

## **POSTD M.W.GLYNN, R62752.**

Michael (Mick) GLYNN was born in Tumut, (spelt the same in reverse) NSW on 3rd March, 1944, one of four children of Mick SNR and Aileen.

He had an idyllic childhood growing up in Batlow, an apple growing area in the Snowy Mountains. Sport played an important part of his life. He joined the Navy from Batlow on 3rd January, 1964 two months short of his 20th birthday. He took great pleasure in being called the Matelot from Batlow.

He joined HMAS SYDNEY 3 in Sydney which had just been converted from an Aircraft Carrier to a Fast Troop Transport and sailed soon after for Borneo carrying troops and equipment in support of Britain during the Indonesian Confrontation (Konfrontasi). This was HMAS SYDNEY'S first operational deployment.

In September 1964 it was back to HMAS CERBERUS in Victoria for his basic Stewards Course.

After completion he was posted to HMAS CRESWELL, the Naval College situated in Jervis Bay, NSW to consolidate his training and to prepare for further sea service.

He was then posted back to HMAS SYDNEY 3 in July 1965 in time for its first of 25 troop transport trips to Vietnam. The destination was always in Vung Tau Harbour as there were no wharf facilities for the ship to go alongside a wharf. Mick completed 9 such Voyages over a period of two years onboard. The Ship eventually became affectionately known as "The Vung Tau Ferry".

As he was now a Leading Steward it was time to go ashore for further managerial experience. The next Posting was HMAS WATSON located in a prominent position on South Head (Watson's Bay). This turned into an eighteen month party with very few rules.

However, the party is always over and it was off to sea again onboard HMAS BRISBANE a relatively new DDG Destroyer built in America to a U.S. design. All our ships previously were either built in England or here in Australia to a British Design and we had everything to maintain and support these ships. Therefore to serve operationally in a war zone with these new American ships we needed the support of America. As a result the Aussie ships operationally served with the mighty U.S. 7th Fleet off Vietnam doing daily shore bombardments to targets identified by the U.S. War machine. This

required a six months tour of duty with normally one weekend off a month in an Asian Port of ill repute. Oh dear, the things we did for our country. Whilst away on this deployment Mick was promoted to a Petty Officer which is a non-commissioned Officer.

On return to Australia, after six months away it was party time again. He was then posted to HMAS SUPPLY a Tanker which was undergoing a refit at Cockatoo Island located here in Sydney Harbour. It was only accessible by a Navy workboat and if you missed the last liberty boat going back around midnight then you slept on the wharf until the first liberty starting at about 0500. Mick didn't particularly like that routine so would find a watering hole to while away the hours. Can we see a pattern emerging here? Being single and also doing some moonlighting on the side, he was always cashed up and had plenty of beer tickets (money) in his wallet. As a Petty Officer it was one of his jobs to look after the Captain who was a grumpy old curmudgeon who had seen active service during the Second World War. The Captain did not have anything in common with a flamboyant personable very young Petty Officer who had reached that rank in a mere 5 years and 6 months from date of entry. At the time the average time to reach that rank was 8 to 9 years. Can you see another pattern emerging? After Mick was late getting to work twice in a month it was more than Sir could cope with and a quick call to Canberra ensured that Mick was on his way again. If the Captain thought he had won, he was wrong. Mick had already come to the conclusion that a structured Navy life was not for him and was just biding his time to finish his nine year engagement. What the Captain thought was a punishment posting to HMAS CERBERUS in Victoria was the exact reverse. Mick was put in Charge of the biggest Wardroom (Officers Mess) in the Navy and after lunch had been completed he would head off the Base (because he could). He was so impressive with his leadership and professionalism he was posted to the Catering College onboard in charge of training new Stewards. He had a beautiful place in Bayside Frankston and led a very good social life. However, as in the past, the party had to finish and he had to become a responsible civilian person after 9 years of partying in some exotic parts of the world on the Governments shilling.

Once discharged from the Navy he initially rented in Brighton and then purchased a smallish house in Clifton Hill (an uptown Melbourne suburb) and sent himself off at the ripe old age of 29 to the William Angliss Catering College to gain some recognisable civilian qualifications. He already had the appropriate management skills courtesy of the Navy and just needed some formal recognition for civvie street. Clifton Hill became Party Central during this period - of course.

After 2 years he and his Partner took off for the U.K., and after travelling around settled in London to refill the coffers. Mick worked in the food section of London's prestige

department stores, Harvey Nicholls Emporium (similar to Harrods) and undertook many courses in France dealing with cheeses and meats (courtesy of the firm). No need to mention that their bed sit in London became packed to the rafters in full party flight.

