

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN SURVEY CORPS
ASSOCIATION
Queensland Branch



BULLETIN

PO Box 5784 Stafford Heights 4053

REUNION EDITION

AUGUST 2003

EVENTS



REUNION AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING – Saturday 13th September 2003 – **NOTE CHANGE OF DATE!**

Our **traditional reunion** event will take place in the **Lighthouse Room at the Gaythorne RSL**. Bar opens at 11.00 am with lunch served at 12.30 pm. The AGM will follow lunch. The cost this year has had to increase to \$30.00 per person for a two course dinner with tasty nibbles served before the meal. **RSVP** Alex Cairney on 3397 7583 (Mobile 0418 196 566) before 7 September 2003 or send in the slip at the bottom of the detailed notice at the back of this Bulletin. Especially we want to see our WW2 veterans. **Transport** can be arranged for those who may need it. Simply tell Alex of your need.

MILITARY MAPMKER'S DINNER – Saturday 25th October 2003

All are invited. This year the dinner is to be held in the ANZAC Other

Rank's Mess for its neutrality and seating capacity. Cost will be about the same as last year, \$35.00 (to be confirmed). An ensemble from the QUR Band will be in attendance and it will be a grand night. WO2 Ian Reid of 1 Topo Svy Sqn is the organiser/coordinator. Association members should advise their attendance to Mary-Ann Thiselton on 3353 1026. *Refer also to the Dining President's letter with the 1st Topographical Survey Squadron report on page....*

DEREK CHAMBERS AWARD PRESENTATION – November/December 2003 A BBQ lunch at the Squadron following an escorted tour of the Squadron's technical areas. Details to be advised later.



BARBECUE AFTERNOON AT THE GEE'S

Back Row: Bob Skitch, Wendy Skitch, Peter Bates-Brownsword, Alex Cairney, JB Barrie, Graeme Dowd, John Hook, Barbara B-B, Hank Opdem, Elizabeth, Chris Gerhmann, Rock Thiselton, Ace Evans.

Centre Row: Tony and Janell Harder, Vicki Stevens, Cheryl Hook, Marilyn Dowd, Anna Opdem, Marianne Gill, Trudy Evans.

Front Row: Kym Weston, Jim Gill, Faye Weston, Tony Gee, Loretta Gee.

Present but taking the photo – Mary-Ann Thiselton

COMMITTEE

Patron	Lieutenant Colonel EU Anderson MBE (Ph 3408 9179)
President	Peter Bates-Brownsword (Ph 3289 7001)
Past President	Jim Houston (Ph 3351 4952)
Vice President	Bob Skitch (Ph 3265 1370)
Secretary & Asst Treasurer	Mary-Ann Thiselton (Ph 3353 1026)
Treasurer	Stan Campbell (Ph 3285 3970)
Functions Member	Alex Cairney (Anzac Day, Reunion) (Ph 3397 7583)
Bulletin Editor	Bob Skitch (Ph 3265 1370)
Membership Records	Kim Weston (Ph 5445 6927; mob 0427 377 226)
WW2 Veteran Member	Hal Jones (Ph 3395 1404)
Squadron Liaison & Welfare	Jim Gill (Ph 3264 1597)
Member (unallocated)	Stan Campbell (Ph 3285 3970)
Squadron OC	Major Adrian Harding
Squadron SSM	WO1 BL (Barrie) Craymer (Ph 3332 7564)

Note: Refer Veteran's Affairs matters to Peter Bates-Brownsword and Stan Campbell
Association address: **PO Box 5784; Stafford Heights 4053**

NOTICES

PNG MEDAL

The saga continues, We are still awaiting authority from the PNG Defence Force to allow the medal to be acquired by members of RA Svy. We are now given to understand that the Australian Defence Department does not recognize it, however, it is not what our President calls a 'mickey mouse' medal since it is issued formally by another government. Perhaps we will unravel it in time.

LAST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH DRINKS

This regular informal event continues at the Gaythorne RSL from about 5.00pm. There is ample parking at the Club and the new entrance to the Club is from the carpark.

EMAIL ADDRESSES would be handy to hold. If you have one simply email me at bobskitch@msn.com. Then I will have yours! So far no one has responded. I wait in anticipation.

ASSOCIATION BADGE

Mary-Ann is still holding a few Association badges of the new variety, finished in 'antique gold', a bronze like finish. Very handsome, and in Gary Warnest's words, 'not as 'in your face' as the previous gold variety'. Place your orders with Mary-Ann and we will try to satisfy them.

INCORPORATION – the vexed question!

The issue remains under consideration. We have it on authority that insurance is only a requirement if property is owned, We own no property!

VIETNAM – A TECHNICAL TOUR by Bob McMillan-Kay.

Your Association is holding a number of copies for purchase by members at \$36.00 each including postage. To obtain a copy please make cheques payable to the RA Svy Association and send to the Association address. Those received so far have been made payable to Bob McMillan-Kay and have been forwarded to him for action. This is a very worthwhile publication and I personally commend it.

*****MAPMAKERS OF FORTUNA*****

Copies may be purchased from the Ex-Fortuna Survey Association (PO Box 865 Bendigo 3552) at \$60.00 plus postage of \$11.50 including cost of a padded postal bag.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 2001 – 2002 & 2002 - 2003

'Don't go to sleep on your membership!'
Keep in touch with you Survey Corps mates by being a paid-up member of your Association.



Our financial year runs from Sept to Sept. Subscription is but \$10.00 per year. We encourage you to pay three years in advance (or more if you wish). Some have already done this. Subscription is waived for veterans 75 and over who have been standing paid-up members of our Association.

