



CENTRAL BUREAU INTELLIGENCE CORPS ASSOCIATION December 2010

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President's Annual Report

Recognition of Central Bureau's Contribution to SIGINT

During the year members of C.B.I.C.A were proud to receive the Commemorative Badge issued by the British Government with accompanying expressions of "gratitude" from Prime Minister Gordon Brown and "grateful thanks" from Ian Lobban CB, Director G.C.H.Q. In addition we received a very gracious letter from the British High Commissioner, Baroness Amos which was read out at the Anzac Day Luncheon.

It seems that the older we get, the more our services are recognised for quite a few of us have also this year received the Australian Service Medal 1945-75 with clasp S.W. Pacific and in some cases the 1939-45 Star.

Unit History

Chris Clark has finally relinquished his position as our Unit Historian. Major General Gower (A.W.M) has appointed historian Jean Bou to replace him but unfortunately Jean will be unable to take up the task of completing the work until March 2011. It is understood that Chris Clark will be required to pass on to Jean all research material at his disposal. A review of Jean Bou's latest book "History of the Australian Light Horse" was published in the latest issue of :Reveille". Further good news: Arthur Skimin has kindly and characteristically volunteered his services to provide all possible assistance to Jean Bou and Major General Gower has accepted that offer. Once again Nil Desperandum!

Anzac Day and Remembrance Day

A record number of fifty eight members, relatives and friends attended our thirty fifth Reunion Luncheon in the Marriott "windows" room with its pleasant views over Hyde Park. There were twenty CB'ers at the Roseville Club for the Remembrance Day Ceremony and as always we were greatly impressed by the way in which the proceedings are organised to involve so many school students in every part thereof: wreath laying, singing the national anthem, speech making and the sounding of the Last Post and Reveille. Bruce Bentwitch, as member of the Club laid the wreath on behalf of C.B.I.C.A. After the formal celebrations we all foregathered for informal and highly sociable celebrations at our own table in the Club Restaurant.

Executive Committee

Once again on behalf of myself and all members and friends of the Association I wish to thank the members of the Committee for their continuing work throughout the year, without which the C.B.I.C.A ship would not stay so buoyantly afloat as it does. Special mention should be made of the efforts of Helen Kenny, Bruce Bentwitch and Joy Granger and also of the "Unit History Promotion Committee" of Bill Rogers, Frank Hughes and Arthur Skimin.

Vale

Sadly I have to record the passing this year of John Laird, Ken Brown, J.W. Warrington and Ian Buckingham. Requiescant in Peace.

Membership

Bruce has informed me that the latest figures indicate 76 full members, 21 associate

members and 21 friends, giving a total mailing list of 120 - not bad considering that it is now 65 years since the War ended and 36 years since our Association was formed.

I wish you all a joyous Christmas and a healthy and happy New Year. I hope to see you all at the Annual General Meeting at the Roseville Club on Monday 7th February 2011 at 1.30pm.

Gordon Gibson, President
67/1-9 Yardley Avenue
Waitara NSW 2077
(02) 9489 3029

Hon Treasurer's Par

With 2011 almost upon us this is a reminder that subscriptions for the year will be due - \$15 Members - \$10 Associates.

Just in case it was not noticed on their last receipt the following have already paid the 2011 sub:

Kath Burns, Sybil Brady, Stan Baylis ,
R Brown, Jem Clarke, G Charlesworth.
Angelina Costin (part), M Goldsteen,
G Holmes, R McDonald, R Perry, E Pyle,
Fred Smith, R Tabley, Dot Williams

Wishing all a happy Christmas and enjoyable and healthy New Year.

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

Hon Secretary's Par

Well, for me what has been a fairly catastrophic year is drawing to a close and I hope 2011 will bring a reversal for all who have had trials and tribulations. Hang in there.

I'm sure President Gordon will bring you up to date with the latest news re the Unit History, so I'll press on.

