

# SIGNAL NEWS



**CERTA CITO**

**JUNE 2023**

*Official Journal of the Royal Australian Signals Association (Tas)*

**(Founded 1945)**

## SIGNAL NEWS JUNE 2023

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(2023)

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**Name:** Royal Australian Signals

Association

**BSB:** 067-000 **Account No.** 28033880

*(when paying Subs on-line, include surname in the remarks)*

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**Editor:** Dick Goodwin

**Distribution:**

March, June, September, December,  
2023

### 2023 "1st Friday" Reunions

Jun 2nd, Jul 7th, Aug 4th, Sep 1st,  
Oct 6th, Nov 3rd & Dec 1st.  
**starting from 4.15pm. Concludes**  
**approx. 6pm**

### Committee Meetings 2023:

from 3.15pm On 7<sup>th</sup> Jul, 1<sup>st</sup> Sep & 3<sup>rd</sup> Nov  
at RAAF Centre

### Mid-Year Lunch: - Sunday 25th June 2023

Venue/Time – Dr Syntax Hotel,  
SANDY BAY. 12.30pm for 12.45pm

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

**Commemoration Day: Sun, Oct 15<sup>th</sup>**

**Service:** 11.45am

Anglesea Barracks  
Signals Memorial

*Medals to be worn*

**Lunch:**

RAAF Memorial Centre from 12.30pm

**Remembrance Day Lunch: Friday, 10<sup>th</sup>  
November**

Timing & Venue TBA.

*Medals may be worn*

**Committee Pre Xmas-Dinner:**

**Dec 1<sup>st</sup> from 6.45pm. Venue TBA**

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## Your President's Report

Welcome to our second edition of "Sig News" for 2023. We are now experiencing the usual slow-down of Association activities and lower number attending our First Friday's "get-togethers"

Your Committee are still working on the update of our "Order of Service" which we use on Commemoration Days to update wording after the sad passing of Her Majesty, the late Queen Elizabeth and a wording change to the National Anthem.

There is further news about our Archives Project. We have discovered that the "Smart Drive" content can't be controlled by the remote on some "smart" TV sets and may need to be read/watched on a Personal Computer or Laptop. We are consulting our IT Advisors on ways to circumvent the problem.

Your committee is also working on some updating of our Constitution after receiving some welcome suggestions from former Sqn 2IC Captain John Druery. In particular, we need to modify quorum requirements for general meetings.

Our "*End of Summer*" lunch was held at the *Doctor Syntax* hotel and numbers were down, however the standard and value of the meal were excellent. We have decided to change the day of our "Mid-Year" lunch to try to attract more members, former Sqn personnel and family members who may have difficulties in attending a mid-week lunch. Again, the lunch will be at the popular *Doctor Syntax* hotel.

For those interested in attending the "Mid-Year" lunch, please get in touch with Secretary Chris (*details on our "Diary" page*) by early June so we confirm our numbers with the hotel.

On a sad note I acknowledge the recent passing of two of our members in Ken Moy and Phil Bishop. Ken was a very effective and well-liked Squadron member of the 1960's/1970's. He was a skilled business machines technician, auto builder and mechanic and at our Unit a much-valued Radio Operator. Phil was a former National Serviceman, PMG/Telecom Senior Technical Officer who in retirement ran a successful small vineyard at Action. Both are sadly missed by their families and many of our members.

Regarding the proposal to join-in with the Channel RSL Sub Branch and share in some of their single-day members "well-being" bus trips, some further details have been received.

Firstly, the trips are being funded by DVA grants for most elements (the exception are participants lunches and drinks). There may also be some entry fees to pay at certain commercial venues should members wish to take part in those experiences (*e.g., a visit to a fee-paying tourist venue*). Broadly, the majority of venues on the visit lists will provide free public entry.

Some examples of the day trips being developed are:

***Bruny Island*** – featuring visits to the North Bruny Quarantine Station and museum and AM tea, Great Bay Cheese factory, the Alonnah History Room, lunch at the Hotel Bruny (or the Lunawanna Restaurant & Winery), visit Bruny Lighthouse or Bruny Island Cruises Restaurant at Adventure Bay for PM tea.

***Southern Midlands*** – features visits to the Woodsdale district school museum and AM tea, the Oatlands District Museum (*run by John Hall's daughter*) or visit the Callington Mill complex, lunch at the RSL RSL Club and a visit to one of the distilleries either at Kempton or Pontville.

***Southern Highlands*** – features visits to the Australasian Golf Museum & the Bothwell District Museum (same building) with AM Tea, the Waddamana Power Station, then lunch at the Great Lake Hotel at Miena with PM tea at Kempton on the return journey.

***It will be both useful if members (includes adult family members) can advise Secretary Chris by advising if they may be interested in the proposed tours so that we can advise Channel RSL and test the viability of the proposed trips.***

That's all for me for this edition folks.

Yours in Signals,

***Dick G***

## RADIO COMMS DURING THE VIETNAM WAR

Of the many battles the U.S. fought in the Vietnam War none hurt more than the 1965 battle in the Ia Drang Valley and the 1968 Tet Offensive. The outcome of those clashes and hundreds of smaller ones were not the clear-cut, decisive victories that senior American commanders expected. That's because they didn't think the "primitive" enemy was shrewd enough and sophisticated enough to intercept radio communications, then use that information against U.S. troops. When it was conclusively proved that the North Vietnamese Army and Viet Cong had those capabilities, military intelligence agencies briefed Gen. Creighton Abrams, the head of Military Assistance Command, Vietnam, in early 1970. He responded: "This is terrible. They are reading our mail, and it has to stop! Get the word out to every Division and Corps commander."

The enemy radio intercepts shouldn't have been a surprise. There had been warning signals for years. In the late 1950s the Army directed its Electronics Command at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, to develop a new "family" of single-channel tactical field radios to replace the obsolete inventory of World War II and Korean War field radio equipment still in use. At the same time the Defence Department directed the National Security Agency to concurrently develop and field "communications security equipment," to encrypt all tactical voice and data radio equipment developed by the services.

The result was a series of Army and joint services security regulations and directives incorporated into the equipment specifications for new Army single-channel combat network radios. The Army built a mostly transistorized vehicular mounted 50-watt radio (VRC-46), a toughened 1.5-watt manpack radio (PRC-25) and some hand-held, low-power transmitters and receivers (PRT-4, PRR-9) intended to replace the old walkie-talkie at the squad level.

