

THE TORCHBEARER

NEWSLETTER 68

"56ers Torchbearers Club Inc"

PO Box 2148, CAIRNS Q 4870

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President's Comments

Greetings once again Torchbearers and Partners.

After discussions leading up it, the 2017 AGM resolved to change the Constitution to allow descendants of our 1956 Torchbearers Club to be fully fledged members. We realized not to act now could be our undoing as we move into our late senior years.

Approval has now been received from the appropriate government department to make the amendment. We suggest our members seriously consider this move to carry our club forward. Your response to this approach would be greatly appreciated.

Good health to all.

Regards

Jim Vallely
President



Descendants Membership Nomination

Complete and post the attached nomination form, or go online and complete at <http://www.56ers.org.au/>

WE SHOULD NEVER FORGET THEM

Famous sportsmen

EDDIE CHARLTON

Yet another contribution by Ron Royes :

For many it was often said that a youth playing billiards or snooker was a sign of a **miss spent youth**. Whether or not *Eddie Charlton* fell into this category is unknown. But from a humble beginning as a coal miner, Charlton gravitated to an Australian professional snooker player and an English billiards player.



He remained the only player to have been world champion runner up in both snooker and billiards without winning either title.

Carlton was born in Mereweather, New South Wales on the 31 October 1929. He came from a sporting family. His brother Jim was also a professional snooker player but did not join the world ranks.

Eddie was a gifted natural sportsman. He was a senior grade foot baller, a champion surfer, a good cricketer and a boxer.

One of his proudest moments was at the age of 27 he carried the Olympic Torch as part of the national relay from Cairns to Melbourne to the 1956 Olympic Games. Eddie ran his mile 18 miles south of Newcastle reception. His brother Jim handed the torch to Eddie.

Charlton was known for his focused and dogged performances. He played with a very straight cue action, rarely hitting the ball with any side spin.

He challenged for the Snooker World Championship in 1968 and was runner up in 1973 and 1975. In his last appearance in 1975 he lost by one frame (31-30) to Ray Reardon. However his 1972, 1973 and 1980 victories in the BBC Pot Black competition gave him a high profile with television audiences. He also recorded his first break (110) on Pot Black, a one frame per match format.



Although he did not reach the final stages of the World Championships in his later career, Charlton continued to perform at competitive level. His last major achievement was his 10-9

win over Cliff Thornton at the 1989 World Championship. He made his final appearance at the Crucible in 1992 at the age of 63 years. He was defeated 10-nil by defending champion John Parrott, the only recorded white wash recorded in the history of the World Championship.

His career winnings amounted to 322,933 pounds. His highest break was 138 in 1978 at the Australian Professional Championships.

He was awarded the Order of Australia in 1980. Charlton passed away on the 8th November 2004, aged 75 at Palmerston North, New Zealand, following an operation.

Footnote: The writer of the story (ROYES) accompanied Eddie Charlton on a playing tour in Queensland in the 1970's. He was beaten once on tour by a female at the Wilsonton Hotel, Toowoomba during an afternoon match. He issued a challenge to her for a return match that night. She accepted. Charlton won easily.

Ron Royes.

56ers Corner

Ralph W Schubert

*Ralph has become known to the club through his participation in the Cairns Masters Games. He is a member and ran his torch 13 miles south of Gladstone. Ralph attended the 2019 games and amazed everyone by competing in the 5000 m event as well as other sprinting and field events and he is **only** 89 years old. As editor I felt that a story on his life for the newsletter was appropriate.*

MY STORY

by Ralph Schubert.

I was born in Brisbane on the 3rd April 1930. Four years before that my father and mother purchased a house allotment of land at 260 Lutwyche Road Windsor and had a

weatherboard house built there in which I was born.

I don't know if this was just my parent's idea or something which was often done then. However they christened me Ralph Windsor Schubert. I had two older brothers Fredrick Joseph and John Herston Schubert. Joseph was our grandfather's name. Herston was the suburb of Brisbane at which our family was living when John was born. Our family was living in Spring Hill when Fred was born and used to joke that Fred should have been called Fredrick Spring Hill Schubert-not Joseph.

I was an operations Trainee with Mobil Oil Australia (then Vacuum Oil Company). In 1953 I was appointed as a construction Engineer involved with expansion projects.

My wife Lillian who was from Sydney and I were married in Brisbane on the 13th November 1954. We never lived in Brisbane after that. Following a week honey-mooning in Mooloobah we drove to Townsville in my Singer Sports car. We were there for three months while I did the job of Wilf Stallard, Mobil's officer in charge of operations for North Queensland while he had three months long service leave. Wilf and his wife were shell collectors and they drove to Broome to look for shells. I always considered that was a remarkable drive.

