



WATERY SAUCES OLDIES AND BOLDIES

Officially known as Water Resources Retired Officers Association Inc.

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REST IN PEACE

Harry Stark passed away in November 1994 at the age of 73. The large number of mourners at his funeral testified to the very high regard that his former workmates and the wider community had for him.

Harry was born in Toowoomba in 1921 and was educated at the Toowoomba Grammar School where he was dux of the school and was awarded a scholarship to the University of Queensland to study Engineering.

World War II interrupted his studies and Harry served in the army. While the engineering course was being re-established after the war, Harry taught at the Church of England Grammar School.

After graduation Harry worked for the engineering consultants John Mulholland and Associates. A proud achievement was the design of Storm-king Dam for the Stanthorpe water supply. He was also involved in the design and construction of Weirs on MacIntyre Brook near Inglewood.

Harry joined the then Irrigation Commission in 1953 to work in Designs Branch. He then moved to Surface Water Branch and by 1966 he had become Senior Engineer Surface Water. The 1960's and early 1970's saw a great expansion of the stream gauging network in Queensland with the injection of Commonwealth funds to monitor and develop the State's water resources. Harry was responsible for expanding the monitoring network and for the rapidly increasing number of hydrological investigations of surface water supply schemes.

Harry took a keen interest in activities across the Commission, realising the value of good communications among branches. This earned him the reputation of having a mobile desk! He also took a personal interest in the activities and welfare of his hydrographers. He pushed for their upgrading and for better equipment and facilities for their field work. The latter were greatly appreciated during periods of adverse weather, especially during floods.

After retirement from the Commission in January 1981, Harry actively pursued a number of interests. To the end he maintained contact with many of his work colleagues as a playing member of a social tennis group. He studied German and took cooking lessons.

Cooking became one of Harry's specialities and he worked hard as a cook for the Meals on Wheels Association. He was also well known for the variety and quality of the dishes he prepared for his guests.

Harry is survived by wife Marie, daughter Jan, son-in-law John and grandson Thomas.

Marie and family greatly appreciate the messages of sympathy received and the large attendance at Harry's funeral. She is having some difficulty in locating all addresses of those who contacted her and she asks those who have not received "thank you" notes to bear with her.

Mrs Iris Pearce died in January 1995. She was born in Sydney in 1917 and received her education there. The depression years of the 1930's prevented her from attending University. Iris married George in 1942 but his service with the Royal Australian Engineers kept them apart for long periods. After the War she devoted herself to supporting her husband in his work and caring for her two children. She also found time to establish and tend an outstanding garden. After George's retirement in 1978 they travelled extensively in Australia and overseas until ill health intervened.

The Minister officiating at her funeral service summed up her life thus "Iris has always upheld the true meaning of family". Few would want a better tribute. Mrs Pearce is survived by husband George, daughters Anne and Karen, son-in-law Tony and grandchildren Mark and John.

Jim Cannell passed away on 28th January 1995 in Cairns. We hope to have a fuller report next Newsletter.

RECOVERIES

Don Beattie had surgery in early November necessitating a week in hospital. He has recovered well from both the operation and the attentions of his six grandchildren over Christmas.

Heather Mincher also had a short stay in hospital. I suppose that is one way of recovering from an extended tour of Europe, but more about that later.

Alan Vizer is out of the Mater Hospital recovering from surgery to replace a hip. Plans to simultaneously replace his hair were abandoned due to a demarcation dispute between the tonsorial and surgical staffs.

Roy (Honk) Morrison had a stint in the Radium Institute in January.

ROLLING ROUNDUP

These notes on the W.R.R.O.A. bowling day come from co-organiser Stan Ross with complimentary historical notes.

"Tigellinus and I are in the Boccie finals down at Ostia" So said Nero in 64 A.D. Poppaea, somewhat ashamed that her beloved would put bowls before work, told the press that Nero was playing the fiddle while the vandals torched Rome, thus putting a much better face on things.

The fascination for the game of "bowls"(13th century) is legendary with instances like Sir Frank Drake in 1588 resting against Kitty while the Spanish Armada sailed past, the sailors no doubt clapping and crying "Ole".

The game regained its poor reputation when the TAB and other forms of betting blighted the sport, particularly during the reign of Charles I. Even worse, the masses neglected archery practice to play bowls and the greens became possible sites for unlawful assemblies, conspiracies and sedition. The lower classes were therefore "blackballed" thus fixing the colour of half of future bowls. Also about this time some bowlers began tinkering with the bowls so that they ran crookedly. "A little altering at the one side maketh the bowl to run biasse waies". This practice continues today in bowls and some other sports, notably horse-racing. (Sharp W.M. 1973). The Scots with their traditional aversion to separating themselves from their hard-earned, stamped out gambling and thus gave the game respectability. It was about this time that the concept of "level playing fields" was applied to the greens and the sport prospered. Sadly the "lpf" concept has now disappeared from other sports, business and international trade.