CORPS BIRTHDAY DINNER

Again this year we celebrated the 88th anniversary of the formation of the Royal Australian Survey Corps with the *Colonel Alex Laing Memorial Dinner* at the United Service Club on 3rd July. Although numbers were down a little on previous years due mainly to unexpected commitments of some of our regulars (also, winter seems to be a favoured time for touring northern Australia), our twenty attendees voted the occasion the best ever. The food, as always, was excellent, served in grand style. The evening, as usual, was conducted on formal mess lines (nearly, anyway) with the port passed for the loyal toast. The venue within the Club is the Royal Room with pre-dinner drinks at the Military Bar. Our President, Peter Bates-Brownsword, welcomed guests and read the list of apologies. This year the loyal toast was proposed by Alex Cairney and the toast to *Honour the Memory of the late 'Colonel in Chief' of the Royal Australian Survey Corps, Diana, the Princess of Wales*, by Barry Lutwyche. The toast to the Royal Australian Survey Corps Association was proposed by our Patron, Ed Anderson who gave a short but eloquent address on the equality of all trade grouping within the Corps reflecting the very equal contribution made by all members to the end product, the map. Kim Weston responded on behalf of the Association. Finally Col Moorhead proposed the toast to departed comrades and read the ever growing list of those whom we know have been called in the past twelve months.

Let not the formalities imply that it was a sombre occasion because it was far from that with much hilarity and with many stories being swapped around the table. It was an opportunity for wives to reflect on the trials of army married life, absent husbands and frequent moves – nevertheless highlighting those exasperating moments that in retrospect make a lively story while their better halves listen patiently. Of course, we husbands had our more serious reflections on past field trips, matters military and the vicissitudes of civilian life. But we all had fun!

The evening came to an inevitable end at 11.00pm with many showing some reluctance to leave. The Moorheads alone took advantage of Club accommodation, preferring not to drive back to Caboolture at that late hour and more especially because

Ailsa had a plane to catch early the following morning.

ATTENDANCE

Peter and Barbara Bates-Brownsword
Bob and Wendy Skitch
Percy and Dell Long
Rowan and Joanne Shipley
Alex Cairney
Kym and Faye Weston
Ed Anderson
Barry Lutwyche
Col and Ailsa Moorhead
David and Peggy Hebblethwaite
John and Sally Cattell
Jim and Trish Mitchell

TONY'S AND LORETTA'S BBQ

What! – no sizzled sausages? Well; it wasn't actually a barbecue; it was a feast of delicious pasta dishes, spaghetti sauces, chicken pieces, salads and Tony's cordon-bleu fried rice and *Webber* baked ham. This followed by deserts par-excellence. All of this in the island ambience of Loretta's and Tony's outdoor entertainment area (you could hardly call it a backyard) overlooking a peaceful lagoon frequented by ducks and graceful waders. The weather was kind; after a somewhat bleak morning the sun shone gently on the gathering imparting a mid-winter warmth to that already generated by the assembled gathering of Corps spirits. The Australian way prevailed with the ladies holding forth around what seemed to be the ladies' table while the fellas swapped their yarns standing in clusters – but of course, attentive at all times to the needs of their respective spouse sitting at the ladies' table. Nevertheless, some intermingling of male and female took place as the afternoon progressed.

It was pleasing to see John Hook looking fit and well after his by-pass op – the subject of much discussion with all sorts of other medical adventures – reflecting the advancing years of us all, perhaps! Janelle and Tony Handen were relative newcomers to our group and our company was graced by that man of many faces and names, Chris (Monty) Gerhmann and his friend.

Seriously though, it was a truly pleasant afternoon and our Association is indebted to Tony and Loretta for their generous hospitality in providing their beautiful Bribie Island home and for this now annual event. Those fortunate people who attended were:

Hank and Anna Opdem
Peter and Barbara Bates-Brownsword
Alex Cairney
Ian (Rock) and Mary-Ann Thiselton
John and Cheryl Hook
Chris Gehrman and friend
Bob and Wendy Skitch
Ace and Trudy Evans
Graeme and Marilyn Dowd
Kym and Faye Weston
Jim and Marianne Gill
JB Barrie and Vicki Stevens

**WE WERE ALL EQUAL –
a view by Bob Skitch**

Clem Sargent's address at the launch of *Mapmakers of Fortuna* has raised one or two hackles of members with its reference to 'a sense of elitism' held by members of the Regiment's Topo Squadron. The statement in Clem's address of course relates to the preface to Chapter Four of the history "*We were the elite....we were accomplishing difficult things under arduous conditions with physical handicaps to overcome. It was real tough stuff. We lived hard and worked hard. There was no going home at night to put your feet up*".

The problem in highlighting a statement like that is that it is taken out of its original context. In Clem's speech he goes on to say that "*it was, I believe, a correct assessment of the outlook of the topographers, born of a sense of adventure and confidence in meeting the physical and technical challenges of field work*". (My underlining) Clem goes on to say "*The members of Carto and Litho did not have the opportunity to prove that they belonged to the same elite band until the Vietnam war when a large part of the staff of A Section of 1 Topographical Survey Troop was provided by those squadrons – and they proved their ability to meet those same challenges*". Some observations can be made:

First – if it existed at all, it was the outlook of the topographers of the Regiment's Topo Squadron. It is true that they worked under often arduous conditions with many physical handicaps to overcome. But so did the Command Field Survey Sections/Units/Squadrons; the latter for often longer periods and for many more years. And so did all the non-survey tech people attached to such operations both from within the Survey Corps and other Corps; RAEME, Signals, Transport,

Catering etc. On the two occasions when I was personally involved on Topo Sqn field operations over extended periods – 8 months each I think – I had some feeling of exultation on returning to Fortuna, conferred by members of Carto and Litho who were more than welcoming as our convoys came through the front gate. Their generosity of spirit could also be manifest on departure. I recall a 4.00 am departure from Fortuna when many of the living-in members of Carto and Litho – Dallas Walker included – were on the carpark and at the front gate to god-speed us on our way. Many would have given their right arm to be going with us. But it was not their lot. I don't think the word 'elite' entered our thinking and if it did it was not for long. Usually a week or two after our return we were thrown into annual regimental training and Subject 'A', designed to bring any swelled heads back to the ground with a thump!

