

2/3 A.H.S. CENTAUR ASSOCIATION (INC.)

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NEWSLETTER NOVEMBER 2017

UNVEILING OF MERCHANT NAVY MEMORIAL, POINT DANGER

Daniel McKenzie, Tweed Daily News

A permanent memorial to all seafarers two and a half years in the making was dedicated at Point Danger on International Merchant Navy Day, 3 September 2017.



Members of the SEQ Vindicatrix and MN Mariners Association, who raised \$25,000 to have the monument erected, were on hand with seafarers, their families and dignitaries, as flags were lowered to

half-mast to honour the more than 100,000 merchant mariners who have died since 1788.

Once consigned to Davy Jones's locker, treasures of the sea rarely rise to reveal their stories on land again, but a bow anchor retrieved from the SS Alberta off Point Danger in 1990 found its final resting place as the monument's centrepiece, which was dedicated by Queensland Governor Paul de Jersey AC.

"The memorial's central anchor is a powerful reminder of the perils awaiting those who venture beyond our shores, but the memorial also stands as the spirit of service and recognition," Governor de Jersey said.

"We owe a tangible debt to seafarers and merchant sailors, they are the seniors of the trade which has made our nation prosper. For without their labour, both in peace time and in war, the trade of goods on which our society depends would grind to a halt."

The anchor's shank has been placed to guide viewers' eyes out to sea, leading directly to the point where the SS Alberta met its demise off Sunderland Reef 137 years ago.

Beside it is the Alberta's recovered ship's bell, which poignantly sounded the watch for those in attendance during the dedication.

MN Mariners Association president Brian Hunt paid tribute to the Merchant Navy, the fourth arm of Her Majesty's forces, but also, the largely "forgotten service". Mr Hunt urged everyone in attendance to remember all the men and women who plied their trade on the sea, including some 40,000 who died in the Second World War.

"September 3 also marks the first day of the Second World War - the first casualties of the war were merchant seamen, and they were also the last to die in the Second World War," he said. "Merchant seamen are seen to be serving in all theatres of war."

The Governor called on the younger generation to ensure the memory of those whose experiences are consigned to the annals of history are never forgotten.

"Seafaring is deeply embedded in our common culture, and with great respect, I acknowledge the contribution of older Australians. I want to also acknowledge the younger members of our society," Governor de Jersey said.

"It's so important that younger people are involved in these events to ensure the continuity of the message, and that the memories are preserved.

"Thanks to the tireless efforts of the south-east branch of this organisation (MN Mariners Association), we now have a dignified and fitting memorial through which we can channel our gratitude for the service and sacrifice of merchant sailors.

"Through your combined efforts, you've given public prominence to a legacy so vital to secure our prosperity; may they no longer be the forgotten service."

The Point Danger monument also had the involvement of local tradespeople and the Gold Coast City Council, Gary Fidler Architect, Boyds Bay Group builders, Palmer Flags, Chris Morrissey Tiling and Neumanns of Currumbin, who restored the anchor.

Architect Gary Fidler was also the architect for the nearby Centaur Memorial which was a Merchant Navy initiative unveiled in 1993. The Centaur suffered the greatest loss of life of any merchant vessel in WWII, and the two memorials complement each other.

L. Centaur Primary School choir which performed at the Service, standing on the Walkway which commemorates all merchant ships sunk off the Australian coast.



CENTAUR COMMEMORATIONS 2017

Concord, NSW.



Some of the Centaur families present at the Service with Fr Graeme Murphy SSS and Maroubra Rovers:

Carol Miller and Susan Smith nieces of Capt. Stephen Foley, FA, Richard Jones nephew of Major Gordon Jones FA, Malcolm Knight (behind) grandson of Capt. B. F. Hindmarsh SMS, Isabel Fitzgerald and Lucy Walton daughters of Pte Clem Wood, FA, John Robb (behind) nephew of Pte Fred Denne FA.

The ceremony at Concord was held on Friday 12 May in the 113 AGH Memorial Chapel at Concord Hospital and was conducted by Mr Dale Baikie, Anglican chaplain, and Fr Graeme Malone, SSS, Catholic chaplain.

