

"WATER OFF"

NEWSLETTER OF THE
RETIRED FIREFIGHTERS'
ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA
(VICTORIAN BRANCH) INC.



May 2007 Vol 11 No 2
Inc/No: A16839F

Retired D.O., Les Gray, recalls his experiences on the night of the - **HUGE FATAL PETROL FIRE,**

A reminiscence of a spectacular and highly dangerous petrol fire, Burleigh Street, Newport, Saturday 25th.
April 1964 at approximately 2100 hours.



I will try and paint a word picture of this fire as it unfolded.

The fire occurred in a transfer pipe – valve junction enclosure where petrol, oil and other products were distributed, pumped from large and small storage tanks located in a combined bulk storage tank farm complex (The fire was located in the Golden Fleece section of the complex. The complex was shared by various oil companies, Shell, B.P., Caltex) to various outlets via the collective valve and pipe assemblies, i.e. to overhead holding tanks allowing road tankers to fill up and

distribute petrol & diesel to service stations. I was told at the time it also had the capacity to distribute diesel down to an oil wharf, so that lighters could ferry fuel out to ships at anchor in the bay.

I will attempt to explain how the Hemi Valve and Pipes located in the distribution enclosure functioned.

About 12” dia. steel pipes brought the product from the tank outlets flowing under pressure to the transfer pipe valve junction assembly, the flow was controlled at the bottom of the tanks by shut off valves.

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“GENERAL MEETING”

**Notice is hereby given of our next General Meeting to be held at the Brunswick
Campus R.M.I.T. 25 Dawson Street Brunswick,
(Melway 29 F8)
1030 Hours, Wednesday 16th May 2007**

AGENDA ITEMS.

- Minutes of last General meeting.**
- President’s Report.**
- Secretary/Treasurer’s Report.**
- Guest Speaker: Brett McNeil**
- General Business.**

Please come along, bring your partner and have your say in the running of the Association. Join in the fellowship of your old friends and make new ones.

Lunch and beverages available.

**JOHN BROWN
SECRETARY/TREASURER
Ph: 03 9336 2492**

OFFICE BEARERS

President, Mike McCumisky
Vice President, Ian Fowler
Sec./Treasurer, John Brown

General Committee;

Ian Geddes
John Laverick
Ken McGillivray
John Schintler
John Wallace
Auditor; Theo
Teklenburg

**“Water Off”
Editorial Staff**
John Laverick
Barbara McCumisky

Valē

Russ Coulter (MFB)
Bruce Gee (MFB)

We offer our condolences to the families of these members who have gone on to a higher duty.

SICK LIST

Stan Cameron	Ron Kennedy
Jim Casley	John McLoone
Ron Cass	Alf Powell
Ernie Goodall	Graeme Simpson
Terry Harman	Kevin Sullivan
Clarrie Hart	

We wish these members a speedy recovery

Note: If you know of any member who may be ill please notify a committee member. We endeavour to keep you informed, but can only do this with your help.

Diary Dates 2007

May 7th	Geelong Reunion
May 16th	General Meeting
July 26th	Queensland Reunion
August 15th	General Meeting
November 10th	UFU Luncheon Malvern T/Hall
November 21st	Annual General Meeting
November 26th	Geelong Reunion

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Welcome again to the RFA May Newsletter. To those on the sick list, we wish you a speedy recovery.

The first meeting for 2007 held at RMIT complex in Dawson Street, Brunswick was very well attended

The annual RFA luncheon held at the MFESB Training College on Sunday March 18, 2007 was well attended by nearly sixty members and guests. Our thanks to the various crews from 1, 10, 3 and 35, for bringing out the most modern appliances to show and demonstrate. My thanks to Tom Phillips for providing the chairs and tables for the day

Stations coming up for special occasions this year are:

FS50 Ascot Vale will have been on its present site for 80 years on 9th June and is one of the few remaining original buildings not to have had major renovations. The Fire services Museum is planning a photo day with

some of the early appliances on Saturday 16th June.

FS42 Newport will be 100 years on 25th June, although this is the third building on this site. There is some formal celebration currently being planned around that weekend before of just after so keep tuned to the brigade grapevine.

Don't forget any snippets of news and send them to our editor, John Laverick. He is always looking for copy and space fillers.

I look forward to seeing you at the next meeting. In the meantime, take care and stay safe.

Regards,

Mike



SECRETARY/TREASURER'S REPORT

Our meeting at R.M.I.T. went very well with fifty-one members attending. The amenities were great. As to be expected it did not please everyone, about six members missed the bar at Carlton and three of the wives missed the pokies, both walked to the nearby Brunswick Club to satisfy their needs. The canteen had a good range of food to choose from.

To help Gary with the parking, we would ask those attending the next meeting to cut off the R.F.A. Logo from "Water Off" and place it on their dashboard.

M.F.E.S.B. Chief Executive Officer, Peter Akers has retired. A letter was sent wishing him well in his retirement and thanked him for all the help he has given to the R.F.A. His successor has been named, he is Ken Latta from the Victorian Police. A letter has been sent congratulating him on his appointment and requested the same help from him and his senior staff as his predecessors.

The reunion luncheon at the old Training College went well, Mike will give a more detailed account in his report. No sign yet as to when the new Training College will be opened or how the ground contaminant removal is going.

The First Responder Program is still saving lives, over seventy people owe their lives to the quick response of the Firies.

Can anyone help me contact Bing Lyons and Max McGraw, both have paid \$10.00, but have not given their addresses.

Annual dues are payable on January 1st each year. The Rules of this Association are - that if you fall three years behind you will be taken off the mailing list. A number of members who have not paid since 2003 have been removed from the mailing list. Eleven other members will receive a reminder that they need to bring their dues up to date.

The sick list is getting longer and we have lost more stalwarts in Russ Coulter, Bob Wells and Bruce Gee. All have gone on to a higher duty. As the old saying goes "Enjoy life to the fullest" while you can.

I would personally like to thank Senior Management of the M.F.B. for arranging the impressive display of appliances at the funerals. I can assure you people, that the families and friends of the deceased appreciate the gesture and it demonstrates that M.F.B. management care for their retired employees.

Once again - thank you.

TREASURER'S REPORT:

Some members have paid back dues which has enabled us to deposit \$4845.00 in the Credit Union so far this year.

To 31-03-07

Access Account \$1679.25

Term Deposit \$5798.03

Total \$7477.28

JOHN BROWN SECRETARY/TREASURER

Valê Bruce Gee

Ian Hunter of the M.F.B. Honours and Awards Committee posted these tributes following the deaths of Bruce Gee and Russ Coulter.

