

A.S 519. – Revised, 1959



JOURNAL

FOR THE USE OF

JUNIOR OFFICERS AFLOAT



SL1/64 NAVY SEAMAN OFFICER ENTRY REUNION
1964 – 2009

Dedicated to Ken Green, Bob Guyton, Ken Heynatz, Bob Twell, Don McNaught
and Rod Lang

On the occasion of the 45th Year Reunion
Of the SL 1/64 Navy Seaman Officer Entry

1964-2009

Special Guests
Our Course Officer J O Morrice and his wife Helena



Prologue to 40th year reunion by James O Morrice

When asked to write a few paras for this journal marking the fortieth anniversary of the first entry of SL Midshipmen to the RAN, I racked my brain. Alas, the passage of time had impacted adversely on that part of my anatomy, as it has on many other parts of a body now in rapid decline. But some memories never fade. How could one forget the motley crew that faced Rod Lang and me at CERBERUS at the beginning of 1964? Some even had greasy hair and wore 'winkle pickle' shoes! These young men sought a career as seaman officers. Were they serious? Did they know what was in store? Indeed, how did some of them get past first base?

All was revealed in the first week or two. Our worst fears were confirmed. They were not only a motley crew, they were also uninformed about most things, or so it seemed. Training this lot was not going to be easy. Despite all, Rod Lang was not deterred, in fact he was determined to make something out of this apparent nothingness. Rod led, I followed. As we endured the trials, tribulations and traumas of this new challenge, we began to relate to our students. Surprise, surprise! They were human after all. They had individual characters, mostly likeable, and it was not long before they responded positively as a group. Moreover they were willing to listen and learn. As my wife Helena recalls, the change was extraordinary.

One important part of the course was journal writing. This was not everyone's forte. Most of the class began at the bottom of the learning curve (some below!). Gradually standards improved. I had trained as a Navigation specialist. Suddenly I had to add the use of the English language to my skills. I don't think that my efforts were in vain. On the other hand, perhaps this journal will tell a lie?

There is no doubt in my mind that SL 1/64 was a success story. From unsure if not shaky beginnings, the course developed to the point where all concerned could be proud of their achievements. The graduates have had careers of varying length in the RAN and although I have not followed all of their paths closely, I am confident that they can hold their heads high when telling their story of SL 1/64.

P.S. Looking back, the experience of indoctrinating and training the inaugural class of SL Mids was fun and decidedly rewarding. My wife and I are honoured to have been invited to join them on this special anniversary."



Foreword to 40th reunion By Ronald O Brasch

During those early years I wondered what I had done wrong having to endure a double exposure to 1/64 over such a short period.

The inscrutable one provided little enlightenment.

Having been made privy to the early recollections of the SL Midshipmen I realised that testosterone rather than professionalism provided the young pretenders with their main motivation – lucky sods!

But age, experience and maturity weave a splendid web – no less so than for our young gentlemen. Their achievements in later times proved worthy of individual enthusiasms and talent. Well done!

I wish you all good fortune and personal reward in the years ahead.

5 February 2004



Some of the Canberra contingent persuading Ron to attend our reunion.

Naval Protocol and Customs – Advice to Officers

The officer

On receiving his Commission, an officer attains a special status in the community. It demands a high standard of behaviour and bearing and the conscious development of those qualities which make up that elusive attribute, leadership.

An officer must be loyal and this must extend in three directions; inwards towards himself, upwards to his superiors and downwards to those under his command.

He will be required to show courage; to lead men in difficult situations, to give some unpopular orders and to press a point of view with a superior.

His profession will demand flexibility, initiative and understanding. He must respect tradition and yet be ever alert to the value of new ideas.

An officer will be judged by his example. Punctuality must become a habit and he must be meticulous in financial matters.

His personal behaviour must be above reproach so that his position and the status afforded him by the granting of his Commission, is never compromised.

Read on dear friends and judge your colleagues...



In the beginning...

(Nostalgia – it ain't what it used to be)

Joining the Navy was a bit like going to jail, but without the associated fringe benefits. We got to have our hair cut, wore prison denims known as action working dress, learnt to march everywhere, to take orders from those in authority (i.e. the rest of the Navy – if it moves, salute it, if it doesn't move, paint it white), constant hard physical work, no shore leave, punishment at an officer's whim and flung together with life's flotsam and jetsam (otherwise known as our course (coarse or curse?) mates)!

It was GREAT!!!!

First days at CERBERUS

We came together from many directions – a real clash of cultures – in some cases no culture at all. Some came straight out of Civvy Street, either from high school or after a short post-school working career. Most of the course however were already in the Navy before SL 1/64 was dreamt up. Some came from NIRIMBA via LEEUWIN having started as JRs and graduated to artificer training before selection as Midshipmen. Several were ditched birdies having tried their hand at flying but deciding that a floating life was preferable. One of us came from the rank of Able Seaman with a murky past. A couple of others started at CRESWELL as Cadet Midshipmen but slid down to our level. Our ages ranged from around 17 to 25 years old and we numbered around 24 at the beginning.



For the record our course comprised:

Rob Bastian Graham Bell John Brooker Roger Cammell Clive Carlin Joe Diffen Neil Donaldson Denis Fitzpatrick Ken Green Bob Guyton Julian Hart Quentin Henry	Ken Heynatz Mike Higgins Michael Hinshaw Gordon Jamieson David Kindon Peter Mulheren Bob Richards John Stewien Dave Stones Mike Street Warren Thompson Bob Twell
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We were later joined by Midshipmen Don McNaught and Bob (Oggie) Ray

Our course Officers (Snotties' Nurses) were Lt Cdr Rod Lang and Lt J O Morrice.

The Commander was Ron "The Stick" Brasch and the CO of HMAS CERBERUS was Commodore Shimmin.

For some of us memories of the first days, weeks and months are still vivid – perhaps that says something about our lives post Pusser? Others (e.g. Rob Bastian and Warren

Thompson) had many different course indoctrinations – in Rob’s case, LEEUWIN, NIRIMBA, CERBERUS and then Submarines.

See if you can pick our “top” men



Those who had travelled from Sydney on the Southern Aurora had already made the acquaintance of several older sea dogs who were transferring from Fleet Air Arm (dipped Birdies) training to our course. By the time we rolled into Melbourne we had not only learned all there was to know about the Navy but had also drunk the bar dry.

Having all made our way to Spencer Street Station on that fateful day, I think we all “fell in” – the first order many of us received – before boarding a bus to HMAS CERBERUS, appropriately named after the three headed dog which guards the gates of hell!

As we approached CERBERUS, after an interminably long bus ride, a cloud seemed to sit over the base – this cloud never seemed to move from its position over CERBERUS. I think it is still there today.

Initially, we were overawed by the sumptuous Ward Room, redolent with tradition, where we assembled for our first briefing, accompanied by tea, scones, jam and cream. We were then under awed as we were shown our billets in the old war time annex to the Wardroom, affectionately known as Siberia. It was a wind swept Spartan place with two Midshipmen per cabin with a central ablutions area. Whilst we were immediately mollicoddled by having stewards keep our rooms tidy, we quickly realised our true status, as beds were short sheeted and sugar scattered inside the sheets.

The wardroom was adjacent to the base hospital where we next headed for our “shots”, quickly followed by a trip to the gym where we amused ourselves by hanging from the wall bars with our throbbing arms reacting to the needles we had just had. Those of us who hadn’t had a regulation haircut made our first acquaintance with CDR Ronnie “The Stick” Brasch at the gym. He apologised for standing on our hair but explained it wouldn’t happen again if we got it seen to straight away!

We soon “marched” to the clothing store and received our “off the shelf” gear – action working dress, caps, boots, belts, pussers’ dirks, bosun’s calls etc and were measured up for

our winter and summer dress uniforms. It was on the way to the clothing store that Jules introduced us all to the camel march wherein ones arms moved in synch with ones legs rather than the normal way of marching. The CPO said that what Jules had done was physically impossible.



Our first few days seemed to consist of parade ground training from an old Chief Coxswain called Davis. His first words to us went along the following lines...“Now, I’m a non-commissioned officer and you’ll call me Chief. You’re officers under training and I’ll call you Sir. The only difference is, you’ll mean it and I won’t”!

There was another Chief who used to drill (yes probably both ways!) the WRANs and bring them to tears by telling them to get their legs apart “...yer guts won’t fall out!...”.

When we weren’t marching, we were either at class or doing sport. Classes consisted of a wide range of theoretical and technical studies such as seamanship, electronics, warfare studies, gunnery, small arms training, signalling, marine engineering and suchlike. All done at a very superficial level just to give us a taste of the real thing when we eventually headed off to sea.

After Wardroom lunch we would fall in to march to our next class and would detour to catch Lt Dickie Bird, on his bike eating an apple, in order to give him an eyes right and encourage a fall from his bike.

After lessons, we’d double back to the wardroom at full clip for afternoon tea to get there before the Birdie intake and scoff all the scones, jam and cream before they arrived.

We turned marching into a fun thing! Stomping at every fourth step as we doubled around the base – sounding like an early version of the recent “Stompin’” stage show. We also conspired to allow the first row of three (usually including Higgins and Carlin as right and left hand markers because of their height) to wheel right as the rest of the squad wheeled left and headed down another street.

We played every sport in the book (and some not recorded anywhere) – all very badly and with an utter lack of success. In soccer, we confused the opposition by calling each other “Stanley” (after Stanley Matthews) to the point where we were also utterly confused. We even played Aussie Rules against the prisoners on French Island and Ken Heynatz managed

to break the ribs of one prisoner. Now I think of it Ken also played representative Union for Victoria – he was one of only fifteen people in the state who had ever played the sport.

We were there when the Beatles made their famous visit to Melbourne.

I recall a couple of “off-base” exercises which went completely wrong. One was to defend a line across the Mornington Peninsula against the stokers who had to cross during the night and our job was to stop them. Mulheren and I found the nearest bus shelter, scooped our twenty four hour ration pack and then terrorised a few innocent motorists by brandishing our clapped-out 303s as they drove by. The stokers got through without being detected.

Another exercise involved groups of three being dropped from a covered lorry at spots around the Peninsula with a sort of orienteering exercise to meet at a given way-point later in the day. Most of us realised we weren't far from the Rosebud Pub and the whole course assembled there for several noggins before completing our task (in my case by thumbing a lift (with Hinshaw & Henry) with what turned out to be a friend of Commodore Shimmin!).

Remember the cross country course where some recalcitrants hid under a hedge by the WRANs' quarters only to burst out at full speed as the rest of us bravely straggled down the road past the main gate?

Remember (Thomo I think) dumped in a sack on the WRAN quarters doorstep and the bell rung on the occasion of his birthday! (Never did find out what you did in there Thomo?)

The highlight of the CERBERUS year was probably the Curry Cup in which all sections of the base competed in teams in a convoluted relay race. It began by the first team members shimmying up a rope in the gym to get the baton knotted at the top, then down and out of the gym, under netting and across the paddock to the second team member on the bike. The cyclist pedalled to the boat harbour at Hanns Inlet and gave the baton to the whaler crew who set off across the inlet to the rifle range. At the rifle range the cross country runner (Dinger I think) head back to the base coming in at the south gate and into the swimming pool. The swimmer then swam several laps with the baton presumably gripped in the teeth and then the final runner raced back to the gym to the finishing line. I recall batons being “double knotted”, bike chains being loosened, bailers hung beneath whalers and a terrific time had by all.

By all accounts the Gunroom team won the event and CDR Brasch immediately took credit for the Wardroom as evidenced in the Navy News article below.

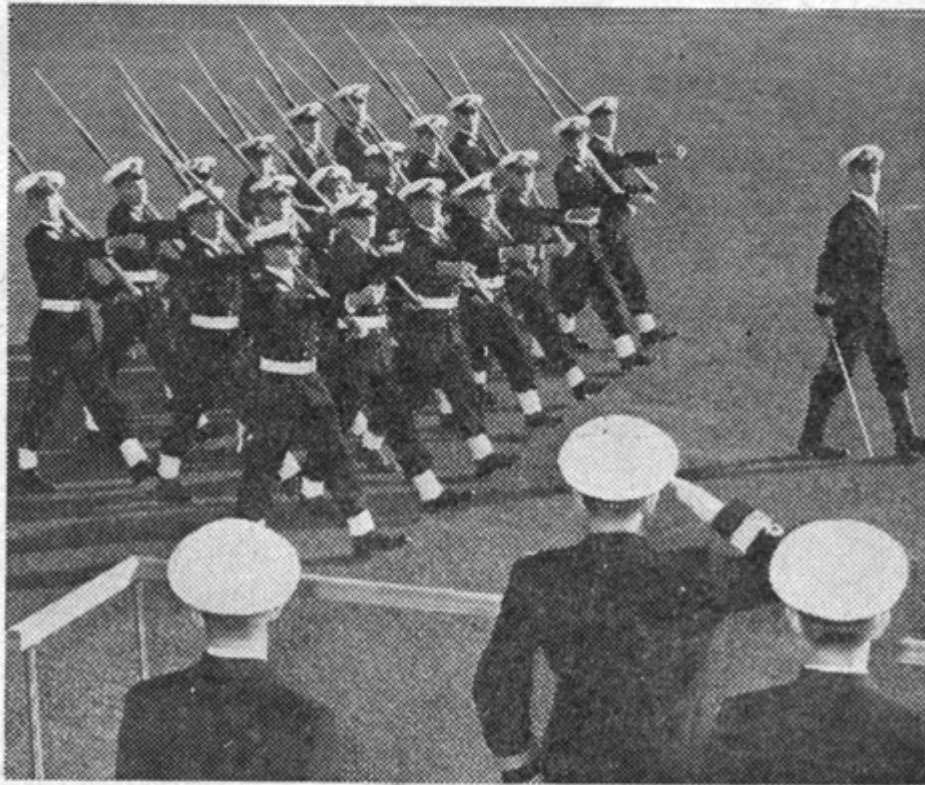
The top item brings to mind another story. Each morning we would fall in on the parade ground for colours. One Midshipman was designated Guard Commander and would lead the rest of us and the band around the parade ground. If we didn't look smart enough we were sent around again.

Inspection took place and it wasn't unusual for someone to unknowingly wear his cap with the badge having been turned upside down by his “colleague”.

At colours, our course was mingled with the Birdie intake and alphabetically, I stood next to Midshipman Kimpton. The command for commencement of proceedings was the Guard Commander shouting “March on the Guard and Band”. After several weeks of this, one morning Kimpton whispered out of the corner of his mouth “What's the Garden Band anyway?”

A CERBERUS "NOVELTY"

Lieutenant J. O. Morrice, their Course Officer, was Officer of the Midshipmen's Guard, which formed the Commodore's Guard of Honour at Divisions in H.M.A.S. CERBERUS last month.



The picture shows the Guard marching past Commodore R. L. Shimmin.

"Quite a novelty for CERBERUS," was the phrase used by our representative when he forwarded the picture.

He adds:—

CURRY CUP TO WARDROOM

Since CERBERUS last appeared in print, the Aircrew Mids. have managed to beat the Seamen in a Paarluff relay. Not, however, without a few "lurks" on both sides.

The Curry Cup has been run, and after some hectic heats, a team comprised of Midshipmen won the event for the Wardroom.

The Weapons Operations Division were very unlucky in that their bicycle chain parted and gave the other teams quite a start from the wharf.

The Gunroom

By July 1964, we had moved into our proper home, a fully refurbished Gunroom far removed from the Wardroom. It was luxury after Siberia and was home to us for the remainder of our stay at CERBERUS. It was in front of this building that the course photograph was taken. We changed cabin mates here and began to feel more like real naval officers.



Who said Clive has no sense of occasion? He has kindly provided a copy of the menu for our first Mess Dinner held in our new surroundings.

GUNROOM MESS

INAUGURAL DINNER

30th. July, 1964.

Menu

Fruit Cocktail

Creme of Schnapper

Roast Duck
Finesse Potatoes
Cauliflower au Gratin
Minted Green Peas
Orange Sauce

Oyster Souche's

Fruit

Coffee

Music

Roast Beef of Old England

March

Sarafand

Willcocks

Suite

The Bartered Bride

Lottor

Selection

State Fair

Rodgers

Entracts

Fiddle Faddle

Anderson

Tango

Blue Tango

Anderson

Waltz

Wine, Women and Song

Strauss

Descriptive

Promenade

Anderson

Passing the Port:

March - "The Middy" - Alford

Wine List

SPARKY

Seppelts Solero Dry.

CLARET

Cabernet - Shiraz 1961

PORT

Wyatt Earp 1952

All at sea...



When we eventually took our first sea trip, we boarded the ANZAC moored in Westernport and heaved out to sea with many of us heaving with it. We headed to Hobart where we entered harbour, turned around and escorted the SYDNEY back to sea!

We headed to Queensland where my main memory is of firing the old mortars (fired ahead but exploding astern!) over the Gardner Bank off Fraser Island and lowering ships' boats to collect the sea harvest which miraculously floated to the surface.

We then called into Sydney and loaded up before heading to Melbourne carrying old aircraft flares to be ditched at sea en route and carrying a spare propeller shaft for delivery to Williamstown. We struck bad weather off the NSW coast, some boats were stove in and we had an emergency ditching of the flares in the middle of the night as they were getting wet and becoming unstable. The shaft shifted on the main deck and we had to pull into Twofold Bay for repairs.

Our mess on board ANZAC was aft across a gantry over the old torpedo deck and down a hatch. We shared the mess with signallers and other communicators. There were over 40 men in a very confined space in the last ship in the fleet to use hammocks.

This situation led to some remarkable events, usually involving Street! Such as dropping the whole beer issue down the hatch, standing on and triggering a fire extinguisher as he tried to hop into his hammock, and heating toasters under the hammocks of those who had strung theirs above the mess table and were slow in getting up in the morning. Bringing our meals from the galley to the mess was also a trick with many a meal being blown off the plate coming across the gantry in heavy seas.

I recall many lost hours chipping paint and being lowered in the whaler with its Robinson's disengaging gear and rowing around the ocean.

My immediate post ANZAC memory has failed me; I rather imagine we went home on leave for a while. I think we were then split into two watches, alphabetically with some continuing at CERBERUS and the other watch shifting to the salubrious surrounds of HMAS WATSON for navigation, TAS and minesweeping training.

The big smoke – WATSON daze

WATSON brings back good memories. A change of pace, a pleasant and interesting course in navigation, the intricacies of astro navigation (Lt CDR Barney Barr) and TAS and Mine warfare. This plus the flesh pots of Sydney at close hand – including the telescope aimed at the local nude bathing beach made for a memorable sojourn. It was here that our two more senior chaps joined – Don McZero and Oggie Ray.



We learned then about astro-navigation before the invention of GPS and Mick Hinshaw gained the title of “Zubes” after claiming to have taken a sighting of Zubenelgenumi. Later Mulheren was distinguished by claiming to be taking a sight of an apparently fast-moving star only to discover it was the steaming light of a submarine in company!

Some of our number (I think “K” put me in the latter half of our course) got up to no good in Sydney.

The Stewien roar is one indelible memory – always guaranteed to be triggered when an erring bunch of late carousers went to his cabin after they returned from shore leave.

The incident when (Twell I think) was responsible for moving the finely balanced billiard table in the wardroom games area led to much indiscriminate punishment for us all.



The memory of Street sitting in the Watson’s Bay Hotel beer garden, filling up a glass under the table as he continued to empty them above the table.

Another Street memory is of him hanging onto the boot of Mulheren’s car as we did wheelies around the top of William St and Darlinghurst Rd, only to fall off at the feet of a walloper outside the Top of the Cross. Street was incarcerated at the Darlinghurst lock-up where we also spent the night trying to raise his bail with Mulheren challenging the cops, rather unhelpfully, to “...stop putting the finger on our mate...”.



Then there was the particularly nasty incident of the Ferry Boat Party which has left a permanent scar. Several of us, Heynatz, Hinshaw, Henry (??) were at Circular Quay wishing we could get on the Ferry which was about to depart for a harbour cruise and party. We had no tickets so Heynatz positioned himself on the outside of the ticket turnstile and started shouting “Tickets please!”. Several people kindly and unwittingly donated their

tickets to him. He and others got through the gate before the paying passengers had realised they'd been duped. They looked around and saw me – "There's one" they shouted and chased me out of Circular Quay, up Pitt street before I lost them by diving down into a cinema. Heynatz and crew proceeded to enjoy the cruise although I seem to recall a fight broke out during the course of the evening.

There were the mad evenings at Sydney's nightspots – The Latin Quarter, Martin's Place, Whisky a Go Go etc. The sight of Clive pretending to be blind crossing busy streets and getting in free at Martins Place due to his disability.

First Year Survival

We passed out at the end of our first year's training (something we were by now most experienced at) at ALBATROSS – well-named when you think about it! We were then posted throughout the Fleet as Midshipmen for a further twelve months sea training.



S.L. Officers end first part of Training

A ceremony at the Naval Air Station at Nowra on January 29 marked the completion of the initial stage of training for the first 24 young men accepted for the Navy's new Supplementary List of Seamen Officers.

The R.A.N. introduced this short service commission scheme to meet the Navy's rapidly growing commitments.

The scheme would lead to commissions after two years of training, and would augment the output from the R.A.N. College at Jervis Bay.

The Supplementary List Officers will serve a minimum of seven years as Seaman Officers.

Initially, they will be used in the smaller Fleet ships, and in survey vessels. Subsequent specialist training will progressively increase their scope of appointments.



The Fourth Naval Member, Rear Admiral V. A. T. Smith, took the salute, and presented certificates to the midshipmen.

All 24 of them will now spend a year gaining practical experience at sea, before becoming Acting Sub-Lieutenants.

Eight of the midshipmen will be flown to South East Asia to join ships of Australia's minesweeping squadron.

Most of the shore training for Supplementary List Midshipmen is undertaken at H.M.A.S. CERBERUS, on Westernport Bay, Victoria.

A second class of midshipmen, including two from New Zealand, will begin training at CERBERUS in March. It is planned to enter thirty Supplementary List Midshipmen each year.

The midshipmen who completed their first year of training were.—

N.S.W.: G. J. Bell, Wollongong; R. A. Bastain, Port Macquarie; C. G. Carlin, Narrabeen; N. J. Donaldson, Dundas; D. B. Fitzpatrick, Bulli; Q. M. Henry, Kempsey; K. J. Heynatz, East Ballina; M. J. W. Hinshaw, Casino; P. M. Mulheren, Starmore; W. R. Thompson, Kingsgrove.

VICTORIA: J. R. Brooker, Seahome; R. G. Jamieson, Broadmeadows; R. H. Gyton, Surry Hills; J. R. Duffen, Deer Park; M. J. Street, Drouin; R. J. Twell, Ashwood.

QUEENSLAND: M. G. Higgins, Taragindi; R. Richards, Brisbane; D. G. McNaught, Ipswich.

S.A.: R. H. Cammell, Bridgewater; K. I. Green, West Richmond; W. J. Stewien, Range.

W.A.: J. V. W. Hart, Narragen.
A.C.T.: D. A. Kindon, Downer.

Midshipmen at Sea

We all got separated in the middle section of our training, mostly to crew Minesweepers in Malaysia during Confrontasi. Most recollections of others from this era are contained in the personal reflections section which follows. Some photographic memories are shown below.

Ships – examples of our training at sea



Mine Sweepers



Daring Class Destroyers



River Class Frigates



Supply ships

Places

Singapore Naval Base



HMS Mull of Kintyre



HMS TEROR Main gate



HMS Manxman



B₂ Hand

Sub. Lieut D. Kinder R.A.N
The Cocktail lounge
Raffles Hotel

Dear David Kiplan: What a glorious surprise! And how beautiful the notes. I would have loved to be at your party but unhappily, I sleep by day now because I have to work by night. And it is very hard to sleep by day!! I know you will understand — and thank you.

Even good wish to all on board

Sincerely

John Mulla

Hong Kong



HMAS SYDNEY



Eventually we all came together again in the SYDNEY in the lead up to our Board examinations. We spent some time at sea, including my 21st birthday somewhere off PNG heading to rendezvous with the DUCHESS returning from Vietnam I think. I remember my drum set, was trashed that night much to the relief of Mike Higgins who hated anything musical (remember pouring honey into Brooker's harmonica?).

We all occupied the starboard after end of the SYDNEY and encountered some College types who were forced to put up with us. I remember sleeping somewhere in the bowels where the propeller shaft ran. I also went for my first boiler room duty and after 30 minutes in an empty boiler room wondering where everyone was and how the ship managed to run, discovered there were two boiler rooms and we were steaming on one engine!

We all have different stories of leading the guard and band up on the lift to the flight deck and marching down the flight deck for colours. The famous incident of the cut-down sword, and the efforts of the last row of piccolo players in the band trying to jump down onto the lift as it descended when we'd given the "Halt" order too soon after marching back from colours.