Secondly, the word 'elite' seems to be used to an excess these days. SAS and other units deployed overseas are written up in the press as 'elite'. Those that have incurred some sort of a public 'black mark' as a result of an un-toward incident in their ranks seem also to be labeled 'elite'. I would prefer to see the Corps as being 'elite' – the whole Corps, all trades – all directed to that end product, the published map. Yes, there were other aspects to our work; the Corps' contribution to the establishment of the Australian National Origin and the Australian National Spheroid. But these were in a sense spin-offs, they were germane to the framework needed for maps. In the field sections, in Topo Squadron, who could deny the obvious pride in seeing those end products arrive two or three years after the field work was finished with their careful cartography and inherent lithographic processes? In any unit in which I served there was always the boasting board where the latest and best of the maps were pinned for display.

Thirdly, all our trades were on the same pay levels. When as a result of one of the interminable reviews of pay, our lithographic print tradesmen were ascribed a lower pay level – the lower level to be achieved through the foregone CPI adjustments – the Regiment fought a case and finally won to overturn that decision. The case was based on the premise that the contribution of all trades to the final product was different but nevertheless equal.

Fourthly, it has also been said that to have a future in the Corps – perhaps to be commissioned – one needed to be of surveying background. If it seemed that surveyors and their ilk dominated, it might have been because some 75% of Corps personnel were from that trade grouping. With the rationalisation of survey trades and the creation of the carto-tech stream in the late 70s encompassing all previous surveying and cartographic trades and including air-survey, the trade divisions became more blurred. Whatever specialties developed within that broad trade stream was determined largely by the demands of the job and special courses that followed from time to time.

Elite? Did any one component of the Corps have a claim to be elite? Clem's statement is retro-perceptive and put back into context, does not imply that Topo was better than the others. They were all elite in their separate but mutually supportive ways. This is the point made so eloquently by our Patron, Ed Anderson at our Corps birthday dinner this year. We were all equal.



1ST TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEY SQUADRON

Since the last edition the Squadron's main deployment has been the annual shakeout exercise, Ex Geo Minor over the period 16-27 June 03. The exercise was run in two phases, phase one involved Data Support Troop producing Mission Specific Data Sets (MSDS) of four areas in the Solomon Islands. These data sets allow a deployed section the ability to produce a number of mapping support products for the commander in the field. Phase two involved the deployment of two sections from MGI Tp, a deployable Section from Data Support Troop and the Sqn Ops cell deploying to Canungra for a week.

The data sets created during phase one proved timely when the PM announced during phase two that Australia was sending troops to the Solomon Islands. **A Sect from MGI Tp has since deployed to the Solomons in support of the Australian forces.**

The Squadron's Projects Cell has recently conducted training for Squadron members in an introduction to ESRI's ArcGIS suite, a software application that is integral to MGI product construction. The training allowed members of the Squadron who were not familiar with the software to get a working knowledge of it.

Following the introduction training, ESRI Brisbane conducted a course for the Squadron in geodatabase design. Nine squadron members attended this course along with one from the school. Projects Cell are now developing a foundation Geodatabase template which will be used with a situational layer to deliver our Geospatial data.



On a less technical, but no less important side, from 1 July 03 the unit is under command 6th Engineer Support Regiment, as is 17 and 21 Construction Squadrons. This was brought about through initial experiences in East Timor and the lack of engineer command to provide

advice on engineer construction and geospatial support.

With effect 31 August 03, 1 Topo Svy Sqn has been approved to change colour patch from the current Engineer Series 2 colour patch to a Series 1 patch that was worn by the 1st ANZAC Topographical Section in Gallipoli in 1917. Initially approved on 17 August 1917 the patch consists of a 40mm x 40mm purple equilateral triangle with a white vertical stripe.

On the promotion side of the house, Sergeants Mick McConnell and Andrew Morrison-Evans were promoted to Warrant Officer Class 2, and Corporal Doug Whiteside was promoted to Sergeant. Promotion date was the Corps birthday on 01 Jul 03.

Ed Note: Sgt (now WO2) Mick Carroll was the recipient of the Derek Chambers Award in 2001. The association congratulates Mick, Andrew and Doug on their well deserved promotions.

Photo shows the CO of 6 ESR, Lt Col Neil Greet and the youngest ESR sapper, Spr Strauss cutting the Regiment's birthday cake.

THE MILITARY MAPMAKERS' DINNER

25 October 2003 Dining President's Letter

To members of the Royal Australian Survey Corps Association, I am both pleased and honoured to be appointed the principal organiser and Dining President for the 2003 Military Mapmakers' dinner. The Military Mapmakers' Dinner remains an important function for the Queensland branch of the RASvy Association; it represents a point of convergence for all military mapmakers, old and new. It is my intent to create a congenial atmosphere of inclusion; a place where old friends meet, where new friends can be made, where youth can learn from experience and sometimes vice-versa. Memories will be revisited and experiences exchanged.

I have departed from the accepted script in the interests of making it more enjoyable for everyone, and I am very grateful for the efforts of my organising team. Most features of a Mess dinner will be present and recognisable, but this will not be a Mess dinner. This will be an evening wear occasion, for all ranks and their partners. I have chosen to use the Anzac ORs' Mess for its neutrality and seating capacity. An ensemble from the excellent QUR Band is kindly providing the entertainment. The dress, look and feel of this dinner is as one would expect for a meeting of any professional association. All who sit at these tables are regarded as professionals in a common endeavour. We are all involved in something much greater than the sum of its parts, and that makes us stronger as a team. The aim is to bring us all closer together, that we may feel a greater unity of purpose.