It is with regret that I advise all personnel that retired **Senior Station Officer Bruce GEE (Reg No 2075)** passed away, after a lengthy battle with illness, this morning.

Bruce joined the Brigade on 3 July 1964 and retired on 1 December 2005 after serving the Brigade and the community for more than 41 years. During his career Bruce was stationed at FS1, FS 4, FS 51 and finally returned to FS4 from where he retired.

Shortly after he retired, the CEO Peter Akers hosted a farewell afternoon tea in the Boardroom at Headquarters. Never one for a big occasion, Bruce invited some of his close friends and current shift mates to join him in celebrating his time in the Brigade.

Peter Akers wished Bruce all the best for the future and quite rightly indicated that Bruce was



Above: Bruce had his "Tea and Bickies" with Chief Tony Murphy and CEO Peter Ackers in the Boardroom

always known for never having a bad word to say against anyone in the MFB during the length of his service.

Pictured below: Guard of Honour for Russ Coulter's funeral cortège from both the Museum members and serving personnel.



Valê Russ Coulter

It is with regret that I advise all personnel of the death, on Saturday 31 March, of retired **Senior Fireman Russ COULTER**

Russ joined the Brigade on 31 May 1946 and retired on 12 September 1979 after serving the Brigade and the community for more than 33 years. For the majority of his career Russ served in Northern District, on "B" Platoon, with the greatest time being served at FS 15 and then FS 14 from where he retired.

With the untimely passing of his wife, shortly after his retirement, Russ devoted a large amount of his time to the Fire Services Museum where he was an enthusiastic and willing helper who regularly guided visitors and tour groups through the Museum on Fridays.

History of the World Firefighters Games

In 1983, I received information about the Inaugural World Police and Firefighters Games, in San Jose, California, 1985. I sent information to all States, but only 29 people from Australia, all Melbourne, attended in San Jose.

World Police and Firefighters Games in San Diego ('87) and Vancouver ('89) were better attended, with 130 MFB & CFA attending Vancouver.

In 1988/89, an Aussie committee of Firefighters was formed with all States and Territories represented at regular meetings, mostly in Melbourne, to look into setting up a Firefighters (only) Games.

In 1990, the Inaugural World Firefighters Games were successfully held in Auckland NZ, Las Vegas ('92) was great, as was Perth ('94). World Firefighter Games in Edmonton, Canada ('96), Durban, Sth Africa ('98), Paris (2000), Christchurch ('02) Sheffield, U.K., ('04), Hong Kong ('06) followed. Over the same period, the World Police & Firefighter Games were in Memphis ('91), Colorado ('93), memorable Melbourne ('95), Calgary ('97), Stockholm ('99), Indianapolis USA (2001), Barcelona Spain ('03), Quebec Canada ('05), and a great Games in Adelaide ('07).

We're fired up for the **WORLD FIREFIGHTERS GAMES in LIVERPOOL, U.K., for 25th August – 3rd September 2008.**

What are the World Firefighters Games all about? Purpose – to get together, compete/meet and have fun with our “brothers/sisters” from around the world. More than 5,000 competitors are expected.

Eligibility:

- Firefighters – full time, part time, volunteer, industrial and military.
- Emergency medical staff and non uniformed staff employed by a fire service.
- Firefighters and non-uniformed and emergency medical staff formerly employed by a fire service who have retired.
- Spouses, partners and children over the age of 18-yr are eligible to participate in all events except the Toughest Firefighter Alive.
- All entrants must be 18-yr or over on 24th August 2008.

Cost:

- a. Airfares, accommodation, and general expenses – you pay your own.
- b. One off Basic Entry Fee for Competitors £95 (say \$240) including all in (c), Some events have extra fees - Golf has green fees.
- c. If not competing, a Supporter's package to cover Games shuttle transport, social evening functions (parties), entry to sporting venues is available. (Usually under half price).

Serious competitors, social competitors, and very social supporters all mix well and enjoy the experiences.

Realistically, you are looking around \$3,000 for the

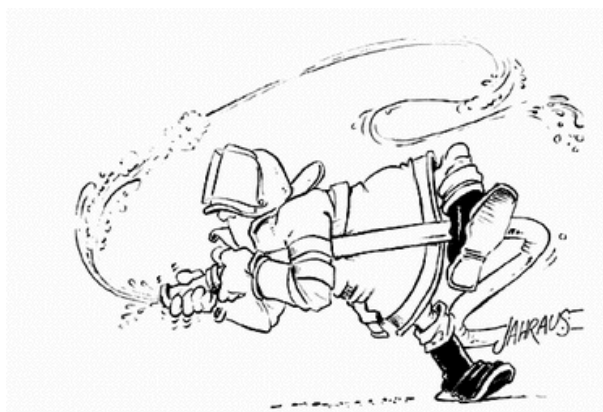
airfare, accommodation and Games, plus whatever \$ for touring/entertainment.

Why should I go?

It's a chance to meet and compete, and have a holiday. Most people, who go to the Games do a bit of touring after the Games, perhaps look up a few people that they have met at the Games, or travel with Melbourne mates. We still keep in contact with people from 1985.

What events do I want to do/support?

If you've ever done a sport, that sport is probably there. A choice of over 60; Athletics, swimming, bikes, weights, shooting, bowls (both), darts, snooker, tennis, squash, golf, Toughest Firefighter Alive (men & women), basketball, tug of war, and, of course, the mighty Bucket Brigade.



Competing in "The Toughest Firefighter Alive".

Oh, I'm too old/not a great sportsperson.

Sounds like me, and yet it's amazing the medals you may pick up. Some people win a Mother Lode, some 70+ year olds have 4 world records, some get bulls eyes, and some get bleary eyes, but everyone has a great time.

You know why? Because most events are done in age brackets, roughly the age brackets are (20 - 30, 31 - 40, 41 - 50, 51 - 60, 61 - 70, 70+). Major exceptions are Golf – handicap, boxing/lifting/wrestling – weight.

So what do you think?

This is a short introduction to the World Firefighters Games. I am involved with the Firefighters Games. There are also the Police/Firefighters Games, the next ones being in Canada ('09), and New York (2011). I may go to New York, but I will go to Liverpool, 2008.

A committee is looking into airfares, accommodation, uniforms, and other relevant matters.

Meetings are held every two months, at the Red Back Brewery Hotel, Flemington Road, cnr Villiers Street., North Melbourne.

Next meeting is Monday 18th June 2007. 7p.m. If you want more information, my email address is ijgeddes@bigpond.net.au or my home address is 10 John St, Mordialloc 3195. Phone No: 9580 2373.

