

December 2022

SIGNAL NEWS



Season's Greetings to all

Members & Other Readers



Official journal of the
Royal Australian Signals
Association (Tasmania)
CERTA CITO

The 35th year since Disbandment Reunion report edition

2.
SIGNAL NEWS
December 2022

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Signal News

Editor: Dick Goodwin
Distribution:
March, June, September, December, 2023

2023 "1st Friday" Reunions

Feb 3rd, Mar 3rd, Apr, 14th, May,
5th, Jun 2nd, Jul 7th, Aug 4th, Sep
1st, Oct 6th, Nov 3rd & Dec 1st.
All start from 1615

Committee Meetings 2023:- start at 3.15p -
on Mar 3rd, Jun 2nd, Sep 1st & Nov 3rd – all
at RAAF Centre

End of Summer Lunch:- Wednesday
15th March 2023. 12.30p for 12.45p.
Venue: TBA.

Anzac Day:- Tuesday, 25th April 2023

Meeting Point: for transport to the
Hobart March step-off point &/or
Cenotaph Service & return – Meeting
point and timing TBA.

Medals to be worn

Lunch: Venue to be advised

Mid-Year Lunch:- Friday 30th
June 2023

Venue/Time - TBA

Annual General Meeting (77th):-
Friday 6th October 2023.
5p at the RAAF Memorial Centre

Commemoration Day: Sun, Oct 15th

Service: 11.45a
Anglesea Barracks
Signals Memorial
Medals to be worn

Lunch:
RAAF Memorial Centre from 12.30p

Remembrance Day Lunch: Friday,
10th November

Timing & Venue TBA.
Medals may be worn

Printed by:

The Hon. Nic Street , MHA,
Liberal Member for Franklin
A much-appreciated Community Service

Your President's Report

Firstly, may I take the opportunity to publicly thank all of the Committee and other RASA members who assisted with the running of our recent milestone Reunion.

It was most gratifying to see former Squadron & Troop & Assn., members such as **Mike Mitchelmore** (*the last Training Officer*), **Bob Muir**, **Dickie Travers**, **Leigh Donoghue**, **Julie Paul**, **Kathy Hallett** and locals in **David Traynor**, **Marie Riley**, **Brian Marriott**, **Mal McWilliams**, **Andrew Prenter**, **Dave Harcourt**, **Paul Hodgman** and **Dave Potter** assist in the preparation and running of Reunion events. Also good to have some former members from 124 Sig Troop along in **George Bird**, and **Julie Haberecht**. An all-round great effort and much appreciated by our visitors too.



From Left: Andrew Prenter, Leigh Donoghue, Dave Marsh, Dickie Travers, Basil Apted, Denise Geeves, Julie Halbrecht, Ian Hosan, Bob Muir & David Traynor at the Sigs Memorial during their Barracks Tour

All Reunion events were well attended and enjoyed by our participants. Highlights were the excellent venue for the “Beaumaris Dinner”. It was held at the Motor Yacht Club of Tasmania at Lindisfarne (which also ‘houses’ Lindisfarne RSL Sub Branch, of which former Sqn “Liney” **Chris Parker** is President. The Sunday Commemoration Service was supported by elements of the HQ 6 MD Band, including the Bandmaster and their performance was superb. As was the meal prepared by Secretary **Chris Goodwin**, Committee member **Chris Harcourt** and **Sue Farley** which followed the Service - all comments to me were congratulatory.

My only regret for the weekend was not having the “Smart Drives” (USB sticks) loaded with our Tas Signals Archives (1812-2022) available for release. The last of our transfers of “movie” files was delayed when our volunteer IT man was required to give his attention to running the Tasmanian Local Government elections.

We did however run segments on-screen at the dinner and thankfully picked a few minor errors which are now corrected before the output of this five-year project is “launched”. If you would like to pre-order a copy to “play” on your Laptop, PC or most “Smart” TV sets, they will be available shortly. Order through **Treasurer Mick Farley** – his details are on Page 2 of the newsletter.

I was taken completely by surprise at the end of the Reunion Dinner when Vice President, Basil Apted called me forward to accept a Life Membership award at the end of the dinner formalities.

Finally, on behalf of the Association Committee members, I wish all members (*and prospective members*) all the best to you and your families for the forthcoming festive season. We look forward to providing you with more interesting information in the newsletters throughout 2023 in our 78th year.

Yours in Signals,

Dick G

35TH YEARS SINCE SQUADRON DISBANDMENT REUNION REPORT

This year's 7th five yearly Reunion started with a very well attended "Meet & Greet" on our "First Friday" regular social evening. Over 30 attended including visitors from Qld, NSW & Vic. **In the picture below are from left: Julie Paul (Qld), Mick Farley, Dickie Travers (Vic), Mike Mitchelmore (NSW), Dave Marsh & Kathy Hallett (Vic).**



Julie, the wife of former Sqn SQMS and RSL Tasmania CEO and the very popular and long serving Association Committee member, the late John "The Pope" Paul. She resides in Qld.

Julie had unfortunately been hurt in an accidental fall while visiting a tourist garden in the NW of the State in the week before the Reunion but still managed to attend several events. Top effort Julie.

Mike Mitchelmore & Dave Traynor renew acquaintances

David Traynor & Marie Riley are ready for dinner



Bob & Denise Geeves at the lunch



From left; Basil Apted, Bob Muir & Ian Hosan enjoy a SA "red" at the Sunday luncheon

OPERATION “LONDON BRIDGE”

As four billion worldwide viewers watched Her Majesty The Queen’s State Funeral, it was the job of Army Signallers to make sure proceedings ran like clockwork down to the very last second. Because at the stroke of 12.15pm as silence fell across London, it was precisely at that moment when Army precision kicked in with flawless accuracy - practised to perfection – so the procession began against the chimes of the world’s most famous clock.

