



CENTRAL BUREAU INTELLIGENCE CORPS ASSOCIATION June 2006

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PRESIDENT'S PAR

Anzac Day 2006

It is very heartening to be able to report that in spite of the passing years no less than fifty members and friends were present at our Reunion Luncheon at the Marriott Hotel, the biggest turn out for many years. Incidentally a little gentle lobbying of the catering staff seemed to have worked wonders and I think all were very satisfied with the standard of the refreshments.

As for the march, twenty six of us braved some coolish rain-showers at the assembly point but fortunately they had evaporated by the time we set out. For the first time, thanks to Bob Batty of the RSL, we were provided with the luxury of a Landrover – much appreciated by those who took that option. The Anzac Eve wreath laying ceremony was also well attended and twelve of us joined as usual with the Australian Intelligence Association at the Cenotaph. Our thanks are once again due to Pittwater House school cadets, who formed the Catafalque Party and who led us the next day on the march through Sydney streets lined with clapping, flag waving crowds. Anzac Day is a great Australian Celebration and I am not ashamed to admit it always gives me “a bit of a thrill.”

Melbourne Reunion 17, 18, 19 October 2006

At the Anzac Day Luncheon members were advised of this reunion and quite a number indicated their interest. In addition, Ian Buckingham our Melbourne member reported that he had contacted other Melburnians who had said they would like to take part.

Since then Bill Rogers has been drawn into proceedings and has drawn up a proposed program of events in Melbourne that will keep us interstate visitors fully entertained. As there will be no further newsletters before September we are asking all those interested in the Melbourne Reunion to

complete the attached acceptance form and post promptly to Secretary Joy Granger.

As soon as full details are known those who have returned the form will receive a circular letter with definite information about dates and times. Arrangements for transport to and from Melbourne will be left to individual members.

Proposed Program Melbourne Reunion

Tuesday October 17th - a guided visit to the Art Galleries at the National Gallery and Federation Square with lunch perhaps between galleries at the Arts Centre. Evening – a modestly priced dinner.

Wednesday October 18th – A bus trip to the former bases where Frumel operated followed by a visit to Central Bureau's tree near the corner of St Kilda Road and Domain Road. After paying our respects to the tree we walk up to the Shrine and inspect the new museum established in the base of the Shrine. Lunch at the Toorak RSL. Bus returns participants to their quarters.

Thursday October 19th – Bus to Point Cook to view former radio operating centre and Air Force Museum. Lunch at Chirnside Mansion at Werribee. Bus returns participants to their quarters.

Gordon Gibson, President

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HON SECRETARY'S PAR

Hello everyone, especially those no longer able to be with us over Anzac remembrance. A very good attendance at the impressive wreath laying ceremony on Anzac Eve – President Gordon Gibson, Helen Kenny, Diana Parker, Bill and Jan Rogers, Norm Allen, Frank Hughes, Les McClean, Jacqui Keeling, Allan Norton, Ian and Lorraine Buckingham. Well done. At 7.30am on a showery Anzac morning, I was in a convoy of 70 Manly cabs from War Vets, Collaroy Plateau. With your forbearance I'll digress here – 50 years ago eight Manly cabdrivers volunteered to drive veterans to the March. Over the years this extended to war widows, WWII, Korean and latterly Vietnam veterans. Those unable to march were returned to the Village. I was interested to hear from our driver that an oil company donates petrol free for the occasion. We are indeed fortunate for all this generosity. Back to taws – In the seething crowd in Elizabeth St, I located banner-bearers Rob Moore and nephew Ian McBride, Ellen Barn (for g/father Ken Robbins), Noni Benn, Bruce Bentwitch, Col Brackley (L/Rover), Kath Burns, Ian Buckingham, Keith Carolan, Judy Carson, Madeline Chidgey (L/Rover), Leader Gordon Gibson, Joyce Grace, Ailsa Hale, Lou Harris, Bob Leonard, David Hansen, Frank Hughes, Jacqui Keeling (for Norma) Helen Kenny, Brian Lovett (Tuncurry and bringing apologies from Bruce who is not well), Les McClean, Allan Norton, Diana Parker (L/Rover), Roy Perry, Bill Rogers (Vic), John Shoebridge, Eric Webb (Leonay). After a damp hiccup we were away about 10am. It was a fairly sprightly march to Hyde Park through enormous and supportive crowds. A very welcome coffee and some of us visited the War Memorial. Ambled over to the Marriott, found our room was ready and those waiting were able to relax in comfort over tables. In dribs and drabs our complement of 50 arrived – Stan and Maureen Baylis, Noni Benn, Bruce Bentwitch and Faye Gilinsky, Col and Mark Brackley, Kath Burns, Ian and Lorraine Buckingham, Keith and Joan Carolan with Diane, Judy Carson, Joyce Casey, Madeline Chidgey, Gordon and Sue Gibson, Joy Granger, David and Noeline Hansen, Lou Harris, Betty Hogan, Frank Hughes, Jacqui Keeling (sporting new hair style courtesy surgery and chemo; may be all well), Helen Kenny, Alan and Pam Langdon (Wentworth Falls), Les McClean, Margaret McCafferty with

