

ICL AllStars Magazine

Issue 72 **Winter 2021** Keeping the ever-great ICL community in touch, in contact and informed.

STOP PRESS

As this issue was being finalised, we learned that our beloved former editor, Ian Pearson, had unexpectedly passed away. Ian will be sorely missed by his many friends and colleagues from ICL, and particularly this editor, who relied very much on his guiding hand and ready wit in compiling your magazine, as well as his friendship over 45 years. Note the absence of Ian's trademark photo collage at the beginning of this issue.

It is the editor's intention to prepare a special issue of AllStars for the September issue dedicated to Ian's memory. I would ask that you send me all your memories and stories about Ian for inclusion therein.

PEOPLE

EDITOR'S NOTE: In previous issues of your AllStars magazine, when the death of members has been mentioned, there have been complaints about publishing details of the passing of these alumni. For that reason, this practice was discontinued.

However, certain recent events and the sheer volume of communications regarding them have prompted your editor to re-assess this policy and now publish the celebration of the life of our departed colleagues based on the submission of stories of their lives.

VALE GEOFFREY HOWELL FROM DAVID STAFFORD

As we said in our Christmas message, the DRS, the marketing slogan was “We should be talking to each other.” And we did! Is there something missing from this sentence? Or do I just not know what is being referred to? As it stands, it doesn’t seem to make sense.

The coronavirus lockdown forced us to postpone the celebration of **Geoffrey Howell’s** life until the Victorian Government finally managed to allow us to gather together for this wistful, but uplifting, event.

So, on Wednesday 11th March, 35 of Geoffrey’s friends gathered at the historic ICL watering-hole, The College Lawn. It was warm, so the bar was busy. Behind the bar was an appropriate sign which exhorted all to “Keep calm and drink wine/beer”. This had been obeyed by most of the attendees for years; for instance, during the crises when a 1004 panel collapsed, and Melbourne wharfies weren’t paid for a couple of days; and when the back-up system of the State Bank of Victoria slowly melted into uselessness!

So, keeping calm and fortified by a range of alcoholic liquids and great food which the College Lawn kitchen speedily delivered, we had the formal event to celebrate Geoffrey. **David Dearman** launched the proceedings (and, in gentlemanly fashion, waived his normal appearance fee) to introduce Cynthia, Geoffrey’s wife. Cynthia spoke about Geoffrey’s life, including his reasonable, caring, calming ability to resolve almost anything; but she also spoke about facets of which we were unaware. Some of these were his addiction to boxing, his swimming capability, honed at Geelong Grammar, cowboy movies, guns and the fact that he was a country boy at heart.

The memorial book which everyone signed highlighted what a fine friend and colleague he was.

Vale, Geoffrey

Following are pictures taken at Geoffrey’s farewell at The College Lawn. Your Editor Acknowledges the help of David Stafford in identifying the attendees and apologises for the lack of identification of the few not tagged.



Cynthia Howell, David Dearman, Resemary O'Brien, John Hoey, Rita Reid, David Griffiths



Too complex - Covered elsewhere



Bob Mullner(seated), David Griffiths(beer in hand) and David Dearman(standing, speaking)



Jytte Moller, Raf Dua



Raf Dua, Penny Gamble, Rita Reid, Lance Collins, Anthea Gedge, Jytte Moller



*Along back wall- Carol Stafford, Elizabeth Matheson, Kyle Matheson, Maree Smith, Ron Irvine,
at table - Rosemary Dearman, David Griffiths*



Raf Dua, David Stafford



Lance Collins, Fred Allen

SPEECH BY CYNTHIA HOWELL RE GEOFFREY AT THE ICL **ALLSTARS LUNCHEON 11-03-21**

Many people have asked me how Geoffrey and I met and when I tell them “In the cradle”, they tend not to believe me, but it is true.



The three amigos: The very gracious and wonderful **Cynthia** (seated) with the ever-great duo of **Anthea Vitarelli** and **Anthea Gedge**.

My father Lindsay and Geoffrey's father Geoff were very close friends. They met in about 1920 on a course for training non-commissioned officers in the militia. Military training was compulsory for males, and they attended drill on Saturday mornings at the Kew drill hall on the corner of Mary Street and High Street. It sounds a bit like Dad's Army, but I suspect it was a bit more disciplined.

The Howell family-owned property all over Victoria and, as soon as he was old enough, Geoff left the city and went to Bonshaw at Stanhope on the Murray River to jackaroo for two years with his uncle.



*Levitating the luncheon venue's cat: **Geoffrey** with **David Silver**.*

My father Lindsay had been a chorister at St Paul's Cathedral. Since his voice broke, Geoffrey was no longer the boy soprano with the divine voice. He had sung in the Melbourne Town Hall with Dame Nellie Melba long before he was forced to do work of some kind.

My father was at a loose end, so he contacted Geoff and asked if he could come up to Bonshaw and work as a jackaroo too, which he did for two years. A job then came up in the city for an office boy at a company called Cooper Engineering in Bourke Street. It was a company which manufactured agricultural equipment, e.g. sheep stands, showers.

My father asked Geoff to write him a reference which he did in his 16/17-year-old schoolboy handwriting, which was never questioned.

There were 460 applications for this job, as it was the beginning of the Depression and employment opportunities were scarce, especially for the young.

My father got the job because he was the only applicant with agricultural experience, so my father left Bonshaw to take up a new role at Coopers Engineering. The company expanded over the years and eventually changed its name to Sunbeam Corporation, and he became Managing Director, a position he held for many years until he retired.

Geoffrey Winter Howell was born in June 1942, slap bang in the middle of the war. He was the eldest of three children; his father was a cattle breeder and a very successful one, winning many prizes for his exceptional Pole Herefords. Geoffrey grew up on a 350-acre property which was entirely farming land, 17 miles from the GPO. It is now on the fringe of Melbourne.



*The two of us: **Geoffrey** and **Anthea Vitarelli**.*

It is called Wollert by the new residents. It is actually pronounced Wool "Ert" which means 'possum'. His mother was deeply attached to her only son, decided it would be far more advantageous for Geoffrey at 5 to skip Kindergarten and Preps and she would school him at home—which she did, leaving him with a legacy of a love of music, art and literature, and probably quite a lot of German.

So, until he was 7, Geoffrey roamed the property with his dog and his gun, bare and barefooted and fancy-free. I might add that his two sisters were both sent to the local Wollert School, one of those old-fashioned types with one teacher and maybe 20 pupils. However, there was no way that he would be attending this school, she had bigger plans for him.

Talk about Mothers and Sons (and yes, I confess to be one too).



*New shoes: **Geoffrey's** very early alma mater.*

In 1949, Geoffrey had to go to school somewhere, so his mother bought him his first pair of “good” shoes and he began as a weekly boarder at Glamorgan, which was the junior school of Geelong Grammar. But being a weekly boarder had its advantages, as his much-loved aunt agreed to pick him up after school and take him to her house, which was just around the corner, to stay for the weekend. This always seemed to contain lots of fun, and plenty of food for a growing boy.

At Glamorgan, he made life-long friends, some of whom spent precious time with him in the last few days before he died. The next few years were spent at Corio, before it was time for a year at Timbertop, which he absolutely loved. He was intrinsically a bushman, not a city slicker, and living amongst the mountains of northern Victoria was his idea of Paradise—apart from being a tad cold in the winter.



*Let's do lunch: **Geoffrey** and **Cynthia** (right) with **Alan** and **Sue Beer**.*

After Timbertop, he returned to Corio to spend the last three years of school. He was delighted to find the school had installed a decent swimming pool, which was available for the boys to use during the weekends. So, he spent as much time as possible in the water. He was a champion swimmer with a divine stroke, which fortunately he passed on to our children.

He was also a member of the school shooting team in both 1959 and 1960, when they won the Clowes Cup in both years - a most-coveted competition award.



*If Timbertop was good enough for **Geoffrey!** Another noted school attendee, **HRH Prince Charles.***

Geoffrey left Geelong Grammar at the end of 1960, having done year 12, or Matric as it was called, which was not unusual in those days, particularly for students born in the middle of the year, like June.

He was simply too young to go to university. He had won a Commonwealth Scholarship in 1959 and a residential scholarship in 1960. Melbourne University was his choice of alma mater, but he was unsure of majors and minors.



*Science and party central: Melbourne Un **Geoffrey's** later alma mater.*

He had opted for a major in Chemistry, but on a reconnoitre wandering around the grounds, he came across the Chemistry labs and, on opening the door, was nearly bowled over by the stink. This, coupled with an extensive timetable which seemed to leave little time for the pub and girls, [meant] he decided that Physics would be his major and Maths his minor. Probably a wise choice. Geoffrey, you know, was a mathematician at heart.: I mean how many of you could argue with a bloke whose favourite pastime in the car, when he was not shouting at other drivers, was to read the numerals on the number plate of the car in front, then give his passengers the prime factors within seconds. Our son-in-law Andrew was bowled over with this trick, and always begged for more.



Pleasuring 101: Jimmy Watsons Bar and Bistro, a favourite haunt of Melbourne Uni students.



*If you've got it, flaunt it: **Geoffrey** and his great shoes. Yes, red was a favoured colour.*

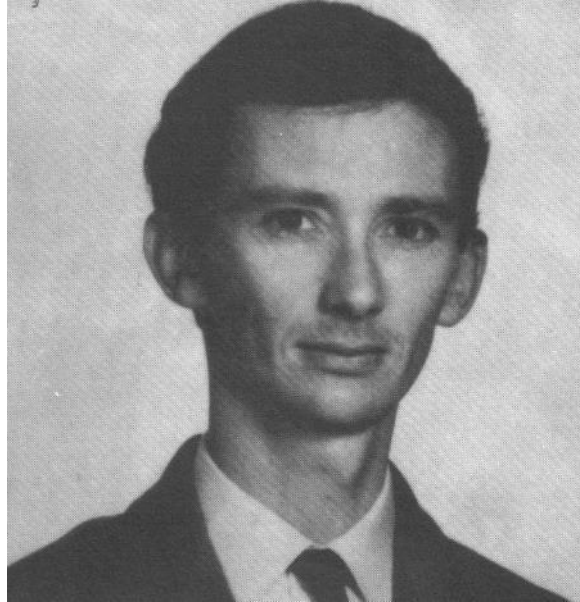
Geoffrey passed first-year Science, and gained honours in pub attendance and party going. He developed what he thought was an ingenious system which would see him sail into 2nd and 3rd years with no trouble. His secret weapon was in planning his attack. All he had to do was to aim for an overall mark of 51% in each of his subjects. Simple, piece of cake ! So, thrilled with this idea, he would show all and sundry how it was done. Unfortunately, the great mathematician managed to attain 49% for all his subjects.



*Well, if you put it that way: **Geoffrey** and **David Stafford**.*

So, it was goodbye to free tuition compliments of his scholarship, goodbye to the dormitories and dining rooms at International House, goodbye to the girls and pubs and “Hello Mum and Dad”, who were not exactly thrilled to have the golden boy at home in this way.

It took him another year to gain his B.Sc. and then it was time to get a job. He had no idea what he wanted to do, but he had heard that some of the larger IT companies were recruiting in Australia. So early in January 1965, in a new suit, white shirt and skinny navy tie, he found himself in the foyer of 568 St. Kilda Road. A tall young man dressed in similar outfit was also attending the interview. He smiled and said hello to Geoffrey. He was to become one of Geoffrey’s and one of my favourite people. His name was **Sinon Hassett**.



