

THE RAM

THE MAGAZINE BY & FOR SERVING & EX-RAAF PEOPLE & OTHERS

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Sadly in the few months since our last issue, we have once again lost some very good mates.

See Page 2

Our lovely Page 3 girl this issue is Catherine Coffee and we have lots of old course pics.

See Page 3



You can activate Windows secret admin account and Windows 10 is not far off, are you ready?

See Page 4

We have a look over HMAS Albatross at Nowra – and also the Navy Museum.

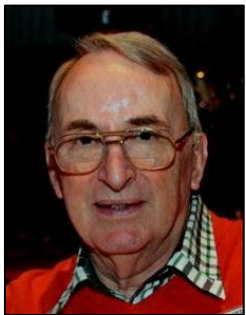
See Page 5





Ever wondered how a car wash works and is there any therapeutic benefit from wearing or sleeping on magnets or is it all garbage?

See Page 6



Jeff Pedrina reminisces about his days flying the Caribou in PNG.

See Page 8



2 Squadron bods got together at Amberley to share a snag and remember the 48 years since they shipped off to Phan Ran

See Page 10



The Djinnang people got together again for another of their momentous knees up,

See Page 12



Anzac Day in Brisbane was once again wonderfully supported by the general public who turned out in their thousands.

See Page 14,

You wanted to know, well here it is, Anthony Element tells us his story.

See Page 7



Ever wondered where the design for the Jerry Can came from and Allan dispels some long held Gallipoli Myths.

See Page 9



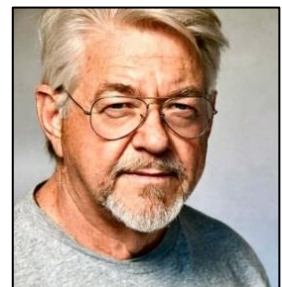
DVA are re-introducing the heart health program, it is definitely worth doing.

See Page 11



Exclusive! The dummy's guide to gardening.

See Page 13



Ron Raymond tells us what is was like bringing the brand new Caribou out to Australia back in 1964.

See Page 15



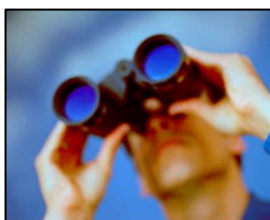


John Laming recalls some wonderful old memories as a child in Britain during the War.

See Page 16

Sick parade

See Page 17

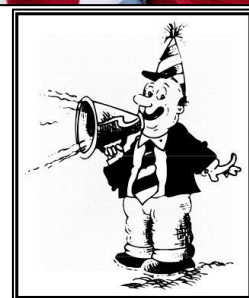


We're looking for a few people, perhaps you can help??

Page 18

This is where you have your say. We look forward to hearing from you.

Page 19



Here's the news, all the news, the whole news and nothing but the news.

Page 20

Index.

The Index is now finished - all references have been linked so if you're looking for a topic or a photo of someone, click on the [Index](#) link on the top of each page and just follow the links.

Membership.

Once again, unfortunately, we have to mention costs. Our costs in putting this magazine out are becoming a bit too high to wear, there's travel, in some cases overnight accommodation, stationary, web hosting etc, they all mount up and to date we have met them willingly as they were quite manageable but sorry to say, we can't any more.



We have had some help through sponsorships and advertising, but that's not enough so we would like to explore the possibility of an annual membership. We think a membership cost of \$12.00 per calendar year (\$1.00 per month) would be adequate. Members would receive a plastic membership card. We've made some enquiries and there are companies out there that are willing to help by offering discounts to our members, on presentation of the card, which could mean you'd save more than the cost of membership.

We'd like your thoughts, please complete the small form below and send it to us – we would love to hear what you have to say.

Surname: First name:.....

Email address:.....



I Agree/disagree with paying \$12.00 pa for membership.

Remarks:.....

We'll have the results in our next issue.

RAM thought for the day.

“We’ve heard that a million monkeys at a million keyboards could produce the complete works of Shakespeare; now, thanks to the Internet, we know this is not true.”

Reunions.

If you're having a reunion and you would like us to cover it and publish it, let us know and we'll see what can be done.

Errors

Our aim is to have this site error free – but that’s probably impossible. But with your help I reckon we can get pretty close. If you see any errors, be they punctuation, spelling, links that don’t work, facts wrong etc, (no matter how small) please let us know so we can fix them.



WORK
This is why you do it.



IN MEMORY OF

John Noel Bellamy.

We recently received very belated information on the untimely death of RAAF Pilot, John Noel Bellamy and as Noel was known and liked by many, we thought it appropriate to reproduce it here - tb.



John Noel Gordon BELLAMY, AFC OAM (generally known as Noel Bellamy) died in the Royal Brisbane Hospital early on the 21st June 1999, aged 71, after a protracted battle against throat cancer following which a funeral service was held at the Mount Gravatt Crematorium on Friday 25th June, followed by a "wake" at the Royal Queensland Aero Club (RQAC).

Noel was born on 3rd June 1928 at Drouin in Gippsland, Victoria and grew up in the Alice Springs area. His long and illustrious career in aviation started when he joined the RAAF in 1949, and continued until he was hospitalised early this year. Some highlights of his RAAF service included:

- 1951 - Graduated from No 6 Pilots Course.
- 1952 - Posted to No 38 Squadron flying C47 Dakota aircraft. Later, attached to No 30 Communications Unit at Iwakuni, Japan, supporting operations in Korea.
- 1953 - Flying duties relating to the detonation of atomic bombs in central Australia.
- 1956 - Attained flying instructor qualification.
- 1957 - Training Officer and Instrument Rating Examiner in No 86 Wing, including VIP transport operations. Noel was also pilot to then Prime Minister (later Sir) Robert Menzies, Ministers of State and international dignitaries.
- 1958 - Involved in establishing the first C130 Hercules squadron (No 36) in the RAAF, including ferrying the aircraft from the USA and introducing operational and flight standards.
- 1964 - Introduced the first Caribou aircraft to the RAAF (No 38 Squadron) and established a training course for Caribou crews proceeding to Vietnam.
- 1965 - Posted to Vietnam as Flight Commander (later, acting Commanding Officer), and flew about 500 operational sorties in Caribou aircraft.

Throughout his military career Noel was a dedicated and professional Air Force officer with exceptional aviation knowledge and skills. His philosophy, as a Training Officer, was to remove the mystery from sophisticated aircraft and their systems so that students could better understand and fly them and to imbue the highest standards of professionalism and flight

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safety. He achieved the highest qualifications available in the RAAF as both an operational pilot and a flying instructor. His attributes were recognised by the award of the Air Force Cross in 1971, shortly before he left the RAAF to take up a career in General Aviation. It is apparent that he carried these qualities with him into this new aviation arena.

On his departure from the RAAF in November 1971, Noel proceeded to Port Moresby in the (then) Territory of Papua and New Guinea (TPNG) to take up the position of Chief Pilot with Aerial Tours (later to become Douglas Airways). With his previous experience flying RAAF Dakota, Caribou and Hercules aircraft in TPNG, Noel appreciated the need to establish and maintain the highest training and operational standards in this most demanding of aviation environments. That he achieved these objects within the constraints of commercial aviation is testified to by the fact that this Company, operating 17 aircraft, had no air safety incidents during his four years as Chief Pilot.



Returning to Australia in June 1975, Noel continued flying in General Aviation based at Archerfield (Brisbane), including a period as Chief Pilot, Chief Flying Instructor and Manager of Woodfall Aviation. However, his ambition (post RAAF) was to set up his own aviation business. In March 1979 he established the Archerfield Flight Centre, with all training and charter licences, operating from rooms in the old terminal building at Archerfield Airport. On 17 December 1980 he moved into his own building (officially opened by the then Premier of Queensland, Sir Joh Bjelke-Peterson) in a prominent position in the Archerfield complex, and the Archerfield Flight Centre became a well-known and respected flying training and charter establishment with all General Aviation training and flight test approvals.

Noel perceived deficiencies in the training of General Aviation pilots in Australia, and he set out to try and make a difference. He believed that he could provide the highest quality training at competitive prices, utilising appropriate syllabus structures and effective flight simulation for instrument flight training. To this end he pioneered the introduction of the integrated syllabuses for commercial licence and instrument flying training and searched the world for an effective but affordable 'synthetic flight trainer' (or flight simulator). He discovered the AST300 simulator



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produced by Aviation Simulation Technology in the USA - representing a generic light twin engined aeroplane with real aircraft instruments in a normal sized cockpit, and with the most realistic flight and navigation regimes he had seen. He purchased an AST300 for his own business, and became the AST distributor for the south west Pacific area.

It was not long before Noel Bellamy and his Archerfield Flight Centre gained a reputation throughout the industry for the best flying training and aviation services at affordable prices, attracting students and clients Australia-wide. However, he was still dissatisfied with some aspects of General Aviation, and voiced his opinions through the General Aviation Association (GAA). His administrative talents were soon recognised in the GAA and he was appointed, successively, Secretary to the Queensland Branch, Delegate to the National Council, Chairman of the Flying Training Division, Queensland Regional Chairman, Vice Chairman of the National Council and, finally, National Chairman. He was also a delegate to the AVIAC Council - advisers to the Federal Government on aviation matters. His advice and leadership saw a number of improvements in the General Aviation industry, particularly to the conditions of pilots and operators.

In July 1988 he was persuaded to move his office to the RQAC to oversee the multi-engine and instrument flying training there while still servicing his own clients. The RQAC also purchased his aircraft and AST300 simulator. Noel saw this as an opportunity to apply his training philosophies to a larger community. Under his guidance, using his syllabuses and the AST300 simulator, the RQAC soon became the premier flying training organisation in the area. Many pilots who had had difficulties achieving and/or maintaining an instrument rating or multi-engine endorsement appreciated Noel's patience, understanding and uncompromising standards.



In 1991 Noel retired from active flying instruction and moved office from the RQAC to his home, to concentrate on the production of Operations Manuals for commercial flying operators while still maintaining flight test approvals as a 'portable' Approved Test Officer. Noel started producing Operations Manuals shortly after starting the Archerfield Flight Centre, when he realised how time consuming this task was and how little support was available to Chief Pilots whose time was generally fully occupied in day-to-day operational matters. He little realised then that within ten years he would be fully occupied producing manuals for the majority of General Aviation companies in Australia, from single aircraft charter and training operators to regional airlines flying modern jets, including fixed and rotary wing aircraft both land and water based. He was approached by several overseas companies seeking his assistance, and he was instrumental in getting Russian heavy lift helicopters on the Australian, New Zealand and Papua New Guinea registers. With his extensive military and commercial aviation experience

and his exceptional knowledge of regulations and orders, Noel became something of a 'guru' in this field, producing around 40 different manuals per year.

One other area in which Noel's talents proved invaluable was the organisation of air shows. In September 1990, Noel directed the Battle of Britain 50th Anniversary Air Show at Archerfield. His previous experience in military and civilian air shows and his acquaintance with appropriate aircraft owners and operators (both civil and military) ensured a widely acclaimed and highly successful air show which realised a profit of over \$100,000, most of which was donated to nominated charities. This was followed by another major air show in May 1992 commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the Battle of the Coral Sea and the Australia Remembers Air Show in September 1995 commemorating the end of World War 2. For the latter he arranged for the legendary Bob Hoover to perform his immaculate "energy management" routine in a Shrike Commander, plus some aerobatics in a Trojan.

Since leaving the RAAF in 1971, Noel Bellamy dedicated his life to improving the lot of all people, but particularly pilots, involved in General Aviation. Whenever he perceived a significant problem in this industry he did something about it, sometimes to his personal cost. His particular concern was the poor standard of training and testing evident in some areas. With his depth of knowledge and experience, he was frequently consulted on General Aviation matters by people at all levels in the industry and government. Indeed he was considered by some to be a General Aviation icon.

In 1996, in recognition of his many contributions to General Aviation, Noel was awarded a well-deserved OAM. He is the only person I know of who has received such an award for services in this field. To know Noel was to admire his integrity, his dedication to excellence in affordable flying training, and his general professionalism. He was also very popular socially, and had a wide circle of friends that extended well beyond the aviation fraternity.

There was much more to Noel Bellamy than these words could convey. For example, as a young man he was an Inter-Service athletics champion, holding a record in the long jump. He was also passionate about boating and fishing and constructed radio-controlled model aircraft and sailing boats - but had little time for these activities in his last few years. Many of his friends tried to persuade Noel to write his memoirs and we might have had some success had not his illness caught up with him so quickly.



Jack Darby Espie DFC

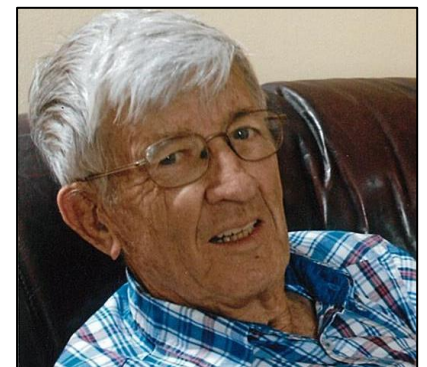
Greg Newlyn advises that Group Captain Jack Darby Espie DFC (retd) passed away on Sunday 12 April 2015. Jack was CO 35SQN in Vung Tau from Feb 1968 to Dec 1968 during which time he flew 1363 transport support sorties totalling 835 hours flying time and retired from the Permanent Air Force in July 1974 after 32 years' service. A graveside service was conducted at the Gungahlin Cemetery (ACT) on Thursday 16 April.

Jack originally enlisted in 1942, graduating as a pilot in June 1943. During the war he flew 34 operations with 76 Squadron Royal Air Force, receiving the Belgian Croix de Guerre with Palme d'Or. He also flew with 187 Squadron RAF, 246 Squadron RAF and 466 Squadron RAAF. In 1955 he was awarded the Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service in the Air (QCBA) and in 1969 he received a Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC).



Gordon James Foran

Neil Hunter advises that Gordon Foran, late of Gilgandra, passed away on the 14th June, 2015, aged 75 years. His funeral service was held at St Joseph's Catholic Church, Gilgandra on Wednesday, 17th June, 2015



Mal Lane

John Staal advises that Mal Lane passed away on Friday 18th of April 2015. Mal was a GH with 35 Sqn from July 1965 to March 1966. His funeral was held at the Allen Drew Chapel in Castle Hill on the 28th April 2015.

Jack Beggs.

Ernie Gimm advises that Jack Beggs passed away on the morning of Tuesday 16th April after a long illness from diabetes (lost a leg) and strokes. He was 84. His funeral was held on Tuesday 21st April at St Patricks Church, in Blacktown, NSW. Jack's wife Shirley would love to hear from anyone who knew Jack, her number is 02 8964 8671.

Page 3 Girl.

Our lovely Page 3 girl this edition is Cathy Brennan.



Catherine Coffey, as she was known back in her RAAF days, was born and bred in country NSW where she says “life was so innocent and free”. Her dad, a very gentle man, (now gone) was a POW in World War 2 and he would tell her stories of his life experiences. She says her dad “was so proud of his Army days and of his 6 (of 7) brothers who had also enlisted.” His life seemed so full of fun and adventure that she wanted to follow in his foot-steps.

She can vividly remember the day she applied to join the forces (she applied for both the Air Force and the Navy) and to her surprise, she was accepted by both. Up went the penny and she decided on the RAAF. So, in 1980, off she went as a young 17 year old to Rookies at Laverton on course 267, (see [HERE](#)) which she found was quite an eye opener. She enlisted as a Switchie and after completing Radschool she was posted to Darwin then it was down to Pearce and then back to country NSW - Wagga, the girl from the bush had returned home.



Whilst in Wagga she met her late husband, Steve Edwards, who was an Admino. In those days you got out on most occasions due to marriage. In 1984, after her marriage and then discharge, the Edwards's moved back to Darwin then to Russell Offices, then Point Cook, back to Wagga and later back to RAAF Williams where Steve became the Base Commander.

After her discharge in 1984 Cathy spent a lot of time working for the Federal and State Police Forces in their Comms Centres and later in life she decided to have a new direction in the Health Industry. She now works in Oncology as a Pre-Admission Co-Ordinator in Brisbane and will stay there until retirement. She remarried in September 2014 and has settled into married life again, her husband, Wayne, is a retired Prison Officer from the NT and they have a Jim's Mowing Franchise. Her daughter Alycen is a Senior High School teacher in SA and will be venturing over to London in the next twelve months to teach for a couple of years.

And these days, although she is in Brisbane, living in the big smoke, the country is still close to her heart.

6RTC Ballarat.

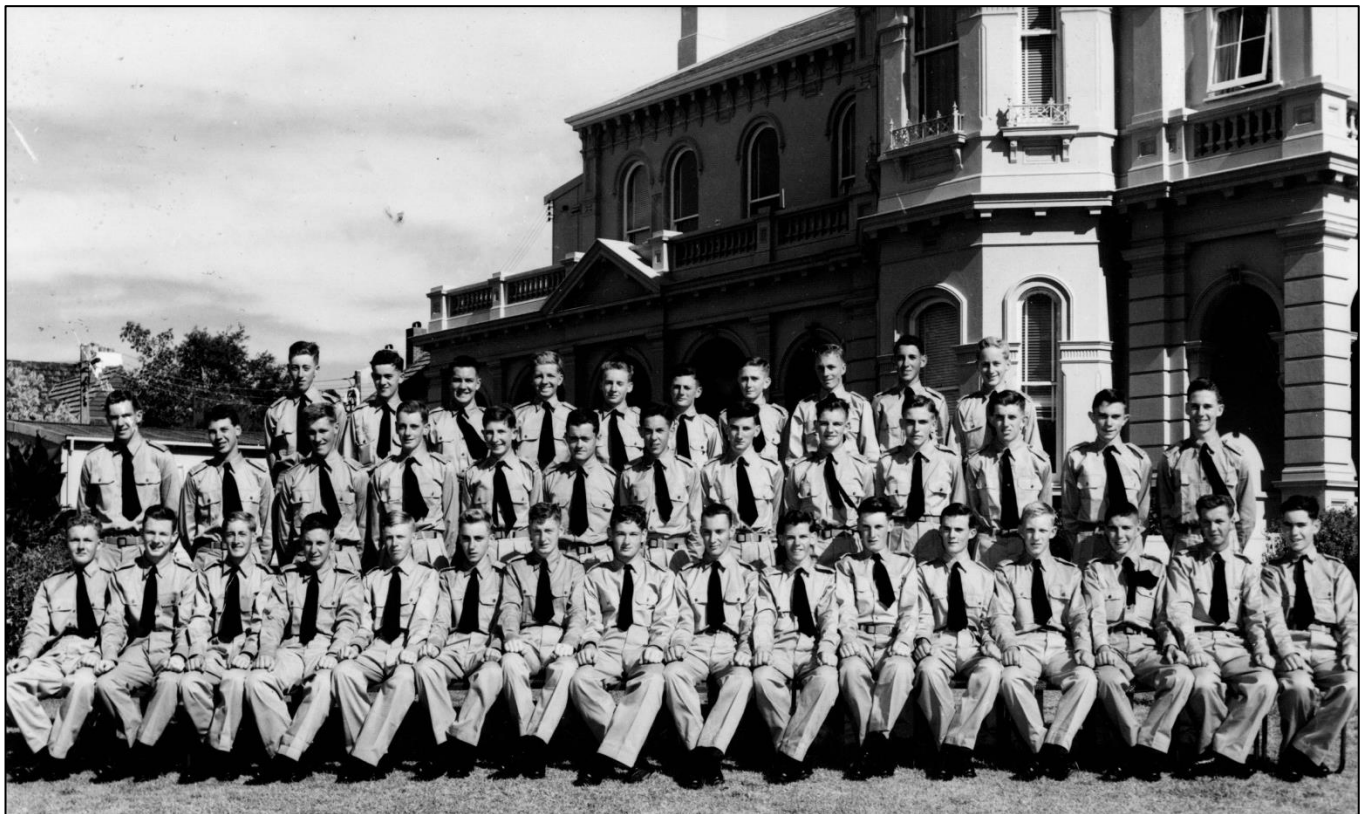


Back Row L-R: Theo Landrigan, Billy Riggs, Jimmy Graham, Chick Barron, Jimmy Webb, Jimmy Lampricht, Allan [Pancho] Wilkie, Murray Reynolds

Front Row L-R: Jim Greenwood, John Hartley, Bob Reese, Mick Ryan, Laurie Culvinor, Digby Forbes.

Bob Hambling sent us these photos of 13 Radio Appy Course, the first was taken in Feb 1959 (enlistment) and the other in Sept 1961 (graduation)

13 Radio Appy – Enlisting Feb 1959.



Rear Row: Tony Johnson, Mike Preston, Peter Silcock, Bob Hambling, Graham Giles, Bob Greeney, Brendon Hong, Ray Bessen, Peter Riebeling, Neil Ashman.

Centre Row: Ralph Gillon, John Brennan, Lionel Squires, Jack Ellis, Stan Woithe, Gene Sims, Frank Rankin, Alex McLeod, Wally Curtis, Col Collyer, Graham Brundish, Neville Petre, Robert Hanrahan.

Front Row: Laurie Preston, David Hains, Ian Brereton, Alan Armstrong, Brian Dolley, Roger Mannion, Alf Smith, Roy Hargreaves, Douglas Roser, Brian Grant, Rod Wilson, Bernard Crumpler, Peter Pendlebury, Kevin Leslie, William Beard, Ian Johnson.

The above pic was taken at the “College of Knowledge”, Frognall.



As you can see there are some discrepancies in the names on the two photos and this is because some members of 12 Apprentice Diploma course were transferred to 13 Technician course part way through 1959.

13 Radio Appy – Graduation Sept 1961.



Back Row: Peter Riebeling, Roger Mannion, Jeff Preston, Alex McLeod, Nev Petre, Jack Ellis, Col Collyer, Stan Woithe, John Carlile, Tom Janes, Brian Dolley.

Front Row: John Riebeling, Mike Preston, Peter Pendlebury, Bernard Crumpler, William Beard, Robert Hambling, Robert Greeney, Ray Bessen, Kevin Armbrust, Neil Ashman, Tony Johnson.

John Morley

We received the following from John Morley

“Hi Team! Here’s some old stuff that’s come to light that may help fill pages on the course photos or in the mag at some stage. I can pick some names here and there but rookies is a long way back! but probably some of the best time of my life”. *(Unfortunately we don’t have names, if you can help, please do!! – tb)*

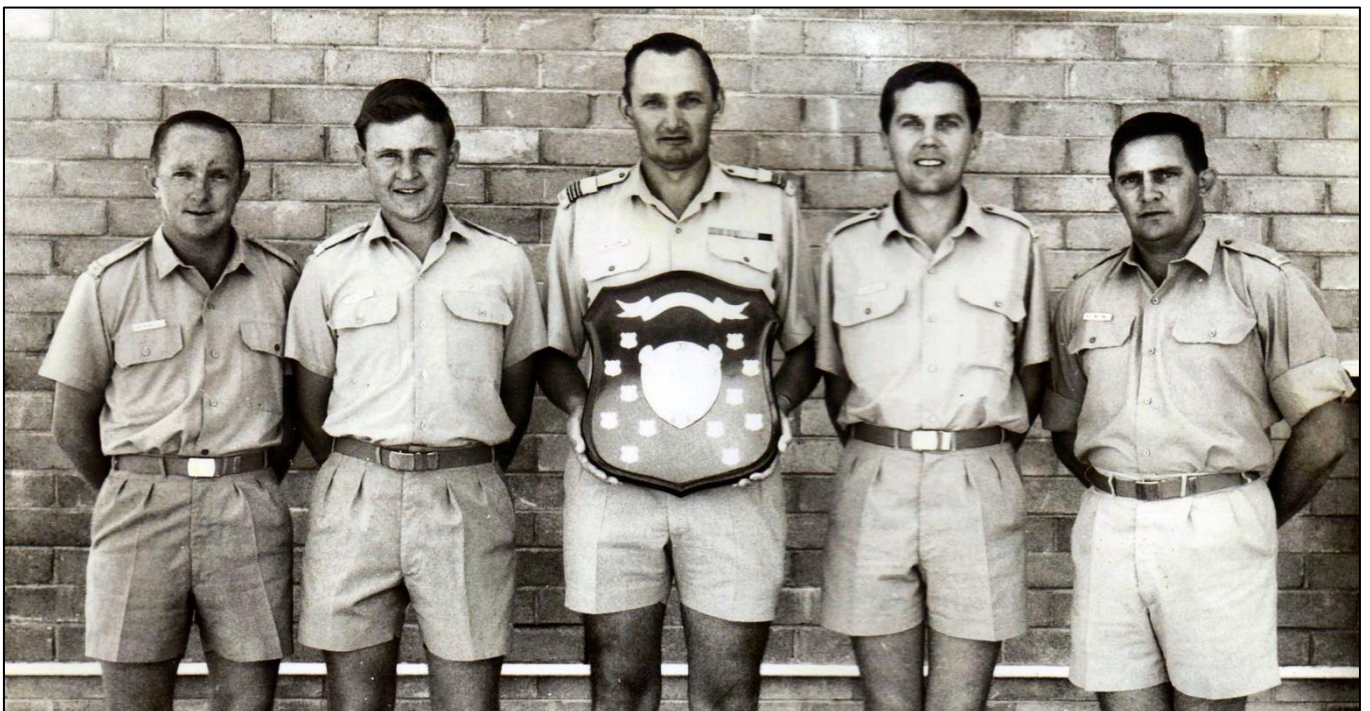
4 Telecommunications Technicians course.

Feb 1968.



Darwin Festival.

The winning team! Raaf Darwin team took out the Army, Navy, Police and civilian rifle team, May 1970





9KW-26

Radschool - Feb 1968.



9KW-26 was a piece of Crypto equipment, used for online telecommunications. Once classified but now there is info and pics online.

Women know! They just know! Even if they didn't know, they would know.
Men might not get this, but women will, because they know!

Hewett Trophy team.



RB57F.



This pic was taken at East Sale on or around 1965. These aircraft were highly specialized strategic reconnaissance aircraft developed by General Dynamics in the 1960s from the Martin

B-57 Canberra tactical bomber. They were used by the Air Weather Service for weather reconnaissance (WB-57F), and subsequently by NASA for high-altitude atmospheric research.

Laverton Sgt's Mess.



Don't try this at home folks!



Laverton Sgts mess - Tels Tech's.



The Laverton Rifle team,

Mostly Radschool guys, with a Neptune in background before being broken up.



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Laverton Rifle team.



Another day, another rifle team, Great sporty days Wednesdays - bring back the "Sportie" I say!!



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The Friden Flexowriter workshop in Canbarra – when you could!!!

My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday.
He asked me how old I was, and I told him, "80".
He was quiet for a moment, and then he asked, "Did you start at 1?"



1-84 (172) Radtech Course.

Brian O'Rourke sent us this pic, he says, "after 30 years I'm sorry I can't remember the names of two blokes front right". (*If anyone can help, please do – tb*) The course would have been number 172 but they changed the numbering system.

The course ran from January 1984 to April 1985.



Standing L-R: D Shephard, J O'Loughlin, G Smith, G Rosenberg, M Wade.

Seated L-R: Brian O'Rourke, M Haese, V Savu, unknown, unknown.

2-89 Airloaders Course.



Back Row L-R: LAC O'Rourke, LAC Kerswell, LAC Renfrey, AC Sims.

Middle Row L-R: LAC Crosilla, LAC Patch, LAC Regan, LAC Stevens, LAC Williams, AC Potter.

Front Row L-R: LACW Marks, LACW Panlock, LAC Morgan, LAC McGregor, AC McIntosh, LACW Warner, LACW Scholz.

After putting her grandchildren to bed, a grandmother changed into old slacks and a droopy blouse and proceeded to wash her hair. As she heard the children getting more and more rambunctious, her patience grew thin. Finally, she threw a towel around her head and stormed into their room, putting them back to bed with stern warnings. As she left the room, she heard the three-year-old say with a trembling voice, "Who was THAT?"



3-87 Airloaders Course.

3 August 1987 – 19 August 1987.



Back Row L-R: G. Young, K Gould, J Stewart, R Dixon, S Howse, N Fraser, M Scott
Middle Row L-R: S Harrison, J Cunliffe, J Auld, P Marshall, S Mannion, A Smith, D Just.
Front Row L-R: M Hollindale, J Dunne, V Trott, Cpl D Brewer, R Small, K Howlett.

A grandmother was telling her little grand-daughter what her own childhood was like. "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tyre; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods. "The little girl was wide-eyed, taking all this in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"

3 RAAF Hospital staff – Richmond 1990.



6 RAAF Hospital Staff – Laverton 1983.



6 RAAF Hospital, Laverton, 1983, under the command of Wing Commander Paul Schumack, hiding behind the tree. Sorry – we don't have any names for either pic, can anyone help??



The dying days of 10 Sqn – Townsville 1978.

Kev Rosser sent us these two photos, the one below was taken in 1978 after the Neppies had been mothballed (1977). These blokes were left behind to wind up everything before the Squadron moved south to Edinburgh.



Back row L-R: Errol Daire, Harry Gillett, Barry Toohey, Merv Sorensen, Jeff Haffenden, Jim Hewitt, Clive Bentley, Alan White, Graham Quinnell, Ian Darby

Middle row L-R: Jim Amos, Barry Blackmore, Clive Stone, Keith Wilson, Byron Page, Bill Gibson

Front L-R: Alan Oakley, Wayne Cawley, Gordon Charlton, Jeff Broadbent, Graham Tait

When my grandson asked me how old I was, I teasingly replied, "I'm not sure."
"Look in your underwear, Grandpa", he advised . . . "Mine says I'm 4 to 6."

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Last days of 10 Squadron, Townsville. Click the pic for a bigger copy which you can print or download.

A second grader came home from school and said to her grandmother, "Grandma, guess what? We learned how to make babies today." The grandmother, more than a little surprised, tried to keep her cool. "That's interesting," she said . . . "How do you make babies?" "It's simple", replied the girl. "You just change the 'y' to 'i' and add es.

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34 Sqn Sumpies, 1989



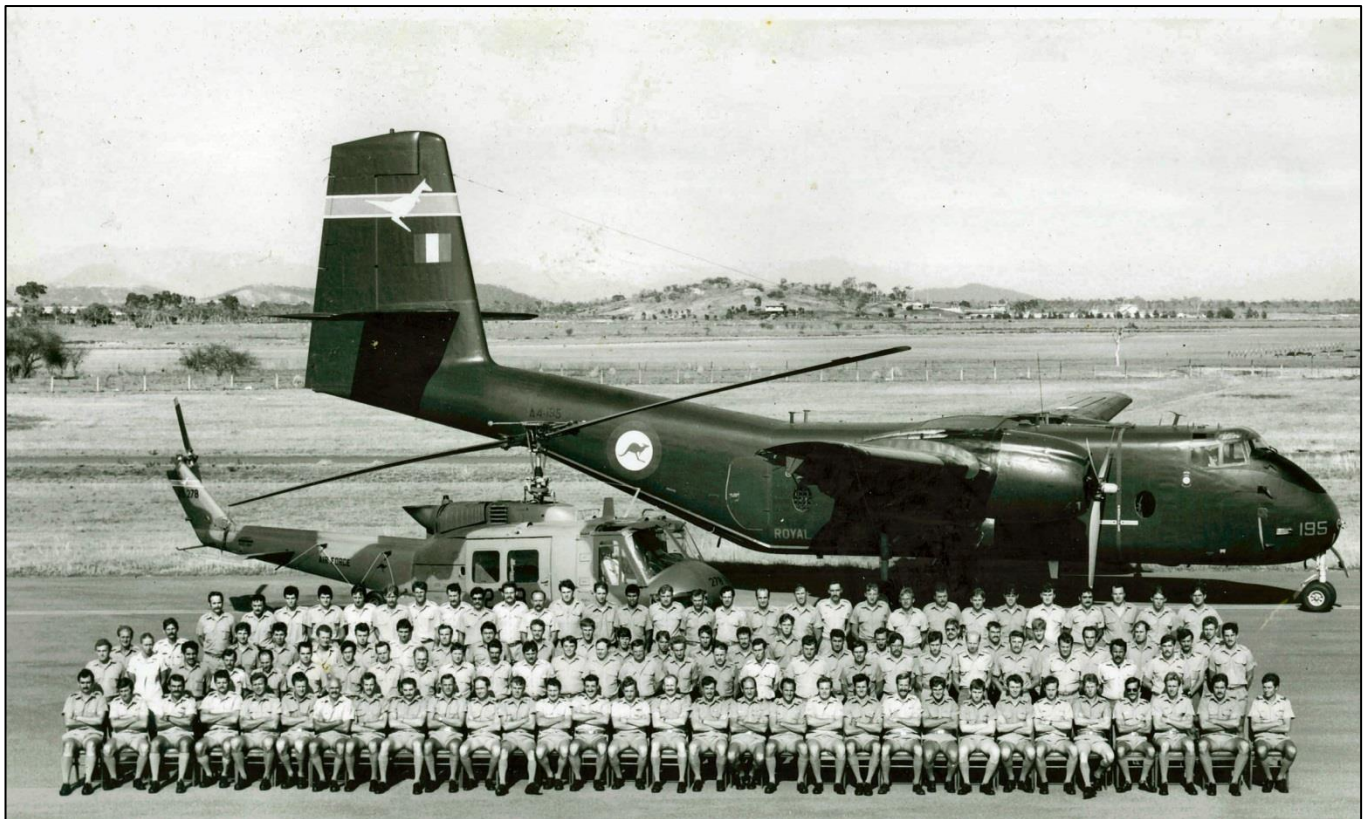
Caribou Crew.



L-R: Wally Davies, Eddy Morris, Prince Charles, John Staal, John Caldwell.

John Staal send us the above pic, it was taken in April 1979. John says "It was taken at RAAF Townsville after we had brought the Prince back from Lizard Island in FNQLD – I flew the Prince to Lizard Island from Cairns about a week before this photo was taken. He sent us a signed copy of the photo on his return to the UK about a month later".

35 Sqn, Townsville. November 1982.



The above pic shows 34 Squadron in Townsville 1982 – back when the RAAF had the Iroquois.

35 Squadron flew its last operation in Vietnam on the 13th February 1972 and left for Richmond on the 19th February 1972. In 1974, it relocated north to Townsville, where it operated in support of Army units based in Northern Australia. In early 1977 the squadron's role was expanded when it was equipped with four UH-1 Iroquois helicopters in addition to its Caribous, making it the only RAAF squadron to ever be simultaneously equipped with rotary and fixed-wing aircraft. Its role was further expanded in November 1986 when it was issued with gunship variants of the Iroquois which it received when 9 Squadron converted to flying the Black Hawks.

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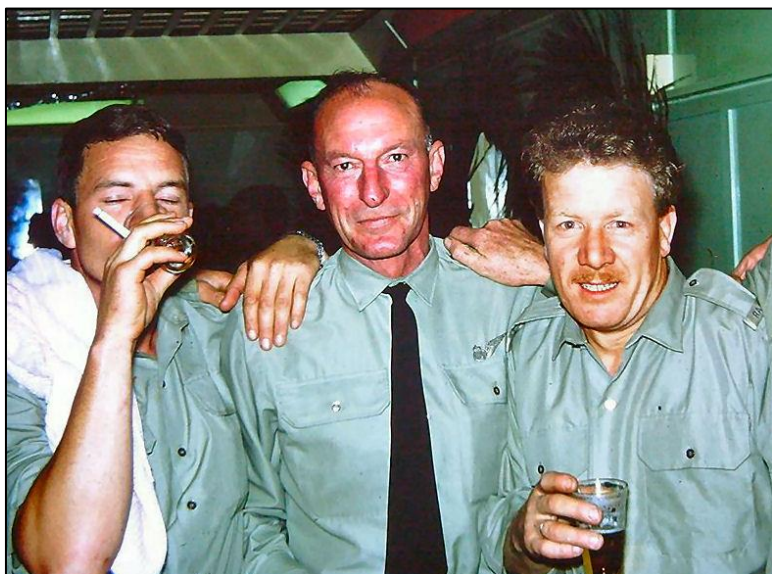


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In November 1989, it reverted to a purely fixed-wing role when responsibility for flying the helicopters was transferred to the Australian Army. Operating eight Caribous, the squadron continued to provide tactical transport to Army units based in Northern Australia until 2000, when it was reduced to "paper only" status and its aircraft transferred to No. 38 Squadron.

John Morley sent us these three pics





Computers and Stuff.

Sam Houliston.

hgb Highgrove Bathrooms

This page brought to you with the compliments of Highgrove Trading.
Designer bathrooms at discount prices.

Activate Windows' hidden master admin account.

Windows' user rights can be confusing and frustrating. Whether signed in with an administrator-level user account or evoking the Run as administrator setting, you can still run into insufficient-rights warnings.



But Windows' built-in, separate Administrator account gives you unfettered access to virtually all parts of your system setup — once you know how to access it. Many Windows users don't know this account exists, primarily because it's usually hidden and inactive by default. Here's how to enable the "master" administrator account and use it to streamline heavy-duty system repairs, problem-solving, and maintenance tasks in Win8, Win7, and Vista.

(If you're still using XP, this is not for you!)

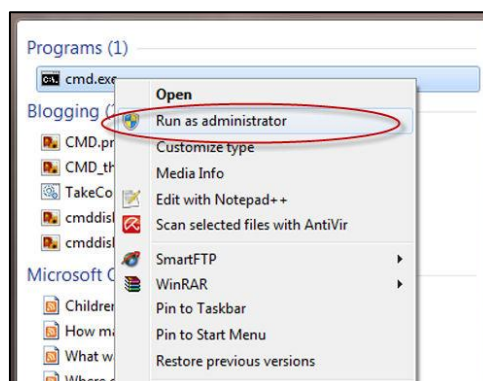
Most operating systems have some sort of special-purpose master account, one that lets you control the OS with virtually no restrictions. This type of account has various names, "superuser," "root," "supervisor," and so forth. Windows calls it Administrator. Windows' master account doesn't simply enhance a standard admin-level user account or serve as an elevated version of the 'Run as Administrator' option, it operates much like a normal user account, except it has virtually unlimited permissions.

Once activated, Administrator (or Admin for short) is a separate account, complete with its own private desktop and user files. You can set it up with its own themes, background, and other customizations, and you can install software that's not shared with non-admin-level users. The unfettered, full-permission access offered by the Administrator account is ideal when you need access to the deepest parts of Windows, for example, when you're trying to resolve really thorny system problems. But clearly, that level of control can also be dangerous. There's no safety net, so a misstep could royally screw up your system.

That's why Microsoft hides the Admin account by default. It's not intended for full-time, routine use, the risks are simply too great, but it's there for knowledgeable users to employ when needed.

Windows offers three ways to access admin-level permissions and functions. They are, from simplest to most powerful:

Run as administrator: This option is typically used to temporarily access limited admin-level rights from within a non-admin-level (standard) account. In some cases, tasks that require administrator-level permissions can be run by simply right-clicking the name of an app or function and selecting the "Run as administrator" option. The process has a couple of speed bumps though, a user account control (UAC) prompt must be acknowledged, and you must also enter an admin-level password. This two-step process can cause problems with complex and multi-step admin-level tasks. Also, depending on the account type (standard, guest, or child), some admin-level tasks are simply off-limits.



Assign a user account as an administrator: Admin-level user accounts are subject to UAC controls. A warning will pop up whenever a potentially dangerous system change is about to start, for example, when installing new software or making system-level changes that might affect other users. The task won't proceed until the user explicitly grants permission via a UAC prompt. This one-step speed bump lets most admin-level tasks run to completion. However, some complex, multi-step tasks might fail. This can happen when a task requires several admin-level tools working in series or uses command lines or scripts. The process could stop because only the first tool or task received the necessary permissions.

Sign in as Administrator: The master Admin account, the focus of this article, has full permissions and operates with virtually no restrictions. It has none of the restrictions or drawbacks of the first two administrator-access methods.

When you're in the Admin account, you'll likely never see a UAC prompt, any system-level task you initiate is carried out immediately. Not only is this UAC-free operation convenient, it will

also let you complete complex tasks that would otherwise fail. Within an Admin account, you can sequentially run multiple tools and tasks without the problem of repeatedly confirming elevated privileges. The Admin account gives the best shot at overcoming otherwise unsolvable Windows-permissions issues. Many tasks that can't be completed via an admin-level user account or the run-as-administrator option will generally work in the Admin account.

There are various ways to enable the Administrator account, but two are probably the simplest, an easy point-and-click process and a quick command-line entry.

All the following instructions assume you're starting from an admin-level user account. This method uses the Local Users and Groups feature (or plugin) in Windows' Microsoft Management Console (MMC). It's available on all but the most limited editions of Windows, such as Windows Basic and Windows Home.

Here's how to enable the Admin account via the MMC:

Win8:

From the desktop, right-click the Start icon, click Run, and then enter **lusrmgr.msc** (or open the Search charm and enter **lusrmgr.msc** there).

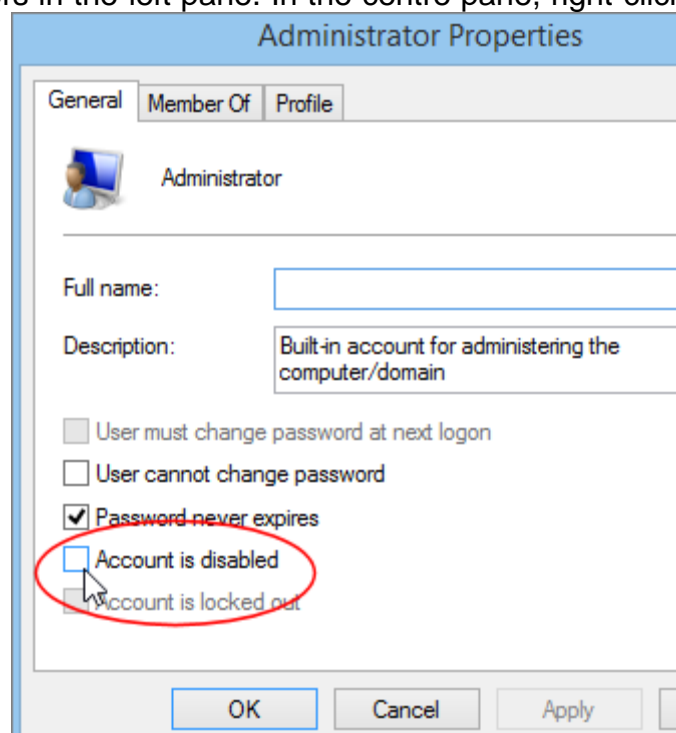
Win7/Vista:

Click Start, enter **lusrmgr.msc** into the run or search boxes, and then press Enter.

In all three versions of Windows, if a UAC prompt appears, click Yes to accept the warning. With the Management Console open, click Users in the left pane. In the centre pane, right-click Administrator and then select Properties. The Administrator Properties dialog box will appear. In Administrator Properties, under the General tab, clear (uncheck) the "Account is disabled" box (see at right). Click OK and close the MMC.

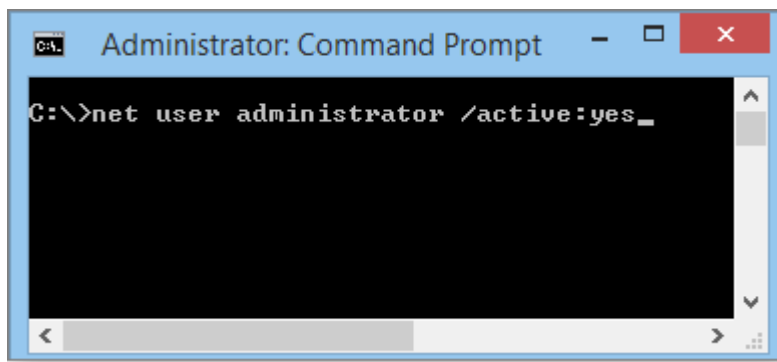
Enable the Admin account via the Command line.

This method works in every version and edition of Windows, all the way back to Vista Basic! Open an administrator-level (aka elevated privilege) command prompt. In Win8, hold down the Windows key and press X and select Command Prompt (Admin). For older Windows versions, type "Command Prompt



in the start menu search box. When it appears in the search results, right-click it and select "Run as administrator". Type or copy/paste the following command "net user administrator /active:yes" (shown at right), this reveals and enables the Administrator account.

Press Enter and then close the command Window.



Once you've enabled the Administrator account via either of the preceding methods, reboot your system and the Admin-account icon should now appear on your sign-in screen.

The pic at right shows the Administrator account added to a Win7 sign-in screen. Win8 and Vista look somewhat different, of course, but work the same way. To access Administrator, you simply click its icon, just as you would any admin or standard-user account.

The first time you access the new Admin account, Windows will take some time to set it up. Again, Administrator has its own desktop, user files, and settings, so Windows needs to create a new user folder (C:\Users\Administrator) with the standard subfolders: Contacts, Desktop, Documents, Downloads, and so forth. Fortunately, the setup is a one-time event; once completed, accessing the Administrator's account will take no more time than accessing any other account.



When the Administrator account is first set up, there's no password for it, but this fully privileged account is, obviously, too dangerous to leave unguarded. So once Windows completes the setup process and you have full access, your first task should be to establish a really secure password. You can use the normal method: click Control Panel/User Accounts/User Accounts and use the appropriate prompts/links that let you add or change a password. You can also change the sign-in picture and so on.

You're now free to perform virtually any system-level task, with no worries about having the right permission levels and without UAC interference.

Remember: When you're running as Administrator, you're working without a figurative safety net, there'll be no warnings to remind you that you're about to undertake potentially dangerous actions. So, before making any significant system changes with the Admin account, carefully think through any actions you're about to perform and always, always, always make sure you have full, current, working backups.

When you're finished with a task that required the use of the Admin account, sign off (or reboot) and then sign back in to your normal user account.

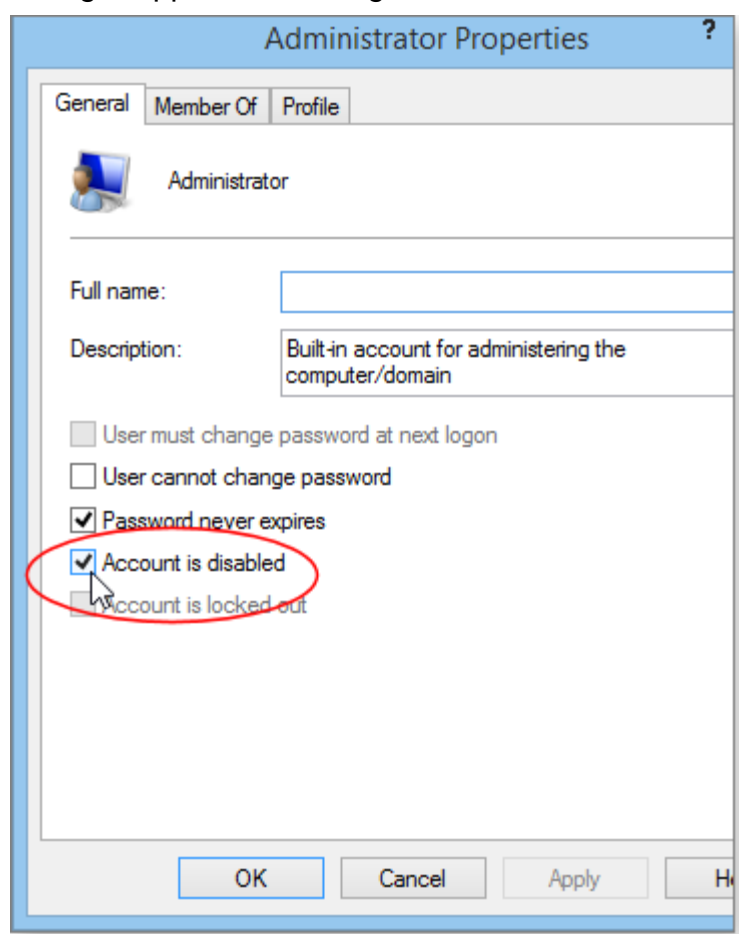
For security's sake, you should use the Admin account only when you really need it. When you disable and hide the account, its icon will no longer appear on the sign-in screen. Think of it as removing temptation. Fortunately, the steps for putting Administrator away are nearly identical to those you use to enable it. There are, again, two simple methods; perform either from your regular user account.

