



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 Mary Windsor and we have lots of old time pics.

See Page 3.



Macros can be very handy, see how and before you buy a smart speaker, you should read this.

See Page 4

We have been sent some current pics of Butterworth.

See Page 5





10 things to do in Oz while nomading, and Airbus might have to stop making the A380

See Page 6

Jock Cassels begins his story of his exciting life in two Air Forces.

See Page 7



38 Sqn, the RAAF's longest continuously serving operational Sqn looks to be headed for the cupboard.

See Page 8

GM is gearing up to produce auto-drive cars, and we have another look at the old Shackleton.

See Page 9



Why do carriers have an angled runway and what's the difference between a turbo and a supercharger.

See Page 10

How much weight do you lose when you exercise, and finally, birthing simply explained. Is Manuka honey all that good?

See Page 11.



Jeff remembers his time flying the old Caribou in Vietnam back in 1966/67 and the Melbourne Sydney air route is the world's second busiest.

See Page 12

DVA has digitised their Grants Scheme, it's now all done on line.

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The Appies got together at the Trans hotel in Brisbane.

See Page 14.

21 Radio Appy got together at the RACV Resort in Torquay (Vic).

See Page 15





"Ghosts of Camden Past". John recounts his introduction into the aviation world as a young bloke loading aircraft with newspapers at Camden airport.

See Page 16

Sick parade.

See Page 17



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

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

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

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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.

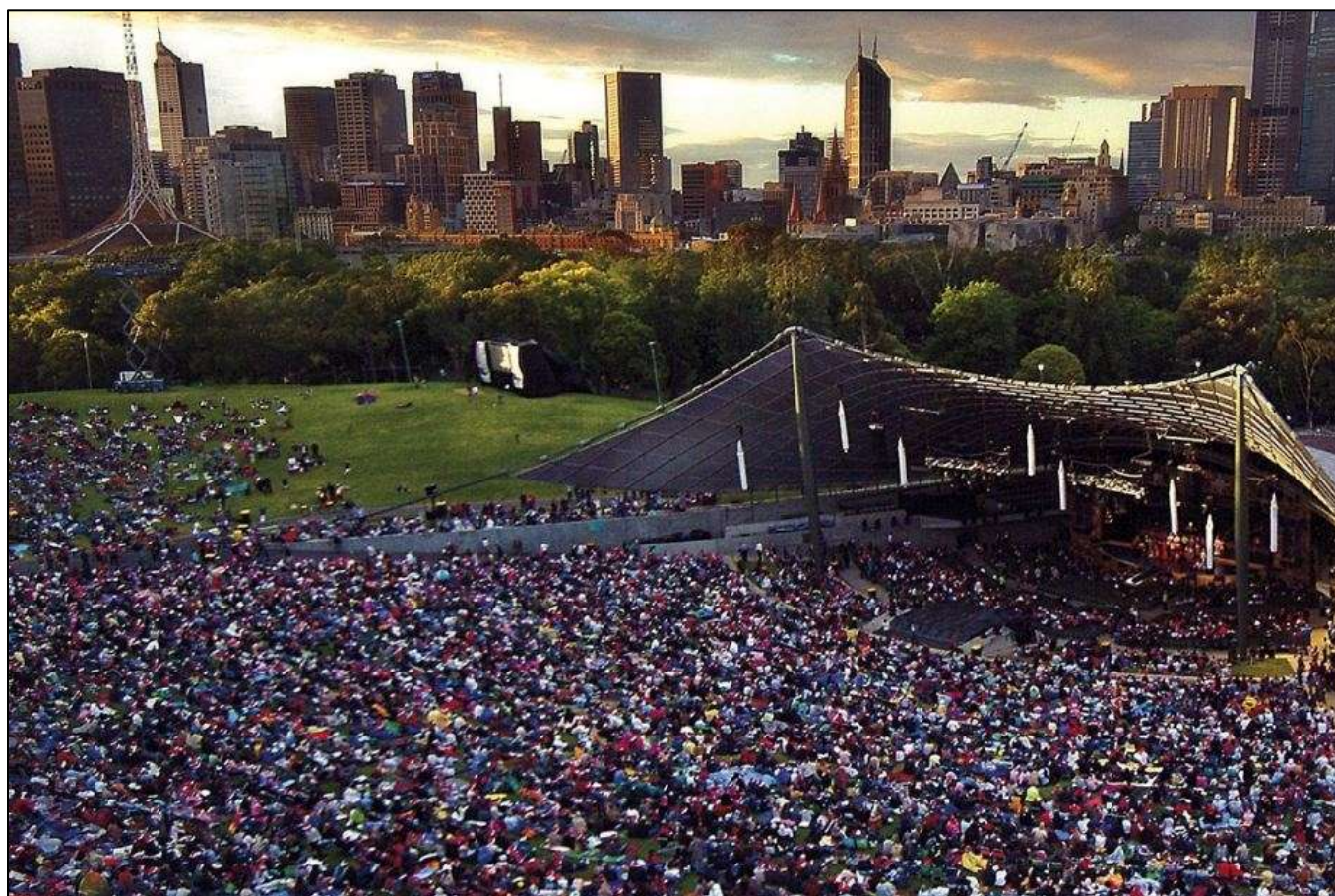
2021 Celebration.

Later this month I'll be in Melbourne to see the RAAF and some potential sponsors to discuss our wish list re the celebration. We'll have more on this in our next issue or you can keep an eye on the Celebration web-site (www.radschool.org.au/2021_Celebratons/) which will be continuously updated.

If you would like to join us, please go to the site, fill in the form ([HERE](#)) and send it off to us. This is not a commitment, it is only an indication, we just need to have an "idea" of the numbers. All those that have indicated they will be going will get "down the front" reserved seats at the Myer Music Bowl for the Sunday concert.



The Sunday Concert event will be open to all in Melbourne and could look like this below, you'll definitely want a reserved seat.



Remember, the “other day” Celebration events are open to anyone and everyone who has spent time at Ballarat, Laverton, Point Cook, St Kilda or Frognall, it's open to clerks, cooks, framies, pilots, instructor, even radtechs, it's irrespective of mustering. The individual cost to everyone will be minimal as we're down the road away with sponsors and it's looking good.

Early in 2020 we'll need you to commit and fill in another form with all names, shirt sizes etc and soon after that you'll need to make a payment – but more on that later too.



We'll be asking for volunteers later, people to help with set up, team leaders, crowd management, waiters etc, more on that later too.

Membership.

We've decided to go with the following membership.

- 1 year's full membership for \$12.00. (now till 30 June 2018)
- Full membership for \$45.00 to 30 June 2021.

Annual Membership will run from July one year to June the next, with this year's annual membership now expiring in June 2018. As we've said, full membership is not compulsory, you can still receive the RAM which will remain open, free and available on the net.

So, if you'd like to contribute and help us with the ever increasing costs, please join as a full member.

If you are already a member (ie: if your name is on this [LIST](#)), please fill in the form below and send it to us, if you haven't already joined (if you're not on the list), please use the form [HERE](#).

First name: Surname:

Your email address:

Membership type:

Your State: Sum transferred: \$

Please transfer your joining contribution to:

BSB: 124-021 **Account number:** 1048 7401 **Title:** RAAF Radschool Association.

Bank: Bank of Queensland.

and include your name in the "Remarks" window on the deposit.

You can of course pay more if you wish!!



AND!! If you work for a firm that would be kind and generous enough to sponsor the Radschool Association, please get in touch.

RAM thought for the day.

Actions prove who someone is, words just prove who they want to be.

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.

IN MEMORY OF

John Carruthers.

Mick Lawson advises the sad news that John Carruthers passed away on the 17th December. John's funeral, which was a poppy service provided by the RSL, was held on Friday the 22nd December 2017 at Traditional Funerals 17 Anzac Avenue, Redcliffe, Qld.



Eve Hayes.

Geoff Reddish, who lives down in Launceston, advises his wife of 56 years passed away last May and left him devastated. Eve was on No 100 WRAAF rookies course and they met at Ballarat in 1960 when Geoff was on 5 Radtech and Eve was on a Telsop course.



Stanley Rackham.

Peter Lehman advises the passing of Stanley Rackham. Stan was a regular at the RMIT lunches, he died on the 17 November, aged 94.

Sorry, no further details.

Kevin Kirk.

Colin Hingston advises that WGCDR (Ret'd) Kevin Kirk had been battling several cancer ailments over the last 18 months or so. Colin says: "He was re-admitted to the Canberra Hospital and I am saddened to advise that he passed away on the 3rd Jan 2018. He was 76 years old.





Kevin was a well known, competent, respected and experienced Engineer. He will be sadly missed. His career began as an apprentice Airframe Fitter on 14 Jan 1957 and he was Commissioned as a Pilot Officer ENGRAERO on the 14th May 65. He worked through the ranks in a variety of postings as listed [HERE](#) until he retired on 22 Jan 1985.

Kev subsequently joined the APS and, amongst other things, was heavily involved with the [Pavetack](#) project.”

Kevin’s funeral was held on the 12th January, 2018 at Norwood Park, Mitchell in the ACT.

Terry Corbell.

John Stewart, the Secretary of 3 Telecommunication Unit Association (Inc) has reported the passing of ex-3TU member, Terry Corbell. Terry was at 3TU in the early 60s and it is understood that he died at home in Melbourne on the 2nd January, 2018. He was 80 years old.

Off Watch 540.

Wing Commander Reg Reynolds.

AVM (Retired) Bob Richardson sent us this, and although Reg was RAF and not an RAAF airman, he was involved with the RAAF during WW2 and his passing is definitely worth a mention here:

Wing Commander Reg Reynolds, who has died aged 98, was one of the RAF's outstanding low-level attack pilots; he flew 89 bombing operations and was decorated for gallantry four times.



Wing Commander Reg W Reynolds (right) with his navigator, Flight Lieutenant Ted Sismore, and a Mosquito at Marham, Norfolk, at the time of the Jena raid, 1943.

In a remarkable career, one of his most effective raids was the bombing of Berlin during the morning of January 30 1943, just as Reichsmarschall Hermann Goering, Commander-in-Chief of the Luftwaffe, was due to address a mass rally as part of the 10th anniversary celebrations of Hitler's coming to power. Goering's speech was to be broadcast to the nation.

Early that day, three Mosquitos of No 105 Squadron, led by Reynolds and his long-serving and brilliant navigator Ted Sismore, took off from their base in Norfolk on the RAF's first daylight bombing attack on Berlin, a round trip of 1,150 miles. Their explicit task was to drop bombs on the capital at exactly 11 am, the time at which Goering was to begin his address.

After take-off the three aircraft remained at low level and headed across the North Sea. They flew north of the Frisian Islands before turning due east. As they crossed the River Elbe they commenced a climb to 25,000 ft and headed for Berlin. The attack was delivered exactly on time, with the bombs falling near the broadcast station. The explosions could be heard over the radio.

It was reported that Goering was "boiling with rage and humiliation", and had to postpone his speech for an hour. A few years earlier Goering had famously boasted that no enemy aircraft would ever bomb the German Reich.



The raid succeeded, despite the loss of one mosquito later in the day, and was a significant propaganda coup. It was covered extensively in the press and on the BBC news. Sismore later related: "After our return, we were able to listen to a recording of the broadcast, the announcement, an explosion, loud voices and then just martial music." All the crews were decorated and Reynolds received an immediate DSO for his "calm courage, resolution and endurance".

Reginald Wilfred Reynolds was born on the 6th January, 1919 at Cheltenham and educated at Clifton College. He was eight years old when a Gypsy Moth landed in a pasture near his home at Winchcombe, an event that stimulated his passion for flying. After a year working at the Gloster Aircraft Company, he joined the RAF on a short service commission in August 1937 and trained as a pilot. The following August he joined No 144 Squadron, flying the Hampden bomber. During the Phoney War he flew on shipping sweeps and after the German invasion of the Low Countries and France in May 1940 he dropped mines in the Baltic and bombed targets in Germany.

During the summer of 1940 he attacked the German invasion barges gathering in French ports. After 30 operations he was awarded the DFC and rested, spending six months instructing on a bomber operational training unit (OTU). He returned to operational flying in April 1941 to fly the Manchester, which was plagued with engine problems, on a number of bombing operations over France and Germany. Three months later he was sent as a flight commander to form the nucleus of No 455 Squadron, the first Royal Australian Air Force bomber squadron.

This involved returning to fly the out-dated Hampden on 12 more operations over Germany and to lay mines in the waters around the Netherlands and north Germany. During a further tour as a flight commander on an OTU, he flew one of the unit's Whitleys on a bombing raid to

Düsseldorf on the 31st July, 1942. Bomber Command had required a maximum effort, so experienced instructors were tasked for the operation.

Later in the year he converted to the Mosquito before joining the first squadron to be equipped with the aircraft, No 105, teaming up with Ted Sismore. Over the next nine months, Reynolds led many daylight attacks against targets in France, the Low Countries and Germany. These included railway workshops, power stations, steel plants and armament works.

On the 27th May, 1943 he led a formation of 14 aircraft to attack the Schott Glass Works and the Zeiss Optical Instruments Works at Jena, deep in the heart of Germany. It was the longest low-level daylight raid mounted by the RAF. The weather and visibility deteriorated as they approached the target surrounded by cloud-covered hills. Balloon defences protected the target and the Mosquitos encountered heavy anti-aircraft fire. As Reynolds released the bombs, his aircraft was hit by flak and one engine was damaged. He was wounded in the hand and leg and



a piece of shrapnel ripped the collar of his jacket. The long journey home was spent monitoring the damaged engine and avoiding enemy defences. Reynolds was awarded an immediate Bar to his DSO and Sismore received the DSO.

In January 1944 Reynolds became a wing commander, flying operations in No 140 Wing of the Second Tactical Air Force. He

continued to fly on operations and on the 31st October 1944, again flying with Sismore, he led a force of 24 Mosquitos to bomb the Gestapo HQ located in one of the buildings of Aarhus University in Denmark. The surprise attack in misty weather was delivered from low level and was a complete success. The head of the local SS was killed and one of his officers wrote: "A terrible disaster happened when our HQ was shot up by English airmen." As the formation crossed Denmark at treetop height, many Danes waved and a farmer stopped ploughing, stood at attention and saluted as the Mosquitos swept past.

For their outstanding leadership, both Reynolds and Sismore received a Bar to their DFCs, making Reynolds one of only 30 airmen to receive two DSOs and two DFCs.

After attending the RAF Staff College, Reynolds left for Canada in September 1945. He was based at Dorval near Montreal, where he served as the wing commander in charge of operations at HQ 45 Group, responsible for ferrying aircraft across the Atlantic.

He left the RAF in January 1946 and a year later joined the Dutch airline KLM to fly Constellations on the North Atlantic route. In 1951 he returned to Canada and began a long

and very varied flying career. He flew executive aircraft, charter flights to remote areas across Canada, and he also spent time as a flying instructor.

He retired to Toronto in 1983 after accumulating 22,000 hours of flying in 60 types of aircraft. In 1997 he discovered he had a half-sister. They and their families remained close and made regular trips to visit him in Canada.

Reg Reynolds married his Canadian wife Mary in 1946 and she died in 2010. Their two daughters survive him.

Reg Reynolds, born on the 6th January, 1919, died on the 25th November 2017.

Kevin Anfruns.

Noel Hatfield advises, with much sadness, the passing of Kevin Anfruns on the 6th January, 2018, after a long illness. Kevin lived in Tasmania with his partner Patti and was a member of the South Arm RSL (Near Hobart). He was on [1 Radio Appy](#) back in 1951.

He was 87 years old.

No funeral details known.



Alan Jones

Peter Robinson advises: "It is with regret I have to advise that our fellow 14th Intake Tulip mate, Alan (AA) Jones passed away in Adelaide on 09 Dec 17. Alan transferred from the Navy to the RAAF late in 1960 as an apprentice. I was unaware of his passing and it has just been confirmed. Alan was an ElecFitter on his early discharge. He later re-joined as a Barracks Electrician and completed over 20 years' service. He had lived in Adelaide for a number of years.

Condolences go out to his family.

RIP Jonesy".

Kev Beer.

Kev Maddox advises the passing of Kevin Charles Paton Beer, 24 August 1940 - 15 February 2018

“Kev was a member of no 10 Radio Apprentice course that arrived at Frognall in 1956. He served with 10 and 11 Squadrons as well as other postings before retiring.



He will be missed by many - especially by me as he was a good mate”.

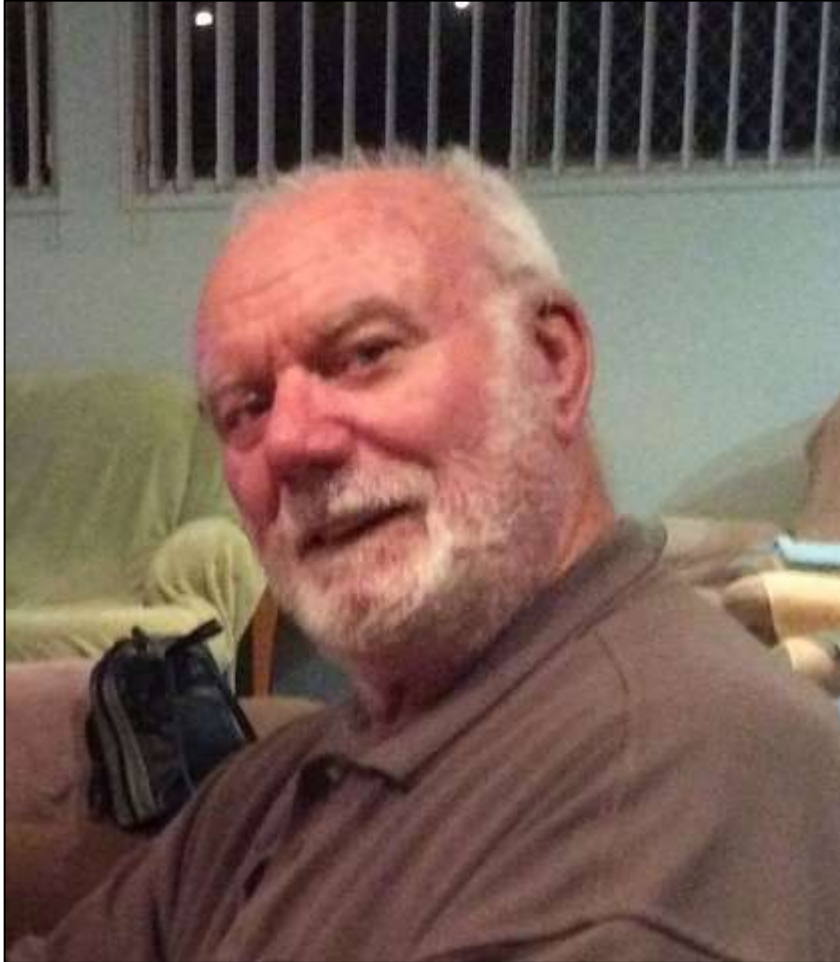
Richard Orr says: “Kev and I joined, with about 30 others, as RAAF radio apprentices back in 1956 as members of 10 Radio Apprentice course at Frognall. We both came from the same town in Northam WA. Kev will be missed by his friends and colleagues. At this sad time, we pass our heartfelt condolences to Erin and family.

Kev was one of the youngest airmen to be appointed Warrant Officer (age 31) and was later commissioned as Radio Officer. He Retired as a Sqn Ldr. He was married to Erin nee Murphy for 58 years , they had 2 Children Leanne and Tony who is a WOE - 33 years service and still serving.

Kev had been diagnosed with metastatic melanoma in early December 2017. He had his family around him, and was peaceful in the end.

The celebration of Kevins life was held on Thursday 22 February 2018 at Traditional Funerals, 636 Morayfield Road, Burpengary, just north of Brisbane.





Kevin Charles Paton Beer

RIP.

Erle Reed.

John Stewart advises the sad news that Erle Reed passed away this week after a long battle with a brain tumour.

Funeral details will be forwarded when known. To be held on Wed 7th March but venue and time to follow.

Sorry – no further details.

John Richard Smythe.

Noel Hadfield advises that John John passed away on Monday 5th March 2018. Known affectionately to some as “Prof”, John joined the RAAF in 1956 as a radio apprentice on No 10 intake. Whilst at Frognall, he followed the diploma stream but unfortunately dropped one maths subject in his final year. The system showed no mercy in those years and thus he was removed from the diploma course and graduated as an airman, a well educated airman. He later passed his higher level Maths subject and thus had completed all of the subjects for an Associate Diploma Of Communication Engineering . He was commissioned and retired as a Wing Commander.

Laurie Lindsay says: John was nicknamed ‘Prof’ because when he was an apprentice, he was the font of all knowledge. When I was instructing at Radschool, if I ever got a question that I could not answer (and there were many), I would call a break and hurry over to John’s office to get the answer. He never failed me!

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Page 3 Girl.

Our lovely Page 3 girl this edition is Mary Windsor.

Mary says: "I Joined the WRAAF on 20th July 1964 (as Mary Moore) for adventure, travel and to learn new skills. Dissatisfied with my job at Myer Geelong selling wool in winter and haberdashery in summer, I decided it was time to see what else life had to offer. When the big day came, my sister Margaret dropped me at the recruiting centre at Queens Road Melbourne with my one borrowed suitcase and I stepped through the door into a new world and a new life.



A RAAF bus transported the Victorian new recruits to Point Cook where we were clothed, fed, marched, moulded and shaped into service personnel all within four weeks. Point Cook in July is not an inviting place. Wind blew from far south onto the parade ground where we spent many hours trying to coordinate arms, legs and marching in straight lines. The barracks were Spartan, cold and noisy with floor surfaces, which needed polishing with heavy polishers that tended to have a mind of their own. So far my travels had taken me 51.8 kms from home.

Five of us from [124 recruit course](#) moved to Laverton where we waited for a couple of months before starting on [No 22 Tprinop course](#). Much of the intervening period was spent in a tin hut learning to type with music providing the momentum and played at different speeds. To this day hearing the 'William Tell Overture' sends chills down my spine. The course finished in March when I was attached to Fairbairn for a couple of months before taking up my first posting at Frognall.

Accommodation varied from base to base. I lived in a wooden block at Point Cook and Laverton, Fairbairn had fibro huts but you had to go outside to get to the ablution block – not all that good in winter. Frognall was something else again! We lived in Nissan huts that were cold in winter and boiling hot in summer. Six bed-spaces semi-partitioned by a wardrobe gave limited privacy while the person opposite you had none. It was an unusual base because most of the girls worked shift-work. There was always someone sleeping during the day in these less than ideal living conditions. On hot summer days it wasn't unusual to see that someone had dragged their mattress into the case-room to take advantage of the concrete floor in order to get some sleep before going on duty again.

I arrived from Frognall about mid 1965 and was pleased to see Noreen McCabe, from my Tprinop course, was also there – we're still good friends. The following year Noreen, Dottie



Hodge and I were attached to Radschool to train on No 26 Communication Security course. We had an intense month of learning the inner workings of cryptography. It was an area that I particularly enjoyed. I was promoted to Corporal in November 1967, which would normally mean a posting— but not for me.



Standing L-R: Chris Little, Toby Longwill, Ginger Nelson, Jeff Aldrich, Neil Minster.

Seated L-R: Noreen McCabe, Mary Moore, Dottie Hodge.

I stayed at Frognall as a corporal but I was attached to Edinburgh on a two-week NCO course, where I learned to take a flight on parade, throwing my voice so that everyone could hear my command, basic public speaking, man-management, taking responsibility and delegating where necessary. Having completed the course, I felt empowered to cope with my new rank. Two years later I was promoted to Sergeant.



Patsy Horniman and I were promoted to Sgt the same day. Patsy worked at Victoria Barracks commcen and lodged at Frognall. A recent establishment change created a position at Radschool for a WRAAF Sgt instructor. I was posted to Radschool and Patsy was posted to Frognall. I was back where I'd started. After five years of waiting for a posting I moved to the other side of town. I had no preparation for the instructor position and had to rely on tips from other instructors to get by. I didn't enjoy it very much. In July 1970 I signed on for another two years and I spent 12 months in the Career's Information side of Recruiting where I met Ron Windsor who had recently returned from Vietnam. I was posted back to Frognall in 1971 and promoted to Flt Sergeant in November. The only establishment for a WRAAF Flt Sgt was at Frognall so there was no posting to come with the promotion.



My current engagement was nearly up and I took my discharge in July 1972. I loved my years in the WRAAF even though my whole time was spent around Melbourne. Travel hadn't been a big feature in my service life but it was an adventure and I learned new skills that prepared me to take on the world.

A month after my discharge I boarded the Greek ship "Britanis" and sailed for England on a two-year working holiday. A Year after returning home Ron Windsor, and I were married on 1st March 1975 in Geelong. It seemed I'd joined the Air Force again—in a different capacity!

Ron was at Point Cook when we married, he was promoted to Sqn Ldr in November and was posted to Canberra in January the following year. We bought a house in Canberra and both studied at CCAE taking advantage of free tertiary education.

When I finished studying I joined the Commonwealth Public Service so I could transfer within the organisation when a postings came up. After five years in Canberra Ron was posted to Glenbrook where we spent three years. Whilst at Glenbrook we bought some land in Ballarat, which we intended to build on when Ron retired. Our last posting in Melbourne enabled us to oversee the building of our house on 3 acres of land. We moved up to Ballarat in October 1986 to a civilian lifestyle. Two years later we opened Windsor Park Nursery and closed down after 5 years to travel for 14 months, mostly in Spain and England.

In 2004 we sailed from Melbourne to Yokohama on the QEII, leaving Melbourne on Valentines Day and returning on our 29th wedding anniversary. One month later Ron dropped dead and I had to start another life.

In the last 14 years I've completed a Geology degree at Ballarat University, travelled to East Antarctica, the Arctic, West Antarctica, the Kuril Islands and places in between – always looking at the geology. Three years ago I participated in the [scootarbtor challenge](#) in which 20 seniors rode 50cc motor scooters from Port Augusta to Fremantle and raised \$80,000 for BeyondBlue — but that's a story in itself.

I've lived in Bairnsdale for the past five years. I volunteer at the Tourist Info Centre once a week, play social and competitive croquet, puddle around with family history and take a holiday now and then. In June I go to Sri Lanka.

My Air Force days are special because they gave me adventure, travel (not very much) and taught me new skills and gave me a multitude of friends".

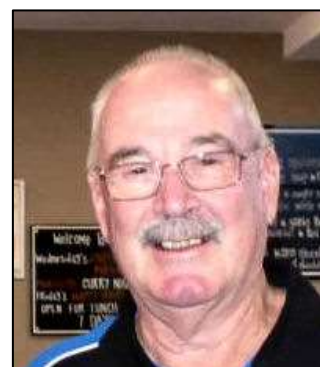


If Webster wrote the first dictionary, where did he find the words?

21 Course Radio Appy's 50th reunion.

Don Cureton wrote, "Receiving the RAM a while back reminded me that I was going to send you some info on the 21 Course Appy pics.

We started at Laverton on 9 Jan 1967. A few of us had an impromptu 'pissup' at the Transcontinental (Brisbane) in January this year. We chose that venue because Andre Bondeson had his leg in plaster and didn't want to walk too far from Roma St Station. It was a good choice for a 10 AM meetup - I got home well after dark.



We have been having regular reunions for about 10 years and it was decided that Victoria was the appropriate state to hold the 50th. A committee was formed and they eventually chose the RACV Torquay resort. We held the reunion over the days 27/28/29 October 2017. We decided a long time ago that choosing a date that didn't conflict with school holidays and sporting events was hard.

Out of the original 72 starters on our course, 34 attended at Torquay, along with wives of course.

Here are some of the pics.







Why do we sing "Take me out to the ball game" when we're already there?











Don says: "Many have commented that not many other appy courses have maintained contact the same was as we have. Dunno. It's a coincidence that our Wagga counterparts, 21 Engineering Appies have similarly maintained contact and held their 50th reunion a couple of weeks before ours.

46 Instrument Course, 1982-83

Terry Devine sent us this.



Back Row L-R: Terry Devine, Paul Blyton, Dan Sheahan, Rob Verstadig.
Middle Row L-R: Stewart Shackley, Paul McNally, Bob Lewis, Tony Hunter, Ugo Tolone.
Front Row L-R: Chris Wild, Len Biongorno, Jim Rouse, Troy Dux, Wayne Sharman.

Why are they called "stands" when they are made for sitting?



Radio Section Butterworth, 1986

Rick Smith send us this pic, he could only give us a few names, Ted Washbrook gave us a lot more, but we're still short a few, if you can help, please do.



Back Row L-R: Gary Lane, Don't know, Don't know, Howard Alexander, Al Richards, Don't know, Don't know.

Middle Row L-R: "Bungee" Williams, Jim Pring, Don't know, Simmo Samafov, Al Combridge, Don't know, Col Chesworth, Geoff Lott, Dennis Hayes.

Front Row L-R: Vince Browning, Don't know, Don't know, Don't know, FILt Steve Bournes (ABRADO), SqnLdr Alan Talbot (BRADO), WOff Ted Washbrook, Greg Parish, Zad Zadravec, Bill Yates.

Doesn't "expecting the unexpected" make the unexpected expected?

Officer Training School. Sept 1991



Back row L-R: Chris Hanna, Mark Masini, James Hood.
Front row L-R: Tina Wright, Adeline Chong, Rachael Grimmer, Lee Robertson

How come abbreviated is such a long word?



48 Clka Conversion.

1981ish



Standing L-R: Huw Grossmith, Col Lonsdale, Allan Willis, Ray McNeill, Ross Veitch, Richard Hails, John Martin.

Seated L-R: Steve Hunt, Terry Banks, Des Maguire (Instr), Ray Cook (Instr), Sharon Williams, Russ Harvey, Ian Brazil. (Not in photo is FSGT Brian Sela, the master typing instructor.)

Back in the 'olden days', you could enlist as a Clerk (Nothing) and then later on, DPA would decide it's time to re-muster to CLKA so off to Wagga for three months to basically, learn to type 35wpm.

2 Sqn Phan Rang.

Sometime 1968/69



The two blokes up front are Kerry Millard, (Framie), and Wayne Nielsen (Instrument Fitter).

We don't know the two rows at the back, can someone help.

I was going out with a friend when we saw a woman with a nose ring attached to an earring by a chain. My friend said, 'Ouch! The chain must rip out every time she turns her head!' I had to explain that a person's nose and ear remain the same distance apart no matter which way the head is turned.

76 Sqn Macchi.

Throw-back to the early 90's with 76 Sqn Macchi R3 Servicing's and Wing Swap Central.



Chris 'Schultzy' Schultz (left), Ian 'Fish' Fisher (front) and some good looking bloke called Sean (Ramjet) Ramsay (rear right).

I couldn't find my luggage at the airport baggage area and went to the lost luggage office and reported the loss. The woman there smiled and told me not to worry because she was a trained professional and said I was in good hands. 'Now,' she asked me, 'Has your plane arrived yet?'.....

Maintenance Sqn East Sale.



Can someone provide names and time please/



Rookies, Course 1574. 26 Aug - 14 Nov 1980.



Back L-R: Wayne Laidlaw, Robert Shipp, Paul Armitage, Robert Stoffels, Rick Christiansen, Gary Warne, Mark Moles, Peter Rogers.

Middle L-R: Ray Garcia, Dave Barrett, Bill Watts, Dereck Kenyon, Cpl Gary Thompson, John Taylor, Mark Finiss, Chris Cavanough.

Front L-R: Ric Wojciechowski, Craig Newman, Neville Beck, Greg Cabezas, Brett Franklin, Darren Hailwood, Alan Miller, Steve Swan.

Why is bra singular and panties plural?

The Crew that brought the first Caribou to Australia.



Standing L-R: K C Smith, Terry Gilroy, Garry Martin, Joe Thomas, Cec Robinson, Bill Hall, John McQueen.

Seated L-R: Jim Ryle (radio), John Lindner, Noel Bellamy, Trevor Fairbairn (CO), John Bevan, Murray Bertram, Aussie Pratt.

The photo taken in January 1964. This crew brought A4-140 out from DeHavillands in Canada, landing at Richmond on the 22nd April 1964. This aircraft above was in the second batch to be delivered to the RAAF, arriving Richmond on the 13th June 1964. It was crewed by Ron Raymond (Captain), John Staal (Co-pilot), "Red" Jordon (Navigator) with Owen Murrell (Loady).

Cec Robinson, in the pic above, was in Canada, not as crew but learning the radio stuff.

The pic below is the full crew that brought A4-164 out to Australia.

THE RAM

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



Vol 61

Page 3



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 (Captain), Chris Sugden (CO - Pilot), Bernie Parker (Pilot), Bev Barry (Nav).



A sign used in Australia to advise that slow drives are about to temporarily increase their speed.



Computers and Stuff.

Report scams to the ACCC via www.scamwatch.gov.au or by calling 1300 795 995.

Master Macros in Microsoft Office.

Windows Secrets
Everything Microsoft forgot to mention.

Macros are an under-used feature of the Microsoft Office Suite – they are often spoken of in awe as though they are the biggest and badest thing you could ever imagine and are to be avoided at all costs. But that's not the case at all, used correctly they can be a very helpful tool.

You can automate a host of time-consuming tasks using macros. For instance, do you find yourself running the same laborious and repetitive commands and tasks in Microsoft Word or Excel? There must be a better way, you say to yourself. And there is - with macros. Through a macro, you can record or create a series of commands and tasks in a Microsoft Office application. Then, whenever you want to run those commands, you just trigger the macro. You can create macros to automate just about anything in a program like Word or Excel -- apply special formatting, change the layout, insert objects.

Macros definitely sound intimidating if you've never ventured into their territory. They're stored as mini programs using the Visual Basic for Applications (VBA) language. But you don't need to be a programmer to use macros, you can record the macro by performing the various commands step by step then edit the macro to make any changes. Let's check out how to use macros to save time in Microsoft Office.

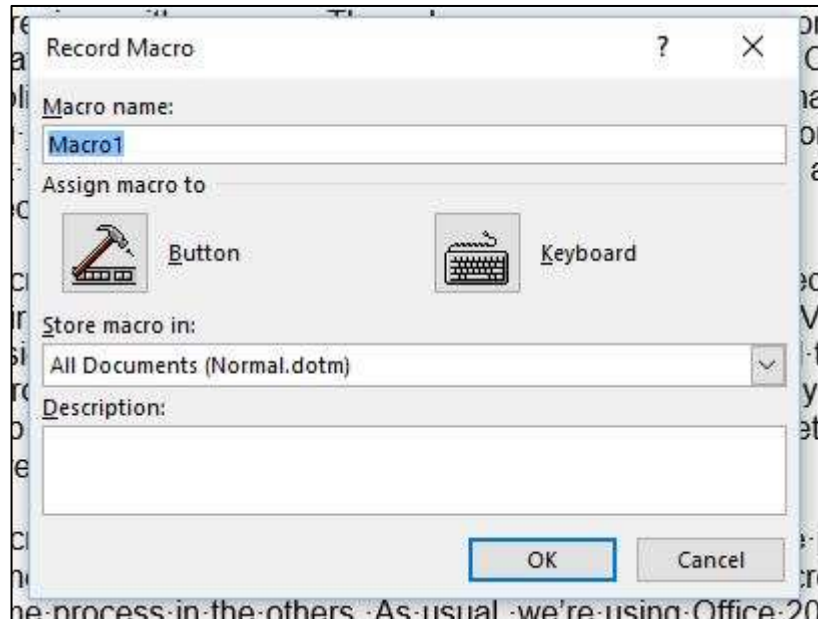


Macros are available in Word, Excel, and PowerPoint. The process for creating a macro is the same across all three applications so once you master macros in one program, you can use the same process in the others. As usual, we're using Office 2016 here, but the steps for creating, editing, and using macros are the same for the past few versions of Office.

Let's launch Word to kick things off.

Open any document with text. We'll try a relatively simple macro to start, one that I often use. I often give certain documents a specific font, point size, line spacing, and justification, and I can accomplish all those tasks in a single macro. Click on the View menu and then click on the Macros button. Select the option to Record Macro.

At the Record Macro window, type a name for your macro. The name can be up to 80 characters and can include letters and numbers but no symbols or spaces. The macro must also begin with a letter. Try to keep the macro name short so it's easier to use. In this case, I might create a name like RAMLayout. (You can assign a macro to a button or a keyboard shortcut, but we'll do that separately.)



Type a description for your macro so you know exactly what it does. You can opt to store your macro in the default template for all documents or just your current document. Unless there's a reason you want to restrict the macro to your current document, keep this setting at All Documents. Click OK, and now the fun begins.

Select your entire document by pressing Ctrl+A. Now perform each of the following tasks one after another:

- Click on the Home menu.
- Change the font to Arial and the point size to 12.
- Click on the small arrow in the Paragraph section to access the Paragraph Settings window.
- Change the space for After to 0 points and the line spacing to Single.
- Finally, change the alignment to Justified.
- Click OK to close the Paragraph Settings window.
- Click anywhere in the document to turn off the selection and then make sure your cursor is at the top of the screen.
- Click on the View menu, select the Macros button, and click on the option to Stop Recording.

Now open a different document in Word, one without any of the formatting we used for the macro. Click on the View menu, select the Macros button, and click on View Macros. You should see your macro listed and selected. Click on the Run command, and the macro applies all the stored formatting and layout changes to your document.

Instead of going through the Macros button, you can click on the small macro recording button on the bottom status bar, the button to the right of the word count or page numbers. If it's not there, right click the status bar, the "Customize Status Bar" window (right) will open, click the box next to Macro Recording.



Going through the Macros menu to trigger a macro is a clumsy process, so put a macro the Quick Access toolbar. You can also assign a keyboard shortcut to a macro. Performing those actions in the Record Macro window is the easiest option but you can also do all that after the fact by [customizing the Ribbon](#) and [customizing the Quick Access Toolbar](#). Follow these steps:

- Right-click on the Home Ribbon and click on the command to Customize the Ribbon.
- At the window to "Customize the Ribbon and keyboard shortcuts," make sure the Home Ribbon is selected in the right pane.
- Click on the New Group button. Make sure the new group is selected.
- Click on the Rename button and change the name to Macros.
- Click on the dropdown menu under "Choose commands from" in the left pane and change the view to Macros. You should see the two macros you created.
- Click on the first one in the list and then click on the Add button.
- Do the same for the second one. You can rename the Ribbon buttons for the macros and change their icons.
- Click on one of the macros and click on the Rename button. Type a new name for the macro button and select a different icon. Click OK.
- Do the same for the other macro. Buttons for your macros appear on the Home Ribbon.

Follow these directions to create a keyboard shortcut for each macro.

- Click on the Customize button next to Keyboard shortcuts at the bottom of the left pane.
- Under Categories in the Customize Keyboard window, scroll down the list and select Macros. Your two macros appear in the Macros window. Select one.

- Click in the Press new shortcut key field and press the keys on your keyboard that you want to use as the shortcut, for example, Ctrl+Shift+R. Make sure you don't assign a shortcut that's already used by a Windows or Office command.
- Click the Assign button.
- Do the same for the other macro.
- Close the Customize Keyboard window.
- Pressing one of the new keyboard shortcuts triggers the respective macro.
- At the window to "Customize the Ribbon and keyboard shortcuts," change the selection to Quick Access toolbar.

You can now repeat the steps you used to add the macros to the Ribbon, this time adding them to the Quick Access Toolbar.

Finally, what if you want to edit the code for a macro to modify any elements? Even if you don't know VBA, you can make certain changes and rename the macro.

Click on the View menu, select the Macros button, and click on the option to View Macros. Here you can delete a macro if you wish but we want to edit its code and change its name.

- Select the macro and click on Edit. The code for each macro appears.
- For the FullJustLayout macro we created, you can see lines of code for the font, point size, and other attributes.
- To change those, just replace the existing font name or point size with a different name or size. To change the name of the macro, look for the line of code at the beginning that says: Sub [the name of macro] ().
- Delete the existing name of the macro but don't remove the Sub and () items.
- Type the new name for your macro.
- Press Ctrl+S when done to save the macro with your changes and the new name.
- Close the VBA window.

Editing or renaming a macro doesn't affect any existing buttons or keyboard shortcuts. So you can run your edited macro from the Macros window, from the Ribbon, from the Quick Access Toolbar, or from your keyboard shortcuts.

Buyers' guide: choosing a smart speaker for your home.

While Amazon pioneered the internet-connected speaker that responds to voice commands, it now has plenty of



competition from other tech heavyweights. Even the original Amazon Echo has six Alexa-powered alternatives vying for your attention and dollars.

Digital assistants on these speakers — Amazon's Alexa, Google Assistant, Microsoft's Cortana and soon Apple's Siri — can play music, set timers and read off your calendar events. These speakers can also serve as a gateway to controlling other internet-connected appliances, such as smart lights, thermostats and even streaming video on TVs.

Here's a guide to choosing one for you or a loved one.

The Choices.

Amazon's \$180 Echo (2nd Gen) is smaller and costs half what the original did at its 2014 debut. Variations range from the \$85 Echo Dot, which has a lower-quality speaker, to the \$495 Echo Show, which has a touch screen.



Google's speaker, the \$165 Google Home, no longer challenges the main Echo on price. Bargain hunters can get the Google Home Mini for \$65 or splurge for high-quality speakers in the \$650 Google Home Max.



Apple. Early next year, Apple will compete at the high end with the \$899 HomePod.



Microsoft. Microsoft's assistant appears on Invoke, a \$185 speaker made by Samsung's Harman Kardon business. Samsung is also planning a speaker based on its own Bixby assistant, but there's no word yet on when.



Other manufacturers are also making speakers with Alexa or Google Assistant built-in.

The Smarts.

You can talk to Alexa, Google Assistant and Cortana as you would a friend. Ask any of them, "Do I need an umbrella today?" to get the forecast for rain. (Siri's capabilities on HomePod won't be fully known until it comes out.) Nonetheless, no single assistant does everything well. Alexa, for instance, won't let you set an alarm more than 24 hours out; its rivals do.

All three are learning. At first, Alexa was able to make calls only to other Alexa users. Now, it can dial regular phone numbers, too, for hands-free conversations. Google Assistant was the first to distinguish different voices, so it knows to play music on your playlist, not your teenager's. Alexa got that capability a few months ago. Cortana is still behind in many ways, but all three are racing to get better. Don't choose a device solely on what it can do today, as any small lead could be short-lived.

Favouritism.

Of course, each device will work best with its manufacturer's own services. Alexa, for instance, can read Kindle e-books in her computer-generated voice. If you just finished Chapter 23 on the Kindle e-reader or app, Alexa will continue with Chapter 24. You can also buy toilet paper and other items, on Amazon of course, with a voice command.

Cortana, meanwhile, can make calls using Microsoft's Skype service. When you set up Invoke, Microsoft's Outlook.com calendar is automatically linked; you have to add Google's yourself. Google Assistant can read only your Google calendar, not Apple's or Microsoft's. (Alexa is the only one to work with all three.) The assistants will work with many other services, though. Amazon is at the forefront in enabling third-party capabilities, so Alexa can call you an Uber ride or track progress on your Fitbit fitness tracker. Google and Microsoft are catching up. Meanwhile, Amazon and Microsoft have agreed to let their assistants summon each other; when that's enabled soon, Alexa can fulfil something Cortana can't do on its own.



Sound Quality.