*A fellow 568'er signing on: **Sinon Hassett.***

A year after Geoffrey had joined ICT, his mother suddenly died from a cerebral haemorrhage. In 1969, Geoffrey took off for a lengthy holiday in Asia and Europe, travelling with his father and younger sister. Geoffrey moved onto Perugia in Italy, where he became a student again at the University for Foreigners and spent a term learning Italian, then to the UK and a job at ICL London.



Not over till the fat lady slims: A random shot from the Victorian Opera Company.

He loved his time in Italy, particularly the world of theatre and opera. He had a deep and abiding passion for music, particularly the operatic kind, and had been a member of the chorus of the Victorian Opera Company for many years. He performed in several productions: one week I remember him borrowing my “lovely” grey school stockings as he pranced onto the stage, one hand on his waist and one on the arm of a rather attractive blonde girl.

Apart from music and opera, he was also interested in teaching at Caulfield Tech, now part of Monash. I suppose it was Computer Science he taught, anyway the poor students found themselves as students of Geoffrey, who was not exactly the caring Mr. Chips. One morning Geoffrey entered the lecture theatre to find this gem on the blackboard: “Geoff Howell will explain anything until he is absolutely convinced that you understand absolutely nothing”. He thought that was fabulous!

In 1977, I resigned from teaching in a mad house where I had been incarcerated for years and Geoffrey and I took off for six months travelling. In typical Geoffrey style, he decided we should begin our adventure somewhere exotic so, 40 hours after taking off from Tullamarine, we landed in Shiraz in the back blocks of southern Iran, and thus started a long trek to London.

We sure chose our timing well. This was the era of the Baader-Meinhof gang, the Red Brigade, the assassination of Aldo Moro (the Italian Prime Minister), and the early rumblings of the Ayatollah Khomeini. We spent a month in Iran, travelling north to Tehran, left Iran and we moved on to Turkey (where they were still fighting the Greeks).

We arrived in London in June, where there was a pile of telegrams, as they were then waiting for us from ICL Melbourne.

They needed him!

Where was he?

When could he get back to Melbourne ?

For us the party was over. We did sneak in another week in Singapore because we had always wanted to stay at Raffles. To add to the fun, we were on the first flight from the new Changi Airport, but we were very late taking off, as the crew could not find the aircraft.



Just the place for a Singapore Sling or three: The grand old lady.

Like many others, Geoffrey was retrenched from ICL in 1989 and was almost immediately head-hunted by Ansett which, thank you very much, we rather enjoyed, particularly the part about a 92% discount for staff. Consequently, we did a lot of travelling, much to the delight of our children, Lucy and Michael.



Frequent-flyer points long-time departed.

Michael's first international flight at the age of 6 was to Vanuatu, we and the entire Australian cricket team. Although we were able to take advantage of such cheap flights, there were very strict rules re dress and behaviour. Kids were always expected to be polite and well mannered, particularly to flight staff. Geoffrey went ballistic if there was even a hint of unacceptable behaviour, but even he had to laugh when our little boy, sitting in 1st Class, called his parents who were sitting stashed away in the poorer seats: "Mummy, I don't like orange juice in plastic cups, I like it like this—in a glass with a serviette made of cloth".



*In Melbourne tonight: **Geoffrey** with **Marie Yammas**.*

Geoffrey's last employer was Telstra: he enjoyed working there, but I know he never found a company like ICL.

You were so special for him and some of you have known him for decades. I think my time is up and I do not want to bore you, but I will finish with some of Geoffrey's interests, which may surprise you:

- Boxing and wrestling, watching in the audience.
- Surfing
- Guns and shooting
- Camping

- Westerns, particularly “Tombstone”
- TV: 77 Sunset Strip, Hogan’s Heroes
- But most of all, his love of his wife, and children Lucy and Michael.



For ever making AllStars things happen, and happen extraordinarily well. **Geoffrey** and **Anthea Gedge** consulting function notes. As ever, the event in question was delicious.

VALE – JACK NICHOLSON

Hi Kent,

May I advise you of the passing of a WA stalwart in **Jack Nicholson** on 25 Sep 2020, aged 89.

Jack came from Newcastle UK pre-1960 as a Power Samas engineer with wife and one child, and was stationed at Broken Hill for a period before taking up the sole position in Perth. Shortly after, PS and BTM, also with one engineer, merged to become ICT. I myself joined them in 1961 as the 3rd member to work with the slotted-hole equipment. Through the 60s, both business and staff increased. In the later 60s, Jack moved across to the Bureau as operator and later Ops Manager. He also did a stint of many months in the Sydney Bureau. During the 70s he left to join a hospital in computer network operations.

Jack was a friendly and kindly gentleman, and an important mentor to myself in the 60s. We remained friends always, and during the 90s we played weekly golf.

RIP friend.

Ross Leighton.

VALE – DAVID GODBOLD

Your editor has been inundated with e-mails re David. I have tried to condense them to represent snapshots of this well-loved man, and have failed dismally. Hence, I have included two e-mail trails which tell the story of a man well loved by all that crossed his path. Please read from the end backwards.

Hi Raf, Kent and Peter, How about a little standardisation on font and type size?

Not sure what I am supposed to do with all these emails.

I am sending them to you to use them as appropriate.

I had correspondence with David Godbold and his wife Helen just a week before he died. I had received advice from Stephen Cooper that David was very ill. I have passed on to Raf these e-mails.

Helen came back to me thanking me for my “reaching out”

Following David’s passing, I contacted as many of David’s ICL friends that I know of, and then asked a couple of my friends (John Wolton and Trevor Davey) to remind me of David’s early working years with ICL in Brisbane when I was Bureau Manager for ICLDS. Trevor was really friendly with David back in 1973 in the operations area of the bureau. Both Trevor and John responded. I have copied these mails below. It appears from that request there have been a number of others in Brisbane who have contributed their thoughts on Dave Godbold’s ICL working career.

As I have said above, I am not sure what you guys wish to do with the material. Perhaps there is someone better qualified than I that would like to put together a piece for the *ICL Reporter*.

Over to you guys.

We have lost a great friend and work colleague.

Regards Bob Shaw

Bob (Brammah)

That's a great write-up. Wonderful memories of a good, highly-competent and funny man...

What a shame I failed to do that Oshkosh AirVenture trip with him all those years ago. It would have been my meaningful connection with him, but instead is yet another reminder to all to Seize the Day. Here's some good coverage of the 2019 AirVenture event with a good preview up front: -

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=InPefjpEUbE> I wonder if he was there? (Oshkosh didn't run in 2020: - <https://www.flyingmag.com/story/news/jack-pelton-debriefs-airventure-2020-cancellation/>).

I also noticed on Dave's LinkedIn site a *Concorde pic affirming his love of aviation, and his personal photo showing his love of boating. The LinkedIn site is still up and lists his IT career from the ICL days to most recent. Were you aware? Check here if not: <https://www.linkedin.com/in/david-godbold/>

I've copied-in Mike Fox, Bob Scott and Bryan Roper, hoping that what you've written will inspire them to do their happy memory checks, and write similar notes of good/funny times they experienced with Dave. We all need to read them.

*FROM LINKEDIN: -





Regards

jmh

On 10/06/2021 10:31 am, "Bob Brammah" <bbrammah@bigpond.com> wrote:

Hi John, Just a few memories of David. I will look for some photos and send them separately.

The last time Pat and I saw him was in New York. We met for lunch at a pub in the financial district. He even had a client tag along. Prior to that, we spent time some years earlier visiting Helen and David in Reston, and we did a few trips out looking at the civil war. Of course, David always finds amusement and humour in so many things.

His love of aviation and travel were akin to mine, so we always had a common theme to talk about. Never a dull moment with David.

I first met David when I visited Brisbane to look at the BCC project. He later joined the project team as the Ops Consultant, and what a great asset he was to the team. His energy and excitement in tackling something he found all very new was in itself just great to watch. Of course, when you sat down over a

beer with him, you found that he had this amazing wanderlust for travel. He had worked in bars in Spain, in France and other places before he showed up in the IT industry.

During the BCC project, although we were under the gun so to speak as far as achieving REDS that year, we were still trying to drag the whole system out of manufacturing and they would not let it go! Once in the hangar we had problem after problem, and **Bob Scott** had sent his client over to visit us, which added to the challenge. David managed to make the system look as if it was flying, when at the time it was barely limping along. Thanks to him we got through that visit with a wee help from **Bob Casey**.

Despite the pressure, David organised a punt boat race between the engineers on the project on the Thames down at Windsor. David once again came to the fore, and the laughs and fun we had were memorable. It was just what we needed to get the job finished and wrapped up for travel to Brisbane.

While working on BCC and MRD, we would spend any time off just going bush with the families and getting into some mischief or another. His connection with the clients was superb, and that wonderful smile and humour just won people over.

We always stayed in touch, and the next thing we had organised was a trip to Egypt. We had been to Montreux on an Atlas trip, as by then David had found his real calling and moved to sales. Springett, it's not clear whether each bloke was accompanied by the other half, as the numbers seem to vary! If it was 6 of them, there should be an s after each surname. Brammah and Godbold hired a minivan and off we went, arguing and laughing all the way to Amsterdam, where we found an armoured truck at the airport, as hijacking was at its height. We flew to Egypt and just had a great time. (By the way it was David who had organised this trip). David made friends with our guide, and we went everywhere, including climbing into the Pyramids, then drove to Luxor. We watched so many Son et Lumiere (Sound and Light) shows, it became a catch cry. We would look at David, and he would have that look and smile, and the laughter would start all over again. David managed to get us in trouble in a bar in Aswan! But that's another story! We flew on Egypt Air and each time we would get in Springett, Godbold and I would look around the battered aircraft with air vents falling off, seats not in the right position, and laughter would ensue. Not forgetting Fathima, who greeted us at the door with a bright-red lipstick smile and a fag in her mouth! Not sure whether that laughter was hysteria though! But we got to Abu Simbel, and back to Cairo.

We were boarding the flight to Singapore from Cairo, and it was late. It was just the 6 of us sitting in a bus waiting to go to the aircraft. All the lights had been turned off, and security had gone home! Then out of the blue these 4 swarthy Middle Eastern men walked through the dark area of the security and got on our bus. They only had a small bag each. Knowing the hijacking was going on, we all looked at each other very, very carefully wondering what to do. We waited and waited, not moving. The tension you could have cut with a knife. They took us to the plane and, as the 747 was pretty empty. the more important thing was to get 4 seats and we just forgot the 4 guys. The seats are more important, so we could sleep all the way. If we got hijacked, who cared, we would sleep through it.

We did find out later that these 4 guys were footballers on their way home! Nevertheless, they really looked like hijackers at 1am in the morning in Cairo!

We met again at a Greek Atlas and, après Atlas, we went off to Crete this time. Once again it was a very ropey Olympic Airways 707 aircraft but, once on the ground (thank goodness), we just embraced the island as he does so well. On the way out, we managed to miss our connecting flight out of Athens but hey who cared! Then on to London!

