



Vol 72

Jan 2021

[Privacy Policy](#) | [Editorial Policy](#) | [Profit Policy](#) | [Join the Association](#) | [List of Members](#) | [Contact us](#) | [Index](#) | [Links](#)
[Merchandise](#) | [Print this page](#)

New Menu







We've made some changes to the menu system, now you can find a topic, click it and it will open the info for which you're looking. Hopefully, this will make it a lot easier to read. After you've finished one topic and you want to return here, just click the "close tab" button (X) on the tab at the top of your page.





You can still read the whole Magazine the old way, see at the bottom of the page.

Contents.

Topic	Link
In Memory of:	Page 2.
Advertisers:	Jaycar. Kedron Wavell Services Club.
Aircraft:	CAC Kangaroo. Canberras firing up at Amberley. Caribou's last hurrah. Coming of the Canberra. Last Herc from Vietnam. Sweden saves the SR-71.
Arthur Fry:	3 AD Amberley.
	Ad shortcuts to the Start menu. Adobe Flash is dead.



Computer Information:	Cut and paste in Windows PC. Delete bulk Gmail messages. Empty the Clipboard. Enable Clipboard history. Google Photos to lose its unlimited free storage. Make phone calls from a Windows 10 PC. MS Outlook on line file view. QR Codes: A guide. Make your own. Scams. Types. Windows file recovery tool. Windows Process Explorer.	
Courses:	WRAAF course 143. WRAAF Course 146.	
DFRDB	October 2020 update.	
DVA Issues:	Additional Corona Virus support payment. Community grants - apply now. Funeral benefit equality on hold. RAP (Rehabilitation Appliance Program) program. TPI rent assistance - WEF 1 July 2021. TPI Review response.	
General:	Among the quick and the dead - East Timor 1975. Army at a glance. Australia's "obsolete" sub fleet. Christmas in Vietnam. "Cold blooded murder" - Minister Reynolds. Elec vehicle battery life. Fuses - how they work. Help a mate. Is our sense of humour gone? Luke Worsley - a tribute. Mandrake at Richmond. New Combis for the RAAF. Operation Tropic Snow. RAAF Vietnam Lunch Club. Release from a Japanese POW camp. The Butterworth bus. Toilet that sank U-1206. Why do we kiss? WRAAFs camping on the Murrumbidgee. WRAAFs on the beach. WRAAF hippy night, E Sale, 1970.	 
Health:	Aging - what to expect. Can a tea towel poison you? Electric tooth-brushes, are they any good? Exercise - why it's important. High blood pressure and age. Masturbation - is it good for you? Pancreatic cancer. Thermometres - know the difference. Why do we gain weight as we age?	
John Laming:	It wouldn't happen these days. Joe Ziskovsky and his B-26. Mustang stories: A ferry flight. A short landing. My first flight in one. My friend George - the Stuka pilot.	
My Story:	Ken Hay - 9 Sqn history in Vietnam.	
Page 3 Girl:	Jeanette Partridge.	
People:	9 Sqn Gunnies - Vung Tau.	

People I meet:	Van Pham.	
Reports:	Afghanistan - Allan Essery. Brereton report critique - John Clarkson. Disabled in our service - TPI Federation. Reflections from both sides of the fence - Andrew Hastie. What the bloody Halal is going on in he Army? - Charlie Lynn.	
Reunions:	3 Sqn Association - Caloundra. 16 Appy 50th anniversary. All Appy reunion - Werribee. Magpie 91 anniversary memorial.	
Scootaville:	Details of the event. Update.	
Units, Squadrons and Bases:	9 Sqn farewell from Vung Tau. Amberley - from the start. Cleaning up at Point Cook. Fairbarin as she used to be. On Parade - E Sale 1968. Point Cook WRAAF quarters. WRAAFs at E Sale 1969. WRAAFs at E Sale 1970. WRAAFs at Point Cook - 1964. WRAAF's Christmas party - Richmond 1962.	
Video:	Bullshit explained. Conversion to the Canberra. Eggs in the safe. Grandpop and Viagra. Heston Russell interview. Muslims on a plane. Regular bladder emptying is good for you. Sweden saves the SR-71. Why things have gone wrong. XXX	
Where are they now:	Page 19	

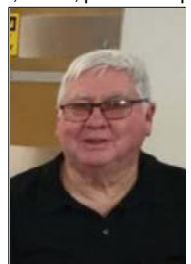
Cry with someone. It's more healing than crying alone.

Scotaville.

Scotaville is now only 5 months away, those who have nominated are looking forward to the trip of a life time. If you haven't nominated, you'd better hurry, there is only a couple of slots available. Click the icon at right to access the nomination form.



Later this month we'll send all those involved a form to fill in, this will ask for your 'dimensions' so we can order your clothing and helmet. This will also be when you'll have to pay for your trip. We still don't have a final figure, still waiting on final insurance costs but it will be close to the suggested figures of £750 for riders and £175 for supporters and hanger ons. These costs will include, for the rider, riding jacket, helmet, gloves, insurance, t-shirt, peaked cap, entrance into several tourist events and some morning teas. For the supporter, t-shirt, peaked cap, insurance, entrance into some events and some morning teas. Kedron Wavell RSL Sub-branch have offered considerable support, they are sending along one of their buses, a ute and their their 'Chuck-wagon' which will be used to provide your breakfast every day as well as some lunches and 'snacks' along the way. John Lunn (right), ex Air Force framie and member of the Sub-branch, has 'volunteered' to man the Chuck-wagon and will be our bait layer for the trip. Evening meals will be at an individual person's costs as these will be provided by some community clubs, (Lions, Rotary, Citizens etc and in some Service Clubs.) We must thank Woolworths and IGA stores up the track for their generous support in providing food for our breakfasts and refreshment stops.



We must also thank the many Councils along the way, all of which have opened their showgrounds for us and will allow us to overnight in their pavilions free of charge. The only requirement is we leave the buildings in the same condition in which we find them, in other words, do a panic before we leave. It's wonderful that all, Woolies, IGA and local councils, are sympathetic to and will go out of their way to help a bunch of old Vets.

We had a set back recently with the scooters. The firm that imports the Peugeot scooter and which back in September promised us access to the

scooters with the offer to pay for them after the event sent us an email on New Year's Eve (great timing) reneging on that offer and advising we would have to pay for them first. We've tried to ring them a few times but they are now not answering the phone or leave us a message offering to ring back - which they never do. Seems they have no interest in helping a bunch of ADF vets - what does that tell you?

So that firm and Peugeot are no longer involved.

We've since had talks with another importer and should have some good news in the next few days.

We've also had talks with media firm "This Story". This Story (www.thisstory.com.au) specialises in capturing and preserving on video the significant moments of Australia's history as told by those who experienced it first-hand. They preserve the personal stories of veterans who served during the following conflicts:

- World war 2 (1939-1945)
- Korean War (1950-1953)
- Malayan Emergency (1950-1960)
- Borneo Confrontation (1963-1966)
- Vietnam War (1965-1973)



"This Story" has offered to capture the Scootville event by producing a 44 minute documentary of the event which, it is hoped, will be shown on one of the TV channels. They have also advised they would like to interview one or more of our riders and preserve their story.

We must also thank [Phillips Group](#), a PR firm based in Brisbane, which has offered to help with publicity and we'll get started on that shortly.

Start area.

Initially we did plan to head off on a Monday morning from the car park at the Kedron Wavell Service's Club but Qld Police advised that could be dangerous, having a bunch of old buggers on small scooters mixing it with Brisbane's early morning traffic is nothing but a sure recipe for disaster, so they suggested we move the departure forward a day, to Sunday (13 June) and leave from a point out west and instead of heading to Kilcoy via Old Gympie Rd and Caboolture, we instead go around the 'back' way, via Rosewood, the dams, through Esk onto Kilcoy. We've asked the RAAF for permission to leave from the car park at RAAF Amberley and although we haven't yet got the nod, we don't expect there will be a problem.

Breakfast will be served that morning but more on that soon.

Costco Offer.

Costco was founded in an old hangar in San Diego in the USA in 1976. It started life as the "Price Club" and offered items to small businesses at a reduced price. It soon found by including non-business customers, its clientele increased greatly which meant it could buy more and buying more meant buying for less which meant it could sell for less which made it more attractive to buyers who bought more which meant buying more etc etc.

Its operating philosophy has been simple. Keep costs down and pass the savings on to its members. Since becoming Costco in 1997, the company has grown worldwide with total sales in recent fiscal years exceeding \$64 billion.

Its warehouses carry about 4,000 SKUs (stock keeping units) compared to the 30,000 found at most supermarkets. By carefully choosing products based on quality, price, brand and features, the company can offer the best value to members.



Costco opened its first Australian store in Melbourne in 2009 and now has 12 stores through all states of Australia, except for Tasmania and the NT.

Costco is very conscious of the hardship and dedication of the Australian service men and women and recently put a deal together for the benefit of members of the Radschool Association.

[Go HERE](#) for the deal.

Charity Classification.

Early in 2019 our Association was classified as a Charitable Organisation - see [HERE](#). This doesn't mean that donations to the Association are Tax deductible, yet, but we've applied for that and will advise if and when it occurs.