daughter Phillipa Maynard, Mary McCulloch, Allan and Katie Norton with Ron Jameson, Diana Parker, Roy and Ellen Perry, Bill and Jan Rogers, Gordon Swinney with son Peter and daughters Helen Allan, Susan Warsham, Robyn McLean and JoAnne DeSono, Eric Webb. We did miss Doug McNally who was to have ridden in the L/Rover – made it as far as Wynyard and couldn't go any further. When I spoke to him on the Thursday he said that was a GOOD day and he could have coped. He was grateful for all the phone calls from concerned members. A visitor from England asked permission to march with us. She said she has served with MI6 in Germany and Northern Ireland and gave us her name. Unfortunately the march began before we recorded it.

President Gordon welcomed all, with special mention of those who travelled from interstate, near and far North Coast, and Blue Mountains. He went on to mention a proposal mooted at our meeting in April of a possible reunion with Victorian members.

As our well set-up buffet was then ready, Gordon urged us to partake. The dishes were certainly an improvement on last year, no doubt the result of a little chat with catering by Sue and Gordon during one of their city jaunts. Our thanks to them. Our room was very pleasant, service excellent and all will be acknowledged.

I think that's it (E & O E). My good wishes to one and all.

Joy Granger
WarVets
2/5 Endeavour Dr
NARRABEEN 2101
(02 9981 2397)

HON TREASURER'S REPORT

With the majority of members being O.B.E, like old cars our parts are showing years of wear and tear. Problems such as heart, circulation, cancer, bones and memory loss are just a few. Fortunately, advances in medical technology, particularly in recent years, have helped repair many of these ills.

On Anzac Day I think President Gordon tuned his pacemaker to the beat of the Pittwater House school band, as he hardly missed a step. We missed Peg Teague at the reunion as she was in hospital having knee repairs, while Doug McNally, unable to walk from Wynyard railway station to the assembly point, made an about turn and went home.

Some of our members, or members' husbands, are in nursing homes. They are Jack Douglas, Jim Kennedy and Jim Williams, as well as Madeline Chidgey and Ailsa Hales's husbands. We hope they are progressing well. Should anyone know of any other CBers in a nursing home, please let us know.

Nell Pyle advises that Doug has been in hospital with a broken arm and leg, while Vic Lederer (A.C.T.) was in hospital last year but is now well. Keith Carolan, who has had prostate problems, was at the luncheon while Frank Hughes and Les McClean look in better health. Gordon Swinney's doctor told him he is good for another 10 years. Jacqui Keeling (daughter of Norma, our late treasurer) arrived at the Anzac Day luncheon sporting a low maintenance hairstyle, result of chemotherapy. She's progressing well and goes back to teaching shortly.

John Shoebridge, a committee man, decided to have a bowel problem while in Norway, spend a few days in hospital in Oslo, then sent an S.O.S. to a daughter who had to fly half way round the world to escort him home. He is now well.

