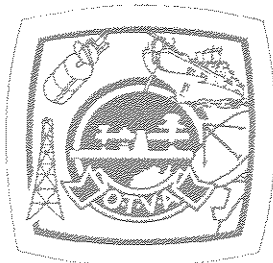


Editor:

Jim Anderson



Newsletter

Overseas Telecommunications Veterans Association (Australia)

NEWSLETTER

Vol. 4 PT 1 PAGE 199 - APRIL 1991

MEETINGS AND REUNIONS

VICTORIA

AGM - Friday 10th May 1991
From 12 Noon - 3.00pm

OTC Office 3rd Floor
382 Lonsdale St
Melbourne

Reunion - Friday 8 November 1991
5.00pm - 9.00pm

" "
" "

NEW SOUTH WALES

AGM - Friday 10th May 1991
12 Noon - 3.00pm

Conference room
15th Floor, OTC House
231 Elizabeth Street
Sydney

Reunion - Friday 29th November 1991
12 Noon - 3.00pm

" "
" "

QUEENSLAND

AGM - Tuesday 28th May 1991
12 Noon - 3.00pm

OTC Office 12 Creek
Street Brisbane

Reunion - Tuesday 19th November 1991
12 Noon - 3.00pm

Maritime Comms. Stn
Caboolture
Queensland.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

AGM - Thursday 23rd May 1991
12 Noon - 3.00pm

Maritime Comms. Stn
McLaren Vale
South Australia.

Reunion - Thursday 21st November 1991
12.30pm - 3.00pm

" "
" "

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

AGM - Tuesday 26th November 1991
12.30pm - 3.00pm

OTC Office
26 St Georges Tce
Perth

Interstate members and visitors will be welcomed at these functions, but prior advice of intention to attend would be appreciated by the organisations, not only for catering purposes, but to get confirmation of times and venues.

Oscar

Tango

Victor

Alpha

HELP WANTED!

DEBBY CRAMER, our researcher has made an impassioned plea with the hope that someone out there may be able to help her.

Debby is in charge of coordinating the necessary work in selecting appropriate articles to be displayed in some twelve cabinets. She is in urgent need of:-

A uniform (whole or part thereof, or a hat) worn by a Beam Wireless Messenger Boy, post WW2, circa 1927.

A uniform or cap (or just a cap badge) from WW2 Telecom Officer. The oval cap had the astrological sign of the god, Mercury.

Any information, photos or memorabilia relating to the Sydney Operating Room.

If you can help in any way please contact:

Debby Cramer
Coordinator Archive Display Program
P O Box 138
BALMAIN NSW 2041

Telephone (02) 810-1199 or
(02) 339-3954

An article about Debby's Archival Display appears elsewhere in this copy in which she outlines what the project is all about.

BRIGHT SPARKS

I am indebted to KIMBERLEY O'SULLIVAN, our archives coordinator for information relating to a series which was on air through the A.B.C. and which I, personally, am sorry to have missed. Those who heard the series recognised the voices of some of our Veterans relating tales from the old wireless days. I thought that this might be of interest to others who may have missed out.

BRIGHT SPARKS was a series of eight programs on people who worked in the Australian radio industry. Radio operators, amateurs and set makers talk about the other side of radio behind the lit up tuning dial and the glamour of the broadcasting stars.

The eight parts are:-

- (1) The Wireless Priest - the story of how a Catholic Priest, Father Shaw, was responsible for raising money for missionaries in the South Pacific became Australia's first radio entrepreneur and the centre of a national political scandal culminating in the sacking of the Navy Minister.

- (2) SHIP TO SHORE - the new technology of wireless was first used to communicate between ships at sea and stations on the coast. Ships' "sparks" were to be an important source of technical talent for the radio industry.
- (3) ROLL YOUR OWN RADIO - amateur experimenters made radio transmitters and receivers out of anything at hand and developed long distance global communications on shorter and shorter wavelengths.
- (4) LOUD SPEAKERS - the amateurs were the first to present wireless concerts over the air before the official broadcasters began. They established many of the first radio stations.
- (5) MAKING RADIO PAY - the wonders of wireless sold door to door.
- (6) SOLDERING ON - day to day factory experiences of the wirers, testers and coil winders.
- (7) CALLING ALL CARS - how radio was used to catch criminals, speed medical help to people in the bush and to keep a secret look out for the enemy during war.
- (8) AUSTRALIA CALLING - Australia's "short wave" connection with the world, from early terse transmissions to the Voice of Australia and the wartime Listening Post, tuning in to what the enemy was saying.

Cassettes of this radio series are now available through the ABC's Radio Tapes Service at \$45 (Aust) for the complete set of eight programs or individual programs for \$15. The address is:

ABC RADIO TAPES
GPO BOX 9994
SYDNEY NSW 2001

and the phone number for general enquiries and credit card orders is (02) 339-1034.

TO THE MEMORY OF COL WATTERS

I received the article below from one of our Veteran's widows, AUDREY SHEATH. Col was a well-known operator and personality in the old Sydney Operating Room. This article was published in the GOSFORD STAR and is a fitting tribute to a lovely bloke.

Audrey met Col at a Garden Festival dinner and brought him home to see Jack, who was quite pleasantly surprised to see him. Jack used o say that Col was the only fellow he know that "had a garden on a submarine".

Col was married in the Gosford area around the mid '80 and we believe that he moved to Tamworth (we think).

When I found out that Col had been a submariner, I asked him what in God's name ever induced him to join the tin-canners. I am not a claustrophobic myself but just the thought of being trapped in a submarine whilst the boys above ran around dropping "ash cans" on top of you was the most unnerving thing I could think of.

Col's reply was strictly dead-pan and one I will never forget. "I wanted to give up smoking, and smoking was rarely permitted on submarines. To compensate for this submariners had access to an unlimited supply of boiled lollies and gawd, I loved boiled lollies," he said. I waited for the flicker of a smile, or a change in the gleam of his eye, but none was forthcoming. It had to be a leg-putt; it just had to be - but if it was he pulled it off beautifully.

I just hope that the picture showing an inset photo of Col comes out in reproduction. The newspaper article was headed, "A Tree to Remember a Man of Nature".

RETIRING city manager Neville Prince promised his old friend Col Watters a memorial tree in Kibble Park just days before Mr Watters death on December 23.

He would be pleased if the city remembered him in the same way. Mr Prince said in one of his last phone conversations to the former senior parks supervisor.

"That would be just like you to have a big tree to stand beside my little one," Mr Watters, dying of cancer, joked.

So Neville Prince asked for an advanced box elder for his friend, planting it in Kibble Park in front of council staff last week.

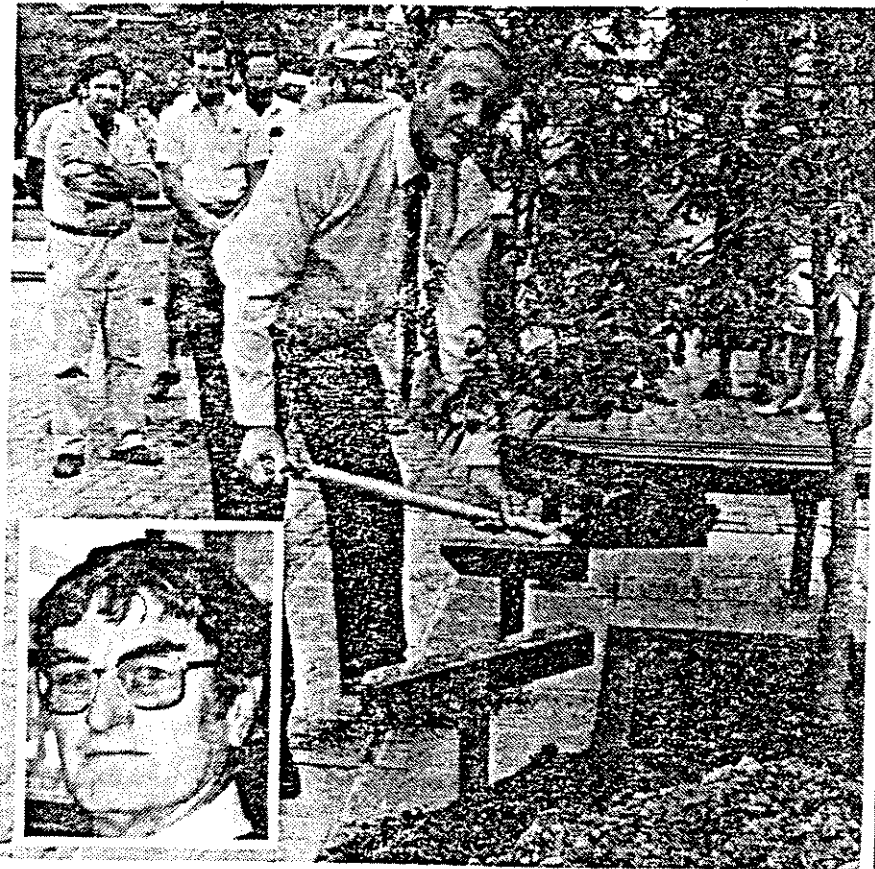
The ceremony was more poignant because of the timing, Mr Prince said.

