



CENTRAL BUREAU INTELLIGENCE CORPS ASSOCIATION Inc.

SEPTEMBER 1998

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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Combined Reunion of SIGINT Associations, Sydney 9th and 10th November 1998

Guest Speaker: There was one notable gap in the programme of events set out in the June Newsletter and that was the identity of our Guest Speaker for the Formal Luncheon at the Sydney Rowing Club, Abbotsford. I am now delighted to be able to announce that Major W.E. Clarke, better known to many of us as "Nobby", has done us the honour of accepting this role.

Major Clarke has had an extraordinary career. His experience in the world of intelligence gathering goes way back to 1934 when he was a Sub-Lieutenant in the RANVR and taught the Japanese language, which he had learnt from the age of eight, to students who included the N.S.W. Police, R.A.N. Officers and also young ladies of the prestigious finishing school, Hopewood House. He was at a mortar course at Mughrabi, Palestine with the AIF in 1941 when war began in the Pacific, was recalled to Melbourne and, as one of the original army officers of Central Bureau, took its first "I" component into the field at Darwin in 1942. He later served at Central Bureau, Brisbane and in the Philippines and Japan. Post-war he represented the Australian Defence Department overseas and later became a member of Her Britannic Majesty's Diplomatic Service. Nobby is still engaged in scientific and technical translation, as well as research in Japanese classical literature.

As we all know SIGINT operations formed a wide ranging network and many of us occupied positions which could be described as being on the fringes of the net. I'm sure we'll all be looking forward to learning from Nobby a little more about what went on closer to the centre of the web.

Transport and Accommodation:

It may be of help to Interstate visitors to know that the Hyde Park Inn, centrally situated at 271 Elizabeth Street, opposite the ANZAC War Memorial and handy to Museum, St. James and Town Hall Stations, offers a discount to RSL Members. Nightly tariffs after discount are: single room \$121, double \$137.50, triple \$154. The phone number is 02 9264 6001.

I must also correct an error in the June Newsletter regarding Seniors Concession Tickets. I have now been assured that they ARE available to Interstate visitors and provide train, bus and ferry transport, including the River Cats for a daily cost of \$1. River Cats, by the way, leave from Wharf No. 5 at Circular Quay.

Finally, on behalf of CBICA, may I extend to all SIGINT personnel whatever branch of the service they were in and wherever they are now living, a warm invitation to attend this combined reunion in sunny Sydney on Monday 9th and Tuesday 10th of November. If you are intending to come, please be sure as a matter of urgency to complete the Acceptance Form attached to this Newsletter and return it with your remittance to Treasurer Norma Keeling as soon as possible and definitely no later than 23rd. OCTOBER. It is essential that exact numbers attending the various functions be known in advance.

Gordon Gibson,

President

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STOP PRESS.

Due to a health set-back

'Nobby' Clarke will not be able

to join us for lunch on 10 Nov.

HON. SECRETARY'S PAR.

Greetings to all CB-ers, and please come to Sydney for our November SIGINT reunion. We need cheering up and good company. Last month Sydney wasn't enticing, —rain, floods, suspect drinking water, but don't be put off. Spring is near, the sun's coming out, and the Olympic site is worth seeing. No one will force you to drink water, and the Sydney Rowing Club, where our lunch is planned, has wonderful views of the Parramatta River. Posturing politicians may be driving us mad with their Olympic hype, but Sydney and the Homebush site are changing amazingly. Along the river, old industrial sites have turned residential, and brand new waterfrontage suburbs are springing up where once were gasworks and factories. Estate agents are calling the area around Strathfield-Homebush the 'Olympic Corridor.' Prices asked for houses and land are astonishing. My childhood home, a large brick bungalow c. 1923, went up for auction recently in Strathfield. It was passed in at \$940,000. (We sold it decades ago.) 'A Mad World, My Masters,' runs an old quotation. I think it will apply to rents and accommodation in Olympic year, and (who knows) to ticket costs as well.