Secretary Joy Granger, who has not been in the best of health, had an unwelcome visitor to her apartment at WarVets while she was away for a few days. The visitor, a rat (four-legged type) took a fancy to several of her possessions.

Subscriptions

Members who have paid subs this year would have received receipts previously, or will find them attached to this Newsletter. Some have paid in advance, but about one third have not paid this year's dues.

Would you kindly peruse your cheque butts and forward a remittance in due course.

Bruce Bentwitch
Hon. Treasurer
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CASTLE COVE NSW 2069
Ph: (02) 9417 1427

Book Review

A MAN OF INTELLIGENCE

by

Ian Pfennigwerth (Rosenberg)

It was a pleasant surprise several years ago, to meet ophthalmologist Dr David Nave at our local clinic. He spoke affectionately of his father.

Ian Pfennigwerth's intensive research has produced similarly undisguised admiration for what the subtitle describes as *The Life of Captain Eric Nave, Australian Codebreaker Extraordinary*.

The book accurately reflects the profound respect, even awe, in which Eric Nave was held by all those Central Bureau personnel who saw him in action or benefited by his instruction. Geoff Ballard was one of the earliest to be initiated into the secrets of unravelling the Japanese Naval Air codes, and to be able to read messages in the field. He could never forget 'the atmosphere of excitement and discovery.'

A glancing reference to James Rusbridger's *Betrayal at Pearl Harbor* is expanded in a chapter which includes the arrival of the Americans in Australia in 1942. The author effectively explains away the "Churchillian conspiracy" and Nave's supposed involvement.

This work, by a recently retired Director of Naval Intelligence, supplements those written earlier to

highlight Army and RAAF participation. Families should read it also.

Less generally known is Captain Nave's career following World War 2, particularly his service with ASIO, where it appears that his knack of being in the right place at the right time continued.

Although commendably maintaining objectivity, the author has produced a long overdue tribute which will be welcomed especially by all who ever sighted a memo signed simply T.E.N.

- Robert Brown

MAC JAMIESON WRITES

Dear Helen,

At long last!

You wanted my life story for Newsletter, so I will give it to you in three parts – Pre-war, War Service, Post-war till 2005. You may edit this to suit yourself.

1920-1940

I was born at Delegate, NSW on May 4th 1920. My full name is Robert McKenzie Jamieson. My parents owned a mixed farm in a valley of the Bemm River in Eastern Victoria, at Combienbar. The little town of Delegate was 30 miles distant, where there was a mid-wife to attend my birth. My father had to ride a horse through the forest on a gold miner's track for the event. A fortnight after I was born, Mother rode back through the forest on horseback while carrying me. I also had a sister three years older than I.

1925

I had just started school at Combienbar, and my sister and I had to walk 2 1/2 miles along a bush-bound road to school. My Grandmother lived two miles along this road, and, as we didn't have a car, Mother used to drive a horse pulled sulky to visit her.

One day, when I was 5, Mother took my sister, who was 8, to see her grandmother. As I was only young, I was left at home with my Father. They stayed a bit late in the day, almost dusk. There was

a gate on the road and it was my sister's job to open it. Mother went through, and just as Vera closed the gate, a strange animal came through the scrub. Mother shouted to Vera to hurry and reached down to pull her quickly into the seat. The animal jumped as they moved off and hit the wheel. When it fell back, they gained time, and ground. Being thwarted at getting into the sulky, it grabbed the horse by the nose to stop it. This went on for some time as they neared home. I can still remember them screaming a quarter mile away. Our blue heeler dog came to assist, but was nearly killed. They eventually got home panic-stricken. The next morning at day-break, my father took his shotgun and went to a nearby paddock where a steer had been mysteriously killed. The animal had just finished his meal, and Dad shot him. Neighbours helped carry the carcass to our place, where photos were taken. My father sent the skin to the Orbost Shire Council, and they said it was a HYENA. The skin was on display for a few years, and was then destroyed. Shortly afterwards, the news leaked out that a circus van had overturned on a highway 30 miles away and the animal had escaped.