These speakers can, of course, play music. If that's important, pay more for a quality device. Invoke is made by Harmon Kardon, experts in audio. Home Max and HomePod are also designed with sound quality in mind. As tempting as the \$50 Echo Dot might be, Alexa sounds as though she's coming over a speaker phone, but if you already have good wireless speakers, you can pair them to the Dot with Bluetooth. You need Google's \$35 Chromecast Audio device to pair other speakers with Home.

The three major assistants all work with Spotify. Alexa and Google Assistant work with Pandora as well, while Amazon and Google work with their own music services. Alexa also has Sirius XM.

Security and Privacy.

Expect your kids to mess around with the speaker, by asking an assistant to make fart noises, for instance. Parental controls are limited. Microsoft says it's still working on them. Google's controls are limited to its YouTube service. Amazon lets you set a PIN for ordering products by voice, but a lot remains unfiltered, including news that's not always pleasant.

Even among adults, there are security and privacy considerations.

These speakers are always listening, unless you hit a mute button. Companies insist that nothing is sent over the internet unless the device hears a key word, such as "Alexa" or "OK, Google." You can view your history of voice requests. Amazon and Google let you delete individual ones; with Microsoft, you can only delete your entire history.

Another consideration: If you're living in close quarters, a nosy neighbour could hear the assistant recite your doctor's appointment or upcoming travel plans.

Be Careful.

More people are getting voice-activated speakers and other smart devices for convenience and security, but doing so could also be giving hackers a key to their homes. Many devices from reputable manufacturers have safeguards built in, but those can't guarantee against hackers. Gadgets from startups and no-name brands may offer little or no protection.

Before buying one, here are some risks to assess:

Listening in.

Speakers with built-in microphones are increasingly popular. Devices such as Amazon's Echo and Google Home let people check the weather or their personal calendar with simple voice commands. Beyond that, many smart TVs and TV streaming devices now have voice-activated functions, often for playback controls and video search. Many newer toys also come with microphones, so kids can talk to them and get canned responses.

Many of these devices are constantly listening for your commands; when they receive them, they connect to corporate servers to carry them out. What if you're having private conversations at home? Are they getting sent over the internet, too? In some cases, sound recordings will only leave home when you trigger the device. You might have to speak a command phrase like "OK Google" or press a



button to get the device's attention. Check before buying to make sure a product includes such safeguards.

Some gadgets go further. Smart speakers, for instance, typically have a mute button to disable the microphone completely. Amazon says its mute function involves disconnecting the circuit, so that hackers cannot override the intent.

But there's no easy way for consumers to verify manufacturer promises, such as Amazon's assertion that the Echo never transmits recordings to the cloud unless it's been activated. That's where it helps to stick with reputable brands, as their reputations are at stake if they're caught in a lie. Bigger companies can also quickly fix security holes that crop up.

Deeper Insights.

Missteps are still possible, even with reputable brands. One of the WikiLeaks disclosures alleged that the CIA commandeered some Samsung smart TVs as listening devices even when the TV appeared to be off. And beware of internet-connected toys, as manufacturers frequently rush their products to market, sometimes skimping on privacy features in the process.

One more catch: Voice commands sent over the internet are typically stored indefinitely to help manufacturers personalize their services (and, potentially, advertisements). These voice snippets may include music or conversations in the background. They can be sought in lawsuits and investigations. Reputable brands let you review and delete your voice history; be sure to do so regularly.

Watching You.

Online security cameras such as the Cam IQ, from Google sibling company Nest, let you check in on your pets or kids when you're not home. They also typically store video online, so you can see whether your housekeeper actually cleaned the kitchen last week. Some services routinely send video to online storage; others do so only when triggered by a sound or motion. Again, reputable brands are likely to take security seriously, but no system is perfect.

If you want to be very careful, you might want to turn the camera to face the wall when you're home. You might also want to turn off the microphone, since it could capture background conversations. Or just unplug the camera altogether ... though you'll also have to remember to reconnect it when you leave. Along similar lines, consider covering up the front-facing camera on your laptop with opaque tape unless you need it



regularly for video chats. Laptops aren't supposed to send video unless you activate an app that needs it, but malware has been known to activate the camera remotely.

Digital Trails

Smart locks let you unlock doors with an app, so you can let in guests even when you're not home. Burglars might try to hack the system, though it's often easier for them to just break a window. Some rental properties are also turning to smart locks to control access. When you move out, the landlord can automatically disable your digital key. But these systems also let landlords track your whereabouts and those of your guests. If you create a guest key that's used daily, for instance, the landlord might suspect you have an unauthorized occupant. Even if you own the home, these keys can leave a digital trail. In a child-custody dispute, for instance, your ex might subpoena the records to learn that you've been staying out late on school nights.

Here's how we can stop driverless cars from being hacked.

Once hackers get into your internet-connected car, they could disable the air bags, brakes, door locks and even steal the vehicle. That's the finding of researchers who recently uncovered a flaw in the way the different components of a connected car talk to each other. Their work follows several demonstrations of researchers remotely hacking into and taking control of cars, including one that led to a worldwide recall of one connected model of Jeep.

None of these hacks have yet been demonstrated with regular vehicles on the road, but they show how cyber security is becoming a big challenge to the car industry, especially as vehicles incorporate more and more driverless technology. It has even worried the UK government enough to release a set of guidelines for the sector. These emphasise the need for companies to work together to build resilient vehicles whose security can be managed throughout their lifetime. But what can actually be done to ensure that as cars effectively become computers on wheels they are kept safe from hackers?

There are three main reasons why cars are becoming vulnerable to cyber attacks, and these trends have also made security more challenging to design and test.

First, the different systems that make up a car are increasingly designed to work together to improve their efficiency and so they all need to be able to communicate, as well as being connected to a central control. Adding autonomous systems that make cars partly or fully self-driving means the vehicles also have to connect to other cars and infrastructure on the road. But this opens up what was traditionally a closed system to outside, possibly malicious influences. For example, we've seen demonstrations of attacks using cars' Bluetooth, WiFi and

radio frequency (RF) on passive key entry systems, which all create possible entry points for hackers.



Second, more features and functionality in cars means more software and more complexity. A single vehicle can now use millions of lines of code, put together in different ways in different components from different manufacturers. This makes it hard for security testers to know where to look, and hard for auditors to check a car complies with the rules. If the software recently used by Volkswagen to circumvent emissions limits had been a malicious virus, it may have taken months or years to find the problem.

Finally, the volume and variety of the data and content stored and used in a vehicle is ever increasing. For example, a car's multimedia GPS system could contain contact addresses, information about the driver's usual routes and, in the future, even financial data. Such a hoard of information would be very attractive to cyber criminals.

One of the best ways to protect connected cars from this growing threat is by building security into the design of the vehicles. This means, for example, ensuring that there are no conflicts, errors or misconfigurations in individual components. Fully assembled cars should be tested

more rigorously to ensure the final product lives up against security hacks, using methods such as penetration testing, whereby systems are purposefully attacked to expose flaws. This in turn would mean better tools and standards that would force everyone in the industry to factor in security right from the start.

The next big challenge is likely to be designing vehicles that match security with safety. As self-driving technology evolves to use more artificial intelligence and deep learning techniques, we will be relying on yet more software to control our cars and make decisions on safety grounds like human drivers would. This will make it even more important that the cars are secure so that they also protect drivers' safety.

Industry response.

The industry is slowly but steadily responding to the growing threat of cyber attacks. Aside from government regulations, the US Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE), has introduced its own set of guidelines that show how cyber security can be treated like other safety threats when designing a car. There are also efforts to make drivers more able to protect their vehicles, for example by warning them in car manuals against plugging in unknown devices.



In the longer run, the biggest challenge is simply getting the car industry to coordinate more. The sector is very competitive at every level, and companies rely on the latest autonomous and connected technologies to set themselves apart and win new customers.

Unfortunately, this rivalry means that companies are reluctant to share intelligence about cyber threats and vulnerabilities or work together to develop more secure designs. To make cars truly secure we'll need to see the industry change gear.

A blonde walks into the CBA in George St, Sydney and asks for the loan officer. She says she's going to Europe on business for two weeks and needs to borrow \$5,000. The bank officer tells her that the bank will need some kind of security for such a loan, so the woman hands over the keys to a new Rolls Royce that's parked on the street in front of the bank. Everything checks out, and the bank agrees to accept the car as collateral for the loan. An employee drives the

Rolls Royce into the bank's underground garage and parks it there. Two weeks later, the woman returns, repays the \$5,000 and the interest, which comes to \$15.41. The loan officer approaches her and says: "We are very happy to have had your business, and this transaction has worked out very nicely, but we're a little puzzled. While you were away, we checked out your accounts and found that you were a multi-millionaire. What puzzles us is why would you bother to borrow \$5,000?" "Well" she said, "where else in Sydney can I park my car for two weeks for fifteen bucks?"

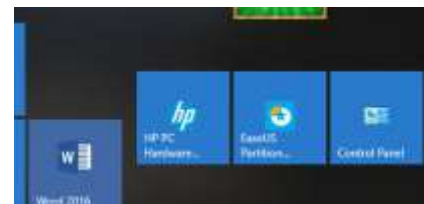
Control Panel.

Many Windows users have grown up with and have become accustomed to using MS's Control Panel. If there was a problem with your computer or you wanted to add or remove a device (add a printer or scanner etc) or change something, the first tool most went for was the Control Panel. You could look at the Control Pan two ways, either by Category or by Icon and it was/is a very handy tool. To access it all you had to do was click on "Start" down the bottom LHS of the screen and click it, but! - for some reason, MS thinks no-one wants it anymore and when they released the last couple of Windows 10 updates, they removed it from the Start button.



BUT – that's not the end of it. It's still there, you just have to know where it is and how to get it, and luckily, it's easy.

To get it back, Click START, then scroll down to the bottom of the Apps to the W heading, click on WINDOWS SYSTEM then RIGHT click CONTROL PANEL, then click PIN TO START. This will put it on the Start page.



If you want, you can also click on MORE, then click PIN TO TASKBAR which will put in on the taskbar at the bottom of your screen and either way make it available whenever you want it.

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Galloping Gourmets.

Jim Smallman sent us this pic, He says back in 1975- 77 in Butterworth, they had a social group called "galloping gourmets". The idea was to find the dirtiest restaurant and in it have a 7 course meal. This particular one, in Transfer Rd. specialized in chillied crab.



Clockwise from Left: Joe Dyson, Rod Smith, Terry Mason, Daryl Stephenson, Bob Luff and George ???????.

A favourite trick was to go to somewhere like Indian Joe's and sit the "new boy" with his back to the 'chef', thereby ensuring his neck and shoulders were also cooked! That, and the rule was whatever the fighting implements (eating irons) that were provided, that is what you used and woe betide anyone in a Chinese Restaurant who couldn't handle chopsticks. And no ladies in those days, and duty free Anchor beer in big bottles. One crate per meal.

And Keith Edwards says: "My memories of the best chilli crab are at Pongol Point in Singapore. Here's a photo of some of the 79Sqn Officers - mainly pilots – and as you can see the best way to avoid getting chilli crab all over you was to strip to the waist."



Anyone got any names??

Penang Ferry

Paul Watson says, "If you experienced Butterworth in the seventies or earlier, before the days of Indonesian smoke haze and Malaysian smog, you'll remember the ferry trip in almost pristine conditions. No photoshop here!"



Butterworth Today.

Bob Burrows was in Malaysia in Feb 2018, he took a few pics of the front gate to the old base and some of the "boatie". Here are a couple.



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Appy Wagon.

Colin Casey, who is now with RSL Lifecare in Narrabeen sent us this pic.



He says, "This is a picture of the semi trailer that took 100 radio apprentices from Frognall to Melbourne Tech everyday. I was on number 4 course in 1950 and the semi trailer was used from 1949 to 1952. It was then replaced by 3 buses, due to complaints from the council".



Radio/Comms Section, Base Sqn Amberley, 1982.

Marcel Van Der Linden sent us this pic.



Marcel is in the front row, 6th from the left.

Appy Brats at Wagga.

Click [HERE](#) to see a 4 minute AWM video produced by the RAAF public relations people featuring RAAF apprentices who parade before the Commanding Officer of the training school, Group Captain Marshall, as well as several cutaways showing trade school signs; apprentices at work and personality shots.

Some of the people you'll see in the video are:

Apprentices:

John Beissbarth of Beauty Victoria
George Dubickas of Yarralumla ACT,
John Robinson of Albany WA, .
Keith Bartlett of Glengowrie S.A.,

Gary Johnson of Townsville.
Apprentice Christenson of NSW
Apprentice Hill of ACT.

Others:

W/O Jones of Queensland,

Flt Sgt Lauchlin of Victoria,



Flight Sgt. Gordon of S.A.,
Sgt Shepard of NT,
Cpl Linfoot of Tasmania,
Sgt Foley of WA,

Corporal Brian Bawcombe of Newcastle a
RAAF fitter of 37 Squadron,

Technical Trades Restructure Training Design Team. (TTRTDT)

Doug Norrie sent us these two pics, he says: "The TTRTDT started life as a small team at Wagga, to redesign the aircraft trade training to match the National Core Curriculum. It grew into a monster absorbing surplus tradespeople from all over, then became the Technical Trades Courseware Development Team inhabiting the old Hospital building until disbandment in late 1999. They fielded some great Touch teams which included both Army and Navy aircraft tradesmen."



Front Row: Adam Bicholson, ?, ?, Greg Morrison, Doug Norrie, Peter Sullivan, Elio Basso
Second Row: Gary Beachamp, Andrew McCann, Neil Platt, Billy Veal, Mick Deldot, Graham Beason, ?.

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Back row L-R: ?, Doug Norrie, Ian Pinch, Neil Shuker, Greg Morrison, ? ?, Peter Sullivan.

Front row L-R: Neil Platt, ?, Doc Halliday, "Grizzly" Adams, Neil Piggott, ?.

**After an argument
with my wife,
I like to
tighten
the lids on
all the jars.
Just so I can
say, "Oh? You
need me now?"**



www.facebook.com/grumpyslugs



Perth Recruiting 1987 – 89.

Victor Hugo sent us this pic.



Standing L-R: Cecil West, Alison Moody, Sharon Vandenmeer, Col Berndt, Sharon Hedland, Alison Moody, Roger Drewitt.

Seated L-R: Victor Hugo, Geoff Wallace, Al Hayes, Des mitting, Marie Howlett, Des Little.

My memory's not as sharp as it used to be. Also, my memory's not as sharp as it used to be.

1/89 Supply Officer Basic Course.



Peter Cowell sent us the pic above, It was of the Box-packers Officer course held at Tottenham in 1989. Can anyone provide us with names?

9 Squadron, Vung Tau. 1970.





13 Aircraft Loaders Course

(3Mar – 18 Mar 1982) Sorry, no first names.



Standing L-R: Barker, McNab, Gunn, Hyland, Ewen, Harker, Rice, Bent.

Seated L-R: Brierty, Quirk, Stein, Fell, Robinson, Marchaller, Rogers.



Ian Wintle (left) was a dog handler in Butterworth back in 1981/82/83.

While there he took a bunch of photos.

You can see them [HERE](#)

Lunching.

With a lot of time on their hands, this lot doesn't need an excuse to hit the Jade Buddha for lunch. And if you can spend time with a pretty girl, all the better.



Standing: Trev Benneworth, John McDougall.

Seated: John Sambrooks, (the people's champion), Jaelle Winter, (Function and Marketing Manager – Jade Buddha.)



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Kevin Julyan, 6SD Dubbo, 1952.



RAAF Inter-service Aussie Rules Team - 1966



Standing L-R: F Barron, C Collins, J Cecchin, P Jarvie, G McLennan, M McGrath, J Day, T Bevan, D Meyer, G Stevens, R Jarvis, G Martin, R Christie
Kneeling L-R: J Crane, J Vandenburg, J Leavy, D Jazownik, L Bennett, C Peterson (Coach), J Bryan (Captain), R Roach, R Pope.

Sorry – we don't have names for the pic below.



We had this pic below of Front Beach, Vung Tau (2006) in our last issue, below that is what it looked like in 1964.



Tradesmen of the Future.

The Following video was a RAAF public relations news film which featured RAAF apprentices. Some of the people you can see in the video are Crp Capt Marshall, Cpl Brian Bawcombe (37Sqn), John Beissb arth, George Dubickas, John Robinson, Keith Bartlett, Gary Johnson, W/O Jones, App Christenson, F/Sgt Lauchlin, FSgt Gordon, Sgt Foley, Sgt Shepard, Cpl Linfoot and App Hill.

See [HERE](#).



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Out in the shed with Ted.

Ted McEvoy

100 Things to do in Australia.

Recently I did the Ozzy Nomad thing and did the anti-clockwise tour of our wonderful country ([HERE](#)) and although I had a wonderful time and saw a pile of stuff, I think I might have missed quite a bit.



Jane Rogers from the US magazine “Your RV Lifestyle” recently did a tour and she’s come up with 100 “Must see/Must do” things everyone should have on their ‘bucket list’.

You can see them [HERE](#).

Can you cry underwater?

Britain's 2.5million veterans are to be formally recognised with their own ID card.



The UK prime Minister, Theresa May, recently revealed Britain's 2.5 million military veterans are, for the first time, to be formally recognised with their own ID. The MoD is working with the Department for Transport and the Driver and Vehicle Licensing Agency on the design for the special driving licenses which will be rolled out from next year

For many, the ID card will come in the form of a special new driving license which will be stamped with a large 'V'.



Those who don't drive will be issued with their own separate card. In a twofold purpose, the special IDs will give vets immediate and easy access to specialist services, which already stretch from priority health care and housing to hundreds of retail discount offers.

Secondly, they are intended to be a badge of honour for all ex-Royal Navy, Army and RAF personnel who have served their country.

The move – which mirrors US’s Veterans Affairs ID card – answers a long standing call by vets, who often struggle to prove they have served without producing a pile of paperwork. It is the first time the state has ever issued official proof of identity for veterans despite generations making the sacrifice of service over the centuries. The ID was the brain child of Veterans Minister Tobias Ellwood who said: “As a former soldier, I am aware of the personal attachment with the service ID. Carried at all times, it becomes symbolic of the responsibility and there is a strange sense of loss when upon departing the Armed Forces, it is taken from you. The ID will help us all better recognise our veterans and their service to our Country.”

Former US troops, who are honourably discharged, are issued with a Veterans’ Identification Card. It displays their name, photo, and details such as awards won or if they were a Prisoner of War. They use it for healthcare benefits at clinics run by the US Department of Veterans’ Affairs. It also allows them access to military bases as long as they are with a serving member there. There are also several unofficial versions, such as the Veterans’ Advantage Card which offers discounts at certain shops.

Perhaps we could look at something similar.

Do fish ever get thirsty?

The Last Rocket Fighter Aircraft.

During the Cold and the Korean Wars, the Russians had a large bomber aircraft that could fly high and fast and was virtually untouchable by the NATO military. Something had to be done. The UK played around with a joint jet/rocket powered aircraft which, although an excellent aircraft, had a similar future as the TSR-2



You can see an excellent doco on those times [HERE](#).

Why doesn't glue stick to its bottle.

A new way to market?

The next phase in data collection is right under your feet. Online clicks give retailers valuable insight into consumer behaviour, but what can they learn from footsteps? It's a question a US company Scanalytics is helping businesses explore with floor sensors that track people's movements. The sensors can also be used in office buildings to reduce energy costs and in nursing homes to determine when someone falls. But retailers make up the majority of Scanalytics' customers, highlighting one of several efforts brick-and-mortar stores are undertaking to better understand consumer habits and catch up with e-commerce giant Amazon.



Physical stores had been at a disadvantage because they didn't have that granular level of understanding as to where users were entering, what they're doing, what shelves were not doing well, which aisles were not being visited, but it's become easier for stores to track customers in recent years. With Wi-Fi, among the earliest available options, businesses can follow people when they connect to a store's internet. One drawback is that not everyone logs on, so the sample size is smaller. Another is that it's not possible to tell whether someone is inches or feet away from a product.



In the US, Sunglass Hut and fragrance maker Jo Malone use laser and motion sensors to tell when a product is picked up but not bought and make recommendations for similar items on an interactive display. Companies such as Toronto-based Vendlytics and San Francisco-based Prism use artificial intelligence with video cameras to analyse body motions. That can allow stores to deliver customized coupons to shoppers in real time on a digital shelf or on their cellphones, said Jon Nordmark, CEO of Iterate.ai.

With Scanalytics, Nordmark said, "to have (the sensors) be super useful for someone like a retailer, they may need to power other types of things," like sending coupons to customers. Scanalytics co-founder and CEO Joe Scanlin said that's what his floor sensors are designed to do. For instance, the sensors read a customer's unique foot compressions to track that person's path to a digital display and how long the person stand in front of it before walking away, he said. Based on data collected over time, the floor sensors can tell a retailer the best time to offer a coupon or change the display before the customer loses interest, something that in the moment will increase their propensity to purchase a product," said Scanlin, who started developing the paper-thin sensors that are 2-square feet (0.19-sq. meters) as a student at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater in 2012. He employs about 20 people.

Wisconsin-based bicycle retailer Wheel and Sprocket uses Scanalytics' sensors — which can be tucked under utility mats — to count the number of customers entering each of its eight stores to help schedule staff. "That's our biggest variable expense," said co-owner Noel Kegel. "That sort of makes or breaks our profitability." Kegel wants to eventually have sensors in more areas throughout his stores to measure where customers spend most of their time and what products are popular, but he said it's too expensive right now.

The cost of having the sensors ranges from \$20 to \$1,000 per month, depending on square footage and add-on applications to analyse data or interact with digital signs. The emergence of tracking technologies is bound to raise concerns about privacy and surveillance but they don't collect personally identifying information.

These technologies have not become ubiquitous in the U.S. yet, but it's only a matter of time. In a couple of years they will part and parcel of everyday life.

Won't be long before they are out here too.

When they say dog food is new and improved – who tastes it?

Airbus warns it may cease production of its iconic A380 superjumbo.



Aviation giant Airbus has warned it may have to cancel production of its iconic A380 'superjumbo', after failing to sell a single aircraft in the whole of 2017.

The admission, made by Airbus's chief operating officer John Leahy comes after years of struggling to convince airlines the enormous aircraft is worth its \$US445 million (\$559 million) price tag and huge refuelling costs. Leahy said if Airbus doesn't get at least six new orders for A380s in 2018, the company would have "no choice" but to pull the plug.



Launched in 2007, the A380 was pitched as the future of commercial air travel. Its passenger capacity of at least 550 appeared to solve the problem of increasing consumer demand, which was far outpacing major airport capacity. Its smooth, quiet travel experience and comparative spaciousness were an instant hit with passengers, while aviation enthusiasts loved it for its awesome size. The plane is so big it looks like it shouldn't be able to fly.

But airlines have not shared this enthusiasm. More than 10 years on from its launch, its France-based manufacturer Airbus has taken just 317 orders for the aircraft. Half of those orders have come from Dubai-based airline Emirates, which has ordered 140. Over the years things have got consistently worse, and in 2017 Airbus didn't take any orders at all.



Qantas has the world's third-biggest fleet of A380s, with 12 in operation.

The Boeing 787 Dreamliner has emerged in recent years as the A380's main competitor. Since launched in 2011, the US-based Boeing has sold 1294 Dreamliners. In 2017, while Airbus failed to take a single order for an A380, Boeing took 94 orders for new Dreamliners.

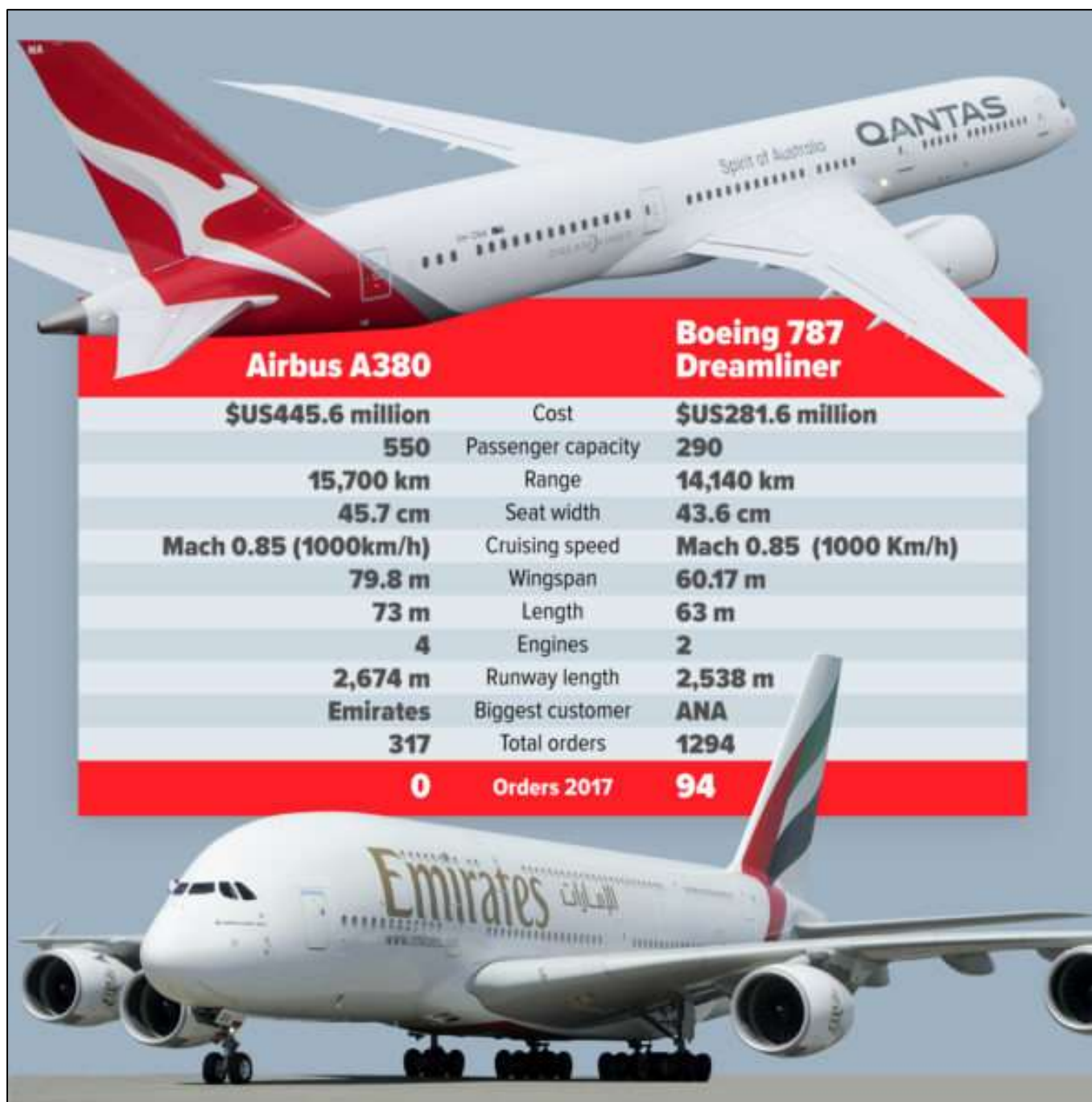
As the graphic below shows, it is as fast as the A380 and has a similar range.

THE RAM

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

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Although the Dreamliner is more fuel efficient than the A380, its main disadvantage is its seating capacity – 290, half that of the A380’s 550. A senior industry analyst thinks the A380’s size is actually its biggest liability. He says “Airlines are demonstrating a preference for a fleet of smaller aircraft that provide more flexibility to match capacity with in-demand routes.”

H

“The Dreamliner is also much cheaper than the A380, it requires much less capital outlay upfront, is much more fuel efficient, is cheaper to run and requires fewer passengers per flight to remain profitable.”

Jetstar has 11 Dreamliners, Qantas has eight on order and Air New Zealand has 11.

Major airlines are shifting away from the A380 for long-haul international flights to save on fuel costs, which increase in scale based on the length of the flight, a bigger plane means that more seats need to be sold to remain profitable, which reduces flexibility and does not provide a long-term solution.

I feel that Airbus will drop the A380 this year and concentrate on its A330 XWB. This is an aircraft that will compete directly with the Dreamliner – see a comparison [HERE](#).

Just for Men!!

Most doctors agree, in order to remain fit and active and to enjoy a healthy and long life, people should exercise regularly and engage in some form of cardiac activity that gets the old heart pumping. They say you should work out to get your heart pumping at your maximum heart rate (MHR) which is calculated at 220 minus your age, ie: if you're 70 years old you should exercise to get your heart pumping at $220 - 70 = 150$ beats per minute.



But, it's not necessary to do all that hard sweaty exercise to get the old heart pumping, for most men, the sight of a pretty girl removing part of her attire will also do the trick, blokes are just wired that way.

We thought we'd do our bit to help blokes reach MHR without all that superfluous exercise stuff, just click the pic of the pretty girl.

I've never quite figured out why the sexual urges of men and women differ so much. And I never have figured out the whole Venus and Mars thing or why men think with their head and women with their heart.

For example...One evening last week, my wife and I were getting into bed. Well, the passion started to heat up, but then she said "I don't feel like it, I just want you to hold me." I said "WHAT??!! What was that?!" So she said the words that every husband on the planet dreads to hear..."You're just not in touch with my emotional needs as a woman enough for me to satisfy your physical needs as a man." She responded to my puzzled look by saying, "Can't you just love me for who I am and not what I do for you in the bedroom?" Realizing that nothing was going to happen that night, I went to sleep.

The very next day, I opted to take the day off of work to spend time with her. We went out to a nice lunch and then went shopping at a big, high-end department store. I walked around with her while she tried on several very expensive outfits. She couldn't decide which one to take so I told her we'd just buy them all. She wanted new shoes to compliment her new clothes, so I said let's get a pair for each outfit. We went on to the jewellery department where she picked out a pair of diamond earrings. Let me tell you...she was so excited. She must have thought I was one wave short of a shipwreck. I started to think she was testing me because she asked for a tennis bracelet when she doesn't even know how to play tennis. But, I think I threw her for a loop when I said, "That's fine, honey."

She appeared to be almost nearing sexual satisfaction from all of the excitement. Smiling with excited anticipation she finally said, "I think this is all dear; let's go to the cashier." I could hardly contain myself when I blurted out, "No honey, I don't feel like it." Her face just went completely blank as her jaw dropped with a baffled, "WHAT?" I then said "Honey, I just want you to HOLD this stuff for a while. You're just not in touch with my financial means as a man enough for me to satisfy your shopping needs as a woman." And just when she had this look like she was going to kill me, I added, "Why can't you just love me for who I am and not for the things I buy you?"

Apparently, I'm not having sex tonight either...

"The plane that's a ship. The ship that's a plane."



On August 3, 1970, Pan Am 747 "Clipper Victor," lifted off from JFK for San Juan, carrying 359 passengers and 19 crew. Flight 299 was a "redeye," one of the first regularly scheduled routes since Pan Am inaugurated Boeing 747 service back in January.

Aboard was Esther de la Fuente, one of the first 747 flight attendants. In mid-flight, she was approached by a short, bearded man wearing a beret. "I want to go to Cuba," he said. Esther thought he was joking and responded airily, "No. Let's go to Rio. It's a lot more fun at this time of year."

Then he pulled out a gun, and [the first ever 747 hijacking was underway](#).

Clipper Victor's Captain, Augustus Watkins, declared an emergency and diverted for Havana. Flight 299 touched down at 5:31 am at Jose Marti Airport under the gaze of Fidel Castro.



As stunned passengers gathered their thoughts, Watkins exited the airplane with the hijacker, soon finding himself face-to-face with Castro. The Cuban leader then unloaded question after question about the flying behemoth, the largest airplane to ever land in his country.

It was the first time he had ever seen one with his own eyes.

Five years before Watkins was forced to set down in Havana, Pan Am president Juan Trippe asked Boeing CEO Bill Allen for a long-range airliner twice the size of a 707 in order to circumvent the problem of limited gates at airports. Boeing designer Joe Sutter incorporated design influences from the contemporary program that produced the huge Lockheed C-5 Galaxy airlifter. Three airframe designs were considered for the 747 with first one stacking one 707 fuselage on top of another, according to Boeing historian Michael Lombardi.

“The first idea was an airplane that looks a lot like the A380,” Lombardi told Popular Mechanics. “They dropped that because they couldn’t evacuate the cabin quickly enough in an emergency. Then they thought of two fuselages side-by-side, the idea of the twin-aisle, widebody airplane.”

This basic idea has been the model for all wide-bodies since.

See <https://youtu.be/eQFQ2oKDQ6w>

In a world full of widebody airliners including the Airbus A380, people forget the 747’s mammoth size and its status as a prestige aircraft. Dubbed the “Jumbo Jet” by the media, the 747-100 was about 1.5 times as large as a Boeing 707 and could carry 440 passengers compared to the 707’s modest 189 head-count. In fact, the airplane was so large, Boeing had to build a new factory in Everett, Washington just for assembly and it remains the largest building by volume in the world.



The 747’s distinctive “hump” derived from Boeing’s expectation that supersonic airliners, like the SST being designed concurrently at Boeing, would eventually take over international routes, so the 747 was designed as a freighter with a hump accommodating a nose hatch below the cockpit and a large side door behind it.

While the supersonic dream was ultimately a commercial failure ([for now](#)), the 747 became an icon of industrial design. Along with numerous aerodynamic innovations, it was the first commercial aircraft to incorporate high-bypass turbofan engines like those developed for the C-

5. The Jumbo also pioneered commercial autopilot for landing and quadruple main landing gear.

However, as good as it is/was, it seems its days are numbered, airline after airline are now retiring their 747's in favour of the more economical twin-engined wide-body aircraft.

Retired?

If so, [HERE'S](#) some advice.

Barcode Myth.

In Australia, the most common barcode type used by retailers is GS1 (which was previously called EAN-13). There is **no truth** to the wives tale, that barcode numbers in Australia include the country of origin. When a manufacturer buys barcode numbers, they typically buy 1000 at a time. And when this happens, the first nine digits are the registrar and company number, the following three digits are the item reference, and the last digit is a check digit. There are no country of origin digits in Australian GS1 barcodes.

But it is law in Australia that the country of origin must appear on a product... but it is complicated.

- The phrase “**grown in...**” is generally reserved for food which is fresh, but there's no stipulation that this phrase can't be used for other products. This means that the product was grown in the country stipulated, but it's possible it might have been packaged or processed elsewhere.
- The phrase “**product of...**” means that the product was grown/caught/raised **and processed** in that country.
- The phrase “**made in...**” means that it was made in the country stipulated **and** at least 50 percent of the cost was incurred there. So to be clear:
 - the product may **not** necessarily have been simply packed in the country stipulated;
 - the ingredients may **not** necessarily have been grown/caught/raised in that country;
 - it means that at least ½ of the cost of making the product was incurred in that country.



It's important to note that each significant ingredient and the majority of processing must have occurred in the country of origin in order to use the phrases “grown in...” or “product of...”.

You will find the "Country of Origin" guidelines [HERE](#).

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!!



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My Story.

MY SERVICE YEARS.

Jock Cassels.

RAF -1941-1966

RAAF - 1966-1979



I turned 18 on 11 August 1941 and a few days later went to the RAF recruiting office in Glasgow to offer my services for pilot training. My details were taken and I was given a railway travel voucher and told to report to the Recruiting Centre in Edinburgh on 8 September to be enlisted. I reported in my Air Training Corps uniform taking with me my personal documents from the Squadron. I've forgotten all the various aptitude tests I had to do but I remember that the medical examination was quite extensive. My attestation was to be done the following morning, so I stayed overnight in the Armed Forces Transit Dormitory located at the main railway station (Princes Street Station) and

I think it was run by the Salvation Army. This was a huge dormitory full of two tiered bunks arranged in groups of four. I didn't get much sleep due to the noise of service men coming and going all night, also for another reason; during the night I became aware of a bearded sailor looking at me for a while then mumbling something about me moving over to join him. In spite of my lack of knowledge of the seamier side of life I knew



instinctively that his intentions were less than respectable and told him I preferred my own company. Needless to say there was no more sleep for me that night and I was up early and first in the breakfast queue. An introduction to the hazards of life you might say. I completed the recruiting formalities and was duly enlisted on 9th September 1941 as 1560768 Aircraftsman 2nd Class (the lowest rank) and accepted for pilot training. The training schools were full, so I



was told to return home and await my callup. In the meantime, I continued with my Air Training Corps training.

After 5 months my call up papers arrived and I left Scotland for the first time on 1st March 1942 travelling by overnight train to London where I reported to No 1 Aircrew Recruiting Centre (ACRC) on 2 March 1942.

ACRC Recruits were accommodated in a block of high rise flats in St Johns Wood which had been commandeered by the RAF. Messing facilities were provided in an adjacent building. The

famous cricket ground at Lords had been taken over by the RAF and it was there that we underwent our initiation into the service i.e. Issue of kit, drill practice, medical inoculations and vaccinations and general service indoctrination. It was all very bewildering to me but my ATC training helped me adjust quickly. We were kept very busy "learning the ropes" and didn't have much



time off, however what time we did get I spent wandering around the sights of central London. Coming from a small country town, the hustle, bustle and sheer size of wartime London left me in complete awe.

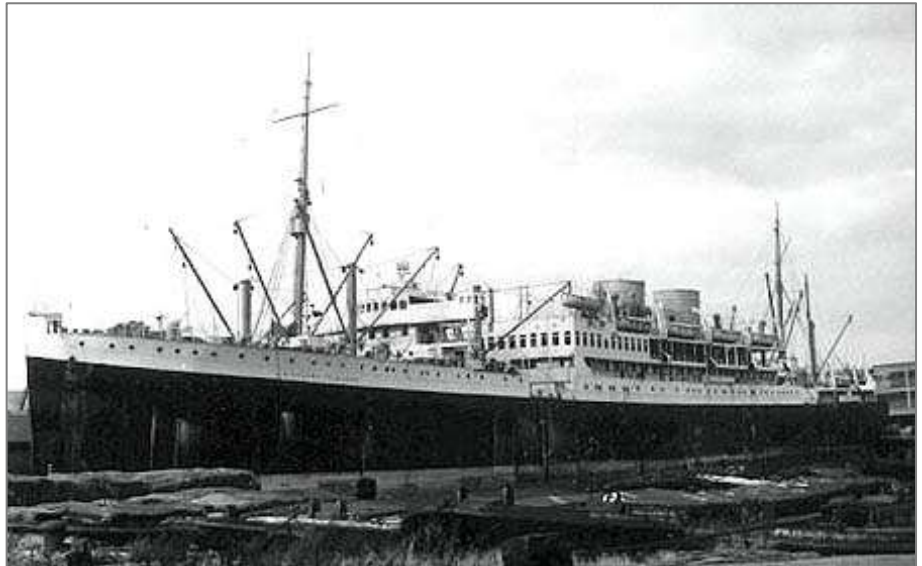
Shortly after arriving at ACRC we were advised that we would be going overseas to do our pilot training, either Canada, South Africa or Southern Rhodesia. After completing our initial training (two weeks) I was given 7 days embarkation leave, which I spent at home saying my farewells. The next move was a troop train journey from London to No 7 Personnel Despatch Centre (PDC) at Blackpool on 1st April.

At the PDC In Blackpool, the very popular holiday resort in the North of England, we were accommodated in private houses leased by the RAF. In peacetime these private houses were rented by people on holiday and the landladies were only too pleased to provide accommodation and messing to the RAF. A wartime bonanza for them.

Apart from being issued with tropical kit, which ruled out Canada, we spent most of the time just hanging about waiting for the next move.



An amusing episode occurred at this time. We were advised that we were likely to be on a troopship for a long time and to get our hair cut short before embarking. One recruit, a tall good looking chap who fancied himself with the girls, decided to comply with this advice and had his head shaved. Unfortunately, he was taken off our Draft at the last minute, due to excess numbers and was left behind with no hair which no doubt cramped his style with the girls for some time. Another troop-train journey, this time from Blackpool to Avonmouth, a port near Bristol where we embarked on the "Highland Princess" a Royal Mail Line ship converted for troopship duties. This was the shipping line which I had tried to join in 1941 so I did eventually get to travel on one of their ships, not as crew but as a recruit pilot on Draft 4062. How ironic!



The Voyage

Draft 4062 - UK to Rhodesia We sailed on 13 April 1942 and travelled up the Irish Sea to Scotland, anchoring just off Greenock in the Clyde estuary which was the assembly area for all the ships which were to form the convoy. The next day the convoy set sail into the North Atlantic with an escort of a number of warships. I can't recall the number of ships in the convoy but it was a large number and included several troopships as well as numerous cargo ships. We had quite a large number of escorting warships, due no doubt to the presence of the troopships. As I found out later not all the ships were heading for the same destination for when we had been at sea for several days and well out into the Atlantic the convoy split, some ships continuing westward, presumably to America and Canada, while the remainder headed in a South West direction. I can't remember if the convoy had any air cover but I'm sure we must have had, at least until short of the half way mark across the North Atlantic which was the limit of the range of the escorting aircraft.

After 3 weeks during which we must have travelled close to America and to the North of South America, we turned East for Africa and arrived in Freetown, Sierra Leone. This was a refuelling and watering stop and convoy reassembly point for all convoys sailing in the North and South Atlantic. We didn't get off the ship. I think we were there for just 24 hours then set sail again in convoy. Again we headed West and while no land was visible we must have travelled down the east coast of South America before turning East towards South Africa. Up to this point, as far as I am aware, there had been no submarine activity against our convoy but when we were south of Capetown the convoy was attacked at dusk and a couple of merchant ships were



sunk. The troopships were always positioned in the centre of the convoy with the cargo ships located on the perimeter and I remember all being assembled on deck with lifejackets secure, watching the smoke from the sinking ship on the distant horizon and the warships rushing around dropping depth charges. Two days later, on 21st May 1942 we arrived at our destination which was Durban.

Before I narrate the last leg of the journey from Durban to Rhodesia a few words about the conditions on board a troopship in time of war would be of interest. We were accommodated below deck in a large mess hall with long tables and benches fixed to the deck. This is where we ate and slept. I think it was twelve men to a table and meals were collected in bulk from a central kitchen by whoever from the table was rostered for the task. At night we collected a hammock from a store at the end of the mess hall and slung the hammock from hooks located above our table. In the morning we had to roll up the hammock which had your number and return it to the store. Once all the hammocks had been slung there was not much room between them and people who snored or emitted other noises were not very popular. After a few nights in this strange "bed" I found it quite comfortable to sleep in. Our kit bags containing our personal possessions, were located anywhere you could find a spot. Whenever we could, we spent as much time on the open decks as the weather allowed, particularly in the tropics as it was pretty hot down below. Generally the daily routine was pretty monotonous but we were given lectures on various topics suited to our situation, which helped. Apart from the attack on the convoy towards the end of the voyage it was an uneventful, somewhat boring, 6 weeks.



Durban to Rhodesia We didn't spend much time in Durban, I think it was only one night, but it was marvellous to be back on dry land after nearly 6 weeks on the troopship. There was no blackout and it was strange to be walking down the street ablaze with light and the shops full of all the delightful food and confectionaries which we hadn't seen for years. The following morning we were bundled onto a troop-train and set off for Rhodesia. The longest train journey I had previously undertaken was from Glasgow to London (9 hours) so it was an enlightening experience to spend the three days and two nights it took to reach Bulawayo in Southern Rhodesia. On arrival we collected our kitbags and marched to the Initial Training Wing (ITW) which was located on the outskirts of Bulawayo.