How much simpler things were in Melbourne at the 1956 Olympics. I'll never forget the feeling of friendliness in that city and the Games in which competitors were amateurs and drugs were seemingly unknown. There was no razzamatazz when Ron Clarke ran in with the torch to light the Olympic flame. At the MCG where Betty Cuthbert ran open-mouthed to victory, and on the newly introduced TV, superb young athletes and swimmers conveyed excitement, unsustained by theatrics. One of our members, Geoffrey Ballard, has described those Games in his book 'Nation with Nation: The Story of Olympic Village, Melbourne Olympic Games, 1956.' It's put out by Spectrum Publications, and can be bought at the special price of \$25, which includes postage. Write to Geoffrey Ballard at 22, Prospect Rd, Rosanna, Vic, 3084. His phone is 03-9457-2356. Geoff knows his subject. He was Deputy Commandant at Melbourne's Olympic Village, where a staff of 2,400 looked after 5,000 athletes. An Army guard detachment, police and watchmen were responsible for security. 1956 was a tense year, with the Hungarian uprising following the Suez crisis. Only in the water polo did the Hungarians and Russians come to blows. Elsewhere calm prevailed.

In Sydney we've just had helicopters buzzing the city on anti-terrorist exercises. Some citizens, with sensitive eardrums complained of the noise, but rather than more sinister sounds. Preparation seems essential. Another CB member with Olympic memories is Betty Chessell, who went to the 1952 Helsinki Olympics with her late husband Tom, who represented Australia at rowing. He belonged for years to the Sydney Rowing Club, and it was at Betty's suggestion that we arranged to hold our reunion lunch there. At the moment she is in Britain, and will then go to South Africa. Whether she'll be at the reunion is unclear, but Geoff Ballard hopes to come. Sandy and Coral Hinds will join us, and have booked into the Hyde Park Inn which is close to that park and to the Anzac Memorial. Norma Keeling recommends this as a good place to stay.....

Remember the New Guineans whose lives, homes and lands were destroyed by that fearsome tidal wave? Lester Truex did. He told President Gordon Gibson that he would like to donate \$100 to a relief fund for them, and wondered how CB would feel about contributing to an appeal. CB has decided to match Lester's gift with another \$100, and to send the total, \$200, to the Salvation Army for distribution in the devastated area. Many CB-ers served in Papua-New Guinea, and already may have given individual donations. If not, Lester's example might be followed.

I've just read 'Breaking the Codes,' the book by academics Desmond Ball and David Horner. Published by Allen and Unwin, price \$29.95, and subtitled 'Australia's KGB network 1944-1950' it tells an extraordinary story, which would be known to some of you. To quote the blurb: 'In December 1944 General Blamey, commander-in-chief of the Australian Military Forces, was handed a file. It contained decrypted radio intercepts which proved that the Imperial Japanese Army was receiving top secret information—US and Australian war plans. Material that could lead to the death of Allied servicemen in the Pacific.' As the authors write in the preface: 'From 1943-49 a group of about ten people, all of whom were members of the Communist Party of Australia, or close acquaintances of communists, provided information and documentary material to the KGB. Our SIGINT, then US and British cryptanalysts in an operation code-named Venona, proved the link. The spy network was run by the Soviet Embassy, Canberra. Much mention is made

of the work done by CB to reveal this. The book which contains photographs of 21 Henry Street and of CB personnel, needs detailed review by someone far more informed than I. It is certainly a reference book to keep.

From Brisbane Allan Campbell sends an interesting article with photographs on the architectural history of 21 Henry Street. He also reports that 'things are moving slowly with MacArthur Chambers.' He will keep us advised of any progress

VALE. Eric Fuller of Orange advised us of the death of **Stanley Mark Willis**, who spent most of his life in Orange and district. To quote Eric: 'Stan joined the RAAF and eventually joined 6 Wireless Unit at Tolosa on Leyte in the Philippines and later at San Miguel on Luzon. He served in the mechanical section of transport.' Stan Willis, who was a Sergeant, served as President of the Orange Air Force Association for many years'. This 'quiet but popular serviceman will be missed by a large circle of mates,' wrote Eric Fuller. We thank him and also Don Burn, of Orange, for information.

RUBY McKEAN, of Camperdown, Victoria, died on June 6. Many friends attended her remembrance service at the Uniting Church, Camperdown, in August. Ruby, daughter of a World War I soldier who died in France when she was only two, was one of seven children. In World War II she enlisted in the AWAS, and served as a cipher sergeant in the Henry Street garage. Di Parker and Joyce Sandars, who worked on the same shift, went to the remembrance service. Ruby did not marry. Family was the most important thing in her life, and she loved and had many loving relatives. This reserved and gentle woman recently retired after 64 years as lead alto in her church choir. After retiring from work at the State Electricity Commission, she followed many interests - cryptic crossword puzzles, the growing of prize roses, and photography. Not long before she died, she told of a family saying used by her brothers. When someone was leaving the house, they would go to the gate to 'welcome them off'. Many friends made sure that Ruby had a good 'welcome off' at the remembrance service, and at the gathering afterwards.

