WATERY SAUCES OLDIES AND BOLDIES
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REST IN PEACE

Bill Brannelly died at his home on Bribie Island on 27th March 1995 surrounded by his family. In the past nine years Bill overcame two separate battles with cancer only to find last November that he had a third and untreatable one.

William Patrick Brannelly was born on 7th June 1915 at Rockhampton. His father worked for Walter Reed & Co. ultimately becoming Company Secretary. Bill was educated at the local Christian Brothers college to Senior level. Jobs were hard to find in the Depression and Bill finally started work as a temporary Clerk with the Irrigation Commission at Theodore in 1934.

Bill joined the Royal Australian Air Force and began training in 1941. He was posted to Dumfries in Scotland in 1942 for further training as observer, bomb aimer and gunner. He served with 460 Squadron and took part in the first 1000 bomber raid, on Cologne. He completed his 30 tours and returned to Australia to convert from Lancaster to Liberator bombers at Tocumwal. He was commissioned as a Pilot Officer in 1944 and when he was demobilised at the end of 1945 he held the rank of Flying Officer.

On return to civilian life Bill worked in the Commission's Head Office and made the time to complete his Accountancy Degree at the University of Queensland as an external student. He later served at Mareeba and Fairbairn Dam before returning to Head Office as Accountant in 1969. In 1975 he was appointed Secretary until he retired in July 1978.

Most of Bill's retirement was spent at Bribie Island. He is survived by his wife Vera (19 Indra Avenue Bellara, Bribie Island 4507), three daughters from a previous marriage, two step-daughters, 13 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren. The eulogy delivered at Bill's funeral by his brother John referred to his quiet courage in adversity, his concern for those around him and his unassuming honest nature. Those who worked with Bill would certainly agree with those sentiments.

Lorraine Cooper died on 16th April. This tribute comes from Heather Clarke. Her accompanying letter said that she wasn't very good at putting words together. I don't know of anyone who could have written a nicer, more sincere or more sympathetic obituary.

"It is with a deep sense of sadness that we announce the passing of a very good friend to many of us Lorraine Cooper (Gray).

It was in 1953 that Lorraine, who was born and bred in Bundaberg, arrived in Brisbane to commence work at the Irrigation & Water Supply Commission. It was that very same year that quite a number of new recruits started their working careers at the Commission and the group has remained firm friends ever since. What wonderfully happy, fun years they were! We recall the Irrigation & State Stores Social Club's camps at Tallebudgera, the Christmas Parties at the old Kurilpa Town Hall, the cricket matches, "Murph" and the typing pool - the list goes on - and we will remember that Lorraine was always an integral part of those activities. Around 1957/58 Lorraine returned to Bundaberg to help set up the IWS District Office. She always spoke of Wally Roman, Dave Wilmott and that period of her life with much affection. She then ventured south to Newcastle where she worked for the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau and it was in that city that she met and married Don and eventually moved to Gladstone where she quickly settled into life in a "country" town, reared three children and became passionately fond of golf. Actually, she played golf about four days per week and played competition golf around Queensland for many years. Her numerous trophies bear testimony to her skill at the game.

About 18 months ago she was diagnosed with a terminal illness, but, with courage, good humour and sheer grit, she fought the good fight right to the end. She passed away peacefully on Easter Sunday night. I am sure that Lorraine's courageous battle with her untimely illness will always be an inspiration to those who were around her during this period. Those of us who knew her and shared those outrageous teenage years with her will always remember her. Our thoughts and prayers go to Don, her husband, and her three children, Martin, Russell and Larissa. She is now at peace."

Peter Grealy died in early June and was buried on 13th June. Peter came to the Commission in 1970 as a Chainman in the Farm Advisory Service. He had previously held an administrative position in the Commonwealth Public Service from which he retired due to ill health. Peter was also called upon by the car pool as a driver. Peter resigned in 1972.

Mark Siebel often worked with Peter and described him as a good companion with a fund of jokes and anecdotes and a devoted family man. Peter is survived and missed by his wife and their large family.

Thanks Mark

REMINISCENCES

Mystory by Halina Netzel

My father died when I was 3 months old and my mother was left with me and my elder sister. I do not know what happened but it seems that my mother moved back to her parents. At some stage I must have been given to an aunt, who was my mother's oldest sister, married with no children.

