



CENTRAL BUREAU INTELLIGENCE CORPS ASSOCIATION September 2006

Publicity Officer: Helen Kenny, 27/1-13 Mackenzie St, Lavender Bay NSW 2060 - Tel 02 9954 0940

PRESIDENT'S PAR

Melbourne Reunion

It is important that all members should be made aware of the changes that have been made to the Proposed Program as set out in the June Newsletter. The Revised Program below has been sent out to all who returned the acceptance form. However, if you did not return the form but would now like to attend you are welcome to do so, but please contact Secretary Joy Granger ASAP on (02) 9981 2397.

Revised Program Tuesday 17 and Wednesday 18 October

October 17 (Tuesday) – Watsonia Visit:

A Murray's Bus will be at the parking station just to the north of the Vision Centre in Glenferrie Road, Kooyong. It is opposite the Kooyong Tennis Club and close to Kooyong railway station. A Toorak tram to Glenferrie Road will get to within a block of the car park, and a Kew Cotham Road tram will take you a short distance down the hill. The bus will be available at 9.45am, leaving at 10.00am for Watsonia Army Camp where we will visit two museums, including the Signals Museum. We will be given lunch between museums (cost approx \$10). Following inspection bus will return visitors as near as possible to their lodgings.

October 18 (Wednesday)

Bus arrangements as given for 17 October. Leaving at 10.00am the bus will take us to "Monterey" in South Yarra, the home of FRUMEL during WWII. Then on to the Shrine where a small memorial service will be held at the Central Bureau tree. Walk up to new museum at the base of the Shrine for a guided tour. At about midday the bus will take us to the Toorak R.S.L. where a private room has been arranged for lunch and meeting. C.B.historian Chris Clark will be attending. Following lunch and meeting, bus will do another drop off as close as possible to lodgings.

Cost of buses will be determined by numbers and advised on the day. Cost of lunch at R.S.L. as individually incurred. Just bring your money!

Our thanks to all who responded so promptly with indication of interest. You will note the proposed visits to Point Cook and the Art Galleries have been deleted. We are greatly indebted to Bill Rogers who has put together a very interesting two day program with the co-operation of Army and Shrine authorities as well as the bus company.

Informal Mini Reunion, Friday 10th November

The Remembrance Day Ceremony will take place as usual at the Roseville RSL. Those wishing to attend the ceremony should be there by 10.30am. After that there will be an informal get together at which refreshments may be ordered to personal tastes and requirements. There will be no private room, but it will be necessary to give the Club staff some idea of members in advance. If you are coming would you please contact Treasurer Bruce Bentwitch on (02) 9417 1427 no later than 31st October.

Gordon Gibson, President
67/1-9 Yardley Avenue
WAITARA NSW 2077
Ph (02) 9487 3029
Email: sue.gibson@phicron.com

.....

HON. TREASURER'S REPORT

Thanks to members who responded to statements mailed late July – in fact some have also paid 2007 subscriptions!

We are concerned regarding the health of a few members who have not paid this year's subs, and have not been in contact.

Joy Linnane informs she is keeping quite well, but not fit enough to make the trip to Melbourne. She

apologises and regrets she will miss seeing some of her colleagues.

I will not be attending either, but thought I should outline my initial Melbourne history.

Upon joining the RAAF as a trainee wireless mechanic in September 1942 I spent a few days (rookies) at Bradfield Park, Sydney, prior to joining No. 1 STT (School of Technical Training) based at the historic Royal Exhibition Building, Melbourne.

Several hundred trainees involved in various trade courses were at 1 STT. The building housed the admin. Section, ablution blocks, kitchen and mess on the ground floor with the balconies providing sleeping quarters. Our bedding consisted of straw-filled palliasses on timber planks – no springs!

Six days per week we assembled in the Carlton Gardens, the wireless mechanic trainees marching to an annexe of Melbourne Tech. in Little Lonsdale Street. The building had been part of Borthwick's Meatworks, and smelt like it until one became accustomed to the odour.

For a little comfort a few of us proceeded to the 'TOC H' organisation building in Collins Street on Saturday nights where for two shillings we had beds – with sheets – and a nice breakfast. Some Sundays we proceeded to the Albert Park Yacht Club for lunch which was provided for servicemen, and then had a row on the lake.

I also participated in two marches through the city streets publicising war bonds, and had sweets thrown to us by female spectators.

