



CENTRAL BUREAU INTELLIGENCE CORPS ASSOCIATION Inc.

JUNE 1997

Publicity Officer: Dennis Moore 183 Sylvania Road Miranda 2228 02 9524 6267 dennis@flex.com.au

ANZAC DAY

Disciplined bands in distinctive uniforms making stirring music; sprigs of rosemary; elderly citizens with shining medals on colourful ribbons; rituals at old fashioned memorials; young Australians in current Defence Force uniforms or in the garb of scouts, guides or Air Training Corps cadets; very young Australians waving flags; ex-service people born in other lands; mild autumn sunshine and the occasional rain shower; all of the material manifestations of Anzac Day commemorations in towns and cities across our land were apparent in 1997. Also apparent was the human side of Anzac Day or the emotional responses or revelations of spirituality; call it what you will but it was there to be experienced unless a harsh life has turned one into the ultimate cynic.

Imagine a softly lit streetscape in Barrack Street, Sydney on Anzac Eve. The young people of the Pittwater House Cadet Corps have been displaying traditional parade ground musical and marching skills all the way from the solemn ceremony at the Martin Place Cenotaph to Barrack Street. Your CBICA colleagues present at this time had just been dismissed from the parade. Younger smartly dressed members of the commercial world who watched and applauded the proceedings from the office towers emerged on to the pavement. Some of them gathered around the bemedalled CB vets. Said one attractive, thirty-something member of the 1990's world of commerce, "I really appreciate what you people did — it means something very special to me. Where did you serve?" The somewhat abashed CB vet. to whom she addressed her admiring remarks managed to mention the Philippine Islands but he didn't finish his response before he was robustly cuddled. **Ms. Thirty-something planted the most sincere kiss of appreciation right on his wrinkled cheek.** CBICA President Gordon Gibson accepted that spontaneous and intimate tribute on behalf of all ex-service people.

Six thousand American sailors and marines were in Sydney on Anzac Day. They had disembarked from the "USS Constellation" battle group. Some of them marched and then mingled with the throng in Hyde Park as the marchers dispersed. They were excellent ambassadors for their country and were a credit to their uniforms, which seemed to have changed little over the past half century. These smart young American guys were indeed attention grabbers but if you were a keen observer you may have noticed the Australian ladies in the seventy plus age group in town on that day. For some of them it was just like the 1940's all over again with those smart, young, clean-cut American boys in town. Those seventy-something ladies were recalling their teen-age years in an insecure and turbulent world. Indeed, it wasn't just imagination but some elderly hands did reach out a little to touch, once again, the cloth of an American uniform. (Lest you make an incorrect assumption the Newsletter reporter did not identify any of these hands as belonging to any CB member.) One sailor in a group of friendly Aussies said he had no idea what a "Gob" was nor did he know what we meant by a "Gob cap". The ladies in the group told him—but then you have to be seventy plus to remember "God's own boys".

EXECUTIVE NEWS

From the President's Desk.

All of us who are able to take part in the Anzac Ceremonies in Sydney town owe a debt of gratitude to the cadets of the Pittwater House School. Their parade at the Anzac Eve Wreath Laying in Martin Place is something to see and they have never been known to miss a beat as they lead us around on the March itself. It is a pleasure to march behind them and it was a particular pleasure this year since there was no other band within earshot to distract us. (Thank you, Bill Robinson, for a discreet little note to the March organisers.) In the past we have expressed our appreciation verbally and in writing, but the suggestion that it should take a more concrete form seems a good one and I don't think any of us would have any objections to this.

More than thirty members responded to the questionnaire on the venue for the Reunion and a sub-committee has been formed to examine all the suggestions that have been made and report to the next meeting of the Executive. Meanwhile our thanks to Les. McClean and the staff of Phillip's Foote for helping to make our Anzac Reunion such an enjoyable event — as it always is.

A word to any members who would like to join the March next year but do not feel up to the "foot-slogging" involved. Should you turn up at the usual assembly point at the appointed time you may find it possible to take part with the minimum of physical exertion — no promises but nod, nod, wink, wink.

I am quite sure that none of us had the slightest problem with the children joining us in the March this year. I feel, however, that it is incumbent on me to point out that the official attitude of the R.S.L. to this matter is "that by agreement with the Unit Associations the RSL preferred that the marches in Sydney and Melbourne only be confined to veteran's themselves, because of the large numbers marching in these two cities." (Rusty Priest, Reveille, May 1997.) Nothing is set in stone for Rusty goes on to say "We all know that many young Australians join the March every year proudly taking the place of a deceased grandfather, father or uncle. None has ever been dragged off the street and banned from the march. Nor will they." Nuff said, I think.