PHYLLIS SWINNEY, wife of Gordon Swinney, died in June. This couple had not long before celebrated, with their family, their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Our deepest sympathy goes to Gordon, as well as to his

family, and to the relatives of Stan Willis and Ruby McKean.

That is all for the moment. I'm off to Brisbane by train (not a troop train) and am bound for a family wedding, not for 21 Henry Street, the garage or the Park. Best wishes to all of you and may we meet in Sydney this November.

Helen Kenny.

Hon. Secretary

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TREASURER'S COLUMN.

Rain, rain go away come again another day, as the rhyme goes and by the blue sky outside my window as I write maybe it's done just that. —who knows?

Except for my daughter Jackie who lives up the Blue M'tns all my family live down the South Coast and naturally I was very worried when the 'big rains' came and I couldn't get through to them on the phone to hear how they were however the next day I did get through and was so relieved that other than front garden trees crashing down on power lines and causing loss of electricity and some roof problems, they escaped the dreadful damage other people had experienced, lets hope the Govt. comes good and helps these people clean up and get back into their homes, some people, it seems, have to completely rebuild.

Well enough of my family and weather lets change the subject to, guess what? -- to our 9th & 10th Nov Reunion of course. By the time you read my column you will have read all details in Gordon's column and so all I can say is that you will all rally round and make this reunion another success story and hope cheques will soon start rolling in and whilst on the subject of money, many folk have perhaps just overlooked that they haven't paid their subs. this year so please check up on this and so I hope to receive this cheque as well.

To clarify the cost of Associate members, it is \$7 p.y. If any member who knows of wives whose husbands were a member of CB Assoc. and have passed away and would like to be an Associate member we would be glad to put them on our mailing list to receive our Newsletter and to participate in our functions, they would be most welcome. Incidentally the Association

was commenced in 1976 so we are now 22 years old — just a bit of CB history — also by my books Gordon Gibson, our President, was one of the first members who joined at that date.

Madeline Chidgey has asked me to ask anyone who sends her photographs would they put names of the people in the photo's on the back.

We are looking for memorabilia of C.B. to show at the Hyde Park War Memorial in Nov. so if anyone has anything of interest we would be glad to receive them, they would of course be returned to you safely.

We, C.B. Assoc., made a donation of \$100 to the New Guinea disaster appeal, we also donate to Legacy once a year.

MAIL BAG

Rather late in answering your most welcome notes as Dennis excused me from writing my column in the last Newsletter.

A most interesting letter from Max (Hurley) telling of his grandson, who has recently married, being in charge of an army peace group in Bougainville but sad to read of your wife's very bad eye condition which necessitates you being her seeing eye dog and so unable to attend our functions. He congratulates the Committee on their excellent job.

Glad you did so well with your latest books, Eve (Scott), and thanks so much for your good wishes and card.

I gave Madeline your message, Marge (Marshall) no it wasn't Ailsa who had the strokes, Ailsa's married name is Hale.

Thanks for your humorous story of Smilin' Billy Blinkhorn, Charles (Morrison). I giggled as I read it all. You say he was a good bloke, I'm sure he was. Yes we all enjoyed last Anzac Day and was glad you had a beautiful autumn day in Canberra for the occasion.

Will be looking forward to renewing acquaintances again after you have finished your good work of being President of Hastings Legacy, Gordon (Gibson).

Do hope your husband is home from hospital, Jean (Hicks) and except for a few problems you are still fit as a fiddle as you said. So your granddaughter is learning to fly and has done her solo, isn't that great? Hope she does decide to join the Air Force. If you can't find your C.B. badge I'll send you a replacement; just let me know. I too had a washing machine mishap; in fact it caused flooding in the laundry, kitchen and through right into the lounge; quite a "todoo" but all is well now and a new "Whirlpool".

By now I guess all is over re your second hip replacement,

Betty (Murray) I do hope it was a great success.