Ladies and gentlemen this is your dinner, and I am very much looking forward to seeing you there. Please join me in celebrating our history and sharing my excitement for our future.

Ian Read, WO2, Dining President

PERSONALIA and other Jottings

Clem Sargent was awarded the medal of the Order of Australia in June for his services to Military History. Clem has headed the Military Historical Society in Canberra for some years and is a noted historian in his own right. Congratulations Clem from the Queensland RA Svy Association.

Ron Senior (5 Coy from Victoria) dropped a line after receiving our June Bulletin. Ron comments that a 'careful read brings up a couple of memories'; for example, of our past patron Charles Martin whom he remembers as Captain Martin in 5 Company. Also he points out that the Vince Barron I mention on page 7 of the Bulletin is most likely Vince Bannon whom he remembers quite well. (I am sure you are right, Ron; clearly I failed to read somebody's hand writing and since the item on Vince referred to the unfortunate death of his wife Maureen, I apologise most sincerely)

Our April 2002 Bulletin carried an extract from Ron's personal history of his WW2 service telling of his brush with Japanese at Labuan. Ron has recently completed two more war stories: *World War II Military Service of RJC Senior* and *Royal Australian Air Force Record of RK Senior*. The latter is Ron's brother who was awarded a DFC for his anti-submarine work from Gibraltar. Both stories have been accepted by the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, and have been added to the collection in the Research Centre. Ron finishes his letter with regards to Jim Houston.

Dennis Woods is in Brisbane at the moment visiting his daughter Janine Whitmore who lives at Corinda. Dennis is from Perth and has had an interesting career since leaving the army. Dennis completed his basic survey course in 1958 and was posted to the Regiment's Topo Squadron. Dennis, with a few of his course mates (Don Cocker comes to mind) caught up with the squadron at Richmond in north Queensland (engaged on the Charters Towers – Tennant Creek tellurometer traverse) and served on many of the squadron's annual field trips in subsequent years. On leaving the Corps at the end of six years Dennis took on engineering surveying in WA and became involved in local government, serving a term as mayor of the Maylands Council. He is now retired.

Des Ceruti emails that he is now safely home in Baa-baa land and enjoyed his brief contact with old colleagues in Queensland. Des comments that the Association in Queensland seems to be 'quite a resilient organisation (I hope we are!) which is excellent'. He enjoyed our Bulletin – it was a pleasure to see old familiar names. Des passes his compliments to Stan Campbell, Alex Cairney, Les Wellins and Dennis Duquemin.

Kevin Moody has joined our Association and promises me a few stories of his days in the Corps. He has sent one already concerning a unique experience he had while on the above-mentioned Charters Towers – Tennant Creek tellurometer traverse. That story is to follow. Kevin had three years in RAE and was assigned to the 7/55 Basic Survey Course to learn something about surveying. On successfully passing the course he transferred to RA Svy, serving a further three years. On leaving the Corps he worked for Geosurveys in South Australia and spent quite some time on survey work in Timor (then Portuguese, now East Timor). After all that adventure he joined National Mapping and worked there until his retirement. Kevin now works on keeping his golf handicap in single digits – I think.

Colin Van Senden followed up receipt of our last Bulletin with a note and a cheque to assist our coffers. Colin, who served with the 5 Coy det that carried out early work on the then Guided Projectile Range (later to be the Woomera Rocket range) remains determined to set the record straight on the Lennie Beadell myth and give the Corps its due recognition for its years of work on that project. Bob Love, a 2/1st member who lives near Colin at Strathalbyn, supports him in this endeavour.

Jim and Trish Mitchell have joined us in Queensland and were welcome attendees at the Colonel Alex Laing memorial dinner at the United Service Club in July. Jim and Trish, currently staying with daughter Lucy at St Lucia, plan to

make SE Queensland their home since most of their family is up this way. They are negotiating management rights for a group title village at Kuraby. We hope to see Jim and Trish at a few of our future functions.

David and Peggy Hebblethwaite were welcome guests at our ALMD in July. David is currently doing consultancy GIS work in Samoa with frequent stints in that beautiful small nation. His other overseas interest is in the Solomons, perhaps not the best place to be at present. Peggy works in the policy echelons of Queensland State Government on copyright issues.

Artie McClure phoned in June to express his appreciation for the coverage his account of his Darwin trip got in the *Queensland Surveyor*. Artie has been touring in NE Victoria, staying at Bright, and was impressed with the beauty of that part of our land in autumn. Artie plans to be at our September reunion.

Barry Parker (from Western Australia) in an email tells of his trip to Queensland in December last year. Barry and Helen spent some days in Cairns visiting Karumba, Cape Tribulation and Green Island, but only passing through Brissy. Barry and Helen are off to the US in September for 5 weeks, visiting their daughter in Las Vegas. The things our children get up to!!

Brian Firms has taken over as President of the RA Svy Association in WA. Brian Mead has taken on their bulletin, *Westlink*. I hope we see the occasional copy Brian!

Carla Dell: This is an interesting little story taken from a recent Army newspaper concerning Carla, whom some would know – *“tomorrow is a big day for WO1 Carla Dell. After 25 years in the Army the former RSM and peace monitor is racking up her pace stick to begin practising as a personal trainer from her office in Robina Parkway Medical Centre. After suffering serious injuries in a boating accident in Bougainville in 1999, Carla pursued a grueling regime to regain her fitness, which sparked her interest in personal training as an aid to a healthy lifestyle.*

An ‘Army brat’ herself, she followed her Dad into the Army and trained as a Cartographer in the then Survey Corps, but she also spent a couple of postings at the Army’s recruit training battalion at Kapooka. This led to her appointment as RSM the 5th Brigade Administrative Support Battalion. From CC’s experience, RSMs are not known for their good looks, but her appointment allowed Carla to make the claim when answering her phone; ‘this is the best looking RSM in the country’, much to the ire of her male colleagues”. The story goes on but I will leave it at that!