The DSD's Fiftieth Anniversary Celebrations in Canberra, 3rd-5th April were truly memorable and very much "high key" (if this phrase is acceptable as the opposite of "low key"). I wish to express my personal thanks to Vice President Mike Casey for deputising for me. Though he found himself in company with "top brass" Mike was not overawed and did the Association proud. Thanks are also due to Lester Truex who delivered an hour long address on his experiences as a SIGINT officer in World War II. His recollections of the Korean War are still embargoed.. A video has been made and those of us who were unable to attend at Canberra will be

given an opportunity to view it at a special luncheon to be held on Monday, 10th November 1997 at a venue that has yet to be decided upon. Full details will be published in the next Newsletter but meantime, please try to keep that date free.

Gordon Gibson
President
67/1-9 Yardley Avenue
Waitara 2077
Phone (02) 9487 3029

Hon. Secretary's Par.

Greetings, and belated Happy Birthday to all. Why this wish? Central Bureau's birthday is said to have been April 15, 1942. We were not quite four when the organisation wound up after World War 11. Although CBers have met on many Anzac Days and at many reunions since, no one ever considered holding a birthday party, much less a fifty fifth anniversary celebration in 1997. Perhaps we should have.

This year CBICA Inc. received invitations to a birthday party from the Defence Signals Directorate (DSD), successor to CB and FRUMEL. DSD, founded on April 1, 1947, as DSB- was celebrating "50 years of professional service." The party was for them but we were to be their guests, for certain events and on certain days, April 2, 4 and 5, and the happenings would be in Canberra. (April 3 was for DSD only and closed to outsiders.)

CB was invited to send four delegates to the official opening on Wednesday, April 2, when there would be "the presentation of the inaugural Central Bureau Award and unveiling of the DSD Honour Board, cake cutting ceremony and performances by the DSD choir."

Vice-Presidents Michael Casey and Frank Hughes, CB veteran and historian Geoffrey Ballard and your Hon. Secretary, Helen Kenny went along, Mike to present the award on behalf of President Gordon Gibson. There were no gate-crashers at DSD's prolonged party, which was held mostly within Building M of the Russell Offices. (Fortress DSD would be hard to crash: high fences, security checks, concrete buildings in new brutalism style.)

Once inside we were in a space reminiscent of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. We sat in chairs on the first floor while hundreds of DSD workers looked down from tiers above. Shakespeare's theatre was shaped like a wooden O, but this interior courtyard was angular. At one end of the atrium was a dais, bearing the flags of Australia, Great Britain, America, Canada and New Zealand. In came the dignitaries, to be welcomed by Mr. Martin Brady, director of DSD.

The Hon. Ian McLachlan, AO, MP, Minister for Defence, the Chief of the Defence Force, the chiefs of Navy, Army and Air Force, Ambassadors, High Commissioners, the Director General of ASIO... so the

list ran. It was long and had 69 names, including ours.

The DSD Choir sang the National Anthem, turning the mundane melody into something verging on the celestial. Formalities began. Mr. McLachlan spoke first, then unveiled the DSD Honour Board.

After this, visiting Directors gave addresses and made presentations. Mr. David Omand, a Scotsman who is director of Britain's GCHQ (Government Communications Headquarters) gave DSD a traditional Scottish friendship cup, which had silver Scottish thistles as handles. Mr. Stewart Woolner, chief of CSE (the Canadian Security Establishment) handed over an exquisite Canadian Inuit stone carving. Mr. Ray Parker, Director of New Zealand's GCSB (Security Bureau) produced a Maori Meke (short club), the only weapon made by Maoris of jade. It symbolised rank, and was a warrior's prized possession. The colour was jade green. It looked beautiful - but lethal.

Onto the scene then strode the Director of America's NSA (National Security Agency), Lieutenant-General Kenneth Minihan. He wore full uniform and an embankment of medal ribbons on his chest. He held a large, polished wooden box. This opened to reveal a 25 position step repeat step switch from a Japanese Purple cipher machine, found in the ruins of the Japanese Embassy, Berlin, when that city fell in May 1945. This was a present to remember.

At this stage Michael Casey readied himself to follow, and present the Central Bureau Inaugural Award. This was received by Captain Russ Crane of the Royal Australian Navy, on behalf of the Maritime Cryptologic Support Group. The award was "in recognition of its major contribution in support of military operations from its opening on 15 November 1995 until November 1996 when it became the Commander Australian Theatre CSG under new command arrangements. The award, a framed citation and medallion, went to a group which "set a high standard in providing support to the RAN, Allied Navies and Intelligence organisations. Its performance has generated a reputation for excellence on both the national and international stage," wrote Mr. Martin Brady. It will be competed for annually.