Point-and-click: Follow the same steps described above to access the Administrator properties via the MMC. But now, simply tick the Account is disabled box (see right); then click OK and exit the console.

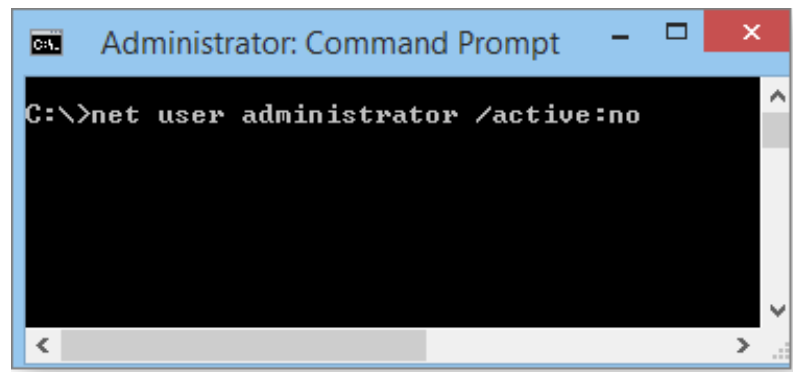
Command-line: Open an admin-level command prompt and then type or copy/paste the following command "net user administrator /active:no" (See pic below). Press Enter and close the command window.

Whichever method you use, it's really just that simple!

If you think you might need to pop in and out of Administrator regularly, you can save yourself some time by automating the command-line method.



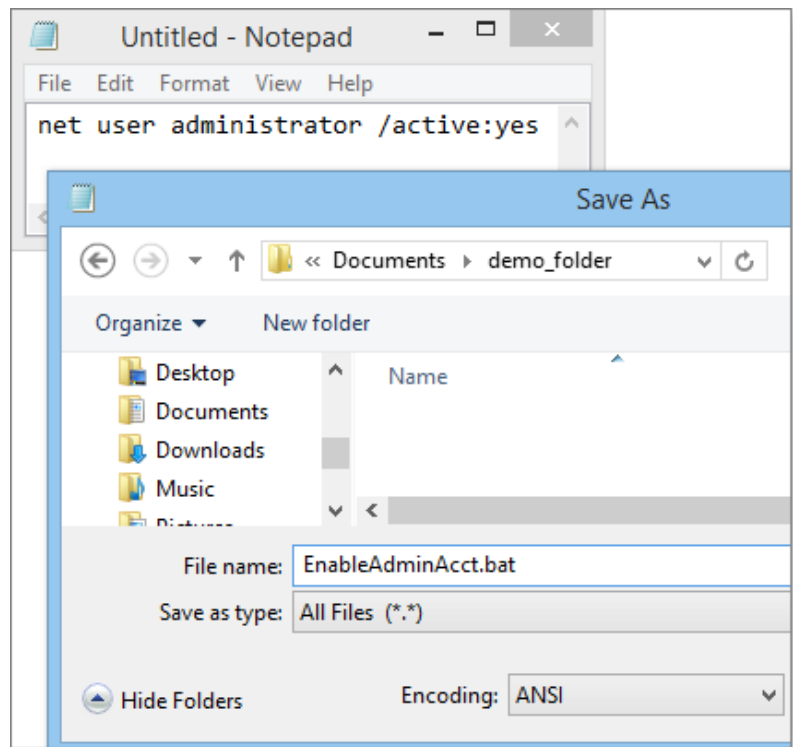
In your normal user account, type or copy/paste the enabling command “net user administrator /active:yes” into Notepad. Click File/Save As and navigate to the location where you want to keep the file. In the Save as type drop-down menu, select the All Files option. Give the file an obvious name and assign it a .bat extension instead of .txt.



For example, you might call the enabling file EnableAdminAcct.bat (see right).

Now click New in Notepad and do the same thing for the matching disabling command

“net user administrator /active:no”. Once again, click File/Save As, select All Files, give this file an equally obvious name, and assign it a .bat extension (for example, DisableAdminAcct.bat).



When you want to enable or disable the Administrator account, right-click on the appropriate .bat file and select Run as administrator. Accept any UAC warnings that appear; a command window will flash on the screen as the command executes and then vanish.

You can then reboot, sign off, or use the Switch user command: the Admin account's icon will be either present or absent on the sign-in screen — depending on whether you ran the enable or disable command.

The Administrator account is hidden by default for a very good reason, it can be dangerous if misused but with care, caution, and good backups, the master admin-level account can be used for complex repair and maintenance tasks as well as to resolve stubborn permissions problems that "Run as administrator" or an admin-level user account simply can't handle.

Renovating??

lhb Highgrove Bathrooms

With house prices at an all-time low and renovation shows like 'The Block' and 'House Rules' having an overwhelming success, it has never been a better time to look at your own home and assess the rooms that need improvement. The bathroom and laundry used to be very practical areas, that didn't get much attention to the way they looked.

What trends are now showing is that with a combination of clever interior design and affordable bathroom products, a bathroom can be transformed into a sanctuary. Along with the kitchen, the bathroom is now one of the most pivotal rooms when trying to sell a home. Without having to spend a fortune, a bathroom upgrade can even increase the sale price of your home by about 10%.



Gone are the days of showering over a bath tub while frameless glass showers continue to be one of the most popular items in a modern bathroom. Some people prefer an enclosed



frameless shower while others just prefer a singular panel, either way this popular choice looks very clean, sophisticated and opens the bathroom up.

A lot of people ask, do you think I should keep the bath or just have a larger wet area? This is up to personal preference; however we would always recommend keeping at least one bath in the home if space permits. Consider the next 10 years – do you expect to move or sell your home? Will you have children or elderly people present? Try to think through all options before you make the decision that is best for you. Freestanding baths are still a very popular purchase and are often used as a feature within the room.



An important thing to consider is how much storage space you need. The vanity is one of the biggest decisions as you want it to be highly functional as well as good looking. Wall hung vanities have been the popular choice over recent years although a floor mount vanity will generally have more storage. If you need excess storage then have a think about integrating a mirrored cabinet or having a side cabinet in the room too.

The mood of a bathroom is set with the choice of tile. The modern bathroom opts for floor to ceiling tiles so it is more crucial than ever, to choose wisely. The monochrome palette has been a popular choice of those who take a particular interest in the recent renovation shows. Some

prefer a warmer style and opt for natural looking, stone coloured tiles. Feature walls are also very popular and the possibilities are endless but we are seeing a lot of exposed brick, textured tiles to add depth.

A lot of people find it overwhelming thinking about renovating their bathroom. The process starts to flow with your initial research. There are a huge amount of resources online to get a feel for the style you would like to achieve or alternatively there is still a wide range of magazines on the market.

Once you have an idea of the style, you have to think practically. Measure the area and take note of where the plumbing is currently. Think about the current area – does the layout work for you? What would you like to change and what do you think should stay the same?

Now is the time to start looking at product, bearing in mind the style and space constraints. At this stage, we would suggest to visit your local Highgrove Bathrooms store to start making your ideas, a reality. Our friendly sales people will be able to consider your personal taste and room measurements to help you pick out some products from our wide range in store.



It is important in this day and age to realise that cheaper doesn't necessarily mean inferior quality. Highgrove Bathrooms pride ourselves in offering great looking, high quality products at an affordable rate. We can do this as we import the product ourselves, cutting out the middle man and selling directly to the public via our 25 stores Australia-wide. This, along with our friendly customer service and product on hand, is why Highgrove Bathrooms is the fastest growing bathroom company to date.

Providing quality bathroom products since 2004, Highgrove Bathrooms have just celebrated our 10th Birthday in the industry. We have strived to be at the forefront of bathroom design by closely watching the current and future bathroom trends over the duration.

15% discount.

Being an Australian owned company, the business owners would like to pass on a price discount to all ADF personnel who hold a DVA Health-care Card (either Orange, White or Gold) as a token of their appreciation for the dedication and service to Australia provided by these ADF personnel. As such, the owners hereby offer the gift of a 15% discount off retail prices to all DVA Health Card holders (and their families) on any product, in any Highgrove Bathrooms' store. This offer is value until 31 December 2015.

To receive 15% discount, please present your DVA health card when you purchase/order any item. Click [HERE](#) for the store closest to you

If a street busker makes you stop walking, you owe him a few dollars.

Windows 10.

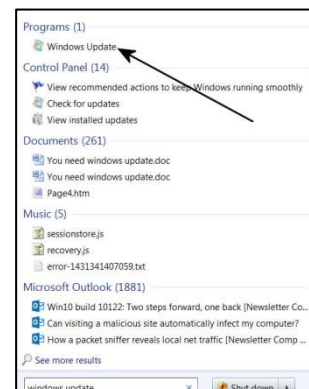
Microsoft will release their next version of Windows (10) on the 29th July and if you're using Windows 7 (with SP1 installed) or Windows 8.1 you can get it for free. Microsoft will make the OS available via the Windows Update service automatically, but first you have to reserve a copy.

This is what you do.

Make sure you have your "Windows Update" feature enabled. To do this you:

For Windows 7

Open Windows Update by clicking the Start button





- In the search box, type “Windows Update”, and then, in the list of results, click “Windows Update”.
- In the left pane, click Change Settings.
- Under Important updates, there are several options, I suggest you select “Install updates automatically”.
- Under Recommended updates, select the “Give me recommended updates the same way I receive important updates” check box, and then click OK.

If you're prompted for an administrator password or confirmation, type the password or provide confirmation.

For Windows 8.1

- Open Windows Update by swiping in from the right edge of the screen (or, if you're using a mouse, pointing to the lower-right corner of the screen and moving the mouse pointer up)
- Tap or click Settings, tap or click Change PC settings, and then tap or click Update and recovery.
- Tap or click Choose how updates get installed.
- Under Important updates, once again, I suggest you select “Install updates automatically”.
- Under Recommended updates, select the “Give me recommended updates the same way I receive important updates” check box.
- Under Microsoft Update, select the “Give me updates for other Microsoft products when I update Windows” check box, and then tap or click Apply.



Make sure your computer is connected to the internet, then log on here <http://www.microsoft.com/en-us/windows> Scroll down and click “Reserve Windows 10”. A new window will open, follow the prompts then when Windows 10 is released at the end of July your computer will automatically download and install it.

Just because you can doesn't mean you should.

Internet speeds: - Australia ranks 44th.

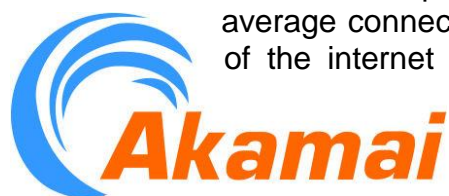
Study cites direction of NBN as part of problem.



A US study has delivered an unwelcome finding about Australian internet speeds, finding that they are well behind the international pack. One engineering expert says the nation will continue to tumble down in world rankings if the roll-out of the National Broadband Network (NBN) continues in its current form.



The State of the Internet Report from cloud service provider Akamai ranks Australia 44th for average connection speed. The US-based company produces a quarterly state of the internet report looking at connection speeds and broadband adoption around the world.



Dr Mark Gregory, a network engineering expert from RMIT University, said the Akamai report is a reputable review. "In the latest report, Australia has dropped a couple of places down to the 44th position, which is a pretty big drop really over such a short period of time," he said. Dr Gregory said Australia's relative decline was because many other countries were moving forward apace with new and upgraded networks. "The drop is happening because a lot of other countries over this period are moving towards cyber-based access networks, or they've already completed roll-outs of what we would call the multi-technology mixing/mixed networks," he said. "Whatever way you

look at it, what it means is that the average speeds that Australians are enjoying are slowly becoming less than most of our competitors around the world."

Dr Gregory said the Federal Government's decision to switch from fibre-to-the-home to a mixed fibre/copper network was part of the reason for the decline. "One of the reasons is that we're falling down the list that we're moving towards utilising a copper-based access network," he said. "Whereas previously, under the Labor government, we were moving towards an all cyber-based network, which is what most of our competitors are now doing.

"And we're also seeing this drop because, as we keep changing direction with the NBN, we're putting in large delays before the roll-out is actually occurring." New Zealand is one of the nations now ranked ahead of Australia, with faster average internet speeds. Dr Gregory said that is largely because it has stuck with a fibre-to-the-home network. "The key difference between New Zealand and Australia is that New Zealand made the decision to do fibre-to-the-premise, they're stuck with that decision," he said. Even though Australia is much larger geographically, Dr Gregory said fibre-to-the-home should be financially viable for a network to cover the vast bulk of the population.

"Fibre-to-the-premise is viable in Australia, mainly because most Australians are clustered around the coast," he said. "If you look at the density of Australians, then really we don't differ very much from most other countries in the world, we're just a large country, but with the technologies that we've got today to actually roll out fibre systems, the cost is not that different from most other countries in the world."

Dr Gregory said many households will notice the deficiencies in Australia's internet when they try to watch television over the internet, such as through the Netflix service coming to Australia this year, or its local rivals. "Even though the suppliers say they are giving us high definition of 4K steaming, to actually be able to stream over Australia's connection and our connections will be a lot slower than the rest of the world," he said.



"What they will do is that they will increase the compression ratio on the video. "Even though they are saying that we are getting high definition, or 4K TV, the actual compression will be far more than in other countries and therefore the quality of the video that we are viewing at home will be much lower." Dr Gregory added that another development may push Australia even further down the rankings for internet speed.

"The most important change is occurring in the United States where the FCC chairman, that's their body that looks after telecommunications, has decided to redefine broadband to 25 megabit per second download speed," he said. "So what that means is that, in Australia, the Government has been saying that they're going to provide every Australian with high-speed



broadband. "In the future they'll be able to say that they're providing Australians the bare minimum broadband under the new FCC determination on what broadband will be called.

"For many other countries around the world of course, they're moving towards gigabit broadband now and that is super-fast broadband under the new definitions."

Australian ADSL2+ has a max theoretical download speed of 24 megabits. You can check your speed by going [HERE](#).



HMAS Albatross - Nowra.

The Navy has two bases at Nowra, HMAS Albatross, which is the major base and is about 25 klms inland from the coast and home of their air fleet and HMAS Creswell, which is on the southern coast of Jervis Bay and home of the RAN's Naval College - and not much else.

In March this year we were driving back to Brisbane from Melbourne and as we had decided to take the coastal route we thought it a good opportunity to see if we could have a look over the 2 bases. We contacted ADF Media Ops in Canberra, who we find are always only too happy to help, and they arranged it.

We were told to report to the Front Gate at Albatross where we would be met by Dallas McMaugh, who is the Navy's PR lady at Nowra and she would show us around.



Which we did – and we couldn't have timed it worse if we'd tried. The day we arrived was the same day that Rear Admiral Mark Campbell (that's Air Vice Marshall in the real language) had decided to also tour the base on his sojourn from Naval life. This of course tied everyone up and meant our tour had to be cut short, which is a shame as it looked a very interesting base and we would have loved to get inside a few of the buildings – next time perhaps!!



But Dallas, who was a very busy lady that day, did her best and made sure we saw as much of the place as she could in the short time she had available. We also got a history lesson.

HMAS Albatross is the home of the Royal Australian Navy's Fleet Air Arm and also home to the Fleet Air Arm Museum (formerly known as, and now incorporating, Australia's Museum of Flight). It is the Navy's largest Base and its only Air Station. The Navy has three squadrons based at Albatross,

- 723 Squadron with AS350 Squirrel helicopters;
- 816 Squadron with S-70B Seahawk helicopters; and
- NUSQN 808 with MRH-90 helicopters.



This one must have been on loan from the Army??

The decision to build an airfield on the land was taken soon after WWII was declared in 1939. It was initially a RAAF Base. The RAAF moved in in May 1942 followed shortly thereafter by the US Army Air Corps and the Royal Netherlands East Indies Air Force. In 1944, the British Admiralty directed forces to the South-West Pacific necessitating shore base establishments in Australia to support the Royal Navy and its Fleet Air Arm. RAAF Base Nowra was considered ideal because of its proximity to Jervis Bay, which was large enough to accommodate the entire British Pacific Fleet. The Royal Navy's Fleet Air Arm began operations at Nowra in late October 1944, and the base was renamed HMS Nabbington. In March 1946, at the end of the war, the US, Dutch and the British all went home and the base reverted back to RAAF control "to be retained but not maintained".

In July 1947, the Commonwealth Defence Council approved the formation of a Fleet Air Arm which would be controlled and operated by the RAN. The initial planning included purchase of

two aircraft carriers, aircraft and the establishment of shore facilities. The carriers were named HMA Ships Sydney and Melbourne, and the shore facilities were at Nowra.

In August 1948 the Base was handed over to the Navy, renamed HMAS Albatross and became the home of the 20th Carrier Air Group. A number of Sea Fury and Firefly aircraft were brought from England to Australia by HMAS Sydney. These aircraft, operated by 805 and 816 Squadrons, arrived in Nowra in May 1949. In November 1950, they were joined by the Carrier Air Group of 808 and 817 Squadrons, also flying Sea Furies and Fireflies.

HMAS Albatross has been expanding ever since. As more capable aircraft have been acquired, so ground support facilities have had to be built. In 1955, Sea Venoms and Gannets arrived, requiring radar workshops and test facilities. More aircraft necessitated stricter standards of air traffic control and a new control tower was built in 1958. In 1964 the introduction of Wessex helicopters, with a dunking sonar capability, required a further expansion of services.



In 1965, it was decided to buy American aircraft to replace the ageing British Gannets and Sea Venoms. 20 McDonnell Douglas Skyhawks and 32 Grumman Trackers were chosen and additional avionics facilities were built to service the complex equipment they carried. The Skyhawks and the Trackers were pensioned off in 1984. Today the Trackers are scattered all over the country, with a large selection of them held at West Sale airport, though they are not in very good nick.

An old Navy pilot reminisced about the now gone Trackers, he said:

"The carrier circuit was flown at 300ft, trimmed out at its landing speed of 95 knots. There was a special grip in front of the Twin Otter-style throttles to stop the pilot pulling them back during the acceleration of the catapult shot. Landing one on the Melbourne at night, in a high sea state and no shore diversion could be described as 'intense'. The Landing Signals Officers (LSO's) did a fantastic job getting us on board safely in these conditions. Australian Trackers were



flown single pilot, the co-pilot duties performed by the Tacco, a highly qualified Observer. A great posting for a kid just off Pilot's Course.

It had the capability of a P-3B and could be on task in minutes off the carrier instead of the Air Force's hours (and that was assuming that the RAAF wasn't having a 'sportie', not in the bar and it was a week day) and we often worked in pairs. Tracker sorties were flown round the clock during an exercise, each one up to six hours, some of it at low level, at night down to 300ft on the radalt when conducting MAD trapping patterns.

It carried two homing torpedoes, rocket pods and depth charges, in addition to sonobuoy sensors ejected from the tubes in the rear of the engine nacelles. Formation and 20 degree rocketing on the range or splash target was a buzz. The sound of the two Cyclones at 56" of boost was something else.

The helicopters now based at HMAS Albatross have restored to the RAN much of the anti-submarine capability lost when the Tracker squadron was disbanded.

In recent years significant redevelopment has taken place, continuing the operation of HMAS Albatross and recognising its strategic importance as the sole Royal Australian Navy Air Station.

Future pilots, on joining the Navy, do their initial new entry officers' course at HMAS Creswell then are posted to Tamworth NSW to undertake Basic Flying Training (120 working days) in CT4 trainers. *(Would someone please explain to me why ADF pilots are now trained in RAAF aircraft, by civvies at a civvy airport – and not at Point Cook!!! - tb)*



On completion of BFTS, graduates proceed to 2FTS at Pearce to continue training (170 working days) on PC9 trainers then to 723 Sqn at Albatross to conduct rotary conversion on Squirrel helicopters. After that, they are then posted to either Seahawk or Sea King squadrons for type conversion.

Sailors that will work on the aircraft do their rookies at HMAS Cerberus, on Western Port Bay, about 70 kilometres south east of Melbourne. They are then posted to the RAAF School of Technical Training at Wagga for a period of 12 months then up to Albatross where they are posted to a squadron to learn the aircraft.

One of the first areas to which we were taken was the Memorial to the four 817 Sqn persons who lost their lives in the Sea King accident which occurred on Nias Island (Indonesia) in April 2005.



The accident occurred while the aircraft was making a normal approach to land on a local sports ground after having provided humanitarian support following a devastating [earthquake](#) which occurred in the region on the 25th March 2005. A Defence Board of Inquiry later found that the primary cause of the accident was due to a failure of the aircraft's flight control systems as a result of a series of errors and generally poor maintenance on the aircraft.

Nine personnel died in the accident, including three members of the RAAF.

Those killed were:

- Lieutenant Paul Kimlin - *Pilot and aircraft captain.*
- Lieutenant Jonathan King - *Co pilot*
- Lieutenant Matthew Goodall - *Tactical coordinator*
- Leading Seaman Scott Bennet - *Utility aircrewman*
- Squadron Leader Paul McCarthy - *RAAF Medical Officer*
- Lieutenant Matthew Davey - *RANR Medical Officer*
- Flight Lieutenant Lynne Rowbottom - *RAAF Nursing Officer*
- Petty Officer Stephen Slattery - *Navy Medical Assistant*
- Sergeant Wendy Jones - *RAAF Medical Assistant*



Two personnel survived the crash: Navy Leading Seaman Shane Warburton, and Air Force Corporal Scott Nichols.

The Board of Enquiry found that the crash was survivable and that deficiencies in the seating, restraint systems and the cabin configuration contributed to the deaths of seven of the occupants who appeared to have survived the initial impact. The primary cause of the accident was found to be due to a failure in the flight control systems, specifically a separation of the fore/aft bell-crank from the pitch control linkages in the aircraft's mixing unit. The failure in the flight control systems was ultimately found to be caused by systematic errors and deficiencies in the maintenance program employed by 817 Squadron at the time of the accident. The maintenance activity which lead to the accident occurred 57 days before the accident.

The Board made 256 recommendations, all of which were accepted by the Department and were fully implemented by October 2008.

After leaving the Memorial, the one thing we did notice was the amount of construction being undertaken at the Base. New accommodation and messing buildings have been built and current projects include replacing old and out-dated engineering services infrastructure and training facilities.



As is the norm at ADF bases these days, in most cases living on-base is no longer mandatory, if you want to live off base you can. What is also different is on-base accommodation is no longer arranged by the base Orderly Room but by Defence Housing Australia (DHA). If you're posted to a base you go on line ([HERE](#)), log in then fill in your accommodation preferences.

If you select an on-base accommodation, you will be issued with a "Licence to Live In" – see [HERE](#). This licence gives you certain privileges and responsibilities such as:

- A lockable room that is suitable for your rank and situation. Exception: Barracks or shared accommodation may not be lockable.



- Access to common areas and facilities at the living-in accommodation.
- Privacy to use the assigned room and facilities, without unreasonable interference by Defence. Exception: Barracks or shared accommodation will not be private. (*What?? No more panics?? - tb*)
- Maintenance and repair of the living-accommodation provided in a timely manner.

The Navy calls the on base living quarters “the Cabins”, with the Officers and Senior NCO’s block being referred to as the Wardroom. Corporals and below live in Cabins in the “Ship’s Company”. Males and females share bathrooms and toilets.

Of course, living in is no longer free, you have to pay for it. The ADF have produced a booklet which they call the “Pay and Conditions Manual” (PACMAN) which was written in such a way that no-one can really understand it. The scale of fees payable to live on-base can be found [HERE](#). If you’re the equivalent of a corporal or below, you pay \$90.59 a fortnight for a single room, if you’re a Flt/Lt or equivalent, you pay \$115.22 – considering the standard of accommodation being offered these days it’s pretty cheap really.



Officers and Senior Sailors take their meals in the Combined Mess with cooking undertaken by a Defence Primary Support Contractor. Meals are served three times per day with a great selection on offer.



All junior sailors living on-base take their meals in the Junior Sailors cafeteria where meals are served three times per day. They say a wide variety of wholesome and tasty food is on offer with at least three main choices at every meal including a vegetarian option. Unfortunately, due to the Rear Admiral's visit, we were not able to get a look inside the Mess, or to sample the meals, but from the outside it looked pretty good.



Junior Sailor's Mess.

Like most major bases, Albatross has an on-base medical centre which provides a full range of services including Dental, Physiotherapy, X-Rays, Pathology, etc. It is the Navy's major Health provider in the region and supports personnel at HMAS Creswell as well as the Naval Air Squadrons, the Parachute Training School, the Hydrographic Office and Lodger Units.

At present there are about 1300 uniforms at Albatross, as well as 600 civvy workers, so you can bet the hospital is one busy place.



The Medical Centre, HMAS Albatross.

For a Base that operates predominately helicopters, it is huge. There are two runways, 03/21 which is 6,713 ft long, and 08/26 which is 6,870 ft long. (*Williamtown's runway 12/30 is 7,999 ft long*).



When Navy acquired its first helicopter landing dock ship, the HMAS Canberra, (28th November 2014), a section of the airfield was painted out to resemble the landing area on the ship. Navy pilots and aircraft handlers use the painted out area to practice landing on and handling aircraft as if on the ship itself.

THE RAM

THE MAGAZINE BY & FOR SERVING
& EX-RAAF PEOPLE & OTHERS

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The Canberra, which was built in Spain, is 230 metres long, 32 metres wide and when fully loaded, weighs 27,500 tonnes. It is the largest ship the Navy has ever had.

Canberra normally carries 8 helicopters but has space for another 10 in its hangars. It is manned by 358 personnel, of which 293 are Navy, 62 are Army and 3 are RAAF. If necessary, it can transport 1045 fully equipped troops and can carry up to 110 vehicles at over 20 knots. A sister ship, HMAS Adelaide, is in production and when delivered in 2016 will allow Navy to retire the old Tobruk, Kanimbla and Manoora.

The ships will be “based” at Fleet Base East in Sydney and will operate out of Townsville, the home of the 2nd Battalion, RAR, on a regular basis.



Army Parachute training complex.

The Parachute Training School (PTS) is an Australian Army training unit based at Albatross. It trains people silly enough to leave perfectly serviceable aircraft in parachuting techniques, developing parachute doctrine and techniques, trial-evaluation of parachute systems and associated equipment.

The School was originally formed in 1951 as the RAAF's Parachute Training Wing at Williamstown but the RAAF are not silly enough to willingly leave a serviceable aircraft in flight, so in 1974 the school was handed over to the Army – who are.

The school was renamed Parachute Training School, under command of Lieutenant Colonel [Harry Smith](#), the Officer Commanding of D Company, 6th Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment (D Coy, 6RAR) during the Battle of Long Tan on 18 August 1966. The school relocated to HMAS Albatross in 1986 and has continued its role there until the present.





Unfortunately, Dallas had to leave us and attend to the Rear Admiral, so we were handed over to Keith Boundy for a tour of the Museum. Keith has a radio background, having done his apprenticeship with AWA. In 1979 he was AWA's Test Equipment Calibration Manager at Albatross then in 1993 he moved over to BAE Systems as their Avionics Workshop Supervisor, still at Albatross. In 1999 he was offered the Logistics Engineering Analyst position with SMA – a position he holds today.



Dallas McMaugh and Keith Boundy.

He joined the RAN Reserve in 1991 and was commissioned in 2007. He has been with the Museum since 1979 and today is their Duty Reserve Manager.

He's still current with the AVO and scope iron and looks after avionics on both HARS' and the Museum's aircraft.

The Museum is housed in a huge 6,000 m², two-storey building. It contains an exhibition centre, souvenir shop, function centre, theatre and airfield viewing platform and is open seven days a week, 10.00am to 4.00pm, except for New Year's Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, Christmas and Boxing Days. Pre-booked guided tours are also available for bus groups at no extra cost.

Entry costs are:

Adults	\$10
Children under 16	Free
Defence members	Free (on presentation of ID card)

Back in 1974 a team of Navy Volunteers obtained a small collection of naval aviation relics and five obsolete RAN aircraft and decided to put them on show – the museum was born. Today it is the largest regional aviation museum in NSW, containing over 30 aircraft and numerous aviation artefacts. Back in the 1980's, over \$8m was raised through both corporate and private donors and material was donated from building companies which enabled the building of the complex.

On the 1st September 2006 the Chief of Navy, VADM Russ Shalders AO, CSC, RAN accepted ownership and management of the Museum on behalf of the Royal Australian Navy, announcing its new name as the Fleet Air Arm Museum. An enthusiastic team of volunteers maintains the Museum and contributes significantly to its operations. Volunteers are drawn mostly from the local community and former Navy personnel and they work in teams. The Museum is always looking for additional volunteers, if you are interested in becoming part of this team, contact the Museum on (02) 4424 1920.



Aircraft on display include:

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[CAC Winjeel](#)

[Dragonfly](#)

[Fairey Firefly](#)

[Douglas C-47](#)

[Fairey Gannet T.2/T.5](#)

[Skyhawk](#)

[Jindivik](#)

[Sea Vampire](#)

[Iroquois UH-1H](#)

[Westland Scout AH-1](#)

[Bristol Sycamore HR50/51](#)

[Sea Otter](#)

[Sopwith Pup](#)

[Sea Fury](#)

[Fairey Gannet AS1/4](#)

[Grumman Tracker](#)

[Sea Venom](#)

[Kalkara](#)

[Macchi](#)

[Iroquois UH-1B/1C](#)

[Wessex](#)

[Sea King](#)



Fairey Firefly.

The Fairey Firefly was a British Second World War-era carrier-borne fighter and anti-submarine aircraft. It entered operational service towards the end of the war and was designed around the concept of a two-seat fleet reconnaissance/fighter with the pilot and navigator/weapons officer housed in separate stations. The design proved to be sturdy, long-ranging and docile in carrier operations, although the limitations of a single engine in a heavy airframe reduced overall

performance. They were flown by the naval air arms of the UK, Australia, Canada, India, and the Netherlands

Australia Fireflies flew ground attack operations off various aircraft carriers in the Korean War. A total of 1702 Fireflys were built, of which the RAN had 108.



Fairey Gannet AS1/4

The Fairey Gannet was developed for the Royal Navy in 1949 to meet their anti-submarine warfare requirements. It was a mid-wing monoplane with a tricycle undercarriage and a crew of three. It was powered by an Armstrong Siddeley double turboprop engine driving two contra-rotating propellers. The engine could run on kerosene, "wide-cut" turbine fuel or diesel fuel, allowing the Navy to eliminate the dangerous high-octane 130/145 Avgas required to operate piston-engined aircraft from carriers.

The RAN ordered 36 of these aircraft and they operated from the carrier HMAS Melbourne and from Albatross. First delivered in 1955, they were retired in August 1967.

Navy had 4 of these old Gooney work-horses, which they used as navigation trainers and for general transport. This particular aircraft was originally built for the USAAF but was transferred to the RAAF in March, 1944. In 1949, it was transferred to the RAN.

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As it was required as a flying classroom to train Sea Venom and Fairey Gannet observers, a Sea Venom radar was fitted in the peculiar nose and a Gannet radar was fitted in a retractable "dustbin" in the belly. In 1976 it was withdrawn from service and donated to the Museum.

Then it was time to leave the base and try and have a look through HMAS Creswell. We'd like to thank Dallas McMaugh who, under difficult circumstances, made us feel very welcome and gave us as good a look-around as could be arranged and also to Keith Boundy who gave us the royal tour of the museum. If you're in the area, make sure you drop in, it is a first class tourist attraction and a visit is highly recommended.





Creswell is about 30 minute drive from Albatross, and is located on the south-western shores of Jervis Bay and surrounded by the Booderee National Park. It is listed on the National Register as a significant heritage site and a quarter of HMAS Creswell's buildings are heritage listed.

Parliament selected the site of Captain's Point, Jervis Bay, for the Royal Australian Naval College (RANC) in November 1911. This site is the cradle of the Australian Navy. Construction of the main college buildings was completed in 1915 and the first two entries of cadet midshipmen moved from the temporary college at Geelong in February 1915. The first graduation in 1916 included Midshipmen Collins and Farncomb, both of whom later gained flag rank.

Funding cuts driven by the Great Depression forced the closure of the Naval College in 1930, which then relocated to HMAS Cerberus in Victoria. The buildings were leased as hotels and guesthouses, although Navy retained use of the waterfront and some married quarters. From 1944 to 1946 the RAAF 2nd Military Rehabilitation Unit was housed in some of the college buildings.

From the early 1950s it became clear that Flinders Naval Depot was becoming overcrowded and in 1956, the government decided to return the College to its original site. This was achieved in January 1958 and the site was commissioned as HMAS Creswell, after VADM Sir William Creswell, KCMG, KBE, the First Naval Member of the Naval Board (Chief of Navy) from 1911 to 1919.



In 1987, the Staff Training School was established at HMAS Creswell. Now known as the Advanced Leadership and Management Faculty (ALMF), the school conducts the Junior Officer Leadership, Management and Strategic Studies courses, and both phases of the Senior Sailor Advanced Staff Skills course. In 1993, the RAN School of Survivability and Ship's Safety was relocated to Jervis Bay and HMAS Creswell became the lead establishment for firefighting, damage control, and nuclear, biological and chemical defence training.

As part of a large national park and in recognition of its historical significance, Creswell was placed on the Australian Heritage Commission's National Estate register in 1981. Creswell consists of the RAN College and four other departments.

1. The School of Survivability and Ship's Safety teaches fire-fighting, damage control and nuclear, biological and chemical defence.
2. Kalkara Flight provides a remotely controlled jet target for anti-aircraft operations around Australia, and is based at Jervis Bay airfield.
3. The Beecroft Weapons Range across the peninsula offers targets for Naval Gunfire Support practice.

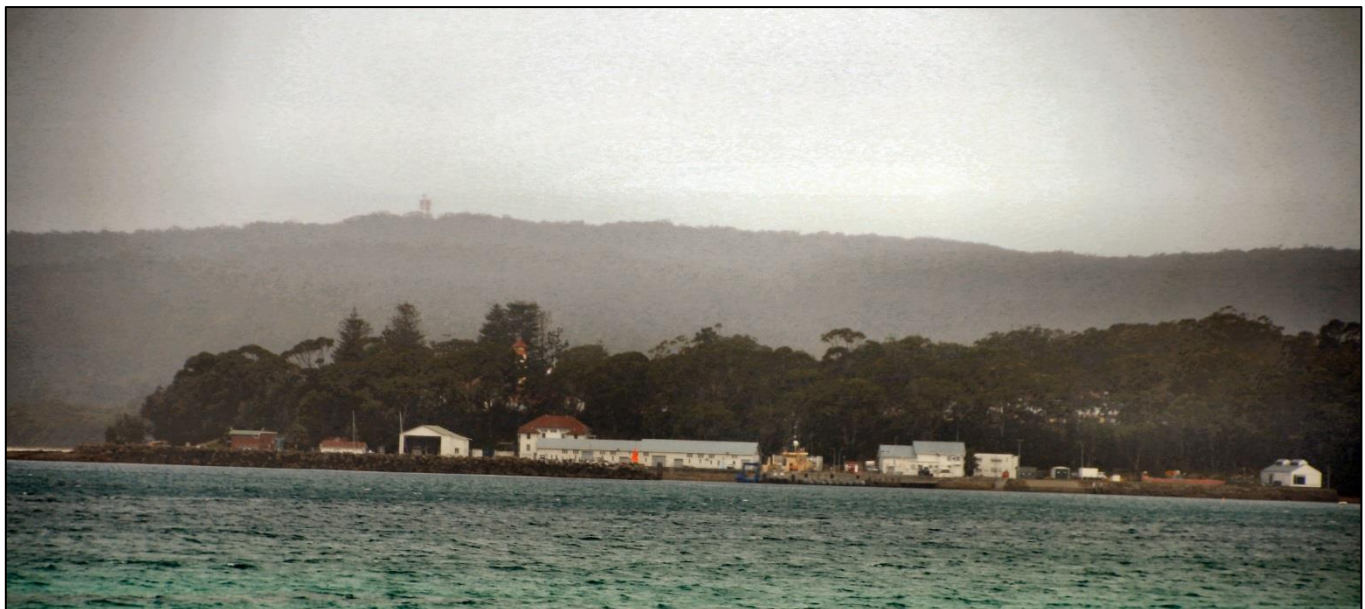
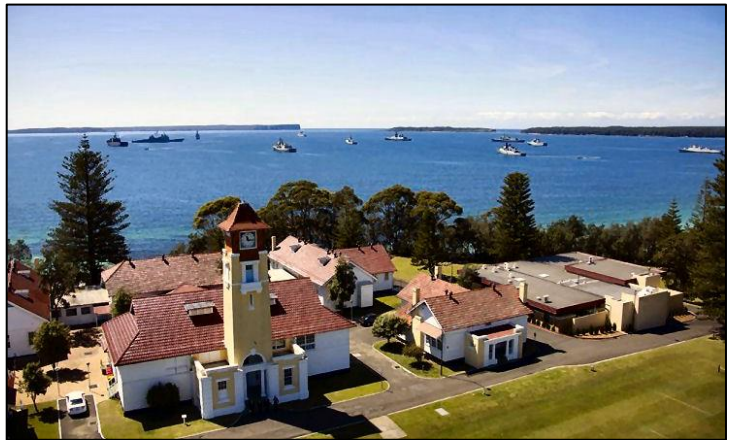


4. The fourth department provides administrative support for all sections operating out of Creswell.

Unfortunately we timed our visit to Creswell very badly too, for starters it was late Friday afternoon (enough said) and secondly as the base was in Safe Base Charlie mode, the civvy guard at the gate politely but firmly informed us that without an escort we had two hopes (Nunn and Buckleys) of getting in.

We would say though that Creswell would be a swan posting. It is small, on the water, no annoying aircraft or smelly old boats to work on, wonderful old buildings and a training base – possibly a bit like Brookvale used to be.

We didn't get on to have a look through but you can drive around the bay and see the base on the southern shore.





Out in the shed with Ted.

Ted McEvoy

This page is brought to you compliments of the [Kedron Wavell Services Club](#), Brisbane's superior Club.



How Car Washes Work.

Let's face it. Most of us have a car and we enjoy driving it, especially when it's shiny and clean. For this reason, car washes have remained popular ever since two Detroit men opened the first one, the Automated Laundry, in 1914.

Then, in 1914, two Detroit men opened the first car wash business, which they called the "Automated Laundry", but it wasn't really automated. It was basically a bucket and sponge type of operation where the cars were pushed manually through an assembly-line-like tunnel, where one attendant would soap the car as it went past, another would rinse, and a third would dry. Of course, after pushing a few cars through, the attendants got pretty tired.

The first "automatic" conveyor car wash was opened in Hollywood, California—of course, where else—in 1940. Instead of manually pushing the cars through, this car wash had a winch system that hooked to the bumper and pulled the car through as men splashed away in the tunnel, soaping, scrubbing, wiping, and drying cars as they came through. By 1946, a man named Thomas Simpson is credited with inventing the first semiautomatic car wash system that took most of the manual labour out of the tunnel. It had a conveyor belt that hooked to the bumper of automobiles, an overhead water sprinkler with three sets of manually operated brushes, and a 50 HP air blower to help dry the car.

Then, in 1951, Archie, Dean and Eldon Anderson got the great idea to fully automate their car wash. As the story goes, the Anderson clan invented the completely hands-free automatic car



wash in Seattle. Cars would be pulled through the tunnel and machines sprayed soap on them, big brushes scrubbed them, nozzles rinsed them, and giant blowers dried them. Needless to say, this was a big hit! Soon, many other car wash owners were installing automatic equipment in their car wash business.



Through the 1960's, fully mechanized car washing systems were being installed across America. With conveyor car wash equipment advancing, the 60's saw inventions such as recirculating water systems, soft cloth friction washing, roller on demand conveyor, and wraparound brush. By the late 60's car washes were becoming a prominent industry worldwide with car washes being installed in many countries, including Japan.

Today's car washes are literally cleaning machines. They not only wash all five sides of

the car at once, but scrub tires and wash the undercarriage as well. They are more Eco-friendly, with milder soaps and lower water and electric requirements. Many of the newer car washes even have express tunnels that get your car through quickly, all of which leads to more clean cars and happier car owners.

A lot of people wash their own cars at home, but the convenience of an automated car wash and relatively low cost can be hard to beat.

There are two types, do it yourself or automatic.

Self service: - An open bay (the area that the car sits inside) is typically used in these systems. Self-service systems have a pressure sprayer, and sometimes a foaming brush, that is connected to a large central pump. The sprayer has a coin-operated dial system to select the option you want, such as "soap," "rinse" and "wax." A timer shuts the water off after a certain period of time, at which point you must put in more coins if you want more water.

Automatic: - There are two types here:-

Exterior rollover - exterior rollover car washes are automated systems where you drive your car inside the bay. Once your car is in the correct position, a signal informs you to stop. At that point, the car-wash equipment moves over your car on a track, performing a specific function, such as applying soap or rinsing, with each pass. Exterior rollover systems are very common at servos, where the price is often discounted in conjunction with buying a tank of fuel.



Pull in. These can be either a touchless or cloth friction wash. A touchless car wash relies on high-powered jets of water and strong detergents to clean the car. Only the water and cleaning solutions actually come in physical contact with the car. Cloth friction wash systems use soft cloth that is moved around against the surface of the car.

First, the car is placed on a conveyor track. At the beginning of the conveyor is a device called a correlator. This is simply a series of wheels or rollers that allow the wheel of the car to slide sideways until it is aligned with the conveyor. The car's engine is turned off and it is placed in neutral. Most conveyor systems have small rollers that pop up behind the wheel once it is on the conveyor. The roller pushes the wheel forward, causing the car to roll along through the tunnel, which is the term used to describe the long bay used for exterior-only and full-service systems. There are two standard types of conveyor systems:

- Front-wheel pull (FWP) - Engages the front left wheel
- Rear-wheel push (RWP) - Engages the rear left wheel

Once the car enters the tunnel, it passes through an infrared beam between two sensors.

The eye on one side emits infrared light that is picked up by the eye on the other side. As soon as the beam is interrupted, it sends a signal to the digital control system (DCS), the computer that runs the automated portion of the car wash. By measuring the amount of time that the signal is interrupted, the DCS determines the length of the vehicle and adjusts everything accordingly.



Immediately after the eyes, most car washes have a pre-soak. This is an arch that contains several small nozzles that spray a special solution all over the car. This solution does a couple of things:

- Wets the car down before the application of any detergents
- Contains chemicals that begin



loosening the dirt on the car.

A lot of car washes also have a set of nozzles arranged near the ground that are called tyre applicators. These nozzles spray the tires with a solution designed specifically for removing brake dust and brightening the black rubber of the tire.

In this car wash, the car then passes through a mitter curtain. This is a series of long, soft strips of cloth that hang from a frame near the top of the tunnel. The frame is connected to a motorized shaft that moves the frame up and down in a circular pattern. This makes the cloth strips rub back and forth across the horizontal surfaces of the car.



The mitter curtain cleans the hood, roof and boot of the car by swishing back and forth over the surface.

The next item is the foam applicator. This applies a detergent to the car that becomes a deep-cleaning foam on contact. The nozzles on the foam applicator, as well as most other spray systems in a car wash, can be adjusted to change the angle of the spray and the size of the opening. The foam is created by mixing a chemical

cleaner, which varies between car washes, with water and air. There are usually separate adjustment controls for determining the exact mix of the three components. The chemical typically contains some colouring agent to make the foam more eye-pleasing and obvious.

The car then passes through the scrubbers. The scrubbers are large vertical cylinders with hundreds of small cloth strips attached to them. The scrubbers rotate rapidly, anywhere from 100 to 500 rpm, spinning the cloth strips until they are perpendicular to the cylinder. Although the cloth strips are quite soft, it would feel like a whip if you got hit by them. Scrubbers normally have hydraulic motors that spin them. There is at least one scrubber on each side, and there may be two or more. As the car moves past the scrubbers, the cloth strips brush along the vertical surfaces of the car.

Some car washes also have wrap-around washers. These are scrubbers on short booms that can move around to the front and rear of the vehicle, scrubbing those vertical surfaces as well. Like most of the mechanical equipment in the car wash, the washers are run by a combination



of electric motors and hydraulics. Normally, a single, large hydraulic power unit is connected to all of the various hydraulic pumps throughout the car wash.



The cloth used in the scrubbers is very soft and regularly cleaned to ensure that there is nothing caught up in them that could scratch the cars. They are replaced once they become worn or too soiled to clean effectively.

The scrubbers remove the dirt that the foam and pre-soak has loosened up.

The next stage is the blast. A high-pressure washer, in a system of rotating water jets, spray concentrated streams of water onto the car. The nozzles of each water jet are typically arranged like a pinwheel, with each nozzle angled slightly away from the centre. The force of the water shooting from the nozzles causes the water jet to spin rapidly. This means that the stream of water moves in a circular pattern as it hits the car. The strength of the stream and the circular motion combine to provide a powerful scrubbing action on the surface of the car. The force of the water is incredible, with some systems rated at 1,000 pounds per square inch (psi), enough to easily knock a person off his or her feet!



The powerful water jets remove most of the detergent and grime from the car. High-pressure systems use a lot of water, perhaps 1,100 to 1,500 litres per car. In order to provide so much water in a rapid manner, a car wash usually has a special pressure tank nearby that holds the water for this specific system. In most systems, almost all of the water is recaptured and

recycled back to the pressure tank after each use.



The pressure tank for a high-pressure washer.

Next, the car goes through a rinse arch. This is a series of nozzles arranged on an arch that use clean water to remove whatever residue is left after the high-pressure washer, scrubbers and mitter curtain have done their respective jobs. In an average car wash, there are multiple rinse arches, usually after each major cleaning station.

The last rinse arch in the tunnel, aptly called the final rinse, should always use clean, non-recycled water to ensure that all residue is removed from the surface of the car.

After the car is completely washed, the final step in the automated process is the dryer. Much like a giant hair dryer, the dryer in a car wash heats large amounts of air and forces it out through a series of nozzles. These heated blasts of air rapidly dry the surface of the car.