Simultaneously, the NSA developed "narrow band secure voice equipment," or NESTOR, to secure radios produced by the Electronics Command. Unfortunately, there were problems in the design, integration and production of this security equipment. Both technical and tactical adjustments had to be made to meet the Army's fielding schedule because military operations in Vietnam were ramping up.

The communications security requirements for the PRT-4/PRR-9 radios were removed since the NSA could not come up with a small enough design for the hand-held and helmet-mounted radios. The elimination of the security requirement was justified tactically. The hand-held radios were intended for squad and platoon communications, and thus the radio's power level was very low and the communications distance was very short. The Vietnam ramp-up was bad news for security systems in the PRC-25. The basic radio met all of its specifications, but a PRC-25 manpack with NESTOR security equipment was far behind the basic radio in development.

With the fight in Vietnam intensifying, the Army decided to field the basic manpack radio without a communications security capability and wait for the NESTOR security hardware to become available. The Army planned to withdraw the PRC-25 from service when the NSA completed its NESTOR development and deploy an upgraded radio, identified as the PRC-77, with the proper communications security equipment.

Unfortunately, the unsecured manpack radio would become the "workhorse" of combat communications because the preponderance of the ground fighting was done by infantry troops, including airborne and helicopter airmobile units. The vehicle VRC-12/manpack PRC-25 family of combat network radios was a great step forward in tactical radio communications. The systems were extremely easy to install, operate and maintain in combat units. All the operator had to do was pick a radio frequency, a transmitter power level and one of two selectable noise reduction modes, then hook up an antenna and a handset, and he was operational. That turned out to be both a blessing and a curse. Since the radios were so simple the Signal Corps changed Army doctrine and had the equipment designated as "user owned operated and maintained." That meant radio telephone operators with fighting units in the field were no longer Signal Corps personnel but rather combat arms soldiers (infantry, artillery, armour).

With that change, officers and non-commissioned officers were taught how to operate the radios during basic and advanced individual training at combat arms training centres. The training received by officers and NCOs was barely above that of the unit RTOs (who mostly learned on the job), even though higher-level commanders still held them responsible for all combat communications.

In a glaring deficiency, the training failed to impress upon the officers and NCOs the critical role of proper antenna selection and operating frequency in radio system performance, which often resulted in unnecessary communications failures at critical moments on the battlefield.

Because the initial manpack radios had no communications security capability, the NSA substituted paper-based RTO procedures to assure broadcast security over combat radio networks. They included changing station call signs and network radio frequencies on a periodic paper-based schedule and the use of one-time operational codes (a random letter group substituted for a common military phrase) and "authentication tables" (enabling operators to identify valid stations in their radio networks). The NSA delivered pallet loads of Signal Operating Instructions, operations codes and authentication tables to Vietnam and all other commands worldwide very frequently.

The NSA-generated paper procedures, however, were cumbersome, complicated and easily lost. Units, particularly at division level and below, invented their own code systems (often based on distances from easily identified landmarks on military maps), seldom changed radio frequencies or station call signs and never assigned new code words to places like firebases, landing zones, base camps, command centres, medical facilities and other important locations. Key individuals, such as commanders, were given "sexy" code names that sounded super over the radio but were easily identified by enemy forces listening to radio transmissions.

Each division had an attached field company from the Army Security Agency that monitored radio communications and reported violations to unit commanders, but they were mostly ignored by commanders, and signal officers who grew up watching World War II movies on TV and thought their homemade communications security systems were great. Throughout the war, many key units never addressed their radio security problems until battlefield losses forced them to do so.

The attitude of commanders at all levels was expressed by Col. Sidney Berry, a brigade commander in the 1st Infantry Division, who stated: "It simplifies communications for units and individuals to keep the same radio frequency and particularly call signs. Frequent changes of call signs confuses friendly forces more effectively than enemy actions." Unfortunately, Berry was very wrong. Despite numerous warnings from the NSA, ASA and other intelligence sources that their radio networks were being intercepted and exploited, both U.S. Army Vietnam, a logistics and support organization, and MACV refused to believe the warnings or take any action.

***Radio Comms in Vietnam Cont.,***

Maj. Gen. Harry Kinnard, commander of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), received a report of 11,000 communications violations during pre-deployment training monitored by the ASA prior to the division's departure for Vietnam. Kinnard dismissively said: "Even if the VC/NVA could intercept our radio communications and understand English well enough to know what a message meant, our actions are so immediate, and our movements so rapid that they would never be able to exploit any information 'gleaned' from a radio intercept." That comment was typical.

Denial of the enemy's radio intercept capabilities continued from the first large deployments in 1965 until the morning of Dec. 20, 1969. A scout from the 1st Brigade, 1st Infantry Division, discovered a long wire antenna on the old Michelin rubber plantation northwest of Saigon. The antenna was connected to a concealed underground bunker complex packed with radio equipment. The bunker was the operations centre for an NVA/VC platoon later identified as Alpha-3, part of the NVA's 47th Tactical Reconnaissance Battalion. After a short fight, 12 Alpha-3 personnel were captured along with all their equipment, training material and, most important, their logbooks. The logbooks were written in perfect English (the language our senior commanders doubted the enemy could understand). This proved beyond a doubt that the communist intercept and exploitation effort been underway since the arrival of U.S. military advisers in the early 1960s.

Writings in the logbooks revealed that the radio intercept personnel understood the exact meaning of American voice conversations. The 47th Reconnaissance Battalion personnel easily deciphered locally generated unit codes and took advantage of infrequent call sign changes and radio frequency adjustments. Of particular interest, according to the training manuals, were communications involving forward air controllers (spotter planes that directed airstrikes), artillery forward observers (artillerymen embedded in infantry units to adjust the fire of artillery batteries), command and control leaders, and the civilian press.

The press was a great source of immediate operational information throughout the war, which could have easily been prevented. Press reports were not censored in Vietnam, but there could have been a time delay until the operation was completed.

The captured material confirmed the ASA/NSA warnings to senior commanders. Alpha-3 logs showed that from the beginning of the war North Vietnamese personnel were intercepting, analysing and tactically reacting to news broadcasts and information disclosed over military radios, such as artillery targets, artillery harassment and fire schedules, ambush site locations, casualty reports, airstrike warnings, troop positions, radio call sign and frequency changes, unit status reports, and unit plans and operations. The logs also revealed that idle radio operator chatter was a lucrative source of operational information.