The survivors were then promoted to Acting SubLieutenant and posted throughout the fleet. Some of us have never met again since that date!

...In their own Write...

Personal recollections and reflections contributed for the reunion are reproduced below almost verbatim with a few minor edits to remove the most salacious libel!

Rob Bastian

I've been staring at this blank page for some time now with a strong sense that unless something goes on it I won't get ashore...again. To work.

I came to SL 1/64 after entering the system as an apprentice at NIRIMBA with Dig Richards in July 62. Along with Warren Thompson and Bill Overton we were sent to HMAS LEEUWIN in WA at the end of that year, to start up the new Topman Scheme.



The Chief who introduced me to the Topman selection panel announced proudly that I was the, "... first apprentice to get his kit bag packed and into the baggage store before the base went off on 'Operation Molgogga' " (another story). At 15 I remember feeling this seemed an inadequate qualification on which to found an officer's career. That feeling dogged me for a decade or so and underscored a nagging belief that a fair proportion of my peers and I were somehow faking something! Looking back, I now believe that many of my personal insecurities and other ... unique behavioural characteristics, have stemmed from this early confusion.

In 63, the idea was we'd all matriculate in one year (ie on the cheap) and go to the Naval College. In the west, however, I was introduced to sex, alcohol, some rock n role, and Clive Carlin. With others who also bombed a bit on this first pass but were presumably still kit bag capable, I was shipped off to try again with a new crew at CERBERUS.

I do remember many of the incidents others have recorded of that first year at Westernport and they are good memories. In truth, however, my strongest images of that time are of the left eye of a dead piglet into which I stared for about eight hours on the night I was charged with defending the back of the base piggery from marauding stokers ... and the little Steak and Onion labels floating on the surface of the steaming 10 gallon clothes boiler in the West Wing, as two 4 ounce cans warmed up somewhere below. That piglet's eye really did stick and I seemed to spend most of that year hungry.

To read that one of the 'happiest moments' of Johnny Stewien's time in was me teaching him to, "...use a cutlass", is a bit chilling. Feels like giving Lee Harvey Os...his first tips? In defence, I had copped square bashing at NIRIMBA and again at LEEUWIN and was a bit unfocussed on matters related to martial arts when it started all over again at CERBERUS. Otherwise I could claim diminished responsibility. It was obviously an insane thing for me to do.

For me, the memories pick up when we went to sea. I do miss the realness of that environment and of some of the challenges we all met head on. Things like the heat of crawling under active boilers, fear of patrolling blind in little boats at night in the Mekong Delta, pride of running accurate survey lines south of Tassie, excitement of heading off to submarines in UK, responsibility of keeping 65 people alive at night in the English Channel at 19 years old, stink of crouching waist deep in a shit tank at 150 feet to clear a valve, stupidity of jumping into a mid Atlantic storm to recover a plastic hatch cover, rush of

sneaking past several billion dollars of hardware to zap a Carrier, uncertainty of facing down giant pissed sailors, shock of finding Clive dead in my boot ...etc etc

These are hardly 'ships of wood and men of steel' experiences, but they are lot closer to them than many people are ever privileged to get these days and they came to most of us at pretty tender ages.

Let me close this bit saying that in spite of the above, my enthusiasm for next month's meet has little to do with an opportunity to swing the lead. I'm really keen to see how we turned out as a group and to compare notes on our next steps.

Graham Bell



John Brooker's Track to 'Ory (It was almost Glory)

I originally tried to join the airforce as a fighter pilot, but when the boys in light blue saw my half year matric marks and rejected my offer to do some work if they said I could join up, I was shown the door. Not a bad thing because I happened to pass Navy recruiting on the way out and the Navy only wanted year 11 to fly off aircraft carriers (always suspected that the brylcreem boys had tickets on themselves). So I was accepted for Pilot training, sent to England to learn to fly and did outrageous things to a Chipmunk (for those of you with smutty minds a Chipmunk is a training aircraft, not a small furry animal with buck teeth).



Anyhow, after the RAN Commodore in London had explained to me that if I couldn't land on terra firma, I had no show of doing it on a ship had offered me a job as a seaman SL Midshipman, I was transported from England to Australia (as indeed many of our most famous forefathers were) to a spell of penal servitude in a place called Siberia. I remembered from my first stint the icy hallways and warm WRAN stewardesses with a mixture of terror and wistfulness.

And what an assembly of reprobates we were, Mobies, ABs, JRs, defrocked birdies, direct entries, virgins – the lot! So the old salts set about corrupting the youngsters and for the most part succeeded. We were apt pupils.

I remember some things, like slowing up the second rank and leaving Mike Higgins and the rest of the front rank to stride away by themselves into the distance - and the left, right, clump cadence that drove a couple of mean spirited GIs to distraction. I remember that Curry Cup victory – I was the one that got rope burns shinning up the rope, sliding down with the baton and crawling under the canvass, kicking the JR behind me in the head on the way out. Also the cross-country runs with Dinger Bell striding out in front and the rear echelon ducking behind the first available hut to re-join the bounding leaders on the way back. Who tied the bucket under the Vine's whaler? – if he ever finds out!!!!

Then there was the new Gunroom with the ladies at one end, us at the other and Ma'am Dragon with an inbuilt motion detector and a mean disposition ensconced in the middle. I'm not sure who it was that actually cracked the fortress by stealth (with the aid of a fifth

columnist who opened a window). It might have been Neil Donaldson but it was probably Ken Heynatz, whose fame had preceded him.

I also remember the dreaded Bob Twell that soul of discretion who, having been arrested at the Ocean Beach Hotel and taken to Darlinghurst Police to explain his conduct, said that he was a Naval Officer and had been in the RAN for 12 months. The Desk Sergeant, trying to make Bob feel small, announced that he had been in the Police Force for 22 years. To which Bob replied, "And you're still a Fuckin' Sergeant"? Not a good move. And which of you bastards left me up a flag pole in Surfers Paradise trying to liberate a Panamanian flag and when I looked down there was no one in sight except two coppers wearing oily smirks?

There were nights on ANZAC sleeping in hammocks above the mess tables and everyone swinging in perfect unison with the ship rolling around us. And there was me and Thommo on the IBIS up in Borneo taking the ship to sea to intercept infiltrators because the rest of the wardroom had been celebrating something with the local Army Officers for the past few hours and were not feeling too bright. The Army of course insisted on joining in - armed to the teeth and banging off in all directions during our fruitless sortie to sea and back.

Then there was the famous Keelung (those fishing platforms) short-cut route into Singapore that I carved through the sandbanks whilst wearing a full metal 20 tonne jacket - and someone that got to SNIPE's name plate and shifted the letters around.

Also being detained by a large Sikh Dockyard Copper for taking the twin Vickers machine guns to the Armament Depot in Singapore in the boot of a Taxi. Explaining that I couldn't get a RN Landrover did not cut it with the head Veggie. It's a wonder that I ever got ashore in Singapore.

The Officer's club at TERROR, the swimming pool, bowling alley and "tiger tops". COMFEF had identical twin daughters and Heynatz, after showing off with some fancy spring board stuff ended up assisting both of them towards eventual womanhood. The Admiral never found out, I think because the girls never found out that their opposite siblings were receiving the same attention from Ken. Dangerous stuff, requiring nerves of steel and a good memory! Me - I had to make do with some awkward fumbling in DUCHESS's fly plane director. It was an acrobatic feat just to get the lucky lady up there for a view of the harbour.

We were all posted to SYDNEY for our final tests before being let loose on the fleet as A/Subbies. How about the long wardrobe in the aircrew mess we were buried in, with coats hanging at either end and mattresses in between for the overhung and tired, who could not face the daily routine of grabbing a clipboard and wandering around the ship trying to look active and interested. Colour Guard every morning on the flight deck. Remember Clive who was running late one morning, emerging from the Island and tearing up the flight deck to catch the retreating guard, holding his hat on his head with one hand and his rifle in the other? He made it right on 8 o'clock and didn't get caught! I also seem to remember Clive, swathed in a watch coat, shorts and sandals, driving his motor bike up the gangway to the starboard after ladder bay - just to see if the gangway staff was alert.

And oh the grey faces and bleary eyes after crawling back on board at 0400 after a night at the Latin Quarter, trying to swipe the bust of Julius Caesar and ogle the go-go dancer in the cage who was about to lose her top due to excessive vibration. I was on that raid with Mike Street and I think Bobby Gyton, when we swiped the tiger from an Esso petrol station and smuggled it into the gunroom.

The gunroom band with Dave Kindon's Drum kit, Clive's paper and comb routine, (enthusiastically joined in with by anyone else that had a comb and some paper) the Vine's belligerent roar and my mouth organ. So Higgins was the one who poured honey in my harmonica. The truth is out!

How about when Jules, bored after endless hours on the gangway having filled the desk with Harry's cold pies and peas donated by thoughtful jack tars, made that pipe: - "no smoking, no smoking, no smoking - no smoking 2 CD 4AC etc etc - No eating, no sleeping, no beer, no victuals, no nothing, ever again!" There was heads emerging from doors and hatches all over the ship saying "what the fuck was that"? Jules just smiled sweetly and said "what pipe".

MELBOURNE in Captain Cook dock, shore heads and baths, squadron officers aboard, wardroom packed at lunchtime and Brooker's hangover from the night before has just cut in. Feels an unstoppable chunder coming on but can't allow it to happen in the wardroom. Swallows and bolts for the endless ladders, doors and gangways leading to daylight and ends up decorating the floor of Codock from a stupendous height. Why did we do such things to ourselves?

After that PARRAMATTA, VENDETTA, WATSON, STUART, MCDO Course at PENGUIN, KIMBLA (punishment draft for pulling off the MCDO course), PERTH, Navy Office, MORESBY (XO), PENGUIN staff college, Navy Office, CAIRNS (XO), STIRLING and payed off in 1984. Lots of stories from there, but they can wait until we get together again.

Roger Cammell

Dear fellow SL64 intake,

I was contacted by John Stewien about attending the reunion in February 2004 and was immediately filled with memories of my two years with the Navy. Julian has passed on some interesting news about the whereabouts of the SL/64 group, how many have survived the passing years and how some have sadly passed on. I don't have a lot to remember after my short stay in the Navy, but my activities since may be of interest.



I recall my reaction in 1964 to the SL/64 intake acceptance with misgivings - the Voyager incident, leaving the bosom of family and friends juxtaposed with the desire to be independent, a new venture indeed.

I felt the same feelings as the others who gathered at Spencer Street Station, the Bus to CERBERUS and settling in to the routine of training.

The reminiscences of Dave, Mike Street, Mike Hinshaw, et al have triggered memories of my time in those training years.

I think back on the doubling back and forth between lectures on all manner of subjects, living in Siberia and then the Wardroom. CPO Davies, a very patient man. Sending up Lieutenant Instructors with "you rotten swine you" a la Spike Milligan and ending up on the carpet in front of Commodore Shimmin.

The Beatles, Roy Orbison, cards in Siberia and afternoons drinking in the Southern Cross when we could get away

A moonlit night on the terrace adjacent the ballroom at Portsea Army Barracks with guest...

Football at French Island in the pouring rain after crossing to the Island by workboat

Sailing the Flying Dutchman across Westernport to Cowes, I think Neil was in the crew, did you ever get your Top Hat?

Sailing in Hanns' Inlet, more in the water than out

Rugby union – trying to outrun Mulheren and finishing up on my nose in the turf after he snagged me around my calves, Dennis flying into the goalposts. Ken H taking control in our matches against whoever it was... bloody hockey...

Soccer against the Army at Portsea many to nil down, who was the goalie.... ??

Sydney Harbour sailing the whaler up to Camp Cove – don't worry about those 18 footers, do they have right of way???

Dinger running away over the inlet from the also-rans in the Curry Cup

Those first weeks at sea in ANZAC, the hammocks, seasickness, chipping decks and the beauty of the open sea for the first time...

SYDNEY, not too many recollections here apart from a distinct impression that Ian James had very little respect for my journalistic ability

DUCHESS, the open bridge with spray from the swell breaking over the bow. Sleeping next to an exhaust ducting on the trip to Vietnam escorting SYDNEY. The trip back through the Indian Ocean, with the two day run for astro navigation, to Fremantle then back to the eastern states...

IBIS in Singapore with Joe, four on ,four off sweltering in full rig (whatever it was, no 4's??) in the humid tropics, runs ashore, Bob Twell on the rail pissing on the caretakers on the floor of the dry dock... the sloshed Coxswain haranguing waiters in the sleazy café in JB with incessant cries of allons garcon vien ici...

WATSON, the goat track to Watson's Bay pub (I went back to the Golden Sheaf a few years back, I shouldn't have)

Clive Carlin - Never a Bridge too Far - A Watchkeeper's Journey

I joined the Navy in Jan '62 as the lowest form of Marine Life, a Junior Recruit, via being knocked back trying to join as a Mobi at Nirimba.

Being a migrant from the UK and having both my parents serve in the war, when nothing else showed up that appealed to this Surfie from Narrabeen, joining the Senior Service was seemed as good a way as any to earn a shilling. And shillings they proved to be, if I remember me correctly, around 17/6 a week. But I could be completely wrong...



After being handed a chipping hammer and a paint brush one day and the next being asked if I wanted to be a Topman, a step towards being an Officer, having dropped the brush and hammer, I grasped the opportunity with both hands.

The next year, which was largely academic, I had to learn to deal with such complex things as shaving. Having hairy bastards like Warren Thompson and Bill Overton around, Mobi's who had been shaving for several months, to help complicated things even further.

As a JR one caught a train across to WA, a real adventure that took five days. As a Topman one flew, a Fokker Friendship a journey of a mere 7 ½ hours, a snip! Of course one was not allowed to walk around the aircraft, it would upset the trim. As I remember it, the Hosties were rather attractive those days, and they came when you pushed the little "light" thingy.

Travel was so romantic back then...

Don't remember how I got down to CERBERUS, must have been by train. Arrived to find Jammo already there in a new "179" Holden, rich bastard. Of course I may have got that completely wrong as well...

Having become an expert at turfing the heaving line as a JR there wasn't really much else to learn about the Navy as a Mid. It seemed I could hold my breath for longer than most and will reveal now, for the first time, that I do not know what the smell of Tear Gas is like to this day.

Damage Control and Fire Fighting exercises.

Eternally having to think of stuff to go into the Journal, normally late on Sunday Night. A lasting impact was made by our "accommodation", Siberia. I was buddied up with Thommo. If I was last out of our cabin in the mornings, I left the 25 watt light bulb on, hoping it would warm the bloody thing...even just a little.

It has become folklore how I was instrumental in making sure that we Mids won the Curry Cup for the Wardroom. Yes folks, it was me who did the "Constable Plod" on the bike that made all the difference. Not sure which came first, our sudden status as a Wardroom Team, or Dinger streaking across the line. Whichever, it was a close thing, but it didn't bring us in from the cold.

Mainly social things bubble to the surface from that era.

JO Morrice blowing his Muckaneese Battle Horn down the passage.

Air Crew savages massaging their balls with electric razors in the Gun Room.

Asking Bob Twell if he knew a girl who might be willing to come to a Mess Dinner with me and him replying "what name do you like"?

Street's Norton motor cycle that had no clutch cable. When going into Melbourne when we stopped at a light we had to push it before engaging a gear. Alternatively, if we didn't stop, we just went up the wrong side of the road to the head of the queue, turned sharp left across the stopped cars, down the left turn, made a U'y came back did another left, hopefully before the original line of cars got underway, and proceeded...to the next light!

Eternally having to think of stuff to go into the Journal...

Seeing the new Silver Drums of the CERBERUS Band emerging from the dark into the light on the Parade Ground for a most spectacular Beat Retreat. This Beat Retreat was topped only by the Royal Marines in Singapore when the Royal Naval Ensign was hauled down for the last time in 1971.

Driving back and forth to Sydney in Dingers VW at outrageous speeds, sometimes topping 70 mph, for the weekend. Of course later I had my famous Morris Oxford to do the trip. Jules would keep me awake by feeding me Minto's that he made me clap and bark for like a seal. All this whilst my head was out the drivers window, unable to see out the windscreen because the wipers didn't work. Couldn't stop to clean it either because we had only moments to get back on board.

There was a soccer match played against...was it Duntroon? The weapon that ensured we were only thrashed instead of totally annihilated was to, rather cleverly, call everyone on the team Stanley Mathews. The poor Pongo Sods never knew who had the ball!

Eternally trying to think of things to go into the Journal...bit like this epistle really!

WATSON, Navigation, say no more. Still can't understand what all the fuss was about. Never was able to understand why the "limp wrists" wearing handkerchiefs in their sleeves had to go and do a long course?

Can't remember who it was that allowed the chronometer to run down over a weekend. First time in two hundred years, I understand, that it had ever happened.

Then there was the small matter of moving the billiard table over to one side of the room to make a bit of space to dance. Bloody heavy it was too! Not as heavy as the knitted brows of the Wardroom Mess who had to bring in the experts and their little slips of paper to wedge under the legs to get it level again.

Worked me way through our Sea Time. Our group dividing in half at each new ship...SYDNEY, DUCHESS and finally TEAL, only to find to my horror I had eventually ended up with Street, an Aussie Rules player. They were a different lot them, Stewvine, Cammell and Street.

On Patrol there was not a night that I didn't end up heading for the Bridge before realizing that the alarm had not been given. Had me own system I did. Slept in my swim suit and had my flack jacket, helmet and magazine on top of the locker, my rifle alongside, next to the cabin door. When (I thought) the alarm sounded I would leap out of my bunk like a burning spastic (to quote a dead Beatle) pull on the flack jacket, ram the magazine down the front of me swimmers, put on the helmet, grab the rifle and be on my way to the bridge, or quarterdeck, in seconds.

Street and I flew back from Up Top at the same time as Roger Cammell to join SYDNEY. I remember this because some joker on board the 'sweeper Rog was in dropped a handful of 303 ammo into his suitcase. Well at least that was his story. There was ever such a slight delay clearing Customs...

Short time (no sniggering you 'orrible lot) in Melbourne sailing round in a square to get my Ocean Nav. The goal was to get a "Cocked Hat", no greater than a quarter of a mile across, on the chart in under 15 minutes. What is the point of a GPS if one is in possession of skills

that can achieve that degree of accuracy with such blinding speed? I am happy to report that this was the only time I spent in the Flag Ship Melbourne during my time at sea.

It must have been when I came back from my year in New Guinea when I saw the bow of MELBOURNE after she had "taught a few Yanks to swim" (Street) she had just sunk the USS Frank E Evans. Melbourne was alongside at GI, her bow looked like it been made from Alfoil and just crushed.

Sea time in SYDNEY; scrubbing the quarterdeck every morning, reclining on the ropes and springs watching movies in the evening, waiting for a pipe that would equal "d'ye hear there, the following three sailors give me the shits, the Stick, Dan Bolen and (here me memory fails somewhat but I believe it may have been) Martin Scott". Never was the quarterdeck cleared of Senior Officers faster!

The magnificent race track of hills between Double Bay and WATSON, an invitation to be Jack Brabham, especially in...who was it who owned the Ford Cortina GT?

Heynatz making sure he didn't leave the arse of his Datsun half way across the road, taking ten minutes to park it after a typical party. Only to find at 1000h the following day, when he lurched out of the pit, it was against the median strip of a four lane road.

Street and I climbing up the outside of a block of flats, from balcony to balcony, to go and visit his (then) girlfriend.

Shamboling alone down a Sydney street one evening in 1967 and running into Mike Higgins. "Whatcha up to mate" says he, "not much" says I "it's me birthday, going to have a drink", which one says he "21st" says I. My parents were in New Guinea and just about everyone I knew was at sea. He took me to an Italian Restaurant and bought me dinner. I'll never forget that, thanks Mike!

Leaving Sydney Heads in QUEENBOROUGH for a reported Sub Smash at 30 knots. It turned out to be an exercise, but what a "rush"!

QUEENBOROUGH once again, going down to Macquarie Island to medivac a scientist who had stones in his kidney. Ten consecutive days of the worst weather I have ever experienced at sea, we were surfing the swells. The spray stripped the paint from the ships side and every boat was smashed. On the way back, exhausted and unable to hang on any longer, I was thrown from my bunk into the locker on the opposite bulkhead. I was carried off the ship to have a check-up and the bloody scientist walked ashore, he had passed his stones during the trip.

Driving to Johnny's wedding in Adelaide...

Johnny's wedding in Adelaide... nuff said!

The camaraderie, the shared experiences both painful and joyous, forging bonds rarely rivalled that can bring mates together after forty years.

It was good stuff, I wouldn't have swapped it for anything!

Another memory I meant to include was Johnny Stewvine getting pissed off with the staff of the Laramie Steakhouse in the Cross one night because they wouldn't give him a Porterhouse Steak and a T-bone with only one serving of vegetables...so he ordered two full

meals. Johnny "Control" Stewien got thoroughly pissed off at that needless to say, which of course made sniping at him all the more necessary and fulfilling.

After the meal was finished it was made complete by Johnny giving one of his famous roars and tipping the table over into several laps, myself among them and I believe Dennis and Roger were two of the others.

Can't remember the ship we were in, I think it may have been the SYDNEY. We were in Brisbane and a bunch of us decided to take a taxi down to Surfers Paradise. Heynatz, myself and I believe Hinshaw were among the passengers that the hapless driver scored. Hinshaw was in the jump seat next to the driver.

There was a moment, about half way down, when I thought we were not going to make it. Heynatz, in his inimitable style that we had come to know and love, decided not to bother the driver by asking him to stop to take a slash, he just opened the back door, dangled his kit out and hosed away. Personally I thought the driver overreacted, however he was eventually placated and we continued.

A plot was hatched during the rest of the trip, unfortunately because it didn't involve the driver we were unable to rehearse. It went something like this, as soon as the taxi stops all doors will be opened the passengers will exit and leg it in different directions. And we did, or almost! The backseat went according to plan, unfortunately the driver must have somehow twigged to the plan because as soon as he ground to a halt he reached across Hinshaw pinning him to the seat and holding the door closed...bugger!

We eventually returned to Brisbane, and here it gets a little hazy, to find that there had been an unfortunate incident involving Roger and the real hazy bit, the biggest John Wayne knock 'em down chairs through windows punch-up at the Lands End Hotel. This last incident may have been on another of my stops in Brisbane picking up Cannon Fodder for Viet Nam though.

The second Warrie takes place in Sydney. Stewvine, Street, myself and for some or other I seem to remember the dreaded Kindon, were sinking a few up the Cross, or near vicinity. There must have been a TV or radio on in the bar because whilst, downing a couple of quieties followed by several rowdies, we heard that there was a protest march heading for the gates of G.I. Johnny thought it would be good to see what an anti-Viet Naam protest looked like close up and perhaps crack a few long-haired traitors skulls in the process. We jumped into Johnny's vehicle and proceeded at best speed down to Garden Island screeching to a halt just in time to miss running down several of the aforementioned traitors. It was great, in hindsight. There were long-hairs chaining themselves to the gates and being removed by the kind Wallopers almost as quickly as they had done it. These thoughtful Rozzers had all removed their badges and name tags so that none of the protesters would be scratched or cut by them.

Anyway, I'm glad they were there that night. We all alighted from the car ready to defend Australia's honour to find ourselves instantly surrounded by said Rozzers, ready to defend us.

I always have had a soft spot for the "Men in Blue", particularly soft is the spot above my top lip where I carelessly head butted the size 10 of Constable Thump a Kings Cross Slipperman of note.

Joe Diffen

When I joined Seaman Officer Training Course 1/64 I had just turned 21 and had been working at TAA (now Qantas) for over 4 years. I had always had a hankering to go to sea and had not been able to find a way to become a Cadet Deck Officer in the merchant service so this course seemed to me to be the opportunity for which I had been looking.



My initial impressions of CERBERUS were quite favourable and I recall the Sunday night scrambles to finish Journals, learning about things I had never ever contemplated learning and becoming the fittest I had ever been with the circuit training and all the Inter-Part sport we undertook.

The first thing I recall is getting out of the bus from Spencer Street Station and being told to line up in threes with Acting Petty Officer Martin (?) biting at our heels like a Border Collie and yelling at us to form a blank file and me about to ask him "what the f... is a blank file" but fortunately thinking better of it.

The appalling conditions in Siberia, being treated with disdain by the Ward Room officers and exciting food such as 'burgoo', 'piss strainers' and 'train smash'.

Dinger Bell sleepwalking and Jules wondering what had struck him. Sharing a cabin with Tiger Gyton. Cutlass fights in the corridors of the Gunroom and Jules trying to get some peace and quiet to practice his guitar playing. Dummy deck landings on the table in the Ward Room and Brooker trying to do a cossack dance. Dave Stones really turning green and passing out when we lined up to get a variety of needles. Capsizing a dinghy in Hanns' Inlet in freezing water and waiting for what seemed an eternity for a workboat to come and get us. Donaldson seemingly breaking speed records driving back to/from Sydney.

