1/72 Reunion Church Parade See story page 28.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
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<tr>
<td>Tony Sonneveld</td>
<td></td>
<td>1/70 H: 02 9674 7140 T: 02 9679 7999</td>
<td>Work: TERMIMESH <a href="mailto:SYDNEY@bigpond.com">SYDNEY@bigpond.com</a></td>
<td>c/o Termimesh Sydney Pty Ltd</td>
<td>Chairman</td>
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<td>(Viv)</td>
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<td>M: 0419 249 687 F: 02 9679 7888</td>
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<tr>
<td>Peter Wotton</td>
<td></td>
<td>2/69 H: 02 9498 3919 T: 02 9838 8888</td>
<td><a href="mailto:peter.wotton@bekaert.com">peter.wotton@bekaert.com</a></td>
<td>c/o Bekaert</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
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<td>M: 0438 428 233 F: 02 9838 8088</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paul Meldrum</td>
<td></td>
<td>3/68 H: 02 9746 7886 T: 02 9221 7871</td>
<td><a href="mailto:robertsnissen@ozemail.com.au">robertsnissen@ozemail.com.au</a></td>
<td>c/o Roberts Nissen</td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alan Storen</td>
<td></td>
<td>1/67 H: 03 9803 3573 T: 03 9522 7205</td>
<td><a href="mailto:alan.storen@wesleycollege.net">alan.storen@wesleycollege.net</a></td>
<td>c/o CTMC Travel</td>
<td>Editor</td>
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<td>M: 0417 017 446 F: 03 9522 7289</td>
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<td>Malcolm Boyd</td>
<td></td>
<td>1/70 H: 02 9958 7252 T: 02 9358 5786</td>
<td><a href="mailto:malcolmboyd@intelink.com.au">malcolmboyd@intelink.com.au</a></td>
<td>c/o Young &amp; Wilkinson Associates</td>
<td>Membership</td>
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<td>M: 0412 797 479 F: 02 9357 7078</td>
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<tr>
<td>Greg Todd</td>
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<td>2/71 H: 02 9876 2958 T: 02 8227 3305</td>
<td><a href="mailto:greg.todd@another.com">greg.todd@another.com</a></td>
<td>c/o Bekaert</td>
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<td>M: 0401 994 123 F: 02 8227 3333</td>
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<tr>
<td>Geoff Bennett</td>
<td></td>
<td>2/66 H: 02 9481 8754 T: 02 9897 8750</td>
<td><a href="mailto:geoffbennett@optusnet.com.au">geoffbennett@optusnet.com.au</a></td>
<td>c/o Bekaert</td>
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<td>M: 0418 146 561 F: 02 9897 8827</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gary Vial</td>
<td></td>
<td>3/69 H: 08 8376 5701 T: 08 8376 2525</td>
<td><a href="mailto:garyvial@ctmc.com.au">garyvial@ctmc.com.au</a></td>
<td>c/o CTMC Travel</td>
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<td>M: 0414 762 525 F: 08 8295 8956</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brian Cooper</td>
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<td>3/69 H: 03 9879 9661 T: 03 9525 0066</td>
<td><a href="mailto:brianc@swacorp.com.au">brianc@swacorp.com.au</a></td>
<td>c/o SWA Corporate Human Resources</td>
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<td>M: 0418 373 874 F: 03 9525 0088</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gary McKay</td>
<td></td>
<td>2/68 H: 07 5446 3833 F: 07 5446 3833</td>
<td><a href="mailto:garymckay@bigpond.com.au">garymckay@bigpond.com.au</a></td>
<td>PO Box 689</td>
<td>QLD Chairman</td>
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<td>(Gay)</td>
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<td>M: 0411 574 019</td>
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<tr>
<td>Owen Williamson</td>
<td></td>
<td>4/70 H: 07 3841 0807 T: 07 3246 1017</td>
<td><a href="mailto:williamson@oznetcom.com.au">williamson@oznetcom.com.au</a></td>
<td>c/o Bekaert</td>
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<td>M: 0407 462 341 F: 07 3248 3445</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carl Wood</td>
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<td>1/72 H: 03 5243 3493 F: 03 5243 3493</td>
<td><a href="mailto:carl_wood@optusnet.com.au">carl_wood@optusnet.com.au</a></td>
<td>PO Box 2233</td>
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<tr>
<td>David Wood</td>
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<td>2/66 H: 02 9831 2738 T: 08 9321 2738</td>
<td><a href="mailto:bbs@ca.com.au">bbs@ca.com.au</a></td>
<td>c/o Young &amp; Wilkinson Associates</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wal Hall</td>
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<td>2/68 H: 02 6288 5251 T: 02 6287 3773</td>
<td><a href="mailto:walhall@ozemail.com.au">walhall@ozemail.com.au</a></td>
<td>Wal Hall &amp; Associates</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dennis Townsend</td>
<td></td>
<td>2/70 H: 03 6247 3892 T: 03 6233 6429</td>
<td><a href="mailto:dennis.townsend@tres.tas.gov.au">dennis.townsend@tres.tas.gov.au</a></td>
<td>4 Merindah Street</td>
<td>TAS Chairman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paul Rees</td>
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<td>3/68 H: 02 6572 1688 T: 02 6572 3100</td>
<td><a href="mailto:yanda@hunterlink.net.au">yanda@hunterlink.net.au</a></td>
<td>PMB5</td>
<td>NSW Hunter Paragraph</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kevin Chesson</td>
<td></td>
<td>7 Wade Close, Singleton NSW 2720</td>
<td><a href="mailto:enq@austed.com.au">enq@austed.com.au</a></td>
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**OTU ASSOCIATION CONTACT DIRECTORY – 2003**
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<td>SA</td>
<td>Drinks</td>
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<td><a href="mailto:garyvial@ctmc.com.au">garyvial@ctmc.com.au</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>20-Feb</td>
<td>NSW</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Concorde Golf Club</td>
<td><a href="mailto:greg.todd@another.com">greg.todd@another.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>21-Feb</td>
<td>ACT</td>
<td>Monthly Lunch (except Jan, Mar, Sept.)</td>
<td>TBA</td>
<td><a href="mailto:walhall@ozemail.com.au">walhall@ozemail.com.au</a></td>
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<tr>
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<td><a href="mailto:garyvial@ctmc.com.au">garyvial@ctmc.com.au</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>15-Mar</td>
<td>ACT</td>
<td>ACT Annual Dinner</td>
<td>RMC Officers’ Mess</td>
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<tr>
<td>01-Apr</td>
<td>SA</td>
<td>Formal Mixed Dinner, OTU Foundn Day</td>
<td>Naval, Military &amp; Airforce Club, Adelaide</td>
<td><a href="mailto:garyvial@ctmc.com.au">garyvial@ctmc.com.au</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>18-Apr</td>
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<td>Monthly Lunch</td>
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<td>Formal Mixed Dinner, OTU Foundn Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>15-May</td>
<td>NSW</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Sydney City Venue TBA</td>
<td><a href="mailto:greg.todd@another.com">greg.todd@another.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>17-19 May</td>
<td>SA</td>
<td>Kokoda Training Weekend</td>
<td>Grampians, Victoria</td>
<td><a href="mailto:garyvial@ctmc.com.au">garyvial@ctmc.com.au</a></td>
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<td><a href="mailto:walhall@ozemail.com.au">walhall@ozemail.com.au</a></td>
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<td><a href="mailto:garyvial@ctmc.com.au">garyvial@ctmc.com.au</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>28-Jun or 5-Jul</td>
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<td>Annual Mixed Dinner</td>
<td>Vic. Barracks Officers' Mess (Date TBA)</td>
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<tr>
<td>02-Aug</td>
<td>SA</td>
<td>Final Kokoda Briefing</td>
<td>18 Wallace St, Glenelg East</td>
<td><a href="mailto:garyvial@ctmc.com.au">garyvial@ctmc.com.au</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>7-17 Aug</td>
<td>SA</td>
<td>Kokoda Track Walk</td>
<td>Papua, New Guinea</td>
<td><a href="mailto:garyvial@ctmc.com.au">garyvial@ctmc.com.au</a></td>
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<td>14-Aug</td>
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<td><a href="mailto:greg.todd@another.com">greg.todd@another.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>20-Nov</td>
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<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Sydney City Venue TBA</td>
<td><a href="mailto:greg.todd@another.com">greg.todd@another.com</a></td>
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<td><a href="mailto:walhall@ozemail.com.au">walhall@ozemail.com.au</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>22-Nov</td>
<td>SA</td>
<td>Month &amp; 3 Days before Xmas Lunch</td>
<td>Flying Fish, Port Elliott</td>
<td><a href="mailto:garyvial@ctmc.com.au">garyvial@ctmc.com.au</a></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Other If your State or Paragraph is not listed, please contact your local Chairperson listed on page 2.
This report is written well in advance of the publication hitting your doorstep, so in anticipation, I hope you all had happy & healthy Christmas celebrations and that 2003 will be a productive and prosperous year.

I contemplated a formal “Year in Review” but finally decided to consider the simple things in life that have brought some happiness (apart from still being alive), to reconsider some values and to reflect on my joys in life this year (in no particular order) as opposed to all the nasty things happening around us:-

- Witness the emerging algae disappear after you get the pool chemistry correct.
- Sound of your son driving a V8 Ute with flawless gear changes – no regrets for forcing him to learn on a “manual”.
- Watching a brilliant sunset over the Blue Mountains whilst sipping a drink on the back balcony.
- Listening to a myriad of birds between 5 – 6.00 am in the 10 acres wooded park which surrounds our house. The spacing of the gum trees and low ground cover have reduced the likelihood of a devastating fire similar to what has been experienced all around Sydney for the past 2 weeks.
- Watching the last council tip truck and backhoe disappear after a week clearing 200 cubic metres of vegetation resulting from the February windstorm. One tree flattened the roof of the house behind which wasn’t insured, consequently it took 9 months to resolve.
- Receiving first place in the Council Garden competition for the best passive reserve managed by a park committee.
- Getting 2 days rain after 2 months and watching the grass and gardens perk up.
- The look on your adult children’s faces when they receive positive exam results in Accountancy (daughter Rebecca), Building Diploma (son Mark) and Commerce Degree completed (son Michael).
- Hearing of friends and OTU graduates in their 50’s that have secured alternate employment after having been retrenched, it can often take 6-9 months.
- The look on Geoff Bennett’s face after thrashing through 16 kms of bends and curves on the Colo Putty Road using every cc of the 5.7 litre Gen III motor: he was temporarily silent! We were running late for the Inaugural Hunter Paragraph dinner at the Infantry Centre Officers’ Mess.
- Having your speeding ticket reduced under 15 km / hour on a double demerit long weekend because the constable talked about the OTU window sticker on the car.
- Observing the back end of the ATO PAYG tax auditors having completed a two day audit without any complications.
- Hearing that the wife of an OTU graduate/friend is now on the mend having had a hip replacement and other complications. Another survived a mastectomy.
- Still being able to fit into your 30 year old army uniform.
- Serving 3-4 aces and winning a couple of sets in a 3 hour tennis session.
- Finish reading a 600 page book in record time.
- Hearing and feeling L4-L5 vertebrae crunch at the chiropractors after several attempts to manipulate.
- Watching the “All Ords” index climb back over 3000.
- Snowboard in 1 metre deep powder snow at Steamboat Springs and be able to manoeuvre through the trees at what seems to be high speed.
- Barefoot skiing over glass water at 6.30am on the Hawkesbury River near Windsor, NSW – V8’s strike again in the Lewis Tournament.
- Winning a contract for another bunch of houses in the suburb of Newington which was originally the Sydney Olympic Village.
- Signing the Company tax cheque which means you’ve made a profit for the year.
- Getting one of your Company cars back after its’ been stolen.
- Watching the OTU financial membership tick over 670 members.
- Attending the ACT Chapter Governor General Banner weekend in Canberra with 100 members/partners at the RMC Officers’ Mess formal dinner.
- Presenting Honorary Life Membership certificates to Brigs. Studdert & Miles and Brian Cooper, the Immediate Past National OTU Chairman.
- Sharing social functions with family and friends whilst having the odd ale.
- Watching the Wallabys retain the Bledisloe Cup at Stadium Australia.
- Revelling in Australia’s success on collecting the “Ashes” again.
- Being able to coerce $30,000 corporate support from 15 companies to engage an author to write the history of the Non-Destructive Testing Industry. This project is not unlike the “Scrybville Experience” history project compiled by Roger Donnelly. The first five chapters have been written and we hope to publish the book within 18 months.
• Putting to bed another Scheyvillian Newsletter in full knowledge that Alan Storen has it all under control.
• Finalising the finishing touches to the plans and arrangements for OTU National Reunion scheduled for the NSW Labour Day Long weekend in October 2003. (See separate report.)
• Being able to sleep through the night with only one "pit stop", unlike some Scheyvillians who seem to complete their best work at 2-3.00 am! Check out the time John Peters sends most of his emails!
• Sharing the "Scheyville Experience" with graduates, partners and friends at 4 quarterly luncheons and the Annual Dinner Victoria Barracks Officers’ Mess, Paddington NSW.
• Returning donations to the State Chapters for Youth Leadership Training & Development, effective 30th November, 2002 when the financial membership hit 671.
• Getting the daily Bennett phone call to check everything is being done in accordance with the Constitution.