The documents also included transcripts of American conversations that were copied down verbatim even though the U.S. personnel transmitting them assumed they would be incomprehensible to enemy listeners. Next to the text, enemy analysts wrote the transmission call sign, the unit, identity of the sender, and the position of senders and their locations, along with the analysis of what the transmission meant.

There is evidence that the 47th Reconnaissance Battalion's personnel were educated enough to understand the tone and content of intercepted radio traffic as well as the tactics and procedures, so that they could actually predict individual unit actions. Typical entries would say (written in English): "This is a Company Commander (call sign) telling his Battalion Commander (call sign) that there is an ambush site at (coordinates) to be occupied tonight. This unit is probably part of (U.S. unit) known to be operating in this area." There were hundreds of similar entries in the captured logbooks. Of course, after reading this type of a log entry one wonders who ambushed whom that night.

The 47th Reconnaissance Battalion training materials went into great detail and plainly stated that American units didn't change call signs or radio frequencies very often. And when they did, some elements of the old network structure were often retained so that confused operators who lost contact could transmit the new network information over the air.

Knowing this, the 47th could adapt to the new network structures even before they were fully implemented. The communist training material also explained that radio operators who were battalion- and brigade-level officers and senior NCOs were often prone to long transmissions that invariably led to disclosure of important operational information. If this was not shocking enough, the training materials showed in detail how extracted information was used against specific U.S. units in their operational area.

The 47th Reconnaissance Battalion's targets were the 11th Armoured Cavalry Regiment, the 1st Infantry Division, the 25th Infantry Division and the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile). Other communist reconnaissance battalions no doubt were targeting American units in other operational areas.

The NVA and VC managed to profile U.S. units in their area to the degree that they knew not only the U.S. unit opposing them, but also the methods of navigation being used (particularly if it was a landmark-based code) and the weapons, equipment and modes of transportation. They were impressed by the UH-1 "Huey" helicopter and the M113 armoured personnel carrier, but not the V-100 armoured car used by military police for base and road patrols. The M151 jeep also did not impress them. Alpha-3's actual radio intercept hardware wasn't particularly sophisticated. It was certainly not the product of some super-secret Chinese or Soviet communications laboratory. It consisted mostly of PRC-25 radios captured from American units and their Vietnamese partners or purchased through a third party that acquired them in a U.S. foreign military sales program.

Obviously, those radios were able to receive U.S. radio traffic since they were American radios. To supplement the captured U.S. radios, Alpha-3 had several Chinese R-139 radio receivers and Sony and Panasonic commercial radios modified in the field to operate in the U.S. tactical radio frequency band. Alpha-3 must have had some very good radio engineers in its ranks, since they not only were able to modify the commercial equipment but also engineered a way around the critical shortage of BA-4386 radio batteries needed by U.S. forces. Alpha-3 engineers produced the 12 volts direct current required to operate the PRC-25 receiver by soldering together common flashlight batteries.

The enemy engineers also designed, fabricated and deployed radio antennas that were much more efficient than the standard antennas that came with the PRC-25. This allowed them to stand long distances away from U.S. units, where it was safer. Additionally, the antennas were much more concealable, a critical factor for clandestine intercept operations.

After the capture of Alpha-3 in 1969, the U.S. lack of electronic communications security could no longer be denied. Training levels increased, but never to the point where 100 percent of U.S. radio networks were secure. The NSA did manage to get manpack NESTOR equipment to combat units to secure communications.

*Radio Comms in Vietnam cont.,*

However, the unit RTO had to then carry the radio and the NESTOR, whose combined weight came to 54 pounds, plus his weapon and personal gear, plus in most units spare batteries and maybe also other communications equipment like flares and smoke grenades. Quite a load for one soldier, so the NESTOR invariably got left behind and the security situation did not change.

This far-from-ideal situation lasted until 1973 when all U.S. forces were withdrawn from Vietnam. Summing it all up, Lt. Gen. Charles Myer, former commander of the 1st Signal Brigade, the largest Signal Corps unit in Vietnam, said: “All users were more or less aware [after 1969] of their vulnerabilities to enemy intercept, analysis, and decoding and the need for authentication and encoding. The gap between this knowledge and actual practice [in combat units] was immense and in Vietnam it was an insurmountable problem.”

There are several painful examples of the impact that intercepted radio signals had on U.S. operations, but perhaps the most notable occurred in the first major encounter between American forces and the North Vietnamese. In mid-November 1965, 500 troopers in UH-1 “Huey” helicopters of the 1st Battalion, 7th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), under the command of Lt. Col. Hal Moore, were dropped into a small landing zone in the Ia Drang Valley in South Vietnam’s Central Highlands. The landing zone had been named LZ X-Ray. It was common practice to give landing zones identifiers and call signs, most of which didn’t change.

X-Ray was only 15 miles from Plei Me, the base camp of Moore’s parent 3rd Brigade and his source of combat support, but Plei Me was still well outside the reach of the PRC-25-manpack radio (3-7 miles) that was the combat communications heart of the 1st Battalion.

Another problem: X-Ray was near the Chu Pong massif (mountain) dominating the valley at an altitude that enabled U.S. communications during the fight to be easily monitored by both sides. The 1st Cavalry Division did not know that Chu Pong was occupied by a multi-battalion North Vietnamese Army/Viet Cong force that included a radio-intercept reconnaissance organization.

Moore did not know that an Army Security Agency detachment at Ple Me would monitor more than 28,000 radio transmissions during the three-day battle that killed 234 Americans and wounded hundreds more in three 1st Cav battalions—Moore’s 1st Battalion, 7th Cavalry; the 2nd Battalion, 7th Cavalry; and the 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry Regiment. The enemy monitoring effort revealed the location of LZ X-Ray and the fact that there were only enough helicopters available to lift one company of Moore’s battalion into the landing zone at a time. With that intelligence, the enemy force attacked the first troop lift immediately after landing, isolating platoon-size units and causing heavy casualties. As the rest of the battalion flew in piecemeal, each lift was attacked in turn, resulting in the U.S. force being surrounded and nearly wiped out.

Adding to the battalion’s troubles, the radio telephone operators, poorly trained at combat arms schools, along with many officers and senior non-commissioned officers, were disclosing all sorts of operational information that the enemy intercepted. The offline, paper-based system of codes and authentication tables proved too time consuming to be useful and was abandoned. The only thing that saved the 1st Battalion from destruction was artillery support from surrounding firebases, close-air support and the grit and determination of Moore’s troopers. Ironically, the artillery forward observers and the forward air controllers were using virtually the same radio equipment as the infantry, but they were better trained and used the equipment well.