WATSON was fantastic and I really enjoyed the time there apart from morning stars. I remember coming back from a pissy run only to find that I had locked myself out of my cabin and Roger Cammell going out of his window and along the ledge like Spiderman to get in my window and open the door from the inside. The second time there getting up in the middle of the night to take a leak and going back to what I thought was my cabin only to find that Dormouse was in my bed - I had gone to the



A YOUNG BULL MIDSHIPMAN

The Midshipman with its goat-like appearance and donkey-like ears seems to be inoffensive towards human beings and can be readily tamed when young. Under other circumstances it has a reputation for savagery when wounded or trying to learn navigation.

cabin I had occupied the first time!

Back to CERBERUS for more instruction and sport and then to ANZAC to actually get out to sea and some of our number being seasick while we were still at anchor. The fantastic trip back through a southerly buster, which required lifelines to be rigged and getting our scan by negotiating the catwalks.

The first spell in SYDNEY doesn't have much in the way of particular memories other than watching the trails of three torpedoes passing under us amidships courtesy of HMS TRUMP.

Then on to DUCHESS - and what a triumph she was - not. My partners in crime here were Roger Cammell, Clive Carlin and Mike Street who was late joining as he had tried walking alongside his motor bike when it was doing about 60mph and has the scars to prove it. Rediscovering why we hated Ian "The Claw" James so much. Doing my time in the boiler room and machinery spaces in the tropics on the way to South Vietnam and trying to enjoy it. Wondering which of our weapons systems would become u/s next - I think at one stage one turret would train but not elevate and one would elevate but not train. Then the fire control system got a migraine so we were defending the free world with X turret and a GDO visual.



From that posting Roger and I went to IBIS and that ship for me was I think the turning point. I recall one patrol where we picked up a very good radar contact and having previously been given some intel that the Indons might be trying something that night was a little disappointed that our CO Peter Campbell chose not to pursue it. I found an entry in my Journal (which I still have for some reason) referring to this disappointment and suggesting in a very oblique way that Campbell had bottled out. For some unknown reason my relationship with Campbell deteriorated from that point on and I couldn't get off the ship quickly enough.

I had put in for a transfer to the SL Supply and Secretariat course that was starting in early 1966 and Campbell said he would recommend me. It was the type of work I enjoyed and had done prior to joining up. Moreover I was told that I had done a very good job as both Captain's Secretary and Squadron Secretary. In fact he recommended my termination but never had the balls to tell me to my face.

I seem to remember that Roger got pretty unfairly treated as well particularly after he thrashed the XO several times in arm wrestling contests in the tiny space called a wardroom.

I also remember Clive paying a visit one night when I was OOD so he could get a drink as he was on stoppage of leave and grog on TEAL and we were in a floating dry dock and not going anywhere. Why we were in the dock is another story. After a beer or two he decided to relieve himself over the side but unfortunately got a direct hit on LS Anderson who was patrolling the bottom of the dock.

Eventually we were posted to SYDNEY and set off to the airport to enjoy our first class flights home. Firstly the plane was delayed in Bangkok for several hours and then we were informed that the agent had stuffed up our bookings and we were travelling cattle class – and there were empty seats in first class on the flight. During the delay we had a drink or two (as you do) and Peter Mulheren made a very favourable impression on a wealthy American widow and was contemplating flying home with her instead but unfortunately our flight got its boarding call. When we landed we found (or rather Customs did) that some prick had put fruit and vegetables and some ammunition in my case and done the same to Roger's. We eventually arrived onboard SYDNEY having been picked up at the airport and with no chance to shave, shower or change clothing were greeted by The Stick who was far from impressed and wouldn't listen to any explanations. I think we got stoppage.

Lots of memories of the time leading up to the Board in Jaginuary 1966.

Convincing the Training Officer to modify the duty roster from a Mid of the Watch to a Mid of the Day so we could get more time ashore – which we spent in the finest of places such as the Hawaiian Eye and the Latin Quarter. Dave Kindon's drum kit that I think Clive and I commandeered most of the time.

Ken Heynatz having a crafty skulking spot in a storeroom in some out of the way place and it being inspected during rounds while he was sound asleep on a camp stretcher. Tormenting Johnny Brooker when he was asleep by putting stacks of shaving foam on his hands and then tickling his nose with a feather and waiting for him to scratch himself. The liberated Esso tiger; Jimmy Bowles daughter, some of the Gunroom parties and so on.

It was around this time that I learned that Campbell had apparently done the dirty on me and so I applied for a transfer to DNI to do another course in languages but this didn't get off the ground either. As I was not really taken with any of the specialisations we were being offered at the time and with little apparent prospect of permanent commissions it seemed to me that the RAN was no longer the career that I should follow.

Then the Board came around and stuff me if I didn't pass the bloody thing with flying colours and then went home on leave. Then got a telegram to Report forthwith onboard MELBOURNE, which I did and was told that I was to be discharged after all. And so ended my time with Pussers.

On reflection it was a very important time for me as a person – I learned an enormous amount about all sorts of things and about myself; it was all good character building stuff and I became a stronger and more self confident individual because of it.

The experiences we all shared were/are difficult for outsiders to understand. It is this uniqueness which I think gives us a bond which only very few people will ever get the chance to experience and for that and for the many friendships made during this time which still stand I am extremely grateful.

I look forward very much to seeing you all again in February

Neil Donaldson



Neil has provided a pictorial collage of memorable moments.

Hinshaw's ubiquitous tankard seems glued to his hand.

Dennis Fitzpatrick



I joined from Bulli (Sth Coast NSW) but actually spent most of my youth in Cessnock, and then it was actually out of Cessnock, in a small mining town called Kitchener. It doesn't get much more country than that! Jules, I would have to challenge you for the naive country boy award. Somewhere in my childhood we visited the "big smoke" (Newcastle) and went onboard a US Destroyer on an open Day. I wanted in from that day on. In hindsight I think I joined because I saw adventure and travel and freedom from a dull life at home/ Uni / in the home town, more study and a career I didn't want because "that's what was expected".

I don't think I ever expected, the training establishment HMAS CERBERUS, Accommodation in a pre war hut called Siberia and a Training Commander called Ronnie (The Stick) Brasch !!! And I would do it all again, mistakes and all. It was the beginning of 20 fabulous years, highs and lows, lessons and fun.

Of CERBERUS I remember ~ white washed kerbside gutters and raked gravel in front of the Junior Rates Accommodation. Immaculate lawns and hedges. RAIN! The playing fields which seemed to me to go on forever. A crazy and laughable GI. The unfriendliness of the wardroom officers and the friendliness of the staff. Sunday Church Services and tossing a coin to see which religion we were this week. Seeing Beat the Retreat for the first time and being moved. Looking at the JR's quarters and thinking "Conditions in there couldn't be as bad as they are in Siberia". Looking at the WRAN's quarters and well... "just thinking"!!!!

Of the training I remember.. Cutlass's that were unwieldy and that we were supposed to make believe were swords. Long boring instruction about subjects that I did not understand. Hating that thing called a Journal. Ronnie Brasch hiding behind bushes to catch us out. Being fitter than I ever have been before or since. Being hustled into the wardroom Annex to be taught etiquette, manners and how to "eat proper"!!! Forever cleaning white belts and Garters and thinking.. "I did this in the Cadets - thought I left that behind!". Being pissed off because I couldn't iron my gear to look as good as Bob Gyton's. Standing on the wharf throwing a heaving line and thinking "When will I ever need to do this?"... and ya know I never did! Sailing on Hans Inlet, capsizing in a dingy and being colder than I have ever been - only to be told be a person of unknown rate but rank idiot that I had to unrig the dingy and stow all the gear before I could get out of my wet No8's and warm again... My whole body was blue my fingers numb, I swore I would never sail again. - thankfully I reneged on that about 10 years ago!!!

Of WATSON I remember - The trip up in Dingers car and rolling it yet not damaging the Ski's strapped to the back. A friendlier wardroom. The magnificent view. Seeing "real warships" leave harbour. Learning to play Liars Dice. Climbing down the hill and through the bush for a run ashore and not being able to find the hole in the fence on the way back in! Standing on the cliff with a sextant taking "star sights" to find out where we were....Feeling stupid but knowing this was something I needed to understand. I remember Pete Mulheren choosing a star called Zubanelganubi (don't believe that's spelt correctly...who cares!) We laughed a lot as we attempted to get our tongues around the name. Subsequently I spent a lot of time as a Navigator and whenever I got out a star globe or saw "that" Star it took me back to WATSON with a smile.

My sea time was initially in Moresby and then 9 mths in Asia. Mostly minesweepers in Borneo and Malacca. I think I got to know Singapore and HK better than I knew SYDNEY. I didn't want to come home... I remember on the flight home we were in First Class.. I think

it was Pete Mulheren, Bob Twell and I (although I am not sure about Bob). We were well behaved of course.... Sitting in economy was a Captain RN, on loan posting to be The Hydrographer, RAN. We thought that appropriate, although he thought that one of us should offer him our seat..... we didn't!!!

And I think that's a fitting place to finish... See ya all in Feb ... Den

Ken Green

Joined Navy 1964 HMAS Cerberus

1 year shore training;

Rushcutter CD Course;

Gull - Malaysian confrontation;

Gasgoyne;

Promoted to Lieut HMAS Sydney 1966 - Carrying troops to Vietnam 3 trips as 1966 - diving officer- ports entry as SSOOW.



1 year sundry ships;

HMAS Waterhen CDT in command 1968;

Exchange to HMS Brinton - second in command and based Bahrain.

On exchange to Lochinvar Scotland 18 months.

Back to Australia as head of EOD school - taught mine warfare and EOD

In command HMAS Snipe

Went to sea HMAS Swan 2nd in command as consort to working up ships.

Went to Solomons to blow channels to make safe passage for Islander canoes

2nd in charge Moreton Naval Base Brisbane. Operations of landing craft.

Over saw Navy aspect of Royal Yacht Britannia during Commonwealth Games.

Manager of Ski team. Went to France to compete.

Commanding Officer HMAS Waterhen for three years.

Transferred to Remington Building and subsequently Pymont as Project Officer overseeing contractual obligations of Navy for Exmouth communication base and the USA's obligations to contract.

Retired fulltime Navy at 55. Reserve time until contract finished. Now retired and trying to keep busy.

My best story:

Due to poor diving conditions a night swim exercise was implemented. The object of exercise was to be dropped into Sydney harbour and make our way back by whatever means available to Rushcutter by 10 pm. Ken Heynatz, (Strawbs) my dive buddy were duly dropped off and navigated our way to shore. On going ashore we came across a car with a

couple in a passionate clinch. We tapped on the window to check out where we were. They did not appreciate the interruption to say the least and were a bit apprehensive of two guys in full diving gear. We went up to the bus stop as directed by the courting couple and hailed the bus. By this time of the evening the bus was full matrons of the eastern suburbs who were a bit perturbed to see us board the bus in our gear. We had no fare on us and in full diving gear. We told the bus driver to send the bill to the Navy. We were well ahead of time so we decided to drop off at a friends place, She drove us back to a reasonable distance from Rushcutter. We ran the rest of the way arriving sweating and panting, consistent with having run some distance. Exercise fulfilled.

Julian Hart - a short memoir

I was the only Western Australian recruited into the first ever Supplementary List Seaman Officer entry to the RAN. This fact has no relevance of significance, except perhaps reflecting on my own lack of choice of what to do after completing a mediocre secondary schooling and the small population of WA.



I tried for the Naval College at HMAS CRESWELL. The recruiting officer in Perth, an avuncular Lieutenant Commander who may well have been a WW2 hero, sympathetically told me that the range of subjects I had studied at my bush high schools had not been suitable.

But, he said, we have a new scheme that might suit your rather modest achievements.

That's how I became an "SL". A second rater, a back up, a "B" team to supplement the "A" team of shining young officers graduating from the Naval College at Jervis Bay.

A few other WA hopefuls were weeded out and told to go away. The bottom of the barrel had been scrapped and the recruiting office had come up with me.

In a startling display of common sense the Navy had me flown to Adelaide to face the main selection board. Much cheaper than flying the board to Perth or perhaps they refused to go ; WA was the end of the world for some in 1963.

The board thought I was officer material. The DC4 took me back to WA and I awaited the confirming telegram. This arrived and I embarked on a twenty eight year section of my life with a naivety and innocence that, on reflection, was breathtaking.

At the end of February, 1964, a Lockheed Electra red eye special took me to Melbourne. I arrived on a Sunday. Even for a boy from the bush, Melbourne on a Sunday in 1964 was unnerving. It was closed.

I caught the airline bus into town and loitered nervously for hours. Following my first Navy orders (from the recruiter in Perth) I went to Spencer Street Station.....was the rendezvous place called the RTO ? A bus took me and a number of other fellows to CERBERUS. I think it was John Brooker who spoke kindly to me during the journey. Perhaps I was sitting next to him in the pusser's blue rattler.

The next few months are a bit of a blur. We were accommodated in some wooden sheds behind the Wardroom (where real officers lived). The renovation of a more appropriate building had been botched. We moved there later in the year, after most of the winter in "Siberia". We ate in the Wardroom, much to the distaste of the real officers.

I was issued with more clothes than I had ever owned in my child and schoolboy life. Some didn't fit very well. When I pointed this out I was told that's what I was getting and stop complaining. I complied. I was used to doing what I was told and this regime was not different than home. It must have been hard for some of the older blokes who had been more independent and knew a little about life in the real world.

Lots of squad drill. I slowly discovered the significance of left and right, much to the amusement of Clive and a few others who had been in the Navy for a year or so before me.

Tedious technical lectures, apparently applicable to Navy equipment I had never seen. Nodding off to sleep during these lectures – two hours squad drill, an hour in the gym and then a little class room work. Who wrote our course programme ?

The terrifying Executive Officer ("the Commander") – Cmdr Ronnie "the stick" Brasch. I think, retrospectively of course, it was a bark/bite thing. Bark (deeply frightening): bite (gentle). I think Rod Lang (our senior course officer) protected us from him. I have good memories of Rod Lang and, later, Jo Morrice. I admired them both with immature judgement.

Damage control training in a steel lined hole in the ground near Hanns' Inlet. The compartment was flooding rapidly and we were required to shore up the damage and plug the holes with timber supplied by the instructors. Instead, we built a platform in the far corner of the darkened steel box and clambered upon it to get out of the cold, encroaching water. After a while the instructors peered in and observed our reaction to the flooding ship emergency. Shrieking with rage, they hosed us down with high-pressure fire hoses. It was the middle of a Victorian winter.

Stranded on a mud bank in a metre of water in Hanns' Inlet. It was sail training in Whalers. Jo Morrice in charge. We ran slowly onto the mud. I was told to jump out and push us off. I did so successfully; the wind caught the whaler and off it went quite quickly. We will get you later, Hart, Jo Morrice yelled, with a cheerful wave of his arm and a faintly amused look on his face. He was good at that faintly amused expression.

Melbourne/Victoria "six o'clock swill". I was 18 years old and legal in Victorian public houses. At home in WA the required age was 21 and the pubs closed at 10pm. What a paradox. My older, wiser brand new Navy friends taught me what to do in the favoured Frankston pub. Well, they seemed wiser at the time. I learnt. Slowly.

Driving north to Sydney and WATSON for navigation training in Clive's old green car (Morris Oxford, was it?). He let me drive because he was tired and he didn't want to disappoint me with what would have been a very sensible refusal (I was an incompetent driver). We survived. We stayed at Clive's parents place at Collaroy Plateau for the first night in Sydney and then on to the luxury of WATSON.

The HMAS ANZAC training cruise Nov/Dec 1964. I was very sea sick for the first week. The usual reaction ; thought I was going to die and then hoped I would die. I received no sympathy and got over it. That mess deck was a health hazard. We were always hungry. In heavy weather the main deck was out of bounds so we used the catwalks to get to and from the Galley to the mess deck, carrying our meals on plates and holding on for dear life with the other arm. The wind would whip all food from the plate. Back to the galley for more and told "you were here before, mister, bugger off".

Picked up some Ikara missiles in Melbourne for trials by a new Type 12 frigate (STUART ?) in Hervey Bay, Qld. Very hush hush. Kept/locked in the mess deck during loading and unloading. We thought it was ridiculous. It was.

We stayed in local hotel rooms as much as we could during the cruise (Brisbane and Sydney). We were young, fit and flexible but that mess deck was a joke.

Beer issue time. Mike Street climbing down the ladder into the Mess Deck, a case of beer in his arms, large steel cans of Resch's Pilsener, all open in the Navy way. A long, low swell running in the Tasman Sea. Watch the swell, Streety, watch it Mike, don't drop the beer, and down he comes, beer everywhere. We forgave him.

In 1965 we separated into different ships. I had GULL, PARRAMATTA and finally SYDNEY. I was with Neil Donaldson in GULL. The captain was a unique fellow and we had some mind concentrating times in the Malacca Strait, Singapore Strait, West Borneo (Kuching) and East Borneo (Tawau). After five months in GULL we joined PARRAMATTA. I think the other two with Neil and me in that ship were Mike Higgins and Gordon Jamieson. More time in the Straits and Borneo, annoying the confronting Indonesians. Time ashore was mainly in Singapore and a memorable first ever visit to Hong Kong by Australian Ton class minesweepers and me. I spent about ten months of 1965 in South East Asia. I was 19 years old and did not want to return to Australia.

The Starboard After Chest Flat and the Gun Room in SYDNEY brings back some classic memories. About half the intake were in that ship from Nov 65 to Mar 66. I think the other half were in HMAS MELBOURNE. I remember Dave Kindon's drum kit, Mike Street's tiger (liberated from a Shell petrol station), John Stewien's 0300 roar, caused by Clive Carlin's irritating behaviour, the ship going to New Guinea (why ?) and sleeping on the sponsons/quarterdeck because it was so unbelievably hot, our January, 1966, Promotion Board and much more trivia. What did Joe Diffen call it? Jaginuary, I think. I reached the exalted rank of Acting Sub Lieutenant (SL)(X) on the 1st of March, 1966 and joined HMAS KIMBLA.

Some young bloke here in my office in 2003 said he was in the first Navy ship to get to Timor. I said what year? 1999, of course, he said. You were adrift, I said. I got there in 1966 in KIMBLA. That's ten years before I was born he retorted. I changed the subject to sport and weather.

I carried on in the Navy and became a real officer. Who said we were a second eleven? We were not. We were up there with the best of them. I did some war service, commanded two ships and did the premier warfare course with the RN in England. I did training in Canada and had a year off at university. Lots of ships and staff jobs come to mind. I left in 1992.

Quentin Henry - A Walk Down Memory Lane

My total career in the RAN amounted to just over three years. Why so short, I haven't given it much thought previously. Now in my dotage it is perhaps time to ponder the matter.

I remember quite clearly thinking often at school about possible careers. However nothing provided any particular attraction. After leaving school I was becoming quite desperate when I noticed the advertisement seeking people for naval officer training and, promptly responded. No doubt thinking that something else might pop up and take my "fancy" in the meantime. It didn't.



Consequently, I pursued the naval option and was successful. It would seem then, that the task was not something that I was driven to obtain but something that I just drifted into. In this context I lacked commitment and drive to pursue it to the fullest. Obviously this was apparent to many of my senior officers as they often brought it to my attention. It must have been a source of some frustration and consternation to them.

Some recollections from the dim past:

- Graduation celebrations on HMAS SYDNEY. What was the stuff that saturated the carpet in the Gunroom the morning after - Water!!!!!! Or something else and how did it get like it was?
- Weekends sailing in a whaler with Ken Heynatz and others to Camp Cove - Why there I can't remember. But I do remember one afternoon when a certain rather large Mid. decided to abandon ship and sought refuge on channel marker buoy. It took sometime for us to convince him to return to the whaler.
- Many nights were spent at Romano's and Latin Quarter night clubs. On one such occasion Pete Mulheren was kind enough to give a number of us a lift to the Cross. As he went to drive off a Mid (possibly the same one who abandoned ship above) attached himself to the rear of Pete's car. This did not deter Pete from driving off and attempting to extricate his car from the clutches of this person. Soon after returning to the Cross, men in Blue in pursuit there were some interviews conducted while a number of us sat patiently in Darlinghurst Police Station subsequently making contributions to some police benefit.
- My first shipboard appointment was to "IBIS" with Dave Kindon. It entailed flying to Penang to join the ship by a RAAF Bristol Freighter. Apprehension arose when we had to lodge a monetary deposit for a parachute. Bristol Freighters were not renowned for their speed and I remember there were some strong headwinds and often there was some doubt whether we were actually making headway.
- In Dave's recollections he refers to Adrian Cummings, our skipper on the IBIS and mentioned that he was somewhat intense. I have other words to describe him. It is obvious I didn't like him and he reciprocated. I accumulated a great deal of leave stoppage courtesy of him actually longer than I was attached to the ship. But you know he never enforced one single day of it, the old softie.
- There was one particular episode which brings a smile to my face. We were in Malacca Strait on patrol with HMS AGINCOURT, our Patrol Commander. IBIS went alongside for a briefing. Two Mids went over also to enjoy some Pommie hospitality (without approval) and later adjourned to a Malaysian patrol boat also tied up alongside. Astutely one Mid returned to IBIS before Adrian the other silly bugger did not. Unfortunately, when moi had his fill and decided to return the ship, it was rapidly disappearing into the distance. In addition to moi coincidentally IBIS had also left behind its forward hawser. The matter caused some hilarity on the bridge of the AGINCOURT when a rather sheepish Mid fronted and explained the situation. Unfortunately, Adrian didn't share the AGINCOURT'S mirth and there were a few moments when I actually feared for my life.
- There are many other memories, some have been covered by others while should never appear in print but nevertheless will arise in discussion at the reunion, which I am particularly looking forward to.

Michael Higgins

Vignettes that remain with me to this day involve not so much our course officers – Rod Lang, Joe Morrice and the Chief GI, but people such as The Stick and ‘Plumb’ Asker. Who can forget that only The Stick could make the executive decision that it was raining – in the meantime we carried our Burberrys, folded in the correct pusser’s way. But at least one of our number – ? Mike Street – achieved a measure of revenge by sitting on The Stick’s hat at church one Sunday morning. The other capricious gem of naval logic was the wearing of our jumpers under our shirts. And ‘Plumb’ Asker, OIC NBCD School, always grumpy, especially more so after the evening the course ‘excused our rig’ to him at intervals of about one/two minutes while he was trying to read his newspaper. And our introduction to bosun dinghy sailing – middle of winter, blowing a gale, someone managing to spear into the side of one of the SAR launches, with us all capsizing and having to be dragged out by workboat. But most of all was our prodigious thirst!



ANZAC - Who fell down the ladder with the beer issue? And Clive Carlin skulking in the hammock stowage. But most of all another capricious gem of being watch on deck during the middle watch and being required to paint the upper deck by torchlight – and as well, if I remember correctly, the ship was about to commence a refit.

SYDNEY - The drinkex in the Gunroom that ended up with most? All of us having our leave stopped for some considerable time. The Stbd Aft Messdeck and Dinga Bell’s nocturnal wanderings.

RAN Service - I enjoyed my sea time with the RAN, commencing with time in the sweepers (HAWK – being used a patrol craft) during Confrontation – Singapore and Malacca Straits, east coast of peninsula Malaysia, Sarawak and Sabah. My first posting as a Sub Lieutenant was to DERWENT – the Captain was expecting a GLEX Lieutenant, got a Sub Lieutenant SLEX! A crash posting to PERTH and two tours to Vietnam – the first tour under the irascible ‘Daphne’ Doyle – he relieved all but one of the bridge watchkeepers of their tickets until it dawned on him that he was fast running out of watchkeepers. When we first arrived on station off Vietnam – the gun line on the DMZ - he had two of us watch on watch about as bridge watchkeepers for about two weeks before deciding that the ship should be worked in defence watches – he had the ‘first eleven’ closed up for shoots during that time. It is the only time in my life that I can say that I was absolutely buggered!

I spent a year in MELBOURNE before taking command of LAE in PNG for one year, then as the Ops Officer for the PNGPABRON for the second year. A great time (although my wife, Julie, has not forgiven me for incarcerating her on Manus for two years). To make up, we then went to the UK for three years, the PWO Course followed by two years exchange at sea in MINERVA. Joined her in the Med, then six months attached to the NATO Squadron (transited the Keil Canal, rather strange as OOW to see cows grazing on either side), six months as the Caribbean Guard Ship, fish patrols off northern Norway in winter, above the Arctic Circle (at one point 100 nm north of Murmansk. This was at a time when the RN was very overstretched - the longest period Julie and I had together was three weeks when the ship was in AMP in Trinidad – and the ship was on reduced manning because of personnel shortages – as Gunnery Officer I could not man the 4.5 gun system and the Seacat system simultaneously!

I was XO of HMAS SWAN when we became the first RAN ship to rescue Vietnamese refugees in the South China Sea. That is a story all by itself!