For one team of soldiers however, silence would not be an option – it was their job to ensure the guns of The King’s Troop Royal Horse Artillery fired at precisely the same time that Big Ben chimed, because it was the guns that marked the start and the finish of the funeral procession, not the bell.

While the Westminster crowds stood still, soldiers from 10 Signal Regiment were at the top of the iconic Elizabeth Tower to communicate the exact timings with Army personnel on the ground. For Operation London Bridge they provided the timings to synchronise both the chimes of Big Ben, with the Minute Gun salutes of Artillery via secure telecommunications and flag signals, during the movement of the coffin from Westminster Abbey to Wellington Arch.

Westminster Abbey Observer, Major Harrison, and Operator Lance Corporal Butler waited for the coffin of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to appear in the doorway of Westminster Abbey. That started the flag waving signals seen at the Artillery gun line in Hyde Park. When Garrison Sergeant Major Stokes ordered ‘Funeral procession by the centre, Slow March’, Maj Harrison and LCpl Butler initiated the firing sequence by issuing the words of command ‘Fire, Fire, Fire!’, the flag dropped at Hyde Park and Artillery fired the first gun salute.

Perfection is the only option. Reacting to Big Ben’s famous toll would mean being a stroke too late. At the top of the 334 steps inside the tower, the soldiers of 251 Signal Squadron thrived on providing military precision. Captain Cooper, the Timing Control Officer supported by Lieutenant Richards and Staff Sergeant Yeoman of Signals Fowler sat behind the hands of the Elizabeth Clock Tower face with the horologists wearing full ceremonial uniform and hard hats. Capt Cooper explained: “It was my job to ensure everything went like clockwork. Every minute during the procession, commands were issued to both the gun line and the horologists, to ensure the guns fired and Big Ben tolled every 60 seconds.”

Meanwhile, Wellington Arch Observer, Maj Addison and LCpl Gurung were waiting patiently for the gun carriage to pass under Wellington Arch and come to a halt. As the carriage came to a halt, the final order was issued, and the final toll of Big Ben was heard. Maj Addison who was also on parade for Operation Fourth Bridge, The Duke of Edinburgh’s funeral in 2021, explained: ‘Having been involved in the planning of the communications for this event, and hoping it would never happen, the opportunity to play a small but critical role was an immense privilege.’

At Windsor however, both the Sebastopol Bell and the Curfew Tower Bell continued to toll until Her Majesty The Queen’s coffin entered St George’s Chapel at the west door and orders were issued to ‘Cease Tolling’. Concurrently, in Windsor, a separate team coordinated the firing of the minute guns and the chiming of both the Sebastopol Bell in the Round Tower and the Curfew Tower in Horseshoe cloisters. The Sebastopol Bell in Windsor Castle is unique as it is only rung for the deaths of most senior royals and was last heard when the Queen Mother died in 2002.

All activities were coordinated by the Operations Room signallers in Wellington Barracks, who no one ever got to see. Ensuring all timings were met and synchronised with military precision was Warrant Officer Class 2 Yofs Guttadauro.

Commanding Officer of 10th Signal Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Senneck concluded: “We are the only unit in the Royal Signals to undertake ceremonial duties and while much of what we do is behind the scenes, we still have a crucial role to play. I am immensely proud of the professionalism and pride with which my signallers perform their duties, and their role epitomises true teamwork and dedication to duty.” The signallers are on two hours’ notice to move anywhere in the UK to provide communications to the military effort in the event of emergency operations, such as supporting natural disasters.

While the responsibility for ensuring the signal is communicated at the right time falls to the Army experts, the job of keeping the world-famous timepiece in working order falls to the Palace of Westminster’s clock mechanics. Army veteran Ian Westworth has the job of keeping the 2,000 clocks on the parliamentary estates ticking accurately, including The Great Clock built by Frederick Dent in 1854. The Clock Tower was renamed the Elizabeth Tower to honour HM Queen Elizabeth II’s Diamond Jubilee in 2012. *(Report of Queen’s funeral procession– Royal Signals)*

6.

TOWER TRANSACTIONS (with apologies to Dean Masters & Chris Beauchamp)

Tower: "Delta 351, you have traffic at 10 o'clock, 6 miles!" **Delta 351:** "Give us another hint! We have digital watches!"
A Cessna inbound at the reporting point over Manly Beach -

Tower (Female voice): "Cessna WYXD, congestion at the airport approaches. I'm going to have to hold you over the Manly area". **Cessna WYXD:** "I love it when you talk dirty to me."

Tower: "TWA 2341, for noise abatement turn right 45 Degrees." **TWA 2341:** "Centre, we are at 35,000 feet. How much noise can we make up here?" **Tower:** "Sir, have you ever heard the noise a 747 makes when it hits a 727?" **From an unknown aircraft waiting in a very long take-off queue:** "I'm bored!" **Ground Traffic Control:** "Last aircraft transmitting, identify yourself immediately!" **Unknown aircraft:** "I said I was bored, not stupid!"

O'Hare Approach Control to a 747: "United 329 heavy, your traffic is a Fokker, one o'clock, three miles, Eastbound."
United 329: "Approach, I've always wanted to say this ... I've got the little Fokker in sight."

A student became lost during a solo cross-country flight. While attempting to locate the aircraft on radar, **ATC asked,** "What was your last known position?" **Student:** "When I was number one for take-off."