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• Balancing the OTU Association budget knowing this year we will have a modest deficit of $2,000 after providing all the benefits and services that members have come to expect.
• Learning that the Association will continue to support Lord & Lady Somers camps in January 2003:
  - Victoria 20
  - NSW 4
  - ACT 2 - 3

• Having confidence that Kerrie Jones & Carlie Cody (pictured above) have the OTU Association administration well under control. The TERMINESH girls are preparing themselves for the Reunion onslaught in 2003.
• Realising the introduction of Eftpos has been successful and that 31% of members have availed themselves of this service.
• Working with a team of enthusiastic volunteers that make the OTU Association successful. My thanks go to the State Chapter Chairmen and the National Executive (past and present) who continue to do a great job.

• Planning for our 30th Wedding Anniversary in January
• Watching our grandson take his first steps at 11 months, mouth his first words at 15 months and sentences at 21 months. The sheer joy on his face watching all the Christmas decorations and preparations is fascinating. The pure innocence and fun of learning and experimenting not yet influenced by world disasters, negative people, petty politics, corporate pressure, corruption and troubles throughout the world at large.

Thought I might share the pleasant aspects of 2002 in the hope that next year will be a little less hectic, more time for fun and our Reunion in October.

The OTU Association is apolitical and does not express any particular opinion of current world political events, however I would like to express my personal sympathy to farmers effected by drought and the families who suffered from the recent devastating bush fires around Sydney.

Thank God it is now raining as I write. ALL THE BEST FOR THE NEW YEAR!

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**Who said there isn’t anything to do in Canberra?**

Two weeks ago a speed camera van was approached by 4 youths. Whilst the camera operator was talking to three of them, the fourth proceeded to undo the van’s front number plate.

They said good-bye, went home and fixed the plate to their car and proceeded to drive considerably over the speed limit 17 times through the speed camera radar ... Needless to say, there was much embarrassment by Urban Services when the computer posted their own speeding fines to the department!

*Story from Gary Vial*
Happy New Year and all the best for the year 2003.

Articles. Please keep the articles coming, especially personal reflections of the life at Scheyville, or service in the Army. Do you have any comment on articles from this or other editions – if so, please email them to me. I am sure all of you have at least one article/ story inside that is waiting to be told. A photo or two would also be great.

Memorabilia. If you have any article, photo(s), artefact, etc that relates to Scheyville please send it, or a copy, to me and, after I review for inclusion in the Scheyvillian, I forward it to the RMC archivist/historian, Ross Howarth. He has established a corner in the RMC museum to hold such material and at the moment it looks bare alongside the OCS, WRAAC and RMC sections. Please feel free to visit when in Canberra.

Advertising / Inserts. The association has been trying to promote youth leadership and you may have seen the articles from these young people attending Lord Somers Camp, Lady Somers Camp and other activities. To financially support these activities you are asked to make a donation in addition to your annual membership to the association however more monies can be made available for this activity if you (or your company or employer) can either place an advertisement in the Scheyvillian (quarter, half or full page) or consider placing an insert or flyer with the magazine before posting. Please email the editor or publisher to determine costs involved. Any support to offset the cost of the magazine would be appreciated.

Tentative publishing dates: April/May and August/September.
(Articles for inclusion should be in at least one month before publishing. Please include captions with any photos – accepted as prints or electronically as TIFFs or JPEGs.)
Congratulations from Peter Winter (1/65)

The “bumper edition” Newsletter was a great publication which has, after many years of procrastination, won me over. I’ve had little to do with anything Army since resigning in ‘86. I felt that 21 years was long enough to put Duty First, so for the last 16 years my family and I have enjoyed the peace and beauty of the Adelaide Hills. Whilst I’ve always considered my Scheyville experiences as something special and look back on my infantry service with pride, I’ve kept my distance from associations, marches and reunions. Your latest edition however really hit a nerve, so I telephoned Tony Sonneveld, I’m in the process of renewing my membership and I plan to attend a Friday drinks activity with the local OTU chapter.

Rob Youl’s OTU recollections reminded me why my Scheyville experience was so special … the characters, the staff and the mateships. Throughout the following years, I kept hearing all about their exploits and it reinforced my understanding that they were a special breed. I now regret that I didn’t keep in touch.

Kevin Chesson’s “Vietnam Discovered” was of particular interest to me as my eldest son has recently suggested that he would like to visit the country and in particular, tour through Phouc Tuy. Perhaps enough time has passed for me to accept the invitation to join him.

But it was Malcolm Brown’s article that really got me thinking. I can understand why some people may have expressed concern, but many of us have similar experiences we could relate, so why not bring them out into the open? The Military has always suffered from unpalatable issues such as physical and sexual harassment, poor leadership, lack of training and equipment, and inadequate policies and procedures. It happened in the past, is happening now and no doubt will happen in the future. Let’s not pretend it hasn’t occurred. Let’s not hide all the warts. Let’s be honest, so we can be truly proud of the Service.

Please pass on my congratulations to all involved with the publication. Well done. Thanks for the memories.

p.s. Enclosed are some photos which might be of interest.
From: ron_llewellyn@hotmail.com
To: alan.storen@wesleycollege.net
Date: 28 November 2002
Subject: Newsletter

Dear Alan,

I have just arrived back in Australia, having departed three and a half years ago to sail my yacht around the world.

While wading through a mountain of mail, I was pleasantly surprised to come across Part III, of a series of six articles I have written, in the Newsletter No. 3, 2002. I suspect Wayne Broun passed this on to you.

If you would be interested in using the other articles, I would be happy to forward them. I have attached Part I to this mail.

Now that I am back on ‘tera firma’ (Brunswick Heads Boat Harbour) I hope to make it to some of the functions and catch up with some old mates.

Great Newsletter!

Regards, Ron.

---

**Introduction**

On Good Friday, 1999 I was sitting aboard my yacht “SULA” in the marina in Townsville, Australia, contemplating my future. I had just returned from a 72 day ‘swing’ (work shift) as mate on a scientific research vessel operating out of Dampier in Western Australia and I now had to decide what I was going to do next. The seed had been sown years before but the decision came in a flash. I knew the time had come to realise my ultimate dream, to sail around the world – solo.

After the decision came the planning. Which route to take and when was the best time to leave Australia? The route was a choice between the better of two unpleasant alternatives.

1.) Pirates and headwinds in the red sea as I head via the Mediterranean Sea and Gibraltar to the Atlantic Ocean or,

2.) storms and ‘abnormal waves’ (the term used in the caution notes on the chart) around the bottom of Africa. As fibreglass offers little protection from desperados armed with high-powered assault rifles I opted for the ‘abnormal waves’ around Africa. If I departed Darwin in August I would have time to visit a few places in the Indian Ocean and still be clear of Madagascar by the beginning of November – the start of the cyclone season.

Decision made, my life now had a new direction and I felt great. From the moment of my initial resolve to deciding on my route and time of departure had taken just one hour!

It is now one year since that momentous decision and since then I have put 11,500 miles under the keel. As I write I am 500 miles from Brazil, having left the isolated island of St Helena two weeks ago. Today the weather is beautiful and the sea is gentle, due to the very light winds during the last few days. I’m ‘winged out’, making about 4 knots and, depending on conditions, will arrive in Brazil in about five or six days time.

**April – August 1999, Townsville to Darwin.**

One month after that memorable Good Friday I slipped out of the marina in Townsville on the voyage around the ‘Top End’ to Darwin – 1500 miles. I day hopped up through the Great Barrier
Reef, making good time with fresh trade wind conditions. At Cooktown, “SULA” and I paid our respects to Captain James Cook before pulling up at Lizard Island where I met the first of many interesting characters, which make this lifestyle so rewarding. Ron (another one) is a survivor of the disaster when the Australian aircraft carrier H.M.A.S. Melbourne sliced through its escort destroyer H.M.A.S. Voyager. Ron was on the Voyager in which 82 sailors lost their lives. Ron was making a circumnavigation of Australia in his 18-foot yacht “MISTY”. Over a few ports (the liquid kind), Ron was very philosophical about the Voyager incident, which he described to me in terrifying detail. He believed it was the luckiest day of his life. I told him that if I had been run over by an aircraft carrier I would regard it as my unluckiest day. We debated this point of view over many a night’s imbibing.

On the way to Cape York and Thursday Island I encountered Bob and Helen on their beautiful schooner “SALIBO”. It transpired that they were also headed for Africa, so it was only natural to discuss our tactics for crossing the Indian Ocean. Pilot information indicated that the frequency of winter gales decreased from August onward so I had already decided on a late August departure. Bob and Helen had made up their minds to leave Darwin earlier and did not seem concerned at my warning. (How fateful their decision would be.) We said our farewells and I stayed on at Thursday Island as master of a tug, towing a freight barge to islands throughout the region. “Rafferty’s Rules” are supreme in this remote outpost and four times in one week local kids tried to steal my dinghy and outboard in broad daylight! (They got the fuel.) When reported, the police just laughed. Workplace health and safety was a foreign language for the outfit for which I was working. My crew and I were required to drive semi-trailers and big tractor forklifts which were in the most deplorable state of repair. Brake failures were common. None of us possessed the necessary licences, nor were we given any training. If you lasted three months you could then be issued with safety boots and work clothing. The work demands and disregard for safety and crew conditions eventually became too much – it was what you would expect in a third world country. So it was up anchor and set sail across the Gulf of Carpentaria to Gove.

The most memorable part of my stay at Thursday Island was meeting another Bob, a Canadian who, like myself was also sailing solo around the world. However, this Bob is 73 and his yacht “VAYA” is only 26 feet long. He was given “VAYA” in return for paying outstanding mooring fees amounting to $US 2000. He made the leg from Mexico to Australia, through the Pacific, non-stop in 83 days. Bob took up sailing at the age of 68 after being horrifically injured in a plane crash. The fact that he has suffered a heart attack, is diabetic and almost totally, (but selectively) deaf doesn’t seem to worry him. He casually adds that everything he has is in his wife’s name, so she will be taken care of if anything should go wrong.

I took it upon myself to monitor the seaworthiness of “VAYA”, helping Bob with rigging repairs, testing equipment and improving the sailing set-up. It seemed to amaze him that I would spend so much time on his boat and refuse to take any payment. If he makes it, which I’m sure he will, the mere fact that my little bit of assistance helped in some way will be reward enough. (Bob did make it and he is now on his second circumnavigation).

After a longer than planned stay in Gove (it’s that sort of place), where I affected some major preparation to “SULA” and also caught up with the man who built “SULA” and from whom I bought her in 1996, Trevor Catt, it was time to head for Darwin which would be my port of departure from Australia.

My time in Darwin was non stop – provisioning, renewing passport and bankcards, inoculations, dentist, charts, boat repairs and of course, the famous “Beer Can Regatta”. My chores were made easier by the fantastic help given by Mullumbimby local and fellow Brunswick Surf Lifesaving Club member, Rebecca Philps. ‘Bec’, Drew and their son, Aden, now live in Darwin and whatever you need Drew has a friend who has a friend who knows where to acquire it.

With a final rush stocking up on perishable stores and completing Custom and Immigration formalities, the time had arrived. Tomorrow, the 18th day of August (Long Tan Day) would be my ‘Departure Day’. My place in the marina lock was booked and all that remained was to take on fuel and duty free stores – mostly comprising the liquid variety.

I felt good – I was ready.

After a few final and melancholy phone calls home the ‘Darwin Gang’ descended on “SULA” for ‘bon voyage’ drinks. Even with all the excitement I slept well that last night in Australia.

Darwin to Christmas Island

I awoke to clear skies and very little wind, but it is early and hopefully the wind will pick up later. Drew,’ Bec’ and ‘Red Dog’ came down to help me get “SULA” through the lock gates. There are a number of yachts in the lock with me, one of which, a beautiful new boat “APHRODITE III”, is also heading for Cocos Keeling before making her way to the Mediterranean via the Red Sea.
Sadly “APHRODITE III” was attacked by pirates off Yemen who stripped her and left her badly damaged by gunfire. Fortunately the crew were not injured, but for a husband and wife with two young children the experience must have left its mark – quite apart from the damage to their yacht.

After refuelling and taking on board my duty free stores, it was time to cast off. I handed my business card to Gary on “APHRODITE III” with a radio frequency and schedule time on it. In this way we can stay in touch during the 2000-mile passage to Cocos Keeling. Being a much larger yacht than mine they will be faster and I do not expect to see them after the first few hours.