A typical car wash may have the following stations:



- Pre-soak
- Mitter curtain
- Rinse arch
- Foam applicator
- Scrubbers
- High-pressure washer
- Undercarriage wash applicator
- Rinse arch
- Wax applicator
- Mitter curtain
- Scrubbers
- Rinse arch
- Dryer

The dryer has a large, flat, round section just before the nozzle opening. This section is called the silencer. Like a muffler or the silencer on a gun, the dryer's silencer deadens the noise created by the air being forced through the system.



freshener and hand-dry the exterior. They may also clean and polish the wheels and polish any chrome, depending on the service options available.

A dryer in a full-service car wash does not completely dry the car because attendants will go over the car with towels once it leaves the tunnel.

As the car comes out of the tunnel, it is pushed off the conveyor track. In an exterior-only system, you most likely remain in the car. When it comes out of the tunnel, you start the engine and leave. In a full-service car wash, an attendant drives the car over to the finishing station. Here, attendants clean the interior of the car, removing trash and vacuuming. They usually clean the windows, wipe down the dashboard and doors, add some air



The vacuum system at a car wash is a lot different from your typical home vacuum. It normally has a large central vacuum with multiple hoses connected to it. The hoses are usually either stretched overhead to each vacuuming station or buried underground.

All this equipment requires a lot of power and most are fed by 3 phases.



A car wash is a competitive and often stressful business. Because the revenue per car is very



low, you have to wash a lot of cars to make a reasonable profit. Probably the biggest factor in this business is the weather. If it is raining, people do not go to the car wash. In fact, a frustrating problem for car-wash owners is the forecast of bad weather. Whenever the forecast calls for rain or some other precipitation, people don't get their cars washed because they figure that the bad weather will make it a wasted effort. An interesting fact is that most car washes use substantially less water to wash your car than you would use if you were washing it yourself at home. For example, one report says that washing your car at home typically uses

between 300 and 550 litres of water, while a car-wash facility (without a high-pressure wash) averages less than 175 litres per car. In addition, all of the chemicals and detergents are washed into the sewer when you wash your car at home, but a car-wash facility must dispose of the waste in accordance with local regulations. This means that washing your car at a car-wash facility is usually better for the environment.

You know that tingly little feeling you get when you like someone?
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Magnet Therapy: A Sceptical View.



Magnetic devices are claimed to relieve pain and to have therapeutic value against a large number of diseases and conditions. The way to evaluate such claims is to ask whether scientific studies have been published. Pulsed electromagnetic fields, which induce measurable electric fields, have been demonstrated effective for treating slow-healing fractures and have shown promise for a few other conditions. Relatively few studies have been published on the effect on pain of small, static magnets marketed to consumers. Explanations that magnetic fields "increase circulation," "reduce inflammation," or "speed recovery from injuries" are simplistic and are not supported by the weight of experimental evidence

Research Findings.

The main basis for pain-reduction claims studies are two double-blind studies, one conducted at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, which dealt with knee pain and the other conducted at 27 sites which tested the effects on diabetic neuropathy, a degenerative condition that produces pain and burning of the feet. Both of these studies had significant flaws in their design. Better studies have found no significant benefit.

*Knee pain have you down
Magnetic Therapy
Might be your answer!*



The Baylor study compared the effects of magnets and sham magnets on knee pain. The study involved 50 adult patients with pain related to having been infected with the polio virus when they were children. A static magnetic device or a placebo device was applied to the patient's skin for 45 minutes. The patients were asked to rate how much pain they experienced when a "trigger point was touched." The researchers reported that the 29 patients exposed to the magnetic device achieved lower pain scores than did the 21 who were exposed to the placebo device. This study provides no legitimate basis for concluding that magnets offer any health-related benefit:

- Although the groups were said to be selected randomly, the ratio of women to men in the experimental group was twice that of the control group. If women happen to be more responsive to placebos than men, a surplus of women in the "treatment" group would tend to improve that group's score.
- The age of the placebo group was four years higher than that of the control group. If advanced age makes a person more difficult to treat, the "treatment" group would again have a scoring advantage.
- The investigators did not measure the exact pressure exerted by the blunt object at the trigger point before and after the study.



- Even if the above considerations have no significance, the study should not be extrapolated to suggest that other types of pain can be relieved by magnets.
- There was just one brief exposure and no systematic follow-up of patients. Thus there was no way to tell whether any improvement would be more than temporary.
- The authors themselves acknowledged that the study was a "pilot study." Pilot studies are done to determine whether it makes sense to invest in a larger more definitive study. They never provide a legitimate basis for marketing any product as effective against any symptom or health problem.

The multicenter study, headed by Michael Weintraub, M.D., of New York Medical College, involved 48 investigators in 27 US states. Of 375 subjects with diabetic neuropathy who were randomly assigned to wear magnetized insoles or placebo (nonmagnetic) devices for 4 months, 259 completed the study. The authors concluded that there were statistically significant reductions during the third and fourth months in burning; numbness and tingling; and exercise-induced foot pain. However, they noted that despite statistical improvement in pain and quality-of-life scores, there was only "modest clinical benefit." There are also good reasons to challenge the statistical analysis that underlies their conclusions:



- The main outcome table listed 4 sets of average group measurements taken at one-month intervals, which produced 20 possible endpoints.
- Symptom severity in both treatment and placebo groups gradually lessen, but there is little month-to-month variation.
- At each end-point, the average results in both looked similar, but the standard deviations were large. By breaking the data into subgroups, the authors were able to declare that certain ones were significant. However, with many endpoints and widely scattered data, differences between some endpoints are likely to occur by chance alone. The most favourable differences can then be chosen to suggest significance when none exists.

At least three well-designed pain studies have been negative:

- Researchers at the New York College of Podiatric Medicine have reported negative results in a study of patients with heel pain. Over a 4-week period, 19 patients wore a moulded insole containing a magnetic foil, while 15 patients wore the same type of insole with no magnetic foil. In both groups, 60% reported improvement, which suggested that the magnetic foil conveyed no benefit.
- Researchers at the VA Medical Centre in Prescott, Arizona conducted a randomized, double-blind, placebo-controlled, crossover study involving 20 patients with chronic back pain. Each patient was exposed to real and sham bipolar permanent magnets during alternate weeks, for 6 hours per day, 3 days per week for a week, with a 1-week period between the treatment weeks. No difference in pain or mobility was found between the treatment and sham-treatment periods.



- Researchers at the Mayo Clinic compared the effects of wearing magnetic or sham-magnetic cushioned insoles over an 8-week period by 101 people with heel pain and found no difference between the treatment and control groups.

Magnets have also been claimed to increase circulation. This claim is false. If it were true, placing a magnet on the skin would make the area under the magnet become red, which it does not. Moreover, a well-designed study that actually measured blood flow has found no increase. The study involved 12 healthy volunteers who were exposed to either a 1000-gauss magnetic disk or an identically appearing disk that was not magnetic. No change in the amount or speed of blood flow was observed when either disk was applied to their arm. The magnets were manufactured by Magnetherapy, Inc, of Riviera Beach, Florida, a company that has been subjected to two regulatory actions.



Legal and Regulatory Actions.

In 1998, Magnetherapy, Inc., signed an Assurance of Voluntary Compliance with the State of Texas to pay a \$30,000 penalty and to stop claiming that wearing its magnetic device near areas of pain and inflammation will relieve pain due to arthritis, migraine headaches, sciatica or heel spurs. The agreement also requires Magnetherapy to stop making claims that its magnets can cure, treat, or mitigate any disease or can affect any change in the human body, unless its devices are FDA-approved for those purposes. Ads for the company's Tectonic Magnets had featured testimonials from athletes, including golfers from the senior pro tours. Various ads had claimed that Tectonic Magnets would provide symptomatic relief from certain painful conditions and could restore range of motion to muscles and joints. The company had provided retailers with display packages that included health claims, written testimonials, and posters of sports stars.

Texas Attorney General Dan Morales stated that some claims were false or unsubstantiated and others had rendered the product unapproved medical devices under Texas law. In 1997, the FDA had warned Magnetherapy to stop claiming that its products would relieve arthritis; tennis elbow; low back pain; sciatica; migraine headache; muscle soreness; neck, knee, ankle, and shoulder pain; heel spurs; bunions; arthritic fingers and toes; and could reduce pain and inflammation in the affected areas by increasing blood and oxygen flow.

In 1999, the FTC obtained a consent agreement barring two companies from making unsubstantiated claims about their magnetic products. Magnetic Therapeutic Technologies, of Irving, Texas, is barred from claiming that its magnetic sleep pads or other products:

- a) are effective against cancers, diabetic ulcers, arthritis, degenerative joint conditions, or high blood pressure;
- b) could stabilize or increase the T-cell count of HIV patients;
- c) could reduce muscle spasms in persons with multiple sclerosis;
- d) could reduce nerve spasms associated with diabetic neuropathy;
- e) could increase bone density, immunity, or circulation; or
- f) are comparable or superior to prescription pain medicine.

Pain Stops Here! Inc., of Baiting Hollow, N.Y., may no longer claim that its "magnetized water" or other products are useful against cancer, diseases of the liver or other internal organs, gallstones, kidney stones, urinary infection, gastric ulcers, dysentery, diarrhoea, skin ulcers, bed sores, arthritis, bursitis, tendinitis, sprains, strains, sciatica, heart disease, circulatory disease, arthritis, auto-immune illness, neuro-degenerative disease, and allergies, and could stimulate the growth of plants.



On August 8, 2000, the [Consumer Justice Center](#), of Laguna Niguel, California filed suit in Orange County Superior Court charging that Florsheim and a local shoe store (Shoe Emporium) made false and fraudulent claims that their MagneForce shoes:

- a) correct "magnetic deficiency,"
- b) "generate a deep-penetrating magnetic field which increases blood circulation; reduces leg and back fatigue; and provides natural pain relief and improved energy level."; and
- c) their claims are established and proven by scientific studies.

A few days after this suit was filed, Florsheim removed the disputed ad from its Web site.

In 2001, Richard Markoll, his wife Ernestine, David H. Trock, M.D., and Bio-Magnetic Treatment Systems (BMTS) pled guilty to criminal charges in connection with a scheme involving pulsed magnetic therapy. The participants used fraudulent billing codes to seek payment from Medicare and three other insurance plans for treatment with a device (Electro-Magnetic Induction Treatment System, Model 30/30) that lacked FDA approval. The treatments, called pulsed signal therapy (PST), were administered in a clinical trial on an investigational basis not approved by the FDA. The Markolls were sentenced to 3 years' probation, a \$4,000 fine and a \$100 special assessment. Ernestine Markoll was sentenced to 2 years' probation, a \$1,000 fine

and a \$25 special assessment. Magnetic Therapy, was sentenced to a 1-day summary probation and a \$200 special assessment.

The Markolls also signed a civil settlement under which they agreed to pay the U.S Government \$4 million.

The device was invented by Richard Markoll, MD, PhD, who does not have a medical license but is described in Web site biographies as a graduate of Grace University School of Medicine, a Caribbean medical school. Trock, a former principal investigator for Magnetic Therapy Center, PC, Danbury, CT, was sentenced to 6 months' probation and ordered to make restitution of \$35,250. Trock has co-authored studies claiming that PST is effective for treating pain, but the device is not FDA-approved for that purpose.



In September 2002, California Attorney General Bill Lockyer charged Florida-based European Health Concepts, Inc. (EHC) with making false and misleading claims about its magnetic mattress pads and seat cushions. The complaint, filed in Sacramento Superior Court, also named EHC president Kevin Todd and several sales managers and agents as defendants. The suit seeks more than \$1 million in civil penalties for engaging in unfair business practices and making false claims; \$500,000 in civil penalties for transactions involving senior citizens; and full restitution for purchasers of the products. The complaint alleged that prospective customers, primarily senior citizens, were invited to attend a free dinner seminar at which they were told that EHC's products could help people suffering from fibromyalgia, lupus, sciatica, herniated discs, asthma, bronchitis, cataracts, chronic fatigue syndrome, colitis, diverticulitis, heart disease, multiple sclerosis, and more than 50 other health conditions. The sales agents offered phony price discounts for immediate purchases that actually were the company's regular prices.

A recent press report indicates that Thorsten Wietschel, who markets magnetic mattresses through local gatherings, had two brushes with the law in the United States and is now pitching them in Canada. The report states that Wietschel:

- a) was charged with grand theft in California but not prosecuted because he left the state, and
- b) a civil action in Arizona resulted in a court order to repay \$150,000 to buyers and pay \$2 million in penalties.

The Bottom Line.

There is no scientific basis to conclude that small, static magnets can relieve pain or influence the course of any disease. In fact, many of today's products produce no significant magnetic field at or beneath the skin's surface. Despite a lack of scientific evidence to support claims that commercially available magnetic therapy devices work, wearable magnets remain extremely popular. Global sale of therapeutic magnets is estimated to be at least \$1 billion a year, according to the BBC.

Don't get suckered in, it's all bunk!!



Your camera of course!!!

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Blessed are those who are cracked,
for they are the ones who let in the light!



Ok, Ok!! – I'm going back to my room now!!



My Story.

Anthony Element.

I would love to begin by saying that my joining the RAAF was the result of a childhood dream.

The truth is, it was kinda the least worst option. It happened like this.



Marie, now my better half for nigh on fifty years and I were married in 1966. At the time, I was a high rise steel erector with a Construction firm working on the Aluminium Plant in Gladstone, Qld. Now, what Marie and I between us knew about birth control – and sex in general, if I'm perfectly honest - you could fit on the back of a postage stamp. (I think that was fairly typical back then). After all, there was no internet porn. God, there was no internet, how did we survive?

Anyway, you can see what's coming.

After I, sort of, got over the shock and in a profoundly rare flash of brilliance, it occurred to me that living in a caravan and dragging a wife and child from construction town to construction town, may not provide the best possible upbringing for junior when he or she finally arrived. So what to do? I looked at TAFE, (or whatever iteration of it existed back in those days), but nothing looked back at me, and whatever I did, I needed to maintain an income.

And then I discovered that as an adult trainee, the RAAF would pay me while they trained me. Not, it transpired, a bucket load, but enough to live on... just. YIPbloodyPEE! So off to the recruiting office in Brisbane I went. They asked me what trade I wanted to apply for. I replied, whatever pays the best. And so, in October 1967, I set foot on a path that would eventually lead to a monumentally mediocre career as a Radtech A.

Our eldest son, Mike, was born a few weeks after I joined. (Do the math, we were respectable).



The less said about Rookies the better. I survived... just, and then on to Laverton in, I think, February 1968, to join 22RMT. What helped me keep my sanity at Rookies, was making friends with a Welsh guy named Rhys Owen. We made a deal to pass the time on weekends; he would teach me guitar and I would teach him to drive.



As an aside, I was never much of a guitar player, but Rhys in later years made a living as a taxi driver and then as a coach driver. It seems he got the best of the deal. As a consequence of being utterly and irreparably confused about some esoteric aspect of tuned circuits, I found myself pushed back to 23 RMT, from which I eventually graduated... again, just.

The daily terror of Radschool was offset by the wonderful people with whom I shared my days. I believe Mick McQuin was the Course Orderly. Pedro Newman, Gary Olsen, Mick Harrington and Rhys Owen were among my fellow sufferers, although as I recall, they all seemed to understand electronics so much better than I. I then spent four years at Williamtown, at 76Sqn, 481Sqn, 4 Flight and back to 481Sqn. In retrospect, I often wonder if my regular local moves were the result of each NCO-in-Charge trying to get rid of me.

It's entirely possible.

During this time, I developed a challenging but uncertain relationship with the pointy end of a Mirage, called the Cyrano Radar. We never exactly became friends, old Cyrano and I, but eventually we tolerated each other.

And then, in 1974, I was posted to 75Sqn, Butterworth.



75 Sqn Radio Section, Circa 1975ish



By this time Mike had been joined by our twins Jose and Dolores, (named for my Spanish wife's family), so Butterworth meant one thing... an AMAH, which in turn meant a baby sitter, and ... a SOCIAL LIFE.

It was blissful.

Regular trips to Tengah with some money to spend. I have this vivid memory of wrapping the goodies we bought Duty Free in Singapore and stuffing them into a fake long range fuel tank to be shuttled home by returning Mirages. During this time, I was able to use my equally mediocre skill as a musician to be one third of the Monnie Drain Treeo, a kind of comedy band, (at least, we thought we were). The other two thirds were Rusty Joyce, also a RadTech A, who sadly lost a battle with prostate cancer a year or two ago, and Stan Stopinski, an elec fitter, who I believe lives in the Nelson Bay area.



The Monnie Drain Treeo... and friends

I'm fairly sure we were awful, but we had the most terrific fun, especially playing for the Footy club parties. We lived in Chung Lye Hock Rd, Tanjong Tokong on the island, between the Hostie and the huge cemetery on Burma Rd.

To this day, I have a love of Malaysian Hawker Food. I'm sure, it's as much about the memories as it is about the flavours. (Rotis and Curry sauce out of a plastic bag sealed up with

an elastic band... Pure heaven!). I have strong memories of playing tennis on Saturday mornings at the Hostie with Bruce Margetts. The big difference between Bruce and me was that he really could play tennis. I also remember lunchtime chess games with Barry Wilmot. We never kept a running tally, but I'm pretty sure he would've been in front. In any case, it was a super way to spend the time, in terrific company.

In 1977, I returned to Williamtown (481 Sqn again), where, for reasons that defy explanation, I eventually made sergeant.

In 1980, we snagged another posting to Butterworth, again 75 Sqn. They say that returning to a place the second time can never as good as the first time. Yes it

can. It was every bit as good. This time, I became one third of another trio, rather unimaginatively named, "2Plus1". Terry Salter, a PTI, was the real talent, a great singer and bassist. I can't remember the drummer's name but he was a great guy and an excellent musician.

The posting was cut short in 1982 when I was diagnosed with somewhat aggressive testicular cancer. After an operation at a hospital on Penang, I was sent back to Australia for several weeks of radiotherapy. It was to become a permanent posting back. My lasting memory of that experience is that the removed testicle had to be sent back to Australia with me for analysis. I suppose to ensure it didn't get lost in the somewhat chaotic Malaysian hospital admin system, the offending body part was left by my bed in a jar of what I assume was a pickling solution. You have no idea how disconcerting I found it to see that bloody thing every day while I was recovering in hospital, bobbing about in this jar of clear fluid. To say nothing of the insensitivity of the hospital nursing staff...

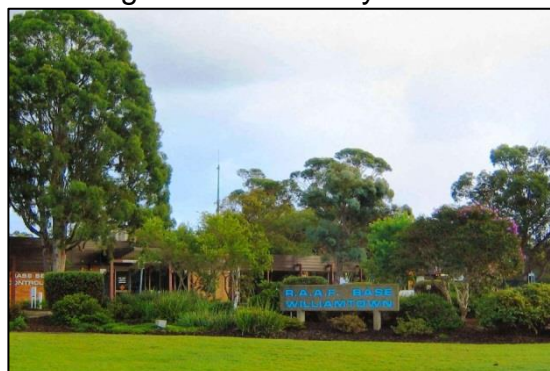
However, out of bad things, sometimes, good things come.

For family reasons, and because Royal Brisbane Hospital had a fantastic cancer unit, (it still does), it was decided that I should be posted to 3AD at Amberley for the duration of treatment and the subsequent follow up. There was no slot for me, but the CO was looking for someone to take on projects.

I got the gig.

This led to setting up a project team to develop a system, which went by the absurd name of the DÉCOR Project, to help manage F111 major servicings. Here's where the good came out of the bad. That experience, which only came about because I'd been repatriated with cancer, eventually enabled me to move fairly easily into a Production Manager role with ABB, a European multinational, when I left the RAAF in January 1988.

Marie and I finally bought a house and settled down.





I was born in the UK, and my parents emigrated here when I was five, so as I prepared to leave the service, I thought I'd better get my citizenship sorted out. In November 1987 I duly applied and soon received a letter telling me that I would receive my citizenship on 26th January 1988. About a week later, I received a letter from the Governor General telling me I would be awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia on... you guessed it, 26th January 1988.

I have no idea what the word 'gobsmacked' actually means, but it pretty much sums up what I totally was when I read that letter. Anyway, as far as I know, I'm the only person to become an Australian citizen and get an OAM on the same day.

Not much of a claim to fame, but there you go.

There used to be a show on TV, "What's my Secret". Pity it wasn't still going, they'd never guess that one.

Over the next six years, I was:

- Production Manager ABB Distribution Transformers in Darra Qld,
- Operations Manager ABB Power Transformer Division in Moorebank NSW,
- WA State Operations Manager in Perth WA.

So much for "settling down".



In early 1994 we moved to Hong Kong where I briefly ran a small division of ABB Asia, while negotiating a joint venture with a state owned company in Shanghai, PRC. In September of that year, we signed the JV and ABB Shanghai Transformer Company came into being with me as the start up General Manager.

Shortly after that, my hair began to turn grey. Coincidence? I think not.

While we were in Hong Kong, I once asked one of the British expats who'd been doing business in China for many years for any tips about operating there. He thought for a while and then said, "Tony, the thing you have to remember is that in China, there's no such thing as right or wrong. There's only the doable."

Well, that filled me with confidence... Not!

It turned out to be like the Wild West without the six shooters strapped to the waist. But anyway, when we left in 1997, the business was turning over US\$90M/annum and was highly profitable.

I, however, was a wreck.



Official JV Handover Day (Original buildings in the background).

I was headhunted and returned to Sydney to become General Manager of the Australian arm of an American owned electric motor manufacturing company called FASCO Motors. It used to be Brook Crompton Betts in Australia.



The JV as it is today.

FASCO USA was, in turn, owned by the British multinational group INVENSYS Corp. Over the next three years we acquired two Australian competitors and grew the business from



AUD\$30M/annum sales to >AUD\$80M annual sales. The downside to that job was the long haul to head office in St Louis, Missouri every couple of months for global strategy and management meetings.

In early 2001, I was promoted to a dual role of President of INVENSYS (Thailand) and Managing Director of FASCO Motors (Thailand). This meant moving to Bangkok. Now that was an easy decision to make; took an entire microsecond.

What a town.

Life was just about as good as back in Penang, except now I had several hundred employees and a fair bit to worry about. In many ways, it was like China all over again, cosying up to the local politicians and bureaucrats while holding my nose and learning to play by local rules... to the extent that there were any local rules. The company provided us with an apartment just behind the Australian embassy on South Sathorn Rd in Bangkok, along with a car and a driver. My driver was an ex Thai policeman, so basically he drove where he liked and pretty much how he liked, which was sometimes quite, er, exciting. Any time we were pulled over, he just flashed his ex-cop ID and off we went. But even so, I learned to do a lot of work in the back of a car, stuck in Bangkok traffic.



During my time in Thailand, INVENSYS, the British owners, sold FASCO to an American Multinational TECUMSEH, one of the world's largest compressor manufacturers, and so I was introduced to the American top level corporate culture.

I hated it.

The culture was highly centralised decision making, deeply mistrustful and ruthless. The most senior executives spent a good deal of their time between trying to figure out how to screw their employees while simultaneously whining

about the disloyalty of the American worker. By and large, they were MBA grads who could analyse the hell out of a spreadsheet but couldn't get three people pointed in the same direction on the same day. The lack of leadership ability and integrity truly shocked me. It still does.

By 2004, I'd had enough. The Thai businesses were stable and very profitable, but never profitable enough to satisfy the endless greed of the US owners. To make matters worse, several of the parent company board were representatives of major investment fund shareholders, for whom long term planning meant the middle of next week.

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As an aside, I had many opportunities to sound out executives from other US corporations, and an astonishing number of them felt about their employers exactly as I did about mine. I came to dread board meetings, which up until then I had always enjoyed. I was also getting a bit sick of the travel. I think I'd visited 34 countries on business trips since leaving the RAAF.

Anyhow, in February of that year, Marie and I worked out we had enough that I really didn't have to work, at least not so hard, so when my contract was up, I didn't renew. We decided to



do the Sea Change thing and bought a house in a town called Bateau Bay on the Central Coast in NSW, between Sydney and Newcastle. We fairly soon realized we'd made a mistake. After years of living in huge cities, we'd become city people. Bateau Bay was just too damned peaceful and quiet.

In the meantime, our son and his family and then our daughter had

moved to Brisbane, so in 2006 we upped stakes yet again and bought a place in Highgate Hill near West End; as close as we could get to Brisbane CBD, (about a kilometre and a half). Somewhat to my astonishment, we're still here after nine years. We're even getting a puppy in a couple of weeks, so I guess we've finally settled down, after more moves than I really want to count.

Since leaving the corporate world, I've written four novels, two of which have been published in the US but mostly sell on Amazon. For much of my career, I've had a fascination with the leadership process and I occasionally run Leadership and Strategic Planning workshops for small business people. I think my interest began when I was first posted to 75 Sqn. The CO then was Wg Cdr Hans Roser. I thought him an outstanding leader and I was intrigued to understand how he did it. But the person who taught me the most was Group Captain Max Brennan, my last CO at 3AD. He made strong, clear leadership look effortless.

Observing how they and some other bosses I was lucky enough to work for in the RAAF gave me a huge advantage in the corporate world as almost all the other executives I worked with had no idea about leadership and seemed never to think about it. I guess they figured that, like motherhood, they'd know how to do it when the need arose.

Mostly, they didn't.

I've also returned to one of my earlier loves, that of being a mediocre guitar player. Only now it's jazz, and I think I've improved a little bit since the wonderful days of the Monnie Drain Treeo.

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I serve on the boards of a number of small companies and am Chairman of the Board of the Brisbane Independent School. I also do a bit of start up and small business mentoring, if I like the people involved or the business interests me. It's a way of giving back, I guess.

To this day, I still love business and although I'm a bit of a Leftie, I strongly believe in the ability of competitive but prudently regulated free markets to lift people out of poverty. As I reflect on my career so far, I think I was a bit of a square peg in a cornerless hole in the RAAF, but I finally found a square hole to insert myself fairly comfortably into in the corporate world.

Having said that, I do think that joining the RAAF all those years ago was one of the better decisions I ever made. To the extent that I've had any success since, most of it came from lessons I learned in uniform.

That and a fair bit of luck, anyway.

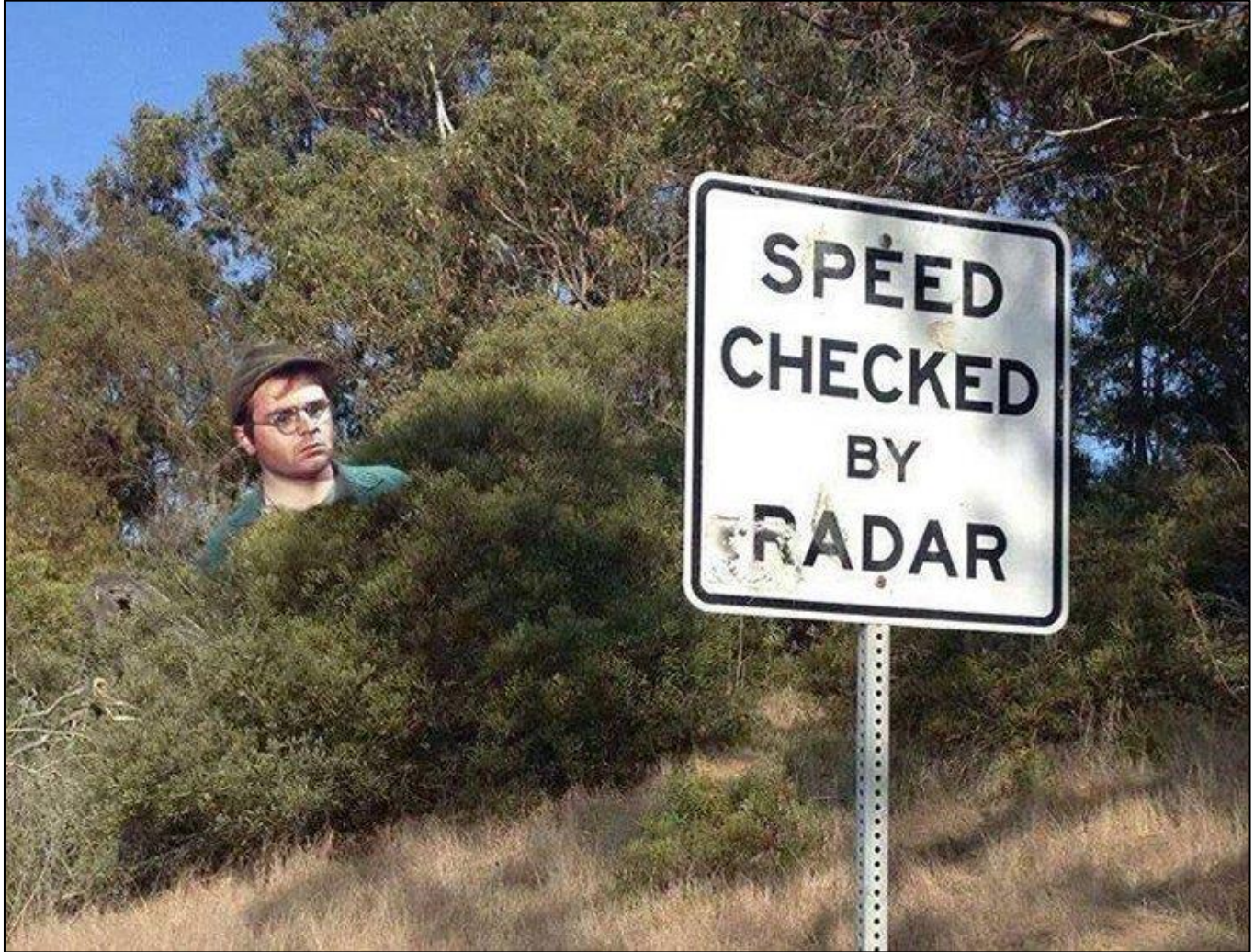
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The People I meet.



Kirsty McKenna, one's self and Carey Boyce.

I normally attend the Anytime Fitness Gym at Enoggera (Brisbane) where Cameron Wilson from [Active Body Conditioning](#) works rigorously to keep my hard working body in its normal tip top condition and the envy of all. Cameron is often heard telling others that in my case he is thankful he has a wonderful and compliant product on which to work, though being a male he is completely unaware that the reason this is so is that one's body exudes a naturally toning and alluring Radstechitis pheromone which is normally undetected by mere males.

This is not the case with the female species though.

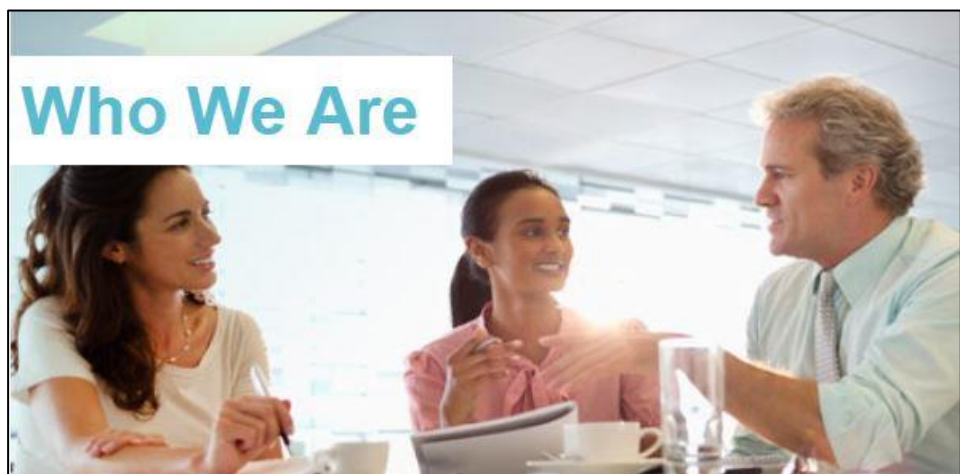
Just the other day, as I was in the middle of a vigorous 4 hour workout, these two lovely ladies, Kirsty and Carey, who were about a block away at the time, caught a wiff of that alluring Radtechitis and being only human, dropped everything and rushed to the gym to try and find the source of that unavoidable attraction. Try as I might, I was unable to deter these two delightful ladies who insisted on draping their persons upon one's self in the vain attempt of securing some Radtechitis for themselves.

Unfortunately it's a sad but undeniable fact, those with the natural Radtechitis pheromone must cop these moments in good faith and uncomplainingly endure them with a stiff upper lip.

Laverton has such a lot for which to answer.

Kirsty is the Business Development Manager for [FlexiCommercial](#) (part of Flexigroup), a finance company, based at Milton (Qld). FlexiGroup offer (nationally) a wide range of unique finance solutions for consumers and businesses of all sizes through their trusted network of partners. They specialise in innovative leasing solutions, broadband, mobile phone plans, mobile payment solutions and a range of interest free and "no interest ever" products.

Kirsty looks after many national accounts which sees her travelling frequently and widely. She has 2 teenage children who keep her very busy with extracurricular activities. Her son has only recently started going to the gym with mum and they are starting to mould into a team, pushing and urging each other on with weights and effort on the machines. Her daughter studies dance at QUT.

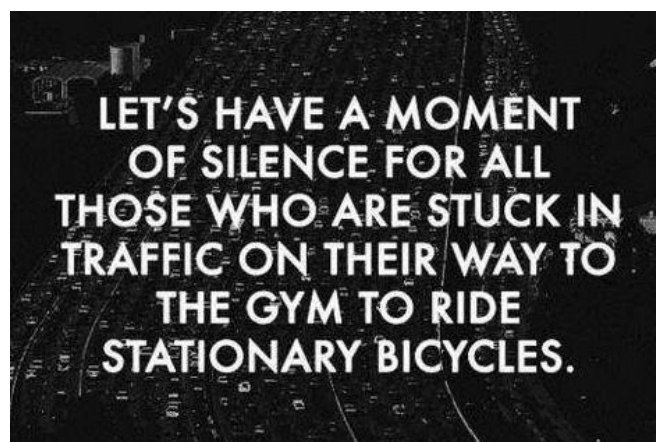


Kirsty weight trains 5 days a week, as well as doing cardio work – mixing it up with rowing, running on the treadmill, bike and cross trainer, as well as some high intensity interval training (HIIT). She also does some [Muay Thai](#) for some extra punch!!

She hates political correctness, mainly, she says, because the ones enforcing it are usually the bullies – bullying us into acting and thinking the way they consider is 'appropriate'. She prefers the Australian culture of larrikin behavior and irreverence.

If you're looking for finance, irrespective of where you are in Oz, why not give her a call, she just might have the answer for which you are looking. She can be reached on (07) 3367 2711.

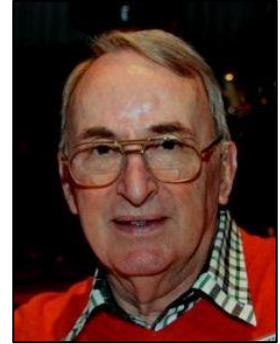
Carey was born in South African and moved to Australia 7 years ago. She has two teenaged kids and works in health software. She is also a midwife. As a hobby, she is a power lifter and competes in the GPC Federation (Global Powerlifting Committee)



Pedro's Patters.

New Guinea Trainers.

Jeff Pedrina.



Some readers may remember these sorties, which were part of the Dakota, and later the Caribou conversion course at 38 Squadron. Usually 2 aircraft were programmed, each accommodating the course members and of course two QFIs.

One in particular I remember during my Caribou conversion. The official start point was Port Moresby in PNG. We flew from there into Bulolo, about one hour's flying time from Moresby.

Bulolo is a town in the Morobe Province of PNG. It was once an important gold dredging centre. We each did some circuit work before calling it a day. Our QFIs had arranged accommodation at a resort hotel, high up in the hills. Our transport was an ancient bus driven by a crazy priest whose driving along the impossibly narrow road with drop offs on each side made our hair stand on end.

Once settled in we met in the salubrious dining room for pre-dinner drinks. It was at this point that I discovered what an Imprest Holder's duties were. Two of the junior members of the endorsement team (myself being one) had been nominated as Imprest holders, to the tune of £1200. We ordered a sumptuous dinner, minus the dessert. We were told by our QFI masters that the dessert would be covered by the Imprests, with a wink and a nod to the proprietors. The dessert happened to be the fine wine and beer we had been drinking throughout the meal. Of course we, the said Imprest holders, duly signed for the "desserts". There were no repercussions on our return to Richmond.





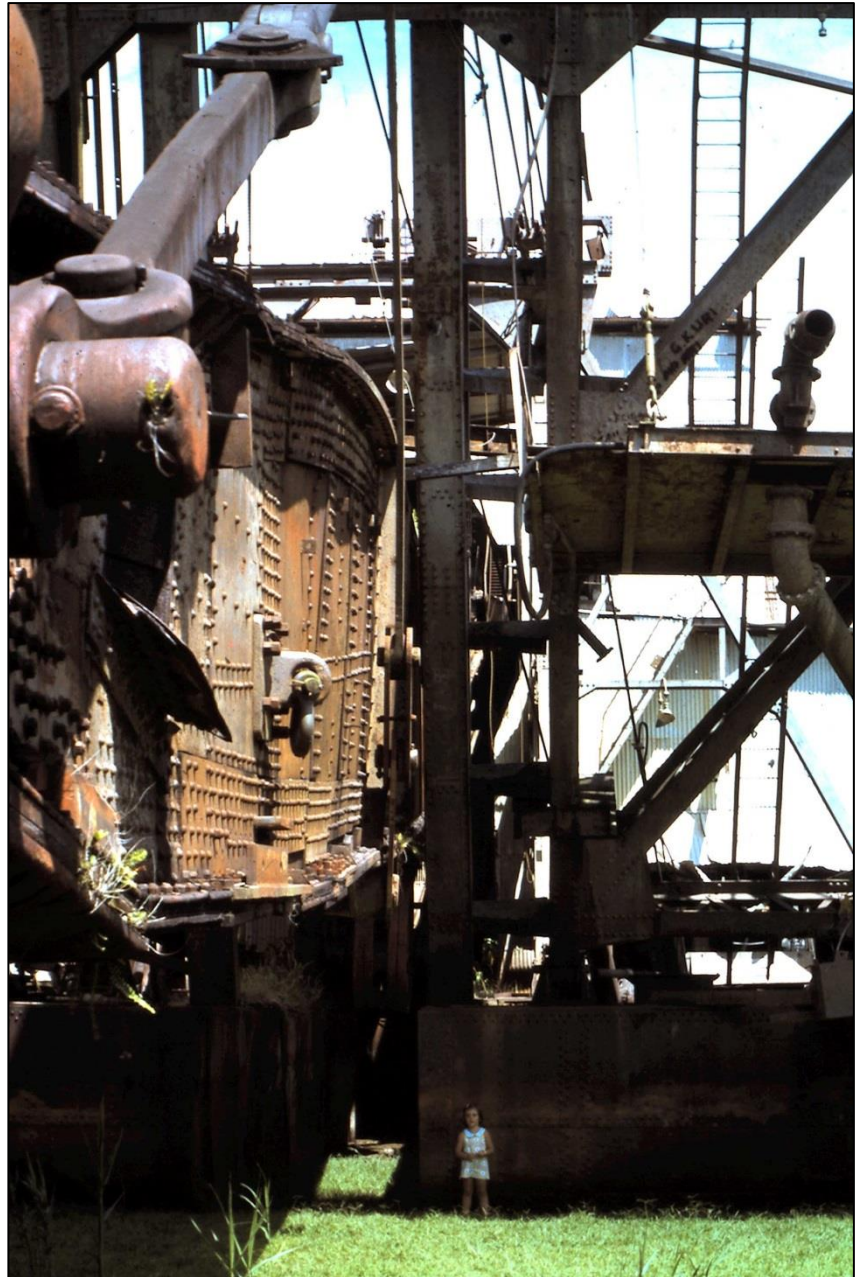
Next day we continued on to Wau, also in Morobe province. The strip was 3100 ft long with a 12% slope, a fearsome combination for any pilot, and a history of disasters. We all did circuits there and were told in no uncertain terms that on changeover we were to park at the uphill end at 90 degrees to the strip before applying the park brake.

Old gold dredge at Wau.

There were many stories about Wau. Some time later we nearly lost one of our C130s when the pilot did not follow the parking instruction and stopped his aircraft and shut down at the uphill end of the strip without turning at right angles. As the crew were walking towards the terminal building his peripheral vision picked up the C130 moving backwards down the strip. Throwing caution to the winds, and looking after his career he ran after the aircraft, got it started and applied full power before turning it 90 degrees. His reputation remained intact.

After Wau we flew on to Mount Hagen, Wewak, Nuku, Maprik, down the Strickland gorge and back to Wewak. Flying down the gorge above a solid layer of cloud, and over an outpost called Telefomen, which apparently had a regular supply run we were told an unbelievable story about how the local pilots penetrated the ever present overcast. They let down an object on a rope to gauge the height above the air strip. Using this dubious procedure they were able to penetrate the cloud layer and make a visual approach.

We returned to Richmond via Horn Island and Townsville.



Brisbane: Then and Now!

Some time ago we had an article on Brisbane's trams ([HERE](#)) where we had a bunch of "then and now" photos of different places around Brisbane. We had the "then" photos which we 'pinched' from a friend and had a lot of fun driving around trying to find each spot and then matching it with the photo from days of old.

We've got some more, though this time they are of famous buildings around Brisbane and anyone who has lived here (or still does) will recognise them instantly.

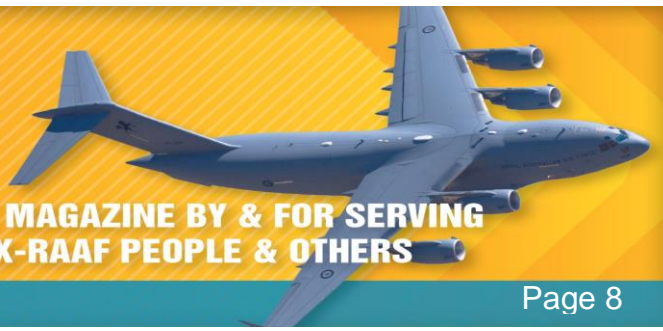
Rode Rd.

The house below, which was built in 1927, is situated on the corner of Sandgate and Rode Roads at Nundah, opposite the Supercheap store which is on busy Sandgate road. The road in front of the house is Rode Rd.



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Today the house is home to a car dealership – selling second-hand prestige cars.

Continental Hotel.





Right across the road from the Transit Centre and dating from 1884, is one of Brisbane's oldest hotels, the heritage listed Transcontinental Hotel (below). The hotel was built in a prime position for travellers to Brisbane by rail as it is situated on the corner of Roma St and George St, directly opposite Roma St station.



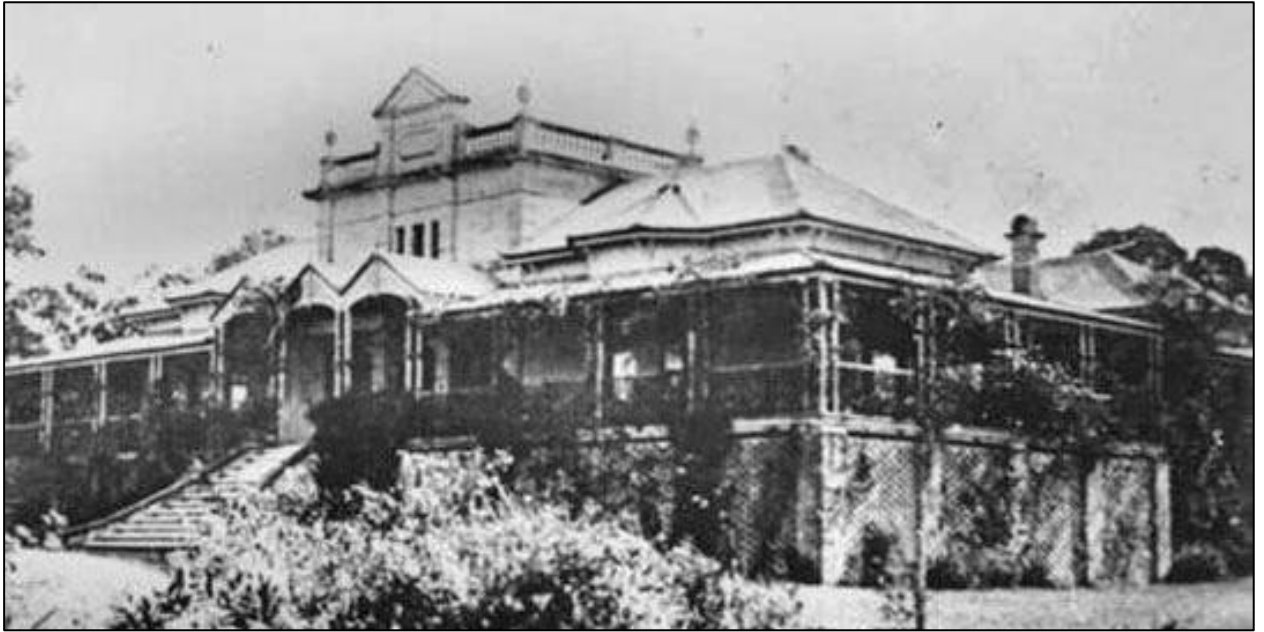
Delamore House.

“Delamore” was built for a large family and as the home of a very prominent Brisbane identity. It was designed to house guests and provide space for large parties, weddings and other celebratory events. The house, which is of brick and cement, was built in 1887 and contains eleven rooms, exclusive of pantries, cellars, kitchen, and servants apartments. It also has a vestibule, tower, hall, veranda all round, two stall stable, coach house, washhouse and sits on 10 acres of land.

Delamore reflects the needs of the times over the last 125 plus years. It started life as a luxury 19th Century Grand House which was built for prestige and entertainment when there was a young population, when families were large and elderly people were a small proportion of the community. In 1939 the Missionary Franciscan Sisters bought Delamore for a novitiate and in recent years developed it into accommodation for people over fifty five. It contains Units and Serviced Apartments with 24 hour emergency care.



Today the population is ageing, families are small and the elderly form a great and growing proportion. People are living much longer and old age is much longer but retirement age is much the same. More of the elderly can now live independently and Delamore caters for these people.



The building is located at 115 Turner Rd in Kedron, situated between Mt Alvernia College and St Anthony's school.





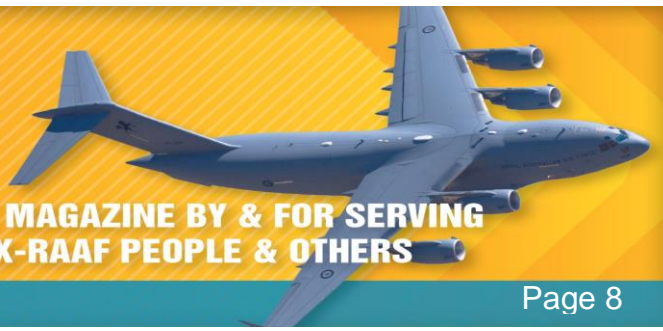
Howard Smith Wharves.

Underneath the northern side of the Story Bridge on the river bank is what used to be the Howard Smith Wharves. They nestled in below the cliff face at New Farm and were the main commercial port for Brisbane for many years. The picture below was taken in 1938 and shows the wharves prior to the opening of the Story Bridge. The cliffs in the background, at New Farm, were excavated to allow the widening and deepening of the river to accommodate larger ships.