Sorry to read of your fall, Vic. (Lederer) and hope to hear you're mobile again.

I do hope you had a most enjoyable trip overseas Lester, you really amaze me the way you get around after all the health problems you've had, I guess you never give up, look forward to seeing you in Nov. Claire and Jacky send their best wishes; both are working hard.

Hope the Legacy concert in Canberra for Legacy widows went off well, John (Laird). I've had three trips to Canberra over the year mainly for the National Art Gallery exhibits.

It seems ages since I've seen you Noni (Mc.Naught), but I do hear about you from Madeline, thanks for your cheery greetings by pen.

So you are a painter as well as a sketcher Brian (Lovett) I'm sure Eve must have been thrilled to receive a painting from you of 21 Henry St. Hope you received the Southwest Pacific clasp. Madeline, Gordon, Dennis and myself went into Martin Place for the service on V.P. Day despite the weather; we only wish more C.B. folk would join us for the service. Joy (Griffin) rang me the other day; she seems to have settled down well in her new abode and playing bowls etc. but hasn't sold Pacific Palms home yet. Give my love to Heather and I hope her health has improved.

I'm keeping you company, Roma (Hodsdon) with these wretched back problems, it seems hard to find anyone who doesn't suffer this way, I guess we're all wearing out, bit by bit, but at least we know we are not alone and just have to battle on.

Thank you for your letter of sympathy, Joyce (Sandars) and sorry to read you haven't been the best, thank you for subs. including a donation.

To all the folks who have sent best wishes for my health and for congratulating the work of the Committee, I thank you.

I think a C.B. member sent me this quotation which I will use to end my column but can't think who sent it, please forgive me.

"You came into this world crying, everyone rejoiced. Live you life so when you leave you will rejoice and everyone will cry."

Norma Keeling.

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CODE TALKERS.

(A welcome contribution from Keith Payne)

The July edition of IMI produced by Steve Mason from ASWG included an article taken from the New York Times on Navajo "code talkers" used in WWII. You might be interested in the following book review which appeared in the NSA retirements group newsletter last July on the same subject.

Book Review by George P. McGinnis on The Navajo Code Talkers by Doris A. Paul published 1973 by Dorrance Publishing Company, Pittsburgh PA.

"During World War Two several hundred Navajo Indians were used by the Marine Corps to transmit and receive tactical voice messages using their native language as the coding system. Because the language is an obscure one, this gave essentially complete transmission security. The idea was not a new one. In World War One Choctaw Indians had been used for a similar purpose.

Mr Phillip Johnston, an engineer for the City of Los Angeles, was responsible for resurrecting the idea. Mr Johnston was the son of a missionary to the Navajo nation. From childhood he had been raised among Navajo children and, as a result, spoke their language with native fluency.

He was one of only about 28 non-Navajo individuals in the entire world who spoke the language. With Mr Johnston's assistance, 29 Navajos were recruited by the US Marine Corps. They developed a vocabulary of 211 code words foreign to their language. Here are some examples

WORD	NAVAJO WORD	NAVAJO MEANING
Cavalry	Lin-yea-nal-dai-hi	Horsemen
Howitzer	Be-el-ton-tso-quodi	Short big gun
Plane	Tsidi	Bird

Tsidi was a general term for aircraft, with other words like buzzard, vulture, sparrowhawk used for specific types (fighters, dive bombers etc).

They also worked out a method for spelling proper names and obscure words.

The original 211 words were later expanded to 411, which the code talkers memorized. After the idea proved successful in several trials in the United

States, additional Navajos were recruited and the final number was 540, of whom 420 qualified as code talkers. It would have required intense effort to break the code, and progress could have been achieved only with the assistance of a cooperative individual having native Navajo fluency. The latter requirement made any code-breaking effort fruitless. The code talkers were used in every Marine operation from Guadalcanal to Okinawa. They performed their job well and received commendations for their work. In 1969, at the 22nd anniversary reunion of the Fourth Marine Division, the code talkers were reassembled. They were presented with a special medal depicting a famous painting entitled "Ira Hayes - His Dream - His reality" by Joe Ruiz Grandee. Ira Hayes was one of the Marines who raised the flag on IwoJima and is even depicted in the Marine Corps memorial in Washington, DC. He was an American hero, especially to other native Americans.

This is an interesting book. One appendix contains the original Marine Corps staff study that recommended use of the code talkers."

