

**BONZER BOATING EDITION**  
**NEWSLETTER NUMBER 20**      **NOVEMBER 1996**

**BONE FIDO**

With apologies to all bona fide lovers of Latin, especially **Bill Sharp**.

Sherry and I had Fred and Ada Forest stop with us for a few days. The Forests come from the North of England and were visiting a close relative who has lived in Queensland for many years. A few weeks before leaving, Fred's mate died, bequeathing a dog to Fred. The Forests became very attached to the dog and vice versa; it had the run of their house and was well fed on the best of British bones.

The Forest's flight to Australia was a quick one with a short stop in Singapore to change planes. Brisbane was their first stop and at 5:30 am they hurried through Customs etc without impediment. We met them and took them to our place where their large suitcase was opened to extract gifts etc. "Oh isn't he a little devil?" Ada's Yorkshire voice rang through the house. She had found a large matured bone carefully buried amongst her undies. The dog had hidden it there while the port was unattended at home.

Images of mad cow disease, foot and mouth epidemics and rabies raced through our minds interspersed with thoughts of lengthy prison terms for breaches of quarantine laws. In the end we fired up the incinerator and cremated the bone. The Forest's Australian visit had got away to a spectacular start.

**"Remember the golden rule: those with the gold make the rules."  
"What has posterity ever done for me?"**

**TURNED OFF**

I'm indebted to the Courier Mail for the following:

Each Friday whatever patient was in a certain bed at the Pelonomi Hospital would be found dead. Searches for bacteria and an investigation of the air conditioning system found nothing. Then it was discovered that each Friday morning, a cleaner would unplug the bed's life-support system

to run a floor polisher. The noise of the polisher drowned out the patient's shouts and when the cleaner restored the connection, the patient would be dead. ....A hospital official was quoted as saying "We are sorry, and have sent a strong letter to the cleaner in question"

**"Some men are discovered, others are found out!**

**"Two in one people are schizophrenic."**

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Ed.,

My **Granddaddy** read your "Salty Tale" (July Edition) to me. It was alright. I prefer "The Owl and the Pussy-cat" because it's about real boating. Have you read "The Owl and the Pussy-cat"? In case you haven't, I am sending you the words and pictures.

"The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea  
 In a beautiful pea-green boat.  
 They took some honey, and plenty of money  
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
 The owl looked up to the moon above,  
 And sang to a small guitar,  
 'O lovely pussy! O pussy, my love!  
 What a lovely pussy you are, you are,  
 What a lovely pussy you are!'"

Does the "Salty Tale" boat have a guitar?

Yours truly,                      Chris.(aged 6)

(Thanks Chris. We're sorry we couldn't use all your pictures.Ed)

**"Sibling rivalry is for kids."**

**"Philosophy: unintelligible answers to insoluble problems."**

**"My best friend ran off with my wife...I'll miss him."**

**"Abstinence makes the heart grow fonder"**

From the other end of the longevity scale was an anonymous message from "**A Reader**" who asked "Who the hell is Ripley and why should we be plagued with his rum inspired maundering?"

(Thanks A.Reader, but we do try to cater for all tastes and the President is a boatie.)

Worse was to follow when another anonymous letter arrived from a person obviously ignited by our references to engineers in Newsletter 19.

Jewels from **Anon** include:

## ENGINEERS EXPLAINED

**Engineer Identification Test** (to determine if person is really an engineer.)

He is led into a room in which a picture is hanging crooked.  
 He..

A.Straightens it.

B.Ignores it.

C.Buys a CAD system and spends six months designing a solar-powered, self-adjusting picture while decrying the inventor of the nail as a total moron.

The correct answer is C but if he says "it depends" he may pass the test.

### **Fascination with Gadgets**

To the engineer, all matters in the universe can be placed into one of two categories: (1) things that need to be fixed, and (2) things that will need to be fixed after he has had a few minutes to play with them.

**Engineers like to solve problems.** If there are no problems handily available, they will create their own problems. Normal people don't understand this concept; they believe that if it ain't broke, don't fix it. Engineers believe that if it ain't broke, it doesn't have enough features yet.....To the engineer, the world is a toy box full of sub-optimised and feature-poor toys.