When the completion of the Story Bridge made it difficult for large ships to continue to use the wharves, Brisbane's main commercial shipping activity moved to Hamilton, although some smaller vessels continued to berth here. Air raid shelters were constructed during the war years and after the war, the area was used by the State Government for the Water Police headquarters and also as a storage area.

Some of the wharves' structure was lost during the 1974 floods.





Valley Post Office

One of Brisbane's most ornate Post Offices was constructed in 1887 in Fortitude Valley on the corner of Ann and Ballow Streets. Post Office business was conducted on the ground floor whilst the postmaster and his family lived upstairs. In 1929 this post office was the second-highest distributor of pension payments in the country but like a lot of other Post Offices in the country, the building is no longer a post office but has been refitted as a hotel/nightclub called GPO. Although the original mansard roof was removed around the time of WWII, the building retains its old-world charm.

A marine biologist developed a race of genetically engineered dolphins that could live forever if they were fed a steady diet of seagulls. One day, his supply of the birds ran out so he had to go out and trap some more. On the way back, he spied two lions asleep on the road.. Afraid to wake them, he gingerly stepped over them. Immediately, he was arrested and charged with "transporting gulls across sedate lions for immortal porpoises." Sorry Rupe!

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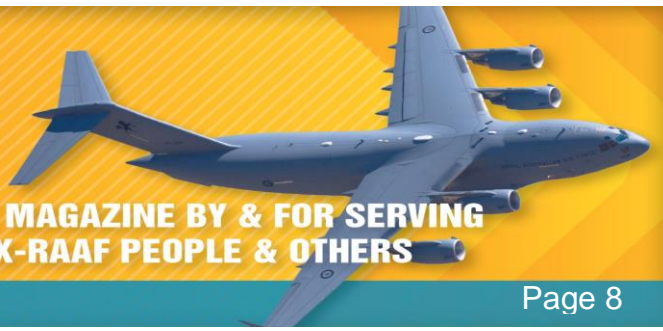
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Albion Fire Station.

There is only one old suburban Fire Station building made of brick still standing in its original form in greater Brisbane and it is this one (below) which is on Bridge St, opposite Hudson Rd at Albion. The brick construction and the impressive dimensions of this building indicate that it was designed to be a regional station for the northern suburbs. It replaced an earlier fire station at Windsor and another at Hamilton. The foundation stone of the building was laid on the 1st December 1925 and the completed station was opened on the 17th January 1927. The name of the station is still present in the central bay of the building at the top, although the fire station was decommissioned in 1961.

The building was probably quite popular with the officers stationed there. As well as space on the ground floor for two appliances with requisite firefighting equipment, there was also space for a dormitory, a mess room, a kitchen, a room with private facilities for the district officer, and a billiard room large enough for a full-size table. The upper floor contained two flats for officers and their families.





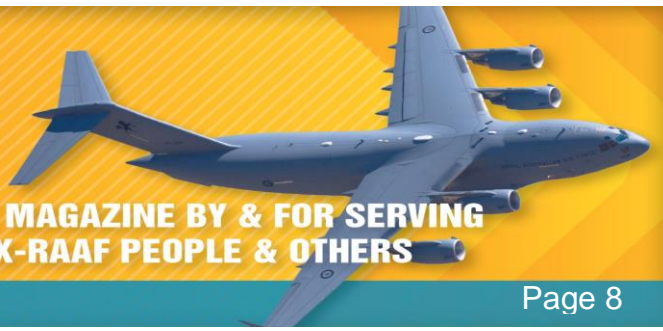
All Hallows School.

Two years after the separation of the colony of Queensland from New South Wales, All Hallows' School for Girls was founded by the Sisters of Mercy, and the first pupil, Annie Tighe, from Drayton on the Darling Downs, was enrolled as a boarder on 15 December 1861. All Hallows' was the first secondary school for girls in the infant colony of Queensland and its history affords insight into the nature of the changing role of women in our society.

In 1879, the decision was taken to present candidates for examination at the University of Sydney; All Hallows' being the first convent school to take this step. After World War II, when the knowledge explosion brought changes in the way in which science, social studies and languages were taught and learnt, Aquinas Hall was built. It was equipped with the most modern science laboratories, social science and language facilities then available. Since then, major changes have occurred in teaching methods including the increased need to educate for information technology all of which has led to the major refurbishment of buildings.

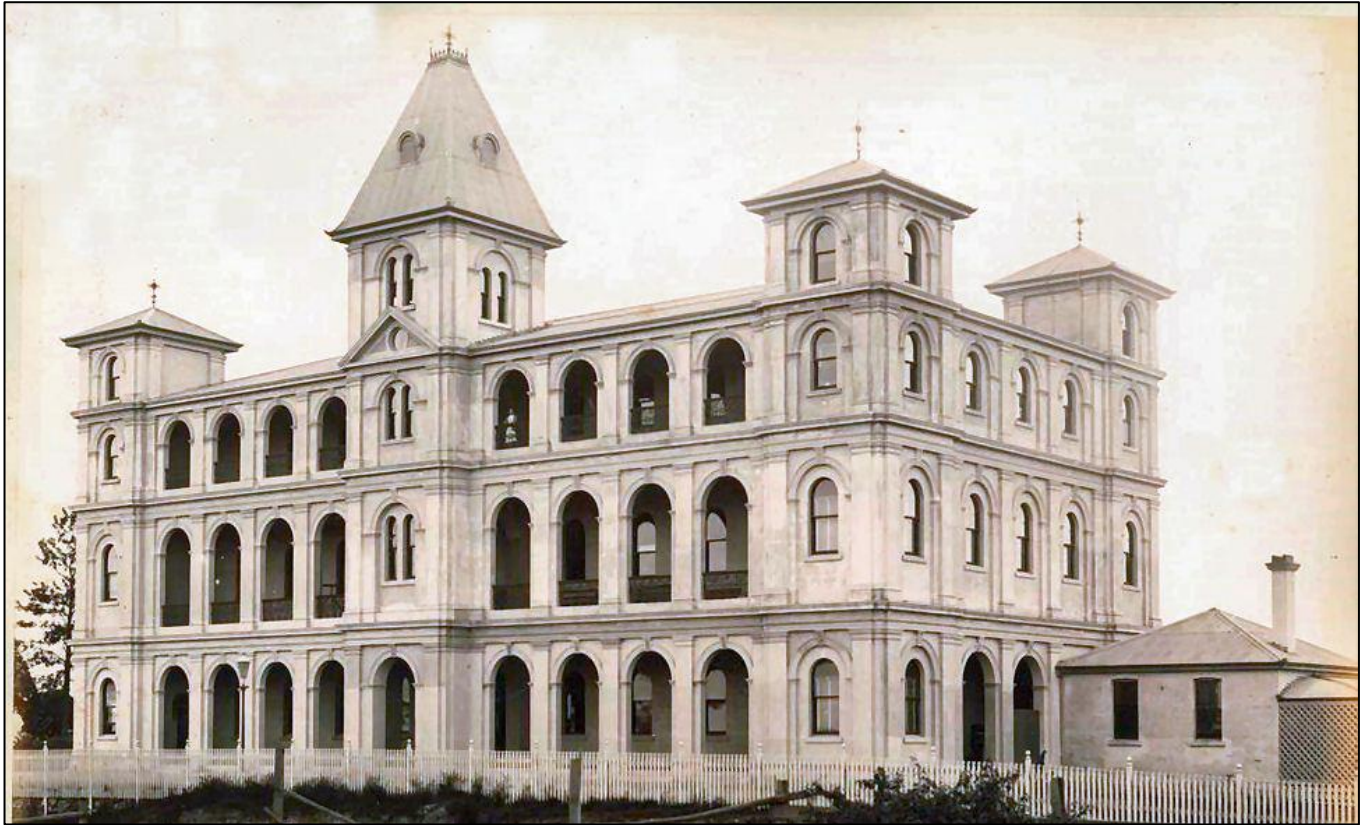
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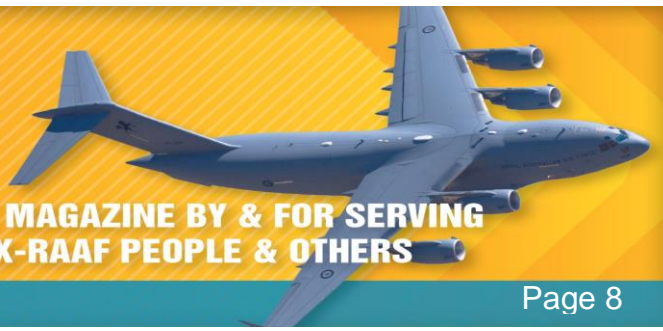
Good judgment comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from bad judgment.

Boggo Rd Jail.

Brisbane's most notorious jail for both men and women was "Boggo Road" at Dutton Park, which first operated for male prisoners in 1883. Prior to that, there had been jails at Petrie Terrace and St Helena Island. A separate facility for women was opened in 1903. The pic below was taken around the year 1936. The jail was officially known as "Brisbane Jail" but was commonly known as "Boggo Road Jail" because Annerley Road became known as "Boggo Road" due to its poor condition.

In 1913, Queensland was the first Australian state to abolish capital punishment, but before then, 42 executions were carried out at the prison. The jail finally closed in 1992 following a deal of prisoner unrest during the 80s, largely as a result of the deteriorating conditions and poor sanitation there.





Bardon House.

Bardon House (41 the Drive) was built in 1863 by well-known Brisbane builder and early mayor of Brisbane, Joshua Jeays. Jeays had developed a quarry at Woogaroo (now called Goodna) and this house was built from stone sourced there. Bardon House is a two-storey Victorian Gothic structure with a steeply pitched roof, gables and dormer windows.

The suburb was named after the house.

Brisbane's Roman Catholic Archbishop Duhig bought Bardon House in 1925. In 1938, Bardon House became the centre of a school established by Archbishop Duhig and the Missionary Franciscan Sisters moved in on January 19, 1938 to establish the new school, to be known as St Josephs and an enclosed veranda were made to accommodate a classroom. St Joseph's school was opened with 31 male and female pupils and by the end of the year, a separate school room was constructed on the site.

Despite temporary closure in 1942 due to the Second World War, the school continued to grow. Bardon House is now surrounded by many school buildings which have been erected as the need for more space arose.

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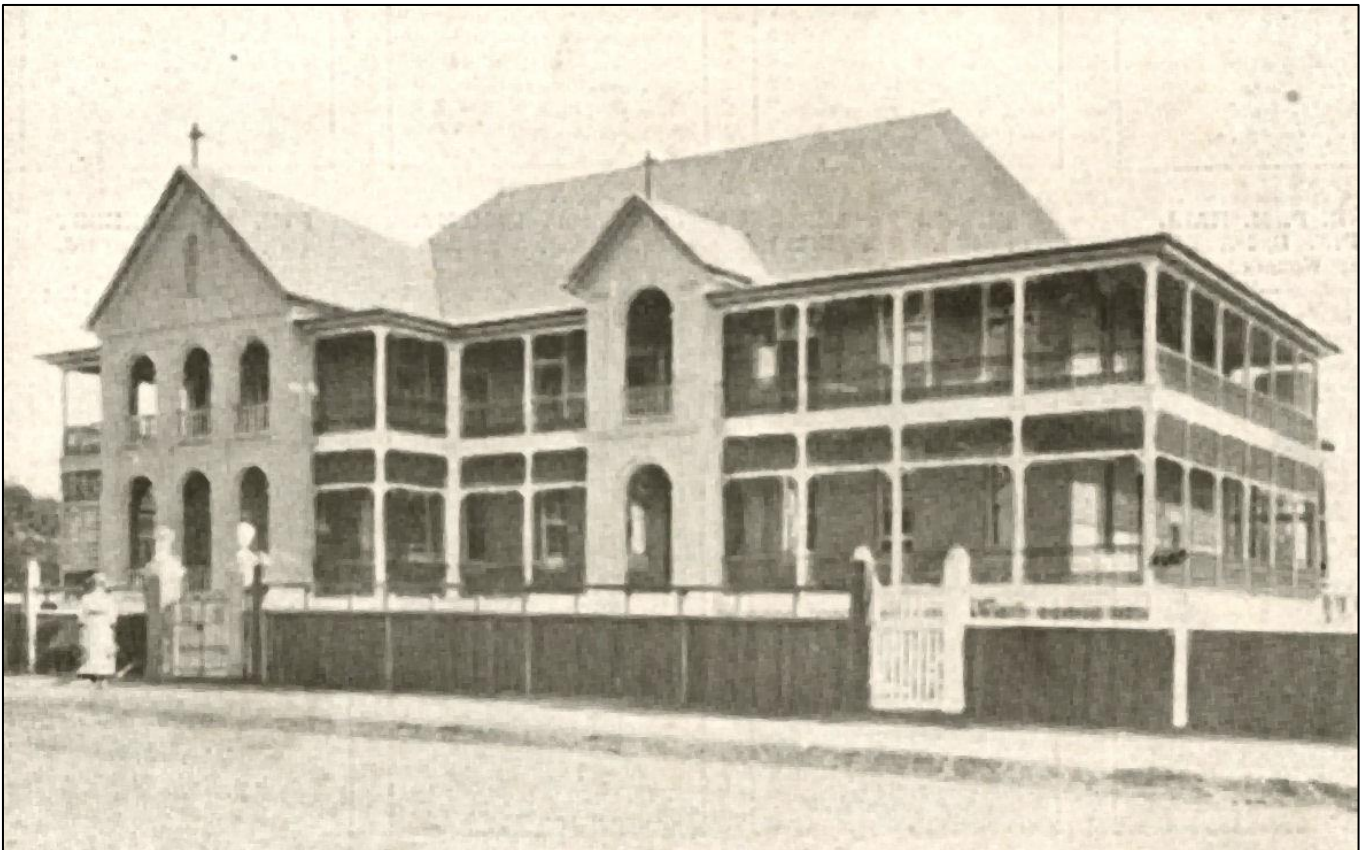
The building was built on a site that had been earmarked for Government use since around 1825. The original buildings on the site had been built by convicts and were used as military barracks until about 1864, when the military moved out and the Treasury Department moved in. It was built in three stages between 1886 and 1928, the picture below was taken in 1898.



Eventually you reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.

Mt Carmel Convent,

The convent was home to the Sisters of Mercy. It was designed by RS Dods prestigious architectural firm and constructed in 1915, yet another real estate coup for Archbishop Duhig.



In the early 20th century the Sisters of Mercy taught local school children in the lead up to a public school being established. Today it is notable for retaining the classic intact lay-out of a convent of the time – featuring a dining hall, chapel, reception hall and sleeping cells. A small contingent of Sisters of Mercy still use the main convent residence as a seaside holiday retreat.

As the numbers of Sisters of Mercy started to decline, there were only 2 living there, the home, which cost \$16,000 to build, was sold for the record price of \$1.6 million. It was bought by a developer who spent \$1M on it intending to turn it into a bed and breakfast resort and a venue for events and weddings with a coffee shop and restaurant however after three years fighting the local council, as the building was heritage listed in 1999, approval was finally given for use as a residence and B&B.

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Allan George's Gems

The Jerry Can.



During World War II the United States exported more tons of petroleum products than of all other war material combined. The mainstay of the enormous oil and gasoline transportation network that fed the war was the oceangoing tanker, supplemented on land by pipelines, railroad tank cars and trucks. But for combat vehicles on the move, another link was crucial, smaller containers that could be carried and poured by hand and moved around a battle zone by trucks.

Hitler knew this. He perceived early on that the weakest link in his plans for blitzkrieg using his panzer divisions was fuel supply. He ordered his staff to design a fuel container that would minimize gasoline losses under combat conditions. As a result the German army had thousands of jerry cans, as they came to be called, stored and ready when hostilities began in 1939.

The jerry can had been developed under the strictest secrecy and its unique features were many. It was flat-sided and rectangular in shape, consisting of two halves welded together as in a typical automobile gasoline tank. It had three handles, enabling one man to carry two cans and pass one to another man in bucket-brigade fashion. Its capacity was approximately 20 litres, its weight when filled, approx. 20.5 kilograms. Thanks to an air chamber at the top, it would float on water if dropped overboard or from a plane. Its short spout was secured with a snap closure that could be propped open for pouring, making unnecessary any funnel or opener. A gasket made the mouth leak proof. An air-breathing tube from the spout to the air space kept the pouring smooth. And most important, the can's inside was lined with an impervious plastic material developed for the insides of steel beer barrels. This enabled the jerry can to be used alternately for gasoline and water.



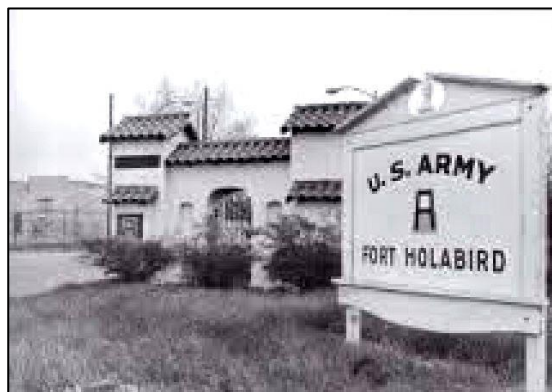
Early in the summer of 1939, this secret weapon began a roundabout odyssey into American hands. An American engineer named Paul Pleiss, finishing up a manufacturing job in Berlin, persuaded a German colleague to join him on a vacation trip overland to India. The two bought an automobile chassis and built a body for it. As they prepared to leave on their journey, they

realized that they had no provision for emergency water. The German engineer knew of and had access to thousands of jerry cans stored at Tempelhof Airport. He simply took three and mounted them on the underside of the car.

The two drove across eleven national borders without incident and were halfway across India when Field Marshal Goering sent a plane to take the German engineer back home. Before departing, the engineer compounded his treason by giving Pleiss complete specifications for the jerry can's manufacture. Pleiss continued on alone to Calcutta. Then he put the car in storage and returned to Philadelphia.

Back in the United States, Pleiss told military officials about the container, but without a sample can he could stir no interest, even though the war was now well under way. The risk involved in having the cans removed from the car and shipped from Calcutta seemed too great, so he eventually had the complete vehicle sent to him, via Turkey and the Cape of Good Hope. It arrived in New York in the summer of 1940 with the three jerry cans intact. Pleiss immediately sent one of the cans to Washington. The War Department looked at it but unwisely decided that an updated version of their World War I container would be good enough. That was a cylindrical ten-gallon can with two screw closures. It required a wrench and a funnel for pouring.

That one jerry can in the Army's possession was later sent to Camp Holabird, in Maryland. There it was poorly redesigned; the only features retained were the size, shape and handles. The welded circumferential joint was replaced with rolled seams around the bottom and one side. Both a wrench and a funnel were required for its use. And it now had no lining. As any petroleum engineer knows, it is unsafe to store gasoline in a container with rolled seams. This fake can did not win wide acceptance.



The British first encountered the jerry can during the German invasion of Norway, in 1940 and gave it its English name (the Germans were, of course, the "Jerries"). Later that year Pleiss was in London and was asked by British officers if he knew anything about the can's design and manufacture. He ordered the second of his three jerry cans flown to London. Steps were taken to manufacture exact duplicates of it.

Two years later the United States was still oblivious of the can. Then, in September 1942, two quality-control officers posted to American refineries in the Mideast ran smack into the problems being created by ignoring the jerry can. Two weeks before the start of the Battle of El Alamein, the USA learned that the British wanted no part of a planned U.S. Navy can; as far as they were concerned, the only container worth having was the Jerry can, even though their only supply was those captured in battle. The British were bitter; two years after the invasion of

Norway there was still no evidence that their government had done anything about the jerry can.

Senior US military people learned quickly about the jerry can's advantages and the Allied can's costly disadvantages and a cable to naval officials in Washington stating that 40 percent of all the gasoline sent to Egypt was being lost through spillage and evaporation. The 40 percent figure was actually a guess intended to provoke alarm, but it worked. A cable came back immediately requesting confirmation.

Following a visit to several fuel-handling depots at the rear of Montgomery's army, it was found there that conditions were indeed appalling. Fuel arrived by rail from the sea in 44 gallon steel drums (205litre) with rolled seams and friction-sealed metallic mouths. The drums were handled violently by local labourers. Many leaked. The next link in the chain was the infamous five-gallon "petrol tin." This was a square can of tin plate that had been used for decades to supply lamp kerosene. It was hardly useful for gasoline. In the hot desert sun, it tended to swell up, burst at the seams and leak. Since a funnel was needed for pouring, spillage was also a problem.



Allied soldiers in Africa knew that the only gasoline container worth having was German. Similar tins were carried on Liberator bombers in flight. They leaked out perhaps a third of the fuel they carried. Because of this, General Wavell's defeat of the Italians in North Africa in 1940 had come to naught. His planes and combat vehicles had literally run out of gas. Likewise in 1941, General Auchinleck's victory over Rommel had withered away. In 1942 General Montgomery saw to it that he had enough supplies, including gasoline, to whip Rommel in spite of terrific wastage. And he was helped by captured jerry cans.

The British historian Desmond Young later confirmed the great importance of oil cans in the early African part of the war. "No one who did not serve in the desert," he wrote, "can realize to what extent the difference between complete and partial success rested on the simplest item of our equipment—and the worst. Whoever sent our troops into desert warfare with the [five-gallon] petrol tin has much to answer for. General Auchinleck estimates that this 'flimsy and ill-constructed container' led to the loss of thirty per cent of petrol between base and consumer. ... The overall loss was almost incalculable. To calculate the tanks destroyed, the number of men who were killed or went into captivity because of shortage of petrol at some crucial moment, the ships and merchant seamen lost in carrying it, would be quite impossible. A new five-gallon container under consideration in Washington was cancelled.

Meanwhile the British were finally gearing up for mass production. Two million British jerry cans were sent to North Africa in early 1943 and by early 1944 they were being manufactured in the

Middle East. Since the British had such a head start, the Allies agreed to let them produce all the cans needed for the invasion of Europe. Millions were ready by D-day. By V-E day some twenty-one million Allied jerry cans had been scattered all over Europe. President Roosevelt observed in November 1944, "Without these cans it would have been impossible for our armies to cut their way across France at a lightning pace which exceeded the German Blitz of 1940."

In Washington little about the jerry can appears in the official record. A military report says simply, "A sample of the jerry can was brought to the office of the Quartermaster General in the summer of 1940."

A name is nothing but a noise people make when trying to attract your attention.

Some Gallipoli Myths.



The story of the Anzacs at Gallipoli remains an important part of Australia's national identity. More than 8,000 Australians lost their lives in the ill-fated attempt to force passage through the Dardanelles strait and capture the Turkish capital, Constantinople. The legends of Anzac heroism, mateship and ingenuity have gone down in folklore along with names like Simpson and Jacka VC.

Another part of that legend is the bungled landing in the wrong spot, the superior fighting skills of the bronzed diggers, and a defeat brought about as much because of dithering English commanders as the Turkish guns.

But how much of what Australians have come to believe about the Anzacs is fact, and how much is fiction?

Myth: The Anzacs landed in the wrong place.

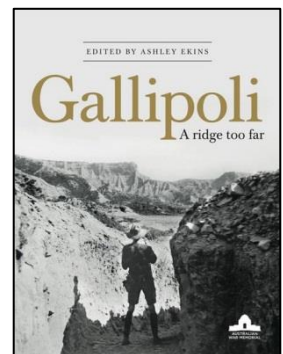
According to military historians including Professor Peter Stanley of the University of NSW, one of the most persistent myths about the Anzac landing at Gallipoli is that the troops came ashore at the wrong spot.



Professor Stanley says the journalist and historian Charles Bean helped generate this myth by quoting a naval officer, Commander Dix, as saying, "the damn fools have landed us in the wrong place!" (See [HERE](#))

Professor Stanley says this is "not correct". "For decades people have tried to explain the failure at Gallipoli by blaming it on the Royal Navy, but the Royal Navy did land the troops in approximately the right spot. It was what happened after the landing where things went wrong," he says. The head of military history at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra, Ashley Ekins, agrees. "It's a common misconception," he says. "In fact, the Anzacs landed pretty well right in the centre of the originally selected landing zone."

Professor Stanley says there wasn't ever a precise landing spot, just a range of about a kilometre or two, and as it happened, putting the troops ashore around Anzac Cove was probably beneficial, because it was not heavily defended. Mr Ekins, who is the author of the book "*Gallipoli; A Ridge Too Far*", says there were incorrect claims at the time that currents drew the landing boats away from their intended target. "There are no currents in that area," he says.



Myth: Bumbling British to blame for failed landing.

Another myth is that British generals were to blame for the failure of the Gallipoli campaign. Wrong again, says Professor Stanley. "The first landing was opposed by only about 80 Turks, and the defenders were soon massively out-numbered, but the invaders failed to advance inland as they had been ordered." He says the Australians' orders were to push on and capture a hill called Maltepe, seven kilometres inland but the Australian brigadiers got nervous and told their men to dig in on the second ridge, and that's where they stayed for the rest of the eight-month campaign. (See [HERE](#)).

Professor Stanley says Australians wanted to blame somebody else for a failure that was basically a failure of Australian command. Mr Ekins says the then Australian prime minister, Billy Hughes, was among the first to point the finger at the British. In fact, Mr Ekins says, there are multiple reasons for why the campaign failed. "The objectives in the first place, the conception of the whole campaign, was flawed.

[A Report](#) found the entire campaign had been misconceived from the start and was poorly carried out, resulting in the useless deaths of tens of thousands of allied soldiers. A 1917 British parliamentary report concluded: "The failure at Anzac was due mainly to the difficulties of the country and the strength of the enemy." However it also noted that had the British been successful at nearby Suvla, they may have lessened Turkish resistance at Anzac Cove.

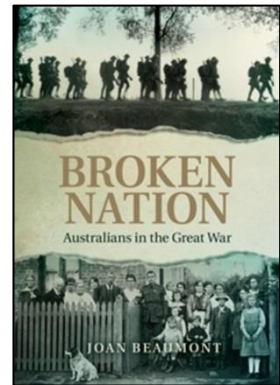
Myth: The Anzacs were bushmen and natural athletic soldiers

Historian Joan Beaumont from the Australian National University says the reality was that the Anzacs were "not really a race of athletes as they were sometimes called". Professor

Beaumont says that although official war correspondent Charles Bean described them as being considerably fitter and taller than the men from the British working classes, in fact some of the physical standards weren't high by modern standards. (See [HERE](#))

The minimum height for Australian soldiers from the start of the war was five feet six inches (167cms), and went down to a diminutive five feet (152cms) by the end of the war. But while the Anzacs may not have been very tall, Mr Ekins says they were certainly fit. "They were undoubtedly a fine contingent of men," he says. "And they did stand out alongside the British troops... People noticed the difference in their bearing, their size and so on."

However Mr Ekins says they were not good soldiers, at least not at first. "At the outset when they landed they were actually very inexperienced amateurs. They had to learn in a very hard school and there was much about war that they had to learn." Professor Beaumont, author of books including *Broken Nation*, says that it was Bean who helped create a misconception that the Anzacs were all bushmen, natural soldiers, fine horsemen and crack shots. "That's one of the key elements of the Anzac legend, but even at the time that Bean was writing the majority of Australians lived in the major towns," she says. Professor Stanley also says while the Anzacs were the best physical specimens that could be found, they were mostly from the capital cities.



Myth: Simpson and his donkey

One of the heroes of the Gallipoli campaign is stretcher bearer John Simpson Kirkpatrick who famously used a donkey to carry wounded men back from the front line. Simpson landed at Anzac Cove on April 25, 1915, and was shot and killed by a sniper less than four weeks later. Professor Stanley, author of the book *Simpson's Donkey*, says the Simpson story is a very confused one. For one thing, he says, it's probable there was more than one donkey. (See [HERE](#))

Mr Ekins adds that most Australians probably don't realise Simpson was an Englishman who joined up in Australia in an effort to get back home. "He'd joined up basically to go back home to London to see his mother and sister, to whom he'd been writing for several years while working around the outback of Australia and in various places. He joined up, became a soldier, a stretcher-bearer in the field ambulance and found himself on Gallipoli, to his surprise I guess, when he was intending to go back home to England." He says contrary to the popular belief, Simpson may not have saved any lives. "He did very brave work, he went into the gullies, he rescued men who were wounded, but mostly men with leg wounds," Mr Ekins says. "He may not have actually saved a single soldier who was going to die."

Myth: The "secret" evacuation and the drip gun

Another feature of the Anzac story is the ingenious way the Australians covered their evacuation by deceiving the Turks. (See [HERE](#))

The Anzacs fashioned so-called "[drip rifles](#)" - with a crude timing system made from tins or cooking pots that kept unmanned guns firing. The inventor of the rifles was Lance Corporal W.C. Scurry, who was awarded the Distinguished Conduct medal and promoted to Sergeant for his ingenuity. However, Professor Stanley says the drip gun contributed nothing to the evacuation. He says by the time the first one went off, all of the troops had been evacuated. "So, what did it contribute to fooling the Turks? Nothing," he says. Mr Ekins agrees that while the "secret evacuation" was well planned and executed, it's unlikely the drip rifles fooled the Turks. "If they were unsure that (the Anzacs) were leaving, they thought it was a strong possibility," he says.

In June 1963 the Australasian Post had an article on the "Drip Rifles: it's a bit hard to read but you can see it [HERE](#)

There is no doubt that the Gallipoli campaign was a major military defeat for Australia and its allies and it came at a tremendous human cost for a fledgling nation. Similarly, there is no doubt there were acts of bravery, sacrifice and mateship that are worth commemorating. It is also understandable that contemporary chroniclers such as Charles Bean, subsequent historians and even governments have sought to put the best possible spin on it, sometimes at the expense of the truth. While modern historians work to set the record straight, it's still worth appreciating how myths can provide an insight into the way Australians have tried to find meaning and redemption from such terrible loss of life.

Stress is when you wake up screaming and then realize you haven't fallen asleep yet.

The TSR2

There has been a lot written about the TSR-2 since Australia decided not to buy it and the Poms decided not to build it. And as the 23 airframes that were built were smashed to pieces we'll never know whether or not it was a good aircraft.

Pity.

It was a funny looking aircraft, not graceful like the F-111 or the Tornado which eventually replaced it but it was supposedly way ahead of its time and many say it was a huge mistake to dump it.

There is a very good video on the making and dumping of the aircraft – you can see it [HERE](#).

My husband says I never listen to him. At least I think that's what he said.

The Caribou in PNG.

Not all Caribous that operated in PNG belonged to the RAAF – Uncle Reg and the blue eyed girls also had one and operated it from 1965 to 1969. Unfortunately for Uncle Reg, the Department of Civil Aviation (DCA) would not allow the company to operate the aircraft utilising its full stoll potential, for which it was designed.



Ansett-Mal Caribou at Port Moresby airport.



Ansett-MAL (Mandated Air Lines) bought the aircraft from de Havillands in 1965. It was not a new aircraft, having been built in 1961 and leased to the Swedish Air Force for a number of years before being returned to de Havs. It started life as a DHC-4 but when returned to de Havs was upgraded to DHC-4A which gave it an increased MTOW of 1,134 kg.

It left Canada for Australia and arrived at Bankstown in August 1965, captain on the flight was Billy Johns (right), who subsequently spent many later years flying in PNG. It was brought onto the Australian register as VH-BFC and left for PNG in September 1965.



After operating the aircraft out of Madang and not being able to use it as it was designed, Ansett-MAL decided to off-load it. Back then, DCA classified aircraft and airstrips into 4 categories, A, B (not used), C, and D. Cat A was the highest and referred to Friendships etc, Cat C was for aircraft such as the Cessna 402 and cat D for the utility Cessna 206 of which there were a hundred million.

Each morning operators at remote airstrips would call in (via HF) the condition of their airstrip. If the report was Cat C, the 402's and the like could use the airstrip, if the report was Cat D, only the tough old 206 (and the like) could. The RAAF's Caribous were classified Cat D so unless the airstrip was closed (and due to weather conditions that happened quite often) the RAAF's Caribous were able to operate into most strips.

DCA, in their wisdom, classified uncle Reg's Caribou as Cat A which restricted it hugely.

They offered it to the RAAF which were interested at first but on inspection found that the engine numbers listed in the spares package matched those that were fitted to their Caribou (A4-202) that crashed on landing at Porgera (north west of Mt Hagen) in 1965. That started to ring some bells and Ron Raymond, who was the boss of Det A at the time (Caribou detachment at Port Moresby) was asked to go to Porgera and investigate. On arrival he was told by the Patrol Officer (Kiap) that Uncle Reg's boys had been to the crash site and had "borrowed" some spares, including the two engines. The RAAF weren't happy about this of course and started looking for a scape goat. They tried to shift the blame to Ron Raymond accusing him of not removing all usable spares, as was stipulated in their earlier message to him though on further inspection, it was found the message was still on someone's desk in Canberra and had never been sent. There were red faces all round and as a result the sale fell through.

Uncle Reg then withdrew his aircraft from PNG and in January 1969 it landed at Essendon and was sold to de Havs Australia who onsold it to a company in the USA. It was finally retired in 1986

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Ansett-MAL's Caribou (at Wewak??).

One of Uncle Reg's Caribou pilots at the time was Dick "Glass-eye" Glassey – a well known and well liked bloke who went on to become a central figure in the development of postwar civil aviation in PNG.



The Caribou at Madang Airport.

“Dick”, who was born George Argyle Glassey in New Zealand, began his PNG career in the 1950’s. He acquired his nickname through a childhood fascination with a radio serial about Richard the Lionheart. Thus he became known as Richard which was inevitably shortened to Dick. After leaving school, he joined the New Zealand Army and served several years with the occupation forces in post-war Japan. He then moved to Australia where he cut sugarcane before applying to join the RAAF.

After pilot training, he was posted to [87 Squadron](#) flying Mosquitoes on photo reconnaissance and aerial survey work. In 1955, after leaving the RAAF, he joined [Adastra Aerial Surveys](#) flying Hudsons, mainly in PNG. The nomadic lifestyle of a survey pilot did not appeal to Dick as he was then raising a young family, so he joined Mandated Airlines (MAL) flying DC-3s out of Madang.

Right, after his last flight with Air Niugini, Dick was wheel-chaired from the aircraft by Peter “Sharpie” Sparpe and looking on (left) is Mal Douglas.

Mal Douglas, fondly known as “Alky Malky” and Peter Sharp (also two well know and great characters) regularly produced a satirical magazine known as the [Skyland News](#). This little well received magazine made fun of everyone and each edition was eagerly awaited.



Unfortunately, characters like all those blokes seem to have disappeared from our lives, these blokes worked hard, they were good at what they did and they played hard too. Today people are stereo-typed – is it because of political correctness??

After MAL was taken over by Ansett, Dick managed the light aircraft division of Ansett-MAL, then as Ansett-MAL began to divest itself of light aircraft and operate “heavies” only, he

became Chief Pilot for Ansett Airlines of Papua New Guinea (formerly Ansett-MAL). In conjunction with another Ansett pilot, Dick sponsored flying training for PNG's first national pilot, Napoleon Onsem.

With the approaching independence of PNG, Dick was appointed Chief Pilot of the new nation's carrier, Air Niugini and then to Operations Manager of Air Niugini where he helped to set up the National Pilot Training Scheme. Up until his retirement, he was flying Fokker F.28s on domestic and international services.

After a distinguished flying career, he retired to Brisbane.

Dick passed away in Brisbane on 3 August 1995 after a short illness – a great man, his death was a great loss.



Velly Inteesting – but stupid!!!!



2 Sqn remembers.

On Sunday the 19th April, 2015, a bunch of blokes got together at Amberley to commemorate the 48th anniversary of the Canberras arriving at Phan Rang in Vietnam.

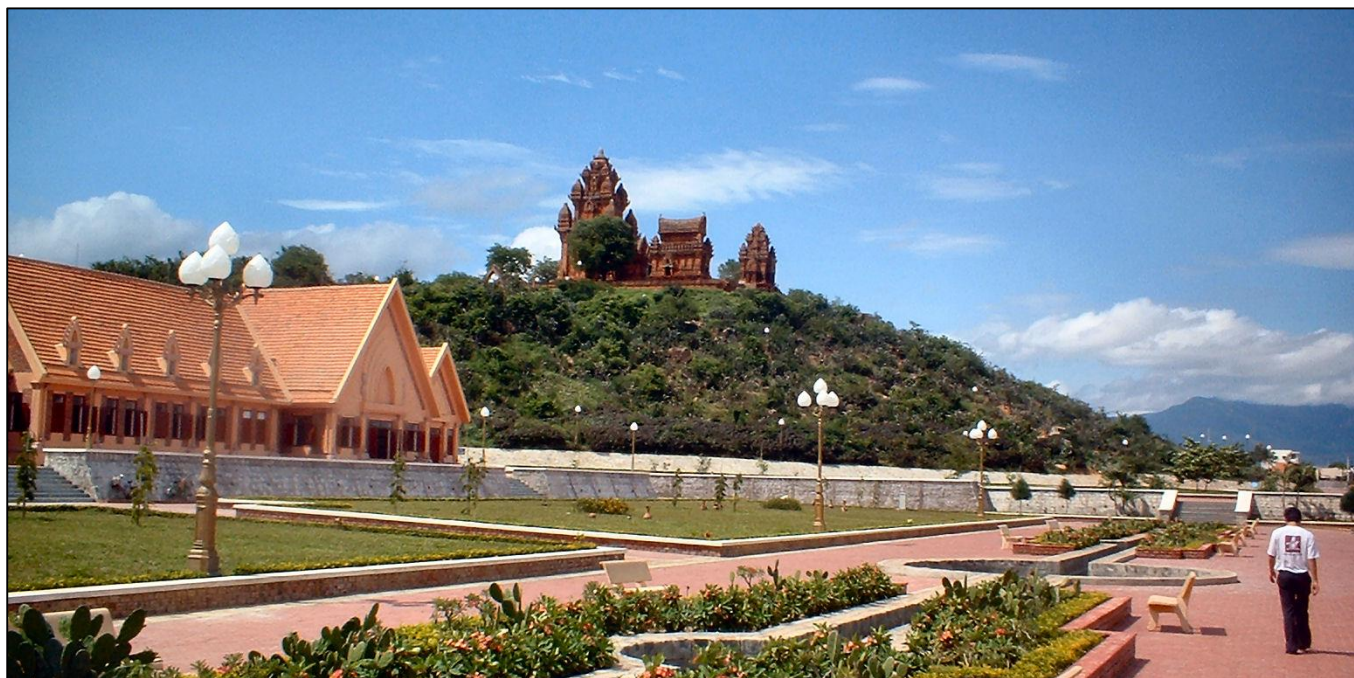
When the eight Canberras of 2 Squadron landed at Phan Rang in April 1967, the squadron had already been serving in south-east Asia for nine years. In July 1958 it had been sent to Butterworth to relieve 1 Squadron as part of the Far East Strategic Reserve. 1 Squadron, which operated Lincolns at the time, had been the mainstay of the Commonwealth air operations in Malaya during the Malayan Emergency but by the time 2 Squadron arrived the communist insurgency was all but over. The squadron did, however, fly some missions, including several large strikes against the communist terrorists. On the 2nd October 1958 five of its Canberras bombed three communist camps, believed to be reoccupied, near Ipoh. A report on the bombing mission noted "the devastation caused was so complete that it was impossible to assess the result".



Phan Rang is 260 kilometres north-east of Saigon and the base was situated about 13 kilometres from the city. It was a giant complex, home to the United States Air Force's 35th Tactical Fighter Wing and covered more than 27 square kilometres and it had only recently been completed when 2 Squadron arrived. The first of the squadron's Canberra landed at Phan Rang on 19 April and flew their first mission on 23 April. For the next four years the squadron flew an average of eight missions a day, seven days a week. Unlike the 1st Australian Task Force in Phuoc Tuy province (9 and 35 Sqns), which operated independently of American forces, 2 Squadron was integrated into the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing, although its missions were restricted to targets in South Vietnam.

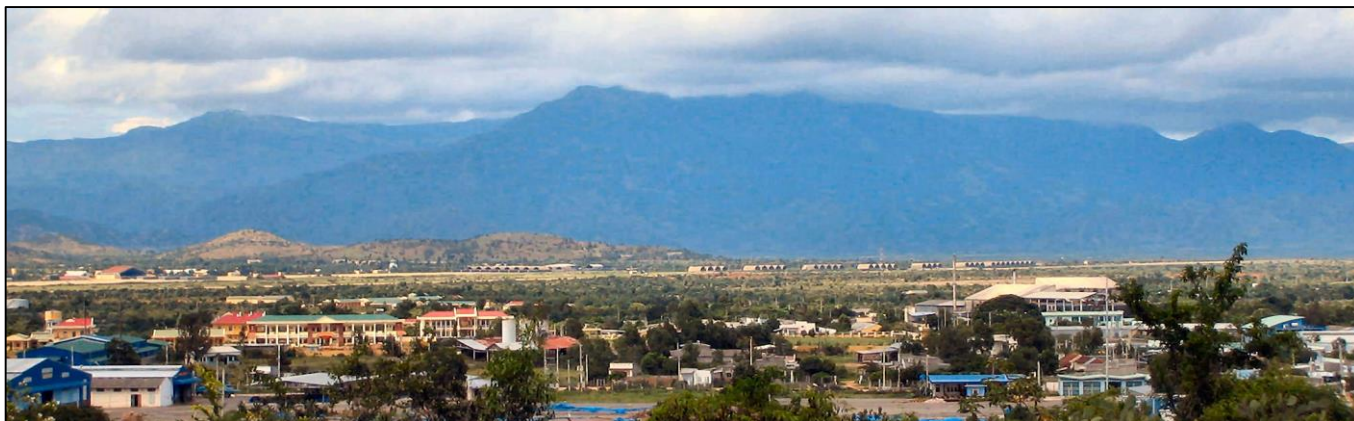
For the first few months the squadron mostly flew "combat sky spot" missions, where aircraft were guided by ground radar to a target and told when to drop their bombs. Most of the flights were flown at night and tended to be routine and boring. In September the squadron began low-level daylight bombing, hitting targets from low altitude, between 370 and 915 metres. The squadron had conducted similar bombing missions in Malaya but refined its accuracy in Vietnam to such an extent it consistently out-performed all other units of the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing.

This high proficiency was not limited to just aircrew, but applied to the ground crew as well. The maintenance staff worked 24 hours a day on a two-shift roster, achieving the noteworthy rate of 97 per cent serviceability.



The Poklong Garai towers, situated on a hill overlooking the Phan Rang airfield.

The squadron hit targets from the demilitarised zone in the north, the border between North and South Vietnam, and the Mekong Delta in the south. This included enemy concentrations around Hue, the siege of Khe Sanh in 1968, and the South Vietnamese attack into Laos in 1971. In total, the squadron flew over 11,900 combat missions. It also lost only two aircraft during the conflict, one disappearing on a night bombing mission in 1970, with its crew listed as "missing in action" ([since recovered](#)), while the other was shot down by a surface-to-air missile near the demilitarised zone in 1971.



Phan Rang airfield, photo taken from the Poklong Garai towers.



In June 1971, after four years and two months in Vietnam, 2 Squadron returned to Australia, the first RAAF squadron to do so. Upon its return 2 Squadron was awarded two foreign unit citations, the Cross of Gallantry with Palm from the Republic of Vietnam and a United States Air Force Outstanding Unit Award.

Fortunately, the 19th April 2015 fell on the third Sunday in the month, and as the Heritage Museum at Amberley is open each third Sunday, and Amberley being the “home” of the Canberra, the 2 Sqn blokes decided to hold their commemoration on the base, at the museum.

The first thing you notice, if you haven’t been to Amberley for a while, is the huge change in the entrance to the Base.



The new entrance is now about a kilometre out from the old gate where Canberra A84-201 sits pride of place. A new “guard room” facility has been built as well as in-the-road pop-up stanchions which would pull up your car, bus or whatever in a hurry if you decided to run the gauntlet.

On this particular Sunday, the RAAF had detailed off a number of volunteers who were camped at the gate, under a blue roofed marquee, on hand to speed up the entry requirements to the base. In all, the entry was handled very efficiently and very politely and although a very serious undertaking, there was a minimum delay





and we were onto the base in no time at all. Well done whoever organised that!!

It's a shame our world has had to revert to these security procedures, forced on us as a result of the bone headed actions of a few religious nutters. What I can't understand is why we only act in a defensive mode why don't we go on the offensive against these whackos here in Oz, why do we have to kowtow to them, why should we change our way of life to suit them???. We're weak!!

Click the pic above for a better view of the gate.

If you haven't been to the [Heritage Museum](#) at Amberley for a while (or at all) you should go, it is first class and it's free to get in. Opening hours are:

- The third Sunday of every month (9:00am - 3:00pm).
- Every Tuesday and Thursday between 9.00am and 3.00pm for group tours by prior arrangement.

Some of the aircraft on display include two F-111's, a Sabre, Mirage, Caribou, several Canberras, a Boston Bomber and a Sioux and Iroquois Chopper. If you're into old aircraft there is also a replica Bleriot XI.



L-R: Rod Nichols, Lloyd Brown, John Payne.



Most of the volunteers are ex RAAF blokes, in the pic above, Rod Nichols (Cpl) was an electrician with 2 Sqn in Phan Rang from Oct 1969 to Oct 1970, Lloyd Brown (Sqn Ldr) was a Navigator with 2 Sqn, 36 Sqn and 37 Sqn and as well as spending April 1969 to March 1970 with the Canberras at Phan Rang, he also made 21 trips in the Hercs starting in 1966 and ending in 1971. John Payne was an LAC GH with 2 Sqn Phan Rang from Apr 1969 to Apr 1970. These 3 blokes were on hand all day answering questions from an inquisitive public.



Part of the “on-board” mysterious black boxes that went along with the Canberra. Being a Pommie aircraft, the manufacturers put all these boxes on a table, squeeze them all up in a vice then build the aircraft around them. This of course results in most of them being in the most inaccessible part of the aircraft and Murphy’s Law always exerts itself in that the bit that fails the most is always in the hardest to get at position. Obviously designed by pilots.