An overcast day with intermittent showers didn't deter the good attendance at this ever-memorable event. It is encouraging that the Centaur commemorations continue to attract local dignitaries and hospital staff, and our thanks go to **Alice Kang** and her team for ensuring the story of the Centaur is not forgotten.

The 5th FA displayed its banner with that of the 2/12th FA, now in the safe-keeping of the **Maroubra Rovers**. A group photo of some of the 2/12th personnel was used on both the invitations and the Order of Service.

The Naval Prayer was read by **Alan Curry OAM**, 5th FA, and the Naval Psalm and later the Ode were recited by **Don Kennedy**, president, Merchant Navy RSL sub-Branch. Mr Tomas Hamilton from the 5th FA played guitar and sang his own composition "Centaur".

It was, as always, great to get together with our members of the Centaur family in remembrance of our relatives and friends on Centaur. It was an honour for our President **Richard Jones** to give the Centaur Address. Our Association numbers were reduced by sickness and other considerations on this occasion but for those who were able to attend it was another memorable and moving occasion.



Centaur Association wreath-layers at Concord this year were (L) Isabel Fitzgerald and (R) Lucy Walton, daughters of Pte Clem Wood, 2/12th FA, who lost his life on the Centaur.

Caloundra, Qld.

Submitted by Keith Clegg

The Service this year was held under a grey threatening sky and a weather forecast of rain. Fortunately it didn't rain and the umbrellas were not needed. Attendance numbers were down on the previous year, probably due to the weather and because it was Mothers' Day.

All the regular Centaur families were well represented with the exception of **Alice Thompson**, aged 99 years. Alice is confined to bed and I am sure she was with us in spirit.

And it was very pleasing that **Erica Costigan** was able to attend after recent surgery and hospitalisation. **Paul Clegg** has taken over Erica's Publicity Officer role on the Caloundra RSL Centaur Committee. Paul's grandfather, Pte Percy Clegg SMS Centaur, would be very proud.

Guest Speaker, Mr Pat Horgan, President Caloundra RSL sub Branch, gave an excellent address on the history of Centaur concluding with acknowledgement of Mothers and Mothers' Day.

Pastor Arthur Fry, who has been associated with the Caloundra Service for many years, conducted the Prayer of Remembrance, Prayer for Peace, and the Prayer for Families making special mention of Mothers.

Wreath Laying is always emotional for Centaur Families with memories flooding back. While the wreaths were being placed, students from Caloundra Christian College placed a single flower on each Centaur Plaque on the Memorial Walkway. This has become a traditional part of the Caloundra Service and adds special meaning to the Placing of Wreaths Ceremony.

Local TV Channel 7 and Channel 9 covered the Service and Sunshine FM 104.9 Radio aired an interview two days before the Caloundra Service. It is very pleasing that local media are playing an active part in ensuring that Centaur is not forgotten on the Sunshine Coast.

The traditional Group Photo was taken in front of the Memorial at the conclusion of the Service and all present were given a 'Remembering AHS Centaur' Post Card that was a Thank You for attending in 2017 and an Invitation to the 75th Anniversary Service in 2018.

All present were invited to the Caloundra RSL for tea, coffee and light refreshments.



CENTAUR COMMEMORATIONS 2017

Macksville, NSW.



Photo: Christian Knight, editor, Nambucca Guardian News

On the left are eight local members of Captain Hindmarsh's family: Abi Knight, Kirstin Knight, Loas Haydec, Lesley Kent, Aileen Unit (front) Glenyse Maher (behind) Diane Hopkins and Jan Thomas. Margaret Henshaw from Kempsey, lost her father, Doug Hoare from Wingham lost his brother, Cadet Jack Kable lost his great-uncle, Charles Brewer from Coffs Harbour lost his uncle.

