

**Extracts from THE HIGHWAYMAN**  
**October, 1977**

**RETIREMENTS**

**FRANK FOWLER**

We were favoured by a recent visit from Frank Fowler who retired on 15 April last after 44 years' service.

At Frank's send off, officiated by Mr. Cooper, Chief Accountant, well-wishers were treated to a string of superlatives deservedly earned by him since he commenced duties in March 1933. His devotion to duty together with his meticulously high standards quickly established him as a legendary figure who was capable of assuming responsibilities and easing the burden of office from those among whom he worked.

In the space of seven years Frank saw service at Kiama, Prestons, Canberra, Goulburn, Gibraltar Range and Bellangry. As a qualified Accountant he rose to the positions of Paymaster, 1962; Chief of Financial Control, 1967; Assistant Chief Accountant, 1974 and finally Deputy Chief Accountant in 1975.

As well as his enviable professional record, Frank Fowler qualifies as the complete Christian who carries into practice the principles to which he adheres. A generous man whose great works for those in need have gone unsung, Frank was always on hand to give encouragement and advice, especially to younger colleagues. He abstained from adopting an air of superiority even to those whose mode of behaviour left much to be desired.

A man with the sensitivity of the aesthetic, Frank could, nevertheless, come to terms with such adverse circumstances as he experienced at Gibraltar Range and Bellangry. His cool and his sense of humour remained untarnished.

With true humility, Frank expressed his gratitude to the tributes bestowed on him and the many acts of kindness and courtesy shown him during his years of service. He drew attention to the Commissioners, Secretaries & Chief Accountants with whom he worked since the inception of the Department and the tremendous influence they had had on him. To his successor, Ted Hanlon he extended his warm wishes and expressed confidence that with the two "Teddy boys" - Ted Cooper and Ted Hanlon - the ship would not founder.

With such acquisitions as his own swimming pool and musical talents, Frank's retirement will prove highly satisfying.

Recitation of a most inspiring poem summarised Frank's philosophy on life and finalised the farewell proceedings:

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men goes by

The men who are good, the men who are bad

As good and as bad as I,

I would not sit in the scorner's seat

Nor herald the cynic's ban,

Let me live in a house by the side of the road

And be a friend to man.

## **RESIGNATIONS**

### **SID VINCENT**

August 18th was also the day that Sid Vincent decided he'd had enough, and though we were sorry to see him leave we heartily endorse his decision as he has been working continually since a lad of 13.

Sid belonged to that unfortunate generation born just after World War 1 who came onto a depressed labour market in the early 1930s, and was later eligible for active participation in World War II.

Entering the Department in 1965, Sid endeared himself to all by his good natured and easy-going manner. He is best remembered for his work in the sporting field and from 1968 to 1974 he was Sports Secretary of the Recreation Club. His main pastime was bowling and in both the Hurstville Diggers and the Sylvania Clubs, Sid was a runner-up in the major singles.

Abandoning the rat race, Sid has settled for Forster as the venue for his retiring years. Good luck and good fishing, Sid.

Popular draughtsman, Greg Stott resigned in July to brave the challenges of private enterprise as an estate agent. If he can transpose his prowess as a goalkeeper for the Soccer team to the realms of real estate he'll certainly achieve millionaire status to which he aspires by January - which January he does not say. Possessed of an engaging manner and arresting good looks, commissions from his bricks and mortar deals will make nonsense of paying him a retainer.

Due to approaching motherhood, Cathie Starling and Faye Hough resigned in August. Both won Most Popular Girl status during their comparatively short stay with us. Faye commenced in 1975 while Cath had been in service since early 1970. We wish them both good luck and good fortune and trust that baby blue or baby pink will one day call in to see where Mum used to work.

Attractive Carol Brown resigned in August and is at present in South-East Asia. She intends tripping around for about four months taking in Singapore, Thailand, the Philippines and Hong Kong. No doubt she will not stop at that and will join the jet set in Europe, America and other regions. Happy motoring customer.