On a beautiful morning we were welcomed again at Roseville Memorial Club for the Remembrance Ceremony. Mr. John Whitworth

(President RSL Roseville Branch) and Mr. Michael Ashby (Memorial Club) gave opening addresses and welcome. Victoria Durant and Stephen McKay conjointly presented a thoughtful tribute to the Day, and bugler Alex Batt rendered a stirring Reveille. All three a credit to Killara High School. Pupils from 23 area schools gravely presented beautiful flowers and gifts; Treasurer Bruce Bentwitch laid a wreath on our behalf. The assembly bravely tried to raise the roof with the final verse of Advance Australia Fair. Refreshment for all followed, with much talk.

Our delicious lunch was then enjoyed by (E & OE) Gordon and Sue Gibson, Bruce Bentwitch, Ailsa Hale, Lou and Joan Harris, Noni Benn, Helen Kenny (little knowing what lay ahead of her), Brian and Bruce Lovett, Alan Norton, Madge Chidgey, Doug and Nell Pyle, David and Noeline Hanson, Joy Granger. We missed some familiar faces and hope all is well.

During lunch several commented on the lovely display of the Gallipoli roses in the entrance garden. It was suggested that we approach the Club re the possibility of having a SMALL plaque in the garden, giving the history of the rose and its presentation. We have written to Mr. Ashby re this as we're not sure how to go about it – the garden possibly is under the auspices of local Council. **Have just heard that the Council has agreed!**

Before closing, I'm sure you will all join us in wishing Helen swift recovery following sudden major surgery. She is now recuperating in Lansdowne Gardens Neutral Bay NSW.

That's it for now. May Christmas be a peaceful and joyous time, preferably in reasonably good health. Best wishes to all.

Joy Granger
2/5 Endeavour Drive
NARRABEEN NSW 2101

IN BRIEF

Christmas wishes to all CBers and a better (touch wood!) 2011. For some time before Remembrance Day had a gut feeling that

something was wrong, but made the gathering, saw friendly faces and passed round a notebook so that each could write in a piece of news.

My son-in-law, Bruce Goudge drove me to Roseville – plus my wheelie. He and his wife Judith visited England recently and decided to drive to Bletchley Park. They broke down on the M2, had to be towed, but reached Bletchley/GCCS and returned with a red plastic bag marked “Top Secret” in black.

It contained treats for tourists:

- A box of shortbread biscuits – still crisp – in a box showing Bletchley Park Manor House on the lid. (I passed some biscuits around at Roseville),
- A tea towel – white linen – the Manor House in black,
- Photographs by Judith/Bruce who tried to identify places from which messages were received and sent, (Les Smith – can you help again?)
- Tourist guide and map,
- Printed excerpts from a book, “Alan Turing – the Enigma” by Andrew Hodges, first printed in 1983, republished this time by Vintage Books, 1992.

The ISBN is 9780099116417.

This fascinating biography about a brilliant, boffin like boy/man of many idiosyncracies will be reviewed by cryptographer, Judy Carson, in a future Newsletter. My family managed to buy me a copy. The author is “Gay” – (awful word) as was Turing, whose life ended in tragedy.

Turing’s concentration was great –his eccentricities greater. As a child he could not tell his left hand from his right. He solved this problem by putting a coloured dot on his left thumb. Like “Doc Martin” of the British TV series, he was haemophobic – passed out at the sight of blood. At Bletchley he cycled around wearing a gas mask – because he had hay fever.

He was a young genius who helped to save

England- and its now lost Empire by masterminding the cracking of Enigma. (The book – by a mathematician, tells of the Cambridge mathematician who fathered the modern computer.)

Let’s revert to Roseville. We lunched at a long table of many pushed together. I was at the end next to Sue Gibson, and opposite Doug and Nell Pyle.

Doug and Nell run a textile museum at Maitland, and posses a 1900 jacket of exquisite green silk.

They collect fabrics of natural fibres: hemp, Ramie or Ramee, an Urticaceous shrub of Asia. Sue owns a jacket made of bamboo.

Years ago, as a cadet journalist, I interviewed Don Bradman, not about cricket, but about pineapple fibre. It was the first time I had ever seen one of those high-shouldered Filipino shirts. Was he importing these? Can’t remember.

At this stage I passed the notebook along the table, asking if everyone could write a note about their doings.. Sue and Gordon Gibson wrote: “Had 90th birthday – celebrated with five parties. Had 10 days in Noosa .”(Congratulations Gordon, our President and Latin scholar on turning LXXXX. Most of us are into LXXX – and remember the time when we thought XXI was old. Gibsons throw good parties.)