Above are mid north coast Centaur families, some of whom travelled from Wingham, Kempsey, and Coffs Harbour to attend the Service which was conducted by Macksville RSL sub Branch. The Service was attended by members of the Nambucca Valley Naval and Mariners Association, Cadets from TS Mulgoa, South West Rocks, Legacy and local schools who all participated in the ceremony. We were pleased to have our mayor, Ms Rhonda Hoban, attend the ceremony and lay a wreath on behalf of residents of the Nambucca Valley. Many residents in attendance were from old-time Macksville families for whom Captain Hindmarsh was their family doctor.

A communal wreath was set up near the Memorial with a large photo of the Centaur and a mini replica of the Centaur Plaque that was laid on the deck of the Centaur in 2010. Cadets offered poppies to those present to place on the wreath which was then ceremoniously laid on behalf of the Centaur Association and all present by **Abi Knight**, granddaughter of Capt Hindmarsh.

Students from Macksville Public School, Macksville High School and St Patrick's Primary School read selected passages from the Beatitudes, and laid wreaths on behalf of their schools.

Incidental music was provided by Charles Brewer on keyboard, with Ian Flarrey sounding the bugle calls, and Jocelyn Lepaa leading the gathering in the National Anthem. After the Service, Charles and Ian played the Trumpet Voluntary by Purcell.

All were invited to the Ex-Services Club for refreshments and fellowship after the ceremony.

'Something's happened to Johnny...' (p7)

A poignant moment as Doug Hoare places a poppy on the communal wreath in memory of his brother, John, 2/12th FA.



Abi receives the communal wreath from a cadet as cadets mount the catafalque party.



The printed edition of this Newsletter has been generously donated by Macksville (NSW) Public School as a community service. Captain Hindmarsh (lost) and the family of Pte Eric Taylor (saved) were residents of Macksville at the time of the sinking.

Dapto, NSW.

Dapto and Port Kembla RSL sub-Branches are now amalgamated and the new name is **Dapto Port Kembla RSL Sub Branch**.

The AHS Centaur Memorial Service was held on Sunday the 14th May 2017. The RSL padre Mr Peter Matthews CMC, JP, conducted the service and **Mr Jack Gray** who had been a passenger on Centaur's first trip to Port Moresby gave the address.

The service was well attended by RSL members, Red Cross, Scouts, Cubs, members of the public and relatives of people who were on the Centaur. Amongst the relatives were **Lucy Walton** and her sister **Isabel Fitzgerald**, daughters of Pte Clem Wood, 2/12th FA. Two days earlier Lucy and Isobel had been the Centaur Association wreath layers at Concord.

Afternoon tea was provided after the service at the Dapto Port Kembla Memorial hall, opposite the park.



The War Memorial at Dapto which is conveniently situated in the park near the railway station.

Services were also held at Heidelberg Hospital in **Melbourne** and at St Andrews' Church, Lutwyche in **Brisbane**.

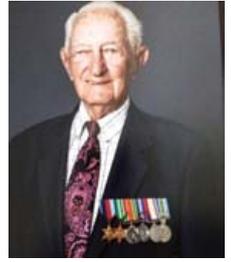
The Brisbane Service was conducted by the Centaur Memorial Fund for Nurses, established in 1947, when it began fund-raising for nursing education in Qld in the name of the Centaur.

The Melbourne Service at Heidelberg Hospital has been continuous since 1944 when the first service was held to honour the three nurses who had enlisted from Heidelberg, **Sr Ellen Rutherford**, **Sr Alice O'Donnell** and **Sr Wendy (Jenny) Walker**.

Continuing the story of

Ex-Cpl Athol (Tom) Pledger, NX47190 2/12th Field Ambulance

Survivor of Ambon



School

It seems funny as these days the children start learning at about four years of age, but I was six when I started.