And I was Staff Officer to Director-General Naval Operational Requirements when MELBOURNE's replacement was finally killed.

No regrets, except that my naval service has left me rather deaf, very susceptible to skin cancers, and a bung lung.

Michael Hinshaw

I joined the SL/64 course because the local police sergeant suggested that it would be a good idea. I applied for aircrew hoping to be a helicopter pilot however I failed the psych - so they suggested I was more suitable for the seaman's course.



On arriving at CERBERUS I soon realised it was just like home only there was more people to berate you, but they did have hot breakfasts something I had never experienced, so I thought I would stay. What a raggle taggle lot of blokes, some obviously experienced in Navy procedure some very old (one was even 23). The experienced ones seemed to feel sorry for those of us that were so naive however the nicknames that soon were allocated seemed to develop a kind of equality.

During my first week in Siberia I met one of the Stewards, an A/B by the name of "Rottenaux". He took me into the galley and explained to me that the most important people in the Navy were the cooks and stewards. They have the ultimate power of revenge he said. He demonstrated this by explaining how easy it was to blend different types of body secretions into the food of deserving officers. Eggs and Mash being the two favourite mediums. I have always treated people in the hospitality industry with great respect since.

Inter service rivalry became apparent at our sports visit to Point Cook, when after we won the events the Airforce Officer who congratulated us on the stage qualified his statement by adding "of course though, the air force is still the senior service, We all know that we Exist on wine women and song whilst the Navy is content with beer, bum and gramophone records ". The riot which almost ensued demonstrated our ability to stick together or our homophobia or our taste in music. No one could argue that the reference to beer was a slur.

Reading some of the recollections that have already been submitted, I find that my memory of 1964 is slowly becoming clearer. However the names which are related to the incidents are no longer clear. Probably due to that year of total confusion intermittently clouded by an alcoholic haze. I will write down some of my own recollections and hope they may be confirmed or further distorted by the perpetrators of the events at our gathering in Feb. 2004.

A Midshipman who;

1. Arriving late for morning parade in front of the wardroom. Came at full pace with sparks flying from hobnail boots. Miscalculating his weight to speed component he had to abort a normal attempt to stop and assuming the prone position at deck level, his momentum sliding along the bitumen combined with perfect aim saw him take the feet from under several of his comrades who were standing at attention.
2. Whilst assuming his first command position as Squad Leader of the group marching between classes, he had to call an "Eyes Right" as we passed several WRAN Officers.

Being the dedicated young man that he was, he executed one of the snappiest salutes the Navy has seen. Unfortunately he did not take into account the fact that his head had been

turned right at the same time thus reducing the horizontal distance between his forehead and the highest point of his right hand elevation. This caused a violent collision between the hand and the forehead which sent him to the bitumen again causing him to knock down several of his forward moving comrades.

3. Complying with a request by PTI Murphy to "Try and hit me and I'll show you what a Black Belt in Judo can do". Unfortunately the Black Belt ended up on the canvas still around Murphy's waist.

4. Tried to talk me into buying a couple of ex army Harleys "still in their packing cases covered in grease but with no tyres". Unfortunately I bought a record player instead. My first really bad Business decision.

5. Assisting me in stealing a Champagne Bottle covered in candle wax from the "Alouette" restaurant in Kings Cross, by putting it under my suit coat at the request of our female guests. But failing to put the candle out.

A Midshipman who;

1. Awoke to find a comrade from a few cabins away in Siberia, standing at the end of his bunk with a satisfied drunken grin as he calmly urinated over the bed.

2. At a cocktail Party in Hong Kong he managed to talk a very pretty young American lass into checking out his cabin. She wore a magnificent dress cut to the waist at the back. I heard a bloodcurdling scream come from his cabin and then a very distressed lady emerged and charged down the passageway to where, I never found out. Being first on the scene I asked what he had done to cause such a drama "Nothing really" he said "I just gave her a little kiss on the back and she screamed". "

"What happened then " ? says I. "Well by this time she was facing me screaming so I took the cigarette out of my mouth and tried to kiss her on the lips to quieten her down, I don't know what got into her."

The Midshipman who;

Continually referred our names to his genocide list when he finally took power and reminded us of our fate if he had possession of the family luger.

The Midshipman Who;

Broke the officers' ceremonial sword while he was given it to clean by taking on a fellow armed with a cutlass. Then retuning the sword to its owner with the Handle firmly secured in the scabbard and not acquainting him with the fact that the blade was snapped off. Said officer then drawing his sword during a march past to take the salute and looking over the top of a beautifully polished guard attached to 6" of blade.

As I write more keeps coming back and my document will be bigger than Clive's if I keep on

Ken Heynatz deserves a special mention as we were together for most of my time in the Navy. We both came from the North Coast and had been involved in fishing as kids. We had a lot of good times together ashore and he continually got me into trouble. Although being older than me his excuse was that I was learning the hard way and would never get caught twice. He had an unusual sense of humour and a different approach to exercise.

On one occasion he took me to a "Gangster and Whore" Party in Brunswick. What he didn't say was the revellers were the real thing. Although I don't think he new till we got there .After a short time he realised that it might be better if we left. However during a reconnaissance of the back yard of the terrace house he found a large stash of bottled beer

and seeing the Pubs were closed decided on a plan to relieve the occupants of two bottles which would be enough for us to get home with.

He was to get the beer and leave it against the back fence (6' Galvanised Iron) which he would then climb over and I would then come out and pass the beer over the fence to him climb over myself and we would make a casual exit from the area down the back lane. Every thing went according to plan until I was spotted passing the beer over the fence by an amorous couple who then opted for "coitus interruptus " to raise the alarm and make my escape difficult to say the least... I hardly touched the sides of the fence as I went over only to find Ken already fifty yards ahead of me showing a great turn of speed heading toward the main road. He did yell back "RUN" for which I was grateful but it was unnecessary as I heard two loud reports and the sound of thumping on the galvanised iron. This already had me exceeding my athletic capabilities and we escaped into the darkness. I asked him later why did he take off and leave me. He said that he thought if he got ahead he would be able to hail a cab ready for when I got there and besides he had the two bottles of beer.

Ken taught me a lot about lateral thinking.

On another occasion we waked out of the Tavern Bar in Melbourne to find the street packed with screaming girls looking upwards. A most unusual phenomenon for country boys. I made some enquiries to a few of the more coherent lasses near us and found out that the Beatles were staying at the hotel and were on the balcony.

Indeed they were but this did not stop Ken from waving and yelling out "Piss off home you Pommie pooftas". Needless to say once again my personal safety was severely compromised, this time by outraged teenage girls, a force not to be underestimated as I received severe scratching and ripped clothes while trying to catch up with Ken as we tried to get out of the crowd.

As I was given more stoppage of leave than the time I actually spent in the Navy I have often wondered how much of it I really deserved considering I new people who were much more deserved of such treatment than I.

One particular fortnight stoppage while serving on ANZAC was probably due to my inability to account for the sick sense of humour of my comrades at arms.

After being designated the dubious position of Captain of the Heads for Admirals inspection in Hervey Bay. I conscientiously inspected the mess and heads after all had been cleaned and vacated and was very pleased with the result. I then attended the rituals and returned with the XO and Admiral to the mess, saluting with gusto and reporting "Mess ready for your inspection sir." The two gentlemen proceeded down the ladder ahead of me and as I arrived at the bottom of the ladder I was amazed at the cold stares they were both directing at me. "Get them down and report to me" muttered the XO as he hurriedly followed the Admiral back up the ladder. I scanned the mess with consummate fear and then looking up, my greatest fear was realised. SABOTAGE. Some other than well meaning sole had placed a condom over every Punkah Louvre vent and turned the air down so they maintained a perfectly erect position. Whoever was responsible for this act of "embarrassing Filth" as the XO put it, you may now come forward as the statute of limitations is long past and it could help with my psychiatric recovery.

We all have our stories so I won't bore you further although if they were all put together they may make a good book.

David Kindon

Most of my story is in the introduction to this tome. A set of scattered but deeply enduring memories, more of which continue to emerge as contributions come in.



My excuse for joining the Navy was to “stalk” my Canberra girlfriend Vickie whose father (Commander Moore) was posted to CERBERUS as Supply Officer. I applied to join as an Ordinary Seaman but was told that I might as well try out for this new lot they were experimenting with. Between my expression of interest and my interview, Melbourne and Voyager had collided and I began to wonder whether my decision was right – a thought I continued to have then and to this day! Incidentally, Vickie and I parted company almost as soon as I arrived at CERBERUS and didn't see each other for about 30 years. We now see each other during our frequent visits to Merimbula on the far south coast.

My recollections are a mixture of excitement and dread, wondering whether I'd make the grade. My first memories are of Siberia, clothing issue, haircut, needles and then gym – hanging from the wall bars until the Stick allowed us down – all within the first few hours of getting there!

My memories of shore training and our first sea trip on board ANZAC are regaled in the first section of this Journal. Once we went to sea as Midshipmen, I was lucky enough to score Adrian Cumming as my skipper in the IBIS but Tom Parker, his XO was a good counterpoint to Adrian's intensity. It was during this period that Quentin Henry gained the moniker “Doormouse” for falling asleep into a plate of scrum in IBIS' Wardroom!

I did the usual beat, Malacca Straits, Kuching, Sabah and Honkers. I later joined the Yarra and scored another beauty - Dulcie Loxton (!) again counter pointed by the Navigator Michael John Stanley Kay. When I first saw Mike Kay again after 35 years, on ANZAC Parade in Canberra for the ANZAC Day march about three years ago, I entered a time warp. I said something along the lines of “Michael John Stanley Kay – it must be 35 years since we last met...” Kay looked at me and said “Kindon, where do you get a fucking program from around here!!”

I have fond memories of the SNB Officers' Club, HMS TAMAR in Hong Kong and other sundry fleshpots including Kuching, Tawau, Penang to name a few.

I ended up in the DIAMANTINA with Street and had many a good adventure over there, on the Cray fish cruise, then the tuna cruise and eventually the Penang visit. I gained my ocean navigation certificate bringing DIAMANTINA back to Perth from Sumatra.

Street and I had a couple of sheilas over there – remember “let's whip it!” Mike?

I then headed off to higher things as Navigator of the GULL with Jerry Cawardine as skipper – a fun time and we eventually drove GULL back home to WATERHEN after our tour of duty and after winning the SNB Officers' Club ten pin bowling competition where the aim was to take out the wallas setting up the pins rather than the pins themselves. The Officers' Club deserves a chapter to itself being the den of great iniquity and debauchery.

I was obviously destined for higher things because Bob Gyton and I were chosen as XOs of the first two patrol boats to be stationed in PNG. I was in AITAPE with Sam Bateman as CO

based at Manus. An idyllic period of cruising around PNG in days when it was safe to do so, visiting all the major archipelagos as well as the Solomons.

The summit for me was being appointed CO of the BARRICADE in 1969, taking it from the builders, working it up and basing ourselves at WATERHEN.

I then got married and mistakenly believed that meant I had to leave the Navy. When Commander Ferguson at WATERHEN told me he had received a letter offering me a permanent Commission, I told him to stick it up his arse. One of those crossroads in life really!

Peter Mulheren

Early '64, I figured there had to be a better life than cleaning out vats in the bowels of Resch's Brewery in SYDNEY (it had its moments!!!) so after I saw an ad in the paper, I joined the Navy. How they picked me from the teeming mass of humanity applying for the SL list in SYDNEY recruitment office – people who really seemed to know about the Navy, had purpose in life and really cared about the welfare of the community – still defies logic. Nonetheless, I was in & that's all that mattered!



Reading the notes some of the guys have sent to you certainly jogged the memory bank (or what there is left in it) and it's hard to believe it happened forty years ago.

My first memory is of mustering at Central railway station for the trip to CERBERUS. I think it was there I met up with Kenny Heynatz – he seemed to be the only one who had any idea about what was going on and what lay ahead. I figured “stick with this guy and you won't go wrong!” A great bloke!

CERBERUS seemed to me to be a continuous session of marching around the bloody place always on the lookout for the 'stick' – a rather mean character I thought at the time who seemed to crop up in the path of a marching squad. I vividly recall him once in SYDNEY at the foot of the gangway of “SYDNEY” jabbing that damn stick into my guts while berating me about my lack of attitude in not jogging back onboard quickly enough. (In actual fact, deep down I had a very healthy respect for this gentleman as I knew he could wreck havoc on my well being if he really wanted to!)

How could I forget the swim in Hans' Inlet in the middle of Winter simply to enjoy the wonders of being fetched out of the ice water by a helicopter hoist erected on the wharf or the tear gas experiment when we had to take off the masks to enjoy a good ol' lungful of teargas so that we knew what it was like or even the dangers “from within” when we were issued with cutlasses. Now there was a real smart move as I remember the 'sword fights' and, on one occasion, a cutlass coming through the fibro wall – can't remember who was having that little joust in the other room but Carlin and Brooker seem to come to mind.

Looking back, I think we all packed a lot into those two training years – from drinking the “SYDNEY” dry of champagne on the Adelaide to Hobart trip in '65 during a liar's dice session then paying the price by having to scrub the quarterdeck every morning through to trying to swim out to VENDETTA (moored in midstream in the Tawau River in Borneo) with Twell (pitch black, shark infested waters, crew patrolling the deck with anti-diver grenades and both of us a little “disoriented”) and being washed out into the Celebes Sea much to the chagrin of the VENDETTA's crew who had to clear lower deck and man the lifeboats at midnight to rescue us. How well I remember that fateful call “Midshipman

Mulheren, Midshipman Twell – Captain’s cabin at the rush!!!!” And what about me going overboard off ANZAC about 20 miles out off Cape Byron?? Sometimes I really wonder!

After some of those ‘trips ashore’ in Sydney & Melbourne with the likes of Stewie, Twell, Heynatz, Hinshaw etc., I don’t know how I lasted two years!

Bob Richards

Prior to joining SLEX 1/64 at CERBERUS, my background was similar to Clive Carlin, Bob Bastian and Warren Thompson. I joined in 1962 as an Apprentice. After a short stint at NIRIMBA, along with Warren and Bob I was offered the chance to become an officer through the TOPMAN scheme at LEEUWIN in WA. After considering the advantages such as, officers having a door on the heads, able to wear civilian clothes and getting ashore before everyone else I thought it would be a good decision. In WA we met up with Clive Carlin (et al). I have forever been thankful to Clive for the immense contribution he made to maintenance of morale, regardless of circumstances, time and place from 1963 onwards.

Following the TOPMAN’s year and a short stint “slinging a mick” in 2C1mess in HMAS SYDNEY, I arrived at Flinders St station, Melbourne, a few weeks short of my 17th birthday only to be in trouble over, of all things, “not owning any civilian clothes”. New found friends and messmates came to the rescue with loan clothing until shortly after my 17th birthday, Rod Lang took me into Frankston to buy my first suit.



Memories of CERBERUS and our initial training were much the same as I’ve heard from everyone else. A mixture of fun and hard work providing memories good and bad. Rod Lang with his paternalistic and good humoured approach contrasting with Joe Morrice who didn’t seem to have a sense of humour at all. But then he was a navigation specialist after all. Sadistic PTIs got us into shape. Determined Chief GIs and RN re-tread Gunners drilled us in all sorts of gunnery control and parade skills. Early highlights included firing

40/60 break-up shot at a low flying propeller driven target aircraft and not hearing the check fire bell. I got a lot of rounds away and frightened the RN gunner in control of the mighty battery. Luckily, I didn’t frighten the aircraft pilot, as I was apparently not aiming anywhere near the aircraft. It’s funny how things stick in your mind. When ever I’m involved in something that has people moving sequentially to different activities, I come out with “add one change round”, only to receive some strange stares.

We certainly put a lot of gusto and fun into every sporting activity, from sailing in Hans Inlet and SYDNEY Harbour in dinghy’s and whalers to forming relationships with our General List equivalents at CRESWELL through a friendly basket ball match. I think the

basketball match set the scene for “camaraderie” between SL and GL midshipmen for years to follow.

Memories of our sea training in ANZAC include the Seaboat incident which resulted in, was it Pete Mulheren?, ending up in the water. Pete moved very fast when Bob Twell shouted “look out for the shark”. Somebody tripping down the hatch while carrying the mess beer issue of opened cans of beer. Somebody leaving the scuttle open, with wind scoop extended, to funnel in a “greeny” as the ship rolled. Was it Mike Street who didn’t have an allocated hammock “sling” and was forced to sling his hammock athwartships above the large messdeck toaster. Was it Bob Twell who added to our misery of free surface water in the messdeck by letting off a fire extinguisher. I’ll never forget the thrill of being on watch with Denis Fitzpatrick during full power trials. An open bridge of a destroyer at 31 knots is an exhilarating experience, particularly when a steering breakdown occurs and the rudder goes hard over.

WATSON and navigation training was difficult. Navigation was such a serious and difficult science / art and I came to understand why Joe Morrice and other navigating officers had no sense of humour. I vowed and declared I would stay a “salt horse”.

The following year at sea in the fleet was a terrific adventure. I had prayed for the whole year “up top” and got it. Along with Warren Thompson, Johnny Brooker and Don McNaught we departed Australia in HMAS SUPPLY early in the year and flew home just before Christmas in time to do our Mids board. After a few months in SUPPLY we joined the “Sweepers” in the famous “Inshore Flotilla”. John and Thommo served in IBIS, Don and I served in TEAL under the famous Gus Murray. The four of us joined up again in DUCHESS in the latter part of the year. It was a great year and the trials of being midshipmen in the fleet forged great friendships. One sad note was the death of Johnny B’s mother while we were in DUCHESS. John flew home from Saigon. The “Jimmy”, Ian (the Claw) James didn’t realise John had gone for several days. I wondered why I couldn’t get him (the Jimmy) to understand the new watchbill for the midshipmen. The remaining three of us flew back a month or two later. The plane was late leaving Singapore and we had received the usual farewell drinks. Don fell asleep and when we were informed by the hostie that we could now board, Warren and I moved off without Don. Don subsequently followed under tow by the hostie and paused at our seats to say “thanks mates” before dropping into his seat and bending the ear of Sir Percy Spender, all the way from Singapore to Australia, with tales of life at sea in the “Far East”.

One enduring memory of our time in DUCHESS was the famous run ashore in Hong Kong during the riots; arriving back late (adrift) at 0200 to find everybody out looking for the missing midshipmen in the middle of riots in Hong Kong – another six weeks stoppage of leave.

News of Don’s death saddened me. He was the eldest in our year and I was the youngest, so he took on the role of older brother, particularly during our time together in sweepers where you both needed each other, and he was never short on advice. Although he was difficult to manage after a night ashore, he was a good ship mate and always generous. When John Brooker flew south from DUCHESS, Don immediately offered me the chance to move for’d to join Thommo in the airconditioned comfort and proper bunks that formed the designed midshipmen’s berth. At the time Don and I were in canvas makeshift bunks in an unairconditioned passageway in the after cabin flat with no lighting. Don didn’t have to offer twice.

We all have stories of watchkeeping in Singapore Strait. One night in TEAL, Don had the "first watch". The rest of us were finishing a meal in the Wardroom and felt the ship heel over and turn at the end of the patrol line. Shortly after, as the ship steadied on course, a quick cry down the voice pipe saw the Captain fly out and up to the bridge just in time to look at a solid wall of super tanker sliding by on a reciprocal course about 50 feet away. Gus Murray was not large in stature but he could get angry. Don didn't forget to "look astern before you turn" after that.

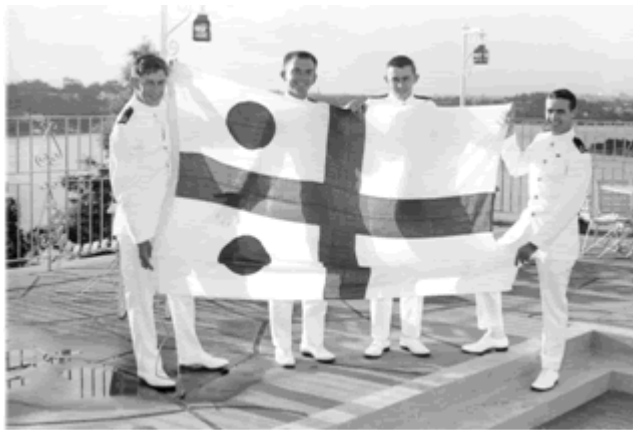
I still have some black and white photos of him taken onboard TEAL during minesweeping operations, in civvy shorts and hat, sporting bare feet (OH&S was unknown) and his well known cynical grin that seemed to say, "I can give you the drum on this world mate."

Following our mids year I took off to UK with Rob Bastian and Bob Twell. We were sent to UK, first class on the maiden voyage of the Angelina Lauro – flag ship of the Flotta Lauro Line. Air travel was too expensive, so we were paid an extra dollar a day "detached duty money" to lounge by the first class pool for four weeks. I knew then, that my decision to leave the lower deck was the correct one. The rest of our year-mates gave Bob Twell a big send off in SYDNEY. The last thing Bob Recalled about the night was seeing a fist one inch in front of his face as he got out of the cab at SYDNEY airport. He joined the passenger ship in Melbourne with his broken nose still plastered over. The trip to UK was an adventure, as anything was with Bob. Rob Bastian had linked up with a femme fatal, so I was left to chaperone Bob. His nose was re-broken on the first night but Bob was unperturbed. Before departing our last port in Australia, Bob bought enough beer to fill one wardrobe in the cabin (I think it was Rob Bastian's wardrobe. The beer formed the basis of supplies for some very late night soirees hosted by Bob. He achieved fame in the first class circles by singing "Under The Board Walk" during a first class cabaret night. Unfortunately Bob's rendition didn't have the best timing. At the time, the ship's Captain was singing an Italian love song to the rest of the passengers and bob wasn't in the mood for harmonising. After a few more incidents and a threat from the captain to offload us in Port Said, Bob behaved, except for the occasion he tried to sell Rob Bastian's girl friend to a shoe salesman in Naples. I think we were the last Sub-Lieutenants to be sent by sea.



After a disastrous time in RN submarines I was convinced submarine service was not what I joined for. Back to Australia for a punishment draft to the SYDNEY on the Port Jackson to Vung Tau ferry runs. Our Navigating Officer was David Thomson. Like Joe Morrice, he had a strange sense of humour and furthered my resolve to remain a "salt horse". However, he was a brilliant navigator, teacher and mentor and I was fortunate to serve with him on subsequent postings and maintain contact with him for a number of years. I had the pleasure of serving with Ken Heynatz and Clive Carlin for the latter part of the posting to SYDNEY. I married Margo before posting off to join the PERTH and deploy to Vietnam. Ken and Clive managed to make it to the wedding and of course added some culture to the event (photo). Ken showing off the latest admiral's flag – removed for safekeeping of course, after coming back on board late at night and being concerned for the flag's security. LCDR Lin Smith, now deceased) always seemed to be OOD when this event occurred. I think Ken had some hand in the continual purloining of Captain Inshore Flotilla's personal flag during his time in TEAL in confrontation and had a taste for testing flag security. Captain IF

subsequently presented his flag to the Australian Minesweeping Squadron as the Australians had successfully stolen it more than any others. It was only a natural progression for Ken to move on to Admirals flags (Photo attached).



The Perth was fortunate to have three SLEX 1/64 graduates adding skills to her fighting prowess. Thomson and Higgins as deft fighter controllers and OROs skilfully manoeuvring every conceivable type of USN aircraft across the skies of North and South Vietnam and Richards at the helm as Bridge Watchkeeper. I still don't understand why we didn't win the war.

That was about the last time I was fortunate enough to serve with my fellow class mates. From the PERTH I went back to Minesweepers as First Lieutenant, then command of a Patrol Boat followed by several postings as, unbelievably, Navigating Officer in a range of Destroyers. The time included short breaks ashore for the PWO course and Long N course, a stint as OIC N at WATSON, then the Dagger N course followed up by navigating SUPPLY and MELBOURNE. In the MELBOURNE I had the pleasure of serving with Joe Morrice once more. However I was a bit concerned by the fact that, after qualifying and several years of navigating, I now thought Joe had a wonderful sense of humour – a little dry but very witty with always a hint of mischief. (photo attached).



My time as Flag Navigator was followed by Fleet Plans and Navigation Officer, a challenging job with lots of travel, visiting many ships and living out of a suitcase. Was this where it all started? Sea time was followed the Joint Services Staff Course and three rewarding years as Master Attendant and Senior Naval Pilot at Garden Island. For the second time I had the honour and pleasure of working for David Martin (later Sir David). I had been his navigator in SUPPLY. He was a fine mentor, leader and manager of people who showed tolerance and understanding.

In 1986 I was fortunate to reach the culmination of a sea going career and took command of the Destroyer VAMPIRE. Unfortunately she was decommissioned about seven months later, making it a short but rewarding time. A year in Navy Office as Deputy Director of Naval Plans convinced me it was time to seek alternative employment. My last job was to set up the naval side of the Young Endeavour organisation. I participated in the ABC broadcast of the handover of YOUNG ENDEAVOUR at the Opera House on Australia day 1988 and then after 26 wonderful years in the RAN, joined TAFE NSW the next day as a teacher.