I remember a very happy childhood. I had everything I wanted and more.

My mother remarried and moved with her new husband to Warsaw where I had been born. When I was 8 or 9 I was forcefully taken back by my mother and not allowed to see my aunt. I did not understand any of this and was not given the full story. However an enmity developed between my mother and my aunt and I learned that it was better for me if I did not say good things about one to the other. I never lied but I also never told everything I knew, I kept some things to myself and to this day I do not find it difficult at all to keep secrets. My life eventually fell into a pattern where I stayed with my mother during the school year and my aunt during the holidays. I was a happy person. I made plans for the future and was convinced that the world was waiting for me. Of course the war which broke out on September 1, 1939 changed everything.

My husband Karol, my son Richard and I came to Australia in August 1949. In early November of that year we moved to Brisbane and what a to-do it was! At that stage Brisbane was a small town of about 4 or 5 hundred thousand people. It looked prosperous. Now imagine us, a crowd of wildly gesticulating people, laughing, shouting in languages nobody understood, descending on the prim and proper Brisbanites who sedately walked, be-hatted and be-gloved, in the CBD. They did not know what hit them, but neither did we. In time we got used to each other and developed a good relationship.

In mid 1950 Karol got a job in Mareeba, where we spent about 3 years and learned about life in Australia. I liked it there particularly as the Country Women's Association befriended me and were always ready to help me.

Possibly the first or second Sunday after our arrival we went to church. The congregation must have gasped collectively when they saw me coming in my best silver-grey outfit with matching accessories at 7 am, on Sunday in this tropical town.

I myself shudder thinking about it now. I had another dress mishap on return to Brisbane in 1953. I went by train and tram to visit a friend. I wore my new sundress which I bought in Mareeba and which was the accepted mode of dress in that part of the world on hot days, but found frivolous and indecent by passengers in the tram who looked scandalised and disgusted. If looks could kill I would not be here today.

I was looking for a job and started work in a factory because I did not have faith in my ability to cope with office work. As it turned out this was one of the profoundest experiences of my life. The men and women there accepted me as one of their own even though I was quite a stranger to such an environment. While there I learned that the needs of people are all the same no matter what the background. I enjoyed their company and even today, when I sometimes meet someone from those long passed times, we have wonderful rapport.

I spent about two thirds of my working life as a volunteer and I savoured every minute of it. My last effort, is the multilingual radio station where I started my career as broadcaster in 1980 with the Polish radio group but eventually started an English program called "Women's Profile" which is still running. I actually think this is what I should have been doing all my life but somehow never realised it. Still I derive no end of joy from it in the eve of my life. I also feel that my childhood and factory experiences have made me into the person I am now.

Australia is a good country for migrants. A steady government, people give others a "fair go" and of course the opportunities found here let us fashion our life in our own way. There are of course drawbacks, but we became attached to Australia and even though we dreamed about our home country we still wanted to come back here when visiting there.

I too became attached to Australia. I like to think that another country would not have given me as much as Australia did. I have been awarded the Order of Australia. I was sponsored by Irena Ford, also a Pole, and at that time resident in Australia only about 5 years. We were both quite unknown yet quite obviously those awards are given on the strength of achievement not on whom you know otherwise I'm sure I would not been given it. I am very happy and proud of that Order.

The seminar at which I was speaker and have been asked to write down "mystory" was of tremendous importance because it highlighted private initiatives of women who did not find satisfaction in being confined to their own linguistic narrow community. Their curiosity and perseverance is shaping the culture of Australia. This is multiculturalism at its best because it is the result of an inner commitment based on one's own needs. I think that I have also contributed in my own way to diversify Australian perceptions and I am proud of that.

REGIONAL NEWS

MAREEBA

Keith Turner will be travelling to England for celebrations titled "Reunion of the Forgotten Fleet" to be held in Portsmouth in August. The festivities are for sailors of the Royal Navy who had to remain in the service for up to two years before returning to their British base where they were demobilised. "When we returned home everything seemed to be back to normal.....we received no homecoming celebrations or welcomes.." Keith was one of 270 crew members of HMS Pheasant an escort vessel used to re-arm and refuel the larger battleships. Keith's service with the Navy included two years in the Pacific.

Good travelling Keith and Sheila and we hope you will give us an account of your adventures in a future Newsletter.