I had a great friend, Beryl Short, who lived with her grandmother a few doors from our place and she was a couple of years older than me, so when I was ready to start school she asked Mum could she take me. Mum thought very hard because she was Catholic and went to the Catholic school, but eventually she said "yes". I can see Beryl dragging me by the hand off to school and Mum crying her eyes out. I had a brand new leather school bag which hung on your back. To this day that is one smell which lingers on, was the smell of leather when you opened it up to get your lunch out. I don't know why but I only lasted a year at the Catholic School, too many prayers I think, anyhow I went the next year to the Public School, where my favourite teacher was Miss Souter, (she later married Reg Winter). She was such a kind person and looked after her class as if they were her own children. Later on I had Miss Butt, Mr Solomon, Mr Lange and Mr Woodward. They were happy days. You never wore shoes, they were only to go to Sunday School or for special occasions. The last year at Public School, 1930 they introduced for the first time, Dux of the School. They had three examinations and you took the highest mark for each subject. I was lying third till the last exam and I got 100% in Geography and won the Dux by, I think, one point from Eric Wright and Joan Dietz. On the presentation night they had a big school concert in the Literary Institute Hall and I was presented with a gold medal and a book. I thought I was great but I soon found out when I went to Lismore High School I was only small fry. In 1992 they held the Centenary of the Byron Bay Public School and I went to it and met so many old school mates, Bunny Evans, Sophie Brown, Mavis Roberts and many others.

The old school which had looked so big to me when I was a pupil now looked so small and the old shed we ate our lunch in was gone and is now a big covered parade ground and new classrooms took its place and the playground where we used to catch mullygrubs by placing a straw of grass down their hole and when they grabbed it, slowly pulling them out. It was a great game to see who could catch the most. We used to get cigarette cards from packets of cigarettes. Dad used to smoke, so I got his. They were mostly famous cricketers and we used to play for them. You would take one card and hold it between two fingers then standing on a line drawn in the dirt you flick the card against the wall of the lunch shed and whoever's card came nearest to wall won the other person's card.



There was a boy named Lennie Whitfield, who was always in trouble with his teacher Mr Solomon and regularly received the cane. Mr Solomon would make him hold out his hand and as soon as the cane started down he would grunt, so he got the nickname of "Grunter" Whitfield. The poor fellow grew up and went to World War II and while in the Middle East went into a house they had just captured from the Italians and picked up a fountain pen lying on the table and when he unscrewed the top it exploded, blew off both hands and one eye. But he recovered and I used to see him and his mother around the streets in Sydney after the war.

After public school at the Bay I went to the High School at North Lismore from 1931 till 1935. We had to catch the train from the Bay at 7.30am and travel 30 miles to North Lismore and arrive home at 4.45pm. I passed my Intermediate Certificate in 3rd Year and went on to 5th Year and had just started 5th year when I was offered a job as junior porter on the Railway so I left school and started work. I often wished later that I had got my Leaving Certificate, but it was at the height of the Depression and jobs were hard to get.

My Working Life

I was lucky to have had the amount of education I had and it was because my father did not lose his job and he only lost 1 week's work in every 6 weeks so we were considered well off. There were thousands out of work and the poor fellows would "jump the rattler" i.e. steal a ride in empty trucks on the goods trains. As we lived right opposite the Railway Station the poor beggars would knock on the door and ask Mum if she had a crust of bread she could spare and being Mum she never turned anyone away even if it was a slice of bread dipped in dripping. In these Depression days you were not paid the dole like today. You were given vouchers for so much food and these were accepted by the business people. It was just enough to exist on, so the menfolk left home and looked for work and this would leave an extra ration for the family. I remember a little aboriginal boy about 12 years of age stowing away on the SS Wollongbar in Sydney and was found by the crew. The Company had to return him to Sydney and as the boat didn't sail for 2 days Dad brought him home. In those days nearly everybody had a fuel stove and he saw Mum having a job lighting it one morning so he said "Mrs Pledger have you some kerosene" and Mum said "yes".

So he went outside, found a piece of brick and bound wire around it leaving a handle about 12 inches long. He put some kerosene in a jam tin and placed the brick in it, so that when Mum set the fire in the morning all she had to do was take the brick out of the kerosene place it under the sticks of wood and light it. When the fire was going she just lifted it out and let it go out and cool down and place it back in the jam tin of kerosene and it would be ready for the next time. We were all sad when we had to send him back to Sydney. I often wonder what happened to him.