"We are here to plant a tree for Col who gave so much to the area in terms of the development of our parks and only two hours before the start of The Gulf war," he said.

"We won't forget the day."

Mr Watters started as parks supervisor with council in 1969.

"It was at a time when council decided to embark on a program of extensive parks, gardens and reserve improvements.



Retiring city manager Neville Prince plants a box elder for friend and colleague, the late Col Watters (inset).

"The decision was taken in the light of the previous low standard in these areas," Mr Prince said.

Mr Watters oversaw a general upgrading of all city

parks, playing fields and reserves, the development of Kibble Park, the acquisition of reserves such as Rumbalara and Katandra and was dedicated to staff training.

In a report to council this week Mr Prince recommended that council consider a more significant memorial such as a scenic lookout in memory of his contribution to the area.

Thanks again for that article, Audrey. I, for one, am glad that some of our Veterans' wives still remain part and parcel of the old communication days.

MINUTES OF 16TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 27 NOVEMBER 1990

Held in OTC's city office, 26 St George's Terrace, Perth.

The meeting was declared open at 1.15pm by the President, Fred James.

W.A. Veterans attending were Colin Benporath, Ron Cocker, John Coles, Harry Devine, Des Else, Heb Farrar, Barry Field, Ron Fisher, Allan Headley, Fred James, Norm Johnstone, Jim Keenan, Ted Kemp, Des Kinnersley, John Knight, Sean Leahy, Doug Mason, Max Miller, Derek Moore, Brian Morrell, Norm Odgers, Jack Olsen, Barry O'Keeffe, Les Owen, Val Parker, Rod Pernich, Brent Schofield, Ellis Smellie, Pat Sykes, Jack Thomas, Elliot Trigwell, Derek Walker, Graham Watts and Barry Whittle.

Apologies had been received from Jim Devlin, John Eales, Doug Lancaster, Roger Pugsley and Gerry Tacey.

In welcoming all at the meeting, with its record attendance of 34 Veterans, President Fred gave a special welcome to our oldest member, Ellis Smellie, 90-odd years young and to our guest for the day, OTC's State Manager for W.A. Phil Green.

One minute's silence was observed for two of our members who had passed away during the year, Alex Robertson and Eric Smith.

The Minutes of the 15th A.G.M. having been circulated, it was moved by Derek Moore and seconded by Barry O'Keeffe that they be accepted as a true and correct record. The motion was put and carried.

Reports: It was moved by Allan Headley and seconded by Brent Schofield that the Hon. Secretary/Treasurer's Financial Statement and Report be received and endorsed. The motion was put and carried.

President Fred read a letter to the meeting which had been received from the Managing Director of OTC, Steve Burdon, apologising for being unable to attend due to business commitments, but assuring the Veterans of his and OTC's continuing support.

Election of Office Bearers: The President declared the positions of President and Secretary/Treasurer open for nominations. To nobody's surprise, Fred James and Derek Walker were respectively nominated for the two positions and elected unanimously.

Further Business: Norm Odgers passed on fraternal greetings from Eastern Staters Harry Stone, Keith Parker and Geoff Warner; Brian Morrell also

conveyed greetings from George Rowe and Ken Springbett. The Hon. Secretary advised that news of Alex Robertson's death had arrived too late to be included in his Annual Report, but that a donation of \$20 had been sent to the Heart Foundation of W.A. in accordance with the rules of the Veterans' W.A. Branch in addition to a card to Alex's widow on behalf of the members.

There being no further business the President closed the meeting at 1.35pm and invited everyone to enjoy the drinks and buffet lunch. The next meeting of the OTVA(WA) Branch will be on Tuesday 26th November 1991 in the OTC city office at 12.30pm.

Signed as a true and correct record.

Derek B. Walker
Secretary
11 Flinders Avenue
HILLARYS W.A. 6025

VALE ERIC SMITH AND ALEX ROBERTSON

Two members of the W.A. Branch passed away within a day of each other in October 1990, the first losses we have suffered in several years.

Eric Smith died on 20 October after a long illness, but colleagues who saw him just a few weeks before his death say he remained as cheerful as ever. Eric had been for several years Curator of the Wireless Hill Museum at Applecross, better known to veterans as the site of the old AWA, later OTC, radio transmitting station and still held that post at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Western Australian VHF Society, to which he brought a wealth of experience gained over a lifetime's involvement with telecommunications. On behalf of the members of the OTVA (WA) Branch, a donation was forwarded to the Cancer Foundation of W.A.

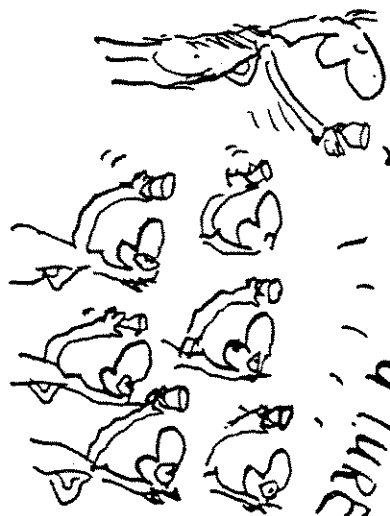
Alex Robertson died suddenly on 21 October. Alex was a Maritime Communications Officer at Perth Maritime Communications Station (Perthrado/VIP). After several years as a Radio Officer at sea, Alex joined OTC some 25 years ago, with most of his service being at Broome and Perth. On behalf of the OTVA(WA) Branch, a donation was forwarded to the Heart Foundation of Western Australia.

Submitted by Keith McCredde

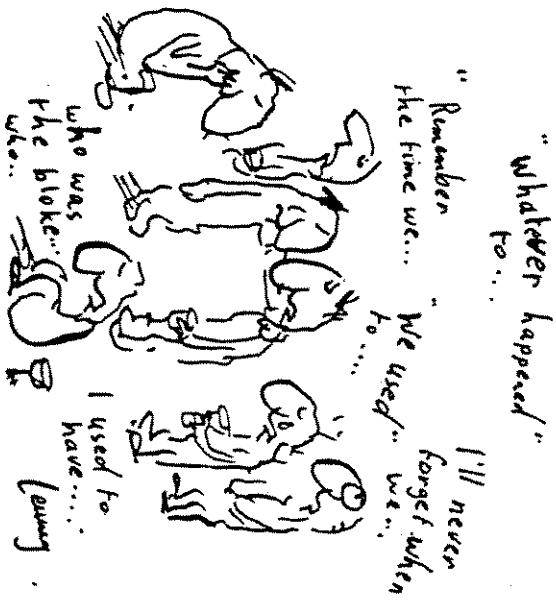
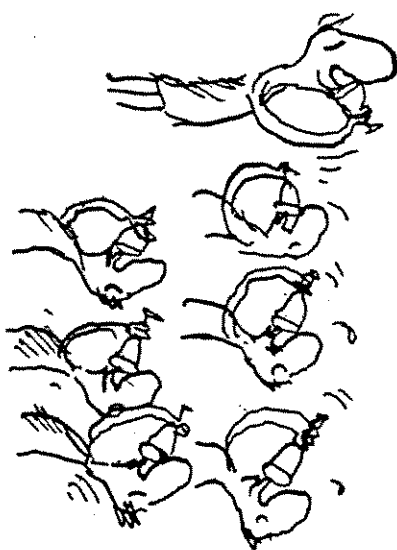
GENTLEMEN...
change your glasses
for a fast...!



gentlemen...
HERE'S TO
THE FUTURE



TO THE
FUTURE



"Whatever happened"
to...

"Remember
the time we... We used... we...
to..."

"I'll never
forget when
I used to
have...
the bloke...
who...
leaving."

MINUTES OF 34TH ANNUAL REUNION MEETING

OTVA (NSW BRANCH)

This years Annual Reunion was held in the 15th Floor Conference Centre, OTC House at 231 Elizabeth Street, Sydney on the 30th November 1990 where 166 members, guests and visitors attended.