World firefighters Games website is www.wfg08.com

Doing The Fire Dance

Pictured right is an incident under Shepherds Bridge Footscray (circa 1966).

A large petrol tanker overturned and well alight.

The fire, deemed to be somewhat subdued, Chief Officer Pattison with driver, S/F Osland, are shown making for safer ground after the petrol flashed into life again.

The Chief was pretty fast on his feet but had not the acceleration of his driver.

Ted Osland

Ed's note:

In the background flames seem to engulf a firefighter holding a charged line fitted with a 10x branchpipe.

Can anyone identify this man and let us know how he fared?



Editorial

“Fire Call” is the official newsletter of the M.F.E.S.B. which keeps the members informed of all activities and events involving the Service. We are pleased to receive this publication regularly as it assists us to keep our members informed of the latest developments in the Brigade.

In the last issue, number 180, dated 12 April, 2007, there were two items of interest that coincides with a subject that we have been asking questions about in our last two issues - being Honours and Awards and Commendations.

The first item, on page two of Fire Call, we noted a CEO's Commendation, awarded to the MFB Insurance Officer, for “The Valuable investigative work conducted over the past two years into the MFB's insurance history”, resulting in the recovery of over \$1 million for the organisation.

We commend the Insurance Officer for his diligent work, for which he would have received a detailed brief to undertake, as he was employed to do.

The second item, on page three of the newsletter, informed us of the role of the Honours and Awards Committee and what decisions it makes.

We need to be aware of the difficult decisions this committee has to ponder, given the workload they have, balancing their operational duties with those of the committee.

We also need to be aware of the fact that now all decisions of awards and commendations have been removed from one or two senior officers, (which occurred previously) to a more equitable system of decision making.

Looking down the list of the Honours and Awards Committee members, we note that only one member of the group has the years of service required to appreciate the difficulties firefighters faced at the scenes of incidents where there was not the availability of modern firefighting technology, training and equipment. This member would recall times when your first day in the job you would be addressed by the Chief, or a very senior officer, with the words, “Son, if you have the guts we'll give you the water”.

But, getting to the point this editorial is trying to make, is that office staff, who are not putting their life on the line, receive commendations for doing work they are paid to do. Comparing this with the now retired firefighters, mentioned in our previous two issues, who were recommended for awards by the Police, State Coroner and the Royal Humane Society but were refused by the senior officers of the day by stating, “They were just doing their Job”. These men did not even get phone calls from their respective District Officers to say, “Well done”, even though the particular incidents were well publicised in the media of the day.

There seems to be some inequity in the system if this situation cannot be reviewed by the present day Honours and Awards Committee. Just imagine the impact these acts of bravery had on the image of the Brigade back in those days. These men played a huge hand in building the reputation the Brigade enjoys today.

We again ask the question - Is it too late to rectify this injustice?

Fred Kerr came across this story while rummaging through some old magazines. Published around 1981, it tells of one, "Arthur Liddicut" a former test cricketer who held some impressive records in his day.

Arthur Liddicut was a member of the MFB General Office for many years but there would be few, if any, of our retired members who would know of him.

Although published 26 years ago and Arthur, long gone on to a higher duty, we feel his story is worth retelling.

The article, courtesy of "The Mordialloc-Chelsea News", was headed;

Not out 91, and still going strong

by KELLY RYAN

ARTHUR LIDDICUT was born on Caulfield Cup Day in 1890. He chose not to make a career on the race track, but on the cricket field.

Mr Liddicut, of Fifth St., Parkdale, recently celebrated his 91st birthday. He is Australia's oldest living Test cricketer. Born in Stawell, Mr Liddicut moved to Geelong when he was young and it was there that he quickly developed his life long passion for a "fast game of cricket". Success came early when he captained the Geelong Grammar team to its first premiership.

Liddicut joined the St Kilda team when he moved from Geelong to Melbourne. Frustrated at St Kilda's refusal to let him bowl, Liddicut transferred to Fitzroy which he skippered to a smashing victory in the District final against St Kilda.

Liddicut fine-tuned his bowling to perfection. He erected a set of stumps in a large, open paddock, and found a boy who was willing, for "a small sum", to act as fieldsman. Hundreds of times a day, the boy would chase the ball as Liddicut persisted in bowling it directly at the middle stump.

Leaving Fitzroy to play for Victoria, Liddicut became a member of a team that was to win four consecutive Sheffield Shield trophies. Players were then receiving an allowance of 10 shillings.

In 1928, Liddicut toured New Zealand with the Australian Test team. He topped the Australian batting by making a total of 728 runs, at an average of 60 an innings. Needless to say, Australia won the series.

Liddicut later retired from active cricket, but lost none of his passion for the game and transferred his attentions to radio stations 3L0 and 3KZ where, for many years, he announced interstate matches.

He was Chairman of Pennants with the Victorian Cricket Association for 30 years.

Commenting on modern cricket, Mr Liddicut said the most obvious change was that the umpire, whose decision was once regarded as "the religion of cricket", was now openly questioned.



Arthur Liddicut used this bat to score 129 runs for Geelong against a touring English side in 1912. The bat was later signed by the English players, including the famous Jack Hobbs. The painting was presented to Arthur in honor of his century-making performance.

Mr Liddicut agrees that there are now many more top class cricketers than there were in his day. He puts this down to the numerous playing reserves which have sprung up in the suburbs and the fact that there are so many coaches and coaching facilities.

Two trophies on display in the Liddicut lounge room pay tribute to some of his many bowling successes.

The first bears the inscription: "Liddicut for Fitzroy against Prahran. 6 for 27, 1928." The second: "Liddicut for Fitzroy against Prahran, 8 for 28, 1929."

During World War One, Mr Liddicut served as a purser in the Merchant Navy on a run to New Zealand. While watching a cricket match at Wellington, he noticed that the last batsman was reluctant to take up his position.

Under the assumed name of 'Gallett', Liddicut took the batsman's place. He piled on 70 runs in 20 minutes and then took nine wickets.

Mr Liddicut recalls that day with a wry grin.

"It's the way we have in the Fire Brigade"
F. C. Kerr

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A basic description of the Hemi Valve is:- It was constructed of flat thick steel plate, like a figure of eight, one end being blank and the other had an 8” dia. hole in it.

This valve was housed in a large steel assembly held together by a ring of large nuts and bolts situated around the flange perimeter of the valve housing, either side of the Hemi Valve. Positioned about 4ft. apart either side were 2 shut off valves. An engineer would have to close down these two valves, then using a non ferrous spanner, loosen the nuts and bolts, then remove the figure of eight Hemi Valve., By inserting the blank end he could close off the supply to numerous other 8” dia. delivery pipes or by inserting the open end, he then could divert the product to other delivery pipes. There were other manually operated (wheel type) valves and piping inside the pipe valve junction compound, situated on the down side of the Hemi Valve allowing the product to be further distributed in other directions. It was at the Hemi Valve where the fire originated, which I will refer to later on.