A DC-10 had come in a little hot and thus had an exceedingly long roll out after touching down - **San Jose Tower Noted:** "American 751, make a hard right turn at the end of the runway if you are able. If you are not able, take the Guadalupe exit off Highway 101, make a right at the lights and return to the airport."

A Pan Am 727 flight, waiting for start clearance in Munich, overheard the following Lufthansa (in German):
"Ground, what is our start clearance time?" **Ground (in English):** "If you want an answer you must speak in English."
Lufthansa (in English): "I am a German, flying a German airplane, in Germany. Why must I speak English?"
Unknown voice from another plane (in a beautiful British accent): "Because you lost the bloody war!"

Tower: "Eastern 702, cleared for take-off, contact Departure on frequency 124.7" **Eastern 702:** "Tower, Eastern 702 switching to Departure. By the way, after we lifted off, we saw some kind of dead animal on the far end of the runway."

Tower: "Continental 635, cleared for take-off behind Eastern 02, contact Departure on frequency 124.7. Did you copy that report from Eastern 702?" **Continental 635:** "Continental 635, cleared for take-off, roger; and yes, we copied Eastern. We've already notified our caterers."

One day the pilot of a Cherokee 180 was told by the tower to hold short of the active runway while a DC-8 landed. The DC-8 landed, rolled out, turned around, and taxied back past the Cherokee. Some quick-witted comedian in the DC-8 crew got on the radio and said, "What a cute little plane. Did you make it all by yourself? The Cherokee pilot, not about to let the insult go by, came back with a real zinger:
"I made it out of DC-8 parts. Another landing like yours and I'll have enough parts for another one."

The German air controllers at Frankfurt Airport are renowned as a short-tempered lot. They not only expect one to know one's gate parking location but how to get there without any assistance from them. So it was with some amusement that we (a Pan Am 747) listened to the following exchange between Frankfurt ground control and a British Airways 747, call sign Speedbird 206.
Speedbird 206: "Frankfurt, Speedbird 206! Clear of active runway." **Ground:** "Speedbird 206. Taxi to gate Alpha One-Seven. The BA 747 pulled onto the main taxiway and slowed to a stop. **Ground:** "Speedbird, do you not know where you are going?"
Speedbird 206: "Stand by, Ground, I'm looking up our gate location now." **Ground** (with quite arrogant impatience): "Speedbird 206, have you not been to Frankfurt before?" **Speedbird 206** (coolly): "Yes, twice in 1944, but it was dark -- and I didn't land'.

While taxiing at London's Airport, the crew of a US Air flight departing for Ft. Lauderdale made a wrong turn and came nose to nose with a United 727. An irate female ground controller lashed out at the US Air crew, screaming: "US Air 2771, where the hell are you going? I told you to turn right onto Charlie taxiway! You turned right on Delta! Stop right there. I know it's difficult for you to tell the difference between C and D but get it right!"

Continuing her rage to the embarrassed crew, she was now shouting hysterically: "God! Now you've screwed everything up! It'll take forever to sort this out! You stay right there and don't move till I tell you to! You can expect progressive taxi instructions in about half an hour, and I want you to go exactly where I tell you, when I tell you, and how I tell you! You got that, US Air 2771?"
"Yes, ma'am," the humbled crew responded.

Naturally, the ground control communications frequency fell terribly silent after the verbal bashing of US Air 2771. Nobody wanted running high. Then an unknown pilot broke the silence & keyed his microphone, asking: "Wasn't I married to you once?"
(Bob Gray)

FINALLY !!! Our Archives Project has been successfully completed

From what started out as an inspection of the contents of several cartons of dusty records, in Owen Winter's Unit lounge, around five years ago, it is with some relief that we are able to announce that we now have completed recording around **12 Gb** of data in the form of the records of **"Signals in Tasmania – 1812-2022"**.

It certainly has been one very long journey for Owen, Dave Harcourt, Chris Goodwin and myself. We all certainly hope everyone who acquires a copy of the "Smart Drive" will enjoy reading, watching and listening to the content.

There are 18 "chapters" ranging from an introduction to 11 era's. There are then a further 6 "chapters" containing special content ranging from Allan Nunn's humorous "drawings" of Unit exercises, Commemoration & Anzac Days, Reunions and Unit Diaries. Literally hundreds of hours of reading and viewing.

Some of the content isn't easy to read as it is all scanned from original material of various quality, to the best of our abilities, then sequenced, captioned and categorised, hopefully in a logical manner. The material can be viewed on Laptop or Personal computers and "smart" TV sets with a USB port, offers the best opportunity to see the details.

Copies can be ordered from Treasurer, Mick Farley farleymicksue@hotmail.com or phone 03 6261 2514. The cost per "stick" is \$20 hand-delivered or \$25 posted.

Copies have also been lodged with the Tasmanian Government Archives and may be viewed in the Public Viewing Rooms in Hobart and Launceston.

We, the members of the Co-ordinating Sub Committee, all hope you enjoy the final outcome.

Owen, Dick & David



A view of patrons at the dinner held at the Motor Yacht Club of Tasmania (incorporating Lindisfarne RSL). In the foreground are Dave and Vickie Potter & in the background are Marie Riley, Denise Geeves. Mal McWilliams, Brett Martin, Kathy Hallett & Susanne Marsh,

8.

THE BLONDE PAINTER

A blonde teenager, wanting to earn some extra money for the summer, decided to hire herself out as a "handy-woman"

She started canvassing a nearby well-to-do neighborhood. She went to the front door of the first house, and asked the owner if he had any odd jobs for her to do.

"Well, I guess I could use somebody to paint my porch," he said, "How much will you charge me?"

Delighted, the girl quickly responded, "How about \$50?"

The man agreed and told her that the paint brushes and everything she would need was in the garage.