John Stewien

I enjoyed my time in the Navy and my time since immensely.

We all have hundreds of boring Navy memories so here is a few of mine. In the interests of future legal action I have divided them into memories and actionable memories.



Memories (HAPPY)

1. Joining CERBERUS and discovering that amongst the 'riff-raff' there were 'two other gentlemen from South Aust.', Roger Cammell and Ken Green.
2. Discovering the rest of the 'riff-raff' were all great blokes.
3. Being taught by Dave Kindon how to drop you opponent with your Hockey stick.
4. Discovering Mike Street didn't drink.
5. Learning how to handle a cutlass with Bob Bastian.
6. Falling through a hatch on ANZAC after Clive Carlin had cut the clews on your hammock.
7. Volunteering to be a Clearance Diver and discovering I could not swim.
8. Having a small 'firefight' with the Indonesians whilst on HAWK.
9. Being made C.O of Advance, being based in Darwin for two years, meeting my lovely wife Lorraine (still married).
10. As officer of the day on Supply ordering the XO ashore for being drunk and issuing unreasonable orders to the crew. Being told the next day he was going to charge me with mutiny.
11. Getting my Master Mariners Ticket.
12. Leaving the Navy.

Other Memories!

BEING WITH Street - as he pulled a rickshaw through Hong Kong and ran over Commander Ian Duncan.

When the Navy hired two barbers to give him the full body shave after a close encounter with a lovely lady and her 'pineapple arse.'

As he picked up his new English striped suit in Hong Kong having failed to explain to the tailor that the stripes should be vertical.

Twell - as he attempted to start the Manly ferry at 4am and drive it across SYDNEY Harbour. In the Alfred Hospital as he underwent Navy ordered electro shock to stop drinking and watching him continue to get regular jolts as he took a sip until he said, 'Mate we can beat this, you pick up the glass and hold to my mouth'

Carlin - Standing in front of the Rose Bay Pub as he roared past on his motor cycle with a German Shepherd and its fangs attached to his elastic sided boots and Carlin yelling 'look at this dog leap 30feet.'

Missing Clive sing 'Ave Maria' during a live performance of Hair.

Hart - Standing in the front bar of the Chevron with Bobby Twell telling Jules how to toughen up, only to watch in shock as Jules rushed across and kicked the crutches from under an 'impaired person'. Sitting in Jules VW as he rammed a car full of NSW police in George Street.

Mulheren - Sitting in a Bondi Pub after refusing Managements offer to leave , listening to NSW Police make same offer, and Peter whipping out Midshipman's ID and saying we are the Senior Service I suggest you leave. (seem to remember later difficulties).

Brooker, Kindon - Wondering how these two seemed to get regular Anglo Saxon sex in Singapore at Terror until realised that they had worked out that Brit Officers wives changed into bikinis as soon as their husbands sailed.

Heynatz - Being knocked over in the rush of women after Ken had laid his equipment on the table in the Barbieties Hotel.

Fitzpatrick, Heynatz, Hinshaw and others - Huge brawl in Sammy Lees Latin Quarter including Rickie May, all bouncers and any other patron who moved after someone had the effrontery to talk to Navy 'bird'. Wonder why the guy I was hitting did not fall down or fight back until realised Denis was holding his arms.

Mike Street

I had already met Twell at the medical some weeks earlier and he had driven me home in his mothers Austin A40. It was a bit harrowing as both of us were blind together for the first time. On this occasion it was the effects of the eye anaesthetic rather than alcohol ingestion. (It was also the template for a few years later when Carlin and I rode my Norton from Williamstown to the city with out a clutch, necessitating a number of left hand turns at red lights to prevent stalling. Not such a good thing in the days before electric starters on motor cycles.)



I had grown up in a Catholic working class family in the country some sixty miles from Melbourne and all I knew of the sea was Rosebud, Port Phillip Bay, and the mud flats at Lang Lang. I failed my Matriculation so getting into the Navy meant that I could cover up the fact that I was a failure and had no idea what to do next, unlike all my friends from school who went on to uni etc. It was like a jail break from the tedium of being a good boy in a country town in the fifties plus I wouldn't have to go to mass on Sundays.

Twell was the only one I knew at the Railway Transport Office at Spencer Street and had a similar ignorance as I had in regard to the orders we were being given. The chap in charge didn't seem very friendly at all, quite unlike the very pleasant men at the recruiting centre and on the interviewing board. There were others in the squad that seemed quite at ease with all this which made me a bit suspicious.

Much to Higgins undisguised contempt he found himself in a cabin in Siberia with me. He was one of those who already knew a bit about what was going on and it had something to do with being a dipped birdie, which I understood from his manner, was not worth further inquiry. Poor bugger was from Queensland and thought that the weather was cold. I can still hear the HOO HAR HAR HAR WHAAARRR HOO HOO sound he made getting between the sheets each night. I always presumed that he was cold. Nowadays I wonder if he was actually doing something else. He was a lot older than all of us and I was but an ingenuous country boy and a virgin. Still am in many ways.

It was all a bit confusing and I sort of enjoyed and felt guilty about my officer status as previously I was quite unaware of the distinction. So I faked it along with all the others I guess. Some of whom, like the dipped birdies and XJR's (which Diffen assured me was not a

jag) knew this great trick of looking at notice boards to find out times to do things and avoid public humiliation by missing out on meals and other musters.

Class room stuff was pretty easy, the maths and stuff I had done at school, and the learning technical terms for old pieces of nautical equipment for which I could see no modern use was simple but not really worth remembering. We had these incentives for doing well in the class room stuff which had something to do with money and seniority when we became lieutenants some way off into the future. I never did get to understand that until the day came many years later and found myself paid less than others. At the time I was getting four pounds ten per week which had me think I was pretty rich. Two years later I was in DIAMANTINA making more money than my father ever had.

God I must have been tiresome and up myself without even knowing it.

Amongst all this confusion was writing a Journal about what was going on. Seemed to me there wasn't much going on to write about and was pleased to learn that others were also having trouble with this.

Memories of lots of sport and no spare time and squad drill and eventually moving to the Gunroom and reading more about the Voyager inquiry, and those really glossy American Naval Institute Proceedings I think they were called.

Somewhere along the line I became adept at the art of tying a bow tie and remember often having a queue at my cabin door and missing drinks before dinner on account of my selfless service to the maladapted.

After the Blur - A few random thoughts.

Hinshaw drinking glass after glass of vodka for several hours in the Wardroom at CERBERUS without any apparent effect. This country boy was mightily impressed by this feat.

Then when it was time to return to Siberia we walked out of the bar and Mick's legs took about four steps before I got such a demo of the term legless. He simply collapsed as though he suddenly had no legs. He continued to converse normally and we talked about his condition as though it were somebody else's. None of his other faculties seemed to be affected. I look forward to seeing it again.

Sea time in ANZAC . - The sight of a warship in Hanns' Inlet was quite impressive. Meeting HP Berger was also impressive albeit unfavourably so. He was very fond of reminding us that we were as wet as scrubbers. A premonition of time to come in SYDNEY with Jesse James.

Slinging hammocks. Again some people seemed quite adept and for me it was a struggle. For half the time I had the pleasure of slinging mine in the only space left which was directly over the mess deck toaster? A temptation which proved too much for many guys coming off watch in the night.

The trip from Garden Island to Williamstown with the spare propeller shafts lashed to the torpedo deck.

A few weeks earlier we crossed Bass Strait and it had been uncharacteristically calm.

This trip from Sydney had me see the biggest waves I had ever seen. It was pretty lumpy and access to the upper deck was restricted. I remember leaving the after mess deck to head forward for food or entertainment and as I looked up and directly over the top of the funnel and my line of sight took me to the peak of an unbreaking wave some distance ahead. I glanced to my right and saw that we were in a long long trough formed by this wave and the one that had recently passed.

My estimate was that it would have been twenty metres high. Ever since then I have disbelieved people claiming to have seen thirty metre waves.

And to SYDNEY and the reappearance of The Stick and another difficult to feel warm and loving towards first lieutenant, Jesse James, with his protruding bottom lip and limp wrist. Or was the Jimmy actually Jimmy Bowles the poor old dude who had been a hero in the Korean War and now had a liver disease and a gorgeous blonde daughter who wore her mini skirt to drive her mini minor and incidentally the gangway staff to distraction.

The starboard after ladder bay, up which I had to be carried after a night contracting a disease I had never heard of. Again thinking that I was having the piss taken out of me when my ushers, one of whom I believe was Diffen, were insisting that I had lovers balls. It seems such an improbable story now that I will be seeking verification.

SYDNEY was mostly trial and tribulation so I was doubly pleased to be posted to DUCHESS a daring replacement for VOYAGER, along with Carlin for the first of our adventures together over the next few years. DUCHESS was in Williamstown so I took some leave in my home port of Melbourne. Clive and I were both pleased to be free from scrubbing the quarterdeck, avoiding the Stick and being on the receiving end of Jesse James sadism.

Imagine the horror! We arrive to see a two and a half standing half way down the gangway, a fag dangling from the fingers of his limp wrist escaping and a huge bottom lip.

We were there long enough to get plenty of stoppage of leave and escort duty to Vietnam and then to TEAL with 'Gus' Murray DSC and his erstwhile first lieutenant SG (sludge guts) Slade. Working four on four off and approach stations at least once during the four off unless you were really lucky. The voices of the SWANS and the delights of Sembawang. And the important role of Captains Secretary which entailed opening all the mail and doing the filing and seemed to take up endless hours that could have been spent sleeping or going ashore.

Then to DIAMANTINA at berth No 10a Fremantle for CCC 1/66. The first CSIRO Crayfish Cruise of 1966. Peter Duncan Max Sulman and pommie navigator Michael Tilbury Roberts and Dave Kindon.

Dave had the remarkable ability to get seasick every time we went into Fremantle Roads. It was completely independent of the weather. Special Sea Duty Men would fall out, Dave would go to our cabin, fill the hand basin with whatever was in his stomach, drop the swede for a few hours and then not be sick, no matter what the weather, until we ventured out again.

I remember an occasion where we were out for a few hours in completely calm weather and Dave did his usual routine. Only on this occasion, we had to return to No 10a for a brief pick up. Maybe for a boffin or a piece of CSIRO equipment, and straight out again. This was when the rule became apparent. As soon as we got into Fremantle roads, Dave was down to our cabin for the routine chuck and z time.

This was ample evidence for DOA (Dick Rust as I remember) to decide that Dave should go to patrol boats and that Stewien and Street should serve together.

By this time I was beginning to enjoy my time, with plenty of Singapore time and, what I thought was the best of the era, Hong Kong, where you could go ashore every night to drink and gorge yourself sick for a pittance as well as have a choice of white or local bodies to play with. The locals being just that bit more hygienic as it turned out.

I read James Clavell's *Taipan* during this time and began to think chopsticks and all things Chinese (except the Commos on the mainland) were pretty cool.

This was 1966 and we took the first decimal currency to an idyllic Australian Protectorate in the Indian Ocean, pretty much unknown at the time, but nowadays pretty well known for bird shit and refugee camps - Christmas Island. The diving was fan bloody tastic. We also visited the Cocos Islands which were still pretty much the Clunies Ross family hobby farm back then.

In Darwin where the Captain decided that I, rather than the higher bred WJS who had welched on his bet when he lost a steak and oyster eating competition to me, should be responsible for a young lady guest at our cock tail party. Her name was Catherine Mc Mullin and we saw quite a bit of each other after that, including a few months later when I drove my HB across the (unmade) Nullarbor from Fremantle to the Hunter Valley, narrowly missing Narrogin on the way. I stayed few days at the farm in Scone went to the B & S Ball and got a bit of a sore back from leaping out of the rafters onto the dance floor.

I drove back to Fremantle only to find I had been posted to KIMBLA which was in Melbourne at the time as I remember. I seem to remember Jake Linton the CD greeted me. I promptly went on leave and never actually joined. So I will be interested to piece that together with whoever would have been in KIMBLA at that time. Writing all this is bringing back floods of memories which I could spend ages documenting and risk not getting to what has happened since Jag in you Harry 1973.

Warren Thompson

My memory of the CERBERUS time is somewhat hazy except that I shared a cabin with Clive (and his mates Neddy etc) both in Siberia and the Gunroom.

I remember that at the communications school I could not focus on the flashing light, and that was before we had been to the bar, and as a consequence instead of getting glasses I was sent to visit all these head shrinkers in Collins Street in Melbourne. The only other recollection that I have is that whilst at WATSON for navigation training I came down with German measles and spent a good proportion of the navigation course in isolation at Penguin. Apart from that nothing comes readily to mind about our time at CERBERUS or indeed the sea training in 1965. I spent the majority of that year in the Far East in company with Bob Richards, John Brooker and Don McNaught. Unfortunately I do not have any photographs from my training time. I have vague recollections of seeing some of the others from our course in Singapore at the Naval Base but I am unable to be more specific or recall any stories to relate. By the time I had completed the "d" course and my postings to the DDGs the majority of the course had completed their commission and had paid off. The last time I saw



anyone apart from those that remained in was Clive in 1974 in either Dubai or Abu Dhabi when I was on exchange with the RN.

My initial posting subsequent to our Fleet Board was back to HMAS ANZAC, Bob Gyton was with me for a time but then he posted off and Don McNaught joined. After 20 months on ANZAC I posted off to WATSON for the little d course. Also doing that course was Neil Donaldson. After the d course I went to the USA for the air intercept controllers course at Dam Neck Virginia and on completion I posted to Perth for a tour to Vietnam along with Mike Higgins and Bob Richards. Having failed to set the world to rights I was given a rescrub and posted to Hobart which also deployed to Vietnam, but by this time Seadragon and Yankee Station Ops had ceased and the whole deployment was spent on the gunline. In Hobart I was a watchkeeping bombardment navigator.

On completion of the DDG time I posted to the Melbourne in 1971 but I did not see much time in the Ops room or ADR as I was bridge watchkeeping and running the ships regulating office as the Commander's mate. In 1972 I was posted to Buccaneer and drove the SYDNEY based patrol boat for 18 months doing some fishery patrols but mainly assisting Moresby with hydrographic work off Dampier in North West Australia and in the Capricorn channel in the southern Barrier reef.

From the patrol boat I posted to the PWO course in the UK, which was a bit of a shock after the relaxed PTF time. Also doing the course was Mike Higgins. The course was followed by an exchange posting to HMS Diomedes as the PWO ASW and it was during this posting that I saw Clive either in Dubai or Abu Dhabi I can not remember which.

On return to Australia I joined Swan as the PWO ASW and Operations officer. As a newly promoted LCDR in 1976 I posted to Fort Fumble in Canberra on the staff of DNT. In 78/79 I was fortunate to command IBIS and this was the end of my sea time as a succession of staff jobs followed in Manpower planning, Exercise Planning Staff, Staff Officer to a one star and Deputy DSP before paying off in October 1987.

In January 88 I returned to Canberra for 6 months service on the RANEM and served as Director of Sailors Postings until Neil Donaldson's brother Mike relieved me in July 88.

How did SLEXers fare after we set the bar so high?

Neil Donaldson has kindly shone some light on SLEX courses after we had so ably created the culture and precedents for them in 1964. His comments are below.

“Ten years after our joining, I returned to HMAS Cerberus to fill the “large shoes” of Rod Lang. In the three years that followed, I presided over rapid growth of the school until reaching its zenith in late 1976 with more than 280 officers under training. In the latter part of that posting, from about mid 1976 until March 1977, I was involved in, the feasibility of; followed by the logistic requirements and finally the initial phase of re-locating the OTS to HMAS Creswell. This relocation was timed to coincide with the relocation of the cadet population of the RANC to ADFA in Canberra. During the relocation phase, I was posted back to sea.

Our Course contributed more to under-pinning our type of training than many people realise. In its original concept, SL training was designed to provide a “corp” of officers to operate at the lower skill level in minor war vessels and other support tasks releasing the more highly trained Academy officers to operate in the more advanced areas of Naval warfare. A number of unforeseen events occurred which essentially made it mandatory that at least some of our number make the “transition” to the higher level. (some of these events include the escalating wars in Malaysia and Vietnam, and also the RANC graduating year in July 1963 had only 17 graduates – about half normal. Within about seven months of graduation, 8 had been killed at sea and one died of cancer, leaving a vacuum of skilled officers just ahead of us.)

Most of our Course who fulfilled their full short-service commissions went on to be transferred to the General List and had the opportunity of following unrestricted officer careers exceeding all expectations of the original concept of the short service commission officer. The outstanding success of the concept guaranteed the long-term future of SL training, and certainly by the time I arrived back in 1974 the “party-line” was that entry to SL training could open the door to a full and unrestricted Naval career. This was the consistent view of each of the chairmen of the Selection Boards on which I sat.

On Anzac Day, we have every reason to march with pride. This includes the members who were with us for only a short time, as together, we were the “team” that exceeded all expectations and significantly influenced the direction RAN officer training would take in the future.”

Thanks Neil – I’ll have to have my chest let out even more for the march! I did notice recently that Admiral David Shackleton – recently CNS – began life at an SLEX Midshipman in 1966!

After the Navy – a kind of living

James O Morrice

I chose to retire when the half century came up. This was called the 'notional' retirement age (whatever that meant!). Thereafter, or at least for the next ten years, my life was one posting after another. Nothing had changed, except for the colour and style of the 'uniform'. My initial venture into Civvy Street was to return to my old school Barker College working in the public relations area. When that novelty wore off I expressed interest in a Vice Regal appointment as Private Secretary to the Governor of NSW, Rear Admiral Sir David Martin. Regrettably David's term in office was barely 18 months. That is another story and indeed a book has been written about him. Life at Government House was certainly not the normal 9 to 5 job and when I had settled in the next Governor, Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair (a former class mate), I was back on the streets.



Looking for worthwhile employment in one's mid fifties was taxing to say the least. After 6 months I found myself another interesting job, this time as Registrar of the NSW Bar Association. Unfortunately that job was also short lived but for different reasons. Barristers and I did not relate happily. Most were prima donnas and few of them wanted to move into the 19th century, let alone the 20th! So I moved on. By this stage I was only wanting to work part time. Lo and behold, a call came from 'out of the blue' from a Navy Commander offering me a position in the Reserves as Chairman of a Tender Evaluation Team. Thus for two years, part time and full time, I operated as a recycled Naval Captain. I had no desire to put the uniform back on but as they paid me well to do so I did not object.

My paid working life came to an end when I turned 62. Since then I have been actively involved in Legacy and will probably continue to serve this marvellous organisation in a voluntary capacity until I drop. Of course there are many other different pursuits to follow in retirement and writing memoirs such as this is but one of them. I enjoy playing tennis and golf and I also work (unpaid) in our sprawling house and garden whenever I can. The latter, more often than not, resembles a construction site and probably typifies my 'life post RAN'.

Five years later, I am happy to say that our home in the Southern Highlands of NSW is no longer looking like a 'construction site'. That is not to say that the job of restoration is complete. Work goes on, albeit at a slower pace!

We are now proud grandparents of nine grandchildren, four of whom have been borne in the past five years. Meanwhile our eldest grandson was married earlier this year. Thus there is a prospect of being 'great' ere long. Half of our family currently live and work overseas, in New York and Rome. It was for this reason that we



embarked on a 'round-the-world' trip in the second half of 2008. We not only caught up with family and friends in distant parts of the world but Helena and I also had quality time together in the months leading up to our fiftieth wedding anniversary!

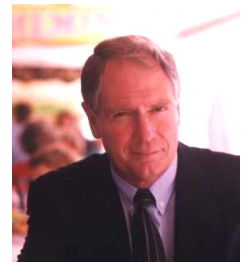
In retirement I find mixing work with pleasure can be satisfying in many ways. My voluntary work with Legacy continues unabated. But I also work part-time as an 'Official Visitor' at the Goulburn Correctional Centre, reporting directly to the Commissioner and the Minister. Resolving issues in a maximum security environment can be interesting, challenging and at times rewarding. The great thing is that once inside the gaol, I am given a key to get out!

I look forward to catching up in person with those who are able to attend the reunion in Canberra. The journal entries of attendees as well as absentees will be read with great interest.

As one who had the honour of indoctrinating the first entry of SL Midshipmen into the RAN, I wish the surviving members of this illustrious group, fair winds, smooth seas and good fortune in whatever endeavours you have chosen to pursue in life after the Navy. Happy 45th Anniversary!

Rob Bastian - Life After (85-04)

Having avoided Canberra like the plague for twenty years, I copped (enjoyed really) a staff course with the army at Queenscliff in 83 and wound up in Navy Office the following year. I'd bid for the Joint Staff College in Wellington (in India with groomed horses at sunrise etc), but was sent south by DNP with the advice that, "... this course had foreigners on it too". No names.



My final navy job was PA to the Chief of Naval Operations and Plans. It wasn't really a bad one but it involved mountains of paper. We lost the replacement Carrier when the Brits held ARK ROYAL back for the Falklands. We then lost the Fleet Air Arm when the Crabs nicked \$25Bn for the F18s while our Admirals dithered. I also lost the plot about then and pulled the plug.

Less than a year after arriving in Canberra Su and I found ourselves legging it for Europe with our 5 and 6 year old daughters and no real plan to return. We'd made some dough fiddling with real estate in Mosman, thought we were set to retire (ha ha). The next six months in Umbria (and about six subsequent trips) are a whole nother story.

Things pick up again when we drifted back to Canberra six months later and lacking any plan to do anything particular, sort of stuck here. We tried the role reversal thing (I look after the kids and Su goes off to teach). Two weeks!

Assuming the market for hacked submariners to be small in the Capital, I enrolled in the Canberra Uni to do a postgraduate diploma in public admin. Less than six months into this and pretty bored with being taught big words for what we had all done for twenty years, I put my hand up for the position of CEO of the Council Of Small Business Organisations of Australia (COSBOA) and got it. The self same David Kindon who is presently waiting for these words was part of the selection committee but (disappointingly) claims to have exerted no undue influence.

My seventeen years lobbying for small business had some interesting moments. Being appointed by Bob Hawke to his Economic Planning Advisory Council (EPAC) was probably the top end of this bit of my life.

EPAC consisted mainly of the state Premiers, some ACTU heavies (Messrs Crean, Kelty, Fergusson etc), the peak community groups and three or four peak business organisations including COSBOA. I met with this lot quarterly for several years and amongst other things agitated for a named Small Business Minister to, '...better focus the policy needs of the sector'. When The Hon Barry Jones got the job I convinced him to reference David Bedall's Parliamentary Inquiry into Small Business. This was a first and started some sizable balls rolling for small players, both in government and in the market place. Not enough but some.

COSBOA was a financially challenged operation and flying at this level on smoke and mirrors was a little gut wrenching for its naturally timid CEO. The media was tricky but in the main sympathetic and over a decade or so we managed to move the image of small firms from that of "little Aussie Battlers" (or losers) to that of the "Nation's Employer Base" (ie crucial labour intense firms).

When the Libs returned to office economics went 'rational'. We lost a bit of the momentum we'd built up trying to resist market concentration but managed to get our named Small Business Minister into Cabinet. This is important because Cabinet initiates most of the new paperwork that keeps small players so happy.

The Hon Peter Reith was more helpful to the sector than many appreciate. Though dry as a twig economically, he did listen. He once called at midnight after a Cabinet meet to say that I'd had a win and that plans to repeal Provisional Tax would be announced next morning. His timing was great because I had become a lone voice hanging on to this one and the ACCI was starting to tag COSBOA as an embarrassment to the business community.

At \$6 Bn, prov tax had to be personal best and Council's leadership had started to develop leadership aspirations so, envious as always of Clive, I retired from that role at the end of 2001 and started looking for a beach.

This time Su got bored and I am now CEO of the Horticulture Australia Council. For cynics, the farm-gate value of Horticulture is twice that of Wool and you can see quite plainly that I can spell it.

My real post navy story of course, is that I'm still on my first wife (the shame) and now have three great daughters (26, 25 & 18). We have no grandchildren but I did pass the word this Christmas that I'm almost psychologically ready for grandparent hood. Su and I travel a fair bit and are planning to do the Silk Road thing east to west, shortly if we can create a break.

Looking forward to catching up next month

Graham Bell

John Brooker - Post RAN Adventures

My last RAN job was at STIRLING in the west, where I was Command Personal Services Officer on NOCWA's staff until Kangaroo 83 came along, until I was made der kamp komandant in charge of der tents, stores, tucker and tri-service veggies at the Stirling joint force HQ. (I had a lot of fun making the crab officers live in tents, much to their annoyance; and trying to convince the Army, who love tents, that there was no need to excavate latrines in the sacred playing fields when there was a perfectly good brick dunny on the edge of the field).