Back to my working life, my first job was a temporary junior porter at Byron Bay under Mr Harris, the Station Master. He was a good boss, but strict; in those days if you wanted to see him, you knocked and waited till he told you to come in and you always called him Mr Harris or Sir. My first job was cleaning the station and collecting the tickets from the incoming passengers and loading the parcels onto the brakevan of the train.

I also had to clean and fill the signal lamps. I used to have a trolley to take them out to the signals about a mile in each direction. It had two wheels with a seat and rack behind for the lamps and an outrigger which fitted onto offside rails. You propelled it along by a rowing stroke on a handle which was connected to the back wheel. I had few spills off it as when you come to an intersection of the railway track and the trolley rocked, one wheel could go on one rail and the other on the other rail and next minute you would be bouncing across the sleepers. I had only been on the job about three months when they sent four of us to Sydney to sit for the examination for the job I was doing temporarily. Ken Keach and I passed the exam, but Ken's uncle was the examiner so he got the job and I was out of work and it was the middle of winter.

I got a temporary job with Bell Bros, the local fishermen. Work started at dawn, when they would have lookouts watching the surf for shoals of fish travelling up the coast. It was my job when a shoal was sighted to sit on the net in the boat while one of the others rowed out over the surf and as soon as the shoal of fish were in the right position I would jump overboard and swim ashore with the lead line and take it ashore while the other chap would row around the shoal to the beach further up.



Then the rest of the team would start to pull in the net and land the fish on the beach. Then it was go, go, go. Because the fish had to be washed, put in wooden boxes and then broken ice placed on top and a lid nailed on. They

were then taken to the railway to catch the 7.30am passenger train to Sydney.

The only clothes you wore were a woollen swimming costume and football jersey and every time you lifted a case of fish cold ice water would run down your tummy and legs.

I did this job for about 3 months and then got re-called onto the Railways as a Junior Porter at Mullumbimby, that was in 1935. I was getting 12/6 (\$1.25) per week. Paid 7/6 per week board and every second weekend hired a pushbike for 1/6 and rode 12 miles home to Byron Bay for the weekend.

After this I got the job as conductor on the North Coast Mail from Byron Bay to South Grafton. I had a travelling rack of tickets and excess fare book and I had to issue tickets to people boarding the train at unattended platforms. In those days they also had refreshment rooms at Byron Bay, Casino, South Grafton, Kempsey, Taree, Gloucester, so I would have to enquire how many wanted breakfast at Casino, lunch at South Grafton and wire these numbers to the Railway Refreshment Rooms at the appropriate station. To us the refreshment rooms were known at the R.R.R. at Byron Bay and they made the best pork pies. The Bay was renowned for them. Pies, Peas and Mashed Potatoes, I can still taste them. I used to stay overnight in the railway sleeping quarters at Grafton and catch the Northcoast Mail on its reverse journey next day.

After 12 months or so I got a relief job in the South Grafton District which ran from Murwillumbah to Gloucester. After relieving at Lismore, I went to Casino and my job was from 6pm until 6am looking after the gates across the main road from Casino to Tenterfield. I had a little cubby box about 4 feet by 4 feet with a stove in one corner as it was freezing during the winter. My job was to open and shut the gates to let the trains through while the road traffic was stopped. I boarded with the Hiscocks family in Casino together with a train driver and a fireman. One cold night they were taking a train through to South Grafton and as I was standing at the gate as the engine went past I received a full bucket of cold water. They thought it was a great joke, so a couple of nights later I filled a couple of brown paper bags with flour and climbed up on the roof of my cubby box which brought me on a level with the engine cabin, so as they passed by I let them have the two bags of flour. I believe they spent hours cleaning themselves and the cabin up as everything was covered in fine flour. I was never given a shower bath again.

From Casino I was sent to Sawtell which was only an unattended siding, but was becoming quite popular, especially with holiday makers. My job was to open it up and get it going. Never having done accounts before and there were no previous ones you could follow I had to have a go. Mr Langford was the Traffic Inspector and he helped me no end and I finished up quite well. Got to know everybody at Sawtell and had a great time there. After I had it running smoothly I was replaced and sent to Gloucester. I stayed at Penfolds Boarding House. It was a mixture of boys and girls and we had some great times.