### **Fashion and Appearance.**

Clothes are the lowest priority for an engineer, assuming the basic thresholds for temperature and decency have been satisfied. If no appendages are freezing or sticking together, and if no genitalia are swinging around in plain view, then the objective of clothing has been met. Anything else is a waste.

(It is proposed to continue Anon's letter in subsequent editions. Meanwhile inquiries are being made into the identity of Anon. We have established that he may be a Management Consultant counselling admin. staff whose job is to write to hospital cleaners who have turned off life support systems.

## **MATRIMONIALS**

Following their comprehensive census of birds on the Bay (Newsletter 19) it is not surprising that **Malcolm Pegg** and **Beth** were visited at 124 Fortescue St. Spring Hill by white doves (geopelia). A flock arrived on 17th August to help celebrate the marriage of Beth and Malcolm. We wish them every happiness.

**"Marriage is bliss parsonified."**

**"Honeymoon- the morning after the knot before."**

**"I'm an incurable romantic. But who wants to be cured?"**

## **BERTRAMS' GRAND TOUR**

Before embarking on their odyssey **Joyce** promised to keep an account of their driving exploits at the wheel of a rented car in Europe. The story begins in Vienna with the party seated in the Saab Sardinus.

GB "Wow that was close." Screeeeech.

JB "You closed your eyes."

GB "I didn't close both, only the one on your side."

Kerrrrrrrunch bang.

JB "Where's the map?" Bump, scrape klump.

GB "You've got it in your hand fanning yourself."

JB "I'm not fanning myself, I'm shaking like a jelly." Eeeeeooo,  
eeeeoo.

JB "This map's useless, it's written in German." Eeeeeooo, eeeeeooo.

GB "No wonder it only cost a few schillings." Eeeeeooo, eeeeeooo.

JB "What's that terrible noise coming from the white car with the blue light?" Eeeeeooo, Eeeeeooo.

GB "How would I know. I've only been here a few minutes." Eeeeeooo.

JB "They're friendly enough, look they're waving to us." Kerrrrrrlunk.

GB "You closed your eyes that time. Anyhow I think they're telling us

to get to hell out of here."  
Grahame then put the key in the ignition, started the  
engine, eased out of the car park and drove their first  
tentative metres in Austria.

(Thanks for the notes Joyce. As requested we left out the naughty  
words. Ed)

<b>REST IN PEACE</b>
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**Keith Turner** passed away on 18th July. Keith was born in Finchley, North London on 2nd May 1925. He joined Civil Defence at 15 as a messenger delivering communications. During the blitz on London he had some narrow escapes. He joined the Royal Navy and was trained as a telegraphist. He served on HMS Pheasant in the Mediterranean and while on leave in UK in 1944 Sheila and Keith married after a two year friendship. A week later he returned to sea and spent the next two years in the Far East where he made his first contact with Australia during several periods of leave.

After the War he joined the Ordnance Survey as a cadet surveyor locating bomb sites.

In 1952 Keith applied to Australia House to migrate to Australia and in March 1953 he arrived in Brisbane with Sheila and two daughters en route to Mareeba to work on the Mareeba-Dimbulah scheme. Two more daughters came along later. Keith worked from Walkamin for four years and then moved to work on the East Barron outside Mareeba.

While at Mareeba Keith realised that if he was to have model trains he would have to build them himself and thus was born Mareeba Trainland, one of the Tableland's better, and least known, tourist attractions. Trainland opened at weekends for nearly 12 years and only closed in 1995 when Keith and Sheila revisited UK so that Keith could attend the 50th Anniversary of the end of the War in the Pacific and the Reunion of the British Pacific Fleet (Newsletter 18).

Keith was diagnosed with cancer earlier this year but Sheila was able to nurse him at home until 36 hours before he died. She was constantly assisted by their daughters.

The service for Keith on 29th July was attended by about 150 and was conducted by a Priest who worked for Keith as a chainman before entering the Ministry.

Keith was a devoted husband and father, a competent and conscientious surveyor, a good leader and a faithful friend.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Sheila and her daughters and their families.