Blazer Pockets: Internet aficionados, especially those familiar with ‘ebay’ may have noticed two Survey Corps badge blazer pockets for sale (brought to our attention by Rock Thiselton) at a starting price of about \$50. Gary Warnest advises that they are probably the same as the embroidered blazer pockets for sale at the ME Museum for \$26.00.

4/52 Basic Survey Course

Jeff Lambert writes – for the past few years, a few of us from the 4/52 Basic Survey Course have been meeting annually on a reunion basis. Mac McCarthy, Jock Campbell, Dennis Cox and I have so enjoyed these reunions that we have determined to continue this annual event as long as our plumb bobs are pointing to the centre of the earth. I enclose a course photo which reveals twelve characters of which we can locate two more – Len Davies and Paul Doyle, both in Bendigo. As for the other six, we have been unsuccessful in locating their whereabouts and since we are desirous of extending the opportunity of attending our reunion we are anxious to contact them. Mac is claiming the best of two worlds in skiting to his fellow Taswegians of the glorious Queensland winters he and his good wife Sylvia enjoy with their daughter at Mudgeeraba and, to his Queensland peers, promoting the merits of Tasmanian summers and Cascade beer. Jock is still holding Mt Isa together and I understand he is the only Scotsman in the world to be offered a life membership of – wait for it – *The Irish Club*. (based purely on attendance alone). Dennis – well here is a story – Dennis has done a bunker from Victoria and just made it over the border into Queensland. He is just a Queenslander. As matter of fact he and his good wife Val can stand on their balcony and spit into N.S.W. providing the wind is in the right direction. Indeed, so close are they to the border (other side of the street) that I could not help but ask the question, ‘Blue guernsey or maroon?? Well Val put me right on that; definitely Maroon and pointed out that Dennis sometimes, in his sleep, sits up in bed and shouts – QUEENSLANDER – before dropping back on the pillow. Seriously though Dennis and Val hosted our last reunion to everyone’s enjoyment with Dennis showing us the sights of Tweed and Coolangatta. I was saddened to hear that both Len and Paul had lost their wives in recent years.

PS: Mac tried an ad in *The Australian* newspaper under public notices, re contact with the lost six, but to no avail at this point in time. The only response was from *The Australian* accounts department sighting a fee for the ad which bowled Dennis and me over so you can imagine what it did to shatter the foundations of good old Scottish frugality. Mac said it shook the rock beneath Edinburgh Castle to the centre of the earth and Jock said he felt it shudder all the way back again.



Back Row: Dennis Cox; Mac McCarthy; Jock Campbell; Paul Doyle; Vic Chamagne; Kevin Hart

Front Row: Len Davies; Terry Kelleher; Bob Melloy; Warwick Daniels; John Davison; Jeff Lambert
DOES ANYONE KNOW THE WHERE-ABOUTS OF THOSE UNDERLINED?

An afternoon of JAZZ

Those who know our versatile President would be aware of his drumming skills, not only with the National Service Band but also with jazz – his true love.



Peter celebrated his recent birthday with a jazz concert at *Shady Glen* and what a delightful afternoon it was. Barbara plays the 'washboard' and does a bit of drumming as well. Peter is to right of photo.

Brian Murray - A JUNGLE TALE

Brian writes: My mate and I were subsisting on a meagre diet of 'dog biscuits' and our three carriers were on the last of their rice when we arrived at the village. (Have never since been able to identify it but it was in the highlands between Lae and Salamaua.) A full kiap parade was awaiting us: luluwai, tul tul, and doctor boy. Unfortunately none of the locals spoke pigeon and none of our carriers spoke the local language, so we were making out with sign language. At one stage the luluwai, who was wearing a huge boar's tusk in his nose, pulled it out with an unattractive slurping noise and presented it to me. I accepted this significant gift – which of course it was – and then, pantomiming that, with septum intactus, (I was unable to wear it), returned the boar's tusk to him.

Then I rolled us each a smoke and we settled down companionably beside the track to enjoy them. I recall clearly my first thought was: 'You primitive old bastard!' Then I thought: 'he may be a primitive old bastard, but he and his village are eating and my mate and I and our carriers are bloody well starving'. If I judge him by my standards he is a primitive old bastard but if I judge myself by his standards, I'm a total failure'. It is a lesson which I have never forgotten – and a lesson which many others have yet to learn.

Men such as this luluwai did a wonderful job in protecting their villages from the worst effects of the war. Others served as carriers, police boys and PIB riflemen, and more than 2000 of these died from enemy action, disease and privation. Yet there is still no memorial to them in our national capital and a PNG contingent has never been invited to participate in our ANZAC Day march. I tried to arouse interest some years ago and learned the bitter truth of the old Yankee saying that 'sympathy and a dime will buy you a ten cent cigar'. It is not a record of which we can be proud!

THE NOT SO WELL LIST

Ray Sargent: It has been a shock to us all to learn that Ray is suffering from a malignant inoperable tumour on the brain. This was diagnosed after a series of small strokes last year. He is being kept as comfortable as possible at his home. Ray has been a stalwart of the Western Australian based survey units and in recent times with the Association as its president. Our thoughts are with you Ray and with Dora.

Kevin Walsh: continues to live with neice Sandra and her partner Keven (Kevin says Keven's parents should have learned how to spell) while he awaits completion of his new home at Caloundra. Kevin's spirit never fails and he continues to be seen by his doctors as a medical marvel.

Frank Thorogood is having more than his share of medical mishaps while Nan, after her fight with cancer is enjoying the best of health. We all trust you are on the improve, Frank, and hope we might see you at the Reunion in September. Best wishes.