Secretary Alan Arndt read apologies from OTC Directors: John Menadue, Len Hingley, Mike Hutchinson and Professor Wells. We had apologies from Marjorie Reed and Addie Lee, who find the trip into the city a little too tiring now. All other apologies are recorded in the attendance book.

President Gordon Cupit then officially opened the days proceedings by welcoming all members and visitors present, before extending a special welcome to our official guests:-

Steve Burdon, Managing Director of OTC Limited
Kimberley O'Sullivan, OTC Archivist
Albert Hughes, Retired from Associated Batteries

President Gordon then gave a special welcome to new members attending their first meeting today:-

Alex Peacock, Errol Ross, Dave Trew, Stan Peck, Martin Ratia and David Woodsmith.

Secretary Alan read seasons greetings from all our Branch Presidents of WA, SA, Vic and Qld Associations.

Seasons greetings also came from Harold Le Quesne, Past President of the Quarter Century Club of Teleglobe Canada who , with his wife Katherine recently looked up some of our members while visiting Australia. They regret not being able to extend their stay in Sydney to enable them to be here today.

SICK LIST

President Gordon said how pleased he was to see Kevin Minogue here today. Kevin has lost the sight in his left eye and is having continuous treatment for his right eye, which has kept him away from our meetings over the past few years.

Joe Pattiniott is in hospital and Roy Tully is circulating a Get Well Card here today to forward onto him.

President Gordon then called on all present to join him in observing one minutes silence for the following members who have passed away since our last meeting:

Albert Sheppard, Keith Bondfield, Alf Agius, Roy Doohan, Dick Osborne and Derek Hallam.

Secretary Alan called on Athol Brown, our most esteemed "De facto member", who since the changes made to our constitution last May, is now a fully fledged 86 year old "Full member", to say a few words on behalf of himself and two others in the same situation as him, who are present today. They are Darryl Savage and Brian Nell. Athol thanked the members for making this possible, even though he had to endure 22 years of awaiting a special invite from our reigning Presidents, before he could attend meetings.

President Gordon then made special mention of the greater number of widows attending today, they being:-

Sonia White, Joan Sutherland, Gwen Sallaway, Audrey Sheath, Thelma Guthrie and Mollie Raecke.

He also mentioned members present who had travelled down today from as far afield as Coffs Harbour, Sawtell, Stroud, Tinonee and Katoomba.

Secretary Alan asked Steve Burdon, Managing Director of OTC Limited to say a few words.

He said how tremendous it was to see so many veterans in attendance here today. Still being very much the new boy on the block, OTC's traditions have fascinated him and today's gathering is ample evidence that those traditions are alive and well.

He went on to say he has not been able to attend as many of our interstate meetings as he would like to but he has managed to stay in touch with them all to convey his view that the veterans are the people who have shaped OTC into what it is today.

Steve mentioned the good work the OTC Archivist Kimberley O'Sullivan is doing in helping Debby Cramer, a consultant put together several large display cabinets filled with artifacts and memorabilia to be displayed in the lift wells of different floors throughout the OTC Building.

Another project is the matter of the Marconi Bust which President Gordon, veteran George Schultz and Kimberley O'Sullivan have had fully restored for display in its rightful place, which OTC feels is at the Sydney Radio Station at La Perouse.

All members of OTVA will be welcomed at VIS to view the Bust after it has been placed there.

With regards to the Government proposal that OTC and Telecom merge, Steve Burdon assured the meeting that OTC over the next 12 months or so, will ensure the terms of the merger are managed in such a way that should it come to fruition - OTC will remain in the driving seat as far as international communications are concerned. On the more immediate and parochial level, he assured OTVA that this building will be available to the NSW Branch as a venue for future functions for a long time to come.

In conclusion, Steve Burdon on behalf of his wife Suzanne, wished all present a wonderful time here today and he hoped we all have a Merry Christmas Season and an extremely Happy New Year.

Secretary Alan, on behalf of President Gordon and OTVA members, thanked OTC Limited and its Managing Director, Steve Burdon, for their continuing support and generosity to our Association. He then called on all present to enjoy themselves here today and have a very merry christmas followed by a healthy and prosperous new year.

ALAN ARNDT
(Honorary Secretary)
(NSW Branch)

VALE DICK OSBORNE

Dick passed away on 14th July 1990.

He came to OTC from C&W and headed the Accounts Branch for some years before his retirement. Anyone having more on his service history please contact the Editor through Secretary, Alan Arndt.

VALE JOSEPH (PAT) PATINIOTT

It is with regret we advise veterans of the death of Joe Patiniott, who died on 24 January 1991.

Joe joined the staff of the Eastern Telegraph Company Ltd on 1st August 1919 and transferred to the Marconi Radio Telegraph Company of Egypt S.A.E. 1st February 1934 when the latter company took over the working of both cable and wireless communication in Egypt.

During the war years in common with all British staff he was regarded as being in a "reserved occupation" by the British authorities and was loaned to the British Naval authorities for work of a special and confidential nature.

In 1942 he was transferred from Alexandria to the Canal Zone. He tried to join the Civil Defence Force, but was discharged from duty at the Company's request.

From 1945 to 1947 he served in the Navy, returning to the Company's service until 1949 when the service was taken over by the Egyptian authorities.

In 1949 he applied and was accepted, by OTC as a Telegraphist, later becoming a Senior Telegraphist until 1968 when he retired.

Our sincerest sympathy goes to the families and friends of our two veterans.

I'M FINE THANK YOU

Donated by Peter Whisson

There is nothing the matter with me,
I'm as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both my knees
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak, and my blood is thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet,
Or I wouldn't be able to be on the street.
Sleep is denied me night after night,
But every morning I find I'm all right.
My memory is failing, my head's in a spin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral is this as my tale I unfold -
That for you and me who are growing old,
It's better to say "I'm fine" with a grin,
Than to let folks know the shape we are in.

How do I know that my youth is all spent?
Well, my "Get up and go" has got up and went.
But I really don't mind when I think with a grin,
Of all the grand places my "Get up" has bin.

Old age is golden I've heard it said
But, sometimes I wonder as I get into bed.
With my ears in the drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
Ere sleep overtakes me, I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I could lay on the shelf?"

When I was young my slippers were red,
I could kick my heels over my head.
When I was older my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through.
Now I am old my slippers are black,
I walk to the store and puff my way back.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits
And pick up the paper and read the "Obits",
If my name is still missing I know I'm not dead,
So I have a good breakfast and go back to bed.

Author Unknown

MELBOURNE VETS 34TH ANNUAL REUNION

The Victorian Vets accompanied by their Ladies celebrated their 34th Annual Reunion on Friday 9th November 1990. The function was held on the 2nd floor (Operating Room) OTC House, Lonsdale Street, Melbourne and commenced at 5.30p.m.

The evening got off to a good start when Sam Bright read a letter from Steve Burdon (who was in London) wishing all the Vets a successful evening and pointing out that on this day OTC was celebrating its 30th year of operations in the Lonsdale Street, Melbourne building.

In the absence of Rex Dupe - Melbourne Manager - the ever popular Len Hingley welcomed all present and wished them a happy evening.

The second floor had taken on a new look with its brightly coloured balloons and streamers. Our thanks go to Bob Hall and his band of hard working ladies who were determined to make this a very special get together - they certainly set the mood - the operations room had never looked so good before.

A very special feature of the evening was the rendition of "Memories" beautifully sung by Josie Mifsud, accompanied by guitarist Paul S. Murphy - our thanks to them both - it most certainly was an evening of memories.

It was a delightful surprise to have Roly and Pat Lane join us - we hope they had a special evening. Lets hope we catch you next time around folks.

At the suggestion of Bob Hall invitations were sent out to all past OTC Staff - not necessarily Vets - to join us, and from all reports those who came along thoroughly enjoyed the evening and in turn the Vets were happy indeed to see them all.

In closing I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all who helped to make this a very special occasion - to Bob and his untiring band of workers - the ladies in the kitchen - OTC Staff and of course, not forgetting the bar stewards and last, but not least all the people who came along to make this such a special night - remembering old times and happy days spent in each other's company.