We stayed in touch, and we had a good catch up at a Gold Coast conference. It was just good being in his company and listening to what he had been up to. Grass has never grown under his feet. His pure enthusiasm for life and people was always infectious. The next time we found ourselves at a Hong Kong Atlas, and we were in the Dragon Boat races. Did we laugh. On top of that, we later went to a bar that day or was it a day after. This bar had karaoke and David, with a strange hat on, decided he was going to sing American Pie (by Don McLean). Everyone knows the song as it goes on and on, describing the decline of America, and David not missing a beat pressed on to the end. That had to be one of the best laughs we ever had. I was attempting to video it, but I think we all ended up on the floor with laughter. I mentioned it to Pat, and she broke into a smile and said: "That was the best laughter we had on that trip".

Of course, we had another memorable Après Atlas trip in Spain and Portugal. We travelled in separate cars but joined up here and there, always ready to tackle a town or city or village. With his language skills as well, in Spain and Portugal we just handed over all the food and drink order to David.

We used to tease him about his love of food but reckoned it was wasted on him, as it never stayed in him long enough. It either got burnt out with his energy or just left him, in the usual way!

Pat and I have always embraced the friendship we had with this funny, enthusiastic man. This planet has lost one of its valuable real characters who had so much enthusiasm for life. He left us far too soon, but he left us with so many great memories of laughter.

Bob and Pat.

Not many people know that David came from Wimbledon.

Hi Bob,

My memory is also not very good.

To the best of my recollection, Dave joined ICL in Brisbane (from the UK) around 1973, and he was married to Judy, who worked as a travel agent in the city. They had a white VW that they "beetled" around town in, and they lived in Mt Gravatt high up in the hills near the shops (address was 75 Mountain Street from memory). They later on moved out to Wishart into a more modern home. Dave developed an interest in trail-riding, and we often went riding around Mt Gravatt, Mt Cootha or Capalaba on weekends. Dave's in-laws lived in Greenslopes, which is probably one reason why he and Judy settled here, after time in the UK.

I think Dave was employed as ICL Bureau Operations Manager when he first came out (1973,) but not sure who he was employed by: possibly Bill Sullivan, or **Bob Shaw**, whoever preceded **Sandy Hinshelwood**. He worked in Brisbane with Sandy and **Dave Applegate** for a number of years, but was in demand to travel to South Africa and Sydney (Dalgety, Coffs), and undertook a number of assignments away from Brisbane in his time there (1973 - 1978?). He was the George 2+ supremo at the time,

worked closely with Dataskil and Lois Vellios at the time, installing and supporting the product in the Southern Hemisphere.

I think Dave moved down to Sydney around 1978, and I moved down shortly after in 1980. He met up with Helen Thomson down there, think they lived together in Davidson, and we sometimes went boating on weekends in the Harbour and Middle Harbour, he had a great little runabout and life was good. He was working his way into Sales then, migrating away from being a technical expert, and was recruited to go to PNG by **Bill Leahey** to manage the Bougainville Copper account. I followed him up there around 1983 as PM for the Dual 2958 VME machines he had sold into BCL, and to upgrade National Computer Centre to 2900 Range equipment. Dave and Helen were very good to me up there, looking after me on weekends etc. when my family were still staying in Brisbane.

After 1983, I returned to Brisbane for a while, Dave and Helen went back down to Sydney a few years later I think, and we all caught up again. Dave's career in sales had taken off by then, he was managing some big accounts for ICL mainly in retail, and soon he was off to the States where his success continued. But I still have wonderful memories of our early times together from Brisbane, PNG and Sydney, he was a great friend and colleague.

Bob, I probably won't get down to Sydney for a wake or other event before August, so look forward to catching up with you when you are up here. Shirley is still in recovery mode from her cancer surgery, but is doing very well. Think she has been talking to Bette Lakin and caught up on the news of their move. It sounds pretty good to me.

Kind Regards,

Trevor

----- Original Message -----

From: bob.shaw@bigpond.net.au

To: "John Wolton" <jwolton@ozemail.com.au>; "TREVOR GEORGE DAVEY" <tdavey@bigpond.com>

Cc: bob.shaw@bigpond.net.au

Sent: Sunday, 6 Jun, 2021 At 3:45 PM

Subject: David Godbold's Passing

Hi Trevor and John, (and Shirley and Gwyn)

A number of David Goldbold's friends are still coming to grips with the sad news of his passing last week.

A wake is being organised in Sydney with the numbers attending yet to be confirmed.

I would like to attend if I am available on the date that the organising group decides.

In the meantime, there has been quite a lot of discussion (at various golf matches and dinner functions) about David, his work history and the locations that ICL employed him.

I know, Trevor and John, you have extremely good memories for the time and places that various ICL employees worked “with us”. My memory is OK, but a bit vague going back 50 years or so. Can you help me? When do you think David joined ICL? At what office did he join? Who employed him? In what role did he perform at the time of his recruitment? Can you track his career progression from those early days up until he left for the United States? When did he leave Brisbane? When did Judy and he separate, and when did he marry Helen? Where?

Any detail you can provide would really be appreciated, as I know it is of interest by a whole lot of ex-ICL people in Sydney, and will be canvassed at the wake that is planned for David.

Many thanks.

From: Graham Palmer <gpalmer@netspace.net.au>
Sent: Friday, 11 June 2021 9:55 AM
To: 'Bob Shaw' <bobshaw@bigpond.net.au>
Subject: FW: Dave Godbold

Hi Bob

Please see e-mailed memories of David as sent through by **Bob Scott & Mike Fox** below.

Regards

Graham

From: John Haug [<mailto:hauga2k@bigpond.net.au>]
Sent: Friday, 11 June 2021 12:52 AM
To: Graham Palmer
Cc: Bob Brammah
Subject: FW: Dave Godbold

Graham,

As our fearless leader, it looks as though the Godbold matter is in your desk to follow through with **Bob Shaw**. From the tone of his e-mail, JW seems to have stepped aside.

Let's know how I can help.

Regards

jmh

From: John Wolton <jwolton@ozemail.com.au>

Sent: Thursday, 10 June 2021 9:51 PM

To: John Haug <hauga2k@bigpond.net.au>

Subject: Re: Dave Godbold

Hi John,

I am not acting in any official capacity. **Bob Shaw** simply asked me for my memories of David for a remembrance in Sydney. I did correspond with David prior to his death, and talked about old times.

I asked **Bob Brammah** to assist, and he did a great job.

I am unsure about who is co-ordinating things in Sydney. It might be best to copy **Bob Shaw** with whatever you have.

It's time for a coffee?

Cheers

John

Sent from my iPad

On 10 Jun 2021, at 8:46 pm, John Haug <hauga2k@bigpond.net.au> wrote:

G'day John,

I notice that Mike Fox's note and one from Bob Scott were not copied to you (see below).

I'm not sure who is collating all the input about Dave's work for ICL in Qld but I think it's you, working with Bob Shaw. Am I right? It won't be easy, and I hope nothing falls into the old 'competitive divide' which, as I recall from the late seventies/early eighties, separated Data Centre records and those in the rest of the organisation. Are John Schuter and Graham Mail still about? I haven't heard of them for years. Did they have contact, do you know??

As well as them and people like John Harmer, Chris Robinson there'll be others. Whoever and wherever they are, sales or support, there's little doubt that there are more people out there who need to know ASAP that Dave has passed. Like Bob Scott and Bob Brammah, they'll be really shocked. I know Graham Palmer has sent out queries to a number of Brisbane AllStars, but around 2 weeks has already passed since Dave died, and I'm not sure how you/we can find them more quickly.

But I am sure that at least some of them will be willing to share anecdotes for inclusion in the pages of AllStars News.

Perhaps you and Graham Palmer can get together urgently and by e-mail, ask some specific questions of everyone on Graham's Data Base. I've suggested to Graham that we need to seriously consider holding a mid-year/winter AllStars lunch this year.* The two matters can be sensibly brought together in one suitable e-mail from Graham.

Are you aware of Dave's LinkedIn entry? It's still up and lists his IT career from the ICL days to most recent. Check here if not: <https://www.linkedin.com/in/david-godbold/>

Will you or Bob Shaw be able to find people who worked with Dave during the 4 years he worked for ICL in USA? He moved on to Sun and other IT outfits after that.

Regards

...jmh

PS: * *I haven't been involved on the Qld. AllStars Organising Committee for a couple of years now, but since I 'retired' a decision was made to hold just one function a year. Too long between drinks I reckon, especially since Covid impacted the 2020 event, but not my call...*

...jmh

From: Bob Scott <bobscott@bigpond.net.au>

Sent: Thursday, 10 June 2021 7:04 PM

To: 'Mike Fox' <mike.fox@bigpond.net.au>; 'John Haug' <hauga2k@bigpond.net.au>

Cc: 'Bob Brammah' <bbrammah@bigpond.com>

Subject: RE: Dave Godbold

Hi John

I am absolutely devastated to hear of the terrible struggle with illness that Dave has had over the past few years, and his recent death. I first met Dave in Mt Isa early in 1975, when I was the ICL project manager for the implementation of George 2+ at Mt Isa Mines and he came up to train the operations staff in George 2+. We had a good relationship in business and socially. I had total respect for Dave's competence and integrity. I remember him for his confident manner, his quick wit, dry sense of humour and a distinctive wry smile. This is very sad news, and my thoughts are for those close to David, especially Helen.

Regards, Bob Scott

From: Mike Fox [mailto:mike.fox@bigpond.net.au]
Sent: Thursday, 10 June 2021 4:06 PM
To: 'John Haug'
Cc: 'Bob Scott'; 'Bob Brammah'
Subject: RE: Dave Godbold

Hi John,

I knew Dave mainly through Bob Scott and Bob Brammah, around the time he moved into sales. I think I first met Dave in Mt Isa when I was working for MIM, about 1975, but Bob Scott would know for sure if David was ever at Mt Isa.

What I most remember about Dave was the likeability of the man – on a scale of 1 to 10, Dave was 10. I think everyone who knew him would say the same.

Cheers,

Mike

From: John Haug [mailto:hauga2k@bigpond.net.au]
Sent: Thu, June 10, 2021 12:55 PM
To: mike.fox@bigpond.net.au
Subject: Dave Godbold

G'day Mike,

Thanks for your note. Can you enlarge on your contract/observations re Dave?

Who else do you know who would have known him at ICL's Brisbane office?

...jmh

From: Mike Fox [mailto:mike.fox@bigpond.net.au]
Sent: Thursday, 10 June 2021 9:40 AM
To: 'Graham Palmer' [mailto:gpalmer@netspace.net.au]
Cc: 'Bob Scott' [mailto:bobscott@bigpond.net.au]; 'Bob Brammah' [mailto:bbrammah@bigpond.com];
hauga2k@bigpond.net.au; tdavey@bigpond.com
Subject: RE: David Godbold's Passing

Very sorry to hear about Dave's passing. Don't think I ever met a more cheerful guy. A tough way to go. Thanks for reminiscences, Trevor.

As John says, time is passing, so we better get on with life!

Cheers

Mike

From Warren Kirchner:

My memories of David and indeed Helen go back to PNG days and joining George Petrou's ICL PNG services team with my wife and young family. Brian Roper being the GM of ICL with offices at Investment House, Port Moresby.