John Hook: This is the last time John makes the 'Not so well list' because after his triple (or was it quadruple) bi-pass, John now looks, and feels, the picture of health. In Bill Boyd's words, John can leap mountains again.

Anthony Gerald Bomford – 17/1/27 – 10/5/03

In its issue of 24 May 03 the Melbourne *'Age'* published a comprehensive obituary by John Farquarson on Tony Bomford with the headline *'Adventurer who made his mark on mountains'*.

Tony was known to many in the Survey Corps both as a result of his time spent with the Corps as the RE exchange officer in 1958-60 and subsequently in senior appointments with the Division of National Mapping, becoming Director of that organisation on the retirement of Bruce Lambert. Tony was principally a geodesist and in this he followed in the footsteps of his illustrious father, Brigadier Guy Bomford, author of the definitive volume on geodesy known generally as *'Bomford's Geodesy'*. But as well as being a geodesist, surveyor, map-maker and mathematician, Tony Bomford was an adventurer. His *Age* obituary comments of his love of travel in wild and remote places, kayaking and even after being diagnosed with pancreatic cancer he undertook one last adventure; a visit to Heard Island and some of the other more remote islands of the southern Indian Ocean.

On a personal note, I remember Tony (then Captain) Bomford in 1958 on the Charters Towers to Tennant Creek tellurometer traverse with Captain Jim Steadman as OC. South of Richmond and across the Barkley Tableland Bilby towers had to be used extensively and the trick was to know how far apart to build them. The dictates of both desired maximum line length and the avoidance of sight lines grazing at the centre caused Tony to develop some interesting calculations and graphs telling us where to put the towers. Was it successful? As a corporal at the time I assumed it was. On a lighter note Tony had a problem in taking showers under a shower bucket, particularly if that meant standing starkers in the open country of north Queensland. He preferred to dig a shallow hole in the red soil and place a trailer tarp in it with two buckets of water (JL would only allow him two) and bath that way; resembling somewhat a floundering grasshopper. Tony's 'hollow cairns' over ground marks (stones being in short supply on the Barkley) were if nothing else, innovative. In 1959 Tony joined W Comd Field Survey Section and worked in the Kimberleys with Bill Sprenger and no doubt there would be stories to tell of Tony in the Kimberleys.

Tony's name has always been associated with the British owned island of South Georgia, south of the Falklands. His *Age* obituary states *'his map of the British-owned island south of the Falklands won him the Ness award of the Royal Geographical Society, the citation stating that his work had established a new standard in Antarctic mapping. For more than 40 years his map has remained the definitive map of South Georgia,*

and one of the sharp spires marked on that map bears the name 'Bomford Peak'.

Tony has another peak named after him – in the Kimberleys – *Mount Bomford* – as a result of his work with the W Command Field Survey Section.

His wife Elizabeth, two sons (Richard and Philip) and two daughters (Mary and Annabel) survive him..... **Bob Skitch**

TALES OF MOUNT ELLENVALE

by Jeff Lambert

Jeff Lambert writes that he was saddened to read of Brian Berkery's passing and comments that he can only concur with my comment on the esteem with which Brian was held by those who had the good fortune to enjoy his acquaintance. Jeff reflects that although memory is said to be dimmed by time, some defy the saying: Brian was one of those. Jeff remembers Brian as being of a quiet nature but who appreciated and enjoyed the humorous aspects of life sometimes even under difficult situations. Jeff goes on to recount an incident where this was not the case and he feels sure that Brian would not object to the telling. The year was 1956.....

'The north Queensland assignment at the time was to extend the Townsville trig chain westward, first in second order, then third and fourth to facilitate control for the mapping of the Ravenswood, Charters Towers and Dotswood 1inch to 1 mile sheets for military training purposes. (The era was pre-EDM equipment, helicopter etc.) One such trig site was Mt Ellenvale (approx. 3.000 ft above sea level if my memory serves me correctly), with a long undulating access rising from the coastal plain. The trig site was adjacent to a precarious cliff formation to which Brian took an immediate disliking. We had dispersed in various directions to clear the selected observation lines and on returning to the trig site we found Brian seated on a rock and in despair covering both eyes with his hands. It did not take long to discover the object of his anxiety. Nobby Clark who had been attached to the section as a driver/assistant and who was a superb axeman had decided to play on Brian's obvious dislike of heights and elected to clear a tree that was hanging over the cliff.

(Nobby was never backward in coming forward, be it a good stoush, or any other contentious matter, or mad practical joke.) With one foot on terra firma and the other on the tree hanging over the cliff he proceeded to cut the tree between his legs. Not wanting

to have a dead sapper and the resultant consequences entered into that all important cord, the AAB83, Nobby heeded my demand to immediately desist, resulting in a very relieved Brian. (Nobby was no fool and without doubt would have withdrawn his foot at the critical moment.... nevertheless...!).”



Cartoon by Michael Pope

As a matter of interest, and still on Mt Ellenvale, Ross (Blue) Hunter and self decided to recce the steep southern access on our return to base, seeking a shorter route and arranged to meet the main party at the Ross River Railway Refreshment Room, which, catering for fitters and rail employees more than the travelling public, poured an excellent drop of XXXX. I seem to remember Chris Lancaster crying foul in that we would be there well before them and have blown the froth off any number before they arrived.

This was not to be so; Blue and I did experience some rapid descent from time to time, mostly on the seat of our pants and at times not overly in control of either direction or speed. Also, in that rapid descent we suffered some special distress, in that the very steep nature of this slope on Mt Ellenvale did not inhibit the luxuriant and prolific growth of both ‘wait-a-while’ and ‘Gympie stinging nettle’. Feeling, and no doubt looking, like we had been through the wringer we were then confronted by the Ross River, swollen in flood as we traversed the lower toe of the feature at sunset. Swimming highlighted the extent of our encounter with Gympie bush with the cold water excruciatingly exacerbating the stings.