May we look forward to our next merry meeting.

| | | | |
|---------|--------------|----|-----|
| Present | Vets | 67 | |
| | Ex OTC Staff | 52 | 119 |
| | Apologies | 8 | |

ATTENDANCE - VETS

W Bentley, D Chambers, Pearl Peat, Alan McLean, Merv Cooper, Chris Tancheff, Doug Crabtree, R Lovett, Sam Bright, Jack White, E Hope, Merv Fernando, Tony Fox, Page Barrow, Alan Vagg, Cliff Allison, Jim Fes, Colin Benson, Doug Batten, Alec Stewart, Dave Gault, Merelyn McCarthy, John Bennett, Brian Williams, Vic Carboon, Merv Hinniberg, Merv Jessop, Guye Russell, Gerald McCarthy, Jim Simpson (Syd) Mick Murphy, Roly Lane, Mrs Lane, Jim Gowans, Frank Patrick, John Davey, Howard Newsome, Arthur Green, Robert Hall, Judith Hall, Ian Reed, Janet Reed, Dimi Krisa, Mrs R Lovett, Len Higley, Denise Hingley, Tom Lang, Keith Schafer, Joyce Nicholson, Ted Read, John Coxhead, Terry Gowans, Les Foley, J Bedford, V Bedford, Ed Willingham, Bill Ferguson, N Ferguson, E Fox, B Prentice, A Prentice, A Bright, Norma Green, Jean Russell, John Caulfield, Mary Tancheff, Jan Bennett.

GUESTS EX OTC

Ron Leavold, Lorraine Leavold, Willie Becker, R Becker, Jim Gatiragas, Alex Siscos, Margaret Fairey, Ralph Grimwood, Gary Kelly, Debbie Kelly, Chris Robertson, Angelo Scambiaterra, Joy Light, Rob Light, Jenny Milledge, Ken McArthur, Yasmin Beaumont, Nellie Isherwood, Ann Dale, Paul S Murphy, L Murphy (wife), Warren Marshall, Harold Murphy, Nicholas Mauri, Tony Mikvlic, Mike Marley, Richard Vallis, M Gallucci, B Diggles, R Symes, C Symes, C Raines, B Henderson, Anne Henderson, Adrienne Leith, David Hulme, R Byrne, T Byrne, C Elliott, B McMillan, W Fellowes, D Fraser, J Fraser, G Misfud, Josie Misfud, Irene Dingley, R Dingley, S Hanson, M Hughes, Tracey Langdon, Kelly Taylor, Tim McMullan.

APOLOGIES

Steve Burdon, Jim Robinson, Geo Maltby, Ted Turner, Eddie Trezise, Charles Carthew, Tom Bryant, Rex Dupe.

Guye Russell
Secretary

FAREWELL, DEREK GRAHAM HALLAM

Sadly, we have received notice from several sources of the death of Derek Graham Hallam who died in Manilla Hospital, NSW on 12 November 1990, after a severe heart attack. Though he was not an active member of the Veterans, he was well-known within the service of OTC as a Technical Officer.

Derek was born on 5 January 1931. From 30 July 1952 until the end of August 1955 he served in the Marconi Company, U.K. as a Radio Officer on various ships. He Joined A.W.A. Australia in 1956 and once again as Radio Officer, served on various ships until the end of January 1957. In February 1957 he joined OTC. He was in the Coastal Radio Service serving at La Perouse, Lae, Bringelly and later in Head Office, Sydney.

To his wife, Cynthia, his family and many friends go our sincerest sympathy and my personal thanks to all those who were quick off the mark to let us know of his demise. As I have said before, I would rather be notified a dozen times rather than not at all.

A MATTER OF INTEREST

Received a letter from MARJORIE REED, widow of the late JOE REED. She writes:-

"Dear Mr Arndt

Thank you for the NEWSLETTER and the notice of the Reunion to be held on 30 November 1990. Please tender my apology as I find it too hard to go to the city now on public transport, being located at Castle Hill.

It was a good letter which Mr Cupit wrote at the end of the NEWSLETTER and I do hope that things can be sorted out.

I joined the Coastal Radio Service in Melbourne in 1921, so have followed all the wonderful inventions of AWA, OTC etc for close on 70 years. Joe was in the service from that time until 1963 - so many changes in that time!

Joe's diaries and other papers are now in the Mitchell Library.

Best wishes to all for a happy Christmas and New Year."

VALE, BILL SCHMIDT

The Regional director, Asia Pacific of Cable and Wireless (Australia) Pty Ltd advises us that BILL SCHMIDT died on 1 January 1991. He will be sadly missed by all who knew him. Bill was not an OTC Veteran but was well-known just the same. Our sincerest sympathy to his family and friends.

OVERSEAS TELECOMMUNICATIONS VETERANS' ASSOCIATION (S.A.)

MINUTES OF ANNUAL REUNION

This years Annual Christmas meeting was held as usual at the OTC Maritime Communications Station McLaren Vale on Thursday 22 November 12.30pm with a luncheon plus suitable refreshments by courtesy of OTC Manager Fred Reeve, who greeted us warmly and made us feel welcome, even though he was on leave at the time and his replacement David Herbert also made us feel at home.

A minutes silence was observed for two of our colleagues Derek Hallam and Roy Doohan who were both well known to most of us particularly myself, having worked with them for a number of years.

Those in attendance were Geoff Cox (President), Fred Reeve (Manager/Adelaide), Dennis Maher, Dudley Treliving, Max Lang, D Inwood, Keith Parker, Harry Stone (Secretary), Ken Springbett and three new members David Herbert, John McGregor and Paddy Wilkinson who are all staff members at Adelaide Radio. Enclosed is a history of John McGregor, the other two will follow in due course. It would be appreciated if a copy of John McGregor's history could be mailed back to myself for our files here in Adelaide. It will be a shot in the arm of our branch in South Adelaide to gain three new (younger!) members as our numbers are diminishing rapidly as old Father Time beckons us in our turn.

Apologies were received from K Collett and H Taylor due to health reasons.

The only correspondence during the past period was the secretaries report on Cliff Birks 100th birthday celebrations and the Telexed Christmas Greetings from Managing Director Steve Burdon and his wife Suzanne, this was much appreciated by all present when it was read out by our President Geoff Cox. The updated veterans Mailing list was also received and filed.

The financial situation is still in the black thanks once again to Manager Fred Reeve's dispensations plus Rhonda Hunt's catering expertise. Our bank balance stands at \$152.75 (plus annual interest to be added) less the usual President's purchases of appreciative gifts (to be reimbursed).

The only General Business discussed was the setting of the next Annual General Meeting for 23 May 1991 at 12.30pm to be held again at same venue, ie; VIA (Adelaide Radio) and the application for membership of the Adelaide branch of OTVA by John McGregor, David Herbert and Paddy Wilkinson.

The President Geoff Cox duly thanked Manager Fred Reeve and Rhonda Hunt and presented Rhonda with a small token of our appreciation.

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE WAR STARTED, DADDY?

Gordon Cupit's plea for more input for the NEWSLETTER has sparked a response from PAT GRAY. To Gordon's question where were you and what were you doing Pat writes.

THE DAY THE WAR STARTED

SCAPA FLOW (then, as now, NOT recommended as a tourist destination!) as the most junior member of the W/T staff of a brand-new TRIBAL-class destroyer, H.M.S. ESKIMO. With eight guns, twice as many as in previous classes, the Tribals were then the pride of the R.N., the first flotilla of eight having been commissioned in 1938 to become part of the Mediterranean Fleet with the second eight commissioning in 1939, joining the home fleet.

It may come as some surprise, even to many of the ex-merchant marine R.O.s, who have always made up the bulk of MCS personnel, that a destroyer, little more than six feet out of the water for more than half its length, carried a staff equivalent to that of an H24 MCS Station, headed by a Petty Officer Telegraphist (a 1a GD2) along with a Leading Telegraphist (Gdl) and four Telegraphists (SROs).

At 1100, as it was over there, on 3rd September 1939, Chamberlain's ultimatum to Hitler to withdraw his troops from Poland expired and so "the balloon went up". Our Captain, as was done in every ship in the Fleet, "cleared lower deck" and after addressing us all as "Gentlemen" (such was the solemnity of the occasion) gave a moving pep talk, probably along the lines of Nelson's immortal "England Expects" and then it was on for young and old.

In marked contrast to the rather distressful scenes shown recently on TV, I'm not ashamed to say that we young lads were cock-a-hoop - we were all going to win lots of medals, which those of us who were lucky enough to come out of it certainly did, and beat the pants off anyone or anything that got in our way etc. etc. Not so jubilant were the hoary old (to us) CPO's, POs and long-serving lesser beings who were within sight of completing their time in the Service but would have to soldier on for a further six hard long years.