Pilot Training

Initial Training Wing – Bulawayo. The task of the ITW is to train cadet pilots in all the ground subjects required before they started their flying. The main subjects were Navigation, Theory of Flight, Meteorology, Aircraft Engines, Aircraft Recognition, Airmanship and other Service related subjects. We couldn't start the course immediately as there was a logjam at the flying training schools, so we spent nearly 3 months in various time-filling activities such as drilling (of



course), bush survival training, lectures etc. The bush training was interesting and consisted of being dropped off in an isolated area, provided with a compass and rations and told to find our way to a designated spot, several walking hours away, where our “rescuers” would be waiting. Much more interesting than drill. I should add that the areas involved were not the normal habitat of dangerous animals, eg lions.

Our off duty hours were usually spent off camp in Bulawayo enjoying the hospitality of the local populace. We, a fellow Scot, named George Gellatly, and myself, were fortunate to get to know a nice couple who made us welcome in their home and we spent many enjoyable evenings with them. The husband arranged for us to spend our two weeks leave on a farm well out in the bush where the farmer showed us how to hunt local buck, (something like a Springbok), and what isolated life was like in the Rhodesian bush. I should mention that it was at ITW that I had my first taste of alcohol when my more worldly colleagues persuaded me to have a bottle of beer in the camp canteen.



Tiger Moth 25 EFTS - 1942



Tiger Moth Pilot 1942

I remember that it had a rather “silly” effect on me and it was many months later before I became a beer drinker.

Eventually the ITW course started and after 3 months and successfully passing the course I was posted to No. 25 Elementary Flying Training School (EFTS) in Salisbury which was the capital of S Rhodesia, about 300 miles north of Bulawayo.

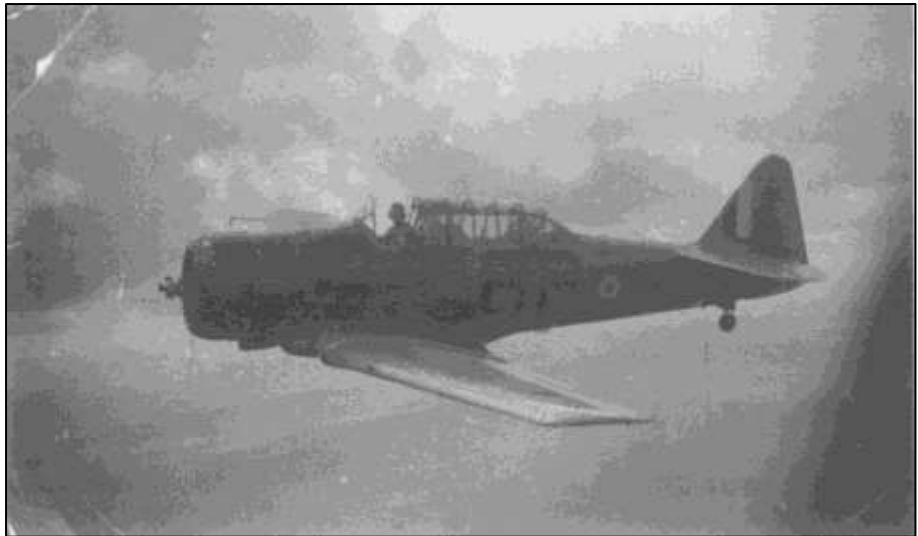
Elementary Flying Training School

December 14th, 1942 saw me get into the air for the first time when I had a flight of 1 hour with my instructor in a Tiger Moth aircraft. A great experience and one which I thoroughly enjoyed and will always remember. It was expected that most students would have their first solo flight after about 10 hours dual instruction and if they hadn't gone solo by that time then their suitability to continue pilot training was examined. In my case after 9 hours my instructor, a rather grumpy Flight Lieutenant, obviously thought I wasn't ready and handed me over to a

young Pilot Officer and after a further 3 hours instruction I had my solo test by an independent instructor and on 23 December I flew solo for the first time. Looking back on it now I think the first instructor was a bit impatient at my progress and I became worried in case I made mistakes, which didn't help. I was much more relaxed with the young Pilot Officer and he with me so I progressed very quickly when he took over.

My log book shows that I completed the course with 84 hours flying time and a Pilot rating of average. It also shows that I did not show any aptitude as a pilot navigator and this was the

result of a silly error on my part during a pilot navigation test. Details of the trip, details such as compass heading, true heading, speed etc. is written down on a knee pad with the speed and heading columns being next to each other. When I was turning onto the second leg of the trip I put my speed (95) onto the compass instead of the heading (170). After a few minutes when my instructor asked why I was



heading East instead of South I realised what I had done. A major error and the criticism I received was fully deserved, hence the poor rating. So ended 25 EFTS and on 20 Feb 1943 I was posted to 33 Course, No. 20 Service Flying Training School (SFTS) at Cranbourne (now called Harare), again an airfield just outside a major town, Salisbury. Service Flying Training School

Harvard - 20SFTS - 1943

Advancing to a more powerful aircraft meant an advancement in rank and arrival at SFTS meant promotion to Acting Sergeant Unpaid (ASU) but it didn't mean more pay or increased authority, just made us feel more important. We lived in the Sergeants Mess but being acting and unpaid we were treated as lesser mortals by the real Sergeants.

The course was divided into two phases, initial and advanced, each phase consisting of approx 80 flying hours. The aircraft was a Harvard, a low wing monoplane in which later I was to spend a large part of my flying career. I quickly adjusted to the more complicated cockpit controls and 3 days into the course and after 4 hours dual instruction I went solo. After 2 months and 77 hours flying I completed the initial phase and had a week's leave before starting the advanced phase. Now was the time to apply our flying to learning the more warlike activities of formation flying and bombing and gunnery, while continuing to improve our basic flying skills, and after 2 months and 81 hours I completed the course with an average rating as a pilot and pilot navigator and recommended for single engine aircraft i.e. Fighters.



The long-awaited day had arrived and I received my pilots brevet (Wings) on the 10th July 1943 not as a Sergeant Pilot as had been my aim but as a newly commissioned Pilot Officer, for shortly before the course ended I had become an officer cadet and moved into the Officers Mess. My new designation now became 146889 Pilot Officer Cassels, General Duties Branch. Thinking back, I now realise that my training and conduct in the Air Training Corps must have resulted in my Squadron CO giving me an assessment as a likely candidate for commissioning.

I would like to digress for a moment to mention a non-service part of my time in Salisbury. My faith was still strong and every Sunday I went to the Presbyterian Church in town and eventually decided that I wanted to be confirmed. I attended confirmation classes in the evening, when not on duty, and was duly confirmed in March 1943. Through the church I got to know the Brown family who took me under their wing and I spent many happy days enjoying their generous hospitality.



Having successfully completed Elementary and Service flying training I was now ready to proceed to the next phase which was Operational training. This was carried out at Operational Training Units (OTU's) and involved training on the aircraft on which a pilot would be flying against the enemy. In my case this was to be on single engined aircraft i.e. Fighters. There were three likely places to be sent - back to the UK, north to the Middle East or east to South East Asia. I and the other members of the course who were commissioned were posted to the Middle East while the majority of the course, the Sergeants, were posted back to the UK. I was quite pleased with my posting for it was another new part of the world for me to see but it was with a tinge of sadness that I was leaving Southern Rhodesia, a lovely country and the people who had been so kind and generous to me.

The Middle East! How was I going to get there - by air, by land or by sea. Well, much to my surprise it was to be by land, at least part of the way; I had assumed it would be by air. There was a contingent of African troops being moved to the north and we were to join them on the journey which was to start at Bulawayo. So on the 15th July 1943 we started our journey.

Rhodesia To Cairo.

These days people pay a lot of money to travel from Cape to Cairo but here I was travelling over roughly the same route and being paid to do it. Admittedly the comfort comparison is vastly different but there was a war on and we were on duty.

The journey started with train travel from Bulawayo-Victoria Falls into Northern Rhodesia, Lusaka, Broken Hill then into the Belgian Congo (now called Zaire). We detrained somewhere in the Belgian Congo (can't remember where) and then travelled by truck over some shocking tracks, which no way could be called roads, the corrugations on which gave us a real bone shaking ride. Fortunately, it only lasted about 15 hours when we again had a train journey to Albertville on Lake Tanganyika. There a steamer awaited us and we set off to the northern reaches of the lake. After our train and road journeys the peace and quiet of the lake trip was heaven and the day and a bit it took us to get to our destination enabled us to recuperate somewhat, for we had been travelling non-stop for over a week. I can't remember the name of the place at the northern end of the lake but it was in Tanganyika and we again entrained for the 2 day journey to the southern end of Lake Victoria. Again onto a steamer at Mwanza for the "voyage" to Kisumu in Kenya which took about a day. So far we had been traveling nearly two weeks and imagine our delight when we were told that the rest of our journey to Cairo would be by BOAC Flying Boat. It was here that we left the troops - where their final destination was I have no idea.



On 29 July we left Kisumu on a flying boat called "Caledonia" for a short flight to Port Victoria where we spent the night in a hotel - delightful - and on the 30th flew from Port Victoria to land on the river Nile at Khartoum in the Sudan, a flight of 8 hours. Next day, 31 July, after a 7 hour flight we reached our destination, landing on the river Nile in Cairo. An exhausting and at times uncomfortable 16 days of travel but an experience not to be missed.

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The Middle East.

My first impressions of Cairo were of a crowded city of hustle and bustle Military and civilian vehicles all sounding their horns fighting for the right of way in the crowded streets, with the local Arab hawkers on their donkeys and carts going about their business adding to the traffic mayhem. And Servicemen by the thousands, mainly Army and Air Force, some on leave, some in transit and some based in the city. Add the typical Middle East smells, some pleasant some not so, and you have wartime Cairo.

On arrival we were sent to No 22 PTC (Personnel Transit Centre) at Almaza which was a vast tented camp on the outskirts of Cairo. There we waited for 7 days and I took the opportunity to take in the sights of Cairo including a visit to the Pyramids where I had the customary photo taken, mounted on a camel, with the Pyramids in the background.

Cairo, Egypt - 1943



The next move was to No. 1 Middle East Aircrew Reception Centre at Cassareep beside the Great Bitter Lake just south of Ismailia. This time there were no tents but barrack type accommodation which, considering the location and times, could be considered very comfortable. This was a very frustrating period for we had nothing to do but wait for the next move i.e. to an Operational Training Unit (OTU). I spent this time hitching lifts to Ismailia, about 20 miles distant to alleviate the boredom and keep in touch with civilisation. Part of the road to Ismailia ran beside a canal known as the Sweet Water Canal but I'm sure that wasn't the proper name but was one given to it by the occupying British forces for it stank to high heaven. Fortunately, the camp was located near the Cassareep airfield which had a cinema so we made good use of that facility. Nevertheless, it was a trying period of two months of idleness which I could have done without. However, it did come to an end when I was posted to No. 73 OTU on 2nd October 1943.



Operational Training No 73 OTU was located at Abu Suweir near Ismailia and was a pre-war RAF airfield. Training was conducted on two types of operational aircraft, the Spitfire and an American aircraft the Kittyhawk. I was posted to the Spitfire flight. There were Australians on our course and they went to the Kittyhawk flight as there was an Australian Kittyhawk squadron operating in the forward areas.

To refresh our previous training we did about 20 hours on Harvards before converting onto the Spitfire. When on the ground and on the final stages of landing the forward visibility of the Spitfire was limited due to the long and wide engine, so some of our training in the Harvard had to be flown from the rear seat to simulate this reduced visibility. It didn't take long to advance to the stage when I was ready to fly the famous Battle of Britain fighter, the Spitfire. After my back-seat test in the Harvard by the Chief Flying Instructor, Squadron Leader Neville Duke, himself a Battle of Britain ace, I had my first Spitfire flight on October 18.



73 OTU Abu Suweir - 1943

I had just become more acquainted with my new aircraft when a week later I was involved in a motor accident and landed in hospital. For some reason, I've forgotten what it was, the course had to visit the adjacent airfield at Ismailia, about 20 miles away. We were transported in a flat

top lorry with side railings but an open top. On the return journey it started to drizzle, a most unusual event in that part of the world, and the lorry got into a skid and overturned. We, about 20 of us, were flung out and as far as I can remember I was the only casualty. Apparently, I went head first onto the road and was knocked unconscious. Anyway, I woke up in the RAF Abu Suweir hospital where I stayed for 2 weeks being treated for concussion. I was given 2 weeks sick leave then had a medical check before being passed fit to continue flying. This was a setback to my training as I was put back 2 courses and it was late November before I resumed flying. A quick check on the Harvard then I spent the rest of the course on the Spitfire learning how to apply the combat capabilities of the aircraft. This involved formation flying, air to air and air to ground gunnery and fighter tactics.

The air to ground gunnery was interesting for it involved two aircraft using the gunnery range, which was located in a remote part of the desert. The target aircraft would fly at about 1500 feet casting a shadow on the sand at which the other aircraft would fire. Of course, strict safety procedures had to be observed. It's worthy of mention, but you could always tell when a pilot was having his first trip in a Spitfire, for the undercarriage lever was located on the right side of the cockpit and to raise the wheels after take-off you had to transfer the left hand from the throttle onto the control column and use the right hand to operate the undercarriage lever. This manoeuvre resulted in an unintended fore and aft movement of the control column which, because of the very sensitive elevators, caused the aircraft to pitch up and down.

I completed the course on 24 December 1944 with 23 hours on Harvards and 44 hours on Spitfires being assessed as average in the three categories - Fighter Tactics, Formation Flying and Pilot. Two days later I was posted to the Personnel Transit Centre at Almaza in Cairo, where I had been when I first arrived in Egypt. A week of hanging around then I was given my next posting, which was to another holding unit in Tunis Egypt to Italy.

On the 8th January 1944 I left Cairo in a South African Air Force Dakota and landed at Castel

Benito near Tripoli. Here I stayed for 2 nights and it was here that I met my first Russians. They were a Russian Air Force crew flying a Dakota but why they were there I have no idea, but at this stage in the war they were on our side. I remember that their uniform was a dark shade of brown in colour and the next Russians I was to meet was under very different



circumstances. My next stop was Tunis, again by SAAF Dakota, where I remained for 11 days awaiting my posting to what I hoped would be my final destination. Our accommodation this time was not in tents and was quite comfortable. I spent a lot of time in Tunis taking in the



sights of this large N. African city. I took advantage of this stop to visit some historical sites which the Romans had built when, in days long ago, their empire included parts of North Africa. On 21 Jan I received my posting but to my disappointment it was not to a Squadron but to the Desert Air Force Communication Flight located at Capodichino airfield outside Naples. However, at last I was getting near the scene of action which at that time was just north of Naples. Tunis to Italy was by USAF Dakota with a refuelling stop in Sicily. Bari on the Adriatic side of Italy was where we landed and the next day I arrived at my destination, Naples.

Desert Air Force Communication Flight.

The flight was under the control of the Mediterranean Allied Tactical Air Force (MATAF) the HQ of which was located in a previous Royal palace, at Caserta just north of Naples. The task of the flight was to provide air transport between base areas and the forward airfields in the operational areas. As the distances weren't great and the forward airfields were usually the small airstrips used by tactical fighters, the flight was equipped mainly with small single engined aircraft.

Fairchild Argus
DAF Communication Flight, Naples,
Italy - 1944

I think we had 2 Fairchild Argus (four seat high wing monoplane), 1 Piper Cub, (two seat very light aircraft), we also had a Boston (Twin engined Light Bomber), 1 Hurricane and 1 Spitfire but these were not used for communication

purposes but were used by Staff officers from HQ for various non-operational purposes. Our accommodation was a requisitioned villa about 10 minutes from the airfield. The airmen lived in the ground floor and the Officers and SNCO's in the top floor.



I was to spend just over 2 months with the Communication Flight in the rather mundane job of flying a variety of passengers from the base areas to forward airfields, mainly in the Fairchild and Piper Cub aircraft. I did however manage to keep my hand in by the occasional trip in the Spitfire and managed to convince the CO that although I had never flown the Hurricane it would be quite safe in my hands and I had a go. Nice to fly but I preferred the Spitfire.

THE RAM

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Although most of the flying was pretty routine there was one occasion when nature provided an event which involved me in a not so routine flight. This was the eruption of Vesuvius in March 1944.



For a number of days, a lot of smoke had been coming from the mountain, with loud rumbling noises, before it finally erupted and large streams of lava began pouring down the mountain side. It was an awesome sight especially at night with the lava glowing red in the darkness. There was an American airfield at Cercola, near the base of the mountain, and great concern that the lava stream might reach and overrun the airfield, so HQ decided to survey the situation from the air. I was given the job to fly an American officer over the area and after this was done he asked me to land at the airfield as he wanted to view the situation from the ground. He invited me to accompany him and we drove up the mountainside in a Jeep to a village just below the advancing lava stream. It was an awesome sight to see this huge wave of lava, about 12 feet high, dull grey on top but molten red at ground level, rolling down the hill setting alight anything which could burn and crushing everything in its path, houses included. This village was one of several which were completely destroyed.



Another flight on a Fairfield aircraft which was memorable was one, just after I had joined the Flight, where I had to fly an RAF Wing Commander to a fighter airfield on the Adriatic coast. This was a PSP (Pierced Steel Plate) strip laid parallel to and near the beach which meant there was often a strong cross wind. This was the case on this occasion and I had difficulty in keeping the aircraft straight when we touched down. I ran off the strip into the soft edging and collided with a taxiway which tore off the wheels. While the strong cross wind was a factor I must confess that inexperience on my part was the primary cause of the accident. It was most embarrassing to find out later that the Wing Commander had been sent out from the UK to investigate the high number of flying accidents in Italy and I had provided him with a likely cause. The rest of my stay on the Flight went without drama and to my delight on 10 April I was posted to the Desert Training Flight at Madna on the East coast for refresher training on Spitfires prior to going to a Squadron.

DAF Training Flight.

The task of the DAF Training Flight was to provide refresher training for pilots who had been engaged in non-operational flying since leaving their Operational Training Unit. I was at this unit for 2 weeks and my log book shows that I flew 10 hours and these hours were concentrated on battle formation tactics. On 26 April I was posted to 43 Squadron which was based just north of Naples and while this involved a ride in the back of a 3 ton lorry across Italy I didn't mind for at last I was going on Operations. Had I known what lay ahead I might have minded a great deal.

No 43 Fighter Squadron.

The Squadron was located at a place called Lago about 30 miles North of Naples. It was a prepared metal strip of PSP and situated close to the coastline. Like all forward airfields there were few or no buildings available so we operated from tented accommodation for all activities. The nearby coastline had previously been mined by the Germans, presumably to prevent or hinder a landing by the Allies, and at that time had not been totally cleared but the army had cleared a small area of the beach so access for safe swimming was available. Apart from a limited amount of local produce, catering was the usual monotonous service rations with no variety, however someone in the cookhouse had established contact with "someone" who could supply eggs and vino for a modest price, but the problem was that this "someone" was in Bari which was a port on the Adriatic coast about 150 miles away. The problem was solved by using a Spitfire (20 minutes each way), the eggs were carried in the ammunition bays and in a small locker behind the cockpit and the vino in an external overload fuel tank. This tank, called a slipper tank was attached to the underside of the fuselage when making long flights; needless to say, a new tank was used and kept solely for



the vino run. The vino run was made once a week and from memory tasted OK, not metallic in any way.

Operations.

The squadron was equipped with the Spitfire Mk9 a much-improved version of the Mark 1 and 5 on which I had done my training. Apart from a more powerful engine, the handling qualities were similar to previous models and I had no difficulty converting. I had a couple of trips getting to know the aircraft and the local area and went on my first operational sortie on 6 May. This task was providing an escort to the aircraft of General Mark Clark the Commander of the Allied forces who was visiting his forces on Anzio bridgehead. In January 1944 the Allies had made a landing on the coast at Anzio just 40 miles SW of Rome and had established a bridgehead extending a few miles inland before being contained by the Germans. After the bridgehead had been made secure a landing strip was constructed at a place called Nettuno and by April was used by fighter aircraft as an advanced airfield. However, being so close to the enemy front line and subject to their artillery fire it was only used during daylight hours, aircraft withdrawing to their main base at night.



The next two weeks involved routine patrols over and behind the front line mainly in the Mount Cassino area and providing escort to our bombers on their missions in enemy territory. These escorting missions sometime involved long flights and necessitated our aircraft being fitted with long range fuel tanks, the slipper tanks I mentioned previously. On one mission we were providing close cover while another Squadron of Spitfires which was providing top cover became engaged in a fight with 10 Focke-Wulf 190 German aircraft attempting to attack the bombers. Slipper tanks reduce the performance of the aircraft and as we were likely to become involved in the fight our leader ordered us to jettison the tanks. I had difficulty in jettisoning my tank and when I did succeed we had moved back over the top of the bombers so the tank must have dropped through the bomber formation. Fortunately it missed. We eventually did not become involved with the enemy aircraft but the other Squadron (No 92) certainly did, claiming one aircraft destroyed and seven damaged.

By the middle of May the bridgehead at Anzio had become more secure and it was decided to establish a Squadron on the bridgehead and 43 Squadron was selected. This required all the ground equipment and personnel to be moved onto the bridgehead by sea. The trucks moved to Naples on the 19th and embarked on several Landing Craft and the convoy sailed in the afternoon of the 20th May for the overnight trip. The pilots who were not flying the aircraft travelled with the ground party and I was one of them. The vessels had no accommodation so we all slept where we could, mostly on top of the equipment in the lorries. I had a rather frightening experience, for in my sleep I dreamt I was in the back of a lorry and travelling along a white dusty road, I woke up to find myself standing at the stern of the boat staring at the white wake. Needless to say, after that sleepwalk I remained awake for the rest of the night.



We arrived at Anzio the following afternoon and by evening everything was ashore and our tents set up with an obligatory slit trench alongside. The trench was necessary as the harbour was still receiving attention from the German long-range artillery and I did use it on two occasions.

Spitfire IX 43 SQN Italy - 1944

Operations from Anzio.

Squadron activity from Nettunio strip at Anzio was similar to that when operating from our previous location at Lago i.e. Routine patrols over the battle areas in the Anzio area and over Rome. Enemy aircraft activity was slight and mainly involved attacking our bomber formations and an



occasional patrol over the battle areas. On 23 May I was on an Anzio patrol when after 20 minutes my engine had a sudden drop in oil pressure and I had to return to base. Shortly after that the patrol saw one of our bomber formations being attacked by 6 enemy FW109 fighters with one bomber on fire. On sighting the Spitfires the enemy aircraft broke off their attack on the bombers and retreated North. Three of our aircraft got close enough to open fire but did not make any claim. On 29 May I was on a Rome patrol flying No 2 to the Squadron CO when, on returning to base and still over enemy territory he decided to go down to ground level to see if there was anything to shoot at. We came across a convoy of trucks and strafed them with cannon but didn't hang around to assess the result. This was the one and only time I fired my guns as 3 patrols later my operational activities came to a halt. This happened on the 31st May.

My last Patrol

The 31st May 1944 was a beautiful Italian summer day - sunshine, blue skies and warm. I was not rostered for any flying but was on cockpit readiness at 1500 hours. I was wearing a pair of shorts and shirt under my flying overalls and a pair of ankle boots. Readiness meant sitting in the cockpit for about an hour, strapped in and ready for immediate take-off if necessary. The aircraft I was in was scheduled to be used for the 1630 afternoon patrol and just before my readiness period was completed someone advised me that the pilot rostered for the patrol was not available and I was to take his place and fly as No. 2 to the patrol leader. We took off at 1630 hours to patrol the Rome-Anzio area in a patrol of 6 aircraft but one aircraft developed an engine problem and returned to base in company with another aircraft. The remaining 4 aircraft continued with the patrol.

We were patrolling at 17,000 feet when our ground control reported that there were unidentified aircraft at 25,000 feet in our vicinity. We immediately started to climb and had reached 20,000

feet when ground control reported that the aircraft had now been identified as enemy aircraft. Another Spitfire squadron patrolling in an adjacent area called and asked if we wanted assistance and our leader asked them to stand by. We had just completed a turn to Starboard and I was on the left side of the formation flying line abreast which enables each pilot to have a view of the other pilot's blind spot, his tail area. I'll stop my narrative at this point and show what was written in the Squadron Operation Record Book about the patrol:

- "6 Aircraft. Anzio - Rome patrol 17,000ft. 2 aircraft returned early.
- 10 Bandits reported Lake Bracciano area at 25,000ft.
- F/O CASSELS was seen to spin into Lake Bracciano from 20,000ft our aircraft having just previously been bounced by Spitfires of another Squadron. Whilst orbiting the point where F/O CASSELS had spun in, the three remaining Spitfires were jumped by enemy Aircraft.
- The Spitfires broke and one pilot opened fire - no results seen. After the break Red 2 (W/O SAVILLE) dived South and called up Red 1 and said that he was returning to Base.
- There was no further R/T contact with him - he did not return to Base. F/O CASSELS and W/O SAVILLE posted as missing."

My observation on this entry in Squadron records is that I have no recollection of another Spitfire squadron bouncing our patrol, so it must have occurred after I was shot down. I'll return to what happened to me.

After completing our turn, I was momentarily distracted by a bright flash on the ground, far below, then I looked over my right shoulder and there was a Messerschmitt 109G at very close range with his guns firing, as I saw the flashes from the tracer ammunition. I immediately took evasive action by turning into the attack (the recommended action) by applying full aileron and pulling back hard on the control column. The



turn was so tight that I momentarily lost my vision because of the G force and when I regained my sight the aircraft was inverted and in a dive. I think that what had happened was that the turn was so tight that it caused a high-speed stall causing the aircraft to flick roll. I can't remember if I was aware of the cannon and bullet shells hitting the aircraft but when I looked at the Starboard wing there was a huge hole just forward of the aileron. What other damage had been done I don't know but the aircraft was in a spin and I was having difficulty in regaining



control, possibly because of other damage. I remember thinking that the enemy aircraft was still on my tail but now, on calm reflection, as my aircraft was in a spin this was an irrational thought. However at this stage self-preservation instincts became paramount and I decided to bale out. I pulled back the cockpit canopy and stupidly pulled the locking pin of my cockpit harness before disconnecting the radio and oxygen leads to my helmet and mask.

From that moment on I don't know what happened, but it was sudden mayhem. I was conscious of tremendous noise and being thrown around for what seemed a long time before there was sudden calm and I remember thinking that I was dead and amazed that there had been no pain involved. I don't know how long the period of calm lasted but the next thing I remember was being aware that I was free of the aircraft and falling. I remember grasping the ripcord of my parachute but don't remember pulling it. I obviously did for above me was my opened parachute and all was quiet once more. I had no helmet and had lost my right boot but was otherwise intact, or so I thought. Now to explain what I think happened.

When you have control of the aircraft and in reasonably level flight the recommended method of bailing out from a Spitfire is to disconnect helmet leads, undo the harness and dive over the side onto the wing. Another method is to trim the aircraft nose heavy, keeping level by holding back the control column, then undo your harness and leads and release the control column, the aircraft will then dive sharply and you will be catapulted out of the cockpit. However, in my case the aircraft was in a spin and when I released the harness locking pin I must have been partially or fully thrown out of the cockpit. In the process my helmet, with attached mask was dragged from my head cutting off my oxygen supply. The sudden loss of oxygen must have caused a short period of unconsciousness, hence the period of calm. How long it lasted I don't know but it must have been only a short period for by this time I was probably below 20,000 feet and getting sufficient oxygen from the surrounding air, enough for me to regain consciousness and resort to my parachute.



What height I was at when I opened my 'chute is only a guess but I think it would have been about 12,000 feet and looking down I saw my aircraft hurtling to the ground trailing smoke, so the engine had probably been hit during the attack. I realised that the aircraft was heading for a large lake and shortly after saw it hit the water with a large splash. It dawned on me that I was also above the lake and that was where I was heading.

I remembered being told during my training days that you could control your direction in a limited way by pulling on the rigging lines. I tried to move to the right by pulling the rigging lines but this only increased the rate of descent and started an oscillating swing. I gave this up and prepared for the inevitable. The procedure for entering the water in a parachute is to release yourself from the parachute a few feet above the water so that you don't go under with the "chute" still attached. It was a calm day and the surface of the lake was like glass so I had difficulty in judging my height. When I decided it was time I hit my harness release but I obviously didn't hit it hard enough and went into the lake still attached to the chute. My life jacket (Mae West) brought me back to the surface and I managed to free myself from the harness but the rigging lines had fallen on top of me and I was having difficulty in freeing myself. It was then that I noticed a small rowing boat with 2 people heading towards me. They grabbed the floating parachute and pulled me, still attached to the rigging lines, towards the boat. I got rid of the lines and with difficulty managed to climb aboard. My rescuers were an elderly couple, man and wife, and in my pidgin Italian I asked them if there were any Germans in the area. They replied in the negative but as I was shortly to find out, what they thought I had asked them was whether they were Germans.



On stepping ashore, I found that I couldn't stand on my left leg and had to be helped by the old man. Just then a small group of German soldiers burst out of the bushes, led by a burly Sergeant who stuck a machine pistol in my stomach and shouted something which I didn't understand but presumed to be "hands up". I was standing on one leg, dripping wet, had no weapon and not feeling very heroic, so I complied. With the old man still helping me I was escorted to the nearby road and put into the sidecar of one of several motor bikes and taken to a small town at the North end of the lake. I was put into a room and all my clothes removed. The room had no furniture but there was a pile of grass or straw in one corner which I lay on for a while until the Germans returned with my now dry shorts and shirt but no flying overalls. I was then taken somewhere and a doctor examined my leg, encased it in a splint and indicated that it was broken just above my ankle. This must have occurred during my exit from the cockpit but I was unaware of it happening because of the mayhem of the situation. Later that afternoon I was moved to a large country mansion which had been converted to a sort of convalescent home for recovering wounded soldiers. I had 5 German paratroopers for company in the room and although I couldn't understand what they were saying I gather they were expressing a certain amount of sympathy. A little later I heard the noise of aircraft and hopped to the window to have a look. It was a flight of aircraft at great height and was obviously from my Squadron, carrying out the last patrol of the day. Observing this the Germans laughed and from their gestures and the use of the word "Kamerad" pointed out that I would not be returning home with my "Comrades" that night. As if I needed reminding.





Later that night, under the cover of darkness, I was taken to a large hospital in the town of Tivoli, east of Rome. The move took place at night because during the day the Allied aircraft strafed anything that moved. I was in a large ward with all the German wounded and one of the staff members spoke English. When he realised that I was a pilot he mentioned that there was another prisoner, also a pilot, in the ward below mine. On the pretext of going to the toilet I managed to hop down the stairs and located this unknown pilot. To my great surprise it was Warrant Officer Saville a New Zealander from my Squadron who had been on the same patrol as myself. He was badly wounded, with his head covered in bandages, but he related his story. He had been jumped by the same flight of German aircraft that got me and had been hit in the engine. He couldn't make it back to our lines and crash landed in a field. The aircraft burst into flames on landing and he was quite badly burned. He was rescued by some Italian civilians and taken to their farmhouse. However, the Italians could not treat his burns and sought the help of the Germans. He was put into a kind of ambulance and on the way to a hospital the vehicle was strafed and he got a bullet wound in the head. I only had time to give him a brief outline of my situation before I was taken back to my ward.

The following day the Germans began evacuating the hospital and all the walking wounded and the less seriously wounded were assembled and loaded on to an assortment of vehicles. I was placed in a small bus along with a number of Germans and the convoy set off late at night under the cover of darkness, heading north. We had been travelling for a few hours when the convoy was attacked by an Allied aircraft which had dropped a parachute flare. There was great confusion and my fellow travellers evacuated the bus in great haste or as fast as their wounds allowed, I followed. I hopped into a roadside ditch and watched as the aircraft dropped another flare and attacked vehicles near the head of the convoy. The attack was over in about 10 minutes and as far as I was aware only one vehicle was destroyed. In the confusion and darkness, I felt sure that my presence would not be missed if I remained in the ditch when the Germans got back on the bus and I seriously considered doing so. However, being far from mobile the risk of recapture was high, so I decided to stay with my captors, become more mobile and hope that the future might present another opportunity.



The convoy destination turned out to be a hospital In Perugia and after a night stop there I ended up in a hospital in Florence for two days. By this time, I had been joined by several Army prisoners who were also semi mobile. We were all confined to a large room and among the Army prisoners was an Indian Army Sikh who still had his head covered in the Hindu fashion. I felt sorry for him for when we were given food, delivered in a large wooden tub and consisting of a kind of soup with vegetables and meat, he refused to eat it. The poor chap was starving but because of the meat content he refused to eat. I well remember my stay in this hospital for the day we left was the 6th June and we heard that the Allies had landed in Normandy. This was

great news but I remember the German guards indicating to us that the Allied forces would soon be trapped and eventually thrown back into the sea.

Another lorry journey 100 miles north and I arrived at a large hospital at Mantua in Northern Italy where I stayed for 10 days. Here the conditions were more civilised with a comfortable bed in a large ward. It was here that I was interrogated by a member of the Luftwaffe. He spoke very good English and told me he had lived in England for a few years before the war. He asked me the usual questions - what aircraft I was flying, what Squadron I came from, where the Squadron was located and other military matters. He then went on to ask details of my family – mother's maiden name, where I was born, my civilian job and other personal details. I refused to answer these questions and told him that I was only obliged to give my service number, rank and name. He then said that some POW's were more co-operative and showed me a form signed by an American bomber pilot which gave details of his target, bomb load and squadron details.

I remember thinking at the time that that USAF pilot was a little too co-operative. A little later he produced a form with a large red cross and said that he had to fill in this form so that the Red Cross would notify my parents of my capture. Against the questions on the form, some of which had no connection with the Red Cross activities, he wrote "declined to answer" but it listed my number, rank and name. He showed me the form and said I had to sign it. Stupidly I did. He then pointed to my personal Rolex watch and said that he would have to take it from me. His friendly attitude suddenly changed and became quite aggressive. Not knowing whether he had that right and not being in a position to argue I gave it to him. He then said that he knew quite a bit about me and proceeded to tell me that I had been flying a Spitfire belonging to the "Black Falcon" squadron (the squadron mascot was a fighting cock), the name of the Commanding Officer and that we were based on Anzio. He may have had other information but he didn't disclose it. When the interrogation was over and I had returned to the ward I suddenly realised that the information he had about me would be transferred to another form with my signature and shown to other air force prisoners and they would brand me as a big mouth. I take comfort in knowing that he got nothing from me that he didn't already know, but kick myself for signing.



To Germany.

On 18th June I was loaded onto a hospital train bound for Germany. There was a separate carriage for the POW wounded some of whom were like me, walking wounded. The carriage was like a dining car with beds replacing the table and chairs. One chap, I think he was RAF, whose wounds were in his upper body but who was quite mobile, decided to make a break when the train was near the Swiss/Italian border. In the middle of the night when the train had slowed down to a near walking pace and the guard was either absent or asleep, with the help of a colleague he got the door open and disappeared. I'll never know whether or not he made it; I hope he did. We crossed the Brenner Pass and arrived in Munich on 20th June and the same day travelled to Rottenmunster Hospital in Rottweil Germany.



Rottweil is located in South West Germany, approx. 130 miles west of Munich, 50 miles south of Stuttgart and only 40 miles north of the Swiss border. Rottenmunster was a large hospital with several floors and part of one floor was allocated to hospitalised POW's. I was in a room with six other officers - 3 British Army, 1 Australian Army I American Air Force and 1 Rhodesian Air Force. We were all in the convalesce stage and were not confined to bed. The inactivity was quite boring and only two events come to mind worthy of recalling. The Australian (Bob) had been captured in Egypt in 1941 and had been in a POW camp in another part of Germany. He was sent to Rottenmunster to have an operation for haemorrhoids which was performed by a British doctor, also a POW. When he came back to the room he was not his usual jovial wisecracking self and that night I was awakened by him shouting "Jock Jock get the doctor". Apparently he had had a tube inserted in his rectum acting as a drain and in his sleep he had pulled it out. I went along the corridor and woke up the doctor who in a somewhat irritated voice said that he was to put it back. I won't repeat his exact words but you can imagine what they were. Anyway, I relayed the message and went back to bed leaving Bob moaning about medical incompetence. The following day when things had calmed down and the matter was being discussed Bob told me that he had been dreaming that he was escaping and had just reached the barbed wire when a guard armed with a bow and arrow shot him in the bum. Naturally he pulled it out but unfortunately it wasn't an arrow.


The next event of significance in this hospital was my 21st birthday on the 11th August. Bob, the Aussie, decided that it was an event to be celebrated. Without my knowledge he got the others to contribute some elements of their Red Cross parcel and somehow contacted the hospital kitchen to put the ingredients together in the shape of a cake. On the afternoon of my birthday he produced a cake of somewhat small proportions, approx 5 inches in diameter, covered in some sort of white stuff like icing. There was no decoration, only 2 chocolate coloured balls on top. There was a little accompanying note which read "Happy Birthday Jock - they drop today" The cake was divided into 6 slices and we all agreed that it was a great treat under the circumstances. It was a simple little party but one which left an everlasting impression in my mind. That wasn't the finish, for he somehow conveyed to the kitchen labourers (Russian POW's) that a little gift would be appropriate. They produced, from scrap wood, a little wooden duck suitably painted, with wheels connected to wings which moved up and down when pushed along the ground. There was a long stick attached and later that day I did several circuits of the small exercise yard pushing the duck, cheered on by my roommates and to the merriment of several of the Russians. I'll never forget my 21st birthday nor the kindness, generosity and thoughtfulness of my fellow prisoners of war.



It was now well into August, my leg had healed and as I had been mobile for some time I was awaiting transfer to a POW camp. This happened on 25 August when my escort, two German soldiers, arrived and took me to the local railway station. Our destination was Stalag Luft 3 which was located several hundred miles to the East on the German Polish border, a considerable distance away. At this stage my only clothing was still the shorts and shirt I had been wearing when I was shot down but before leaving I was given a British Army Khaki

uniform (provided by the Red Cross). I was thankful for this uniform for when we travelled through the city of Stuttgart, which had been bombed 2 days earlier, the German passengers in the carriage were obviously questioning my escort about their prisoner. I'm sure my escort thought I was a soldier and I was glad I wasn't in an Air Force uniform for German civilians weren't kindly disposed to "Terror Fleigers", as the Bomber crews were called. It was a tedious journey involving a night stop at Leipzig where I was put into the station jail which I had to share with rats. My request to be moved somewhere else was refused. On the 27th August I arrived at Stalag Luft 3 to join several thousand other Air Force prisoners.

Stalag Luft 3 - Sagan

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25																											
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POW Identity Card Stalag Luft 3 - 1944



Luft 3 was a huge camp consisting of 5 compounds named North, South, East, West and Centre. The South, West and Centre compounds housed American airmen and the North and East housed British airmen. There was another overload compound a few miles away from the main camp named Belaria which had a mixture of inmates.



The main camp was located in a pine forest near the town of Sagan. The camp was the venue for several escapes but the major one was "The Great Escape" from the North compound which resulted in the murder by the Germans of 50 prisoners. But that is another well documented story.

I was sent to East compound which had six huts with 12 rooms in each hut. My address was Room 5 Hut 69. There were 11 officers in the room, 7 RAF and 4 RCAF. We slept in 2 tier bunks with wooden boards and a straw paillasse as mattress. The room was 16 x 24 feet with a stove in one corner for heating. A corridor ran down the middle of the hut with a night toilet at one end and a small kitchen at the other. The room organisation was that each man had a domestic duty to perform, some internal and some external. My job was to get up early and go to the kitchen and cut our German black loaf of bread into eleven equal slices. Sounds easy but the loaves sloped at the ends so the end slices had to be a little bit thicker so everyone got an equal portion. As prisoners we were entitled to the same rations as a German soldier but it

never worked that way, usually much less. Each man was entitled to be issued with a weekly Red Cross food parcel but in my time the issue was down to one parcel to two men and later this was reduced further. This was because the Germans had difficulty in transporting the parcels from the main Red Cross depot in the North to the various camps throughout the country. The reason for this was the disruption caused to the railway system at that stage of the war by the Allied bomber and fighter aircraft.

In East Compound there were around 800 prisoners from a huge variety of peacetime civilian occupations so there was a vast amount of skills available for camp activities and these skills were put to good use in alleviating the boredom of prison life. For example, debates, lectures, study, theatrical plays, handiwork classes, sporting activities, to name a few. A lot of the necessary equipment for these pursuits was provided by the Red Cross, all of course vetted by the Germans. The prisoners made a 9 hole chip and putt golf course in the sandy soil around the inside perimeter of the compound. A few clubs were provided by the Red Cross but shortage of balls was a problem so they were made from pieces of rubber inside a leather skin. No greens of course!



Generally the authority of rank was never used in the camp as prisoners considered themselves as just prisoners, however the senior ranking officer assumed responsibility for all prisoners when dealing with the Germans. He had the title of Senior British Officer (SBO) and performed the role of a Commanding Officer for the prisoners. He would co-ordinate the activities of selected officers who had the task of organising various camp activities. One of the more important responsibilities was that of security, and he and his committee would interview and interrogate all new arrivals to ensure that they were not impersonators planted by the Germans. Any plans to escape had to be vetted by both the SBO and the escape committee and help and assistance would only be provided if the plan was considered viable. Apart from the guards manning the towers on the perimeter with their guns and searchlights the compound was patrolled by Germans in overalls whose job was to roam the compound looking for any signs of escape activities. They were named "ferrets" as they would often hide and crawl under the huts, keeping a close watch on the prisoners' movements. Every morning and evening we were paraded for the daily roll call. We formed up by hut numbers in rows 5 deep which facilitated the counting process. In addition to the daily counting we were occasionally subject to a "picture" parade when our identity was compared to the photo taken when we arrived in the camp.

Naturally we were constantly wondering how the war was progressing, particularly as at that time the Russians were making advances on the Eastern front and the Allies had landed in France. The German papers we managed to obtain did give us an inkling that the Germans were on the back foot. However, unknown to the Germans we had our own source of



information. This was a radio which was cleverly concealed in a false compartment on the underside of a table. More about that table later. I don't know how the radio was made but the ingenuity of our expert prisoners knew no bounds and by bribing and eventually threatening the "ferrets" the key components such as valves and other necessary bits and pieces were obtained. The method was to cultivate a few "ferrets" who had a liking for the chocolate and cigarettes in our Red Cross parcels and persuade them to bring in a few innocuous items in exchange. Once this had been done the threat of exposure to their superiors was such that the necessary key components were obtained.

Our news was obtained via BBC radio broadcasts and the person who manned the receiver would visit the huts the next day and verbally pass on the information. One day, during a picture roll call, the Germans did not have their portable table with them so they went to a room and brought out a table. The roll call was completed without incident but little did the Germans know that it was the special table and that our radio was within inches of their hands. I believe there was another source of information; this was a coded link to some authority in the UK, I think



it was the Air Ministry, and this was done through letters to prisoners but I am unaware of any details - it was not general knowledge. It was through this means that after the Great Escape in March and the favourable progress of the war that escape attempts were discouraged. Just after the Great Escape and the murder of 50 prisoners, the Germans had issued a pamphlet headed "Escaping is no longer a Sport" - briefly is said that any prisoner caught after escaping would be considered a saboteur and shot. At this stage there was general optimism that the Allies were winning and as far as I am aware there were no more attempts to escape.



Beds - Stalag IIIA Luckenwald – 1945.



My "Lounge" Stalag IIIA Luckenwald – 1945.