I paid off in 1984, had one week off and started work with the WA Government as a 2 I/C to the man in charge of marine safety compliance in WA. We had nine Marine Inspectors who had to chase speeding boats; persecute errant water skiers, make sure commercial boats were in survey and properly crewed and rescue people from a watery grave along a 12,500 Km coast.

I nearly got divorced early in my second marriage because after I had been out of Pussers for about six months, I applied for a Station Commanders job in Antarctica and got an interview in Tasmania before I got around to informing the 'war office'. There was a huge sense of humour failure and it was no good trying to explain that I would only be gone for 12 months and that the pay was tax-free. An ultimatum was delivered so I reneged on the interview. Should have gone anyway as things eventually turned out!

I got the bosses job after a year or so and set out on a spot of empire building culminating in the Americas Cup defence series, courtesy of Alan Bond, during which I was in charge of the spectator craft control organisation. I plagiarised a US Coast Guard Operation Order, Australianised it, recruited another 32 Marine Officers, purchased 5 extra 13 metre boats, chartered 15 cray boats with crews and finally, I made Admiral (in my own lunchbox) for the whole series. I got to go to all of the top parties both official and otherwise for free and generally spent the seven months of the defence series at sea with my forty-five boats in three divisions and a serious and perpetual hangover.

I was accused of industrial nepotism though - because I made a habit of recruiting ex RAN senior sailors (mostly Chiefs and WOs). I always held that you couldn't buy the training and experience most of them had. There was a time when I had an Ex WOCOX doing the regulating, an ex WORP running my SAR operations room, an ex WOFC in charge of Oil Pollution stuff and ex WOFT, WOCD, WORO, CPOMech, CPORP, CPOQMG, POQMG, LSCD, LSRPSM and a bunch of ex fishing boat skippers as Marine Officers.

Spent the next few years pushing a pen for queen and country and doing the Public Service tango working out how to handle the jet ski menace and regulate para sailing and other such stuff. Also fighting off take over bids from the Water Police and Fisheries, investigating marine accidents and for a couple of years, being the Marine SAR guru in WA and running a 24/7 SAR Ops room.

Along the way my second wife Vicki took off for what she thought was greener pastures, but not before we had produced two boys to add to her three from a previous marriage (and who I raised). Add these to my three kids with Karen, (wife No 1) and I have a total of 8! - four boys and four girls. They are all grown up now and only one, Nick who is 22 now lives with me. They comprise in order of seniority, a microbiologist, an artist, an archaeologist, a butcher, two shop assistants and two call centre operators. Their combined procreative efforts have so far produced five grandchildren, 2 boys and 3 girls.

I returned from a five month driving holiday in Europe covering England, Ireland, Scotland, France Belgium, Holland, Germany, Spain, Portugal and Italy in late 2003. I bought a 1994 VW Golf in Belfast for 750 quid and sold it in London for 1,000 after driving it 12,500 miles. I kept corresponding with my Czech girlfriend and the Welsh one for a while but that has lapsed. The Portuguese one seemed to have lost interest, probably because I'd spent most of my time in Lisbon on the turps with the Malmö (Swedish) football supporters club, instead of paying her the attention that her whippy body so richly deserved.

I spent a few years to 2005 as the marine environmental protection manager ie. Oil pollution emergency manager in WA with a staff of four, not so many hassles and the same income. I have now paid off my humble abode (having been torpedoed by my errant wives a couple of times). Still, I have retained my sense of humour and still have my Austin Healey Sprite (like the one that Ken Green had).

In late 2005, I left my job in the WA Govt following a war with the bureaucrats, which I have dubbed as a class, as the 'Collywobbles' (thick and wet), so what did I do? I joined the Commonwealth Govt as a Maritime Transport Specialist in the security area. Now I've been there three years and I'm back at war with the Commonwealth Collywobbles. I think I've finally qualified for my 'grumpy old man' rate and I'm rather enjoying it!

The previously foreshadowed legal training ambitions are now abandoned. It's too late to take silk from anyone, so I reckon I'll keep working for a couple more years and then take off to Europe via Vietnam, China, Mongolia, Trans Siberia to Russia and the Baltic States or so. Will try to pick up some friendly female companion, either pre or during said adventure. I'll probably end up with an amorous yak!

Since the last reunion I've caught up with Clive, Jules, Gordon and JD ; and anyone who is visiting Perth should look me up, I've had a few good runs ashore on the strength of our memories.

Roger Cammell

When I left the Navy I struggled to find direction and settled on surveying which was the nearest profession I could find to hydrography.

I found a position as a geological draftsman with the Dept of Mines whilst I studied part time in the Survey Degree. I worked for a time at the University of Adelaide Geology Department who were more sympathetic to my part time study requirements than the Mines Dept. On graduating with a Bachelor in Technology Surveying I won a position with TAFE SA lecturing in surveying.

I am married to Ann and have two boys. We built a house in the Adelaide Hills at Crafrers East and have established a nice garden/jungle.

We still live at Crafrers where we have made a comfortable home. Our two children Simon and Paul have left home, Simon is married in Melbourne, after a sojourn in SYDNEY, with a baby boy (6months) and Paul with partner living in Adelaide(after spending years at ANU then SYDNEY Uni studying medicine) expecting a child in early April. Both have done well, Simon a chartered accountant is General Manager of Finance of the Australian Wheat Board and Paul is a doctor majoring in psychiatry at Flinders Medical Centre.



I am still (since 1975) working for TAFE as a Surveying lecturer and am contemplating retirement in a year or so (immediately if a package is offered).

Over the years I have spent some time in the Dept of Lands doing Industrial Exchanges with fellow surveyors and have been involved in interesting survey work throughout the whole of SA. Technology has caught up with surveying and GPS and computing have trivialised a lot of the traditional work done by surveyors necessitating retraining for myself. I have done courses in Geographical Information Systems, a Grad Cert in Systems analysis, Oracle database and others.

Over the years since leaving the Navy I have tried to keep active playing football and cricket (retired in 1972 to pursue studies) golf (trying to play still).

I spent five years sailing at the RSAYS crewing on a 30' Karen Class sloop (no one else has heard of the class either). We mainly raced around the buoys on Saturday afternoons with the occasional overnight race in the Gulf St Vincent and the very occasional week long cruise down to Kangaroo Island.

The skipper had to give sailing away through ill health and that was the end of that. The skipper however was an exponent of that ancient and honourable game of liar's dice and we whiled away many an hour after racing on Saturdays. We played for Granny May's ice creams rather than a shout after gaining three matches.

I tried running for a number of years in the 80's doing the 'fun' run thing training up to 80-100km/week, running 30km in training on a regular basis. I ran four 42.2km marathons with a PB of 2h59m. My body gave up after that lunacy and in '97 I had a laminectomy and have walked with a limp ever since. but I can still try and play golf ...

Ann and I have a holiday house on Yorke Peninsula which I started building in 1978. The family have spent many pleasant times there and we usually spend Christmas there each year. We have a small boat (Quintrex Lazeabout) which I bought after my Hartley TS16 proved too difficult to manage as a fishing boat. The TS16 was terrific fun in a breeze but around the shoals with 5-6kts of tidal stream at springs and no wind the little seagull outboard struggled to make headway.

Ann and I intend travelling after retirement and we have been getting our hand in in the meantime using up some of my long service leave. In previous years we have travelled throughout the Far East and in 2001 we ventured to Europe for the first time and spent 8 weeks travelling through Italy from top to bottom. Next year we are going to spend 8 weeks in France. We have already booked a lot of accommodation (too late for chez Clive) and intend leasing a car.

2004 and on...

Ann and I had a wonderful trip to France from mid August through to mid October 2004. We leased a car and stayed in self contained accommodation for a week at a time, using the accommodation as a base to explore the surrounding country. We had a week in Paris, Normandy, Loire Valley, Lot, Languedoc, Provence, Burgundy and then to Strasbourg and back to Paris and home.

I effectively retired in early 2006 (officially in November 2006) and have been involved in pursuing my woodworking hobby by building a workshop/studio which is nearing

completion. I have not escaped this experience unscathed putting my thumb into the bench saw (ring any bells Dennis?) which put me out of action for some months causing us to postpone our expedition to the Kimberley which is happening this year 2009. We have kitted out a 4wd and will head up through the Tanami to the Kimberley and then down the west coast to Perth and back across the Nullabor. We plan to take between two to three months. We have tested the rig in the Gawler Ranges on Eyre Peninsula and I think we have all the gear we need.

In October/November 2006 we spent a thoroughly enjoyable 5 weeks in New Zealand touring North and South Islands. Wonderful scenery!

I am still involved in surveying having written a software package to reduce observations to calibrate Electronic Distance Measurement Instruments. Although a lot of surveying is done using differential GPS there are many branches of surveying which rely on the use of total station instruments. It is a legal requirement to ensure that an EDM measures correctly and as the Lands Department in SA has now outsourced this service my program is in demand.

In November 2007 we travelled to India with Ragini and Sujoy Dey, owners of one of our local Indian restaurants. We had three weeks of wonderful food from the very south in Kerala to Rajasthan in the north. It was terrific having Ragini and Sujoy as guides with their fluent Hindi eliminating the language problems that we may have encountered as well as their extensive knowledge of Indian cuisine. They also came in handy haggling in the markets.

We still continue to use our shack on Yorke Peninsula whenever we can and I am still playing golf after a fashion.

On the family front our boys have not been idle and our current grandchild count is 7 plus one pending which is due in August 2009.

The little ones are a constant joy and we can't get enough of them.

Clive Carlin - As the Album from Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young was called, So Far.

As Twell remarked when I joined Supply, I'm really glad you're here, you can take the heat off me! Because he was a mate I did just that and I continued to do so even after he had left. As a result, as I am sure most of you are aware, after a couple three too many chewbs at a performance of Hair, I left the Pusser rather abruptly in 1972, I believe it was.



Shortly after that I met Hannah Mallon and together we left Australia, in April.

Arriving at Heathrow we were met by a couple of girls who had come up from Morocco to meet me and were surprised to find that I had company...ah well!

The reason I mention this is because I joined these two girls a couple of days later to go and inspect a Kombi they were thinking of buying. Disappointingly, none of us knew where Twell and his new bride Jill were, she had prohibited him from letting any of the bad influences in his life know where they were in London.



As we were strolling down Knightsbridge somewhere Dallas, one of the girls looked ahead and squealing, said "look there's Bob...and he is walking with ____ (Name not known). This girl had disappeared into London, as Bob had.

We all had a great chin wag. Bob was on his way to work, at a Betting Shop, where else, and so couldn't stop. Before he left Dallas remarked that she was unaware that Bob and the girl he was with knew each other.

They looked at each other and said they had no idea who the other was...pure coincidence that they were walking together in the same direction at the same time on the other side of the world and should meet someone that they both knew heading in the other direction.



Aint life weird!

At the end of 1972 I left UK with Hannah and made best speed for the United Arab Emirates as an Officer in the Sea Wing of the Abu Dhabi Defence Force. Hannah and I had gotten married to enable her to come out with me.

On my first leave back in Australia I took my Dress Uniform with me, including Shamagh (Arab headdress stupid!). I contacted my new best friend Jules and WMP'd his unextended invitation for drinks at Friday lunch. I casually mentioned that I would be coming down in uniform and expected to be treated with the marks of respect due to a visiting foreign Naval Officer.

Wont bore you with the details (I'm at 442 words already), but it was the first and only time I have ever been piped on and off three ships. Jules was parked three out at GI.

I left the ADDF after nearly three years, remaining in the UAE and starting my own business, the first contract cleaning company in the Middle East. I paid a visit about 10 years ago and they were like a bloody rash.

After nearly ten years there I went to Drama School in London and from there proceeded to the US. To Houston where I had been offered a roll in the Shakespeare Festival.

I continued with the acting for around ten years, eventually basing myself loosely in Nashville. This was when Hannah decided I was surplus to requirements and gave me the elbow. At this stage I decided that Australia looked like a good place to perhaps try and get work...which I then did. A National Commercial and a small part in a Mini Series called "A Long Way from Home". The Barlow and Chambers Story. Julie Christie, Hugo Weaving and Sarah Jessica-Parker among others...got to meet me during the filming.

Trouble was, I was working illegally, I carried a British Passport. Back to the US for the purposes of migrating...which I then did. I don't recommend the experience!



I returned to Aust to be made a citizen by no other than Barry O'Keefe, Johnny's brother, performing his last official act as Mayor of Mosman. I then repaired to France to run a guest house, a renovated barn, for the next six years or so.

Back to Australia for a spell and became a Diving Instructor with the help of my best friend KG Green who certified to PADI that I had done at least 10,000 dives.

Came to Indonesia in 1996, December, and I find myself still here. I'll bore you bastards even further with the details when I see you in Feb.

Post 2004.

Well another five years have passed and the light at the end of the tunnel is getting brighter and I am still doing my level best to make sure that the journey between me and there is as unpredictable as possible.

2005 was a good year!

I apologize in advance to those of you who are already aware of what I am writing and to those of you who really don't care.

What follows is a revised account of an email I sent out in April 2005

As I am sure you are aware on Boxing Day 2004, a tsunami caused quite a lot of damage to quite a lot of countries. Its epicenter was off the West Coast of Sumatra. One of the areas worst hit was an island off the Central West Coast called Nias, a little village called Sirombu particularly. At the beginning of March I went to Sirombu with a Foundation called Zero to One, started by an Australian living in Jakarta who lost a son in the Bali bombing, to supervise the construction of nearly 300 houses.

So far so good!

As some of you may also be aware that same area was hit by another earth quake in the early evening of the 28th, 8.6 on the Richter Scale, the third largest ever recorded, it was a big one, I know, I was standing on it! I am delighted to say that I can now cross that off my list of things to do when I retire and if any of you have any faith in what I say, you will cross it off your list as well!

I won't go into details, but as best as I can I will tell you what it was like! I have thought about this long and hard and the closest thing I can equate it to is this: If you can imagine standing on a giant tub of jelly and having bull dozers ramming it at high speed from all sides in a totally random fashion, you are beginning to get the gist! The earth moved as if it was liquid. I had leapt out of the little house I was in (John Lennon put it succinctly) "like a burning spastic". I got five paces and was unable to move another step until it was over. That was approximately 100 years! (I later found out it lasted three and a half minutes).

All I could hear was the crashing of trees and the only other building within a couple of kilometers collapsing. All I was looking at was the night sky to see if I was within range of any of the bloody trees. The island was left, totally, without electricity. Hence my lack of communication at the time. It is a really weird feeling to know that you are all right, and know that no one else knows...knowwhat I mean...

I spent the next thirty six hours evacuating myself and my crew to mainland Sumatra. Traversing the mountainous jungle across the island to get to the Capital/port. That is when we weren't all out of the truck negotiating cracks in the road the size of the grand canyon and collapsed bridges, you know, the usual stuff one has to go through when you are evacuating...

Passing through the Capital of the island, Gunung Sitoli was one of the most traumatizing experiences of my life. TV, movies, radio, can never convey the sights and sounds of destruction that are on the ground to any degree of feeling to that of the reality...and probably a good thing too, otherwise we would all probably end up nut cases.

I passed the primitive hotel I had booked into the previous day when visiting to buy some supplies. It was totally collapsed, flattened like a deck of cards, bits of beds sticking out into the air, curtains flapping in the breeze.

I had returned to Sirombu on an impulse and fortunately not stayed there. I literally ran to catch the public transport. When passing I thought to myself, if I had stayed I would be dead now.

Several days later I awoke in the middle of the night with the thought...dead, I mean d.e.a.d, dead! A chilling thought, I was alive because I had reacted to an impulse. On a lighter note, when we disembarked from the ship in Sumatra I was interviewed by a camera crew from the ABC.

I returned to Jakarta a few days later to find my girlfriend at the time, beside herself. She had no idea where I was or if I was even alive. She had even called my brother in Brisbane to find out if he had any news. He told her no, but he knew I was alright. Two days previously he had seen me interviewed on the TV!

My little house, apart from a crack in the floor, survived intact, a tribute to the design. The interior on the other hand looked like someone had turned on a blender for about five minutes.

Actually it reminded me a lot of what Dallas' room used to look like when he was at school in Houston...

A month later I returned and spent a total of six months there kicking off the construction project. I am happy to say that there are now 250 houses, on a slight hill, where the old village used to be.

Returning to Jakarta I found that the Dive Shop had run itself perfectly well without me so I no longer work on a full time basis there.

In 2001 I re-found the wrecks of HMAS Perth and the USS Houston, sunk by the Japanese in 1942 at the entrance to the Sunda Strait.

I tracked down several survivors and in 2003 presented the Australian Embassy here a plaque, with an inscription created by them, which now stands in the Embassy grounds.

Rather pleased with that I am!

I have finally sold my house in France and with the proceeds have purchased a hairdressing salon in the Kristal Hotel. A natural follow on I think when one considers previous occupations in the navy and theatre.

I am one of the Vice Presidents of the Yayasan HOG in Jakarta. We are a charity that raises money for children in Indonesia. We mainly finance operations on birth defects, hare lips and cleft palates but also support an orphanage and contribute to several schools.

We also ride Harleys and drink too much! 'ts about it really....

Joe Diffen

The following gives a brief idea of life for me since leaving the service in 1966.



My wife Liz and I have been married for 36 years and we have two daughters. Sarah is a pharmacist and is currently working in London – our younger daughter Emma is in Public Relations and is currently working with the Australian Consul General in Los Angeles.

Both girls were quite accomplished platform and springboard divers both having done well at State and National level. I ended up as a competition Judge and Referee and have officiated at international standard events in Australia. I have also been Australian Team Manager for teams competing overseas including the World Junior Championships that were held in the USA in 1985.

1960's - Found a permanent job with the local Sunshine City Council and decided I liked it so commenced studying to become a Town Clerk, which I did part time. Also met my wife Elizabeth a primary school teacher and we were married in 1968 with Mike Street as my best man. Continued to be very fond of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

1970's - Continued my studies and then went to the UK to do some post graduate stuff at the University of Kent at Canterbury. Our elder daughter Sarah was eight months old at the time we left for England. Worked for a couple of Councils in Melbourne and then returned to Sunshine to head up their computer section. Got retrenched when the Council was sacked in late '76 and ended up at Doncaster as Deputy Town Clerk. Second daughter Emma born in 1977. Started an MBA at Monash University.

1980's - Finished the MBA and was then appointed as Chief Executive Officer of the Coburg City Council in 1981 a post I held for thirteen years. Did some lecturing on local government and public administration courses. Awarded a research fellowship to study local government in the USA.

1990's - Offered a local government job in SYDNEY as CEO of the Ku-ring-gai Council and took it largely because of the uncertainty of what lay ahead when Jeff Kennett (rhymes with hunt) became Premier of Victoria and reduced the number of councils from 211 to 76. Discovered that Jules and Jacqui lived in Snives, a loose collection of shanties (not unlike Soweto in many respects) in the Ku-ring-gai area and so I boarded with them for what was to be about four weeks. In the end I was there about seven months as we had difficulty selling our house in Melbourne.

Appointed as CEO of Parramatta Council in 1997 and retired in 1999 after almost thirty years in local government.

2009 – back to the future

Since our last reunion at St Ives in 2004 Liz and I have travelled extensively. Our elder daughter and her husband live more or less permanently in the UK and so we try to get over there whenever we can.

Visits to China, Russia, USA mainland, Hawaii, Canada, France and Belgium to chase up First World War family history stuff (Liz's maternal grandfather was killed at Ypres in 1917) and more local places like New Zealand, Fiji and so on. And late last year we did a circumnavigation of Australia on the "Sun Princess" – managed to catch up with John Brooker in Freo but missed out on catching up with Roger Cammell in Adelaide as gale force winds prevented the ship from entering harbour on the only day we both had free.

Having decided to wind up the small management consulting business that I had established when I first retired in 1999 I became more involved in local community affairs. I do a bit of work with the local Veterans Welfare Centre where I am Secretary and Treasurer and a qualified Pensions Officer. I am also involved with the Torquay sub-branch of the RSL, a member and former President of the Torquay Probus club and a member of another local Probus club.

Haven't got to the stage of taking up the geriatric marbles yet but still like to try and play golf as often as I can – but not with too much success (if I break 100 I am happy!)

Neil Donaldson

Denis Fitzpatrick

I left the navy in '84. My eldest son was 8 years old, I had spent more than half his life at sea. I figured there had to be a better way. I have spent my time since then in the ups and downs of business life and parenthood. I have no regrets.

I wanted to make a total break from service contact so we moved to the Gold Coast and I became a Mr. Mum ~ before the movie and the fashion!!! We lived on a property in Tallebudgera Valley for about 8 years. I stayed at home for 2 years and then started a swimming pool business. Very successful. I thought I was so good at this business stuff I got into property development. Not so successful. Submitted a big proposal (tourist development in Cairns) to AGC the day before the pilots went on strike... Total rejection!!

Sold the pool business and the farm to recoup. Moved to Brisbane and got involved in furniture manufacture. In hindsight I can only think that my brain was fried from chlorine and the rest of me totally dejected, rejected and unloved from the development experience. Furniture manufacture is a bad choice for anyone wanting to make money!!

As things would happen, throughout these wanderings I became interested in "personal development" and why it is that we do the things we do. Besides, I couldn't afford to pay



for my own therapy! I found lots of peace and satisfaction in helping others and I am now a counsellor and therapist... I work from home. I love what I do.

Under the house I have a workshop to die for. (All the tools from the furniture manufacturing!!) Soooo when I am not seeing clients my personal therapy is to make furniture from recycled timber or pine that I make look like recycled.

Throughout this varied, wondrous and non profitable lifestyle I have been supported by my bride. The gal that many of you know as Maggie. We have 3 sons Richard 27, James 25, and Stuart 22. They have all left the nest and have not been issued with boomerangs. Maggie and I are happy in ourselves. We have now been married for 34 years...I said "If we didn't do it in 69 then we would never do it" Ahhhh those were the days.....

2009 Update

Since Feb 04 I have been living in Norman Park, Qld, with my bride of almost 40 years, Maggie. I work with an organisation called "Mankind Project", (mankindproject.org.au) This is a world wide organisation, which was founded in America.

My involvement in this project, involves travelling all over Australia, New Zealand and America. Fortunately Maggie is very understanding; it must have been her training as a naval wife!!!

My work within the organisation is the role of co-leader and facilitator, at the weekend workshops that we hold.

Life in Brisbane, when at home, is pretty simple. I deal with a lot of the "men" from the organisation, and spend a lot of time reading and sending e-mails. Most weekends (when at home) are spent with Maggie and our new pup Toby. Maggie & I enjoy fine dining and wining and the occasional movie.

Unfortunately Maggie has just been made redundant, and is currently looking for a new job, or she may choose to retire. The job market here in Brisbane is pretty bad, so many redundancies, and not many new jobs.

That's about it folks, cheers Denis

Ken Green

Julian Hart

I left the RAN in early 1992. Before I "swallowed the anchor" I applied for a public service defence job at Garden Island. This position had existed for many years, with only two very long-term incumbents. There was much competition as the role was seen as a very desirable little number by many old salts in the know.



I was successful and after 28 years I was Mr Hart again. It was really a little like not leaving the Navy. I am still surrounded by uniforms; all much younger than me of course.

I was in the now defunct Ready Reserve for 5 years and have done some general reserve work since then.

Jacquie and I decided years ago not to get onto the Navy married quarter/rent allowance roundabout, so we hacked away at a SYDNEY mortgage for ages. We now have a pleasing result - no mortgage and a stability that is appreciated by the family as a whole.

On the subject of family we are, predictably, empty nesters. Both our daughters live in SYDNEY - one in Annandale and the other in Berowra. Samantha (and partner Tim) in Berowra have given us grandson Jack. He is a delight. I never thought I would be a doting granddad. Tracy in Annandale is at the cutting edge of corporate piracy, working with some high-flying people in North SYDNEY. She visits often, with large boy friends in tow.

With me out of the Navy and available for the normal activities of life some travel has been a highlight of recent years. NZ for a couple of weeks was fun. Then a big one - Hong Kong, trains through China, then the trans-Manchurian express to Siberia, the Trans Siberian express to Moscow and then the overnight train to St Petersburg. This was followed by a car tour of England, Wales and Ireland.

More recently we did Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, Brazil and Chile. My Latino Spanish was dodgy but helpful, especially in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego.

Thailand and Cambodia was the last effort. We have some friends in the Australian Embassy in Bangkok. This was most convenient. Ankor Wat in Cambodia was memorable. Land mines kept us on our toes.

Jacquie has a most interesting and worthwhile job with the Commonwealth Department of Health. She inspects Nursing Homes, ensuring that the public dollar is correctly spent.

I'll probably carry on in this job for another five years or so.

We are happy in the place in St Ives, so retirement may be there. I think this will be the case. After the Navy came the Navy. I am a defence civilian and self styled Garden Island Good Old Boy.