The Yanks, on the other hand, know how to build stuff – they obviously must have brought in Radtechs to the design stage as their aircraft have the mysterious bits in easy to get at spots. Have a look at the F-111 below – you get a U/S written up in the 500, easy, pop the cowl, undo the nuts on the shock mount, replace the box, shut the cowl and job done. You could do it in your

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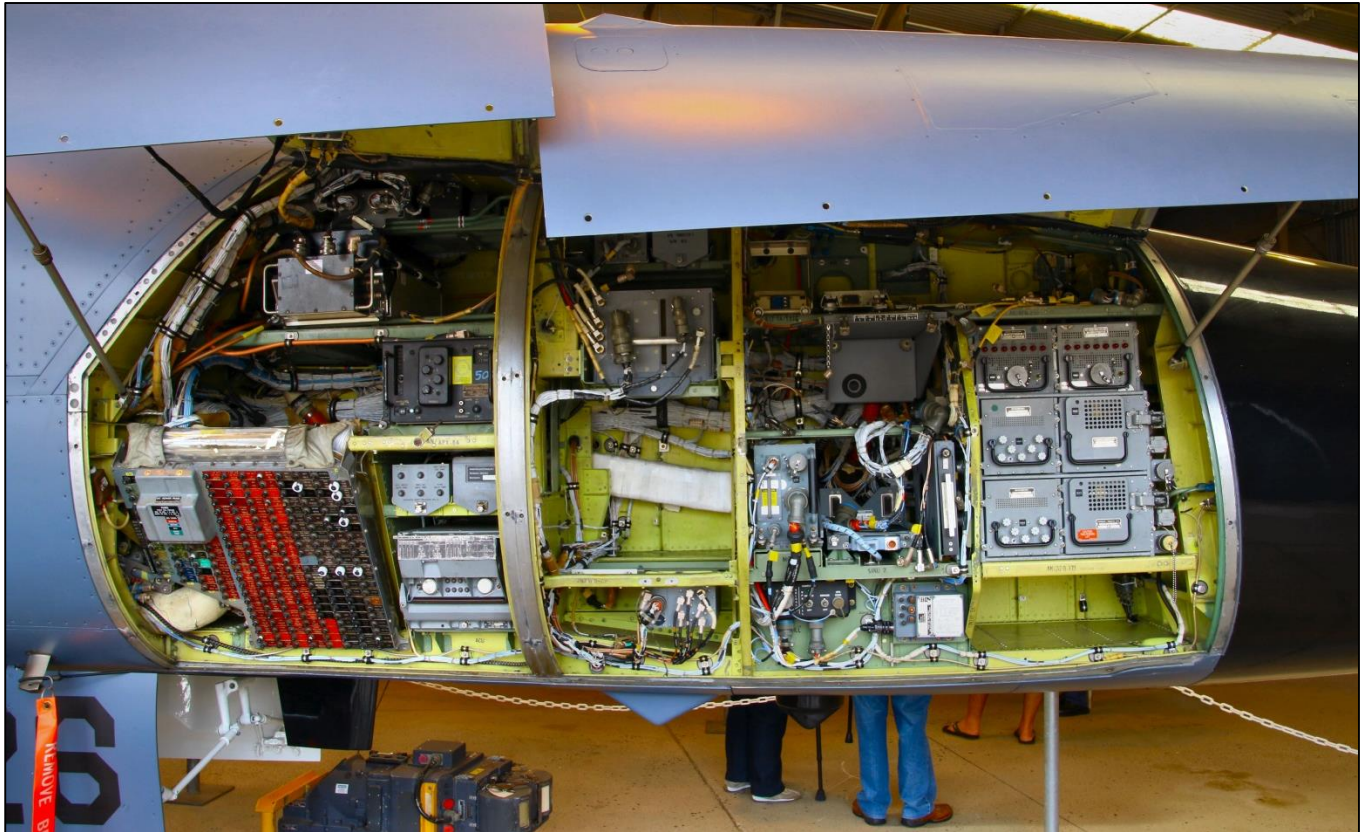
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Sunday best. In the Canberra you need three elbows, a back bone that will swivel 360 degrees, and an arm that will stretch to 4 foot long just to undo the canon plugs.



No doubt, the F-111 was a magnificent machine – a true gentleman's aircraft.



Vic Smith was an ADG, he spent from March 1967 to March 1968 in Ubon then from October 1970 to Oct 1971 in Vung Tau, most of that time was spent as an air gunner with 9 Sqn so he knows his way around the Iroquois. Vic had also given up his Sunday to answer questions from the public and made the day for two excited young boys by allowing them to sit in the hot seat of the aircraft.



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Gerard Lowiew and Allan Pickering were on hand to show people through the dear old Caribou. Gerard was a civvy in an earlier life, lives locally and enjoys being involved in the museum, Allan started life as a Framie with 34 Sqn, remustered to a Loady with 38 Sqn then went onto Hercs as an engineer. After the RAAF he joined Cathay and spent many a year on Boeing 747's. These days, as he also lives locally, he too is a willing volunteer at the museum.



The Blériot on display at the Museum is actually an Artist's Rendition – not a restored aircraft.

An aircraft of this type was used by Louis Blériot on 25 July 1909 to make the first flight across the English Channel. This achievement is one of the most famous accomplishments of the early years of aviation and is recognised as historic. It was produced in both single and two-seat versions, powered by a number of different engines and was widely used for competition and training purposes. Many countries bought military versions of the Blériot.

This particular aircraft was built by Mr Peter Sledge.

Other aircraft on display include:



Douglas DB-7B Boston III

This United States Army Air Forces (USAAF) Boston light bomber was restored at Amberley from seven aircraft wrecks recovered from the jungles of Papua New Guinea. The original aircraft crash-landed in a swamp and sunk beneath the water line. When recovered, it was in a remarkable, well preserved condition - even to the point that coffee was still sealed in the flask behind the cockpit seat.



Originally called the A-20 when designed by Douglas in 1936, it served Allied forces through most of World War 2, fighting for British, American and Soviet forces. Douglas made over 7,000 units with several major production variants and it saw extensive use, proving itself a war-winner capable of withstanding a great deal of punishment. Built as a light bomber but operated more or less as a heavy fighter, it proved a successful addition to the Douglas company line and the Allied war effort as a whole before being eventually replaced by the more capable Douglas A-26 Invader in the attack/light bombing role and boom tailed Northrop P-61 Black Widow (below) in the night-fighter role.

In the years prior to the War, with America still in an isolationist mentality and despite the worsening situation in Europe, the A-20 was not followed up on by the USAAC and was shelved for the time being. Despite this setback, in 1940 the French and Belgium governments came calling and ordered several hundred for immediate production. These were assigned the official designation of DB-7 and construction covered two distinct production models to become the DB-7A and the DB-7B. An initial batch of 100 DB-7's were constructed and an extended order for 270 more was put into action to help strengthen the ranks. Despite the initiative, only 115 DB-7;s were ultimately delivered to French forces before the collapse of France under German power. Some 95 French-operated DB-7's escaped to North Africa while the remaining models in American hands, and the contract to go along with them, were diverted to British ownership who took over operation of the type as the "Boston".



RAF Bostons were fielded as day bombers initially, though these met with disastrous results. The type was found to be unsuitable for such a dangerous role and therefore modified into a dedicated night-fighter. The RAF selected roughly 100 of these Boston light bombers and produced the converted "Havoc" intruder aircraft fitted with radar in the nose housing and as many as 12 x 7.7mm machine guns to handle the offensive dirty work. Additionally, these converted Bostons were given increased armour protection for the crew and specialized exhaust piping to dampen the flame effects of the engines at night. Essentially, the British RAF gave birth to the "Havoc" series by default, despite its origins as an American airplane. Havocs were first fielded by No. 23 Squadron.



With its newfound weapon, the RAF initiated several interesting, yet costly, projects involving the Havoc. One such initiative involved the "Turbinlite", night-fighting Havoc Mk I models fitted with a 2,700-million candlepower spotlight taking up most of the space in the nose housing. Up to 10 squadrons and 18 months of valuable time and resources went into this project which ultimately proved a failure.



In 1939, the USAAC returned to the aircraft and re-evaluated its potential for use in the American military. The initial requirement of the USAAC specified a high-altitude capable airframe in the attack bomber role so Douglas produced it with 2 x turbosupercharged R-2600-7 Wright Cyclone radial engines of 1,700 horsepower each. These initial aircraft were to feature a battery of 4 x 7.62mm (.30 caliber) machine guns in fuselage blister positions. An additional 2 x 7.62mm machine guns would be manned from a dorsal position while a single 7.62mm machine gun was allotted to a manned ventral gun position. Interestingly, rearward-firing 7.62mm machine guns were also introduced in this design, with these being mounted in each engine nacelle. Bomb-load was a reported 1,600lbs of internal ordnance. Crew personnel amounted to four specialists, a pilot, navigator, bombardier (in a glassed-in nose position) and gunner. Performance specs allowed for a top speed of 385 miles per hour (comparable to fighter performance) and a ceiling of up to 31,500 feet and range totalling some 1,100 miles (ferry range).

In British Commonwealth air forces, bomber/attack variants of the aircraft were usually known by the service name Boston, while night fighter and intruder variants were usually known as Havoc. An exception to this was the RAAF, which referred to all variants of the aircraft as the Boston. Australia operated 69 of this type of aircraft.



The French built Dassault Mirage III

The RAAF started looking for a replacement for its aging Sabre aircraft in the 1950s and in 1960 a decision was made to accept the Dassault Mirage III (which first flew in June 1955) instead of the Lockheed F-104 Starfighter. Having selected the Mirage airframe, the RAAF then had to decide on the power plant and with the Rolls Royce Avon already in service powering both the Sabre and the Canberra, this option was pursued for the Mirage. A French Mirage IIIA, known as 'City of Hobart', was fitted with an RB146 Avon 67 turbojet and flew in February 1961. This was



known as a Mirage IIIO, but did not receive a RAAF serial number as, although this modification delivered superior performance, its cost was prohibitive and this project was discontinued.

The RAAF finally accepted the French SNECMA Atar 9C engine and the first RAAF aircraft, numbered A3-1, fitted with the French engine first flew at Bordeaux on 14 March 1963 and was handed over to the RAAF at Villaroche, near Paris, on 9th April. A3-1 was flown to Australia by Hercules but the second French-built aircraft, A3-2, remained in France until August 1965 to test the various RAAF modifications. Meanwhile, two further aircraft were shipped to Australia as fully-equipped major assemblies and completed at Avalon by the Government Aircraft Factories (GAF).

The first aircraft built at Avalon was test flown by Squadron Leader (later Air Vice Marshal) Bill Collings the 16th November 1963 (See [HERE](#)). Gradually the French content was reduced and by aircraft A3-16 the first Australian-built primary parts were incorporated. The first order for 30 aircraft was followed in 1962 by an order for a further 30 and in 1963 the order was increased by another 40 followed by 10 two-seat trainers. The first 48 Australian-assembled aircraft (A3-3 to A3-50) were built as Mirage IIIO(F) interceptors and No 2 Operational Conversion Unit (2OCU) at Williamstown began receiving deliveries in 1964. 75 Squadron became the first operational unit to equip in 1965 followed by No 76 Squadron in 1966. The next 50 aircraft (A3-51 to A3-100) were built as IIIO(A) ground attack variants with slightly different radar and the addition of doppler navigation and radar altimeters for low-level operation.



In 1967 75 Squadron deployed to Malaysia to replace 3 Squadron. 3 Squadron then became the first unit to equip with the ground-attack Mirage under Wing Commander Jake Newham, who was later to be Chief of Air Staff. When 3 Squadron returned to Butterworth in 1969, 77 Squadron re-equipped and became the fourth RAAF Mirage squadron. The first two-seater Mirage IIID, A3-101, flew on 6 October 1966 and was accepted by the RAAF at Avalon on 10 November, followed by a further nine over the next year. The trainer version, which did not have the Cyrano II nose radar, had a second cockpit added behind the first with the avionics equipment previously stored there relocated in the nose. The Mirage trainers were assembled by GAF from imported French-built fuselages and CAC-built wings and vertical tail surfaces.

In December 1970 the government approved the addition of six Mirage IIID trainers at a cost of \$11 million. These aircraft, delivered between August 1973 to January 1974, enabled the retirement of the Sabre from operational fighter training.

In August 1973, with defence cuts under the Whitlam Labor Government, 76 Squadron was disbanded, amongst much ill feeling,. The remaining three squadrons continued operating the Mirage in air defence and ground attack, based at Williamstown and Butterworth. Several Mirage



aerobatic teams were also formed, the best known of these were the Deltas in 1971, followed by the Miracles in 1976 and a three-aircraft team of red, white and blue aircraft organised for the 1981 air shows.

As 20CU began to work up for the F/A-18 Hornet in 1984, all Williamtown-based Mirages were transferred to 77 Squadron. The last RAAF Mirage flight was on 8 February 1989 when A3-101 was flown from ARDU at Edinburgh to Woomera to join 47 of the type in storage pending their disposal. In 1990 Pakistan purchased fifty RAAF Mirages, including two which had been stored at Point Cook and these were delivered to the Pakistan Air Force.

The Mirage saw longer service in our front line than any other fighter. Despite the original estimated design fatigue life of only 1500 hours, some Australian Mirages flew over 4000 hours. Over forty aircraft were lost in flying accidents, but those who flew it held the type in high regard and although the 'Miracle' has left our skies, many examples remain on display at museums around Australia.

And while the people strolled around looking at the aircraft displays, the RAAF Amberley Pipes and Drums, which is part of the RAAF Amberley Band, entertained. The band is made up of Military, ex-military and civilian personnel and practices on Monday nights, 7.00pm till 9.30pm at the Goodna RSL Function room. If you are interested in joining the ranks or just want to have a listen, don't hesitate to contact them or just pop in for a listen.

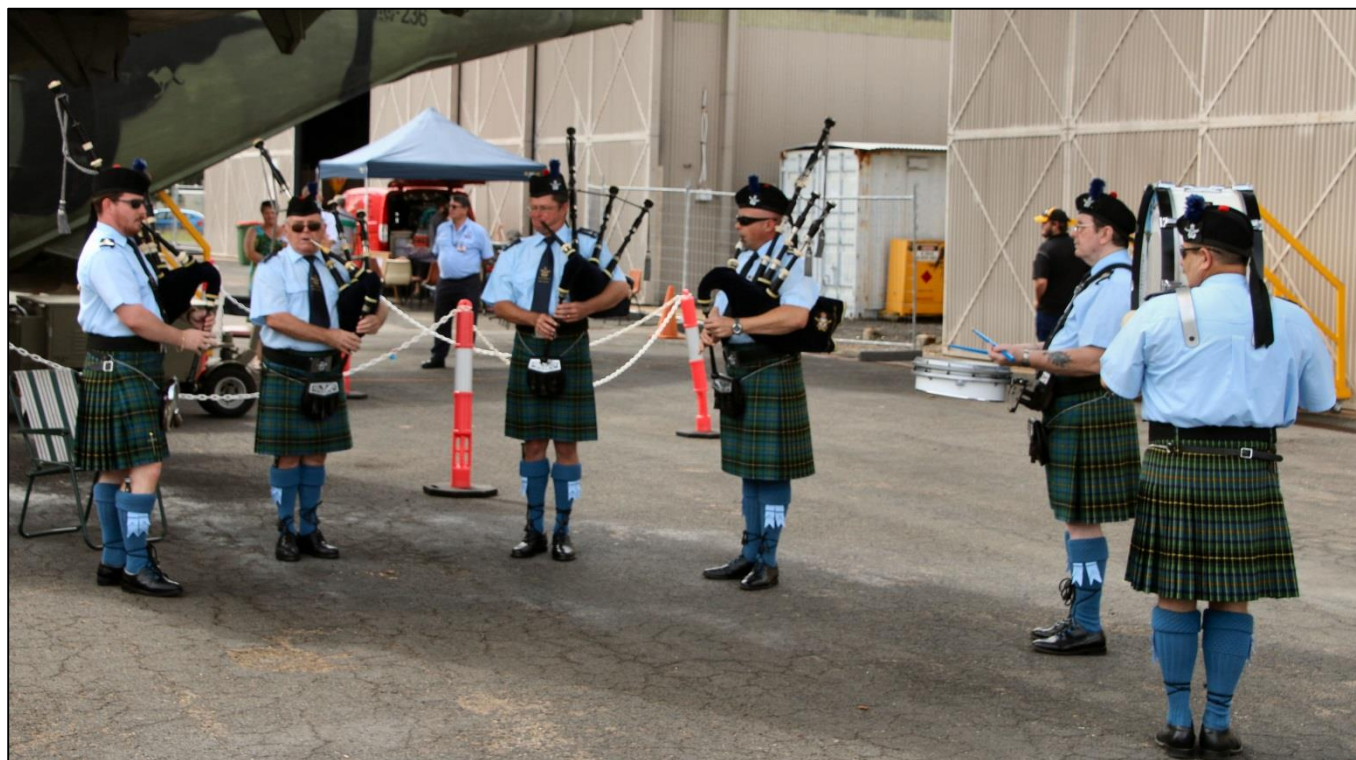
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This was the venue for the 2 Sqn blokes and their ladies to get together and remember the “good old days” at Phan Rang. Arthur Rennick, the association’s secretary had commandeered a private demountable building, set up a gas fired bar-b-q and assembled the troops.





Arthur Rennick, hard at it, cooking for the troops.



Brian and Genise Duddington – waiting to be served lunch.

Brian started life as a Sumpie (see [HERE](#)) and was posted to 2 Sqn in Butterworth, then to Phan Rang in April 1967, returning to Australia in 1968. He was commissioned in 1976 and finally discharged from the RAAF in 1997. He stayed in the Reserve and was appointed the Honorary Aide De Camp (ADC) to the Governor General of Australia and recently was transferred to the Prime Minister's Department, responsible for "meeting and greeting" Heads of State" who visit Queensland.

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Graham Bickle and Evan deCourcy – with Duddo reading the riot act in the background.

Graham was the Sqn Ldr Engo at 2 Sqn, and was in Phan Rang from Sept 1970 to June 1971.

The pen is mightier than the sword...and a damn lot easier to write with.



Dan Kinsella and Jeanette Cook.



Leigh Boileau and Dave Lee.



Leigh was a framie and Dave was an electrician. Both were with 2 Sqn in Phan Rang from April 1967 to April 1968.



Lorraine and Bill Lyons.

Bill was an electrician, he was posted to 2 Sqn in March 1971 and brought the Squadron home in June 1971.

The definition of camping:
"Spending a fortune to live like a homeless person".



Rhonda and John Heyward.



Rhonda and John, with family.



The Hart Family, L-R: Steve, Tara, Harry, Milly and Robyn.



Tony Bragg and Charmaine Surman.



Then when all the snags had been wolfed down, it was left to Ray Booth to clean up the mess.

I walked into Bunning's hardware at lunchtime and some old guy dressed in a red shirt with a green apron asked me if I wanted decking. Fortunately, I got the first punch in and sorted the old bastard out. – Ya gotta be careful these days!

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Heart Health Program.



Australian Government

Department of Veterans' Affairs

The Department of Veterans' Affairs is bringing back their popular Heart Health program which is available for all veterans and peacekeepers who have not previously participated in the program. If you are eligible and you haven't participated previously, you should consider enrolling. You will be required to get a medical clearance from your GP prior to beginning the program.

The program aims to help you increase your physical health and well-being through practical exercise, nutrition and lifestyle management support. It is conducted over 52 weeks and includes physical activity sessions each week that are tailored to meet your needs and 12 health educational seminars over the year. The program is offered in two formats - the Heart Health Group Program and the Individual Heart Health Program.



The program covers a range of topics including setting healthy goals, eating well, lowering alcohol consumption, sleep, stress management, diabetes, taking care of your body, managing your weight and maintaining a healthy heart. If you are eligible and would like more information or wish to register for a Heart Health Program, contact Corporate Health Management, who deliver the program on behalf of DVA, on 1300 246 262.



Why Should you register for the Heart Health Program?

Physical Health is vital to your mental health and your overall quality of life. There are a number of benefits to a daily routine of exercise and balanced nutrition. Exercise can help you to:

- prevent chronic diseases like heart disease, type diabetes and certain types of cancer,
- maintain a healthy weight,
- strengthen your heart and lungs,
- improve your sleeping patterns,
- improve your sex life, and
- have fun and socialise.

Most people want to improve their health but find it hard to get started. Registering for Heart Health gets you started and keeps you going on the path to new life long habits.

Changing our routine to improve our health can be challenging. The Heart Health Program gives you the skills to Improve and sustain your health and well-being by giving you practical information and access to specialist advice and training. The program is delivered in groups of approximately 10-20. The group meets at a designated gym for weekly activity sessions and educational seminars. Experienced exercise and health professionals provide the participants with a structured and supervised fitness training schedule.

If you're eligible and you live in a rural, remote and outer metropolitan area, you can access the Heart Health Program via the correspondence version of the program. It has similar support to the regular program that is provided by telephone or e-mail. It is delivered via correspondence over a 12-month period with participants having their own tailored physical activity program and health education modules. Remote participants are supported by their GP, a Program Coordinator and a Health Consultant, who guide participants through the program.



The Individual Heart Health Program provides the veteran community more flexible access to information and education to give them the tools they need to improve their physical health and ultimately, to enjoy a healthier and happier lifestyle.

There is more information [HERE](#).

A handshake beats an autograph.



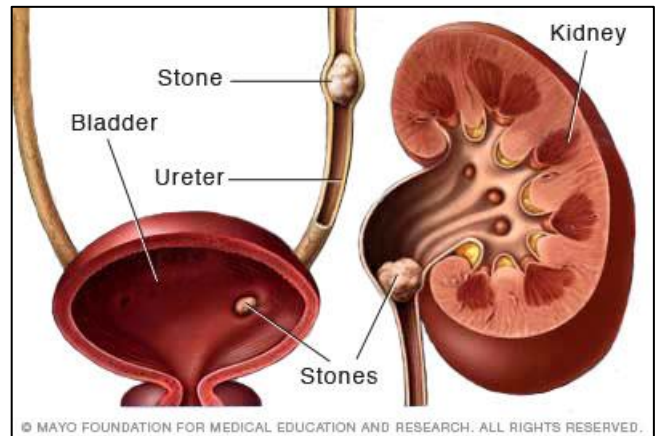
Kidney Stones.



Kidney stones (renal lithiasis, nephrolithiasis) are small, hard mineral deposits that form inside your kidneys. The stones are made of mineral and acid salts. They have many causes and can affect any part of your urinary tract — from your kidneys to your bladder. Often, stones form when the urine becomes concentrated, allowing minerals to crystallize and stick together.

Passing kidney stones can be quite painful, but the stones usually cause no permanent damage. Depending on your situation, you may need nothing more than to take pain medication and drink lots of water to pass a kidney stone. In other instances, for example, if stones become lodged in the urinary tract or cause complications, surgery may be needed.

Your doctor may recommend preventive treatment to reduce your risk of recurrent kidney stones if you're at increased risk of developing them again.



A kidney stone may not cause symptoms until it moves around within your kidney or passes into your ureter, the tube connecting the kidney and bladder. At that point, you may experience these signs and symptoms:

- Severe pain in the side and back, below the ribs
- Pain that spreads to the lower abdomen and groin
- Pain that comes in waves and fluctuates in intensity
- Pain on urination
- Pink, red or brown urine
- Cloudy or foul-smelling urine
- Nausea and vomiting
- Persistent need to urinate
- Urinating more often than usual
- Fever and chills if an infection is present
- Urinating small amounts of urine

Pain caused by a kidney stone may change, for instance, shifting to a different location or increasing in intensity, as the stone moves through your urinary tract.

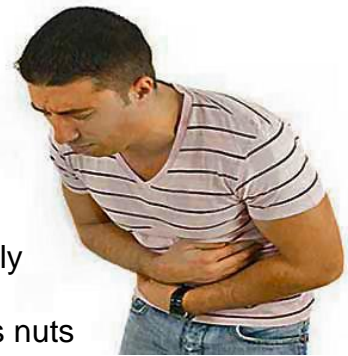
Make an appointment with your doctor if you have any signs and symptoms that worry you. Seek immediate medical attention if you experience:



- Pain so severe that you can't sit still or find a comfortable position
- Pain accompanied by nausea and vomiting
- Pain accompanied by fever and chills
- Blood in your urine
- Difficulty passing urine

Kidney stones often have no definite, single cause, although several factors may increase your risk. They form when your urine contains more crystal-forming substances, such as calcium, oxalate and uric acid, than the fluid in your urine can dilute. At the same time, your urine may lack substances that prevent crystals from sticking together, creating an ideal environment for kidney stones to form.

Knowing the type of kidney stone helps determine the cause and may give clues on how to reduce your risk of getting more kidney stones. Types of kidney stones include:



- **Calcium stones.** Most kidney stones are calcium stones, usually in the form of calcium oxalate. Oxalate is a naturally occurring substance found in food. Some fruits and vegetables, as well as nuts and chocolate, have high oxalate levels. Your liver also produces oxalate. Dietary factors, high doses of vitamin D, intestinal bypass surgery and several metabolic disorders can increase the concentration of calcium or oxalate in urine. Calcium stones may also occur in the form of calcium phosphate.
- **Struvite stones.** Struvite stones form in response to an infection, such as a urinary tract infection. These stones can grow quickly and become quite large, sometimes with few symptoms or little warning.
- **Uric acid stones.** Uric acid stones can form in people who don't drink enough fluids or who lose too much fluid, those who eat a high-protein diet, and those who have gout. Certain genetic factors also may increase your risk of uric acid stones.
- **Cystine stones.** These stones form in people with a hereditary disorder that causes the kidneys to excrete too much of certain amino acids (cystinuria).
- **Other stones.** Other, rarer types of kidney stones also can occur.

Factors that increase your risk of developing kidney stones include:

- **Family or personal history.** If someone in your family has kidney stones, you're more likely to develop stones, too. And if you've already had one or more kidney stones, you're at increased risk of developing another.
- **Dehydration.** Not drinking enough water each day can increase your risk of kidney stones. People who live in warm climates and those who sweat a lot may be at higher risk than others.
- **Certain diets.** Eating a diet that's high in protein, sodium and sugar may increase your risk of some types of kidney stones. This is especially true with a high-sodium diet. Too



much sodium in your diet increases the amount of calcium your kidneys must filter and significantly increases your risk of kidney stones.

- **Being obese.** High body mass index (BMI), large waist size and weight gain have been linked to an increased risk of kidney stones.
- **Digestive diseases and surgery.** Gastric bypass surgery, inflammatory bowel disease or chronic diarrhea can cause changes in the digestive process that affect your absorption of calcium and water, increasing the levels of stone-forming substances in your urine.
- **Other medical conditions.** Diseases and conditions that may increase your risk of kidney stones include renal tubular acidosis, cystinuria, hyperparathyroidism, certain medications and some urinary tract infections.

If your doctor suspects you have a kidney stone, you may have diagnostic tests and procedures, such as:

- **Blood testing.** Blood tests may reveal too much calcium or uric acid in your blood. Blood test results help monitor the health of your kidneys and may lead your doctor to check for other medical conditions.
- **Urine testing.** The 24-hour urine collection test may show that you're excreting too many stone-forming minerals or too few stone-preventing substances. For this test, your doctor may request that you perform two urine collections over two consecutive days.
- **Imaging.** Imaging tests may show kidney stones in your urinary tract. Options range from simple abdominal X-rays, which can miss small kidney stones, to high-speed or dual energy computerized tomography (CT) that may reveal even tiny stones.
- **Other imaging options** include an ultrasound, a noninvasive test, and intravenous urography, which involves injecting dye into an arm vein and taking X-rays (intravenous pyelogram) or obtaining CT images (CT urogram) as the dye travels through your kidneys and bladder.
- **Analysis of passed stones.** You may be asked to urinate through a strainer to catch stones that you pass. Lab analysis will reveal the makeup of your kidney stones. Your doctor uses this information to determine what's causing your kidney stones and to form a plan to prevent more kidney stones.

Treatment for kidney stones varies, depending on the type of stone and the cause.

Most kidney stones won't require invasive treatment. You may be able to pass a small stone by:

- **Drinking water.** Drinking as much as 2 to 3 litres a day may help flush out your urinary system. Unless your doctor tells you otherwise, drink enough fluid, mostly water, to produce clear or nearly clear urine.
- **Pain relievers.** Passing a small stone can cause some discomfort. To relieve mild pain, your doctor may recommend a pain reliever.



- **Medical therapy.** Your doctor may give you a medication to help pass your kidney stone. This type of medication, known as an alpha blocker, relaxes the muscles in your ureter, helping you pass the kidney stone more quickly and with less pain.

Kidney stones that can't be treated with conservative measures, either because they're too large to pass on their own or because they cause bleeding, kidney damage or ongoing urinary tract infections, may require more extensive treatment. Procedures may include:

- Using sound waves to break up stones. For certain kidney stones, depending on size and location, your doctor may recommend a procedure called extracorporeal shock wave lithotripsy (ESWL). ESWL uses sound waves to create strong vibrations (shock waves) that break the stones into tiny pieces that can be passed in your urine. The procedure lasts about 45 to 60 minutes and can cause moderate pain, so you may be under sedation or light anesthesia to make you comfortable. ESWL can also cause blood in the urine, bruising on the back or abdomen, bleeding around the kidney and other adjacent organs, and discomfort as the stone fragments pass through the urinary tract. (Click [HERE](#) to see a video on how this procedure works).
- Surgery to remove very large stones in the kidney. A procedure called percutaneous nephrolithotomy involves surgically removing a kidney stone using small telescopes and instruments inserted through a small incision in your back. You will receive general anesthesia during the surgery and be in the hospital for one to two days while you recover. Your doctor may recommend this surgery if ESWL was unsuccessful.
- Using a scope to remove stones. To remove a smaller stone in your ureter or kidney, your doctor may pass a thin lighted tube (ureteroscope) equipped with a camera through your urethra and bladder to your ureter. Once the stone is located, special tools can snare the stone or break it into pieces that will pass in your urine. Your doctor may then place a small tube (stent) in the ureter to relieve swelling and promote healing. You may need general or local anesthesia during this procedure.
- Parathyroid gland surgery. Some calcium phosphate stones are caused by overactive parathyroid glands, which are located on the four corners of your thyroid gland, just below your Adam's apple. When these glands produce too much parathyroid hormone (hyperparathyroidism), your calcium levels can become too high and kidney stones may form as a result.
- Hyperparathyroidism sometimes occurs when a small, benign tumour forms in one of your parathyroid glands or you develop another condition that leads these glands to produce more parathyroid hormone. Removing the growth from the gland stops the formation of kidney stones. Or your doctor may recommend treatment of the condition that's causing your parathyroid gland to overproduce the hormone.

Prevention of kidney stones may include a combination of lifestyle changes and medications.

You may reduce your risk of kidney stones if you:



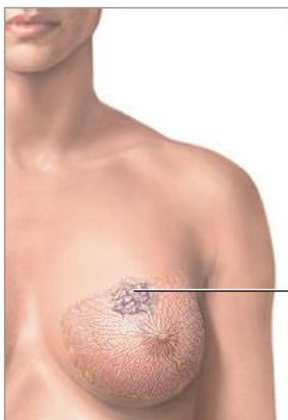
- **Drink water throughout the day.** For people with a history of kidney stones, doctors usually recommend passing about 2.5 litres of urine a day. Your doctor may ask that you measure your urine output to make sure that you're drinking enough water. If you live in a hot, dry climate or you exercise frequently, you may need to drink even more water to produce enough urine. If your urine is light and clear, you're likely drinking enough water.
- **Eat fewer oxalate-rich foods.** If you tend to form calcium oxalate stones, your doctor may recommend restricting foods rich in oxalates. These include rhubarb, beets, okra, spinach, Swiss chard, sweet potatoes, nuts, tea, chocolate and soy products.
- **Choose a diet low in salt and animal protein.** Reduce the amount of salt you eat and choose non-animal protein sources, such as legumes. Consider using a salt substitute. Continue eating calcium-rich foods, but use caution with calcium supplements. Calcium in food doesn't have an effect on your risk of kidney stones. Continue eating calcium-rich foods unless your doctor advises otherwise. Ask your doctor before taking calcium supplements, as these have been linked to increased risk of kidney stones. You may reduce the risk by taking supplements with meals. Diets low in calcium can increase kidney stone formation in some people. Ask your doctor for a referral to a dietitian who can help you develop an eating plan that reduces your risk of kidney stones.

Medications can control the amount of minerals and acid in your urine and may be helpful in people who form certain kinds of stones. The type of medication your doctor prescribes will depend on the kind of kidney stones you have.

Be mindful of what comes between you and the Earth.
Always buy good shoes, tyres, and sheets.

Breast Lumps.

If you find a breast lump or other change in your breast, you might worry about breast cancer.



That's understandable, but remember that breast lumps are common. Most often they're noncancerous (benign), particularly in younger women. Still, no matter how old you are, it's important to have any breast lump evaluated by a doctor, especially if it's new and feels different from surrounding breast tissue.

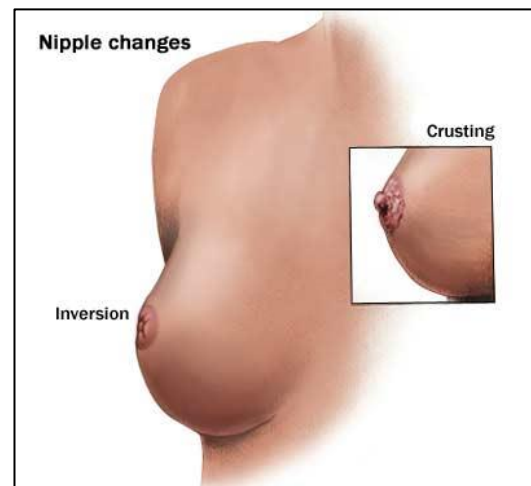
Breasts contain tissues of varying consistency. The glandular tissue in the upper, outer part of the breast usually feels slightly rope-like, bumpy or lumpy (nodular). The surrounding fat tissue, often felt in the inner and lower parts of the breast, is soft and less nodular or lumpy than the upper, outer breast. You might find that breast-related symptoms, such as tenderness or

lumpiness, change with your menstrual cycle. Breast tissue also changes as you age, typically becoming more fatty and less dense.

Being familiar with how your breasts normally feel makes it easier to detect when there's a change in your breasts.

Consult your doctor if:

- You find a new breast lump
- A new breast lump or breast pain doesn't go away after your next period
- An existing breast lump gets bigger or otherwise changes
- You notice skin changes on your breast, such as redness, crusting, dimpling or puckering
- You notice changes in your nipple — it turns inward (inversion) or appears flatter, for instance
- You notice spontaneous nipple discharge from one breast that's clear, yellow, brown or red



Evaluation of a breast lump typically begins with a clinical breast exam. During this exam, your doctor will likely:

- Ask about symptoms and your risk factors for breast cancer or benign breast conditions
- Examine your breasts, noting their shape and size, while you're standing and while you're lying down
- Examine the skin on your breasts
- Check for nipple problems, such as inversion or discharge
- Feel (palpate) the deeper tissue in your breasts and armpits to detect lumps or areas of thickening
- If your doctor confirms that you have a breast lump or other area of concern, you'll likely need testing.

To further evaluate a breast lump, your doctor might recommend one or more of the following procedures:

- **Mammogram.** A diagnostic mammogram, a specialized breast X-ray, helps your doctor investigate breast lumps and other signs and symptoms, such as tissue thickening, skin dimpling or nipple inversion. A diagnostic mammogram focuses on one area of your breast, providing views from several angles at higher magnification than does a screening mammogram. This test helps your doctor pinpoint the location



and the size of the abnormality. A diagnostic mammogram is often done along with an ultrasound of the breast.

- **Ultrasound.** Sound waves create images of the inside of your breast on a monitor. Ultrasound imaging is helpful for determining whether a breast lump is solid or filled with fluid.
- **MRI.** A magnetic field and radio waves create detailed images of the inside of your breast. A breast MRI usually is reserved for when the diagnosis is in question. When an MRI is used to detect breast cancer, a special dye (contrast agent) must be injected into your veins before the procedure. The dye enhances the appearance of certain tissues in the MRI images, allowing a radiologist to tell which areas are likely to be cancerous. MRI scans can be challenging to interpret. This can lead to a false-positive result, when the test result is positive but there's no cancer, or the need for additional testing.



During a breast MRI, you lie on your stomach on a padded scanning table. Your breasts fit into a hollow depression in the table, which contains coils that detect magnetic signals. The table slides into the large opening of the MRI machine.

- **Ductogram.** Also called a galactogram, this test is sometimes used to find the cause of nipple discharge. A small amount of dye is injected into a duct in the nipple. The dye shows up on an X-ray and can reveal a tumour in the duct.

Sometimes removing a tissue sample to examine under a microscope (biopsy) is the only sure way to determine if a breast lump is cancer. The type of biopsy depends on the size and location of the suspicious area.

Breast biopsy options include:

- **Fine-needle aspiration biopsy.** With a special needle — thinner than the ones used for blood tests, your doctor withdraws (aspirates) a sample of tissue from the suspicious area.
- **Core needle biopsy.** Using a larger needle than is used for fine-needle aspiration, your doctor obtains a small, solid core of tissue from your breast. This type of biopsy can



remove more tissue than can fine-needle aspiration. Your doctor will likely give you an injection of medicine to numb your breast before starting the biopsy.

- **Stereotactic biopsy.** During a stereotactic biopsy, mammography produces images from several different angles (stereo images) of the area in question. Your doctor then removes a sample of breast tissue with a needle. This test is often used to biopsy tiny calcium deposits seen only on a mammogram.
- **Vacuum-assisted biopsy.** After giving you an injection of numbing medication, your doctor makes a small cut (incision) in your breast to insert a hollow probe into the breast tissue. The probe connects to a vacuum that's used to remove a tissue sample. This type of biopsy can remove tissue from more than one area through a single incision.
- **Surgical biopsy.** In this procedure, a surgeon cuts open your breast to remove part of the lump (incisional biopsy) or the entire breast lump plus a small amount of surrounding tissue (excisional biopsy). This type of biopsy usually is done using medication to numb your breast and possibly medication to make you sleepy or general anesthesia in an outpatient facility.

All biopsies can cause bruising, bleeding and swelling. A surgical biopsy will likely leave a scar, and depending on how much tissue is removed, may change the shape of your breast. After a biopsy, the tissue sample is sent to a lab for analysis. Your doctor will let you know when to expect the test results and discuss the results with you when they're available.

If the breast lump isn't cancerous, your doctor might suggest short-term monitoring followed by another clinical breast exam or repeat breast imaging in a few months to reassess the area. Consult your doctor if you notice changes in the lump or develop new areas of concern. If the diagnosis is in question, the clinical breast exam and the mammogram show areas of suspicion, for example, but the pathology report from the biopsy reveals benign tissue, you'll be referred to a surgeon or other specialist for further consultation.

If the breast lump is cancerous, you'll work with your doctor to create a treatment plan. The stage and type of breast cancer will influence your treatment options. If you're unsure how to proceed, ask your doctor to help you make the best treatment decisions.

It's never too late for an apology.



DJINNANG Reunion/AGM, Held in Brisbane 30 May 2015.



The Djinnang Association held their annual Reunion and AGM “get together” on Saturday afternoon, the 30th May 2015.

Once again there was a marvellous roll up, with 132 revellers arriving from as far away as Perth WA, Townsville Qld and Burnie in Tas to get together, meet old mates, tell lots of tall tales, and (secretly) check out who is starting to show their age.....

As usual, the get together was held at “Club Central” in William St, in Brisbane. The Club, which was established in March 1964, was originally called the State Service Club and in 1994 changed its name to the Public Service Club in an attempt to attract new members. Then in September 2010, it launched ‘Club Central’ as its new trading name to further expand its membership base and increase patronage. With the demise of the Irish Club in Elizabeth St, there are not a lot of Clubs left in Brisbane city.



Gail Dermott, Deb and David Tape.

Gate keepers for the reunion at the Club were Deb Tape (Secretary and holder of the purse) David Tape, (Treasurer and reader of the polls) and Gail McDermott who rode shotgun, ensuring no one got past her without paying the bribe.

The reunion started at 2.00 pm, in the downstairs bar. At about 4.00pm, the President, Gavin Smith, closed the bar to not too many cheers from the populous, opened the meeting and began by welcoming everyone to the 2015 meeting and recognising the Association's three life members Ron Bellert, Ray (RG) Thompson and Rex Ralph (Deceased).

Secretary Debra Tape read and tabled the 2014 minutes noting that there were a total of 230 financial members in 2014 (151 perpetual members and 79 annual members). Deb thought that the increased interest in 2015 would see those numbers rise slightly. Members thought that the Club was becoming a little tight for the growing numbers in attendance but with fine weather the outside beer garden area was able to be used and there really wasn't a problem. If it had rained things would have been different. The committee will investigate future venues.

Deb advised all that as a matter of historical interest, the first Annual General Meeting in the minutes book for Djinnang was back on the 14th May 1983 which was attended by 88 guests and was chaired by Ron Bellert who was elected as the inaugural President, Tom Green, Jess Hurley, Ray Barry, Jim Barrett, Jack West and Trev Nelson were elected at committee members and membership fees were set at \$3.00 joining fee and \$2.00 annual fee.

As is normal, all committee positions were declared vacant, and the following were elected:

Gavin Smith - *President*
 David Tape - *Treasurer*
 Yolanda Lever - *Committee*
 Ron Faulkner - *Committee*

Debra Tape - *Secretary*
 Brian Webb - *Publications*
 Gail McDermott - *Committee*
 Alyn Hawkes - *Committee*



The crowd, all at attention during the AGM.

Some of those at the reunion were: (all pics left to right).



Glen Walton, Barry "Basher" Kirwin, Alan Moorcroft, Mick Holt



Barb and Bob Bland, Robyn Russell, John Isaacs.

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Barbara Watson, Dianne Webb.



Brian Webb, Dave Weston.



Catherine Coffey, Dennis Greig.



Con and Faye Chatham, John Goss, Bob Spencer.

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Dianne Hoopert, Noel Hartigan, Carolyn Wilson, Nicola Hartigan.



Ernie Gimm, Marion and Joe Barlow.



Dorothy and Col Cliff.

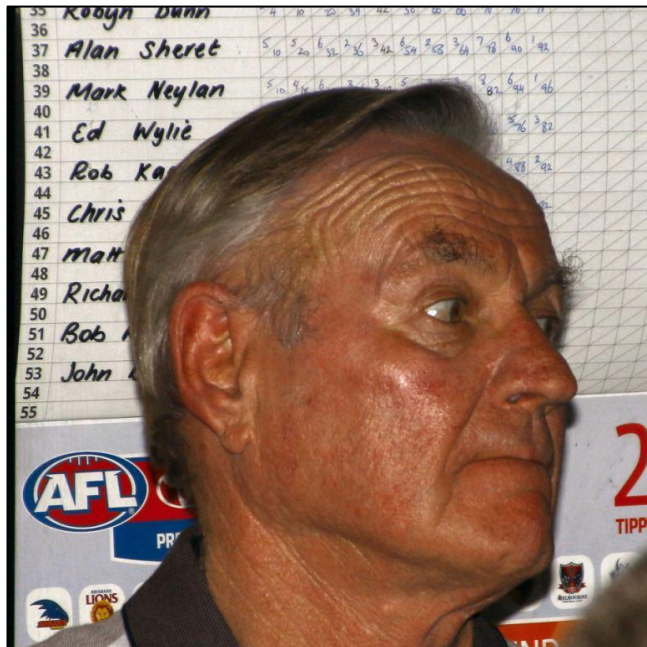
HUSBANDS ARE THE BEST
PEOPLE TO SHARE
SECRETS WITH.
THEY'LL
NEVER
TELL ANYONE,
BECAUSE THEY
AREN'T EVEN LISTENING.



Some faces in the crowd:



I am currently trying to make friends outside of Twitter and Facebook - while still applying the same social media principles. It works like this - every day, I go down the street and tell perfect stranger passers-bys what I had for breakfast, how I feel, what I have done, where I had dinner the night before, what I will be doing today and what I think about almost everything. I give them pictures of my family, my dog and me doing some gardening and spending time in the local library. I also listen to their conversations and tell them I love them. And it works - I already have 3 people following me - 2 police officers and a psychiatrist.



And while the troops wined, they also dined, the Club brought around trays of the usual, which when mixed with a beer/wine or six, go down rather well.





Glen Walton, Barry Kirwin, Alan "Mordy" Moorcroft, Mick Holt.



Jeannette Kiergaard, John McCormack.

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Lalee Jagiello, Ken "Swampy" Marsh, Shirley Watson.



Wendy Turnbull

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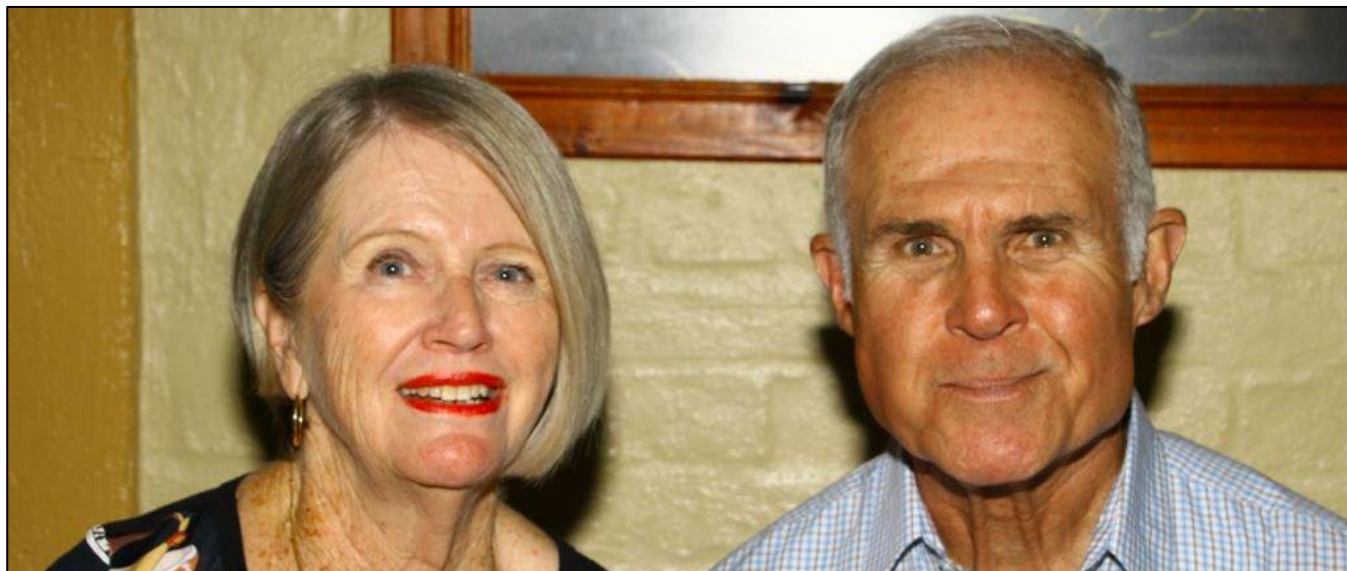
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Glen Walton, Reie Highfield, Lance Highfield, Gary Hagan.



Lisa Williams, Trev Benneworth.....I love this job!!!



Mal Dicker, Con Chatham.



Marg and Ian Greenacre.

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Margaret and Jack Khan.



Roy Green, Col "Limpy" Mallett, Ray "RG" Thomson.

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Lisa Williams – sprung, with her toys...

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Mick Lawson, Sylvia Hodges, Kerry "Kero" Harrington.



Peta Brough, "Aunty" Joy McPherson, Carolyn Wilson.



Ros Smith, Jenny Bell, Betty Yardley.



Standing: Sue Ansford, Margaret Holmes, Shelly Mathers, Joy McPherson.
Seated: Annamarie and Kev Donahue.

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Standing: Shelley Mathers, Diane Kelly.

Seated: Jane Keenan, Gary Francis, Mick Conyard.