Actually, the contrast could not be more marked when we examine the situation as it was then and compare it with naval life today, a very telling factor being that very few Navymen were married. Gawd, spare me days! Over the many decades which the Royal Navy filled the role of the world's policeman, a ship commissioned for two and a half years to serve as part of the China Fleet, Mediterranean Fleet, on the East Indies Station, the America and West Indies Station, or whatever, that being an accepted part of a naval career. It was, so to speak, very much a case of being "married to the Service" which, no doubt, pleased My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty in every respect, it being seen as a fine attribute to be found among all ranks.

I could bore my readers for hours, and may well be called upon to do so for later editions, Gordon having said something about a dearth of contributors but, for now, harking back to the bit where we young bucks thinking it was going to be a "lovely war", etc..

Bearing in mind those two and a half year commissions, I served on what had become known as the Far East Station from 1947 to 1953 with a few months break to change ships in 1949 and another in Sydney in 1951 (in order, hopefully, to line up a job with OTC later) and in June 1950 when I myself was within sight of completing my time in the Service when "the balloon went up" once more in Korea, and it was then that history repeated itself, but this time the boot was very much on the other foot.

All my young lads thought that was great news - they were all going to win lots of medals, which they did (two, anyway, and me too) and that folks, is more or less where we came in - so to speak!

REFERENCE OIVA'S NEWSLETTER, APRIL 1987 Page 270

MRS S L (MARY) HUGHES NEE ROCKINGHAM, DAUGHTER OF
MR W E ROCKINGHAM (MANAGER/PACIFIC CABLE BOARD),
WRITES ABOUT CEDRIC E N PEGLER, AS FOLLOWS:-

"CEDRIC E N PEGLER Born 24 June 1906, died 26 October 1986 in Australia.

He was the one of our relatives we had the most to do with when we were all children. He was a member of the "pioneer" Wood Family from Bath, England, who sailed to Australia in 1860, with six children and a cow on board their small sailing ship. The voyage took six months. His Mother married Perce Pegler from a family that had large sheep stations and he was born near Toowoomba.

He joined the Pacific Cable Board, I think with my Father as his sponsor. I believe that he tried to go to World War II, but was prevented by the PCB who said he was on "essential service".

After that (maybe deliberately) he was stationed at remote places, two terms at Fanning Island. He visited us in Bamfield enroute from there, once alone and once with his Wife and two Daughters.

Cedric joined the Pacific Cable Board in the twenties, retired from OTC (Australia) in 1969 and retired to Dee Why, NSW. I visited them there in 1971. He was a very good Pianist with a great 'beat' to dance to and the thing I remember best was his quick wit and sense of humor. I have not seen him for years but had a high regard for him. I am sorry that he will not be around if I do go to Australia in September. He was one of my favorite people".

OUT OF THE PAST

For those Melbournites and others who have served in the A.W.A. Beam Wireless Service in the Melbourne Operating Room, here is the state affairs with regarding staffing in 1927.

Superintendent Jim Lamb (2)
Julian Leslie (1)
(To Sydney)

Traffic Manager George Appleby
Assistant "Snoopy" Newman

Supervisors

Frank McGinley
Roy (Dogger) Mancer
Fred (Hungry) Davis
Glen Pope (Holy)

Senior Telegraphists

Roy Symons
Robert Reuben Freeman
Harry Selfe
Ossie Jarman
Horrie Brown
Fred Griffiths

Telegraphists

Tels. (later)

Jim Taylor
Arthur Stewart
Frank Stuart
Matt Treacy
Lyle Gowanlock (J)

Eric Wickham (J)
J Chalkley
Chas Featherstone
George (Fatty) Woods
Ted Turner
Jack (Knobby) Newlyn
Norm Laws
J McGinty
A Charlton
Dick North-Smith
(Later Techn)
Alex Gechstadt
W Bertram
Bob Scott
Harold Tye
Lou Sherbern
(Pbli Worlds Best
Machine Tech)
Jim Shaw

W P Atkin
Chas. (Atlas) Carthew
Tim O'Leary
C Waite (later tech)
Bill Stevenson
(Later Sydney)

Despatch Clerks

Tim O'Leary
J McGowan
Hedley B Tyler

Service Clerks
Ed Bain
C Waite

Messengers April '27

L Heggie
W Aumand
N Seabrook
G Gordon
D Crabtree
"Wakka" Weston
Arthur Harris
Jack Russell
"Mad" McGibbon
G Dowd
"Snowy" Parker
"Basher" Leonard
Neill Ross
Ron Leolin
Herb Godden
J Hunter
Perc Day

Later in 1927 we saw:

Reg Green
J Mathieson
A Houseman

Alex Shepherd
J Jordan
Bill (Bung) Bentley

Stan Nimbs
J James
W A Grubb

The spelling of some of the names may not be "tiggerty boo", and if this is so then I will probably hear about it.

OTC's Education Policy Committee meets monthly. Its members are Kathy Jones (Convenor), John Stanton (Public Affairs), Fred Kannard (Recruitment), Peter Jontulovic (Communications Division), Vince Donoghue (Training) and Dave Charrett (Research and Development).

The immediate aims of the committee include ensuring consistency of response throughout the business to requests for educational sponsorships and scholarships. The committee also provides an organisation-wide reporting point on the total commitment of OTC to education activities including publications, sponsorships, scholarships and general external education/recruitment initiatives. The long-term aim of the committee is to increase the number of skilled people applying for jobs at OTC.

A total of 40 technical traineeships are offered to school leavers each year, they work at OTC, undertaking a TAFE course part-time. This year, there were more than 450 applicants for technical traineeships at OTC in 1991. This was a very pleasing response following, as it did, several years of declining applicant numbers.

DOUBLE 0 DOUBLE 1 AT QUESTACON THE NATIONAL SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY CENTRE

Since Double 0 Double 1 opened to the public at the end of June, more than 120,000 people have had a chance to get their hands on its exhibits. Different people, of course, are interested in different aspects of communication technology, but some of the exhibits are universally popular.

Two examples of this popularity are found in the Electromagnetic Spectrum display. Old and young alike find it hard to resist the temptation to reach for the 'jewels' and experience the efficiency of an infra-red 'burglar alarm' and the ultraviolet light has revealed that it's not only bank passbook signatures that glow in the dark - so do many 'fluoro' shoelaces, soap powder samples (to give that whiter than white look to your clothes) and the stitched logos on certain school uniform ties!

Also very popular are the different vintage devices that people can use to talk to each other in the gallery. Each device poses its own challenge. For the speaking tubes, the users need to coordinate their efforts to avoid both people talking at once. With the telephone handsets that are connected by 1950s uniselectors, the challenge is to finish the conversation before the automatic timer breaks the connection. The ever-popular videophones give people the opportunity to see themselves on TV - often for the first time. Reactions may start with embarrassment or even mild horror, but they invariably progress to delight and fascination.

Visitors to Questacon, the National Science and Technology Centre, continue to have lots of fun as they explore Double 0 Double 1 and learn from it. There is a wealth of material in the interactive exhibits themselves and in the accompanying displays.

OTC ARCHIVE DISPLAY PROJECT

I am writing further to our telephone conversation this afternoon about this project. I have been engaged as a consultant to coordinate the work required to select appropriate items for display in some 12 display cabinets. Each cabinet will deal with a particular theme of the history and/or development of telecommunications, with particular reference to Australia and OTC. The cabinets will be located in OTC's Head Office and possibly, at selected offices and stations around Australia as the program develops.

Some of the themes will be:

Pacific Cable Board

Beam Messenger Boys/Decorated Telegrams

Telcom

Cocos Island and the Emden

OTC Sports & Social Club/OTC Bushwalking Club

Conditions of employment - PCB, C&W, AWA, early OTC

A radio history of some kind

Telephone Calls, OS, Direct Links, Costs, Advertising

Marconi - His Life and Achievements, Australian Links

Satellites - Intelsat, SES, Marisat, Early Bird

Sydney Operating Room - Late 1940s - 1970

Australian Coast Radio Stations

Work on the project will be on-going, and I plan to spend several days each week on it.

Each display will consist of photographs, objects, documents and any other relevant material which may come to hand.

I am writing to you in hopes that you may inform the veterans' association of this project. It may be that some members have material relevant to one or another of these themes and they might be happy for me to see it with a view to possible use in the displays. If this is the case, I should be very happy to hear from them.