Thanks to the overwhelming ground and air support and reinforcements from the 2nd Battalion, 7th Cavalry, and 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry, U.S. forces finally beat back the NVA/VC. They secured LZ X-Ray, though not much more than that. Moore and the battered 1st Battalion were lifted out from X-Ray, but the battle was not over.

The 1st Cavalry Division instructed the remaining battalions (over the intercepted nonsecure radio, of course) to withdraw in column to LZ Columbus a few miles away, where the 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry, would be lifted out. The last battalion, the 2nd Battalion of the 7th Cavalry, would then move a few more miles to LZ Albany, where it would be extracted. All instructions, such as unit order of march, landing zone names/locations, security plans, airlift plans, artillery plans, etc. were again broadcast in the clear and again intercepted by the enemy reconnaissance unit.

The NVA/VC allowed the lift at Columbus to proceed unmolested, thus cutting the U.S. force in half, and then hit the 2nd Battalion, 7th Cavalry, on the trail to LZ Albany so hard that it, along with the 1st Battalion, 7th Cavalry, was out of combat for months to come.

*David M. Fiedler*

*(Lessons learned and Not Learned!)*

1. Good communications security can save the lives of American troops, and bad communications security will cost lives. No one knows how many lives were lost in Vietnam due to poor communications security, but the number is not small and certainly far exceeds the much-talked-about losses due to “friendly fire” and noncombat related deaths.
2. The U.S. learned the hard way that American forces needed a new family of combat network radios with integrated equipment security, and in the 1980s and beyond they got them.
3. Unit commanders need better communications security training even today. In Iraq and Afghanistan there were many instances of commanders permitting the use of troop-purchased nonsecure commercial hand-held radios for combat operations.
4. The use of individual identifying call signs is still with us and needs to be stamped out. Who among us cannot identify Maverick and Goose from Top Gun? Who doesn’t know what POTUS means? It has to stop.
5. Press conferences need to be carefully thought out even today. In Vietnam, the logbooks of the enemy’s Alpha-3 reconnaissance unit make many references to information such as unit deployments, unit strengths and ongoing operations revealed by monitoring U.S. radio and television commercial broadcasts. President Lyndon B. Johnson himself disclosed on national TV that “today I have ordered the Air Mobile Division [1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile)] to Vietnam.”

## **WE REMEMBER THEM**

I sit and ponder in the early dawn, A ritual that was conceived when I was born.  
 As I became older and wiser of this special day, We gather in memory the homage we pay.  
 It all began in that early morn, Those muffle sounds were quietly formed.  
 The boats were full of many young men, Who will lose their life in the devil's den.  
 They fell beside the water edge and way upon the dell, Far from Australia the many young men fell. Lying alone upon the  
 beach and the dell, Death with Freedom all seems well.  
 We learnt our lessons they died on the beach, On the 25<sup>th</sup> we hear the silence that is out of reach. We hear their muffle voices  
 in the wind and rain, We put out our hands to touch-their hands again.  
 To those who lived and those who died, Toast the ANZACS gentlemen with all your pride. Did you know their long eight  
 months they lived with death, They dined with disease and every eight lay without a wreath.  
 Yes gone from Gallipoli leaving 6,000 graves, They ended up in France with the bold and the brave. We then see the Flanders  
 with poppies aglow, standing upright between the crosses row upon row.  
 We toast the ANZAC even time is going fast, We need no monument as the memory should last. In the early dawn as we  
 stand upright and proud, we remember that day as they crawled over the bow.  
 So now it ends, so far away from home, The spirits of Gallipoli and Flanders they roam, many today ask what the future may  
 hold, Remembering Gallipoli to Amiens of the brave and bold. *George Parker (Sigs Facebook) 23 Apr 2023*

## **THE FINAL INSPECTION**

The soldier stood and faced God. Which must always come to pass, Just as brightly as his brass. "Step forward now, you  
 soldier, how shall I deal with you? Have you always turned the other cheek? To my Church have you been true?"  
 The soldier squared his soldiers and said, "No, Lord, I guess I ain't. Because those of us who carry guns, can't always be a  
 saint. I've had to work most Sundays, and at times my talk was tough. And sometimes I've been violent, Because the world is  
 awfully rough. But, I never took a penny, that wasn't mine to keep. Though I worked a lot of overtime, When the bills just got  
 too steep. And I never passed a cry for help,  
 Though at times I shook with fear. And sometimes, God, forgive me, I've wept unmanly tears. I know I don't deserve a place,  
 Among the people here. They never wanted me around, except to calm their fears.  
 If you've a place for me here, Lord, it needn't be so grand. I never expected or had too much, but if you don't, I'll understand."  
 There was a silence all around the throne, Where the saints had often trod. As the soldier waited quietly,  
 For the judgement of his God. "Step forward now, you soldier, you've borne your burdens well. Walk peacefully on Heaven's  
 streets, you've done your time in Hell. *Sgt Joshua Helderbran*

**143762 (QX40786) Dr JOHN STANTON DAVIS “Stan” MELLICK. OAM. ED, MiD.**

John Stanton Davis Mellick was born on 22 February 1920 in Londonderry, Ireland. He attended Dutton Park Primary school in Qld to Grade 6 and then Buranda school for his “Scholarship” year. Both he and his brother were awarded scholarships to Brisbane Grammar school, which he attended for two years. Along with many other students in the Depression, he left school at age 15 and sought work. He commenced work with Australian Guarantee Company in the finance industry and started accounting studies. Then the war intervened.

Stan married Brisbane-born Violet ‘Letty’ Katts in December 1941. Letty was a Brisbane pianist and composer whose “A Town Like Alice” and “Never Never” remain in the Australian popular ballad repertoire. Their only child, a daughter Jill, (born in Brisbane in 1948), subsequently carved out a career in California, where she is a retired professor of psychology and is noted for her work on Carl Jung.

In 2016, Stan established the *Letty Katts Fellowship* at the State Library of Queensland which supports the research and documenting of Queensland’s music history. After ‘Letty’s’ death Stan married Sally Robin (nee McPhee) in 2008. A nurse by profession, her family were long-time friends of the Katts and Mellick families. Stan’s extensive Army career started in 1936, when he joined Kelvin Grove’s 11 Mixed Brigade’s Signals unit as a Cadet. He was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant at the outbreak of war in 1939. He was initially denied enlistment by the 2nd AIF, due to the availability of older signals officers, and was posted to the Light Horse Brigade at Beaudesert as Brigade Signals Officer. Three months later, an appointment as Signals Adjutant at Lytton followed with the rank of Temporary Captain. In July 1942, after three months at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, he joined 5th Division’s General Staff and was appointed into the AIF as a Captain.