The man's wife, hearing the conversation said to her husband, "Does she realize that our porch goes ALL the way around the house?"

He responded, "That's a bit cynical, isn't it?"

The wife replied, "You're right. I guess I'm starting to believe all those dumb blonde jokes we've been getting by email lately."

Later that day, the blonde teenager came to the door to collect her money.

"You're finished already?" the startled husband asked.

"Yes, she replied, and I even had paint left over, so I gave it two coats."

Impressed, the man reached into his pocket for the \$50.00 and handed it to her along with a \$10.00 tip.

"And, by the way," the teenager added, "it's not a Porch, it's a Lexus.

(Bob Gray)

THE ITALIAN TEST

I was a very happy man. My wonderful Italian girlfriend and I had been dating for over a year, and so we decided to get married. There was only one little thing bothering me. It was her beautiful younger sister.

My prospective sister-in-law was twenty-two, wore very tight mini-skirts and generally was bra-less. She would regularly bend down when she was near me, and I always got more than a nice view. It had to be deliberate because she never did it when she was near anyone else.

One day her 'little' sister called and asked me to come over to check the wedding invitations. She was alone when I arrived and she whispered to me that she had feelings and desires for me that she couldn't overcome. She told me that she wanted me just once before I got married and committed my life to her sister.

Well, I was in total shock and couldn't say a word.

She said, "I'm going upstairs to my bedroom and if you want one last wild fling, just come up and get me." I was stunned and frozen in shock as I watched her go up the stairs. I stood there for a moment, then turned and made a beeline straight to the front door. I opened the door and headed straight towards my car.

Lo and behold, my entire future family was standing outside, all clapping! With tears in his eyes, my father-in-law to be put down his shotgun and hugged me and said, "We are very happy that you have passed our little test. We couldn't ask for a better man for our daughter. Welcome to the family."

The moral of this story: Always keep your condoms in your car!

(Bob Gray)

THE GLASGOW LIBRARY

A man walks into a Glasgow library and says to the librarian, "Excuse me Miss; day ye hiv ony books on suicide?"

To which she looks at him over the top of her glasses, and says, Stuff off; ye'll no bring it back!"

TALKING DOG

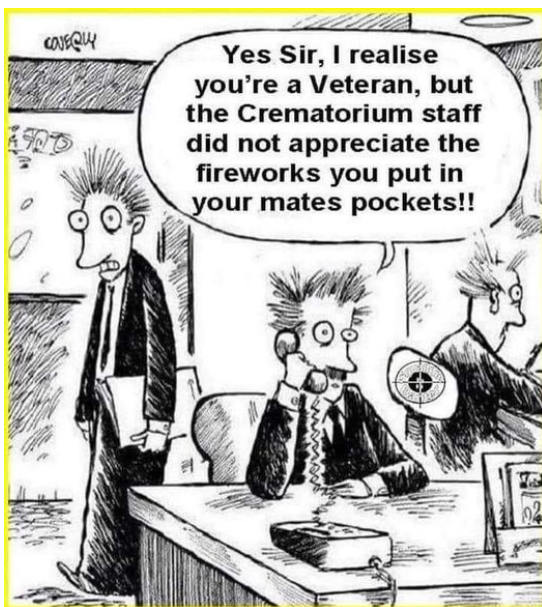
A bloke is touring around the 'back of Burke' in outback NSW when he sees a sign in front of a broken-down tin roof house: *'Talking Dog for Sale'*

He rings the bell, and the owner Simon appears and tells him the dog is in the backyard. The bloke goes into the back yard and sees a nice-looking Labrador retriever sitting there.

'You talk?' he asks. 'Yep,' the lab replies. After the guy recovers from the shock of hearing a dog talk, he says 'So, what's your story?' The Lab looks up and says, 'Well, I discovered that I could talk when I was pretty young. I wanted to help the government, so I told ASIO, and they had me sworn into the toughest branch of the armed services ... the SAS. You know one of their nicknames is 'The Devil Dogs.'

In no time at all they had me jetting from country to country, sitting in rooms with spies and world leaders; because no one thought a dog would be eavesdropping. I was one of their most valuable spies for eight years running, but the jetting around really tired me out, and I knew I wasn't getting any younger. So, I decided to settle down. I retired from the Corps (*8 dog years is 56 Corps years*) and signed up for a job at airports to do some undercover security, wandering near suspicious characters and listening in. I uncovered some incredible dealings and was awarded a batch of medals. I got married, had a crop of puppies, and now I'm just retired.'

The bloke is amazed. He goes back in and asks Simon what he wants for the dog. 'Ten dollars,' Simon says 'Ten dollars! This dog is amazing! Why on earth are you selling him so cheap?' 'Because he's so full of bullshit,' answers the man. 'He never did any of that stuff. He was in the Air Force!' (**Andrew Prenter**)



BEING 8 AGAIN

A man was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching his wife, who was looking at herself in the BEING 8 AGAIN mirror. Since her birthday was not far off, he asked what she'd like to have for her birthday.

'I'd like to be eight again', she replied, still looking in the mirror. On the morning of her Birthday, he arose early, made her a nice big bowl of Coco Pops, and then took her to Adventure World theme park. What a day! He put her on every ride in the park; the Death Slide, the Wall of Fear, the Screaming Roller Coaster, everything there was. Five hours later they staggered out of the theme park. Her head was reeling and her stomach felt upside down.

He then took her to a McDonald's where he ordered her a Happy Meal with extra fries and a chocolate shake.

Then it was off to a movie, popcorn, a soda pop, and her favourite candy, M&M's. What a fabulous adventure!