I have only recently started work on the project and am currently 'absorbed' by the Pacific Cable Board. One item I am trying to track down for this theme is a large map of the world, c1900-1914, which shows the British Empire in 'red' ('the all red route') and which is in good condition. Other mementos and souvenirs from time spent at Bamfield, Fanning Island, Suva, Norfolk Island, Doubtless Bay and/or Southport, particularly sporting trophies or items relating to the actual process of sending and receiving messages would be particularly helpful.

If you are able to pass this 'plea for help' on to your members I would be most grateful. Thank you for your help; I look forward to hearing from you.

Most sincerely

Debby Cramer

A TRIBUTE TO TED BISHTON

Ted Bishton will need no introduction to those blokes who served in the Island Radio Service or in the Island Room in AWA and OTC when that service became part and parcel of the OTC communication system.

Perhaps what a lot of you did not know was that Ted kept a journal of his activities in the islands, you could say a book rather than a journal. Parts of his journal have been printed in past copies of the NEWSLETTER, but his reminiscences are too good just to be taken out of context.

It is my intention to reproduce his "book", as he used to call it, in its entirety in serialised form, commencing in this, the April 1991 NEWSLETTER. All I hope is that you will get as much pleasure from his work as I did, a work which reveals a witty, humorous, and most humane man.

I will try to keep it in a book form as much as I can, just in case you want to separate it from the NEWSLETTER and preserve it for what it is - an interesting insight into a man's life.

I don't know how to start this, but I suppose I can say I was born on 11th May 1898. No one would be interested in my babyhood, so I'll skip that period. My school days were not very exciting. I attended a few different schools and felt the wrath of some of those Irish brothers who could use the whip (or cane) with greater vigour than some of our greatest jockeys. I did not attain to any scholastic heights such as becoming a Rhodes Scholar and was thrown on to the labour market at the tender age of fourteen.

The Commonwealth Government were fortunate here; they obtained my services as a telegraph messenger in the G.P.O., Sydney for the princely amount of fifteen shillings weekly, less amounts deducted under Section 46 of the Public Service Act. As a telegraph messenger, I don't think I ever drew a full pay. There were a couple of pimps employed by the Post Office to keep an eye on the behaviour of the messengers. For instance, if you happened to be caught looking in a shop window, or walking along the street talking to another messenger, or watching a couple of newspaper boys fighting, or watching any of those big ships leaving for overseas, with all the bright coloured streamers blowing in the wind, you would suddenly feel a gentle tap on the shoulder and you knew instinctively who it was. You could be sure that when you returned to the G.P.O. there would be a "Section 46" waiting for you. These misdemeanours generally cost one shilling, two shillings, or half a crown.

One thing I can thank the Post Office for, I learnt morse code and telegraphy there. With my knowledge of telegraphy, I decided to study wireless telegraphy, get my Radio Telegraphists Certificate and get a job on a ship and see the world. Then the war came. I was practically through my wireless course with Amalgamated Wireless (Asia), when the Military Authorities asked them if they could supply wireless operators. All the classes were asked for volunteers and most of us did volunteer. We were soon in the Army and left Sydney 11th January 1916 for Broadmeadows Camp, Victoria. We eventually left Melbourne on Saturday 5th February on the troopship SULDAHNA. I believe she was sunk after dropping us at Colombo. Here we were transhipped on the P & O liner SARDINIA which landed us at Bombay on 28th February 1916.

We were in barracks there at CALABA until 10th March, when we left Bombay on the troopship TEESTA for the Persian Gulf and Mesopotamia. We called at Karachi to pick up more troops and arrived at Bunder Abbas in Persia, where we landed some troops. Eventually, we arrived at Basra, where we were attached to the Indian Army Expeditionary Force D. Mesopotamia was a very unhealthy spot and the troops, especially the Indians, were dying like flies. Many books have been written about this campaign. A notable one was written by one of our chaps, entitled "With Horse and Morse in Mesopotamia".

At this time, General Townsend was surrounded by the Turks at Kut-el-amara. All efforts to relieve him and his men were fruitless and he eventually surrendered to the Turks on 29th April 1916. I was with our No.1 station until I got sick and was sent back to Basra. After I got well, I went with our No.2 station to Nazareyeh on the Euphrates River. There was a lot of fighting there. There was also a big force of Arabs. They were always a nuisance because, at times, you did not know whose side they were fighting on. I eventually went on leave to India, to our depot at Poona. From Poona, I went to Darjeeling in the Himalayas. I was with one of our boys on this trip, Jimmy Rogers. We visited Calcutta, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi and several other places of great interest. Eventually, we arrived back in Poona, where I was invalided back to Australia.

When I returned from the first World War, I was very restless and wanted to get away again. I returned to the Newtown Post Office, where I had been working prior to my enlistment. My family had moved to Maroubra in the meantime and, to get to work at Newtown each morning, I had to catch a tram at 4.20am which only went as far as Taylor Square. From there, I had to walk to Railway Square to catch a tram to Newtown, where I signed on at 5.30am. I used to go to bed about 8 o'clock each evening and life was far from exciting. When I enlisted, I had not finished my wireless course with Amalgamated Wireless, so, to get away from this drudgery, I decided to finish my wireless course, which I did after a year or so of study. I eventually got my Radio Telegraphist's Certificate and waited to hear from AWA regarding a job on some ship.

I had not long to wait. I was asked if I would go to the Pacific Islands and, if agreeable, I was to report to Commander Banks at Victoria Barracks. Time and date were arranged and I duly arrived at the Barracks. There were two other chaps there from the Wireless School, Dinny Morgan and Jim Widdup. We learned that we were to enlist in the Australian Navy and Military Expeditionary Force and our destination was Rabaul, New Guinea. Although the war finished in 1918, New Guinea was still under Military control. We were given the rank of Petty Officer in the Navy and issued with uniform etc. We sailed from Sydney on the Burns Philp steamer MELUSIA. The Melusia was classed as a troopship and there were other troops on board besides the three of us. We were bunked right aft, over the propeller. The bulkhead of our accommodation formed part of the well deck, which was being used to accommodate over one hundred head of drought-stricken cattle going to the Burns Philp Choisel Plantations Ltd, at Soroken, Buka Passage. On board, sharing our accommodation, were some Fijian missionaries and their wives. We were a very happy crowd, but as we got into the tropics, things were getting a little unbearable. The only ventilation to our accommodation was through the portholes facing on to the well deck where the cattle were. You can imagine the stench emanating from the cattle. We either had to put up with the smell or close the portholes and become dehydrated. The crew were very good; they hosed the deck thoroughly every morning and, for a few hours, one could breathe at ease. The cattle were in such poor condition that two or three would be dead each morning and would be dumped over the side. There is no doubt they were very well fed and, by the time we arrived at Soraken, they were in fairly good condition.

Our first port of call was Brisbane, where we stayed long enough to allow us time to make a few purchases and have a few drinks and to pick up mail. Our next port of call was Port Moresby. Port Moresby in 1920 was like an outback Queensland town. The men used braces and vests and wore lace-up boots. I don't remember seeing any women, but I imagine there were some around somewhere. The streets were very rough. As a matter of fact, there was only one road from the wharf to the top hotel; there was no kerbing or guttering and the place was very hot and dry. We lost a few of our passengers there. They were miners going out to work on the Bootless Inlet copper mine. I was not sorry to leave Moresby of those days. Our next port was Samarai. What a delightful difference! Samarai is an island of about fifty acres. It was beautifully laid out with

hibiscus, frangipani and crotons in profusion. It took us about twenty minutes to walk right round the island, a very pleasant little spot. The men here dressed the same as in Moresby. I know there were two hotels there and I think there may have been three. There were quite a few old miners there from Missima and Woodlark Island; they were a hardy lot and hard drinkers. We left Samarai direct for Soraken, where we arrived after a few days sailing. When we anchored off Soraken, there were dozens of canoes and mona's awaiting our arrival and the arrival of the cattle. These would be the first cattle on Bougainville, so one could guess that the natives had never seen cattle before. The canoes and monas formed a half circle from the beach to the ship. The cattle were lowered over the side and slipped into the water and then swam ashore. It must have been a wonderful sight for the cattle to see this lovely lush, green pasture. Captain Cardew was here to meet his wife, Verney and his six month old son, Richard. Captain Cardew was District Officer, stationed at Kieta. I was leaning over the side of the ship when I noticed some of the 1st Class passengers were going ashore in the ship's pinnace, so I ran down the gangway and joined them. I had a good look round Soraken Plantation, which had been planted up by Jim Campbell about 1914 and a very nice job he made of it, too. The pinnace was ready to return to the ship, so we all got aboard and arrived back safely. I was first up the gangway and as soon as I got on deck I was told to make myself scarce as the Captain was looking for the man who had gone ashore without his authority; he threatened to put that man in irons when he returned to the ship. However I made myself scarce and lay low more or less until we arrived in Rabaul.