In January 1943 the division deployed to the large US/Australian base at Milne Bay. Action at Salamaua followed in its capture in September 1943, and Stan’s subsequent transfer to HQ First Australian Army General Staff as a Major.

In 1944 the HQ moved to Lae, where it commanded South-West Pacific operations. Stan was involved in forward operational planning for the re-capture of Rabaul, which was not actioned as the Japanese surrender followed in August 1945. Stan was Mentioned in Despatches for his work on the General Staff in this period. He transferred to Reserve of Officers in December 1945.

Stan was requested to return to the Active List in 1958 by the then GOC Northern Command who had been his wartime G1 at HQ 5 Division and later Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Daly, Chief of the General Staff. An appointment on staff at Victoria Barracks was followed by command of 4th Signal Regiment comprising both regular troops and with a Citizens Military Forces complement. With only one interruption, this period of service continued to 1970.

Four years of study followed his war service, qualifying him as a pharmacist in 1949. He promptly opened a pharmacy at Enoggera and, some years later, in the city in Isles Lane. In addition to his work as a pharmacist Stan served on the Board of St. Andrew’s War Memorial Hospital; Grace College Council; and the University of Queensland’s Board of Studies in Pharmacy. In the latter role, he initiated efforts to upgrade the pharmacy course to university degree level because of the increasing numbers of complex drugs. The faculty took its first students in 1960 and the first graduated in 1964.

A lingering illness from war service asserted itself requiring Stan to withdraw from active work. He rediscovered his interest in literature and in 1964 began an Arts degree at the University of Queensland. He graduated with Honours in 1968. After graduation, he was invited to join the university’s English Department as a tutor. He accepted and advanced to Lecturer, while continuing to retain some pharmacy interests. Stan subsequently wrote and edited several published works in his speciality areas of Australian and Queensland literature. He was awarded a PhD in 1978 on the subject of the British novelist Henry Kingsley in Australia.

In 2005, Dr Mellick was awarded an OAM, recognising his work in Australian literary studies here and overseas and, as well, his involvement with the restoration of St. Paul’s Presbyterian Church in Spring Hill, a gem designed by colonial architect Francis Drummond Stanley.

Stan Mellick reminisced about the United Services Club of Queensland: “In all this, what about the Club?” Well, in earlier days it loomed large but now that I live at Cleveland and don’t drive, my visits are necessarily fewer. For me, though, it was and still is a refuge of normality and friendship derived from the values and traditions of the three Services and wartime. Those values, inherent in the Club’s ambience, are I believe, a much-needed presence in a somewhat frantic postmodern world. That’s why, I guess, I’m still a member.”

His recollections date back to 1948 (the year he joined) and our Club in George Street which, he says, “was small and quiet, with an Officers Mess ambience accompanied by a sense of privilege in being there”.



## YOUR SECRETARY SAYS

On the Sick List - **Brian Watson, Dave Harcourt, Ken Walsh, Ray Woolley** and **Bev Andrews** have all reported various issues over the past quarter. Dave has returned to our functions but is still receiving treatment and has been fitted with a "moon-boot" for his leg injury.

We wish them all well with their afflictions. They are sorely missed when absent from our activities.

We hosted a RAAF Veterans touring group of approximately 25 members at our March "First Friday". Thanks to **Paul Hodgman, Denise Geeves** and the **Farley's** who stayed back to host the visitors. .

We were shocked to hear of **Martin Potter's** recent accident at "Incat" – he has crushed his tibia and fibula just below the knee and is expecting recovery will take about 3 months. We wish our former Committee member well and hope he fully recovers from his injuries.

Treasurer **Mick Farley** advises that the "Archives" discs have been very popular with members who have recently purchased a USB "stick" (Smart-drive). Copies remain available at \$20 (*hand-delivery*) or \$25 (*posted*). If buying via a bank transfer, please include reference to the "USB stick" or "Archives" in the remarks section of your transfer so Mick can keep purchases funds separate from members Subs.

## A CHANGE OF HABIT

A cowboy, who just moved to Montana from Texas, walks into a bar and orders three mugs of Bud.

He sits in the back of the room, drinking a sip out of each one in turn.

When he finishes them, he comes back to the bar and orders three more.

The bartender approaches and tells the cowboy,

"You know, a mug goes flat after I draw it.

It would taste better if you bought one at a time."

The cowboy replies, "Well, you see, I have two brothers.

One is in Arizona, the other is in Colorado.

When we all left our home in Texas, we promised that we'd drink this way to remember the days when we drank together.

So, I'm drinking one beer for each of my brothers and one for myself."

The bartender admits that this is a nice custom, and leaves it there.

The cowboy becomes a regular in the bar, and always drinks the same way.

He orders three mugs and drinks them in turn.

One day, he comes in and only orders two mugs.

All the regulars take notice and fall silent.

When he comes back to the bar for the second round, the bartender says, "I don't want to intrude on your grief, but I wanted to offer my condolences on your loss."

The cowboy looks quite puzzled for a moment, then a light dawns in his eyes and he laughs.

"Oh, no, everybody's just fine," he explains.

"It's just that my wife and I joined the Baptist Church and I had to quit drinking."

"It hasn't affected my brothers though."

*(Barbara Jensen – Sigs National FB)*

## 10.

### **YOU NEED TO THINK AROUND OLD PEOPLE! (A tale from the wild, wild West)**

"An old woman walked up and tied her old mule to the hitching post. As she stood there, brushing some of the dust from her face and clothes, a young gunslinger stepped out of the saloon with a gun in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other. He looked at the woman and laughed,

"Hey old woman, have you ever danced?" The woman looked up at the gunslinger and said, "No ... I never did dance Never really wanted to" A crowd has gathered as the young gunslinger grinned and said, "Well you old bag, you're gonna dance now!", and started shooting at the old woman's feet. The old woman prospector - not wanting to have her toes blown off- started hopping around. Many were laughing.