Shortly after this, my parents and sister were going to a wedding and there was a car smash. My sister was killed and my father very badly injured. His health never got back to normal. My mother was also injured and was confined to hospital for a few weeks. Mother continued to grieve for 12 months and then a local Deaconess from the Church of England in Cann River, suggested that she and mother go to Melbourne to see if a little girl could be adopted into the family. Mother came home with a sweet little girl (Joan) who certainly filled the void created by misfortune. My brother Ken (now deceased) was born in 1929.

1925-1941

I continued my schooling at state school during the depression years. These were hard times, but of course, most people were in the same circumstances. Then I continued to work on the farm until I enlisted.

The war came and most of the young men in our district joined up. With having to look after the farm, I suffered frustrations. Finally, I could stand it no longer, so my cousin and I rode our push bikes 60 miles to the Orbost Recruiting Centre over a

rough, gravelly and corrugated road. I remember it well as it was on that day that Germany invaded Russia. We offered ourselves for air-crew. The recruiting officer said that there was a long waiting list for air-crew, but we could go to Melbourne and join the Army. I decided to wait, but as my cousin's brother had just been taken prisoner, he went to the Army. He was wounded shortly after in North Africa.

While I was waiting, I had an idea! If I remustered to ground staff as a telegraphist and learnt Morse code, I could get back in air-crew as an air-gunner. The wheels turned and I went to W.A.G.S at Ballarat. I had almost finished my rifle drill when I contracted measles and flu. I was put into Ballarat Base Hospital for over two weeks and lost 2 stone in weight. Then back to training again. I had no trouble with target practice – a mile in front. The powers that be remembered this and later on I was presented with a Tommy gun! I also learned the fellows I had met earlier were already doing Morse code, the smartest of whom was up to 10-13 words per minute. That was my target. To catch him. Within two weeks, I had caught and passed him and had passed a test at 25 wpm.

I was worried about my family's finances, so I went to the office and allotted 4/6 a day to them out of my wage of 6 bob! This was a great help to the family and it also helped keep my younger brother at high school.

With Japan now in the war and getting closer to Australia, our Government decided to form an intelligence unit. One day, a sergeant came through the camp with a note book and took the names of those who were good at Morse code. We were ushered into a hut, the door closed and locked, and an armed guard put there. We were addressed and told we were to do a special course, which could be very dangerous! A bit of a laugh here. There was a war on wasn't there? I wasn't too worried as I had easily won the target shooting on the Ballarat Rifle Range. The instructor said if anyone wished to pull out for private reasons or if they had children, they would be excused. About half of them declined so that left eight of us to go to the Melbourne Show Grounds to do a course in Japanese Kana Code (73 symbols). I might add, that when we were first inducted into the Codes, we had to swear on the Bible, a secrecy oath for the duration of the war and

30 years afterwards. I never ever told my folks about this involvement. My parents were very worried when the police called to vet my character, or to find out if I had been in trouble. I told them not to worry as the military often did these things. We finished our course and set off on the troop train for the long haul to Townsville, where others were already there. We were camped in tents in the suburb of Pimlico. Each day we were transported to Stuart Creek to a building which was our operational headquarters.

Our building was disguised as a farm house, but was actually made of re-enforced concrete 18" thick. There was a system of directional aerials all emanating from our wireless room. We were divided into three 8 hour shifts and covered the Jap frequencies around the clock. A lot of valuable intelligence passed through this building, tracking enemy shipping, air-craft, troop movements and anything the Japs encoded.

After I had been in Townsville a few months, a circular was sent around air-force camps appealing for personnel to re-muster to air-crew. A few of us offered our services, were interviewed, given a medical, and were told we would be drafted in two weeks. That came to nil, as our own air force stopped it. End of that story. While we were operating at Stuart Creek, there were two interesting events. The Japanese Commander in the Pacific (Admiral Yamamoto) was coming to the Solomon Islands to do a tour of inspection. We got this info through cracking the code. The passing of this intelligence resulted in his plane being shot down. All dead!