As Christmas 1944 was approaching most rooms managed to save a few items of food so that we were able to celebrate Christmas with a few extras on the table while thinking of our loved ones having their Christmas dinner thinking of us. Our Christmas present was the air of



optimism in the camp that the New Year would bring release and our return home. While inside the huts didn't look very seasonal the weather outside certainly did. with the camp covered in snow. By mid January 1945 we could sense that something was about to happen and we could only guess that it had something to do with the Russian breakthrough on the Eastern front. On 27th January we found out, when the Germans announced that the camp was being evacuated and we had to prepare for an immediate march.

The March

On being informed early on the 27th January of the evacuation, the camp became a hive of activity, with prisoners making rucksacks and sledges from whatever materials they could find. The Germans surprisingly produced enough RedCross parcels for an issue of one per man and what food there was in each rooms' cupboard was shared among the occupants. The bitterly cold weather was a problem and prisoners donned as many items of clothing they could. I managed to make a sort of rucksack to carry what little possessions I had but for warm clothing I only had an RAF airman's greatcoat (issued by the RedCross) and my Army battledress which proved insufficient for the conditions, consequently my march was a very cold one. We left the camp in the early hours of the 28th January with the guards spaced at intervals on either side of the column walking with us and feeling the cold as much as we were.



There were a few horse drawn wagons in the column loaded with the guards equipment and rations. We had to make do with what food we took with us from the camp. From a high point on the march the column looked like a black snake stretching from horizon to horizon against the snow covered landscape, not surprising as there were several thousand prisoners in the column. We marched all day and stopped at a place called Halbau where we were accommodated in a school for 2 nights sleeping wherever we could find a space - on desks, chairs but mainly on the floor.

Another all day march on the 30th Jan and another night accommodated in a school at Liebe. The next day the march ended in a factory at a place called Muskau. It was here that we managed to get reasonably warm, for





the factory furnaces had only recently been shut down and there was plenty of room for us to spread out. Here the weather changed and became a bit warmer with the arrival of rain. This caused a problem for the sled pullers as the snow was rapidly melting and they had to find wheels for their conveyance. Fortunately, there were plenty of bits and pieces of metal and round objects which served the purpose. One more days march and we arrived at a rail junction called Spremberg. Here we were loaded onto covered rail wagons which in the 1914-18 war had an official transporting capacity of 8 horses or 40 men. I can't recall how many were in our wagon but we were pretty crowded, so much so that when crouched down in a sitting position there was no clear space and it became a major difficulty to get to the small gap in the sliding doors to relieve ourselves. At this stage we had no idea where we were headed. After a very uncomfortable night and a day's travel we stopped at a place called Luckenwald and detrained. I did not know it at the time but this was to be where I would end my time as a POW.

Stalag 111a – Luckenwald.

On 4th February, 1944 we marched the short distance from the station to the camp where we were herded into a large building containing communal showers - and did we ever need a shower. The water wasn't very hot but it was heaven to be clean again. By late evening we were located in our accommodation which, compared to that at Stalag Luft 3, was very basic. Our living quarters were in large huts, not divided into rooms but with the open space filled with three tiered wooden bunks and brick flooring. I don't know who the previous occupants were but the huts were not very clean. It was a big camp with a large population including a lot of Polish and Russian prisoners. Food became a problem, or lack of it did. There were no Red Cross parcels and the food we got from the Germans was very basic - potatoes and soups made of cabbage and other unidentified things were the main items of sustenance. We were constantly hungry and I remember making a habit of eating the potato skins discarded by the others, to assuage my hunger. It wasn't much help but it was something to chew on. Life was very different from that in Stalag Luft 3, no activities to stimulate the mind and keep the body active, just dull and monotonous living. The only bright spot was the thought of release which now appeared a distinct possibility - but when?

On 12th April we were again marched to the local railway where a long line of covered wagons (cattle trucks) awaited. We were loaded into the wagons as before but after a few hours with no movement we detrained and waited beside the wagons. It soon became obvious that we weren't going anywhere for there was no locomotive to pull the train. We were told that an engine would be arriving later that day. In the meantime we asked the Germans to paint a large Red Cross emblem on the top of the train to prevent a possible strafing attack by Allied aircraft. This wasn't done.



We remained at the station until the next day when, as no engine had arrived, we were marched back to the camp. By now it was obvious from the behaviour of the guards who were, in the main, quite old men that something was about to happen. One night an aircraft, presumably Russian, strafed some target near the camp and had us all ducking for cover. A few days later on the 21st April we woke up to find that the guards had vanished during the night and the camp was now unguarded. But not for long, for next day on the 22nd April several Russian tanks arrived, one tank demolishing part of the barbed wire fence to the cheers of the POW's. As they were part of the Russian forces attacking Berlin and we were in the midst of a battle area we were told to stay put and await further instructions. A couple of days later the follow up troops arrived and this time we were guarded by the Russians who were under instructions to keep us secure. We all had our opinions as to how and when the Russians would transfer us to the Americans who had stopped their advance Eastwards at the river Elbe which was about 30 miles to the West of the camp. All we knew for certain was that the Russians intended to keep us in their hands until they decided on our future.

On the morning of the 7th May an American officer arrived in a Jeep, presumably to discuss with the Russians our evacuation, but the Russians told him that they were not prepared to release us as the decision would have to be referred to higher authority. The American officer left, but before he did he mentioned to one of our senior officers that he had brought with him six American trucks which were waiting in a wood near the camp. When I heard this news I spoke with a colleague and we decided to try and get to the trucks. We got through a hole in the wire at the back of the camp and made our way, along with many others, to the wood which was about a mile from the camp. When some distance from the camp we heard rifle fire and later found out that the Russian guards were shooting over the heads of escaping POW's to try and deter them. However, we were out and eventually found the trucks and a large African American Sergeant who greeted us with words which I will never forget "Come on you guys, get your arse into gear we wanna to get outta here". Of course so did we.

The first two trucks were already full and had left and we got on the third truck and soon were on our way to the River Elbe. We arrived at the river where a pontoon bridge had been erected at a place called Wittenberg, with the Russians on the East side and the Americans on the West. The Russian soldiers waved at us as we drove onto the pontoon bridge and the American soldiers did likewise when we drove off. It was mid-afternoon on the 7th May 1945 and I was FREE. However, only three trucks got across. When the Russians at the camp realised what was happening they communicated with the soldiers at the bridge to stop the trucks crossing. The last three trucks were stopped and their load of POW'S





returned to the camp. It was to be another 3 weeks before the Allies managed to negotiate with the Russians to release the many thousands of POW's in the camp and I understand politics at a high level was involved.

When we got over the river the trucks continued for about 30 miles on to Schonebeg where a large camp had been set up to process released POW's. Our first meal was a bit of a surprise for while we had dreamed of this moment and of the huge amount of food we would consume we were served very small portions. Apparently, this was for medical reasons, as having had little food, both in quantity and quality, for several months a large nutritious meal would have been detrimental to our health. While in the Dining Hall I heard, for the first time, the loudspeakers playing a popular Bing Crosby song "[Don't Fence Me In](#)". How timely!!

However, that was really of no importance for the next day on the 8th May 1945 it was announced worldwide that Germany had capitulated and the war in Europe was over. The next move, on the 11 May, was another lorry trip of 60 miles to Hildesheim where after a night's stop we were flown to Brussels. It was during this flight that we saw the result of the Allied bombing of the industrial cities of the Rhur - city after city absolutely devastated. A night stop in Brussels then onto an RAF aircraft which took us to RAF Wing, an airfield North West of London where, immediately on landing, we were lined up and deloused before showering. This was 13th May 1945 and 3 years and 1 month had elapsed since departing from the UK on the troopship from the Clyde on 16 April 1942. The next 2 days involved Administrative details, issue of new uniforms and getting settled back into Service life. We were also interrogated regarding our period in captivity, particularly in regard to aircrew who were still listed as missing and of whom the RAF and the Red Cross had no information. I also managed to 'phone home and let my family know that I was back in Britain. I was given indefinite leave and a night journey in a very crowded train saw me arrive in Glasgow on 16 May to be met by my father and brother Jim who had just returned from 4 years' service with the Army in the Middle East. A large gathering of family at my grandmother's house greeted me and I knew I was home. After a few days, while I was delighted to be home, I had a strange feeling of being unsettled and would often seek solitude in the garden. I can't really describe what the feeling was but it lasted for a few weeks before I really got round to accepting my new situation and change of lifestyle. It was a period of strange personal emotions.

Jock's story will continue next issue.

THE RAM

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



Vol 61

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The People I meet.

Just the other day I was enjoying a quiet lunch at Brisbane's premier restaurant – the Jade Buddha. Being the quiet and refined type of person that I am, I had liberally dosed myself with Old Spice in an attempt to conceal the Radtechitis that I knew would be naturally emanating from my person and judging by the lack of attention I was getting from the beautiful damsels all around, I had made a judicious decision. It was a nice change not being swamped and adorned as though I was the Beatles or Elvis Presley.

I was sitting out in the open, enjoying the rare solitude I'm allowed, lapping up the cooling breeze, when unexpectedly, a minute whiff of Radtechitis escaped and drifted skywards. As sometimes happens over Queensland, and unbeknown to my person, the jet stream had dropped down to 300 ft and taken on a north-west to south-east directional flow and that minute whiff was whisked away and headed for Byron Bay.



Nikki Fury, Honourable person, Anna Loisa.

At about this time, 2 lovely young ladies were quietly sitting in the beer-garden at Strops pub on the headland at Byron Bay, enjoying a sars and a chicken and cucumber sandwich (crusts removed), when out of the blue, that elusive whiff of Radtechitis dropped out of the jet stream

and was inhaled by the girls. From then on, their conscious self was shattered and basic instinct took hold. They had to have more.

Tossing the half-eaten chicken and cucumber sandwiches (crusts removed) into the bin they mounted their trusty skate boards and scooted off north following the scented jet stream looking for the source of that Radtechitis. A short time later, with blue bearings and smoke pouring off the skate board's wheels, the girls arrived at the Jade Buddha and poured in and draped themselves upon my person in an attempt to ingest that allusive Radtechitis. I was sympathetic to their plight and allowed them to adhere themselves to my person for several hours before I was forced to extricate myself.

Sometimes, having Radtechitis is a real chore.

The U.S. Navy just got the World's Largest Uncrewed Ship.



The U.S. Navy accepted delivery of a revolutionary uncrewed surface ship, one capable of traveling long distances and conducting missions all without a human on board. The Sea Hunter Anti-Submarine Warfare Continuous Trail Unmanned Vessel—or ACTUV for short—

could someday lead to fleets of unmanned warships plying the world's oceans, doing everything from hunting submarines to acting as spy ships.

The U.S. Navy ordered the ACTUV in 2012 as part of the Pentagon's broader push into unmanned air, sea, and land systems. It was envisioned as a platform to test the autonomous concept in surface ships, explore how to safely and securely operate unmanned ships for months at a time over thousands of nautical miles, and create a vessel capable of tracking enemy diesel-electric submarines.

Built at the Christensen Shipyards in Vancouver, Washington, the 132 foot long, 140 ton ship is the world's largest uncrewed ship. The pilothouse, necessary for a human crew to control the ship, can be unbolted and removed. The ACTUV has a single hull with two outrigger floats to enhance stability at sea and has a maximum reported speed of 27 knots. From above the ship looks like a Klingon Warbird, its hull and two floats slicing through the water, leaving three wakes. See [HERE](#).

An autonomous ship like the ACTUV would make an excellent submarine hunter. Conventionally-powered submarines, which make up the bulk of the world's submarine fleets, can stay underwater for up to two weeks at a time. That's longer than a helicopter or fixed-wing aircraft can stay on station, and a crewed surface ship puts the hunter at risk of becoming the hunted. An uncrewed ship, however, can track an enemy submarine as long as it takes for the sub to make a fatal mistake, then attack with a lightweight homing torpedo.

The ACTUV went to sea in October 2016 and spent 2017 undergoing a series of progressively more difficult tests at sea. Along the way, DARPA realized some important things. For one, the ship was also useful for launching the TALON elevated sensor mast. TALON is basically a militarized parasail towed behind a ship, lifting a 150 pound payload up to 1,500 feet above sea level. Possible payloads for TALON include communications relays in situations where satellite-based communications are unavailable and so-called "intelligence, surveillance, and reconnaissance (ISR) sensor packages. See [HERE](#).

Along the way, DARPA has expanded the potential roles for the ACTUV. No longer just an anti-submarine warfare platform, in 2016 DARPA was referring to the ship as a "payload truck" and the name was changed to Sea Hunter. TALON aside, the possibilities for an uncrewed surface ship are pretty much endless. Uncrewed ships could shoot it out with swarms of Iranian speedboats in the Straits of Hormuz, lay in ambush for a Chinese Navy surface task force, brimming with anti-ship missiles hidden under a stealthy exterior, or sail up and down the North Korean coastline, scooping up radio signals with a spy package hovering a third of a mile above it on TALON, all



without exposing a single friendly sailor to danger. Uncrewed ships could even conduct resupply runs in dangerous waters, bring fresh missiles, torpedoes, and other supplies to ships at sea while sending injured sailors back to the rear.

Ships like Sea Hunter are also the future because they have to be. The U.S. Navy has only a limited number of crewed hulls to handle missions at hand, and the personnel costs involved in crewing those ships are a major part of the Navy's budget. Small uncrewed ships offer a clever, cost-effective alternative. Sea Hunter doesn't have an engineering section, or ship's mess section, or anyone else whose role is to keep the ship and crew running. Sea Hunter's autonomous nature means that a land-based crew need only man the ship's sensors and weapons, when the ship is in action. A single crew could likely operate multiple Sea Hunters, only "crewing" them when the ship is in action.

Sea Hunter will operate under the Navy's Office of Naval Research, where it will "develop (Sea Hunter) technologies, including automating payload and sensor data processing, rapidly developing new mission-specific autonomous behaviors, and exploring autonomous coordination among multiple (Unmanned Surface Vehicles)". After that, likely some time in 2018, Sea Hunter will move on to become part of the broader U.S. Navy and could be assigned to actual real-world missions.

Is it good if a vacuum really sucks?

Future of Townsville Air Force Squadron uncertain



Over two years ago, the Townsville Bulletin's headline suggested that RAAF Townsville's future could be short lived. It said:

"A Townsville Air Force Squadron which operated the iconic Caribou aircraft for 45 years may be disbanded, with personnel moved from the city. It is understood the RAAF's 38 Squadron will have its wings clipped from as early as next year, after staff were briefed on a Defence Department plan to disband the squadron when its contract ends in 2018.

About 60 air force members and 25 maintenance contractors from Hawker Pacific who work with the unit are expected to be affected. Of the eight RAAF units based in Townsville, No. 38 Squadron is the only air mobility unit with a primary role to transport troops for military or humanitarian missions.

Other RAAF units include:

[383 Sqn \(Contingency\)](#)
38Sqn (Beech 350)

452 Sqn (ATC)
1 Wing Air Force Cadets

27 Sqn (City of Townsville)



Flt Lt Nick Freeman and Captain Dave Davis (Army).

City leaders yesterday called on the Defence Department to come clean on the plan, saying jobs and livelihoods were at risk, however, Defence Department spokesman refused to clarify the situation, only saying a decision had not been made as to the future of the squadron.

“No decision has yet been made regarding the future of Number 38 Squadron,” a statement read, but a Defence source said all 60 members of the squadron had been notified of the closure and the unit, which currently operates eight King Air 350 after the Caribou was decommissioned in 2009. “From what I’ve been told, the King Airs will be relocated to a South Australian base from some time next year ... before being fully disbanded by 2018,” the source said.

“There’s a lot of secrecy at the moment but there has to be a bigger picture as to why Defence is doing this. “Our guess is 38 Squadron will be replaced or absorbed into a new squadron, as Townsville RAAF can’t afford to lose a unit as it’s a deployment base,” the source said. Mayor Jenny Hill said she would ask to meet with RAAF Base Townsville’s Wing Commander to clarify

the situation. "I don't want to jump on shadows until we have a full understanding of what's going on," she said. "I want to know if the RAAF will be forming a new squadron and what that will mean for the city."

Labor leader Bill Shorten urged the Federal Government to clarify the situation. "The Government must urgently clarify the future of 38 Squadron and explain the implications for jobs in Townsville and how the capability the squadron provides will be maintained," he said.

Herbert MP Ewen Jones said he was not aware of any major plans to downsize. "Defence is an enormous part of Townsville's economy and we continue to see the significance of this through the hundreds of millions of dollars worth of Federal Government investment at both Lavarack and the RAAF base," he said.

"I will say that the Government has earmarked significant investment at RAAF Base Townsville into the future."

However, it seems the time has come. We've heard that 38 Sqn will shortly be no more and the aircraft will head for Sale. What a shame.

If a word is misspelled in the dictionary, how would we ever know?

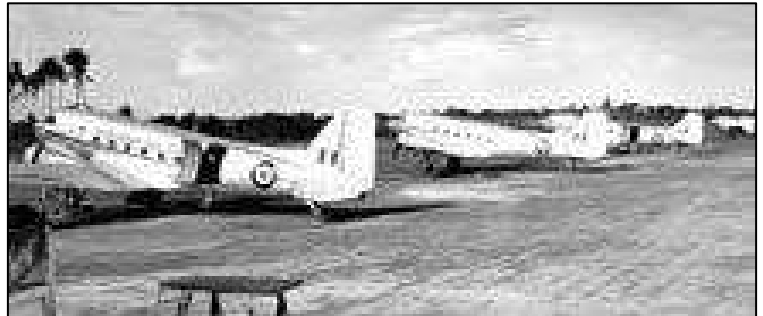
38 Sqn History.

38SQN was established at RAAF Base Richmond on 15 September 1943. Since then, it's become the Air Force's longest continuously serving operational flying squadron, only the Central Flying School (effectively a non-deployable training establishment) has a longer unbroken flying record, in continuous service since 1940.

September 2018 will mark the 75th anniversary of the formation of 38SQN. The 38SQN motto reads 'Equal to the Task', and few RAAF units have equalled the variety of operations on which 38SQN has engaged. There's a party organised – see [Page 20](#).

Today, the Squadron is equipped with eight Beechcraft King Air 350 light transports at RAAF Base Townsville with 60 Air Force personnel and 25 contractors from Hawker Pacific on staff. On the occasion of the Squadron's 70th anniversary, then Chief of Air Force, AIRMSHL Geoff Brown, congratulated the unit's members on its rich record of service. "Over the last 70 years, 38SQN has worked continuously to support both peacetime and military operations, from supporting troops on the frontline to providing much-needed relief following disasters," AIRMSHL Brown said. "This anniversary is an opportunity to celebrate the squadron's achievements, as well as remember those who paid the ultimate price and lost their lives in the squadron's service."

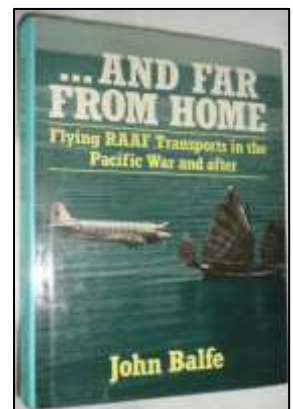
The genesis of 38SQN came in 1943, which was a turning point for Australian military transport in the South-West Pacific Theatre of World War Two. The Douglas C47 Dakota, which became a staple of Allied air transport throughout the war, began arriving from the United States in serious quantities to equip RAAF transport Squadrons. The Dakota was far more capable than the existing RAAF transports at the time, which were largely civilian airliners that had been pressed into military service. The Dakota featured a larger fuselage that could accommodate bigger loads and carry them further. Its introduction to widespread RAAF service coincided with the increased concentration of RAAF transport operations in northern Australia and into New Guinea. In southern Australian states, a requirement for military transport persisted, both to service the majority of military headquarters as well as reach out to Defence units located along the eastern seaboard of Australia and into Western Australia.



To this end, 38SQN was formed in September 1943 with a fleet of Lockheed Hudsons, a design which had its roots as a commercial airliner before the outbreak of war in Europe saw it converted into a patrol bomber. In 38SQN service, the Hudson would come full circle each aircraft's offensive armament, which included nose-mounted guns and a dorsal gun turret, were removed. Seating capacity within each aircraft was fitted for 14 passengers. Much like its present-day duties, the role of 38SQN was to transport essential Defence personnel around Australia and into the immediate region, in the Hudson at a ponderous 200 knots.

The Hudson was unpressurised, with a maximum range of 3,000km. It allowed 38SQN to create a transport network from RAAF Base Richmond (with a detachment created in [Gorrie](#), near Larrimah in the Northern Territory). In February 1944, it began re-equipping with the Douglas C-47 which would be operated by the Squadron for nearly 30 years. The Dakota had an increased capacity of 28 passengers, along with the ability to carry cargo and aero-medical evacuation patients or bulkier items of cargo. Following the Japanese Surrender in August 1945, 38SQN flew the first Australian aircraft into Singapore and Japan, with one crew taking Australian journalists to Hiroshima. The unit participated in the return of Australian personnel (including former POWs) from the South Pacific Theatre.

The former CO of 38SQN, SQNLDR John Balfe, recounts in his published wartime memoir – “....*And Far From Home*” - the emotional scene of 38 SQN Dakota crews inviting former POWs many of whom held captive since the fall of Singapore in 1942 to the cockpit of the Dakota, allowing them to view Darwin from the air as dawn broke. For these rescued POWs, it was their first sight of Australia and brought many to tears.



Sadly, many were never to return. On 18 September 1945, 38SQN experienced its worst ever air disaster with the loss of Dakota A65-61, which crashed in Irian Jaya, in present-day Indonesia. All of the 28 RAAF and Army members on board were killed when, during a return flight from the Japanese surrender in Morotai, their aircraft collided with a mountain range. Little was known about the cause of the accident, and the wreckage of the aircraft and the remains of its occupants were not discovered until 1970.

The immediate post-war years featured some of the most colourful tasking in 38SQN's history. The unit was spared the axe during the post-war disarmament, and along with 36SQN and 37SQN, formed part of the fortnightly courier flights from Australia to Japan (via Morotai, the Philippines and Okinawa). A 38SQN detachment was established at RAAF Base Pearce and in Port Moresby (then still part of the Australian territory of Papua New Guinea). In May 1946, three Dakotas from 38SQN transported 25 tonnes of pig bristle from Chungking in China to Hong Kong over two weeks. Pig bristles were essential part of paintbrushes, which were a necessary supply for the post-war housing boom. It was extremely hazardous tasking—there were no modern maps of China available to the crews, and the country was descending into civil war. The flight from Hong Kong to Chungking was an 1100km return trip with no available divert airfields.

Alongside Royal Air Force (RAF) Dakota crews conducting the task for the United Kingdom, 38SQN completed eight return flights to Chungking and brought the pig bristles out. In August 1948, 38SQN gave half its pilots to an



'Australian Squadron' flying RAF Dakotas during the Berlin Blockade, also known as the Berlin Airlift. Alongside crews from 36SQN, the 38SQN members flew 2062 sorties to Berlin. In June 1950, 38SQN was sent to Changi in Singapore (and later Kuala Lumpur), to provide transport for Commonwealth units engaged with communist forces in the jungles of Malaya. Airlift again proved an essential means of delivering cargo over difficult terrain. During this deployment, half of 38SQN's strength was sent to Japan to form 30 Transport Flight, supporting Australian units engaged in the Korean War.

In December 1952, 38SQN returned to Australia from Malaya, having carried nearly 780,000 KG of supplies; 17,000 passengers; and 326 aero-medical evacuation patients. On its return to Australia, the squadron effectively absorbed 36SQN, which in turn was re-established in Japan. In early 1954, HRH Queen Elizabeth II conducted her first Royal Tour of Australia as the reigning monarch and was largely flown by 38SQN during the visit.

In March 1954, 38SQN took over VIP flying duties in Canberra, as well as becoming the RAAF's air movements and transport training squadron. It was relocated to RAAF Base Richmond in 1958, with a number of its personnel posted to 36SQN to operate the C-130A Hercules. During the early 1960s, 38SQN was responsible for a number of 'hack' aircraft at



RAAF Base Richmond, intended to provide currency flying for Air Force pilots in the Sydney, Williamstown and Canberra area, as well as being available for communications duties. Amongst the Squadron's fleet included a Meteor, Canberra and Winjeel trainer.



A 38SQN Dakota at Chungking in China, 1946.

The need to replace the venerable Dakota was well and truly evident by the 1960s. The respective views of Army and Air Force on replacing the Dakota were formed from their recent operational experience. Army wanted a light transport that could carry 32 troops over short distances and support personnel on the frontline. Air Force, having recently introduced the C-130 to great effect, wanted a pressurised transport that could carry 9,000lbs (four tonnes) of cargo over 1300km. The Army won out, with the DHC-4 Caribou being ordered for 38SQN. The first Caribou were collected from the factory in Canada in early 1964 and flown over 25,000km to Australia. Subsequent deliveries of Caribou that year saw aircraft dispatched directly to the RAAF Transport Flight Vietnam (RTFV) in Vung Tau.

While 38SQN itself was not deployed to the Vietnam War, it played a hand in training and supporting the workforce that served with the RTFV, later re-titled 35SQN, until its withdrawal in 1972. In the meantime, 38SQN Caribou were operated in Port Moresby under 'Detachment A', with Papua New Guinea (then an Australian territory) being a key proving ground for 38SQN personnel.

The Squadron's Colours were presented by HRH Prince Philip in April 1971. On 28 August 1972, 38SQN suffered its only fatal accident with the Caribou. Aircraft A4-233 came down in



poor weather whilst flying through the Kudjeru Gap in Papua New Guinea, claiming the lives of three RAAF crewmembers along with an Army Ground Liaison Officer, an Instructor, and 19 Army Cadets. Four Cadets survived the accident, discovered by rescue teams four days later.



38 Sqn Det A – 1968.

In September of 1973, the Dakota was finally retired from 38SQN service. From March 1975 until 1979, the United Nations Military Observer Group in India and Pakistan (UNMOGIP) saw 38SQN deploy a Caribou to the Kashmir region between the two countries. Taking over courier duties from a Royal Canadian Air Force Caribou crew, flying conditions in the Kashmir were perhaps some of the most challenging in the squadron's history, with some airfields as high as 8500ft and some minimum safe. Air Force had preferred a larger pressurised transport to serve with 38SQN, however Army's requirement for a smaller transport capable of servicing frontline airstrips won out.

38SQN provided Caribous to support Red Cross operations in East Timor, then emerging from Portugal's colonial empire. During these operations, a 38SQN Caribou held the 'distinction' of being the only RAAF aircraft to be hijacked, as a group of Timorese Democratic Union soldiers forced A4-140 into the air with 54 people on board on September 4. The aircraft was just able to arrive in Darwin safely. (See [HERE](#)).

For much of the 1970s and 80s, 38SQN's work entailed support to Army exercises and assistance to civil communities in Australia and Papua New Guinea. In December 1992, the



unit relocated from RAAF Base Richmond where it had spent the majority of the past 49 years to RAAF Base Amberley. From 1997, the Caribou's cockpit was fitted with NightVision Goggle compatible lighting. In 1999, 86WG Detachment B was established in Darwin, with 35SQN and 38SQN providing Caribou and crews to support operations in East Timor. The deployment continued through the disestablishment of 35SQN in December 2000, which saw 38SQN becoming Air Force's sole Caribou operating squadron.

The Caribou detachment returned from East Timor in December 2001, however in mid 2003, 38SQN was deployed with its Caribou to the Solomon Islands as part of the peacekeeping mission 'Operation Anode'. Dingo Airlines Support to the civil community continued throughout the Caribou's twilight years, with 38SQN relocating from RAAF Base Amberley to Townsville in December of 2007. Civil aid to the community continued following flooding in PNG in November 2007; Floods in Ingham, Queensland, in February 2009; and following the crash of a commuter airliner in Kokoda in August of that year.



By 2009 however, the writing was on the wall for 38SQN's Caribou days. Low serviceability and ageing airframes were leaving 38SQN out of many operational deployments and in December 2009, the Caribou was finally retired from RAAF service. 38SQN had operated the type for 45 years more than two thirds the Squadron's history.

The announcement had been made to retire the Caribou in early 2009, with a decision made to reallocate three King Air 350s in Army service to 38SQN. Another five new aircraft would be introduced to 38SQN, leased from Hawker Pacific and operated from RAAF Base Townsville.



The King Air was intended for 38SQN as an interim light transport, until the selection of a Battlefield Airlifter. In May 2012, it was announced that the C-27J Spartan would be selected as Air Force's next Battlefield Airlifter, however it would be operated by a re-established 35SQN. The net result of this is that the King Air will equip 38SQN into the foreseeable future.



On the 70th anniversary of 38SQN, the unit finds itself in a similar circumstance to its formation providing a light courier and transport service with a twin-engine aircraft, intended to provide a flexible regional service to Defence. Its recent history has continued to focus its operational efforts within Australia and in several operations within the Asia Pacific region. For example, the commitment to supporting activities in Papua New Guinea has continued, including the 2012 National Election in that country. In 2011, several 38SQN pilots were attached to the United States Air Force to operate MC12W Liberty, an Intelligence/ Surveillance/Response variant of the King Air. These pilots were able to operate the aircraft for an extended period in the Middle East Area of Operations, receiving invaluable experience. In November 2013, the position of CO38SQN handed over from incumbent WGCDR Stew Dowrie (right) to incoming WGCDR Michael Burgess-Orton. On the occasion of the unit's 70th Anniversary, WGCDR Dowrie attributed the squadron's continuous record to always being needed to provide a reliable transport service. "I think there was never the opportunity to shut us down; we weren't necessarily at the forefront of operations, but we were always there doing the business," WGCDR Dowrie said. "For their day, each of those aircraft was considered





reliable, dependable and highly effective.” “We’re pretty much doing the same job with the same great calibre of people; it’s just the aircraft that have changed,” he said. “We provide niche light transport that’s flexible, efficient and saves people time and money. But it’s not just for VIPs; it’s for anyone who needs to move quickly.” The squadron also plays a role in giving pilots valuable aviation experience, producing flying instructor candidates and junior pilots capable of transitioning to the large modern fleet Air Force operates.

OOOPS





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Allan George's Gems

GM in the US is getting ready to mass produce cars with no steering wheels.

AP

Or pedals, for that matter.

General Motors says it is making the first mass-production autonomous car without a steering wheel or pedals. Are they for real??



The company says it has filed a petition with the federal government seeking permission to put the vehicles on the road sometime next year with no human backup drivers. GM's Cruise Automation unit has announced plans to carry passengers in self-driving cars that won't have a backup driver in 2019. The location of the service has not been revealed.

GM spokesman Kevin Kelly says the first of the autonomous Cruise AV's, based on the Chevrolet Bolt, is being tested. He says the company isn't announcing how many will be made.

Click the pic below to see further info



At a recent technology show in Las Vegas, GM announced its plans to mass-produce driverless vehicles that won't have conventional controls like steering wheels and pedals as soon as 2019. GM, along with other automakers like Ford and Waymo (the self-driving unit of Google parent Alphabet), are aiming to get autonomous vehicles on public roads that don't use steering wheels or pedals over the next 1-3 years. This is certainly an ambitious goal, and while the initial uses for these autonomous vehicles are largely limited to ride-hailing and public transportation, the ultimate aim of these companies is to eventually make these vehicles ubiquitous among car owners.

Granted they are still many years from reaching this point (and during that time the sensors and artificial intelligence (AI) installed in these vehicles will improve), we should still be weary of being driven around by a steering wheel and pedal-less self-driving car.

The idea of this technology becoming a reality has captivated the minds of industry researchers, experts, technology enthusiasts, and consumers, however, most of the hype behind this concept is largely driven by how much of a testament this will provide for how far technology has advanced.



A vehicle without a steering wheel or pedals implies the driverless car is capable of operating at an autonomous level of 4 (high automation), or 5 (full automation), where the vehicle accounts for almost every aspect of driving and requires virtually no human intervention. If vehicles with lower autonomy levels aren't even close to being perfected, why should we believe a driverless car without a steering wheel or pedal will operate more efficiently? Considering how autonomous vehicles across the board still contain notable design and technical flaws along with the overall lack of trust drivers around the world still have for these vehicles, it raises questions surrounding the urgency these automotive giants have behind these projects. Are car companies more concerned about being the first (to develop the first widely used vehicles with this level of autonomy) or ensuring they release the safest and highest quality self-driving vehicles?

Some of the issues surrounding autonomous cars such as efficiency of their sensors in bad weather, navigating over bridges and through construction zones, along with the threat of unpredictable motorists (an interaction [that already led to one incident](#), despite not being the autonomous vehicle's fault) are diffusable if the driver has the ability to intervene. Every issue

mentioned can cause an accident of some kind and even lead to fatalities in severe enough situations—even with the driver’s ability to intervene when necessary. If you put an autonomous steering wheel and pedal-less vehicle in those same situations, the passengers inside that car could be powerless to intervene, especially in situations involving erratic drivers, weather, and road conditions that the vehicle’s sensors and cameras don’t have time to detect or process.

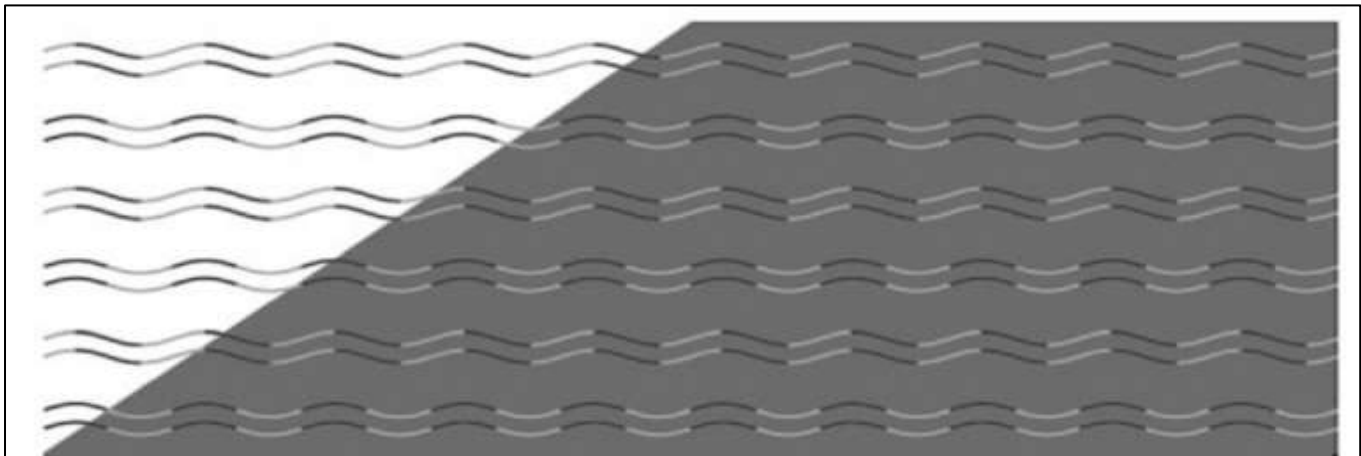
Although the aim of steering wheel and pedal-less autonomous cars is not bad, car companies aiming to deploy these vehicles on public streets in 1-3 years, however, could be jumping the gun. While the initial uses described by companies like Ford and GM for steering wheel and pedal-less cars will be practical at first, they hopefully won’t become any more complicated until researchers work out the major shortcomings we see in vehicles with lower autonomy levels. There has been countless examples of what can happen to a product and company when their goods are rushed out to consumers despite not being fully and properly developed. This isn’t to say that vehicles with complete autonomy will be a complete failure but, reiterate how important the need is to assure quality—especially when the safety of other people is involved.

It’s coming, but don’t hold your breath.

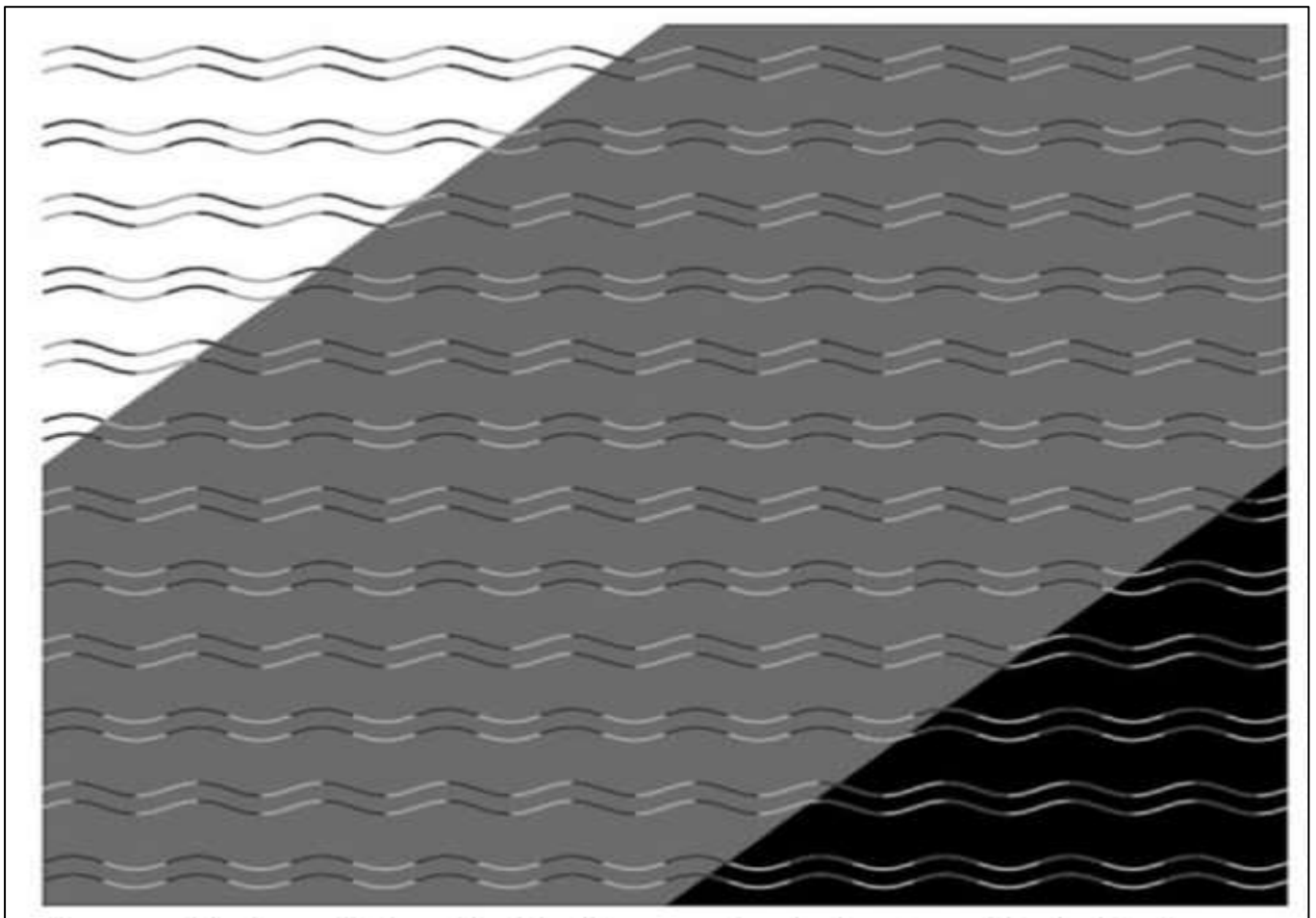
You’re an RAAF aircraft mechanic when:
You’ve said “Oh yes, it’s supposed to look like that.”

New Optical Illusion.

Believe it or not, all the lines in the above pic are sign waves. This is a new optical illusion discovered by researcher Kohske Takahashi which challenges the veracity of what we perceive.



In the image below, the grey and black lines all appear to have the same shape in the upper left and bottom right sections, which have white and black backgrounds, respectively, yet they are all the shape of a basic sine wave but, in the grey middle section, half of the lines appear to be composed of sharp corners. In reality, all of the lines are sine waves all the way across.



It's still unclear exactly why this illusion works, but it has to do with whether each curve is entirely either grey or black, or whether it is half black, half grey. In this second case, our brain perceives the curve as a sharp corner. Takahashi proposes that this is because when our brains are confused, corners are easier to see than curves.

"The underlying mechanisms for the gentle curve perception and those of obtuse corner perception are competing with each other in an imbalanced way and the percepts of corner might be dominant in the visual system. Whatever the reason, it's always fascinating to witness the limitations of our own perception, and illusions like these help advance our understanding of how our brains process images.

You've had to defuel an aircraft an hour after refuelling it.

Australia Post Concessions.

With a free Australia Post Concession account, you'll pay just 60c per stamp, instead of \$1. You can buy up to 50 stamps per year, in booklets of 5 for \$3. You'll even get a free booklet of 5 concession stamps to get you started. Are you eligible?

The following Australian Federal Government concession cards are accepted as proof of eligibility for an Australia Post Concession account. Have one of these cards? Apply today at your local post office.

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- Health Care Card (all types)
- Commonwealth Seniors Health Card
- Department of Veterans' Affairs Card
- Veterans' Repatriation Health Card

American Airlines.



At American Airlines, active military members board early for every flight, but it's not just the daily trips that make an impact. Several times a year they proudly sponsor honour flights, which fly hundreds of veterans to Washington, D.C. to see the monuments that stand in their honour. They say it's their privilege to serve those who have served their country.

In November last year, American Airlines and its employees continued a long standing tradition of supporting and honouring the American nation's heroes, active military, veterans, first responders and their families through a variety of initiatives and programs including the eighth annual Salute to the Troops.

"American Airlines and its more than 100,000 employees have a deep sense of pride and gratitude for the men and women who have served and sacrificed so much to protect our nation and our freedoms," said David Seymour, senior vice president, Integrated Operations at American and graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point. "This gratitude and appreciation is evident by our crew of pilots and flight attendants, who have volunteered their time this Veterans Day to serve these heroes on a special charter flight to Las Vegas.

These men and women will freely give of their time to fly more than 90 wounded, ill and injured veterans and their guests to a well-deserved weekend of healing and relaxation.”

What a wonderful initiative - if only!!

See the video below:

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/I3P15s4zWNQ>

About the American Airlines Group.

American Airlines has a long-standing tradition of serving those who serve the US nation dating back to 1926. Today more than 6,000 of American's 100,000 employees are serving in the US armed forces or are veterans. American Airlines' initiatives include providing support to several organizations including; The Medal of Honour Foundation, the Gary Sinise Foundation and Airpower Foundation's [Sky Ball](#), through mileage donations, charter flight assistance and workforce development opportunities. Sky Ball XIV this year raised a record breaking \$2.5 million.

You've worked a 14 hour shift on an aircraft that isn't flying the next day.

The RAF Shackleton.

Back in the mid to late 1960's, the RAF Shackletons would overnight at Richmond, on their way to and from somewhere which we never got to hear about. Initially it was the tail dragger version but later in the early 70's, the newer nose wheel version would drop in. They used to park them near the old Pentad hangar and if you were on Base duty crew you got to refuel them and have a look inside.

Anyone who has ever had or driven a 1948 Ford Prefect will know the smell of the insides of the Shackleton, it had the distinctive British smell of men's clubs, locker-room perspiration and old leather. The early ones were very basic inside but later when they popped a nose wheel up front they also fitted better and more comfortable crew seats along with some sound proofing.



They had a sound all of their own, Four 37 litre V12 Griffin engines, each driving a 13ft diameter contra-rotating propeller, dragged it through the air and at full chat it sounded



magnificent. The only aircraft that came close was the A model Herc. Downhill you could get 480kph out of it and at level flight it had a 15 hour endurance. It was 26.5metres long and had a payload of 4,500kg, whereas the F-111, which was 4 metres shorter (22.5metres) had a payload of 14.300kg.