A week after Wilf was back in Townsville, Lillian and I drove to Gladstone. As it was the wet season and the Burdekin River was flooding and there was no high level bridge, we drove west to Charters Towers and then south to Clermont where we stayed overnight. The next day we drove via Emerald towards Rockhampton. However the road was flooded just west of Westwood and we spent the night at a farmer's home whose property was beside the road. The next day we were able to drive

on to Rockhampton and then south to Gladstone.

It was then April 1955 and I was there as Mobil's Engineer in charge of the construction of the new Ocean Bulk Petroleum Products Storage and Distribution Terminal. After completion, petrol and diesel fuel were sent in Rail Tank and many other modes of transport throughout Central and Western Queensland. This took two years to complete and our first daughter Helen was born in Gladstone in 1956.

This was the year of the Melbourne Olympics Games when the Cairns to Melbourne Olympic Torch Relay was run.

While still in Brisbane I joined the Jaycees. I transferred my membership to Gladstone-the next year I became President of the club. We had around 25 members and carried out a lot of community work including setting up a well-publicised Children's Playground in a seaside park.

Back at that time Gladstone was a small and relatively poor town. There was no refinery. The population was only about 6,500 and the main employment was at the meatworks and that was seasonal work. A Coal Loading Conveyor System was constructed to load coal into Bulk ships for export to Japan and elsewhere. The coal was transported from the Callide open pit Coal Mine near Biloela by road trucks and stockpiled adjacent to the conveyor system until a ship arrived.

Construction of Mobil's new Ocean Bulk Terminal which was my job, provided some jobs for people living in Gladstone and this was considered very good. In January 1956 a fellow about forty whose name I think was Bill Potter was working for one of the contractors that I had installing pumps and pipe lines in the new terminal. He told me he had two children and he was president Of the Gladstone Athletics Club which was only a very small amateur Club

with not many members. Bill explained that he had received a letter from Athletics Queensland asking him to organize men who could run a mile in 7 minutes while carrying an Olympic Torch to cover the distance from Gladstone south to Gin Gin, a distance of 90 miles. This meant that he needed about 90 runners. He asked if we could somehow help him organize this.

We Jaycees started training on Saturdays by running around cricket field. We each ran carrying a beer bottle full of water which we thought would be the weight of an Olympic Torch.

(The editor knew Bill Potter who had a shoe repair workshop in Nambour. Bill as a champion boxer and coached boxing. Lance his son was my best friend. Lance also fought and fought my brother-in-law Neil Macdonald in the 1955 Queensland Championships. Lance was beaten on that occasion.)

To be continued in Newsletter 69.

Jokes Corner

The old fashioned dunny

They were funny looking buildings, that were
once a way of life,
If you couldn't sprint the distance, then you
really were in strife,
They were nailed, they were wired, but
mostly falling down,
There was one in every yard, in every house,
in every town.

They were given many names, some were
even funny,
But to most of us we knew them as the
outhouse or the dunny,
I've seen some of them all gussied up, with
painted doors and all,
But it real made no difference, they were just
a port of call.

Now my old man would take a bet, he'd lay
an even pound,
That you wouldn't make the dunny with them
turkeys hanging' round,
They had so many uses, these buildings out
the back,
You could even hide from mother, so you
wouldn't get the strap.



That's why we had good cricketers, never
mind the bumps.
We used the pathway for the wicket and the
dunny door for stumps,
Now my old man would sit for hours, the
smell would rot your socks,
He read the daily back to front in that good
old thunder box.

And if by chance that nature called sometime
through the night,
You always sent the dog in first, for there was
no flaming light.
And the dunny seemed to be the place where
crawlies liked to hide,
But never ever showed themselves until you
sat inside.

There was no such thing as sorbent, no
tissues there at all,
Just squares of well read newspapers, a
hanging on the wall,
If you had some friendly neighbours, as
neighbours sometimes are,
You could sit and chat to them, if you left the
door ajar.

When you suddenly got the urge, and down
the path you fled,
Then of course the magpies were there to
peck your head.
Then there was a time of wet, the rain it
never stopped,
If you had an urgent call you ran between the
drops.

For it seems today they call them the
bathroom, or the loo,
If you've never had one out the back, then I
feel sorry for you.
For it used to be a way of life, top race along
the track,
To answer natures call, at these buildings out
the back.

John has produced a very accurate depiction
of a dunny that most of us used prior to about
the 40's to the 50's

Except that it was a good place for young
bloods to have a sneaky smoke.

John D Gardner.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

Bob forgot his wedding anniversary. His wife
was mad. She told him 'tomorrow morning I
expect to find a gift in the driveway that goes
from 0 to 200 in 6 seconds and it better be
there!!

