



CENTRAL BUREAU INTELLIGENCE CORPS ASSOCIATION

Newsletter Number 2 1991 June

ANZAC EVE 1991.

Time: 1815 hours. Place: Corner Pitt Street and Martin Place. The sky above is a black void; the towering buildings, that massive piece of sculptured geometry and the Cenotaph to the west are bathed in a mixture of both bright and soft lights; there is colour, movement and noise; with just a little imagination it can all become a gigantic stage setting.

Two men in neat dark business suits are playing the roles of younger and aspiring business executives striding down to Wynyard station and then home to a day off but carrying black document cases full of important papers or computer disks or maybe uneaten play lunch. They notice the Cenotaph but don't miss a step. Two most elegant young ladies with impeccable dress sense walk past with the grace and confidence of people who look good and know it. Being 1991 they have probably climbed the executive ladder ---- the secretaries and word processor operators passed by much earlier in the evening. These beautiful people too notice the Cenotaph but their thoughts are unknown to the audience. The loose limbed gait and the perfectly functional dressed down casual gear of the next group with packs on backs suggest that they are young tourists -- and the European dialogue confirms it. They are obviously distracted by and interested in the wreath laying ceremony in progress. It gets their full and lingering attention.

The light picks up other groups heading down Martin Place from the east or up from the west with formally casual dress, slower gait and not standing quite as upright as the other players. Some of this group are familiar to the audience. Aub. Roberts then Madeline and Ron Chidgey make their way on stage to the corner of Pitt and Martin Place. They chat as old friends do. Its ad lib non scripted stuff. We learn apropos of free flowing conversation that Aub had a brief professional boxing career at

Melbourne Stadium and was trained by Ambrose Palmer. "Hello, how are you " says Ron to Marion Winn and thirty seconds later Stan Winn joins the group from the opposite direction. Meg and Allan Osborne and Jim Williams walk by at the back of the stage and we try to get their attention. Jim is limping. We discover he has a stress fracture in his foot and can't go square dancing. Bill Rodgers joins us. Making his entrance now is the groups smart dresser, Gordon Gibson --- he must know someone in the wardrobe department. Norm Allen joins the group. Someone notices an exotic medal at the left shoulder end of Stan Winn's collection. It is a medal recently awarded by the Greek Government to recognise the contribution made by Australian soldiers to the defence of Greek territory from German aggression. We remember that Stan was in the intercept business even before war came to the south west Pacific.

Brigadier Keith Stringfellow, President of the A.I.A., comes on stage and asks if C.B. has a wreath. "Form up in twos in front of the A.I.A. banner " he says. So we do. Allan and Jim head the two files. "Left turn! Quick March! " Down we go past the south side of the Cenotaph towards George Street. "Left right left right " says Allan "Is the step right, Jim?" "Don't worry about the step -- just tell me when to ***** stop!" retorts Jim sotto voce. There is obvious concern that our performance should be very good. We don't go too far beyond the Cenotaph before being ordered to halt and turn right. President Jim Williams and Sir Eric Willis, Patron of the Australian Intelligence Association break ranks and place wreaths on the Cenotaph on behalf of C.B.I.C.A. and A.I.A. A veteran A.I.A. member recites the Ode. LEST WE FORGET.

This particular play ends but there is no curtain fall on the Cenotaph or Martin Place. On the morrow in the glare of daylight we will pass by again.

\$13.00
21. Henry Ar.
10/8/91.

ANZAC DAY 1991.

C.B.I.C.A. was represented in the 1991 Anzac March by an enthusiastic group whose marching skills were inspired by the professionalism of the Pittwater House Grammar School Band and the young ladies and gentlemen of the Cadet Colour Party who headed both the C.B. and A.I.A. contingent. After leading us through the heart of the City, which is a journey quite long enough for most World War II veterans the youngsters wheeled left and did the whole circuit again as did many of the fine bands which added so much to Anzac Day in Sydney.

Anzac Day marchers surely cannot deny the inspiration also given by the large and enthusiastic crowds which line the route. As viewed from the marching ranks the years do not seem to diminish the size of the crowd or the expressions of support from Sydneysiders.

The Marchers.