That's progress!

It was a British long-range maritime patrol aircraft (MPA) used by the Royal Air Force (RAF) and the South African Air Force (SAAF) and was developed by Avro from the Avro Lincoln bomber, which itself has been a development of the famous wartime Avro Lancaster bomber. It was developed during the late 1940s as part of Britain's military response to the rapid expansion of the Soviet Navy, in particular its submarine force. Produced as the primary type equipping RAF Coastal Command, the Type 696, as it was initially designated, incorporated major elements of the Lincoln, as well as the Avro Tudor passenger aircraft (right) and was furnished with extensive electronics suites in order to perform the anti-submarine warfare (ASW) mission along with a much improved crew environment to accommodate the long mission times involved in patrol work.



Being known for a short time as the Lincoln ASR.3, it was decided that the Type 696 would be named Shackleton after the polar explorer Sir Ernest Shackleton. (Crews called it "10 thousand rivets flying in formation".)

In April 1951, it entered operational service with the RAF and although used primarily in the anti-submarine warfare (ASW) and maritime patrol aircraft (MPA) roles; it was also frequently deployed as an aerial search and rescue (SAR) platform and performed several other secondary roles such as mail delivery and as a crude troop-transport aircraft. During March 1971, in one high-profile incident, a number of SAAF Shackletons were used to effect during the SS Wafra oil spill, having intentionally sunk the stricken oil tanker using depth charges in order to prevent further ecological contamination.

During the 1970s, the Shackleton was replaced in the maritime patrol role by the jet-powered Hawker Siddeley Nimrod. During its later life, a small number of the RAF's existing Shackletons received extensive modifications in order to adapt them to perform the airborne early warning

(AEW) role. The type continued to be used in this support capacity until 1991, at which point it has been replaced by the newer Boeing E-3 Sentry AEW aircraft. These were the last examples of the type remaining in active service.

See the video below.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eIENLa01XHA>

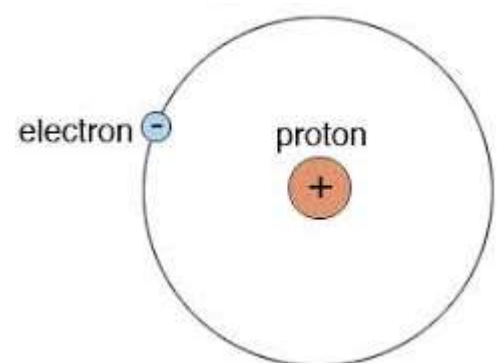
You wash your hands before you go to the toilet.

Compensation.

Defence Force Personnel who suffered sexual or physical abuse before 30 June 2014 while serving in the Army, Navy or Air Force are eligible for a special reparation payment of up to \$50,000. The Commonwealth Ombudsman is taking applications now. Centrelink and Veterans Affairs benefits will not be affected. This new scheme was started up without any fanfare just before Christmas. Read the full article [HERE](#).

Electron theory.

Back in Radschool we were taught that the hydrogen atom was made up of a nucleus comprising a proton and a neutron in the middle with one electron buzzing around them in orbit. The Periodic Table of Elements shows 118 different elements, all numbered, with each number indicating the elements atomic mass. It also indicates the number of protons in its nucleus.



Everyone accepted that as it was the current thinking of the time but what no-one thought to question was where do these electrons get their energy to keep on whizzing around, they just keep going on to infinity, how?? – it's like perpetual motion. They must be getting energy from somewhere and if they're consuming energy, something has got to be losing it – remember Einstein's old theory, "energy cannot be created or destroyed".

If we went back to Radschool now and started the course again – we'd be taught atomic theory quite differently, as what we took as gospel back then is not the way it works at all, things change as we learn more.

Not so long ago the world thought current flowed along a wire from positive to negative. Early British cars all had positive earth systems, that is the positive terminal of the battery was connected to earth but then someone “proved” that wrong. The thinking shifted to electrons jumping from orbit to orbit and flowing down the wire in the direction from negative to positive. Then that changed to a different theory where it wasn’t the electron that flowed down the wire, it was the “effect” of an electron flowing down the wire.

All that's now changed. Quantum Electronics have taken over and it just gets differenter and differenter. Have a look at the video below:

<https://youtu.be/EOHYT5q5lhQ>

We'll be asking questions later!!

[illegible]

How does he do it??

This bloke has to be the fittest human on earth, you try doing it for 7 seconds, let alone 7 minutes.

The dance is called Zaouli and is a traditional dance of the Guro people (who speak the Guro language) of central Ivory Coast. The Zaouli mask, used in the dance, was created in the 1950s, reportedly inspired by a girl named "Djela Lou Zaouli" (meaning "Zaouli, daughter of Djela"), however, stories on the origins of the mask are varied and each mask can have its own symbolic history. Each Guro village has a local Zaouli dancer (always male), performing during funerals and celebrations. The dance is believed to increase the productivity of a village that it is performed in and is seen as a tool of unity for the Guro community and by extension the whole country.

You can see it [HERE](#).

And for those interested, the backing music is called "Universe Inside" and is performed by a mob called Liquid Soul and Vini Vici. If you want, you can download it [HERE](#).

Horsepower Versus Torque: An Explainer.



We use horsepower and torque figures to win internet arguments all the time. Here's what they actually mean.



We throw horsepower and torque figures around all the time when talking about cars. They're a vital part of any spec sheet but do you actually know what those numbers represent? Torque is

simply a force acting on something from a distance (i.e. a piston pushing down on a crankshaft, using that leverage to rotate it), while horsepower is torque multiplied by RPM, or a measurement of how quickly an engine can accomplish a certain amount of work.

Ultimately, when it comes to measuring things like top speed and acceleration, it's horsepower you have to look at, since it's the figure that explains how much an engine can accomplish in a certain period of time.

But that's just a simple overview. Have a look at this [VIDEO](#).

Queensland Veterans can now access 50 per cent discount on public transport fares across the state

About 19,000 veterans can now access cheaper public transport in Queensland thanks to the Palaszczuk Government's introduction of a white card concession scheme. Under the scheme, white card holders will receive a 50 per cent discount on public transport fares across the state, bringing them into line with concessions for current DVA gold card (All Conditions) holders.

Qld Transport and Main Roads Minister Mark Bailey said the introduction of white card concessions was in addition to more than 35,000 existing veterans who hold gold cards and can access public transport discounts across Queensland. Most Department of Veterans Affairs (DVA) white card holders, who may not currently receive transport concessions, are under 64 years old and have sustained an injury or a condition from their service.



"This is an opportunity to acknowledge the service of our veterans by extending travel concessions to those who may not currently receive them," Mr Bailey said.

"This is also an election promise made by the Palaszczuk Government that is now delivered." Mr Bailey said the Palaszczuk Government already provided fare concessions to a number of groups, including students, seniors/pensioners and people with a disability and their carers who used TransLink services.

“We understand there are people who are experiencing disadvantage and offering concessions in areas such as public transport is a significant way for the government to help ease cost of living pressures,” Mr Bailey said. “We want to ensure public transport is affordable for all Queenslanders, regardless of their personal circumstances.”

Extending concessions to white card holders allows even more Queenslanders to access affordable public transport and follows the introduction of discounts for job seekers and asylum seekers earlier in 2017 and the Fairer Fares scheme, in December 2016. It also brings Queensland more closely in line with other states such as New South Wales and Western Australia.

White card concessions are now available and will apply on TransLink bus, rail, tram, and ferry services, regional Qconnect bus services and approved regional ferry services.

For more details on concessions fares, visit www.translink.com.au

The Beaufighter.

During World War 2, Several Squadrons of the RAAF operated the British built Bristol Beaufighter. This aircraft began operating with the RAAF in 1942 under the designation A19 and proved to be extremely effective in operations and the Department of Aircraft Production (DAP) planned to produce an Australian version when the Beaufort contracts were completed. Following the decision in January 1943 to commence Beaufighter production, the Bristol Company dispatched the drawings by Airgraph and some 55,000 miniature negatives were sent to DAP. Originally, it was planned to produce an Australian equivalent of the British Beaufighter Mk VII, but throughout 1943 innovations such as dive-brakes and rocket projectiles began to be introduced. Mks VIII and IX were similarly superseded and finally a version basically similar to the British Beaufighter TF Mk X was produced and designated DAP Bristol Beaufighter Mk 21.

The first DAP Beaufighter was flown on 26 May 1944 and five days later, the aircraft was taken over by the RAAF. As production mounted in the Fishermens Bend and Mascot factories, the Australian A8 Beaufighter began to replace the British A19 Beaufighter. The smooth-running sleeve-valve engine and the devastating fire-power of cannon rockets and machine-guns had already earned the Beaufighter the nickname "Whispering Death" and the Australian version continued to wreak great havoc throughout New Guinea, the Celebes and the Philippines. The aircraft served with Nos 22, 30, 31, 92 and 93 Squadrons, and when production ceased at the end of 1945, a total of 364 DAP Beaufighters had been built.



In the post-war years, Beaufighters continued to operate with No 30 Squadron at Richmond, where they were gradually reduced to a target-towing role. Although most of the aircraft were withdrawn from service in 1955–56, two Beaufighters, A8-357 and 363, continued to be used at Woomera for missile aerial recovery duties and these aircraft operated with kangaroo roundels. The last aircraft, A8-357, was flown to Edinburgh for disposal by Wing Commander Williamson on 9 December 1957.

Do yourself a favour, shut the door, grab a cold drink, sit back and watch this wonderful video on the Beaufighter. Make sure you select full screen.

<https://youtu.be/psUvAUw37D8>

Why do chook eggs only come in brown these days?



Velly Inteesting – but stupid!!!!

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Why Aircraft Carriers have an angled Runway.



In 1919, Admiral William Benson tried to eliminate the Navy's Aviation Division, claiming he could not "conceive of any use the fleet will ever have for aviation." By the end of the war, engagements like the Battle of the East China Sea were showing American naval air superiority.

Such success bled into the 50s, with jets becoming increasingly common on aircraft carriers. But as carriers became more widely and commonly used, problems arose. What was the best way to get jets on and off the carriers quickly and to efficiently arrange things to maximize both carrying capacity and runway space.

This U.S. Navy training film from 1955 shows the solution that the Navy came up with, which is still in use today: angular runways. See [HERE](#).



The angled design, invented by Rear Admiral Dennis Cambell of the British Royal Navy, and presented to the US in 1951, offered a few distinct advantages over other options. In the case of an aborted landing, an angled runway gave returning planes plenty of room and open air to speed up and take off again. Better yet, this angled design kept carriers from having to sacrifice any on-deck parking space for planes not currently in flight.

It's a simple bit of geometry, but with big implications, ones that carry forward to the modern day.

Turbocharger Vs. Supercharger: What's the Difference?

Each has its advantages and disadvantages. Here's what you need to know.



It's the eternal question in the tuner world: Turbo or supercharger? Each has its benefits and drawbacks—and this new video helps take away the mystery.

Both forms of forced induction have their advantages and disadvantages. It's up to you to decide which suits your car best. Turbochargers are great because they turn exhaust gas that would otherwise be wasted into power. They allow small engines to make big power and provide a swell of torque a naturally aspirated engine wouldn't otherwise have.

Superchargers, on the other hand, force air into the engine by drawing power from the engine, not the exhaust. Therefore, the effectiveness of the supercharger increases as the RPM increases and unlike turbochargers, superchargers generally don't change the trajectory of the torque curve, so it's like driving a naturally aspirated car, just with more horsepower. Throttle response is similar to that of a naturally aspirated car, so there's no waiting for that power to kick in.

There are downsides to each application, of course. Turbochargers usually have lag, and generate a lot of heat, while superchargers suck power from the engine to run and therefore aren't very efficient.

But that's just a simple explanation. Have a look at the video [HERE](#).

Wife texts her handy husband on a cold winter morning: "WINDOWS FROZEN ~ WON'T OPEN." Husband texts back: "GENTLY POUR SOME LUKEWARM WATER OVER THE EDGES AND THEN TAP EDGES SHARPLY WITH HAMMER." Wife texts back 5 minutes later: "LAPTOP REALLY BUGGERED NOW."

Just over 30 years since an F-111 crashed.

On the 2nd April, 1987, Flight Lieutenant Mark 'Speed' Fallon (pilot), aged 24, and Flying Officer William Pike (navigator), aged 22, lost their lives when their F-111 crashed in a paddock near Tenterfield and disintegrated across Mt Lindesay Rd. The aircraft, which was a model C, was delivered to the Air Force in the 1st June 1973. On that day it left East Sale for a navex and simulated attack and intended to land at Amberley at the conclusion of the flight.

At the subsequent enquiry, it was suggested the most probable cause of the accident was that the crew lost situational awareness with respect to altitude during a critical flight manoeuvre. Possible contributory causes of their loss of situational awareness included:

1. misreading the altimeter;
2. distraction of the crew from the primary task;
3. lack of any external visual cues;
4. G-loss of consciousness (G-LOC);



5. pilot psychological profile (considerable personal life stressors – potential for decreases in performance/vigilance due to subjective fatigue); and/or
6. visual impairment or partial incapacitation of the pilot (due pre-existing chronic heart condition revealed at autopsy).

The aircraft crashed into a paddock next to John and Barbara Brown's house. Barbara, who was an eyewitness gave an eyewitness account of the tragedy, describing the crash as 'terrifying' as her house rocked and five young children inside cried in fear.

"The house shook like we'd been hit by a huge earthquake," she said.

The aircraft first hit the ground west of Mt Lindesay Rd into a paddock near the house and disintegrated across the road, leaving a trail of flames.

Residents up to five kilometres from the crash site felt the impact.



A memorial has been erected northeast of Tenterfield, NSW, 300m north of Mount Lindesay Road/Old Ballandean Rd Intersection on western side of Hwy

On Sunday 2nd April 2017, a ceremony was held in remembrance of two deceased aviators with Wing Commander Richard Peapell hosted the ceremony and wreaths were laid by family members and others.

After a recital of The Ode and a playing of the Last Post, those present moved to the Tenterfield Golf Club for lunch.



Neighbour John Brown cleans the crash site memorial in preparation for the ceremony which was held last year.

Russia, China will have Anti-Satellite Weapons “within a few years”

The real question is, would they use them?

POPULAR
MECHANICS



The U.S. intelligence community's new worldwide assessment of threats to the United States and its allies issued a stark warning about space warfare: Russia and China will be able to shoot down the US's satellites within two to three years.

The capability would seriously jeopardize the U.S. fleet, including Global Positioning System satellites, military and civilian communications satellites, and spy satellites. But would either country use them? and if they did, would they risk even greater damage to their own networks?

According to the document, "Worldwide Threat Assessment of the U.S. Intelligence Community," U.S. intelligence agencies think Russian and Chinese anti-satellite (ASAT) weapons "probably will reach initial operational capability in the next few years." The document further claims that China's People's Liberation Army has created anti-satellite military units and begun "initial operational training" to use these anti-sat weapons launched from the ground.

The document claims Russia has made similar progress.

The Advanced Extremely High Frequency military communications satellite.



The Chinese tech in question is the SC-19 anti-satellite weapon. The SC-19 is launched from a mobile missile launcher and lofted into space by a modified DF-21 medium range ballistic missile. It's a kinetic weapon, meaning it smashes into the target to destroy it on impact.

The weapon weighs 1,200 lbs. and uses an imaging infrared seeker to home in on its target. The SC-19 has been tested at least seven times. In 2007, it intercepted the decaying Fengyun 1C satellite at an altitude of 537 miles as target practice. The collision created a cloud of space debris that earned China worldwide condemnation.

Less is publicly known about Russian anti-satellite weapons. The PL-19 "Nudol" is one such system, last tested in December 2016. Moscow claims Nudol is an anti-missile missile, built for intercepting warheads streaking towards targets in space. All these anti-satellite weapons are meant to offset America's advantage in orbit. U.S. military forces, often operating thousands of miles from home, use satellites for navigation (GPS), communications, and collecting information on potential adversaries. U.S. forces are reliant on satellites for day-to-day operation but train to operate without them in wartime. For example, the U.S. Air Force's recent Red Flag exercise forced aircrews to operate without the benefit of GPS, and the U.S. Navy is studying how to keep communications up and running if satellites are shot down using seagoing buoys.

***The US Advanced Extremely High Frequency
military communications satellite.***



Just how much of a danger are these weapons? There's no doubt America would suffer a serious blow if adversaries used anti-satellite weapons in a surprise, sneak attack, but here's something else to consider: Russia and China are just as reliant on satellites, if not more so. Their satellite networks are just as vulnerable, and possibly more difficult to replace than that of the U.S., which is a much more robust space power that is developing strategies to quickly fill holes in satellite networks with replacement satellites.

Either country using anti-satellite weapons in a conflict might end up making things even more difficult for itself in the long run, when retaliatory anti-satellite strikes by the United States could render opposing military forces strategically deaf, dumb, and blind. Meanwhile, U.S. satellite networks, built for resiliency, would heal themselves with replacement launches.

So far, there's little actual evidence either country is building up space weapons for a space "first strike." Like any weapon, Russian and Chinese anti-satellite system may be a form of insurance in case war does spread to space. War in space might be disastrous for all countries, but in the event of war it would be most disastrous to Russia and China.

THE

RAM

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



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And nobody knows it better than Moscow and Beijing.

sometimes
you have to
burn a few
bridges
to keep the
crazies from
following
you.



Health and Life Style.

Exercise for weight loss: Calories burned in 1 hour.

Being active can help you lose weight and keep it off. Find out how much you need.

Being active is important for any weight-loss or weight-maintenance program. When you're active, your body uses more energy (calories). And when you burn more calories than you consume, you lose weight.



To lose weight, most people need to reduce the number of calories they consume and increase their physical activity. In general, that means that to lose 0.7 kilograms a week, you need to reduce your daily calories by 500 to 750 calories. There are other factors that can influence this equation. Because of changes that occur in the body over time, you might need to decrease calories further to continue losing weight or maintaining it.

Diet or exercise: Is one better than the other?

Both are important. Diet has a stronger effect on weight loss than physical activity does; physical activity, including exercise, has a stronger effect in preventing weight regain after weight loss.

Weight loss through diet without physical activity, especially in older people, can increase frailty because of age-related losses in bone density and muscle mass. Adding aerobic and resistance training to a weight-loss program helps counter the loss of bone and muscle. For most healthy adults, the US Department of Health and Human Services recommends these exercise guidelines:

- **Aerobic activity.** Get at least 150 minutes a week of moderate aerobic activity or 75 minutes a week of vigorous aerobic activity. However, to effectively lose or maintain weight, some people may need up to 300 minutes a week of moderate physical activity. You can combine moderate and vigorous activity. The guidelines suggest that you

spread out this exercise during the course of a week, and sessions of activity should be at least 10 minutes long.

- Strength training.** Do strength training exercises at least twice a week. The guidelines don't include a recommendation for the amount of time to devote to each session.

Moderate aerobic exercise includes activities such as brisk walking, swimming and ballroom dancing. Vigorous aerobic exercise includes activities such as running and aerobic dancing. Strength training can include use of weight machines, or activities such as carrying groceries or heavy gardening.

As a general goal, aim for at least 30 minutes of physical activity every day.

How much am I burning?

This list below shows the estimated number of calories burned while doing various exercises for one hour. This gives an idea of the relative calorie burn of various activities for a person who weighs 75 kilograms. Specific calorie expenditures vary widely depending on the exercise, intensity level and individual characteristics such as weight.

Activity (1-hour duration)

Aerobics, low-impact	365
Aerobics, water	402
Bicycling, < 15 kph, leisure	292
Dancing, ballroom	219
Elliptical trainer, moderate effort	365
Golfing, carrying clubs	314
Hiking	438
Running, 8 kph	606
Skiing, downhill	314
Swimming laps, light or moderate	423
Walking, 5.5 kph	314

The birthing business.

This is a subject that girls just know about and about which blokes have absolutely no idea. Birthing – it is one of the most natural things on this planet, yet for some reason it also seems to be one of the most painful.

We call the female of the species the “weaker sex” but believe me, if men had to do the birthing bit, the human race would have died out not long after Adam and Eve hit the park. How do they do it, they have to put up with that uncomfortable construction phase for 9 months, with its ever expansion process, knowing full well that at the end will come those terrible hours and hours of torture. Yet, most are not content with enduring the whole process once, they back up and do it all again and in some instances, again and again.



We think we're pretty smart because we can build bridges and tall building and jet engines, but they can do all that too – and they can build life – and nothing compares to that, nothing comes even close.

They certainly got the rough end of the stick, as partners we get the beautiful, soft, curvy, cuddly species, while they get the hairy, rough, always-farting variety - you have to take your hat off to them, they mightn't be able to lift as much as a bloke or punch as hard, but they can certainly tolerate more pain - and as blokes we should look after and cherish them as without them we're not!

But, back to the birthing bit, watch [THIS](#) video

Does shaving unwanted body hair make it grow back thicker and darker?

In a word! – No!

Shaving hair doesn't change its thickness, colour or rate of growth. Shaving facial or body hair gives the hair a blunt tip. The tip might feel coarse or "stubby" for a time as it grows out but during this phase, the hair might be more noticeable and perhaps appear darker or thicker, but it's not.

If you notice a sudden increase in facial or body hair, talk to your doctor. This could be a medication side effect or a sign of an underlying medical condition. Your doctor might also provide advice about various hair-removal techniques.

When you lose weight, where does the lost body fat go?



To understand the answer, it helps to remember that fat is basically stored energy. Your body converts fat to usable energy for your muscles and other tissues through a series of complex metabolic processes. This causes your fat cells to shrink.

These metabolic activities also generate heat, which helps maintain your body temperature, and waste products. These waste products — water and carbon dioxide — are excreted in your urine and sweat or exhaled from your lungs.

Will dietary supplements containing echinacea help me get over a cold faster?

Maybe, but not by much. Recent research suggests that some echinacea supplements may shorten the duration of a cold by about half a day and may slightly reduce symptom severity. But these results were too minor to be deemed significant.

In the past, some studies have found echinacea to be helpful while other studies have found no benefit. Part of the problem is that echinacea products can contain different concentrations of the herb, and the echinacea extracts used in these products can come from the flowers, stems or roots of three echinacea plant species. This makes it difficult to compare study results.

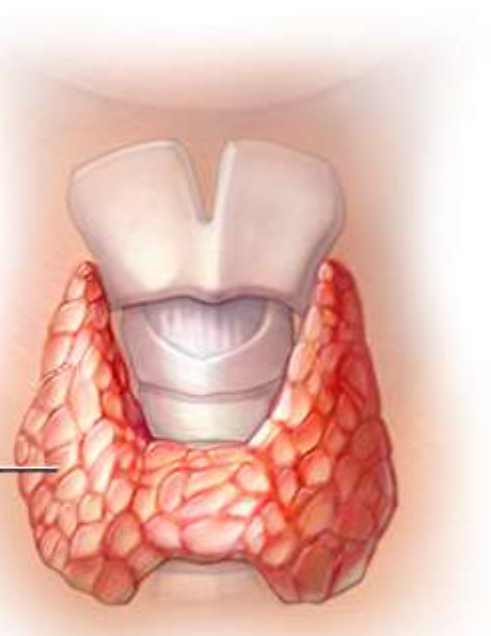
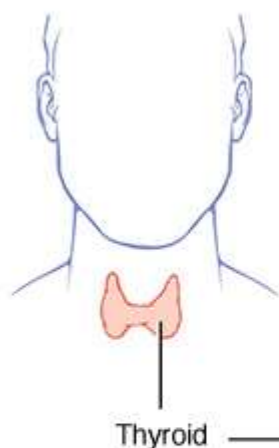
Echinacea generally doesn't cause problems for most people, but some people taking the herb have reported side effects such as stomach upset or diarrhea. Echinacea also has the potential to interact with other medications you might be taking, so talk with your doctor before using echinacea supplements.

Hypothyroidism (underactive thyroid)



Hypothyroidism (underactive thyroid) is a condition in which your thyroid gland doesn't produce enough of certain important hormones. Women, especially those older than age 60, are more likely to suffer from it. Hypothyroidism upsets the normal balance of chemical reactions in your body. It seldom causes symptoms in the early stages, but over time, untreated hypothyroidism can cause a number of health problems, such as obesity, joint pain, infertility and heart disease.

The good news is that accurate thyroid function tests are available to diagnose hypothyroidism, and treatment of hypothyroidism with synthetic thyroid hormone is usually simple, safe and effective once you and your doctor find the right dose for you.



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The signs and symptoms vary, depending on the severity of the hormone deficiency. But in general, any problems you have tend to develop slowly, often over a number of years. At first, you may barely notice the symptoms, such as fatigue and weight gain, or you may simply attribute them to getting older, but as your metabolism continues to slow, you may develop more-obvious signs and symptoms. Hypothyroidism signs and symptom may include:

- Fatigue
- Increased sensitivity to cold
- Constipation
- Dry skin
- Weight gain
- Puffy face
- Hoarseness
- Muscle weakness
- Elevated blood cholesterol level

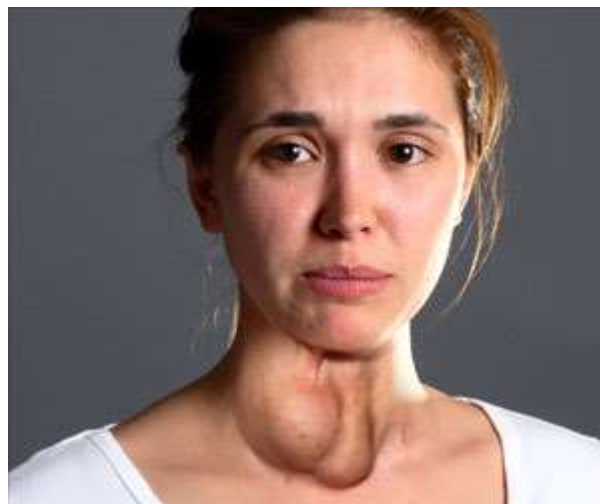


- Muscle aches, tenderness and stiffness
- Pain, stiffness or swelling in your joints
- Heavier than normal or irregular menstrual periods
- Thinning hair
- Slowed heart rate
- Depression
- Impaired memory

When hypothyroidism isn't treated, signs and symptoms can gradually become more severe. Constant stimulation of your thyroid gland to release more hormones may lead to an enlarged thyroid (goitre). In addition, you may become more forgetful, your thought processes may slow, or you may feel depressed. Advanced hypothyroidism, known as myxedema, is rare, but when it occurs it can be life-threatening. Signs and symptoms include low blood pressure, decreased breathing, decreased body temperature, unresponsiveness and even coma. In extreme cases, myxedema can be fatal.

Hypothyroidism in infants.

Although hypothyroidism most often affects middle-aged and older women, anyone can develop the condition, including infants. Initially, babies born without a thyroid gland or with a gland that doesn't work properly may have few signs and symptoms. When newborns do have problems with hypothyroidism, the problems may include:



- Yellowing of the skin and whites of the eyes (jaundice). In most cases, this occurs when a baby's liver can't metabolize a substance called bilirubin, which normally forms when the body recycles old or damaged red blood cells.
- Frequent choking.
- A large, protruding tongue.
- A puffy appearance to the face.
- As the disease progresses, infants are likely to have trouble feeding and may fail to grow and develop normally. They may also have:
- Constipation
- Poor muscle tone
- Excessive sleepiness
- When hypothyroidism in infants isn't treated, even mild cases can lead to severe physical and intellectual disabilities.
- Hypothyroidism in children and teens

- In general, children and teens who develop hypothyroidism have the same signs and symptoms as adults do, but they may also experience:
- Poor growth, resulting in short stature
- Delayed development of permanent teeth
- Delayed puberty
- Poor mental development

When to see a doctor.

See your doctor if you're feeling tired for no reason or have any of the other signs or symptoms of hypothyroidism, such as dry skin, a pale, puffy face, constipation or a hoarse voice. You'll also need to see your doctor for periodic testing of your thyroid function if you've had previous thyroid surgery; treatment with radioactive iodine or anti-thyroid medications; or radiation therapy to your head, neck or upper chest. However, it may take years or even decades before any of these therapies or procedures result in hypothyroidism.



If you have high blood cholesterol, talk to your doctor about whether hypothyroidism may be a cause. And if you're receiving hormone therapy for hypothyroidism, schedule follow-up visits as often as your doctor recommends. Initially, it's important to make sure you're receiving the correct dose of medicine. And over time, the dose you need may change.

Causes.

When your thyroid doesn't produce enough hormones, the balance of chemical reactions in your body can be upset. There can be a number of causes, including autoimmune disease, treatment for hyperthyroidism, radiation therapy, thyroid surgery and certain medications. Your thyroid is a small, butterfly-shaped gland situated at the base of the front of your neck, just below your Adam's apple. Hormones produced by the thyroid gland — triiodothyronine (T3) and thyroxine (T4) — have an enormous impact on your health, affecting all aspects of your metabolism. They maintain the rate at which your body uses fats and carbohydrates, help control your body temperature, influence your heart rate, and help regulate the production of proteins.

Hypothyroidism results when the thyroid gland fails to produce enough hormones. Hypothyroidism may be due to a number of factors, including:

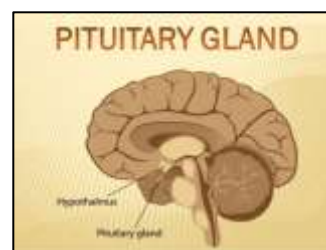
- **Autoimmune disease.** People who develop a particular inflammatory disorder known as Hashimoto's thyroiditis have the most common cause of hypothyroidism. Autoimmune disorders occur when your immune system produces antibodies that attack your own tissues. Sometimes this process involves your thyroid gland. Scientists aren't sure why

the body produces antibodies against itself, some think a virus or bacterium might trigger the response, while others believe a genetic flaw may be involved. Most likely, autoimmune diseases result from more than one factor, but however it happens, these antibodies affect the thyroid's ability to produce hormones.

- **Treatment for hyperthyroidism.** People who produce too much thyroid hormone (hyperthyroidism) are often treated with radioactive iodine or anti-thyroid medications to reduce and normalize their thyroid function. However, in some cases, treatment of hyperthyroidism can result in permanent hypothyroidism.
- **Thyroid surgery.** Removing all or a large portion of your thyroid gland can diminish or halt hormone production. In that case, you'll need to take thyroid hormone for life.
- **Radiation therapy.** Radiation used to treat cancers of the head and neck can affect your thyroid gland and may lead to hypothyroidism.
- **Medications.** A number of medications can contribute to hypothyroidism. One such medication is lithium, which is used to treat certain psychiatric disorders. If you're taking medication, ask your doctor about its effect on your thyroid gland.

Less often, hypothyroidism may result from one of the following:

- **Congenital disease.** Some babies are born with a defective thyroid gland or no thyroid gland. In most cases, the thyroid gland didn't develop normally for unknown reasons, but some children have an inherited form of the disorder. Often, infants with congenital hypothyroidism appear normal at birth. That's one reason why most states now require newborn thyroid screening.
- **Pituitary disorder.** A relatively rare cause of hypothyroidism is the failure of the pituitary gland to produce enough thyroid-stimulating hormone (TSH) — usually because of a benign tumour of the pituitary gland.
- **Pregnancy.** Some women develop hypothyroidism during or after pregnancy (postpartum hypothyroidism), often because they produce antibodies to their own thyroid gland. Left untreated, hypothyroidism increases the risk of miscarriage, premature delivery and preeclampsia — a condition that causes a significant rise in a woman's blood pressure during the last three months of pregnancy. It can also seriously affect the developing foetus.



Iodine deficiency. The trace mineral iodine — found primarily in seafood, seaweed, plants grown in iodine-rich soil and iodized salt — is essential for the production of thyroid hormones. In some parts of the world, iodine deficiency is common, but the addition of iodine to table salt has virtually eliminated this problem in the United States. Conversely, taking in too much iodine can cause hypothyroidism.

Risk factors.

Although anyone can develop hypothyroidism, you're at an increased risk if you:

- Are a woman older than age 60
- Have an autoimmune disease
- Have a family history of thyroid disease
- Have other autoimmune diseases, such as rheumatoid arthritis or lupus, a chronic inflammatory condition
- Have been treated with radioactive iodine or anti-thyroid medications
- Received radiation to your neck or upper chest
- Have had thyroid surgery (partial thyroidectomy)
- Have been pregnant or delivered a baby within the past six months

Complications.

Untreated hypothyroidism can lead to a number of health problems:

- **Goitre.** Constant stimulation of your thyroid to release more hormones may cause the gland to become larger — a condition known as a goitre. Hashimoto's thyroiditis is one of the most common causes of a goitre. Although generally not uncomfortable, a large goitre can affect your appearance and may interfere with swallowing or breathing.
- **Heart problems.** Hypothyroidism may also be associated with an increased risk of heart disease, primarily because high levels of low-density lipoprotein (LDL) cholesterol — the "bad" cholesterol — can occur in people with an underactive thyroid. Even subclinical hypothyroidism, a mild or early form of hypothyroidism in which symptoms have not yet developed, can cause an increase in total cholesterol levels and impair the pumping ability of your heart. Hypothyroidism can also lead to an enlarged heart and heart failure.
- **Mental health issues.** Depression may occur early in hypothyroidism and may become more severe over time. Hypothyroidism can also cause slowed mental functioning.
- **Peripheral neuropathy.** Long-term uncontrolled hypothyroidism can cause damage to your peripheral nerves — the nerves that carry information from your brain and spinal cord to the rest of your body, for example, your arms and legs. Signs and symptoms of peripheral neuropathy may include pain, numbness and tingling in the area affected by the nerve damage. It may also cause muscle weakness or loss of muscle control.
- **Myxoedema.** This rare, life-threatening condition is the result of long-term, undiagnosed hypothyroidism. Its signs and symptoms include intense cold intolerance and drowsiness followed by profound lethargy and unconsciousness. A myxoedema coma may be triggered by sedatives, infection or other stress on your body. If you have signs or symptoms of myxoedema, you need immediate emergency medical treatment.
- **Infertility.** Low levels of thyroid hormone can interfere with ovulation, which impairs fertility. In addition, some of the causes of hypothyroidism — such as autoimmune disorder — can also impair fertility.



- **Birth defects.** Babies born to women with untreated thyroid disease may have a higher risk of birth defects than may babies born to healthy mothers. These children are also more prone to serious intellectual and developmental problems. Infants with untreated hypothyroidism present at birth are at risk of serious problems with both physical and mental development. But if this condition is diagnosed within the first few months of life, the chances of normal development are excellent.

Diagnosis

Because hypothyroidism is more prevalent in older women, some doctors recommend that older women be screened for the disorder during routine annual physical examinations. Some doctors also recommend that pregnant women or women thinking about becoming pregnant be tested for hypothyroidism. In general, your doctor may test for an underactive thyroid if you are feeling increasingly tired, have dry skin, constipation and weight gain, or have had previous thyroid problems or a goitre.

Blood tests

Diagnosis of hypothyroidism is based on your symptoms and the results of blood tests that measure the level of TSH and sometimes the level of the thyroid hormone thyroxine. A low level of thyroxine and high level of TSH indicate an underactive thyroid. That's because your pituitary produces more TSH in an effort to stimulate your thyroid gland into producing more thyroid hormone.



In the past, doctors weren't able to detect hypothyroidism until symptoms were fairly advanced. But by using the sensitive TSH test, doctors are able to diagnose thyroid disorders much earlier, often before you experience symptoms. Because the TSH test is the best screening test, your doctor will likely check TSH first and follow with a thyroid hormone test if needed. TSH tests also play an important role in managing hypothyroidism. They help your doctor determine the right dosage of medication, both initially and over time.

In addition, TSH tests are used to help diagnose a condition called subclinical hypothyroidism, which usually causes no outward signs or symptoms. In this condition, you have normal blood levels of triiodothyronine and thyroxine, but higher than normal levels of TSH.

Treatment

Standard treatment for hypothyroidism involves daily use of the synthetic thyroid hormone levothyroxine (Levothroid, Synthroid, others). This oral medication restores adequate hormone levels, reversing the signs and symptoms of hypothyroidism.

One to two weeks after starting treatment, you'll notice that you're feeling less fatigued. The medication also gradually lowers cholesterol levels elevated by the disease and may reverse any weight gain. Treatment with levothyroxine is usually lifelong, but because the dosage you need may change, your doctor is likely to check your TSH level every year.

Is Manuka Honey Really Better Than Normal Honey?

Is it a superfood or a sting?



When you were a kid the only honey you knew of was the squeezie one you'd drizzle on sandwiches, breakfast and straight in your mouth. These days, though, we're obsessing over new (and expensive) types of honey like raw honey, rooftop honey and the most popular, manuka honey.

Manuka honey is touted as a superfood 'healer' which can treat wounds, cold and flu, sore throats and more. But how real are these claims, really?

First let's take a look at what manuka honey really is, and how it differs from other types of honey.

What is manuka honey?

"Manuka honey is simply honey derived from the bees that feed on the manuka plant, which is found in New Zealand. In Australia, the trees used to make manuka honey are Jellybush and Golden Tea Tree. Professor Peter Molan of Waikato University in New Zealand was the first to report the unusual activity of manuka honey, and began testing its action against a wide range of different bacterial species in the mid 1980s.

"Manuka honey usually has a Unique Manuka Factor (UMF) rating on the package which means it has been tested for antibacterial activity," Parker said. "This is similar to the SPF number you'd see on sunscreens -- the higher the UMF the greater the antibacterial effects." A

What's the difference between manuka honey, raw honey and regular honey?

Regular or commercial honey is pasteurised (heated to high temperatures) and filtered to kill any yeast that may be present in order to prevent fermentation. Regular honey is smooth and uniform in colour. Raw honey is honey in its natural state, meaning it has not been strained, filtered or heated. It can be made from any type of flower or plant, including manuka. The minimal processing of raw honey is often why it includes particles of wax, propolis and pollen.

Manuka honey is honey sourced only from the manuka plant and contains different UMF ratings depending on the product. Compared to regular honey, manuka honey looks darker and thicker and is more difficult to spread.



Is manuka honey good for you?

Throughout history honey has been used as medicine, particularly to treat wounds and skin infections. This is due to honey's antibacterial and antimicrobial properties and research has indeed shown that wound size decreased significantly when honey was applied to wounds. Many different types of honey also produce microbe-killing levels of hydrogen peroxide when glucose oxidase (an enzyme incorporated into honey by bees) reacts with glucose and oxygen molecules in water. So, when honey is used as a wound dressing it draws moisture from the tissues, and this reacts to produce hydrogen peroxide, clearing the wound of infection.

But does it matter which honey you use? In this manuka honey review, researchers state manuka honey provides an additional healing property -- non-peroxide antibacterial activity. Some say "Manuka honey is sometimes referred to as medicinal honey because it has a high antibacterial activity and has been shown to be good for wound healing and can help to relieve sore throats, mouth ulcers, sore gums and possibly indigestion.," Others are not convinced that manuka honey is more superior than other honeys.

It is claimed that the antibacterial component of manuka honey is thought to set it apart from regular honey, however, there is limited evidence to suggest it is a much superior product. Also, it is important to note that not all manuka honeys are equal and it can be difficult to know what you're getting.

It's also important to highlight that most of us aren't putting manuka honey on our skin -- we're eating it. So, beyond helping to heal wounds and skin infections, does manuka have benefits when ingested?

While manuka honey might help treat a sore throat or gingivitis by inhibiting bacteria, the main components responsible for the antimicrobial activity won't survive the digestion process. All honey, including manuka honey, does contain prebiotics which help to feed the good bacteria in our gut, so in this respect honey may help support a healthy gut. So!

Is manuka honey better than regular or raw honey?

The answer to this depends on what you're using it for and how much you're willing to spend. If antimicrobial properties and quality are important to you, then manuka honey may be your pick, but, at the end of the day, manuka honey is still honey and should be eaten in moderation. While manuka honey may have some health benefits, honey is still an added sugar, and hence we should limit its consumption. There are a range of wholesome foods (for example, herbs, spices, veggies, fermented foods) that provide our bodies with antibacterial compounds, and so it is not necessary to receive these from honey. While manuka honey may be slightly superior, it's important not to get carried away as the evidence is still not conclusive.



Is honey a good substitute for sugar?

Although honey does come from a natural source and undergoes minimal refining, we should approach it as we do regular sugar. Honey is still a form of 'added' sugar and is processed by the body in a similar way to other types of sugar. The good news is that honey takes longer to digest than table sugar, providing more sustainable energy. When it comes to added sugars like honey, we want to keep serves small and as a 'sometimes' food.

The World Health Organisation (WHO) recommends adults and children limit their intake of added sugars to fewer than 10 percent of total daily energy intake. Below five percent is even better and carries additional health benefits.

"It is important to keep in mind that many of the added sugars in our diet come from prepackaged foods and drinks and therefore physically adding sugars to foods (honey to toast or tea) may push us over our five or 10 percent daily limit of added sugars.

Although the perception is that honey is healthy, its high sugar content (about 80 percent) should make us wary.

I've sure got old! I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.

Gambling.

Compulsive gambling, also called gambling disorder, is the uncontrollable urge to keep gambling despite the toll it takes on your life. Gambling means that you're willing to risk something you value in the hope of getting something of even greater value. Gambling can stimulate the brain's reward system much like drugs or alcohol can, leading to addiction. If you have a problem with compulsive gambling, you may continually chase bets that lead to losses, hide your behaviour, deplete savings, accumulate debt, or even resort to theft or fraud to support your addiction.

Compulsive gambling is a serious condition that can destroy lives. Although treating compulsive gambling can be challenging, many people who struggle with compulsive gambling have found help through professional treatment.

Symptoms

Signs and symptoms of compulsive gambling (gambling disorder) include:

- Being preoccupied with gambling, such as constantly planning how to get more gambling money
- Needing to gamble with increasing amounts of money to get the same thrill
- Trying to control, cut back or stop gambling, without success
- Feeling restless or irritable when you try to cut down on gambling



- Gambling to escape problems or relieve feelings of helplessness, guilt, anxiety or depression
- Trying to get back lost money by gambling more (chasing losses)
- Lying to family members or others to hide the extent of your gambling
- Jeopardizing or losing important relationships, a job, or school or work opportunities because of gambling
- Resorting to theft or fraud to get gambling money
- Asking others to bail you out of financial trouble because you gambled money away

Unlike most casual gamblers who stop when losing or set a loss limit, people with a compulsive gambling problem are compelled to keep playing to recover their money — a pattern that becomes increasingly destructive over time. Some people with a compulsive gambling problem may have remission where they gamble less or not at all for a period of time. However, without treatment, the remission usually isn't permanent.



When to see a doctor or mental health professional.

Have family members, friends or co-workers expressed concern about your gambling? If so, listen to their worries because denial is almost always a feature of compulsive or addictive behaviour and it may be difficult for you to realize that you have a problem. If you recognize your own behaviour from the list of signs and symptoms for compulsive gambling, seek professional help.

Causes

Exactly what causes someone to gamble compulsively isn't well-understood. Like many problems, compulsive gambling may result from a combination of biological, genetic and environmental factors.

Risk factors

Although the vast majority of people who play cards or wager never develop a gambling problem, certain factors are more often associated with compulsive gambling:

- **Mental health disorders.** People who gamble compulsively often have substance abuse problems, personality disorders, depression or anxiety. Compulsive gambling may also be associated with bipolar disorder, obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD) or attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder (ADHD).
- **Age.** Compulsive gambling is more common in younger and middle-aged people. Gambling during childhood or the teenage years increases the risk of developing

compulsive gambling. However, compulsive gambling in the older adult population can also be a problem.