When I bought “SULA” in 1996 she fitted the criteria for the boat I was looking for almost to a ’T’. She is exceptionally strongly built from glass reinforced plastic (fibreglass). She was designed for cruising, not speed. At 36 feet 9 inches (11 metres) on the deck, she is 41 ft 6in (12.65 m) length overall. With her 29 foot waterline length she has a hull speed around 7 knots. She is cutter rigged (two headsails) with both mainsail gybe prevented once the steering which has been pre-set to turn the boat downwind. With the mainsail gybe prevented once the boat passes the gybe line it will heave to and stop giving me time to regain the vessel.

Below deck “SULA” is surprisingly spacious for her size and has everything for a comfortable existence. Television, video, microwave oven, gas stove, fridge, freezer and of course a shower and toilet. All in all a well founded, comfortable vessel, capable of withstanding the extremes likely to be encountered on a voyage around the world. I have digressed from the account of my travels, but this was a good time to describe my yacht and ‘home’.

With more assistance from tide than the wind, “SULA” slowly made her way out of Darwin Harbour. Cocos Keeling lay 193 nautical miles west and I estimated that, with favourable conditions, the passage would take about 18 days.

I had elected to use traditional methods of navigation, so the electronic wizardry (GPS) was turned off and the sextant dusted off and polished. Apart from the pure satisfaction of navigating by celestial means, it also helps pass the time, of which there is much to pass. Another reason for using celestial navigation was that a phenomenon called ‘GPS ROLLOVER’ would occur whilst I was en route. Nobody really knew what would happen to satellite navigation on that particular day, and whether GPS receivers – especially older models – would continue to work. Many sailors (both experienced and inexperienced) avoided being out at sea on that day, just in case.

For the next few days I tried everything to squeeze each mile out of what little wind there was. My worst day was 17 nautical miles in 24 hours and those miles not in the right direction! I even contemplated taking up religion and praying for wind.

On day 7 I saw two Indonesian fishing boats ahead. These sail powered craft operate hundreds of miles from Indonesia and are a
real tribute to the seamanship of these people. One of the fishing boats kept its course and headed south, while the other came toward me and manoeuvred to a position 200m upwind and proceeded to parallel my course. In the light conditions they were faster than “SULA” and I determined that if they came any closer I would use my engine to outrun them. I could count a crew of five. After half an hour or so of shadowing me they turned south and headed off – much to my relief. By sunset they were just visible on the horizon. That night I decided to show no lights. Maybe I was being a bit paranoid, but when you are alone and outnumbered it is best to be cautious. In addition it was just about the time of the uprising and slaughter in East Timor.

My caution was vindicated when, just before dawn the next day, I came up on deck to find a fishing boat 300m behind me, following my wake. They must have turned after me as soon as it was dark. My re-emergence shortly afterwards, rifle in hand, probably convinced them that to come closer would not be looked on in a friendly manner, and they turned away immediately. On reporting this incident to Australian authorities they advised me that I was the second yacht to report an incident with Indonesian fishing boats in that area.

Day 9. 480 miles out of Darwin, totally becalmed and no sign of conditions improving. This is very frustrating but one thing I have learned, since taking up sailing, is patience. However, this is getting beyond a joke, as I should be 1000 miles out, half way to Cocos Keeling. Then, literally out of the blue, flies the Australian Customs Coastwatch aircraft. I call them on the radio and ask if there is any visible sign of relief from this weather ‘hole’ I am stuck in. The answer is “no” and, in fact, the further west the worse it gets. I ask them if there are any other yachts in the area and they tell me there are a couple sitting in the lagoon at Ashmore Reef. My ‘Ded’ reckoning (short for ‘deduced’ and usually written as ‘dead’) puts me 40 miles south of Ashmore Reef, but I’m getting desperate, so it’s on with the GPS, which puts me 25 miles from the reef. If I motor hard I can get there by late afternoon – so that is the plan. It will be much more pleasant swimming, fishing and socializing in the Lagoon, while waiting for the wind, than sitting out here alone and becoming increasingly frustrated.

The sun was low as I approached the entrance to the Lagoon – a bad time to manoeuvre around a coral reef. It was never my intention to come here, so I did not have a detailed chart. I can see a number of boats in the Lagoon but I cannot locate the entrance so I call on the radio and someone gives me directions. I pick my way very cautiously and eventually clear the entrance but cannot see my way through to the anchorage. I can see quite a few boats sitting about three-quarters of a mile away but every way I turn I keep running out of water. Nobody seems interested in guiding me in, either by radio or dinghy so I drop the anchor in the entrance channel and crack a cold beer.

The next morning I surveyed the route into the anchorage in my dinghy, and then brought “SULA” in. It turned out that the warden would not guide anyone in as he was worried about being sued (mostly by Americans) if a boat should be damaged whilst under his guidance. Another yacht in there couldn’t help as they had, in fact, entered the Lagoon ‘over’ the reef on a high tide and didn’t know the way in or ‘out’! I wasn’t impressed with the warden’s excuse or the other yacht’s seamanship. Anyway, I was in and the place looked pretty nice.

A visit to the warden was in order to see what went on here. Ashmore Reef is Australian territory and has a permanently based warden living on a boat in the lagoon to oversee the control of the Reef. It would appear that most of his time is spent impounding illegal boats as an almost constant stream of ‘boat people’ land there. While I was there an Australian Naval vessel arrived to remove the last group who had beached themselves on the island a few days before.

Because of this, the island is now a quarantined area and no visitors are allowed ashore. The boats, of which there were about five of various sizes, are stripped of fuel, oil and anything useful, then taken into deep water and destroyed. I, along with other skippers was happy to help remove the fuel. One yacht took on 1200 litres.

While chatting with the warden I learned the fate of Bob and Helen on “SALIBO”. During a fierce storm just west of Cocos Keeling they were ‘knocked down’. Helen was injured and “SALIBO” lost her rudder. They abandoned “SALIBO” to be taken aboard a bulk carrier which took “SALIBO” in tow for a while before being obliged to release the tow. Evidently this was a big news story in Australia attracting a lot of media interest. I wonder if Bob and Helen ever thought back to my warning given to them at Thursday Island?

Probably the best advice I had received for a while was by the warden who told me not to miss Christmas Island and, even though it was not on my original plan, I decided to make it my next port of call. After just a day and a half the wind arrived so, in company with the yacht that arrived ‘over’ the reef, I led the way out of the lagoon, bound for Christmas Island, 1033 nautical miles away.

Once again the GPS was turned off. If I can find Christmas Island...
I reckon I'll have this celestial navigation well in hand. During the night I lost sight of the other yacht.

Perhaps some of you reading this may have wondered how I get to sleep and maintain a 'watch' (for other ships, debris, reefs etc.) If I am in an area away from known shipping lanes and land I don't keep a 'watch' – I sleep. However, if I am close to land, or in shipping lanes, then I use everything I can to warn me of danger. Radar 'guard' alarm, depth alarm, cross track alarm, the radio and strobe light. Although this system does not comply with the 'Rules of the Road' these rules do not take into account the lone sailor. You have to sleep.

It is late afternoon on day nine out of Ashmore Reef and Christmas Island should be dead ahead. It has been a pretty good trip with a bit of everything but nothing too extreme. The last day has been cloudy with squalls and it has been difficult to get a good 'fix' with the sextant, but I am confident of sighting the lights of Christmas Island tonight. I won't get much sleep this night, as I approach land.

Day 10, 0608 hours and I can see lights dead ahead. 0634 hours – LAND! At 1100 hours I take up a mooring in Flying Fish Cove and advise Christmas Island Police of my arrival. To know that you can navigate such a trip by celestial means only is a very satisfying and confidence-building experience. The other yacht arrived four hours later. They had miss-programmed their GPS and ended up too far north.

Christmas Island is also an Australian Territory, only 300 miles from Indonesia. The reception extended by the Federal Police was the most friendly I have experienced anywhere, they even took me for a sightseeing tour of the island. It was here that I reported my 'incident' with the fishing boat. After ten very pleasant days it was time to tackle the 2,500 nautical miles to the island of Rodrigues.

Just as I was preparing to depart Christmas Island the Police contacted me with a message from Cocos Keeling. Bob, from "SALIBO", was at Cocos preparing an attempt to recover his boat, which had been sighted by another yacht two weeks before. Bob wanted me to come to Cocos to help him. I had not planned at stopping at Cocos due to the excessive fee charged by Australian Quarantine authorities for their 'service' and also, because I had stopped at Christmas Island, I would have all my fresh produce confiscated. However, a call for help cannot be ignored so I departed for the 530 mile run down to Cocos Keeling.

After 5 fairly boisterous days I tucked into the beautiful palm-fringed lagoon of Cocos Keeling and was amazed to see a Telstra public telephone booth sitting on the beach.

I waited all Saturday and half of Sunday (26 hours) until the 'officials turned up – there was an AFL football game on TV on Saturday afternoon! Then they had the cheek to charge overtime to come out on Sunday. My first encounter consisted of a threat of prosecution because I was puttering around the lagoon in my dinghy before I had received clearance. I felt like pulling up my anchor and telling them where they could stick their island. They could certainly take lessons from the guys on Christmas Island. During the formalities they gave me a run down on the whole "SALIBO" drama.

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It was now six weeks since "SALIBO" had been abandoned. She was last seen by a passing yacht three weeks ago, 700 miles from Cocos Keeling. When abandoned she was 250 miles from Cocos and there were 16 yachts in the anchorage. Why had no salvage attempt been made then? While waiting for Bob to arrive I met another yachtman who had weathered the same storm that was the demise of "SALIBO". He recorded ten metre waves and suffered quite a bit of damage. He was delivering a yacht from Malaysia to Perth, solo. Some time later I heard that he was wrecked off the West Australian coast, spending two weeks stranded on an uninhabited island, before being rescued.

Bob eventually turned up on Monday and was a very changed man from when I last saw him at Thursday Island, the experience obviously having had a very traumatic effect on him. I listened to his story and his idea for recovering "SALIBO". It was a desperate long shot, totally emotionally based with, in my opinion, no regard for logic or reasonable expectation. I would probably have tried the same had it been my boat.

Apart from the fact that "SALIBO'S" last known position was hundreds of miles off my planned course, Bob had no idea of what he would do IF (and the chances were very minimal) we should find his yacht. This time he would be alone on a disabled vessel. He had had a new 'rudder' made at Cocos, which I had inspected and, in my opinion, would not have lasted five minutes. After considering the information I had received from the warden at Ashmore Reef and the Police at Cocos Keeling and, even though Bob had tears in his eyes, I told him I was not prepared to attempt this recovery alone.

I have since learned that "SALIBO" was recovered by the Seychelles' Navy and has been returned to Bob. Evidently the electronics were still functioning and she was just as left.

To be continued.
A Timely Reminder

Attached is a letter to the Editor of the Courier Mail, dated 14/9/02, which is a timely reminder that we may be drawn into another conflict which may not be overly popular with the general public. We must ensure that our armed forces do not become political targets like we were, when we were only fulfilling our duty to our country all those years ago. Who could forget!

Owen Williamson (4/70)

Don’t forget Vietnam War

AS PUBLIC opposition to any Australian military involvement in a US-led attack on Iraq appears to be growing, I hope that the lessons of Vietnam are not forgotten.

As one of those who had a minor role in that little misadventure, I can never forget how the public took their wrath out on those who served in Vietnam rather than on those who put them there.

Irrespective of our feelings about the obscenity of such folly we were only doing our job and following the orders of the government of the day.

Because I experienced this misdirected hate, could I ask those who are opposed to any Australian involvement in Iraq (of which I am one) to direct your energies at Prime Minister John Howard and not those who may have to follow the orders of a government hell bent on following the US into another questionable war.

Dallas Fraser, Mudgeeraba

corrupt CO’S and Sergeants will get their just desserts in the next life. Certainly they earn no respect in this life!

Kind regards, yours sincerely
Lita for Tony Lee

Subscription Officer,

Please find enclosed a cheque for $55.00 to continue subscription for the OTU Association for Terry. He had put the renewal notice aside in July uncertain as to whether to pay for another year, however when the last copy of “The Scheyvillian” arrived he grabbed it with relish and read it from cover to cover and then pointed out to me a couple of articles he thought I would like to read.

I decided to renew his membership for him at this point, as I could see it really was important for him to read about others who had shared in the same or similar experiences to himself those years ago.

I would also like to applaud Malcolm Brown on his article “The Downside of the Scheyville Experience”. It was certainly not an article that one would like to hear about and yet if it were not for Malcolm’s courage in putting pen to paper then the brutes described would continue to appear to “get away with” such outrageous behaviour. Perhaps the

4/67 Class Reunion

Gerry Garard (0418 735 257) is organising a Class Reunion to coincide with the major National Reunion in October 2003. Watch for details in the next newsletter. (Photos courtesy Max Fitzgibbon.)
Dear Alan,

Enclosed Order of Service, Photo and Biographical Details of the winner of the OTU prize at the June 02 RMC graduation – you may find a space in *The Scheyvillian* – if so, I would be pleased to receive a second copy of the edition to send to young Potter. He is a most worthy recipient.