We are registered with the Australian Charities and Not-for-profits Commission (ACNC) which is the national regulator of charities. Their web-site is [HERE](#). Being a Charitable Organisation, we don't pay tax. We've also applied to become an incorporated body. Qld Justice Dept initially knocked us back as our name (RAAF Radschool Association) includes the initials RAAF which are prohibited under the Defence Act. We've requested permission for their use from the RAAF, have been told approval has been recommended and are now just waiting on receiving written approval. Once we get that Qld Justice will issue the incorporation.

We have to submit a report to the ACNC each year, ours is due 31 January 2021. It will be done today.

The Association's [Balance Sheet](#) and [Profit and Loss](#) are available here. If you want an explanation on any item, just email us via the "Contact Us" link above.

Funds.

When the fan was smeared on New year's Eve we were a bit lost about which way to go and without the generous support offered by an alternative we thought we'd have to raise funds to buy the scooters first. Hence - we've opened a "Go Fund Me" page which you'll find [HERE](#). There's an old saying "A bird in the hand...." if you can help, please do, we don't anticipate any more problems but you never know. We have to pay for the scooters some time, the earlier the better.



If you'd rather just transfer funds to us, instead of using GoFundMe, you can use the facilities below.

100th Anniversary of the RAAF celebration.

Covid 19 has played havoc with the RAAF's anniversary plans. What a shame, it is a major milestone, being the second oldest Air Force on our planet and should have been celebrated high and low around the country.

Unfortunately, the RAAF has now had to wind down all their physical plans and instead revert to digital events. They have a web site (see here <https://airforce2021.airforce.gov.au/>) which will give you some history, will show you what is now planned and also includes a link to their 'shop' where you can buy some great merchandise.



The virus has forced us to cancel our planned visit to Canberra for ANZAC Day. The ACT Government has banned all mass get togethers until the end of the year so that kills our planned event too.

RAM thought for the day.

When you talk, you are only repeating what you already know. But if you listen, you may learn something new.

Buying a new car?

If you're a Radschool member and contemplating buying a new car, we could save you thousands. The Radschool Association has done a deal with Australia's biggest car brokers whereby you can purchase a car (your choice of make, colour, specs etc) at fleet discount prices.

One of our blokes made use of this facility recently and bought a Toyota Rav4 and saved thousands. You can too!

To see further details, go to the Radschool Assoc home page ([HERE](#)) then click on "New Car Purchase".

Discounts.

Current financial members can now receive a 12% discount on the base rate of the day when hiring a car from Thrifty. If you're thinking of hiring a car or an SUV or a people mover, this could save you heaps. If you're a member, send us an email [HERE](#) and we'll send you the promo code.



Membership.

We've hope to sign off on paid membership by the 30 June 2021 so you can now join for free, Free membership is available. If you wish you can still make a donation when joining, though it is voluntary.

To join, fill in the form below.

First Name:		
Surname:		
Phone:		
Email address:		
Membership type:		Select one ▼
Your State:		Select one ▼
Sum transferred:		
Comments:		
Submit		Reset

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.

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

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.

Thankfully, Ken Morris, who lives over in the West, proof reads our print before it goes public and points out our many errors, not a lot escapes him I can tell you!

Thanks Ken.

You can download the full magazine in PDF format [HERE](#).
It is a very large file, contains 276 pages and will take a while to download.

The margins have been set so you can print on both sides of the page.

00001

[Main Menu](#) [Forward](#)



IN MEMORY OF



Neil Handsley.

Blue Farrell advises "It is with great sorrow that I notify the passing of Neil Handsley on Monday 19 Oct. Neil was an inaugural member of 3 Sqn RAAF Association QLD and was President prior to Jim Hall taking over. In fact, Neil almost single handedly ran the Qld chapter of the Assoc and often paid for the expenses out of his own pocket to keep things running.

I did not have much to do with Neil during my time as a member of the Association but I remember him as a Corporal Instructor at RAAF WAGGA in the early 60s. I hazily remember a couple of instances at that time.





First: When the time came to change into the Summer Drabs. Neil always stood out. One could always tell when someone had been overseas because they always wore material trousers, when at the time only Officers were issued with material summer uniforms, however Neil went one step further. Neil had acquired, somehow, the American Grey Uniform (the light grey uniform you sometimes see in the movies) and used to wear it much to the dismay of the Officers at Wagga. They could not do anything about it.

The other: At that time you could only break your contract with the RAAF either by doing 20 years or by producing a receipt that you had nominated and paid dues to run for Parliament. However, Neil had applied for and achieved a position with the Department of Civil Aviation with something to do with investigation of Aircraft accidents and Air Safety - hence he then applied for discharge. It (from a hazy memory) caused quite a stir at Wagga at the time - how could a Corporal Engine Fitter qualify for such a position many of the Officers asked. Neil got his discharge, went with the Department and the rest is history.



Neil's funeral, which was conducted by George Hartnett Metropolitan Funerals, was held at the Redcliffe Uniting Church on Friday the 30th October, 2020.





As Neil was taken from the church to his final resting place, his RAAF mates formed a guard of honour.



Click [HERE](#) to see the video of the service.

Dick Granger.

Col Coyne says :it is with the greatest regret I advise former 37SQN C-130E FE Dick Granger passed away on Saturday the 17th October at 0100hrs. Prior to Hercs, Dick was a loady on the Caribou. He became unwell on the Thursday evening and was admitted to hospital on the Friday (16 Oct). The committee and members for the No. 37 Squadron (RAAF) Association extend our sincere condolences to Dicky's wife, Lesley.



Dick's funeral was held on the 23rd October in Green Point, NSW. Rest in peace, our 'Boiler Attendant', you will be remembered cobber."

Ken Wilkins.

Noel Hadfield advises the passing of Ken Wilkins (WGCDR Ret'd) who died on Sunday 25th October. He had been cared for in the acute care Cabrini Hospital in Malvern, Vic. Ken was CO RAAF Frogall 1977 78, 79, and therefore known to 20 through 24 Courses.



Terry Houston.

Brent (Spook) Villiers advises the sad news that Terry Houston passed away on Saturday 31st October, having finally succumbed to prostate and the other secondary cancers. Terry had fought a long, hard and good fight for 21 years and through it all maintained his great sense of humour.

He started with 12 RMT on 22 May 1967 and graduated in August 1968 as a Radtech Air. He spent many years on the F-111 before being posted to Radschool as an instructor. He was commissioned in the mid 80's and won a HQSC posting raffle for successfully completing the knife and fork course. A return posting to Radschool saw him as the OIC Trade Apprentices. A great and true mate, he will be sadly missed by many.



Jason Page.

Jason's wife Anne advises that on the 20th November, 2020, as she and Jason were preparing to leave Calvary Hospital after sinus surgery, Jason collapsed and despite the best efforts of the ICU staff he was unable to be revived. Anne says she lost her best friend, her husband of almost 40 years and father of their 5 children whom he loved and was proud of. He was also Pop to their 4 precious grandchildren who had him wrapped around their fingers. He welcomed our sons in law as sons and loved them as his own.

He loved Jesus with a passion and even in the 25 hours in hospital had a Huge impact on many people. We look forward to the time we will be together again praising our saviour and God. Please pray for the family as we navigate through these next few weeks.

Barry Gracie.

John Griffiths advises the passing of Barry Gracie. Barry was an LAC Airframe Fitter when he served with RAAF Transport Flight Vietnam from the 20th July, 1964 to the 26th February, 1965. He returned to Vietnam and served with the unit again (now as 35 Sqn) as a Cpl Loady from the 16th April, 1968 to the 19th March, 1969. For his service with 35 Squadron during this time, Corporal Barry Thomas Gracie was honoured by the award of the Distinguished Flying Medal (DFM). This award was promulgated in the Commonwealth of Australia Gazette of 16 October, 1969 and the London Gazette of 24 October.





Barry died peacefully on the 4th December 2020 after which there was a memorial Service at Allen Drew Funeral Home in Castle Hill NSW on the 12th December, which was attended by Parramatta RSL Club where military respects were give on behalf of the RSL.

Lee Tate.

Kerry Harrington, with great sadness, advises the passing of a fellow communicator and friend Lee Tate. Lee passed away in Perth on the 22nd December 2020 after a short illness. Lee served as a Telegraphist in Darwin and Penrith, he was later posted to 3TU, Pearce WA where he converted to SIGSOP. A private funeral was held for Lee at Simplicity Funerals, 138 Third Ave, Kelmscott on Monday 4th Jan





This page left blank.

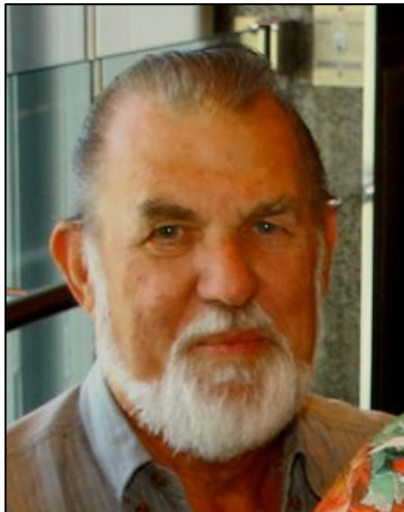
Page 3 Girl.