- **Sex.** Compulsive gambling is more common in men than women. Women who gamble typically start later in life and may become addicted more quickly. But gambling patterns among men and women have become increasingly similar.
- **Family or friend influence.** If your family members or friends have a gambling problem, the chances are greater that you will, too.
- **Medications used to treat Parkinson's disease and restless legs syndrome.** Drugs called dopamine agonists have a rare side effect that may result in compulsive behaviours, including gambling, in some people.
- **Certain personality characteristics.** Being highly competitive, a workaholic, impulsive, restless or easily bored may increase your risk of compulsive gambling.

Complications

Compulsive gambling can have profound and long-lasting consequences for your life, such as:

- Relationship problems
- Financial problems, including bankruptcy
- Legal problems or imprisonment
- Poor work performance or job loss
- Poor general health
- Suicide, suicide attempts or suicidal thoughts



Prevention.

Although there's no proven way to prevent a gambling problem, educational programs that target individuals and groups at increased risk may be helpful. If you have risk factors for compulsive gambling, consider avoiding gambling in any form, people who gamble and places where gambling occurs. Get treatment at the earliest sign of a problem to help prevent gambling from becoming worse.

Diagnosis

If you recognize that you may have a problem with your gambling, talk with your primary care doctor about an evaluation or seek help from a mental health professional. To evaluate your problem with gambling, your doctor or mental health professional will likely:

- **Ask questions related to your gambling habits.** He or she may also ask for permission to speak with family members or friends. However, confidentiality laws prevent your doctor from giving out any information about you without your consent.
- **Review your medical information.** Some drugs can have a rare side effect that results in compulsive behaviours, including gambling, in some people. A physical exam may

identify problems with your health that are sometimes associated with compulsive gambling.

- **Do a psychiatric assessment.** This assessment includes questions about your symptoms, thoughts, feelings and behaviour patterns related to your gambling. Depending on your signs and symptoms, you may be evaluated for mental health disorders that are sometimes related to excessive gambling.

Treatment

Treating compulsive gambling can be challenging. That's partly because most people have a hard time admitting they have a problem, yet a major component of treatment is working on acknowledging that you're a compulsive gambler. If your family or your employer pressured you into therapy, you may find yourself resisting treatment but treating a gambling problem can help you regain a sense of control — and perhaps help heal damaged relationships or finances.

Treatment for compulsive gambling may include these approaches:

- **Therapy.** Behaviour therapy or cognitive behavioural therapy may be beneficial. Behaviour therapy uses systematic exposure to the behaviour you want to unlearn and teaches you skills to reduce your urge to gamble. Cognitive behavioural therapy focuses on identifying unhealthy, irrational and negative beliefs and replacing them with healthy, positive ones. Family therapy also may be helpful.
- **Medications.** Antidepressants and mood stabilizers may help problems that often go along with compulsive gambling — such as depression, OCD or ADHD. Some antidepressants may be effective in reducing gambling behaviour. Medications called narcotic antagonists, useful in treating substance abuse, may help treat compulsive gambling.
- **Self-help groups.** Some people find that talking with others who have a gambling problem may be a helpful part of treatment. Ask your health care professional for advice on self-help groups, such as Gamblers Anonymous and other resources.



Treatment for compulsive gambling may involve an outpatient program, inpatient program or a residential treatment program, depending on your needs and resources. Treatment for substance abuse, depression, anxiety or any other mental health disorder may be part of your treatment plan for compulsive gambling.

Dietary fats: Know which types to choose

When choosing fats, pick unsaturated fat over saturated fat. Here's how.

You don't need to eliminate all fat from your diet. In fact, some fats actually help promote good health. But it's wise to choose the healthier types of dietary fat and then enjoy them — in moderation.

The facts about fat

There are numerous types of fat. Your body makes its own fat from taking in excess calories. Some fats are found in foods from plants and animals and are known as dietary fat. Dietary fat is a macronutrient that provides energy for your body. Fat is essential to your health because it supports a number of your body's functions. Some vitamins, for instance, must have fat to dissolve so they can be used by your body.



But fat is high in calories. If you eat more calories than you need, you will gain weight and excess weight is linked to poor health. In addition, some types of dietary fat are thought to play a role in cardiovascular disease.

Research about the possible harms and benefits of dietary fat is always evolving and a growing body of research suggests that when it comes to dietary fat, you should focus on eating healthy fats and avoiding unhealthy fats.

Harmful dietary fat

There are two main types of potentially harmful dietary fat:

- Saturated fat.** This is a type of fat that comes mainly from animal sources of food, such as red meat, poultry and full-fat dairy products. Saturated fat raises total blood cholesterol levels and low-density lipoprotein (LDL) cholesterol levels, which can increase your risk of cardiovascular disease. Saturated fat may also increase your risk of type 2 diabetes.
- Trans fat.** This is a type of fat that occurs naturally in some foods in small amounts but most trans fats are made from oils through a food processing method called partial hydrogenation. These partially hydrogenated trans fats can increase unhealthy LDL cholesterol and lower healthy high-density lipoprotein (HDL) cholesterol. This can increase your risk of cardiovascular disease.

Most fats that have a high percentage of saturated fat or that contain trans fat are solid at room temperature. Because of this, they're typically referred to as solid fats. They include beef fat, pork fat, butter, shortening and stick margarine.

Healthier dietary fat

The types of potentially helpful dietary fat are mostly unsaturated:

- **Monounsaturated fatty acids.** This is a type of fat found in a variety of foods and oils. Studies show that eating foods rich in monounsaturated fatty acids improves blood cholesterol levels, which can decrease your risk of heart disease. Research also shows that these fatty acids may benefit insulin levels and blood sugar control, which can be especially helpful if you have type 2 diabetes.
- **Polyunsaturated fatty acids.** This is a type of fat found mostly in plant-based foods and oils. Evidence shows that eating foods rich in polyunsaturated fatty acids improves blood cholesterol levels, which can decrease your risk of heart disease. These fatty acids may also help decrease the risk of type 2 diabetes.
- **Omega-3 fatty acids.** One type of polyunsaturated fat is made up of mainly omega-3 fatty acids and may be especially beneficial to your heart. Omega-3, found in some types of fatty fish, appears to decrease the risk of coronary artery disease. There are plant sources of omega-3 fatty acids. However, it hasn't yet been determined whether replacements for fish oil, plant-based or krill, have the same health effects as omega-3 fatty acid from fish.



Foods made up mostly of monounsaturated and polyunsaturated fats are liquid at room temperature, such as olive oil, safflower oil, peanut oil and corn oil. Fish high in omega-3 fatty acids include salmon, tuna, trout, mackerel, sardines and herring. Plant sources of omega-3 fatty acids include flaxseed (ground), oils (canola, flaxseed, soybean), and nuts and other seeds (walnuts, butternuts and sunflower).

Recommendations for fat intake

Because some dietary fats are potentially helpful and others potentially harmful to your health, it pays to know which ones you're eating and whether you're meeting recommendations. The 2015-2020 Dietary Guidelines for Americans offers the following recommendations about dietary fat intake:

- Avoid trans fat.
- Limit saturated fat to less than 10 percent of calories a day.

- Replace saturated fat with healthier monounsaturated and polyunsaturated fats.

Be aware that many foods contain different kinds of fat and varying levels of each type. For example, butter contains unsaturated fats, but a large percentage of the total fat is saturated fat. And canola oil has a high percentage of monounsaturated fat but also contains smaller amounts of polyunsaturated and saturated fat.

What changes should I make to my diet?

Focus on replacing foods high in saturated fat with foods that include monounsaturated fats and polyunsaturated fats. But a word of caution — don't go overboard even on healthy fats. All fats, including the healthy ones, are high in calories. So consume monounsaturated and polyunsaturated fats instead of other types of fat, not in addition to them.

Here are some tips to help you make over the fat in your diet:

- To avoid trans fat, check food labels and look for the amount of trans fat listed. A serving of food containing less than 0.5 grams of trans fat can be labelled as 0 grams, therefore, it's important to also check ingredient lists for the term "partially hydrogenated."
- Use oil instead of solid fats. For example, saute with olive oil instead of butter and use canola oil when baking.
- Prepare fish, such as salmon and mackerel, instead of meat at least twice a week to get healthy omega-3 fatty acids. Limit sizes to 4 to 6 ounces of cooked seafood a serving, and bake or broil seafood instead of frying.
- Choose lean meat and skinless poultry. Trim visible fat from meat and poultry, and remove skin from poultry.
- Snack smart. Many popular processed snack foods are high in fat, especially solid fats. Be sure to check food labels for saturated fat. Better yet, snack on whole fruits and vegetables.

What about very low-fat diets?

If watching fat content is a good strategy, is it even better to try to eliminate all fat from your diet?

No!

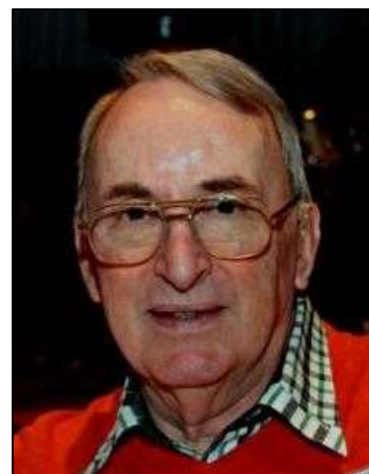
First, your body needs some fat, the healthy fats, to function normally. If you try to avoid all fat, you risk getting insufficient amounts of fat-soluble vitamins and essential fatty acids. Also, in attempting to remove fat from your diet, you may wind up eating too many processed foods touted as low-fat or fat-free rather than healthier and naturally lower fat foods, such as fruits, vegetables, legumes and whole grains. Instead of doing away with fat in your diet, enjoy healthy fats in moderation.

Pedro's Patter.

Excerpt from Jeff's book – [Wallaby Airlines](#).

Flying with a Jinx. October – November 1966.

Early one Monday morning I set out on a 406 mission with Stu Spinks (left). It was our first trip together. Fifteen miles out of Saigon, the Wallaby lurched. There was a sudden loss of power on the left engine. I could see by the left manifold air pressure gauge that we had a problem with the engine, which started coughing and spluttering when I pulled back the throttle. Alex Martini, the crew chief, looked at the engine through the cargo compartment windows, but could see nothing unusual.



'Call the Tower, tell them about the situation, and request a straight in approach on runway 25', I told Stu. 'Saigon Tower, Wallaby Zero One, five miles south-east with a partial engine failure, request straight in approach runway 25', he transmitted. The Tower gave us a priority approach. We joined finals for runway 25 and got a clearance to land. On touchdown the left engine quit as I closed the throttles and soon after all left engine fire warning lights came on. Smoke poured from the engine cowl. The drama was heightened by two airport fire engines, which I could see out of the corners of my eyes, keeping pace with us down the runway. I was conscious also of crew chief Alex Martini's anxious face in the doorway behind us.

A twin-rotor chopper dangling an outsize fire extinguisher bottle hovered overhead, responding to our earlier emergency call. These choppers were operational on major bases for rescue and firefighting purposes. The chopper crewman would be watching us closely for signs of an out of control fire, ready to trigger the bottle and cover us with fire-smothering foam. I shut the left engine down and pulled the fire extinguisher handle. By this time, we were in the final stages of the landing run, and turning off the runway onto a high-speed taxiway. I pulled up and looked out the side window. The smoke had stopped and the fire warning lights were out. Stu looked across, relief on his face. I exhaled slowly. 'Have a good look at the engine', I called to Alex, 'and don't let those cowboys cover us with foam', I continued, jerking a thumb towards the fire trucks parked beside us, beacons flashing.

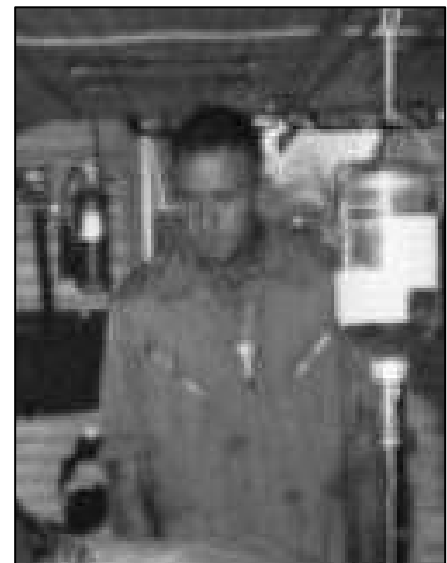
As I looked back towards the failed engine, I noticed a USAF F-4 fighter taking off on the runway we had just vacated. Unfortunately, Stu, with fires and gasoline still on his mind, could not see it. So when it cut in its afterburner with an earshattering crump directly behind us, he



lifted about a foot off his seat, thinking his last moments had arrived. Meanwhile Alex had jumped back on board. 'No problem now boss', he reported, 'I'll have a good look back at the ramp'. We taxied clear of the high-speed taxiway and headed for Rebel Ramp using the remaining engine.

Alex borrowed an engine stand and had the cowls up in no time. His close inspection of the failed engine revealed that the inlet manifold hose to the number 6 cylinder had vibrated loose, allowing raw fuel to pour into the engine bay. During flight, with a flow of air through the engine, most of this fuel was carried away in the slipstream, and the engine ran after a fashion. But on landing, as the slipstream decreased, the raw fuel ignited on hot engine components, causing the fire. Fortunately, the fire did not burn long enough to cause much damage, or present any real danger. A few seconds more though, and it might have been a different story. As Stu put it in his inimitable style: 'I thought we were up shit creek there for a while'.

I phoned the squadron from TMC to report the details. Blue McDonnell (below) answered the call, telling me he would send a replacement aircraft over from Vung Tau, and we were to continue on the 406 with that aircraft. Sounded good to me. Blue himself arrived an hour later with Brian Young. We swapped aircraft and continued on our way. I wrote home about this incident, finishing with the line: 'They say variety is the spice of life. Of course, spice is better in small doses.'



The following Friday, Stu and I were rostered together again. It had been raining heavily during the night and there was water everywhere inside the aircraft, even in the vinyl lining on the ceiling of the cargo compartment, making it sag down like a beer drinker's pot belly. After cleaning all the water out, we turned on the power prior to start up. Both engine fire warning lights immediately came on. Of course, we were not on fire this time, since the engines were stationary. The rain had simply penetrated the fire warning system, shorting it out and rendering it useless. Once again, we transferred to another aircraft. This time, we got an engine going. While starting the left engine, there was a tremendous backfire. I throttled back while the mechanic outside inspected the exhaust augmentor tubes for damage. He gave us the thumbs up signal, so we continued.

About five minutes out of Bien Hoa, our starting difficulties long forgotten, there was a loud 'crack' from somewhere outside the aircraft. It did not sound like a backfire and, still being 'ground fire virgins', we were prepared to believe it was a shot. We were both decidedly twitchy after Monday's events and Stu made no facetious comment about my abbreviated circuit and landing. But when we stopped and looked over the aircraft, there were no bullet holes or any other visible damage. Next day, however, after shut down in the same aircraft at Tan Son Nhut, we found the left engine spewing masses of oil. The rocker box covers on two cylinders were



warped and leaking. There was no spare aircraft for us this time. The next aircraft arriving from Vung Tau dropped spare parts and a mechanic, and we waited around while repairs were carried out. Passing time sipping coffee in the TMC building, Stu and I joked about whether the events of the past week indicated that one of us was jinxed. Since he had been copilot in the Ba To prang and I had led a charmed life up to now, we decided it must have been him. 'I'm getting married when I get back, Pedro', he confided, 'I don't need any more drama'. Fortunately, our delay did not stop us getting back in time for a farewell party in the mess that evening.

Farewell parties were peculiar affairs, the elation of the lucky few and the envy of the remaining many combining to produce a mood of euphoric abandon. Hence the grog flowed even more freely than usual and conversations became more and more animated, with those being farewelled rubbing in their good fortune and the others trying to forget they were staying. Around midnight Frank Riley (right), one of the mess 'characters' teetered on a table performing his favourite party trick of stopping the overhead electric fan with his bald head. Suddenly there was a thump on the metal roof of the bar annexe, followed by two shots. In the sudden silence that followed, some quick thinker turned off the lights, plunging the room into total darkness. My beer-addled brain did not make sense out of this, so I decided to go outside and investigate. As I groped my way unsteadily out the door, glass in hand, a certain trigger-happy chopper pilot, clad only in underpants, materialised in the gloom at the top of the Villa stairs, cocking his M1 rifle. At this point, I decided that drinking in the dark was less hazardous than looking for trouble outside, particularly as the object on the roof, whatever it was, had not gone off.



Back inside, the conversation became a buzz, then again a racket. An hour later, the incident was totally forgotten. Much later I went up to bed. Next day, I spoke to the guard who explained that the previous night's drama was caused by a local larrikin throwing a brick on the roof. He had fired off a couple of warning shots before he realised that we were not under attack by the VC. It was a measure of the relatively casual acceptance of weapons that no one in the bar took more than a passing interest in the incident.

Not only the guard but everyone else in the Villa was armed to the teeth. With the proliferation of guns and ammunition, most of it stored in cupboards and under people's beds, the risk of accidental shooting might have been greater than that of being shot by the enemy. We all carried weapons everywhere on duty. Naturally, military passengers on our aircraft carried arms too. Passengers accidentally discharging loaded weapons as they made themselves comfortable before flight had caused at least a few of the bullet holes in the Wallabies! Our crew chiefs now made sure all the passengers' weapons were cleared prior to boarding.



Some time after our engine fire incident, Stu Spinks and I were programmed to do a Nha Trang detachment together.

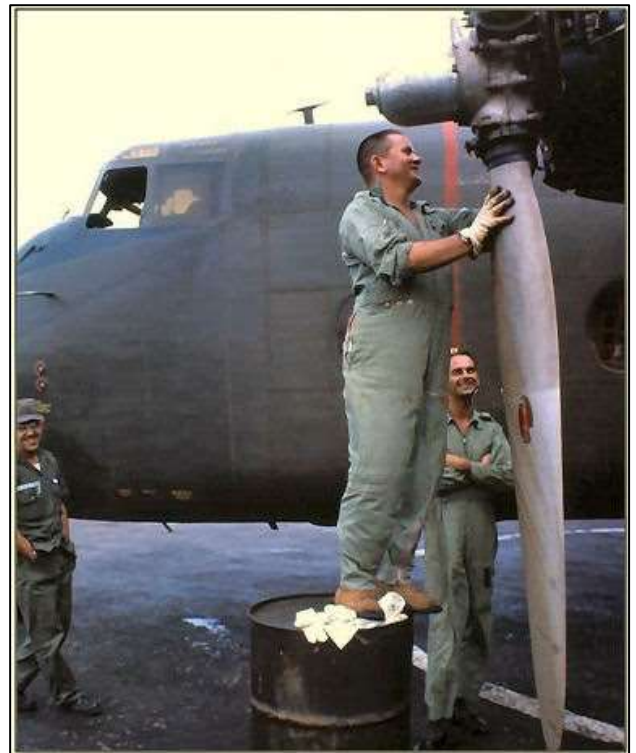


Apart from joking about jinxes over a beer, we had not given our joint misfortunes another thought. Both of us would have vehemently denied being superstitious. Yet the disastrous detachment which followed made us wonder whether we ought to fly together again. On our first day away, I was backing out of the crowded ramp at Nha Trang for a third and final shuttle to Song Mao. The aircraft were, as usual, parked nose to nose in double rows, with laneways between each line of aircraft tails. Noticing a vacant space to the right in the aircraft line facing us, I thought it would be easier to turn and go forward through it, rather than carry out the usual reverse turn manoeuvre. I stopped, and began to turn towards the space. Bad mistake. Looking out to get clearance on the left wingtip, my horrified gaze fell on a large, portable fire extinguisher, previously out of sight in front of the nose, but now ahead of the advancing left propeller.

Obviously Bugs Rose, the crew chief, sitting on the edge of the open cargo ramp, had not seen it either. I slammed on the brakes and shut down the engine. But it was too late. Click, clang, chop. All three blades contacted the extinguisher with increasing severity. Ugly scars appeared. A propeller change would be necessary. Crestfallen, I headed for the telephone. By the time I

reached the CO via the complicated VHF phone patching system, which connected with Vung Tau via Cam Ranh Bay and Bien Hoa exchanges, my stomach felt like lead. To any pilot a taxiing accident, even under such circumstances, is considered inexcusable. Surprisingly, the CO did not chew my ear, but said he would send up a spare propeller next day. Easy solution. We were to change it ourselves and continue on detachment. No problem!

A Wallaby duly arrived next morning and left us all alone with a replacement propeller. Bugs, ever resourceful, borrowed a stand and some tools from a local USAF squadron and the rest of us rolled up our sleeves and became his apprentices. We soon had the damaged prop off, and manhandled the new one into position. By mid-afternoon, we had the engine running again. Encouraged, I called up a load from TMC so that we could start again first thing in the morning and make up for lost time. After a run to Song Mao, TMC sent us up to Pleiku for the day. We were given a load for Dak Seang, the new Special Forces camp south of Dak Pek. My two previous visits there on detachment with the CO had not impressed me, especially after being conned into a landing while the strip was still under construction. The casual attitude of the advisory team had not endeared me to the place either. Now I was here again with Stu Spinks, wondering if the runway was any better. According to TMC this would be only the second time a fixed-wing aircraft had landed here. Determined not to be caught out again I made a low approach, confirming that the strip was indeed finished. Not that the subsequent earthworks had improved things much. Fourteen hundred feet from end to end, the first three hundred feet of one end was so steeply sloping that it was unusable. On finals, there was a roaring cross-wind, to be expected since the wind blew straight down the valley from Dak Pek and over the hilltop camp site at right angles to the strip.



A cutting masked the first part of the strip, where the bulldozers had dug down to try to level the surface. As we entered this cutting, at the very point where the aircraft had to be flared for landing, the cross-wind suddenly disappeared. The Wallaby thumped onto the ground sideways. Fortunately, the strip widened slightly into a parking area into which we skidded in a cloud of dust. Having arrived in this undignified manner, I was only too keen to get out of the place. We were again carrying drums of POL, so I left the motors running while Bugs disappeared down the back to supervise what should have been a simple unloading. Suddenly, the aircraft lurched forward with a bone-jarring shudder. Shutting down the engines, I ran down the back, scarcely daring to look. A flat-top truck, reversing in to accept the load, had slammed

into the cargo ramp before Bugs and his assistant had time to fit the rubber buffer and position wheel chocks behind the truck, our standard practice. The ramp was dented and its hydraulic jacks damaged. It could no longer be closed. Hoping to redeem myself after the fire extinguisher episode, I had ended up in a worse situation. The driver mumbled apologies, claiming the truck had no brakes. Bugs had a different story. He had heard talk of a drinking binge the previous night, and smelt liquor on the driver's breath. However, even though I felt like assaulting the driver, he belonged to someone else's outfit. Making a scene would not change anything.

We pushed the remaining drums out onto the ground and, demoralised and dispirited, I headed back to Pleiku and the VHF telephone to tell the CO we were coming home. We flew direct to Vung Tau with the ramp down, bypassing Nha Trang. When I got back, I went straight to the CO's office to get whatever was coming over with. He must have realised how I felt after this series of disasters, since he commiserated with, rather than admonished me. I was duly awarded 'penance' of a fortnight's duty as copilot only for the fire extinguisher incident, which was considered my responsibility. I accepted this with relief. But I could not help wondering about the 'jinx'.

Some day you will miss today

Traveller

Melbourne-Sydney now world's second busiest flight route.

Two of the busiest air routes in the world are found in Australia. According to flight data website OAG.com, Sydney to Melbourne is the world's second busiest air route, with 54,519 flights a year. And Brisbane to Sydney is the eighth busiest in the world, flying 33,765 times a year.

The world's busiest air route is in South Korea, from the holiday island of Jeju to the capital of Seoul. Airlines fly the route a whopping 64,991 times a year.

While most of the top 10 list was filled with Asian destinations such as Mumbai to Delhi at third busiest (47,462), the busiest US route was LA to San Francisco at number seven with 34,897 flights. The 10th busiest was Cape Town to Johannesburg in South Africa, with 31,914 flights.

All of the top 10 busiest routes were domestic.



Aircraft at Sydney Airport.

There are now 54,519 flights between Sydney and Melbourne's airports annually.

When it came to international routes, Hong Kong to Taipei topped the list with 29,494 flights a year. Kuala Lumpur to Singapore is the second busiest (29,383 flights), and Jakarta to Singapore at third, (26,872 flights).

Of the top ten, eight routes were Asian. The busiest route outside of Asia is New York to Toronto, the sixth busiest with 17,116 flights a year, followed by Dublin to London, the ninth busiest route in the world (14,556 flights).

Meanwhile, the statistics for the Sydney - Melbourne corridor could add leverage to the argument that Australia needs a high-speed rail network, taking pressure and driving traffic away from its two biggest airports. A high speed train could potentially travel from Melbourne to Sydney in a fraction over three hours, or two hours and 45 minutes express. One study found a train, which would travel at 350 km/hr, was last projected to cost \$112 billion.

That statistics come after 2017 was confirmed as [the safest year on record for commercial air travel](#), with zero accident deaths recorded for commercial passenger jets. There were just 44 deaths in 2017, equalling one fatal accident for every 7.36 million departures.



World's 10 busiest air routes

1. Jeju-Seoul, South Korea: 64,991
2. Melbourne-Sydney, Australia: 54,519
3. Mumbai-Delhi, India: 47,462
4. Fukuoka-Tokyo Haneda, Japan: 42,835
5. Rio de Janeiro-Sao Paulo Congonhas, Brazil: 39,325
6. Sapporo-Tokyo, Japan: 38,389
7. Los Angeles-San Francisco, USA: 34,897
8. Brisbane-Sydney, Australia: 33,765
9. Cape Town-Johannesburg, South Africa: 31,914
10. Beijing-Shanghai, China: 30,029

World's busiest international air routes

1. Hong Kong-Taipei: 29,494
2. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore: 29,383
3. Jakarta-Singapore: 26,872
4. Jakarta-Kuala Lumpur: 20,890
5. Hong Kong-Shanghai: 20,818
6. New York La Guardia-Toronto: 17,116
7. Hong Kong-Seoul Incheon: 16,366
8. Beijing-Hong Kong: 14,592
9. Dublin-London Heathrow: 14,556
10. Bangkok-Singapore: 14,455

Things that are hard to say are usually the most important

An RAAF fighter-pilot who became Prime Minister.

Gorton had a distinguished war record; his craggy looks were partly the result of a crash when his aircraft was shot down in 1942.

John Gorton was 29, married, and had completed an MA at Oxford when he joined the RAAF in late 1940. He trained as a pilot and served in Britain before being posted to Singapore with No. 232 Squadron RAF. On 21 January 1942, flying a Hawker Hurricane which had only been



unloaded a week earlier, he was shot down by a Japanese fighter. He crash-landed and was thrown heavily into his instrument panel, causing severe facial injuries.



Just two days before the surrender of Singapore Gorton was evacuated on the transport Derrymore, but his problems were far from over; the ship was torpedoed and he only survived after being rescued by the corvette HMAS Ballarat. Later that year, once healed, he was posted to No. 77 Squadron RAAF, flying Kittyhawks. On 7 September, operating out of Darwin, he had to make a forced landing. It was days before he and the aircraft were recovered.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

126196

Gorton took part in No. 77 Squadron's operations against the Japanese out of Milne Bay. In March 1943 he was involved in a serious accident when his aircraft crashed during take-off. He was returned to Australia after which he became a flying instructor. He was discharged in December 1944.

Flying Officer Gorton (arrow) among survivors of the Derrymore being taken on board HMAS Ballarat in February 1942.

Entering politics after the war, Gorton was elected as a Liberal Party senator in 1949 and became a minister in 1958. When Prime Minister Harold Holt drowned in 1967 Gorton was selected to take his place. He was a controversial and progressive leader: "A knockabout bloke with the larrikin streak, his scarred features and crumpled suits, his candid approach and laconic air, jaunty grin, tousled hair and ever-present cigarette." For the Prime Minister, it was a politically tumultuous time, not the least because of growing opposition to the

Vietnam War. But his strongest critics seemed to have been in his own party. He was replaced as leader in 1971 after casting the deciding vote against himself. In 1975 he quit politics. It was only in retirement during his later years that he was recognised as a party elder.

THE RAM

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



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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

NWA0019

Flying Officer Gorton (back row, 4th from left) with other pilots of No. 77 Squadron RAAF in the Northern Territory in January 1943.

Things are just things – don't get too attached to them

THE RAM

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

ERR/68/0600/VN

Prime Minister John Gorton visits troops at Nui Dat, South Vietnam, in June 1968.



**Prime Minister John Gorton in his
Parliament House office**

Air Safety.

Below are two US Air Force Educational Documentaries, somewhat dated. They are real incidents and the in-flight video from the chase aircraft is amazing.

The 1st involves a B52 losing its tail fin in flight and the subsequent landing – amazing flying

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G7tY1tv5yBQ>

The 2nd involves the emergency landing of a B58 Hustler bomber – again great planning for the subsequent landing at Edwards but they kept the aircraft flying through the night with many inflight re-fuels.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AaefWGzae8k>

The F-35

Won't be long before there's a bunch of these flying out of Willytown. There's been a lot of blatantly ignorant nay-sayers sprouting everything bad they can think of about this aircraft but the proof will be in the pudding. Eventually those pessimists will be seen as the ignorant fools they really are.

Here's a Lockheed Martin video on the aircraft, admittedly it's a promo film but it's worth watching.

<https://youtu.be/TBYRWa3OoCQ>

and here's another one.

<https://youtu.be/27Z6lquewsY>

Non-stop Sydney, Melbourne to London Qantas flights: Airbus pitches A350-900ULR



In August 2017, Qantas publicly challenged Airbus and its US rival Boeing to boost the range of the A350 and 777X models to allow it to complete "the last frontier" of commercial flying by 2022.

Airbus's talks with Qantas about a plane that can fly 20 hours non-stop from Sydney to London are centred around the A350-900ULR rather than reviving a shorter A350 variant. Singapore Airlines has ordered the Airbus A350-900ULR in order to resume non-stop flights from Singapore to New York.



A non-stop Sydney-London route that is three hours shorter than current flights involving stops would allow Qantas to charge a premium and differentiate its product from the around two dozen other airlines plying the so-called Kangaroo route with stop-offs in Singapore, Dubai and Hong Kong.

In a speech to the Royal Aeronautical Society in London on Monday, GM Alan Joyce said both

manufacturers had reacted positively, but the ability to fly the aircraft with a full commercial load remained a stretch. Qantas has said 300 seats would be ideal to give it the highest possible revenue and fleet flexibility.

Joyce said: "The aircraft can do it today, both the 777 and the A350, but we believe it can't do it with full payload. We do believe that more work is needed on both aircraft to get it there."

Tiny Toilets.

Anyone who has been on an aircraft for more than 2 hours has most likely used the onboard toilet at least once. Once the coffee kicks in you're committed and down the back you go. But! As everyone knows, as aircraft modernise, toilets shrink, in fact they are so small on a lot of aircraft that if you're serious you virtually have to open the door, duck your head and back in.

Boeing has recently released its new 737 MAX aircraft and by all accounts they've taken small toilets to a new degree.

Boeing's new 737 MAX, launched last year amid much fanfare, has been hailed as an aviation "game changer". Quieter and more efficient than its popular predecessor (the simple 737), it's billed as the short-haul plane of the future.



There's just one issue. The toilets are now ludicrously small – with sinks so tiny that passengers can only wash one hand at a time. That's according to flight attendants at American Airlines, who recently met with senior management to outline their grievances about the new aircraft's WCs. The cabin crew say those attempting to use the undersized sinks risk having their clothes doused with water, while the rear of the aircraft is said to be so cramped that when the doors of the two back end loos are opened, cabin crew are sealed off in the gallery and unable to reach passengers.



Stewardesses pose in the economy cabin of SilkAir's new Boeing 737 Max 8 aircraft.

American Airlines has so far received just four 737 MAXs but the model is set to become a lynchpin in its fleet. It will welcome another 20 by the end of 2018, and 20 more each year for the next four years. Indeed, the 737 MAX is flying off the shelves. Boeing has received 4,306 orders from airlines around the world, including - most notably for European travellers - Ryanair, which will receive the first of 110 early next year.

But why are the loos so small?



The 737-800 has a maximum capacity of 189. But its replacement, the 737 MAX 8, used by American Airlines, is certified to carry up to 210 pax. How has Boeing found room for 21 more seats? Installing smaller toilets at the back of the plane is how and cutting the size of the kitchen galley. As have new slimline "Zodiac" seats.

American's planes actually carry far fewer than 210 because it uses a three-class seating configuration (126 in economy, 30 in "cabin extra", and 16 in first class). But in the rear of the cabin space is still scarce. Twenty-one more seats? That must mean less legroom? A sensible conclusion, and in American's case the correct one. Its 737-800s offer 31 inches of "pitch" (the distance from one row of seats to the next) in economy class. On the new 737 MAX 8, that's been trimmed to 30. But it could have been worse. Some airlines are opting for as little as 29 inches of pitch on their 737 MAXs.

Why Planes Are Slower Than They Used to Be.



While we all love to complain about air travel, there's one annoyance few travellers even notice: Flying isn't getting faster. In fact, cross-country flights were a little quicker 50 years ago because airlines included less scheduled time for inevitable delays.



We're used to the idea that 50 years is an eternity is technological innovation. So why aren't we flying faster than we did in 1967, before humans landed on the moon? This video [HERE](#) tackles a number of curious developments that led to this speed stagnation.

For one thing, airliners' turbofan engines are most efficient in the 400-600 mph range where these planes typically fly. To go any faster—faster than the speed of sound—you'd need a proper jet engine like the Concorde had. But that remarkable plane used an incredible amount of fuel compared to a boring old 737, and it's not around anymore.

There are some interesting details in here about the physics of flight, too. It's actually dangerous for planes to fly right around the speed of sound, for example, which is why airlines wouldn't fly much faster than 600 mph even if it were fuel-efficient to do so. And there's just not enough consumer demand for faster flight to meet the huge costs that'd be required to go much faster.



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DVA Grants scheme.

For many years now, DVA has administered several different grants' schemes, applicants were required to log onto the DVA site and download a form, fill it in then post it off to DVA in Adelaide - and wait!!

There would be a cut-off day for applications and at that date, DVA would bundle them all up, sort them out, approve some and these applicants would be sent a cheque. The others would get a sorry!

That's the way it used to be, but no more.

Like most things these days, the whole grants scheme is now going on-line and can be found at the GrantConnect web site (www.grants.gov.au). In the interests of efficiency, all grants will be administered by the Department of Social Services (DSS) through what will be called the Community Grants Hub. The Community Grants Hub is one of two Hubs being implemented to standardise how grants are designed, selected, established and managed by the Australian Government. This facility will not only handle grants requested by DVA clients but also applicants from all other Australian Government Agencies. It will deliver grant administration services to Australian Government agencies and organisations which primarily deliver grant programs to individuals and the community sector.

This Streamlining Grants Administration (SGA) initiative will be less expensive to administer, will be more efficient, will make the application process easier for the applicant and will enable



them to follow the process from start to finish. Although administered by the DSS, individual Australian Government agencies will retain all policy control for grant programs. Individual agencies, like the DVA, will prepare guidelines for each program to provide applicants with adequate information to submit an application. These will include the objectives of the grant program, assessment criteria, eligible and non-eligible items and reporting and acquittal requirements.

In DVA, the grant guidelines are prepared by a policy team who ensures the objectives of the grant program support the strategic direction of that department.

What does this mean for grant applicants and recipients?

When fully implemented, grant applicants and recipients will experience:

- *reduced red tape through faster, simpler processes so organisations don't have to repeat the same information*
- *improved reporting processes*
- *increased self-service capability*
- *increased access to grant opportunities and grant information*
- *more intuitive online services*
- *the ability to monitor the progress of applications from start-to-finish*

The following Grants Programs are available for DVA clients.

Veteran and Community Grants.

The Veteran and Community Grants (V&CG) program aims to improve the independence and quality of life for members of the veteran community. This program provides funding for projects that support activities and services to sustain or enhance health and wellbeing. More information about the Veteran and Community Grants (V&CG) program and how to apply is available on the DVA [website](#).

Building Excellence in Support and Training.

The Building Excellence in Support and Training (BEST) grants program supports ex-service organisations (ESOs) enabling them to provide compensation and welfare assistance to the veteran and Defence community. It also links closely to the [Advocacy Training and Development Program](#), which provides the essential skills for claims, advocacy and welfare work. More information about the BEST program and how to apply is available on the [DVA website](#).

Grants-In-Aid.

This program aims to support the role of National ESOs to provide coordinating and representational support within the veteran and Defence community. More information about Grants-In-Aid and how to apply is available on the [DVA website](#).

Long Tan Bursary scheme.

The Long Tan Bursary scheme provides funding to help Australian Vietnam Veterans' children meet the cost of post-secondary education and obtain the formal qualifications and skills to pursue their chosen career. More information about the Long Tan Bursary scheme and how to apply on is available on the [DVA website](#).



Overseas privately-constructed memorial restoration program.

The Overseas Privately-constructed Memorial Restoration program provides grants to assist Australian veterans and other individuals in the restoration and preservation of existing overseas military unit and battle memorials. More information about the Overseas Privately-constructed Memorial Restoration program and how to apply is available on the [DVA website](#).

Saluting Their Service commemorations grants.

Saluting Their Service grants support projects and activities which promote appreciation and understanding of Australia's servicemen and women who served in wars, conflicts and peace operations. More information about the Saluting Their Service grants and how to apply is available on the [DVA website](#).



Supporting Younger Veterans grants.

The Supporting Younger Veterans (SYV) grant program provides funding to Ex-Service Organisations (ESOs) to encourage partnerships that will deliver innovative and sustainable services for younger veterans and build community capacity to meet the needs of younger veterans. The grants will also help raise awareness of the important issues faced by younger veterans. More information about the Supporting Younger Veterans grants and how to apply is available on the [DVA website](#).

Timeline.

The Community Grants Hub was brought on line late in February and by mid March a majority of DVA grants schemes will be available through the Hub website. These include:

- *Veteran and Community Grants (V&C Grants)*
- *Saluting Their Service (STS)*
- *Building Excellence in Support and Training (BEST)*
- *Grants in Aid.*

The Supporting Younger Veterans (SYV) grants will open on the Hub in July 2018.

Terminology.

As this is a new Government scheme, someone felt it important to invent some new terminology to go along with it. We now have three new "headings" to go along with the Scheme, they are:

Forecast Opportunities (FO). This includes information about grants prior to them becoming available Each FO is assigned an FO ID number. They are used to advertise potential Grant Opportunities by providing limited information and the estimated date when the Grant will be available for application. They will also contain information on how to apply for the grant.

IMPORTANT: All FOs are subject to revision, withdrawal or cancellation. Information about FOs is provided for planning purposes only and does not represent a commitment by the Australian Government to provide a grant or financial assistance.

Grant Opportunities (GO). Grant Opportunities is a collective term to describe any notice published on GrantConnect inviting potential recipients to apply for an Australian government grant. Grant Opportunities may be open or restricted and will reflect the relevant grant selection process specified in the Commonwealth Grants Rules and Guidelines (CGRGs). Once a grant is available for application, it is called a Grant Opportunity (GO). Each GO is assigned a GO ID number and believe it or not, a set of GO documents are called “GO documents”. The Current Grant Opportunity List contains all current Grant Opportunities (GOs) open for application. By default, they are sorted with those closing soonest at the top, and those that are ongoing at the end of the list. You must use the GO ID number when applying for a grant.

The list sort order can be changed by clicking on the default sort field which initially will display 'Close Date & Time - Ascending'. Other sort options available are:

Close date & time - descending	Ongoing	Title
GO ID	Agency	Primary category

Grant Awards (GA). Once a Grant has been awarded by an Australian Government entity to an individual or an organisation, that person or organisation’s identity and details of the grant will be made available in the Grant Award List.

Grant Awards (GA) are reported on the GrantConnect web site as the result of a grant being awarded. GA is published on GrantConnect within 21 days of a grant agreement taking effect.

So, how do you use it?

First thing you must do is register. To do that, open the web site www.grants.gov.au and at the top of the page, on the RHS, click “New User Registration” (See below)

This will open a form which you must fill in. Most fields have a “help” button ? which you can click to assist you with the form. When finished, click “I Agree and Understand.” Once you’ve registered, you can log in at any time to check which Grants are available and which have been approved. Do not include the initials DVA in your search as this will return a NIL, instead of DVA use the word “Veterans”.

After you've registered, whenever a GO is available, you will get an email from the HUB advising you of its availability.

You'll get an email like this:



The next site that is important is www.communitygrants.gov.au



When you log onto this site you will be given a list of all the grants that are open for application and those that have closed. To apply, select the grant to which you wish to apply, then click the “View Grant” tag associated with that grant. This will open the details of the grant and will show its closing date.

When you scroll down to the bottom of the information page you will see the following:

Grant Opportunity Documents

Grant Opportunity Guidelines

 [PDF \[130.4 kB\]](#)
 [DOCX \[64.3 kB\]](#)

Sample Application Form

 [PDF \[793.2 kB\]](#)

Questions and Answers

 [PDF \[32.6 kB\]](#)
 [DOCX \[26.7 kB\]](#)

Letter of Offer - General Grant Conditions

 [PDF \[132.4 kB\]](#)

Apply

Here you will find guidelines on how to apply (you can select each of these docs in either PDF for MS-WORD format). When you're ready, select APPLY and start filling in the form.

Each form has a very handy "Save and Exit" button which allows you to stop part of the way through the form if you have to get further information. You just click the "Save and Exit" button, click "Confirm" and you can come back to the form and finish it later.

Save and Exit

Need Help

Each form will have a reference number at the top right, you must record this as you will need it if you wish to go back to add to or modify the form.

Submission Reference:
JXP6K3V

Once you submit your application it cannot be modified.

If you have any queries regarding this new grants system, you can ring your State DVA office on 1800 020 283 between 09.00am and 5.30pm AEDST.

Be Connected.

Another new scheme that has been released by the Australian Government is the Be Connected program. There are over 3 million people in Australia who are digitally excluded. They are missing out on all of the benefits that the internet brings be it saving money, keeping in touch, accessing general information and/or Government services. More than half of those people who lack basic digital skills are aged over 50.

Be Connected is a FREE Australia wide initiative which will enable all Australians to understand and thrive in a digital world. It has online learning resources as well as a Network of community partners which will, in some instances, offer hands on, person to person support allowing a person to develop their digital skills and confidence.

This is a wonderful initiative and can be found here <https://beconnected.esafety.gov.au/>, it:

- aims to increase the confidence, skills and online safety of older Australians in using digital technology.
- helps older Australians to realise the value of being connected online and provides access to appropriate training and support in a safe and familiar environment.
- includes a Learning Portal with information and interactive training tools, and free access to face-to-face help and support.

The Learning Portal provides a range of free courses and resources to help older Australians improve their skills.

Course topics include:

- The absolute basics
- Getting to know your device
- Getting started online
- Safety first
- More online skills
- Connecting to others



If you are a little rusty in the electronic game or you know someone who is, steer them to the “Be Connected” web site.

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"There are better ways to log off."

Appy Reunion.

On Saturday 24 February, 2018, a bunch of Appies got together at the Transcontinental Hotel in Brisbane for a knees up, a few coldies, a good meal and to tell each other a heap of lies.