Trust all is well with you.

Best Regards Wal Hall (2/68)

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**Short Autobiography – Staff Cadet Laurence Anthony Potter**

Born in Ipswich, Queensland in 1975, I spent my primary school years at Newington College, Sydney before my family moved to Brisbane in 1988. I then attended the Anglican Church Grammar School, before studying for a Bachelor of Arts in Modern Asian Studies and a Bachelor of International Business at Griffith University. I am also a Justice of the Peace for the State of Queensland and hold a Diploma in Export Management from the Australian Institute of Export.

Whilst at university I enlisted in the Army Reserve in April 1994, and was allocated as a signaler in the Royal Australian Artillery. I served in both the 11th and 1st Field Regiments before corps transferring to the Royal Australian Engineers and serving as a Combat Engineer in the 2nd Combat Engineer Regiment. I was promoted to Lance Corporal in 1999, and in 2000 after I had completed my studies I was accepted onto full-time service with the army. I served as a member of the High Risk Search Squadron, Joint Incident Response Unit – a unity that was specifically raised for the Sydney 2000 Olympic Games. I was a Section Second-in-Command conducting operational searches for explosives during this period. It was during this time that I applied for, and was accepted into the Royal Military College where I attained the rank of Sergeant in Gallipoli Company.

I will graduate into the Australian Intelligence Corps, and my first posting will be as a Squadron Officer in 1 Squadron, The Pilbara Regiment, located in Port Hedland, Western Australia. I have travelled throughout most of Australia, and enjoy ultralight flying and fishing.
An RSM’s thoughts & memories of OTU

by Max Almond

Reading the copies of “The Scheyvillian” never fails to cause a wave of nostalgia to wash over me as I remember the good things and the not so good which I experienced as the longest serving RSM of OTU Scheyville.

I have just read the article by Malcolm Brown (“The Downside”) and it has filled me with dismay. What a sad story and what sad memories for Malcolm to carry with him. I must say that during my period in the Army from the age of 16 to 49, I have never experienced anything remotely related to his story, even during basic training during WWII.

When I was commissioned after leaving OTU I was posted to a unit with a Sgt who had some of the traits of “Williams” and “Davidson” who tried it on me but was very quickly put in his place, but I can appreciate the frustration and anger experienced by some OTU graduates who had similar experiences to that article.

Fortunately, the high quality of most staff precluded similar incidents at Scheyville. I was always supervising my staff and would not tolerate any behaviour which in any way would infringe on a man’s dignity. I do not believe that the Father/Son scheme led to any loss of dignity although, by its very nature could lead to “bastardisation”. Having said that, I was not aware of any serious breach at OTU.

One of the downsides of Scheyville for me was strangely enough, the Board of Studies, particularly the Boards which decided between Graduate, Removal and Repeat. As my wife, Yvonne will attest, I would become so involved that I would be most upset to see cadets invited to repeat when I thought that they were ready to make excellent young officers. Similarly, some lads were removed whom I thought, with another term would show their full potential.

However, that is the object of the board of studies, and the Commandant was a very astute man who could quickly spot a clash of personalities or bias towards a cadet and make a balanced judgement.

Having a young teenage daughter living in the base had no bearing on the route taken by cadets marching past my house and the fact that she chose that time to sunbake in the backyard was pure coincidence. She is now a grandmother twice over. (Ye Gods, that makes me a great grandfather!)

One of my most lasting memories was of the day following graduation when the graduates were leaving for the last time and the number of young officers who would stop their vehicle at my house to bid farewell to Yvonne and myself.

Yes! I am proud to have served as RSM at OTU and I am proud of the young officers which the unit produced.
Complications flowing from leukemia following war service in the jungles of Vietnam have claimed another victim. Lieutenant-Colonel Robert George Martin has died aged 57.

Martin’s happy demeanour and customary broad smile hid his struggle of the past seven years to hold off the effects of the illness to which he eventually succumbed.

Martin – “Bob” to his friends and “Robbie” to his mother – regarded as his greatest achievement being able to balance successfully the competing obligations of being a citizen soldier, a farmer and a grazier.

Martin was born at Cowra, the oldest child of Helen Jenie Martin (nee Laing) and Captain William George Martin, OBE. Martin’s siblings were Margaret (now Snape) and Stuart.

After the Martin family had moved to a property at Terrie Hie, in the Goulburn district, Martin was educated nearby at St. Michael’s Agricultural College, Inveralochy. Both home and school nurtured a lifelong love of vocal music. A tuneful voice, not obvious in later years, and a lack of sense of balance were two features of an otherwise uneventful childhood, which included service as an altar boy.

After school Martin concentrated on his life on the land, combined with a contract spraying business in partnership with his brother.

Martin was inspired and encouraged in military matters by his father’s old commanding officer (of the 2/4th) in Palestine, Major General Sir Ivan Dougherty. Certainly he modelled himself on Dougherty, emulating his quiet confidence, his love and care of those under his command and the respectful way he treated other people.

During the Vietnam War national service was reintroduced in Australia. Martin was not called up, but volunteered in 1965. From his training course came a quartet of friends, “the four musketeers”. David Beasley, Warren Thatcher, John Nicholson and Martin. In 1966 Martin was commissioned a second lieutenant at the Officer Training Unit, Scheyville, NSW, and took command of a platoon at 1 Recruit Training Battalion, Kapooka.

Service in Vietnam with 7 Battalion Royal Australian Regiment followed in 1967 and 1968. Part of his service was as a forward scout, where he acted with only an interpreter, directing fire and so on. Later he transferred to the headquarters of 1 Australian Task Force.

On his return to Australia Martin didn’t talk much about his experiences, even within the family. His brother Stuart, who witnessed the nightmares as Martin slept, observed him to be “a changed man” who for a time, when he left the house at all, would go for walks on his own in the bush, sometimes for weeks.

Martin was appointed to command a platoon of the 3 Royal NSW Regiment, Canberra, and later took up a post as full-time aide de camp to the then governor of NSW, Sir Roden Cutler. I was a fellow (honorary RAAF) aide de camp to Sir Roden and Lady Cutler and we all became close friends, as did many of the other permanent and honorary staff.

Martin announced in 1973 that he was leaving Government House to serve in Kashmir. Promoted to his majority, he served for a year with the United Nations Military Observer Group in India and Pakistan until 1974. He worked hard, often in forward areas, alternatively with the Indian and the Pakistani armies. His CO wrote of him that he “carried out all his assignments in a highly professional manner. His quiet, pleasant personality and his effective functioning earned him the liking and respect of all with whom he came into contact”.

While on this assignment Martin met his future wife Laila, who, with her younger son Jyri, came with Martin to Australia. They lived first at Lake Bathurst and moved to Goulburn in 1978.

In 1991 the family settled on Willangi, a sheep property not far from Terry Hie. Laila, who had introduced the only Finnish sauna to Goulburn, moved it to Willangi. There its use was followed by a naked plunge in the dam. Never have yabbies seemed so threatening – not least to male guests.

While simultaneously pursuing his landed interests from 1974 to 1983, Martin enjoyed regimental appoint-
ments with 3RNSWR. In 1984 he was made lieutenant colonel and became a tactics instructor at 2 Training Group.

Then came the military joy of his life, serving as commanding officer of the 1st/19th Battalion, RNSWR, from 1986 until 1989. This was the highlight of his career. Other appointments followed until his retirement in 2000.

Martin was a good shot, had a fairly even temper, and was at ease in the company of both men and women, the latter finding him attentive and affectionate. He was family-centred and adored his grandchildren. He also enjoyed travel with his wife, especially their last trip, to Gallipoli and Finland, earlier this year.

Martin was, above all, a man of quiet faith. He lived his religion throughout life and was for years a regular “eight o’clocker” at Mass.

On Anzac Day, Martin was a powerful guest speaker. I think my proudest moment

With him was when my wife and I visited Goulburn to see him march one Anzac Day and he spontaneously invited me to march with the Vietnam veterans. I have never marched on Anzac Day before or since, but to be accepted into such a fine body of men, invited by one of the finest, I found a singular honour.

At Martin’s funeral the casket, draped with the Australian flag, bore his sword, his hat and his eight medals. They were the official recognition of a citizen soldier whose life was cut short as a result of voluntary service to his country. They mark a rare achievement for a farmer and grazer: Member of the Order of Australia, 1990; Australian Active Service Medal 1945-75 with Vietnam Clasp; Vietnam Medal; Australian Service medal 1945-1975 with Kashmir Clasp; National Service Medal; Reserve Forces Decoration 1984 with three clasps (1989,1994 and 2000); Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal; and UN Medal for Service in India and Pakistan.

Martin is survived by Laila, stepson Jyri and family, his mother, sister and his brother and his family.

Justice Lloyd Waddy

Some Fun in the West
– The WA Formal Mixed Dinner

Photos courtesy Jim Hancock.


Jim Crockett (2/71) leading the choir.

Discussing the Service Medal, Greg Elliot (4/70) and Andrew Martindale (1/72).

Dr Lawrence Stanley, Phillip Edwards, Van Panotidis, Frank Lefaucheur, John Robertson (Qld), Jim Hancock, Ronald Parker.
E-mails

From: Colin.Hill@dfat.gov.au
To: walhall@ozemail.com.au
Date: 20 October 2002
Subject: Recent joining

Dear Wal,

After a business meeting in Brisbane earlier this year, where I again ran into Evan Williams (3/72) I joined the OTU Association, having only previously been vaguely aware of its existence.

I've just received (via Diplomatic Bag) the recent October mailing to all members of copies of this year's two magazine editions, under cover of the letter from Geoff Bennett with the OTU Directory material. My joining in April 2002 means of course that I don't figure in the active sections of the Directory for another two years.

I am currently on posting to Tarawa (Republic of Kiribati) in the Central Pacific and finish up here next February – after which (following two months back in Canberra) my wife (Linda) and I begin a new assignment in Nuku’Alofa (Tonga) in mid April 2003. The point of this being that my capacity to take part in the on-going activities of the Association is a bit limited, for a while at least – but I should like to make contact personally when next I'm back in Canberra. Over the years, I haven't had much contact at all with fellow Scheyvillians, although Edward Patching and I are both in DFAT and we see each other from time to time – usually when we're both back in Canberra. Peter Kane was another (because he is/was in Austrade) who I have seen/met occasionally over the years – and I ran into Peter Pursey in the street in Canberra a few years ago (when he was a Lt Colonel or Colonel) – he was my senior class man – Sgt – at Scheyville.

Others, like John McCallum – now a distinguished academic – I have followed career wise. I looked up a very close former class mate, Frank Lefaucheur, in Perth many years ago (late 1985) – he was a passenger in a helicopter crash while we were at Scheyville and, like the pilot, walked away from the total wreck of the machine, completely unscathed. Those in my class fondly recall him saying grace, with a passion, at dinner that night! G'day, Frank – I hope you receive this and remember me?

My apologies to Evan and Frank for making contact in this way - I've just received the OTU Directory and couldn't resist. I ran through the 1/71 Class list and, surprisingly perhaps (but that may have been the result of the intensity of the Scheyville experience – more than 30 years ago now) I was able to bring to mind a face to match quite a few names.

Regards

Colin Hill
High Commissioner – Tarawa

From: “Nankivell”<brave@chariot.net.au>
To: “Gary Vial”< otu@ctmc.com.au
Date: 3 September 2002
Subject: AUSTRALIAN VIETNAM FORCES NATIONAL MEMORIAL 10TH ANNIVERSARY RE-DEDICATION CANBERRA 5-6 OCTOBER 2002

Gary,

Thanks for the details of October, but I will not be able to attend. Have a daughter returning from UK to marry a pommie at Hardy’s winery on 12 October, and then relocate permanently to London.

I am sorry that I have not been a great support to you in the OTU Association, but I must confess that having a SA contingent that all served more than 4 years before I did gives me little common ground. I guess that is the main reason that I have not attended local functions.

Having said that, I did attend Scheyville/Windsor on 12 August to participate in the 1/72 reunion. Had about 20 attendees, and it was marvellous to witness the destiny of other familiar faces and characters. Being the youngest recruit and without any tertiary qualifications made me a very reticent Scheyvillian among older, wiser and highly intelligent company. Yet I had to admit that those other people all made a huge contribution to my life, and so the 30th anniversary was a welcome opportunity to recognise and appreciate their role in framing my character, and instilling certain qualities into me – among them a determination to succeed, and a sense of humour.