We were on Afternoon shift (1500 – 2300 Hours) at No. 47 Station (the District Station), Droop Street, Footscray and at about 2100 hours we received an exchange telephone call for a fire at the bulk storage tank farm, Burleigh Street, Newport. No 47 Station received dozens of exchange calls, many passer by calls and quite a number of Street Fire Alarm calls, No. 42 Station Newport and No. 1 Station Eastern Hill received many calls also. The Watchroom Boards lit up like Christmas trees. We knew before we turned out that we probably had, to quote a colloquialism, “The Mother of all fires on our hands”.

District Officer Alan Dick, initially turned out No. 47 Stations Hose Carriage and Mobile Tanker Pump, No. 42 Stations Hose Carriage and Foam Unit and No. 45 Stations Hose Carriage. Shortly, unknown to us at the time many more men and appliances were turned out by No. 1 Stations Control Officer.

The Men on No. 47 Stations Hose Carriage were District Officer Alan Dick, Sub Station Officer Gordon Prosser, myself (the driver) and Fireman Rudy Csorba, the men on the Mobile Tanker were Senior Fireman Dick Chugg, and Senior Fireman Leo Featherstone (the driver).

When we turned out of the station turning right into Droop Street, we first saw in the direction of Williamstown an enormous fire showing up, it appeared in the night sky reflecting off overhead clouds to be about half a mile long and a hundred feet or more high, in a black background it looked fearsome, brilliant red/orange glow dancing along the skyline and on occasions jumping up and down skywards, the nearer we got the more frightening it looked. I can truthfully tell you that we were extremely excited and worried about our safety, still not knowing what was in store for us on arrival, I turned right into Geelong Road, left into Williamstown Road, left into Somerville Road, right into Hyde Street which becomes Douglas Parade, then finally right into Burleigh Street. This up hill approach into Burleigh Street was to have significant ramifications later on in fighting the fire

for No. 47 Stations Hose Carriage crew.

There was a lone Security Officer in the distance waving a hand torch towards the fire, I felt he was as terrified as we were.

As I slowed the vehicle to make the right hand turn into Burleigh Street, I declutched and slipped the motor out of gear into neutral, touched the accelerator pedal a little revving the motor to shift into first gear, looking straight up the hill into the fire, I found to my dismay that I did not have the strength in my left leg to push in the clutch, I had to take both hands off the steering wheel and push them down on my left knee to assert enough pressure to push the clutch pedal down, having done this I revved the motor a little with the right foot, slipped into first gear, let out the clutch slowly and proceeded up to the fire, stopping about 200 feet from same. (In present day parlance - we were “In shock & awe”.)

Mr Dick said “Right men we had better have a close look, see what we’ve got”, the four of us approached the fire very cautiously, we had progressed about half way, then without any warning a fireball erupted lighting up the night sky, the light was so intense one could not focus, everything looked unreal in the shimmering glare, just in front of me was a metal box about 4ft. x 4ft. I threw myself behind it laying flat out on the ground expecting pieces of shrapnel like metal to be flying through the air cutting us to pieces. I wasn’t the only one to hit the deck, I noticed Mr. Dick to my left did likewise, later Gordon & Rudy told me that when they saw us hit the ground they did the same only quicker.

No metal flying horizontally or dropping from above, it must have been blown sky high and well away from us. We picked ourselves up, Mr. Dick said “Gordon you and the men go back to the Carriage, run out a line with the FB10X branch pipe and get the Around the Pump Inductor to work, I will go up to the Administration Building and find some-one who knows the pumping schedule for tonight and have the supply cut off”. (Mr. Dick was stationed at Newport for many years and knew his way around the bulk storage areas, and had an idea of their procedures and the possibility that there was only 1 person on duty who would know, and at that stage we did not know where he was. We all realised if this could be done the situation would be brought under control.) He then left with the lone Security Officer who by this time had made his way up to where we were.. Of all the storage tanks big and small, which ones were supplying the petrol to the damaged main valve assemblies??

Getting back to the fire, the three of us went back to the Hose Carriage, some how I found myself pulling out a hundred foot length of hose on the bight from the rear hose tray, laying it on the ground, transferring the standard branch over to the FB10X foam branch pipe, picking up the hundred foot length including the branch pipe, marching off towards the fire, Rudy helping in pulling out a further hundred foot length, connecting same to the high pressure side of the pump. I stopped about sixty feet short of the fire, looping about forty feet in a dee allowing for manipulation of the branch back and

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forwards. In the mean time Gordon got out the four drums of foam compound that were carried on the Hose Carriage, pulling off the lids in preparation for the suction hose from the Inductor to be inserted when required, by this time Rudy had run out a feed hose from a nearby Street Hydrant to the pump and then made his way up to me on the branch. Before the premix of water and foam compound reached the branch pipe, we played water onto the fire only to find the water evaporating well before it could be effective. When the premix reached the branch pipe where air was entrained and foam came on stream it just melted like snow, it proved to be as useless as the water. It was fairly hot, I had the branch under my right arm with my back to the fire, Rudy sheltering in front of me trying to direct the ineffective stream of foam into the fire.

Note:- All firemen of my vintage would know that the International AS160 (Mk. 1 Pumper) fitted with a Positive Rotary Pump, rated at 200 Gallons of water per minute at 100lbs. per square inch working in conjunction with the Around the Pump Inductor with a 3 to 1 ratio, i.e. 30lbs. per square inch of water coming into the pump on the feed side and pumping out on the High Pressure side of the pump at 90lbs per square inch the resulting foam jet from the FB10X Branch Pipe could only throw about sixty feet.. The pumper was inadequate for flammable liquid fires of this magnitude. If we did manage to put out the fire, which would be highly improbable, that is push the flame away from the vapour and extinguish the fire we would have created a bigger problem, as I believe that about three quarters of the petrol was being burnt off and the other quarter was falling down to the ground, forming burning pools and running down the roadways etc., we would have had a huge problem with large volumes of unburned petrol flowing everywhere. The only way to control this fire was to shut off the supply and then mop up after. It was a token effort the pumper proved to be effective later on when the supply had been valved off.

Meantime back to the fire, I must admit that most of the heat from the fire at ground level was being taken away from us, with a brisk South East wind blowing, most of the heat was away well over our heads. The four drums of foam compound were soon used up and we were back to water.