I am the lucky husband of Jacquie and the proud father of two daughters. More recently the very pleased grandad of Jack.

Quenton Henry

To cut to the quick, eventually my appointment was terminated and I resumed the search for a satisfying career. I ultimately commenced in the Commonwealth Public Service and around the same time got married. There is nothing like a wife, kids and associated financial responsibilities to bring one down to earth. I was no exception in this regard and with application, commitment, drive, etc (apparently lacking in my naval service) I ultimately progressed to a position of Director Audit in the Australian Taxation Office. Happily, I am now retired and living at Port Macquarie. My time is spent golfing, fishing, travelling OS and other things that take my "fancy". I have finally found my ideal career and it has only taken 40 years to discover.



Present association with RAN:

- My daughter, without any input from me, joined the RAN via the Defence Academy is currently a Lieutenant and Supply Officer with HS Red Crew in Cairns.
- She is married to a Commander (ME) who until last Xmas was RANLO in Singapore where they resided in one of the "Black & Whites" on the Naval Base. My wife and I visited

them regularly and I was able to refresh my memories of Singapore and, make short visits, to Malacca and Kuching.

Michael Higgins

My last naval posting was to the Defence Intelligence Organisation. I subsequently obtained a civilian position with the Organisation and enough to say most interesting work. Have held a variety of positions, the most interesting being a member of the Indonesia Section during the upheavals in that country and our intervention in East Timor.



Subsequently headed up the Malaysia/Singapore/Brunei team for several years (dealing with Dr Mahathir's outbursts). Currently the Director, Logistics and Infrastructure Analysis Section.

I also educated myself by obtaining an BA from ANU and a Master of Defence Studies from ADFA/UNSW.

Michael Hinshaw

Now to my movements since the Navy decided that my oilyQ's were sadly lacking and to quote one Captain "Dulcie" Loxton that it was obvious that I had only the mental capacity of a fisherman. (Something I pondered about for the 30 years I held a Fishing Licence).



After discharge I went to the bush and cut Poles for a few months till the wet forced me to get a "real" job in the Commonwealth Bank in 1966. After 9 months I realised I had to get out of the city so I learnt to operate earth moving machinery and went out west to Narrabri to earn a lot of money to buy my own prawn trawler.

Here I worked in the cotton industry for a year and my fishing plans were circumvented by marriage to my still current wife Daphne. Her Father would only approve of the marriage if I got a "Real" job, even though I was earning 6 times as much as he was, the security wasn't there. So back to the Bank where I lasted another 9 months and ended up in Griffith working for the County Council as paymaster. They suggested I leave for not wearing a singlet to work which I agreed with.

A bad stint selling life insurance for a few months some tractor driving, yardman at a pub (crook wages excellent benefits). Then into the agricultural chemical industry, working for Amalgamated Chemicals then Schering Ag for 5 years. Became State manager then transferred to Europe but sanity and survival plus a deepening friendship with the Italian friendly society saw me leave the life of multinational corporate ladder climbing (Heynatz inspired lateral thinking) and buy a fishing boat at Woolli Nth NSW.

We moved there in 1975 with our 3 children Jacqueline Lisa and Adam.

I trapped and long lined there for three years and then moved to Yamba. Here I started prawn trawling and worked different vessels between SYDNEY and Fraser Island until buying my own 60' Trawler "Karlo" in 1982. While trawling we started the first fish shop here then had a 60 seat Restaurant overlooking the Ocean for 5 Years. Of course my wife ran the shore establishments just on my excellent advice and washing up ability.

As the fishing Industry started to deteriorate due to bureaucratic and political bungling I decided to go to Tech and pick up some commercial sea going qualifications. By 1990 I held

a Master 111 and an M.E.D. 1 which are still valid for 5 more years. Most of my commercial time has been done as Master of "Sitka". Lord Howe Islands main supply ship in those days. I then went to the Dredging Industry serving as dredge master on "Ngamotu" "Krankaloon" and "Resolution". I also worked in the south Pacific as Chief Officer on the "Maasmond".

The last few years I have been semiretired doing deliveries as far as New Ireland and towing work on the coast. We are just disposing of our 800 acre cattle property near Grafton which we bought 14 years ago and now live on 3 acres at Palmers Island where I have my own River frontage complete with wharf and ramp where I can sit and watch the sun go down with a couple of stubbies while shelling my own Oysters and crabs. I must admit from time to time I yearn for the camaraderie of noisy waterfront hotels where most good business is done and the lies and laughter of fellow seafarers are music to ones ears. Not to forget the beautiful barmaids. (Always judged at closing time) who enable us to consume more than we actually require.

Somewhere in this confused life I also had a low producing Gold mine and worked in the film Industry. Most notably doing the underwater work for 10 weeks on "Oscar and Lucinda". Fortunately I have the same wife who can verify my disjointed activities or I would question the effects of my alcohol consumption.

If anyone is passing this way please feel free to stay and have a beer there is plenty of room. Looking forward to seeing you all

As at 1.02.2009.



Still semi retired but seem to be doing more sea time every year. Mostly long haul towing . Last year a few to and from Singapore. This year Indonesia and coastal. Over the last few years Daphne and I have done a few trips in our caravan around OZ. We acquired the good ship "WillWatch" just after the last reunion and have spent a couple of winters in Nth Queensland. Said vessel is a converted 43' West Australian Cray Boat. Keeps me with plenty of extra to do when at home and is a good doghouse when necessary (Although I don't seem to get in trouble much anymore). Not at home anyway! Last year removed from licensed premises in Dampier for refusing to pay extra

\$1 for my schooner because the barmaid took her top off. Not sure if my objection was due to my frugality or that due to my age I could not see the value .

Life is still interesting , health is still good , 6 grandchildren keep me amused and I can't think of anywhere better to be.

Gordon Jamieson

I can see that I now have no option other than to comply with the constant exhortation to submit a journal entry. The pressgang wins. Be warned, however, I failed journalism.

I dug out my journal, just out of interest mind you. It is full of comments signed by one R. Lang - 'See me', 'See me with your journal'. Such was life then. Let us all be honest, we did enjoy it, or at least found it interesting.

Which is more than I can say for some so-called careers in civvy street.

In 1974 I found myself there, having had a medical discharge from Pussers. What to do?

Fortunately whilst posted to H.M.A.S. Cerberus in 1969/70 my wife, Pat, and I had invested in a house in Crib Point and ten acres in the middle of the Mornington Peninsula, near Foxey's Hangout. A piece of no-man's land, miles from anywhere.

We sold the house (doubled our money) and moved to a large cattle property near our block. By this time we had four children - all under five years old! They were having a great life, but I had no work and therefore no income.

Our answer to this problem was to build a house on our own land. The War Service loan with its very low interest rate saved the day. Having moved in I then made two life-altering moves. **I enlisted in the Army** and became a student at the State College of Victoria Toorak.

The Army. Yes, the Army. They loved me. I became a Gentleman of Artillery. What a fine body of men they are. Initially I served with 2nd/15th Field Regiment on the gun line. Then I became a Troop Commander with 132 Div Loc Bty (very technical). I did a staff course. (The Army are big on training; more so than the Navy.)

After that I was posted to HQ 3 Div as PA to the Commander 4 Brigade. Further promotion beckoned but outside pressures and a major accident put paid to that.

However, I do see many of my Army colleagues from time to time as I am a Life Member of the Artillery Association. Real gentlemen, they are.

As a civilian I entered the world of education. I became a schoolmaster. Take note, not a teacher.

I endured the high stress zone of the classroom at Haileybury College, a private boys school, for twelve years whilst attempting to instil pubescent boys with a knowledge of Maths, Science, English, Geography, Ancient History and Latin or whatever the Principal decided I should be competent to take on.

After that I joined my dear wife in the local public library service for a few years until ' restructuring ' meant fewer positions were required to be filled. I had to leave so I took the opportunity to retire.

Pat stayed on (she was the boss) for a bit longer. Now we both enjoy the lifestyle we have always yearned for. Travel (overseas), theatre, cultural festivals, restaurants, vineyards, more travel within Australia with our campervan) great food and wine and an enviable social life with our friends and neighbours.

And grandchildren. Ah, I mustn't sign off without mentioning the family. Here they are:



David Kindon

After I resigned in 1969, newly-wed, I spent a few months as a Clerk in Qantas and learned once more how to say “please” rather than order everyone about. Since 1970, I’ve been based back in Canberra, where it all started from. I’ve worked for several industry associations including the Institute of Urban Studies, Chamber of Manufactures, Institute of Architects and then ran the Pharmacy Guild of Australia for three years in the early 80s.



Since then, my second wife Monica and I set up a fairly successful lobbying consultancy with a staff of ten people working mainly in the health sector. I now spend most of my time looking after the pathologists and radiologists of the world and wish I was able to slow down and enjoy a bit more leisure time.

I have three kids in their 30s from my first marriage – all living in Perth and one grand daughter. I also have two new whipper snippers from my second marriage – Stephanie (10 years) and Benjamin (9 years).

I have two repetitive dreams in life (no – not those Clive!). One is of returning to Oldham, town of my birth and the other is rejoining the Navy. An indication of two traumatic separations I fear.

Life confronts us with many cross roads – some we take others we don’t. My short time in the Navy was seminal (there you go again Clive, I’ll have to start calling you Seaman Steynes) and has I believe stood me in good stead during my life post-pussers.

We have a holiday shack at Merimbula on the Far South Coast of NSW and a boat (28’ Mariner Fly Bridge Cruiser – 20 years old) moored in the lake down there.

I value my time in the Navy and the friends I made during those years as one of the biggest highlights of my life and I’m relishing the prospect of meeting most of you again next month.

2004 onwards

Just when you assume life has thrown everything at you and that you’re in for a LG period, someone pulls out the fan and starts to throw nasty things at it.

My life since the last reunion resembles that fan! Bella has forbidden me to tell the whole ghastly story to prevent the whole lot of you catching depression!

Suffice to say that my mortality has shown through as decrepitude takes its toll.

I now live on my own, at Merimbula on the NSW South Coast, in semi retirement. I drive the three hours to Canberra regularly to see my 14 Ben and 16 yo Stef.

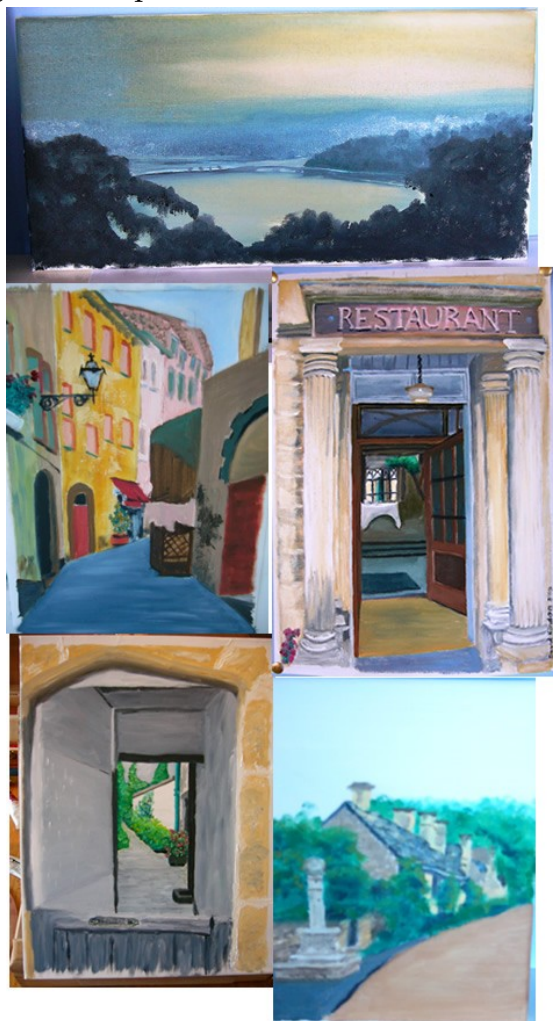
I haven't taken up Bowling yet (at the local Dunrootin Club) but I have recently turned to painting – a couple from my “naive” (like now) period paintings are attached.



The brightest thing in my life is my friend Bella. She lives in Bundaberg and visits me at Merimbula whenever we can arrange it. She is an angel. Clive has met her and I had hoped you would all meet her at the reunion – however this is

not to be.

My life has been 60 years on easy street. I suppose it was time that reality make an appearance. Bugger!



Peter Mulheren

When the Navy agreed that it was perhaps in both our interests that I seek alternative employment, I figured that maybe Papua New Guinea had need of a person with my undoubted character and skills (still to be ascertained). So I packed my kit and headed north to Moresby where I convinced a bloke at the bar on the first night there that I knew something about Customs and next day he had me on a plane bound for Rabaul as a fully fledged Customs Officer. Life only got better as I moved around in PNG for seven years taking over where Errol Flynn left off till Independence came, the body said “no more” and I shipped out to SYDNEY to follow the life of a punter. That lasted about 12 months till the cash ran out so ended up joining Customs in SYDNEY, met a wonderful saviour of lost souls, Colleen, married her and transferred from SYDNEY to Canberra where we still live. Have a 21-year-old son Tim who I just can't convince that it's time he left home and joined the navy! (We left Canberra in 1995 for a short while and moved to Eumundi, Qld where I found a mango farm at Pomona I wanted to buy but “my little nest of vipers” would go only as far as the extension cord on her hair dryer so we came back to Canberra where she continues to teach at the local school



while I dream of another crusade.) Carlin sounds like he's found the Golden Fleece so he might slip me a few clues!

In about 1996, I teamed up with a mate from PNG and a few others and spent a couple of years ("sweat equity" I believe it's called in company terms when no bastard wants to pay you) trying to push forward the frontiers of urban development in Indonesia until the economic crash in Asia came along and put paid to that! We reformed the companies and focused on China where we have been dabbling ever since. Needless to say it's not quite the raging success we hoped for as I am currently working in COMCAR (provides transport to polities, judges and others) trying to make ends meet. Could have been worse!

Basically, that's about me in a nutshell. Life's been interesting and I'm looking forward to saying g'day and telling a few fibs on the Saturday

Bob Richards - Post RAN Tales:

I was following the famous (but misused) maxim for revolutionaries "those who can do, those who can't teach". I had had many marvellous teachers over the years and had gained a lot of knowledge and experience in my profession. The opportunities to pass on that teaching and knowledge were not there in my future naval career, so I came to TAFE to teach. Six years of teaching were followed by about six years as the state manager for maritime programs and then almost four years in my current job as Director of the Construction and Transport Division of TAFE.



I'm thinking of retiring in a month or so and spending time travelling with Margo, my wife, partner and best mate for 36 years. Margo has supported me through two relatively successful but hectic and time consuming careers, raised two children to be good citizens and generally managed on her own. The children are settled, Paul is a chemical engineer and Cathy is a teacher, so we should be able to sail off into the sunset for some world adventures – go and annoy Carlin in Indonesia and France.

John Stewien

'Married lovely Lorraine in 1971 (still in NAVY), we are still together some 33 years later and have had a great life to date. We have two sons Brett 30 and Mark 26, both educated SYDNEY Grammar and Melbourne Grammar, both lawyers, Brett located Hong Kong and Mark Melbourne. Terrific guys!



On leaving the Navy I joined Coles Myer in Personnel / Industrial Relations in 1973 and stayed with them until 1992. During the period we were located in Adelaide, SYDNEY and Melbourne. In the last six years I was Australian General Manager for Personnel for Super Kmart and Personnel Operations for Kmart.

Subsequently made statutory appointment as Commissioner to Employee Relations Commission of Victoria. Various appointed as Advisor Federal Public Service Merit Protection Commission, Consultant to Victorian Native Title Tribunal and General Manager Melbourne Institute of Textiles.

Currently statutory appointment as Conciliator -Accident Compensation Conciliation Service , Director - Rural Industry Skill Training Centre , Director -Melbourne Institute of Training and Director - Zeugma Stewien Australia.

Lorraine and I spend our time between our apartment in Melbourne and farm at Warrak whilst looking after property interests and dabbling in racehorses. We belong to the Naval and Military Club Melbourne , Melbourne Cricket Club , Victorian Racing Club , Melbourne Racing Club and support the Melbourne Football Club .I am also member of professional associations A.I.M ., I.A.M.A and A.H.R.I.A. .

Recently have spent more time in travel and intend to continue whilst doing our very best to enjoy life.'

2009 update

Life continues unabated.

Lorraine and I work hard and enjoy life to the full.

Business interests and activities remain similar ,

- a new young racehorse for interest.
- Brett continues to work and live in Hong Kong and
- Mark has been working and living in Dubai.

Travelled to the usual spots , Europe , Malaya , Singapore and more regularly to Dubai and Hong Kong , all great fun.

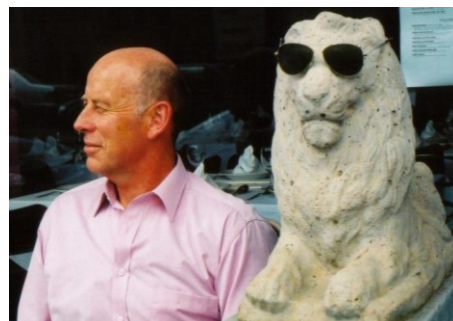
The Naval and Military Club has gone into administration , a little sadness.

Looking forward to the next five years.

Mike Street

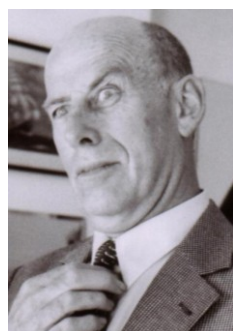
Writing all this is bringing back floods of memories which I could spend ages documenting and risk not getting to what has happened since Jag in you Harry 1973.

Even worse I could risk the ultimate offence of becoming boring and not read!



So maybe I will cut to the last thirty and slightly less eventful years.

My daughter Tathra was born at the end of 1972 and the three of us Tathra, Mary Lou and I all went off to Canada. Mary Lou to show off the grandchild and me to sell Toyotas for my brother in law at his dealership in British Columbia.



We stayed a year and had planned to visit our best man in London but we had a telegram from Jill saying that he was no longer available. I had a really weird premonition the night before, driving home from Vancouver. I have been much less scathing of the supernatural and the occult ever since.

We went from Canada to inspect Chez Carlin and to show the locals how to drink their très ordinary plonk. After a couple of weeks ML and I went off and stayed with Joe and Liz in the UK while Clive and Hannah went

back to work in Abu Dhabi. We joined them there a little while later and then went on to visit Tim and Virginia in Singapore before landing on the Stewiens in Adelaide where Johnnie got me a job with an international arms manufacturer at the WRE Salisbury for a year.

Our son Troy was born in Adelaide and we left shortly afterwards in our live aboard hippie bus for our trip without schedule or destination as was the hippie way in those days. We got as far as Canberra and staying with Dave and Theo before the System called and I went to work for GMH in Melbourne – the one place we were sure we wouldn't finish up in. I've been here ever since really.

Troy is now 27 so that pretty much how long I have been here, and Tathra is 31.

They went back to Canada (with their mother) a couple of years after we arrived in Melbourne and I visited a bit and then sort of lost touch until a twelve year old Troy came to live with me above my picture framing shop in Hawthorn in the mid eighties.

I was studying Psychology at Swinbourne at the time as well as having the picture framing business and generally living the life of a single mature (?) age student. It was a bit of a shock to become a teenage parent all of a sudden.

Among other things we attended these father and son bonding workshops most weeks during the winter culminating with him scrambling over the stands and embracing me at the 1990 Grand Final.

I knew then, no matter what, my true duty as an Australian father was complete. Especially as he had been growing up in a foreign country playing the wrong code. He can now boast of not only being a fourth generation Collingwood supporter, but also of having been at the MCG for the 1990 Grand Final.

He also finished school that year and went off travelling and has been most of the time since.

Some years later I completed my degree taking some ten years to do so. The record at Swinbourne is eleven years and is held by none other than Germaine Greer's mother.

The picture framing business went down hill as my life became more decadent and I went on to post graduate work and voluntary bankruptcy, as did many small businesses at that time.

Was it about that time that there was a guy with the same name as Bob Bastian getting a fair bit of media time?

I had met the love of my life by this time and we eventually moved in together not long after I finished my study. We lived together in Ivanhoe for another five years before my abominable behaviour precipitated the demise of the relationship and to a certain extent my private practice.

I moved into a flat above a shop, almost opposite my old picture framing shop in Hawthorn which is where I sit now striking the keys. As Troy said when he came to visit a few years ago "Gee Dad you haven't moved very far in seven years! What have you been doing?"

So over the last six years my professional income / practise has become quite small and these days I work four days a week as a construction worker. Great for the bod and the ongoing blokey experience. (They are still not sure if I am gay or not.)

I did have the good fortune to spend some time as Carlin's guest in Jakarta last year and that really spoiled me. Now I have decided that it is time to phase out the labouring and phase in more property development so I can afford to visit the warm water more often.

Warren Thompson

I left the Navy in late 1987 but returned for six months service in early 1988 on the RANEM. We had made the decision that on leaving the Navy we would depart Canberra and move to the Bega Valley where my wife's family came from. So since mid 1988 I have been pottering about on 20 acres here. We purchased an old property that had suffered from neglect and we have slowly been renovating it over the past fifteen years. During that time we have noticed the seasons getting harder culminating in the drought in 2002. This year after some encouraging rain early the weather has been ordinary to say the least with the prospect that unless we get some good rain soon it will be a bad hot season.



I involved myself in some voluntary work for a few years with an agency that finds employment for people with disabilities. I have also been involved with the Returned and Services League in supporting their work on the far south coast and Monaro.

Apart from that life revolves around paddock work, fencing, weed control, pasture improvement and looking after a few head of cattle in an easy going non hectic lifestyle.

Epilogue – Fallen Comrades

Ken Green – from notes provided by Neil Donaldson

In early years, Ken and I became close friends. I had had a small yacht built and Ken became a permanent fixture as crewman. He was also a groomsman at our wedding. In later years, postings and geography made our get-togethers less frequent.



Ken's history; during our navigation course at HMAS Watson in 1964, Ken met a girl, Diane Brocks, whom he hooked up with. This relationship continued till the late eighties (about 25 years). Although Ken felt deep affection for Diane (who had a heart of gold), Ken remained a "jet-set" bachelor. They never married.

After the break-up, and a disastrous marriage from which a daughter was born, it is generally agreed that the stresses from this marriage and its subsequent collapse contributed greatly to his rapid decline in health. After a time, Ken hooked up with another lady, Christine Murray, who had a heart of gold. Originally from U.K. Chris had migrated to Australia with two daughters. Chris once in Australia, spent most of her time in charity work with the Salvation Army. She focussed on taking in street kids and tried to give them a purpose in life and a readiness to meet challenges with the building and subsequent operation of small sailing boats.

Chris took on the role of Ken's carer and was enthusiastic and untiring despite her own failing health. Those who attended the 40th reunion will recall Chris accompanying Ken to the event at Jules' place. On their last Christmas together (Dec 2004), I invited Ken and Chris (who had married a few months before) together with Chris's younger daughter to our family Christmas (daughter was chauffeur as neither Ken nor Chris could drive by this stage). Just before the party, Chris was admitted to hospital with a serious relapse of her cancer and did not attend. At that party, Ken made the sad observation that he may outlive his new wife - something he did not expect to do.

Ken died in October 2005 of complications resulting from a stroke. Chris died the following January, finally succumbing to her cancer.

Both Ken and Chris are missed by us all.

Bob Gyton - A Gentleman and a Good Friend – contributed by John Brooker

Bob and I met at the combined services recruiting office in Melbourne, both about to sit for interviews for the 1963 SL Aircrew intake. We both made the cut, but both bombed out one way or another and ended up in the 1/64 SL Seaman Officer's course and back again, for our sins, at CERBERUS. I remember a fair-haired blue eyed bloke with a determined jaw and the merest trace of stubble. I later noted that he also sported a hairy chest when the rest of us were only considering the prospect.



Bobby or 'Tiger' Gyton was and will always remain as we all remember him: slightly built with blond curly hair and a gentle manner – not given to some of the more outrageous behaviour of some of our more rowdy compatriots, but game enough, straight as a die and a reliable mate. Our paths diverged when we were split up and launched on an unsuspecting

fleet as Midshipmen, but I am sure he would have done the Minesweeper time that we all did, around the Singapore and Malacca Straits and North Borneo.

He was in several forays to the Latin Quarter when we were in the SYDNEY at Garden Island doing our final penance before promotion to A/Subby. I remember his extraordinary ability to empathise with ladies in distress and worm his way into their affections when the rest of us were more involved with the dynamics of bouncing boobs attached to Go-Go dancers. Probably the first sensitive new age guy – before it became fashionable or even a tactical necessity. He was also in on the Tiger raid when we deprived the Rose Bay Esso garage of its Tony the Tiger in the dead of night.