Noeline and David Hansen “24 days European cruise, June/July. Diamond wedding celebration in September.” (More congratulations. Where did you go? Please tell!)

Joy Granger “Feet up for five weeks recovering from damaged Achilles tendon”.

Lou and Joan Harris “We have been on a trip to Canberra. Very enjoyable.” Bruce and Brian Lovett “Bruce will return home to St Ives and Brian will be going to Beechworth to visit our sister Julie. Alan Norton “Katie recovering from pneumonia. Am still working as a business broker, but not as active in this field as previously. My health is holding up, thank God. Astronomy is my hobby.” Bruce

Bentwitch "Just recovering from hip problem, otherwise nothing exciting." Noni Benn "Have visited Peg Teague regularly. She sends her best wishes to everyone. She isn't mobile in any way and needs a lot of attention. So sad." Ailsa Hall "Lovely to see CB people – looking forward to Anzac Day 2011!" Madeline Chidgey "Great to reminisce with old friends." Joyce Grace "Static travel but enjoy being treasurer of Village Garden Club with interesting visits to champion gardens. Enjoy reading our Newsletter each quarter."

H.K Writes:

Remembrance Day was pleasant, but November 12, for me, was weird. Ambulance; Royal North Shore Hospital (Public) . . . operation, wondrous care from surgeons, nurses, sisters/brothers, flashing lights, tubes, electronics. All over now and I'm recuperating in a private hospital, Lansdowne Gardens Neutral Bay. Utterly grateful. Only one RNSH story, then I'll spare you. Call it

The Filipino

The bed pusher came to wheel me from one ward to another

As I go backwards through a maze of corridors, this dark smiling fellow asks: "How long have your people been in Australia?" "Over 200 years," I answer.

"And where did they come from?" "England, Ireland."

Then I ask: "What about you?"

"Three years." "Good luck – and where did you people come from?" "The Philippines." (We turn a corner, bump into a lift.)

Then I began reciting the old names – Leyte, San Miguel, Baguio, Tacloban, adding that MacArthur took Australians to the Philippines..

"What did they do?" "Listened to Japanese signals, and decoded them." "Amazing," he said, smiling and animated.

We reached the ward. "How do I say thank you?" I asked.

"Salamat" he called, waving a hand in departure.

A pleasant episode. My wishes to him.

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Jean Robertson, of Toowoomba, Qld, sent Bruce a clipping from The Toowoomba Chronicle which pictures her now, wearing the Bletchley Park badge and as she was as a 21-year-old AWAS in the Central Bureau garage. She remembers friendships made then, still hears from Madeline Chidgey and worries about service men and women serving in Afghanistan today.

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On Remembrance Day I talked to Brian and Bruce Lovett. We recalled pre-war trips on the old Zealandia between Hobart and Sydney.

How I loved that trip. Swimming in a canvas pool, almost surfing as the water rushed backwards and forward as the ship pitched. (Brian, struck by seasickness, had less happy memories). The poor Zealandia was to be sunk at Darwin.

That day I asked Brian if he had clever cartoons to fill up the pages of Newsletter. (I sensed something was going wrong with me, and that getting out the December Newsletter might be difficult.)

Within a few days an envelope reached me in hospital. It was like an advance Christmas present, containing cuttings, letters, photos and cartoons. My deepest gratitude.

Brian, who lives at Tuncurry, on the NSW Central Coast, joined the RAAF in April 1942 when 18 and was "scrubbed" from aircrew because of colour blindness.

His career before joining 5WU in the Philippines took him as wireless operator with Sigs units to Townsville, Charters Towers,

Milne Bay, Bulolo (by DC2), Moresby, Point Cook and San Miguel.

He and his artist sister Julie used to exchange letters and drawings. He put his cartoons together for the family in a booklet "The Service Life of Brian." He didn't send them to the old "Bulletin", but they were good enough.



holding her Bletchley Park letters and badge, was an early Kana operator at Point Cook, then Townsville. After the War she travelled widely and was a volunteer teacher of public speaking.