About this time another pipe failed, blowing out. We were still about sixty feet from it. I was thinking if we get home from this we will be extremely lucky. The light given off again was intense, we could hardly make out any images, luck was with us again most of the searing

heat and radiation was going up in the air. We were well in under the mushroom cloud that blossomed out over us, about 100 feet or so above our heads and about 100ft. in diameter. The noise of the explosion was deafening absolutely terrifying, this made us think of getting out of there as we were doing no good what so ever, in fact committing ourselves to an unnecessary risk.

Looking up at the fire we saw a sight one would only see once in a life time, a shaft of burning petrol about 3 feet in diameter with this ominous mushroom cloud above it, a kaleidoscope of colour, a rolling, twisting, tumbling mass imploding back into itself and breaking out again, the colours one moment looked ruby red, yellow, orange, black, it would settle for a while then the cycle would start again, threatening like a living demon ready to

devour and incinerate anything in its path. Looking up outside the area of the mushroom the night sky shimmered hazily, the luminosity of same reflecting off high overhead clouds was awesome.

It had a hypnotising effect, particularly watching the burning shaft of petrol going up and burning petrol falling, sliding, dripping back down the burning shaft with this beautiful golden yellow and red iridescent colour and of course the burning petrol running each & every way from the enclosure.



A shaft of burning petrol about 3 feet in diameter with an ominous mushroom cloud above, a kaleidoscope of colour, a rolling, twisting, tumbling mass!!

Fortunately for Rudy & I we were positioned on high ground and it completely ran away from us. Strangely we felt safe for the moment at least, we had been lulled into a false sense of security, I was also thinking now what happens if another pipe explodes and blows sideways (horizontally) rather than straight up into the air, we would be instantly incinerated and or cut down with flying metal. Rudy must have been thinking likewise as he said "Come on lets get out of here", I readily agreed. We could not believe it but at that very moment as though on cue we heard a voice shouting "**You men there, GET OUT - GET OUT OF THERE**", I asked Rudy who was it and he answered "It's Tueno", (The Deputy Chief Officer), that definitely made up our minds to retreat, we dropped the Branch Pipe and ran towards Mr. Tueno who by now was waving his arms frantically beckoning us towards him. I had not noticed before but there was an open drain about 8 feet wide x 4 feet or so deep running parallel on the South side of Burleigh Street, designed in the event of a major spillage the flowing fuel would be directed away to large open holding dams taking it away from the tank farm area, also to prevent it running down into the Yarra River. These drains were constructed all around the complex where necessary.

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Fear now took over, I got away first, saw the gaping drain and leapt over it landing about 4 ft. on the other side, finding directly in front of me was a cyclone wire security fence about 10 ft. high, no barb wire on top fortunately. I grabbed the wire, somehow pushed a toe hold into the mesh, the next thing I knew I landed beside Mr. Tueno on the ground only to hear him berating Rudy who was hanging spread-eagled with clutched hands on the fence about half way up, there was another explosion, this gave Rudy the extra strength, in an instant he pulled him self up with his arms, getting a toe hold he cleared the top of the fence by about 2 ft and landed on the ground at our feet.

I suppose it was panic that made us go over the fence. It would have been easier to run down the road but Mr. Tueno was beckoning us to him on the other side of the fence. We three then stood looking at the result of the explosion.

Mr. Tueno had come to the fire from the top end of Burleigh Street, and no doubt was summing up the situation (he was the most senior officer on scene at the time) when he came across us, he asked where the District Officer was and we told him that he had gone up to the Administration Building hoping to find some one who knew which tanks the fuel was flowing from, he then left us and made his way up there.

“Any man who says he wasn’t scared last night is either a bloody idiot or a bloody liar”.

Rudy and I decided we should go back to our Hose Carriage, when we arrived where we had left it there was no sign of it or Gordon, we were a bit non-plussed for a moment, but looking down along Burleigh Street we could vaguely see the red revolving lights of the Hose Carriage which was parked around the corner up hill in Douglas Parade. When we arrived Gordon told us that after he saw us run and go over the fence he looked up the road and saw a wall of burning petrol running down towards him, he only just had time to jump into the Hose carriage, put it in reverse and back down Burleigh Street to safety, whilst doing this he had pulled the two lengths of hose with attached Branch Pipe along with him, also at the same time pulled off the feed hose at the coupling at right angles to the Hose Carriage. No damage suffered to the pump. When we arrived Gordon was in the process of making up the two delivery lengths, we salvaged the damaged feed lengths later on. Rudy and I were wondering when making our way back to Gordon why the bitumen on the road was soft and sticking to our top boots. In the dark light we did not notice any sign of burning petrol, the flow must have taken another direction. I believe the reason we both missed seeing this piece of action was because there was so much going on mainly concentrating on and looking at the main fire at the valve assembly and talking to Mr. Tueno we had missed it completely.

We then, with me back in the drivers seat, went again up Burleigh Street stopping about 200 ft. up hill above the fire, getting to work, this time with water helping many other firemen on hand lines putting up water curtains

cooling nearby storage tanks from radiated heat.

Two nearby tanks holding 800,000 gallons of Super Grade Petrol were of concern, altogether we had ten hand lines of hose on these on the fire side and of course more on other tanks situated further out down wind side, paying particular attention to the ullage space at the tops of same. Next day when it was all over, you could see the Petrol Level around the two largest tanks, the paint above this level fire side was totally burnt off.

About this time the Chief Officer Mr. Jack Paterson with his orderly/driver arrived on scene, (he had come to the fire down hill from Douglas Parade, the same as No. 47 Station). As he passed our Hose Carriage that I was attending the pump on, he snapped rather tersely **“Fill me in --Fill me in”**, realising that he wanted an up date of the fire, I said that we had petrol flowing from unknown storage tanks and we cannot find an oil company employee who knows which tanks are involved supplying the fuel to the damaged valve assembly, as he listened I felt rather pleased with myself supplying this information, I added foolishly, once we know this we could shut off the supply and end the fire. I got the impressions that he wasn’t too pleased with the latter advice and sternly replied **“I realise that”** and then said **“Where is the District Officer?”** I told him that he had gone up to the Administration Building and Mr. Tueno is also there trying to locate someone who knows which tanks are involved”. He then left with his orderly for the Administration Building.

It took some time for these officers to find a list of emergency contact phone numbers and when they did being a Saturday night most of them were not at home, eventually they found one that knew the tank farm layout and pumping schedule for that night, Police picked him up from his home at Doncaster and transported him post haste under lights and sirens to the fire.