Although I had no trouble with the theory section of the WM Course, it was a different matter assembling crystal sets as I spilt solder on the back of my hand more than once and was "scrubbed". In April 1943 I was posted to No. 5 Flying Training School at Uranquinty, just south of Wagga Wagga, NSW, as a flight clerk. After two months the Flt/Lt in charge of the section told me I had been posted to RAAF Command, Brisbane, a unit unknown to any officer at 5 FTS. We now know what that was all about!

Prior to retiring from business in 1988, I spent two days per month 11 times per year for 20 years in the

southern city, so am familiar with Melbourne, although noticed many changes when attending our year 2000 reunion there.

At that time I visited the old Exhibition Building which was subject to extensive restoration and mentioned its wartime function to workmen who were unaware of that part of its history. Likewise the guide on a Melbourne tourist tram was also unaware of its wartime use.

Have an enjoyable reunion and good health.

Bruce Bentwitch
Hon Treasurer
7 Holly Street
CASTLE COVE NSW 2069
Ph (02) 9417 1427

.....

HON SECRETARY'S PAR

Very brief this time as I'm preoccupied with names and numbers- the latter vital for size bus required. Hope you've read our President's par with its reminder of the details for Melbourne reunion. The response to our initial request for expression of interest was gratifying so do keep up the good work and let me have your tear-off slips with name(s) and whether attending each day – pronto. By the way, if you have a name badge, do wear it. I'll bring some spares for those without.

Looking forward to meeting you all and, with a bit of luck, will provide the December Newsletter with a riveting account of all we accomplished over two days in October.

Joy Granger
2/5 Endeavour Drive
NARRABEEN NSW 2101
(02) 9981 2397 (after 5 p.m.)

HISTORIAN'S REPORT

There's not a lot to report to members in the way of spectacular news. I am in the writing stage, and have been for a while, but that entails just the hard slog of word smithing behind a computer screen for long hours at a time.

Often this has had to be accommodated around various domestic events, like a recent house move (to give me better writing facilities - a case of buying a study with a house attached!), and the even more recent severe illness of my father (who is the same vintage of all the ex-Cbers). But the business goes on, and I am still hopeful of it coming to a conclusion soon.

With the finished product in mind, I have started to focus on the additional "bits" that the book will require: hence the appeal for photos. I picked up a number of usable shots and maps in London and Washington last year, but it seems to be the case that the best material of the type always emerges only after a book has gone to print! I'd like to avoid that situation if possible.

I plan to be in Melbourne during the week that the CB visit is taking place and look forward to meeting up with members over lunch on the 18th.

Chris Clark

MOST IMMEDIATE

Members who have any photographs – or sketches – of CB events should post them to

**Dr Chris Clark
P.O. Box 590
Jamieson Centre
ACT 2614**

He needs them urgently for possible use in the book. Please help. It is probably better to send copies rather than originals.

NUTTY!

"Singing Group 'The Mixed Nuts' have women swooning over them, which isn't a bad achievement considering their average age is 87." So reads the introduction to an article in "Senior's and Aged Care Guide, 2006". CBer Bill Estep is one of the Nuts.



He writes: "Mixed Nuts was the name Raelene Blackledge gave us. She is our activities director at Warrina Hostel." (Part of the Anglican Retirement Villages, Castle Hill, NSW.) Bill is pictured above.

A few years ago, on a bus trip, some of the male passengers began to sing and "Raelene found she had some vocalisers on her hands."

Raelene, termed a "really awesome organiser" by Bill, formed the singing group. The men gave their first performance in 2003, have made many appearances, and since 2005 have produced two CDs, selling hundreds round the world. They have been seen twice on TV, in Channel Ten's weather report with Tim Bailey. By luck, Newsletter tuned in for the news but caught The Mixed Nuts singing "I'm looking over a four-leaved clover that I overlooked before." They sounded good, were obviously enjoying themselves, and giving fun to others. (CDs are available if you ring Warrina Village Hostel 0425 220 727, or write to the Hostel at Hilliard Drive, Castle Hill, NSW, 2154.)

Raelene describes the songs as "old time" – but they're our time. One Nut has been heard to say: "We're as big as the Beatles, but even more mature!" Another calls himself Cashew. They believe in the adage – and live it – that "You're never too old to sing, to entertain, to dream..." Bill came to Australia as an American serviceman during the war, and has lived here for many years. He writes: "With a bit of osteoporosis I wasn't able to make the trip to town for Anzac Day this year. I look forward to trying next year. Being only 91 I think I can make it."