During the period of David & Helen's Port Moresby residence, one of my many and varied roles covering the period 1980 to 1988 included BCC site engineer for what was at that time installation and commissioning of the world's 3rd only dual 2958s, the ones David had sold.

1000 kms from mainland into the Pacific Ocean: no mean feat technically and logistically, given the poor state of interconnector cable pins between processors – an angst that contributed to handover delays to BCC, and necessitated a 'Graeme' or 'David' Lloyd – correct me please - to fly in from Aust and a 'Peter', I think UK factory technical specialist, to join in identification and resolution of the problem. I subsequently met 'Peter' in UK when visiting the Manchester factory – a rather large lad.

My wife Jill remembered our children swimming in David & Helen's apartment pool many times, just off Ela beach and if our memory serves us right, David & Helen's apartment was broken into, even though a high rise with bougainvillea around that cut the intruders. Certainly, David was fit and active with squash and HHH with the PNG group during their stay to 1983. A strong competitor.

Jill and I remember them both well, and it saddens us to think his passing was due to medical malfeasance.

Please pass on our condolences to Helen.

GREAT CAREER IN MARKETING – TAKE 3 FROM IAN PEARSON

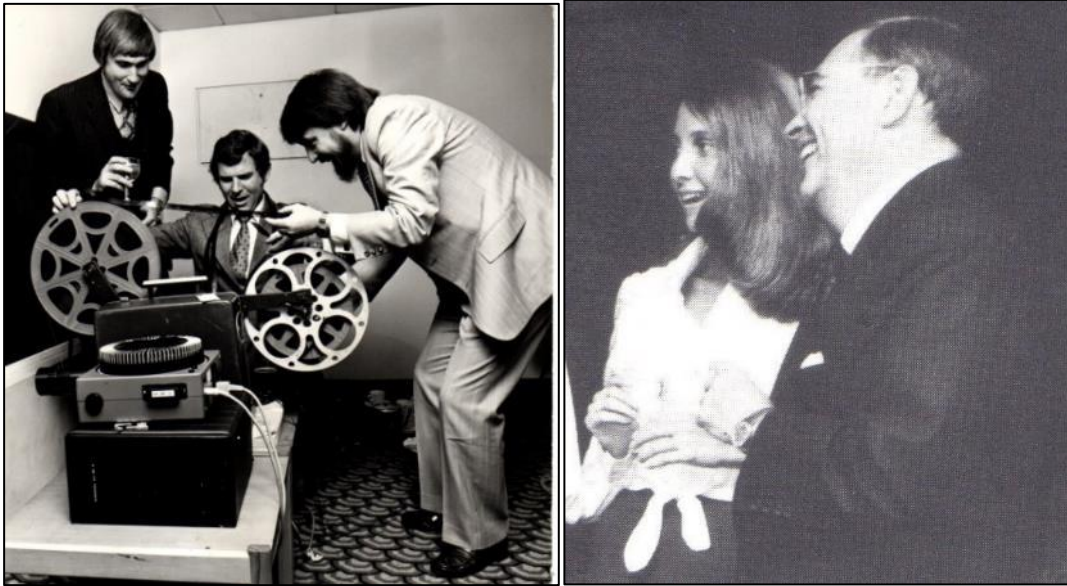
At the end of my last meandering diatribe on marketing, things were fast wrapping up for me in Oz, as I had been invited (or probably more accurately, sent) to the UK. This was to help co-ordinate all creative marketing launch matters, of an International Division nature, for the 2900, otherwise referred to as our 'New Range'. With me was my rather special wife, **Vicki**.



Unavoidably caught up in marketing: Vicki (centre) with Helen and Bibb, all involved in a promotion for Columbia Pictures.

Based in Putney, in Bridge House South, I joined a superb team of Pom **Brian Lewis** and fellow Aussies **Bruce Paul** and **David Oswald**. All of us were managed by an ever-patient Englishman **Chris Singer** (poor bugger), with essential team secretarial support being marvellously delivered by yet another import from ICL down under, **Ann Milne**. En route to London, I was asked to visit both Hong Kong and South Africa to review their expectations for the product launch and ongoing marketing support. Which was a rather splendid beginning (with **Vicki** in tow) for the new assignment.

This was **Vicki's** first overseas trip ever, and there was much excitement. She'd especially asked the world-travelled **Cliff Oldham**, then Pacific MD, for a recommended Hong Kong restaurant or three, and was really looking forward to a genuine Chinese meal.



On the left and aiding the visuals: Brian Lewis, Bruce Paul and David Oswald playing silly-buggers with the 2900 launch AVs. On the right? - Ricing to the occasion: Cliff Oldham with Lynlee Watson.

Trouble was, our then recently-appointed HK marketing manager, a Welshman we all called **Blodwen**, thought he should act as our unrelenting host, and that meant dinner not at a great eatery but rather at his and his wife's rather flash apartment. His amah (nanny/maid) had been instructed to produce an appropriate meal. And this she had decided would be shepherd's pie followed by rhubarb tart.

The child-bride's disappointment was palpable, but at least the wine was splendid. Thankfully, Johannesburg got me back in the kid's good books. It was a fantastic hotel we were cosseted in, plus dinner with the ICL South African board atop the Post Office tower.

And so eventually to London. From the start, it was all too clear that there was a huge amount of work to do and, at times, it would be more than fair to say there were questions about whether everything would actually get completed on time. As such, days were long and tiring. I recall having a Dictaphone beside my bed, so that awakening, with yet another blasted thought, I could make sure it was not forgotten. In some cases, it would certainly have been better to have let the memory default.

How **Vicki** put up with all of this still amazes me. But on the plus side, our great mate at corporate HQ, **Cedric Dickens**, cinched a great medical position for the child bride in

accident and emergency at the globally-esteemed Guys teaching hospital, just down from London Bridge.



Is there a doctor in the house? Cedric Dickens (third from right), in Sydney with Ken Simper, Bob Beavan, Jack D'Arcy, Neil Mann and Brian Lewis.

During the mountain of preparations for our launch, the company needed a fabulous set of product photographs. Here it was a no-brainer to keep things in an ID-way-of-brilliant-thinking mode by summoning my South African counterpart **Jack Liebenberg** to drive things in Britain as creative director. As ever he was totally brilliant.



Nice work if you can get it: Jack Liebenberg (left), with two of our 2900 launch-photo models and the 2900.

Among the major launch problems, absolutely unique to International Division, was the fact that the majority of our territories were not going to be permitted to sell the 2900, at least initially. The reasons for this were many, but included the fact that certain locales, such as India and Egypt, lacked hard currency. Other countries, like those in the Caribbean, East Africa and West Africa, simply presented too small a prospect base to make the necessary costs of staff training and support set-up anything like a viable proposition.

Of course, telling these markets they couldn't buy a 2900 was not in the least bit conducive to our corporate image, and it sent an implied (albeit untrue) message of the low regard in which we held them. Likewise for our own staff, who would be made to feel, at best, like third-rate citizens.

Obviously, we had to do something about this, and it was your humble scribe who drew the short straw, being told to 'fix it'! I might add that no other bugger was in the least bit eager or willing to help address our dilemmas: they could be seen ducking for cover. And I must admit that this little Aussie wasn't totally delighted by the challenge that had been set for him. Certainly daunted.

The strategy adopted was multi-fold. For example, it saw us really pushing the sophistication of the 2900 (a seemingly mad thing to counter the situation that we were confronting). But in doing this, we were suggesting that to get to that highly-advanced technology, a 'Way Ahead' was necessary, and that's what we were about to sell to our markets here and now.

So, we were selling futures, if you like. To make this plausible, we needed a lot of quite specific technical and marketing back-up. And here ID was totally left to its own devices. For instance, we had to develop our own technical briefings, marketing strategies, sales messages and our own 'Way Ahead' brochures. As if we were not already more than snowed under.

Next, we brought top sales guys from all of the affected territories to the UK for a several-day 'love in' at Selsdon Manor. As I said, no-one else had any inclination, at this stage to get involved with this event. And so, it was down to **Vicki** (as a co-opted/press-ganged hostess) and me to drive everything. The formal presentations were all about how to sell the situation presenting itself, stressing the absolute importance of the team's markets. It was also about doing a huge morale-boosting job. All the time with fingers crossed, supplemented with an odd prayer or ten.



Global heroes: At the 'love-in' break-up cocktail party are some really cool dudes from India, Pakistan, the Middle East, West Africa, East Africa and the Caribbean. At centre is **Jack Clark**, the UK-based head of what were termed our head office territories (HOT). His absence, up to then, was duly noted!

One evening we all adjourned to London-city for a very debauched and grand night out, while at conference home base, we accompanied things with some great food and copious quantities of beverages. We catered for individual tastes, just to stress the importance of all of those with us.

They say that failure is an orphan. But here we scored a success, and it was interesting (and predictable) to see all of those jumping on the bandwagon. At conference-end, we all repaired to Bridge House South, where a rather decent cocktail party was hosted by a most enthusiastic (and enormously grateful) ID Director, **Chris Wilson**.

This had been one more 'seat of the pants' exercise, but it was certainly built on very solid marketing principles, and it was that fact that won the day. We pivotally 'marketed' to our own team, and gave them a marketing strategy to take back home to potently address their territories.

I must say that for **Vicki's** and my original London assignment—slated for just six months—we were provided with a basement apartment that had a super address, but which was an absolute hell-hole. No shower, a tiny kitchen with room for just one at a time, and a living area that demanded the lounge chair be moved simply to assemble the minute dining table. So it was fantastic, when my UK contract was renewed for another 18 months, to take over an ICL-leased house that a previous Australasia country manager, **Brian Michael**, had found and initially occupied. It was about a 12-minute walk from the office, had a shower (installed by **Brian**) three bedrooms, a custom-designed kitchen, a double lounge (part traditional and part casual), plus a terrific formal dining room.



Home sweet home: The **Brian Michael** located abode plus my half-decent car.



House hunting: **Brian Michael** (second from left) seen in NSW with **David Eastwood**, **David Jacques** and **Warren Hodges**.

Such a fantastic abode was obviously far too big for just two people, and so it was with great delight that all manner of folk came to stay.

First up, was the inimitable **Angus Chalmers**. As it happened, much of my time, based in Bridge House South in Putney, deliciously coincided with the posting to the same locale of **Angus**, who took on the role of Australasian country desk manager. That is the eyes and ears of Oz and New Zealand at ID and corporate HQ, and the bod charged with successfully orchestrating the many visits of Antipodean customers and prospects to the UK. A South African by birth, a significant part of **AC's** stellar IT sales career had taken place in Australia where, among other things, he sold our first 2903 to Swan TV which was also one of the very first successes for the product globally.



Call the nearest barber (in a hurry): Pearson with **Angus Chalmers** (right) at a Putney hostelry (not the Eight Bells, just for a novel change).