On our arrival in Rabaul, we were initiated into the Sergeants' Mess, where we spent a pleasant evening, singing and drinking beer. the A.N. & M.E.F. were called the "Coconut Lancers" and they used to sing a song that went like this:

My mother told me not to back horses
and never to join the tropical forces,
but when I told her there would be no fighting,
she didn't mind me joining at all.

We only stayed the one night in Rabaul and left the next morning for Bitapaka wireless station, which is about thirty miles out from Rabaul. We boarded a small boat called the Nusa and left at 7a.m. We called at Ralum and dropped some cargo there. This was more or less the port for Kokopo, where there was a small garrison stationed. From Ralum, we proceeded to Kabakaul, where we were met by old Lap McGuigan, who was to pick us up and take us on to the wireless station. Lap had a jinker drawn by a couple of old draught horses. The Nusa landed our gear and stores for Bitapaka, then after we said goodbye to the Captain, Jock McLeod, she headed back to Rabaul. By this time the jinker was loaded and we set off for Bitapaka, Lapo driving the jinker, we three walking behind. After slogging along a very hot, dusty road for eight miles, we arrived at our destination. Bitapaka was a lovely spot, approximately 1000 feet above sea level and the nights were lovely and cool. The

wireless station had been built by the Germans. The main mast was 320 feet high to carry the aerial, which had 32 outhauls, a quarter mile long radiating out from it. The station buildings were built of angle iron and fibro. There were two houses which accommodated the O.I.C. and the ratings. There was a cement tennis court surrounded by wire netting situated between the two houses and most of our spare time was spent here. I had my first experience of a guria (earthquake) here. It came on one day and the house shook and everyone rushed to get out of the house. I was well in the vanguard. I noticed that the grass seemed to be moving like waves on the ocean and the dog was running round, barking madly. It was all over in a matter of seconds, but it was a queer experience while it lasted.

I was only at Bitu Paka for about a week when I received orders that I was being transferred to Manus in the Admiralty Islands together with a chap named Roy Barker. We left Bitu Paka and journeyed to Kabakaul to catch the Nusa back to Rabaul, where we transferred to the government steamer Siar for our 350 mile trip to Manus. The Siar had a displacement of about 150 tons and chugged along at a steady 6 to 7 knots. We went direct and arrived after 2 days sailing. Manus was in a bit of a stir when we arrived. A German planter named Reisz, who owned Saha plantation, had been murdered by natives from Badlock and Mundiburio in the Drukul country. Lorengau is the main government station at Manus and was opened by the German Government in 1914, just before the first world war. The Germans first made their Government station at Kali in Kali Bay, but they were driven out of there by the natives and that is when they opened the station at Lorengau. As a reprisal for the attack on the Government station at Kali, the Germans sent two warships to shell the area behind Kali, which seemed to have quietened the natives in that area. Lorengau contained 3 houses when I arrived there in 1920. There was the District Officer's house, the House Soldier and the wireless house. Saha plantation is about 18 to 20 miles along the coast between Sou plantation (which was owned by Japanese named Komini) and Bundralis Catholic Mission which was controlled by Father Borchardt and Father Claawater. It appears that the natives from the Drukul country came down to Saha plantation and told the German owner (Reisz) that they wanted to work for him. Reisz was sitting on his verandah, taking particulars of the would-be recruits and writing out the indenture contracts, when the head man from the Drukul country, named Drukali, and a few others, crept up behind Reisz and chopped him down with axes, almost severing his head. They then raided his Trade Store and took a lot of goods and departed for their villages. Reisz's houseboy had seen what happened from his hiding place and as soon as the natives left, he rushed off to the Catholic Mission at Bundralis and informed Father Borchardt, who in turn notified the District Officer at Lorengau. At that time, the government staff at Lorengau comprised, District Officer Captain Whitkoph, Assistant District Officer Lieutenant Singleton, Police Master Sergeant Charlie Clarke, Clerk Corporal Culliford, Medical Assistant Corporal Stanton, two Naval wireless men, Bettington and Shaw, who were

relieved by Roy Baker and myself. When we arrived at Lorengau, Whitkoph was out trying to apprehend the murderers, but was not having much success. Whenever he advanced into their territory, they retreated further back into the bush into caves known only to themselves. Captain Whitkoph had some success after a while. He caught up with some of the old men, about seventy women and a number of piccaninnies. These were brought into Lorengau as hostages and it was my duty to feed them from the Government Store, of which I was in charge, and generally look after them. They were all housed at the native hospital, where a good many of the women had babies. All this time the Drukul natives were sending in messages, saying they were coming into Lorengau to kill all the Europeans and eat their livers. We had police boys guarding our houses day and night. In those days, the police boys were always fully armed with .303 rifle and bayonet and 10 rounds of ammunition. After some months of fruitless effort by Captain Whitkoph to capture the murderers, General Griffiths arrived at Lorengau with native police reinforcements, a European machine gunner, Sergeant George Naess, also Captain Linacre, who was to relieve Captain Whitkoph. The ship also brought stores, including a fair supply of liquor. As it was three months since we had a ship, our supplies were pretty short, especially the liquor. It did not take long for that part of the cargo to come ashore and in no time everyone was soon more or less under the influence. I was just about to go to bed about 8p.m. when I heard a commotion around our house. On making enquiries, I was told that the Police Master, Sargeant Clarke, had run amok and shot one of the native prisoners. It appears that Sargeant Clarke, being under the influence, went down to the jetty to speed up the unloading of the ship and started lambasting the prisoners, some of whom dived off the end of the jetty into the water. Sargeant Clarke grabbed a rifle from one of the Police Boys and blazed away into the darkness and shot one of the prisoners through the heart. Next morning, General Griffiths put him under close arrest in my charge. He was court martialled in Rabaul and discharged from the army. He was sent to Sydney and was staying at a hotel there when he committed suicide. Meanwhile General Griffiths sent word for Captain Whitkoph, who was still in the bush, to return to Lorengau. By the time he returned to Lorengau, General Griffiths had left for Rabaul with Lieutenant Singleton, but left instructions for Captain Whitkoph to return to Rabaul. Captain Whitkoph eventually left Lorengau for Rabaul in an open sailing boat of about 18 to 20 feet long to cover the 350 miles of open water. I doubted if he would make it, but he did.

Captain Linacre was now in charge. Sergeant Naess set up a police post at Badlok and by about October, with the assistance of another police master, Elliott, was successful in apprehending the murderers. They were all sent into Rabaul for trial, about 20 of them altogether. Five of them were sentenced to be hanged and the rest received terms of imprisonment ranging from 5 to 15 years. Those to be hanged were sent back to Lorengau. They were Drukali, Samil, Tela, Drukul and another, whose name I have forgotten. Another police master had arrived in

Lorengau and it was his job to do the hanging. His name was Cobban. Police boys were sent out to all the villages to inform the natives of the hangings which were to take place and to tell them to attend, as the Government wanted the natives to see the hangings, hoping it would act as a deterrent. The scaffold was erected at the Badlok government station and the five prisoners were lined up on a platform with a police boy behind each prisoner and on the word from the District Officer, Captain Linacre, the police boys were to lift the prisoners and drop them off the platform. The nooses were fastened around the necks of the prisoners and the other end of the ropes attached to the scaffold in front of the platform on which they stood. Just when everything was about ready, the prisoners, who were handcuffed with their hands in front of them, reached up and grabbed the rope; so the ceremony was held up until Cobban handcuffed all the prisoners with their hands behind their backs. Things were all ready now and the District Officer fired his revolver and the police boys dropped the doomed natives to their death. Some of the doomed men wriggled and contorted for about 10 minutes before they eventually gave up the struggle. They were left hanging for about 20 minutes before the District Officer gave the order to cut them down and bury them. A common grave had been dug at the foot of the hill from the gallows and when the ropes had been cut, the onlookers rushed in and grabbed the ends of the ropes and dragged the dead men to their graves amid shouting and hooting; and so ended the episode of Reisz's murderers. The government station at Badlok continued for another couple of months, then it was closed down and police master George Naess returned to Lorengau. The women, old men and piccannies were returned to their villages and peace reigned over the Drukul country again.