.....

INTELLIGENCE FROM OTHERS

Bruce Kennedy, Vice-President of the Australian Intelligence Association (AIA) dropped in to give us the March-May issue of “Forearmed”, the journal of the Australian Intelligence Corps Association, and to say that the Corps’ Centenary starts on December 7, 2006.

Big plans are ahead for 2007. The Association will lead the march on Anzac Day in Canberra, and Sydney arrangements, not definite yet, are being made. Bruce says that Central Bureau Intelligence Corps will certainly be involved. Wait for details.

“Forearmed” contains much news. There is talk of a special stamp issue; the Canungra Corps Memorial/Garden will be revamped; Ms Allison Gilmore, an Associate Professor of History at Ohio State University, USA, is writing a history of the WW2 Allied Translator and Interpreter Section (ATIS). On a visit to Australia she interviewed linguists Joe Da Costa, Alister Kentwell and Arthur Page. The Army History Unit will publish Arthur Page’s memoirs. Dr Ian Wells, who was to write the Corps’ history, has withdrawn from the task.

Ink Emma Ink, the ASWG Newsletter, like “Forearmed” carries a review of Ian Pfennigwerth’s book “A Man of Intelligence – the life of Captain Eric Nave, Australian Codebreaker Extraordinary.” There is a long extract from Hugh Sebag-Montefiore’s book, “Enigma: The Battle for the Code” and much news from Aswegians.

MAC JAMIESON WRITES

Part two

We embarked at Townsville for New Guinea on a smelly little ship called the Van Der Lyn. It was while we were on board in Townsville Harbour that we saw a Catalina flying boat come in to land on the water. On touching down, it blew up and 13 were killed. It was quite close to us too.

NEW GUINEA

We got off the boat at Port Moresby and proceeded to our camp at a place called John’s Gully. On the way out to the Owen Stanleys, there was a sign over the road which read, “Under this sign passes some of the best bloody mosquito bait in the world”. We

weren’t there long when it was decided we could get better radio reception if we had a radio mast on top of a nearby hill. A big pole and rope were procured and a team of us had to haul it up this big steep hill, through the kunai grass in appalling heat. To have a spell, you had to dig your heels in, and lie back on the rope for a while. Anyway, we triumphed at last! Then it was reasoned that if we scanned the air-waves, we may be able to hear the Japs talking to each other. So the very best set was made available and I was put on a search mode, and as soon as I heard Japanese voices, I was to call our linguist. (I think it was Joe Da Costs). Anyway, after an hour of listening I heard the voices, called Joe and he listened in. Finally, he said the voices came from the Marshall Islands and would not interest us. That finished that brain wave!!

A couple of incidents I recall whilst stationed in New Guinea. Rabaul was a powerful base in S.W.P.A. and this is where the Japanese launched most of their offensives from, so it became a prime target for American bombers.

The climate at Rabaul was very fickle and could change quickly, so our Wireless Unit used to listen in to the Jap weather forecasts which came over the air about 4-5 a.m. daily. It didn’t take long to receive their report, decode it, and tap out on a teletype to the American HQ. This way they knew what the weather conditions were.

One particular morning the Japs pulled a swifty on us. According to their coded message, the weather over Rabaul was perfect. The Americans duly sent over a strong strike force of planes, but when they arrived there, there was a cyclone and many planes were lost. Strangely, I never knew them to repeat this play.

Another time I was on search and picked up enemy morse code (kana). Once an experienced operator heard their code he was 99% sure it was from a plane or Jap base. Flying Officer Patrick was on duty in the code room, and as I took the messages he decoded them and kept me informed. It went like this – from enemy operator: We have been flying for over an hour and still have not seen any enemy shipping, what will we do? Answer: Keep going, today is your lucky day. An hour later, the same thing. Answer: Keep going, today is your lucky day. Two hours later an anxious operator called to say they had reached the point of no return. Answer: Keep going, remember, today is

your lucky day! The last message they sent was to say they were going into the sea. Frank and I had a chuckle about that!

We had a lot of successes against Jap bombers. As soon as you picked up their broadcasts (Morse), our direction finders were alerted to give us bearings. After two or three bearings, we knew exactly where they were heading and all we had to do was warn the fighter squadrons. Then quite often you had the satisfaction of hearing the operator frantically sending the kana zzz which was Hi Hi Hi and that meant they were being attacked. Then silence....