(Keith was a staunch supporter of the Association, sending articles for the Newsletter, collecting subscriptions and recruiting new members. Sheila has stepped into his shoes and has already found two new sets of members).

**Mrs Huon Beale** died on 2nd August aged 87 years. **Huon Beale** died 16 days later. Margery Isadore Anderson was born in Brisbane in 1908 and soon

after the family moved to Melbourne where her father died a short time later. A trip to Europe with her mother was made in 1914 but at the outbreak of war Margery was sent back to Brisbane, "a hazardous undertaking" as she described it, during which her ship was chased and fired on by the German raider "Emden". Margery's mother remarried in 1915 and one step-brother and two step-sisters later arrived.

Margery married Huon Beale in 1936 and they were blessed with two sons and a daughter. Margery was a person who showed concern for others, loved her family and was loyal to her friends whom she made easily.

**Huon** was born on 15th July 1911 in Rockhampton where his father made and distributed bicycles and sold gramophones. His mother had been greatly impressed by the beauty of the Huon Valley in Tasmania and named him after it.

After education at South Brisbane State High School and Commercial High he began work in the Education Department before moving to the Audit Office in 1940. For the next 17 years he travelled the length and breadth of Queensland and was away from his family for two trips per year, each of 3-4 months.

In the early 1960's he became Assistant Secretary of the Main Roads Department and then Assistant Commissioner (Administration) of the Irrigation Commission. He retired in 1976.

Huon qualified as an accountant and with the Institute of Secretaries. He was a keen member of the Royal Institute of Public Administration and became an Honorary Life Member in 1987. He held very definite opinions about most issues and enjoyed debating. He loved reading and was a keen investor.

He was not a demonstrative man but he acted with kindness and generosity to many. He loved his wife and family, and lived a life of integrity, uprightness and stoic fortitude. He expected this of others. Huon's time with the Commission was one of much progress and he made a significant contribution to that progress.

Huon and Margery are survived by sons Tony and Peter, daughter Jenny, and their families.

**Mrs Halina Netzel** died on 16th August after a lengthy illness and is very much mourned by Karol, son Richard and his wife Elizabeth and grand daughter Amanda. In addition to caring for her family, Halina made a great contribution to the well-being of migrant women in the community and earned the Order of Australia Medal. I am pleased to have been able to publish Halina's story in Newsletter 16 in July 1995.

A large attendance at Requiem Mass at St Joseph's at Corinda prior to interment on 20th August was an eloquent tribute to Halina, her life and her family.

To Karol and family we express our deepest sympathy.

**Trevor Jones** will be well known to many members. Trevor died after a short illness on 28th October in Bundaberg where he had been stationed for some years providing groundwater advice. Trevor began with the Commission as a Cadet in the 1960's and served in Brisbane, Longreach, Mackay and Bundaberg. He was a son of Ken, a Works Supervisor in the Longreach District. Trevor who was only 50, is survived by wife Patricia, and four children, his mother and a brother to all of whom we extend our condolences.

## UP THE LAZY RIVER

A group of 29 Oldies and Boldies again took to the water on 12th Sept., this time on the "Adai Princess" for a most interesting and pleasant voyage of discovery from Mowbray Park upstream to the junction of the

Brisbane and Bremer Rivers.

Despite some momentary confusion regarding the precise embarkation point and the need to recover two lost souls, we departed in good time and moved through the city reaches obtaining a fish-eye view of the piers and undersides of the Story, Captain Cook, Victoria, Grey Street, Merivale Bridges before entering mainly urban areas. Along the city reaches there has been recent, significant development of high density unit housing coupled with riverside recreational areas the most outstanding being the Southbank area. Highrise office blocks are now a feature of the left bank

throughout the central business area but they provide an agreeable ambience. There are many fine homes along both banks interspersed with areas of bushland which, unfortunately, now include far too many exotic species. Celtis (Chinese Elm) was rampant in some areas and looked to be taking over. Although many riverside homes had pontoons or ramps there were surprisingly few privately owned boats to be seen.