Our Vice-President Michael Casey, following the top brass on stage, proclaimed with great honesty that he had a "hard act to follow." He told the gathering of the shooting down of Admiral Yamamoto's aircraft in 1943, after the Port Moresby W/T unit intercepted its signals and after CB decoded them. This happened near Bougainville. Said Michael: "As Bougainville is in the world news once more, it is interesting to know that young SIGINTS are still working this area today. I hope that they bring permanent peace to the troubled region."

Towards the end of his speech Michael Casey realised suddenly that Central Bureau, alone among comers, had brought no present for DSD. With great presence of mind, he announced that he would like to give DSD a book from his library... Edward Drea's "MacArthur's Ultra." This he has arranged. Our thanks, Mike.

Probably with relief, Michael stepped down. DSD's Choir

sang "Come Ye Sons of Art" (birthday music by Henry Purcell), and the birthday cake, iced in Signals colours of white and blue, was produced. The longest serving SES officer and the most recent DSD recruit cut it with a long and extremely sharp sword. Segments of cake were handed around, and a very good cake it was. So, with coffee and tea, the first morning ended.

On Friday, April 4, CB's representative, Lester Truex gave the day's "historic talk" - again in the atrium. DSD employers, CBers and wives attended. Lester had gone to great trouble to prepare his speech, and to bring photographs, enlargements of which were screened. Many of his old colleagues watched as Lester spoke of his coming from the USA, of work done with CB, and of friends made in this country, which is now his own. It was a very personal and thoughtful speech - and Lester found out only at the last moment that he would be the only speaker. DSD made a video of the speech, and as explained elsewhere in this Newsletter, members will be able to see it later in the year. After the talk ended, DSD presented Lester with a parcel. As he told me, he felt too overcome to open it at the time, but did so on return to Victoria.

It contained a presentation vase designed and cut by Jane Bruce, currently a Canberra-based glass artist lecturing at the Australian National University School of Art. Jim Logan, Curator of Australian Decorative Arts at the National Gallery of Australia, wrote that Jane, born in 1947, shares a birthday with DSD. Her work has been bought for the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, the Australian National Art Glass Collections, and for museums and corporate collections overseas. He said: "As a British citizen, and a permanent resident of Australia and the US, Jane seems ideally suited on these grounds alone to produce a work celebrating the 50 years of DSD's operations."

Lester says that the vase is truly magnificent, that it bears the DSD emblem (stars of the Southern Cross and orbiting satellite rings), and is a mixture of clear and "heavenly sky blue" glass. It must weigh at least 10 pounds, says Lester, who hopes we may all see it one day, in reality or in a colour photograph. He thanks CB and DSD for the opportunity to give the "historic speech." (Lester's wife Kay, in hospital at this time, is now home and 'slowly improving'. She and Lester move from their big house to a three-bedroom home unit on June 12. Their new address will be 1/22 Foch Street, Ormond, Victoria, 3204).

Saturday, April 5. This was set aside for DSD Open Day tours and for a BBQ lunch. DSD had held its Anniversary Ball in New Parliament House on Friday night, but everyone seemed alert on Open Day. Hundreds turned up with their children. Again, visiting CBers were made welcome, and were treated with the greatest courtesy and consideration. Peter Wilkinson, the Director Customer Relations, Fran Lethbridge and Clare Edwards deserve our special thanks. They shepherded us down corridors where photographs of World War 11 CBers in the Philippines were displayed, showed us glass cases which held Enigma and Typex machines, pointed out old code books and manuscripts and told us how DSD is assembling a History Collection. Others took us through air-conditioned rooms where great computers, in something called "nanoseconds" could perform tasks which would have caused men and

women of our time to toil for days even weeks. (I walked, bemused, past these electronic giants). Dennis Moore, however, approached one computer, touched something, and up flashed his "home page" and face. They moved us on, though, before Dennis could show us his family tree. In this maze of rooms and corridors it was hard to believe that so much time had passed since the early 1940s, when some of us first saw CB. If then, we could have talked to signals intelligence people of 1892, we would have been astonished. The lapse of years is the same.

After the tour we went outside and had our Spit Roast/beef and buns lunch, sitting under a marquee with our contemporaries and with DSD families. Our era mingled with theirs. Lester Truex, near me, remembered his Brisbane days when he and young Americans shared a house in Hamilton. They kept a pet wallaby in the grounds. Lester had a horse and sometimes rode it across country to Indooroopilly, or down to 21 Henry Street, where he tethered it "near the "swimming pool".