As far as I know it was about 1 ½ to 2 hours before the fuel was valved off at the tank sources, it was truly amazing to see the burning column of petrol quickly drop to ground level, I could hardly believe my eyes. I think that we all thought **“We will get home tonight”**. It was such a relief to see after all this hard work under tremendous pressure going on particularly with us men at the fire front and Senior Officers being frustrated, trying to contact an employee who knew what valves needed to be closed and knowing what could happen if this fire was not brought under control fairly quickly.

There was an inquiry as to why there was no company employee available on site to provide this information (the only one was killed in the first explosion. We initially did not realise this.) The company procedures were changed after this fire ensuring that it could not happen again.

In the meantime the Boat Truck from No.1 Station had arrived with further supplies of Foam Compound, dozens of 12 volt hand flares and most importantly several large

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

wooden boxes containing Primus Heaters, Billies, Paper Cups, tins of Condensed Milk, sachets of Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Spoons and packets of Ginger Nut Biscuits.

The Officers and men soon had the flares set up around the perimeter of the fire where needed, Hose Carriages transferred from water to foam operation and finally extinguished the remaining burning petrol.

The cause of the fire was deemed to be started when plant engineer Mr. Alf Stead was changing over the Hemi Valve to direct the product to other directions in the pipe line system. It was thought that when he loosened the nuts and bolts around the valve, he had found it to be slightly jammed (it appeared this could happen from time to time) he may have hit the valve with a large metal spanner (this spanner was found next day on the ground at the bottom of the Hemi Valve) thus causing a spark and escaping vapour ignited and flashed back inside the valve housing and piping between the two stop valves pressurising and causing an explosion thereby in time direct flame impingement and radiated heat causing other pipes to fail and explode adding further fuel to the original burning column.

Mr. Stead was killed instantly, his small utility in which he transported himself around the complex was left nearby and was subsequently burnt down to almost ground level. If the motor had been left running this could have been another cause of ignition.

He was the only employee on the job that night who knew the pumping schedule. We firemen knew that more than likely he had been killed. When eventually we made a cuppa, having placed some 12 volt flares around the immediate area we had collected in that we found what remained of his body. His wife hearing and seeing on the Television news that a large fire was in progress in the Golden Fleece area of the storage complex and knowing that her husband was on duty that night made her way to the scene. It was pitiful to see and hear her running up and down Burleigh Street wailing out "Alf Where are you", It wasn't long before an officer instructed Policemen to remove her, she was handed over to waiting Ambulancemen, sedated and then taken to the Western General Hospital where she was confined over night.

Another incident that I heard of was Senior Fireman , Jack (Swampy) Lake, from No. 45 Station, he and his mate were on a line of hose helping others cool a nearby 800,000 gallon tank down wind almost directly in line with the fire, Swampy complained to his mate that he was feeling hot on his back, particularly under the rim of his Brass Helmet, his mate had a look and found that his turnout tunic was on fire, he made Swampy stand beside the Branch Pipe and by deflecting water with his hand, extinguished him. Swampy was a great shift mate, easy going, always a smile on his face, a good sense of humour, loved telling funny stories mostly about others, this time the joke was on him. The incident caused quite a bit of mirth around the District for some time. He was quickly issued with a new tunic.

We were on night shift the following night (1100 –

0700 hours), and after muster and when finished doing our detailed work we naturally gathered together in the engine room (some of us were still in shock mode) to talk of the fire and our experiences. After about half an hour Mr. Dick joined us and told of the problems he and other Senior Officers had in trying to find some one with the knowledge of the pumping schedule etc. for that night. He made the remark "Was anyone frightened last night?" One man said yes, another said petrified, another said he kept saying his prayers, I said bloody oath, we were all surprised when one said he wasn't. This was too much for Dick Chugg, who had served in the Australian Military Forces during the war in Commando "Z" Force, they were trained to go into enemy held territory, most times leaving submarines in canoes, landing stealthily, finding out as much as they could about the defence, strength of the garrison, size and number of big guns etc. and get away not being observed, leaving no evidence of them being there and report back to headquarters. Dick was a man well suited to be in the Brigade. When he heard this statement that this person wasn't frightened he went red in the face and bellowed out "**Bullshit - any man who says he wasn't scared last night is either a bloody idiot or a bloody liar**". All but one agreed.

NOTE:- District Officer Alan Dick in his first word back requesting further assistance also asked VKN8 to notify all on coming gear to approach the fire from Hall Street, which would have brought them on scene up hill above the fire, he also requested 12 cubic yards of sand, he foresaw burning petrol flowing down Burleigh Street towards the Yarra River. The sand was delivered hours after when the fire was out.

The Melbourne Harbour Trust had men and boats run out Floating Booms down stream across the river to hold back any petrol that may have made its way into the river, luckily it did not reach that far.

Even now 42 years on I can close my eyes and still see in my mind that ominous spectre of the fire ball (mushroom) above our heads, the amazingly beautiful coloured burning shaft of petrol, the noise of the explosions the surreal surrounds we found ourselves in.

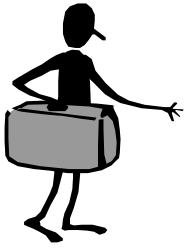
All around the fire ground other crews experienced dramas similar to the ones I have written about.

Looking back on this particular fire it saddens me to know that of the six men manning No. 47 Stations appliances that night, five have passed away, I am the last one.

My description of the function of the transfer valve and piping junction may not be technically right, Its function was explained simply to us in a debriefing session by an engineer on the probable cause of the fire.

The Webster's Universal Dictionaries meaning of Hemi is:- Prefix in words of Greek origin, denoting half.

Les Gray, Reg. No. 1538
District Officer – Retired
Kinglake 2996



TRAVELLING WITH SILVER

Arriving in Los Angeles on a recent trip to see friends who are now in a nursing home there, (they are a lot older than us - or a bit older than us), we first met in New Zealand 25 years ago. They have stayed with us a couple of times as we have with them.

This trip we arrived at L.A.X and went to the bus stop to catch the bus to Pasadena, a 3/4 hour trip, waited an hour, no bus, it always takes you to the door of The Sheraton. Turns out it was cancelled months ago. Great start. "Grab a shuttle" says Mrs. Silver, which we did and on arrival at The Sheraton, room not ready. Greater start.

Mrs. Silver is stamping the stiletto's, so I made mention of their neighbours "Holiday Inn" over the road and guess what, "your room is just about ready sir."

Nicely settled in a "De Luxe" and the phone goes, it's Terry, our mate in the nursing home. "Ahh! You've arrived, well, book out and come and stay here". "OK Buddy, tomorrow" I said.

This gives me time to tell Mrs. Silver we will probably be in separate rooms, so lock your door, some of these old guys are like me and get the wanders.