December, 1977

## **ROVING REPORTER**

Serving sentences in various locations throughout the Department, one tends to inherit hazardous confrontations. Members come to mind who are hard to forget and no doubt officers and employees are aware that when a stranger appears on the court their habits are hidden till the day the stranger departs. Unfortunately they tend to forget the stranger is there and many a time an outrage will occur.

With no intention of discriminating against any officer or employee there comes a time when one feels he/she should comment on the strange behaviours endured.

Way, way up in the wild blue yonder I undertook the fortunate task of witnessing several hidden habits. At Traffic Section, time upon time my co-helper Mr. Wood would advise people of their duties and then went back to his desk to dream of his new car. Karen, who is soon to be wed had eyes for someone else and made

sure her hair was always in place. The "W.E." is no stranger to Ken Campbell; and Martin - keep your shirt on.

Moving along I arrived at the Toll. Yes folks, the famous coat hanger. You should see their library. The names of some officers are quite outstanding. Mr. Dibbles (Bo Didly), Mike Ryan (Evil), Mark Williams (Turtle), Ray Fleming (Nuggett), Col Dee (Basil) and so on.

Never let Smithy drive you anywhere ... he thinks he is Alan Moffat.

Nuggett keeps the food industry wealthy; Evil wears his ear piece and raves about bikes. Pity he can't ride one; Basil and Turtle keep the darts flowing ... and the only time the office comes to life is when the daily euchre tournament takes place.

The playful characters within Staff Leave and Increments can be very overwhelming, Dave Hart has his football amongst other things, Tony has his flat and Dean ... take note, ladies, this guy makes the Fonz stand up and be proud. I must say that I am very grateful for the guidance Maxie gave me. Thanks Max, I always wanted to chase files.

At NAASRA, there is a shipbuilder. Give it away Frank, my young brother does a better job making models. Promise me one thing Marilyn, don't tell anybody about us or we will both be in the soup.

Whilst in Statistics the guys were very kind. If strolling past watch out for Ken. Trying to behold an adding machine is like living with Count Yorga - it's a do or die race. Hi Mary, I like you.

In Wages Examining the daily race still occurs. I always backed the loser.

Urban Investigations is probably the best section I have seen. Bruce has his trifectas; Colin has his corny jokes - why he got married no-one knows; Jacko - his roving eyes; Kim, Judy and Ann - their typing, crosswords and games, Julie - her B-S; Ann -her smokes, Peter - his wife.

No discrimination was intended to the above and very shortly I will report other mainstays as they occur. So watch out for the stranger who looms in the dark.

## **HOW DO OTHER PEOPLE SPEND THEIR WEEKENDS?**

Geoff Ellacott, leave clerk for Parramatta D.O., spent a most unusual weekend recently by paddling a mammoth 111 km in a single-man Kayak down the Hawkesbury River. The feat took 18 hours from 5.30 p.m. on Saturday, September 24, until 11.00 a.m. Sunday with only two 1 & a half hour breaks to allow for tidal conditions.

Geoff was involved in the Outward Bound Hawkesbury canoe classic to open and promote the Multiple Sclerosis week by raising money on a sponsorship basis. He was one of 142 brave starters but only one of about 60 stalwarts that completed the rugged route stretching from Windsor to Brooklyn. He paddled throughout the night on his own without any lights in misty conditions, which reduced visibility to almost zero.

When asked about any hazards that he came across, Geoff replied, "Loneliness was probably the worst. I found I was talking to myself and yelling at mangroves". Geoff has been known to do strange things but ... If you're thinking of trying this leisure trip think again because the after effects were not pleasant. Geoff spent the following day in bed due to stiffness and had to have his wrists strapped. His hands were notably covered with blisters.

His reward? A modest medal, a certificate and most of all, the satisfaction of having finished.

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