Stan goes on to state that the sporting highlight of the Association for 1994 was the game played at the Aspley Memorial Bowls Club on 28th November. Nineteen players competed and two others came for lunch. They all had a great day.

Col Taggart showed superior skills in skipping teams to "highest winning margin" in both the morning and afternoon games. Some attribute the wins to Joan Ross who was "lead" in each team. Joan's unerring accuracy and vigour is attributed to years of practice hurling heavy kitchen objects. Eric Davis (am) and Norm White (pm) also assisted Col.

A "raid" by the Ryan-Lynch consortium from Morayfield didn't fire on the day but they will be big threats this year.

The organisers hope to see all the players again this year and maybe a few more. Please send any constructive suggestions including date and venue to Stan.

The Association is indebted to Doris Robinson, Norm Rossi and Stan for organising this very pleasant day.

Note: Stan acknowledges his limited formal qualifications in historical matters but he staunchly defends the accuracy of the references herein and will gladly enter into any correspondence thereon. Ed

REFLECTIONS ON EUROPE

Roy and Heather Mincher have provided the following account of their visit to Europe in 1994:-

We flew from Cairns to London via Narita (Tokyo) with Japanese Airlines with an overall flying time of 19 hours. An overnight stay at Narita helped avoid jet-lag on arrival at Heathrow. In-flight hospitality was bountiful and on the Cairns-Narita leg we were upgraded to Executive class.

Picking up the rental car in London was no problem but driving a car with the windscreen wiper and turning indicators reversed made for exciting travelling for ourselves and the following drivers-beep,beep. After a couple of weeks with my relatives we toured England, Scotland and Wales staying mostly at B & B establishments which we usually booked at local Tourist offices rather than do our own door-knocking. We chose a good time to visit Britain because the "Britain in Bloom" contest was on and little villages were alive with spectacular flowers and old pubs were adorned with hanging baskets of beautiful colour. One of my ambitions was to attend a British Open Golf Championship and I did so at Turnberry in Scotland. We got a last minute B & B cancellation at Ayr and while I went to the golf Heather shopped in Glasgow and Edinburgh. So heavy was the traffic to Turnberry that the 15 miles took 45 minutes. My enjoyment of the golf was enhanced by my admission to the course as an Old Aged Pensioner. You golfers will be interested to learn that in the rolling green hills of South Wales is "The Alice Springs Golf Club".

Before travelling to London we passed through Ironbridge in Shropshire where the first cast iron bridge in the world was built in 1779. It spans 100 feet but is now closed to all but pedestrian traffic. It is classed as a National Monument. We also visited the beautiful fishing villages of Looe and Polperro. I allowed 5 hours for the 230 miles to London but took only 3½ on the motorway. Anyone sticking to the 70 mph speed limit is passed by all, including buses and semi-trailers.

We spent 10 days in London and oh what a cosmopolitan place London has become. I felt like a stranger in the capital city of the land of my birth. London, and indeed the whole of Southern England was in the grip of a mini drought with temperatures in the low 30's. Pastures and bushes showed moisture stress.

We used a Eurail Flexipass to travel through Europe breaking our journey as we pleased. We left London on 5th August and took the cross channel ferry from Ramsgate to Ostende and then to Munich by fast overnight train to catch up with friends who showed us the local attractions including several "Zees" to the south of the city. These are large lakes with picture postcard villages along their shores. Our friends also took us to the famous waterfall at Gramai in the Austrian Tyrol. Here too the widespread drought was evident and you could "stop the flow with a bucket". From Munich we went to Vienna with a break of a few hours at Salzburg to revisit "The Sound of Music" city. It was the height of the tourist season and the place was jam-packed and we were happy to be back on the train. In Vienna we found a relatively cheap hotel (not easy) and wandered around this magnificent old city although it was having its hottest summer in 143 years with temperatures in the mid 30's.

After 3 days in Vienna we took the train to the Czech republic where we stayed with friends in Teplice, a small northern industrial city. Our friends drove us to the beautiful city of Prague and although it was crowded with tourists we were able to see its sights. Our friends also had a cottage 6 km from the Czech, Polish and German borders and we spent five days wandering through pine forests and enjoying the local colour. We found the Czech Republic by far the most affordable country. In country areas a decent meal for four could be bought for \$20 but Prague has jumped on the tourist bandwagon.