NADZAB

We went to Nadzab further north. Were there for about 4 months, and it was time to go north again. Most of our chaps went ahead. A few of us stayed behind with orders to clean up the camp and burn everything. I was in charge of the work party. Alas, as soon as we had a good fire going, the blokes didn't want to work, only look into the flames. As we had limited time, I thought of an idea. I gathered a handful of bullets, showed it to them, and then threw them into the fire in front of them. I got plenty of movement then!! What equipment we had left was put on a DC3 for transport to Biak Island.

Two of us had to go on board as escort. When we took off, the wings went through the top small branches and leaves of trees and I thought we were gone. The pilot came out with the manifest of our gear, plus the weights, and then he saw our water trailer! Full! Our officer hadn't added the extra ton to that list. No wonder the poor old plane struggled. The first island air strip we came to, off went the trailer, and we went safely on to Biak Island which is 80 miles from the equator. When we got settled in to our camp, my mate and I decided to take a walk. We found a bush track and decided to go along it. Suddenly, I saw some fishing gut about 4 inches from the ground, and taut. One end was tied around a small bush and the other to a hand grenade across the path. One more step and BOOM!

Biak was where I first heard of the drug PENICILLIN. One of our chaps got badly burned. He was alight all over, and we pulled a blanket from my stretcher to douse the flames. I thought,

"We won't see him again". But in two weeks, he was back again and looking OK. Then he told of the new wonder drug.

ON TO LEYTE

The American Pacific Commander General MacArthur was ready to return to the Philippines from where he was routed 2 ½ years previously. As he was highly pleased with the standard of the Australian interceptors, he gave the orders for an Australian contingent to join the invasion fleet. 24 of us were selected, then 4 of us were picked out.

They were Ron Sims, Stan King, John Moon and me. Unfortunately, I am the only one left of the four. We boarded a small warship at Hollandia, NG to sail with the battle fleet. Our ship was a frigate PCE848. We went on duty at once, and spent long hours of interception. Our boss was a fine man – Major General Akin (American) who had a small cabin adjoining our wireless room. He saw to it that we wanted for nothing.

We picked up the first enemy signals to say they had spotted us about 1 ½ days out of Leyte. We anchored next morning in Leyte Gulf about one kilometre from shore. By this time, the Japs had come awake and for the next few days we were continually bombed and the sea was churned up with shrapnel and falling bombs (and planes).

We saw the American Infantry go to shore and knew they were getting peppered. We were pretty close to our Australian cruiser (Australia), and we saw a Jap kamikaze bomber dive onto its bridge. The captain and 29 others were killed. We went ashore the next morning amid random bombing and gunfire. It was just as well we got away because a kamikaze dived through the side of our boat and 60 Americans were killed.

A few years ago, I was listening to the MACCA program on a Sunday morning, when a surviving member from the Australian cruiser said he had heard at the time that other Australians were present, and would like to hear from them. A few phone calls and I was talking to him at his home in Katherine. We exchanged pleasantries and information and I used to send him newsletters for a time. I offered him a bed anytime but I still haven't seen him. Nice fellow too.

We landed at the town of Tacloban and went on to a little clearing about a mile out of town, beside a creek. The fighting had been heavy here, bodies everywhere. After a few days in that humid climate, the stench was sickening. Then a bulldozer came and dug a great hole for a mass grave. They didn't find all of them though. We used to use the water for our tea from this creek. After a couple of days, we found a dead Jap in the creek about 30 yards upstream! After that we went about a mile to get treated water.

Our American General had a mobile radio van brought in equipped with two powerful radio sets. A few days later General Akin got MacArthur's official photographer to take a photo of the 24 of our group. He had a photo for each of us. He personally autographed them with the caption "In Appreciation of Your Fine Work". That was all the thanks needed! He was a fine man. (I make mention here about the photo of our group of 24. I think there are only about 5 of us left now.)

The first night that we were on duty in our van, we could hear the gunfire over the hill. Next thing a Yank soldier came running down the hill to say a company of Japs had got through their lines and were heading for us. I had two blokes on intercept so I loaded my tommy gun with a clip of ammo and put another in my hip pocket. I waited behind a clump of coconut palms facing the hill for two hours. Finally a Yank came down and told us to relax as they had shot all of them. There must have been a spy nearby, because Tokyo Rose, in here nightly broadcast, mentioned our names and promised us a swift death when caught.