Finally, she wobbled home with her husband and collapsed into bed exhausted. He leaned over his wife with a big smile and lovingly asked, 'Well Dear, what was it like being eight again?' Her eyes slowly opened and her expression suddenly changed. 'I meant my dress size, you idiot!!!!' Even when a man is listening, he is 'gonna' get it wrong.

(**Bob Gray**)

A FEW BOB GRAY "QUICKIES"

The grim Reaper came for me last night, and I beat him off with a vacuum cleaner. Talk about Dyson with death.

My daughter asked me for a pet spider for her birthday, so I went to our local pet shop and they were \$70! Blow this, I thought, I can get one cheaper off the web.

I was at an ATM yesterday when a little old lady asked if I could check her balance, so I pushed her over.

I was driving this morning when I saw a parked RACT van. The driver was sobbing uncontrollably and looked very miserable. I thought to myself that guy's heading for a breakdown.

10.

DETAILS OF THE 'S. S. VYNER BROOKE' AUSTRALIAN NURSES MEMORIAL BROADCAST

Screening of the opening of The Australian Army Nurses Memorial to the 'S.S. Vyner Brooke sinking.

The Opening of the Australian Army Nurses Memorial to the tragic sinking of the 'S.S. Vyner Brooke' (February 14, 1942) will be screened live from Perth, WA on Sunday, 12th Feb 2023. The screening will take place at The Salvation Army Launceston, 111 Elizabeth St. Members may recall that one of the nurses who survived in the tragic sinking event was Sister Shirley Gardam who was Ulverstone born. She died from malnutrition and dysentery in April 1945. The other Tasmanian Sister who survived the tragedy but passed away in 2000 was Betty Jeffery O.A.M. who was born in Hobart.

The Salvation Army has released ticketing in Launceston to watch the screening of the opening on the big screen at their HQ at 111 Elizabeth Street. The venue holds 300 and its first come first served. The tickets are free. The ticketing is to keep a check on numbers and to help cater for BBQ food that will be available between 11:30am to 12:30pm following the morning service.

People wishing to attend the screening need to register with the Salvation Army at:-

<https://ssvynerbrookememoriallaunceston.eventbrite.com.au> or Phone 0418131443. Alternatively, if you wish to watch the service in WA, on your computer, the link is: <https://vimeo.com/event/2297560>

HOW THE INTERNET STARTED, ACCORDING TO THE BIBLE

PLEASE DO NOT GOOGLE THIS ONE OR CHECK WITH SNOPE. THEY WILL LIE TO YOU.

In ancient Israel, it came to pass that a trader by the name of Abraham Com did take unto himself a healthy young wife by the name of Dorothy (Dot for short).

Dot Com was a homely woman, large of breast, broad of shoulder and long of leg. Indeed, she was often called Amazon Dot Com.

And she said unto Abraham, her husband, "Why dost thou travel so far from town to town with thy goods when thou canst trade without ever leaving thy tent?"

And Abraham did look at her as though she were several saddle bags short of a camel load, but simply said, "How, dear?"

And Dot replied, "I will place drums in all the towns and drums in between to send messages saying what you have for sale, and they will reply telling you who hath the best price. The sale can be made on the drums and delivery made by Uriah's Pony Stable (UPS)."

Abraham thought long and decided he would let Dot have her way with the drums. And the drums rang out and were an immediate success.

Abraham sold all the goods he had at the top price, without ever having to move from his tent.

To prevent neighbouring countries from overhearing what the drums were saying, Dot devised a system that only she and the drummers knew.

It was known as Must Send Drum Over Sound (MSDOS), and she also developed a language to transmit ideas and pictures - Hebrew to The People (HTTP).

And the young men did take to Dot Com's trading as doth the greedy horsefly take to camel dung. They were called Nomadic Ecclesiastical Rich Dominican Sybarites, or NERDS.

And lo, the land was so feverish with joy at the new riches and the deafening sound of drums that no one noticed that the real riches were going to that enterprising drum dealer, Brother William of Gates, who bought off every drum maker in the land.

Indeed he did insist on drums to be made that would work only with Brother Gates' drum heads and drumsticks.

And Dot did say, "Oh, Abraham, what we have started is being taken over by others."

And Abraham looked out over the Bay of Ezekiel, or eBay as it came to be known.

He said, "We need a name that reflects what we are." And Dot replied, "Young Ambitious Hebrew Owner Operators." "YAHOO," said Abraham. And because it was Dot's idea, they named it YAHOO Dot Com.

Abraham's cousin, Joshua, being the young Gregarious Energetic Educated Kid (GEEK) that he was, soon started using Dot's drums to locate things around the countryside.

It soon became known as God's Own Official Guide to Locating Everything (GOOGLE)

That is how it all began.

And that's the truth. I would not make up this stuff.

(ROB LOGAN – SIGS FACEBOOK)

ELLISON OCTAVIOUS HAWKER

This is a brief account of a man who grew up in the Tasmanian Channel district, was recruited to the Royal Navy in the second year of World War Two, and served his time in the service to the end of the War. As a young man in Hobart he was an active yachtsman. Britain was looking for men such as he with boating skills to crew their wartime fleet. The original plan was to use those sailors at the evacuation of Dunkirk, (May-June 1940) but our man's recruitment to the service was well after that.

He and his mates were taken on list on 23rd September 1940. Sailing on the *Thermistocles* from Melbourne in November 1940, they arrived in Liverpool in February 1941, travelling via Fremantle, Durban and Freetown in Sierra Leone. Training was undertaken at Portsmouth and nearby facilities and included radio, signals, navigation, seamanship, submarine detection and gunnery skills. Heavy air bombardment of Portsmouth area by the Germans was a frightening introduction to life in Britain. Regular and long shifts of watch keeping was also something of a disruption to training.