Jeanette Partridge (nee Bishop)

Jeanette, now known as Jan, was born in Sydney, as the third of identical triple girls. She and her sisters modelled kids and school clothes for a number of Sydney stores including David Jones, Mark Foys, Anthony Hordens and also Velvet Soap until about age 6 when the family moved to Bowral where her father was manager of Bowral Bowls Club. From there they moved to Tahmoor and attended Tahmoor Public School and later Picton High School.

In 1963 they moved to Tathra as her father had a lease on the Tathra Hotel from 1963 to 1971. She remembers that as a very interesting time, working behind a Bar at age 15.

In 1968 after wooing and marrying Geoff Partridge, she moved to Adelaide as Geoff was stationed at Edinburgh. In 1972, Geoff was posted to Williamstown and they moved into a home in Raymond Terrace.



In 1974 they were lucky enough to be posted to RAAF Butterworth Malaysia for 2½ years and lived on Penang Island. While there Jan worked as a teachers aide at The RAAF Annexe and in the library at the RAAF High School.

On return to Australia they were posted back to Williamstown and lived again at Raymond Terrace and Jan got a job as a domestic at St Joseph's Nursing Home at Sandgate until they won a second posting to Butterworth in 1982 for a further 2 ½ years. This time they took the time to travel to Singapore and Thailand.

On returning this time we were posted to Richmond and Jan worked as a kitchen hand at Richmond Ex-Services club until Geoff retired from the Air Force in 1986.

After discharge, they moved back to the Williamstown area and purchased a home at Nelson Bay where Jan worked at The Salamander Hotel Motel as a kitchen hand and then the same at Nelson Bay RSL until changing to a teacher's aide at 3 Bays Preschool.





The Bishop triplets – at age 6

In 1992 they rented their house out and hit the road in their Caravan to do a coastal trip around Australia which turned into 21 years on the road, so there is not much of Australia that they have not seen.

In 2013 they decided to settle down and purchased a home in Banora Point, just south of Tweed Heads in NSW. Jan is now a volunteer at the Tweed Heads and Coolangatta RSL Sub Branch which involves visiting Nursing Homes and organising a drop in morning tea at the Sub Branch rooms on a Thursday.

She is also a volunteer at The Australia Down Under Air Show at Avalon in Victoria every 2 years and have completed 6 Airshows.

In the last few years they have enjoyed some overseas trips and have visited New Zealand, British Isles, most of Europe and parts of America.

They have 3 children, 6 grandchildren and 1 great grandchild. She says all this keeps her very busy and she enjoys every moment of it.



What did Adam say to Eve the day before Christmas?
It's Christmas Eve!

Canberras firing up at Amberley, Dec 1978.



New Combies



Lindsay Cheal and Paty Rice with the 2 new Combies they were to drive from Melbourne to Richmond back in 1966.



WRAAF Christmas party – Richmond 1962.



Back Row L-R: Don't know, Joan Arbon, don't know

Front Row L-R: Lesley Nicholson, Jan Finn



WRAAF Course 146, January, 1965.



Taken outside of Accounting Section Point Cook after a "spring clean" of the section.

Back Row L-R: John Barnes, Ken Burford,
Middle Row L-R: Bob Betram, Greer Bland,
Margaret Brunner,
Sitting: Trica Dawson.

9 Sqn Vung Tau. 1967



Left to right: Gordon Buttriss, David Collins, Victor Williams and William Harrington.



On the beach, 1965?

Berys McEvoy



Standing L-R: Pam Bridgeman, Nerida Platford, Don't know.

Middle Row L-R: Jan Norman, Glenys Hopgood, Don't know, Estelle.

Front L-R: Don't know, Chris Hunter, Faye Lillig, Fiona Waller, Ruth Irons.

**Be good to your
spouse, Remember,
right now they could
poison you and it
would be counted as a
covid death.**



WRAAF Black 41, Soft ballers, Point Cook.

We don't know when.



Standing L-R: Anne Lindsay, Sue Camp, Jenny Briskey, Carol Gudgeon, Margaret Flaxman, Saedy Kelly, Cathy Hogg,

Kneeling L-R: Margaret Brunner, Margaret Clarke, Dale Curtis.

So it turns out being an adult is mostly just Googling how to do stuff.



August 1964.



L-R: Margaret Brunner, Elaine Jensen, Diane Innes, Helen Moller.

WRAAF Course 146, Course Dinner.

Windsor Hotel, Melbourne.





Course 143 – Pt Cook.



L-R: Chris Dennis, Elaine Jensen, Rose Hill, Rosemary Brady, Pat Menzies, Lynn McCullough, Carol Croucher, Eleanor Briggs, Lois Hill.

**Me: Please bring me a
screwdriver.
Wife: Flat head, Phillips, or
Vodka?
And that was when I knew
she was the one.**



3 Sadies



3 "Saldies" at Point Cook.

Trica Dawson, Greer Bland, Margaret Brunner.



Margaret Brunner,
Pt Cook, 1964

My mind is like my internet browser.
19 tabs open, 3 of them are frozen and I have no idea where the music is coming from.



WRAAFery Point Cook



I miss the 90s when bread was still good for you and no-one knew what kale was.



I don't care how much you liked the soap.
Never walk out of the public toilet smelling your fingers.



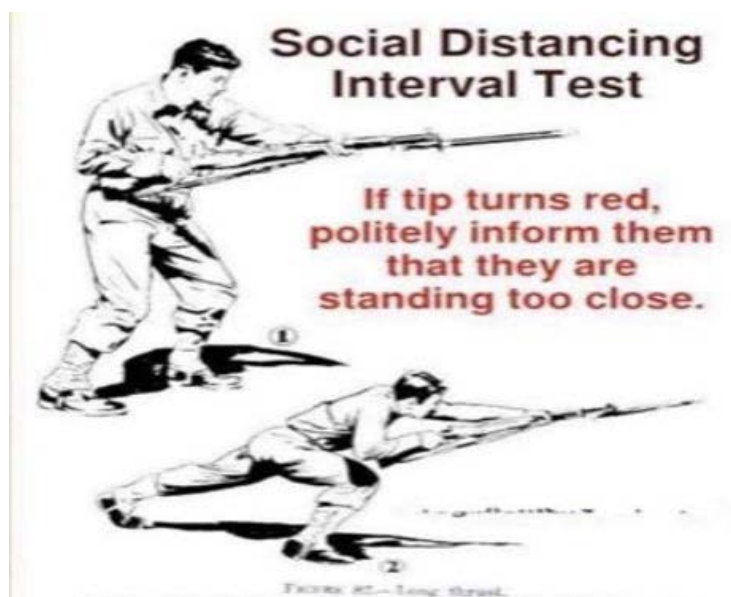
Camping on the Murrumbidgee.



In truck L-R: Fiona Waller, Chris Hunter, Don't know.

Middle Row L-R: Don't know, Don't know, Don't know, Pam Bridgeman, Christine Lloyd, Liz Clarke

Seated L-R: Don't know, Berys McEvoy, Fay Lillig, Judy Lockhart,





Faye Lillig and Ann Kenny



Who remembers the bus trips to work from Penang to Butterworth? On the bus 78/79



Waiting for the morning bus to the ferry. Corner of Jalan Cheah Seng Kim and Jalan Sungia Kevin.



Tex's 21st

(We don't have any surnames, can anyone help?)



Back L-R Bev, Maureen, Joan, Janice "Woody", Carol, Lyn

Front L-R: Helen, Yvonne, Katie, Heather, Tex, Birdie, Jutta and Kathy....

**Ill never forget the
look on the cashiers
face, when she
scanned the packet of
bird seed,
And I asked her how
long does it take for
the birds to grow once
I plant them.**



At a get together, somewhere, sometime ago.