When his last bullet was fired, the gunslinger, still laughing, holstered his gun and turned around to go back into the saloon. The old woman turned to her pack mule, pulled out a double-barrelled shotgun and cocked both hammers. The loud clicks carried clearly through the desert air, and the crowd immediately stopped laughing. The gunslinger heard the sounds too, and turned around very slowly. The silence was almost deafening. The crowd watched tensely as he stared at the woman and the large gaping holes of those twin barrels.

The barrels of the shotgun never wavered in her hands as she quietly said, "Son, have you ever kissed a mule's ass?" The gunslinger swallowed hard and said, "No m'am, but I've always wanted too"

### **THERE ARE FIVE LESSONS HERE FOR ALL OF US:**

*1 - Never be arrogant. 2 - Don't waste ammunition. 3 - Whiskey makes you think you're smarter than you are. 4 - Always make sure you know who has the power. 5 - Don't mess with old people; they didn't get old by being stupid."*

*(John Casey)*

### **THE IRISH PARROT**

An old Irish lady, Mrs Murphy, lived alone. Her family worried about her so much that they went to the pet shop and bought a female parrot to share her life. The problem was that the lady parrot was no lady. She used to sit on her perch and shriek " I'm a whore! I'm a whore! "

Mrs Murphy grew to love the little female parrot. But she could not abide the language that came from her mouth. In desperation, she went to her parish priest." Oh father, what can I do? " she sobbed. " I love her so much but I cannot be having such a bad girl parrot in my Catholic home Father! " she wept.

The Catholic Priest thought for a while and scratched his chin. " I think I have the answer " he said. " Bring your girl parrot around to me and I will take care of it. I have two boy parrots. They are good Catholic birds. All they do is sit on their perch swirling their rosary beads and praying. " He nodded and he added " To be sure that their good Catholic habits will teach her the error of her ways. "

With that, Mrs Murphy hurried off to get her parrot and bring her to the Priest. It was not long before she knocked on the door and presented the wayward waif to Father Seamus. He took the parrot from her and gently placed her in the cage with the two Catholic male birds who sat, swirling their rosary beads and praying.

Within seconds, the female parrot shrieked " I'm a whore! I'm a whore! " With that, the first male bird called out " Drop your rosary beads, Paddy! Our prayers have been answered! "

*(Lynn Grant RA Sigs Facebook page)*

**IRISH FURNITURE DEALER**

Murphy, a furniture dealer from Dublin, decided to expand the line of furniture in his store, so he decided to go to Paris to see what he could find.

After arriving in Paris, he visited with some manufacturers and selected a line that he thought would sell well back home. To celebrate the new acquisition, he decided to visit a small bistro and have a glass of wine.

As he sat enjoying his wine, he noticed that the small place was quite crowded, and that the other chair at his table was the only vacant seat in the house. Before long, a very beautiful young Parisian girl came to his table, asked him something in French (which Murphy could not understand), so he motioned to the vacant chair and invited her to sit down.

He tried to speak to her in English, but she did not speak his language. After a couple of minutes of trying to communicate with her, he took a napkin and drew a picture of a wine glass and showed it to her. She nodded, so he ordered a glass of wine for her.

After sitting together at the table for a while, he took another napkin, and drew a picture of a plate with food on it, and she nodded. They left the bistro and found a quiet cafe that featured a small group playing romantic music.

They ordered dinner, after which he took another napkin and drew a picture of a couple dancing.

She nodded, and they got up to dance. They danced until the cafe closed and the band was packing up. Back at their table, the young lady took a napkin and drew a picture of a four-poster bed.

To this day, Murphy has no idea how she figured out he was in the furniture business.

*(Bob Gray)*

**DEAD DUCK**

A woman brought a very limp duck into a veterinary surgeon. As she laid her pet on the table, the vet pulled out his stethoscope and listened to the bird's chest.

After a moment or two, the vet shook his head sadly and said; "I'm sorry, your duck (Cuddles) has passed away." The distressed woman wailed; "Are you sure?" "Yes, I am sure. The duck is dead." replied the vet.

"How can you be so sure?" she protested. "I mean you haven't done any testing on him or anything. He might just be in a coma or something."

The vet rolled his eyes, turned around, and left the room.

He returned a few minutes later with a black Labrador Retriever.

As the duck's owner looked on in amazement, the dog stood on his hind legs, put his front paws on the examination table, and sniffed the duck from top to bottom.

He then looked up at the vet with sad eyes and shook his head. The vet patted the dog on the head and took it out of the room. A few minutes later he returned with a cat.

The cat jumped on the table and also delicately sniffed the bird from head to foot. The cat sat back on its haunches, shook its head, meowed softly, and strolled out of the room.

The vet looked at the woman and said; "I'm sorry, but as I said, this is most definitely, 100% certifiably, a dead duck."

The vet turned to his computer terminal, hit a few keys and produced a bill, which he handed to the woman. The duck's owner, still in shock, took the bill. "\$150!" she cried; "\$150 just to tell me my duck is dead!?"

The vet shrugged; "I'm sorry. If you had just taken my word for it, the bill would have been \$20, but... with the Lab Report and the Cat Scan, it's now \$150.

*RA Sigs Facebook page*

**ANZAC DAY 2023 LUNCH AT “THE GLOBE”**



**Table 1. – Left side Owen Winter, Ian Hosan & Basil Apton (our 1950’s “Nasho’s”), At the rear are Dave Potter & WO2 Quinton Hendry (HQ 6 MD). On the Right are Steve Straughen & Dave Marsh (James Lyons had “made himself scarce”!)**



**Table 2. - From left Front; Kathy Hallett (who had made the trip down from Melbourne), Martin Potter, Dick & Chris Goodwin, Denise Geeves, Mick & Sue Farley & Chris and Dave Harcourt**

## RANDOM OPERATOR STUFF

Many will be surprised to learn that a few fields across from where Bryn Meadows Golf Club is, at Gelligroes Mill (near Pontllanfraith), in the UK, local fella Artie Moore was in his garden shed, suddenly becoming a part of the Titanic story.

He'd built a wireless radio station by himself and managed to generate electricity for it by using a large water wheel and some self-Made batteries. This was 1912 by the way, radio had only just been invented. Artie was intrigued by it though and was clearly a seriously clever guy. The year before he intercepted a coded message from inside the Italian government where they declared war on Libya, nobody knew him before then but they soon did when he dropped that bombshell and the world learned that it was true.

On the night of the Titanic sinking, he was in his shed experimenting and somehow managed to pick up the SOS distress calls from on board the ship at the very moment the crew raised the alarm. "We have struck an iceberg, sinking.".... "Women and children in boats, cannot last much longer"..... "We are sinking fast. Passengers are being put into boats. Titanic."