Jack Bennett Bruce Bentwich Keith Carolan Syd Carey Tony Carson Madeline Chidgey Dave Geyer Gordon Gibson Ailsa Hale Jim Kennedy Joyce Grace Frank Hughes John Laird Noel Langby Brian Lovett Bruce Lovett Doug McNally Doreen McPherson Mac Moroney Dennis Moore Reg Murphy Allan Osborne Roy Perry Keith Phillips Doug Pyle John Shoebridge Gordon Swinney Jim Williams Marion Winn. *

We thought about those members who we know would have been marching with us on this Anzac Day had they not been grounded by illness or disability. The names which come to mind include Bob Bevan, Jim Carrigg, Norma Keeling and Ron Tabley. The Reunion. To the extent that C.B.I.C.A. is old enough to have established traditions, tradition was well served at Phillip's Foote in 1991. Outside in George Street north of the Quay it looked and sounded like Anzac Day. The current serving members of our armed forces in uniform strolling by looked like the kids many of us were in the early 1940's. But surely we didn't look so young and yet feel so grown up. There were impromptu kerbside performances by some of the musicians from the march and the tourists were indeed entertained.

Inside the Foote, information changed hands and the following is but a tiny snippet. Not all C.B.ers in Brisbane suffered the rigours of wartime living in military barracks. Nancy (Reichelt) Johnson was billeted in a nice home with the Annan family and commuted to Ascot Park. Information about weather was a most im-

portant part of the regular intelligence flow resulting from our intercept and decoding activities. The enemy gave us information about weather in areas which Allied meteorologists couldn't access according to one ex very senior C.B. person. Bruce Bentwich has a story about a slow boat trip from Brisbane - a cyclone first day out then on past the Whitsunday Islands at a top speed of 8 knots and inside the Barrier Reef to New Guinea to be fog bound off Aitape and to spend a day at Finschhafen before reaching Hollandia. Bert Rushen was in charge of the C.B. party. Maybe Bruce will one day write the story for all of us to share. After the war both Bert Rushen and Mac Maroney remained in the same business and only recently did Mac retire from D.S.D. to travel overseas.

The Participants.(who signed on)

D.McNally J.Kennedy J.Walsh G.Swinney R.Perry E.Bennett J.Bennett A.Hale J.Grace R.Chidgey J.Casey M.Casey J Laird M.McCafferty D.MacPherson M.Chidgey D.Seymour D.Geyer B.Bagallie F.Bagallie M.Jackson H.Jackson C.Jackson M.Drew A.Drew N.Keeling J.Keeling H.Lovett B.Lovett T.Carson P.Coen J.Shoebridge B.Bentwich B.Lovett S.Winn M.Winn B.Kalbfell F.Davis A.Davis A.Roberts G.Gibson S.Gibson N.Johnson H.Kenny J.Williams S.Gregory M.Osborne R.Murphy S.Carey N.Carey N.Allen A.Osborne C.Stegga Ken ???? M.Owen L.McCleoff F.Hughes R.MacDonald H.Harder R.Osborne M.Maroney D.Moore.

EXECUTIVE NEWS.

From the Presidents Desk.

Another good roll up on Anzac Day and again we were blessed with perfect weather (albeit we are [were Ed.] desperately in need of rain). The media appeared right on target when they reported the biggest public crowd for years. It certainly seemed that way to me during the march. A more detailed report of the wreath laying on Anzac eve and the 25th. events will appear in our Newsletter jottings from Publicity Officer, Dennis Moore.

Two of our very prominent members were absent on the day; viz. Norma Keeling and Bob Bevan. Norma had a bad fall whilst doing volunteer work at the Royal Easter Show and Bob has not been at all well over the past twelve months. He has had many admissions to the Greenslopes Military Hospital.

Unfortunately our forthcoming book "On Ultra Active Service" has been delayed. The launching by the author Geoff Ballard was to be held at the Heidelberg Town Hall on 24 April. I hear the deferment has been caused by the demise of the principal of the publishers. I'm sure our reliable Secretary will keep you informed as soon as possible.

I wrote to Jack Bleakley regarding his forthcoming book "The Eavesdroppers", expected to be published in mid 1991. I trust all goes smoothly for you Jack.

Would members advise me when anyone is ill or in some other distressful circumstance. I always make a point of writing a personal note or making a physical call. I trust I will see you in August at our Brisbane reunion.

God Bless

Jim Williams.

HON. SECRETARY'S REPORT.