Next morning, three of us went into town to have a look around. A couple of hours beforehand, a bomb had demolished a house next door to a Filipino family and a shell had gone through the house just under the ceiling without bursting. This family took us into their house and they made pikelets for us out of rice flour. (I was to write to this family some years after we were married, to see if I could send them a Christmas present to repay their kindness, but they had done very well and actually they could have helped me.)

We moved south about 50 miles to a place called Tolosa, and our radio centre was in a closed down high school.

Then the great day came to go home. Three Christmases away, and then a month of leave! Wow! We came back to Strathpine, just north of Brisbane, about 10 miles. We didn't have to worry about codes for the time, maybe a few hours manning the telephone. Then on one day, one of our guys was on duty. He came back and said that a girl rang to invite three of us to attend a picnic. Two said they wouldn't go, so I said if it is good enough for her to ask us, I would go. They did an about face and we caught a bus to a delightful spot on Brisbane Western Suburbs – Hayes Creek.

I married the girl who made the phone call and now Irene and I have 2 years to go to our Diamond Wedding Anniversary. We have four children.

While we were having our big rest at Strathpine, Jack Bleakley (he wrote "The Eavesdroppers") and I were summonsed to the office. We had to catch a plane that night at Amberley to go back to the North Philippines.

They needed two shift supervisors immediately. Our operations Head Quarters was a disused sugar mill at San Miguel. One interesting thing happened. On duty one night, we took a coded message which told us the Jap Commanding General was flying over the South China Sea en-route to Singapore. We relayed the info to the American Command, who then sent out long range fighters to intercept him. However, the night was too dark and our idea of giving him another "Yamamoto" didn't eventuate. The arch villain was spared to face the hangman after the war! Kaput!

We were 3 months awaiting transport home. Finally, we caught a liberty ship in Manila Harbour and 17 days later we pulled up at Hamilton Wharf, Brisbane. I got my discharge in January 1946.

Irene and I got married in June 1948 when I worked for Telecom. Then in 1949, I did a stint back on the family farm. I took up cricket and target shooting. I learnt to shoot in my teens with a pea rifle (.22 calibre).

My first big competition was in Melbourne in the King's Prize. I did fairly well till the last day when I beat all 650 of the opposition. In 1950 we came to

Brisbane and I contested the Australian Championships. I finished a point behind the Empire Champion. With the winnings, we bought our first car, a 1936 Dodge. Bought it on Tuesday, taught myself to drive on Wednesday, got my licence on Thursday, set off for Victoria on Friday, reached home Sunday.

We left Victoria in 1958 to reside in Brisbane. Seeing as we had to build a house, educate 3 sons and a daughter, I gave up shooting in 1962, but not before I had been Club Champion, and been a member of the Queensland Rifle Team. Nowadays, I have the friendship of playing bowls, but my thoughts often drift to the far off days of the war, and all my loyal mates.

Mac Jamieson

VALE

Barbara (Gibson) Kitching (1926 – 2006) must be one of the youngest AWAS ever to enlist. She was only 16 when she joined up in December 1942, advancing her age to 18 by using her brother Paddy's birthdate. Barbara, who had just finished school at St. Scholastica's College, Glebe Point, was now Gunner Gibson of the Artillery, stationed on the shores of Sydney Harbour, which not long before had been targeted by Japanese subs.

Somehow it was discovered that she was gifted at languages. She was soon transferred to Central Bureau at 21 Henry Street, Ascot, where she spent the rest of the war in the code-breaking section.

Barbara did not speak of her work there until International Women's Day, 2002 when she and others in CB received certificates of recognition from the Queensland Government. Even her husband and family had never heard of her work.

Barbara's parents had been residents of the Solomon Islands, but Barbara was born in North Sydney. In 1929 the family moved to Carlingford, where she first met Harry Kitching whose family kept the general store. Theirs was to be a life-long partnership. As Harry puts it: "We knew each other for 67 years, and were married over 59."

Barbara, who entered Teacher's College after discharge in 1946, married Harry on February 8, 1947. They took up a position with the Aborigines

Welfare Board at Kinchela Boys' Home, where they were employed as a married couple. Then came transfer to Burnt Bridge, NSW, where Barbara had many duties, the most notorious being "treating the patient who was bitten by a redback spider on his backside."