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Will have to hold over Peter Wescombe's articles about Bletchley till I get home. Thanks so much to Bruce Bentwitch and Faye Gilinsky who collected books and papers for Newsletter. Bruce has addressed all envelopes, and acts as if nothing is a trouble. So do Les & Eunice Smith who are being emailed by me niece, Sally Gibson.

Who knows about computer!

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VALE

Elizabeth Wynn (Brymer) Murray\Betty died on October 25, 2010, aged 85. She was the loved wife of the late Iann, sister of John, cherished sister-in-law and Aunt.

Diana (Matthews) Parker, who sent us the cutting from *The Age* writes:

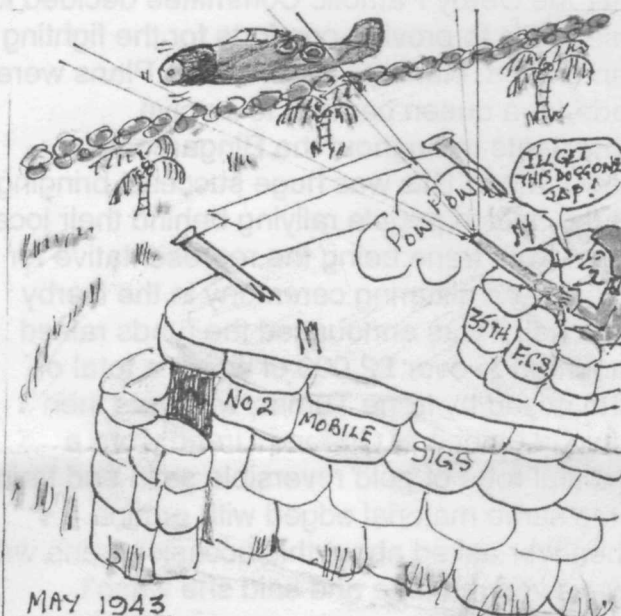
"Betty was one of the chosen seven, who, after rookies at Darby (Vic) did an Administration and Organisation Course, and were then posted to CBB. Nothing to explain what that was.

"We went to Melbourne and reported to Victoria Barracks after which we reported each morning to the old Observatory Building in the Royal Botanic Gardens. There we were instructed in book cypher. Apart from our seven there were two males, one being Stephen Murray Smith.

"On one occasion the building had not been unlocked and Betty climbed through a window to get to the door and open it.

"While we were doing the cypher course, Betty stayed at my home.

"After the war Betty worked as a secretary at



A VISIT FROM A WIRRAWAY AT BULOLO. A YANK HOPPED ONTO HIS 0.5 ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN & FIRED 1500 ROUNDS. LUCKILY THE WIRRAWAY CAME THROUGH UNSCATHED, BUT OUR AERIALS WERE COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED. WE WERE DUG INTO THE SIDE OF A HILL WITH SAND BAGGED ENTRANCE. GUN EMPLACEMENT ON TOP PLUS OUR AERIALS.

Here are some. Be the judge. Brian also included a newspaper article about pioneering WAAAF, Joy Linnane, who now lives at BCS Orana Centre on the Central Coast. Joy, seen

Melbourne Girl's Grammar School – I think to the Headmistress."

Di remembers meeting Betty, Francie Cureton and others at AWAS reunions. Betty used to paint (I think she also edited AWAS Newsletters – H.K.)

Another "garage girl" of long ago.

Irene Annie Chesshire (nee Turner) 1925-2010
(Many thanks to Coral Hinds for sending this obituary of her old friend, Irene. It has been slightly shortened for space reasons. She was another "garage girl" fondly remembered). Her family wrote the words:

Irene was born on 14th November 1924 at Lilydale in Tasmania, to proud parents Benjamin and Annie Turner (nee Grandfield). They were living at the time on a mixed farm in Lilydale.

Irene was the 4th of what was to become 8 children in this large and happy family. Irene's brothers and sisters in order are: Ala, Bertha, Laurie, then Irene, Rex, Jean, Vera and Ken.

In June 1926 the family moved to Derby in Tasmania, where the next four children after Irene were born, into a lovely home on the high side of the road, opposite the recreation ground overlooking the river and mountains in the distance. Her father Ben had accepted the position as Municipal Inspector with the Ringarooma Council in Derby, eventually becoming the Council Clerk for 19 years until retirement.