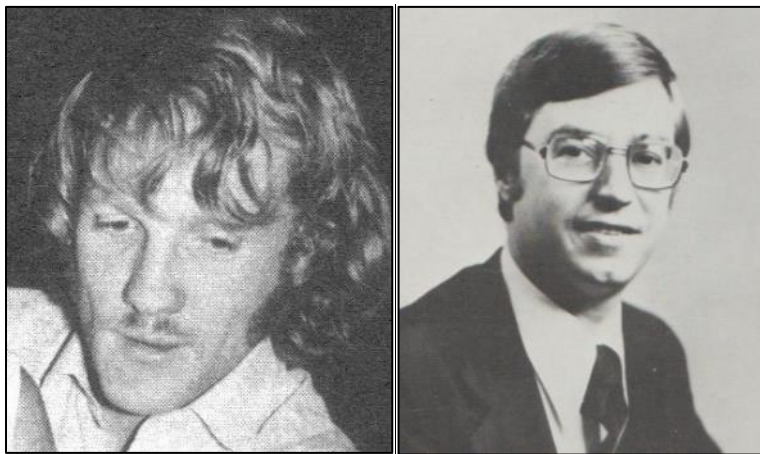
Angus stayed with us until his family arrived from Perth some eight weeks later. And during that time, I was well and truly introduced to the delights of curry and tandoori.

Speaking of matters with a sub-continent flavour, it is a tad hard to forget a Christmas we spent together. Specifically, it was Christmas Eve, and a youngish Indian chap, one Dr P K Shrivastava, had landed on the ICL doorstep with a view to checking out our 2903 systems. He'd already been more than well looked after in the US by a couple of suppliers who were very keen to win the order he was driving for his country's Department of Health. As a Hindu, he'd little concept of the timing of Christmas (and hence his London arrival date), and from the ICL side of things, no one wanted to give him the time of day. But biting the bullet, **Angus** and I invited him home for a very late Christmas Day feast (the delayed timing because **Vicki** and a couple of super nursing friends were on duty earlier in the agenda of the 25th). PK accepted with enthusiasm, and at something like 4.00am on Boxing Day he was seen heading off to his hotel chauffeured by the delightful Florence Nightingales. It would be fair to say that the lad had probably never had so much to drink in his life. He poignantly (but a tad alcohol-induced) noted: "I used to be a good Hindu boy. Now I am an international man". He was great company. Some days later, PK was finally given the demo he required. And for the record he then ordered four 2903 systems. And yes, hard currency was available. So even Yuletide became something of a sales and marketing exercise.

Although it must be said, this was one of the strangest but most memorable and enjoyable Xmas celebrations ever.

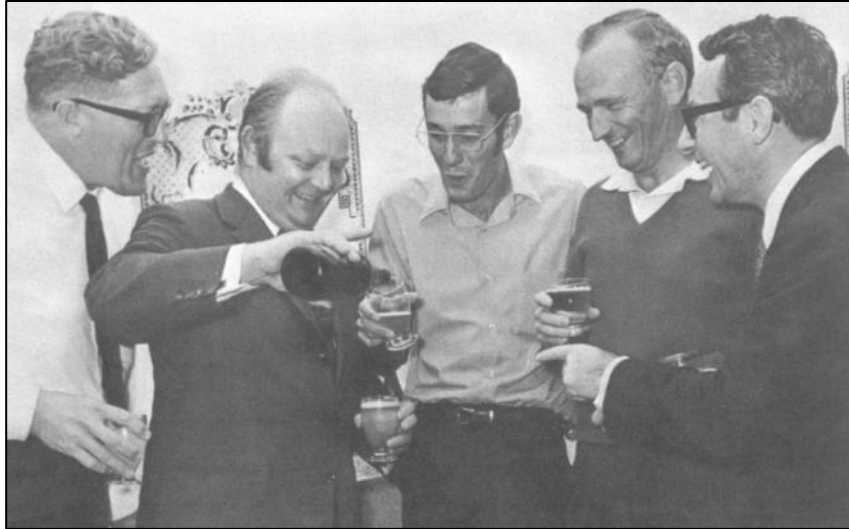
Along the way, the home in Inglethorpe Street also had the pleasure of hosting **Sham Utum Singh** (MD of ICL India), **David Crocombe** (VP ICL USA) and **Doug Mason**, a fellow Adelaide graduate trainee recruit at the old firm. And then, of course, there was any number of non-ICL house guests who ensured the place was never empty, and never without copious quantities of libation to hand.

With all manner of men and women coming and going, often at strange hours by normal standards, the neighbours at Fulham never did fathom what we were all about. But you can bet London to a brick, their range of rather salacious suppositions were all totally wrong.



On the defence (Left): Doug Mason, in the UK with two tasks in hand. The first was to use Britain as a base for a grand European motoring tour. The second, to work on a major and rather to- secret ICL project for the Ministry of Defence at their Devizes facility on Salisbury Plain. And **(on the right)** all the vice president's men: **Dave Crocombe**.

By now, my meandering yarn is progressing well away from a chronological time-line. And to get things back on track, I need to return somewhat to the initial six-month UK assignment. Or do I? As I said before, early in the piece, the assembled ID team had some worries about being able to complete things on time. And so it was of some added concern when ID director **Chris Wilson** one day asked if I'd accompany him and ID personnel chief **Tim Baker** (yet another Australian) to New York early the following week.



Beer O'clock: Tim Baker (right) seen in Australia with Peter Gynge, Chris Joint, Ian Stewart and Don Greenhalgh.

At that time, ICL had an incredibly modest (essentially non-existent) presence in the Big Apple – essentially there to support a couple of our UK users who had US operations that needed their own 2903 systems. One of these customers was the Marine Midland Bank, and our own office was located in their building on the famed Madison Avenue. Number 555 Madison to be precise.

However, matters American were soon to change. That was principally under the influence of global MD **Geoffrey Cross**. He'd relished the success of the 2903 and had set some ambitious plans to hit the US market, with an initial sales concentration in the New York metropolitan area. Pivotal to that was to be the set-up of a 2903 Customer Centre, like similar facilities located in many other locales worldwide. And what better a photo to feature **Geoff**, in this context, than that taken in Oz when he joined us to celebrate Australia's 100th 2903 order? A notable deal from the Kelloggs company.



Snap, crackle and pop: **Geoffrey Cross** (fourth from left) and **Peter Ellis** (ICL's director of worldwide marketing (second from right), with **Bob Beavan**, David Hampton (Kellogs), **Norm Riddiough**, Bill McDonald (Kellogs), **Mike Gifford** and **Kryn Versteeg**.

But back to the original task in hand; the 2900 launch. I'll talk about the US project, not forgetting Canada, next time around, assuming our editor is willing. With the New Range launch I learnt many things; not all marvellously positive. For instance, I became aware that the British way of running committees was to go around (and around, around and around) the table, giving everyone the chance to contribute to the current discussions, irrespective of whether they had anything to say or not. Adding to the frustration was that, as soon a lap of the table had been completed, everyone – in strict sitting order – was asked to make further comments. This, of course, was a great way of getting nothing done slowly. At the same time, I became all too acutely aware that perhaps regrettably (perhaps not), I wasn't the sort of person who liked wallowing in committee-style work and meandering all over the place willy-nilly. Put those last two points together, and it was inevitable that sparks would fly, at least from the Aussie corner. From everywhere else, disdain was directed at that corner. So it must be said that, after many a tedious group session, I had to return to Bridge House South and get **Chris Wilson** to make apologies for the disruptive Australian upstart. As the Army is wont to suggest: "Ask for forgiveness, not permission".

All of that said, I have to note that eventual decisions emanating from the clustered council of regents were generally pretty close to what ID believed they should be, so all was well that ended well. But I never changed my view—noted in the last episode of this (seemingly) never-ending tale—that ICL's UK-committees operated like circular firing squads.



Making all too regular apologies: **Chris Wilson** in Brisbane on rather more pleasant duties, making a special presentation to **Barry Bowden**, who was accompanied by his great wife.

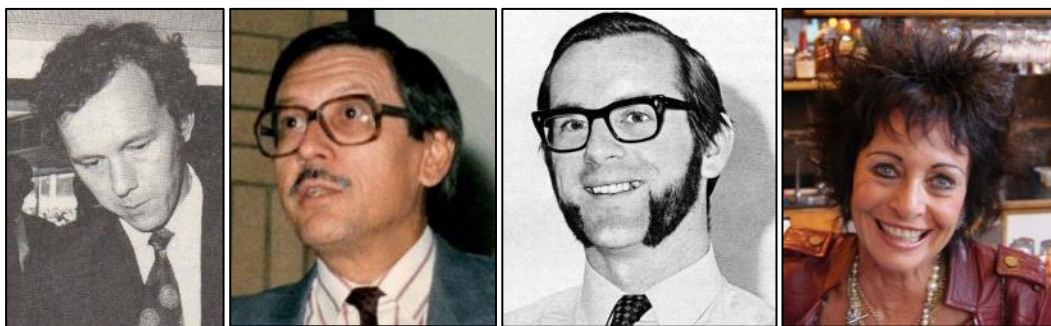
In the end, everything that needed to be done for the launch happened pretty much as planned and well on time. Miracles never cease. And so it was to Australia for a couple

of weeks to witness our presentation of the 2900 to the markets and the media. I say witness, as my presence was really unnecessary, and there was bugger all for me to actually do. A nice break actually, given the pressure of the previous six months.

Sure the 2900 launch project was hard work. Blooming hard yakka. But it also had its great social side. Much of this took place at the Eight Bells hostelry right behind Bridge House South. Indeed, such was the popularity of this great venue that many AllStars regularly popped back to the pub when re-visiting England, with some local Poms (with strong Aussie connections) following suit. Such a pilgrimage included **Mike Benton**, **Bill Leakey**, **Keith Cornwell**, **Phil Sugden**, **Alan Wakefield** and your humble scribe (with Adelaide associate member **Tanya Rigley** in tow).



For whom the bells toll: Pictured re-visiting are **Mike Benton** and **Bill Leakey**.



Ring my chimes: **Keith Cornwell**, **Alan Wakefield**, **Phil Sugden** and **Tanya Rigley**.

Aside from the aforementioned inn, we all used to frequent another purveyor of beer, wine and spirits almost as near, albeit a tad closer to Bridge House North. Sadly we have forgotten its name, and we believe it is no longer there. Rest in peace, old friend!



At the unnamed alternative pub: An eagle eye can spot Aussies **Pat Brasier** (pretty much front and centre), **Angus Chalmers** and **Dave Oswald**.

In the same pub at the same function, some business was seriously on the agenda, albeit not compromising the fluid consumption.



Time gentlemen please: **Pearson** (right) with ID marketing manager **Tony Chandor**. And that is the back of **Warren Grace's** head, literally gracing our photo.

MY LIFE IN COMPUTING –

RAPHAEL MICHAELANGELO DUA

Firstly, let me start with The ICL Eulogy

The ICL Eulogy

In the beginning were two tribes in the land of Britannia, the Samasites and the Hollerithites, known to all as the round-holers and the slotted-holers. And many were the battles fought in their name as they hurled their engines of war against each other. But even as they ranged their batteries of Samastronics against the might of the 915, the Indian Blanket Manufacturers tribe had entered the battle from the west and swept all before them. Thus, it came about that the elders of the two tribes of Britannia joined their forces to fight the new enemy, and the new tribe was called ICT.

And the engineers of ICT, with support from the plains of Emidec and the mountains of Atlas, laboured mightily to produce a new battle weapon to fight the 360 Series, and the new weapon was called the 1900 series. And the 1904 begat the 1904E, and the 1904E begat the 1904A, and the 1904A begat the 1904S.