Dredging for sand and gravel continues within the tidal reaches and the "Darra", formerly used to transport coral from Moreton Bay to the cement works at Darra, is now used as a sand and gravel dredge. We encountered her and several other dredges during the day. The "John Oxley", which succeeded the "Darra" was coming down river after dropping its load of coral and when alongside the moored "Darra" the channel was completely blocked. It looked like two semis coming towards you and occupying both lanes. The skippers are in constant radio contact with each other so collisions are avoided.

The skipper of "Adai Princess" made it clear that it was the activity of the sand and gravel snatchers which enabled larger vessels to use the upper reaches but he did comment on one or two areas where he thought that removals had been excessive. There are some very deep holes in the river bed. Going up on the high tide meant that features such as the Seventeen-Mile Rocks, through which passages were blasted last century, were covered by water. However on the return trip eddies and swirls were evidence of the rocks just below the surface.

The fruit bat colony on Indooroopilly Island numbers tens of thousands of these small noisy creatures. In keeping with earlier ornithological excursions our bird watchers found mangrove herons, welcome swallows, rainbow bee eaters, scarlet honey-eaters, brahmyn kites, a crested hawk, ibis, pelicans, cattle egrets and others including the ubiquitous crow and a pair of powerful owls fixed very firmly to a couple of pylons.

After an enjoyable barbecue lunch on board we have to, to briefly allow the Moggill car ferry to cross the river- its the last of the cable ferries in this part of the world. Soon afterwards we began our return journey which was as enjoyable as the upstream one.

(Thanks **Barrie Fawcett**, not only for this story, but for organising one of our most pleasant excursions. Ed.)

**"Megahertz: A very large car rental company"**

## ROSS and ROBINSON ROLLUP

The Aspley Memorial Bowls Club provided the setting for another successful social and bowls day on 12th August.

Eighteen hard-bitten lean and hungry devotees of the game played all day, four less enthusiastic souls enjoyed half a days competition and 12 members came for lunch only and a chat. A welcoming morning tea was followed by two hours of bowls. Then came a two hour, two course lunch with more chatting. **Shirley Beattie** won the Lucky Door prize. Two more hours of bowling was then followed by drinks and trophy presentation.

**Allen Seabrook** narrowly retained his Association Championship

just holding off a determined challenge from **Col Taggart**. Other winners of less exalted divisions were Stan Ross, Jim Walls, Norm White, Eric Davis and Stan James. Col Taggart took out the prize for the most consistent bowler over the day. Most fittingly the hardest worker for the day, **Doris Robinson** took out the final raffle trophy.

It was a very pleasant and enjoyable day. Thanks to those who supported it but more importantly our gratitude to those who organised it.

## RAIL AND ROAD TO THE GOLD COAST

Nine members and friends made the rail and road trip to the Gold Coast on 13th October with the Water Transport Group. It was great to see **Mrs Edith Learmonth** make the trip. The excursion began at Central Station with a fast and comfortable ride to Helensvale and then by chartered bus to the Coast Guards at Loders Creek for morning tea and lunch and Shark-cat rides. Also included was a look at Sanctuary Cove. The group returned to Brisbane by bus and train.

(Thanks to the **Water Transport Group** and **Norm White** for the day. Ed)

**"Nepotism can be a relative help."**

## RECOVERIES

**Alan Vizer** is out of hospital after successful surgery and is now reclining on the Gold Coast, snapping his fingers for even more attention from the devoted and doting Gwendoline. We all wish you a speedy recovery Alan. AND HERE'S A FEW MEDICAL ONES TO GO ON WITH.

**"Take sick leave, elope with a nurse."**

**"Chiropractors get my back up."**

**"Surgeons who separate twins are splitting heirs."**

**"Smoke- choke- croak!"**

**"As you smoke so shall you reek."**

**"Old flames give me heartburn."**

**"Psychiatry is the care of the id by the odd."**

## REMEMBER

**Mark Siebel** needed a lot of pushing to give us his life history. He was born in Ceylon, now Sri Lanka, in January 1922, the eighth of nine children only five of whom survived their early years. The Siebels are descended from a soldier in the Dutch army who arrived from Holland in 1768.