Near us children looked at special books put out by DSD. They had drawings, games, box and dot codes, codes to break, logical puzzles and problems. This rather illogical writer took one back for her young relatives. Isn't the truism, "Catch them young?"

I and other CBers received a book "The Quiet Heroes of the Southwest Pacific Theater: An Oral History of the Men and Women of CBB and FRUMEL." Edited by Ms Sharon Maneki of the Center for Cryptologic History, National Security Agency USA, it tells the Central Bureau story in words of those who worked there. It is a valuable record, and I hope will be obtainable from DSD by those who could not go to Canberra in April. A Newsletter review will follow soon, I hope.

I bought a DSD souvenir mug. It bore the DSD logo, the words "50 years of Professional Service" and the numerals 11110011011-11111001101

Underneath came a code

The first line was BEBVEJ, the second, FOEVNB, the third ETVNVT.

Work that out. I'll give the mug as prize to the first CBER who posts me the correct answer. (In the meantime I'll have to ask DSD what it is)

By the way, Peter Wilkinson in Canberra has a mug waiting for someone who must have paid for, but not collected it. If this is you, write to Mr. Peter Wilkinson, Director Customer Relations, Defence Signals Directorate, Locked Bag, 5076, Kingston, ACT, and put in your rightful claim. Our thanks again to DSD and our host, Mr. Martin Brady. In a very short and yet to be written account, I'll give news of our Anzac Day reunion when we had such a pleasant gathering at Phillip's Foote after the March. But my signal is fading. Over to you, Dennis Moore.

Helen Kenny.
Hon Secretary.

02 9954 0940

TREASURER'S COLUMN.

Was sorry I was unable to catch up with all on Anzac Day, anyway Jacky, my daughter, after attending the Dawn Service at Wentworth Falls, came down and so filled in for me. As the years pass so quickly another Anzac Day will soon come round and I'll be able to participate. There were many apologies from members owing to illness. Do hope all who attended enjoyed the day.

I thought all ex WAAAF members may be interested to know that the 56th National WAAAF Re-union was held last month and was a great success. Six hundred and fifty three members attended high tea, 665 attended the luncheon both held at the Convention Centre, Darling Harbour and 683 for the Harbour Cruise and also on the Sunday a service was held at St. Andrew's Cathedral, so was a full week-end and everyone seemed to be in high spirits and enjoyed themselves whole heartedly. Thought I would mention a good place to stay in Sydney where quite a few of us stayed that week-end, it's the Hyde Park Inn, opposite the War Memorial in Elizabeth Street, we were on the 13th floor with a great view over the Memorial and out over the harbour, a great sight at night time. If one belongs to the R.S.L. a discount is given.

If there is a group thinking of somewhere different to go the Police Academy at Goulburn is well worth a visit. I enjoyed the day thoroughly. We were well received, looked after well being served with a mid-day meal for \$5. The police who escorted us around were most interesting and informative. The Academy is a very modern building set up like a University with extensive grounds.

If anyone is interested in Australian Military History books I have an extensive list of such books, just give me a ring on 9524-0382.

If you remember, Central Bureau made a donation to Bletchley Park in England some time back and since then I've been receiving regular newsletters of their progress and events. The trust is made up of different groups who seem to work very hard and so the Park is growing in size. It has been confirmed that Her Majesty's Government has committed seeing established at Bletchley Park a fitting memorial to the activities undertaken there during W.W.II. If any member is interested in receiving their newsletter I'm sure I could make arrangements.

I'm still receiving stamps from members, thanks a lot.

Especially for our American members : —Instead of paying me by cheque would you pay by an Australian dollar draft as the charge for the conversion is now \$7 which leaves only \$3 credit plus the rate of exchange.

Mail Bag.

Thanks for your letter Betty (Coombs) was most interested to read of how you'll spend Anzac Day, first at a service at Washington Cathedral and afterwards lunch at the Australia

Embassy followed by the traditional game of Two-Up. Hope you met our Mr. Peacock.

Congrats. Reg. (Harris) on your ninth and tenth grand children these being identical twin girls. You sure have a busy life being on the executive of three organisations, as you say if you keep busy it helps to keep one young at heart. Thanks for your lovely Easter Card Eunice and Allen (Jenkin) and I understood re the 'back rest', do hope your problem is improving. Your trip sounded marvellous.