Finally at sea aboard the HMS *Banff*, sailing out of Londonderry, Northern Ireland, Atlantic patrols were made as far South as Gambia, West Africa, before returning to Londonderry. In April 1942 he joins the HMS *Corinthian* and several months of escort duties to a cable laying ship is interspersed with visits to Freetown and Bathurst (now Banjul, Gambia,) for coal and water. Around 18th September 1942 a rescue mission is mounted, recovering a lifeboat with 13 Dutchmen, but the search for other survivors is fruitless. But on the 11th October a rescue call from *Duchess of Atholl*, torpedoed close to Ascension Island, sees the *Corinthian* pick up 825 survivors.

In December 1942 *Corinthian* is sent to Rio de Janeiro for maintenance before resuming patrolling and escort duties along the West African coast, again with visits mostly to Freetown for coaling and water. On 16th March 1943 a rescue effort to pick up survivors of the *Empress of Canada* was a gruesome task. Hundreds of people in the oil covered sea, clinging to whatever they could. Many dead and being attacked by sharks. Four hundred survivors were taken on board, but not all survived to reach the security of land. This had a telling effect on our man, ".....there is satisfaction in saving life, but so depressing at the sight of so many dead in the water and being eaten by the sharks."

The Atlantic patrols and escorts continue. In late July 1943 100 miles west of Casablanca and escorting 50 merchant ships, the fleet comes under strong attack from German fighter aircraft. Fierce fighting ensues between the German attackers, the escort ships and the Allies' fighters and bomber aircraft. And on escort duties again South to Gibraltar the fleet again comes under air attack.

In September 1943 our man is appointed to HMS *Biter*, a newly built American merchant ship converted to aircraft carrier. The strategy changes with this ship not only an escort, but part of a strike force. Our man has undertaken considerable gunnery training. Sailing to Newfoundland they are attacked but respond in kind. Returning to sea after a few days ashore in Newfoundland an allied aircraft stalls after a sortie and ditches near the ship. A minute later a torpedo from the aircraft hits the ship aft, luckily missing the engine room and ammunition hold. On return to Glasgow and on docking, it is found to have taken out part of the rudder and rudder post. *Biter* is repaired and returns to service with both escort and attack roles with further sailings to Gibraltar and return.

But our man is getting very homesick and an application to return to Australia is granted in July 1944. Travelling by ship to New York, long before international air travel and then after a fortnight there, through the Panama Canal and across the Pacific, our man is landed at Finschhafen on the North coast of New Guinea, and the American base there, quite an eye opener after the European action. From there it was back to Tasmania by air, by train and boat, arriving in Hobart at 1500 hours (3.00pm) on 13 October 1944.

After being demobbed from the Royal Navy, he enlists with the RAN, and goes back to Rabaul, New Guinea taking up his role as an officer on HMAS *Stuart*. At this time the *Stuart* was a troopship and stores ship. After working around Northern Australian and New Guinea waters, he brings HMAS *Stuart* back to Garden Island, Sydney, and his war time service ends.

On return to Hobart, he married his sweetheart and fiancée and worked briefly for his pre War employer, Dunlop Rubber. We are here speaking of the late Ellison Octavius Hawker, a well-known business man in the day. In 1952 he opened the Bijou Newsagency in Collins Street and a little later the Ellison Hawker Newsagency. He and Bobbi had 5 sons and one other part of his wide community service was as a Hobart City Councillor.

Through his time in the Royal Navy Ellison Hawker kept comprehensive diaries, now held in private hands. I feel both privileged and honoured to have been allowed to read them and to use a tiny amount of the material in this presentation. What comes through the diaries is the wonderful support service people such as he, received from the public in Britain, when ashore on leave. Time and time again he is invited into homes, invited to meals, to pubs and to dances, the cinema, the theatre. And there are young women aplenty, but he constantly returns to his adoration of his fiancée, Bobbi Freeman, whom he is clearly missing badly all through their separation. Such a personal diary gives us an insight, far more than any historical document, of not only the fighting but the emotions and feelings that come with such deprivation. (Ted Domeney) (Prior permission for further publication must be sought from the Author)

THE INSURANCE CLAIM

A farmer was involved in a terrible road accident with a large log truck. He ended up in court fighting for a large claim on his insurance. "I understand you're claiming damages for the injuries you have supposed to have suffered?" said the counsel for the insurance company.

"Yes, that's right," replied the farmer. "You claim you were injured in the accident, yet I have a signed police statement that says when the attending police officer asked you how you were feeling, you replied, 'I've never felt better in my life.'" "Is that true?" "Yeah, but....." "A simple yes or no will suffice." "Yes," replied the farmer quietly.

Then it was time for the farmer's counsel to ask the questions. "Please tell the court the exact events following the accident when you made your statement of health," his lawyer said. "Certainly," replied the farmer. "After the accident my horse was thrashing around with a broken leg and my poor old dog was crying in pain, so the cop shot them both. With his gun still smoking, he came to me and asked how

I was.

Now, mate, what would you have said to him?"

(Geeves)

THE PASTOR'S ASS

The Pastor entered his donkey in a race and it won !! The Pastor was so pleased with the donkey that he entered it in the next race, and it won that race too.

The local paper read: PASTOR'S ASS OUT FRONT.

The Bishop was so upset with this kind of publicity that he ordered the Pastor not to enter the donkey in another race.

The next day the local paper headline read: "BISHOP SCRATCHES PASTOR'S ASS".

This was too much for the Bishop, so he ordered the Pastor to get rid of the donkey.