He was in command of one of the Attack Class patrol boats at around the time that I was on the MCD Course at Penguin and he collapsed during one of his morning runs along the Waterhen jetty. A dicky heart valve was diagnosed and he was set for a medical discharge when the Navy offered him corrective surgery for free, given that it would be necessary in any event some years down the track. He died on the operating table from what I believe was an air embolism.

At the time he had a new Holden Monaro, probably his Pussers Burberry, (since nobody ever used them except Clive), a few cents like we all had because of our expensive habits, a great girlfriend and a bright future ahead of him. His girl was devastated, as was my wife (Mk 1). I was shaken as I suppose we all were. He was the first of our number to leave this world and was so young.

The funeral was set for the day the course diving tender Seal, was due to sail for another and final month of operational diving before my MCD course graduated. I applied for leave to attend the funeral and it was denied. So I politely declined to participate in any further training, pulled myself off course and attended the funeral. My first son Michael was about to be christened, so we gave him a third Christian name - Robert, for Bobby Gyton.

Ken Heynatz - 1941 -1998 by Mike Hinshaw

I first met Ken on the railway station in Melbourne waiting for the bus to take us to CERBERUS. We discovered that we both came from the same area in NSW and both from Professional fishing backgrounds. I think he felt sorry for me as I was just 17 years old and he was 23. He had already been in the navy for 12 months as an Ordinary seaman.



Ken had an insatiable need for adventure. Be it wandering to new places, romance, or just creating situations that would give us many laughs later on.

His father once told me the story of how he had taken off for Europe via New Zealand when he was 20 and after 12 months and who knows what adventures, he had stowed away on the “Canberra” to return home, being discovered and arrested not long out of Perth. Although he had to bail him out, his fathers main concern was that Ken had sold his electric razor (which he had given him for his 21st birthday) to continue his travels.

Ken’s athletic build and rugged Scandinavian looks made him popular with everyone. I even think he was one of the few that was not on Stewien's Hit List.

Unfortunately most of my recollections of our time together are not publishable though I have mentioned some in my personal memoirs.

I sailed with Ken on TEAL for about 8 months and shared a cabin at the "Gunroom" during our training. He made me promise once not to divulge his boyhood nickname "Strawballs" derived from "Hay-nuts" derived from Heynatz. I can't remember if I ever did but I remember he was instrumental in developing other people's nicknames.

He married Jeanie while in the Navy and had two daughters Alex and Erica. I believe that the latter is a well known TV host from "Body and Soul" and will soon be hosting a new Channel 10 reality show "The Hothouse". After leaving the R.A.N he spent some time travelling in his first Yacht that he built "Different Drummer". He then went to work for the National Safety Council Driving the "Blue Nabila" for three Years. He parted from Jeannie and left his job buying the Yacht "Transgression" which he took to Asia where he worked on merchant ships for a few years.

He continued on to England and on his return trip in 1998 the vessel disappeared somewhere in the Mozambique Channel under controversial circumstances with Ken and his deck hand.

The last time I saw Ken he was escorting me from "TEAL" to "Yarra" in Singapore in 1965 as I was on Open arrest. He had been issued with a Service Revolver to protect himself from me and or prevent my escape. I asked him what he was going to do if I bolted. He calmly replied "I'd have to throw the gun at you as they never gave me any ammunition" Then burst into that loud high pitched laugh which usually meant that trouble was about to start or it was over.

I will miss Ken's presence at our reunion as I'm sure we all will. He was a great shipmate and we all have a tale to tell that involves him. Thus he will be remembered.

The Story of Ken's disappearance at sea

The saga of missing Australian yachtsmen Ken Heynatz in the north western Indian Ocean recently has highlighted two vital issues for yachtsmen visiting those increasingly popular cruising grounds. The first is that if you're in trouble, you're largely on your own with some island states paying only lip service to emergency signals.

And the second is the necessity of having a modern 406MHz EPIRB on board.



The first issue has shocked the international sailing community to the core: the fact that an EPIRB signal - thought to be from Ken Heynatz and his crew Penny Eiolart - was picked up by two aircraft, reported to the Seychelles Air Traffic Control (ATC) and yet no action was taken. Indeed, it was pure chance that even the log report of an EPIRB being received ever surfaced at all - and thanks purely to the tenacity of Heynatz's long time companion, Annie Kacala. Almost a month after the EPIRB signals had been recorded, Ms Kacala was being interviewed by the BBC on Mr

Heynatz's disappearance, and by sheer coincidence the pilot who had actually picked up the signal was listening in Tel Aviv. He immediately phoned Ms Kacala, who contacted the Seychelles rescue authorities. They admitted that they had received the report but had 'sat on it' due to lack of resources.

The fact that the Seychelles and Madagascan authorities did not take proper action - not even alerting other marine rescue co-ordination centres of the distress signal - may now

have cost Ken Heynatz and Penny Eiloart their lives. And generally speaking it also graphically indicates the inability of the two strategically placed islands, both SOLAS signatories, to initiate a proper Search & Rescue (SAR) expedition.

The situation is considered so serious among the international sailing fraternity, where Ken Heynatz was a popular figure, that many believe yachtsmen sailing these waters should now be warned of this through international marine broadcasts, just as there are warnings of pirates off Indonesia and lawlessness on some Caribbean islands.

The story of the missing yacht Transgression is an interesting one. Ken Heynatz (57) and Penny Eiolart (33), an Englishwoman, left Richards Bay on June 8. The official route lodged with port authorities was to sail via the Mozambique Channel to the northwest tip of Madagascar. Ken was then planning to sail back to Melbourne, Australia where his companion Annie Kacala was recuperating from an operation. Penny was apparently scheduled to leave ship in Madagascar or Kenya and continue travelling.

The 39-foot Transgression is a ferro-cement hull, and Ken is said to be an experienced seaman with 'exceptional survival skills'. A highly-decorated retired Lieutenant Commander with 32 years service in the Australian Navy, he saw action in Vietnam and Borneo. He is also a veteran of numerous international ocean races, competing in three SYDNEY to Hobarts, the 18 000km Plymouth to Fremantle and the SYDNEY to Rio de Janeiro.



Transgression was sighted by the yacht Eleanor near Europa island on June 15. Ken said they had been swamped by a wave, but were not in trouble, although he said he was reducing sail in anticipation of strong winds.

That's officially the last they were heard of.

**Donald Grant McNaught 19 June 1939 – 4 November 2001 - Lieutenant Commander (1975) -
Specialisation: Destroyer Gunnery Officer**

Don Joined the Navy from country Queensland in 1963 to train as aircrew. Prior to joining up, Don was a school teacher and taught for three years, mostly in country areas. After some initial aircrew training, Don and the Navy mutually agreed that flying was not his calling and Don joined Seaman Officers training Course (SLEX) 1/64. Don was one of the old salts of the course in both age and seniority having joined with Mike Higgins and Bob Guyton. He had also actually had sea time as a Mid in HMAS SYDNEY during the ill fated training voyage to the Whitsundays in 1963, when several GL midshipmen and a Sub-Lieutenant lost their lives during adventure sailing in a 27 foot whaler.



Along with other "experienced" Midshipmen, Don taught the SLEX newcomers from "civvy street" and the "lower deck" much about life in the wardroom as a young officer. Following such expert tutelage most of the class managed to keep out of trouble at cards, dummy deck landings and maximisation of the limit on bar bills.

During the year at sea as a fleet midshipman, Don served in HMA Ships SUPPLY, TEAL and DUCHESS.

The year started well in SUPPLY with a successful wardroom party just prior to departure for South East Asia in January. As the ship was moored at Kirribilli dolphins, a boat was required to take the officers and their ladies ashore to a wharf somewhere up the Parramatta River, after the party. Don decided there was no need to wake up the boat's crew. Off went the motor boat, with departing guests, ably steered by Don with foot on throttle controls and Midshipman John Brooker as bowman, serenading all onboard with his mouth organ. They must have made it as the boat was back alongside the next morning.



In TEAL Don achieved fame as Dynamite Don of North Borneo. Gus Murray (DSC) decided that the Midshipmen would take parties of sailors ashore to spend a few weeks with the 1st Gordon Highlanders carrying out the border patrols in the jungles of the river complex near TAWAU. After a few days Don sent back a request for large quantities of explosives. The gear was provided and Don set about clearing trees near 2 Platoon A Company's base camp. The story goes that having set up his first lot of charges on about three trees, Don lit the fuse and turned to the guarding Gordons and said, with a slight hint of urgency, "Everybody back behind the barricades before this blows..." and the "jocks" were off leaving Don's sentence unfinished- leaping, jumping, diving over sandbag emplacements, pompommed berets bouncing wildly etc. Only to turn around and see Don strolling out of the jungle behind them at a leisurely pace, up to the sand bags, looked at them, smirked, looked at his watch and finished his sentence.... "in about one and a half minutes time". His fame must have travelled, as the Malaysian artillery then sent a request for another party to go ashore and clear some trees fouling their firing arcs. Gus allowed this request to be met and then put a stop to any further destruction of the North Borneo timber industry. Besides that, the ship was almost out of demolitions.

In DUCHESS Don showed his liking and prowess for Gunnery action. His action station was in the after Close Range Blind Fire Director, where he and Chief GI Wally Walton held back the enemies of the state by controlling "Blue System" which included X Turret and the after 40/60s. The truth is, they both liked to "roll their own" and the 1st Lieutenant never seemed to notice the occasional waft of smoke emerging past the cover of the CRBFD while the ship was "closed up".

On the flight back to Australia for the Mid's board in December, Don became a brief, but close personal friend of Sir Percy Spender. Having had a good send off from the wardroom of DUCHESS and the Inshore Flotilla crowd, Don plopped down in his seat in first class and introduced himself to his nearest neighbour with "G'day, Don McNaught, Midshipman RAN". His neighbour seemed impressed and introduced himself as "Percy". Don regaled Percy for most of the journey from Singapore to Australia with tales of south east Asian sea adventures and war stories. It was when the entire flight crew lined up to bid Sir Percy and Lady Spender goodbye that DON learned his new found companion was the Chief Justice of the International Court of the Hague.

After achieving his Bridge Watchkeeping Certificate in HMAS ANZAC, Don followed a gunnery career as a Destroyer Gunnery Officer. It was in ANZAC that Don had a very severe accident in the ship's landrover. He was critically ill for some time and fought hard to fully regain his health. Don's subsequent sea postings included HMA Ships VAMPIRE, SYDNEY, and DERWENT.

In later years Don served at the Gunnery School at CERBERUS, First Lieutenant at HMAS NIRIMBA, a stint in Fort Fumble (Russell Offices), STIRLING and the wonderful west and finally left the navy from WATSON in February 1983. It was at NIRIMBA that Don earned additional fame by endearing himself to the rather tyrannical Captain John Lawrence McNerney CBE (later Commodore). Those who know NIRIMBA will remember the famous pig farm. As First Lieutenant, the pig farm came under Don's jurisdiction. When one of the sows had a litter, Don got the honour of deciding names. Over the years it had been traditional to think of names for the pigs that showed some imagination. Don was no exception. During Captain's rounds when Captain McNerney showed some interest by asking the names of the new comers. Don rattled them off. Unfortunately, the fact that four of the litter were called John, Lawrence, Mac and Earnie did not go unnoticed by Captain J L McNerney.

After leaving the Navy in 1983, Don returned to teaching. He had a successful career as a teacher of maritime studies at TAFE in Mackay until retirement in 1994. Many of the coral coast fishermen and tourist operators would have received a good marine education from Don. Have you noticed the dearth of trees in the Whitsundays?

Don's best decision was to marry the (very tolerant and good humoured) love of his life Kathy, in 1966. It was always a foregone conclusion, just a matter of when. Their daughter Fiona has followed in Don's footsteps and joined the Navy. She is a Supply Officer (LCDR), married to an army officer (possibly a bit of that Borneo mud got into the genes) and is expecting the first McZero grandchild in April. Their son Andrew has also followed in Don's path but on a different tack. He is teaching English at Phnom Penh University in CAMBODIA. Kathy is well and still living in sunny Queensland. She sends her best to all Don's classmates for a successful reunion.



Don died aged 62 in November 2001, after a valiant and uncomplaining fight against a vicious and rare form of cancer. He was a good classmate and shipmate. We will remember him.

Bob Twell - A Walk on the Wild Side. (by Clive Carlin)

Bob was an outrageous person by anybody's standards. For me, he lived life as if there was not going to be a tomorrow.

I didn't know him terribly well at CERBERUS, I guess I was ever so slightly in awe of his knowledge of Melbourne, women, Aussie Rules and his not often advertised intellect. I must also add that I may have been a bit suspicious of his overwhelming charm and unreasonable good looks. There just had to be a down side to someone with all of these qualities in such abundance.



Gradually I came to the realization that he was just a "regular guy", like the rest of us. With a couple of twists!

I cannot speak much about his Naval Career other than we joined as Mids. at the same time, left the Pusser, prematurely, at very close to the same time and from the same ship. HMAS Supply.

He was one of three of our number who was diagnosed with a melanoma during our time at CERBERUS. I was later to find out from a Doctor, whom I respected very much, that this was a much higher incidence than normal and I am delighted to say that the other two are still with us and from all reports, still kicking up a storm! I suspect that this melanoma may have been a contributing factor in his eventual demise.

Whenever one spent time with Bob you always seemed to come away with a story or an indelible memory, be it trying to steal a SYDNEY Ferry in Manly because there were no taxi's around, to John Stewien famously tipping a table over in the Laramie Steakhouse. Fortunately Bob couldn't find the keys to the Engine Room, in the former case and the later was at the end of a meal when Johnnie, very reasonably, wanted a Carpetbag and a "T" Bone steak on the same plate, but with only one serving of veggies. In spite of speaking very plainly and patiently to the waitress he was unable to get his "order" so had to settle for two veg as well as two steaks. He was ribbed to distraction over this, Bob unable to control himself, leading the charge and Johnnie, to everyone's immense pleasure, finally gave one of his famous "roars" and tipped our dining table over.

I was posted to Supply in 1970 to find Bob waiting there. He told me it was good to see me as I could now help take the heat off him. A lot seemed to have happened since I had seen him last none of it that good. He had recently come back from Submarine Training in the UK which he failed to complete and, among other things, the Navy had got it into its head that he had a drink problem.

No need to give opinions as to the veracity of this claim, but as a result Bob was subjected to one of the most inhumane "treatments" I have ever had the misfortune to witness. Electrotherapy! One of those "sixties" medical experiments, along with Frontal Lobotomies, that have thankfully been dropped by the medical establishment.

Twell, with his usual flair and sense of humour, took it all in his stride. Twice a week, I believe it was, he would trot along to the clinic for his "treatment". If one of us was waiting for him, he would come out, and the first stop would be a pub. He was damned if he was going to be turned into a robot. For the next hour or so, through sheer will power and determination, he would force himself to drink, powering through gut wrenching cramps and vomiting attacks until he could pick up a beer and once again enjoy it.

Around this time Bob, myself and another, soon to be, ex-RAN NO moved into a flat together in Cremorne and what a shambles it was. I was interested to meet the third flat mate. I had heard a lot about him, from Bob and his soon to be ex-wife, who Bob was having an affair with...prior to her getting married to a, soon to be, ex-RN NO. Confused yet, you should have tried living with it!

When it became politically necessary to wind the affair down Bob met the girl who would become his wife, Gilly.

As one had come to expect with Twell, this was no ordinary girl. She was Jim Plunkett Cole's girl friend, and mighty tasty she was too. Jim took his eye off the ball for a second and before he could turn around she was an ex-girlfriend.

The courtship was tumultuous, passionate and quick, naturally!

Bob and Gilly were married at her father's property in rural NSW.

She exerted a calming influence on Bob, he joined the Merchant Navy, "reluctantly" giving up his job as a taxi driver.

He didn't totally change though. Upon returning from his first trip to sea I noticed he had a new scar on his cheek bone. He told me he had fallen out of the Watchkeepers chair one night. "Nasty looking scar" I remarked. "It had better be" he said, "I've been holding it open for the last three weeks".

When he and Gilly left for UK in 1972 they went underground and became untraceable. Until an extraordinary coincidence...

When it was my turn to go to UK I met up with some friends and shortly after arriving went with them looking for a...wait for it...VW Kombi! These friends were also friends of Bob's. Whilst walking down Kensington High Street looking for an address one of the girls looked up and said, "Look there's Bob". Sure enough there he was trucking down the footpath towards us. "Oh and look, there's Grace with him". Grace was a girl whom I didn't know but the girls did, she had also "disappeared" into London several months previously.

We all "hail fellow, well meted" each other and after the obligatory back slapping one of the girls I was with remarked to Bob that she was unaware that he knew Grace. Grace and Bob looked at each other and said they had never seen each other before in their lives...

I saw Bob and Gilly a few times in the next few months and had dinner with them the night I left to go to Abu Dhabi, a pizza. It was the last time I saw him.

Late in 1974 I had a call from UK. It was Tony Smith telling me that Bob had died, of cancer. The closest to details of what had happened I ever got was that the period between diagnosis and dying was very short and, true to form, that period was dealt with in typical Twell fashion. Heading to the "Big Stand Easy in the Sky" he looked the situation in the eye, never losing his sense of humour and refusing to allow those around him, right until the end, to become despondent.

A short life with very little time spent not living it...to the max, Members! An example of how to do it!

Rod Lang

Rodney William Lang was born at Goulburn NSW in 1931. He was the son of Lt.Col.J T Lang MC OBE and Mrs Lang of Mt Barker, SA.

At the age of 13 Rod entered the Royal Australian Naval College. He served the Navy with distinction for the next 33 years. He specialised in Torpedo and Anti Submarine Warfare and had overseas postings in the UK, USA and PNG. Highlights of his career included being OIC of Officers' training at CERBERUS, second-in-command of the troopship SYDNEY, commissioning of the DDG PERTH and a command with the PNG Defence Force prior to independence. Rod retired in the rank of Commander in 1978 when he and his family moved to Toowoomba in QLD. For a number of years after retiring from the Navy Rod assisted his wife Rosalie with her business.



Rod Lang died on 14 July 1996 following a long illness. He is survived not only by his wife Rosalie but also their two children Sarah and Andrew. Were he alive today he would have four grandchildren, triplets aged 4, and a grandson aged 2.

Rod is remembered by his family and friends with great affection.

The first formal reunion - 2004

“We’ve been together nah for 40 years...”

I remember an earlier – more select gathering in Canberra to commemorate our 21st year of passing – attended by JO, Denis Fitz, me, John Brooker(?), Rob Bastian(?) at the Southern Cross Club. JO I think was still enlisted (4 ringer) as were Denis and John. Others may have had reunions, or what mounted to them, in the privacy of their own homes (Julian’s fiftieth bash comes to mind) or even at the race track (John Stewien’s corporate tent at Flemington for the Melbourne Cup several years ago).

How the official 40th reunion came to pass now eludes me – but it happened, we had a great role up and it was a resounding success. I fancy that Hart, Carlin and Street must shoulder much of the blame for the idea! Some tattered memories of the event follow.

Reunion Dinner – HMAS WATSON – 27 February 2004

Strange feelings to re-enter HMAS WATSON after all those years. I had always regarded WATSON as being in the “upper class” category of the Navy. Great position, excellent Wardroom, views to die for (and some of us nearly did) and an intellectual smorgasbord of courses to take.

Walking back into the Wardroom, before even focussing on the old mates, I felt a bit let down in my expectations. Yes, the view was still there, but the place had an austere feel to it as if it had been downgraded – maybe it had.

The whole group had assembled outside on the balcony with frequent sorties to the bar to order drinks. So many memories, so much to say – then why were we a bit tongue-tied?

Our group not only included JO Morrice but also Ronnie Brasch who travelled from Canberra for the occasion. Frail but feisty to the end!!

We sat around a long single table for our dinner and even had an order of proceedings – some things never change!



SL1/64 NAVY SEAMAN OFFICER ENTRY 1964
40 YEAR REUNION DINNER
27 FEBRUARY 2004
WARDROOM - HMAS WATSON

ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS

ON BEING SEATED

Welcome and Introductions (Julian Hart)

SOUP

Recollections of a Midshipman (Clive Carlin)

Recollections of a Course Officer (J O Morrice)

ENTREE

Our lives after the Navy (Rob Bastian)

MAIN COURSE

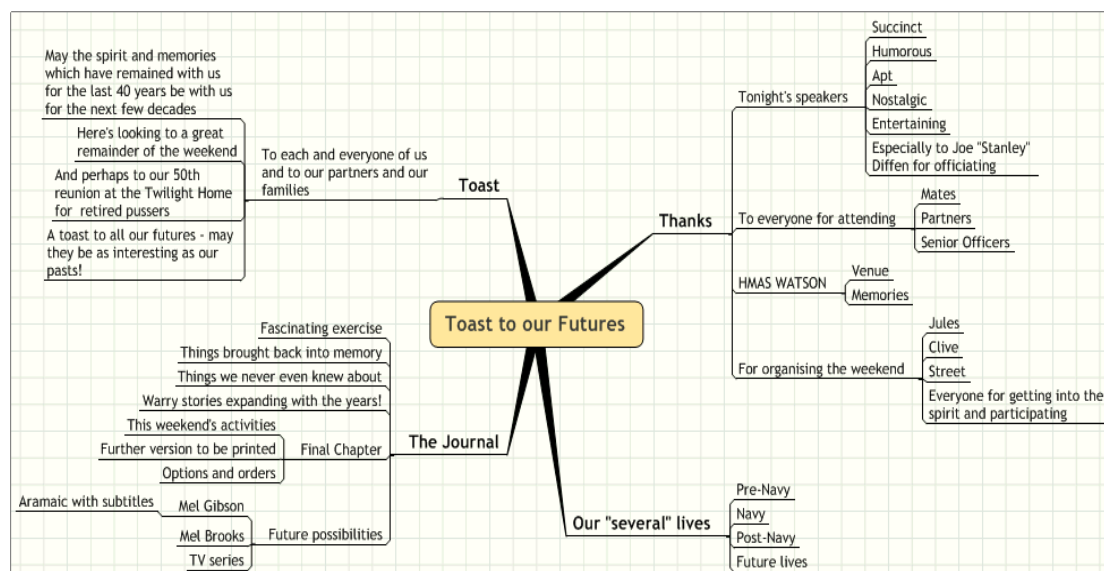
Toasts to fallen comrades (John Stewien)

SWEETS

Toast to our futures and closing remarks (David Kindon)



Due to the quality of the food – or was it the volume of grog consumed – not much is recalled of that evening. I have John Stewien's handwritten toasts to fallen comrades. One might be tempted to say that a few more of us had fallen around the table by the end of the toasts. Others – such as JD & Bongos, Jules, Clive and Rob spoke off the cuff. There would be much laundering to be done the next day to remove the ink. I produced a mindmap as hints for my remarks. Unfortunately as I was last to speak, I couldn't even see the map let alone read from it. Ah! Happy non-memories!



Day Two – the BBQ at leafy St Ives

True to form, we rose early as a squad and by lunchtime found our way to leafy St Ives, home of Julian and Jacquie. There in the tranquil surrounds of the north shore, we shook off our sloth and began all over again. Some things never change.

One obvious change for most of us was our girth. When Harry Secombe was knighted, he was asked would he prefer Sir Harry or what? He said "Circumference". That could describe most of us today!



The afternoon went quickly with little agro and much bon vivance (new word). We posed for a new group shot in the exact positions of the original Gunroom photo – with empty chairs or gaps to indicate those not present.



Then the girls wanted their photos taken as a group. It was beginning to feel like the old days again!



People fell into natural groupings. Bullshit artists, men with white beards and so on.

There was a lot of social intercourse. Somehow in the last 40 years we had learned how to



talk rather than just leer.

It was great to see Pete Mulheren attend the gathering having been unable to get to the dinner. It was also great to see Ken Green who although very ill, was as excitable and opinionated as he ever was

As with memorable yet forgotten (is that an oxymoron?) occasions of the past, the event sort of petered out as people left for other commitments or because stamina was in short supply.

Whatever, it was a great arvo and was a credit to Jacquie and Julian's efforts and hospitality.

Day Three – Sydney Harbour Crews

Amazingly, most of us reconvened at Garden Island on the Sunday to board a workboat for a cruise around Sydney Harbour. Once again, we had Jules to thank for this in his reincarnation as the berthing Master at GI. It was a beautiful sunny Sydney day and not even I became seasick as Street claims I always was.

Workboats are a bit more flash these days, and we almost filled it up. Now I knew what it was like to be a boat person seeking refuge.



Some of us fell straight into the old ways "...morning men, starboard ten".



As we piled off the boat several hours later – me having worn the complete contents of Mick Hinshaw's exploding beer – we said our goodbyes and headed back into our present lives. Some may have even picked up a pie on their way.



We sort of agreed as we left that the next reunion might be on our 45th anniversary and that it be held in Canberra. That event is now only 3 weeks away and promises to be another memorable weekend for those able to attend,

David Kindon
2 April 2009