elverd

The boat we hired was a 40 foot catamaran named "Seawind 1200", with the precise dimensions of 12.1 metres long by 6.5 metres wide and a draft of 1.1 metres, powered by twin 27hp diesel motors.

It carried 500 litres of fresh water, had two toilets and four cabins with queen size beds, three showers, TV, fridge, freezer, CD player, radio, an electric anchor winch, plus a rigid inflatable dinghy with outboard motor.

Cost for the boat was \$850 per night, other costs being airfares and motel accommodation for the first and last night

We flew from Adelaide on Friday 3rd June, leaving at 6am and arriving at Shute Harbour in sunny Queensland at about 1 pm. After settling into our accommodation, the girls went off to purchase our supplies, while the rest of us started the required four hour briefing on all aspects of the boat, where to go, charts, tides, where to anchor, fishing regulations, etc, and finally packing the boat in readiness for the following day.

At 8am Saturday morning we were taken out from shore, shown how to use the anchor, and then cast adrift on our own, something that made Lorraine a bit apprehensive as she realised that I was the only one with sailing experience, but was OK when she found that I knew what I was doing, actually the boat was very easy to sail as long as you knew what ropes to pull on or let off.

We headed south-east for the remainder of the day, going around South Mole Is. and anchoring in Nara Inlet for the night.

From there we headed south, until on the third day we went into Hamilton Is. to have a look around and to fill up with fresh water, before sailing on to Whitehaven Beach where we spent a couple of nights.

Changing tack, we headed north to Hayman Is., intending to anchor and go ashore for a look until we were told that it cost \$50 for 30 minutes, so guess what, we gave it a miss.

We fished every day, although the problem with fishing was that where you were required to anchor, was generally a restricted fishing

zone, however, we did catch some reasonable size fish sufficient for a few meals on the boat, plus bringing some back to Adelaide. The weather was excellent for sailing with 20 to 25 knot winds every day and at times we were doing over 12 knots in the boat, but the wind did not make for the best swimming.

There was a BBQ on the back of the boat that was used daily, since Marlene had prepared a menu for each day, so we ate very well. And of course sailing makes one very thirsty, so we had an adequate supply of wine, beer, etc, on board.

Overall we had an excellent time, with the boat being very steady throughout, there was heaps of room and it was ideal for 7 or 8 persons, with the only complaint coming from the women about not being able to have long hot showers.

Would we do it again? YES, but in a different location with more fish. We returned to Shute Harbour on Saturday 10th June at about 10am, stayed in Airlie Beach that night and flew back to Adelaide on Sunday.

Can anybody do this type of trip? Yes, but I strongly suggest that one party member has some type of sailing experience, although they do have a trained person who would come out with you until you felt confident on your own.

Regards Jack.

### People News

My thanks to kindred associations and their regular newsletters, namely "Westlink ", "Magna Carto "and the QLD "Bulletin", from which I extract news items for local information.

### Stan and Helen Campbell (From Stevo Hinic )

Stan and Helen passed through Adelaide on the 21st October 05, on their way back to Brisbane. They had been on the road for three months travelling through the Northern Territory, down the West Australian coastline and then across the Nullarbor.

We managed to catch up with them and have a bite to eat, but it's a tad hard to recall our discussions after 3 bottles of SA red wine and some cleansing Cooper Ales. They both looked well, but I'm not sure how Stan pulled up next morning.

I do recall Stan saying that when they are not travelling, he is kept busy being the Chairman of the Body Corporate where he has a couple of

investment units. Stan also does a half day Veteran Affairs advising at his local RSL, so maybe is a handy person to keep in mind for the future.

They left Adelaide heading for Renmark and the Riverland area. A week later I received a phone call from Stan and Helen in Brisbane, saying that he developed a serious knee inflammation and had spent a night in the Renmark Hospital. Upon his discharge they cut their trip short and Helen had to drive back to Brisbane with the "patient". Stan is on anti-inflammatory tablets and is on the mend, probably contemplating their next trip.

