

I was lucky enough to make a few trips to Parkes during the 70s and 80s. Some of the astronomers I assisted were Rad (akrishnan), Hugo Von Woerden, Dick Manchester and John Whiteoak.

I have many happy memories of those days.

Being collected at the airport, feeling quite important. The thrill of the first sight of the telescope as we approached. Walking into the kitchen at the quarters to receive a warm country greeting, a feeling of homecoming.

Then over to the dish, with a hum and a smell like no other, pleasant, indescribable.

Observing through the graveyard shift. I would go out onto the balcony, look at the night sky, picture a galaxy far, far, away, and say "Do you know we are listening to you?"

Working my way through a list of galaxies provided by Hugo, with rise and set times, and trying to capture them all. It was like emptying a bag of marbles onto a coffee table, and collecting them all before they rolled off the edge.

Riding up to the receiver cabin in that tiny lift. Falling asleep towards the end of a 20 minute integration to be rudely awoken by that bell. Racing downstairs to change a tape. Opening the picnic basket to see what goodies we had for supper. The list goes on and on.

And then there was John Bolton. He would usually appear at the lunch table, and things would go strangely quiet. Heaven help any student who may be there. They would get 'the look', and a grilling. Luckily I was below his radar.

But how he loved that telescope! I swear he probably knew every nut and bolt in it. He worked hard to get it, to keep it in good working order, and to achieve for it the world recognition it has today. If you were to ask me what was the driving force behind the Parkes Telescope I would have to say "John Bolton."

Betty Siegman  
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