Derby was at that time a flourishing small town with a population of around 100 people. The main industry was the Tin Mine, and Irene and her family became used to hearing the tramp of miners as they passed their home when they were going to and coming off shift.

Irene attended Derby State School and completed Grade 7, passing the Scholarship and Merit Exam by the age of 13, and then helped in the Kindergarten until she could leave school at the age of 14.

Irene's childhood home was remarkably self-sufficient. They had a cow, Daisy, and chooks, as well as a thriving vegetable garden and fruit trees. Including a cherry tree. Chores were delegated to each child in order for the children to learn responsibility and to respect all they were given. Irene thought it quite a treat in her childhood to be given a whole orange to eat by herself at Christmas as everything was shared equally in their home.

Both of Irene's parents took an active part in community life. We believe this grounding gave the whole family their selfless attitude to help others wherever possible. Doing kindness every day, and huge depth of compassion for others.

After leaving school Irene took a position in the local drapery store for 4 years, from the age of 14 to 18 years old.

The Second World War was ongoing and in 1941 the Derby Patriotic Committee decided to raise funds to provide comforts for the fighting men of food, blankets, rations etc. Plans were made for a queen carnival to involve contestants throughout the Ringarooma Municipality. This was huge success, bringing out the best in people rallying behind their local queen, with Irene being the representative for Derby. At a glittering ceremony in the Derby Town hall it was announced the funds raised amounted to over £2,000 of which a total of £590 raised by Irene Turner, who was then crowned Queen of Queens. Irene wore a beautiful robe of gold reversible satin and train of the same material edged with ermine. Whenever asked about this occasion Irene was always very humble and said she wasn't expecting to win.

In 1942 Irene joined the A.W.A.S. (The Australian Women's Army Service), created to release men from certain military duties for employment in fighting duties. Irene was sent to do the Rookies course at Brighton Army Camp, just north of Hobart in Tasmania, selected to be a Sergeant and from there sent to Ivanhoe Grammar in Melbourne for training, then on to Bonegilla near Albury.

During Irene's army training at Ivanhoe she was to be in charge of the marching squad practicing marching around the grounds. Irene's sense of humour was tickled when they did exactly as they were told, and in a fit of giggles accidentally marched them into a barbed wire fence.

Irene was then posted to Chermside Camp and finally to Ascot, Queensland to No 11 Australian Cypher Section.

No 11 Australian Cypher Section established itself in an old garage at the rear of a large two story house called "Nyrambla" at 21 Henry Street. The garage was filled with Typex machines which were operated by the Australian Women's Army Service (AWAS) personnel. The AWAS worked around the clock in shifts. Each shift consisted of 1 women and several male cypher mechanics. They intercepted enemy radio messages and decoded them. This provided intelligence which made a decisive contribution to the Allied Victory in the War. Their messages went out to Washington, India and to the U.K. – Bletchley Park GCCS. The garage had previously been occupied by IBM tabulator machines operated by Central Bureau, one of General Douglas MacArthur's secret intelligence units. When cryptologists broke a code there was a great feeling of satisfaction. Irene and the others were marched from the garage back to the residence and guarded when off duty. You can understand where Irene's love of cryptic crosswords came from.

Irene was de-mobbed in 1946 and headed home to Derby to her old job in the Drapery Store but this was not enough and so Irene bravely headed back to Melbourne.

In Melbourne Irene worked in a chemist shop whilst attending a cosmetician course at the Scott's Hotel in Collins Street, and then had a salon in West Brunswick.

Irene eventually changed jobs and went to Albert Park Defence Department into the Defence Signals Branch as a Teleprinter Operator – eventually promoted to being in charge of the teleprinter room of approx 36

operators male and female.

Then along came the love of her life, John (nicknamed Jack) Chesshire. Who could ignore a handsome young man in a TC MG? Wooed and won, they married on 12 December 1953 and Irene then resigned from the Defence Department.

Two years later along came twins Andrew and Susan in 1955. Pretty clever having one of each at the same time. Gladly Irene had a visit from her own mother Annie to help her when she came home with two babies.