No "Official History" Says Tim James. Members will be interested to read the full text of a letter received from our good friend Tim James, Director Defence Signals Directorate, in reply to our request for the release of the "official history" of Central Bureau

Dear Mr Gibson

In your letter of 19 February 1991 you requested access to an "official history" of Central Bureau that is held by the Directorate.

- * 2. These records were examined in 1989 following a request for access by a public researcher. As a result of this review, two of the twelve folders were released to Australian Archives in their entirety, and redacted versions of a further six were also released for public access. That material which was declassified is now available to the public through Australian Archives.*
- * 3. I have been exploring ways in which I might forward you a copy of this material to save you applying for it formally. Unfortunately, this has not proved possible, and in order to obtain the records you will have to contact Australian Archives. In doing so, you should quote the series registration number for the records, which is B5436.*

- * 4. I hope that the declassified sections of the Technical Records are of use to you and to the members of the C.B.I.C.A., and regret that my unsuccessful attempts to provide you with a copy directly have resulted in such a delay in responding to your request.*

Yours sincerely
T.W.S. James
Director..

Another letter has now been written to Australian Archives in Sydney. We await developments with interest.

New Members.

Our numbers continue to grow! New members to whom we issue a warm welcome are Jean Robertson (nee McLennan) of Toowoomba, John Stumm of Jimboomba, Queensland and Eric Fuller, Don Burn and Stan Willis All of Orange New South Wales. Eric, Don and Stan were at the Centennial Park barbecue in November last. We are very hopeful of meeting Joan and John at 21 Henry Street on August 10th. and/or Caledonian Club on August 11th. --- along with many other members of course, new and old!

Gordon Gibson.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Our last get-to-gether on Anzac Day was, I'm sure, enjoyed by all. So glad we were seen in the March on Television even though no commentating -- perhaps we'll get a better 'go' next year. I missed out on marching, I'll make a point of missing holes next year. A get well message to Bill Estep, do hope your foot is improving. I enjoy the many notes written to me attached to the subs and so glad to read that Maury & Betty will be over in Sydney in Dec. and they hope to see some of the C.B.'s whilst here. Also Joe Richards to be marching again, hope he means over here with us. Welcome to all our new members, our membership is sure growing and many thanks to those who have made donations.

I'm sure we are all looking forward to our next Reunion in Brisbane, do hope I'll be kept very busy receiving monies for the occasion. It's not only the arranging of these reunions that makes a success but the members and their friends who attend --- without them it's just a "flop" for want of a better word.

The WAAAFs celebrated their 50th. Anniversary in Melbourne last March which I attended & we had 4 beautiful days of celebrating, also our "WAAAF" book of 422 pages is now on sale, for anyone who may be interested just contact WAAAF Branch or myself. To close with my usual verse:-

Hope is what keeps all suffering in place.

Norma Keeling

RECOLLECTIONS.

The Garage [as recalled by Helen (Frizell) Kenny]

The double garage at the back of 21 Henry Street had a baffle door. You entered by turning to left or right. There was no way of seeing in. Behind the baffle were Typex cipher machines, the drums, the inserts, the lists of settings to be made.

The place smelt of glue, of paper, grease and dampness. At dawn each day we swabbed the floor. Puddles collected on the uneven linoleum. The clatter of machines never stopped. We worked on shifts, A. B. C. and D.

I first entered that garage in April, 1944, having worked as a cipher operator in Sydney and Brisbane since March "42. Mine was B shift. All the girls -- we were girls then -- were in the AWAS -- the Australian Women's Army Service. Most were in their teens or early twenties. None that I knew had travelled. I crossed the Hawkesbury River for the first time when I made the trip north on the troop train to Queensland - thinking I was New Guinea bound. Not so. My destination was Brisbane, Ascot, with the red poinciana trees, and "Nyrambla", the old house with the 21 address and the sentry at the gate.

The garage was a place of business and bafflement. We did not know, and were not meant to know, what was happening. Incessant cipher messages came and went, to G.C.C.S. in England, to Washington, to New Delhi to the few capitals free of Japanese or German rule. I wished to be there, wherever G.C.C.S. was, and to know.

Five letter group followed five letter group with a QQQQQ in it somewhere. Messages began at the end and ended at the beginning. There could be no regularity. Some messages from Special Liaison Units (SLUs) were in numerals. Each group had to add up to 9.