Much of Ceylon was invaded in the early 15th Century by the Portuguese who were ousted by the Dutch 140 years later. Dutch families like the Siebels were known as burgher families. In the early 1800's the British spread their rule from India overcoming both the Dutch and the Kandyen (Hill Country) Kingdom which had defied both the Portuguese and Dutch for 300 years.

Mark's father was a shop assistant who lost his job in 1929 during the depression plunging the family from "not so well-to-do" to poverty. His efforts to find work were of no avail but Mark's 16 year old sister (now a frail old lady living in Brisbane) found work in the Phone Exchange and helped her mother in the struggle to put food on the table.

Further disaster came at New Year 1930 when sparks from fireworks given to Mark by a kind visitor, caused a fire that partially destroyed the kitchen of their house. Neither the fire brigade nor reticulated water were available but neighbourly help and buckets of sand saved the house. Finding school fees was also a major burden and Mark still has memories as an 8 or 9 year old of class mates being sent from school

because their fees were not paid. His mother walked into the school Principal's bungalow one Saturday afternoon to ask for help. The Principal, a kind Englishman who had served in world war I and obtained Cambridge qualifications before joining the Wesleyan Missionaries, persuaded the school's Board of Governors to award free scholarships to Mark and his three brothers. This gift was gratefully seized by the four.

Mark showed his gratitude by contributing to the support of the school from his first pay until the Government financed it years later.

After matriculating via London University external examinations, Mark was unlucky to miss enrolment in the medical faculty of the University of Ceylon. He then joined the Civil Service studying and working in his spare time with a private surveyor until he obtained his licence as a surveyor. He then joined the Irrigation Department and worked as an Irrigation Field Assistant.

Following independence in 1947 violence between the major communities began to rear its ugly head and the success of a job application depended on the applicant's race and religion. Mark, by then married, began to consider migration but it was a decade later before the Prime Minister of Ceylon made a retirement offer to "disgruntled" Government officers, that he made the move and arrived in Brisbane on 2nd August 1957. By mid-August, after an interview with the late Ken Carmichael he began work in Rivers and Streams Branch on trial.

A little later he declined a salaried position with Queensland Rail and in 1959 he was one of the first two Assistant Water Advisers under the Farm Water Supplies scheme. Later he became the first Adviser to complete the F.W.S. course at Q.I.T. and in 1972 he was appointed Senior Water Adviser.

Mark rates a dam and feeder channel in the Boonah district as his most satisfying job, resulting as it did, in a letter of commendation from its owner, Mr Don Faulkner, to the Commissioner. He retired in 1982 at 60 years of age.

He concluded this history with the following:

"I am satisfied with the contribution I have made to society, to the local school's swimming pool, the local church and Sunday school...to a Brisbane based Association aiding children abroad (I am now a trustee) and to a counselling service....all despite ...an innate shyness.

I have a deep appreciation of this land of my adopted home, and despite recent alarming changes all around, I believe in her enduring future."

**Some of our members, particularly those involved with the Burdekin Dam, will be saddened to hear of the death , in August aged 54 years, of Robert Williams, Project Manager for the Leighton Group at the dam.**

**He is survived by his wife Tonia and by children Danielle and Sam.**

**An obituary to Robert appeared in the October 1996 edition of Civil Engineers Australia.**

### IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR ?

From the Moreton Bay Courier, predecessor of the Courier Mail 150 years ago about **Sir George Gipps**, Governor and Chief Executive of the Colony:

"He came amongst us, a professed liberal, redolent of all those delightful theories of universal freedom, toleration, and progressive equality, oftener, alas! found in theory than in practice. A few years of irresponsible authority, exercised over a people apparently incapable of

unison, or of estimating the consequences of his acts, rendered His Excellency the veriest stickler for (summary decision making).

(He was) arbitrary and despotic in his own government.... His government, however, is at an end. Regretting the decay of his health, we rejoice at his departure." (not a member of WRRROA of course)

**"90% of politicians give the other 10% a bad reputation."**

**"There is no future in history"**

Cheers

Bernie Credlin.