To be continued.

Canberra, ACT.

On the 14th May, the Last Post Ceremony at the end of the day at the Australian War Memorial is dedicated to 2/3 AHS Centaur. This year the Centaur person remembered was **Private Alan Thomas Adams**, a driver with the Australian Army Service Corps (AASC) attached to the 2/12 FA.

The story of Pte Adams was detailed by Guest Speaker Colonel Michael McMahon, Australian Army, recipient of a Bravery Medal for action in Afghanistan.

Alan Adams was born on 4th April 1913 at St Peters in Sydney to Albert and Florence Adams. He enlisted in the Army in 1941, became a driver in the AASC and was assigned to the 2/12 Field Ambulance at Darwin two weeks after the commencement of the continuing aerial bombardment of Darwin by the Japanese. The 2/12 Field Ambulance Unit was in the process of being rebuilt after the loss of ninety of their members through death or capture when on detachment to Ambon and Timor. Subsequently, he was deployed with the 2/12 Field Ambulance to Corrimal near Wollongong before embarking on Centaur destined for New Guinea via Cairns. Alan, aged 30, died along with 267 others on board when 2/3 AHS Centaur was torpedoed and sunk by a Japanese submarine east of Moreton Island on 14th May 1943. Unfortunately we don't have any relatives for Pte Adams amongst our membership.

Wreaths were laid by the edge of the Pool of Remembrance by Centaur family members, representatives of service organisations and the US Embassy. Catherine McGrath, granddaughter of George McGrath, AASC attached to 2/12 FA, laid the wreath on behalf of the Centaur Association.

The ceremony was very sensitive and impressive. Members of the Centaur family are encouraged to attend next year when Pte Athol Povey, 2/12 FA will be remembered.

The ceremony may be viewed at

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H7-tgY_cIDI

Point Danger, NSW.

The Service was conducted as usual by the students of **Centaur Primary School**, which has taken on the ethos and values of the Centaur as well as its name. Centaur Day is a very special day for all students and it is a massive undertaking to bus the whole school up to the Memorial. at Point Danger.



L. Some of the Hindmarsh Medal recipients. The award was presented again this year by Srs Mary and Frances Moran who also endow the Moran Medal presented at the end of the year. The Sisters take time to speak with each recipient.

R. clockwise from students lining the Walkway, three jolly sailormen (MN), Ros Belussi, daughter of Pte George Murphy SMS, made it all the way from Perth, and Leone Bade with Phyll Butcher, sister of Pte Bill Lawson, 2/12th FA, after whom Lawson House at Centaur Primary School is named.



L. Srs Mary and Frances Moran with a wreath for their brother Pte Jack O'Neill Moran 2/12th, FA, Jim and Pam Gilbert, daughter of Pte Fred Fortier and niece of Pte Alan Fortier 2/12th FA, Margaret Ryan, daughter of S/Sgt James Taylor 2/12th FA.



Some of the Centaur families and dignitaries present at the annual Centaur Last Post Ceremony at the AWM in Canberra. Photo includes in no particular order Richard Jones, president of the Centaur Association and his wife Margaret, Audrey Wills, sister of Pte Povey 2/12th FA with her granddaughter Kate Parkinson, Kate McGrath our wreath-layer and her father Steve, son of Pte George McGrath 2/12th FA, Steve Evans and Joanne Robinson, great-nephew and -niece of Cpl William Arthur Evans 2/12th FA, the President of Canberra Legacy, Mr Peter Eveille, RSL, and COL. Michael McMahon, the Guest Speaker. We were grateful for the presence of Captain Defrais, Naval Attaché to the US Chargé d'Affaires, representing the USS Mugford which rescued the survivors. At the Service but not in the photo were Sanya Ritchie and Rob Pettiford.

Premonitions...