### Rear Admiral Loosli

Not seen or heard of for about 45 years, but would be remembered by many of our senior members, as captain of HMAS Gascoyne, a Riverclass Frigate, used as a support vessel by Central Command Field Section/ 4 Field survey unit during the 1st Order Coastal Traverse and mapping of Arnhem Land and the Gulf of Carpentaria, around 1959/60. By chance I watched a recent TV programme, when he was interviewed during the scuttling ceremony of HMAS Brisbane off the Gold Coast. When he and the late Frank Buckland (our OC at the time) appeared on deck, one dressed in immaculate white tropical uniform and the other in neat bush greens, they were nicknamed "Smoothy and Tweedy" by the late Geoff Briggs.

### Neville Pappin

I met Neville at the 90th Anniversary Dinner in Bendigo last June/July, the first time since around 1982, when he elected discharge from 4 Fd Svy Sqn at Keswick Barracks, but remained in Adelaide. He had obtained a degree in surveying before his discharge, but not wanting to enter the officer stream, he opted for a job with a civil engineering firm for many years. He is now with Koukourou Consulting Engineers, as their project manager for all environmental matters. Perhaps we might see more of you in the future, Neville.

### Brian Johnson

Brian does take the trouble to attend the odd function, so I do catch up with him now and then, specifically at the 90th Anniversary Dinner. He is much the same as ever physically, so perhaps it's no surprise that

he is now a gendarme, a constable no less with the Queensland Police Force.

### Pat Cox

Pat was always a regular to march on Anzac Day for many years, but not of late due to poor health. Pat never seems to be at home when I attempt to contact him by phone, but I was lucky a week ago when he answered my call.

He told me his general health is not as good as he would like, and is now unable to drive because his present medications can cause memory lapses, not a good situation when driving, so now relies on other transport.

Pat still lives in Crystal Brook, and does not get around as much as he used to, but intends to spend the Christmas period with his brother in Adelaide.

### Max Coletti

Max is still positive about his cancer condition and is feeling reasonably well under the circumstances, returning to work only a few days ago, doing light tasks mainly as would be expected. The results of his latest medical tests will not be available until mid-December, so we're all hoping for good news.

All our members are with you Max.

### Brett Knuckey

Brett is now semi-retired, having been made redundant when the firm he worked for was bought out by another group, intent on reducing staff. Brett had spent the previous 23 years producing the UBD street directory, and because of his fairly substantial accumulated long service and sick leave, was the first to go.

He is hopeful that he might obtain work for a day or two each week, which would suit him. Following the fairly recent death of his mother, Brett and Jane took her ashes back to the area that she loved most, where she grew up as a girl, on a farm in the Dorrigo area of NSW, near Bellingen. Her ashes were scattered over a waterfall in a nearby national park. They also remained in the district for a very enjoyable two weeks, meeting relatives, many for the first time at family reunions. Brett and Jane are now planning their next trip, this time to New Zealand next

April.

### Lloyd Patterson/Tom Sawyer

Back in October Lloyd was perusing the Vietnam Mortality Roll, when out popped Tom Sawyers name, which worried him a bit as he thought Tom was still with us. Despatching an all points email, he didn't have long to wait before the good news came that Tom is still a tax paying member in W.A. suburbia.

I reported in our newsletter about 18 months ago, cracking a bottle of red with Tom and his wife, when they rested in Adelaide enroute from Bendigo to Perth

### Noel Sproles

He and Lynda travelled to Darwin by train fairly recently, with their 4WD on a flattop to the rear. After the tourist look-around of Darwin, they returned to Adelaide by road, naturally having a look at all the places of interest along the way. Noel, a trip like that would whet the curiosity of many of our members, so if you have the time in the near future, a few tips on the journey for our next newsletter would be appreciated. An idea of costs involved, your impressions of the train trip and the road trip, things worth seeing or things to miss, problems, etc, anything that would be of interest to anyone contemplating a similar holiday. PS---About a page or two only.

### John(Scobie) Wilkes QLD Bulletin

Scobie was a bit of a character when he served at Keswick Barracks, so the following catch-up from Alex Cairney should interest many.

Scobie reports that he has sold out of Callala Bay (suburb of Jervis Bay) and moved to Toomerong, just south of Nowra in NSW, where he has been building a house on an eight acre property. Scobie and his wife have just returned from Thailand visiting in-laws, their first visit in 21 years.