The other time was when we heard an urgent message being sent by our Australian Commandos from Timor Island that the Japs were on the point of capturing them. This info was passed on, and a submarine went to Timor during the night and rescued them all. This message was sent on a make-shift radio called WINNIE THE WAR WINNER, which can be seen in the Canberra War Memorial. The fellow who was in charge of it was Stan Roberts, who lived not far from where I live now. The war front was moving away so it was time to go north.

[Mac is Secretary of the Queensland Wireless Units Association. Thanks Mac for your most interesting

life story. We has space for only part of it the rest will follow in future newsletters. By the way, that radio WINNIE THE WAR WINNER took its name from a cartoon in the Australian Women's Weekly. H.K.]

DEATH OF SQUADRON LEADER W.J. CLARKE

In January, Dr Jo-anne Cox, of Cheltenham, NSW, wrote to President Gordon Gibson, saying: "I'm sorry to be conveying the gentle news that my father, Bill Clarke, died peacefully in his sleep on December 6th 2005 in the early hours of his 95th birthday."

Squadron Leader William J. Clarke had gone to the Belvedere Nursing Home, Wahroonga, for care while his fractured clavicle healed. His wife, Lancetta, arranged to stay with him.

He began sleeping a great deal and his condition deteriorated. "I'm happy, very very happy," he told his daughter before he "slipped away."

Dr Cox wrote: "He died knowing he was to receive a congratulatory message from the P.M. for his 95th birthday as well as messages from the Governor-General and the Queen for reaching the month of his 95th birthday. He felt pleased and honoured. We read out the messages as Mum sat by his coffin, then we placed them on it with her flowers throughout the quiet family service. May he always rest in peace."

.....

Writing in reply to this beautiful letter, Gordon recalled that Bill Clarke was a foundation member of CBICA, and had attended the unforgettable inaugural reunion on Friday 18th October, 1974, when "mates" renewed acquaintance after 30 years.

"Subsequently," wrote Gordon, "Bill was a regular attendee at our Anzac Day reunions and on more than one occasion led our contingent in the March as senior ranking officer."

Although Gordon had had interesting conversations with Bill Clarke, and knew he had played an important role in the intelligence activities of CB,

security had been such "That the right hand rarely knew what the left hand was doing."

Our President asked if Dr Cox could cast light on her father's work.

Dr Cox, replying to Gordon's letter and to a request from Newsletter, said that although her father spoke of wartime comradeship, he kept silent about his wartime role. Even after all danger had gone, he did not talk. "It was a hard habit for him to break. He spoke in generalities."

She remembered him mentioning the names Roy Booth and Abe Sinkov (who came to the house once) and how he used to "love seeing Quintin Foster at the Melbourne Reunions."

Squadron Leader Clarke was born at Watchem in Victoria. His father had been widowed after four children were born and Bill Clarke was the third child and eldest son of the second family of seven. He and three brothers served in World War II. All survived it, Terry having been a prisoner of the Japanese.

When Bill Clarke was 10 his father died, and the boy spent some time helping his mother tend the railway gates at Glen Iris. Jo-anne Cox believes that her father was one of the youngest Victorians to pass the exam for stationmasters. He did not pursue this career but joined the RAAF in 1938. He married in December 1940, and Dr Cox was his only living child. His grandchildren are Jem Clarke, Tristan Cox and Atticus Cox. Bill Clarke saved all the CB Newsletters, and showed them to his grandsons.

Wartime service in Papua New Guinea was distinguished. Only illness (malaria) brought him back from the tropics to Central Bureau. After the war he became a partner in an importing business dealing with millinery accessories. His great leisure time activity was bowls. He joined Cheltenham Bowling Club around 1949 and was patron and oldest surviving male club member until his death.

Fortunately he gave much information and photographs to Jack Bleakley when this author was gathering material for his book "The Eavesdroppers." Jack was asked if he would write the Vale. This follows:

VALE

SQN/LDR. W.J. (BILL) CLARKE O4118 M.B.E.
6.12.1910 - 6.12.2005

[Signals Officer, RAAF component of W.W.2
Central Bureau. Assistant to WG/CDR H. Roy
BOOTH, Assistant Director, Central Bureau.]