Some people in situations of extreme distress have experiences that have no natural or physical explanation. The loss of the Centaur is not without its premonitions.

Pte John Hoare, NX51142, 2/12th FA

Doris Wells, sister of Pte John Hoare, was married with two young children and living in Mittagong, where her mother Eva lived with Doris' younger siblings. Doris' husband, George, was in the RAAF, and Doris was one of the myriad of women who 'kept the homefires burning'.



In mid-May 1943 Doris decided to take her children on a holiday to visit Aunt Fan in Junee. There were many relatives in Junee including Doris' younger brother Cyril who had recently left school and had gone to Junee to work in his uncle's menswear shop. It was a long and uncomfortable trip lurching along in a wartime steam train with many stops, not only those scheduled at stations, but being shunted off to sidings to wait for troop- and freight-trains to pass.

She hadn't long arrived in Junee when she became quite distressed and cried: "Something's happened to Johnny."

Cyril said she was inconsolable. She wouldn't stay, and went back to Mittagong on the first available train. By the time Eva received the telegram on 18th and phoned the news to Aunt Fan, Doris had already left.

Pte Percy Kelly NX83583, SMS (survivor)

From a letter written by Pte Kelly on 10 August 1943 about events on the night of 13-14 May.

During the night I had a strange dream. I dreamt that I was with Mum. She turned to me and said: "You will be all right."

I woke up and was worried; the words I could still hear them: "You will be all right." After a while I went to sleep again. I don't know how long I had been asleep when I had the same dream again. This time the words were louder.

I woke up and didn't know what to do. I sat on the side of my bunk and looked at the other chaps all asleep. I wanted to wake them up and tell them about my dream but I thought they might laugh at me and think I was mad. I wish now I had woken them up.

But after thinking for a while I thought it would have been silly waking them because of a dream. I even told myself that in the morning I would laugh over it myself, but it was not to be.

TS Centaur Australian Navy Cadets, Maleny Qld.

*LEUT Linda T. Vann ANC
Commanding Officer TS Centaur*



On Saturday October 28th 2017 Staff and Cadets from TS Centaur, TS Onslow and NTS Sheean participated in the Freedom of Entry March for 816 Squadron RAN at **Kings Beach, Caloundra**. This was a great opportunity for us to be involved in an activity with 816 Squadron and march to the music of the Navy Band.

816 Squadron RAN exercised their right of Freedom of Entry to the City of Caloundra a right first bestowed on them in 1996. The Freedom of Entry dates back to medieval times when cities granted military units the right to parade through their city armed, with swords drawn, bayonets fixed, colours flying, drums beating and band playing.

The ceremony was followed by a flyover of three Navy Seahawk Helicopters and a demonstration over Kings Beach.



Capt B. F. Hindmarsh NX 114295, SMS



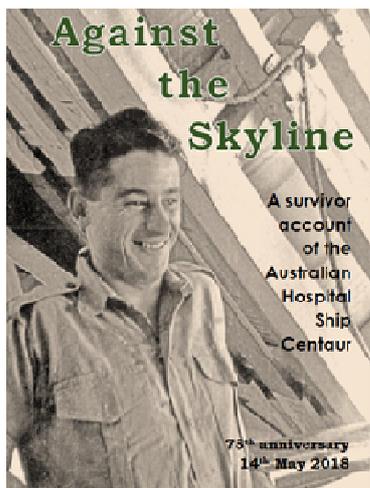
*Street photo
Circular Quay
8th May 1943*

The weekend leave was too short to go home to Macksville, so Bernie's wife Alma went to Sydney. On the Monday night he put her on the train home as he would be on duty for the boarding of the 2/12th FA on the Tuesday.

In the early hours of the morning of Friday 14th Alma woke to hear Bernie call her: "Alma!" and the sound of his port landing on the bedroom floor. She thought perhaps the ship hadn't sailed after all and he had come home. The house was in darkness. She got up and searched but there was no one there, only three small children sleeping peacefully.

When the telegram arrived, part of her was ready for it.