But even as the begetting was happening, a new force appeared from the lands in the north and the tribe of English Electric Leo Marconi, and all stations to Crewe (change for Kidsgrove) appeared, clad in their blue raiment, and rained down their System 4 on the field of battle. And many were the wars fought as the J operating system was pitted against the might of George 3.

But the rulers of the kingdom of Britannia were sore troubled, for they desired a strong indigenous computer industry, and they spake unto the elders of the two tribes and said “Get your act together lads, or else”. And thus in the year 1968 was born the tribe of ICL.

But still all was not peace in the land, as the elders of the two tribes and the sons of the elders and the sons of the sons of the elders fought for the top jobs even unto the lowliest Account Manager.

And there arrived a new prophet called the lord Cross who gathered together the troops and declared “I have seen a vision, and the vision shall be called New Range and it will fire shells tipped with the deadly VME”. But for a time, the troops were puzzled as only the wisest of the sages in the kingdom were able to comprehend the mysteries of such wonders as the Orthogonal Instruction Set and Reverse Polish Notation. And their

puzzlement grew even greater as the acolyte of the lord Cross, Brian O'Heron, devised new ceremonies and liturgies for the ICL tribe and declared that, only if a salesman could walk around the ramparts of Hartree House 200 times whilst hauling the weight of a 750-page Blue Border, would he be granted the keys to sell the mighty 2900 engine. But soon all was well, and the rulers of the kingdom bought the 2900 by the score and ICL prospered.

But Cross passed on, and one day a new prophet appeared unto the tribe and the lord Bonfield, for it was he, travelled to the east to the land of Fujitsu, and returned bearing a shining cube for the family of Gorton to build into their engine of war. And the elders of Fujitsu liked the product so much they bought the company. But even as they laboured, new stars were arising in the firmament and the lord Bonfield declared: "We will follow the new star called Unix". But even as he spake, the barbarian hordes from Microsoft and Intel were sweeping all before them and ICL was sore troubled. And the lord Bonfield spake again and said, "There is no profit in shifting tin, we must change our battle strategy to Services Marketing". But the lord Bonfield moved on to a higher plane, and the elders who were left began to worship a new god called Flotation. And the god Flotation promised the elders untold riches when they cashed in their share options. But the tribe wasted their inheritance on ceremonies like the annual Massaging of the Balance Sheet and, alas, the new god was a false god and soon his statue was toppled to the ground.

And the elders of Fujitsu cried "Enough", and the name of ICL was consigned to that dark hall wherein lie the spirits of those names that have passed before, such as Univac and Control Data and Burroughs and Digital and many more. And soon the voice of ICL was heard no more in the land, save in strange gatherings of the faithful who met to break bread and drink wine and remember the glories of that once-great name.

MY STORY

I started in July 1954 with British Tabulating Machine as a cadet data processing person, I was taught a lot about the power of 8- column punch cards and how you could process invoices and create product lists and all sorts of clever things. I learned to punch cards, then to create a system flowchart to work out how to process information using plug wires. I progressed to plugging the 915 and 975 tabulators and later the HEC 4, which became the 1202, and started programming these 1000-valve computers with a drum for storage.

In 1959/60, ICT negotiated with RCA in Cherry Hill New Jersey to purchase the rights to produce the RCA 301 and sell it as the ICT 1500. I was fortunate enough to go to Cherry Hill and learn the RCA 301 (I still have my RCA 301 Programmer's manual,

well!! it might come back). I was put onto the RCA 301 PERT programming team which was being used on the Fleet Ballistic Weapon project better known as Polaris.

Returned in Jan 1961 to work for the Operations Research team under **Ben Aston** at 149 Park Lane, London with **Iain Drummond**, **Frank Ellison**, **Bill Byrne**, **John Holland**. I was assigned as a programmer to commence the upgrade programming of RCA 301 PERT to become ICT 1500 PERT/03. The Operations Research team) was under the auspices of **John Grant**, with **Sam Woodgate** as the manager, to take over the RCA 301 PERT package that they had been jointly working on, and upgraded and renamed it the ICT 1500 Series PERT. By January 1962 we were transferred to Putney Bridge House North where I met up with the ICT1300 PERT team and **Hamish Carmichael**, there was a 1500 in Bridge House South, and we spent quite a lot of time going backwards and forwards. During the course of programming ,several major advances in Critical Path methodology were made by the OR group, and most notably the ICT Ladder Techniques.

I represented ICT on the Operational Research Society's Critical Path Analysis committee, which consisted of the major OR departments in UK industry, such as the National Coal Board, Unilever, Consultants PA and PE as well as IBM. Many ideas which became part of the UK PERT software capability originated from this committee.

Five major upgrades to 1500 PERT were made from 1962 to 1964, during which time I was also one of the programmers working with the 1900 PERT team working for **Geoff Newman**. I was fortunate enough to have my cousin from the US join us from RCA as the leader for the enhanced versions of 1500 PERT, with much cross-pollination to the 1900.

In the early days, ICT developed the Ladder Technique which was most likely responsible for the CEGB in the UK purchasing several 1500s to run the PERT program. The Ladder Technique was used extensively in all the subsequent ICT/ICL PERT programs from 1964 until 1988.

The OR team was also supporting and developing the ICT 1301 PERT software, with **Hamish Carmichael** and **John McKenzie** being the major programmers with others also working on APPRAISE for the ATLAS computer, OPUS for the ORION computer, and a small simple CPM software package for the Sirius, Pegasus and Mercury range of computers (ex-Ferranti); this took place from 1961 to 1966.

During early 1964, the ICT 1900 PERT team was established. This product had many more advanced techniques and features than most of the US (IBM)-based CPM/PERT applications. Almost immediately, several orders for 1900s were taken on the strength of the proposed 1900 PERT specification, with Richard Costain the major UK construction company being a notable one. The ICT 1900 PERT was probably the most

advanced PERT application on the market at the time when it was launched in November 1965 in the UK, and overseas (Australia and New Zealand) when I returned from UK to Melbourne in January 1966. Here I first joined the Australian Computer Society with Val and Peter Murton, and others. We met regularly at Clunies Ross House on Royal Parade for many years.

I was transferred to ICT NZ to the brand-new 1900 Computer Centre which was being built in Auckland at Caltex House where we had great views of the Waitemata harbour. I was responsible for the support of 1900 PERT for the first five 1900s which had been sold by **Basie Du Toit** in 1965.

I also supported a couple of 1300s as well, one for the Apple and Pear Board in Wellington and the other for Cadbury Fry Pascal Hudson in Dunedin, then to Kawerau (which is opposite White Island) to set up a 1900 PERT service for Tasman Pulp and Paper Company, who were converting from a 1301. ICT had about 20 or so PERT clients on the bureaux and ten installations on user hardware, a remarkably busy two years.

Naturally enough I joined the NZ Computer Society in 1966 as a founder member having already joined the Victorian Computer Society earlier.

The EELM/ICT merger had taken place in the UK, and I was transferred to ICL? in June 1968 to the bureau in Melbourne, as there were several hardware sites which had bought 1900 PERT and there was an opportunity to build up a good business for the bureaux throughout Australia and PNG. I acted as consultant extensively to many major ICL clients across Australia and in PNG, and continued to support accounts in NZ.

In 1972 I was selected by ICL International Division to present ICL 1900 PERT at a major British Government-funded Business Exhibition in Peking (as it was known at the time) in April 1973.

In 1974 when Cyclone Tracy devastated Darwin, our esteemed ICL DS GM **Simon Fowler** sent me to work as part of the CDW Disaster Recovery team to run all the planning and scheduling work. It was due to the fact (I think) that I was the proud! owner of a portable terminal with a built-in 300-baud modem. I was originally meant to be there for six weeks and stayed for 3 months. I never ever found out how much ICLDS charged CDW for my time.

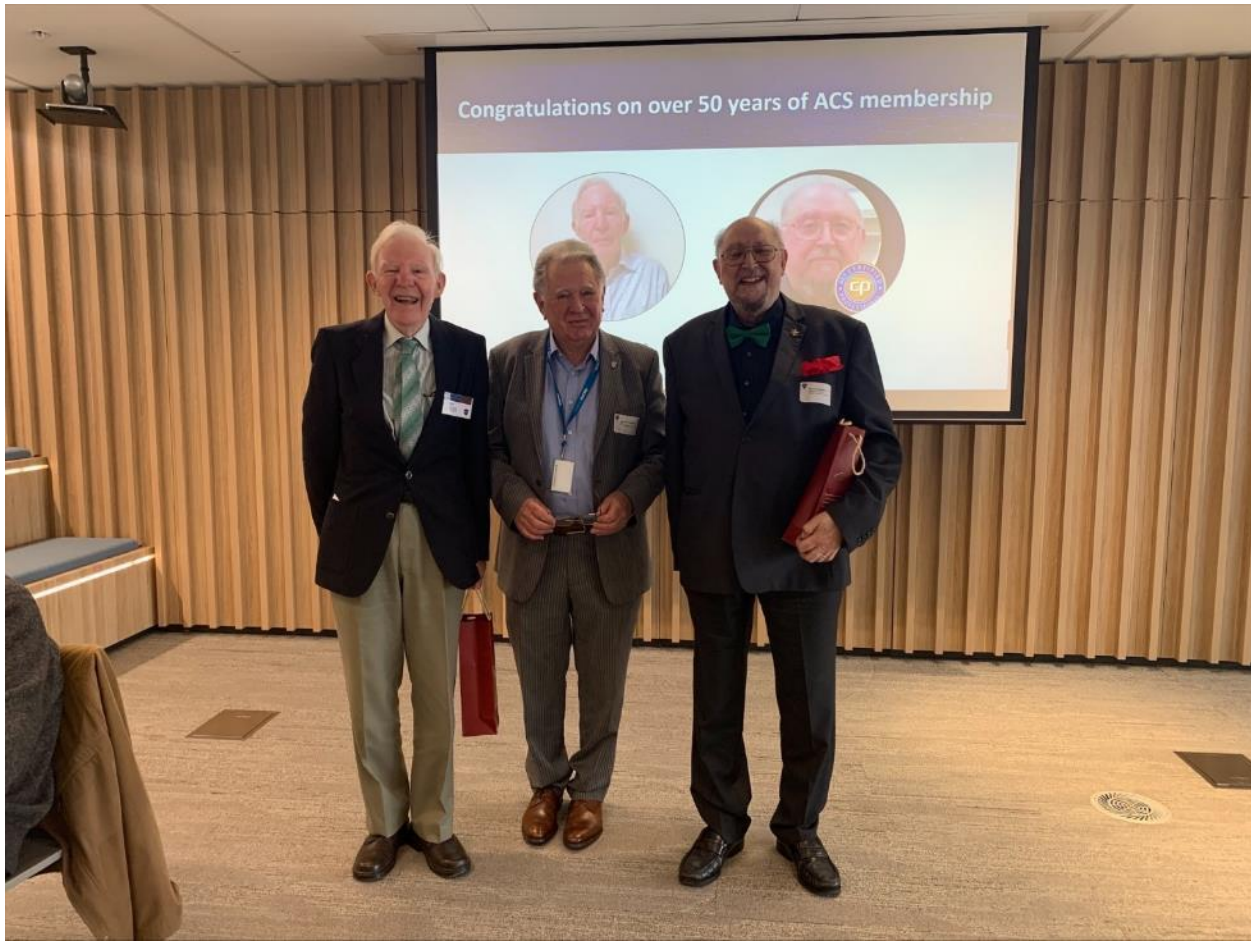
When the 2903 was released, it came with an upgraded version of 1900 PERT, the only change being made was the 1900 being changed to 2903. When the ME29 was released, it came with an upgraded version of 1900 PERT, the only change being made was the 1900 being changed to ME29. When New Range was announced, a PERT with a completely-revised specification and scope was developed as 2900 PERT, and was

successfully delivered with the first 2900. In 1974 further design work was carried out, in conjunction with many of the 1900 PERT users transitioning to the next range of VME computers and VME PERT in 1979. (These new two major applications were funded from sales of 1900 PERT and by Dataskil who developed the specification and programmed it). Not forgetting the upgraded Dataskil version of ICL 1900 Series PERT as ME29 PERT in 1979. That year, when the DRS/ 20 was announced, it too came with a PERT application then known as ICL Planner 20, which was provided by Micro Planning Limited in the UK and has subsequently been re-programmed for the Apple Macintosh and Windows systems. A long and proud history for ICL, with PERT features that have never been matched by the competition in the US or anywhere else for that matter.