He attended a basic course in 1969 and served in Sumatra on Gading 1. On completing 12 years in RASvy, achieving the rank of sergeant, he worked for Bass Oil during which time he also worked in South East Asia, where he met and married his wife. Becoming something of a seafarer, he was later involved in the huge dredging operation in Moreton Bay off Brisbane, providing sandfill for the construction of the

Brisbane Airport.

Seeking a quieter life he now has a job as a storeman at HMAS Albatross at Jervis Bay.

### Rocky Camps

You must be long in the tooth if you can remember Rocky. Now well into his 70's he still lives in Wodonga, and still plagued with his leg problems, so that he now relies upon his battery powered runabout to get around town.

Otherwise his health is reasonable, but is still as vociferous as always according to Lloyd Patterson

### PNG Defence Force 50th Anniversary Medal

I contacted Christies Medals recently to ascertain whether they would accept proof of eligibility for the medal through our Association, on behalf of individual members, a proposal they agreed to.

Members who previously wished to purchase the medal, please contact me to verify they still wish to do so, on 82777074, so that their particular details can be sent to Christies and they can then apply for the medal when they wish.

The costs are listed below

*→ has medal been approved by Aust Govt.!*

- Full size medal costs \$ 49.50 including 15cms of riband.  
(was \$45.60 two years ago)
- Miniature medal costs \$16.50 including 9cms of riband  
Additional riband can be purchased for both medals
  - Receipted delivery costs \$8.50
- Computer engraving on the edge of the full size medal with name and regimental details costs \$21.00, but I strongly recommend that it be done.

49.50  
16.50  
8.50  
21.00  
\$95.50

Apply to Christies Medals, unit 4D, N01 - 7 Unwins Bridge Rd  
St. Peters NSW 2044

Telephone 0295190784 Fax 02 9519 0785

Email address. [julian.symon@christies.net.au](mailto:julian.symon@christies.net.au)

Eligibility, according to a local medals dealer, is 28 days full time service in country, something I cannot verify, however, anyone who has been awarded the Australian Service Medal 1945-75 with PNG clasp, or was actually posted to PNG would be eligible. If you have doubts, talk it through with me.

*Julian Symon @ Christies*

The above information is essentially the same as I understood the situation to be when I twice contacted Christies in June 2003. Once a consolidated list has been sent to Christies early in the new year, that will end the matter for ever.

### A way with words

The art of the "silver-pen" is almost a gift, the ability to turn defeat into victory in a written report by distorting the facts alone, a very useful tool for politicians. The following bit of humour is an example-----  
The Smiths were very proud of their family tradition. Their ancestors had come to America on the Mayflower, they had prospered greatly and now their line included senators and Wall Street magnates. They decided to write a family history as a proud legacy for their children, but there was a problem, how to explain that great-uncle who was the black sheep of the family and had been executed in the electric chair. So they hired a top genealogist with experience in these matters, and when the book was written the problem was handled thus

"Great-uncle George occupied a chair of applied electronics at an important government institution, was attached to his position by great ties----and his death came as a real shock."

### Vale

#### Maior Kevin Walsh

It is with sadness that I report the passing of Kevin on Sunday 30th October 2005. He had been suffering with failing health problems for some years, but somehow had always managed to rise above his physical decline, until the end, at the Centaur (RSL) Nursing Home at Caloundra, QLD.

His daughter Barbara was with him during his final moments, and son Ian, visiting from the UK, spent two weeks with his dad in early October.

The QLD Association ensured that Kevin was given a funeral service to be proud of, with the casket draped in the Australian flag, a slouch hat with a RASvy badge at the head, a coiled Sam Browne at the foot and a wreath of flowers, against a tropical garden setting in a Caloundra chapel. Following the service, everyone returned to the local RSL for Kevin's Wake, something he would have approved.

Kevin had a very satisfying career in the Corps, spanning 30 years from 1946-76, mainly with Northern Command Field Survey Unit, the Army Survey Regiment and the School of Military Survey, also an overseas posting to the UK. In the time I knew Kevin, on no occasion did I hear a word against him, and that's worth a mention, as he was genuinely respected by all who knew him, and that applied to his late wife Madge equally as well.

All who knew Walshie will be saddened by his passing.

Bob Skitch has written a detailed valedictory in the QLD Bulletin, which I will send to any member on request.