Cec. (Cousins) it's amazing how you stood up to it all with your arthritis problems. Thanks for your donation. Would like to thank any other members who have sent the Assoc. a donation.

Untold Stories of the Airforce.

Our CB member, Eve Scott has asked me to tell you that she is collecting as many stories, humorous, etc. (yet untold) from W.W.I and W.W.II, Malaya, Korea, Vietnam up to the present day serving personnel, including WAAAF and WRAAF, ground crew (all mustering) stories, especially as they are hard to come by. If you have a story would you please contact Mrs. Eve Scott, "Janne Court" 55/80 Meadowlands Road, Carindale Qld. 4152, phone 07 3398 6400.

Many thanks to everyone who continues to send me good health wishes; they are much appreciated.

And so now my usual ending:—

"Living like there's no tomorrow means loving all you can today".

Norma Keeling
Treasurer
7/11 Kiora Road
Miranda 2228

Recognition for a CBICA Stalwart

Perhaps it was all due to the vagaries of election procedures. Anyway at our last A.G.M **Madeline Chidgey**, formerly **Madeline Bell** of the Australian Women's' Army Service based at 21 Henry St., decided not to seek re-election to the post of Vice-President and at the end of the balloting process was no longer on the list of members of the CBICA Executive Committee. Madeline had served the members of CBICA Inc. well, as a Committee Member since 1984, when our Association was but ten years old.

Madeline joined the Association about fifteen years ago. Noni Mc.Naught joined at the same time. At the prompting of the late Ted Eckert Madeline succeeded the late Bob Burnside as Publicity Officer in 1984. She recalls being dismayed at the announcement of Ted's sudden death. This announcement was made at the 10th anniversary reunion at Gordon Gibson's home in November, 1984. At her first AGM, held in the Air Force Club, Madeline was the only woman present. During her early pioneering days as Publicity Officer, an office held until 1989, Madeline acknowledges the invaluable support of Marion Winn, whose role in Central Bureau provided a broader

perspective than was available to many members.

Madeline was indeed an active Committee member. She contributed ideas, participated in the discussions and especially at the times of our major reunion events did a lot of hands on work. If you recall those olden days when we "self catered" at reunions Madeline was at the forefront of the 'hands on' effort. Let these few paragraphs record the Association's gratitude to Madeline Chidgey. She has worked many hours on behalf of CBICA Inc. This work continues for Madeline is still the custodian of our growing collection of snapshots.

Madeline's voluntary work for others was not confined to CBICA and it is likely that people in the eastern part of the Sutherland Shire will continue to benefit from her commitment to community service.

VALE.

On 1st April your Association was represented at the funeral service for **ALFRED ISRAEL DAVIS**.

Alf. Davis was an active member of CBICA. We knew of his work as a Flight Lieutenant in the RAAF Wireless Units and his participation in the Lingayen Gulf Detachment. The speakers at the service at the North Shore Synagogue told us just how much more Alf had achieved in his eighty seven years of life.

He was devoted to his family and was granted his wish to meet his latest great grand child in Melbourne but sadly died before his return to Sydney. Alf had previously accepted the invitation to join his colleagues on Anzac Day and was looking forward to this annual event. Sadly it was not to be. Condolences have been extended to his widow, Flora, who had supported Alf at Association functions.

An American *Guide to Japan* (1945).

This one hundred plus page soft cover book was published by CINCPAC-CINCPOA (American Navy Pacific Fleet and Pacific Ocean Area) on 1 September, 1945. It is copiously illustrated with photographs, detailed maps and many examples of traditional Japanese art. To use the book's own words its chapters have "described the country, shown how it has been run, and for whose benefit, and discussed the economic foundations of the present war machine." In addition there are many pages devoted to an American view of the art and culture of Japan over its long history.

The publication does not disclose the purpose for which it was prepared. It is therefore an assumption to say that it was designed for issue to American, and perhaps Allied, officers who would be involved in the occupation of the country of the defeated enemy, Japan. One, at least, copy was issued to Central Bureau and this copy bears the stamp "CB Registry".

Apart from its value as a painstakingly researched description of Japan from its legendary beginnings to its attack on

America in 1941, this publication may be the image of Japan that the American leaders wanted to portray to their occupying forces.