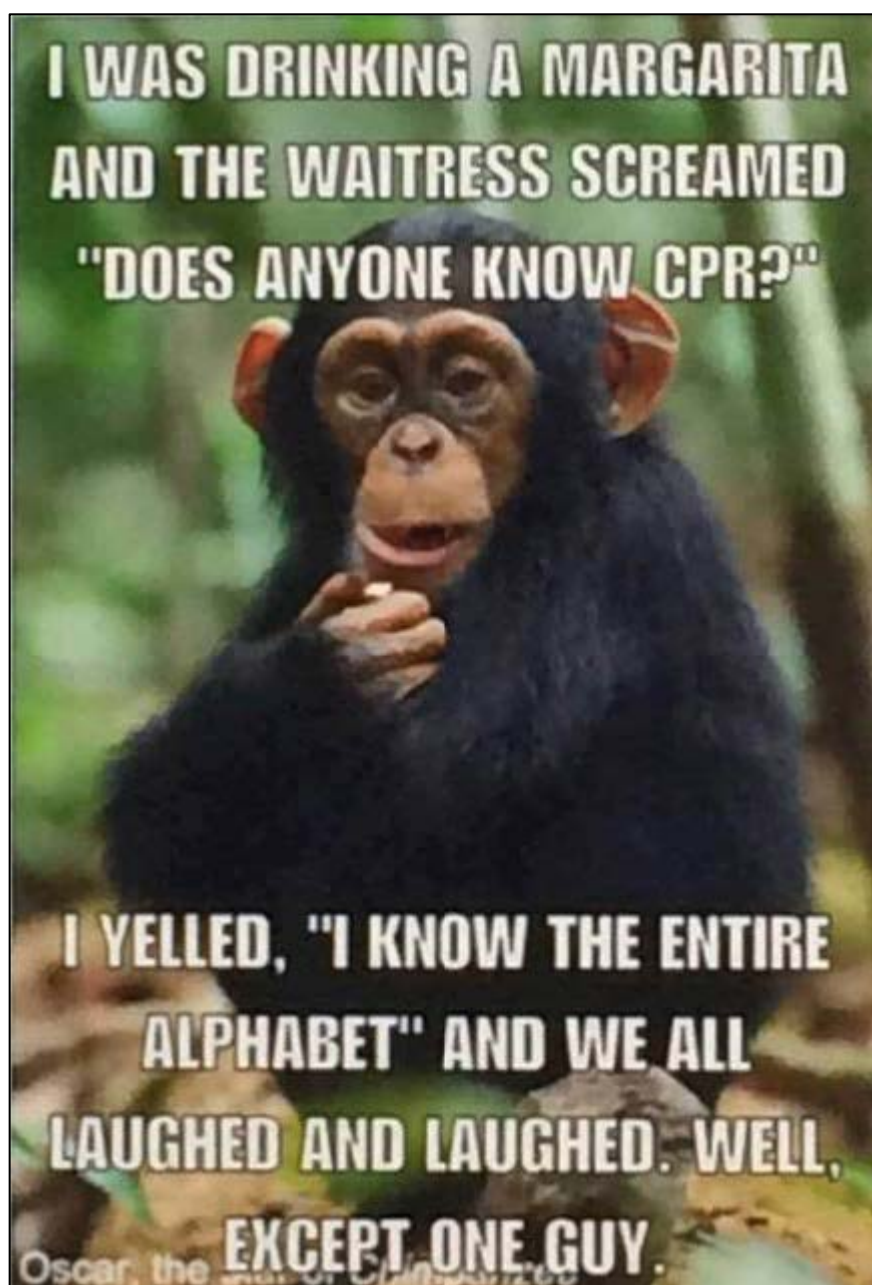


L-R: Di Hart, Kris Hollis, Jutta Rossington, Kay Collins.

WRAAF Hippy Night. (1970, E Sale).









Computers and stuff.

Sam Houlston.

jaycar
think. possible.

hardcore electronics by

Check out our monthly specials + promotions
Click here

10000MAH POWERBANK WITH USB & WIRELESS CHARGING
ONLY **\$59⁹⁵**
MB3814

USB KEYBOARD/MOUSE SWITCH
ONLY **\$69⁹⁵**
XC4925

DUAL USB-C LAPTOP POWER SUPPLY
ONLY **\$129**
MP3415

Prices are correct at time of publication and may be subject to change.

Welcome again to [Jaycar](#) as the sponsor of Sam's "Computers and Stuff" page. As they are prepared to support us, please show your appreciation and support them. There's always a store near you, click [HERE](#) to find the closest.

How to Copy, Cut, and Paste on a Windows PC.

How-To Geek



Copy, cut, and paste are three basic operations that every Windows user should know by heart. The concepts behind them apply to nearly every application you'll ever use. Here's how they work.

Understanding the Clipboard

When you copy or cut something (such as a block of text, an image, or a link), Windows temporarily stores the data in a special memory location called the Clipboard. Think of it as a temporary holding pen. When you Paste the information you copied, Windows retrieves the contents of the Clipboard and puts it where you want it to go.



Typically, the contents of the Clipboard reset when you restart your PC, although it is possible to pin items to the clipboard in Windows 10 using an opt-in feature called Clipboard History (See later). You can then recall them as many times as you want quickly by pressing the Windows+V keyboard shortcut.

(Windows+ means holding down the Windows key on your keyboard then pressing the letter, in this instance, hold down the Windows key and press the letter V).

In Windows 10, you can even synchronize your Clipboard between devices using the cloud, but that is an optional setting you have to turn on in System Settings. Not only can you paste from your clipboard history, but you can also pin the items you find yourself using all the time. You can do that by:

1. To share your clipboard items across your Windows 10 devices, select **Start > Settings > System > Clipboard**. Choose **Automatically sync text that I copy** under **Sync across devices**. The sync feature is tied to your Microsoft account, or your work account, so remember to use the same login information on all your devices.
2. To get to your clipboard history at any time, press **Windows logo key + V**. You can also **paste** and **pin** frequently used items by choosing an individual item from your clipboard menu.

The Difference Between Copy and Cut.

When you copy something, Windows makes a copy of the information you want to the Clipboard and also leaves it in its original location. In contrast, when you perform the cut operation, Windows copies the information to the Clipboard but also removes the information from the original location. That means you typically use copy to duplicate information and cut to move the information from one location to another. These fundamental concepts apply across almost every application, so let's go over the various different ways to copy, cut, and paste in Windows.



How to Copy, Cut, and Paste Using Keyboard Shortcuts.



It's important to know the three fundamental keyboard shortcuts for Copy, Cut, and Paste have been included in Windows for decades. Microsoft borrowed these shortcuts from the Mac, which still uses them with the Mac's special Command key instead of Ctrl.

Copy: After selecting one or more items using your mouse or keyboard, press Ctrl+C. The information will be copied to the clipboard.

Cut: After selecting one or more items, press Ctrl+X, and the information will be copied to the clipboard and removed from the original location.

Paste: Select a destination by clicking on an area (or by placing your cursor in the position where you want the information to go), then press Ctrl+V.

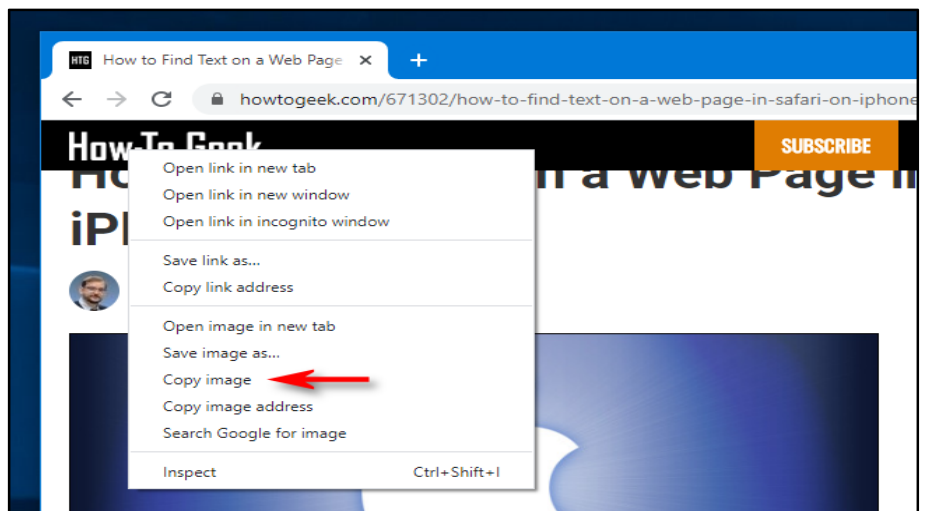
Alternative Copy, Cut, and Paste Keyboard Shortcuts

If you need to copy in a program that interprets Ctrl+C as a break character (such as a terminal emulator), you can use Ctrl+Insert instead. To cut, use Shift+Delete. To paste, press Shift+Insert. These shortcuts aren't as commonly used today, but they are still almost universally recognized in Windows.

How to Copy, Cut, and Paste Using Right-Click

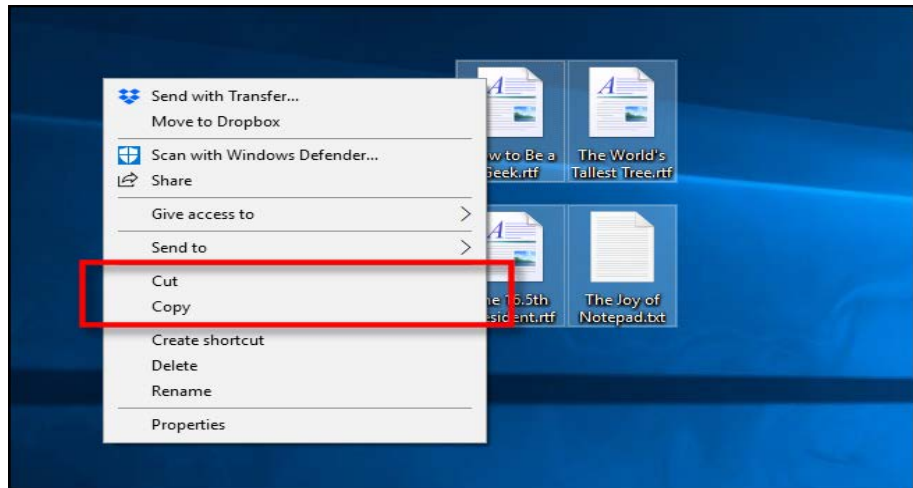
In many programs, you can copy, cut, and paste using the right button on your mouse. First, select an element of a document (such as a web page), then right-click, and you'll likely see a context menu that includes Copy or Cut commands.