A Luncheon was held at short notice at the Mareeba R.S.L. with a roll-up of 16. A visit from Len and Kaye Ritchings provided the excuse for the get together. A great time was had by all.

BUNDABERG.

Roy Maxted has kindly supplied the following update on some of the local members: Winston James is still tripping down to the Gold Coast as often as he can to see his family.

Max Riley was due to have a stone like a golf ball removed from his gall bladder in April. We wish him all the best and hope that by now he is back on the golf course.

Roy McFarlane and **Honk Morrison** are both having treatment for wide apart problems Roy with his neck and Honk with his feet.

"General" George Toone travelled north to do battle with Messrs Bryden, Callaghan and Mincher but beat a hasty retreat back to Bundaberg after four days. The General vowed to rejoin the battle when he recovers from his wounds. "I shall return" he said.

Merv and Edna Scheuber have sold their house and moved into temporary accommodation with son Cameron at 4 Dunn Road Bunderberg until they buy another residence here.

Eric and Peg Wheeler are still angling for that BIG one.

Des and Betty Wust are said to have sold their ranch type business in Childers. Roy and Iris Maxted are tripping to Melbourne later this year after a visit to the Atherton Tableland.

RHABDOMANCY cont. Last Newsletter's article on water divining produced a "stream" of comment. The Courier Mail (18th May) ran a story on Mr William Gath of Chinchilla who says he can track the exact movements of any member of his family, right down to every stop they make and their exact positioning at each stop over hundreds of kilometres using his special divining technique. (In my boyhood my father could do this and in addition he could tell the sex of my companions and whether or not we had been smoking and the stick in his hand certainly wasn't a divining rod. Ed.)
"I just need a map of the area and I can pinpoint exactly where water is." said Bill. It all has to do with magnetic forces, I think. I just suspend a rock or a piece of charcoal from a length of string and move it slowly over the map. When it passes over water the charcoal will start circling the area."

Another piece of information received was about Air Marshall "Bomber" Harris, Commander of Allied bombing forces in Europe in World War II. It is claimed that he hung a ring on a length of thread over maps of enemy Europe to ascertain the ferocity of anti-aircraft defences and used these results to help select targets. The late Harry Plint in his contracting days before joining the Commission always insisted on divining for suitable sites for his clients' bores. That the sites were close to firewood and had reasonable access for the plant and casing was coincidental! That they were mostly successful was due to Harry's good knowledge of basic hydrogeology.

REMINDERS FROM THE EXECUTIVE

Upon the death of a member the spouse automatically becomes a member AND will not be obliged to pay further annual subscriptions.

A member who has been financial for 5 years continuously and who has reached the age of 75 years, shall upon application, be entitled to become a fully paid up member with all the rights and privileges of the Association without the payment of further subscription.

Membership of the Association is not only open to retired officers of the Commission and succeeding bodies but also to such other persons as the Executive may determine. Do you have a friend who would like to join?

The Executive Committee would like see more members contribute articles to the Newsletter, particularly of their experiences and items of topical interest. (I am delighted to have received contributions from Halina and Karol Netzel. Halina's story is in this edition and Karol's will appear in a later one.)

Stan Ross stepped down from the Committee after serving in several capacities including terms as President and Newsletter editor. The Executive places on record it's appreciation of Stan's services.

INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION ON LARGE DAMS

Malcolm Pegg attended the ICOLD meeting in Durban in 1994 and gave us the following notes.

I took a pre-meeting tour along the south coast of Cape Province from Capetown to Port Elizabeth and a post-meeting tour along the Zambesi River.

The first tour commenced with a short discussion on the problems of supplying water to the major growth area around Capetown. I felt quite at home as the same scenarios of alternate water sources have been examined for Brisbane. This trip included two water supply schemes. The first was to the Palmiet Pumped Storage Project including Kogelberg Dam (54 m high Arch) and the Rochview Dam (45 m high Rockfill), as the lower and upper storage's. Plans are in hand to modify this scheme to transfer water into the next basin to supplement Capetown's water supply.

The second scheme was the Wolwedans Dam (70 m high Arch Gravity) the first roller compacted concrete dam in South Africa. During both these visits arrangements were made for accompanying persons to study the unique ecosystem of the area and some of the literature coming out of it.