Anyway, I feel very content that an occasion arose for me to revisit Scheyville with others that shared the experience, and I am sure that some photos and publicity will ensue. For now, this experience has fulfilled my needs, but I shall catch up with you at some time, although do not offer any guarantees. I hope that you feel appreciated for your efforts to keep some Association alive, and that others express it in more tangible and supportive fashion than I have done.

I will call you when travel beckons.

Brian Nankivell
Dear Sir,

I was in Australia last month having spent the previous 18 months in the USA and now we have relocated to London where we plan to be for a few years. I work for an international Christian humanitarian organisation called Mercy Ships. We have hospital ships in Africa and Central America. (See: www.mercyships.org)

Our Australian address is at Narrabeen, NSW but we have a home on the Gold Coast. It was good to catch up with some back copies of the Scheyvillian. I’m sorry to be missing out on so much.

Also waiting for me was “The Scheyville Experience”. I understand Roger Donnelly didn’t attend Scheyville. I must say my experience was somewhat different to that he describes. I think the first chapter exaggerates in a number of respects and there are some inaccuracies.

I recall Scheyville being yes, tough and certainly extremely demanding but nonetheless fair. I think if one realised what it was all about it was not all bastardisation. The underlying theme was that you had to learn to take orders in order to be able to give them.

But I do not recall ever having to miss breakfast! And the mess in the evenings was a real haven. Nor did I get an ETP until sometime in senior class when it was realised I and a number of others had so far missed out on that experience. For the same reason I think I was charged only late in senior class so that I learned how to complete the documentation. In fact I think it was as a result of the charge I got the ETP.

I do remember getting back a few minutes late from leave one Sunday night with my good friend Jock Holland after we got lost on the back roads. We thought we really were in trouble. On hearing our tail the Duty Officer Capt. Sarah let us off with a stern warning about leaving plenty of time to get back in future.

I think for some the pace was just too demanding in the early days and it was soon obvious that getting ETPs every day was a slippery slope particularly if you were already inclined to doze off in class in the afternoon or evening.

I was fortunate to attain the rank of Sergeant in senior class and to have made enough friends amongst the staff to be able to cruise a bit by that time and even enjoy it! I graduated 23rd in my class out of 92 which was the third highest number to graduate. Most were University graduates so it was very competitive.

Being a fairly capable rugby player was certainly an advantage. I recall it must of been fairly early on I played breakaway for the cadets against the staff. Stan Maizey was 5/8 for the staff. He was a big man but I managed to catch him with the ball in a crunching tackle from which he didn’t get up for a while! He remembered me after that!

I was also fortunate to have served in Vietnam where I was Admin Officer 1ALSG Vung Tau. This was a Captains posting so I actually got to be Temp Lt but never got Higher Duties allowance beyond that. Upon discharge I reverted to 2lt.

I was posted from Scheyville to Ordnance Corps because I was an Economics graduate and Capt Con Ryan (I wonder what became of him?) convinced me it was where I would be most productive.

Anyway having said all that and if anyone has bothered to read this far, there is one glaring error in the book occurring on page x of the Forward. It must be the result of very poor research or be just plain sloppy! Jim Bradshaw is listed as having become an MP.

In fact, I was Member for McPherson (Gold Coast) in the House of Representatives from 1990 until 1998. I served there with Tim Fisher. Jim Bradshaw’s name is listed below mine in the list of Graduates so perhaps it was just a careless error. Perhaps Jim (I don’t know him) deserves an apology for the mistake!

In fact I was privileged to have had 18 years of elected office in all. I addition to my service in the Commonwealth Parliament I also served 3 terms on the Warringah Shire Council (now Warringah Council) in Sydney before we moved to Queensland.

I am proud to have graduated from Scheyville. It was an achievement. I am also proud to have served in Vietnam (I now have 4 medals to sport on Anzac day!) and I am proud to have served in the Parliament. I don’t suppose there’s too much wrong with all that.

I also thank God for my wife Judy and the three beautiful children we have had. Life has been good so far.

Best wishes to all.

2788624 John Bradford 1/68
In June my wife (Vivien) and I travelled to visit our daughter (Georgia) on student exchange in South Africa and after a fantastic time in Kruger Park and around Cape Town. I had another few weeks before I was due at a conference in Norway so Georgia and I set off on the circular route back to Johannesburg.

There were many gems in the trip but the Scheyvillian highlight has to be Isandlwana Lodge – a luxury hotel built in to the hill overlooking the mountain and 1879 battlefield of Isandlwana. This is in the heart of Battlefields country about 150 k from Durban and 250 from Joburg, and surrounded by historic sites including Lady Smith, Spioenkop, Colenso and Blood River.

The resident guide and military expert is ex Gordon Highlander Rob Gerard and your hostess is Mary Pat Stubbs – a delightfully hospitable southern belle who decided to build the lodge after meeting a fellow American with a passion for South Africa on a plane trip.

Rob will keep you enthralled with his amazing knowledge of the battles, the geography, tactics and the personalities. Rorke’s Drift and Isandlwana is an all day affair with lunch, seats and drinks provided.

The web site is www.isandlwana.co.za and although it looks expensive, at 5 or 6 rand to the dollar you can afford to let your hair down.

Isandlwana was one of the greatest British military defeats, with more officers were lost than at Waterloo, and all because the commander, Chelmsford, refused to laager his wagons.

25,000 Zulu warriors, armed only with shields and assegais, faced musket ball, revolver, machine gun, artillery and cannon to employ their classic bull and horns formation to overrun the British camp leaving 1400 dead.

Lt General Lord Chelmsford, had been sent to force the Zulu army to lay down their arms crossed into Zululand at Rorke's Drift – about ten miles away. After defeating a local chief he set up camp at Isandlwana and proceeded to split his force over some twenty miles searching for the advancing Zulu army.

The battle started when a patrol chasing some herdsmen near the base camp surprised the entire Zulu army, who, equally resembled, were sitting immediately below them in a small depression in the process of trying to decide who of them would mediate with the British and whether to attack during the wrong phase of the moon.

Shots were fired and at approximately 10.30am more than twenty thousand Zulus attacked, overwhelming the depleted British troops (1800 soldiers stretched a yard between a man over a distance of two miles) allowing only a handful of soldiers and their African retainers to escape.

To add to the ferocity of the fighting, a partial eclipse of the sun caused an eery dusk to settle over the battlefield.

By 3.30 pm it was all over, the Zulus having killed every living thing including cattle, horses and even dogs, all of which lay among the human dead. The story that the British lost the battle because they could not open the ammunition boxes is not true. The boxes were opened easily but the ammunition wagons were too far away and the troops too stretched to resupply them when their 70 rounds each were expended.

The Zulus disembowelled the dead and then took anything of value and departed with their wounded. In addition to the British dead (858 white soldiers and 458 black soldiers), more than 1,000 Zulu warriors lay dead.

One Zulu commander took his 4500 troops off to attack the 139 souls defending the re supply depot at Rorke’s Drift (contrary to his general’s orders) thus giving Michael Cane his start and Scheyville graduates something to aim for.

The rest is history as they say with 11 Victoria Crosses, 5 Distinguished Conduct Medals awarded, some say as an antidote to the disaster of Isandlwana.

For the videophiles amongst you, Rob Gerard’s view is that “Zulu” is a reasonably accurate account of Rorke’s Drift while “Zulu Dawn” does not do justice to the battle of Isandlwana.

If you are in the neighbourhood or making a booking tell them you want a Scheyville discount and say a Tasmanian sent you.

The summary was taken from www.kzndeat.gov.za/tourism/battlefields

E-mail from Gary McKay The trip to Gallipoli for Anzac Day 2004 that I am helping to organise is filling up fast and if any Scheyvillians want to go on the best tour of the peninsular on offer then they should contact me garymckay@bigpond.com.au ASAP.
OTU SCHEYVILLE
NATIONAL REUNION – OCTOBER 2003
(30 YEARS SINCE LAST GRADUATION & 10 YEARS SINCE LAST REUNION IN 1993)

LOCATIONS:
SYDNEY NSW – PARRAMATTA/ROSEHILL, WINDSOR/SCHEYVILLE & SINGLETON NSW

FRIDAY 3/10/03: INDIVIDUAL CLASS REUNION DINNERS THROUGHOUT SYDNEY AT YOUR OWN EXPENSE

SATURDAY 4/10/03: CLASS REUNIONS CONTINUE
1900 HOURS – NATIONAL REUNION DINNER AT ROSEHILL GARDENS

SUNDAY 5/10/03: 0900 HOURS – CHURCH PARADE MARCH WITH BAND AT WINDSOR
1000 HOURS – CHURCH SERVICE AT ST MATTHEWS ANGLICAN CHURCH
1300 HOURS – SPIT/BBQ AT SCHEYVILLE
1500 HOURS – OTU ASSOCIATION – NATIONAL AGM
1530 HOURS – CONCLUSION OF MAIN REUNION
1900 HOURS – RUGBY LEAGUE GRAND FINAL COMMENCES

COST FOR MAIN REUNION – SINGLE MEMBER $165 SINGLE NON-MEMBER $200
MEMBER COUPLE $310 NON-MEMBER COUPLE $350

SUNDAY 5/10/02: SINGLETON OPTION – INFANTRY CENTRE
BUS TRIP ALONG COLO PUTTY ROAD PLUS OVERNIGHT AT LONE PINE BARRACKS OFFICERS’ MESS

MONDAY 6/10/03: MORPETH & WINE CELLAR LUNCH TOUR
ALTERNATIVELY TEST YOUR SKILL AT WTSS (STEYR RIFLE)
1500 HOURS – RETURN IN BUSES TO SYDNEY

COST FOR SINGLETON OPTION – SINGLE MEMBER $155 SINGLE NON-MEMBER $200
MEMBER COUPLE $310 S NON-MEMBER COUPLE $350

NO CLASS GRADUATION DATE NO. OF GRADUATES CLASS REUNION CO-ORDINATOR/VOLUNTEERS
1 1/65 Dec-65 76
2 2/65 Mar-66 41
3 1/66 Jun-66 79
4 2/66 Sep-66 54
5 3/66 Dec-66 56
6 4/66 Mar-67 42
7 1/67 Jun-67 97 David Longhurst
8 2/67 Sep-67 65
9 3/67 Dec-67 50
10 4/67 Mar-68 43 Gerry Gerard
11 1/68 Jun-68 92
12 2/68 Sep-68 64
13 3/68 Dec-68 64 Paul Meldrum
14 4/68 Mar-69 36
15 1/69 Jun-69 76
16 2/69 Sep-69 51
17 3/69 Dec-69 57
18 4/69 Mar-70 32
19 1/70 15-Jul-70 92 John Dunn Tony Sonneveld
20 2/70 Sep-70 74
21 3/70 Dec-70 51
22 4/70 Mar-71 35 Owen Williamson, Barry Maffescioni
23 1/71 Jun-71 104
24 2/71 Sep-71 62
25 3/71 Dec-71 31
26 4/71 Mar-72 57
27 1/72 Jun-72 82
28 2/72 Sep-72 77 Al Hirschell
29 3/72 Dec-72 39
30 4/72 Mar-73 23
31 B1/67 May-67 10
32 O1/72 26
33 O2/72 23
34 O1/73 19
The OTU Association National Executive domiciled in Sydney recently decided to proceed with a National Reunion on the Labour Day long weekend October 2003 in NSW. The AFL grand final should be finished prior to this event and the Rugby World Cup will be due to start the following weekend, whilst the Rugby League grand final has now been scheduled for 7.00pm Sunday 5/10/02.

The Reunion will be on the tenth anniversary of the first National Reunion in 1993 and will be 30 years after the closure of Scheyville as the Officer Training Unit. Over 400 graduates and partners attended 10 years ago so we are planning on the possibility of more people attending due to more financial members in the Association, better publicity / awareness and graduates that missed out in 1993 might be keen to rekindle friendships.

Rather than centre all the activities in Windsor, it has been decided to hold the Reunion dinner at the Rosehill Gardens Event Centre, Level 4 of the Rosehill Racecourse grandstand which can accommodate 1,000 people.

The focus will be on individual class get togethers at restaurants / other venues throughout Sydney on Friday evening and Saturday lunch. Gerry Garard 4/67 (0418 735 257) has already committed to organise his class reunion. We are seeking a representative from each class to act as the promoter / organiser for mini – class reunions.

Owen Williamson and Barry Maffescioni have volunteered to muster Class 4/70, whilst John Dun will be the table captain for 1/70. Al Hirschell 2/72 and David Longhurst 1/67 have now stepped into the breach or firing line.