You can then right-click in a destination document and select Paste to put the contents of the Clipboard in that location.





The same principle works in File Explorer and on your Desktop. Select a file, folder, or group of files you'd like to Copy or Cut. Right-click on the files, and you'll see a context menu pop-up. Select "Copy" if you'd like to duplicate the file somewhere else. Select "Cut" if you'd like to move the file to another location.

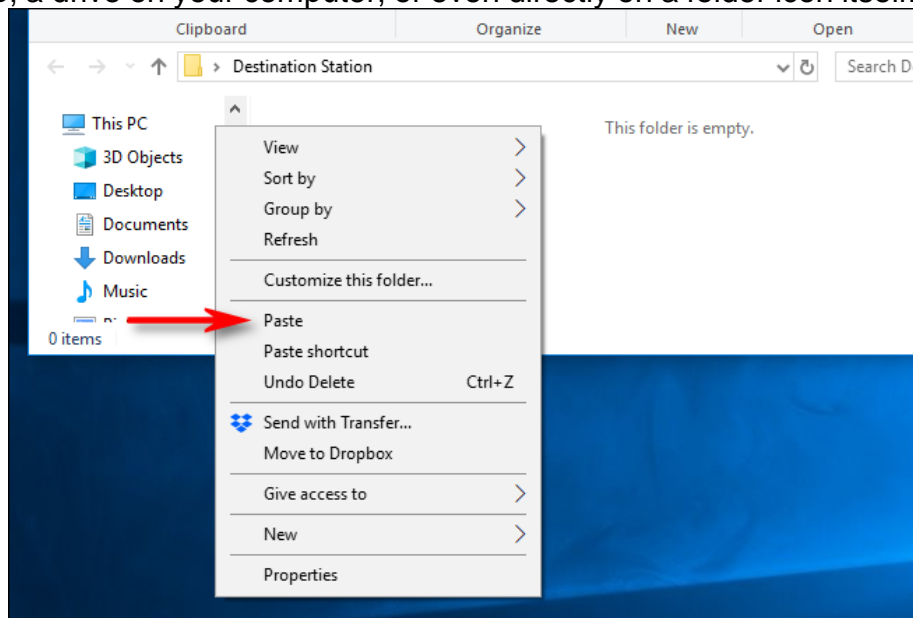


Then navigate to the new location and right-click where you'd like to put the files. The destination right-click can be inside a folder window, on the desktop, a drive on your computer, or even directly on a folder icon itself. Select "Paste" in the right-click menu that pops up.

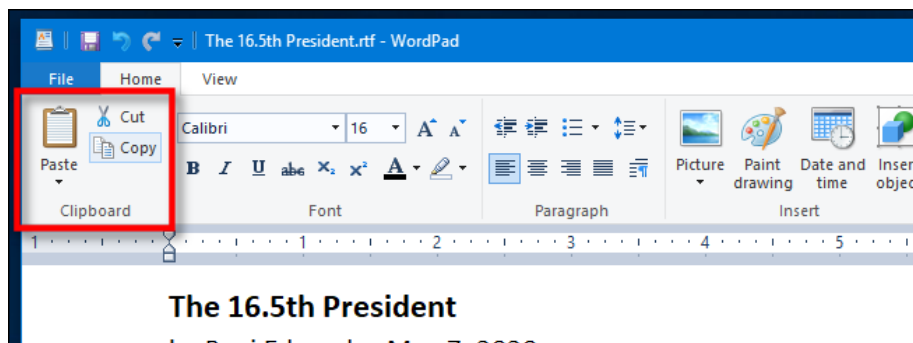
The files you just Cut or Copied will appear in the new location. Very handy!

How to Copy, Cut, and Paste Using Application Menus

You can also Copy, Cut, and Paste by selecting menu items with a mouse or touch screen. In programs with a Ribbon-style interface, you'll typically see a Clipboard or Edit block that contains Copy, Cut, and Paste buttons.



In programs with compressed or hamburger-style menus (like Chrome and Firefox), you can often find the Copy/Cut/Paste functions in a section labelled Edit.

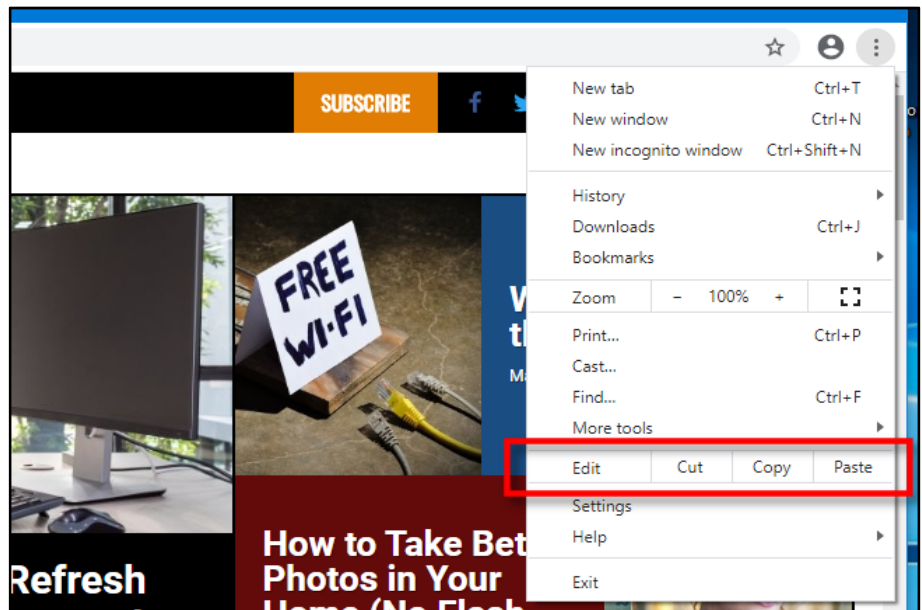




Also, many older Windows programs include a series of drop-down menus at the top of the application window. Among them, you'll often find a menu titled Edit (which you can often call up by pressing Alt+E). In that menu, you can usually find Copy, Cut, and Paste commands.

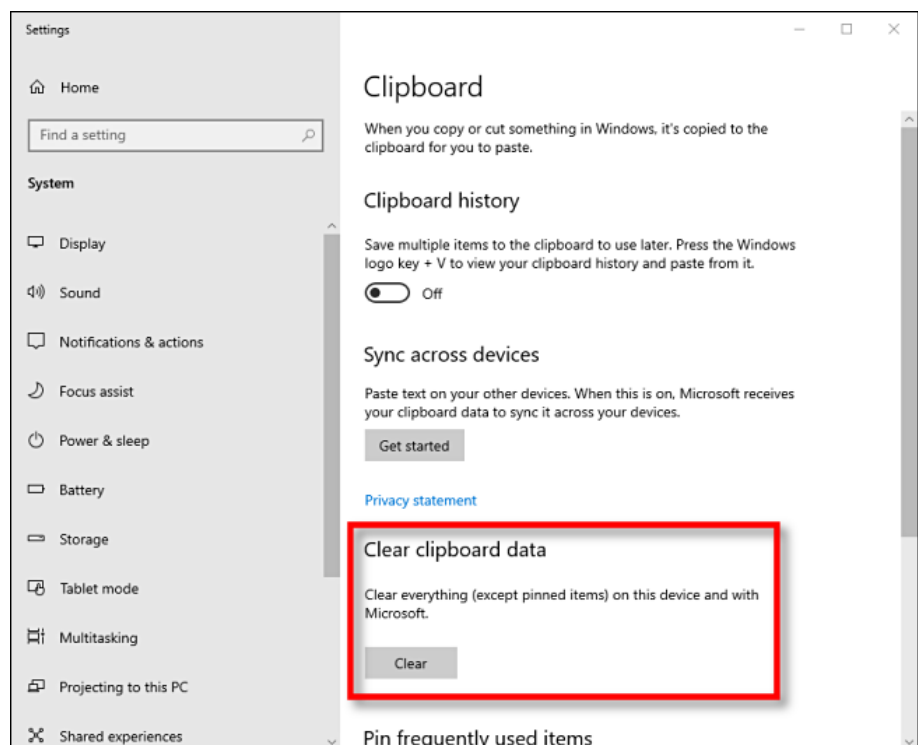
How to Empty Your Clipboard

To erase the contents of your Clipboard, just copy something new. Simply copying any word on a web page or document will replace the contents of the clipboard with whatever you just copied. You might want to do this after copying something sensitive like a password or credit card number, ensuring that you won't accidentally paste it into another application.



If you'd like to clear the data in your Clipboard History, you can manually erase it yourself. Open System Settings, then navigate to System > Clipboard. Find the section called "Clear Clipboard Data" and click on the "Clear" button.

You can also create a custom shortcut that will clear your Windows Clipboard. See [HERE](#).