Captain Iain Allan was in charge of the garage. Most of his staff, including the young officers, were girls. But Les Mannering the cipher mechanic, was there, and young men came and went. They were Australian, British, Canadian. They had a few lessons on the machine, then vanished. Where to? No one told us and we did not ask.

The job was monotonous. Paper tapes, backed by glue, spilt from the machines, code on the left, plain language on the right. We took the incoming messages, ran the tapes over rollers which stood in water, then gummed them down. For some reason we liked a particular machine. Mine was 10. No reason. Ergonomically designed chairs? I can't remember what we sat on, as we typed, sometimes 35,000 cipher groups a day. (I gather a task like this now would take seconds.)

The girls with whom I worked are still friends after all these years. I may not see as much of Diana, Madge, Joy and others as I would like, and have lost touch with Margaret Kennedy, the red haired officer who shared our shift. All the same, we shared so much in the past, that when we meet there is a feeling of comradeship, not of strangeness.

Out in the yard, where Americans tossed horseshoes at metal pegs, was an incinerator. Here, at early morning, we burnt off papers and crunched down the cinders. Then, at shift's end, we walked into Henry Street (where racehorses walked too), and boarded the trucks which took us to our Masonite huts at Chermside.

In the Henry Street building (behind the hedge) were people whose names I knew, but never met; Colonel Sandford, Captain Nave, Colonel Abe Sinkov, Professor Room --- but I did not see them. In mysterious Ascot Park there were (I gathered) translators and cryptographers, and some machine in the fire station. These were worlds outside mine --- the garage.

In that garage I knew Hollandia was taken, and Japanese code books captured. We re-enciphered the codes and sent them off. ASWG messages came in. There were dummy messages too, meant to delude the enemy into thinking that a landing would take place somewhere, when the real plan was otherwise.

Rarely was there a sentence in English. Japanese words, such as "rentai" (regiment) predominated. But once, in English, came an intercepted message, mentioning some attack on Singapore, and the capture of Colonel Lyon, a

British officer. I had never heard then of this brave man, and others in Operation Rimau, or the fates of those behind enemy lines, in the jungles, in the islands.

Messages came about submarines off our shores. Who sighted these? And what were the ULTRA messages, coming through? These cryptic as they were, were most interesting of all. I pored over them, trying to find enlightenment.

The war moved on. We stayed in our garage, not allowed to move up to the Philippines with the others. War ended. The machine clatter ceased and my garage days were over. Though we were in uniform, we were not people of uniformity, but always individuals. Each had her garage story. This was mine. Let Madge Chidgey tell hers. All I know is that in the garage we tried to help. I hope we did.

Helen Kenny

The Garage [as recalled by Madeline (Bell) Chidgey]

Unlike Helen, I found nothing in 11 Australian Cipher Section monotonous. I think we all felt privileged to be chosen for such work, and the streams of messages concerning shipping and aircraft movements (and those weather reports!) and the strange place names like Amboina and Biak etc., which we looked up on the large map, made us feel closer to the war and part of it. Our barracks at Chermside had gum trees all around, a cattle trap at the entrance, and those hot little Masonite huts! We heated water to do our washing in an outdoor copper (but Claude, the Handyman, cut the wood for us), and occasionally we got the lady down the road who took in washing, to starch our shirts and collars. There were frill-neck lizards, long green tree snakes hanging in loops from the rafters in the Rec. Hut, and green frogs that sat blinking at us as we showered in the Ablution Block. I used to leave a glass of water on the bedside locker, till one night I woke up thirsty to take a sip, and this cold wet live thing flopped on my face. That cured my thirst.

We were a close-knit, mutually supportive group, and anyone who was homesick, lovesick, or just plain sick of waiting for the war to end was never down for long.

The midnight to 0800 was the worst shift, and usually the busiest-- and we used to say that if our boyfriends could see us after "horror shift" and still care, then it was real love. We used to sing a lot on the ride into Henry Street; and I recall one Christmas Eve as we rode through Kedron towards midnight, some nearby Church bells were ringing out Christmas carols. Magic moments. I

remember the time one of the girls lost her engagement ring in the fire as we burnt the waste paper (always in the presence of an officer). It was never found.

We took our rations with us from the Chermside mess --- usually eggs and tomatoes, half of which were often bad, and cheese, bread, camp pie and that ghastly butter substitute, "Tropical Spread". On horror shift we took it in turn to prepare supper in the old kitchen with its dank, dark, wooden cupboards and giant sized cockroaches. One girl, who read recipe books the way other people read novels (she still does), could always do wonders with the most unpromising ingredients.