Of course, having spent over 30 years in ICL developing and running all the various PERT systems, I was a founder -member of Micro Planning International Ltd from 1986, after I took early retirement from ICL. I now own Micro Planning International, and we are still selling our software and developing in the cloud, and we are currently negotiating with an investor to develop major enhancements to Micro Planner X-Pert which is the great-grandchild of ICT 1900 PERT.

So, after 56 years in the ACS, I am still continually active in the software business as a developer and customer experience director for several US-based software companies, who produce technical software for project planning and scheduling.

The result of 56 years in ACS



**The result of 56 years in ACS
Raf and friends at their 50th Anniversary of membership of the Australian
Computer Society**

HAVE ZOOM – WILL TRAVEL

Raf has been invited to be part of an international panel of experts in the “project management of construction projects post COVID”, to be hosted by the Construction Managers Association of America in Houston on July 14th at their annual conference, an advantage of Zoom and WebEx webinars. A trip to Houston would have been enjoyable, but!

Being recognised as an international expert in the field of Planning, Scheduling and Total Cost Management of major projects is quite a feat. Over 1.5 million people say

that they are experts in project management, and the Project Management Institute claims about 700K members with a project management qualification.

Research indicates that employers will need to fill nearly 2.2 million new project-oriented roles each year through to 2027. This means skilled project managers are in high demand. So the competition is quite fierce, and Raf has another advantage in that he has survived the university pandemic of redundancies and is still a Fellow at Victoria University, which in a previous life was Footscray Institute of Technology with a 1901A (one of the many that **Craig Mudge** sold back in 1966,) and yes Raf did teach 1900 PERT there.



What to do? Whilst everybody else is in lockdown, go to work on a construction site, what else.

Raf is currently consultant to a large civil and environmental construction company on a project, Monash Freeway Upgrade Stage 2, which involves road widening near Pakenham, east of Melbourne, in Victoria. His client is based, like Raf, in Gippsland, and has a very good reputation in the civil engineering space and for shifting about 10,000,000 CM³ of overburden and creating road base and topping every year.

The project has a tight time scale, as the closing of lanes on a freeway is not something done lightly, as generally the rush-hour mayhem generally generates a vast number of complaints.

Monash Freeway Upgrade Stage 2 would increase the capacity of the Monash Freeway through additional physical capacity, improved interchanges and managed motorway technology. It comprises two geographically-distinct sets of works, with one at the western end of the Stage 1 works (to the west of EastLink) and one at the eastern end of the Stage 1 works (to the east of the South Gippsland Freeway). These works comprise:

- installing 30 precast piles for the widened bridge at Beaconsfield Interchange and commencing piling for the pedestrian bridge;
- clearing vegetation and removing soil so that new drainage and pavement layers can be constructed on the centre median running along the freeway;
- continuing general maintenance works along the freeway, including asphaltting to fill potholes and refreshing line-markings for easier navigation;
- commencing earthworks to construct the widened O'Shea Road.





What the well-dressed Project Consultant wears on-site. He left his hard-hat at home.

LETTERS TO THE

EDITORS

Subject: Re: [ICL Allstars] ICL AllStars Edition 71

Thanks Kent and Raf for another fabulous issue of the ICL AllStars!

Always enjoy reminiscing the good old days. And what issue wouldn't be complete without a mention of the election coverage! (No sarcasm intended. I find I always find something I had forgotten).

Regards,
Jeff (Allen, ICL Canberra)

Steve Rudlin <steve.rudlin@gmail.com>

Good job you two.

Attractive layout; interesting content (I presume some will enjoy reading about the 1004!); must give RF a call, do you have his number please?

All the best

Steve

Sent from my iPad

Bruce Lakin <brucelakin@teleware.com.au>

Hello Kent,

Well done to you and your assistant! Thank you for keeping the ICL Inspiration alive. I will find some time soonish to become a contributor, as an ICLDS Story is long overdue...

Stay safe, Sail well

With my best regards, Bruce Lakin

Hey Kent and Raf,

Loved the latest mag, especially the stories and Richard's cars, I'm a fabricator myself so appreciate a good re-manufacture. Next time we come to Sydney, I hope to come and see them in the flesh.

I cringed a little reading my 1004 story in Hardware but relaxed as I read it, so thanks for including it. ICL was the best place to work, everyone was so inclusive, Eugene O'Bara and Ivor Chalkly during 2 years training in the factory and all the engineering staff during my 12 years in the field.

Cheers to everyone, Joseph Jameson

Hi Mate,

Found these pics the other day. All that black hair! If you are looking for another story, might I suggest Paul Blood. He pops up now and then in the newsletters. He is living (retired now I believe) in Canada. I never met the guy, but his story intrigues me. Australian Systems Person of the Year to ICL Worldwide Systems Person of the Year, and then, wait for it, "Oncology Specialist" in Canada, some jump! Might be worth using that charm of yours to get the story.

Cheers, Dai Watkins



Top Picture - Jim Tulley, Russ Wilde, Barrie Peters, Steve Rudlin, Dai Watkins, Alan Cox, Mike Byfield, Yours truly Kent Brooks Lower pic Barrie Peters, Stella and Dai Watkins

SOFTWARE

FIFTY YEARS ON – ROD RODWELL

Most of us are now prone to reflect on the past. With differing degrees of accuracy of recall, we usually have fond and positive memories, often along the lines of the older we get, the better we used to be. As a person who ended up dedicating over thirty years to Project and Programme Management, the subject of this reflection was what was the first really successful project that I worked on that shaped much of my thinking in later life?

That project was the original Customs and Excise INSPECT Project that began in late 1971, with INSPECT being delivered to budget and on time on 1 October 1972, 12 months later, which was also a Sunday! Almost unheard-of in public-sector circles then, and not often since. This project was very advanced technically, as ICL Technical Director **Brian O’Heron** discovered when he visited. He decided to give us all a 101 course in designing online systems before he discovered that we had just delivered a 2000 terminal environment complete with applications. For the uninitiated, System 4 was the first 360-architecture-compatible delivered in the Federal Government. We won 3 open tenders on the trot with it, well before the arrival of FACOM and Amdahl.

That project with upgrades and services revenue became critical to the economic success of ICL for well over 15 years. Rollouts to Customs agents, the SEARCH, SPIDER and other applications with apt names followed. Not to mention of course the use of the system to support the online data during the election coverage. With a substantial maintenance bill due each month and with the Federal Government paying its bills on time, our ICL treasury regarded the account as its most important account. Our development of processes, providing an ability to achieve MTBFs way in excess of original design specs, became legendary in the ICL world. I recall using those processes in the late 1980s and early 1990s at the UK Valuation Office.

In 1990 an old ICL UK colleague (**Ian Rose**) and I invented a project scorecard to assess project viability. My hindsight scoring gave the Customs project high scores in all of the 7 KPIs. Sadly, but unsurprisingly, I must report that the NBN and the Australian COVID Vaccination Programme failed to pass our viability requirements.

The first key indicator we chose was a “Will to win”, which was represented amongst other things by the presence of a strong customer sponsor and a high level of stakeholder engagement. Within Customs we certainly had that in the Comptroller-General Alan (later Sir Alan) Carmody. He became renowned as one of Australia’s most competent and influential “mandarins”. It was a time in the UK of strikes and short working weeks. **Neil Lamming** remembers well when Carmody telexed our then-CEO

Arthur Humphries (shouldn't this be **Humphreys**?) first to offer encouragement and second to offer intercession with HMG (which he had already done) to ensure on-time delivery of the twin System 4-72s. The systems were delivered on time. Carmody put on a famous cocktail party for all. He had beaten his colleague at the Department of Health who was still labouring late with his IBM systems. The party was due to finish by 6pm; it was still going at 9pm. Many recall Carmody leaping on to a very fragile table to give a speech. Opinions vary as to what happened next.

There were some other key facets to this programme. It was a major Services Delivery project against what started as a blank piece of paper. Teams were drawn from Customs and Excise, Computer Sciences and of course ICL. CSC had been part of the team that delivered LACES to UK Customs and, as a result of this project, opened up their Australian subsidiary CSA. There was an exceedingly high level of integration with most housed on-site in 1930s double-storey prefabs. A major concession was that we were allowed to go home early if the summer temperatures inside exceeded 95F. Most of us were young and, given the motivations of the leaders from all partners, were very keen to work hard and play equally hard. **John Hoey** notes “the Customs management were supremely supportive of us, and treated us socially as if we were their employees. I found that this project had superb integration professionally and socially for the workers from Customs, ICL and CSC. Big tick for management, both ICL and Customs. We were quite oblivious to whatever wrestling on the ground went on at management levels. It was a supremely happy multi-company project”. So, what were our teams? Obviously, it started with a sales team led by the ex-RADA legend with the silver mane and a Welsh lilt, **Peter Gynge**, and **Neil Lamming**, ably assisted by **Robert Timms**. The sales support team was **David Oswald** and **John Legge**'s software team of **Annette Oppenheim** and **Dave Jones**. We well remember Peter in 1981 selling our project management culture as a USP to the customer again.

To deliver it we had an ICL System 4 Driver team. Without the Driver the online application “beads” would have no messages or communications. They based their work on **Chris Robinson**'s Victorian State Savings Bank Driver. The team was **Cliff Bosson**, **Roger Birch**, **Alan Kreeger** and one Customs man, Richard Emerton. Other staff were envious of them because they could work in ICL premises with air conditioning.

Online applications were developed in Usercode (IBM Assembler equivalent). It was a multi-partner team with the ICL contingent consisting of **Beryl Hulley**, **Alan Wyburn**, and **Bob Philipson**. They gained an incredible productivity reputation, proving that one could produce working code in Assembler faster than COBOL. (Not a totally fair test, as all the I/O was done by the Driver, whereas most problems encountered by the COBOL team were in the I/O).

