

Victor George Sinclair

In 1941 I joined 77 Squadron Air Cadets, served with them until joining up. I completed my rookie's at Busselton then took a training course. Then to 6 A.R.C. Muresk. I then applied for training as a cook, as I have always been interested in cooking.

The person who taught us was a Sgt Bert Sasch, who had been the leading Chef at the Esplanade Hotel, he perfected the sweet Pavlova? And presented it to her. Sgt Sasch always told us if it's edible, make it presentable. On finishing the course and passing out as a cook, I was posted to Darwin 18 R.S.U where I served as a cook, and sometimes as a butcher.

On returning from Darwin to camp one day in 1944 a Bristol Beaufort fighter crashed on take-off. I ran to the crash as fast as I could. The pilot was dead so I went around the aircraft and saw a crack in the fuselage just behind the wing. As I was only slight in stature I was able to get inside the plane, and found a rather dazed Navigator/Observer. I advised and assisted him to get out as soon as possible, as aviation fuel was everywhere. I felt afterwards that I had done something worthwhile.

The most humorous thing that happened through me was whilst stationed at Jacquinot Bay in New Britain/Guinea. Action in the area was rather quiet so the chaplain had a marquee to hold a church service. Not being in that denomination I offered to take care of the kitchen and mess whilst the service was taking place.

Then I noticed some movement and some young dark shoulders, as I watched they timidly came over, and told me that they would like some bread, so I gave them a slice each. At that twenty to thirty adults suddenly arrived all wanting bread. I supplied them with a slice each at which they said they wanted more.

I said to them you can have more but only if you play your drums, which they did straight away, it was sudden turmoil and pandemonium, all those that were in the marquee at the church service ran out in all directions causing the marquee to collapse, I was not popular in a number of areas as you can imagine.

Some time during my service as a cook, RAAF Headquarters were asking for ideas concerning messing in general, looking for ways to improve messing in general.

I sent in two of my observations, one that the square cooking tray being used was soldered and the heat would cause the solder to run out into the food, and I suggested that they be made in only one piece without sharp angles, to hold the steel strips so that they would be stable and keep food separate. The reason I mentioned this was that just before being discharged from the RAAF, I was offered the position of Messing Officer, sadly I declined, a mistake I have regretted since, but I wanted at that time to serve overseas.

On being discharged I found it hard to settle down, that is until I met a mate Ex RAAF and met and married his sister!, who has looked after me ever since, having being married 56 years.

I coached junior football for West Perth; I was also a trainer for the Senior West Perth football club. I became the first trainer for the West Australian Umpires. I became a trainer and practice captain for North Perth Cricket Club. I served as a Masseur for the Commonwealth Games in 1962 at Perry Lakes.

I joined the St John Ambulance in 1957 and served with them until approximately 1978. Whilst serving for them I was trained by Dr Bumpass, to be an accident assimilating officer, I was also asked to start a brass band by a Dr Cumpston, which I did, then owing to health problems I had to resign.

I also served in the Boys Brigade as a Captain for about 12 years.