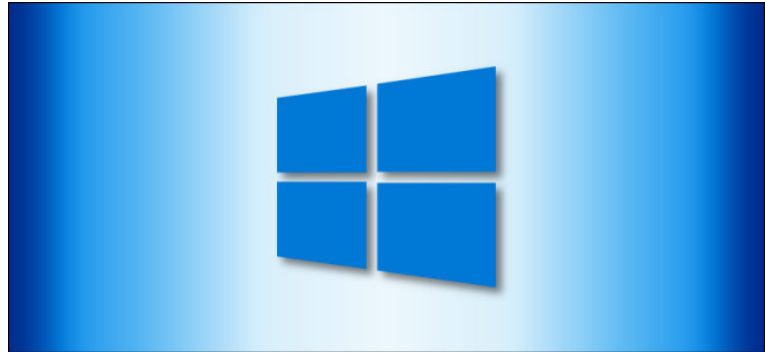
How to Enable and Use Clipboard History on Windows 10

Windows 10 takes copy and paste to another level with a feature called Clipboard history, which lets you see a list of items you have copied to the clipboard recently. Just press Windows+V..

What Gets Stored in Clipboard History?

Clipboard history first appeared in Windows 10's October 2018 Update (Version 1809). Currently, Clipboard history supports text, HTML and images less than 4 MB in size. Larger items won't be stored in the history.

Clipboard history stores a maximum of 25 entries, with the oldest items disappearing as new ones appear. Also, unless an item is pinned to the Clipboard, the Clipboard history list will reset every time you restart your computer or device.

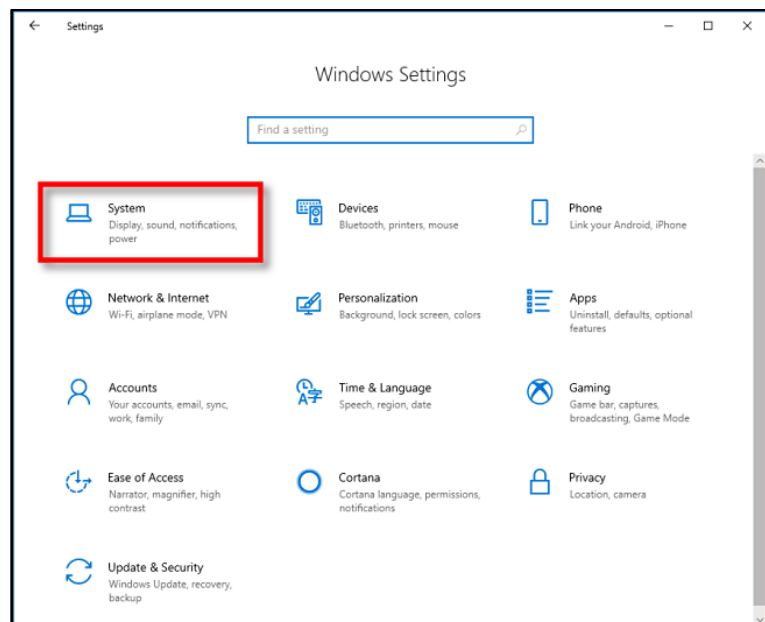


How to Enable Clipboard History in Windows 10

First, click the "Start" button, and then click the "Gear" icon on the left side of the Start menu to open the "Windows Settings" menu.

You can also press Windows+i to get there.

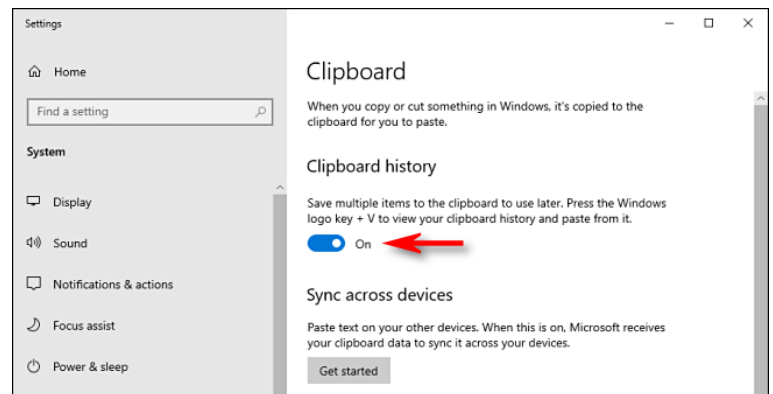
In Windows Settings, click on "System."





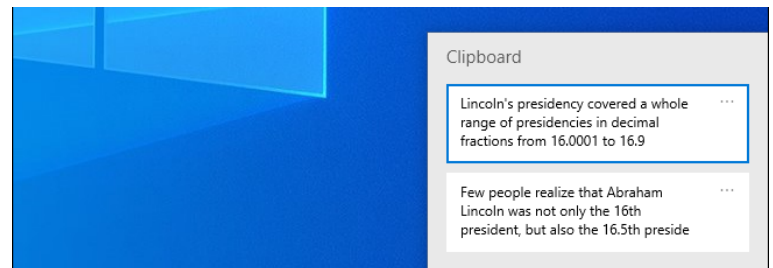
On the Settings sidebar, click on "Clipboard." In Clipboard settings, locate the section called "Clipboard history" and toggle the switch to "On."

Clipboard history is now turned on. You can now close Settings and use the feature in any application.



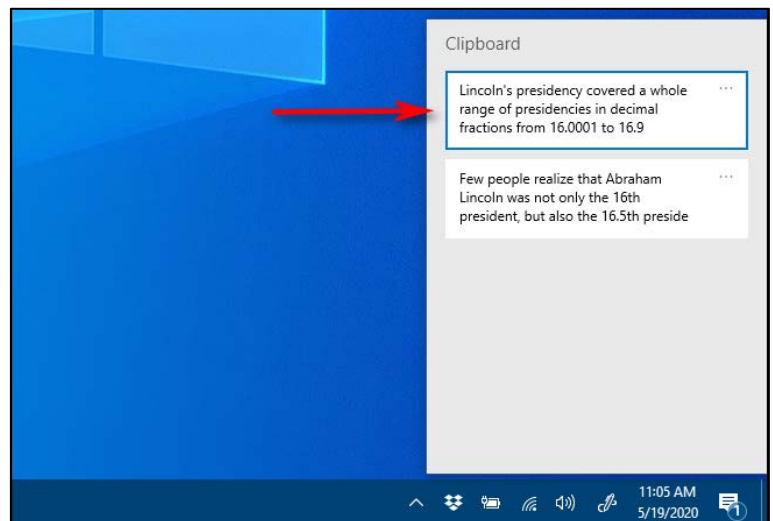
How to View Clipboard History in Windows 10

Once you have enabled Clipboard history, you can call up a list of items you have copied recently while using any application. To do so, press Windows+V.



A small window will pop up. The most recent items you've copied are at the top of the list.

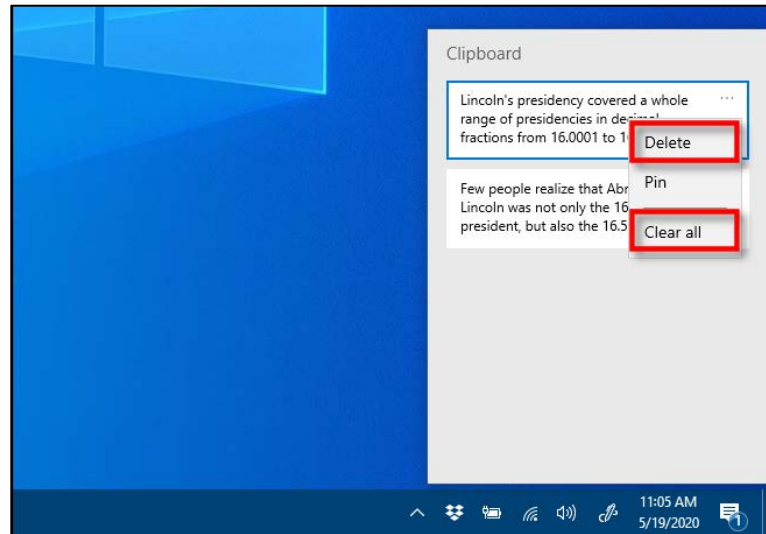
You can click on any item in the Clipboard history list to paste it into an open application.



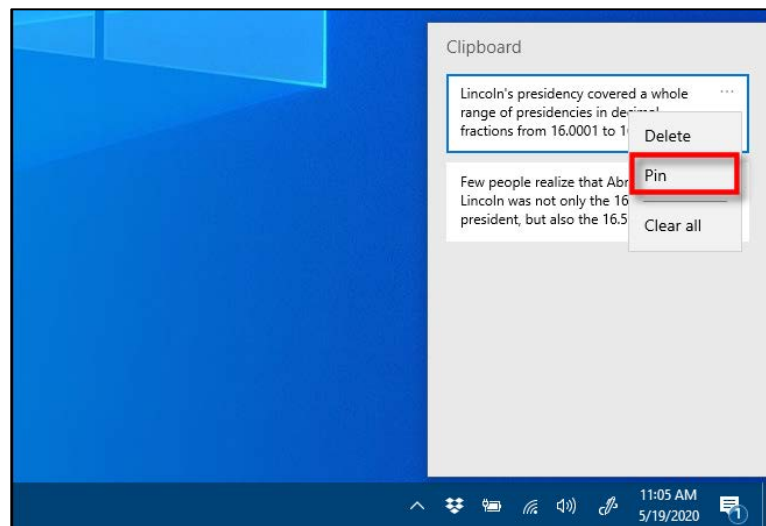


To remove items from Clipboard history, click on the ellipses (three dots) beside the item you'd like to delete. Select "Delete" from the small menu that pops up.