The next morning when his wife woke up she
looked out of the window to find a box gift
wrapped in the middle of the driveway. She
opened it and a brand new bathroom scale...
Bob has been missing since Friday.

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CRUISING by ROBIN WASS

Ed and Linda met on a singles cruise and Ed
fell head over heels for Linda. When they
discovered they lived close to each other, Ed
was ecstatic. He immediately started asking
her out when they got home.

Within a couple of weeks Ed was taking Linda
to clubs, restaurants, concerts, movies and
museums. Ed became convinced that Linda
was indeed his soul mate and true love.

Every date seemed better than the last. On
the one month anniversary of their first
dinner on the cruise, Ed took Linda to a fine
restaurant While having cocktails and waiting
for their salad, Ed said 'I guess you can tell I
am very much in love with you. I'd like a little
serious talk before our relationship continues.
So before I get a box out of my pocket and
ask you a life changing question, it's only fair
to warn you, I'm a total golf nut. I play golf, I
read about golf, I watch golf on TV. In short I
eat sleep and breathe golf. If that that's
going to be a problem for us you'd better say
so now!'

Linda paused, then responded, Ed that
certainly won't be problem, I love you as you
are and I love golf too; but since we are being
totally honest with each other, you need to
know that for the last few years I have been a
hooker '

Dramatic pause.

Ed said, 'It's probably because you're not
keeping your wrists straight when you hit the
ball.'

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THE COWBOY

A cowboy rode into town and stopped at a
saloon for a drink. Unfortunately, the locals

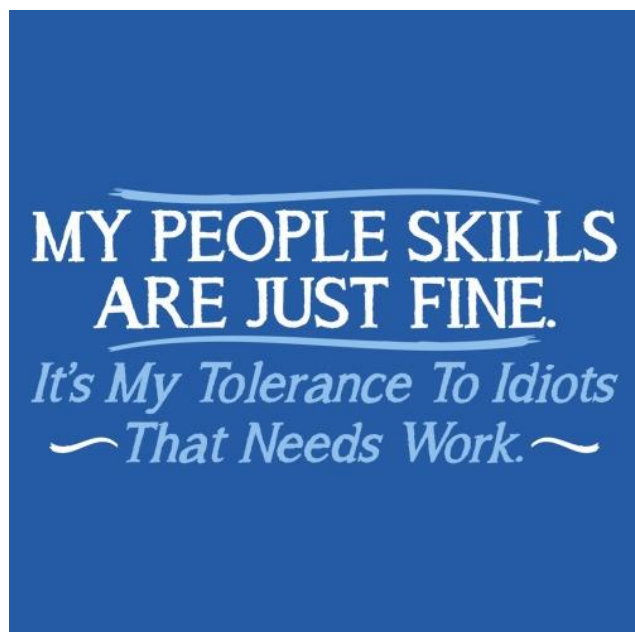
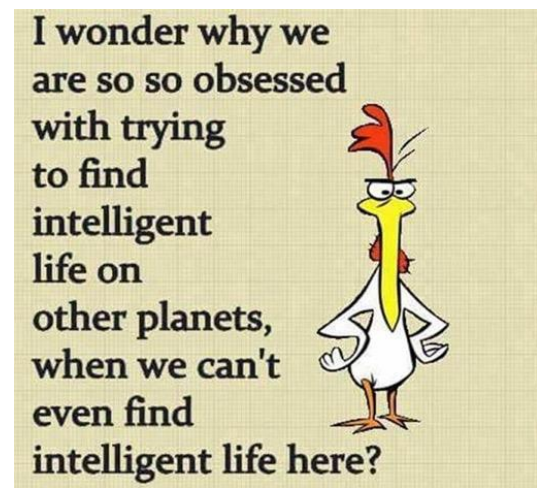
always had a habit of picking on strangers, which he was.

When he finished his drink, he found his horse had been stolen. He went back into the bar, handily flipped his gun into the air, caught it above his head without even looking and fired a shot into the ceiling. "Which one of you sidewinders stole my horse?!" he yelled with surprising forcefulness.

No one answered.

"Alright, I'm gonna have another beer, and if my horse ain't back outside by the time I finish, I'm gonna do what I dun in Texas! And I don't like to have to do what I dun in Texas!" Some of the locals shifted restlessly. The man, true to his word, had another beer, walked outside, and his horse has been returned to the post.

He saddled up and started to ride out of town. The bartender wandered out of the bar and asked, "Say partner, before you go... what happened in Texas?" The cowboy turned back and said, "I had to walk home."



Kind Regards

Dennis M Stevenson
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"The Running Scotsman"