Sign at a pub near you!!

Some group photos.

Commsops.



Sorry, far too many to name!!

Sigsops.



Mick Cook, Roy Green, Martin Lunn, Bernie Culey, Ron Bellert, Col Mellett, Jeff Wessels.



Telegs.



Back: Gavin Smith, Wayne Dalmeida, Noel Harigan, Don't know, Mark Brown, Ken "Swampy" Marsh, Ken Perkins, Howard "Bull" Donald (Standing).

Middle: Brian Webb, John Cridland.

Front: Des Williams, Lance Highfield, Glen Walton, "RG" Thompson, Mick Holt, Geoff Wessells, Alyn Hawkes.



Switchies.

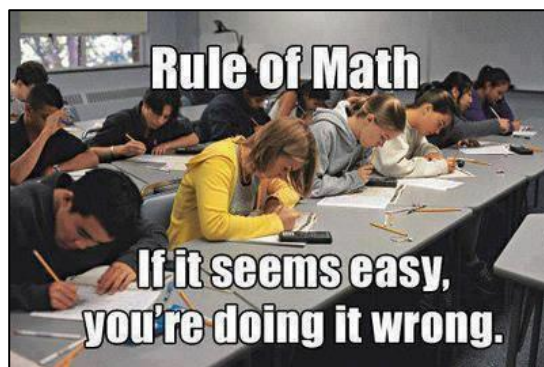
There weren't a lot of Switchies at the reunion, only the lovely Catherine Coffee.



Telstechs



Standing: Graham Saunders, Dave Weston, Frank Hodges, Eddy Collas.
Seated: Dennis Greig, Mick Lawson, Mark Wilson, Trevor Horne, Ron Faulkner.





Tprinops.



Back Row: Trevor Wood, Jeannette, Frank Brown, Sylvia Hodges.

Middle Row: Barb Watson, Christine Senior, Carolyn Wilson, Wendy Matherson, Diane Hoopert (standing)

Front Row: Robyn Russell, Lalee Jagiello, Mal Dicker, Deb Tape, Shirley Watson.

They say that Trev had a smile on his face the whole time he was in the RAAF - and well he might!!!.

Radtechs.

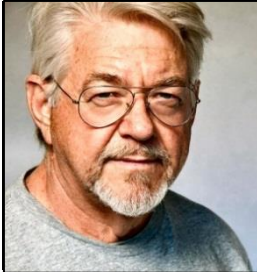


Joe Barlow, Jack Khan, Ron Russell, Mick Roberts.

At about 5.30, the President invited everyone to move up stairs for dinner and judging by the number of stayers, it was obviously clear that everyone had a great afternoon and all were looking forward to May 2016 when they could do it all again.



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It's Elementary.

Anthony Element

The Dummy's Guide to Gardening

Let me say at the outset that I love gardens. It's just when they add the "ing" on the end that I lose interest.

This has been a source of some contention in our marriage. Marie likes gardening, while I would happily live in a high rise apartment on the principle that we'd be swapping a garden for a view, and the view requires no effort on my part. We compromised by buying a townhouse, which has a garden the size of a few postage stamps; it's a compromise that, in truth, probably satisfies neither of us. It's not a real garden for Marie, but still requires a minimum amount of effort from me.



And being the lazy sod that I am, well, enough said.

On such compromises marriages are built... Have I mentioned before that Marie is an exceptionally tolerant person? (If you know me, then, of course, this will come as no surprise.) As I reach an age where working in the garden is more or less expected of me, I suspect this makes me a bit of failure with everyone, kids, wife and neighbours. The problem is that I've never enjoyed doing any activity that I know I'm going to have to do again real soon.

Which, by the by, explains why I'm equally not crazy about a bunch of other ways of spending my time, like washing clothes, vacuuming the floor and doing the dishes, but that's another story entirely.

Can we all say, "Amah" boys and girls?

Same applies to doing repairs around the house.

Actually, Marie and I have a good division of labour when it comes to home maintenance; she identifies problems and I think about them. One of the things I'll never understand about those of the female persuasion is that they ask us men to do something and then six months later nag us about it. Look, I said I'd do it.

Getting back to gardening, aside from the fact that you get dirty doing it, everything takes place about a metre too low. I'm simply not built to do my best work at the level of the soles of my feet. And I'm approaching an age where bending over needs a certain amount of preplanning. Also I pretty much refuse to do anything that requires me to spend time on my knees. Of course, if my arms were a metre longer...



And here's another thing about a garden. A gardener spends a tiny amount of time actually planting, and then the rest of his or her gardening time is spent cutting, trimming picking or pulling stuff out by the roots. Most of what a gardener does is downright destructive. So what's that about? It all adds up to hard work.

Now I know what they say, hard work never hurt anyone, but, well, I just don't want to take any chances. If you want to know the really worst thing about gardening, it's lawns; humanity's single most illogical invention. You spend a bucket load on stuff to make the damned thing grow, and then you have to cut it, and find a way to get rid of the clippings. Where's the sense in that?

Back when we had a married quarter, we had a front yard, which in turn had a pale imitation of a lawn. It wasn't green enough to actually be a lawn. So I had to get a mower. I bought one of those things that had no wheels and you plugged it in and dragged a cord behind you. I think it was called a flymo. Which was a complete rip off. It didn't fly. And it sure as hell didn't mow.

But that said, I really do enjoy being in a garden.

On various trips to the UK, we've visited several stately homes, (all run by the National Trust, because the original owners could no longer afford them.) These homes are dotted all over the place and many have superb gardens. They make you realize what a helluva good life it must have been if you were rich and living in the UK during the 19th Century. But then,





I have this theory that it'd be a helluva good life if you were rich and living pretty much anywhere, anywhen.

But I digress... (I know, that's a cliché. I often wonder though, who it is that makes up clichés.)

I discovered that many of these gardens were designed back in the 18th Century by a fellow named Capability Brown. My immediate reaction to that gem was that his parents deserved a good slap upside of the head for naming their son 'Capability'. I later discovered that they didn't. They actually named him Lancelot, which, now I come to think of it, is nearly as bad.



View from the Front of Harewood House.

Anyway, ole' Capability designed more than a hundred and seventy gardens, many of which still exist today. One of the best examples of his work is Harewood House near Leeds, West Yorkshire. While some might say that the front yard is a tad over the top

As you can see, Capability didn't do flower beds or vegetables, he shaped entire landscapes. The lake and its surrounding area were actually constructed on what originally was a small creek. Closer to home, most days, we go for our morning walk through Southbank here in Brisbane and for me it never loses its magic. The beautiful bougainvillea walkway, fountains, a lake with a beach, a tropical garden, a Nepalese temple, all within view of the CBD and the river, and built where, before the 1988 expo, there was nothing but old factories and warehouses.



The back yard, is magbloodynificent.

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Aerial view of Southbank.

To show just what a difference a decent landscape gardener can make, here's what Southbank looked like some years before the 1988 Expo.



One of the things I enjoy most about walking through Southbank is seeing all these council workers toiling away. And I'm not one of them. It warms my heart just thinking about it.

Yes, I think there's nothing more perfect than being in a garden that somebody else has to look after.

Malaysia Airlines Flight 370 (MH370).



It's been more than 12 months now – and we still don't know what happened!!

On Saturday March 18, Malaysia Airlines flight 370 took off from Kuala Lumpur heading to Beijing. No one knows the fate of the aircraft and the 239 people (227 passengers and 12 crew) on board or what actually happened; but Inmarsat came to the spotlight by providing vital information for the search.



(Inmarsat, the Mobile Satellite Service (MSS) operator, was in the eye of a global media storm as it became a pivotal player in the search for the aircraft. Their satellites and technology played a key role in trying to locate where the aircraft may have ended up.)

The search to find out what happened to the MH370 flight began in earnest. As days ticked on by, it became apparent there would be no happy ending and that those on board were lost. However, with the families of those involved wanting closure and the international community wanting explanations, there has been a huge intensity to the search, which so far has yielded no physical evidence. Inmarsat was in the eye of the storm and became a key contributor in the international search for the missing aircraft – a search which has become one of the biggest global hunts of recent times.

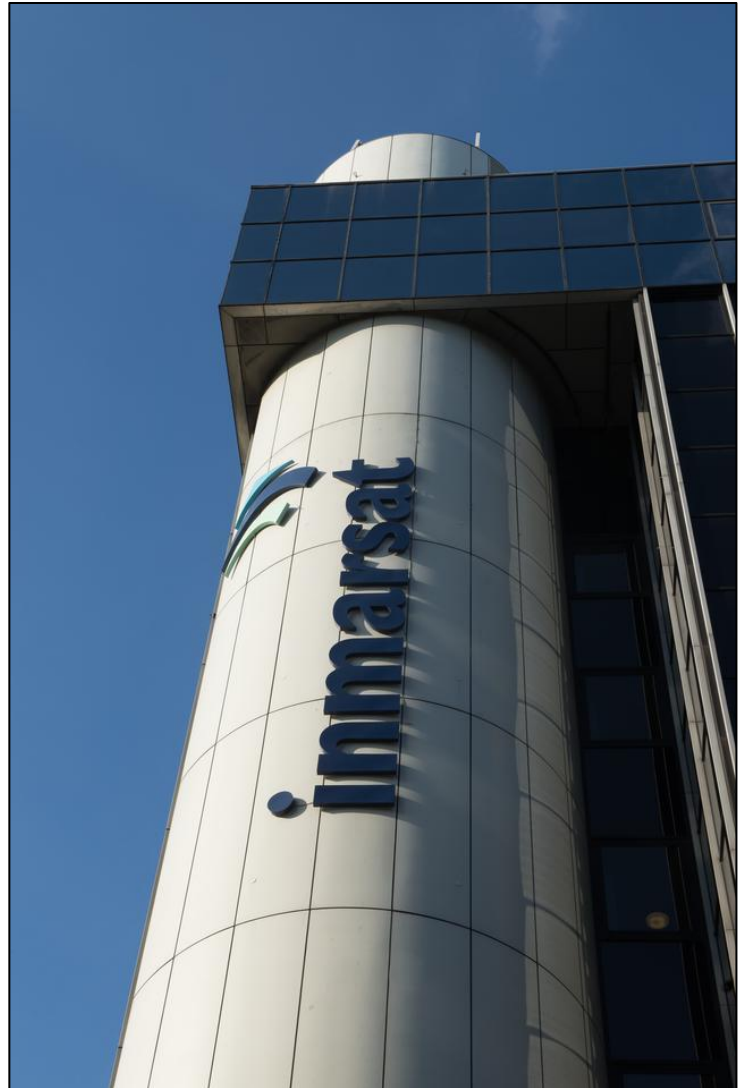
Initial press reports suggested that the aircraft might have gone down in the South China Sea, but thanks to satellite technology, authorities turned to the southern part of the Indian Ocean, west of Australia. It is here that the international search for the aircraft continues to this day. It was due to technology improvements and upgrades to its ground network — which Inmarsat undertook in 2013 — that sufficient data from MH370 was available to guide the international search team; a few numbers could make a huge difference.

If it wasn't for the data supplied by immarsat, the search area would be 100 million square kilometers,

During the week immediately following the disappearance of MH370, Immarsat started to examine the information in its logs that it believed could prove useful. The company was quick to engage with the investigators and to explain what this data was saying about the likely flight path. At the peak of the search, Inmarsat received 3,000 media requests in four days, an unheard of amount for a satellite operator and the media scrum that materialized outside Inmarsat's headquarters in Old Street, London in late March, showed the hunger for information related to MH370.

Inmarsat headquarters in London.

They had engineering logs from their Perth ground station relating to the missing plane. These told that the Inmarsat terminal on-board the flight had continued to operate for many hours after the contact was lost when the aircraft left Malaysian airspace. The fact that this data was available was thanks to additional storage capacity Inmarsat had incorporated during its ground network upgrade in 2013. This, in turn, was a direct result of the company's involvement in the search for Air France 447 flight in 2009, where 229 people lost their lives. While Inmarsat was not directly involved in this investigation, the company took steps to store more data fields with the thought that this information could prove valuable in the future.



To put into context how important these numbers are, the area being searched for MH370 is 60,000 square kilometers. Without the data, the search area could be, in theory, 100 million square kilometers. While this does not necessarily mean that physical evidence for the fate of MH370 will be found, it certainly narrows the odds.



The available data points to a location in the Southern Indian Ocean. The analysis techniques have been refined and extensively validated and the search area is determined by the region of the highest probability. The work of the investigation team has been to determine this probability distribution in order to optimize the search effort, however, it cannot provide an 'X marks the spot' type of solution.

In those crucial first days after March 18, Inmarsat realized it had some really important information. Its engineers had seen something that had deserved investigation and decided to take a much closer look. In the next couple of days they were able to connect some of the dots and apply a "bootstrapping" approach to the data and came up with the northern and southern routes. What was critical about Inmarsat's information was that it countered the general view of where the aircraft might actually be and that, in fact, MH370 had been flying a lot longer than people had initially thought.

It is common sense to begin a search from the position of the last confirmed contact. The data from the terminal they had was indicating that the aircraft was flying far longer than originally realized and that its flight path was far removed from the initial search area. In such circumstances, you go into a mode where you try and ignore what is going on externally and just focus on examining and analyzing the data. If you look at what was going on externally, you have the potential to be somewhat blinded by it and be a rabbit in headlights.

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Inmarsat were very focused, ensuring that their data was correct and there was a lot of double and triple checking at the time however, the technology has certain limits. Although a region can be defined, it doesn't provide a GPS-like position.



Now, more than 12 months have passed and the mystery of what happened to Malaysia Airlines flight 370 remains unsolved — and there is a chance it may never be solved. The underwater search continues and there is a feeling of “cautious optimism” that the plane will be found. The world of aviation communication is going to change over the next 10 years; we will see far more communication throughout the aircraft for both crew and passengers. Most wide-body aircraft already carry an Inmarsat terminal and suggestions have been made to the industry on how to enhance reporting functions.

While helping with the ongoing investigation and hoping for a satisfactory outcome, Inmarsat's work, in many ways, is done. If MH370 is ever found, a few satellite engineers who go about their daily jobs with precision and daily excellence will have played a key role. Working long hours and overcoming the loss of a key team member, they worked to help provide answers from the data.

9/11 – 2001.

The following is an amazing story from a flight attendant on Delta Flight 15, written following 9-11:



On the morning of Tuesday, the 11th September 2001, we were about 5 hours out of Frankfurt, flying over the North Atlantic....

All of a sudden the curtains parted and I was told to go to the cockpit, immediately, to see the captain. As soon as I got there I noticed that the crew had that "All Business" look on their faces. The captain handed me a printed message. It was from Delta's main office in Atlanta and simply read, "All airways over the Continental United States are closed to commercial air traffic. Land ASAP at the nearest airport. Advise your destination."

No one said a word about what this could mean. We knew it was a serious situation and we needed to find terra firma quickly. The captain determined that the nearest airport was 400 miles behind us in Gander, New Foundland.

He requested approval for a route change from the Canadian traffic controller and approval was granted immediately -- no questions asked. We found out later, of course, why there was no hesitation in approving our request.

While the flight crew prepared the aircraft for landing, another message arrived from Atlanta telling us about some terrorist activity in the New York area. A few minutes later word came in about the hijackings.



We decided to LIE to the passengers while we were still in the air. We told them the plane had a simple instrument problem and that we needed to land at the nearest airport in Gander, New Foundland, to have it checked out.

We promised to give more information after landing in Gander...

There was much grumbling among the passengers, but that's nothing new! Forty minutes later, we landed in Gander. Local time at Gander was 12:30 PM! There were already about 20 other aircraft on the ground from all over the world that had taken this detour on their way to the U.S.

After we parked on the ramp, the captain made the following announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, you must be wondering if all these aircraft around us have the same instrument problem as we have. The reality is that we are here for another reason." Then he went on to explain the little bit we knew about the situation in the U.S. There were loud gasps and stares of disbelief. The captain informed passengers that Ground control in Gander told us to stay put.

The Canadian Government was in charge of our situation and no one was allowed to get off the aircraft and no one on the ground was allowed to come near any of the aircraft. Only airport police would come around periodically, look us over and go on to the next aircraft. In the next hour or so more planes landed and Gander ended up with 53 aircraft from all over the world, 27 of which were U.S. commercial jets.



Meanwhile, bits of news started to come in over the aircraft radio and for the first time we learned that aircraft were flown into the World Trade Centre in New York and into the Pentagon in DC. People were trying to use their cell phones, but were unable to connect due to a different cell system in Canada. Some did get through, but were only able to get to the Canadian operator who would tell them that the lines to the U.S. were either blocked or jammed.

Sometime in the evening the news filtered to us that the World Trade Centre buildings had collapsed and that a fourth hijacking had resulted in a crash. By now the passengers were emotionally and physically exhausted, not to mention frightened, but everyone stayed amazingly calm. We had only to look out the window at the 52 other stranded aircraft to realize that we were not the only ones in this predicament.



We had been told earlier that they would be allowing people off the planes one plane at a time. At 6 PM, (about 6 hours after we landed) Gander airport told us that our turn to deplane would be 11 am the next morning. Passengers were not happy, but they simply resigned themselves to this news without much noise and started to prepare themselves to spend the night on the aircraft.

Gander had promised us medical attention, if needed, water, and lavatory servicing. And they were true to their word. Fortunately we had no medical situations to worry about. We did have a young lady who was 33 weeks into her pregnancy. We took REALLY good care of her. The night passed without incident despite the uncomfortable sleeping arrangements.

About 10:30 on the morning of the 12th a convoy of school buses showed up. We got off the plane and were taken to the terminal where we went through Immigration and Customs and then had to register with the Red Cross.

After that we (the crew) were separated from the passengers and were taken in vans to a small hotel. We had no idea where our passengers were going. We learned from the Red Cross that the town of Gander has a population of 10,400 people and they had about 10,500 passengers to take care of from all the aircraft that were forced into Gander ! We were told to just relax at the hotel and we would be contacted when the U.S. airports opened again, but not to expect that call for a while.



We found out the total scope of the terror back home only after getting to our hotel and turning on the TV, 24 hours after it all started.

Meanwhile, we had lots of time on our hands and found that the people of Gander were extremely friendly. They started calling us the "plane people." We enjoyed their hospitality, explored the town of Gander and ended up having a pretty good time.

Two days later, we got that call and were taken back to the Gander airport. Back on the plane, we were reunited with the passengers and found out what they had been doing for the past two days. What we found out was incredible.

Gander and all the surrounding communities (within about a 75 kilometre radius) had closed all high schools, meeting halls, lodges, and any other large gathering places. They converted all these facilities to mass lodging areas for all the stranded travellers. Some had cots set up, some had mats with sleeping bags and pillows set up.

ALL the high school students were required to volunteer their time to take care of the "guests." Our 218 passengers ended up in a town called Lewisporte, about 45 kilometres from Gander where they were put up in a high school. If any women wanted to be in a women-only facility,



that was arranged. Families were kept together. All the elderly passengers were taken to private homes.

Remember that young pregnant lady? She was put up in a private home right across the street from a 24-hour Urgent Care facility. There was a dentist on call and both male and female nurses remained with the crowd for the duration.

Phone calls and e-mails to the U.S. and around the world were available to everyone once a day. During the day, passengers were offered "Excursion" trips. Some people went on boat cruises of the lakes and harbors. Some went for hikes in the local forests. Local bakeries stayed open to make fresh bread for the guests.

Food was prepared by all the residents and brought to the schools. People were driven to restaurants of their choice and offered wonderful meals. Everyone was given tokens for local laundry mats to wash their clothes, since luggage was still on the aircraft. In other words, every single need was met for those stranded travellers.



Passengers were crying while telling us these stories. Finally, when they were told that U.S. airports had reopened, they were delivered to the airport right on time and without a single passenger missing or late. The local Red Cross had all the information about the whereabouts of each and every passenger and knew which plane they needed to be on and when all the planes were leaving. They coordinated everything beautifully.

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It was absolutely incredible.

When passengers came on board, it was like they had been on a cruise. Everyone knew each other by name. They were swapping stories of their stay, impressing each other with who had the better time. Our flight back to Atlanta looked like a chartered party flight. The crew just stayed out of their way. It was mind-boggling.



Passengers had totally bonded and were calling each other by their first names, exchanging phone numbers, addresses, and email addresses.

And then a very unusual thing happened.

One of our passengers approached me and asked if he could make an announcement over the PA system. We never, ever allow that. But this time was different. I said "of course" and handed him the mike. He picked up the PA and reminded everyone about what they had just gone through in the last few days. He reminded them of the hospitality they had received at the hands of total strangers. He continued by saying that he would like to do something in return for the good folks of Lewisporte.

He said he was going to set up a Trust Fund under the name of DELTA 15 (our flight number). The purpose of the trust fund is to provide college scholarships for the high school students of Lewisporte. He asked for donations of any amount from his fellow travellers. When the paper with donations got back to us with the amounts, names, phone numbers and addresses, the total was for more than \$14,000!

The gentleman, a MD from Virginia, promised to match the donations and to start the administrative work on the scholarship. He also said that he would forward this proposal to Delta Corporate and ask them to donate as well. As I write this account, the trust fund is at more than \$1.5 million and has assisted 134 students in college education.

In spite of all the rotten things we see going on in today's world this story confirms that there are still a lot of good people in the world and when things get bad, they will come forward.

ANZAC Day, 2015 Brisbane.

Anzac Day – 25 April – is arguably Australia's most important national day. It marks the anniversary of the first major military action fought by Australian and New Zealand forces during the First World War.

On the 10th January 1916, the Brisbane Anzac Day Commemoration Committee was formed as a citizen's committee by a mass meeting of people and was appointed to make arrangements for, and carry out, the celebration of Anzac Day as a gift of the people to commemorate the fallen, remember the wounded and recognise the courage of Australia's servicemen. The Brisbane Anzac Day Parade, together with dawn vigils, memorial services and veterans reunions have been continuously commemorated by the Citizens of Brisbane ever since.

The Brisbane Anzac Day Parade has always been run by the Citizens of Brisbane with help from the Returned and Services League of Australia (RSL) and the South Eastern District of the RSL has provided the Secretariat for the Committee continuously since 1928.

While the Brisbane Anzac Day Parade was initially a commemoration of the sacrifice of WWI veterans and then WWII veterans, in keeping with the changing focus of Anzac Day nationally, it is today a commemoration of the sacrifices of those who have 'defended' our Australian way of life in all conflicts and military commitments by Australian Forces since WWI.



The organisers of Brisbane's Anzac Day parade have defended their decision to ban descendants of veterans marching alongside the diggers as necessary for the elderly veterans' well-being and health. Under strict policy introduced by the Committee, descendants of veterans will not be allowed to march alongside surviving ex-servicemen, behind each unit banner, as is previous years. The move has been heavily criticised by ex-servicemen, who were appalled at the prospect of having to march without their grandchildren at their side, but the Committee's Chief Marshall, Les Lupuljev, who has co-ordinated the march in Brisbane for the past 23 years, said elderly diggers could not endure waiting in the sun waiting for more than an hour while the large contingent of descendants of veterans proceeded before them. "At the end of the day it is the veterans' day."

"We agree, however, if the committee is concerned that older Veterans have to stand in Brisbane's warm sunshine for an hour or so, why do they allow so many serving members into the parade. The poor old Navy were last off the rank in April and their wait would have been in



excess of 2 hours. It seemed to us that every Army bloke and bloquette from Gallipoli Barracks marched and while the Army are masters at Parades and always put on a marvellous show, the time it took for them all to offer the salute was far in excess of the older men and women's comfort zone, perhaps the committee could look at that next year" – tb

As is the norm in Brisbane these days, a huge crowd of people manned the streets for hours on end, they stood and clapped and cheered and held up banners while the Vets and ADF members filed by. There were elderly people, middle aged, young families with their kids, teen ages, young couples, people of all ages, backgrounds and ethnicity – a wonderful, peaceful, welcoming crowd of people, it was a wonderful sight and it instils a huge sense of pride in those that march.

It's also a big day for a lot of other people, not only for the Vets and ADF members. The number of support people who willingly give of their time is staggering. There are numerous marshals, musicians, medics, people who spend hours cleaning and then providing their own vehicles to transport invalided vets who are unable to walk, people to erect and then pull down barriers, tents, marquees, people who provide wheel chairs, water, shade, all good motivated people.



One such group that give of their time to provide the music for those that march are these wonderful ladies from the Redland Ladies Drum Corps (above).



The Redland Ladies Drum Corps, which is based in Redlands City, south of Brisbane, is unique in that it is believed to be the only all-ladies Drum Corps in Australia. They were formed in April 1987 and following their first public appearance at the Redlands Strawberry Festival parade in September of '87, the band has been much sought after by regional centres throughout south-east Queensland and northern New South Wales. Such functions include the Stanthorpe Apple and Grape Festival, the Tweed Valley Banana Festival, the Lismore Lantern Parade and the Toowoomba Carnival of Flowers.

Each year, the Ladies Drum Corps participates in [Brisbane's Anzac Day Parade](#) and for many years has been the dedicated band for the Ex-Service Women's Association of Queensland.



As well as marching in parades, the Redland Ladies Drum Corps performs drumming marching displays for special events both within and outside the Redlands as part of its service to the community. These performances are designed to entertain in limited outdoor spaces. A drum band is purely a marching band and cannot stand or sit to play, therefore, the ladies perform displays (playing drums whilst marching in various diagrammatic patterns). The lively combination of drumming, with movement and colour is what gives these displays interest and appeal to an audience.

Ladies of the Drum Corps are very proud and strongly committed to their unique band and are wonderful ambassadors for the Redlands everywhere they go. They practice every Wednesday night in the carpark of the North Stradbroke Ferry Terminal and any female aged from 13 to 70 is welcome to join. Cost is \$25 every 3 months which covers uniforms and drums. If you're interested and you don't have to know how to bash a drum, they'll teach you that, call the Secretary, Ms Jenny Hall, on 07 3206 4765.

People participating in the March started to gather in the streets early on the Saturday morning, with the march expected to head off at 9.30am. One such participant was Tom Sheridan.

Tom, who was born in 1922, joined the RAAF in April 1940, and as today was the 75th anniversary of his enlistment he wasn't going to let a little thing like being 93 years old stop him from marching under his old Squadron banner. He was supported by his family David and Kate Barrow. Tom was an air gunner with 10 Squadron during the war and spent many an hour strapped into one of the RAAF Sunderlands. He was discharged, with the rank of Sergeant, in Sept 1945 at the end of the war.

10 Sqn was the first non-British Squadron to go into action in World War II. Its main tasks included convoy escorts, anti-submarine patrols and air-sea rescue work and in July 1940, it sank its first enemy submarine. Operations continued into 1942 and 1943 with occasional

attacks against U-Boats and regular encounters with German fighter aircraft and as a result of armament modifications carried out by 10 Sqn personnel, including the addition of galley hatch and wing-mounted machine guns, the Sunderlands came to be regarded as 'flying porcupines' by German aircrew.

In the month of February in 1944, 10 Sqn accomplished a Coastal Command record by flying over 1100 hours, this remarkable effort was only achieved through the dedicated efforts of the air and ground crews. Anti-submarine patrols continued throughout 1944 and by the end of hostilities, 10 Sqn had destroyed six submarines and became the only RAAF squadron to see continuous active service throughout the war.



Tom Sheridan (centre) with David and Kate Barrow.

Also on the road bright and early and keen to get going were 4 ex-Navy communicators, holding up their banner and waiting for the troops to form up.

It was during 1913 that the first Naval wireless station in Australia was established, when a wireless mast and station were erected at Williamstown Naval Depot (then called HMAS CERBERUS) on the site of the present Williamstown (Vic) dockyard. The RAN Signals School was formally established at this time and the Royal Navy provided the school's first instructors with the training system being based on the RN's own system with two streams of personnel, Telegraphists and Signallers. From the first class of eight men the branch has grown over the intervening years to become the present day Communications and Information Systems (CIS) Branch.



L-R: Daryl Dickerson, Wayne Roots, Glenn Hansen, Neville Kruck.

The Signals School was the first school established at the new Flinders Naval Base and it opened in late 1920 with the arrival of the first contingent of Naval personnel from Williamstown. The original building remained until the early 1990's when it was demolished to



make way for a new purpose built building housing all the school's requirements. In those early days, the Signal School, in addition to its training role in Wireless Telegraphy and Semaphore, was also responsible for operation of the Transmitting and Receiving Stations.

The station conducted the first direct "fixed service" Morse code transmission in 1920/21 to the United Kingdom thereby linking the Australian Commonwealth Naval Board with the Admiralty in London. The wireless station remained operational as a broadcast station and link with overseas authorities until the outbreak of World War II in 1939, when it was moved to HMAS HARMAN in Canberra. The radio mast erected in 1919 for the Wireless Station survived until 1970 when it was demolished.



Prior to the commencement of World War II, Telegraphists were responsible for the maintenance of their own equipment as well as its operation and they were trained at the Signal School in the necessary techniques to ensure that their equipment was kept serviceable. With the pressure of signal traffic, especially in shore wireless stations, generated by the war, Telegraphists didn't have the time to operate and maintain their equipment and the maintenance task passed to the embryo Electrical Branch. University and College trained Officers and Sailors were recruited for this task and carried out their initial training at the Signal School with some later moving off to form the nucleus of the Weapons Electrical Engineering Branch.

The next quantum leap occurred around 1956 when Automatic Telegraphy was introduced into ships and establishments around the country thus leading to the subsequent introduction of new equipment and training techniques. The period between 1996 and mid 1999 saw a number of changes to the training program, aural Morse code ceased being taught in January 1996; the last Basic Radio Operator course completed in September of 1997 and the last Basic Signalman course completed in February 1998.

1998/99 also saw the emergence of a proposal under the Defence Efficiency Review to amalgamate the single service CIS training into one ADF CIS School based at [Simpson](#)

[Barracks](#) in Melbourne. In 1999 the RAAF CIS training school relocated to Simpson Barracks with the Navy following in late 2004.

Also up early and all scrubbed and decked out in his finest and ready to march with the troops was honorary Radtech, Pete DeJonge. Even though he's well past his prime, with his better days now well behind him, he can still spot a pretty face in the crowd and he insisted on having his photo taken with these lovely ladies from the medical branch at Amberley.



L-R: Jodie Walsh, Helen Webb, Pete DeJonge, Karen Gladysz – with John Sambrooks, (the people's champion) wishing he was in there too.

The WRAAF's numbers were down a little on previous years, though their welcome presence always brightens up a dull old "all-boys" situation.



The Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force (WAAAF) was formed in March 1941 after considerable lobbying by women keen to serve and by the Chief of the Air Staff who wanted to release male personnel serving in Australia for service overseas. The WAAAF was the largest of the Second World War women's services and was disbanded in December 1947. A new Australian women's air force was formed in July 1950 and in November became the Women's Royal Australian Air Force (WRAAF). The WRAAF and the RAAFNS integrated into the RAAF in 1977 and the WRAAF was disbanded in the early 1980s. Australia's first female air force pilots graduated in 1988 and today there are few jobs within the RAAF barred to women.



The only reason they say 'Women and children first' is to test the strength of the lifeboats.

Two old Group 7 mates – the short and the tall.



L-R: Trev Benneworth, Rob Meyer.

Then finally, after much standing around, hearing the same old recycled wares heard many times before, having savoured the odd refreshing drink or two, made the odd comfort trip to the adjoining club and then jostled for position in the ranks; the senior squadron, led by John Griffiths, formed up and marched off, all in step and showed the crowd what a well-oiled military drill-machine can really do.



The Brisbane ANZAC Day Parade Committee welcomes and encourages older veterans to participate in the Parade and they are normally encouraged to march with their unit associations if they are physically capable, (if necessary they may be accompanied by a competent carer), if, however, they are incapable of marching, suitable transport can be provided in the form of WW2 period jeeps and/or golf buggies.

All that is required is to contact the Committee a week or so prior to the Parade, submit a request in writing and nominate a "carer" to ride with the veteran. The Committee is very accommodating and every effort will be made to ensure the veteran is catered for.

Jeff Pedrina, who flew the Caribou with 35 Sqn in Vietnam from August 1966 to July 1967 (you can read his story [HERE](#)) and who these days finds it a bit difficult to walk any distance, found the jeep was definitely the way to go. Jeff was accompanied by his two very excited grand-sons and that old stager, John Broughton, who slipped into the role of carer very enthusiastically and kept the young blokes amused all morning with his huge repertoire of tall tales.



L-R: Jeff Pedrina, Aidan Pedrina-O'Connor, John Broughton and Christian Pedrina.



Malvene Dicker (left), who was on [17 Telsop](#) back in 1962 (was it that long ago??), marched with the WRAAF in Brisbane.

Then, after the march was completed, it was time to head for the Port Office Hotel for a thorough and official de-briefing session.

Those who were at the Port Office included:

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Allan Pickering, Nola Luyten and Ken Bishof.



Colleen Moylan, John Versluis, Frank Moylan.



David Davis and Jade Anson.



Elana, Jenny and Michael Quinn.

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Eric Charlier and Sarah Cook.



Bill and Nola Luyten.

Some pretty faces in the crowd.



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Jack Lynch, John and Suzette Armstrong.



Jennifer McDonald (1 Sqn), Trev Benneworth and John Broughton.



Lauren Penny, Megan Short, Megan Walsh.

A proud mum with her daughter.



Kirsty Biltsan and Dianne Pickering.

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Max Jenkins, Sandra Sanderson, Peter Gleeson, Marty Sanderson.



Rob Meyer, Sue Trimmer.

AND!!! Caught in the act!!

Many say that Sambo, the People's Champion, rarely puts his hand in his pocket, but we can dispute that now, here, caught and stored on a digital device for all eternity, we can show Sambo shouting a pint sized beer for a completely stunned Keith Kinch.

At first you could have heard a pin drop, such was the surprise from those who witnessed this momentous but rarely seen event, followed almost immediately by a thunderous roar of "Woop Woop" after which they all stood, charged their glasses and with hand on heart burst into a spontaneous rendition of "God save the Queen" sung at the top of their lungs – such was the occasion!!

You really had to be there!!!



The best cure for sea sickness, is to sit under a tree.

The Caribou Mascot.



Jeff Pedrina with the "new" mascot.



The old Caribou mascot, that was presented to 38 Sqn all those years ago, has been on one or two too many Duty Crews and has finally reached the end of its serviceable life. It's been white tagged and put out to board of survey.

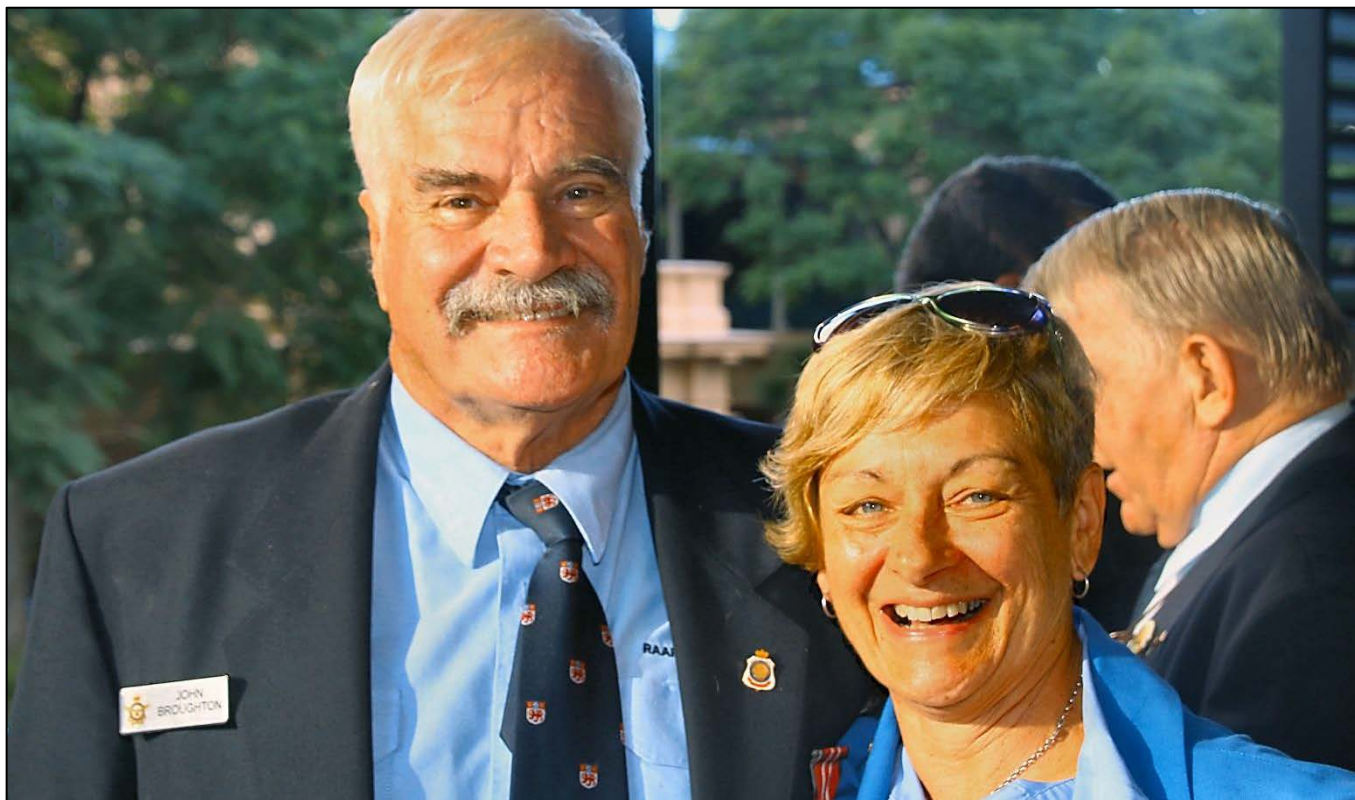
A new mascot was sourced and is now residing pride of place at the home of the Secretary Treasurer RTFV-35 Sqn and is available for RTFV, 35 Sqn and 38 Sqn get togethers.



The old "Caribou" was presented to 38 Sqn as a gift back in 1964.

We asked Ron if he could remember the occasion and he said: "I sure can, the pic was taken outside the 38 Sqn hangar at Richmond, just after I got back with the chaps from Canada on the second Caribou delivery. Trevor Fairburn and Noel Bellamy were actually on the first pickup.

Chris Sugden accepted the Caribou head back at [DHC Downsview](#) before we left Canada and it came back to Oz in his aircraft on the second delivery flight which was skippered by Chris, Bernie Parker and me."



John Broughton and Dianne Pickering.



L-R: Rod "Neddy" Nedwich, Michelle Woodbock (Marketing, Port Office Hotel) and Bill DeBoer, banner carrier extraordinaire.



L-R: Scott and Joanne O'Donnell, Margaret, Catherine and Peter Flynn.
Peter was a Framie with 9 Sqn in Vung Tau from Jan 1970 to Jan 1971.



Wally Jolley and John Donohue.
Wal (Eleco) and John (Clock-winder) were in Vung Tau together from Sept 1971 to Feb 1972



35 Sqn blokes.



Lawyers believe a man is innocent until proven broke.

LIKE BERT HINKLER

By Ron Raymond
An extract from an autobiography.



During March 1964, the second group of crews proceeded to Toronto, Canada to undergo type rating training at the DeHavilland factory before accepting and ferrying a batch of three aircraft to Australia. The three captains were Squadron Leader Chris Sugden DFC, Flight Lieutenant Bernie Parker and me.

I enjoyed my time at DeHavilland Canada. We had been crewed up before leaving Richmond: John as my co-pilot, 'Red' assigned to navigate and two fitters, Corporal Robinson and LAC Richards both of whom were to serve with me later. We were tasked to ferry Caribou A4-164 back to Richmond – but first we had to complete a type rating under the auspices of the plane maker. To this end we enjoyed a leisurely few weeks in Toronto, leisurely to the point of mildly boring while we laboured through the aircraft's technicalities as presented by an engineer who seemed surprisingly ill informed concerning the machine's systems:



'Yes, we understand the pressure side of the circuit – but where is the hydraulic return flow?' 'Ah...' Long pause... 'Ah, the oil is dumped overboard,' the man suggested followed by a further long pause – in fact a very long pause.

'Thank you, it just seems rather unusual, that's all.'

'Yes I suppose it does. OK then, if you are all happy about the hydraulic system we can move onto the flight controls...'

While this particular presenter fluctuated between imprecise and incorrect, the marketing and operational people were competent and helpful in the extreme. Amy Hollingsworth, our flight instructor, displayed patience, tact and common sense worthy of a medal. I was saddened to hear of his death while scud running a year or two later when he hit a radio mast attempting to land in marginal conditions during an industrial dispute that closed the airways system. Then there was Suzy – everybody fell in love with Suzy as she fussed over our transport, accommodation, meals, mail and travel, all the while ignoring those who fell under her spell or were overheard giving ribald vent to an opinion of the Canadian weather and Toronto traffic.



Not that the weather or traffic was all that bad for, loaded with North American allowances and rugged up to a point where I could barely fit in the thing, I hired an MGB, folded the top back, and headed south to see the Niagara Falls and assorted Ontario sights during early Spring. The adventure delighted me such that I retained the car longer than good sense and finances warranted. Nevertheless it proved an enjoyable interlude - despite arriving at Niagara to find the falls a frozen mass of ice relieved by miniscule streams rather than the water I had visualised cascading over the escarpment.



It was interesting driving the MG around the city. The vehicle instantly established an accord with fellow sports car enthusiasts who, without exception, waved a greeting as I passed - a custom I have yet to encounter elsewhere, even in our MGF in New Zealand. All of which added to my regard for Canadians, relating their culture to that of the USA in a vein similar to my view of New Zealanders (Kiwis) versus Australians. Unfortunately we were quickly discovered by a group of expatriate Aussies in downtown Toronto: youngsters on their overseas experience who seemed to revel in the chorus from 'Tie Me Kangaroo down Sport' or 'Waltzing Matilda' in a misguided attempt to identify as wild colonial boys. Not that there was any real harm in it at all other than appearing mildly crass rather than unique: a common enough characteristic I find in Caucasian adolescence. Nevertheless the encounter finally irritated me to the point where I mistakenly accepted a lease busting invitation – a unique Toronto custom I had heard of but never experienced.

Put simply, accommodation leases in Toronto were carved in stone - tenants could not exit a lease without the owner's consent so they often resorted to a riotous party in an attempt to be thrown out: the affair I attended proved a masterpiece. By the time I arrived the debacle was running strongly with music at full volume, people jumping off furniture, broken glass in the remains of the kitchen, people drunk, drunks trying to dance, couples snogging in the bedrooms, somebody sick in the only toilet, people throwing beer bottles from the third floor window in an effort to hit a fish pond in the court yard below and a live snapping red Indian to add a unique something to the evening.

As I wasn't experiencing too much pain - or logic for that matter - it seemed appropriate to strike up a conversation with the mountain of a man who had just been introduced to me as a Native America - it went something like this:

"Are you really an Indian?"

"Are you really a limey?"

"I asked you first."

"Are you trying to take the piss out of me limey?"



"No."

"Well what the damn hell are you about then?"

"I just want to know if you are a real Indian."

"What for?"

"I never met a real Indian before."

"Well I am. My lineage predates the Little Big Horn, my mob personally scalped Custer in fact."

"Colonel Custer? You mean the boss of the Seventh Cavalry?"

"We scalped all of them as well."

"Wow, too much information! You must have been brave, braves."

"We did it with one hand tied behind our back."

"Now you're taking the piss out of me."

"I wouldn't think of it, anyway what are you – you from England? You damn sure sound like you are."

"I'm from Australia."

"Austria? You don't sound Austrian."

"A-U-S-T-R-A-L-I-A-N."

"That's a hell of a strange way to spell Austria."

"Ah... I give up. See you later Sitting Bull."

"Don't take it too hard Aussie. Here - have a Bud then you better get out of here before the cops arrive."

"Thanks, isn't Budweiser an American beer?"

"You're damn right it is – the best damn beer in the US of A."

"Even in Canada?"

"Yeah man – even in Canada. I like Canada but I'm an American and if I can't get an American beer, I'm out of here."

"That sounds like a plan," I observed as Sitting Bull handed me a Budweiser which we slugged down in a heartbeat before shaking hands and disappearing along our respective paths through the tapestry of life.



I met up with the crew back at the apartment we rented as an alternative to the pub that Suzy had arranged for us. Red was involved in showing a lady the complexities of our self-averaging hand held sextant. Not that I had much faith in the instrument, I guessed it had been provided as a prop to either afford Red a purpose in life or assure us of his mastery of the black art. I could not see how he would actually 'shoot' a star or planet from beneath the aircraft's wing or even over my shoulder in the cockpit and, if he ever succeeded, how he would correct for the errors inherent in a Perspex canopy. In that regard the Caribou lacked an astrodome calibrated for sextant use and it truly puzzled me how to use it during our flight across the Atlantic. Of course every problem has a solution and this one was solved when the girl knocked the instrument off the table, consigning it to Category 5 operational status – Category 5 being the RAAF designation for a component best described as 'stuffed'.



It was nice to eventually complete our day and night handling checks followed by an uneventful five hour shakedown flight in 164. The flight proceeded from Toronto to overfly Sue St Marie and Niagara as the principal turning points before returning to Toronto. I was relieved to find the Niagara Falls flowing again in all their spectacular glory a spectacle that restored my faith in North America. All that remained was to fly the aeroplane to Australia, a task planned across the Atlantic from Gander, Newfoundland to the Azores, Gibraltar, Malta, El Adem (Tobruk) Aden, Karachi, Calcutta, Butterworth, Djakarta, Den Pasa (Bali) Darwin, Charleville and Richmond, New South Wales – a piece of cake.

Back in the days of pioneering aviation Bert Hinkler, an Australian, flew a similar route from England in a Gipsy Moth, the precursor to a Tiger Moth ...I think we took something like 10 days longer than Hinkler in his little biplane - and he did it without a self-averaging sextant. Of course simplistic as the Caribou was, it had enough systems for things to go wrong and sufficient crew to make the mistakes characteristic of complicated machinery. In deference to this philosophy Red rose to the occasion and applied the local magnetic variation east instead of west on our first sector from Toronto to Gander, a gross error



so close to the magnetic pole and an error we only detected when I commented on the size of the icebergs when I really should have been talking about snow covered mountains – an anomaly that captured Red's immediate attention and inspired me to carry my own map thereafter. In fact the first leg was inauspicious at best for as well as drifting some miles off track, we started leaking hydraulic fluid from the starboard propeller reservoir. This was a serious matter as the Caribou propeller relied on its own source of hydraulic oil and the wrong sort of malfunction in the system could lead to an uncontrollable propeller over speed. In the event I was rather pleased the problem manifested itself over Newfoundland rather than half way across the Atlantic.

As the propeller obviously needed attention we rolled up our sleeves and assisted our flying spanner (engineer) in removing the unit during the onset of a snow shower after we landed. We needed to set the scene pending arrival of spares from Toronto the next day. The job proceeded tolerably well and, covered in grease and glory, we were just about to close up the aeroplane when a Canadian Air Force officer arrived and, acknowledging our desperate circumstances, invited us to clean-up at the local Radar Base and join him for a drink in the Mess where there was a therapeutic and mandatory Screech waiting for us.