This nursing home went for half a block, one end assisted living, Terry is there (Diabetes), The other end is full care (Mary is there after stroke, head OK, right side paralyzed.) In the middle ground floor a top class restaurant also open to the public. Above this, three floors of apartments for retirees, two of which are kept for visitors. They left The Sheraton for dead. Three rooms, fully self contained kitchen, 2 TV's, en-suite facilities.

We were invited to a therapy session where a young guy demonstrated and told the history of bongo drums. Mrs. Silver finished with a bongo between her knees whilst I had a castanet, very musical. The old guy over the room fell asleep over his kettle drum.

At dinner, a very posh affair, other LA friends were invited in our honour, a lot of retired people from the units above attend looking like they dripped money.



The Sheraton Pasadena.

The hotel forecourt was clear when this photograph was taken, as all employees were called to count the hotel linen after Mr. and Mrs. Silver announced they were booking out early.

Our friend Mary who has a very loud and harsh mid western accent coming from Idaho said to her husband, "Terry, what time is it?" He says, "7pm Mary." Mary said, "I have to be in my room by 7-30 to get my diaper changed." You could here a pin drop. Good for a laugh.

Mrs. Silver wanted more butter, after asking the waiter, 10 minutes later the manager arrives and asked what is it you want, the waiter can't understand you. "Oh! You mean BUTTERRR." Anyone whose been there will understand.

On leaving, Terry offered to drive us to the airport, but with no feeling much in his hands and he can't feel his feet we decided on the shuttle.

Happy Travelling Silver

P.S.

Heard on a Delta Business Express, "We hope you enjoyed giving us the business as much as we enjoyed taking you for a ride."

Silver says, "Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it."

Man Catches Fire During Surgery

A Seattle man undergoing emergency heart surgery went up in flames on the operating table after alcohol that was poured on his skin was ignited by surgical instruments. The patient later died due to heart failure and not of injuries relating to the fire, said Dr. Robert Caplan, medical quality director of Virginia Mason.

Although it happened in October 2003, it has only now been revealed after an anonymous letter was sent to the media. The letter mentioned the incident as evidence of unsafe health care at the hospital, and said the patient burned to death.

Heart Attack And you're alone?

We found the following being passed around through heart attack support groups, letters and emails that is not supported by any medical organization that we can find. However, if nothing else is available, it may keep you alive until help is found. Use your discretion, and do not recommend it as a proven technique.

When alone, a person whose heart stops beating properly, and who begins to feel faint, has only about 10 seconds before losing consciousness. However, these victims can help themselves by coughing repeatedly and very vigorously.

A deep breath should be taken before each cough, and the cough must be deep and prolonged, as when producing sputum from deep inside the chest. A breath and a cough must be repeated about every two seconds without let up until help arrives, or until the heart is felt to be beating normally again.

Deep breaths get oxygen into the lungs, and coughing movements squeeze the heart and keep the blood circulating. The squeezing pressure on the heart also helps it regain normal rhythm. In this way, heart attack victims can get to a phone and, between breaths, call for help.

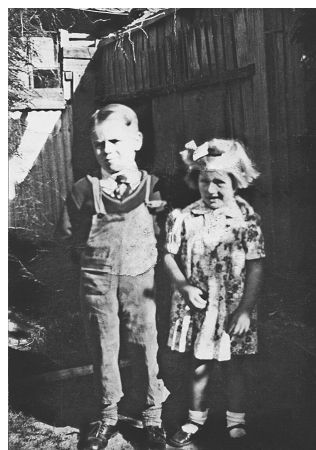
AGE ACTIVATED ATTENTION DEFICIT DISORDER

**Recently I was diagnosed with A.A.A.D.D.
-Age Activated Attention Deficit
Disorder. This is how it manifests.**

I decide to wash my car. As I start toward the garage, I notice that there is mail on the hall table. I decide to go through the mail before I wash the car. I lay my car keys down on the table, put the junk mail in the trash can under the table and notice that the trash can is full. So, I decide to put the bills back on the table and take out the trash first. But then I think, since I'm going to be near the mailbox when I take out the trash anyway, I may as well pay the bills first. I took my cheque book off the table and see that there is only one cheque left. My extra cheques are in my desk in the study - so I go to my desk where I find the can of Coke that I had been drinking. I'm going to look for my cheques, but first I need to push the Coke aside so that I don't accidentally knock it over. I see that the Coke is getting warm, and I decide I should put it in the refrigerator to keep it cold. As I head toward the kitchen with the coke, a vase of flowers on the counter catches my eye - they need to be watered. I set the Coke down on the counter and I discover my reading glasses that I've been searching for all morning. I decide I better put them back on my desk, but first I'm going to water the flowers. I set the glasses back down on the counter, fill a container with water and suddenly I spot the TV remote.

WHO ARE THEY?

(Answers from last issue)



These photographs, published in the last issue, are left, a young Fred Kerr and friend circa 1941, and right, Ken Murphy after his promotion to District officer 1962.

We had several replies but only two people answered correctly. The first in was John Chambers. John has declined the prize of a camping holiday on Coode Island saying, "the acid fallout loosens the fillings in his teeth."

Reg Carey was the other winner but Reg wouldn't give the fishing in Tuncurry away to take advantage of the prize.

Someone left it on the kitchen table. I realise that tonight when we go to watch TV, I will be looking for the remote, but won't remember that it's on the kitchen table - so I decide to put it back in the den where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers. I splash some water on the flowers, but most of it spills on the floor. So, I set the remote back down on the table, get some towels and wipe up the spill. Then I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do. At the end of the day; the car isn't washed, the bills aren't paid, there is a warm can of Coke sitting on the computer, the flowers aren't watered, there is still only one cheque in my cheque book, I can't find the remote, I can't find my glasses, and I don't remember what I did with the car keys. Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day long and I'm really tired. I realise this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it, but first I'll check my email.

Do me a favour will you.? Give this message to everyone you know, because I do not remember the people that I have given it to!

Don't laugh - if this isn't you yet, your day is coming

GROWING OLDER IS MANDATORY
GROWING UP IS OPTIONAL
LAUGHING AT YOURSELF IS
THERAPEUTIC!

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL THE KIDS WHO WERE BORN IN THE 1940's, 50's, 60's and 70' s !!