Barbara and Harry had four children – Mary Anne born Kempsey, Alison at Parramatta and Charles and Patricia in Alice Springs. The Kitchings had 10 years in the Northern Territory, with Native Affairs on settlements. Harry became a patrol officer, and Barbara was teacher, nurse and general factotum in the settlements as well as being "mum" to her children.

They moved to Dubbo, where Barbara taught at De La Salle College, then to Sydney, then to the bush, settling in Blackall, Queensland.

"Barbara could always see the goodness in people," said her family. "She was always dignified, and until a few years ago always wore a hat and gloves and expected men to open car doors for women."

Last Anzac Day Barbara was laying red poppy crosses on war cemetery graves. She fell, tearing ligaments in her shoulder. In hospital a latent cancer was discovered. She died in August.

She is survived by her husband Harry, her four children, 15 grandchildren and 22 great-grandchildren.

BARBARA J KITCHING



John Stumm (1922-2006) was born on November 24th at Gympie, Queensland, first son to Robert and Doreen Stumm and brother to Paul and Judith. He grew up on the family cattle property, Coongan, near Goomeri in the South Burnett, rode on horseback to school and enjoyed many boyhood adventures in a world so different to the present.

Later he boarded at "Churchie" (Church of England Grammar School) in Brisbane. He excelled at studies and at sport, a highlight being his part in the victory of the First Four rowing crew in the 1940 Head of the River.

On finishing school he enrolled at the University of Queensland to study medicine, but the war escalated and he enlisted. Almost immediately he went off to training camp at Southport where he contracted meningitis and nearly died. Eventually John was allowed to re-enlist, and served in the Central Bureau Intelligence Corps as a Lieutenant decoding Japanese communications in New Guinea and the Philippines.

After the war he finished his medical degree at the University of Queensland, was resident at Royal Brisbane Hospital, then went on to practice as a country GP for 34 years in Pomona, Cooroy and in Beaudesert from 1959 until his retirement.

Dr Stumm is remembered by many in the Beaudesert district for delivering babies to several generations from the one family. He was an old style GP, available at all hours. Sometimes the Stumm family would be awakened by knocking and shouting in the dead of night. Dr Stumm would go to a landing part way down the stairs and conduct a shouted diagnosis from an upstairs window. Then, in his dressing gown he'd go down to the patient.

John remained in the district after retirement, living at Jimboomba where the family moved in 1979. He moved to a retirement village at Albany Creek, Brisbane in 1996.

John spends his final years "playing bridge, photographing moths, caring for myself and sitting and thinking" (his words).

He had varied interests – natural history, family history, carpentry, computers, home brewing and photography. At one stage, he was very involved in

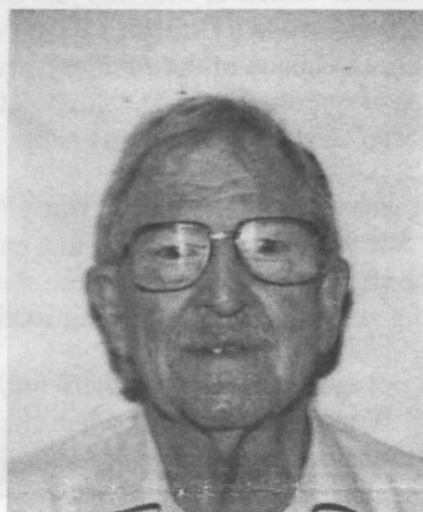
pistol shooting and was a founding member of the Beaudesert Pistol Club.

He published the biography *A Very Useful Migrant* of his grandfather Jacob who was State and Federal Member of Parliament in the early 20th century.

John also wrote and self-published *The Snake key: a system for identifying Australian snakes in the field* in 1993 and compiled a database of digital photos of 400 moths which found their way into his unit at Albany Creek. Some of his photos were held as specimens in the Australian Museum, and today if you google his name you'll find his moth photos all over the web. One of his last projects, unfinished, was a database of the 7,000 in his unit, the Central Bureau Intelligence Corps. [SIS and ASWG were included.]

He is survived by his children Janet, Deb, Michael and Harley, grandchildren Jen and Olivier and ex-wife Joan.

Thanks to Deb and Harley Stumm, who contributed this eulogy.



John Stumm

Newsletter produced by – Eunice and Les Smith