And, as you can see from the pic below, it just coincided with the only day in the past 10 years that the sun wasn't shining in Brisvegas.



As usual, the event was organised by Rob Wilson (below), an old 15 Appy (Beavers) larrikin who left the college of knowledge at Wagga on the 13th December 1963.

Blokes, with their ladies, came from far and wide, with blokes from way back on 8 Appy (Mangoes - Graduated 07Dec1956) to the "new boys on the block" from 42 Appy (Oorarries - Graduated 08August1989) joining in the fun.

We didn't do a head count but there would have been in excess of 75 people there, with the blokes off 27 Appy



(Rats) – below – taking out the prize for most numbers. All names left to right.



L-R: Mick Poyner, Les Howarth, Stew Coonan, Ken Gold, Mick Ohlin, Danny Aitken, Ron Dyball, Wayne Hughes, Dutchy Holland, Mick Oliver.



Others were: (The numbers indicate the course.)



Al Uhlman (16), Glen Maher (16).



Bev and Ken Kane (11).

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Bill Luyten (25), Kev Riley (24), Warren Neal (18), Kev Bischof (18).



Bruce McNaughton (22), Bob Hemsworth (17), John Percival (22), Les Skyring (22), Bruce Craig (22).



Dave Lee (15), Peter Hill (15), Rob Wilson (15), Ralph Donelan (15).



Dennis Thompson (20), Tony Kershaw (21), Greg Dyce (20).

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Derek Hibbs (31), Blue Bock (19), Mark Bartlam (31).



Don Pickering (20), Doug Pickering (20), "Dags" Dorwood (14).



Hayes Petersen (30), Peter Mathieson (30), Greg Patrick (30).



Leon Phillips (Guest from WA), Allan Chiesa (20 Radio)



Dennis Thompson (20), Don Pickering (20), Doug Pickering (20), Jon Welch (20), Greg Dyce (20)



Merv McDougal (8), Barbara Lowery, Phili Duncan (10)

Before she retired, Barbara worked for the ABC as a writer, broadcaster and author in the food industry (see [HERE](#)). We asked her what she thought of the food at the Trans and she said she thought it was probably the best Pub food she had ever tasted. We bet the Trans people would be pleased to hear that! Next time you're in Brisvegas, try it!



Michael Hardy (42), Jason Lamont (42), David Gordon (34).

**If I am ever on
life support,
unplug me...
Then plug me back in..
See if that works..**

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Michael Oliver (27), Charlie Downes (11), Bill Moore (16), Graham Bickle (10).



Nev (9) and Rita Williams.



Mick Ohlin (27), Mick Pointer (27), Mick Oliver (27)



Scott Atkinson (42), Jason Lamont (42), John Knocker (42)



"Snapper" Byrnes (17) - down front, Reg Jones (17), Allan Schutz (17), Ian Williams (17), Gordon Passmore (17), Ted Strugnell (17), Bob Hemsworth (17).

Dear paranoid people who
check behind their shower
curtains for murderers, if you
do find one, what's your plan?

Part of the crowd.





Dutchie Holland (27), Stewart Coonan (27)

You can tell a lot about a woman's
mood just by her hands.
For instance, if they are holding
a gun, she's probably angry.

21 Course Radio Appy's 50th reunion.

Don Cureton wrote, "Receiving the RAM a while back reminded me that I was going to send you some info on the 21 Course Appy pics.

We started at Laverton on 9 Jan 1967. A few of us had an impromptu 'pissup' at the Transcontinental (Brisbane) in January this year. We chose that venue because Andre Bondeson had his leg in plaster and didn't want to walk too far from Roma St Station. It was a good choice for a 10 AM meetup - I got home well after dark.

We have been having regular reunions for about 10 years and it was decided that Victoria was the appropriate state to hold the 50th. A committee was formed and they eventually chose the RACV Torquay resort. We held the reunion over the days 27/28/29 October 2017. We decided a long time ago that choosing a date that didn't conflict with school holidays and sporting events was hard.

Out of the original 72 starters on our course, 34 attended at Torquay, along with wives of course.

Here are some of the pics.







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Why do we sing "Take me out to the ball game" when we're already there?

D











**After my prostate exam,
the doctor left. Then the
nurse came in. As she
shut the door, she
whispered the three
words no man wants to
hear: "Who was that?"**

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John Laming.

Ghosts of Camden Past.

This story started in 1947 when my father Hugh Laming, a journalist with the Sydney Morning Herald's London office, was offered the chance of migrating to Australia to take a post with that prestigious newspaper in Sydney. Following his demobilization from the British Army after the end of the 1939-45 war, like so many returned servicemen, he had become restless and longed for something different to life in Fleet Street as a newspaper scribe. My mother had died in 1939 at the young age of 33 and meeting a vivacious Middle East beauty in Beirut in 1945, Laming senior married again.

For the duration of the war I saw my father just twice, once immediately after the fall of Dunkirk in 1940 when he scrambled back to relative safety in England and the second time when he visited me for just one hour in 1944 while in a convoy of trucks en-route through my home of Tonbridge in Kent during the lead up to the Allied invasion of Europe. His adventures in the Army took him through Greece, Yugoslavia, and the Middle East, then through Italy and finally the invasion of Europe.

During those years – I was seven years old when the war began in 1939 – I stayed with various relatives and friends of my family both in Cranbrook and Tonbridge in Kent. I was spared the direct horrors of war, thank goodness, although like anyone close to London, I witnessed the Battle of Britain from the green fields of Kent far below and ran for cover when low flying German aircraft fired their machine guns and dropped their bombs nearby. They were exciting times for a young boy.





I had joined my father and his new wife in London in 1945, but by now having settled in with a family who had taken care of me since 1943 in Tonbridge, I became terribly homesick for them and my school friends. I disliked the school in London and wept each night until finally my father gave in and I returned to Tonbridge where I boarded with yet another family.

While I enjoyed my time at school, it was called The Judd School, Tonbridge, it was sports that took my time and interest and not scholastic achievements. Then only a few months after I had settled in back at Tonbridge, my father rang me from London and told me to pack my bags, sell my bike and other personal effects and be prepared to leave England for a new life in Australia. A few weeks earlier I had failed the entrance examination into the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell and this had disappointed my father greatly. I think he had counted upon leaving me safe and secure in the RAF while he travelled the world in search of adventure.



My grandmother Alice lived in the small coastal town of Sheerness on the Isle of Sheppey in the River Thames estuary. I used to cycle to visit her every month or so during the war. Being an only child meant that I was the apple of her eye and she was grief stricken when my father broke the news to her that our family was leaving England for good.

In those days ocean going liners sailed from Southampton and regular train services known as the Boat Trains left from London's Waterloo Station for Southampton. The great day arrived for us to leave England perhaps forever and as the carriage doors slammed and the guard's whistle blew at Waterloo Station, my dear old Granny looked at me ever so fondly and she said "This is the parting of the ways young John – don't forget to write from Australia, will you?" Air travel between England and Australia was only for the very rich and she knew in her heart that she may never see her son and grandson again.

Ten years later I returned to England on leave from my job as a pilot with the Royal Australian Air Force. It was a happy reunion with my grandmother, now frail and living alone in a council flat. For many years she had been ignored by her only living relative, her brother-in-law. He was my old Uncle Alf who had taken care of me in Cranbrook when the war started. Despite living only 30 miles away from each other, there had been no contact. Family feuds ran deep and I had no idea what it was all about. I decided that I must get them together again before I returned to Australia. It was easily done. I took my Uncle Alf for a drive in the beautiful Kentish countryside and simply dropped in on Granny without warning to either of them. The surprised

look on their faces was a delight to see and I knew then it was the best thing I could have done to throw them together. After I returned to Australia they took the bus and visited each other many times.

Meanwhile, we sailed from Southampton in late 1947 on the passenger liner SS Esperance Bay of 13,000 tons. This vessel was the sister ship of the Jervis Bay famous in the annals of the sea in 1940 for defending to the death a convoy of ships that had been attacked in the Atlantic by the German pocket battleship "Admiral Scheer".



Apart from rough seas in the Bay of Biscay where most passengers were confined to their cabins because of sea sickness, the journey was uneventful. One of the passengers was Sid Barnes, a well known Australian test batsman of the Don Bradman era. My cricketing hero at the time was the English opening batsman Len Hutton, who held the then record score of 364 runs in a Test match. When I asked Sid Barnes what he thought of Len Hutton, he replied that Hutton couldn't bat for nuts and that he, Sid Barnes, was a far better batsman. Taken aback by his blunt reply, I dismissed Barnes as an arrogant boor and avoided speaking to him for the rest of the voyage. I had to admit that he was a fine entertaining batsman for all that.

Also aboard the ship was a laconic Australian bush-man of the Slim Dusty mould who wore a wide brimmed hat and never failed to scare me with stories of red back and funnel web spiders that he said infested Australia gardens, and in particular the trap-door spiders that he said leapt out of the burrows in the lawn and could kill you with one bite of their poisoned fangs. Sailing from Fremantle to Sydney with stopovers at Adelaide and Melbourne, my family stayed overnight with friends at Somerville near Melbourne. There I spent anxious hours treading carefully in their garden on the constant look-out for trap-door spiders. Years later I realized too late that my shipboard friend the Australian bushie, had been having me on because I haven't come across a trapdoor spider in the wild to this day.

We left the ship in Sydney and the Sydney Morning Herald arranged accommodation at a 19th Century mansion in Bellevue Hill called "Ginahgulla House", where facilities were shared among several SMH families. Nearby was the tiny suburb of Double Bay, nestling on the shores of Sydney Harbour and destined to become one of the wealthiest suburbs in Sydney. I was sent to Sydney High School where after only three months I was pronounced scholastically hopeless. My poor father racked his brains what to do with me as I guess I had proved a great disappointment to him. All I wanted to do was chase girls at Bondi Beach and play cricket.



Within one day after settling in at “Ginahgulla” I wandered down Belle view Hill to Double Bay and discovered new friends - school boys of my age playing cricket on a malthoid pitch in a picturesque little park overlooking Sydney Harbour. It was called Cooper Park. When I asked to join them for a hit (of cricket), I was sent in to bat and immediately assailed with rearing head high bouncers from a lanky Italian lad named Tony Buckini. Back home in England, this type of bowling would be considered most unsporting – not so, apparently, at Cooper Park. Despite this, there was much good humour and I soon learned to give as good as I got. From that first day in Sydney, I remained friends with those keen young cricketers for many years to come. One became a croupier at Darwin Casino, another a traveling salesman, while a third rose to be the Director of Education in NSW and the fourth member of our little band became a veterinary surgeon. I eventually became a pilot.



By this time after only six months my father was unhappy working for the SMH and it was clear he was itching for adventure. After five years of being a soldier in the thick of war against Germany it is easy to see how he and thousands of other military men found civilian life boring. My stepmother had died of a mysterious illness soon after we arrived in Australia, and my father remarried.

Soon after my last school report hit his desk my father left the SMH for a job as a Reuters correspondent in South East Asia. His new (and third) wife was also a journalist and together they talked to me about their future plans to travel and my own future. I was 16 with little talent apart from cricket and sunbaking at Bondi Beach.

In May 1947 the SMH began operations with two DC3 cargo aircraft for newspaper deliveries to northern New South Wales. Soon after, the company purchased two ex-RAAF Lockheed Hudsons and converted them for freight carrying. All aircraft were based at Macquarie Grove, a wartime aerodrome near Camden, and an hour's train journey south-west of Sydney. The manager of the Sydney Morning Herald Flying Services, as the operation was called, was Captain Harry Purvis AFC, with Captain Doug Swain DFC as second in command. Former RAAF pilots crewed the aircraft with the majority of the maintenance staff also being ex-wartime

airmen. Accommodation was provided in flight huts left over from the days when Camden was a RAAF flying training base during the war.

In early 1948, my father took me to Camden to be interviewed by Harry Purvis, a kindly man with whom I kept in contact over the years I was in the RAAF. While there was no pressing requirement for an unskilled 16 year old school boy at the aerodrome, it was clear that my father wanted to get me established in a reasonably secure job before we had our own parting of the ways. Harry Purvis agreed to take me on as a general hand and so I became the first teenager to work there.



A few days after the interview and with all my worldly belongings in a battered suitcase covered with shipping labels from our sea voyage to Australia, I arrived by train at Camden railway station accompanied by my father. A wartime jeep driven by one of the SMH pilots was awaiting our arrival and I said a very uncertain goodbye to my father at the railway station. He probably felt a little guilty about leaving me behind. It didn't worry me too much, I had seen very little of him during the war years and was used to be looked after by others. At the aerodrome I was shown my room in an old flight hut. It had wooden floors, a rusty spring base bed and a straw filled mattress and pillow. In one corner was a chest of drawers, a threadbare carpet left over from wartime days and an electric heater with a long frayed cord that looked positively lethal. Someone gave me a pair of blue overalls and now this was my home. When most of the ground staff went home to Sydney at weekends I had little choice except to stay at the aerodrome most of the time. Occasionally I would hop on the train to Double Bay where I would stay the weekend with my cricketing friend Tony, and his aunt and uncle. Tony was an orphan.

I soon made friends among the ground staff while Harry Purvis quietly kept a watchful eye on my welfare. He knew that my father had left Australia for good and that at age 16 I lacked the maturity to be living without some sort of father figure around. There were five or six ground staff that stayed in my flight hut, including the foreman a chain smoking crude character called Arthur Bone. The storeman Cecil Amey, also lived in the flight hut during the week. Both had served during the war in the Pacific. Amey was a good cook and we would have an enjoyable breakfast of sausages and fried eggs cooked over a Primus paraffin stove. After breakfast

dishes were washed work would start at 0800. Occasionally one of the pilots would bunk down in a vacant room in the flight hut, usually when required to crew a Lockheed or a Douglas for an early morning flight.

My jobs included helping out with basic maintenance, cleaning spark plugs and engine cowls, sweeping the hangar and standing by as fire guard when aircraft engines were ground run. When a few months later I reached the age of seventeen, Harry Purvis had me taught to drive the jeep and my instructor was Neville Topliss – an airframe fitter. Driving lessons were on the runway where I was also shown how to lay a flare-path using goose-necked paraffin fired lamps. Topliss was an excellent instructor and within a week or so I drove the jeep solo into Camden where a policeman gave me a driving test. Fortunately, he omitted to ask why I drove to see him solo without first obtaining a driver's licence. Things were so relaxed in those days. From then on, I drove daily into Camden village to run errands and pick up the lunches for the engineers and pilots.

Once I received my driver's licence I was given the job of loading the duty Hudson or Dakota with bundles of newspapers destined for Northern NSW, some being air-dropped from a specially designed chute, while larger bundles were off-loaded after landing at Dubbo, Tamworth, Casino, Coffs Harbour and Evans Head. (See [HERE](#))

Loading duty meant arising at 0200 to prepare the aircraft for departure. This involved removing engine and tyre covers, connecting a battery cart, switching on the tarmac floodlights and preparing the flight plan information for the pilots. At 0300 a truck would arrive from Sydney with bundles of Sydney Morning Heralds securely wrapped in hessian bags. The truck driver would sling the bundles into the aircraft where I would load them right up to the cockpit door. These were carefully loaded in order of air delivery with the heaviest bags up front. The pilots would then complete a loadsheet.



While the pilots phoned the flight plan through to Sydney ATC, I would load the jeep with up to 20 flare pots (called goosenecks) and head across the grass airfield until I found the runway – often hard to find if there was fog. Once the threshold was located it was a case of every 100 yards, stop the jeep, lay down a flare and ignite it with a flaming taper. In strong winds the flares would sometimes go out and on several occasions there was only four or five flares alight for the mile long runway. Leaking paraffin would drip from the flares on the floor of the jeep and on several scary occasions I was forced to use an extinguisher to put out a burning flare.

After the flare path was laid it I would drive back to the tarmac to prepare for the engine start. For this a large CO2 fire bottle with an extendable nozzle was required, along with a ladder. This was the scary part of the dispatch process that I dreaded. An arc light high up on the hangar bathed the darkened aircraft with brilliant light throwing a shadowy outline of wings and fuselage on to the coal black tarmac. It was like a scene from a creepy movie and often if I was tired my imagination would run wild. Who know what silent apparitions were watching from between the hangars, just waiting for the aircraft to taxi away leaving me alone to close up shop and douse the flare path.



Then at 0400 after receiving the all clear, the pilot started the first engine. Seconds later goutts of angry red flames licking from the exhaust pipe heralded a rich mixture start. From the startled look on my face and the reflection of the flames on the tarmac the pilot guessed the problem and immediately opened the throttle wide. With a bit of luck, the engine would soon catch and run normally. That was the easy part

If prior to start the throttle was cracked too far open, there would be severe back-firing through the carburettor followed inevitably by a dull red glow deep inside the engine air intake, signifying an intake fire. The pilot would stop turning the propeller, switch off the magneto switch, and call for the redoubtable fire-guard to do his stuff. This required this 17 year old general hand to duck carefully between the now stationary propeller blades of the offending engine and the leading edge of the wing, prop the ladder against the wing at the same time praying that the pilot's finger did not inadvertently actuate the starter switch again.

From there it was a simple case of lugging the CO2 bottle up the ladder on to the wing, scrabbling over the top of the engine cowl and leaning over the edge of the air intake to direct a squirt of CO2 at the flames deep inside. It did not help that the intake lip was by now damned hot, while for some reason it never occurred to me that I should have worn gloves to protect my hands. The risks were just part of the job, while the hooded ghosts of my vivid imagination who skulked between the darkened hangars would sense my fear and move closer. Thank goodness it was only the Hudson's engines with their cantankerous Ceko carburettors that caused all the trouble with starting –and not the Strombergs of the Dakotas

Once the fire was out I would clamber back down to the relative safety of the tarmac and give the pilot a thumbs up for another go. I don't think anyone thought of topping up the CO2 bottle after using it and I wonder now at the panic that would have occurred if the bottle had run out of puff during this little exercise. After all, we averaged a fire a week.

With both engines now throttled back to idling, the pilot would signal for me to disconnect the battery cart and remove the wheel chocks. More often than not there would follow much feverish kicking and profanity because I was slow to learn in the early days that you don't place

chocks against the wheel, but rather an inch away to allow for the oleo compression with weight. The slipstream was considerable even at idle power and if the tarmac was wet from rain, it was easy to slip over. The whirling blades of the propeller were mere inches from the chocks.

At 800 rpm idle power, the rich fuel-air mixture would ignite in the exhaust stack and at night especially the yellow glare of the flames as they licked hot over the cowls next to the battery lead, was quite blinding. I hated that job and more so if the battery cart plug was jammed too firmly into the socket pins requiring much pulling and still more profanity.



With the ladder and fire bottle well away from the wing tip and after a thumbs up from me, the Hudson would taxi slowly away from the hangar and its bright arc lights to disappear around the corner of the flight huts into the night. On cold misty mornings it was an eerie sight to watch the navigation lights vanish into the fog leaving behind just the throaty sound of rough idling engines in the still night air.

Minutes would pass, then across the frost covered airfield the howl of engines being run-up to high power would carry over the reaches of nearby Camden Weir while mile away, people of Camden village asleep in their beds would wake and curse the Sydney Morning Herald for disturbing their sleep.

Then silence, except for the quiet muttering of the big Pratt and Whitney radials as they idled barely audible, from where I stood listening at the corner of the flight hut. From the timing I guessed that the pilots were now carrying out their pre-take off vital action cockpit checks. Harness, Hatches, Hydraulics, Trim tabs, Mixtures, Pitch controls – I knew them off by heart.

The take-off would begin, the noise of the engines amplified in the still of the night. In the early morning mist I could see nothing, but knew that soon the noise would fade away as the aircraft climbed towards the north. Thirty minutes later it was time to drive out to the runway, there to douse the hot cans of the flare path and return them to their storage shed reeking of burnt paraffin.

It was almost dawn as I put away the chocks and engine covers, plugged in the battery cart for its recharge, switched off the arc lights and locked the hangar doors. Mist would drift between the hangars and I was never game enough to shine my torch in their direction lest shadows moved toward me in the night. From over the valley the first of the cockerels would crow, heralding the cold dawn and I would shiver, but not from the cold. Camden aerodrome was host to hundreds of pilots under training during the war and inevitably lives were lost in crashes. Maybe their ghosts came out at night to haunt young and impressionable general hands like me. If this feeling happened to the other loaders, they never mentioned it. Safely back in bed in

the flight hut I found the loud snoring of fellow workers strangely comforting. I do believe the racket frightened the ghosts away, too.



Sometimes an aircraft would taxi out for departure, only to return with a faulty engine. The big radial engines were prone to spark plug fouling at idling power and despite attempts by the crew to burn out lead deposits on the plugs by a lengthy high power run-up, the problem could only be solved by a complete plug change. An engineer would be pulled grumbling from his bed to change the plugs. A second aircraft was usually available on standby and if the defect could not be rectified quickly, this aircraft would be hurriedly loaded and sent on its way.

It was yet another foggy night when I dispatched Lockheed Hudson VH-SMK. I watched its navigation lights fading into the mist as it taxied carefully toward the threshold of runway 06. There was always this strange compulsion to listen for signs of rough running of the engines during the run-up. The aircraft was invisible in the fog but after several months of listening to the sound of running engines I could pick a suspicious change in engine note.

On this particular morning the run-up sounded normal and I listened for the high power that indicated the start of the take off. Several seconds passed and I guessed the Hudson would be almost at lift off speed. Without warning, the noise of the engines stopped and I heard the terrible sound of tortured tyres as the pilot aborted the take off run. I waited for the crash but there wasn't one. Just the sound of quietly idling engines in the mist. I was about to leap into the jeep and drive in the direction of the runway when it occurred to me that I might run into the Hudson in the fog if perchance it returned to the tarmac. So I sat tight and waited – and listened intently. Not long after I heard the sound of another take off attempt and this time to my relief the Hudson got airborne and departed to the north.



I waited an hour this time before driving out in the cold dawn to pick up the flares. Driving down the centre of the runway I came across two long skid marks from the Hudson's tyres. The black rubber marks curved off the runway on to the grass verge some two hundred yards after they started. It was obvious that something had gone seriously wrong during the take off run causing the pilot to abort the take off. Although I reported the incident to Harry Purvis (right) I never heard what really happened.

In later years I thought carefully of that incident and put it down to several possibilities. One, that the pilot encountered a patch thick fog during the take off run and lost sight of the runway and aborted. This is the most likely reason, given that the visibility was very poor in fog at the time. If any of the flares had run out of paraffin and extinguished themselves (always a possibility), then with large gaps between the flares it would be almost impossible for the pilot to maintain an accurate direction on take off solely by visual reference.

Or maybe the co-pilot, an aero club trained pilot with very low experience, was carrying out the take off and simply lost control early in the take off run as he tried to raise the tail. Gyroscopic and engine torque effect could cause a savage swing during take off in the Hudson unless countered with immediate corrective rudder control. Judging from the angle and severity of the skid marks on the runway, hard braking must have taken place at high speed. Either way, it would have been prudent for the pilot to return to the tarmac for a damage check. But that didn't happen.

Soon after arriving at Camden I had my very first trip in an aeroplane. Following an engine change a test flight was needed. Harry Purvis took the opportunity to pile a few ground-staff into the back of the Hudson, including the engineers responsible for the engine change. There were no seats or safety belts so everyone sat on the metal floor. There was also no sound-proofing and the racket from the engines at high power was painful to the ears. It was only a short flight but enough to cause airsickness to a couple of small boys who were the sons of one of the engineers. My main memory of the trip was the shattering noise level and pains in my ears when we descended. There was no safety briefing and I had no idea how to clear my ears.

The early morning dispatch duties enabled me to have the rest of the day off for sleeping or leisure. I spent many happy hours swimming in the weir at the southern extremity of the aerodrome sometimes joined by off duty pilots who in turn would invite nurses from nearby Camden hospital. Most of the aircrew had flown operationally during the war. Harry Purvis was one of Australia's pioneer airmen in the 1930's who had flown with Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, or "Smithy" as he was well known to all Australians. Doug Swain flew Mosquitos over Europe, while Bill Selwyn had been a Wellington pilot flying early bombing missions over Germany. Harold Gibson-Lee flew pre-war in Vickers Wellesley single engine long-range reconnaissance aircraft (right) in the Middle East. Each would have had fascinating



stories to tell, but as a teen-age boy I was not one of their group and therefore never party to bar talk where their stories would have come out.

At age 17, one is very impressionable. I tagged along with a pilot called Dick Cruickshanks himself only 24 but with a swaggering dashing manner. He had joined the RAAF during the war but it ended before he saw action. Knowing that I had no relatives and no doubt feeling rather sorry for me, Dick would ensure that I had company by inviting me along with the others to the local picture house, or for a dip in Camden weir.

Propped in a corner of the hangar was a Spitfire drop tank which had been fashioned into a silver canoe. In free hours we would put the canoe into the back of the jeep and drive to the weir where I spent many happy times paddling by myself up and down the reaches of the Nepean river which flowed over the weir. Occasionally pilots and nurses would gather in the evenings at the weir and as the wine flowed freely, there would be much hilarity as they swung Tarzan and Jane like from a long rope that swung from an overhanging tree over the gently running waters below.



My school chum Tony Buck (he preferred that surname rather than Buckinini which drew jeers of racism at school) would give me a bed at weekends at Double Bay and time would be spent ogling nubile girls at either Redleaf Swimming Baths - right (Now Murray Rose Pool) or Bondi Beach. On Saturday nights I would attend dancing lessons at the Phyllis Bates School of Dancing. It was clear to me that to win a heart (and hopefully once the ground work was laid, so to speak, a body) one had to have more social skills than a beery "show us yer tits". So I learned to dance properly, ball room style. It brought me in immediate contact with a bevy of attractive young women of my age – including as it turned out, my future wife. Boys would sit along one side of the huge floor and girls on the opposite side of the room. When the feisty Miss Bates struck up the music on an old gramophone, boys would advance uncertainly on the best looking girls who in turn practiced their best looks of scorn. One judged the success of the evening by the number of times an offer to waltz was accepted either with marked reluctance by a good looking or, if desperate, by the eager clasping of waists by a flat chested knock kneed flapper. Either way, anything was better than being a wall flower. Booze was not permitted and it therefore took raw courage to cross that no-man's land of open floor to seek a willing female.

During one of my week-ends at Double Bay, I found out that a Hudson was scheduled to operate from Sydney to Dubbo. Dick Cruickshanks was required to position the Hudson from Camden to Sydney, a flight of a mere ten minutes. Although two crew were required for newspaper drops, the Hudson could be flown by one pilot and so I rang Harry Purvis who gave me permission to sit in the copilot's seat for the trip. A bus to Central Station and I hopped on the first train to Camden which took about two hours, and then hitch-hiked from Camden station to Macquarie Grove aerodrome just in time to find Dick pre-flighting the Hudson. It was to be one of my proudest moments almost akin to one's first solo, as I sat in the copilot's seat for the trip with Dick allowing me to operate the flaps, tune the radio frequencies and generally act like a real copilot. After landing on runway 07 at Sydney, I opened the cockpit sliding window and gave an ever so casual wave to the crews of the various airliners that we taxied past. Their equally casual waves back from open windows gave me that wonderful feeling of being "in the club" of aviators. Clearly those aircraft were not pressurized!

When rostered for early morning dispatch duties (starting at 0200), I could either knock off for the day after retrieving the flares and closing the hangar doors or, after a short kip between 0500 and 0700, carry on with my normal hangar duties. This way I could build up spare days off when the extra hours worked were taken into account. I asked permission to fly as a passenger on newspaper runs using my spare hours accrued. Harry Purvis and Doug Swain knew I was keen to be a pilot so the OK was given.

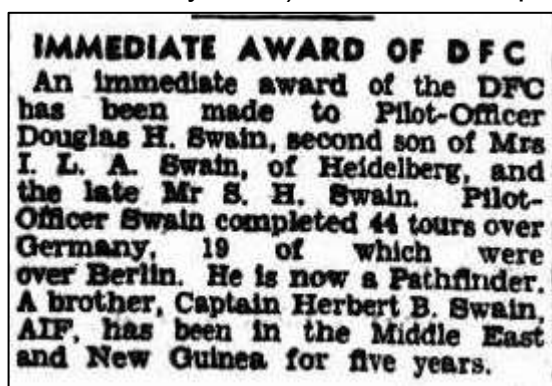
I would help the rostered loader with packing the newspapers into the Dakota and lay the flare-path, then settle down in the cabin for the first leg to Tamworth where the airstrip was part of the local race-course. Standing in the cockpit for take off and landing was an accepted part of the game, mainly because there were no seats and therefore no safety belts. In



turbulence you grabbed whatever part of the aircraft you could find and hung on. A typical morning's flying consisted of off-loading the first bundles to a waiting newsagents vehicle at Tamworth usually around 0600, then a departure over the mountains and dropping bundles at low altitude into fields at Armidale, Glen Innes, Kempsey, Tenterfield, and Grafton with landings at Casino, Evans Head and Coffs Harbour for refuelling or occasional freight pick up. Early morning low cloud meant that some bundles could not be dropped simply because it was too dangerous to come in at ground level in the mist. That being the case, the bundles of newspapers would be off loaded at the next stop and transported by ground.

For the air drops the bundles of newspapers would be loaded on to a tilting chute at the open freight door at the back of the Dakota. On receiving a green light or bell from the captain, the copilot who was down at the back of the fuselage, would heave the bundles overboard with the Dakota flying slowly at 95 knots. It was a technique used in supply dropping during the war, with the despatcher (usually copilot or volunteer ground staff like me) down the back anchored by a cable to stop himself falling overboard in turbulence.

When he was flying the Dakota, Doug Swain (awarded the DFC July 1945) would also drop a single rolled up Sydney Morning Herald to some friendly farmers who lived on country properties among the mountains near Tamworth. He would circle the property house then drop half flap, reduce the airspeed to 95 knots and come in low over the farmer's house. The copilot would slide open the starboard window and on the order from Doug, throw the paper down inside the arc of the starboard propeller. In return, boxes of fruit would be waiting each week at Tamworth aerodrome as a gesture of thanks from the farmer. Back at Camden, Doug would give the apples and oranges to the ground staff. It was a happy arrangement.



Quite often when the copilot was down the back arranging the bundles of newspapers for the drop, the captain would let me fly the aircraft from the right seat and it wasn't long before I came quite adept lowering the flaps, changing the throttle and pitch controls, selecting carburetor heat and keeping the flight plan going. By the time I left the SMHFS I had flown over 120 hours in the Dakota and 20 hours in the Hudson as supernumary crew. During the voyage from England my ambition was to be a professional cricketer. That gradually changed when it was obvious that I would never get above 4th grade standard in the Sydney cricket club of Paddington. After a year at Camden, I saw the pinnacle of success as being a second dickey on a Dak – translated as first officer on a DC3. That moment came four years later on 14th May 1953 at Darwin when as a RAAF Sergeant-Pilot I flew my first trip in RAAF Dakota. The pilot was a former wartime Spitfire pilot Wing Commander Glen Cooper CBE DFC AFC, at the time Commanding Officer of RAAF Base Darwin. While I had not done a formal conversion course on the Dakota in the RAAF I was soon at home with the various cockpit controls after my experiences with the SMHFS. While retaining an interest in cricket over the next few decades, the few times I held a bat in my hands was when facing my fast bowling daughter in the nets at our local Indoor Cricket Arena.

Both Doug Swain and Harry Purvis were check pilots on the Herald's Dakota and Hudson and to reduce costs instrument rating tests were sometimes carried out during newspaper runs. The method of simulating instrument flight in cloud was with two-stage amber screens clipped to the windscreen of the cockpit. The see-through amber coloured screen coupled with blue tinted goggles worn by the pilot meant that he could not see outside due to the optical qualities of the

amber screens and blue goggles. The check pilot who did not wear the goggles had normal vision through the amber screens which in turn acted as a handy sun shade. It was a superb method of cloud simulation and one used by the RAAF for many years.

One of the manoeuvres required of the instrument rating was competence at recovering from steep attitudes with a failed artificial horizon and directional gyro. The early gyroscopic flight instruments had low toppling tolerances and when these vital instruments gave up the ghost at steep angles of bank, the pilot had to recover to level flight using his primary instruments of airspeed, altimeter and turn and balance indicator. This last named was also called the Bat and Ball in reference to its small spirit level and cricket bat shaped gyroscope operated turn indicator. To recover from steep inverted attitudes and spins using these primary flight instruments in cloud or at night with no visible horizon, took considerable flying skill – not evident in today's airline pilots.



It should be remembered that most of the SMHFS captains were former RAAF pilots with considerable wartime operational experience. Doug Swain in particular had won his DFC flying fighter bombers against the Luftwaffe over Europe. He was adept at hurling his Mosquito around the sky avoiding enemy fighters intent on killing him. When training copilots in the Herald aircraft he tended, rightly or wrongly, to throw the Dakota around the sky like a Mossie.

It was during one of these training exercises which took place during the return trip to Camden from Evans Head, that I saw manoeuvres in the Dakota the thought of which makes my hair stand on end decades later. The copilot was Vic Schuback, an aero club trained pilot who had got a job with the SMHFS after being a flying instructor at Bankstown in 1948. Swain had placed the Dakota in steep descending turn on instruments and handed over control to Schuback to test his recovery skills. I hung on like grim death to the metal structure forming part of the hydraulic system panels and managed to snap a quick photo from a Baby Brownie camera that I carried with me. Time dims all memories but this one was etched in film and easily recalled. The photo shows the amber screens clipped in to the windscreen and the surf of the Pacific ocean dashing against a rocky coastline 3000 feet below the aircraft. The nose of the aircraft is at least 50 degrees below the horizon and for a Dakota that is dangerously steep. And the copilot is attempting to recover to level flight without any outside reference to the horizon. I recall getting thoroughly airsick on that occasion.

Why I like retirement!

Question: How many days in a week?

Answer: 6 Saturdays and 1 Sunday.

I think the episode frightened Vic Schuback, too. But he got his instrument rating. Vic was no shrinking violet. A tall man, he was an ex-Australian army soldier who had fought the Japanese in the Pacific islands during the war. One of his jobs was to protect civilian coast-watchers from Japanese forces intent on locating their position. He later became a captain on F27 aircraft of East-West Airlines.



One day at Camden I watched Lockheed Hudson VH-SMK taxi around the corner of the flight huts and park on the tarmac in front of the main hangar. The pilot was my idol Dick Cruickshanks. During the preceding weeks I had decided to learn to fly and bought the various books and maps needed including a Dalton Computer with which to flight plan. What with constant early morning get-ups to dispatch aircraft which left me weary at times, I had little time to study. The computer was still a mystery to me and it would be nice to have some help in this area.

I was sweeping the hangar floor when Cruickshanks and his copilot disembarked from the Hudson, and navigation bags in hand walked towards the hangar offices. Both wore the white flying overalls with pilot wings and gold epaulettes and Dick wore his old Air Force cap. I was dressed in dirty overalls, and wielded a large broom. I thought I might ask Dick if he could one day spare the time to teach me how to work the Dalton computer, which was just a circular slide-rule.

Putting down the broom, I crossed the hangar floor and caught the Hudson crew as they went into the operations office, asking Dick if he could spare time to teach me flight planning using a computer. Now I must admit I looked a bit scruffy along with bleached hair with which I had hoped to win a few hearts at Bondi, but nothing could have prepared me for his reply. He took a



look at my clothes and the long handled broom propped against the hangar wall and something like “Forget it, John – you’ll never make a pilot”. With that, both pilots disappeared into flight operations while I returned red-faced to wielding the dirty great broom. Word got around and somehow Harry Purvis my boss got to hear of this little episode. But more of that later.

On the 31st December, 1949 I was in Sydney during the Christmas break intent on celebrating New Year’s Day with my good friend Tony Buck, ogling nubile young women surfing at Bondi Beach. There was news on the radio that a Lockheed Hudson of the Sydney Morning Herald Flying Services bound for Dubbo, had crashed at Camden shortly after midnight on New Year’s morning 1st January 1950. Both pilots were killed. They were Dick Cruickshanks and his copilot Bruce Purvis, the nephew of Harry Purvis.

There had been light drizzle and nearby thunderstorms when the Hudson took off at 0056 from runway 06. A sole eyewitness saw the lights of the aircraft as it climbed normally and nothing indicated any sudden change in the attitude or direction of the aircraft. Soon after passing the end of the flare path, and at a height estimated to have been between 150 and 200 feet, the aircraft dived steeply into the ground and fire broke out instantaneously.



I caught the first available train back to Camden as soon as I heard the news and hitch-hiked to the crash site just a few hundred yards from the aerodrome. I had seen aircraft crashes during the war and knew what to expect. The wreckage of the Hudson had cooled down in the rain leaving that awful smell of burnt metal. Scattered around the remains of the Hudson were smouldering bundles of newspapers. The whole of the fuselage from the nose to a position aft of the entrance doorway was completely destroyed by fire. The only substantial damage to the tailplane assembly was the lower section of the starboard fin below the tailplane. The registration letters SMK were still visible.

The Accident Investigation Board were unable to determine the reasons for the loss of control, but there were indications that the starboard engine may have failed. This was the second crash of a Hudson. Shortly after the Herald started operations in 1947, two pilots were killed when Hudson VH- SMJ stalled during a trial dropping flight at Muswellbrook. It was discovered that when the copilot was at the rear of the aircraft during the turn toward the drop-zone, the centre of gravity of the Hudson went beyond the aft limit, causing the Hudson to stall. At that low altitude, there was insufficient room to recover.



A few weeks after the crash of VH-SMK at Camden, it was clear that the risks involved with air drops of papers was attracting attention from Sydney Morning Herald management. Two aircraft had been lost in just over two years, and perhaps Harry Purvis foresaw the inevitable time when another crash would see the operation closed down by the Department of Civil Aviation. I was 18 years old with no technical skills and Harry was aware that I had no relatives to go to if the operation closed down. With that in mind, he arranged that I should be transferred to work in the main offices of the Sydney Morning Herald in Hunter Street, Sydney.

I bade a sad farewell to my work mates at Macquarie Grove and with a heavy heart started work as a clerk in the advertising department of the SMH. Despite making new friends among those of my own age at the Herald, I disliked the job and missed the atmosphere of Camden. To make



things worse I was now responsible to find somewhere to live. Tony Buck and his relatives put me up in their spare room for a few days while I scoured the newspapers for bed and breakfast rooms. One middle aged bitter divorcee took me in making it quite clear that she would give me breakfast but no other meals. One day I brought home a bag of potatoes intending to throw them into a pot on her stove. I could not cook, but boiling a few spuds was not beyond me.

A curt reminder that I was not permitted to cook in her house, made me realize that I needed to get away from this cranky old biddy into a place offering full board. By now my spirits were at rock-bottom and I began to miss my long dead mother who had died in England at the young age of 33.

I soon found a more friendly house run by another divorcee with two young children. She was a kindly lady and a magnificent cook supplying a hearty breakfast to another boarder and myself, a takeaway lunch and a lovely variety of hot dinners on my arrival home from work. Things began to look up for me. My wages were low and just enough to cover bed and board with few luxuries. The time had come to look to the future, so I applied to join the Navy Fleet Air Arm as a pilot. I was knocked back without even the chance of an interview. The reason was not given, but I suspect it was because I left school in 4th year without the Intermediate Certificate and with my peroxide surfie hair I probably came across as a little immature.

Meanwhile back at Camden on 12th October 1950, a Dakota VH-SMH, the flagship of the Sydney Morning Herald Flying Services, failed to return to base after a routine newspaper run

to northern NSW. A search located the wreckage of the aircraft which had flown into the side of a hill in cloudy weather near Bungulla, NSW. All aboard were killed.

Then an accident occurred at Camden that shocked even the most hardened of ground staff who had been in the war. One of the cleaners was Tony Pinner, who had migrated from England and who with his family lived in converted married quarters on the airport. His son, Len also worked as a cleaner. Tony was a keen frightfully energetic type of man who loved his job and was always running between tasks. As soon as an aircraft taxied in he would dash in with a pair of chocks to place them in front of the wheels. In fact he took a hell of a risk because the propellers may still be winding down when he put the chocks in place.

Doug Swain had a technique of taxiing the DC3 into the open hangar, then holding one brake on, he would gun the outboard engine and pirouette the aircraft on one wheel until the aircraft had completed a reversal of direction so that it's nose was pointing out of the hangar. Then he would apply the park brake and cut both engines. Looking back in time, I can now see it was quite a risky and unnecessary manoeuvre. I had seen it done many times and the wingtip clearance from the walls of the hangar was sometimes barely six inches.



In this case, Doug had completed the turn on one wheel and after setting the parking brake, he cut both mixture levers to stop the engines. As the sound of the engines died down, Tony Pinner did his usual rush under the wings to insert the chocks. He must have either slipped or for a fraction of a second became disorientated. Either way, he never saw the down going propeller that smashed open his head killing him instantly. It was an accident waiting to happen because clearly it was a risky business turning a DC3 with engines running in such a confined space. Most engineers would have waited until the propellers had stopped rotating before inserting wheel chocks. But poor old Tony was not the brightest of people and he paid the ultimate penalty for rushing in where others feared to tread.

Back in Sydney, I needed money to buy some decent clothes. For the past couple of years I had been wearing my father's hand-me-downs that by now were threadbare. Anyway, his rather flashy houndstooth jacket looked out of place on a teenager. The money came from overtime working till midnight as an assistant to the SMH advertising reps while they drove a car around the city picking up classified advertisements left at certain drop points in the inner city. My driver would screech to a halt somewhere in the city, I would leap out of the car and grab bundles of advertising copy from a drop point. Then back in the car – no safety belts in

those days – and hurtle around corners on two wheels until reaching another pick up point in a back street. Speed at picking up was vital as there were deadlines for publishing a few hours later. Some of the drivers were safe but others were maniacs who should have been picked up by the police patrolling the night streets of the city. The overtime was good but not for my nerves. I gave it six months and went back to mundane clerical work.

I applied for the RAAF. My father wrote to me from all over the world imploring me to forget applying to be a pilot but to accept any job offered in the RAAF. He knew the Service meant security for life and three meals a day, and in any case he was worried about my future and felt guilty about leaving me to cope alone. His letters were a source of great comfort to me and I willingly wrote back with news of my job and aspirations.

I wrote to the Headmaster of my former school in England stating that I wished to be a pilot in the RAAF and could he send me a letter stating that my education there was the equivalent of the NSW Intermediate Certificate.

Now I am certain he would have no idea what that standard was, but he read between the lines that I needed something on paper that looked good. Back came a school crested letter with an impressive Latin motto and words to the effect that I was jolly good lad who excelled at cricket and that he was sorry to see me leave for Australia – and by the way, the education that I had received was well up to the standard of the NSW Intermediate Certificate.



In July 1950 I attended a medical and interview at the RAAF Recruiting Centre at Rushcutter's Bay, a few minutes in the tram from my digs in Double Bay. I passed the medical but not the interview. Fifty years later I received copies of my Service records from the time of the first interview to when I left the RAAF. Comments made by the interviewing officers were: Remarks. Has flown in aircraft dropping Sydney Morning Herald. Aptitude unsuitable. Keen on flying. Young and mature for age. Bright lad. Also: English lad. Cocky little character. Plenty of drive but I doubt if he is as good as he thinks" OUCH! And: Emigrated to Australia 1947. two years cadet Brit Army. Too young for ATC. 150 hours with SMH Flying service – has acted as 2nd pilot at times to relieve 2nd pilot. Bright, keen. Good lad. Will be a bit young.