Until his recent death in Sydney, S/L Bill Clarke was one of the few surviving top echelon Officers who served with Central Bureau in W.W.2. S/L Clarke joined the RAAF in pre W.W.2 days, on 15th August 1938. Specialising in Signals he rose through the ranks to be commissioned on 1st February 1942.

Before joining C.B. Bill Clarke served with great distinction in several early forward areas in the S.W.P.A. Posted to Port Moresby on 13th March 1942 he was instrumental in the establishment of Signals for No 4 Fighter Sector, Port Moresby. Later, at Milne Bay from 1st August 1942 he set up similar operations for that area, under extremely difficult wartime conditions, which included the attempted invasion of Milne Bay by Japanese troops.

His efforts at Port Moresby and Milne Bay were highly praised by Air Vice-Marshal W.D. Bostock (RAAF Operations Chief) in several glowing reports to Air Board Melbourne.

In recognition of his brilliant service in the early days of the Papua – New Guinea campaign, S/L Clarke was awarded the honour, Member of the British Empire. His M.B.E. Citation (which quoted AVM Bostock's own words) read in part "suffering severely from sickness, aggravated by his arduous work in the most trying conditions, this officer has displayed devotion to duty of a very high order and his example has been an inspiration to his subordinates.")

Not surprisingly, upon his return to Australia, Bill was immediately selected for the important position, RAAF Signals Officer at Central Bureau to which he was posted in May 1943.

Thus began an auspicious career with C.B. where his work was highly regarded, not only by W/C Roy

Booth but also by U.S. Maj/Gen Spencer B. Akin, Gen MacArthur's Chief Signals Officer SWPA and by C.B.'s U.S. Colonel Abe Sinkov. Promoted to S/L, Bill Clarke sat in on top level conferences with the Directorship of C.B. and also assisted in the pin-pointing and setting up of new locations for the "in the field" RAAF Wireless Units as they accompanied the US 5th Air Force (and later, the US 6th Army) as they leapfrogged through New Guinea – and beyond to the Philippines. He remained with C.B. until the end of the war serving with the organisation throughout the SWPA.

Bill Clarke's outstanding qualities and his undoubted expertise were fully recognized by M/G Akin and Colonel Sinkov. They formed firm friendships which continued for many years.

Described by his grandson Jem Clarke as a self effacing gentleman who preferred not to promote himself, Bill Clarke resumed civilian life in August 1946 and enjoyed many happy years with his wife, Lancetta, his family and his extended family.

He passed away peacefully on his 95th birthday.

Some of Bill Clarke's pen pictures of his C.B. contemporaries disclosed to me during the writing of "The Eavesdroppers" may be of interest to C.Bers. Some of them follow:

W/C ROY BOOTH

Was a hard working, honest efficient C.O. His example was an inspiration to his subordinates

U.S. M/G. AKIN

I admired his technical and communication ability and the methods he employed to obtain the maximum effort from all his staff. Honest and tough. Proud of the Australian success, both RAAF and Army.

U.S. COLONEL ABRAHAM SINKOV

I admired this U.S.A. Colonel very much. We always enjoyed each others company. He was very kind and helpful to Roy Booth. He received an O.B.E. for his services to the U.K.

R.A.N. CAPTAIN T.E. NAVE

I didn't get to know him very well but I do know he was certainly a brilliant Specialist Code-Breaker.

The following is an extract from a Christmas Card, sent to S/L Bill Clarke from M/G Akin in America soon after war's end:-

"To Bill – with the pleasantest memories of our association in winning W.W.2. in the Pacific. The Central Bureau group made a magnificent contribution to our success there – particularly you and your group from the RAAF".

Jack Bleakley.



Darwin, 1944. Squadron Leader Bill Clarke with Wing Commander H. Roy Booth (seated)



Lunch – CB Ascot (racecourse in background)
Major General S.B. Akin (front left), Wing Commander H. Roy Booth (second left), Squadron Leader W.J. Clarke (right rear), Major H.S. Doud (right front)

Can anyone identify the others?