Hotels around Parramatta expect to be heavily booked in October next year consequently several block bookings have been made at some of the following hotels:-

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hotel</th>
<th>Block</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Room Rate</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Rydges - walk</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>(02) 9897 2222</td>
<td>James Ruse Drive RoseHill</td>
<td>$157 incl breakfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Crown Plaza</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>(02) 9437 6366</td>
<td>Phillip Street Parramatta</td>
<td>$155 - $185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Marriott - shuttle</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>(02) 9891 1277</td>
<td>Anderson Street Parramatta</td>
<td>$130 - $150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Carlton - shuttle</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>(02) 9630 4999</td>
<td>Church Street Parramatta</td>
<td>$142 - $174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Norwest International</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>(02) 9634 9634</td>
<td>Columbia Crt Baulkham Hills</td>
<td>$135 - $157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 Hills Lodge</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>(02) 9680 3800</td>
<td>Windsor Rd Baulkham Hills</td>
<td>$115 - $135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Parramatta City Motel</td>
<td>1300</td>
<td>(02) 9635 7266</td>
<td>Gt Western Highway Parramatta</td>
<td>$105 - $125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Prospect Hotel</td>
<td>1300</td>
<td>(02) 9631 3461</td>
<td>Gt Western Highway Prospect</td>
<td>$95 - $105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Travelodge</td>
<td>1300</td>
<td>886886</td>
<td>Reservoir Rd Blacktown</td>
<td>$99</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

You must book & pay for your own accommodation.

Parramatta is virtually the centre of the Sydney metropolitan area and it is easily accessible. Modern hotels in the vicinity are $100 - $200 / night cheaper than hotels downtown Sydney city. Rydges hotel is preferred because it is just across the road from Rosehill Gardens where the dinner will be held. Don’t hesitate to “Billet a Buddy” for those Sydney graduates that may have a spare bed.

SATURDAY ACTIVITIES 4-10-03

Apart from individual class get togethers, there are many activities available around Parramatta / Sydney. A tourist booklet titled Discover Parramatta 2003 will be included with 2/2003 Scheyvillian Newsletter in April / May 2003.

A ride on the Rivercat from Parramatta to Circular Quay is relatively cheap public transport to the centre of Sydney. Ferries are available to many destinations from Circular Quay i.e. Manly – Taronga Park Zoo. An all ferry / bus / train ticket for a day costs $13.60.

Golf at Riverside Oaks near Scheyville has been booked for 20 early Saturday morning and maybe some other organised activities will emerge over the next few months. Paul Meldrum is organising the golf which will cost $80 per person including share in a buggy, transportation costs will be extra.

It is intended to invite the OTU National Council members and partners to lunch and then conduct a three hour Council Meeting. The meeting will address matters of National interest and follow up the Strategic Plan and other decisions.
reached at the Melbourne Council Meeting in October 2001.

Parramatta City Council are delighted we have chosen venues within their city limits. Doug Oliver 4/71, Manager Corporate Planning and Performance, for Parramatta has arranged for Anne Martin to co-ordinate a ladies program on the Saturday. Tim Fischer 3/66 and hopefully his wife Judy will be attending the dinner. Tim would be happy to propose a toast or give an address – “Tango from Windsor to the World”.

Gordon Alexander 3/66 has been tasked with securing a keynote speaker, like General Peter Cosgrove, to address our group at the Dinner.

The selected hotels in Parramatta will run shuttle buses to ferry people to and from the dinner venue. These hotels will offer door prizes like $100 dinner package, or a weekend package for two at a hotel.

**SUNDAY ACTIVITIES  5-10-03**

Personal transport and / or coaches from selected hotels to St Matthews Anglican Church in Windsor will be available in order to re-enact the final church parade commencing 9.30 am (0930 hours) ending with the 10.00 am Church Service at St Matthews – the attendance including several dignitaries. Reverend Chris Burgess has verbally agreed but needs Parish Council approval. The Scheyville Story framed display produced by Peter Hately will be presented to St Matthews on this occasion.

Dick Adams 3/72 has agreed to organise a police escort and band (military or police) for our march and he is prepared to lead / command the march similar to 1993

Brigadiers Geddes & Studdert are keen to participate in this Reunion (health permitting) and have provided positive encouragement for the occasion to happen sooner rather than later.

Coaches to Scheyville where a Spit / BBQ lunch will be held in the colonial Officers’ Mess / Quarters quadrangle 12.30 – 3.00 pm. The NSW National Parks & Wildlife Service have given verbal permission for us to use the facilities at Scheyville, we do not know if alcoholic beverages can be consumed on the site.

It has been suggested that some graduates might like to retrace the cross country circuit - that is if anyone is fit enough, stupid enough and can vaguely remember where we ran back then. No one knows whether the cross country course varied between classes.

The AGM will be held at 3.00 pm and it is anticipated to last for no longer than 15 minutes.

For many people the Reunion will conclude at this point, however for the adventurous a trip up the Colo Putty Road to Singleton has been organised.

Rugby League fans should have plenty of time to either attend the Grand Final or race home to watch it on television.

**INFANTRY CENTRE OPTION**

Reminisce the navigation exercises and the 5 / 10 day field exercises held in the state forest, now Yengo National Park as you travel in air-conditioned coach comfort as opposed to the back of an army truck along the Colo Putty Road.

Dine in the Officers’ Mess at the Lone Pine Barracks of the Royal Australian Infantry Centre at Singleton.

Accommodation in the modern officers / sergeants lines will cost less than $25 / head. Sorry, but there aren’t any double beds, consequently every individual will have a room to themselves.

Lt Col Paul Roney, C.O. and Chief Instructor of the Infantry Centre, has welcomed our Association to participate in what the centre has to offer. Major Keith Fraser, Mess PMC, would like us to partake in the delights of their new wine cellar.

**MONDAY ACTIVITIES  6-10-03**

Wake up to kangaroos nibbling grass outside your bedroom – be careful not to disturb them before everyone gets a chance to observe our Australian icon.

The more “gung ho” will probably will want to try (WTSS) A Weapon Training Simulation System facility which was established in 1999 to enhance individual shooting training. WTSS is an indoor range system that uses computer simulation to allow up to ten soldiers at a time to practice their marksmanship and weapon skills without firing a live round. The WTSS facility provides visual and noise simulation and allows weapon firing on simulate conventional ranges and in a variety of simulated combat situations. WTSS could probably accommodate 150 people in a day. A visit to the Infantry Museum is a must.

For the less hostile / militant people we are considering a side trip to the Hunter Valley for wine tasting & antique shops. Remember it is a long weekend so the trip back down the F3 to Sydney could take longer than normal.
REUNION REGISTRATION FEES

The Rosehill dinner, Scheyville BBQ and other Windsor / Scheyville activities, not including accommodation will cost $165.00 per person or $310.00 per couple. This price includes the return bus trip on Sunday and it is suggested that Sydney residents use the buses from the Parramatta Hotels as well.

The Singleton exercise will cost another $155 per person for coaches, meals accommodation, indoor (WTSS) range and wine tasting. Discounting for couples is not feasible for the Singleton trip.

Non Members (OTU Association un-financial members) will be charged an additional levy to cover Association administration costs, etc. The levy may also prompt graduates to become financial members and receive copies of the Scheyvillian Newsletter.

RECONNAISSANCE

Geoff Bennett and I attended the first OTU Hunter Paragraph dinner on Friday 15/11/02 at the Lone Pine Barracks Officers’ Mess. We are able to confirm most of the above stated arrangements are in place. I would like to personally thank Paul Rees 3/68 for organising the dinner and facilitating the prospect of the Sydney / Scheyville Reunion being extended to a live military situation at Singleton after travelling the Colo Putty road again.

ADMINISTRATION

When canvassing the State Chapter Chairmen for comments of the Association’s activities including the proposed Reunion, several people agreed with the concept of a 2003 Reunion and suggested that an event organiser be retained to co-ordinate the function so that no specific group of volunteers would be unduly burdened.

An administration surcharge of 10% has been included in the costing to manage the event on a fee for service basis. It is proposed that the Termimesh girls administer the Reunion and that costs are recovered. Any surplus would bolster the Association funds and allow greater support for Youth Leadership training and development.

This suggested approach would be significantly cheaper than using a commercial events organiser and would retain control of dealings with members as an extension of current administration practice.

In order to streamline administration it is proposed to charge one all up fee for the Sydney / Scheyville activities and another single charge for the Singleton exercise.

CLASS CO-ORDINATORS

We are seeking volunteers to co-ordinate individual class get togethers as part of the total Reunion concept. Please contact the National Executive with your nominations and be prepared to have your name publicised as the class co-ordinator.

CORPORATE SUPPORT

In 1993 financial and other support was provided by Transfield, CIG, 2CH, Tooheys, Austed Publishing, Amitest, Market Force, Shell Refining and G & B Productions who produced the Reunion video.

Cost of production of a 2003 Reunion video has not been factored into the registration fees. The Association would need to charge at least $10.00 per head additional ($6000 - $8000) to afford another professionally produced video. We are now seeking Corporate support to produce a video which will include acknowledgement of support given.

INTERLOPERS

In 1993 several graduates and their families from Sydney turned up at the church service and participated in the Scheyville activities without registering or paying towards the cost of the reunion. In the spirit of friendship and the “Scheyville Experience” this “gate crashing” was overlooked. In 2003 interlopers will be duly recorded in the Reunion issue of the Scheyvillian.

ARL GRAND FINAL 5/10/03 TICKET RAFFLE

Gold Membership at Stadium Australia enables my wife & I to purchase up to 6 guest tickets to the ARL Grand Final at an estimated cost of $750. On the assumption these will be available next year, it is proposed to raffle 2 couple’s tickets ($250 value per couple) through the Scheyvillian Newsletters, State Chapter Functions and Annual Dinners prior to 30/6/03 at:

$6.00 per ticket
$10.00 for 2 tickets.

Assuming the full allocation of guests’ tickets become available, the last couple’s ticket would be raffled at the Reunion dinner.
Held at bay

Paul Keating kissed the ground at Kokoda. Now John Howard is going there, too. On the 60th anniversary of a campaign that changed the course of World War II, Tony Stephens explains why it was even more significant than Gallipoli.

Plans are ready to fly the Prime Minister, John Howard, high into the Owen Stanley Ranges of Papua New Guinea on August 14, to a village which is sometimes called Australia’s Alamo. Ralph Honner, who had awful reason to know the place well, preferred to call it Australia’s Thermopylae.

Honner was a soldier and scholar. Thermopylae was the battle celebrated as an example of heroic resistance against great odds. In 480BC, a small Greek force under the Spartan king Leonidas held the narrow Thermopylae pass for three days before being overwhelmed by a large invading Persian army. Honner knew that the defenders all died.

Honner recalled Thermopylae at the Battle of Isurava on the Kokoda Track in 1942, where he let a band of men most of whom were too young to vote but old enough to fight and die. A difference between Thermopylae and Isurava, Honner said, was: “We couldn’t afford to die.”

Death finally caught up with Lieutenant Colonel Honner in 1994, and recognition finally catches up with what he and his men achieved when a monument is unveiled at Isurava on Wednesday week.

It was here that the 39th Militia Battalion faced Japanese divisions poised to take Port Moresby and to threaten Australia. The men – average age 18½ years – had been called up for home defence before being sent north. They were frequently mocked as “chocolate soldiers” until at Isurava, they won the admiration of AIF veterans newly arrived from the Middle East.

It was here that the Australians, retreating from Kokoda village and down to about 200 men fit enough to fight, made a stand and hung on until battle-trained reinforcements, mainly from the 2/14th Battalion, joined them.

Honner said of his men: “In the testing crucible of conflict … they were transformed by some strong catalyst of the spirit into a devoted band wherein every man’s failing strength was fortified and magnified by a burning resolve to stick by his mates.”

The Isurava battle began on August 27. A day before, a Japanese force of 2000 men had landed at Milne Bay, about 400 kilometres to the southeast, with operation orders that began: “At the dead of night, quickly complete the landing in the enemy area and strike the white soldiers without remorse.”

About 4500 Australians including field artillery and RAAF squadrons of Kittyhawks and Hudson bombers, had defeated the invaders by September 8. The Japanese came so close to the prized Australian airstrips that RAAF Kittyhawks had to fire their machine guns on take-off, before retracting their wheels.

Field Marshal William Slim, commander of Allied forces in India and Burma, wrote: “We were greatly cheered by the news of the Australian victory at Milne Bay. This was the first ever defeat of the Japanese on land. If the Australians had done it, so could we.”

The defenders of Milne Bay are often overlooked in debate about the Papuan campaign. Angus Suthers, now 84 of Ermington, was happy to forget about his war with the 18th Brigade until he discovered that his grandchildren knew about the Battle of Hastings in 1066 but not about the Battle of Milne Bay in 1942. “My grandkids now know their history,” he said this week.

Rex Cummins, now 91, of Mosman, said: “Kokoda has been exaggerated. Australians were still retreating down the track when we beat the Japanese.
at Milne Bay. Then the Japs were withdrawn and the Australians advanced. If the enemy had taken the Milne Bay airfield they would have made it to Port Moresby and would have made air raids down the Australian east coast.”