For example consider this extract about women. "..... But legally women are the servants of men. The Japanese boy is brought up to think of himself as lord and master and he orders his sisters and frequently his mother around. After marriage, when the wife is required to be chaste, the lordly male with his friends finds extra - curricula pleasure in the arms of a geisha or a prostitute without incurring any criticism."..... "The life of women in Japan is not easy. From their childhood they are rigidly repressed and drilled in the excessive formal behavior to which they must conform."..... "Starved for affection, they blossom like flowers under kindness and many Americans, who are usually gentle and affectionate with women, frequently wonder how such lovely women can produce such brutes of sons." Now consider this comment on deficiencies in Japanese language and the need for Kana. "It must always be remembered that, even for the well-educated Japanese, it is almost impossible to be absolutely sure of the meaning of any text, modern as well as ancient. And much of what westerners think is deceit or cunning or secretiveness among the Japanese is simply the result of their virtual inability to express themselves clearly even in their own language."

And a sobering acknowledgment that there had been some misperceptions.

"Prior to Pearl Harbor many Americans made a mistake in underestimating the daring, the skill and the fighting qualities of the Japanese. We paid heavily for this blunder."

An exposition of life in Japan written by a nineteen nineties corporate PR person, on behalf of executives trying to improve commercial relationships with Japan, would probably paint a very different portrait.

Central Bureau's copy of "Guide to Japan" has been offered to the Defence Signals Directorate for preservation in their extensive archive. It was rescued from obscurity and cared for over the past half century by CBICA member **John Stumm**. John recalls that the book was given to him by an Officer when his unit was being disbanded. A scholar at some future time, interested in the relationship between information and propaganda in the twentieth century, may find the document to be of some interest.

People.

Former CBICA President, **JIM WILLIAMS**, has been plagued by physically disabling illnesses in recent years. Earlier this year the whole process of disablement was accelerated by his involvement in a major car accident. Nevertheless Jim made it to Phillip's Foote on Anzac Day. It was no easy journey for Jim. His long time friend and supporter, Sheila Gregory, guided and supervised his progress by taxi from Randwick to George Street North. Hours after the Reunion Jim phoned Newsletter to use the

columns of the CBICA publication to thank all of his colleagues who assisted him on the afternoon of Anzac Day, 1997. And in turn those colleagues place on record their admiration of Jim's courage in overcoming adversity to 'be with his mates' on Anzac Day.

JACK THORPE endured the trauma of modern multiple by-pass heart surgery late in March. At last reports he had recovered well and was once again enjoying life.

Norm. Allen, Betty Chessell, Madeline Chidgey, Malcolm Davis, Gordon Gibson, Ailsa Hale, Frank Hughes, Helen Kenny, Dennis Moore, Diana Parker, and John Shoebridge paraded as **Bill Clarke** placed the CBICA wreath on the Sydney Cenotaph on Anzac Eve.

Under the leadership of **Bill Clarke** these marchers were noted representing our Association in the Sydney Anzac Day March.

N.Allen I. Auprince N. Benn B. Bentwich K. Burns S. Carey M. Casey B. Chessell S. Cooper B. de Mars P.Dynes W. Estep D. Geyer G. Gibson J. Grainger A. Hale L. Harris F. Hughes C. Hughes B. James J. Kennedy S. King N. Langby J. Laird B. Leonard L.Mc.Clean D. Mc.Nally D.Moore R. Murphy R. Perry K. Phillips A. Norton S. Russell J. Shoebridge G. Swinney

Later at Phillip's Foote the gathering included Colin Brackley and family, Jacky Keeling, Allan and Pamela Langdon, Stan Russell, Frances and Bert Bargallie, Dave Geyer, Yvonne Andrews, Deborah and Tony Junon, Pam and Brian Brunskill, Frank Hughes, Diana Seymour, Les. Mc. Clean, Gordon and Sue Gibson, Jim Daly, Ruth and Myron Scougale, Diana Parker, Roy and daughter Ellen Perry, Gordon Swinney, Syd Cooper, Lou Harris, Jim Kennedy, Doug. McNally, Kath Burns, Reg Murphy, Bruce Bentwich, John Shoebridge, Margaret Mc. Cafferty, Sheila Gregory, Jim Williams, John Laird, Helen Kenny, Joyce and Mike Casey, Bill Clarke, Norm Allen, Bert de Mars, Syd Carey, Noni Benn, Peg Teague, Lilian Nutting, Joy Grainger, Bill Estep, Pam and Bob Leonard, Keith and Ruth Phillips, Madeline Chidgey and Dennis Moore. (Apologies if any name was missed.)

Wardie Wasn't At the Anzac March.

(By H. Roy WARD.)

THERE they were - by the hundreds.

Click, click, flash, flash went their cameras as they photographed each other in front of the mini Statue of Liberty erected to commemorate some boy scout operation many years ago.

This is Guam, once invaded by Japanese and now a haven for 1.2 million Japanese tourists who come to enjoy the magnificent beaches and some even afford the US\$ 150 for a round of golf on marvellous courses.