He rushed to the local police station and they thought he was crazy. Back in 1912, it was considered fact that the Titanic was unsinkable and the thought of plucking messages from the air was mind-bendingly impossible. He told others and nobody believed him. 2 days later the news hit the British press and the nation learned what had happened for the first time. Once the shock of the news had subsided, people started to learn that this fella Artie had raised the alarm days in advance from his shed in the Welsh Valleys.

It was such a wild achievement. The inventor of radio, Guglielmo Marconi came to know about him. Marconi had just won the Nobel prize for Physics, the same almost impossible to attain prize that Albert Einstein won a few years later. You're talking uber genius, the inventor of wireless communication and he's so mind blown that he ends up here in the valleys, in Artie's garden shed to find out how the hell he managed to learn about the Titanic before anyone else did. It didn't even make sense how he picked up the messages at all, Marconi's Nobel prize winning technology was installed on the Titanic with a detection range of 2,000 miles absolute maximum, but Artie's home-made set up was picking it up from 3,000 miles away. Marconi was shown how it was achieved and he offered Artie a job on the spot. Artie went on to lead the installation of wireless equipment on battleships during World War 1, invented the pre cursor to Sonar and was in the thick of developing technologies which have enabled radio to be what it is today.

Somehow, not many of us know about Artie. Hopefully posts like this one will help to bring him back into the consciousness of local people. A phenomenal man with a phenomenal story. *(Phil Morris Sigs Facebook Page)*



**Association members approach the Hobart Cenotaph on Anzac Day**

*The Marker Bearer is Sig Jacques Van der Hyde from the Hobart Sigs Det at Dowsing Point and the Flag Bearer is retired Cpl Debbie Chamberlain*

**ANZAC DAY**

Rocket walked into the rest home to see his dear old mum On a Thursday evening just like he'd almost always done.

At least one day a week in any case 'Mum I'll get there if I can' To look at him you'd never pick him as a 'care for mother' kind of man. He got the name of Rocket cos his family name was Sienz. He was covered in tattoos, his face had ornaments of iron.

There were bits of metal everywhere, his brows his lips, his nose He had a purple Mohawk hairdo, wore mostly denim clothes as he walked along the corridor a door was open wide. An old man sitting all alone was what caught Rocket's eye.

He paused there in the doorway, he said 'are you ok old man?' The old man eyed young Rocket off in a way you'd understand

'What's going on with you young fella, all covered in that stuff You're a wild looking bugger and pretty flamin' rough.'

'Don't mind the way I look old mate I'm here to see me mum She's Roma, Roma Sienz, up there in one 0 one.'

'Well you can call me Bill', he said 'I'm a veteran of the war' 'I served in several places up 'til 1944

I'm bloody ninety-five now, I'm running out of puff. I'm glad you said g'day mate.it doesn't happen much.'

'What about your family?' Rocket asked him with a frown 'They never come and see me mate, they're on the other side of town

But my grandson has made a promise that when ANZAC day is here. He'll pick me up and take me to a service somewhere near.'

'Do you reckon you would know mates how important it could be?' To honour fallen mates who never got to live their life like me?

Side by side we fought in mud and blood and tears. We were all just kids then full of courage full of fears'

Rocket sat there on the bed and listened to Bill talk. A tear was in the old bloke's eye as again he took that walk

That walk-through war and tragedy that shaped his future life. And the heartbreak he endured when he lost his loving wife

Rocket shook Bill by the hand and told him he'd be back. Probably next Friday and they could have another yack

He went and saw his mum then, they had their usual chat. Their easy Thursday evenings went pretty much like that.

The Friday Rocket promised became impossible to do. He was working out of town with an unfamiliar crew

They got back in at 4 a.m. they'd been repairing power line. They had to finish overnight, they'd got it done on time

Rocket took a shower and he wondered if old Bill. Was sitting in his room and waiting for his grandson still

Today was ANZAC day and although he'd had no sleep Rocket knew there was a promise that someone had to keep.

He jumped into his ute and drove straight to the home. And sure enough he found old Bill, sitting there alone

He was kitted up in suit and tie, he'd pinned his medals on. His shoes were polished shiny, his hair was neatly combed 'My grandson isn't here he let me down, he doesn't care'. 'He did the same thing last year. I have no way of getting there'

'Come and jump into my ute Bill and hang on bloody tight. When the service starts you will be there, saluting at first light.'

Bill took his place among the ranks of the warriors of old. He stood straight and proud although the dawn was bleak and cold

He listened to the service, but his mind was far away. He closed his eyes and watched old comrades pass in his very own parade.

And when he heard the bugle play a tear ran down his cheek His thoughts were with departed mates, he didn't need to speak.

He stood in silence for some minutes, he let the memories flow through Then he turned and walked away, there was no more left to do Rocket put his arm around old Bill and walked back to the club. I'm gunna shout you breakfast mate then a couple in the pub.

Bill grabbed Rocket by the arm he said 'Son make no mistake "Anywhere and anytime I'd be proud to call you mate.

**LEST WE FORGET'**

## 15.



### 6709895 PHILLIP SIDNEY BISHOP – 13 Aug 1949-28 Mar 2023

Phil Bishop was born in Latrobe and attended Sassafras Primary and Devonport High Schools. He was married and had 4 children (2 boys/2 girls) and 5 grandchildren.

He attended the former PMG's Dept., Training School at Derwent Park as a Technician in Training 1966-1971 and then did his National Service (1971-72).

Phil was promoted as a Senior Technician in 1975 and progressed to a Principal Telecommunications Technical Officer 03 position before leaving Telstra in 1992. He later was contracted to Broadcast Australia.

Phil successfully ran a small winery at his Acton Park property, gaining very good customer response for the standard of his product. He joined our Association a few years ago and was well known to many of our former PMG/Telstra and former AARES members. Our condolences have been forwarded to partner Trish and the extended Bishop family.

**VALE Phil.**

### 630131 KENNETH EDWARD MOY- 16 Aug 1939 to 26 Feb 2023

**Ken "Moose" Moy** was educated at Friends School and undertook an apprenticeship as a Business Technician with Chartres (later Remington Office Machines and then John Abbott Business Equipment. Some memories and tributes from his Army colleagues follow.