Of course, there had to be a raft of critical batch programs written in COBOL performing housekeeping functions such as keeping a very complicated tariff file (not designed for digital processing) current and up-to-date, and archiving messages for later retrieval and other management reports. This was again a large multi-partner team who were

occasionally allowed to work in an air-conditioned environment. Additionally, they were often summoned in an afternoon to catch a TAA flight to Melbourne to use available machine time overnight at the DCA 4.72 installation. This function was always performed by ICL and CSC staff because we had no overtime or shift allowance obligations in our remuneration structure. It was not totally slave labour because the redoubtable **Alan Carmody** did approve a modest cash bonus for us after the October 1 delivery target was met. Again, a national first! The ICL contingent was represented by **Katie Martin, John Hoey, Tim Kitto, David Nowlan, Irene Szoeko** and the author. ICL also provided an Operations and System Software Support team of **Martin Lack, Richard James, and John the Sporrán More**.

Finally, the account was provided with its own dedicated engineering team, led by **Tony Joyce** and consisting inter alia of **Joe Pavlic, Bill Conroy, Jim Drummond, Jeff Allan, Frank Ranner** and **Dave Penney**.

I had said it was a very socially-active team. Every year a tradition evolved of ICL putting on a pig and lamb roast for all partners (100+ people) at a local homestead, Creekborough. The team, led by **Joe Pavlic** and fuelled by **Bob Dibley's** Captain Morgan rum, would work for close on 16 hours turning the spits by hand. One could never be sure whether the chefs or the beasts were the best cooked!

We also had our own soccer team (unfortunately less than 11), and also entered the inaugural Canberra Day Festival with HMAS ILLOGICL which won the best-dressed prize and was highlighted on CTC Channel 7.



Joohn Legge



*1John Moore, Alan Wyburn, Bob Philipson,
Martin Lack, Beryl Hulley*



Roger Birch, Alan Kreeger, Cliff Bosson



John Hoey, Roger Birch, Martin Lack, Colin Mitchell, Tony Hall, Alan Kreeger, Joe Pavlic, Rod Rodwell, Robert Timms



Neil Lamming, Peter Gyngell, Tony Joyce, Alan Carmody welcoming the dawn arrival of the hardware at Canberra airport.



John More, Arnold Burring, Joe Pavlic, Rod Rodwell



Jim Drummond, John Legge. Frank Ranner or Dave Penney, Bob Dibley, Tony Joyce, Joe Pavlic, Peter McKenzie, Dave Oswald, Jeff Allen, Alan Kreeger, Roger Birch, John Hoey, Can't remember (Dave Penney?) Bob Philipson, Rod Rodwell, Katie Martin, Martin Lack, Cliff Bosson.

Acknowledgements and pleas for forgiveness: if anyone has been forgotten or had their name misspelt, I plead gross ignorance and advancing years. I give special thanks to **Ian Pearson, Neil Lamming, Martin Lack** and **John Hoey** (also known as **Macy**, due to deficiencies in **Robert Timms'** handwriting) for editing and filling in the gaps. Regrettably, a number of the stories remain for recounting in a bar late at night so, for that part of the history readers will have to contact one of the team members.

Cheers
Rod Rodwell

HARDWARE

THE 1901A AS I REMEMBER IT.

JOSEPH JAMIESON

As I was resident tech at Olympic Tyres, I had a box seat when Stuart McIvor installed the 1902, the first in Melbourne. When I had spare time I would help Stuart with menial tasks, and Stuart helped dig me out of a problem too in the Data Processing room, great bloke Stuart.

Sometime around then, I learned that Geoff Howell and I shared a very similar upbringing. His family owned a cattle property in Stanhope and a property in Lancaster, east of Girgarre, Northern Victoria. I grew up on an orchard in Stanhope, and my grandparents had a dairy farm in Girgarre, so I could have easily ridden my bike to either of his properties.

Another surprise was that Raf and I had a common brother-in-law, bloody small world, however----

I did a 6-week course on the 1A in '71 with excellent instructor Jack Nicholson. 6 weeks really was inadequate, most of the class left scratching their heads, but there's nothing like a baptism of fire!

I met Lou Battistella at the office during the course and, on completion, joined him in installing the first 1A at Aust New Zealand Insurance in Market Street, Melbourne. I loved the look of it with its integrated peripherals, like the 1004.

Integrated Logic was new also, unlike discrete components. It took up much less space and consumed much less power; this meant that all the logic PCB could be in one gate, processor, printer and TEDs. Air vents were on top of the gate, you can see the disk in the twin exchangeable-disk drive below, on left of male, then printer, control panel, then girl at Teletype

Lou had bolted the thing together, so we started powering up gradually, checking voltages and when satisfied Lou said let's start up the twin exchangeable disk drive. "WHAM" the heads flew out to the end with lightning speed, we were both startled and judging from the looks by office staff probable swore. Lou looked aghast, so I said "From the priceless look on your face, I'd say that was not supposed to happen".

What was supposed to be a slow first seek was a full-speed uncontrolled seek to the end of travel. We pulled the thing down and found that the rack and pinion drive was damaged, not beyond



repair, but there were no spares so, with nothing to lose, I straightened malleable bent teeth and reassembled it and, after re-seating the drive pcb with breath held, let her rip again. This time all was well so, after completing tests and with covers on, the customer took over.

The processor control panel was simple and clean, 24 indicator lamps and switches on the left and printer controls on the right.

Michael Carter and I looked after an area East of Melb. Glaxo was in our area, Frank Sicari and Lou Battistella had written software which installed EXEC on TEDS, so Michael said let's have a go at loading EXEC from EDS at Glaxo. He did a great job and before long it was clickety-click from EDS rather than loading a swag of cards. The packs of cards became worn and misfed: why ICL did not load from disk escapes me.



One rare problem disks had were head-crashes, when a head touched the disk surface instead of flying over the spinning disk; the result could be misreading, with oxide build-up or a fair dinkum stuff-up with brown ferric oxide powder filling the disk cabinet, 10 wrecked heads and a useless disk pack as the result; man, it was a mess.

One notable drama was caused by an operator who tried oh so hard to remove a disk from a drive? first before the read/write heads were unloaded. The thing had powered down alright, but the heads did not retract: undeterred, she tried to wrestle the disk off the spindle - what a mess, two damaged heads and an unusable disk pack!

But drama didn't happen often and the 1A really was a very neat package.

Maintenance and the odd breakdown, plus a UDR at Monash Uni and 7000 series communications equip, kept me busy until the 2903 surfaced in '74.

But for me my computing days were over, time to pick up the pieces and move to Bris Qld and after a couple of years in Pest Control (still knocking off bugs), I started work at Edgell Birds Eye where I stayed until I retired at 55 in 1997.

Now what to do to keep busy! After selling our acreage, Thelma and I bought several houses, improved them all and let some, we have sold all but our home in Brighton and a beach house at Balgal Beach Nth Qld, where we holiday four times each year. I loved motorcycles and it was while at Lakeside Raceway I saw two genuine 1928-

ish Morgan Trikes racing and thought, as I have the skill set to build one I should, so I set about getting approval to build and, hiring an automotive engineer, it took a few years to build and has been registered for 10 years now. It has a Honda ST1100 engine, 5 forward gears and an Elite racing reverse gear. There is neither power steering nor boosted brake system but 11" disks up front and back pull it up.



It had to stop well to pass brake tests by the Transport Dept, the trike is registered as a motorcycle and is on club registration.

The Trike has sandwich f/glass and foam bonnet and boot lid, 15" Super-Lite wheels with low-profile tyres up front and a 15" alloy with 205 X 15" at the rear. With 4-mm brushed stainless-steel sides and no doors, it's 10' long and not very high.

Bye for now, Joseph Jameson.



FUNNIES



How to Wash a Cat

1. Put both lids of the toilet up and add 1/8 cup of pet shampoo to the water in the bowl.
2. Pick up the cat and soothe him while you carry him towards the bathroom.
3. In one smooth movement, put the cat in the toilet and close the lid. You may need to stand on the lid.
4. At this point the cat will self agitate and make ample suds. Never mind the noises that come from the toilet — the cat is actually enjoying this.
5. Flush the toilet three or four times. This provides a "Power-Wash" and "Rinse."
6. Have someone open the front door of your home. Be sure that there are no people between the bathroom and the front door.
7. Stand well back behind the toilet as far as you can and quickly lift the lid.
8. The cat will rocket out of the toilet, streak through the bathroom, and run outside where he will dry himself off.
9. Both the toilet and the cat will be sparkling clean.

Yours sincerely,

– The Dog





A SHORT GUN STORY

A GUY WALKED INTO A CROWDED BAR, WAVING HIS UNHOLSTERED PISTOL AND YELLED, "I HAVE A 45 CALIBER COLT 1911 WITH A SEVEN ROUND MAGAZINE PLUS ONE IN THE CHAMBER AND I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING WITH MY WIFE."

A VOICE FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM CALLED OUT,

"YOU NEED MORE AMMO!!!"



Just as the graveside service finished, there was a distant lightning bolt accompanied by a tremendous burst of rumbling thunder. The little old man looked at the pastor and calmly said, "Well, she's there and it's His problem now."

CORONA PRECAUTIONS

I went to the bathroom at a restaurant.

I washed my hands.

Opened the door with my elbow.

Raised the toilet seat with my foot.

I switched on the water faucet with a tissue.

Opened the bathroom door to leave with my elbow.

And when i returned to my table

I realized.... I forgot to pull up my pants!!!'

In 20 years when kids ask about the
2020 toilet paper shortage,

I'm telling them we had to drag our
butt's across the lawn.

In the snow.

Uphill. Both ways.

**Someone just used my
driveway to turn
around and now I'm
standing outside with
two open beers and
lonely face**

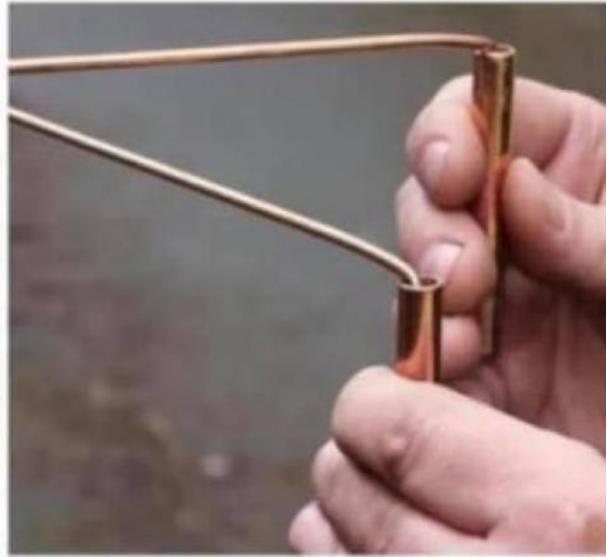
**PRETTY WILD
HOW WE USED
TO EAT CAKE
AFTER SOMEONE
HAD BLOWN ON IT...
GOOD TIMES...**

<https://www.facebook.com/ItalyFoodMagazine>

**NOW THAT I'VE LIVED
THROUGH AN ACTUAL PLAGUE,
I TOTALLY UNDERSTAND
WHY ITALIAN RENAISSANCE
PAINTINGS ARE FULL OF
NAKED FAT PEOPLE LAYING
ON COUCHES.**



Devices used to find water



IF YOU'VE READ
THIS FAR YOU NEED
TO GET OUT MORE