In addition visits were made to significant locations around Capetown (Table Mountain, Kirstenbosch Gardens, Groot Constantia winery), the Stellenbosch area as well as other scenic and historical points of interest along the coast. The last day included a visit to an ostrich farm.

The post-meeting tour included visits to two major existing dams on the Zambesi River- the 128 m high Arched Kariba Dam impounding the world's largest man-made lake and the 164 m Arched Cahora Bassa Dam in Mozambique. Both dams can only be described as magnificent, and are a tribute to their engineers.

The trip also took in the Batoka Gorge which is the site for a proposed 167 m high arched gravity roller compacted concrete dam.

Smaller dams visited were Mazwikadei Dam (63 m high Embankment), Mutora Dam (26 m
high Embankment) and Mazowe Dam (37 m high Arch).

As well visits were made to Victoria Falls, the Hwange National Park and a Safari Park on Lake Kariba. While no big cats or rhino were seen a comprehensive range of other African wildlife was observed.

Thanks Malcolm

IRREVERENT MEDICAL DICTIONARY

ARTERY	The study of paintings
CAESAREAN SECTION	A Roman neighbourhood
CAT SCAN	Searching for Kitty
CAUTERISE	Made eye contact with her
DILATE	To live longer
ENEMA	Not a friend
IMPOTENT	Distinguished, well known
MORBID	A higher offer
NITRATES	Cheaper than day rates
NODE	Was aware of
PAP SMEAR	A fatherhood test
SEIZURE	A Roman emperor
TABLET	A small table
TUMOUR	More than one
URINE	Opposite of "You're out"
VARICOSE	Nearby
VEIN	Conceited

RELAXING ON THE RIVER

The fine sunny morning of Sunday 28th May saw 22 members and guests join 80 odd members and friends of the Australian Water Transport Association on the steam tug "Forceful" at the Queensland Maritime Museum for a day trip on the Brisbane River. But first a few details of the "Forceful". She was built in Glasgow 70 years ago, has a length of 36.9m, a draft of 3.96m and a mass of 288 tonnes. A triple expansion steam engine gives her a speed of 13 knots. She was commissioned into wartime service in 1942. After general maritime and salvage duties she was retired in 1970.

Since then the vessel has been operated and maintained by volunteers of the Q.M.M.Association.

The tour departed at 10am and travelled downstream under the Captain Cook Bridge, past the city, past Breakfast Creek, along Bulimba Reach, under the Gateway and past Fisherman Island Terminal to the mouth of the River. Views of buildings along the banks combined with freighters, light craft and yachts to provide excellent scenery on this fine autumn morning.

The crew welcomed passengers to informative tours of the engine room. The voyage continued past the "Coffee Pots" to St Helena where a barbeque lunch was served. The "Forceful" returned to the Maritime Wharf at 4pm. All aboard greatly enjoyed the day - travel on an historic vessel, excellent scenery, good food and abundant drink. All in all it was a stunning day although one southside man-about-town became more stunned than the rest.

Thanks Norm White for the organisation and these notes.

THEM WERE TH' DAYS

The June 1973 edition of "Aquarius" contained a "De Vere" cartoon showing two perspiring and shaking figures. These were clearly Dave Wilmott and Reg O'Reilly (De Vere) and the location was obviously the Commissioner's office. Beneath the cartoon were the words "...And another thing - ***lay off the commission's big shots!"***

Dave gave me the following notes about his experiences in producing staff magazines when reminded of the cartoon:-

"The first (magazine), in the early 'fifties', was brought into being at the suggestion of Gordon McDowell who thought that people in remote offices, receiving only official communiques, must feel dismally isolated. A staff magazine, circulating

social and general activities would, he felt, minimise those feelings of being detached and forgotten.

He put the matter to Greg Chettle and myself and the magazine "Splash" was produced.

We had hardly pulled our editorial visors down over our eyes when we were both transferred to Mareeba.

'Undoubtedly banished for having trodden on someone's toes' Greg opined. Be that as it may be, no further issues of "Splash" appeared. By now we had an infusion of ink in our veins and we produced a smaller northern version which, being necessarily smaller and unavoidably parochial, we called "Trickle".

Response was very gratifying and we had great plans for it but, again, transfers put paid to those ideas.