Our next destination was Norway. We travelled by train to Copenhagen and then by train/ferry to Sweden and on to Oslo in Norway where we were driven to our hotel by a Pakistani taxi driver from London. The E.E.C. allows workers from one member country to work in another. Our hotel had four stories and our room was at the top. At 2 am a deafening jangle of bells and flashing red lights woke us. You guessed it...a fire alarm! The lifts were out of use and the guests in various states of confusion, panic and undress poured downstairs and out into the street where rain forced us back into the hotel lobby. Then the fire brigade arrived, huge men, the smallest was bigger than Arnold Schwarzenegger. They traced the alarm to a faulty smoke detector in the basement. As we waited for the lifts to take us back to our room other guests were coming down the stairs, fully dressed and carrying their suitcases. By 2:30 we were asleep when the alarm went off again. This time we ignored it and it went away.

From Oslo is one of the most scenic train rides in the world to Bergen on Norway's fjord coast crossing what appeared to be major rivers fed by melting snow in the nearby mountains. In places we passed through "elevated" tunnels where snow drifts could sweep over the line without hindrance to rail traffic.

We spent four very pleasant days in Bergen famed for its open air fish and flower market. The queerest fish in the market was Dame Edna Everage with offside Marge. She graced us with a brief chat and photos. Overall Norway was a most expensive country. I asked a local how he could afford to live there and he told me that nobody in Norway works for less than \$1000 per week.

Bergen was the final stop of our European train trip and we returned to Newcastle by ferry, a 24 hour journey. After a few more days in England we flew back to Townsville via Tokyo and Cairns after a memorable holiday.

Thanks Heather and Roy

THE WICKHAM CLEANUP

After innumerable ultimatums from close and powerful forces Alan has "rationalised" his library and deposited with the Editor many booklets and magazines, thus placing in jeopardy the physical wellbeing of that unfortunate soul from his own close and powerful forces.

The Wickham Collection contains the following:

SPLASH

Mar 1952 and Mar 1953

AQUARIUS	1972 2 issues; 1973 4; 1974 4; 1975 3; 1976 4; 1977 3; 1978 1:
FLOWLINES	1978 2; 1981 1; 1982 1; 1983 1; 1984 1:
SURVEY NEWSLETTER	1981 1; 1982 1; 1983 1; 1984 1;
WATER BULLETIN	1980 1;

No doubt the next Annual General Meeting will decide what should be done with these papers. Hopefully anybody interested will be able to borrow them.

MARRIAGES

This is the first time the Newsletter has had an item under this caption and it is reproduced as it was received:

"I feel let down by this one. "There", I said, "is a man of determination. There is no way a woman will convince him that marriage is the logical answer to the question of day to day domestic requirements." Then out of the blue it comes - and now Stuart Robinson has been claimed to the ranks of ordinary mortals, for on the 17th January Stuart married Doris McKean of Brisbane...Well-!"

(From the March 1953 issue of "SPLASH".)

The same issue of "SPLASH" also mourned the loss of Bill Sharp to the world of vaudeville. Bill had taken the city by storm with his handlebars moustache, long underwear and poignant song "My Canary has Circles under His Eyes". He gave up a lucrative stage career for the far less remunerative one of civil engineering.

Also mentioned was the departure of Alan and Joan Wickham for England to get the best seats for the Coronation. Alan was also going to get a job.

REGIONAL NEWS

Mareeba

Keith Turner tells us that 29 Retirees had a Christmas get-together at the "Homestead" at Tolga. The smorgasbord lunch was most enjoyable and Keith took the opportunity to relieve those attending of their 1995 subs.

Thanks Keith.

RHABDOMANCY

Divining Intervention

The following extracts are taken from an article by Kym Loechel in Australian Gold Gem & Treasure.

The following might sound like bull dust to most of you, but after divining for water for....years I'm convinced this is how most people... regard this curious "art".

It is not hard to see the sceptic's point of view. I mean it looks silly, but to my knowledge there is no scientific explanation for the reaction of wires, sticks, and would you believe, crowbars etc in the hands of the dowser.

Not everyone can divine but it is surprising how many people it will work for.

What do you need? Well you don't have to spend much money, that's for sure....your divining rods will cost just a few cents....just take two pieces of No 8 or No 10 fencing wire about 18" long. About 6" along the straight piece of wire make a right angled bend to form a handle...Repeat this with the second piece of wire and there you have it...