### Jim Cheater

Jim passed away in Wodonga earlier this year, but I have no other information as to his sad demise. He was the Orderly Room Sergeant at the School of Military Survey for many years, both at Balcombe and at Bonegilla. Although I knew Jim very well, I cannot recall much about his service career, as he seemed to be at the school forever, but that's not important as he was well known to the hundreds of students that studied there.

Jim was a definite character, generally referred to as "fluffy" by all, but I'm sure all his friends will be saddened by his passing.

### **Yankee Dog**

by

Noel Sproles

Every day when I take the Border Collie for his walk, we have to pass by a house guarded by a large male German Shepherd. They have a two metre high chain link fence that this huge creature jumps almost to the top of, howling all the while as he attempts to get out and engage us in a fight to the death. Passing by the house would be quite daunting if not for the fence, but this is not the only run in that I have had with the breed.

The earliest such encounter that I can recall was as a child, walking with my sister and an adult friend down a suburban Melbourne street. I must have been about four years old at the time. Coming from the opposite direction was a man with a huge German Shepherd on a lead. As they

drew opposite us, the dog reared up on his hind legs, put his great paws on my shoulder and lunged for my throat. I screamed and jumped back in terror as the man pulled the dog off me and apologised. It was a traumatic event as witnessed by my still being able to recall it so clearly over the years. However I was surprised, even at that tender age, at how calmly the adult friend treated the incident. Years later when thinking about it, I realised that if I was just four or so years old, and the dog had to stand up on its rear legs to get at me, then far from being a mighty beast it was merely a pup. And it also follows that instead of being threatened by the teeth of a beast from the Baskervilles, my greatest risk was being licked to death by an over-friendly puppy's tongue! No wonder our adult friend was not perturbed by the incident.

However, a more enjoyable experience with a German Shepherd occurred, of all places, amongst the rubber trees of Fire Base Coral in Vietnam. We were visited by the major general commanding a US division that was located not far from us. Together with John Collinson, the Kiwi captain with whom I shared my foxhole, I watched as the general's spic and span Huey helicopter landed nearby. He certainly cut an impressive figure as he climbed out. He was tall and oozed an aura of command; his fatigues were starched and carefully ironed; his silver stars sparkled; and his leather general's belt and holster were so shiny that they could only have been spit polished. He even had a chrome plated pearl handled side-arm in the holster, just like General Patton. What a contrast he made with us in our grubby, sweat-stained greens. Water was so scarce at Coral that we rarely had the opportunity to wash ourselves let alone our greens. Yet, impressive as the general was, what really caught our attention was the German Shepherd that jumped out of the helicopter with him. The dog was well fed, boisterous, and carefully groomed. His baths were obviously more frequent than the Border Collie's. He has to get by with a once-a-year-mid-summer-back yard wrestling match in a Kelso wheel barrow filled with cold water.

After the greetings, our brigadier ushered the general into the air conditioned caravan, mounted on the back of a 'deuce and a half', that the ever generous Americans had given him as a present. It soon became clear that the general's aide, a very young lieutenant, wanted to join the big boys for the briefing but could not as he was delegated to

look after the dog. He was standing all alone, forlorn and dejected, holding the lead, looking for a way out when a digger walked up, saluted smartly, and offered to mind the dog. I dug John in the ribs to draw his attention to the little drama about to unravel right on our doorstep, so as to speak. The lieutenant was initially hesitant but then the digger said, without even a blush or a hint of hesitation in his voice, that he would wait there until the general and the lieutenant came out. John and I could not believe our eyes when, after a few seconds thought, he handed the lead over to the digger and bounded up the stairs. No sooner was he out of sight in the caravan than the digger and dog disappeared in a flash into the bowels of the engineer's camp area next to us. Like a swarm of bees, his mates came out of the cover from where they had been observing his performance, and raced after him.

John and I settled down, with some of our colleagues, for the highly anticipated reaction of the general when he realised that his dog had gone. I mean, it wasn't often that you got the chance for a laugh on a firebase; not even the bad concert parties would come near us. The theatre about to unravel with the cast of the general, his dog, and his aide would have to be our substitute entertainment. We brewed up and got out the chocolate wagon wheels from our rations and discussed the chances of the general ever seeing his dog again. The consensus was that this Yankee dog was now an Aussie dog.