The Pastor decided to give it to a Nun in a nearby convent.

The local paper, hearing of the news, posted the following headline the next day: NUN HAS BEST ASS IN TOWN!!

The Bishop fainted He informed the Nun that she would have to get rid of the donkey as soon as possible. So she sold it to a local farmer for \$10. The next day the paper read: "NUN SELLS ASS FOR \$10".

This was too much for the Bishop so he ordered the Nun to buy back the donkey, and take it to the plains where it could run wild. The next day the headlines read: NUN ANNOUNCES HER ASS IS WILD AND FREE.

The Bishop was buried the next day !!

The moral of the story is being concerned about public opinion can bring you much grief and misery; even shorten your life.

So be yourself and enjoy life. Stop worrying about everyone else's ass and you'll be a lot happier and live longer!

Have a nice day.

(Bob Gray)

A "Geeves" Quickie!

Caesar was watching Christians being thrown to the lions.

"One good thing about this sport," he said, "is that we're never bothered by spectators running on to the pitch,"

(Geeves)

BRONCO LANE

It was General Sir Michael Rose former commanding officer of the SAS, who perfectly summed up one of the greatest careers of all time in what its members affectionately call 'the Regiment'. He said: "Bronco Lane is an exceptional soldier whose spirit of adventure and readiness to take risks has led him to the most extreme and dangerous places on Earth including the summit of Mount Everest. "Lane's SAS career spanned more than 18 years, during which he rose serving for some of that time in the coveted rank of regimental sergeant major. In a deadly fighting force where heroics were not uncommon, Lane was nevertheless a modern-day SAS legend. yet he became much more than a soldier - he is also an adventurer, climber and author.

Michael Patrick Lane, who was born in Manchester in 1945, enlisted in the Royal Artillery in his home city on September 20, 1961 and joined the SAS six years later. Even before he became renowned for his courage in the face of the enemy, he had already

However, were his mountaineering days and SAS career over - or did he feel sorry for himself? Nor-a bit of it. He went on to climb Everest twice more, to be awarded the MM for bravery in Northern Ireland, and he even played a role in the Iranian Embassy siege as well as in the Falklands War.

The recommendation for his BEM, announced in the *London Gazette* on January 1, 1977, detailed the full extent of Lane's courage on Everest. The expedition leader wrote:

"As they began their descent the weather continued to worsen. They were climbing under 'white out' conditions which became exceedingly dangerous. Their progress was slow. When darkness fell, they were still some way from Camp 6 and so were forced to bivouac for the night on the exposed and dangerous knife-edge ridge. They passed the night at this extreme altitude and in intense cold sustaining each other as best they could.

Chances of survival under these conditions were slim but they-were a very close pair who had worked and climbed together *for* many years. And so were able to rise to this supreme test of endurance".

"They displayed extreme heroism in encouraging and helping each other. When morning came, they were exhausted, frost-bitten and barely alive but they forced themselves to continue to climb down. They were met by the rescue party that had moved up to search for them. It was then several days before they were eventually helped down to reach the safety-of Base Camp".

"From my personal knowledge of high mountains, based on many expeditions to the highest peaks of the Himalayas, I consider the conditions under which they reached the summit of Everest were the worst under which the mountain has ever been climbed. There are few other mountaineers who could have survived such conditions. It was only their extreme valour, determination and sound training that enabled Lane and [Sergeant 'Brumme'] Stokes to reach the summit of Everest and return to tell the tale."

TYPICAL MODESTY

Despite his injuries, Lane's concern was not for himself but for the friends and family of a colleague who had died after falling.



Cpl Lane at Base Camp in the Himalayas

Bronco Lane cont.,

While serving in Northern Ireland, Lane and his colleague found the car containing four IRA men and there was a shoot-out on the Crewe Road, near Maghera, Co Derry, at 9pm on January 24, 1979. Details of the incident are sketchy but the IRA is said to have opened fire first, spraying the undercover soldiers' car with automatic fire. Lane was hit in the arm and his colleague took a bullet in the back, but they also succeeded in shooting and wounding one of the terrorists. The IRA car eventually sped off and, once a safe distance away, the occupants abandoned their vehicle and made their getaway, leaving a trail of blood in the snow. There is little doubt they were on their way to carry out an attack - four rifles and a parcel bomb were found in their car. Lane and his SAS colleague were taken to hospital, but neither was seriously hurt.

Brigadier Colin Shortis wrote to Lane just four days later to congratulate him on his bravery: "I was delighted to hear of your swift recovery. And send my warmest congratulations to you and your troops on the very successful outcome of Operation Gingal. I am very satisfied by the overall result; not only have you dented the ASU's confidence very considerably but you have made a very positive contribution to the morale of the more vulnerable civilians, UDR [Ulster Defence Regiment] and reservists in the area".

"As well as that we have four traced weapons with intelligence potential and one man charged, with hopefully more to come. Finally, at least one life and possibly more were saved. Whatever way you look at it this adds up to a very considerable success."

Lane continued to serve in the army long after receiving the MM.

EMBASSY SIEGE ACTION

Lane played an active role in the operations room during the Iranian Embassy siege of ' 1980 and was also present with the SAS during the Falklands War of 1982. He was finally discharged from the SAS in February 1987 after more than 25 years' service in the army, 18 of them with the Special Forces.

He has since sought to play down his own courage and has repeatedly declined to write, or talk, about his bravery in the heat of battle because he refused to compromise what he felt was the SAS code of silence - or endanger any future operations. In short, many feel his courage is matched only by his principles.