Hold the handles one in each hand like a pair of six guns about 10"-12" apart. You should hold them firmly, but not so tight as to be uncomfortable. Stand with your elbows at your sides and relax. You must feel comfortable at all times. Walk slowly over the area you wish to search. Take your time, the slower the better to begin with. Now comes the hard part. Empty your mind of all thoughts other than of finding water. Concentrate hard. Try to focus your concentration under the ground. This may sound hard but try to imagine the stream of water below. It is not as difficult as it sounds and with a little practice it becomes second nature. As you approach a stream, the wires will begin to pull towards your body almost as though someone is pushing them towards you. When you are directly above the stream, the wires will swing towards each other and cross. You have now located a stream...hopefully!

Many things underground can cause this reaction as well as water. Tunnels, mineral lodes, opal seams, water pipes and even telephone cables can be found. The latter two make good targets to practice on when starting out. The next step is to determine the depth of your target. There are many methods of doing this and not all methods work for all people, so it is best to stick to the most basic when starting out.

Repeat the first step, finding the stream and stopping when the wires have crossed. Mark the spot and then "break" the wires. To break the wires, just drop them to your sides. Now return to your starting point and move about 10 yards to one side. Move forward until the stream is found once more and again mark the spot. Having done this three or four times, you will be able to draw a line from mark to mark, giving you the approximate direction the stream is taking. If the stream runs east-west your last approach should be from the south, heading north across the stream at right angles. As the wires cross, do not break them. Mark the spot, then walk slowly forward until the wires swing apart. The distance from this spot, back to where the wires first crossed, will give you the approximate depth of the stream. As mentioned before, this is a very basic method and what works for one person may not be as accurate for the next. This goes for every aspect of divining. Nearly every dowser has his own special methods and it is only by trial and error that you will find out which suits you the best.

So there you have it. The first steps in learning how to divine. Even if you think this is all hocus pocus why not waste two pieces of wire, a bit of time and have a go.

Who said it was bull-dust? If there is sufficient interest from our members Bill Day and Dave Munro will conduct classes for learners and advanced pupils respectively.

CAPTURE

Germaine Kennedy of Bundaberg has had her book of this name published. The American critiques were kind and the book received excellent reviews. We all hope the book sells very well. Germaine is also a contributor to the Courier Mail's "First Person" column and has provided material for our Newsletter. A few snippets are appropriate to us oldies. "Every generation finds it hard to hear what its children need - because it's own childhood is still ringing in it's ears."

"The older you get the more important it is not to act your age. "According to an Islamic proverb, each word we utter should have to pass through three gates before we say it. At the first gate, the gatekeeper asks, "Is it true?" At the second gate, he asks, "Is it necessary?" and at the third gate. "Is it kind?"

"YUPPIES" have turned into "GRUMPS" (Grim, Ruthless, Upwardly Mobile Professionals)

"MINKS" (Multiple Income, No kids)

"OPALS" (Older People with Active Lifestyles)

"TICKS" (Two Income Couple with Kids)

Thanks Germain

REMEMBER

All will remember Harry Horne who is enjoying retirement at Caboolture. One of the Commission's most courteous and efficient officers, Harry reluctantly gave me the following information on his life. He was born in Hull, Yorkshire in 1925. "Childhood ended abruptly when I was directed into the Cyclist Messengers in the Civil Defence. This was to be intended to be a sideline and one was supposed to carry on with a normal life during the day regardless of how heavy the night air raids had been. Following this I served in the Royal Air Force as a Rada Operator. The big step in my life came when I decided to emigrate to Australia, arriving in Brisbane on the "Mooltan" in August 1950. I joined the Commission as a Timekeeper at Bonshaw Weir in September and followed this with a short period drilling for water in the Burdekin area under the supervision of Tommy Lord. Deciding that the desk was an easier taskmaster than the drill, I returned to timekeeping at Clare and Gorge Weir until 1953, when with two mates we embarked on a twelve month working holiday around Europe. I returned to the Commission at Millaroo and except for a few months with a sawmill at Mungalla I was with the Commission until retirement in 1985. After the spell at Mungallala I was at Greenup Weir, Nathan Gorge, Mutchilba, Millaroo, Moogarah Dam, Leslie Dam, Wurumba Dam, Fairbairn Dam and in 1972 I was transferred to head Office as Senior Clerk (Personnel). Despite some name changes to the position, I was in that job until retirement. I now live at Caboolture where my main interest is playing Contract Bridge with the local Club.

Cheers for now and don't forget the Annual Meeting in mid-April.

Bernie Credlin
(EDITOR)