In due course the general appeared at the door of the cabin thanking the brigadier for the briefing. We all fell silent and sat up in eager anticipation for it was Showtime! The general looked around for a few seconds and then bellowed 'Where's mah dawg!' This was followed by a somewhat one-sided conversation between the aide, now very flustered, and the general. To our cruel delight, we could hear snatches of the exchange such as 'he seemed a nice guy' and 'he promised that he would wait right here, general'. Our fun was finally cut short when the brigadier seized control of the situation. He turned to the engineer squadron commander and, word has it, made him an offer that any major, intent on a career in the army, could not refuse. Why the brigadier immediately, and correctly, assumed that it was the engineers who were the dog-nappers is a mystery. But I guess that by the time you make brigadier, you get to recognise where lies the centre of gravity in a

situation. The major immediately sought out his Squadron Sergeant Major and passed on the gist of the brigadier's conversation to him. A short time later, the dog appeared on the perimeter of the engineer camp and the general whistled him over and all settled down. Except for the dog, that is. He was no longer the animal fit for a show ring that he was just a short time before when he bounded out of the spic and span Huey. Now he was muddy and dishevelled; he was covered with his own slobber and his sides were heaving; his tongue was almost dragging on the ground; and if tail bones suffered from bone fatigue, his tail would have dropped off long before from its incessant wagging. The dog obviously had a whale of a time and had enjoyed his sojourn with the sappers immensely, which was more than could be said for our very chastened and, hopefully, wiser young lieutenant.

Decorum and dog having been restored, the general, his entourage, and his scruffy dog piled into the spic and span Huey and whopped-whopped-whopped their way back to civilisation. We meanwhile returned to the war but with lighter hearts than a few hours before. Who says that dogs, even Yankee 'dawgs', are not man's best friend?

#### Survey Corps 90th Anniversary Dinner

The following list of attendees at the 90th Anniversary Dinner was sent by Gary Warnest and might be of interest, some names perhaps reviving a few memories.

<b>Surname</b>	<b>First</b>	<b>Partner</b>
Anderson	Greg	
Anderson	John	
Ash	Jim	Tracy
Ashby	John	Julie
Aulsebrook	Bob	Diane
Barwald	Dick	Mary
Bateman	John	
Belmont	Ian	Pat
Biorac	Peter	Margaret
Black	Bill	Jan
Boath	Andy	
Boehm	Kevin	
Bogumil	Rob	

Bootland	Ian	Patricia
Boulton	Paul	
Bowen	Peter	
Bowes	Ian	Vicki
Brecely	Tim	Margaret
Brown	Fred	
Burgin	Briana	
Burke	Steve	Sherrilee-Ann
Burns	Duncan	Sandra
Cairney	Alex	
Camp bell	Stan	Helen
Campbell	Ian	
Capp	Simon	Susan
Carswell	Doug	Chris
Casey	Mark	Dianne
Chadwick	Warren	
Chant	Ralph	Cheryl
Charlton	Judith	John
Cheater	Paul	Jack/Norma
Choat	Alan	Olive Hughes
Christie	Brett	Jim
Clifford	Leo	Christine
Cockburn	Bruce	
Cocker	Yvonne	
Commons	Dōc	Heidi
Cook	Alex	Lori
Cosford	Brian	
Coulson	Steve	
Coulthard	Noel	Jenny
Cowie	Fred	
Crawford	Richard	Tracey
Cuskelly	Dru	Kellie
Cuskelly	Col	
Cuskelly	Jodi	Russell Bingley
Davis	Grant	
Davis	Paul	
de Grauw	Alex	Kath
Dean	John	Trudy

DeLaine	Rhys	Jo Anne
Dempster	Michael	Rhonda
Derby	Al	
Dillon	Peter	
Dixon	Verity	
Drummond	Garry	Anne
Drummond	Steve	
Drury	Pat	
Ebenwaldner	Gunther	
Edwards	Chris	
Edwards	Terry	
Einam	Paul	
Ellem	Tony	
Ellis	Mick	Margaret
Ellis	Steve	
Entink	Luke	
Fauth	Carmel	Sheldon
Fedden	Mark	
Firns	Brian	
Fitzgerald	Ian	
Flynn	Mick	Carol
Francis-Wright	Greg	
Galbraith	Danny	Kris
Gilbert	John	Robyn
Gill	Jim	MarieAnn
Gillam	Mick	Leisa
Gillies	Rowan	Cath
Gloster	Stephen	
Goetz	Hamish	
Gore	Phyl	Trish Mitchell
Graham	Pat	George
Grant	Mal	Judy
Grayland	Donna	
Green	Roger	Pat
Griffith	Michelle	Jim Walker
Hales	Graham	April-Rose
Hammond	Bruce	Pat