However, as well as his book on army mountaineering, he wrote an environmental thriller, *Project Alpha*, in 2004. To this day, he retains his black sense of humour. When he was contacted by the National Army Museum about the loan of some memorabilia from his 1976 expedition, he offered his frostbitten toes, which, it emerged, he had preserved in formaldehyde and kept in the SAS's regimental mess. After going on display, his toes were later returned to Hereford for safe-keeping.

Lane, aged 74, lives with his second wife, Sue, in Herefordshire. He is retired but keeps fit walking his dog.

SPEAKING ENVIRONMENTALLY !

A woman from Sydney who was a tree hugging, vegetarian and anti-hunter purchased a piece of native bushland in Northern NSW. There was a large gum tree on one of the highest points in her property. She wanted a good view of the natural splendour of her land so she started to climb the big gum.

As she neared the top she encountered a koala that attacked her. In her haste to escape, the woman slid down the tree to the ground and got many splinters in her crotch.

In considerable pain, she hurried to a local ER to see a doctor. She told him she was an environmentalist, vegetarian, and an anti-hunter and how she came to get all the splinters. The doctor listened to her story with great patience and then told her to go wait in the examining room and he would see if he could help her. She sat and waited three hours before the doctor re-appeared. The angry woman demanded, "What took you so long?" He smiled and then told her, "Well, I had to get permits from the Environmental Protection Agency, Native Vegetation, Parks and Wildlife Service, and the Bureau of Land Management before I could remove old-growth timber from a 'recreational area' so close to a Waste Treatment Facility.

And I'm sorry, they turned you down.

(Geeves)

YOUR SECRETARY SAYS

Welcome to three new members who were with the former Sqm in the 1980's. **Kathy Hallett** (Melbourne), **Leigh Donoghue** (Sydney) and **Philip Charlesworth** (Myanmar) have all joined recently, as has **Dickie Travers** (Victoria), a Sqm member in the early 1970's. Great to have all of you as members of our Assn.

On behalf of your Committee, I would like to acknowledge the assistance provided by **David Harcourt, Sue Farley, Andrew Prenter, David Potter, Paul Hodgman, Dean Hodge, Dave Marsh, Vickie Drew, Steve Straughen & Greg Rawnsley** who assisted with the running of the recent Reunion. Without your willing assistance, it would have been impossible for your Committee members to successfully run all 5 events.

ONLY IN BRITAIN (Extracts from complaints to Councils)

1. It's the dog's mess that I find hard to swallow.
2. I want some repairs done to my cooker as it has backfired and burnt my knob off.
3. I wish to complain that my father twisted his ankle very badly when he put his foot in the hole in his back passage.
4. Their 18-year-old son is continually banging his balls against my fence.
5. I wish to report that tiles are missing from the outside toilet roof. I think it was bad wind the other day that blew them off.
6. My lavatory seat is cracked, where do I stand?
7. I am writing on behalf of my sink, which is coming away from the wall.
8. Will you please send someone to mend the garden path? My wife tripped and fell on it yesterday and now she is pregnant.
9. I request permission to remove my drawers in the kitchen.
10. 50% of the walls are damp, 50% have crumbling plaster, and 50% are just plain filthy.
11. I am still having problems with smoke in my new drawers.
12. The toilet is blocked and we cannot bath the children until it is cleared.
13. Will you please send a man to look at my water, it is a funny colour and not fit to drink.
14. Our lavatory seat is broken in half and now is in three pieces.
15. I want to complain about the farmer across the road. Every morning at 6am his cock wakes me up and it's now getting too much for me.
16. The man next door has a large erection in the back garden, which is unsightly and dangerous.
17. Our kitchen floor is damp. We have two children and would like a third, so please send someone round to do something about it.
18. I am a single woman living in a downstairs flat and would you please do something about the noise made by the man on top of me every night.
19. Please send a man with the right tool to finish the job and satisfy my wife.
20. I have had the clerk of works down on the floor six times but I still have no satisfaction.
21. This is to let you know that our lavatory seat is broke and we can't get BBC2.
22. My bush is really overgrown round the front and my back passage has fungus growing in it.
23. He's got this huge tool that vibrates the whole house and I just can't take it anymore. (**Bob Gray**)

GREAT MEMORY

An Aussie and a Pom were travelling across the USA by train and the Aussie was discussing the amazing memory of the Red Indian. Luck had it that the train pulled into a small station and sitting on his blanket was an Indian Chief.

"Let me demonstrate," said the Aussie. He wound his window down and asked the Indian, "What did you have for breakfast on the twenty ninth of May Nineteen ninety?" "Eggs," replied the Chief. "Amazing!" exclaimed the Pom as the train pulled out of the station, "But anyone could've picked a date out of the blue; I would've liked to ask him more questions.

Twenty years later, the Pom was repeating the same journey, and the train pulled into the same station, he noticed the same Indian Chief sitting on the platform. He couldn't believe his luck, so opened the window and shouted at the Indian in the traditional greeting, "How!" And the Indian Chief replied, "Scrambled." (**Geeves**)

PHOTOS FROM THE REUNION ACTIVITIES

L-R: Bob Muir & Ian Hosan recall “old times”



Mal McWilliams & Brett Martin - ready for dinner



A happy Treasurer (Mick Farley) & wife Sue



Basil Apted, Sean Kelly & Julie Paul chatting



Some of the patrons gather in front of the Signals Memorial after the Commemoration Service. L-R: George Bird, Vickie Drew (Hobart Sig Det), Julie Harbrecht, Dave Traynor, Dave Potter, Dick Goodwin, Owen Winter, Bob Geeves, Denise Geeves, Bob Muir, Padre David Lewis, Brett Martin, Dave Marsh, Andrew Prenter & Dickie Travers.