In any case, the Papuan campaign is sometimes nominated as Australia’s “coming of age”. Australia has “come of age” often – at Federation; at Gallipoli; in 1931 when Prime Minister James Scullin insisted that an Australian, Isaac Isaacs, become governor-general, against the wishes of King George V; in 1934 when the Statute of Westminster recognised that the dominions had equal status with Britain; in 1947, with the post-war immigration program; in 1967 with the referendum that included indigenous Australians in the census; even in 2000, when the Olympic Games’ opening ceremony told the Australian story without a trace of cultural cringe.

Australia certainly acted more independently in World War II than at Gallipoli, when we responded to the imperial call. In 1942, the Prime Minister, John Curtin, defied Winston Churchill and brought troops home. The returned men helped throw the Japanese back at Kokoda.

David Horner, professor of strategic and defence studies at the Australian National University, does not like the “coming-of-age” analogy but says: “The Papuan campaign was the most important battle fought by Australians in relation to the direct security of Australia. If the Japanese had taken Port Moresby, it would have transformed the strategic situation and made it easier to attack Australia.”

The Japanese armies had appeared invincible. The Australians withdrew from Isurava after four days but they had exhausted the attackers and their supplies. The Japanese were also pouring resources into Guadalcanal.

In the end, the closest the Japanese came to Port Moresby was Ioribaiwa, only 42 kilometres by air away. The Australians retook Kokoda on November 2 and the bloody beachheads of Buna, Gona and Sanananda in December and January, 1943. Australia was a safer place after that.

Patrick Lindsay’s book, The Spirit of Kokoda, Then and Now, is published by Hardie Grant Books, RRP $29.95.

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**E-mails**

From: ccosgrif@bigpond.net.au
To: peter.wotton@bsf.com
Date: 11 September 2002
Subject: Passing Parade – Owen Cosgriff

Peter,

It is with great regret that I must inform you of the passing of your compatriots. On sorting my brother’s personal effects I found a renewal/annual subscription for the OTU Association and his Graduation Certificate from OTU Scheyville. This prompted me to visit your website and I discovered some discrepancies with the personal data list. I have checked Owen’s Graduation Certificate and provide the following to the Association to update your records.

Regimental Number: 3802048
Name: Owen Francis Cosgriff
Corps: RAASC
Class: 4/71
Graduation Number: 1539
Deceased 28 August 2002.

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Bernard Cosgriff (WO2 RTD)

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From: garymckay@bigpond.com.au
To: Alan.Storen@wesleycollege.net
Date: 16 January 2003
Subject: Scheyvillian

**QLD – From the Head Banana**

Firstly, the Reunion of 2/68 Class will be held during the National Reunion between 3-6 October 2003. I am the convener for the Class of 2/68 Reunion. Wal Hall is the ACT representative and Jon Peters (jepeters@alphalink.com.au) is the NSW State Rep for the Reunion. I am looking for volunteers from the other states to help coordinate this 35th anniversary. The contact telephone number for Gary is 07 5446 3833 or email as above. The last reunion was five years ago and we had 45 starters and we want to go BIG on this one.

Secondly, are the Queensland Chapter dates. We have our normal lunch every second Thursday of the month at Fridays at Riverside in Brisbane CBD. We will also be having two golf days and in July our Gold Coast trek and in September the Sunshine Coast trek (which is preceded by golf at Mt Coolum course).

As a postscript, our Xmas lunch was a huge affair with over 35 starters (but sadly no Santa Claus appearing this year), some photos were taken by Geoff Butts who has the happy snaps on digital but isn’t answering my emails.
Tony,

I welcomed Malcolm’s article. As a bureaucrat of some 30+ years, I well know that some do not think it good for morale or whatever for articles critical of the organisation to be published. But the world is not perfect, and if our Association takes itself seriously, we want to be mature, objective, analytical and welcoming of “contrary” views so long as they are not abusive or derogatory. We should encourage informed debate as positive and strengthening. By the way, Malcolm’s comments are not contrary. They simply recount experiences which some participants found distressing. His article is informative, emotionally honest and not boastful – somewhat refreshing in the era of mega-spin.

I was fortunate in my first posting. As a transport platoon commander in Service Corps, I had three NCOs who were prepared to teach an inexperienced 2nd Lieutenant the ropes. I made some pretty green mistakes in my time, but they were gracious enough to gently point me in the right direction. If I have a regret of those days, it is that I didn’t have the maturity to fully support their efforts, nor did I properly thank them.

Brian Smith (2/65)

Hi Guys!

I thought I would pass on a web site that was pointed out to me.

www/ww2roll.gov.au

It is a site that lists all Aussies who fought in WW2, so if you have family or friends that were involved you can get a brief history of their service at no cost.

I wonder if they will have a similar site for Nashos one day?

Regards.

Alan Cocker 1/68

From: Smithbl2614@aol.com
To: sonneveld@bigpond.com
Date: 20 August 2002
Subject: Malcolm Brown’s Article

From: Geoff.Bennett@Shell.com.au
To: alan.storen@wesleycollege.net
Date: 19 September 2002
Subject: Petrol Pricing

For your information, as everybody is an expert on the price of petrol. This will allow you to top up your knowledge.

Click on country or suburbs to find your local area prices at 9.30am each day or on “state-to-state” to change states. Click on Latest News to find which days are best, etc.

There is good information on this site. Alan Fells and John Howard both use it for their information and comments to the media, so you may as well be as informed as them.

You can bookmark it if you like – it is a public site.

www.shellau.com/petrolpricing/index_nsw.html

Regards.

1/72 Reunion Snippet
(full story published next edition)

Just a quick note to opine that we had a bloody good weekend and it was a very satisfying experience to meet up with 25% of our graduating class and their wives, mates, companions. The weather was perfect for the reunion (after me warning Glenn in April that August is typically the windy month here).

When I found my room at Scheyville, I found an old key lying on the concrete. It probably wasn’t the actual room key, and there was nothing there to open, but I kept it anyway.

Victor Lampe spoke well at the dinner, but Humphrey had us in uproarious laughter. At 11.30 pm, I thought, "I must be getting too old to party late. I want to go to bed." However, at 2.30 am, I was feeling quite good. Must have been the effect of that blonde we (all?) chatted up at the bar. Well, Clem, anyway.

The church parade on Sunday morning was historic. Unfortunately, dear old Bill Holland’s rambling sermon will probably ensure a smaller turn-up next time! Afterwards, I met Paul Cotter, 1/72 OCS (Scheyville), who’d come up with Greg Todd and Tony Sonneveld. Paul will be our contact with his OCS group, who will be re-unioning later this year. Sadly, two of his class have already gone (Stewart Cameron, my brother in Chauvel, who died in Iraq, and Martin Vincent). John Carroll, one of our officers, was also at the church service and lunch.

Cheers for now.

Stan (Lee) Beaman
**KOKODA TRAIL WALK – 2003**

A bet to ride a pushbike almost 500km and resulted in a payback bet to walk to Kokoda Trail ... or Track as seems to be the more correct original and now in vogue nomenclature, by Gary Vial [3/69] and civilian Bruce Hall.

The Trail is not for the faint-hearted so, unless you are fit, please don't come. For those who have made proper physical preparation, this trek is full of rewards and will give you a great sense of personal achievement.

**Want to join us?**

The Kokoda Trail is one of the world's great bushwalks and offers a physical challenge, spectacular scenery and the warmth and hospitality of the people we meet at villages along the way.

The added attraction of this walk is that it passes across the battleground of what was one of the most crucial and bloodiest campaigns of WW2. It was on the Kokoda Trail that Australian forces repelled the Japanese Army's last attempt to capture Port Moresby with three thousand Japanese and six hundred Australians being killed in a seven month period that proved to be a significant turning point for control of the north coast. It was the Trail that proved the most difficult to conquer as neither side could fully maintain a supply line over its length.

These days the Trail is one of the most peaceful walks on the face of the earth, although there is still plenty of evidence of the war. We often find Bren guns, helmets and ammunition in the bush and the old men delight in recounting their stories around our campfire of the "big fight".

The 96 km track cuts across knife-edge ridges and over teasing mountains. The terrain is constantly changing as we trek through rainforest, jungles of ferns and patches of open grassland. Towering trees entwined with creepers and studded with orchids cloak steep escarpments that fall away to reveal clear mountain streams in the valleys below. The friendly villagers, the sounds of the jungle, the rivers with their log crossings and the exhilaration of conquering each hill are just a few of the vivid memories that will stay with you after the trip.

**TRIP COST INCLUDES:**

- Return International airfare.
- Flight from Port Moresby to Kokoda.
- Two nights hotel accommodation in Port Moresby on share room basis. (Meals not included at Port Moresby).
- Eight nights accommodation on the Trail in village hut, tent, bush camp or guesthouse.
- All food during the trek.
- Group camping and cooking equipment.
- Transfers between airport and hotel at Port Moresby.
- Transport Ower's Corner to Port Moresby on Day 10.
- Experienced local trip leader.
- Porters for group camping and cooking equipment.
- All costs are subject to variation until the balance is paid in full.

For bookings contact Gary Vial at CTMC. The trek is limited to 15 people and we already have 6 deposited bookings.

**GARY VIAL, afaitt[L]**

General Manager
CTMC - Corporate Travel Management Company
a division of Travel Innovations Pty Ltd
“My Vietnam” by Stephen Lewis

Book Launch NSW & Victoria

NSW

Photo centre bottom: Left to right, John Neervort, Geoff Bennett, Jim Berry, General Peter Cosgrove, Greg Todd, John Carroll, David Beasley, Tony Sonneveld, Gordon Alexander. Missing Peter Luffman.

Photo top left: The Honourable George Souris, Leader of NSW National Party.

Victoria

Speakers, from left, Terry Earle, Tim Fischer and Stephen Lewis.

Can you match the faces?
Off to Hong Kong!

for a 2/69 reunion

WIVES' POST MORTEM by Wiesia Hunter

From the 6th - 11th of November, a reunion for class 2 of 69, approximately 15 and their wives, was held in Hong Kong, hosted by John Hunter, with a little help from his wife.

People arrived in dribs and drabs; most were staying at the Wharney Hotel, which is conveniently located in the district of Wanchai, slap in the middle of the island's red light district. Since people were coming from all directions, it took a couple of days for everyone to arrive, so while waiting, much drinking was done at the various bars within walking distance of the Wharney.

A cocktail party followed by a buffet dinner, was planned for Friday the 8th at the legendary Hong Kong Cricket Club. By day 2 it became very clear, that keeping this number of people together was going to be rather challenging. Peter Don, a definite starter, vanished, in fact, no one could recall him ever arriving; consequently, a bus was organized to transport the crowd from the hotel to the club; this was similarly a challenge.

It transpired that the driver, a local Chinese, had no idea of the directions to the venue and relied heavily on the passengers for advice. Obviously the situation got sorted. A pleasant hour or so, preceding dinner, was spent sipping cocktails, exchanging greetings, and enjoying a spectacular view from the Cricket Club's balcony. In due course everyone sat down to feast on a splendid Italian buffet. It was about this time that Peter Don magically appeared.

As is customary at such events, it was time for speeches. First up was Mick Hart, who then opened the stage to Kevin Richardson, Andrew Sutherland, Peter Wotton, and Bill Watson, (twice, or was it three times), whose orations were very engaging, peppered with a great deal of wit and humour, not to mention good-natured lampooning.

John Hunter duly responded by officially welcoming all and sundry; more of the above, as well as meticulously sketching the plan of events that were arranged for the next few days. The hat was truly in the ring by now.

Bruce Monotti had made a short but sincere speech earlier, but now being further fortified, promptly remembered all he hadn't said the first time, and in the end delivered a quite outstanding filibuster.

Equally, Peter Don also expressed himself briefly the first time, and having endured a good deal of friendly banter, gave back as good as he got, with a spectacular account of the difficulties he experienced at the OTU.

At this point a health-check was prudent. Accordingly, the next day was spent on a junk trip around the outlying islands, taking in fresh air, (in short supply in this part of the world), sightseeing, and finally stopping off on Lamma Island, where exercise was taken by way of a lengthy walk between villages.

An hour doesn't seem to be long, but walking on the terrain here can be rough. At least one person, Lotte Monotti, was so enthused, that she quite wanted to walk all the way back! Everyone politely declined. Then followed a long relaxed lunch and fluid replacement therapy. A tranquil journey back, through the busy Aberdeen waters ensured a virtuous start to yet another evening in Wanchai.

Now it was time to get serious, as a high level of alertness was essential, in order to be in any way successful at the races. At the stunning Shatin racecourse, in a private box with a private balcony, very few realized any success. However, congratulations to Carol Ryan, who pulled off a noteworthy win.

The last official day dawned and wow, everyone is still together, including the elusive Peter Don. His disappearance was never explained. As a finale, a BBQ was held at the home of John and Wiesia Hunter. After the consumption of solid food the business of imbibing took a more resolute form.