Haswell	Gordon	Dot
Henson	Arthur	Barbara
Hesling	Anthony	
Hill	Graham	
Hinic	Stevo	Pauline
Hockings	Daryl	Heather
Hogan	Barry	
Hogan	John	Mick
Hook	John	Cheryl
Hopes	Paul	
Hunter (Blue)	Gary	Sue
Jefferies	Jim	
Jeffery	Ken	Pauline
Jeffery	Bill	
Jobe	David	Katrina
Johns	Michael	
Johnson	Brian	Brenda
Johnston	Graham	Joanne Knox
Justin	Janet	
Kellet	Craig	
Kernaghan	Jim	
Killeen	Damien	
King	Dave	
Knott	Penny	
Knuckey	Brett	Jane
Labouchardiere	Ken	Donna
Lambton-Young	Dave	
Lane	John	Sandy
Learmonth	Dennis	Cheryl
Leskovec	Paul	Jenine
Lloyd	Wayne	
Lord	Terry	Sharon
Lowery	Gordon	Laurene
Lucas	Andy	Gloria
Lutwyche	Barry	
Madge	Del	
Mai	Harald	Maggie
Main	Peter	

Marner	Ian	Sue
Marshall	Denis	Joy
McConnachie	Pat	
McConnell	Mick	
McMillan-Kay	Bob	Roslyn Fentiman
McNamara	Noel (Macca)	
Mead	Brian	Annette
Mehling	Siegfried (Siggy)	
Miller	Barry	
Minelli	Bronette	
Mobbs	John	Kerry
Mollenhauer	Russell	Faye
Munro	Alex	
Murphy	David	
Nicolson	Eric	
Palfrey	Lee	
Pappin	Neville	
Partridge	Brian	Sue
Paterson	Mal	
Pattison	Judith	
Pearson	Roger	Debbie
Peters	Ken	Jenny
Phillips	John	Tracey
Presser	Peter	Lesley
Priestley	Graeme	Wendy Moline
Puniard	Dennis	Margaret
Purton	Tony	
Rees	Roger	Effie
Ridge	Don	Ruth
Rogers	Brian	Marg
Register	Bob	Kathy
Rothwell	Wayne	Karen
Rowe	Greg	Ginny
Rynberk	Adrian	Clare
Saunders	Lindsay	Kath
Saunders	Peter	
Scharber	John	Joanne
Shakes	Doug	Lynne

Sheringham	Neville	
Sievers	Gary	
Skid more	Rod	Kristin
Sloan	Brian	
Small	Grant	Beth
Smalley	Phil	Donna
South	John	Pearl/Julie
South	Daryl	Helen
Stone	Neville	Dianne
Straube	Rob	Santina
Sutton	Laurie	Pam
Swandale	Peter	
Talbot-Smith	Ken	
Tangey	Robyn	
Taylor	Margaret	
Taylor	Neil	Phillippa & Emma
Tempest	John	Anne/ Kerrie
Thaxter	Stu	Suzie O'Shea
Thiselton	Ian	Mary-Ann
Thrower	Bob	Marg
Thun	Wolf	Jo
Timmins	George	
Tolcher	Greg	
Van Leeuwen	Brett	Juana
vander Zee	Marianne	
Vanderbom	Ric	Vicki
Venn	Mike	Annette
Virtue	Alan	
Vote	Stan	Maureen
Warnest	Gary	Judith
Webb	Cliff	Diane
Wells	James	
Whitburn	John	
Wilkinson	Darren	
Willey	Jeff	Lynette
Williams	Bob	
Williams	Rusty	Mary
Winner	Steve	

# Original Australian Mud Map





The Committee extends the compliments of the season  
to all members and their families.

Have a safe and Merry Christmas and we'll see you all  
in the New Year

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