Irene was a wonderful Mother as well as wife and daughter-in-law to Doris and Leigh Chesshire, Jack's parents.

Her love of flowers came from her parents, Ben and Annie who had a beautiful garden and always had flowers in the home. Irene took great joy in having a lovely garden also, camellias, Daphne, gardenias, cymbidiums orchids especially, also joining Maroondah Orchid Society. Irene always had a fresh flower arrangement on the mantelpiece in the lounge room, picked from her garden. As a homemaker Irene excelled, always a two course meal on the table for dinner and a warm greeting when we all arrived home.

We believe Irene, with a group of friends, established North Balwyn Tennis Club and formed the first team to play in the Heidelberg & Eastern District Competition. Tennis became a way of life for Mum, every Tuesday off she went to play with her team, ensuring that she still arrived home before Andrew and Susan came home from School.

Irene was one of the Mums in the neighbourhood who were there to greet her children with home-made cakes and slices and a drink of milk after school, every night, ready to listen to all the happenings of the day, wipe away the tears, clean the wounds from bike riding and apply the bandaids. Andrew and Susan considered themselves very lucky to have Irene as their Mum.

Irene was an old-fashioned cook, and those of

you who've visited the Chesshire home will know how wonderful she was. Her apricot loaf, shortbreads, scones and Pavlovas were legendary and her roasts were absolutely delicious. Irene's ready greeting of delight to any friend who walked through the front door, the warm welcome and a cuppa and cake or slice, and her genuine interest in people made her well loved and adored by so many.

Irene came from a large and loving family that still meets each year at one of the Turner homes in Tasmania – there are now approximately 100 descendants who aim to get together annually at the Turner family day (Irene call the annual Turner Yackathon). Irene always returned from one of these get-togethers hoarse of voice and tired but very happy. Family meant everything to Irene, and throughout her life she brought many people into her family of friends.

In her last six years Irene sadly developed Alzheimer's disease. We were blessed for Irene to be lovingly and gently cared for by the staff at Donwood Aged Care Community Services in Croyden, in particular Iris Maree and her wonderful team in the new Acacia Wing. Iris and her staff loved Mum and looked after her beautifully, always showing respect and helping her to enjoy life. Iris and her staff also cared for our family as well, offering support when life was distressing and Mum was unwell – to Iris and her staff we also mattered. When Irene was moved up into the Nursing Home when she needed more intense care the Staff in the Nursing Home also treated her with kindness and loved her, especially as Irene was cheerful and happy. We are grateful for the way the staff looked after Irene at this time of her life.

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You are all here today because Irene touched your lives in some kind of way. Irene also wrote poetry for her friends.

Here is a poem by Irene:

I hope there'll be no fuss when I
Decide the time has come to die.
No fuss, no tears, no wasted flowers,
Just memories of happy hours.

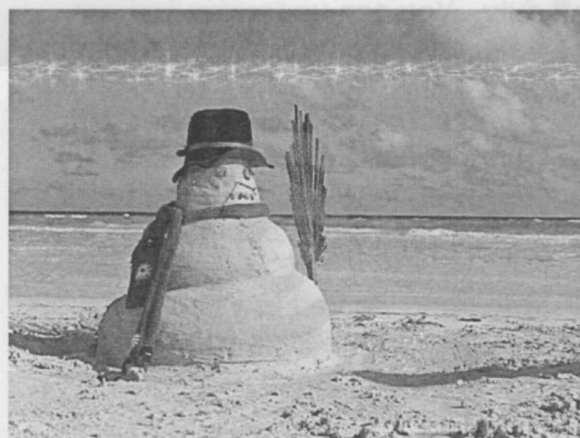
Thank you for your presence at the funeral of Irene, you helped make her life and journey a pleasure.

Jack, Andrew, Susan and all of Irene's family.
24 Maylands Avenue, North Balwyn
6th October 2010

Recently I read how a young Sydney columnist can't resist kissing and air kissing everyone she meets. I'll spare you that, but do send love and appreciation to those who've stood by me, and put out the newsletter.

Happy Christmas/2011
XXOO
Helen Kenny
(Trust this Newsletter makes sense!)

Season's Greetings



Eunice & Les Smith