At Lorengau we led a hum-drum kind of existence, playing cards and waiting for the next boat to arrive with our stores of food, grog and mail. We only used to get a boat every 3 months and by the time the boat arrived we were generally out of most things, especially drink, which generally only lasted a couple of weeks. There were a couple of nice old characters named Kraft and Dopke. They were Germans and ran a mission station at Lugos, which was between 2 and 3 miles along the coast from Lorengau. Kraft was a small dumpy man who was in charge of the mission and Dopke was a big gangling cove well over six feet high who was a carpenter and played a big brass wind instrument. They had about thirty young boys aged from about six to ten or twelve. They kept these boys very clean and, from appearances, well fed. I don't know how they did it as they lived a very frugal existence. They used to tell me that they had no affinities in Australia and the closest to them in religion would be the Methodists. About once a week they would send me in a basket of fruit; paw paws, bananas, pineapples etc. for which I would pay with bully beef and some stores out of our canteen. One day Captain Linacre sent out and brought Kraft and Dopke into Lorengau to have lunch with him. I don't think they had any lunch, but I saw the police boys carrying the two missionaries down to the jetty where they were put on a canoe and taken home. I felt sorry for them, but Fred Linacre would enjoy that.

I remember he sent me out to the Purdy Islands to take over for the Government from a chap named Hohm, a German who had a lease from the German New Guinea Company. We started off in a schooner called the Zabra. We called into Mbuke village on the way and the natives asked me if the Government had heard anything of twenty-two natives from their village who were still missing. It appears that these twenty two natives left Mbuke village for the Purdy Islands (Militau) on a fishing expedition in two canoes. The distance would be about 40 miles of open water. One of the canoes sunk, so its crew transferred into the other canoe. In the storm they missed the Purdy Islands and were blown onto the New Guinea coast. There they replenished their food supplies from the New Guinea natives and set sail back to Manus. Again they were blown out of their course and landed at Maron in the Hermit Group, where the Germans fed them and put them to work on the plantation which was owned by Wahlan, a German who owned all the Western Islands. After a time, the Mbuke boys got fed up and decided to sail back to Manus, a distance of about 60 miles of open sea. On the way, they again encountered very rough weather and high seas. They were still battling this storm when a German boat came along and offered them help. The German boat was on its way to Maron and the captain offered to take them back to Maron. They accepted the captain's offer provided he would take their canoe also. This the captain refused to do, so they decided to push on and continue on to Manus. One boy went on the German boat back to Maron, the rest were never heard of again. This incident happened a couple of years prior to our visit to Mbuke and I had heard all about this episode before. I told the Mbuke natives that nothing had been heard of the missing boys and that they must have drowned. This they would not have as they said Mbuke boys were very good sailors and could not drown and they were sure they had been washed up on some remote island, but alas, they never were.

Purdy Islands comprises three islands, Rat, Long and Mole. One of the islands had big mounds of phosphate. The Germans had worked it some time previously but it was too small to be a commercial proposition. When we arrived at the island where Hohm's labourers were housed we went ashore. There must have been millions of sea birds nesting at the time. Each coconut frond was covered with the nests of these birds. They were stacked touching each other so it will give you an idea of the number of nests on each coconut tree, there could have been anything up to 1000. The labourers supplied us with umbrellas as the dropping from the birds was enormous. There was no fresh water on the island, so we had to resort to Culous (green coconuts).

After taking an inventory of everything on the island, we got the labourers to put a good supply of culous on the boat and started back to Lorengau. On the way we called in at Sisi plantation managed by Sid Ryder, at one time A.D.C. to the Governor of South Africa. After having a few drinks with Sid, we continued on our way. About an hour after we left, we ran into one of the worst storms I ever experienced. It raged all night long and most of the time the water was up to the hatches. The

Zabra was a lovely sailing ketch and we had a very good boats crew, otherwise I don't think I would be writing this account. About 4am. the storm abated and we had a good run to Lorengau. Not long after Sid Ryder committed suicide by putting a shotgun between his knees and pulling he trigger with his big toe.

I had been away about a week, and when I returned, Fred Linacre asked me up to his bungalow for dinner and to get my report on the take-over of Purdy Islands. When I arrived, Fred was pretty drunk. After several drinks, we sat down to dinner, which was a long drawn out affair as there was more drinking than eating. Eventually, when the sweets came on, Fred was very annoyed and told the boy waiting on the table to bring the Chinese cook before him. After some time, the cook arrived in a state of fear and trepidation as he had a pretty good idea of what to expect, as he had been with Fred Linacre for some time. Fred still had his revolver beside him and, after abusing the cook in no uncertain manner, he started firing at the cook's feet. The cook was jumping about like a cat on hot bricks and eventually took to his heels and that was the last we saw of him that night. Captain Linacre's bungalow stood on a high hill at Lorengau and every night there used to be about six hurrican lamps hanging along the front verandah as a guide for any ship or schooner coming into Lorengau at night. This particular night after dinner, we sat down to steady drinking again. Then he suggested we should have some target practice. Natually, the hurricane lamps became the targets. We both had revolvers and eventually all the lamps were out, so we stuffed them with paper and saturated the paper with kerosene and then had rapid fire at them. I decided I wanted to go home, but he would say - have another drink - and call out for the boys who by this time had also dissappeared. He kept calling for the boys so I said I would go and round them up. I thought this was a good opportunity to get home. I went through the house and came along the outside and was just coming around the front of the house and I ran into the Captain. He stuck his revolver into my stomach and said - come up and have a drink - so we went back to the house and had some more to drink. Linacres stood up to do something and lurched over and fell, striking his eye on the corner of the table; he was bleeding like a stuck pig and was unconscious. I dragged him into his bedroom and laid him down. I called for the boys, but they would not come. I got a dish of water and some medicines out of his medicine chest and was leaning over him, bathing his eye and that was the last I remember until I woke up in my own house with a lump on the side of my head like an egg. Captain Linacre's boys told me the following day what happened. It appears the boys were watching everything that was going on from a safe distance. They said that while I was bending over Linacre bathing his eye, he still had the revolver in his hand and hit me on the side of the head with the butt. They said I was not knocked out and was staggering round the room and Linacre was taking pot shots at me. However, the boys rescued me and took me home and put me to bed. Every few weeks, Linacre would invite one of us up to his house for dinner and it always finished up in a drunken orgy. There

was an island about six or seven miles from Lorengau called Pitelu, some of which was planted with coconuts and owned by a Japanese named Komini, but managed by another Japanese named Nozaki. The unplanted area of this island was occupied by natives. Komini also owned a few other plantations at Sou on the mainland about 20 miles down the coast from Lorengau, another on the island of Ponam just opposite Sou, about two miles away. Then he had another place called Papitalai and another at Rambutju. All these plantations were manned by Japanese. Apart from Nozaki at Pitelu, there were generally one or two more Japs there. Occasionally, Linacre would get a brain wave and decide to pay Nozaki a visit and invite George Naess (Policemaster), Tom Westley (Medical Assistant) and myself as I was supposed to be in charge of the Government Schooner. On one occasion he sent me a note to have the schooner ready at a certain time as we were going to Pitelu. The party included Naess, Westley, Linacre and myself. We arrived at Pitelu and were greeted by Nozaki and two other Japanese. Soon we were sitting down eating raw fish and drinking anything the Japs brought along. Linacre asked Nozaki if he was having any trouble with the Kanakas. He said he was, with the Luluai (Headman) and a couple more. Linacre dispatched a couple of policeboys to bring them to Nozaki's house. After holding a sort of court hearing Nozaki's complaints etc, he ordered that the three culprits be given ten strokes of the cane, which was duly executed. All this time the drinking went on unabated until about 4 o' clock it was decided to return to Lorengau. By this time Westley had developed a dose of fever and was wearing a military great coat to keep warm. As we walked along the small jetty to board our schooner, Westley walked off the end of the jetty and the natives had to jump in and pull him out of the water. We eventually got going and with a nice breeze blowing were on our way back to Lorengau. Nozaki put some bottles of beer on board so that we would not die of thirst on the way. We were pleasurably occupied in the cabin drinking this beer, when Linacre went on deck to relieve himself. The next thing was the boy steering the boat calling out "Kiap, he loose". We rushed up on deck and there was Linacre hanging on to a rope about 30 yards astern, being dragged along. The steer boy said that while Linacre was relieving himself the schooner lurched a bit and he grabbed a rope which was not fastened at the other end and of course, into the water he went. The steer boy threw him a rope which he luckily caught as the place was infested with sharks. We soon had him on board and were soon back home after one of the many enjoyable trips we had to Pitelu.

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