First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they carried us.
They took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing, tuna from a tin, and didn't get tested for diabetes.
Then after that trauma, our baby cots were covered with bright coloured lead-based paints.
We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets, not to mention, the risks we took hitchhiking .
As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags.
Riding in the back of a van or ute - loose - was always great fun.
We drank water from the garden hose and NOT from a bottle.
We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and NO ONE actually died from this.
We ate cakes, white bread and real butter and drank soft drinks with sugar in it, but we weren't overweight because.....
WE WERE ALWAYS OUTSIDE PLAYING!!
We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on.
No one was able to reach us all day. And we were O.K.
We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem .
We did not have Playstations, Nintendo's, X-boxes, no

video games at all, no 99 channels on cable, no video tape movies, no surround sound, no mobile phones, no text messaging, no personal computers, no Internet or Internet chat rooms.....WE HAD FRIENDS and we went outside and found them!

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no lawsuits from these accidents .
We played with worms and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever.

Made up games with sticks and tennis balls and although we were told it would happen, we did not poke out any eyes.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just yelled for them!

Local teams had tryouts and not everyone made the team.

Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. Imagine that!!

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law!

This generation has produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers and inventors ever!

The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned

HOW TO DEAL WITH IT ALL!

And YOU are one of them!

CONGRATULATIONS!

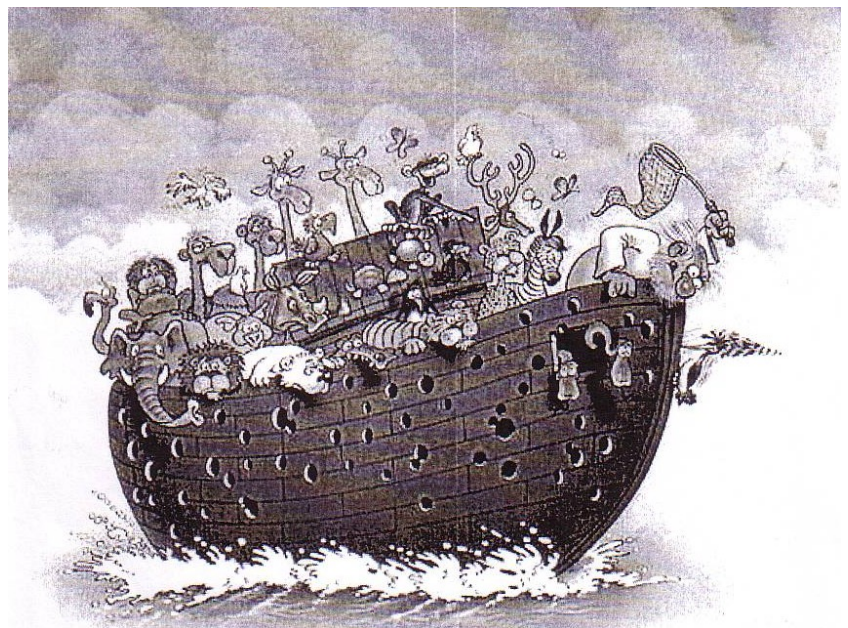
You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids, before the lawyers and the government regulated our lives for our own good.

and while you are at it, forward it to your kids so they will know how brave their parents were.

Kind of makes you want to run through the house with scissors, doesn't it?!

Everything I Need To Know About Life, I learned from Noah's Ark.

1. Don't miss the boat.
2. Remember that we are all in the same boat.
3. Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark.
4. Stay fit. When you're 600 years old, someone may ask you to do something really big.
5. Don't listen to critics; just get on with the job that needs to be done.
6. Build your future on high ground.
7. For safety's sake, travel in pairs.
8. Speed isn't always an advantage. The snails were on board with the cheetahs.
9. When you're stressed, float awhile.
10. Remember, the Ark was built by amateurs; the Titanic by professionals.



The woodpecker might have to go!

11. No matter the storm, when you are with God, there's always a rainbow waiting....

FLYING BLIND?

A WOMAN was flying from Seattle to San Francisco. Unexpectedly, the plane as diverted to Sacramento along the way. The flight attendant explained that there would be a delay, and if the passengers wanted to get off the aircraft the plane would re-board in 50 minutes.

Everybody got off the plane except one lady who was blind. The man had noticed her as he walked by and could tell the lady was blind because her Seeing Eye dog lay quietly underneath the seats in front of her throughout the entire flight. He could also tell she had flown this very flight before because the pilot approached her, and calling her by name, said, "Kathy, we are in Sacramento for almost an hour. Would you like to get off and stretch your legs?" The blind lady replied, "No thanks, but maybe

my dog would like to stretch his legs." **Picture This!**



All the people in the gate area came to a complete standstill when they looked up and saw the pilot walk off the plane with a Seeing Eye dog! The pilot was even wearing sunglasses. People scattered. They not only tried to change planes, but they were trying to change airlines! True story.... Have a great day and remember...

THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS AS THEY APPEAR.

Darwin Awards

Named in honor of Charles Darwin, the father of evolution, Darwin Awards commemorate those who improve our gene pool by removing themselves from it.

Sydney, Australia. What do you get when you add 4 idiots, a large tank of nitrous oxide and a car together? If the word fatality comes to mind, you guessed right.

A 38 year old man has removed himself from the gene pool and put 1 female and 2 male friends in a critical condition after their attempt to get a buzz off the gas Nitrous Oxide went horribly wrong. After a long night of partying at various nightspots, Tolson Dimovski and 3 friends decided that the best way to communally inhale the gas was by venting the 1m long cylinder of gas into a car with the windows sealed and doors locked.

While most people possessed of moderate intelligence would realise that a relatively sealed

chamber containing a large percentage of gas unsuitable for respiration may be detrimental to your health, these party animals paid no heed. After releasing the gas at an unknown time early in the morning, all lapsed into unconsciousness, and were not discovered until around 7:45 AM by a local resident.

Dimovski, and the woman, 23, were clinically dead when ambulance officers arrived, although the woman was resuscitated and admitted to hospital in a coma. Her fate is unknown, as there is little information available. The two other men survived the incident unscathed. The dead man had previously worked at BOC Gases, a gas manufacturing and distribution company, before being forced to leave due to a back injury.

OWN A WHITE ELEPHANT???

Why is an expensive but nonproductive possession called a "white elephant"?

This is said to have originated with the king of Siam, who supposedly gave white elephants to members of his court he wished to ruin.

White elephants, at that time, were considered sacred and were not allowed to do work, yet they still had to be fed and cared for. Thus a possession that must be maintained at high cost but that offers no productive output in return is said to be a "white elephant."

GEELONG REUNION

Dates For Your Diary

Monday 7th May

Monday 26th November

**Shell Club
Bacchus Marsh Rd.
Corio**



**Contact: Bill Icke 5244 1822
John Wallace 5278 4734**

Annual U.F.U. Picnic Cancelled

*The picnic scheduled for November this year has been deferred until February 2008.
The precise date will be posted in the next issue.*

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