If you'd like to remove all the items from Clipboard history, click "Clear All" In the ellipses menu.



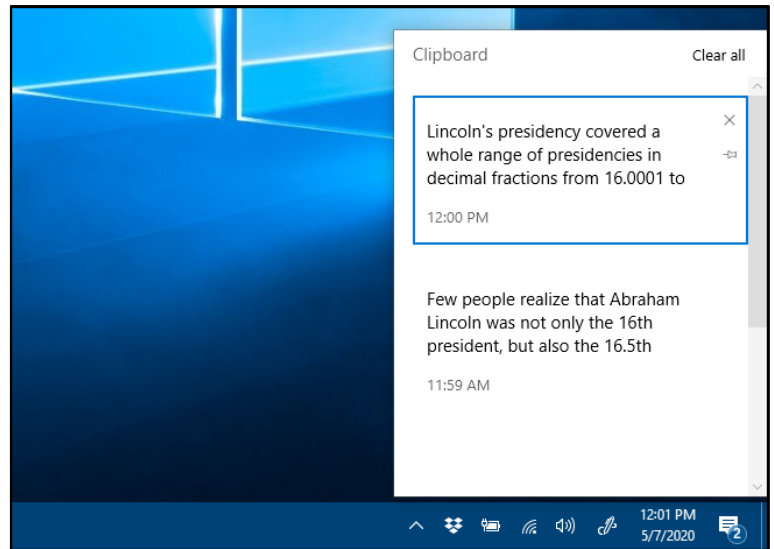
It's also possible to pin an item on the Clipboard history list. That way, it will stay on the list even if you reboot the computer or click a "Clear All." To do so, click on the three-dot menu and select "Pin." You can unpin the item later by selecting "Unpin" from the ellipses menu.



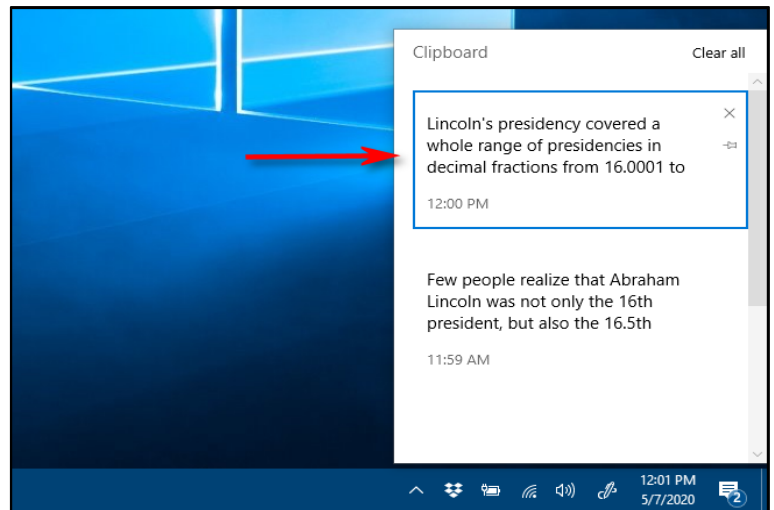
The Clipboard history interface has a slightly different look to it on older versions of Windows 10. Here are instructions for those running an earlier version.



After using the Windows+V keyboard shortcut, a small floating window will pop up either near the application you are using, or if all windows are closed or minimized, in the lower-right corner of your screen. The most recent items you have copied will be at the top of the list.



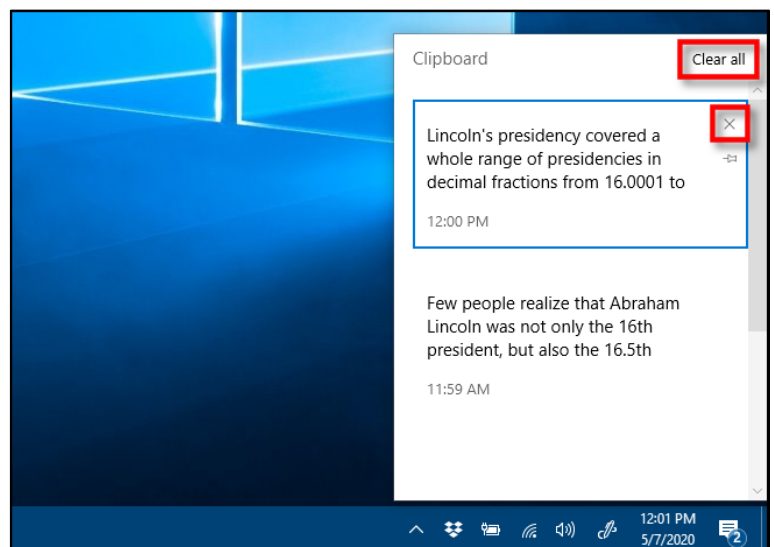
While the Clipboard history window is open, you can click on any item in the list to paste it into an open application or document.



To remove items from Clipboard history, click the small "X" beside an item on the list. Or you can clear the entire list by clicking "Clear All" in the upper-right corner of the Clipboard history window.

You can also pin an item to the Clipboard history list by clicking on the tiny pushpin icon beside the item. That way, the item will remain on the Clipboard history list even if you reboot the computer or click "Clear All."

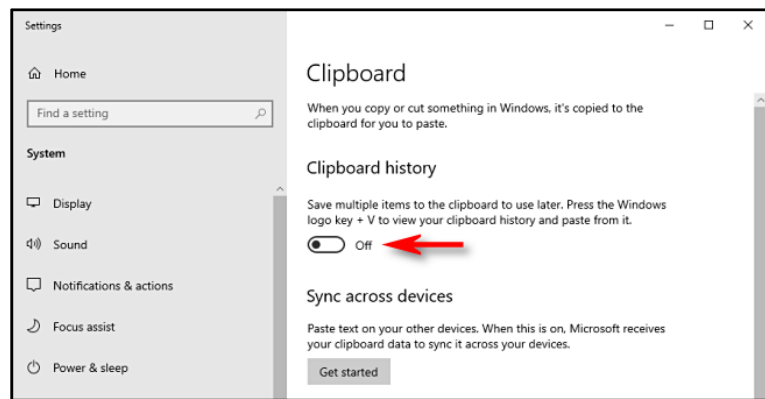
How to Disable Clipboard History in Windows 10





To turn off Clipboard history in Windows 10, navigate to Settings > System > Clipboard. Locate the option titled "Clipboard history" and toggle the switch to "Off."

Once disabled, if you press Windows+V, you will see a small window alerting you that Windows 10 cannot show your clipboard history because the feature is turned off.



How to Delete Gmail Messages in Bulk Laptop

When you start a fresh [Gmail](#) account, it seems like you have all of the space you'll ever need. But after several years of emails, that may not be the case. If you're looking to free up some space, follow these instructions for how to delete old emails in Gmail

Here's how to search for and delete Gmail messages in bulk:

Search by date

In the search bar, you can type the date in a YYYY/DD/MM format to filter out emails before a certain date. If you type `before:2014/01/01`, you'll see a list of all of the emails you received prior to Jan. 1, 2014.

You can also search by how old emails are. If you type `older_than:1y`, you'll receive emails older than 1 year. You can use `m` for months or `d` for days, as well.

If you want to delete them all, click the Check all box, then click "Select all conversations that match this search," followed by the Delete button.

Labels and Categories

If you want to get more specific than a date or time, you can refine your search by looking through the categories the emails are kept in or the labels you assigned them to.

If you have a label called "XYZ," you can search for `label:XYZ` to find those emails. If you want emails that Gmail has classified as being in your social or promotions folders, try `category:social` or `category:updates`.

Combinations

Now you can take what you've learned and combine them. If you type `older_than:1y label:XYZ`, you'll see all emails older than 1 year with the label you assigned. For those who have organized inboxes, this is an efficient way to search through and then delete old emails you never use anymore.



If you're looking to get even more advanced, Google offers a [full list of search operators](#) to filter through your email and find what you no longer need, including how large messages are, whether they have stars and who sent the email in the first place. With these tips, you'll be able to teach others how to delete old emails in Gmail, and save money on online storage.

A quick guide on the QR Code.

If the Covid-19 epidemic did one thing - it brought the QR (Quick Response) code system out from near obscurity to everyday usage. The code itself has been around for ever but was used primarily by industry. It was developed in Japan back in 1994 as a replacement for the barcode which could only hold a small amount of information. As it wasn't patented by the developers, when it was added to the ISO International Standards in 2000, it could be used freely right across the globe.

How do QR Codes work?

The modern-day QR Code consists of 7 parts. Each of these parts creates a sort of pixel pattern that looks similar to a crossword puzzle. Each element has a specific purpose that conveys certain information through the Code such as the print direction, timing, error tolerance, and empty spaces to differentiate the Code from what surrounds it. Able to store up to 7089 digits or 4296 characters, including punctuation marks and special characters, the Code can equally encode words and phrases such as internet addresses.



Positioning detection markers.