(Says Keith: "Let me know if you would like to get these or similar items should I come across them in the future. Recently we had a visit from an old mate of mine who worked in NSA and has kindly given me copies of some of the recent newsletters etc. from the Phoenix Society [NSA's retirees group] some of which have interesting articles such as this in them. Joe Richards would see these anyway". Your editor sent a prompt e-mail YES response.)

HITCH-HIKE TO JAPAN.

If you have eavesdropped on some of the conversations at our CB gatherings perhaps you have heard mention of thumbing a lift from the American Air Base at Clarkfield on Luzon Island in the Philippines. One time President, **Mr. Michael Casey**, was one of those intrepid hitch-hikers.

Soon after the adventure the young Michael Casey, who could have considered journalism as a post-war career, was prevailed upon to write his story for publication. Newsletter has a carefully preserved carbon copy of that story typed in 1945, on a manual typewriter, of course. The words were written by a very young Australian serviceman within weeks of the end of a war initiated by a ruthless enemy and which cost many Australian lives. Here then is

Michael's story from the olden days.

"During the early days of the war in the Pacific, the lines of communication were very limited. To perhaps 30 miles, but as democracy reached out again, and eventually reoccupied the Philippines, hitch-hiking became quite an art, with trips to Manila and Baguio, a distance of 70 and 120 miles respectively. But the climax was attained the other day when two friends and myself decided to hitch-hike to Japan. We were determined to see Japan and especially Tokyo at any price. With a five day leave pass in our pockets and plenty of confidence we set out. It took us almost three days to reach our destination. Our hopes were somewhat lowered when reaching Clarkfield, one of the biggest fields on Luzon, we learned that a typhoon was blowing across Okinawa, and all communication had been cancelled. We stayed around the air strip all the next day and talking casually to an American pilot I learned he too was going to Okinawa, he was leaving the next morning in a B-24 Liberator bomber. Our luck was in. The trip from Luzon to Okinawa is a five hour journey, but it took us almost 8 hours, as the purpose of the mission was to search for a wreck over Formosa. Making myself useful I volunteered to go to the rear of the ship and look through the rear turret. It wasn't long before I was overcome with air-sickness. The pilot told me that was the worst place to ride and sent me to the cockpit and look from there with the co-pilot, while he went to the aft end. There I rode in perfect harmony and at times had control of the heavy bomber.

We touched down at 4.30 pm and now to find someone who was going the rest of the way. We left the next morning by C-46 Transport. At 1.15 pm on 17 Sept. we crossed the coastline of the once forbidden area. The famous mountain of Fuji came into view almost immediately and we were informed by the crew that we were extremely fortunate to have such a perfect view of the sacred mountain as it is generally covered with mist. We finally set foot on Japan at 1.40. Our ambition had been achieved.

As it was late in the day by the time we had all cleaned up and showered, so we limited our sight seeing to the area round the airfield, and the town of Tachikawa. We were unarmed and didn't wish to be in public during the hours of darkness. We learned later that one could wander through the streets at night with perfect safety. Tachikawa has received its share of the

bombings, and not a factory in the area remains undamaged. I managed to obtain a photo of this town during its bombing, which I consider a well worth souvenir.

The next day we were up early and into Tokyo by 9 o'clock. We travelled by electric train. The Nips certainly know how to pack to capacity. The only seats are along the side of the cars and accommodate about one tenth of the load. I took much pleasure in motioning a Nip to rise and settled into his seat. During this journey we tried to find one native who could speak English sufficiently to tell us where to get off. I said; "Do you speak English?" and he replied with the statement "My vocabulary is very limited". Every Nip knows how to say 'I do not speak English', but this fellow wanted to put a little polish into it.

From Tokyo Railway Station, which is a huge stone building with no roof and the wall blackened by fire, one leaves and almost immediately hits the moat surrounding the Imperial Palace. It was here in this moat that we saw enormous fish about three feet long and resembling carp or gold fish. We were eventually led to believe that these were the Emperor's holy Fish. The palace itself is not visible from the street, but consists of a huge fortress wall inside the moat, with a dense foliage of shrubs and stately pines visible within the wall. In this boulevard that runs along the length of one wall stands enormous and palatial business offices, absolutely untouched by bombing (possibly because of their proximity to the Emperor's Palace). In one of these magnificent buildings is General MacArthur's new Headquarters.