**IAN HOSAN** - I first met Ken in Elizabeth Street, Hobart on the way to school in 1944. It was his and my first day going to Kindergarten, both with mothers. We lived at 436 and they (I think) at 425. We became great mates, had similar interests, cars, motor sports and generally having a great time. Ken had a fascination for anything mechanical and a fantastic ear for telling either what was wrong or what needed adjusting. In later years at the track, I have heard him tell other drivers that they would get better performance if they adjusted their engine timing either up or down and he was usually right.

Ken had several nicknames at Car Club days it was "*end Mo*" because to compete in some events you had to have the drivers name on the car. He did not want it there all the time so used a water based paint but somebody rubbed out the "K" & "Y" and that name stuck with him long after the event.

At school it was usually "*Moysie*" – just a big, quiet boy who was not easily provoked; I think this is why he got the nickname "*Moose*".

Not long after starting work he broke a leg and was in hospital (*running out of sick leave*) and his boss brought in 3 compositors out of adding machines. He said if he could get one working properly he would pay him for it. Ken was in bed with a great sheet of plastic sheeting spread out to stop any oil spills as he first pulled one then a second machine to pieces. He may have got one's out of the three – amazing.

He met Margaret Bowring, the love of his life and they were married on 2/1/1963, I was privileged to be their best man. They had 2 children; Lisa and Stuart and 5 grandchildren plus 3 great grandchildren. Ken actually physically built their home in Carella Street, Howrah, assisted greatly by his father-in-law the builder and they never moved from there - 60 years in one spot and Margaret is still there. He was a great family man, proud of their children and off their successes.

Ken's other interests were fast cars, motor sports, anything mechanical and hobbies were *Meccano* models of bridges etc., *Lego* model vehicles e.g. Land Rover with independent suspension, 2 or 4 wheel drive, high/low ratio, working winch, rack and pinion steering, straight six engine (*no head so you can see the pistons*), both diffs cut away to see how they work, complete with roof rack, ladder and storage boxes, very intricate. Even the manual is worthwhile looking at.

Ken joined 124 Signal Squadron in 1959 and at that stage I was the Drill Instructor for recruits. Once they got to a reasonable level we used the parade ground at "Beaumaris". Once I gave a command and Ken did something wrong, so I balled him *out*. After we finished we were walking back upstairs and I said "coming for a beer"? He replied "too right, as long you are still talking to me. "*You really gave it to me out there*". Things were back to normal as usual.

He really enjoyed just being one of the boys, did not want rank, and did everything well. Ken served until he elected discharge in 1970. Ken served until he elected discharge in 1970. A true mate who is sadly missed. We had many good times over the years.

**GRAEME BOSCOE** - Ken was a long-time member of the Hobart MG Car Club & once built his own MG TF. He was the scrutineer at Baskerville Raceway for many years. He was also a crew man & later Skipper of the Bellerive Yacht Club rescue boat for all club races.

He also tried his hand at lawn bowls at one stage but found it "a bit tame"!

Ken loved fixing things, especially electrical and specialised in photocopiers, in particular. Also loved a few quiet ales.

Never sought or wanted promotion in the CMF and had to be coerced into his appointment as a Lcpl. A great friend.

### **ALLAN NUNN - Buckland Training Area**

I was a raw Sigs recruit, way back in the early sixties when I first met Ken Moy. The occasion being a Sigs Det member. The other members were Sgt Graeme Boscoe & Ken. We were tasked to provide HQ comms for the 40 RTR.

Our FFR Land rover contained daunting equipment to a young, inexperienced & unqualified novice. After completing the setting up our "camp", Ken was asked to run through the equipment operating procedures & vitals of the C42 & C11 radio sets with me. That included identifying & mastering the squeal & low growl when tuning.

It was a case of pressure learning on the job - very, very quickly. Ken was thankfully & gratefully, patient with my embarrassingly nervousness & stress.

Naturally, I was assigned to the 'dog shift' & I still vividly remember the anxious waiting for the dawn & my shift to end. Then I was introduced to the field telephone & switchboard & Ken ran over the operation & procedures which included standard & "illegal" operation. That made my day.

### **Happy Valley**

A few years later I, (now a Corporal), I was a member of Sgt Chris Roberts DET which also included Ken. We were again tasked to support the Battalion HQ, this time at Happy Valley.

Naturally it was a long drive from the Unit Depot, so it was unanimous that we needed a "regulation" rest & refreshments stop; so conveniently, up popped the Oatlands pub. We had just settled on our stools when this old timer sidled along to us & asked if WW1, .303 ammo was considered safe these days. Well, while Chris & I shook our heads & fought back laughing, Ken advised him to show us the said ammo, so he finished his drink & departed. We didn't expect to see him again, but no, he must have kept it in his car or lived nearby, as he soon reappeared with a large cloth bundle & dropped it on the counter to display a pile of green-mould. Stools were knocked over in our hasty retreat to the far end of the bar, with advice to dispose of it as "definitely unsafe"; either take it to the local police station or bury it in a very deep hole in the "hills".

Eventually we arrived at our destination, reported in & chose a favorably pleasant site high up a nearby hill, overlooking the Battalion camped below. In the process of establishing our camp, I'll never forget the sight of Ken staggering over with a large blue armchair. Chris scratched his head & asked what on earth was he doing. Ken's explanation was to convert it into a comfortable loo, then proceeded in punching a hole in the base. After digging the regulation hole depth, the chair was expertly positioned & later christened. And to this day, that was the most comfortable commode I have ever experienced.

### **Motorhead**

The only detail I remember about this story, is travelling down to Fort Direction in Ken's beautiful Sunbeam Tiger sports car. Approaching South Arm, he pulled up at the northern end of a long flat South Arm Road, extracted a full packet of cigarettes, placed them on the left-hand dash & said if I could lean forward & grab the said packet before reaching a kilometer's point, I could keep them. Unbelievably, due to so much 'g' force, I failed. But wotta ride !

### **Remembrance**

Ken was a genuinely nice bloke, humble, funny, helpful. He had no desire for promotion, yet he was a born leader respected & universally liked & always remembered.

*RIP Moose, join your good mate Nev Rowe.*

### **YOUR EDITOR**

A fond recollection of Ken was at our first exercise; a Radio Exercise in the Arve National Park on a gale-force windy night in the 1970's.

We had no luck in establishing comms in our creaky hay loft until Ken 'supplemented' our aerial stock with 16 ft of fencing wire. No problem thereafter!



*Ken & Ben Baker on a course in the 1960's*

**R.I.P Ken-we all miss you**