Screech is the fire water peculiar to Newfoundland. Its origin is simple enough, take freshly emptied rum barrels, scrape the remaining sediment into a manageable mass and re-ferment it as a brain numbing brew acceptable to the rugged 'Newfy' inhabitants – Screech. Somehow I found the product acceptable, so acceptable I had two more which proved to be another serious mistake that day. The bar of the Gander Officers Mess



contained a unique assortment of memorabilia, a Chinaman's pigtail hanging 'here', the control column from a Constellation that crashed on the airfield mounted 'there' and an assortment of lesser booby trapped artefacts from various prangs to snare the unwary. I idly triggered the Constellation pitch trim button while I watched the barman organising a glass of single malt, a bell rang, lights flashed and a gaggle of thirsty Canadians stormed into the bar looking for the miscreant who had summonsed them for a drink. Fortunately my allowances had been topped up by a grateful nation and I could meet the cost of the general shout ...one thing about the Canadians – they took no prisoners. What then followed was one of the more momentous and hilarious evenings during my time in the Airforce.

Rectification of our rogue propeller took two days after which time we launched into some of the worst weather that common law allows.

We left Gander before dawn on 11 May 1964. The weather looked ominous, the engines singularly noisy and our heads heavy after the hospitality at the RCAF Radar station. Added to all that I never really approved of an ocean vista so early, by night it's OK, mysterious perhaps, even picturesque if there is a full moon a clear sky and the sea state is down, but dawn is something else. I was simply not a dawn person. In Vietnam, we flew to Tan Son Nut airport, Saigon, before first light each day and I disagreed with that as well, a bleary eyed breakfast in the BOQ, the monsoon blowing clouds and stars across the sky, the cautious drive to the airfield through the darkened ville (village) in our asthmatic jeep, alert for people, kids, dogs, chickens and communists (Viet Cong) mesmerised by the lighthouse on Cape St Jacques as it cheerfully blinked the end to another night when I really didn't want the night to end. I just wanted to turn my back on it all and wake in daylight as a sparkling new me ready to tackle Ho Chi Min and General Giap as a matched pair if that was really needed and anybody else for that matter, anybody who disagreed with our grandiose but misguided cause, so long as they disagreed after sunrise.



Not that I was an absolute sloth, rostered on night ops I was happy as a sand piper, I tolerated the tracers, the blinding light of the flares and the smell of war as long as it happened at a gentlemanly hour, how did the song go, the song we sang so innocently at The Point?

*"They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew,
The rumour has it next they'll be dehydrating sex
That's when I'll tell the coach I'm through.
For I'll face the sudden dangers,
The shooting back at strangers, but when I get home late
I want my woman straight...Buster!
I wanted wings till I got the bloody things*



Now I don't want them anymore."

(Apology to Oscar Brand and 'Wild Blue Yonder')

No, first light is first light. It's just not a good time to plan or contemplate anything let alone a heaving, windswept, freezing sub-arctic 1,500 nautical miles of untamed ocean. Still I supposed it had to be done so I set climb power and took the bird up into the overcast. At least the grey clouds and rain swirling by the canopy took my mind off the ugly grey sea raging below, which was a very good thing as the ugly grey sea would rage below us for another ten or eleven hours.

It wasn't all that long before the adventure started to unravel. First, the Newfoundland airports closed behind us as a weather event surged down the east coast of North America. Second we were too far east for the Ocean Weather ship to paint us on radar and too far west of the airways for a land based fix. Third, our sextant was still unserviceable let alone useless in cloud. Fourth, I didn't really know if the weather change had also brought a change to our planned wind - something to affect our estimated position and govern any clever alternative we might consider. In fact the only thing I knew for certain was that we were flying towards the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, but even that became a secondary consideration when our Single Sideband radio began chirping a litany of airport closures down the east coast of the US denying any chance of diverting back to a suitable airfield. All we could do was grit our teeth and hold Red's planned heading: our salvation lay in finding the Ocean Station ship for a fix.



In those days the USN deployed Ocean Weather Stations, ships located in mid-ocean to track aircraft on radar, fix their position, provide weather and sea state details and stand by in an emergency. These vessels were positioned along air routes across the Pacific (specifically San Francisco – Honolulu) and the Atlantic (particularly Gander – Azores) they were an absolute blessing before the days of Omega, GPS and satellite weather data.

We were last in a very loose stream of three aircraft, well behind Chris and Bernie so at least there was no fear of collision. All we could do was hold our compass heading while maintaining our airspeed and altitude and occasionally checking the outside air temperature for any change in the air mass. I handed over the flying to John while I conferred with Red about the likely effect of the unexpected weather: I felt that our Dead Reckoning had a good chance of seeing us within range of the Ocean Station's radar, surely we couldn't be 100 miles or so off track in just five hours of flying (mind you an unexpected 20 knot wind component was a mere zephyr at that latitude). We both fell silent. Neither of us knew the radar capability of an Ocean Station ship apart from the belief that it was probably good. After two hours John declared himself tired, so tired that he needed to rest in the cabin, a development that didn't concern me as I was quite content to fly my aeroplane, even on instruments, the rest of the way. In fact I logged six



hours on the dials out of a total of 11 that day. You will remember that the Caribou had no automatic pilot.

An hour after John retired, Chris called on VHF to check our progress and advise that he had contact with the Ocean Station and that I would be pleasantly surprised when I raised them in person – I felt a sense of relief at the news: I had not realised that I had become a shade tense with the unexpected during the deteriorating situation. When we finally did receive a radar fix



from the Vessel (Ocean Station Delta from memory) Red's DR proved accurate enough to avoid a heading change or ETA amendment so all was forgiven. Who needs a self-averaging sextant anyway?

Other than somewhere to hang our hats for the night, Laijes Field in the Azores failed to inspire although I did not doubt that the islands could provide a pleasant interlude if I ever had an opportunity to spend time there. They certainly had an interesting history and, like Brazil, a culture stemming from old Portugal. In the event we simply completed our post-flight checks, refuelled, and closed the aeroplane before checking into accommodation arranged by Suzy. Chris had become concerned over the possibility of sabotage to the aircraft – holding up my experience with the starboard propeller as an example of the hazards we faced.

Squadron Leader Sugden DFC, Chris, was a person I will never forget - a loyalty also felt by others who served with him in Vietnam. Chris was a complicated person, a passionate man, often critical of his senior pilots while protective of junior officers and the men, a leader who acted quickly, if occasionally impulsively, whom I found brave to a fault, knowledgeable in the ways of the air and far from hesitant concerning professional risk. However while I endorsed just about every action he promoted, I could not agree with his assessment of the propeller failure or his suspicion concerning sabotage. Technical problems happen in the best families and I still see them as the luck of the game rather than covert activity by persons unknown. During our tour in 'Nam I served as Second in Charge to Chris who occasionally displayed this impulsiveness leaving me no option other than ignore his verbal instructions on two occasions. These breaches of protocol ultimately proved correct and he was man enough to accept the changes without comment.

We flew the Gibraltar sector the next day, 12 May, a milk run in clear sky and smooth air all the way to the 'The Rock' which finally rose from the sea beneath a mantle of cap cloud at the end of an eight hour flight. The 14th and 15th proved equally suited to the task of ferrying aeroplanes halfway around the world, although I would have preferred the second rest day in Malta - rather than Gibraltar – and spent time exploring this gallant little island with its collective George Cross and history of survival against fearful odds. In the event we only had one night to visit downtown Valetta, time to purchase one or two souvenirs and then fly a brief three hour thirty minute flight across the Mediterranean to El Adem where we prepared for our longest flight the next day – the sector to Khormaksar, Aden.



I had grown up believing that a desert, and certainly the Sahara, was a dry treeless place, an undulating carpet of sand that became diabolically hot during the day and desperately cold at night, a belief I found only half correct as I tossed and turned, trying to sleep in the stifling heat of an ancient Nissan hut the night before we were due to leave for Aden. Our original plan included refuelling at Khartoum before continuing on however the politics of the region dictated a diversion around Egyptian air space via its most south western point (Nasser's



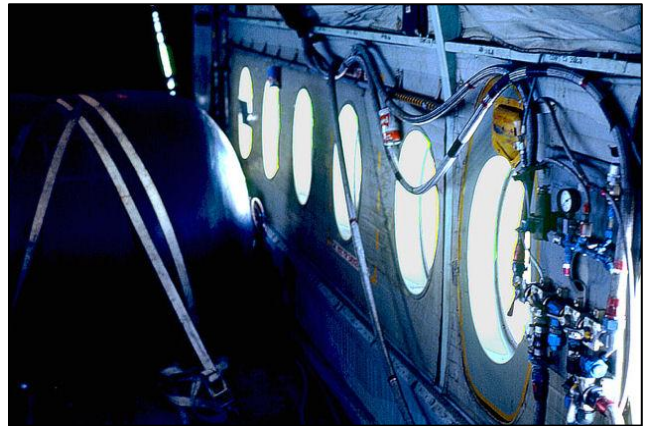
Corner) and a forecast sand storm at Khartoum eliminated hope of landing for fuel. We finally decided on a non-stop flight around the air space followed by direct tracks across Sudan and Ethiopia, twelve and a half hours of desert flying that would extend the aeroplane - even with our long range fuel bladders full to capacity. These bladders proved to be unreliable if not downright treacherous things while operation at maximum ferry weight saw the aeroplane well beyond its certified performance capability – in fact the machine felt cumbersome and ungainly as we taxied to the threshold for take-off two hours before dawn.

Overweight aircraft operation are not necessarily hazardous, not if the aeroplane is loaded within 'ferry' limitations rather than grossly overweight, the balance is OK, trims are set correctly, air density is not reduced by heat, altitude or humidity and the aeroplane has been serviced properly. Of course the machine lacks its customary zest but even that is acceptable as long as the engines continue to deliver power. Sometime after I left the military, Sleepy Jack (Jack Rydstrom) one of my line pilots from the RAAF unit I commanded in Papua New Guinea, had an engine fail in a civilian Caribou, a tricky development further complicated when his remaining motor also failed over PNG's Fly River delta. Jack died when he went down in the jungle before he managed to reach an airfield. Sadly his Lady, a passenger in the cabin, was also killed when the cargo broke loose crushing her against the forward bulkhead, amazingly the co-pilot survived the whole sad ordeal to tell the story. Jack's aeroplane was undoubtedly heavy but I doubt that he would have accepted anything illegal. He would have set METO power (Maximum Except Takeoff) in an effort to remain airborne when his first engine failed, probably placing unavoidable stress on his remaining Pratt and Whitney, a tired R2000 engine that had seen better days. I flew overweight aeroplanes for various reasons in various situations, situations that were no big deal provided the engines ran normally. By day this was never a problem however at night I occasionally had the unique sensation of being suspended in space immediately after takeoff - an illusion attributable to a black night, a constant heading and flight instruments telling me I was not going anywhere in a hurry. I sometimes even varied the pitch attitude (raise the nose a little) but the rate of climb would remain fixed on some



unfamiliar value while the airspeed reduced as a reminder that, yes, we really were airborne so stop meddling and fly the thing properly. Fortunately I never felt this in a jet, however I did experience it during the take-off out of El Adem once the Caribou finally lifted off and reluctantly dragged itself into the sky.

Not that the sector to Aden was anything but a milk run. Long and tiring, the skies clear all the way, clear enough that despite heat haze and dust we enjoyed a splendid panorama as we crossed the Nile and the rugged mountains of Ethiopia before Djibouti presented itself as a precursor to the Gulf and finally Aden's Khormaksar Airport. The whole business lasted a numbing 12.5 hours of hand flying leaving us a thoughtful little crew as we climbed out of 164 to Chris disgustingly announcing that both the other aeroplanes were unserviceable – a state that continued for 11 long, sweaty, thirsty days while we waited for replacement long range fuel bladders and enjoyed Chris' continuing affirmation that it was all a plot to delay delivery of the aeroplanes. For my part I thought it more like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera with different lyrics.



I still wonder at our forefathers who arrived on such a desolate shore to doff their hats and offer three rousing cheers for the British monarch as they raised the Union Jack and claimed the place in the name of Mother England. Along with blistering heat and flies, Aden left me quite indifferent. At the time, the British and a bunch of rowdies known as Redfan rebels were busily shooting at each other in the adjacent mountains, a dreadful piece of God's earth even hotter than Khormaksar airport where young 'Tommys' deplaned from RAF Beverly air transports and downed whatever was liquid and cold in the airfield's small bar before leaving for the barren, rocky hills to fight a war. Normally I hold infantry in high regard, however I amended this to awe as I watched those lads board their vehicles in preparation for combat.

Aden's saving grace was its function as a 'duty free port' and in this context goods were remarkably inexpensive. Naturally we took the opportunity to spend up big on treasures to take home. Amongst other things I acquired a tape recorder – a gadget I used in an attempt to convince Chris and Bernie that they were health hazards. For reasons unknown the sleeping arrangement at Red Sea House, our dilapidated military accommodation, was based on rank, captains shared one room, co-pilots another and crewmen yet another, a system that differed from the arrangement in Canada where accommodation was allocated by crews, even to my chaps sharing the cost of an apartment appropriate to our exalted status as aircrew. I quickly found that Chris and Bernie were inveterate snorers not only inveterate but raucous. Of course snorers are snorers, they have no simple way of not snoring once the mood comes over them, or at least I was not aware of one at the time, so I gritted my teeth and hid my head under the rock hard pillow each night while hoping to fade into unconsciousness somewhere in the hours



before dawn, a feat I usually managed out of sheer exhaustion. Of course this was far from a satisfactory solution, for one, my head became hot at the hobs of hell stuffed under the pillow and, second, I could still hear them snoring. Finally enough was enough so I set up the tape recorder and played the racket back early one morning, an event that failed to impress anybody let alone moderate my tormentors.

Bernie woke first, glared blearily at the tape machine, yawned, scratched himself, rolled over and went back to sleep. It would not overstate things to say the ploy lacked effect. Chris eventually woke and studied me as if I was something he'd found under a piece of gorgonzola before commenting on the desert's odd effect on some people, that perhaps an assignment with one of the army patrols would suit my temperament, even compensate for the inconvenience of Red Sea House. Chris had a way like that, a solution for every problem, instantly conceived and translated into action, by you, if you didn't keep you head down. Nevertheless I imagine the Boss gave the matter further thought for after breakfast he broke the news that the fuel bladders should be on their way with the RAF shortly and, as there was little point in leaving all the aeroplanes in the burning hot sun, I should take 164 and my crew to Butterworth in Malaysia where I could wait and re-join Bernie and him when they 'came through'. I agreed that the idea had merit although my team would regret missing the opportunity to chase the ragged rascals round the rugged Arabic rocks as it were. Chris just responded with one of his penetrating looks that warned of very thin ice so I left things at that to gather the crew and set about readying the aeroplane for the lonely flight across Pakistan, India, Burma, Thailand and Malaysia.

The flight to Butterworth took four days, one to Karachi followed by a day off, one to Calcutta and the final sector to Butterworth, a total of 33 hours airborne. I don't remember why we stopped in Karachi however I do recall enjoying the occasion along with formal cocktails in the august company of diplomats and administrators at the High Commissioner's residence, a refreshing alternative to the sight of a dentist, complete with a business sign advertising his presence on a down town Karachi footpath, where he operated on a patient in daylight and full view of passers-by, horses, mules, dogs and the inevitable horde of flies. Not that the ambience of Calcutta proved any better with people either asleep or dead by the side of the road as our transport delivered us through the city streets to Dum Dum airport in the hazy glow of an Asian sunrise, an event accompanied by the aroma of oriental spices and cooking. The jury is still out on my acceptance of an Asian lifestyle however there is no denying the exotic flavour of the place.



Butterworth fighter base was a relaxing stopover in a small piece of Australiana secreted roughly one third of the way up the west coast of the Malaysian Peninsular, a six day delay while we waited on Chis and Bernie to finally arrive - six days of hardship involving comfortable



accommodation, servants, splendid meals, current news (The Strait Times) a well-stocked bar, access to George Town on Penang Island and the opportunity to carry out maintenance on the aeroplane with access to cover, workshops, tools and experienced supervision. We even flew an air test on each of two days however we were careful to limit each flight to one hour for fear of overdoing things. We might even have flown on a third day but Red noted some cumulus clouds in the far west so we agreed that conditions were becoming a bit grim and we changed into 'civvies' before catching an afternoon ferry boat across to Penang Island and George Town.

Crews who brought the second flight of Caribous to Australia - May 1964..



Standing L-R: Owen Murrell (Loady), Wally Patterson (Nav), Brian "Ric" Richards (Loady), John Staal (Pilot), Keith "Red" Jordan (Nav), Don Pollock (Pilot).
Seated L-R: Des Lovett (Pilot), Barry Ingate (Loady), Ron Raymond (Pilot), Chris Sugden (Pilot), Bernie Parker (Piloy), Bev Barry (Nav).



George Town emerged from a tropical swamp during the time of the Raj to become a trading post of the British East India Company and, eventually, the most favoured and liveable town in Malaysia, an architectural and cultural accolade as defined in its World Heritage status, an award without precedent anywhere East of Suez. I was enchanted to be walking in the footsteps of Somerset Maugham and Joseph Conrad, the shadows of grand architecture, of elegant ladies and nineteenth century gentlemen who created an empire. We spent the afternoon touring the town, the Island, and finally dining in a style such that we missed the last ferry back to the mainland. Not that I was particularly concerned for the surfeit of good living had left me completely agreeable with most everything that had or might come my way during 164's delivery and, anyway, the town offered accommodation appropriate to my new found self-image as some sort of world girdling ferry pilot. Unfortunately the mood failed to extend to my colleagues who insisted on weaving our way to a collection of sampans by the waterfront where we cunningly negotiated a bargain rate across the Strait to a point on the mainland where we could strike out for Butterworth – or hire a taxi or something. The voyage across the Strait went something like:



"Is it always this rough?"

"Why – aren't you feeling well?"

"Of course I am – I wouldn't be dead for 50 bucks an hour."

"Jeez – it's got water coming in!"

"Don't give it another thought – these things are meant to make a bit of water."

"But I thought water was supposed to stay on the outside of a boat."

"Well this is not a boat, it's a sampan."

"I take it there's a difference."

"There sure is, sampans are oriental boats developed over the millennia. The Chinese discovered gun powder after they worked out how to row around in sampans that's how old they are. Take this one, more character than the three of us combined"

"So what's gunpowder got to do with a leaky sampan?"

"Nothing really – it's just relative that's all."

"It's just what?"



"Shit Skipper, I think I'm going to be sick!"

"Hang in there buddy – the sea air will have you feeling tip top in a heartbeat."

"That's if my heart continues to beat."

"That it will – I have it on good authority."

"How about I sing a few bars of 'Those in Peril in the Sea' do you think that will sooth him."

"OK let's give it a go."

"I'd rather find a tree to sit under."

"No sooner said than done - here's the other side coming up right on the nose."

"Yeah but I can't see any trees."

I woke the next morning to news that Australia was sending an 'Airforce presence' to Vietnam. My first action after breakfast involved a visit to the Mess Library in an effort to find where Vietnam was, my second included a walk to Base Operations to check on progress, if any, of Chris and Bernie, my third involved walking back to the Mess Library to read all that I could find in a Time magazine about a war that would probably take our minds off beer and sex for the foreseeable future.



A woman went to the doctor's and said, Doc, my husband seems to have lost his sex drive, what can I do. The doc said, here, give him one of these Viagra tablets, that should fix him. But, said the woman, he hates taking tablets, he won't even take an Aspro when he gets a head ache. Don't worry said the doc, just crush the tablet and pop it into his coffee, he won't notice. Thanks said the woman and left.

Two weeks later she was back at the docs, he said, well, how did the Viagra go. Terrible said the woman. Why said the doc, what happened? Well I did what you told me, said the woman, I crushed the Viagra, put it into his coffee, he jumped up, laid me on the table and we had the best sex I have ever had. Well, what's the problem, asked the doc.

I don't think I can ever go back to that cafe again, said the woman.

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John Laming

A Messerschmitt and a Blackbird on a Tree.

My Uncle Alf died at the age of 102. He was a lovely old boy, who taught me the pleasures of watching and playing cricket. He lived in an age where there was no jeering at the batsman by the opposing team, no brain smashing bouncers, no swearing on the field. On his village green, cricket was a game of pure sportsmanship. A well-played cover drive was applauded by the bowler, albeit with a rueful grin. Fielders did not clap every time the bowler bowled. Not like now, where winning is everything and dirty play is applauded by the yobos in Bay 13.

Alf had been a British sniper at the Battle of Beersheeba in the First World War. He was only 18 when he got shot up by his Turkish counterpart. Alf had crawled into no man's land to try and rescue a comrade who lay helpless and badly injured in a minefield. They almost made it back to friendly lines when a burst of machine gun fire tore through Alf's legs. In great pain, Alf still managed to drag himself and the other injured soldier into the relative safety of the British trenches, but it was the end to the war for them both.

Between the wars, Alf built houses in the Seven Oaks area of Kent. He worked largely alone, his left leg held together with a metal brace. At weekends, he was opening bat for the local Cranbrook village cricket team and I was his 7-year-old runner. His batting style was beautiful to watch, despite occasionally falling head over heels as he went to hook to leg. When this happened, Alf would scorn any help, as he heaving his metal braced leg into place, he would lever himself up from the pitch. Taking guard, he would ask for middle and leg from the umpire and invariably scorch the next loose ball through the covers for four runs.

Despite this injury, which caused him considerable problems in the cold English winters, my Uncle became one of England's Dad's Army, officially known as the Home Guard. Armed with shotguns, Lee- Enfield 1918 rifles and pitchforks, the Home Guard was the last resort against the threatened Nazi invasion of England in 1940.



My mother had died in 1939 and my father decided to pack me off to America to escape the increasing danger of war in Europe. This plan was shelved when the BBC announced that a German U-boat had torpedoed the Athenian, a passenger liner enroute to America with several hundred young children aboard. Many were drowned and my father decided it would be safer for me to stay in England. Whilst he joined the British Army to fight in France, I was sent to stay with Uncle Alf and his wife Annie.

We lived in a picturesque village called Cranbrook, in the county of Kent. Cranbrook was one hour's bus drive from the invasion coastline and twenty minutes flight time in a Heinkel bomber from German occupied France. Whether living in Cranbrook was better for one's health than on a ship sailing across the Atlantic to America was now academic. I was to live in Kent for the next 5 years of the war.



As a 7-year-old, I attended the local village school, played cricket with Uncle Alf and fell in love with a pretty girl in my class called Angela. That romance was short-lived however, blamed by my heart throb on my madness for aeroplanes. Because instead of walking her home from school across the beautiful flower covered fields, I would disappear up to the crest of nearby Bluebell Hill, there to meet dear old Uncle Alf. Together Uncle and I would spend the summer evenings scanning all around us with powerful binoculars.

We weren't looking for summer swallows, nor Blue Tits, or even Great Emperor butterflies. We were after infinitely more dangerous flying things. These had big crosses on their wings, a swastika on their tails and had funny sounding names like Messerschmitt, Junkers, Dornier and Heinkel! I held the position of a junior unpaid volunteer member of the Royal Observer Corps.

The Observer Corps were the equivalent I suppose, of Australia's Coastwatchers, albeit a much less dangerous job. On hilly vantage points all over England, members of the Observer Corps (usually middle age or retired elderly people) would operate from small sandbagged emplacements, equipped with binoculars, thermos and sandwiches, tins of rum, .303 calibre rifles, shotguns and in my case a home-made catapult.



Communications was a telephone link to the nearest Royal Air Force Sector Headquarters. An aircraft sighting would result in identification-estimated course and altitude being telephoned to Sector, who in turn would add this information to the Big Picture. Early warning radar stations

on the East Coast of England were favourite targets of German fighter-bombers and as a gap in the chain could allow enemy aircraft to cross the coast unseen, the Observer Corps provided vital back up.

1940 was Battle of Britain time and when not at school I would be on Bluebell Hill watching the dog fights between the Spitfires and Hurricanes of the Royal Air Force and the Messerschmitt, Heinkels and Dorniers of the German Luftwaffe. Often there were only fleeting glances of aircraft, although above the clouds the sounds of machine gun and cannon fire could be heard daily. I became expert on differentiating the engine sounds of RAF fighters with their Rolls Royce Merlins and the Daimler Benz of the Messerschmitts, even though the aircraft were in cloud.

Aircraft spinning, trailing smoke and on fire, the high pitched sound of an unfortunate aircraft in a terminal dive, the occasional white silk parachute. These were almost daily events in the skies above our house in Angley Woods. I was enthralled but never frightened, perhaps because I had not seen death at first hand, only huge holes in the fields of flowers where a bomb had exploded, or the smashed wreckage of a once beautiful aeroplane after the ambulance had departed with what remained of the crew.

My Aunt Annie was a formidable old biddy who would have frightened the hell out of any shot down German airmen. When not cooking for Alf and other members of the Bluebell Hill Observer Corps, she furiously boiled up great blackened saucepans of hot jam. This was to throw into the face of an enemy invader, so she said.



I have loathed jam on my bread ever since....because I was forced to eat gallons of the stuff after the German invasion of England was cancelled when the RAF won the Battle of Britain. Our garden was a holding pattern for European wasps, seeking to enter the house in order to knock off strawberry jam. If the Nazi hordes had invaded our corner of England, not only would they have faced the awesome spectacle of an angry old woman hurling hot jam in their faces, but they would surely have been put to full retreat by a million bloody wasps!

It would now be obvious that members of the Observer Corps had to be skilled at aircraft recognition. We attended the local Ritz cinema twice a week to watch images of German aircraft flashed on the screen. Advanced recognition required that just the tail section or frontal profile be identified from various angles. We were given sets of aircraft recognition cards to study. The front of the cards were normal spades and diamonds. By my 8th birthday in 1940, I could pick the difference between a Dornier 17, a Dornier 217 and an Avro Manchester in a one second glance at the screen. A Spitfire and Messerschmitt 109 head on profile was more tricky, unless you spotted the bracing struts under the tailplane of the 109.

THE RAM

THE MAGAZINE BY & FOR SERVING
& EX-RAAF PEOPLE & OTHERS



Vol 50

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Free issues of the magazine "Aeroplane Spotter" were available, or you could buy it at the newsagents for three pence. My Uncle paid a shilling a week for the Aeroplane Spotter and two comics to be delivered at home. One comic, called "Champion", contained wonderful stories of the fictional character of Flight Lieutenant Rockfist Rogan, R.A.F.



He was a hero to many a young would-be pilot as he shot down Germans with his Spitfire and won countless boxing matches against big bad bullies. The other comic, "The Hotspur", had lots of stories of far away places that had buried treasure, coconut palm trees and natives paddling outrigger canoes around the Gilbert and Ellis islands in the South Pacific.

So my early ambitions as an eight year old were fuelled from comics. From the moment I saw picture drawings of those Pacific Islands, I wanted to paddle an outrigger canoe in remote atolls, explore the Gilbert and Ellis islands, box like Joe Louis and fly a Spitfire against The Hun.

Over the years, I realized the first two ambitions by exploring the World War Two battleground of Tarawa atoll in The Gilbert Islands (since renamed The Republic of Kiribati). I paid a local

islander a dollar to let me go solo in an outrigger canoe from the black volcanic sand beaches of New Britain. Pity the blighter didn't warn me about the green ants nest hidden under the seat, which caused me to abandon ship 100 yards off shore. And I did fly a Mustang in the RAAF against the enemy. Perhaps I should add, however, that the enemy was a battered old tank hulk on the air to ground rocketry range at Williamtown, N.S.W.

One Sunday morning during the early days of 1940, I was press ganged into singing in the local church choir. The air raid siren sounded just as the choir and congregation launched into the old favourite "Onward Christian Soldiers" The siren warning was a normal daily event in those days and it was considered rather macho to ignore it.

We were into the third verse, the organist grandly poised, arms held high, about to pound the keyboard for the grande crescendo, when there was a roar of aircraft engines followed immediately by a burst of machine gun fire. I looked up from my hymn book in time to see the centuries old stained glass windows on the western wall of the church shatter to pieces as bullets and spent cartridge cases embedded into the stone walls, or fell still hot amongst the pews.

English reserve was forgotten as everyone hit the stone floor. Fortunately no one was hurt and the vicar urged the congregation to get up from its collective knees and resume singing. I must admit that I saw immediate financial advantage in the current situation, in that intact bullets, especially 20mm cannon shells, were worth money in the school swop yard - in a similar vein to exchanging basketball players cards in the 1990's.



As the grown-ups in the choir got to their feet and picked up the hymn from where they had left off, I was on my knees scrabbling under the knee cushions looking for hot merchandise. Being the shortest member of the St. Dunstan church choir, my disappearance remained unnoticed, until I touched a battered but still hot incendiary round. I swore an almighty "Damn", which in those days was my sole knowledge of the profane. Unfortunately my oath coincided with a pause between verses and the choir, vicar and sundry other church brass were quick to fix accusing glares at the scruffy cassock clad little angel who appeared scowling, whilst sucking a burnt finger.... I literally got the bullet from the choir for the next two weeks and to add insult to injury I was forced to forfeit my pay.

It transpired that a German bomber trying to escape detection had been spotted by an alert Observer Post. A RAF Hurricane was vectored to the area and line astern chase at ground level ensued. Closing in, the fighter fired a burst from its 8 machine guns. Some rounds hit the church walls and windows followed by a shower of spent cartridge cases.



The following Sunday my Aunt Annie ordered me off to morning church, where I was banished to the back pews. Midway through the service the red collection bag was passed along each row of seats by a smug kid from the choir, who smirked when he saw me sitting sullenly in the back row. Now I wasn't in the choir for the love of religion. I was there to pick up a monthly wage of sixpence, with which to bargain craftily for bullets and bits of pranged aeroplanes.

As the red bag reached me from a stiffly starched old matron next to me, I realized with horror that I had forgotten to bring coins for the plate. Rather than face the acute embarrassment of shaking my head (which would have delighted the little red cassocked sod waiting at the end of the pew), I shoved my hand deep inside the proffered bag and stirred the pennies and silver therein, hoping that the clinking of coins would fool the waiting LRCS at the end of the line. No one noticed my subversion and as the strains of Handel's Messiah sounded from the tall silver organ pipes I managed to slip away via an ancient oaken side door into the church yard. Scampering between the 18th century moss covered gravestones, I headed across the green fields which sloped to the crest of Bluebell Hill.

The air raid siren started to wail as I reached the sandbagged emplacement where Uncle Alf was on duty that morning. The Observer Corps post was sited amongst some low trees which acted as camouflage and these trees were home to many different types of birds. As the siren note rose and fell across the Kentish Downs, the birds would warble and tweet in company. I loved the blackbirds song most of all and in between checking out the horizon for enemy aircraft, I would spend time watching and listening to a pair of blackbirds who were nesting in a nearby old English oak tree.

As Uncle Alf watched towards the north, I scanned to the east, which was the most likely direction from which we could expect high flying bombers heading for London. It wasn't long before the first sounds of massed aero engines reached our ears and there at 10,000 feet, we could see many formations of tiny silver dots. Alf's eyesight was not that good and he handed me the binoculars. White vapour trails were forming above the massed formations and a nearby anti aircraft gun hidden in Angley woods opened up on the raiders. The evenings of aircraft recognition training in the Ritz cinema paid off and I quickly identified 50 plus Heinkel 111 twin engined bombers and 25 plus Dornier 17's (left), nicknamed Flying Pencil's because of their slim shape. The vapour trails were from high level escorting fighters, Messerschmitt 109's.



Alf was busy relaying this information to RAF Sector Headquarters when amongst the unsynchronized beat of engines could be heard the chatter of machine guns interspersed with the slower heavier firing of 20mm cannons. I spotted several RAF Hurricanes attacking the formation from both sides and watched fascinated as a Dornier fell back unprotected and streaming smoke.



Some friendly old soldier banter from Uncle Alf suddenly changed to a stern command of "Get down Johnny my lad - and fast..NOW", as he knocked the binoculars from my eyes and pushed me to the ground. Despite his less than perfect eye sight, Alf had spotted a salvo of tumbling bombs from the stricken Dornier which had been forced to jettison its load. I got a quick look at these black objects falling in our general direction and for the first time I became a truly frightened 8 year old.

Thirty seconds later the bombs exploded all in a row in a field half a mile away. Amongst them were two delayed action monsters, which were later defused by some very brave soldiers of the local bomb disposal squad.

The immediate drama over, Uncle Alf and I shared a thermos of tea brought by the redoubtable Aunt Annie, who ignoring the salvo of German bombs, had trudged up the hill a few minutes earlier.

We knew the raids over London would be over in the next half an hour or so and previous experience indicated we should be on alert for low flying German stragglers hugging the Kentish countryside on their way back to the safety of France.

I spotted the first easily. It was a Heinkel 111 battling along at 200 feet from the direction of Maidstone and its course was going to take it overhead of our emplacement. Through the binoculars one could see that the port propeller was windmilling slowly and a thin trail of smoke from the remaining engine indicated rich mixture at high power. Alf picked up the Lee Enfield which was leaning against the sandbags and with the palm of his hand, snapped a five round magazine into the rifle. It would take a miracle to bring down an aircraft with a rifle, but old Alf was a religious bloke who believed in these sort of things. I stuck my fingers in my ears as Alf blasted five shots at the Heinkel as it flew low overhead and I remember hoping the belly gunner couldn't see this crippled old Englishman trying to do his aeroplane GBH!

The black crossed Heinkel had hardly gone from view when the sound of Mauser cannon fire was heard nearby. I turned to see two silver barrage balloons writhing in huge red flames and falling earthbound. A lone Messerschmitt 109 circled, then lined up on a third balloon which was in the process of being frantically hauled back to earth by its ground crew. A short 2 second burst and the Messerschmitt really couldn't miss. I felt a moment of extreme sadness at seeing the fiery end of those beautiful silver creatures of the sky.



Barrage balloons were operated from army vehicles and floating usually around 2000 feet, were held by thick wire cables. Their presence were a deterrent to low flying aircraft, which

were forced to fly at higher altitudes where anti aircraft gunners had more chance at getting in a decent shot. Hidden deep in Angley woods were tanks and artillery of the British Armoured Corps. Also well concealed in the forest were several battalions of troops awaiting the expected arrival of German paratroopers.

To me it seemed a bit silly to station barrage balloons in the vicinity, as it would be obvious to any German reconnaissance aircraft that the balloons were protecting something of military importance. My Uncle told me in strictest confidence that British Military Intelligence placed great strategic value upon Aunt Annie's plans to attack the expected enemy paratroopers with hot jam and had therefore decided to ring the area with barrage balloons. I looked upon Annie with new respect, even forgiving her for sending me off to church without money for the plate.

As a couple of our parishioners had the suspiciously teutonic surnames of Schmitt, I felt it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that these folk might be spies who had signalled this vital information back to German Intelligence. Hence the pre-emptive strike by the lone Messerschmitt on our balloons. Such was the active imagination of this 8-year-old!

Between lessons at Cranbrook primary school, cricket practice on the village green with Uncle Alf and regular aircraft spotting duties, I found time for romance. Her name was Sheila Emms and as a mature 9 year old she was the captain of the school Under 10 soccer team.

I loved her with dog like devotion, principally because she had the best set of...wait for it...toy soldiers in our school. I would visit her house, a lovely thatched cottage and we would invent games with opposing brightly coloured armies. Sheila's mother taught us how to make toy parachutes out of real silk. During the battle of Britain there was no shortage of parachutes floating from the skies over Kent and it wasn't hard to knock one off after the incumbent had been rescued and taken away by the Home Guard for a cup of tea and a chat.



Now over 50 years later, children spend money on arcade games, slot machines, CD's or basket ball hero cards. In my younger days, we made toy parachutes from the real thing. A stone would be attached to the lines to act as a suitable weight and the parachute would be hurled high in the air. A well made parachute launched from the top of a hill, was timed as it floated down, its gently swaying descent admired by the watching children. It was good fun and apart from the occasional strained shoulder muscle from over enthusiastic hurling, it didn't cost a penny. That is if one discounted the cost of the downed aircraft that provided the raw materials!

Alas my romance with the beautiful Sheila did not last the summer. I was one year younger than she and I found out that like so many young nubile, she preferred older men. In Sheila's case, she found a cad of 11, who treated her badly, nicked her toy soldiers and who threatened



to kick in the spokes of her bike, unless she dropped her knickers for a quick look. To no avail I tried to counter with lavish gifts of used 20mm cannon shells and some rare shrapnel from a 250kg bomb. But like most women, they all seem to be mesmerised with bastards who treat them badly.

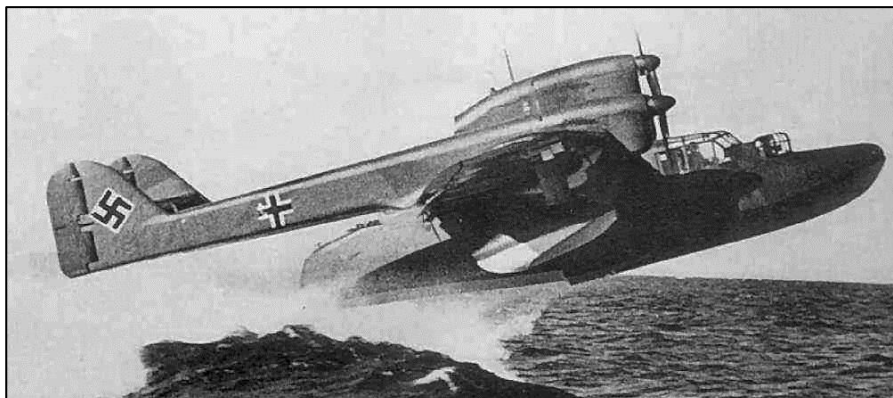
In 1990, after completing a Heathrow - Rhodes - Gatwick flight in a Boeing 737 of Paramount Airways, I drove to Cranbrook and wandered around my childhood haunts. I found the house where Sheila and her parents once lived. A gracious old lady answered the door and she turned out to be Sheila's mother. During Devonshire tea with jam filled scones (probably preserved from Aunt Annie's arsenal in Angley Woods), I was told that Sheila never married and now lived in Folkstone on the Kentish coast. I was shown photographs of her, now a still very attractive 60 year old woman. I wondered what became of her toy soldiers?



St Dunstons Church was almost entirely unchanged. Ancient tombstones leant at crazy angles, moss covered silent sentinels of the long dead. One wall still showed the pockmarks caused by stray bullets from the RAF fighter 50 years earlier. The Observer Corps emplacement was of course long since gone, although the oak tree nearby was still green leaved and strong and blackbirds still warbled amongst its wide spread branches. Overhead, the vapour trails of high flying aircraft disappeared towards France, taking holiday makers to the sun drenched islands of the Mediterranean Sea.

Sitting on the green knoll of Bluebell Hill, I let my thoughts wander back to events that happened after I left Cranbrook in 1941.

From 1941 to the end of the war in 1945 I was shuttled between relatives and foster families living either in Tonbridge, 15 miles from Cranbrook, or at the dockyard town of Sheerness situated on the Estuary of the River Thames. Both towns were 30 miles from London, the favourite target of German bombers.



At night the Germans would lay shipping mines in the Thames Estuary using Blohm & Voss floatplanes. The area was covered with barrage balloons moored on small ships. I don't know if the balloon cables ever brought



down enemy aircraft, but certainly the nights were frequently very noisy with anti aircraft guns banging away at unseen raiders.

A B17 Flying Fortress ditched a few hundred yards from the seawall, only 3 minutes' walk from my grandmother's house in Alma Road.



At high tide the tail was visible and at low tide one could wade out to the aircraft, which was relatively undamaged. Demolition gangs eventually hauled the Fortress up to the beach, where the wings and fuselage were cut off to be carted away on a low

loader. It was sad to see this great silver aeroplane become victim to the oxy-acetylene torch, but I managed to beat the schoolboy Mafia to the job and dragged dismembered pieces of fuselage, wings and plexiglass from the rear turret on my billy cart to my house.

This stuff would be priceless as war relics in future years, but my old grandmother saw no future in tripping over jagged edges of aluminium, which I had stored haphazardly in my room and backyard. Also diamonds might be a girl's best friend, but I worked on the theory that wooing with real wreckage would be cheaper.

My wicked old grannie finally lost patience and my novel theory on the seduction of females remained untested as I was forced to consign the remains of my beloved B17 to the sea, from whence it came.

Another time I picked up a few live cannon shells from a shot down Focke Wulf 190. I had bribed the RAF guard with a few fags lifted from my grandmother's purse. When she found out what I had done, her patience finally snapped and I was bundled off to live with a foster family in Tonbridge. At that stage I was about 12 years old, nearing the terrible teens.

News came that my father had been captured in Libya. He was the commander of an armoured car detachment, part of the famous Desert Rats. A month or so later, there was a knock at the front door of my house and there was my old man, looking decidedly tanned and fit.

It turned out that they had fallen foul of an Italian patrol, who imprisoned the armoured car crew in a bomb crater and surrounded them with barbed wire. That night, whilst the Italians were asleep, the crew managed to cut the wire and slip away into the desert. Consideration was given to killing the Italians, but because the Britishers had been well treated on capture, my father decided to let bygones be bygones and let the Italians sleep peacefully.

Back in England preparations were underway for the Allied invasion of Europe. The Luftwaffe no longer came over in massed formations and instead low level hit and run air raids became more common. A school colleague, John Williams (Willy) and I were good friends with a



common interest in aircraft recognition. It was school holiday time and the skies were busy with Typhoons, Tempests, sleek marks of Spitfires, Liberators, Marauders. More ominously were bomb carrying Focke Wulf 190's and the fast Junkers 88 light twin engined bomber.

At school we were warned of the dangers of picking up well disguised anti personnel bombs. Some of these were called butterfly bombs as they were painted in bright colours, waiting for a child to pick it up and get a hand blown off. On the school notice board, between cricket team lists and revised lesson schedules, would be army posters depicting the different types of anti personnel bombs.

One night a massive explosion shook the neighbourhood. There had been no warning sirens. A V2 rocket blitz had started and one of the 20 foot monsters had flattened the science block of our school. Shrapnel and shards of broken glass were strewn about the school playground and I picked up one small piece of jagged metal which to my surprise was highly magnetized. I



showed it to my Uncle Ron (male relatives were invariably Uncle) who absentmindedly threw it into his toolbox. (See video of the V2 [HERE](#))

On one of my visits to England in 1990 my now very ancient Uncle unearthed the shrapnel from between long unused tools in the garage and gave it back to me. It is still magnetic and is pride of place in my home in Melbourne, sharing space with a box of Japanese bullets from the battles of Guadalcanal and bits and pieces of war relics which I found whilst exploring the bunkers of Tarawa.

Perhaps the grimmest sight in my aeroplane spotting days was that of a Messerschmitt 109 gliding on fire with a Spitfire barely 100 yards behind it. The Messerschmitt pilot must have been dead because there was no evasive action as the Spitfire fired short bursts of cannon and machine gun fire directly into the stricken enemy. Both aircraft passed from view from my position as I was walking to school, with the sound of the Merlin engine and occasional rattle of guns fading.

Like most English people in Kent my school friends and I held no hate for the Germans. Captured German soldiers and airmen were marched to work through our town from a nearby prisoner of war camp. Some of us would wave cheerily at the columns of POW's marching to work and perhaps offer a sandwich from our school lunch. In turn, we received a wave back and a smile or two. The odd aggressive schoolboy yob would sometimes yell derisively at the tail end of the POW group but it was considered bad manners by the rest of us.



The war to we schoolboys in Kent was just like a sporting game of cricket. Our heroes were the fighter pilots of the RAF, the enemy were the planes with big black crosses. It was an exciting spectacle of diving aeroplanes, floating parachutes and few of us saw death at first hand.

One morning, Willy and I were walking up the steep incline of Deakin Leas, a picturesque suburban street. I lived at Number 58 and Willy lived at Number 33. The siren had sounded earlier, which we ignored. Willy saw the approaching aircraft first. It was about 2 miles away and coming towards us, it appeared to be following the main railway line to Sevenoaks and London. I considered myself as the school whip on aircraft recognition, but I initially could not place the front on silhouette, although it looked like an Avro Manchester twin engine bomber. It had two underslung engines, lots of glass panels in the cockpit and bomb aimer area, plus twin rudders. It appeared to be all black and it was going like the clappers.

The view was magnificent, because we were watching from a hill overlooking the Tonbridge main railway yards. This put us on the same level as the mysterious black bomber, which began to curve into a steep turn as it followed the railway line.

Seconds later the bomber rapidly straightened up and we were startled to see the bomb doors snap open and machine gun fire arced from a bottom turret. Now we could clearly see the black crosses and the unit identification letters as several bombs tumbled towards the main railway marshalling yards.



Immediately I identified the aircraft as a Dornier 217, the newest German light bomber, a very fast and well armed aircraft indeed. One of my "Aeroplane Spotter" magazines had shown



pictures of this aircraft in various and cautioned that it could be easily mis-identified with the Avro Manchester. The magazine was not wrong!

The bottom gunner loosed off three more bursts of machine gun fire and although we were not in danger of being hit by shrapnel, ricocheting bullets were a problem. I threw myself on the ground behind a hedge and called to Willy to do the same. To my chagrin he haired up the road crying for his mother.

The sight of him in tears and in headlong flight was the first time I had seen a person really panic. My initial reaction was to call Willy a stupid clot who could get himself shot unless he hit the dirt quickly. In the event, we escaped unscathed as the Dornier disappeared in the direction of the coast. Willy must have changed character after I had rubbished him for being a 'fraidy cat', because in later years he became a Lieutenant Colonel in the British SAS, spending time in Northern Ireland swapping punches with the IRA.



Minutes later, I heard another aircraft approaching at high speed and from behind my hawthorn bush, managed to correctly identify a Bristol Beaufighter in obvious hot pursuit in the direction of the fading exhaust trail of the Dornier 217. From my recollection, the Dornier top speed was 20 knots faster than a Beaufighter, so I felt that the 'British pilot was being an optimist.

At my school we were now accommodating schoolboy evacuees from bombed out London schools. Whilst we considered ourselves a moderately refined lot, in that we only kicked shins in the rugger scrum when the referee was not looking, the London chaps were a really rough lot. There were quite vicious battles with long knotted scarves and it became a health hazard to attend school.

One day , I was ambushed by several London boys on the way to school. They had mistaken me for one of our blokes who had earlier made mincemeat of two of their friends. The siren sounded as I went down, frightened but unhurt. I was momentarily grateful to the German Air Force as the Londoners ran for their lives towards nearby concrete air raid shelters.

As I mentioned previously, air raid warnings had never worried me unduly, so I ran in the opposite direction to escape from my attackers. Also, I was close to a good vantage spot where I could indulge in some exciting aeroplane spotting. My excuse for missing the dreaded maths first period, could be logically put down to sheltering from an air attack!



It never occurred to me that air raid sirens to the London school boys meant a strong possibility of an unpleasant death by mass bombing. These schoolboys had seen more death and destruction amongst their friends and relatives in London than I could ever imagine. Hence their hasty retreat into the nearest shelter.