Needless to say I was knocked back. I wrote to Mr M. Langslow, the Secretary to the Air Board and asked him to give me another chance to make the RAAF my career. He replied maybe and that he would forward my application for further consideration – whatever that meant.

Meanwhile, at my digs where the food flowed lavishly, the lady of the house found herself a new man, so I and the other boarder were asked to move on. I found a bed and breakfast place nearby. I knew that the next RAAF interview, if I got one, would be my last chance to be a pilot.

This called for drastic measures. With the money saved from overtime I lashed out and bought a new suit and tie, new shoes and flying lessons. With my battered Dalton computer, also called a whizz wheel (right) in a paper bag, I caught the train to Bankstown railway station and walked the mile to the aerodrome. I recalled that Harry Purvis had flown an old Fokker Universal named “Southern Cross” with the great “Smithy” and when I saw the name Kingsford Smith Flying School over the door of a run-down wartime building, I felt that was the place to start.



My log book shows that on the 3rd March, 1951, I flew 55 minutes in Tiger Moth VH-BNM under the instruction of one Mr Stan Birtus. A week later, and another dual session; this time with Mr Jan Kingma. Both instructors spoke with heavy Eastern European accents, so thick as to be practically unintelligible when heard through the Gosport Tube, the primitive intercommunication system in Tiger Moths. This didn't look too good as my overtime money was quickly running out and I didn't have a clue what these chaps were trying to teach me. Then came yet another instructor for lesson No 6 on medium turns. He was a cranky bloke with a black moustache. His name was Tas Dalton and he gave me the impression that he was bored witless with instructing. He also rarely spoke during the 35 minutes that we flew. Despite this lack of decent instruction for my hard earned money, my flying in the Herald Flying Service aircraft began to pay off as I gained confidence.

Then on 5th May 1951, I was blessed with a wonderful instructor called Bill Burns, licence No 1524. He was a flight safety officer with Qantas and instructed at weekends to keep his hand in. I believe he had flown Hudsons in New Guinea during the war. Under his patient tutelage I practiced circuits and landings until on May 26th in Tiger Moth VH-AUO, he climbed out of the front seat, disconnected the forward control column, tied the front seat straps securely and sent me off on my first solo. I had flown a total of eight hours dual and at the end of that day 25 minutes solo. Bill Burns then wrote in my log book the treasured words:

“I consider John Laming competent to fly Solo by day on DH82 type aeroplanes. He has been instructed in and found competent to recover from all spins and stalls”.

It was time to have another crack at getting into the RAAF.

That happened a month later when I was called for another interview. One of the interview panel was Squadron Leader Paul Metzler. This time around the comments were more encouraging. English lad. Came to Australia 3 months after leaving school. Herald Flying service. Private Licence – this at weekends. Definitely keen on RAAF. Suitable. And: Bright, alert and mature type. Appears very keen on flying. Yes.

Although I did not know it at the time, Paul Metzler (right) had been a Catalina pilot in the RAAF at the time the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour. He was subsequently shot down by carrier-borne fighters of the Japanese invasion fleet sailing north of Rabaul. After many hours in the water without a life jacket he and his remaining crew were picked up by a Japanese cruiser and eventually sent to Japan as a prisoner of war. On being repatriated after the war, he resumed his RAAF career. I met him again in 2006 in Sydney, where he lives in retirement.



Soon a telegram arrived from Mr Langslow saying would I accept the appointment of Trainee Pilot/Navigator in the RAAF. My bloody oath, I would. Having quickly accepted his kind offer I wondered about this pilot/navigator thing on the telegram. After some thought I decided that to be a pilot you must also be able to navigate and therefore the telegram was just telling me the bleeding obvious. Not so, as I later discovered. What it really meant was that if I failed to make the grade as a pilot, I would be re-mustered as a navigator. I was not good at maths and I would have almost certainly failed a navigator's course. Fortunately it never came to that.

On 1st October 1951 I was among over one hundred other recruits that arrived late in the evening at the RAAF No.1 Flying Training School at Point Cook near Melbourne, Victoria. The Commanding Officer was Paul Metzler who had been on my interview board where I had worn my new suit bought at great expense. We were allotted individual rooms in old wooden buildings and settled down for the night.

Suddenly a group of RAAF officers stormed into our huts, and demanded that we immediately clean our rooms, polish windows and mow the grass outside. I was directed to an old push-mower and ordered to get to work. It was dark outside and as soon as I pushed the mower I realized it was sticky with fresh paint. Within seconds my new suit was ruined. Inside the huts the others quickly realized after the officers had gone that we had been spoofed. The "officers" were in fact trainee pilots from a senior course soon to graduate.

One of our course was a tough Sydney first grade rugby player. He gathered a few like minded chaps and barging into the senior course cadets' quarters, hosed them out of their beds with soda acid fire extinguisher bottles. Honour was satisfied. At roll-call in the morning it was discovered that two of our number had done a bunk during the night. Obviously the events of the night before made them decide that RAAF life was not for them.

About this time, the Korean war was hotting up and aircrew recruiting increased. Previously all training from ab-initio to advanced flying training had taken place at Point Cook. Now the RAAF decided to split future training into three parts. Two former wartime aerodromes at Archerfield near Brisbane and Uranquinty near Wagga Wagga NSW were opened up and in January 1952 my course was posted to No1 Initial Flying Training School at Archerfield to undergo flight grading. Archerfield was a grass field with Mustangs and lots of Tiger Moths. Tucked away in



the cavernous hangars adjacent to the aerodrome were De Havilland Mosquitos fighter-bombers awaiting disposal. Our instructors were all ex wartime pilots some of whom had flown Mustangs in Korea.

Of the original 100 trainee aircrew from all over Australia that had started at Point Cook three months earlier, around 25 were destined to be radio operators - known as Signallers. These went to the School of Radio at Ballarat for training, while the remaining 75 of us were to be graded as pilots or navigators. Each of us was given ten hours of dual instruction in Tiger Moths. The flight commander or CFI would test each trainee at the five and ten hour mark. Those above a certain standard became trainee pilots; the rest were sent to the School of Air Navigation at East Sale, Victoria to train as navigators. The few hours that I had flown on civilian Tiger Moths now paid off and I was lucky enough to do well at flight grading.

After nine more months of training on Tiger Moths and Wirraways, I graduated as a RAAF pilot on 8th December 1952.



There followed 18 enjoyable years in the Service while logging 10,000 flying hours. My last posting was with No 34 (Special Transport) Squadron based at Canberra where for seven years I was a QFI flying Dakota, Convair Metropolitan, Viscount and HS 748 aircraft.

Back at Camden things were not going well for the SMH Flying Services and in May 1952 the operation closed down as far as newspaper deliveries were concerned; the aircraft being chartered out to other operators. Harry Purvis had resigned leaving Doug Swain in the Manager's chair.

Sometime in early 1954 I dropped in to visit Doug Swain, by now behind a desk at the Sydney Morning Herald. Doug had been unable to get another flying position so the Herald helped him

out with a clerical job. I was now 22 years old and feeling very proud of myself in the uniform of a RAAF Sergeant Pilot when I walked into his office – a dingy little room with no natural light. Doug seemed depressed as he listened politely to my rabbiting on about the adventures I was having in the Air Force. It didn't help that I talked incessantly of how I flew Mustangs, Vampires and Lincolns and was even second dicky on a Dak.

In my enthusiasm to show Doug how well I had done after my time at Camden, I lacked the sensitivity to realize how much Doug envied my starting out on an exciting career in the RAAF when he at age 35 had left flying behind for a desk job. At my age he had been flying Mosquitoes at war, winning the Distinguished Flying Cross for bravery in the face of the enemy.

It was time to say farewell and for me to return to the nearby RAAF base at Richmond where I had landed a few days earlier in a Lincoln bomber from Townsville. As we shook hands and parted, Doug mentioned briefly that he hoped to receive DCA approval in the near future to resurrect the newspaper runs again using Hudson VH-SML. If the preliminary operation proved successful the SMH Flying Services would resume full services. I wished him good luck in his venture, as I knew how much he wanted to fly again.



It was the last time I ever saw Doug Swain. A few months later, on the first flight of the new service, Doug and his Hudson disappeared into the cloud covered reaches of Barrington Tops, near Dungog. The date was 14th September 1954. The aircraft was not located until 15 months later. [All three occupants had perished in the crash.](#)

Question: Why don't retirees mind being called Seniors?

Answer: The term comes with a 10% discount.

One of the trips that I did with the VIP squadron at Canberra involved flying the Governor General Lord Casey on a tour of outback Queensland in the Convair 440. We landed at Cloncurry where after an official welcome the Governor General was whisked away into town for a beer or two. On these occasions, we flew the regal pennant from the cockpit window when taxiing in after landing. The Convair was beautifully polished as befitted a VIP transport aircraft and as crew we wore white flying overalls. Very flash were the overalls but useless at night because they reflected off the windscreen making it quite distracting when landing.



With time to spare, I wandered over the tarmac to have a look at a dusty De Havilland Heron that was parked in one corner. It belonged to the Alice Springs operator, Connellan Airways.

The pilot, who was about 60, emerged from the cabin, his bearded face vaguely familiar from my distant past. I recognized his voice as soon as we shook hands. The beard had me tossed though, as he had not worn one when I knew him in my younger days. It was Harry Purvis, my former boss at the SMH Flying services. He looked first at me, then at the silver Convair with its royal pennant fluttering from the cockpit masthead, and with a broad grin said "Well, John – old Dick Cruickshanks was wrong, wasn't he?" He had remembered the time when I was 17 and Dick had told me that I would never make a pilot.

I kept in touch with Harry for several years after that meeting. He retired to Cairns where sadly he died of prostate cancer. I still have his letters. In 2001 I re-visited the aerodrome at Macquarie Grove. The original Sydney Morning Herald hangar was still there, although now full of Cessnas and other light aircraft. To my surprise the offices of Harry Purvis and Doug Swain had changed little and in one dusty corner I even found the tattered remains of an old Hudson load sheet. There was no one around so I slipped it quietly into my pocket.

Up on the hill was the house belonging to the McArthur-Onslow family where Harry had interviewed me in 1948. I was invited in by the present occupants, one of whom had lived there as a child and who remembered Harry Purvis well. After a cup of tea I drove my rented car around the dirt road that ran around the southern perimeter of the aerodrome. Leaving it parked under a tree, I walked down the bush track leading to Camden Weir – the same track that countless memories ago Dick Cruickshanks, Bill Selwyn, Vic Schuback and the other pilots and ground staff and the pretty nurses from the Camden Hospital would trip down on the way for a romp and a swim in the cool waters of the Nepean. I wondered if the silver canoe fashioned from a Spitfire drop tank, had somehow survived the years – but it had long since gone; like the rope swing from the tree that once dangled over the stream.

Returning to my car, I drove away from those happy memories to a sadder place – just half a mile through the aerodrome entrance gate, to the field where Dick Cruickshanks had lost his life when his Hudson crashed on New Year's Day 1950. Standing there I tried to visualize the real cause of the crash. Maybe the artificial horizon had failed; perhaps a forgotten caged gyro, fatal within seconds of lift-off on that dark and rainy night. If the cause was an engine failure, then it would have taken a miracle to survive; given the black night, rising terrain and control difficulties associated with a sudden power loss immediately after take-off. With no flight data recorder in those days, the cause of the Hudson crash will forever remain a mystery.

Rain began to fall as I searched for signs of the accident site. Often years later, pieces of glass and metal can reappear. This time there was nothing and I just wanted to go home. It was time to beat the peak hour traffic and farewell the ghosts of Camden past. Once more in my life I had reached the parting of the ways.

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Sick Parade.

If you know someone who is a bit crook,
let us know so we can give them a shout out..



Len Scrace.

Len underwent open-heart surgery on 22 February 2018 at the Holy Spirit Hospital north of Brisbane. Len turned 80 on the 11th Feb this year and other than his heart problems he seems a man of 22. He was placed in a coma after the operation and brought back on the 28th Feb.

We haven't heard how the op went but we wish him well and look forward to seeing him on Anzac Day

Mal "Bugs" Rose.

For all those who remember or know Mal "Bugsy" Rose, his wife advises that Mal now resides in Mingaletta Nursing Home in Port Macquarie and that she expects his stay there to be permanent?

Don Pollock says: "Bugsy was the loadmaster on A4-231 on its ferry flight from Downsview Toronto Canada to RAAF Base Richmond. A laugh a minute on that and other trips. He had the fantastic ability to "find" things that made life a little easier when operating far from home. We all got quite excited when we got a fire warning light way out over the Pacific. The two aircraft in formation broke away and from a safe distance confirmed that they could not see smoke from our aircraft. According to Bugsy "they would need binoculars to see us from where they are!" He might also recall how we narrowly missed the Oakland Bay Bridge on the early morning take off from Alameda."



Dick Jones says: "Give him my best wishes please. We were at Vung Tau together and I remember his Junkers at Richmond. We met up many times later on ANZAC days and at Bankstown Aerodrome where we both worked at neighbouring establishments.

I think he also was involved in the building of the Schweizer 2-22 and 1-26 gliders in the RAAF Richmond Gliding Club in the 1960s.

Bob StJohn Says: “I have seen Bugs in his "home" and I will see him again. He was fluid with me but then forgot how to get back to his room!! He did say that the price of admission was a six pack of VB and to spread the word though I don’t know how the nursing home would appreciate this.

Ron Raymond

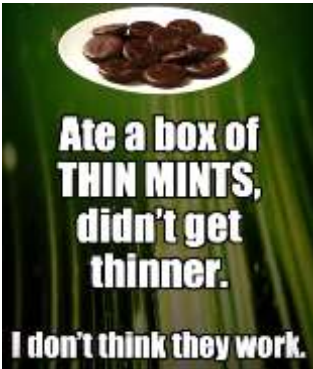
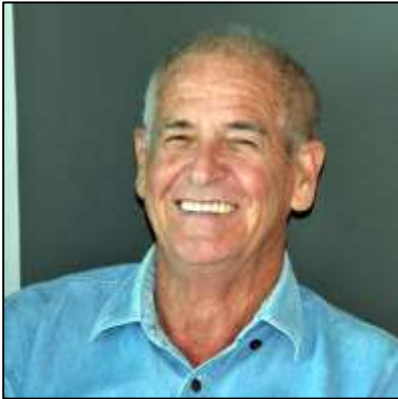
Ron say she’s weathering a bout of kidney cancer and so far he’s on top of it with the help of chemo pills - I’ve been at it for 10 months and, thankfully, the scene has improved some.

All the best Ron – looking forward to seeing on the 25th - tb

Roy Robinson.

Lance Haslewood advises: :I’m sorry to advise those who may know former Warrant Officer Roy Robinson (aircraft metal worker), that he is struggling with cancer and the prognosis is grim. Roy is well-known through the helicopter world having served with 9 Squadron both here and in Vietnam.

Those wanting to pass-on their well wishes or to make enquiries should do so through his wife, Ellie Robinson. Ellie may be contacted via her Facebook page.



Where are they now?



Col Bradford

Kevin Rasmus asks: "I am hoping you are able to help me or refer me. I am looking for Col Bradford (right), an ex ENGO. He was on number [80 Pilot Course](#) in 71/72, regrettably he did not pass. He was at one stage a SENG0 at CFS at RAAF Base East Sale.



I came across Col when he was in charge of apprentices as a civilian at RAAF Base Wagga. Since then I am unaware of his whereabouts. I am organising a reunion of our pilot course and trying to track him down.

Are you able to help as to his whereabouts or any contact details? I have searched White Pages, Facebook, Skype to no avail".

If you can help, let us know and we'll pass on the details to Kevin – tb.

John Jackson.

Greg Purdy asks: "In [Vol 60, Page 5](#), there is an article on a return to Butterworth by John Jackson ex gunny (right). I was wondering if it is the same John Jackson who became a RADTECHG that I served with at BSPEA in mid 1975. Could you please ask him and if it is extend an invite to contact me.



Over to you John – tb

Why do we say something is out of whack? What is a whack?

Stuart Henry Bosanquet.

Pat Johns got in touch, he says: “My father, Stuart Henry Bosanquet was part of the Comms people BOFU Japan, 1947. His photo is on RAAF Radschool Association Magazine – [Vol 39 Page 3](#). I have some questions that I would appreciate being answered if possible, My father never spoke of his time in BCOF and is no longer alive to ask. Can you please tell me whether he would have volunteered for BCOF service or not? What was his job title and role in BCOF and Japan? What unit was he attached to? Where was he stationed? When would he have left for BCOF and returned home? My father never spoke about what he did over there and it would be nice to know

Even information on what it was like to be there and work areas in general would be good I could then know a bit of what it was like for him in that way

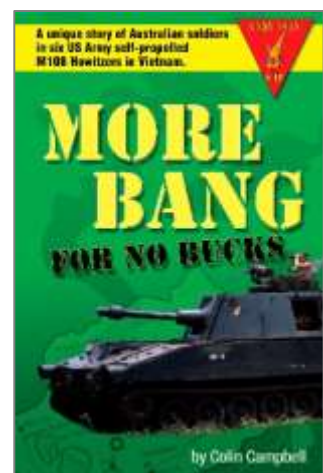
Are there any books you would recommend I read that may assist me?

If you can help, let us know and we'll pass on the details to Pat – tb

Air Force Components in Butterworth and Singapore in the period 1969 – 74

Colin Campbell writes: “I am documenting the history of the ANZUK (Australia, New Zealand and the United Kingdom) Force and its precursor organisations by examining original documents held by the National Archives of all three countries as well as those held by the Australian War Memorial. It is obvious there is much more material than what has been officially released in recent years.

It's been more than forty years since the existence of the ANZUK Force in Singapore. The air component of the force was mainly based at Butterworth with elements at, and detachments to, Tengah in Singapore. The RAAF, RNZAF and the RAF all had units deployed in this period. I wish to establish contact with service people and dependants who served in the area. Personal accounts would add greatly to what would otherwise be a very dry account.



The units include No 3 and No 75 Squadrons, 4 RAAF Hospital, the RAAF Dakota detachment, 478 Maintenance Squadron and the Base Squadron. I would particularly like to contact anyone

who served in the Headquarters of the Integrated Air Defence System in Butterworth, although it was not part of ANZUK.

By way of a reference, I have published an extensively documented history, *More Bang for No Bucks*, the history of a self-propelled Artillery Troop in an Australian Cavalry unit in Vietnam.

My contact details are:

E: colinrcampbell@bigpond.com
M: 0408 442 186
P: P.O. Box 701, MAWSON, ACT, 260

Paul McLaughlin.

Belinda Vedeika says: Hi there, hoping you can help? I'm trying to track down Paul McLaughlin (1AD CMRTF) he is seen in one of the pictures in the Magazine Volume 44. I was wondering if you could anyway point me in the right direction in locating him ?

If you can help, let us know and we'll pass on the info to Belinda – tb.



Butterworth Photo

Rick Smith says: Hi guys, you're doing a great job, keep up the good work. I was wondering if you know the whereabouts of, or do you guys have a copy of, the COMMCEN Butterworth staff photos that were hanging in the traffic hall? I have recently come across a photo taken of the RADTECHS at Butterworth in 1988, but I can't find the photos of the Operators that were taken at the same time.

Just thought I'd put it out there.

If anyone can help, please let us know – tb



Janet Doreen Roy.

We heard from Angela Hirsch, she says: I discovered your page searching for information about my now deceased biological mother, Janet Doreen Roy (164WRAAF RTC) – right.

I found her photo on your site in a group with other ladies.

I am unsure what more you can do for me but I thought I should reach out just in case and see what you have for me. I don't know a lot about my mother, I am starting to look for more records now including my adoption file. Unfortunately, her family had not seen fit to let me know of her passing and I only found out when I started a family tree on ancestry. Ten years after the fact. She died on the 19th March 2007.



She did marry twice, she was Janet Doreen Mavor first then Janet Doreen Henley. She lived in Geelong, then Lara then moved to Tasmania.

I am under the impression she went to Brisbane after training. I am very new at searching the past so if you are able to help in any way to find more information about her service time, it would be very appreciated.

My biological father served with her in Brisbane and now I am trying to find him. She didn't leave me any information to the best of my knowledge although I am going to contact the family.

Thank you
Angela

If anyone has ANY information, please let us know and we'll pass it on - tb

Your say!



*While the Association does not necessary agree or disagree with everything on this page,
we do respect the right of everyone to have their say.*

The 2021 Celebration.

Jimmy Potter says: "For the 2021 celebration why don't you get together an Over The Hill Gang Band, made up of the many many many great guys and girls who were in bands whilst in the RAAF."

One of the best was a band called REBOUND out of Pearce in the early seventies, fronted by a great performer and showman now what was his name again, oh yes Jimmy Potter. Ron Clayton a RAD Tech was one of the guitarists and he still keeps his hand in and is in contact with all the guys. He also had a band called the Jackaroos in Vungtau.



Once again Trev your assistance is much appreciated. See you in Penang maybe?"

Good idea Scotty – we'll toss it up there and see who salutes – tb.

19 RTC.

Robert Jordan got in touch, he says:

“You show a photo of 19 RTC in Vol 5 page 3, possibly Ballarat 1960 or 1961, you have the same photo (below) under course photos with a date of 1961 above it.



Is this the correct course number for this photo? Why I ask is that I was on 19 RTC which commenced at Laverton on the 18th Feb 1963 and finished on the 6th Nov 1963.

Unfortunately, I do not have a photo of the people on this course. We started with 20 Mechs from which they wanted 8 Air Techs and 12 Ground Techs, out of 8 we ended up with 4 and for the Ground Techs it was 7 or 8.

I hope that this info may be some little help, I should imagine as time goes by your job gets harder and harder to try and update photos etc.

Can anyone help here - tb

Donald Trump is walking out of the White House and heading toward his limo, when a possible assassin steps forward and aims a gun. A secret service agent, new on the job, shouts “Mickey Mouse!” This startles the would-be assassin and he is captured. Later, the secret service

agent's supervisor takes him aside and asks, "What in the hell made you shout Mickey Mouse?" Blushing, the agent replies, "I got nervous. I meant to shout "Donald, duck!"

Rob Jordan also says: "In [Vol 45 Page 5](#) you have a photo of 27 Rad Mechs, sent in by Arthur Fry, he states that I was never seen again after Rad School. Just to show I was still around I have attached a short statement of my service history.

BOB JORDAN — Rad Tech A, 11 August 1960 —03 February 1981

Aug 1960	Recruit Training, Rathmines. (Age 17)
Nov 1960	27 Radio Mechanics Course, Ballarat/Laverton
Aug 1961	On completion of Rad Mechs posted to 1AFTS Pearce (Vampire and Dak aircraft)
Feb 1963	Posted to Laver-ton. Completed 19 Rad Tech course as a Rad Tech A.
Nov 1963	On completion of Rad Tech course posted to East Sale (Vampire, Dak, Winjeel aircraft)
Dec 1964	Posted to 78 Wing Butterworth, includes three two month tours of Ubon. (Sabre a/c)
Nov 1966	Promoted to CPL
Jun 1967	Posted to 2FTS Pearce (Vampire, Dak and Macchi aircraft)
May 1969	Promoted to SGT
Feb 1972	Attached to Nellis AFB for F-111 Aircraft and Avionics training.
Jul 1972	Posted into 82 Wing Amberley, Tech Training Flight.
April 1975	Promoted to FSGT
Feb 1976	Posted to 2FTS Pearce (Macchi and Dak aircraft) FSGT in charge of 2ES Radio
Jan 1979	Promoted to WOFF
Jan 1979	Posted to 38Sqn Richmond (Caribou aircraft) WOFF Queer trades.
Feb 1981	Posted to Base Squadron Pearce for discharge.



After my Airforce life I stayed with aircraft and spent the next thirty odd years in the General Aviation Industry, mainly involved with Airborne Geophysical and Photographic Survey Systems.

I am now fully retired, live in Wanneroo a northern suburb of Perth, play two 18 hole rounds of golf a week and am still married to the WRAAF I met at Rad School while on the Rad Tech course back in 1963 — going on 54 years.

Regards and all the best to whoever may read this.

Laverton Quad Radar.

Mike Gaham says The note:

[Laverton Quad Radar](#), Kevin Cragg has sent us some video from the AWM web site which shows the Quad radar at Laverton. He says it's stirring stuff for old RadtechG'. He doesn't know what the gear is in the first part, perhaps it's an aircraft simulator??? Does anyone know?? You can see it here https://youtu.be/C6dof03_rOs

caught my attention. Being one of the old time Quad (GCA) (and the last) instructors from CFS C flight it was a simple task to identify the equipment at the start of the video. It is the target generator we used to "simulate" aircraft on the FPN/36 screen for students. There is a static display of both the FPN/36 and the "simulator" in the foyer of SATC at East Sale – or there was when I last visited.

And,

Bob Carlyon says:

In [Vol 60 at Page 5](#), you show an article about the Quadradar at Laverton which asks the question about the identity of the gear shown in the first part of the video clip. I can tell you that it is the AN/GPN-T2A Quadradar Simulator and I have to say that I don't really believe that the video was taken at Laverton, to me, it looks more like it was taken at Sale where the simulator was an essential part of the equipment required for the training of the GCA Air Traffic Confusers.

Way, way back in 1969, I was the Sergeant i/c ATC Tower at Base Radio, Sale, and that included the Quadradar simulator. I can tell you that it was a real bitch to keep serviceable.

The simulator was an analogue computer and, as the article suggests, it was a target simulator. It was capable of producing two targets, each being controlled by a separate set of controls on the console seen in the video clip. The problem RADTECHs had was getting both sides of the simulator to work at the same time.

Not long after I took over the role of i/c Tower, we were told that our Quadradar simulator was to be sent back to the US for overhaul, and that we would be getting a new one fresh from overhaul. Halleluah ! We would be getting one that actually works !!

Well not really !

When we had sent our old simulator away and received the new one. we found that the new one was worse than the one we had sent away. Bugger ! No matter. We just had to go through the extremely long alignment procedure.

The biggest problem was the alignment of the Stabilized Amplifiers. Now remember this is analogue stuff. We had to make an adjustment of this voltage level and then wait for (I think) five minutes to see if the level drifted more than a few millivolts. If it did, then a very small adjustment of the voltage (a breath of the screwdriver was way too much) had to be made and the wait and watch procedure started over again. If one was extremely lucky, one could adjust two Stabilized Amplifiers in a day - if one was lucky !. There were four amplifiers per side and there were two sides. By the time the last amplifier was adjusted, it was necessary to go back and check the first amplifiers adjusted.



The really neat thing about all this was that we had the BRADO and the SATCO dropping in every five minutes wanting to know the progress. Then there were the ATC GCA instructors, the students, and just about every man and his dog who had anything remotely related to do with GCA drop by to "see how things were going."

Well, things weren't going too good at all, try as we might, we just couldn't get a stable target that turned right when we told it to turn right and left when we told it to turn left. It had a mind of its own.

Eventually, I had to admit to the BRADO that we didn't know how to correct the problem and that we needed the best help the RAAF could provide. We had followed the manuals to the letter and got absolutely nowhere - except extremely frustrated and depressed.

A couple of days later, the Boss advised that the RAAF was flying out from the US, an engineer from the company that manufactured and overhauled the gear. Holy S**t, talk about a reaction! All I had in mind was some bright eyed and bushie tailed genius RAAF trained engineer officer type.

What had I done ? We were about to enter the major league !

About a week later, this elderly (by our standards at the time) gentleman arrived and asked us to go through what we had been doing. This we did. We pulled out the good old and trusted

RAAF manual and started our alignment. As before, this took many days throughout which this Yank sat and just looked at us. Admit and spoke only occasionally with us about nothing. Finally, after working the weekend, we had finished and, "See, the bloody thing is drifting off course and look. When I turn left, it does nothing !!!!!"

"Yes", says this Yank. "You've done everything correct according to the manual; HOWEVER, the adjustment of the Stabilized Amplifiers needs to be more precise."

MORE PRECISE !!!! (you are kidding !)

He suggested that instead of the few millivolts of drift allowed in the manual, we should aim at one maybe two millivolts of drift in the allotted time. Ha !

OK. We did this; however, it now took us about one full day to adjust just the one Stabilized Amplifier - remember that the equipment had eight of these amplifiers. However, after a couple of weeks, we did get them all adjusted as the Yank genius suggested and Yallah ! The bloody thing worked as it was supposed to.



I am confident that this was the only time in the history of this equipment in the RAAF that both sides worked as specified, and it continued to work for another two weeks or more before drift took its toll again. Nevertheless, we maintained one side for the remainder of my time at Sale.

So, your question was "Does anyone know what the gear is ?"

Yep ! I think that I do !

And.

Bob Gardiner says: I think I can claim to be the last GCA Instructor at CFS "C" FLT, and the first GCA Instructor for SATC. I was there at the changeover on 10 May 1981. The equipment is actually the Aircraft Target Generator for the CPN-4 (later MPN-11) a number of which we found in storage at Dubbo in 1980. They were modified by the RADTECHs to operate with the FPN-36 Quadraradar which was used for several years at ESL for Radar and GCA training. FPN-36 operators are living proof of the multi-tasking capabilities of both men and women with both Eyes, both Ears separately, both Hands and a Foot all in concurrent operation.

Laurie Lindsay sent us this:

How good is this ...A combined BBQ & Beer Cooler. This, surely, is Aussie engineering at its very best!



When you're finished barbequing and all the ice has melted, just pull the handle and the fire goes out. OMG ... is this a great country, or what?

Amberley buildings

Gary Ilton got in touch, he says: "Great issue (Vol 60) as always. On [page 5](#) below one of the photos...'we believe these old buildings (above) were once at Amberley – can anyone ID them?'"

This was the old Base Gym up until the mid-2000's, not sure the exact date that it closed. The new gym is up near the new Officers' Mess.

It may have been used for something else when it was first built".??



Telstech Association.

Neil hunter got in touch, he says: "Hello All, it's that time again, to remind you that the RAAF Telstech Association was formed to keep all ex-Telstechs in touch with one another and to advise anything which may be of interest. To successfully keep the association going, it costs money and therefore, I respectfully request your help in this respect. \$10 per year (payable at the end of February), will get you all the information I can gather, and access to the Telstech's web site (If you are connected to the Internet). Your \$10 will help us to pay for our own domain name - www.raaftelstechs.org.au, and for postage to those who aren't connected to the Internet.

If your name in the Telstech list shows a + or a ++, you are a financial member, (+ for one or more years, and ++ for Life Member). Don't forget, that if you are a bit flush with money, \$100 will get you Life Membership of the Association.

Please send your contributions to:

BY POST

Mr. N. F. Miller
RAAF Telstechs Association
P.O. Box 4329
HAWKER ACT 2614

BY ELECTRONIC FUNDS TRANSFER

BSB No. 803205
Acct No. 2060 9660
Acct Name: RAAF Telstechs Association
Acct held at: Defence Bank

Please make cheques and money orders out to the 'RAAF Telstechs Association'. If you are making an electronic funds transfer, don't forget to include your name, so we can keep the records straight.

Don't forget to let me know of any changes in your details, so I can keep the Telstech list up to date".

THE RAM

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



Vol 61

Page 19

I'm not saying let's go kill all the
stupid people....I'm just
saying let's remove all
the warning labels and
let the problem sort
itself out.



your  cards
someecards.com

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News and Reunions!

GEMS Patron.

The Ground Equipment Maintenance Association Inc ([GEMS](#)). advises they are honoured to welcome their first Patron - Air Vice Marshall Warren McDonald, the current Deputy Chief of Air Force.

Warren started his RAAF career some years back as an MT Fitter Apprentice.



2018 Djinnang Association Reunion.

All those who attended the [2017 the reunion](#) have told me they had a great time and as always enjoyed catching up with old mates. The reunions and the ongoing camaraderie is what the Djinnang Association is all about. The next reunion to be held on Saturday 26 May 2018. If you intend to be at the 2018 reunion please contact the webmaster.

The venue for the 2018 will be the Hotel Jen, which is just over the road from the Trans Hotel, where it was held last year. The event will be held in the Parkland rooms 1 and 2 which are on the 5th floor and which includes a wraparound balcony (smoking is permitted in a small area on the balcony). The venue has just been fully renovated, and they changed the name of the venue room after the renovation.



Hotel Jen is located next to the Roma Street Transit Centre. Those flying in can catch the sky train directly from the airport to the Roma St. Transit Centre. A special accommodation deal has been booked in a block of rooms for us. Cost per room per night is \$165 including full buffet breakfast for 1 person, or \$185 per room per night with full buffet breakfast for 2 people. If you don't wish to have breakfast included, \$20 per person can be deducted from that price.

You MUST use this code when booking DJI260518 (which is short for Djinnang Assoc. 26 May 2018) and you MUST phone to book your room between 8.00am and 5pm Monday to Friday in order to get this deal. Phone number for the Hotel is 07 3238 2222 and ask for Reservations. If you call on a weekend you will not get through to the actual Hotel, and they will not know about the special deal we have.

We are being offered a discounted parking rate of \$36 per day at the Hotel if you are staying there (subject to availability). Alternatively, if you only want to book parking for the duration of the reunion, going online at secureparking.com.au and booking ahead will only cost about \$11 at the Roma Transit Centre secure parking carpark (151 Roma Street). The Hotel has its own Secure Parking carpark, but this is more expensive apparently.

- There are no stairs at this venue and toilets are located on the same level.
- Patrons will be entitled to 1 free drink and platters of food will be served throughout the afternoon.
- A coffee/tea station will be set up at no cost to patrons.
- Dinner is available downstairs in their restaurant if required.
- The cover charge unfortunately has again risen this year. \$30 for non-perpetual members and \$20 for perpetual members. This is necessary in order for us to attempt to cover our costs, unlike previous years.

Looking forward to seeing you all there on the night.

Don't forget to put your name on the Djinnang website so that your mates will know to come. [Click Here!](#)

Gail McDermott
(Secretary, Djinnang Association)

ANZAC Day in Scotland.

If you're an Oz or a Kiwi and you'll be in Scotland during ANZAC Day this year, and you'd like to attend the very first Dawn Service to be held in Scotland, get in touch with Scotty Potter. You can email him [HERE](#).



Scotty is working with the Royal British Legion Scotland, (like our RSL) which will hold the service at the Scottish National War Memorial, Edinburgh Castle.

If you'll be there this year, you will be most welcome.

TELSTECHs.

The TELSTECHs Association Committee has again decided to hold a “Get Together” on the evening previous to the Djinnang Reunion - this year it will Fri, 25th May 2018.

The last 2 TELSTECH Reunions were a huge success, so this year’s function will again be held along the same lines as last year. It will be held at the Hotel Jen, 159 Roma St, Brisbane.



We have booked a dedicated area and as we won’t be requiring money up front, we do require numbers. If you

are attending please let the Committee known, the contact details are:

Mobile: 0419 805 282
Email: nippermc@hotmail.com

Australian Army Rifle Company Butterworth (RCB).

A case for recognition during the 2nd Malaysian Emergency.

Following the Australian Governments’ failure to agree to the RCB Review Group’s legitimate claim for recognition of their service 1970-1989 as warlike, the Group intends to take further action to secure an independent judicial enquiry.

All RCB persons who served at that time are encouraged to support the RCB Review Group.

See [HERE](#)



RAAF Butterworth 60th Anniv Reunion.

The month of June is also the 60th anniversary of the Royal Malaysian Air Force (2 Jun 1958) and this celebration at Butterworth is the finale of those events. Whilst the RAF handed over in 1955 on a free loan, it was not formally operational by the RAAF until the completion of work by 2 Airfield Construction Squadron (2ACS) (accompanied by 478 Maintenance Squadron) which arrived on 12 Sep 1957 and completed work in May 1958. The RAAF formally took control on 30 Jun 1958 with No. 114 Mobile Control and Reporting unit, No 78 Wing (Sabre fighters) and No 2 Squadron (Canberra bombers) being deployed.



We have proposed the last week in June to both Defence Ministers of Australia and Malaysia who wish to attend, but we have not received any confirmation at this time. There are many events under planning but it is a bit premature to discuss with you now until confirmed. But there will be a formal parade, a fly over, organised tours of UNESCO Penang and other landmarks (Hong Kong Bar) and a gala ball.

Finally, I just want to emphasise that the dates are not confirmed as are details of events.

P.S. You should be a M-ADAA member! Please register at our web page www.m-adaa.org

LTCOL Nic Weston | SO1 M-ADAA
Malaysia Australia Defence Alumni Association (M-ADAA)
SO1@m-adaa.org
Office +60 (3) 2146 5571
Mobile +60 (12) 6229511

Penang Reunion.

Jimmy "Scotty" Potter got in touch, he says: "Morning gents from a bloody cold, but blue skies in Scotland. As you will all be aware there is an upcoming event in the planning stages in Penang

in June. This might be of interest to any attendees who would like to make their money go a bit further. Was hoping that you (all) would be kind enough to circulate the interest of the Bayview Hotel (Old Merlin) in Penang and the Bayview Resort Hotel in Batu Feringhi to attract visitors for this event to stay with them.

Initially, and fairly quickly, an idea of numbers and rooms would be a good place to start, to negotiate best possible rates. As I have now retired I am happy to assist with co-ordination of this initial phase, if it would be of benefit. Or I have included the email address of the contact if anyone would like to go direct. I think we could negotiate a better rate if do a bulk booking.



Contact at Bayview hotel is casey.k@bayviewhotels.com Casey Caruna Director of Sales.

I will also be arriving in Penang to get better acclimatised than I did last year, 12th of June, so if anyone is arranging meet and greets, or any other events and I can provide any on the ground support please let them know that I am a resource at their disposal.

If anyone can let me have email contacts for any other associations, clubs or other services that might be interested in attending and might be interested in saving money please feel free to forward them this email and copy me in, thanks.

Retirement gives me too much free time, so help me fill my days.

Look forward to hearing from you and being whatever assistance I can.

Jimmy Potter.

11 Sqn 68, 2 Sqn 69, 3 Sqn 72.

Congratulations to the educators who may have found a cure for dyslexia.
That's music to my arse.

Honour Our Fallen Ltd - ABN Pending.

Honour Our Fallen is a newly raised not-for-profit organisation (registration pending) formed to honour and preserve the memory of those deceased military personnel, buried in Australia, who served our Nation in all conflicts and theatres since the Boer War.

In partnership with local Schools, who will research and locate ex-Service personnel graves in local cemeteries, in any area and thereafter, on each Anzac Day beginning in 2018, place an Australian flag on each gravesite or memorial plaque (see [HERE](#)).

We request all veteran groups, historical, community, ex-Service associations and schools through member newsletters, and individual

families and friends of deceased veterans, to all complete a simple "Flag Request" form to assist us in our research and commemorative activities.



Honour Our Fallen was launched on Remembrance Day, 11th November 2017, through media announcements and via correspondence to a number of Government authorities requesting their assistance, with positive results to date. The program will allow us to implement our plans in concert with the 100th Anniversary of the end of World War 1.

Commemoration will include Army, Navy, Air Force, Nursing Corps, Women's Services, Merchant Seamen and Peacekeeping personnel from all conflicts dating back to the Boer War. Honour Our Fallen's mission is to perpetuate the memory of all deceased veterans and to build pride in our community, particularly our youth, in the virtues of service to our Nation and respect for those who died protecting our freedom and way of life. This in turn should lead to greater recognition and respect for those presently serving in uniform.

Go to honourourfallen.com, pre ANZAC Day 2018, complete a Flag Request form and press submit. We do the rest.

Rick McCarthy OAM
Director
Honour Our Fallen

Postal Address: PO Box 2123 BOWRAL NSW 2576
E-mail: info@honourourfallen.com.au
Website: www.honourourfallen.com

I talked to a to a homeless man this morning and asked him how he ended up this way. He said, "Up until last week, I still had it all. I had plenty to eat, my clothes were washed and pressed, I had a roof over my head, I had TV and Internet, and I went to the gym, the pool and the library. I was working on my MBA on-line. I had no bills and no debt. I even had full medical coverage." I felt sorry for him, so I asked, "What happened? Drugs? Alcohol? Divorce?" "Oh no, nothing like that," he said. "No, no.. I was paroled."

50 Years of the P-3

Planning is underway to celebrate 50 years of the P-3 in Australia and to co-ordinate this we have setup a website to capture as wide an audience as possible.

The address is <https://50yearsofP3orions.eventsmart.com> and it works on DRN too (may need to open it in Chrome). It has some very limited information at this stage, however there is a survey so that you can register interest and keep up to date with what's happening. Feel free to forward this email to anyone outside of the distribution list that you think would be interested as well.

(The DRN is the Defence Restricted Network, the ADF's Intranet.)

In the next few days we will have an email address so that everyone can ask questions and help contribute; this will be published on the website. Until this is setup please contact me or [SQNLDR Benn Carroll](#) if you have any immediate concerns.

Thanks,

Michael Hawkins
FLT LT
Crew 4 10 SQN
RAAF Edinburgh
Edinburgh SA 5111

The Australian
Defence Force is
the only
organisation I
know that teaches
teenagers to kill,
fly sophisticated
aircraft then make
their bed.



38 Sqn Anniversary.

All past and current members of 38 Sqn are invited to what could be the Squadron's final hurrah. An anniversary bash will be held at the Base at Townsville in September. Details below:



38 Squadron's 75th Anniversary

This is an invitation to all past and present 38SQN members and friends to celebrate the 75th birthday of 38SQN, the RAAF's longest continuously operating Squadron.

- Venue: 38SQN, RAAF Base Townsville
- 14 Sep 18: 38SQN Association AGM
Welcoming Drinks
- 15 Sep 18: Base Family Day
Hudson, Dakota, Caribou and King Air Display
Cocktail Party (formal dress)
- 16 Sep 18: Farewell at The Quarter Deck

Please send your interest to
38sqn.Anniversary@defence.gov.au

Click [HERE](#) to see an excellent video produced in about 1963 by the ABC on RAAF Townsville.

2018 East Sale Reunion.

The 2018 East Sale Reunion will be held in South Australia, details below:



2018 EAST SALE REUNION

Adelaide

Venue: Vine Inn Barossa
14 – 22 Murray St,
Nuriootpa SA 5352

vineinn.com.au/dining-vine-inn-barossa/



Friday 19th October to Sunday 21st October 2018

Friday 19th October.

Meet, Greet and Welcome on Friday afternoon / evening for those who arrive on Friday. To be held at Vine Inn. Finger food at 7pm. Drinks at own expense

Saturday 20th October.

- Daytime Activities: Take a Wine Tour??? Look around local area.???? Up to individual.
- Reunion Dinner Saturday night Venue 7pm. Main gathering at Vine Inn. (Please let us know if you would require a la carte??? Or set menu ????? or special Meals???? • We must know by end August).
- Drinks at Own expense.

Sunday 21st October.

Farewell Breakfast Sunday morning at the Venue TBA.

Accommodation

- There are Cabins available at Barossa Tourist Park, Contact Email: info@barossaturistpark.com.au www.barossaturistpark.com.au.
- Motel accommodation reservations@vineinn.com.au www.vineinn.com.au
Phone 1800 088 167 Toll free. 4 Star. Functions to be held here.

Motel accommodation Vine Court two bedroom deluxe self-contained apartment.
Booking same as above.

- The cabins at the tourist park have just been refurbished and look quite neat.
- There are plenty of caravan sites available.
- Airport pick-up, must know who intends to fly in, could be cheaper to hire car?

If you have any questions, please contact:
Ian Shaughnessy Email: bprince1@internode.on.net
Mob: 0429 094 274