A night I'll never forget was D-Day, 6th June. The excitement in the garage was electric, the stream of traffic was incredible, and every machine clattered non-stop all night. We rode wearily back to barracks, but with that wonderful feeling born of concentrated team effort. Great days, and I would not have missed it for anything--cockroaches, frogs, snakes and all.

Madeline Chidgey

PEOPLE.

Some members of C.B. have achieved prominence in public life after their war service. One such member is the Most Reverend Donald Robinson, Archbishop of Sydney. The following extract from a broadcast by Radio 2 CBA FM appears through the good offices of Rev. Vernon Turner of 2 CBA.

* Today Australia remembers a church leader who grew up surrounded by books and adventure and became an Archbishop. Archbishop Donald Robinson was born in 1922, the son of the saintly much loved Archdeacon R.B. Robinson, in Carillon Avenue, Newtown, where his parents actually lived at Moore Theological College. Don was educated at the Church of England Grammar School and at Sydney University. He served during the Second World War in an artillery unit, and then in a Special Intelligence Unit, leading to a commission. Don took high degrees at Sydney and Cambridge Universities and in 1950 was ordained by the great Archbishop Howard Moule, whose life and witness greatly influenced him.

After serving at St. Matthews, Manly and St. Philips, York Street, Don became a lecturer at Moore College in 1952, and in 1959 was appointed Vice Principal. Five years later he was elected a canon of St. Andrews Cathedral. Don's scholarly gifts were utilised in the Liturgical Commission which revised the Prayer Book. He was a

member of the International Society of New Testament Studies and a member of the Board of Studies in Divinity at Sydney University. He was appointed Bishop of Parramatta in 1973 and elected to the top position of Archbishop of Sydney in 1982. Archbishop Donald Robinson will long be remembered for his scholarly and evangelical presidential addresses to the Synod. He attracted wide media attention because of two quite different activities. Firstly for his vision of growth enterprise which gave Sydney's western suburbs nineteen new church buildings in the 1980's; and secondly, for his resolute opposition to the ordination of women priests, based on New Testament theology. His strongly held views have been respected throughout the Anglican Church in Australia.

His wife, Marie was an anthropologist of some note, and their children all entered into Christian service- two of them in active ministry.

Archbishop Donald Robinson has had the distinction of leading the Sydney diocese through the difficult times at the end of the twentieth century. An evangelical scholar widely loved, he was awarded the Order of Australia for his many years of service to his extraordinarily large diocese. *

To quote Gordon Swinney "Last August I joined the {Zipper Club} -- had five by-passes". They seemed to have worked because Gordon marched well on Anzac Day. He had been in training since surgery by walking up to 10 kms. per day.

Max Hurly had four operations recently and was hospitalised in Hamilton, Victoria. He is now optimistic about enjoying better health in the years ahead.

It's good to observe a family sharing in significant events. Notice the Bargallies, Jacksons and Drews in the

list of people who attended our Anzac Day reunion. They all got up before dawn in Newcastle on 25 April to travel down to Sydney to be with father, father-in-law and grandfather Dave Geyer.

COMBINED REUNION NUMBER THREE.

Come to EXPO CITY BRISBANE this August and escape the chill southern winter. Share the warmth of good fellowship at our third national reunion.

Al Jenkin reminds us that Brisbane has a lot to offer its visitors. Metropolitan train services aren't like the ones we knew in the forties. They are now fast, clean comfortable and air-conditioned. One can travel the whole network all day for \$9. City Council buses offer all day travel for \$5.50 if you pay the driver and \$5 if you buy at ticket sellers or stations. River and Bay cruises are available including an all day visit to St. Helena Island in Moreton Bay on a boat which departs from the game fishing wharf at Hamilton. Don't forget the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary or the G.P.O. Museum.

Al points out that the Exhibition will be on when we are in Brisbane and suggests that it would be smart to book accommodation in advance. He has sent an extensive list of motels conveniently located near our activity sites. If you need information about accommodation ask for a copy of the list when you send your money to Treasurer Norma. Just in case you can't find something to do if you stay over in Brisbane for a few days after 11 August see Madeline Chidgey at 21 Henry Street or at the Caledonian Club ---- Madge has plenty of ideas.

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