The Japanese people suffer two great defects; their curiosity and their inferiority complex. You stop to ask a policeman your direction and you are immediately mobbed by curious Nips. A great joke among Allied troops during the early days of the occupation was to get a crowd around and let out a blood curdling yell and see the poor half hysterical mob scatter in all directions. Apparently their nerves are still on edge as a result of the bombing. Their inferiority complex was one of the reasons why Allied War Prisoners were so ill treated during internment. They couldn't bear to see themselves dwarfed against the massive six feet of an Allied soldier. In the streets they will always stand aside to let a European pass and one is always addressed as 'sir'. ***** The men have their legs encased in puttees and wear the military style cap, which is rounded to fit the head. with the result they look like a nation of bus

drivers.

Occasionally one does see European dress, but these are usually the business section of the community.

The women all have rosy cheeks and long glossy black hair. I learned later that they achieved such colour to the face by scraping them. One way to get over the war time shortages. The females for the most wear the national costume, the kimono. These are made of the purest of silk and nothing can persuade to trade one of these garments. The kimono develops into a pair of baggy slacks for the bottom half and these are caught in above the ankles. A wide tight fitting piece of tapestry fits the waist and a large bun is worn at the rear. Mostly drab colours are worn in the streets and the gay florals are reserved for inside.

Nowhere is there the spirit of a defeated people; one feels that beneath all this bowing politeness there lies a calm, imperturbable steadfastness of mind and in some cases an underlying contempt for the conqueror.

The Yanks are treating them with their traditional hail-fellow well met approach, drinking whisky with the men, making eyes at the girls, and pampering the children with candy. All this may go to create a good neighbour policy, but was it the purpose of the occupation? As one war correspondent said "The occupation has gone sour; the occupation troops are on a huge tourist and shopping expedition".

Perhaps our greatest moments came when we approached the Imperial Hotel with the intention of dining there. A sign at the front entrance said, "Field Officers only".

But as we filed through we each received a perfect salute from the American on guard. The food was excellent and the service exquisite. Not once was food placed in front of us from the right. We were served by an attractive Japanese girl, who, wearing a gayly coloured national costume glided, not walked across the rugged floor.

Here in the heart of the capital of Japan, one looks around and sees the result of the B-29 raids. The precision bombing was perfect - one passes a majestic building unscratched and next to it lies a pile of rubble and corrugated iron. I would say that for every building undamaged there is a ruin alongside it. The fire bomb too, has played its part well, many buildings have a

deceptive appearance- while appearing to stand whole one sees around the windows patches of blackened stone and a closer examination reveals the whole interior is just a blackened charred ruin..

Tokyo must have been once a beautiful city and far more modern than any in Australia. It was practically rebuilt after the 1923 earthquake and is not what we thought - single story buildings made of weather boards and thatched roofs. Along the Ginza are many vast emporiums and department stores still intact. Here too are to be found the ardent souvenir hunters, the Yanks swarming the stores, and producing inflation by flinging their yen everywhere...Although I procured many souvenirs my highest hopes were not fulfilled for the better class of Japanese silks were not to be had. We learned that no silk had been manufactured since the outbreak of war.

During the afternoon of our first day in Tokyo we met three Aust. Navy men who asked us out to their ship for the night. Their ship was the destroyer "Nepal". It was on this destroyer that I met a former resident of Bellingen. They say it's a small world but this beats the lot, meeting an acquaintance in Tokyo Bay. In order to get to the Bay we had to go to Yokohama and I think the area between the two cities is the most bombed space in Japan. Here were all the big aircraft factories and generally the industrial centre of Japan. Yokohama itself is a very modern city and of course the chief port for Honshu. It too, like Tokyo has been systematically bombed.

Travelling home by train one night we were interested to meet a student of the Imperial University, dressed in a tight fitting black uniform and black peaked cap. He spoke English flawlessly and was much distressed at the way the military clique had brought disaster to Japan. He himself was a Japanese Methodist and had lost an uncle in the bombing of Tokyo. It is remarkable how the people's faces fill with fear and horror at the mere mention of "B-29". "Remember", he said as we parted, "the Japanese are a peaceful people". I could not help but wonder.