Only 15 minutes earlier at the Paseo Baseball diamond on Asan beach an American baseball evangelist had been haranguing the bus load of National Olympic Committees' representatives about the hallowed soil on which we stood but never mentioned the significance of Asan Beach.

About 100 metres from the clicking cameras stands an obelisk commemorating the gallantry of four members of the 77th Marines who won Congressional Medals of Honour at the landing on July 21, 1944. After two days of saturated shelling 55,000 marines landed on Asan Beach and Agat Beach.

While I stopped to reflect you enjoyed the WU Association lunch and re-union. No Japanese tourist noticed. Is it any wonder? Generally none of this generation of Japanese would be concerned with the history making incident some 53 years ago.

Captain Louis Wilson survived the landing but Privates First Class Leonard Mason, Luther Skaggs and Frank Witek paid the supreme sacrifice for their bravery.

Next day (April 25) two Americans living in retirement on Guam drove me to the national memorial on Nimitz Hill which overlooks Asan. This simple memorial has three bronze murals - Invasion, Occupation and Liberation designed by El. Daubs. On a wall facing the murals is listed the names of 1435 Americans who were killed and about 3000 other names of Guamanians who suffered incarceration by the Japanese.

Of the 55,000 Americans involved in the Guam landings besides those who lost their lives and missing in action there were 5650 wounded. Approximately 19,00 Japanese died before the war ended on Guam on August 10, 1944.

There were two oddities of the war on Guam.

US Radioman George Tweed survived the Japanese occupation while a Japanese soldier, Shoichi Tokoi, survived the American landing and lived in an island cave until 1972. He was repatriated to Japan.

Earl Hintz's book, *Pacific Island Battlegrounds of World War II* is an excellent account of the War in the Pacific and gives the facts with minimal colouring of the war. Hintz also gives appropriate credit to the US success to Australian, Dutch and American intelligence sources and the RAAF plane that photographed the Japanese fortifications in Guam and Palau.

Those of the RAAF Wireless Units and ASWG who heard those early morning calls from Saipan, Guam, Palau and Yap will have a yearning to visit these islands and I can recommend them for holidays.

Then there is Tinian between Saipan and Guam from which the B29 bombers departed to bomb Hiroshima and Nagasaki. There is a small War Museum on Guam which gives all the salient dates of the Pacific War. It was a bloody affair. Here are a few facts. —

		Killed in action	Wounded	Prisoners of War
Saipan	US	3436	13099	
	Japan	23,811	Unknown	1780
Palau	US	1,794	8,010	
	Japan	10,900	Unknown	302
Guam	US	1435	5,650	
	Japan	19,000	Unknown	

AND that's why Wardie wasn't at the Anzac Day march!

<< Soon after returning to his Melbourne home base, the self styled Wardie - more formally The Honourable H. Roy Ward OAM., FIBA., IOM., JP, was off to Glasgow for two weeks work for a magazine. Then he had to move south to sojourn briefly in the Champagne district followed by a respite spell on the Riviera. Ed. >>

TARLAC · 30 June, 1945

Here is the second part of an "essay" written by CBICA member **Geoff Day**. Remember, it was written in mid 1945. Therefore it does not now suffer from the distortions of hazy recollection nor is it moulded by those pressures, which over time, may influence some writers to reflect attitudes more acceptable to late twentieth century versions of political correctness. In submitting the copy to Newsletter the author may have recognized such pressures when he wrote "there are only a couple of minor phrases which might be considered 'racist' these days."

C.B. veteran Geoff, who served in the Philippines wonders if he may be the only British Army N.C.O. to be accorded the privilege of qualifying for the Philippine Liberation Medal.

Tarlac 30 June, 1945 Part 2

"Another point about the washing which puzzled us was that they lay the clothes out on the sand to dry; that seemed to us to be the quickest way of getting them dirty again!

At the far end a canal running through the town enters the river, and further on from that is the spot where the river is normally crossed. Caribou are used for this purpose in pulling carts, or for carrying people on their back. The other side of the river is rather dense with thickets and trees, and a few bamboo huts may be seen amongst them.

Across town there is a church which was comparatively untouched by the war; it is one of the biggest buildings in the town. Opposite is a small park, with the usual bandstand rotunda and statue to Jose Rizal. It was quite deserted. We walked further on past the old high school which looked sadly battered. It must have been quite a nice building and had a good stretch of level ground for sport. Beyond that was the Tarlac Capitol, which was also burnt out and which appeared

to have been used for official business in the banking line and the Government Building, which is still in working order. Tarlac is, of course, the capital of Tarlac Province.