An ambiance of immense camaraderie among the men was apparent from day 1, and that same quality connecting the women, was also very evident. Many gave vivid and amusing versions of their earliest encounters with their husbands; the men listened intently, looked dubious and either couldn't remember the experience 'in the same way', or claimed total amnesia on the subject.

Being completely alert to this state of affairs, once the subject of an article for the *Scheyvillian* was mentioned, without further ado, a ladies auxiliary committee was formed and met in private. The results of their deliberations are to remain confidential.

Kevin Richardson entertained the ladies by serving champagne on bended knee, and a strip tease that would sully any girl 'down at the Wanch'.

Lisa and David Bridges were DJ's assigned to maintain a constant flow of music, and without delay, a sing-a-long was in progress; a repertoire from the 50s and 60s to classic opera. A promising Pavarotti, Bill Watson carried several arias admirably, handkerchief and all. Space being what it is in Hong Kong, or lack thereof, furniture was moved to provide for the dancers among the set. It turned out everyone were keen to demonstrate their adeptness in footwork.

With no end to this in sight, also, the staff needing to wind up and go home, further speeches were halted, at which point everyone adjourned to, well, where else, but another bar.

The last official day dawned and wow, everyone is still together, including the elusive Peter Don. His disappearance was never explained. As a finale, a BBQ was held at the home of John and Wiesia Hunter. After the consumption of solid food the business of imbibing took a more resolute form.
Hong Kong from a different perspective!
the 2/69 reunion through the eyes of David Jervis

The 2/69 Hong Kong reunion from Friday 8th to Monday 11th November 2002 was unique and unforgettable adding another chapter to the Scheyville legend.

Several years in the planning it was held in one of the world's great cities with its infinite skyscrapers, 7 million residents, smog, awe inspiring harbour, alluring shops, vibrant night life, Rolls Royces, street vendors, 5 star hotels and cluttered apartments with washing hanging out windows – a place of stark contrasts.

The attendees including their incredibly beautiful and extremely tolerant “tai-tais” (wives) were John and Weisia Hunter, Mich and Trish Hart, Terry and Jocelyn Keough, Bruce and Lotta Monotti, Andrew and Kathie Sutherland, Peter and Cheryl Wotton, Tony and Pat Pfeiffer (and son Matthew), Bill and Jenny Watson, Kevin and Kathy Richardson, Grahame and Kay Charge, Garry and Carole Ryan, David and Sophie Jervis and Peter Don (David and Lisa Bridges from Adelaide attended in an honorary capacity and watched in amazement as events unfolded).

Although top heavy with lawyers (5) this eclectic mix from all mainland states and territories (except WA and NT) enthusiastically embraced each other and the outstanding program so meticulously organised by John Hunter (Hong Kong) and Mick Hart (Australia) although the latter's performance as de facto tour guide was a bit stready.

Hunter thought of everything from written instructions in Chinese for the taxi drivers to the choice of the Wharney Hotel as our base which was excellently located in the middle of the red light district of Wan Chai on Hong Kong Island. Many of the weaker-willed fell under the siren spell of its surrounding bars and nightclubs which sadly were only open until 5am.

The official program was preceded by a so-called “hit at the nets” on Thursday night at Delaney’s Irish Pub. Some of us overtrained and arrived at this function in a rather dishevelled state after a lengthy lunch at Victoria Peak (with its superb views) followed by drinks at Carnegie’s Bar (which only serves beer in glasses the size of viking cups). Although there were some less than mused complaints about the Delaney’s service (“Hunter, what do you have to do to get a drink around here?”) the complainants somehow managed to get very drunk.

After a quiet day shopping (is this an oxymoron?) “the Test” kicked off on Friday night with a silver service dinner in a private room at the Hong Kong Cricketer’s Club hosted by its most famous member (Hunter). It was Hunter’s birthday and his grateful guests presented him with an album containing messages and incriminating photos (he is bequeathing it to the Duntroon museum). This outstanding gift was created at short notice by Mesdames Hunter, Mich and Trish Hart, Terry and Jocelyn Keough, Ryan’s stubborn refusal to get off the bus at a football club (by falsely asserting it was a “reasonably gentle detour to Aberdeen to view the world’s most spectacular floating restaurant) involved lots of singing, drinking and falling about. Miraculously the same number of people that had left returned. The party animals kicked on at the “Dusk til Dawn” nightclub with some U.S. Marines who were taught several new dance steps and told all sorts of strange things about Australian Army officers which they appeared to believe.

On Sunday with 66,000 others we went to the races. Sitting in a private box at the Sha-Tin track was like something out of “Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous”. Another superb silver service meal, unlimited drinks, attentive Chinese waitresses and a 10 race program made for a wonderful day and most people even managed to win a few of the $250 million (HK$1.04 billion) turned over on the tote (excluding the self styled Hong Kong racing guru – Hunter). It was dark when we left and again, the hardy and thirsty repaired to Carnegie’s Bar and elsewhere.

On Monday it was open house at the Hunters. It was Hunter’s birthday and his grateful guests presented him with an album containing messages and incriminating photos (he is bequeathing it to the Duntroon museum). This outstanding gift was created at short notice by Mesdames Hart and Wotton. As night fell the lounge room was turned into a disco and even Florence the Sri Lankan maid, whose magnificent curry had been washed down with vats of red wine, leapt into the fray. This long and sumptuous luncheon ended at 9pm and finished off most but not quite all – rumour has it that the Harts and Keoughs kicked on until after 2 am with the former making a determined last ditch effort to edge out the “Charges” as “players of the series”.

Many stories are best left untold – those who fell over in the gutter, refused to pay for drinks purchased for bar girls (thereby risking the wrath of the triads) and relentlessly searched (allegedly without success) for a consort for an unaccompanied person, are safe (for the moment) – it can be said, however, that 33 years after graduation no-one paced themselves or showed any signs of restraint or moderation.

It is unlikely this event will be repeated or bettered.
On Friday 14th June 116 OTU members and guests gathered at Victoria Barracks Mess, before moving to their tables in the ante room to the strains of the trumpets of 2/10 Medium Regiment’s band. This was a tremendous response; indeed twelve people had to be turned away despite the Mess agreeing to an increase to the number originally planned, and there were several apologies.

Ray Andrews (1/70) was MC. David Ford GM, a DS during the first intakes, said grace. The band, under WOI Dave Farrell, played throughout the evening, including the OTU marches and song. Official guests were the Victoria Barracks PMC, Colonel David O’Brien and wife Colleen, Alistair (4/66) and Maria Pope from OTU and Operation Raleigh, and Ian and Helen Gibson from Power House, which runs Somers Camp, to which the Victorian branch of OTU sends young people annually for leadership training.

Interstate and country attendees included Frank (2/71) and Elizabeth Brookes from Adelaide, Sid (2/71) and Susie Kidman from Coonawarra, Brian Scantlebury (3/67) and family from Albury, Brock (3/67) and Jo Thomson from Geelong and Reg (2/70) and Susan Biggs from Bairnsdale. Several first timers introduced themselves.

Victorian president Carl Wood (1/72) thanked Chris Coates (3/71) and Brian Cooper (3/69) for organising the evening so well, and introduced Shen Li, a recent leadership trainee at Somers Camp sponsored by OTU. The mess provided a cake for recent fiftieth and other birthdays. Malcolm Brooks (2/72) proposed the toast to the Queen of Australia and Carl Wood followed with a toast to OTU and to the partners present.

Peter Hateley helped greatly with the event, earning applause from Chris for shouldering all the work just beforehand, when Chris was away on business.

From Shen Li:

After the MAX experience, I just can’t thank the people down at the OTU enough. The week down at Somers was one fantastic week, one that was completely different to the “Somers times” that I’ve had in the past.

On a person note, it was one about self-exploration and development. I learnt a lot about myself during that one week, a lot about the way I wanted to live life and the way that I wanted my future to be. The camp has gotten me to think about the path that I want my life to lead down and whether I am making the correct decisions at the present time. In some respects, it’s gotten me to change my ways so that I can move forward to achieving what I want to achieve. Furthermore, MAX camp really helped me to develop myself towards being a well-rounded person. Through the many professional speakers I really did learn a lot about important things such as teamwork, effective communication and even about the state of my own health and what I should do to live a healthy life. Indeed, on the personal note, I loved the camp because it really did help me to change for the better.

On the social note, it was one fantastic social gathering. Being together with over fifty young people, who were about the same age, was a really enjoyable experience. I really got to meet some great people down at Somers, people that will no doubt be a big part of my life in the future. Further, there was a lot of fun, laughter and happiness to be had.

On the academic note, the fact was the camp really got me away from university life and sparked a more eventful social life for myself. I enjoyed this aspect immensely!

So, again I must say a big thank you. If it weren’t for the OTU Association, I wouldn’t have joined this fantastic organisation known as Lord Somers Camp and Powerhouse, and I wouldn’t have had any of these things. Thank you OTU, you have really made a difference in my life and I hope you can continue to make such differences in the lives of others.
The Quarterly NSW Luncheon is one of those gems! It is a marvellous opportunity to catch up with old and new friends (the class of 3/02!) in a pleasant and relaxing environment at Concord Golf Club. You might ask how you catch up with new friends? To me, it is that indefinable something which is the shared Scheyville experience that brings together from 2/66 to 4/72 (as we had) in a spirit of friendship. The talk combines (inevitably) some reminiscing, but, more importantly, some musing about the here and now. For many, it is a time of transition as we move towards post-business or professional life – our 'third age' of new challenges and perhaps more options and new careers. The Association is a powerful resource for us all to continue to build on.

As before, we had some new arrivals appearing out of the woodwork. Rod Morehouse (1/70) has been representing the Australian Government for the past 27 years in places far and wide and is back in town (for the time being!). Barry Anderson (3/68) came up from Wollongong to see what it was all about, also!

Put the quarterly lunches in your diary now and with a bit of luck you will make at least one of them each year. Remember it is not only about the past, but, more importantly, the present and the future – that is the strength of our Association.

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**The Hunter Valley Dinner**

by Paul Rees

In November 2002 a small dinner for OTUers who live in the Hunter Valley was held at the Infantry Corps Mess at Singleton. The dinner was a trial for what is hoped to be a semi-regular and larger gathering of Association members who live north of Sydney and consequently have difficulty in attending the Sydney lunches.

The eighteen members living in Hunter were approached. One member has passed away last Easter. All the remainder expressed the desire to meet, however with the short notice given, only seven could attend along with Tony Sonneveld and Geoff Bennett. A great night was had by all. With the mess hosting a Company Commanders course dinner, our party had the use of the Derrick VC Room where an excellent meal was lubricated with the appropriate fluid.

The brother of the PMC was an OTU graduate in 1970 and so is very keen to assist as is the CO/CI of the School of Infantry, Lt Col Paul Roney. As a result of the night and the assistance of the mess we intend to hold another dinner in March, perhaps on the 14th. we plan a Saturday function so members north and west of the Hunter can come (some accommodation in the mess will be available.) While the dinners are based on Hunter, New England and North Coast membership, any OTU Association member or graduate is encouraged to join us.

While the Association executive refers to us as the Hunter Valley Paragraph, we have no structure and like to think of ourselves as an anarchistic sentence!
SA Xmas Dinner

Pip Forrester, owner of the award winning Salopian Inn located in the heart of the McLaren Vale wine district, was hostess for our “Month and 2 Days before Christmas” lunch.

Frank and Elizabeth Brookes, Fred Cook and Maureen Barker, Don Fairweather and Carmel Keane, Gary and Libby Vial and Ray and Jody Williams made up the party. Sixteen Scheyvillians tendered their apologies.

Participants voted it some of the best food and wine they had tasted.

Don Fairweather had revisited Scheyville in September and offered a lucky dip to those present for a few more souvenirs. Roofing nails and washers were the main prize!

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• Plaque (Jarrah shield with pewter badge & OTU tag) ________ 42.00
• Rugby Jumpers (for the family, 2 only M left) ________ 75.00
• Pullovers Navy (with OTU emblem – size 18 only) Clearance Price ________ 30.00
• Video (2/69 Reunion and Scheyville Plaque Dedication) ________ 25.00
• Postage – $7.00 flat charge (except badges & cuff links only $3.00) ________ 7.00

Total Order Cost $ ____________________________

A short note from the Quartermaster (Geoff Bennett 2/66)

New stocks of the OTU plaques are now available. New ties are 9cm wide to meet current fashion designs, so perhaps you need another one now. Clothing is being deleted from the range so sorry not all sizes are available.

Gary McKay (garymckay@bigpond.com) has quality polo shirts available at $34 + $6 p&h. They are dark blue with the OTU emblem – great for golfing or reunions.

The Scheyvillian Experience videos and books must be ordered directly from Film Australia at North Ryde or Queensland University Press respectively www.filmaust.com.au and www.uqp.uq.edu.au

Your cheque in pre-payment should accompany the order.