Some years after my return to Head Office, Ken Carmichael used my association with "Splash" and "Trickle" to launch a Branch magazine "Rivers & Streams Branch Quarterly Review". Ken was rather proud of his brainchild and although he watched it's content and format carefully, he allowed me considerable license. It was very popular to Ken's great content. This was all rudely overturned when the Commissioner suddenly took it under his wing as a Commission issue with new format and the name "Aquarius".

As his workload permitted he watched over the publication with even more zeal than Ken had shown, conducting his appraisal when the issue had been collated and ready for printing.

This would often prove annoying and frustrating, for he would take affront at some submission, call me up and ask me why the devil I permitted such rubbish to be typed, even though "the rubbish might have been put forward by one of his more senior officers" . Explaining this to the contributor required some neat side-stepping and careful diplomacy. One memorable occasion had to do with a cartoon and article that went to print during his absence. The cartoonist and I were "carpeted" with a sizzling homily that called our reasoning capabilities into question and made some telling cuts at the quality of our character development. Nothing of which compared with the reception that was given on the occasion that I once lost my cool and told him that as the whole thing was voluntary, to which I gave a hell of a lot of my time, such aggravation made me wonder if it was all worthwhile! Boy, oh, boy! There was a long moment of stunned silence, followed by a coldly delivered discourse on my wit and probity that made me very conscious of the fact that it is certainly 'easier to raise the devil than to lay him'! But surprisingly, when he cooled

down he called me back and said that, in future I could assure my Branch chief that permission had been given to produce the magazine in Commission time.

Yes, sirree, them were interesting times! Talk about riding the volcano'!

Thanks Dave

GOLF DAY

Only 12 members turned out for the golf day at Nudgee Golf Club on 13th June, a disappointment for the organisers. **John Morse** won the trophy for the handicap event amid loud calls for a swab and an inquiry into his reversal of form. **Reynard Robinson** used all his cunning to record the lowest score off the stick. All players had a good day.

Thanks to Norm White for the organisation.

BECAUSE WE ARE MEN

The following is reproduced with considerable fear and trepidation. "If you put a woman on a pedestal and try to protect here from the Rat Race you're a male chauvinist pig. If you stay at home and do the housework, you're a pansy. If you work too hard, there is never enough time for her and the kids. If you don't work hard enough, you're a good for nothing layabout. If she has a boring repetitive job with low pay, that is exploitation. If we have a boring repetitive job with low pay, we should get off our asses and find something better.

If a man gets a promotion ahead of her that is favouritism. If she gets a promotion ahead of a man, that is equal opportunity.

If we mention how nice she looks, that is sexual harassment. If we keep quiet that is typical male indifference. If we cry, we're a Sheila. If we don't we're an insensitive b---.

If a man thumps her, that's wife bashing. If she thumps him, that's self-defence.

If he makes a decision without consulting her, he's a chauvinist. If she makes a decision without regard to his feelings, then she's a liberated woman. If he asks her to do something she doesn't enjoy, that's domination. If she asks him, it's a favour.

If we appreciate the female form and frilly underwear, we're sexual perverts. If we don't we're poofters. If we like a woman to keep in shape and shave her legs, that is

sexist. If we don't care, that is unromantic. If we try to keep ourselves in shape, that's vanity. If we don't we're slobs.

If we buy her flowers, we're after something. If we don't we're forgetful. If we are proud of our achievement, we're up ourselves. If we aren't, we're not ambitious. If we ask for a cuddle, we never think of anything but sex. If we are totally whacked after a bad day at the office, we never give a toss about other peoples' needs, and remember..... ***MARRIAGE WAS THE FIRST UNION TO DEFY MANAGEMENT."***

Thanks Germaine Kennedy

<u>COMING EVENTS</u> (please note them on your Calendar)

Friday 8 September 1995	Dinner at Alexandra's (COTAH's restaurant at Coorparoo)
Wednesday 8 November 1995	Christmas luncheon at COTAH on the Southbank

In addition, we are hoping to organise a visit to Toowoomba by Coach during the Carnival of Flowers: ***Wednesday 27 September 1995 is the expected date for this visit.***

Also, Stan Ross has agreed to organise another Bowls Day for us in October: ***Friday or 20 October are the tentative dates at this stage.***

MORE DETAILS OF EACH EVENT WILL BE SENT TO YOU AS THEY ARE SETTLED AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING AS MANY OF YOU AS POSSIBLE ON THESE OCCASIONS.

From your Committee

Bernie Credlin
Editor