The same methods of transport exist as in Manila, with a greater predominance of the Do - cart (pronounced DOE) which is a wooden cart, with large solid wooden wheels, drawn by caribou. Then there are scores of ponies and traps, which go under the names of "carromata" and "carroleta." The ponies are actually known as horses, but are very small compared with ours.

For lunch we went to the 'Black Cat Inn, The Coziest Spot in Town', and which indeed was quite pleasant, and the company also. It is really a night club, and does little business during the day, so that during our two and a half hours there we were the sole customers. That made it all the more pleasant. We had a Coca-Cola, at 1 peso, rum and coke, at 2 pesos and three egg sandwiches, at 1 peso each. The usual expensive price but universal now. It was very good though, and I even enjoyed the rum; it bucked me up very nicely. I imagine that I should only need 4 or 5 to make me very happy!

The proprietor (Filipino of course) entertained us for a while on the baby grand and he played very well. His wife and two daughters came in and sat at our table and we had a wonderful chat together. That really made the expense worth while in my opinion. The wife was only with us a short while, but was very friendly and helpful and said that if we ever wanted anything in town, to come and see her because she would be able to buy it at about half the price. Evidently these Yanks have been throwing their money around again and pushed the prices up!

One of the girls stayed with us most of the time. Her English was weak at times, but she managed to convey her meaning to us though we failed to do likewise sometimes. She was twenty years old and rather pretty. She told us a little about the Japanese occupation and guerrilla activities, how the previous proprietor had been shot because it was suspected that he was an American spy and his wife and children bayoneted. They were not allowed to keep any weapons, even sharp knives, but when the nips came asking for weapons, the reply was always "We haven't got any" or "We lost them" If there was any proof that they had had weapons, they were punished unmercifully, but nevertheless, the guerrillas didn't go short. She described how they would come out of nowhere, make a surprise attack, leave a few dead nips behind and disappear again. No, they certainly didn't like the Japanese. She also said that they would come in and ask for something and offer a grossly inadequate price; if the Filipino protested, they would just take what they wanted and pay nothing.

They would "kick and spank" the girls for no offence whatsoever; she didn't go into further details, but we could imagine what the dirty brutes also did.

So we passed a couple of very interesting hours, learning a few words of their language, some of their customs and some of their mannerisms. The Inn was quite cool, decorated with tropical flowers and comfortable, 'tho small. They are

probably packed out most nights. From there we wandered up the street again, called in at the American Red Cross and had a drink and returned to camp with the firm intention of looking the place over again in the near future. Some fellows said it was very uninteresting, but we found enough to have a thoroughly enjoyable day.

A PUBLICATION ABOUT YOU.

This is the book to which Secretary Helen referred to in her Par.

Did you know that you were one of "The Quiet Heroes of the Southwest Pacific Theater"?

Theater is the spelling used because "The Quiet Heroes" is an American publication; the publisher is the prestigious National Security Agency (Center for Cryptologic History).

Our limited number of copies came to us through the courtesy of our friends at the Defence Signals Directorate in Canberra.

If you would like to read this work of history please give your name and address to Newsletter on 02 9524 6267 or send an e-mail to the address on page 1 or post a letter. I will send to you one of our very few copies on the understanding that you return it to me two weeks after receipt so that it may be loaned to another member. In the interests of fairness and equity, requests to borrow this one hundred and fifteen page book (one chapter is headed "The Role of Women at Central Bureau") will be filled in the order in which they are received.

The publication should provoke some interesting comment. Newsletter is postponing a review until members have formed their own opinions.

COME TO THE POWERHOUSE

The Powerhouse Museum presents a fascinating talk by mathematician and former WW2 code breaker, Professor Peter Hilton.

'Alan Turing, Colossus and the Breaking of the German Codes in WW2'

Hear his first hand account of one of the most important stories of WW2 and the history of computing.

Peter Hilton joined the code-breaking team as a teenager. He is now Distinguished Professor of Mathematics at the State University of New York in Binghamton. This is a rare opportunity to hear about this now legendary project from one of the participants. Professor Hilton will be in Australia as the 1997 Australian Mathematical Society's Mahler Lecturer.

The Enigma machine will also be on display. Location; Coles Theatres, Level 3 Powerhouse Museum 500 Harris Street Ultimo, NSW.

Date Wednesday 23rd July 1997 Time 6.00pm

Bookings 9217 0100 No charge

For further information contact Matthew Connell, Powerhouse Museum on 9217 0135