We headed for a homestead we had seen from the slopes where we knew there would certainly be road access to Reid River. In the gathering gloom we were met by a silver haired woman who stood just inside the back door half hidden and half exposed. We introduced and explained our presence and as we did we observed movement to her side

and rear, which, as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness of the void,

proved to be a large Aboriginal woman with a double barrel shotgun pointing at us. I argued later that it was pointed at Blue as I thought he looked meaner than me; anyhow, in spite of our very dishevelled appearance our explanation must have been deemed acceptable for no shot disturbed the evening air and armed with directions we set off to negotiate the road over several kilometres in complete darkness.

At long last we were at the refreshment room where the chorus and hilarity coming from within attested to the much earlier arrival of Chris and his party. On relating our story of the suspicious and precautionary action taken by the women and the lack of the usual hospitable greetings at the homestead we were informed that two dangerous prisoners, namely Platz and Taylor, had escaped from Townsville’s Stuart Prison with police warning residents that they suspected that they were in the area. Blue and I looked at one another, scratched, wet though and stung and I think we both accepted (though not a word was said), that just maybe they were justified in treating us with the utmost suspicion – Blue in particular I thought! – Kind regards, **Jeff Lambert**

GRAHAM SQUIRE – “the Squeeze”

by Bill Boyd

In conversation at the history launch in Bendigo mention was made that Graham Squire had passed away. Mildly surprised at this I turned to Bill Boyd whom I knew had been a close associate of Graham's during the 'Det' days at Bonegilla and at the School and said somewhat accusatively to the effect “you never told me that Graham Squire had died”. Bill registered more than surprise; he was shocked. Graham had been such a significant figure at both the School and the Det during the early 70s and somehow we had all lost contact with him after he left the army. I asked Bill to pen a few lines on GrahamBS

Graham Squire was born and raised in the environs of Canberra. He was one of twin boys, though not identical.

I first came into contact Graham in about 1967. Graham was a student on an intermediate cartographic course at Bonegilla. His presence came as quite a surprise to me because I had never heard of him before setting foot in Bonegilla as a short term assistant to Tony Ellis who at that time was the only draughting instructor at the school.

As I recall, Graham was due to go into the barrel for the iniquitous selective national service. It seems that with the prospect of spending two years in the army he decided to join the ARA. The big difference with Graham was that he became probably the only ARA Survey soldier who had been trained by National Mapping and gravitated to, or perhaps more accurately, tipped towards RASvy, i.e. taking the reverse direction on what was even then, a well worn path between RASvy and Natmap. We did have national servicemen from Natmap, eg. Ian Miller.

Tony Ellis soon saw Graham's potential and organised him from the basic course onto the intermediate course which started some few weeks after the basic course, hence my short term loan to Bonegilla.

At that time I had little at all to do with Graham, as my responsibility was to take control of the basic course. The basic course comprised of Jim McDonald, Peter Aukstinaitis, Pat Lumsden, Dave Bush, Val Painting, Trish Traegar, Peter Clark and others who do not come readily to mind.

In passing on the news of Graham's death to Max Neil, I received another perspective of him at the time of that intermediate course. As we all knew only too well, the intermediate course students were experts at everything. By the time they came back to the school for their second stint, they had been there and done that so “had little to learn”. Max was

on the advanced course concurrent with the intermediate course.

Here, on *their* course appeared someone who hadn't even been to the regiment and in fact had only just left a part completed basic course. It seems that much to the chagrin of his course mates, this cocky stranger did not have his ambitions and his capabilities mixed, because he could do what he claimed to be able to do. Chagrin followed chagrin. One day, after making the grand statement that he was going out to catch a trout for breakfast (*giggle giggle by his class mates*), Graham returned with two very nice trout.

Graham subsequently served at the regiment, both at Bendigo and Bonegilla, the school and PNG. He acquitted himself well in all his postings, and attained the rank of WO1. As I have said on more than one occasion, if it were in my power to have appointed my successor at the Det. in 1980, the appointment would have undoubtedly been “The Squeeze”.

In his years at the school, Graham specialized in standard mapping and training system documentation. Students who despaired because they were left handed in a right handed world were thankful for his left handed presence.

Graham was passionate about his work and meticulous in its execution. Anyone who has seen “Training Objectives for Scribing” would agree that their production could only have been done by someone who was meticulous and dedicated. This was reflected in his other responsibilities.

Graham's abiding passion was fly fishing, which was the very means whereby he was able to shock his intermediate course classmates. He tied his own flies and prided himself in his equipment. His interest did not stop there. His ambition was to write a book on fly fishing. He was a brilliant illustrator of his prey and the flies he made. Graham was an ardent member of the Albury fly fishing club known as the Greenwells Club. He was an office bearer of the club for most of his time in Bonegilla.

Graham knew where the fish were and would be off to catch them whenever he had the opportunity. On one occasion he parked his motorcycle and walked through the long grass, towards the stream. Within half an hour, he had been struck three times on his waders, by tiger snakes. He got the message and left, thankful for his good quality fly fishing equipment.

Graham being dubbed ‘Squiz’, although usually reserved for those with the surname ‘Taylor’, satisfied our penchant for nicknames and was close enough to ‘Squire’. Graham's other nickname, ‘The Squeeze’, had a different though related origin.

Graham's first section commander in Bendigo was Andre Hossen, who as many would remember is of French origin. Andre put his own twist on ‘Squiz’ and so eventuated, ‘Squeeze’.