To sum up here is a curious incident that will give you an idea of the 'harsh' occupation of Japan. While waiting for our train home our last night in Tokyo a drunken Jap lurched up to us, and surprised us by speaking perfect English with an extensive vocabulary. He went on to relate how kind two Americans had been to him. Apparently two Yanks had plied him with shots

of whisky and he announced with a flawless accent "It is my cherished ambition to be a citizen of the United States of America." The poetic turn of phrase left us open mouthed in amazement, but his next phrase gave us food for thought. "The Nippon News to-day said the Americans are nice people and will treat us kindly."

What is this all anyway ? A Sunday School picnic. !!
Michael Casey

SANDGATE RAAF STATION.

Joy Linnane has discovered that the RAAF Station Memorial Fund is seeking donations to erect a monument at the wartime entrance to Sandgate RAAF Station. Donations may be forwarded to the Fund at P.O. BOX 346, SANDGATE QLD. 4017.

Some RAAF Sigint types may remember throwing their first live hand grenades during pre-embarkation training at Sandgate. Come to think of it, not only did we learn to use weapons defensively but we were also trained to attack.

The Memorial will recognise the personnel who trained at Sandgate, who fought for freedom and who did not survive the battle.

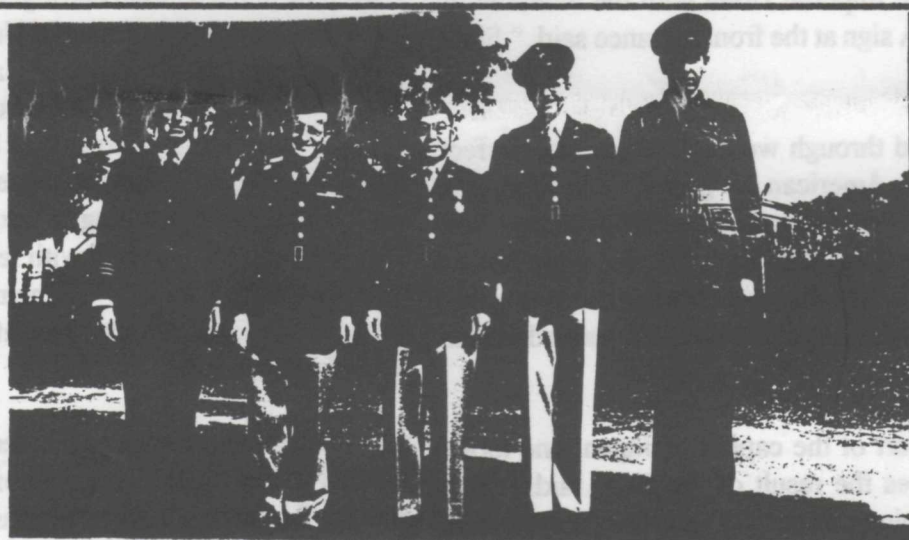
FROM SIGINT TO MASINT.

Think of it this way. You were a pioneer in the SIGINT business. We all were; some at the centre of things and some way out at the fringes. But that was the business we were in. Perhaps you don't have the slightest interest in what has happened to the Sigint business since your day. It's all too far away and long ago. At ages of 70++ and indeed 80 ++ it's just too hard to come to grips with the modern technology.

Take the latest INT for example: MASINT. Since Sigint there has been, Elint, Humint, Imint, Comint and EO (gathering information through various electro-optic means.) And now comes MASINT ---Measurement and Signature intelligence. None the wiser ? Well here is the proper definition to clear things up.

Masint is "technically derived intelligence that detects, locates, tracks, identifies and describes the specific signatures of fixed and dynamic target sources." It should feed real-time information to the fighter cockpit, the tank driver the special forces trooper and the precision hungry guided missile operators. And, the crunch, I think, is that the end result is available in nano seconds. The data doesn't have to be sent away for lengthy analysis, Central Bureau style, where intelligence may have emerged minutes, hours, weeks or months later. So now we all know and understand. We could pick up where we left off.?

CENTRAL BUREAU TOP BRASS



Booth Sinkov Yamagata Erskine Sandford

Hugh Melinsky's book, "A Code Breakers Tale" is priced in U.K. pounds. If you want a copy you have to send the poor Aussie \$ equivalent of six pounds 50p plus two pounds 50p for postage to The Larks Press, Ordnance Farmhouse, Guist Bottom Dereham NR20 5PF U.K