AGAINST THE SKYLINE



Published to coincide with the 75th anniversary is *Against the Skyline*, the story of the sinking of the Centaur seen through the eyes of Pte Frederick Chidgey of the Ship's Medical Staff, and includes poetry written about this significant event in Australian war history.

\$30 plus \$10 Postage and handling within Australia.

Payment Options

Cheque payable to Leanne Wicks

Please include your name and address

Direct Deposit: A/c name: Leanne Wicks

BSB 882-000 A/c No: 100111537

Please add your name in the reference and email your address to Leanne.

Contact:

Leanne Wicks PO Box 510, Mudgee, NSW, 2850

leannewicks.poet@gmail.com

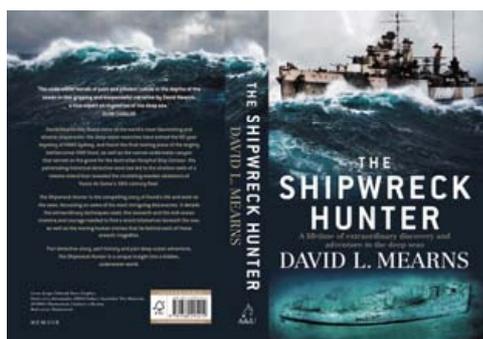
via Facebook *Against the Skyline*.

THE SHIPWRECK HUNTER

David Mearns' new book *The Shipwreck Hunter* has a very comprehensive chapter on the search for the **Centaur**, and fascinating stories of other ships he has discovered including solving the 66 year mystery of HMAS Sydney II, the whereabouts of HMS Hood, and the skeletal remains of Vasco da Gama's 16th Century Fleet. Even stories of lesser known ships make compelling reading.

Part detective story, part history and part deep ocean adventure, *The Shipwreck Hunter* is a unique insight into the hidden, underwater world.

David's book is available in bookshops or online.



RRR \$32.99

Last Post

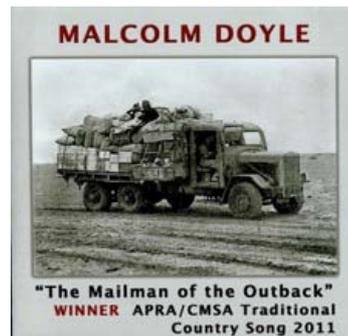


Richard Parry, brother-in-law of Pte John O'Neill Moran, 2/12th FA. 16 December 2016.

M. Dudley Williams, son of Cpl Maurice Avery Williams, SMS, 2016.

Raymond Clarke, last surviving brother of Ptes Leslie and Neville (Nobby) Clark, 2/12th FA, both lost on Centaur. 23 April 2017. Aged 96.

THE MAILMAN OF THE OUTBACK



This fine album of Country Music is of particular interest to Centaur Association members and supporters as it contains a song co-written with Ricky Poole entitled **One Thousand Fathoms Below—the story of the Centaur**.

The album's title track won the APRA/CMSA Traditional Country Song award in 2011 with a wonderful tale of an outback postman. Impressive inclusions are *Silver City* and *Nullabor*, plus *You and Me* and *You Captured My Heart*, two songs written for Malcolm's wife Helen. With his warm resonant voice he has created powerful versions of Jimmy Little's *Royal Telephone* and Slim Dusty's *Where Country Is*.

Malcolm has an instinctive grasp of the traditional bush ballad form, painting vivid pictures of Australia and its people, history, landscapes and emotions.

CDs are available at \$25 posted and can be ordered through email: mdoyle16@hotmail.com or ring Malcolm on 0418 817 501.

OUR RATIONALE

To honour those who gave their lives on 2/3 AHS Centaur.

To provide a means of communication for Survivors, Descendants, Relatives, Friends & Organizations interested in 2/3 AHS Centaur

To help the healing process which for many still continues.

To ensure that the memory never fades, and the facts are not forgotten by succeeding generations.

To turn a tragedy into a triumph, and to foster a peaceful and forward-looking attitude.

Disclaimer:-

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Let us remember the Centaur - a vessel of mercy on the turbulent waters of a world at war.