One of Graham's first jobs was to make a flat cardboard envelope, complete with handles, large enough to carry standard scribe sheets to Litho Squadron without having the dreaded half moons put in them. The envelope was so well produced, it was considered fitting that this 'thing of beauty' be named after its maker. It was labeled in bold lettering 'THE SQUEEZE CARRIER'. The naming process was promptly reversed and the maker became 'The Squeeze'.

As I understand it Graham and his wife Lorna were estranged, I imagine divorced. I don't know if it was before or after he left the army. Graham and Lorna had two daughters, Tanya and Tracey.

<p>THE GREAT ARC – A BOOK REVIEW by Noel Sproles</p>

Noel sent me this piece some time ago and I wasn't sure at the time whether it fitted the genre of our modest publication. Then I spotted a copy of the book in a local bookshop that specialises in 'end of runs' for only a few dollars so I bought it and what a fascinating read it was. I would be happy to lend it to anyone interested in reading it – boomerang of course! Noel's review is 'spot on!' **BS**

While idly browsing through a local bookstore the other day, I came across something that you rarely get to see – a book about survey for the general reader so I thought that I might share it with you all. 'The Great Arc' by John Kealy discusses the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India in general and the establishment of the Great Indian Arc of the Meridian in particular. As this suggests, it is about the Survey of India that not only provided a basis for many modern survey techniques but was arguably the great scientific achievement of its time.

The story tells us about trigonometric surveying and surveyors struggling against great odds to reconnoitre lines, establish stations, and observe under the worst possible conditions. During the first half of the 19th century these surveyors battled both monsoonal heat and cold so intense that it froze the ink in the nibs of their pens. They fought bandits and rebellious Indian tribesmen. They died in large numbers from disease, accident, scorpion bites, and attacks by marauding tigers. Although derided as 'compass wallahs' they often served as the thin edge of the wedge for British imperialism as

they tied the far corners of the sub-continent together with their web of carefully balanced triangles. Not for them the niceties of cultural and natural conservation as they cut ten metre swathes through the countryside, desecrated ancient monuments, and even razed entire villages in their quest for clear lines of sight. At one point they got so desperate as to shave nearly seven metres off a ridgeline in order to ensure a line from one station to another. Apparently the disadvantages of grazing lines were not considered to be of great consequence. I do not know if this also fits into the category of cultural vandalism or not but they even used Lord's cricket ground to test some newly acquired base line measuring equipment before sending it out to India. Puts a new connotation on 'line and length'.

The Great Arc itself, which is the main topic of the story, commenced at the observatory in Madras and approximated the 78th meridian from the southern tip of India all the way to the Himalayan foothills and was later extended by secondary chains into the Himalayas themselves. The heroes of the story are the leaders of the survey, William Lambton and his successor Sir George Everest both Royal Engineer officers. These men led teams that not only performed the survey but did the vast amount of calculation needed. When the coordinates of the Madras observatory were refined and again when the British government redefined the foot, the whole survey had to be recalculated. In the days before mechanical calculators let alone computers this must have been a herculean task. Their prized instrument was the half ton 'Great Theodolite' with its 36 inch circle. And to think that we complained when we had to back-pack a mere 5 inch Tavistock up a hill! Other theodolites used in the survey had circles of 24 and 18 inches but the granddadies of them all must have been the 'zenith sectors' with their five foot circles for astronomical observations for latitude.

The book describes how many of the techniques that we practiced in RASvy were developed empirically as the surveyors learnt how to reduce the chances of observational errors and how to contend with the poorly understood phenomena of refraction and the deflection of plumb lines. The techniques employed during the survey are of interest as

they initially used flags, bonfires, and even flares made from a mixture of gunpowder and indigo to observe to. These were replaced eventually by terracotta lamps for night observation and heliographs for daytime observation. In the days before Bilby towers it was necessary to proceed across the great plains between Delhi and the Himalayas using specially constructed masonry towers. These, like the Bilby towers, provided a support for the theodolite separate from the support provided for the observing team with all their other equipment. In spite of the difficulties experienced with man and nature they were able to establish a world class survey. The difference between the measured length of the baseline at Bangalore and its computed length brought over 200 miles from Madras through the triangulation chain was just 3.17 inches.

The discovery that refraction could make distant stations visible at night struck a chord with me as we experienced the same conditions on the Charleville to Bourke first order traverse in 1963. While I could observe the horizontal angles between two particular stations at night we could not see these same two stations during the day when trying to establish vertical angles. Fortunately for us, Spr Paddy Strunks was able to find a site from where both stations were always visible – perhaps the only one – after a full day searching along a low flat and long ridgeline. Other chords were struck such as the problems of seeing through the haze of smoke and dust over the teeming villages and farm areas as anyone who has tried to observe at night in north Queensland as the sugar cane was being burnt will know.

The book also describes early efforts at determining the heights of the Himalayan peaks and how the Great Triangulation Survey enabled the measurements that finally proved that they were the world's highest mountains. Everest never laid eyes on the mountain bearing his name and evinced no real interest in establishing the heights of the peaks. Lambton, who initiated the survey and ensured its continuation had no great peak named after him and lies in a forgotten grave in what is now a squatters camp. However the Survey of India apparently still exists in Dera Dun where Everest established it and there resides still the Great Theodolite as well as other mementoes

of the project. Along with the instruments, in Dera Dun at least, the users of the instruments are still fondly remembered if not elsewhere.

While the book is written for the general reader and so does not go into great technical detail, there is enough to whet the appetite of anyone who has had any experience in first order surveying in the field. You will be able to imagine yourself back on the hills again shining lights or observing angles or even digging holes for ground marks. If you have even had a whiff of geodetic surveying then this is a book for you! It is great stuff and is a rare gem for anyone interested in any way with what I for one consider was the best part of field surveying. Do yourself a favour, get hold of a copy and have a good read.

The Great Arc by John Keay, 2000, Harper Collins, my copy purchased from Angus & Robertson, \$19.95