In a few minutes, an unusually harsh engine noise was heard. It sounded like a motor mower at full throttle with an open exhaust. The noise came closer and between some tree tops I caught a glimpse of my first V1 flying bomb, later nicknamed the Doodlebug. I was fascinated by the



long exhaust flame from the ramjet tailpipe, which made the aircraft look like a Bunsen Burner with short stubby wings attached. The Doodlebug flew at 1000 ft at about 250 knots.

Behind it flew an RAF Tempest fighter, forming in line astern at 200 yards. The Tempest fired two short bursts from its four 20mm cannons and with an

almighty flash the Doodlebug disintegrated in a fireball of smoke and flame. Seconds later came a thunderclap explosion. The Tempest broke sharply to the right and emerged moments later from behind the hanging pall of thick black smoke. Wreckage from the flying bomb fell into the town sports fields and fortunately there were no casualties.

In the next few months I was to see many of these missiles flying low towards London. Many years later, I read that German spies who had been caught by British security services, were given the choice of being executed or sending false information back to their masters. It seems that the spies' mission was to note the dropping zones of the flying bombs around London. If the bombs were landing short of the city due to headwinds, a signal would be relayed back to the launch sites to adjust the automatic fuel shut off times accordingly. With a revolver behind their ear, captured spies were forced to send false information and subsequent missiles were then programmed to fly well short of, or far beyond London.

I pondered on this in years to come, when one day I was at school, waiting my turn to bat during an inter school cricket match. It was a lovely spring day, the grass was emerald green, the birds were singing and best of all we had the opposing team by the short and curlies.

The air raid warning had sounded unheeded, except by the London boys who had disappeared like rabbits into the school underground shelters. A lone flying bomb appeared from the east, its characteristic engine note menacing and noisy. It was on track to London 30 miles to the north-west and extraordinarily low at 500 ft. A lone anti aircraft Bofors gun situated on a nearby hill, blasted away at the missile, the black puffs of exploding 40mm shells trailing the bomb by several hundred yards.



As the Doodlebug scorched its way across the green English countryside, its ramjet leaving a bright red plume of flame, we heard the engine noise abruptly cease. The game of cricket stopped as all eyes looked up and saw the exhaust flame vanish. The sudden silence was a heart stopper and we watched the nose of the flying bomb tip over into a sixty degree dive.

Nestled amongst the fir woods, where the Kentish Downs sloped down towards the Medway River valley, were some of the loveliest cottages in Kent. Also amongst the woods was a 17th century mansion. The county was known as the Garden of England. From our cricket field, we could look across the valley less than a mile away. Spectators and white flannelled cricketers alike watched in mounting horror as the silent bomb now diving vertically, exploded on impact into the woods. Flames and a pall of black smoke belched above the trees and a few minutes later the sirens of fire engines could be heard in the valley. Later we were told that twenty girls of the Womens' Royal Air Force were killed by that bomb. They had been billeted in the old mansion, which had taken the direct hit.

Five miles from where I lived in Tonbridge was the village of Penshurst. Overlooking this picturesque village with its cosy pub named The Spotted Dog is Penshurst Place, a 14th century manor house. The then owner was Viscount De L'Isle, who won the Victoria Cross during the British landings at Anzio in Italy. He later became a Governor General of Australia and I was to fly him on many occasions during my RAAF service with No.34 (VIP) squadron in Canberra in the middle sixties.



Just five minutes bike ride, past the Spotted Dog with its welcome log fire in winter and at the bottom of a winding hedge lined lane, the view opened up to a large field big enough to take aeroplanes. It was in fact an emergency landing field for American B17 Flying Fortresses of the 8th Army Air Force. The Americans suffered fearsome casualties during their daylight raids on Europe, principally from German fighters.

From my house on Deakin Leas, I had a clear view across Tonbridge towards Penshurst. This view was shared by gunners of army Bofors teams, who regularly set up shop outside our house overnight and awoke the dead with seemingly non stop firing at night-intruder aircraft and Doodlebugs. One afternoon I saw formations of Fortresses and Liberators returning home from bombing occupied Europe. At least one hundred of these aircraft passed into view over a one hour period. My aircraft recognition skills were finely honed by now and like many schoolboys of my era, we became keen collectors of United States Army Air Force tail fin insignia. I kept a spotters log book of squadron markings.

Two Fortresses passed particularly close to my vantage point and even without binoculars I could see jagged holes in the tailplane of one aircraft. The second Fortress was in real trouble



with two engines feathered, binoculars revealing damage to the bomb aimers area. Their course was towards Penshurst and hopping on my bike I tore off in that direction.

Thirty minutes later and out of breath from furious pedalling, I freewheeled gratefully down the lane past Penshurst Place. Coming up the narrow road towards me drove three military ambulances, followed by several US army jeeps. I pulled over as the small convey passed and saw several airmen in flying gear who cheerily acknowledged my wave.

Parking my Raleigh at the aerodrome perimeter fence, I sneaked under barbed wire and started to walk over the meadow towards the two Fortresses which had belly landed 200 yards apart. There was a lone American guard with a rifle slung over his left shoulder and he watched me as I made my way towards him. I asked him politely if I could take a souvenir and I was delighted when he replied "Sure Buddy, go ahead and here have some gum". He was typical of



the many American servicemen I had met previously. They were always friendly and ever ready to offer chewing gum or some small gift.

Wandering casually towards the nearest Fortress, I looked inside the tail turret to see if I could knock off a belt of Point Fifty calibre bullets. I was somewhat

shaken to see a row of jagged holes which had punched through the fuselage skin a few inches from the gunner's seat. This must have been a close shave indeed for the rear gunner. I then climbed over the wing centre section to look into the cockpit area. Shrapnel damage was present around the mid upper turret and one of the barrels of the twin machine guns was bent.

I felt uneasy and my conscience nagged me not to try and retrieve any souvenirs. This feeling was reinforced when the guard gently warned me not to explore any further, as there were signs that someone had been badly shot up in the forward area of the fuselage. Several days later, I heard that several of the crew had been killed during an attack by an enemy fighter. The pilot of the Fortress that I had looked into, had been wounded, but had managed to bring his aircraft back for a well executed belly landing.

The months passed and as the Allies fought deeper into Europe, we saw fewer aircraft. Certainly no German raiders ever passed our way again. The dreaded tough London schoolboys returned to their bombed homes and with their departure, (and that of German intruder aircraft), all immediate dangers to my well being were gone. Or so I fondly imagined.

Fast asleep one night, I was awakened by a loud explosion which rocked the house foundations. Seconds later a noise like a vast rush of air was heard. Arriving at school in the morning, we were delighted to see the Science block badly damaged and a huge crater nearby.

There were pieces of shrapnel in all directions and everywhere were schoolboys gathering harvests of twisted metal.

One piece of shrapnel which I located amongst the smashed test tubes of the Science block, was half an inch thick and highly magnetic. That piece of lethal weaponry now has pride of place in my study. The weapon was a German V2 rocket and during the following weeks we saw the vapour trails of these stratospheric missiles curving through the upper skies towards London.

Fortunately, the Allies quickly located the V2 launching pads and destroyed them. But not before many hundreds of Londoners had been killed. There was no defence against this weapon, which would arrive without warning.

There was one more incident which I remember clearly. With the inevitable English wet weather, most aircraft passing overhead were unseen. One morning as I was being pressed into weeding the garden, I heard the sound of two single engined aircraft in cloud. Suddenly there was a sound of an aircraft in a high speed dive, its engine screaming at full throttle. I had heard the same sound on several occasions during the Battle of Britain and it always signified an aircraft out of control.



From the base of the cloud came an American Thunderbolt fighter in a full spin and minus one wing. It was in flames and going down vertically, it crashed into a heavily timbered area half a mile away and blew up. Another explosion was heard some distance away where a second aircraft had also crashed. The smoke trail from the first aircraft was still lingering below the

clouds when I saw a white parachute drifting towards the nearby hospital. That pilot was from the second Thunderbolt and he survived. The other pilot was killed.

It was a twenty minute bike ride to the still burning crash site of the spinning Thunderbolt. An ambulance passed me going away from the crash. After battling through gorse bushes and scrub, I came across the still smouldering wreckage spread far and wide amongst scorched trees. Several loud bangs indicated that live ammunition was being cooked off and I decided that it was too dangerous to hang around. I lost my yen for souvenirs after seeing that grim sight. A few more spectators had arrived, but they kept a respectable distance from the wreckage, which eventually burnt itself out. It was the first time that I had actually seen a burnt out aeroplane and it left me with an uneasy feeling of sadness and foreboding. Since those days I have seen too many of these tragedies and because of these experiences, I try to fly more carefully.



After the war ended, my interest turned to train spotting. With many other young enthusiasts, I would travel to London and, buying a platform ticket at Clapham Junction, would spend all day gathering train and locomotive names. The spectacle of huge rushing locomotives, belching hot steam and smoke, enthralled me. Curved brass nameplates with evocative titles, such as Cock o' The North, The Flying Scotsman and the Golden Arrow, stirred me. No wonder that most young boys of that era wanted to be train drivers when they grew up.

The sight of the sleek Golden Arrow boat train, which travelled from Charing Cross station in London to the port of Dover on the coast of Kent, captivated my imagination. It was painted green, with a splendid golden coloured flash on the side of the locomotive and it was beautifully streamlined. Only the rich seemed to travel in the Golden Arrow's luxurious carriages.....or so we fondly imagined. Its daily timetable was well known to all spotters and people would rush their dinner and hurry towards viaducts and bridges in time to watch the train speed by. We would wave at the passengers and be thrilled to see a glimpse of a return wave from the beautiful people aboard. The driver would sound his whistle in greeting and you could imagine his friendly grin beneath his coal dusted face.



The Golden Arrow would streak non-stop through Tonbridge and the huge steel railway line points would clang in position to steer the Arrow and its coaches curving south-east through One Mile tunnel. We would rush home from school at 4pm, school bags dumped on the front porches and head in the direction of the outlet to the Tunnel. This entailed scampering through the brambles of Deakin Woods, up and down flower strewn trails and short cuts, to arrive breathless at the top of the tunnel. The bolder ones would slide and skid down the steep sided embankment to wait with ears on the cold parallel steel lines for the first tremors of the approaching steam monster.

I was the self-acknowledged coward of our gang of train spotters and thus I stayed up high on the embankment taking no risks. The occasional country policeman on his rounds, was known to sharply clip the ears of young lads found placing pennies on the railway lines. Nowadays some idiot father would have the poor Bobby up for assault. As I said, I was a coward who had no desire to get a thick ear, hence I was a good boy!

The roar from the black depths of the tunnel grew louder and the boys below me scrambled to relative safety, leaving coins to be flattened on the rails. I found myself holding my breath in

pent up excitement. One long shriek of the whistle and the Golden Arrow would burst into the sunlight, its huge pistons driving massive steel wheels. This awesome spectacle of massed energy and thunderous power, never failed to scare the hell out of me, yet I always returned for the next repeat performance!

It was so strange. I was never really frightened of Messerschmitts, machine gun fire and things that go bang in the night. Yet I still feel an involuntary shiver, as I write of the Golden Arrow piercing the sunlight as it roars out of the darkness of Tonbridge Tunnel.

In 1992 my contract flying Boeings for a German airline came to an end. At age 59, it was difficult to obtain new employment in Europe, so I decided to return to Australia. After farewelling my old Uncle Alf who had reached his century in years, I hit the motorway to London airport. A signpost indicated Cranbrook to the left. A few minutes later, I parked the rented car in the village and walked past the ancient cemetery to the church of Saint Dunstan's. On the northern walls, high up under the stained glass windows, were the pockmarks of bullet holes. So it wasn't just a dream after all.

Now I walked up the winding track to the top of Bluebell Hill. The old oak tree was still guarding the summit and where the Observer Corps Post used to be, was a wooden seat. It was perfectly sited to see the air routes to France...

A blackbird was singing and I remembered the opening lines of a childish letter that I had written in 1940 to my father who was at war in France. It went thus; "Dear Dad, today I saw a Messerschmitt and a blackbird on a tree".

THE RAM

THE MAGAZINE BY & FOR SERVING
& EX-RAAF PEOPLE & OTHERS



Vol 50

Page 16



PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

You Never Know For Sure Until You Try



Sick Parade.

If you know someone who is a bit crook,
let us know so we can give them a shout out..



Nev Middleton

Many of you may know Nev Middleton (11 Course, CO 3AD, DTELENG, DGJCE) and will be concerned to know of his recent difficulties. Nev was diagnosed with lung cancer and admitted to hospital for initial tests/treatment. During his hospitalization, his much loved family home in Flynn ACT was condemned by the Government for asbestos contamination (the infamous 'Mr Fluffy' insulation). He and Carol have since sold their property to the Government and relocated to a retirement (Seniors) complex in Paige ACT.

Ellen and I visited Nev and Carol a week ago and found him to be in good spirits and positive about the future. His main concern is the oedema associated with his condition/treatment (?) that has affected his legs to the extent that he is presently confined to a wheelchair. Nev is one of nature's gentlemen and one of the nicest people it has been my privilege to know. He is facing his future with characteristic courage and good humour.

Nev's Contact Details are:

Villa 24

Villaggio Sant' Antonio

35 Burkitt St

PAGE ACT 2614

02 6254 0313

Noel Hatfield.

Len Scrase.

Len says: "I went to go to Greenslopes Hospital Wednesday 13th May to have three melanomas removed from my face by a plastic surgeon – all those years on a white tarmac in only shorts and T-boots??. Still trying to convince the Leader of the Opposition re going down for the Colour Parade, so as soon as I know I will contact you

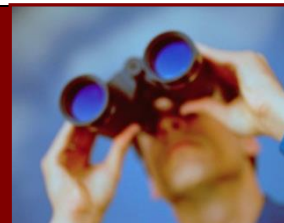


Peter Holmes.

We recently heard from Peter who lives in Burnie, Tas. He advised us he has been diagnosed with Prostate Cancer and at the moment the doctors are trying to decide which bits are going to have to go. He, of course, is worried they are thinking of removing some of the dangly bits.

We wish you well mate....

Where are they now?



Pilots reunion.

Pilot courses 240 and 241 will graduate this year, 240 on the 4th September and 241 on the 4th December. The people who organise these things are looking for the centurion pilots who graduated on course 40, 41, 140 and also course 141 so as to invite them along to the ceremony,

If you are interested in attending the graduation and functions, please contact Karyn Hinder at either 1300 333 362 or Karyn.Hinder@defence.gov.au.



Graduation dates for 2016 are as follows

242 - 11 March 2016

243 - 3 June 2016

244 - 2 September 2016

245 - 5 December 2016

Graham McAuliffe.

Glyn Llanwarne, from Lost Medals Australia writes. He says: "I was wondering if anyone from this page is in contact with Graham McAuliffe. I have his Vietnam War medals which I would like to return. From the Vietnam War nominal roll his service with 2 Squadron is as follows:

Name:	MCAULIFFE, Graham Patrick
Service No:	A118818
Date Of Birth:	24/12/1950
Rank:	Leading Aircraftman



Place Of Birth:	Childers QLD AUSTRALIA
Mustering:	Clerk Medical
Squadron	No. 2 Squadron
Dates	04/06/1970 03/06/1971

McAuliffe was still in the RAAF in 1980 and married to Ashiana. If any one knows how I can contact him I would very much appreciate it. I can be reached via my Face Book page of the Lost Medals Australia website”.

https://m.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1630893320475519&refid=52&_tn_ =C

Carl Campagnoli.

Cathy Brennan writes, “Hi folks I have been thinking of my Comms days and was wondering if Carl Campagnoli is still with us, he was the OIC of 3 TELU at Pearce back in 1980/1981. He was a Flt Lt then. Also Liz Spicer as she was known then, Liz was a Cpl Switchie, can anyone help?

If you can help Cathy, email us and we'll pass on your details – tb.



Your say!



ADF Pay structure.

Further to the most interesting article on Services pay in [Vol 49](#) and the saga of the 1.5% annual service pay increment, I recently became aware of a further benefit approved by the Chief of Defence Force. This related to employer contributions regarding superannuation. If I got it right, far from the general bid for employees in the general workforce to rise from 9% to 12%, CDF announced a general increase by Defence to a general rate of 15% and a special rate for operational service to 18%. This whole business is a 'swings and roundabouts' issue whereas when I served, it was always a seat on the "Slippery Dip"!

For instance, not being able to take LSL after 28 years of service as a consequence of RAAF policy of the time, 1980s. Despite LSL being counted as 'effective service' the paid out LSL not counting towards total length of service for superannuation purposes, hence a whole of life impost on DFRDB payments.

Ken Stone
Environmental Health Officer Retired
WOMBAT Appy

Don Pollock.

Don says. "A group of us, eleven so far, are putting a book together which we're calling *"Suggy's Men: The First RAAF Mob in Vietnam."* If you were in Vietnam in 1964 we invite you to contribute. Our story has not been told for many reasons but now we want to put it together; to put it down for the record and for our families.

Do not be put off. If you're not the world's best wordsmith, we can help you. As an aid to your memory you might put a few lines together about the suggested chapters below.

If you want me to phone you and discuss any points please text or email me.

THE RAM

THE MAGAZINE BY & FOR SERVING
& EX-RAAF PEOPLE & OTHERS



Vol 50

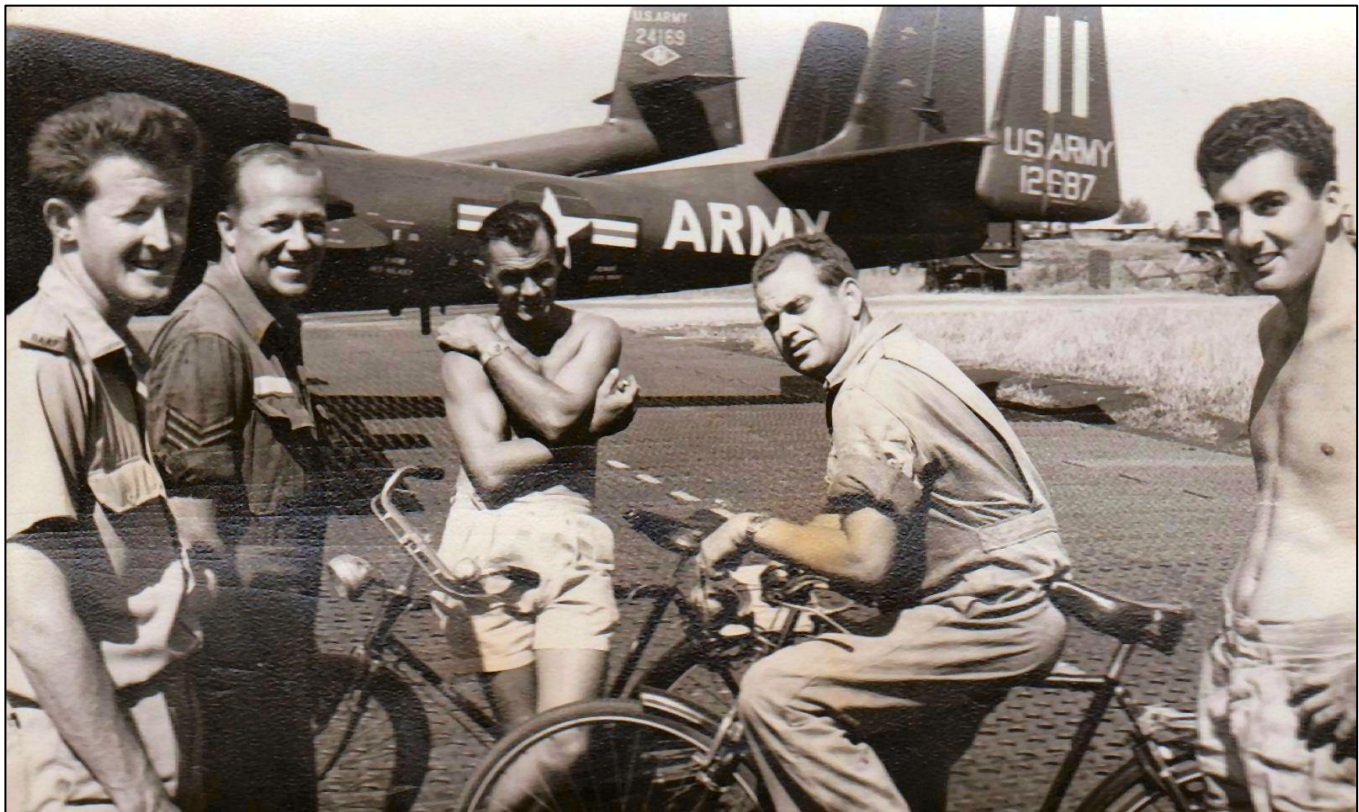
Page 19

Possible Chapter Headings.

Selection for Vietnam
Going to Vietnam
Arrival in Vietnam.
The Origins of the Wallaby Callsign
The Daily Slog
Back Beach
Food Events
Parachuting

Visits to Saigon and Other Places
Night Outs and the PX
Flare Missions.
Missions in the Delta
Detachment to Danang
Detachment to Nahtrang
Memorable SNAFUS

Don Pollock
0407 093 054



L-R: Rod O'Hara, Russell Anderssen, John Adams, Brian Gillis, John McDougall.
Vung Tau 1965.

People always say, "He died penniless," as if it's a terrible thing.
I don't know, it sounds like good timing to me.

Stan Krasnoff

Dear Minister:

While I fully understand the pain of loss by the families of Andrew Chan and Myuran Sukumaran, I am gobsmacked by the reaction of the government in providing transport and other assistance in the process of recovery of the bodies to Australia. I served in Vietnam in 1967/68 where I conducted operations while attached to the United States Special Forces (USSF). I personally knew Warrant Officers 'Dasher' Wheatley and 'Butch' Swanton who died in 1965 at Tra Bong. I also knew Captain Felix Fazekas who attempted to rescue the two warrant officers.

I quote now from Kerry Stokes' book "***The Boy From Nowhere:***" *In 1965 the army didn't believe in repatriating the bodies of dead heroes. It wanted some 500 pounds (\$1,000) Australian, half the price of a new Holden, to take Wheatley's body back to Australia. Wheatley had just won a posthumous Victoria Cross in Vietnam and his wife Edna could not afford the money to have his body back on Australian soil!*

This was NOT a decision for the army, but one for the Government of the day to make! Where is the morality of such an attitude? And now it seems we're prepared to bend over backwards for two drug pedlars while giving short shrift to those who died overseas in Vietnam in the service of their country AT THE GOVERNMENT'S BEHEST! You people have lost perspective...SHAME. I expect an answer.

Stan Krasnoff

Bill Sinclair

Looking at some of the photos included in each magazine it is clear a lot of the comradery found in the service carries on after. I have attached a couple of photos that may be of interest given your audience is now wider than radio techs. The first is of ARDU (Edinburgh) around late 70's or perhaps even 1980. It's a bit hard to pick out individuals but it may be of interest.

The second photo is the ARDU Instrumentation group. Of which I was a part of for about 5 years. In my time we spent a lot of effort in testing Mirage A3-2 for life extension & heavy weight take-off trials. John Cox (Elec) received a certificate of outstanding service for his work on the project.

The other main trial was around the NOMAD. We had a very large test bench mounted in the aircraft and were responsible for keeping it running and verifying results after each flight. The Nomad, as some of your readers will be aware was not a popular aircraft and there were reports of the test pilots being a little shaken after some mid-flight occurrences. The tail section,



as I recall, was prone to vibration and generally the feeling it was about to leave the rest of the aircraft.



Front row L-R: Ted Keetch (Inst), Don't remember (Elec), John Cox (Elec), Ron Brooke-Rerecich (Inst), Bill Sinclair (me - Inst) and Terry Kemp (Rad)
My memory of the scientists (back row) attached to ARDU is a bit vague, I'm sorry.

I would love to hear from any of the RAAF guys if they are following the mag, in particular Terry Kemp.

A question for your followers, around the late 70's a service magazine was produced, I think it may have been tri-service effort, but I'm not sure. I don't think it lasted a hell of a long time, Can anyone recall what it was called?

On a personal note my brother Peter Sinclair passed away from cancer. I'm sure most of his Appy mates (Rosebuds I think) would be aware of this but there may be others who would be interested to know. Pete was a Sumpie who retired as a WOEng from 11 Sqn around 1980 I think. Pete died 12 Jan 2008.



Thanks for what you do
Cheers

PS I have a few shots of sports teams I played with, if you're interested
Mainly basketball inter-service. *(Yes please Bill - tb)*

Ken "Swampy" Marsh

This is more for those with an interest in history.

Like me, you have no doubt heard of the young men, boys really, who signed up for the 1st AIF, (WW1) many of them lying about their age, because they saw it as a big adventure and a chance to see some of the world outside Australia. I can identify with that.



I was 16 when I joined the RAAF in 1967, at the height of the Vietnam war. The Appy intakes of 65, 66 and 67 were the largest in the history of the Appy scheme (mine the smallest of the three with 184 enlisting for Wagga). Towards the end of my 2½ years at Wagga I filled in my posting preferences. They were designed to give me the best chance of getting overseas, and there were only two places for a Sumpy to go, Vietnam or Malaysia. Back then, the idea of overseas travel was economically out of the reach of most.

I figured my best chance was Williamstown as they would almost certainly lead to Butterworth. Richmond and Amberley I thought would give a chance of Vietnam, depending on what unit I ended up in. Did I give any thought to the fact that I could get hurt? None whatsoever. As it was I got 77 Sqn Willy and a little over 2 years later 75 Sqn Butterworth. There may have been a few off my Intake got to Vietnam, but I do not know of any. I did have one mate who had his posting only to have it cancelled when Whitlam pulled the last few out.



As I reflect on that time I wonder what my parents and grandparents went through. I recall Mum on the phone once saying something to someone on the other end about me joining the RAAF, that I could end up in Vietnam, and if it was good enough for her son ...And I remember my Grandmother crying as I walked away after saying my goodbyes. At the time I thought 'How nice, Nana is going to miss me'. But now I wonder.

Nana's brother Roy served in France where he was gassed and seriously wounded but came home. Nana had a cousin, a Nursing Officer, who died in a prisoner of war camp in Sumatra. Mum had two cousins, brothers, one who is buried in the War Cemetery just outside Port Moresby, the other died on the Burmese railway.

To their credit, my family let me go, they had to sign the consent forms. Joining the RAAF was all I wanted to do as a boy and they let me realise that dream, one that I have never regretted. But they must have had real concerns. I am not an historian, but I have read a little and watched some DVDs regarding our involvement in Vietnam. And [this article](#), which appears balanced to me, gives me a little better understanding of those times and of the background not only to Vietnam, but also my service in Butterworth.

John Smythe.

Reading Ian Greenacre's recent comments on [WRRS](#) stirred an old memory from the same era. Mention of the microwave link problem with the crop-duster reminded me of a bit of an engineering panic; a tech doing a routine microwave antenna inspection noticed a large steel building frame going up in Melbourne - headed right through the microwave beam! The



immediate thought was that a microwave relay well clear of Melbourne would be needed, but (shock/horror) the expense!! Then came the suggestion that we had backup landlines if worst came to worst, so why not just wait it out and see what happened (if it ain't broke, don't fix it). End result was a 3db improvement in reception; apparently the steelwork had a minor focussing effect on the beam.

John Griffiths.

Dear Editor, outstanding work, yet again, I don't know how on earth you are able to source all that material. I know how hard it is putting together a Newsletter for the Air Cadet Alumni every two months.

I loved Allan George's [Bob Hoover story](#), he (Bob) is a thorough gentleman. I first met him at



Flabob Field, Southern California, He was doing his usual energy conservation show in the Shrike and most of the Yanks were too busy feeding their face with hot dogs or beer. When he was walking back to the tent, I was the first to greet him and thank him for his performance and we had a great chat. I next met him at Archerfield. There are many, many stories about him. When he was the Northrop test pilot, the USAF boggies were complaining about the lack of performance of the Super Sabre. He rolled out one of the Line F100s took off on the Left Runway, rolled over

and landed on the Right and came back asking, what was their particular problem with performance.

Eric Nothard.

A question for Sam Houliston. Hi Sam , I read with interest your page on fix it tools. I currently use a program called "Advanced SystemCare 8.2 Pro". I use the free version and, like most of the other programs, you can buy the so called better version. Bob Rankin (from PC Pitstop) recommended this program and I find that it does everything it claims. The only real drawback is that it takes forever to load and can take a long time to actually scan a hard drive. Apart from that it does keep an eye out for problems with the computer and it is very easy to use. I would be pleased to hear your opinions on this program? Thanking you in anticipation.

Cheers Eric

Eric, we sent your mail to Sam, he replied as below:

Eric, I haven't used it, it combines an anti-virus with a lot of useful tools that seem to be well received. On this [CNET page](#) more than half of 12,000+ reviews gave it 5 stars, so you'd think it would be ok:

Perhaps Eric has it configured to do a full scan every time it starts, if so I'd maybe change that to once a week. Maybe leave the PC running on Sunday night and have a scan scheduled for 1am Monday, or something like that. Or maybe scan on startup every Monday morning. I'm assuming the product lets you schedule scans, most anti-virus products do.

You probably only need to do a daily scan if the PC spends a lot of time on dubious sites.

I don't know how it rates as an anti-virus product (probably ok) but always remember that keeping your Microsoft updates up to date is way more important than whatever you've done with respect to an anti-virus.

Sam!

Ken Hunt.

Howdy, I have a particular interest in the '[runaway Auster](#)' story in the April RAM. I had not long completed my National Service and was now a RAAF qualified Radio Mechanic. I was working away repairing radios etc (what else would I be doing) when I heard of the Auster. I was working in Punchbowl, an adjacent suburb to Bankstown, looked out the window and there it was. It soon was away from the Punchbowl skies.

The radio stations provide a description of its meanderings until its eventual demise. You filled in some blanks in the story, thank you.

Security Notification – AFP Email Scam.

Please be aware that there have been numerous reports of members receiving e-mails from the Australian Federal Police (AFP) reporting that they have been fined for traffic violations.



AFP have advised that this is the latest scam currently active and the following information and action should be followed if you receive one:

1. DO NOT open any of the links or attachments. If you open these it will download a "RANSOM" Virus to your computer that will lock you out demanding that you pay thousands of dollars to unlock your system that will not be honoured.



2. AFP does not inform people of traffic violations via e-mail. If you receive a violation notice you will be notified by Australia Post or it will be handed to you at the time of the offence.
3. As soon as you receive one of these e-mails it is recommended that you send it straight to the "SPAM" email address in Outlook.
4. Unless you live in the Australian Capital Territory (ACT) traffic violations are only delivered by your local state Police and not the AFP.

Regards,
Steve Homer
Ph 02) 403 48429|
E-mail: Steve.Homer@defence.gov.au

Paul Martino (WA)

Just a bit of experience for any of our veteran brothers who might be considering driving across this fair land from east to west or vica-verca. There's a motel (for want of a better word) named "Nullarbor Roadhouse" which might be considered by some tired soul as a stopover before starting the crossing from west to east or returning after crossing, DONT! The place is a pigsty, filthy bug infested rooms start at a staggering \$160 per night, the worst hamburger I've ever eaten costs about \$15 EACH in a grotty restaurant and water is dearer than petrol.

Give the place a big miss, and either sleep in the car (or caravan if you're lucky enough to own one) because there are much better options before and after at less cost and nicer accommodation. It's got to be the worst accommodation I've ever had to sleep in, including my tent at Nui Dat!!. Let the traveller beware! However, the Gateway Motor Inn at Narrandera run by Toby and Karen Henschke is to be recommended, at \$80.00 per night after discount for TPI, with a top rate adjoining restaurant as part of the complex. Definitely worth a break in journey there, and it's just around the corner from the RSL (which provides take away booze for those who partake AFTER the drive).....



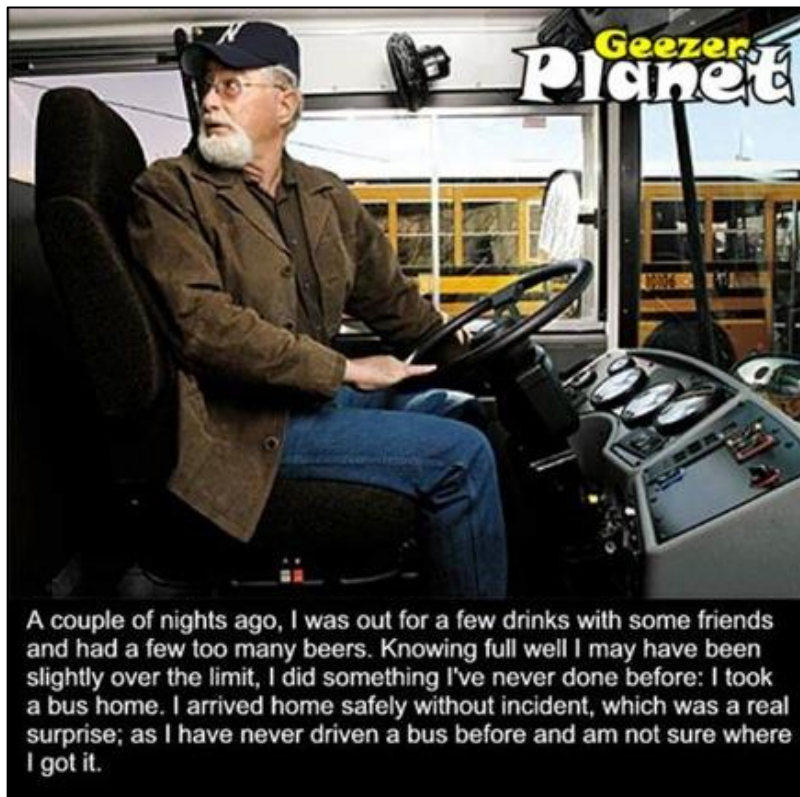
Purple Bra Day.

Friday 19th June is **Purple Bra Day** - which is the major fund-raising program for Breast Cancer Care WA. As many of you know, my eldest daughter - Fiona - is currently being treated for breast cancer. She has received fantastic support so this is my little bit to help them to raise \$\$heaps so that they can continue their valuable work.

I will be visiting various shopping centres to rattle the tin and will be wearing my chic, Over-Shoulder-Boulder-Holder. If you do not spot me at your local shopping centre, you can make a (tax deductible) donation to the following..

<https://PurpleBraDay.everydayhero.com/au/ted>

Ted McEvoy.



A couple of nights ago, I was out for a few drinks with some friends and had a few too many beers. Knowing full well I may have been slightly over the limit, I did something I've never done before: I took a bus home. I arrived home safely without incident, which was a real surprise; as I have never driven a bus before and am not sure where I got it.

News and Reunions!



The "Rebirth of 35 Squadron" Celebration. RAAF Base Richmond.

7-9 August, 2015.

The RAAF's Alenia C-27J Spartan battlefield airlifters are planned to start arriving in Australia later this year (2015). The C-27J, which is a replacement for the now retired Caribou will be operated by 35 Sqn which was put out to pasture in 2009 (See [HERE](#)).



The C-27J complements the capabilities of the current C-130J Hercules and C-17A Globemaster aircraft and uses common C-130J Hercules infrastructure and aircraft systems such as engines, avionics and the cargo handling systems.

The acquisition of the C-27J Spartan will significantly improve the Australian Defence Force's ability to move troops, equipment and supplies. The C-27J has the capacity to carry significant load and still access small, soft, narrow runways that are too short for the C-130J Hercules or runways which are unable to sustain repeated use by larger aircraft.

A battlefield airlifter needs to be able to operate in a high threat environment. The C-27J with its missile warning systems, electronic self-protection, secure communications and battlefield armour provides protection from threats ranging from small arms to highly lethal man portable air defence systems.

The C-27J was assessed by Defence as the aircraft which best met all the essential capability requirements and provides the best value for money. It was assessed as being able to fly further, faster and higher while carrying



more cargo and requiring a smaller runway than the other aircraft that were under consideration.

It is expected to be operational late in 2016.

The first aircraft are anticipated to initially be based at Richmond using existing facilities however it is believed that 35 Sqn will eventually be moved to Amberley where it would operate with and compliment 36 Sqn's C-17s.

The RAAF has planned a ceremony to celebrate the rebirth of 35 Sqn and to introduce the new aircraft to Richmond and we've been invited to attend.

If you're ex 35 Sqn or ex 38 Sqn or if you've worked on the old Caribou then you're invited too.

Rtfv-35sqn has all the information on their web site, you can see it [HERE](#).

Spartan techos soar.

Eamon Hamilton



THE first four C-27J Spartan airlifter technicians from 35SQN have completed their training course and returned to Australia, after starting in December 2014, and another six technicians will graduate this month.

Now new ways of doing business are being found by No. 35 Squadron, with technicians from 35SQN being trained across both the aircraft and avionics systems in a single course. Ordinarily, technicians would be trained according to their primary trade system course. The cross-training will allow the technicians to be ‘grey’ authorised across aircraft and avionics systems rather than being streamed into a single trade. CO 35SQN WGCDR Brad Clarke said similar practices were being developed in other squadrons. “The difference between us and other RAAF units is that we’ve been able to establish this as an initial baseline, and incorporate it into the training system at the development stage,”

“While it’s a smaller airframe, the C-27J has similar complexity to other Air Mobility platforms.” Training is conducted by L-3 Communications Integrated Systems at Waco in Texas and will continue until new facilities and devices are established in Australia.



The first four C-27J Spartan airlifter technicians CPL Will Taylor, CPL Ryan Procter, SGT Dan Sharp and CPL Lloyd Coutinho have graduated from their training in the US.

Photo: L-3 Communications Integrated Systems, Texas

**CPL Will Taylor, CPL Ryan Procter, SGT Dan Sharp and CPL Lloyd Coutinho.
The first four C-27J Spartan airlifter technicians who have graduated
from their training in the US.**

CPL William Taylor is an avionics technician who graduated from the first course. Training in both aircraft and avionics systems on the C-27J represented a new environment for CPL Taylor, who previously worked on the F/A-18F and F-111C. "There is now scope to authorise members across different trades based on their individual capabilities," CPL Taylor said. "We covered off on all aircraft systems during training, and grey tasking is something 35SQN will be trialling to reduce manpower needs. "The Senior Engineering Officer will authorise technicians to carry out work in the areas he deems we are competent and confident." Flexibility in the 35SQN workforce will allow it to operate more effectively on the frontline, which is where the C-27J is expected to excel. The aircraft's low weight and small dimensions allow it to operate from airfields that cannot accommodate larger transports.

"It is such a compact aircraft with a lot of good features, assisting small units to get in and out of tight areas will be one of its main roles as it is designed for these types of missions." "The C-27J has its own individual characteristics which make it unique and will be a real asset to the ADF and Australian government."

Training with L-3 instructors featured a mix of classroom theory and practical lessons with the real aircraft plus the flight simulator. A C-27J simulator located in nearby city of Arlington was

also utilised to train technicians in the aircraft's engine systems, as well as emergency procedures. The current crop of 35SQN technicians all have experience on other RAAF types, however this will soon change. "Eventually we will be sending fitters straight out of trade school for training overseas, the only prior learning required was that all students had completed appropriate initial trade courses in Wagga, and a keen attitude.

The first of 10 aircraft for 35SQN will arrive in Australia by mid-year, with another in August.

The C-27J's design is based on the Alenia G.222 transport, which first flew in 1970. Much like the Hercules, the G.222 design was subsequently developed with new avionics and engines, making it the C-27J. Each aircraft is powered by a pair of Rolls Royce AE2100D turboprops, each delivering 4600 shaft horsepower.

A really great salesman is one who can actually make his wife feel sorry
for the girl who left her panties and bra in his car.

50th Anniversary of the Battle of Long Tan.

Attention all signallers past and present, families and friends.

50th anniversary of the battle of Long Tan

9 day tour/reunion

Vietnam

15 August – 23 August 2016

As is the custom of the expat Vietnam Veterans, to have a tour to celebrate significant events of the Vietnam war, we are again proposing the above tour/reunion to mark the 50th Anniversary of the Battle of Long Tan.

The tour will last nine days in country and will encompass the areas of Saigon, Vung Tau, Nui Dat and a day trip to the Mekong. Post tours are available.

The cost is \$US990 per person twin share and a single supplement of \$US300 for anyone requiring single accommodation. Most meals and all transfers and entrance fees are covered in the fee. All transport to and from Vietnam, Visa, Travel Insurance costs and tips (USD 3.00) are the responsibilities of the participant.



The tour will have English speaking guides.

As in previous Tour the number of places is limited, (approx. 200), we would advise people interested to start planning their participation and enrol as soon as possible.

More information and Registration can be found at Buddha's place.

The address is: <http://www.buddhas-place.com/>
 Other queries can be sent to: rasigsvn2016@outlook.com

Robert "Stretch" Murdoch
 Secretary - 50th Anniversary Tour

A Wannabe.

An arrest warrant has been issued for an accused fake war hero who told a magistrate he was dying of cancer after he failed to appear in court.

"Major-General" Neville Donohue faces deception charges, including impersonating a public official, and is also being chased for failing to repay a \$460,000 loan. Mr Donohue has repeatedly failed to appear in court, writing to a magistrate in February last year that he was dying of cancer and had just months to live. Police officer Vaughan Atherton recently told the Ringwood Magistrates' Court Mr Donohue was "an old-time swindler" after he again failed to appear. This time, Mr Donohue submitted a statutory declaration claiming he was absent on "special military duty" and called for the charges against him to be heard in camera due to their sensitivity. He made a similar claim when he failed to appear in January.

Mr Donohue has been identified by former Army personnel as ex-corporal Neville McBryde Donohue from the Kilsyth (Vic) area, who served in the Army from 1970-76 but never in operational areas. He denies any wrongdoing and claimed to the Herald Sun earlier this year that he was in his 45th year of military service and service to associated paramilitary government groups.



“I didn’t earn my decorations in the normal fashion, as in day-to-day military service. I earned them in behind-the-scenes service,” he said then. Mr Donohue was charged with falsely claiming to be a veteran and wearing medals to which he was not entitled, after photos of him wearing four rows of military medals on his chest went viral on [veterans’ forums](#) in 2013.

Mr Donohue faces 19 charges in the Magistrates’ Court, including seven counts of impersonating a Commonwealth public official, deception offences relating to employment and driving offences, and has pleaded guilty to several unrelated deception offences. He also faces matters in the County Court relating to an unpaid loan on a house he purchased in June last year.

Airman Aircrew badges.

Lance Haslewood advises that he has a limited quantity of Airman Aircrew Badges available for purchase. The badge measures 35mm long by 25mm high and is copper-finished. For those desirous in purchasing a badge, details are below.

Please don't forget to tag your transaction with your name and follow-up with an email to me.



Badge: \$10.00.

Packaging: \$1.05

Postage: \$1.40. (Australia only ~ please contact me for overseas shipping cost)

Total: \$12.45.

Payment details:

BSB: 014-740

Acct No: 904638517

Acct Name: Lance R Haslewood

Contact: lanceh@zeta.org.au

07 5496 4381

0414 295 888

Insecticides used at Nui Dat

[John Mordike*](#) writes: “Over the last two years I have undertaken a study on the use of insecticides at the 1 ATF base at Nui Dat, the home of the Australian and the New Zealand

fighting force in Vietnam. The most important finding of this study is that much of the truth about insecticide use by 1 ATF has never been revealed.

Taking a broad perspective, my study has revealed the roles played by the Army, the Department of Veterans' Affairs and the Department of Primary Industry in the examination and reporting of the use of insecticides by the Australian Army in Vietnam.

This article narrows the focus. It presents a synopsis of the findings of my study in relation to the use of insecticides at Nui Dat. And, it is not only the Nui Dat base that was exposed; other significant personnel concentrations were located in Vung Tau ("backbeach" and the airfield) where large stocks of the chemicals were stored and used.

The article is based on primary source documents from Army's Vietnam records. The records are held by the Research Centre, Australian War Memorial, Canberra, and are available to the public for research under the terms of the Archives Act (1983).

After the passage of forty years and a Royal Commission in 1983-5, it is time the truth was revealed".

You can read his article [HERE](#).

**John Mordike is a Vietnam veteran and professional historian. He graduated from the Royal Military College in 1966 and served in Vietnam as the Officer Commanding 12 Field Regiment LAD. He has a BA and LittB from the University of New England and a PhD from the University of New South Wales. He is the author of 'An Army for a Nation : A history of Australian military developments 1880-1914' and "We should do this thing quietly" : Japan and the great deception in Australian defence policy 1911-1914'.*

RADIO Reunion

John Broughton and Mal Sayers are planning a reunion for Ex-RAAF Radtech bods (and bodettes) which they hope to hold in Brisbane on the 22nd and 23rd April 2016. Anzac Day next year falls on a Monday so the idea is to hold the reunion on the Friday (22nd) (a meet and greet) with a dinner on the Saturday night (23rd) then those with war service can march with their unit on the Monday. Depending on the acceptability of the proposal, other events will be planned for Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning.



If you are interested in attending a reunion next year, please send an email to John (jbroughton46@gmail.com) or to Mal (karnak661@gmail.com) and let them know. If there is enough interest they will get it done.

A Freebie.

When John McDougall was overseas, he, like a lot of us, took a bunch of slides. Miles before digital cameras were born, slides were the go, they were heaps cheaper than colour prints and most of us ended up with boxes of them. But it was no good having all those slides unless you had a way of looking at them. There were several methods, there were small pocket viewers into which you slid a slide and held the viewer up to the light, there were inexpensive projectors where you placed a single slide into a projector to view it on a wall and there were automatic projectors with the works.

John bought one of those. He bought one of the best, a German Braun Nurnberg Paximat de Luxe projector, with stand, screen and lots of cartridges to hold and show the slides.



But – she who must be obeyed, has decided that since John has digitised all his slides, the space in the garage that is being occupied by the projector, screen, stand and cartridges has to be freed up, it's needed for other stuff – it is time to send the projector and the other bits packing.

So! If you want an excellent projector, screen, stand, cartridges and cabinet to hold the cartridges, then you can have them for free, only rider being, you have to pick them up from John's place in Brisbane. If you want them, email us (replies@radschool.org.au) and we'll put you in touch with John.

Click each pic below for a bigger view.





RAAF Clerk Reunion

The RAAF Clerks are holding a reunion next year. Info below.



2016 RAAF CLK2 REUNION



**CLK, CLKA, CLKM, CLKFA, EDASST, PSASSES, PCS
and ASSOCIATED COMMISSIONED RANKS**

22nd to 25th APRIL 2016
Ipswich, Qld

Weekend includes -
Fri - 6pm Welcomes
Sat - Barefoot Bowls - 7pm Reunion Dinner
Sun - 8am Breakfast, Tour of the RAAF Amberley Heritage Centre,
Mon - Dawn Service & March in Ipswich

Past &
Current Members
Welcome

For details - phone Kev Boniface on 07 54880940 or email - raafreunion@bigpond.com or phone Jacko 0413700298

THE RAM

THE MAGAZINE BY & FOR SERVING
& EX-RAAF PEOPLE & OTHERS



Vol 50

Page 20

I never make the same mistake
twice. I make it like five or six
times, you know, just to be
sure.



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