After two years of partying/working it was time to move on and conquer the other side of the ditch. They then became the Greek Island Hippies with forays into Turkey, Spain etc.

Bring on the next adventure. I know let's give America a fright and so it came to pass that they spent six months criss-crossing the States. Of course Disneyland was a must and he made sure Mickey Mouse met the real Mickey from down under. He made sure there were photographs taken of this significant meeting of the minds.

Then at last back to Sydney and Paddington in particular where they rented rooms above a Restaurant. Because of their experiences in Paddington in London they took over the Restaurant below and called it Paddington Station with appropriate replica Railway signs and Memorabilia with the daily fare being predominantly British. Guess what. After the Restaurant closed it was straight back upstairs for the party to begin (at least for them) after spending 12 to 15 hours below in the Galley. As the old saying goes, someone has to Pay the Piper and after 12 months, the party ended. This one adventure actually tested their amazing adventures.

Having to pay the bills, Mick applied for a job in the catering department of the RPA Hospital in Sydney and having risen to the position of Catering Manager reluctantly took early retirement at the age of 55 years due to ill health which was actually seriously life threatening. Calling upon his inner strength honed by hard work and hard partying and with the support of an amazing group of friends he was able to overcome these medical issues and then entered the next phase of his incredible life's journey.

He became very involved in the HMAS SYDNEY Association (NSW) and served in a number of official capacities being a former Vice President. He always attended meetings and was first to volunteer for any job. There is no volunteer job he has not had a crack at:

- Rigger on the James Craig Sailing Ship operating out of Darling Harbour. He was as a Topman well into his seventies.
- Took over as Chef on the James Craig when Crew and paying guests were going to mutiny over the fare being presented by "Reheat" Pete the short order cook.
- Redesigned the entire Galley onboard to bring it into the new millennium.
- Volunteer at the Naval Historical Society at Garden Island our major Navy Dockyard here in Sydney.

- Duty Driver in his own vehicle for children and Parents coming down to Sydney via the Flying Doctor Service and other Organisations for urgent medical treatment.
- Redfern RSL as a very proud member as Mick lived in Redfern.

There are so many things he did for not only his own community but for anyone that needed support.

He was a consummate organiser with a heart bigger than himself.

He lived life to its fullest and never wasted a day.

He had serious health issues in his mid-fifties but with sheer courage and preservation he overcame these issues.

He loved life and helping others particularly those disadvantaged.

Living in Redfern for the past thirty odd years had given him a great understanding and appreciation of those disadvantaged.

He has never been judgemental and considers his life has been a blessing.

He was an avid supporter of voluntary Euthanasia and passed away on his terms.

He had a massive stroke and passed away less than 24 hours later.

He is survived by his sister Pauline from Temora, NSW, her only son Mark (A country Legend of the Land) and only Daughter Tracey and four Nephews/Nieces whose achievements were the highlight of his life.

Last but not least was his love of the Navy. The Navy was his Gravy.

He liked nothing more than being with his Navy Family. On learning of his death the Chief of the Navy VADM Michael NOONAN AO RAN sent Marty GROGAN the following message:

“Dear Marty,

I am so sorry to hear of the passing of our dear Friend Mick. I know how close you and he were, and I send my condolences to you and the entire Grogan Family at this difficult time.

Yours Aye,  
Mike”

The Commanding Officer of HMAS SYDNEY V, CMDR Ted SEYMOUR RAN, the most recent ship to be commissioned into the RAN, and the first to be commissioned at sea because of Covid, also sent Marty a message as he and Mick were to be official Guests at the Commissioning:

“Sincere commiserations”

Marty and Mick whilst attending the Decommissioning of HMAS SUCCESS (Captain Darren GROGAN CSM RAN) in Sydney last year were called upon to address the Ships Company of Nuship SYDNEY V (before the actual commissioning) at HMAS KUTTABUL. They spoke about their time in the old Navy and were given the rare privilege of presenting Long Service Medals to current serving members. Rumour has it that Marty blessed himself, crossed his fingers, toes and held his breath when Commander SEYMOUR called Mick up and asked Mick to tell the Ships Company (Average Age of 25) to recall memories of his past service. Maybe Marty's steely Warrant Officer glare prevented Mick from revealing all.

A life well spent in all respects with always a consideration for others (With maybe an exception for Senior Naval Officers).

Farewell Mick, you have done your duty in many facets of life, from mentoring young Sailors in their early formative years, your services to the Navy Family, your amazing post Naval Career, your love of your Family and Friends and finally your volunteer service to so many diverse Organisations. You have earned your rest.

PS. Your running ashore Oppo of over 55 years, Marty GROGAN is no longer in a hurry to meet you.