Located at three corners of each code, it allows a scanner to accurately recognize the Code and read it at high speed, while indicating the direction in



Alignment markings.

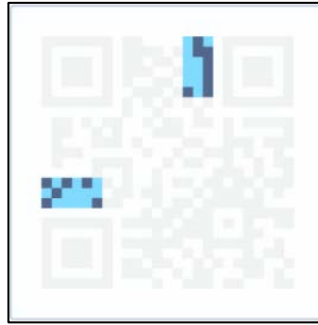
Smaller than the position detection markers, they help straighten out QR Codes drawn on a curved surface. And, the more information a Code stores, the larger it is and the more alignment patterns it requires.



Timing pattern.



Alternating black/white modules on the QR Code with the idea of accurately helping configure the data grid. Using these lines, the scanner determines how large the data matrix is.



Version information.

With currently 40 different QR Code versions, these markers specify the one that is being used. The most common ones are versions 1 to 7.



Format information.

The format patterns contain information about the error tolerance and the data mask pattern and make it easier to scan the Code.



Data and error correction keys.

The error correction mechanism inherent in the QR Code structure is where all your data is contained, also sharing the space with the error correction blocks that allow up to 30% of the Code to be damaged.

Quiet zone.



This is similar to the importance of white space in design, that is it offers structure and improves comprehension. For whom or what you may ask? For the scanning program. In order to distinguish the QR Code from its surroundings, the quiet zone is vital.

What information can you put into a QR Code?

The QR Code has evolved over the last few years. It is no longer constrained to characters or numbers. With a customizable, mobile-friendly landing page, for instance, you no longer need



to link to a website in order to provide your audience with information. Additionally, it can store a gallery of pictures, video playlist, sound demo, PDF, information on how to reach you or your business, and so much more. This truly makes it a one-stop QR Code solution for marketers and businesses.

The popular types of QR Codes.

[App Store](#)

Linking to multiple app stores with just one scan, it makes the promotion and download of your mobile apps much more efficient by reaching a wider target audience, regardless of the scanner's cellular operating system.

[PDF](#)

Digital magazines, brochures, eBooks, with this Code you can simultaneously boost your marketing, save on printing costs, and offer customers the chance to save and share documents all from the palm of their hand.

[Social Media](#)

Share all of your social media platforms on a mobile-friendly landing page. Whether it's Twitter, Snapchat, YouTube or Instagram, your audience can choose which platform to follow you on.

[Coupon](#)

Remove the hassle of couponing for your customers with this Code. With one scan, they can save your promotion to their mobile devices, share it on social media or by email, and redeem it with ease at your nearest location or online store.

[Business Page](#)

Let your audience get to know you a little better at their own convenience. If you don't have a website, then this QR Code is the perfect, mobile-friendly platform to let customers know your mission statement, how to reach you, your physical store locations, opening hours and how to find you with Google Maps.

Make your own QR Code.

Once you already have an idea of the kind of information you want to share with your target audience, go to [QR Code Generator](#) and select the appropriate type of Code, input the necessary information and design your QR Code to fit your brand image or your own personal taste.

If you want to put an icon on your desktop which will take you straight to the QR Code Generator page, here's how:

1. Open your desktop and right click an empty area and select **New** then **Shortcut**.
2. In the box below "Type the location of the item" type: **<https://www.qr-code-generator.com/solutions/>** then click **Next**.
3. In the box below "Type a name for this shortcut" enter **QR Generator**.
4. This will put an Icon on the Desktop titled QR Generator, right click the icon, scroll down to **Properties**, then select **Change Icon**.
5. Click browse and select **SHELL32.dll**. You'll find this file in the **C:\windows\system32** directory.
6. Select an Icon then click OK and OK again.



A couple lived near the ocean and used to walk the beach a lot. One summer they noticed a girl who was at the beach pretty much every day. She wasn't unusual, nor was the travel bag she carried, except for one thing; she would approach people who were sitting on the beach, glance around furtively, then speak to them. Generally the people would respond negatively and she would wander off, but occasionally someone would nod and there would be a quick exchange of money and something she carried in her bag. The couple assumed she was selling drugs, and debated calling the Cops, but since they didn't know for sure they just continued to watch her.

After a couple of weeks the wife said, "Honey, have you ever noticed that she only goes up to people with boom boxes and other electronic devices?" He hadn't, and said so. Then she said, "Tomorrow I want you to get a towel and our big radio and go lie out on the beach. Then we can find out what she's really doing." Well, the plan went off without a hitch and the wife was almost hopping up and down with anticipation when she saw the girl talk to her husband and then leave.

The man walked up the beach and met his wife at the road. Well, is she selling drugs?" she asked excitedly. "No, she's not," he said, enjoying this probably more than he should have. "Well, what is it, then? What does she do?" his wife fairly shrieked. The man grinned and said, "Her name is Sally, and she's a battery salesperson." "Batteries?" cried the wife. "Yes," he replied.

She sells "C" cells by the seashore.

Sorry!

RAAF Vietnam Lunch Club.

The RAAF Vietnam Lunch Club got together on Thursday the 10th December at the Jade Buddha, for the last time in 2020.



On the second Thursday of each month, except for January, the RAAF Vietnam Lunch Club get together at the Jade Buddha for lunch, a few drinks, some tall tales and to enjoy the hospitality offered by owner Phil Hogan and his wonderful staff.

If you had an all expenses paid trip to Vietnam way back when, compliments of the Air Force, and you and your partner would like to come along and say hello, you're more than welcome. Click [HERE](#), fill in the form and send it to Sambo and you're on the list and he'll send you a reminder a few days prior.

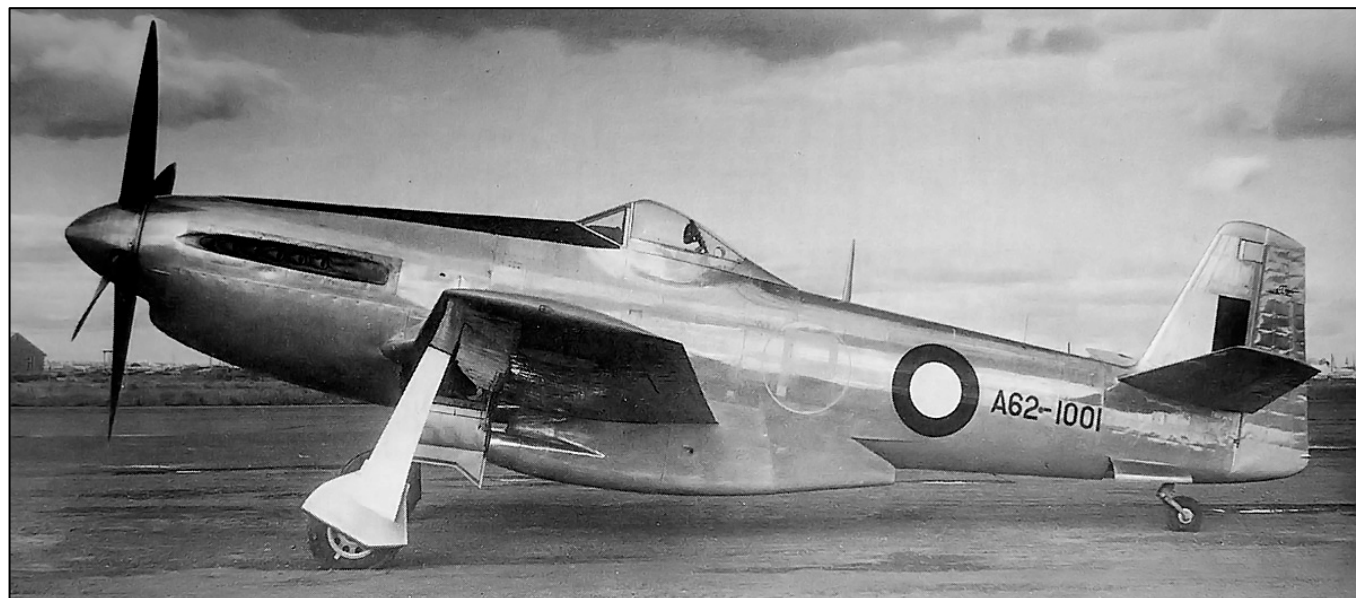


Lunchers get together from about midday, there's no charge, no fee, if you want lobster mornay and 20 schooners that's your business, you just buy what you want.



Now that Covid restrictions have been eased considerably and 2021 looks like returning to normal, if you haven't been, put it on your bucket list, come along, we'd love to see you.

The CAC Kangaroo.



The CAC CA-15, also known unofficially as the CAC Kangaroo, was an Australian propeller-driven fighter aircraft designed by the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation (CAC) during World War II. Due to protracted development, the project was not completed until after the war, and was cancelled after flight testing, when the advent of jet aircraft was imminent.

Design and development

As the CAC Boomerang became more and more obsolete against the Mitsubishi A6M Zero by 1942, Sir Lawrence Wackett proposed designing a new high performance fighter from scratch with Fred David as the head of an in-house CAC design team. During 1943, following the success of CAC and chief designer Fred David, in rapidly designing and mass-producing the small Boomerang fighter for the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF), CAC began design work on a fully fledged interceptor and bomber escort. In June 1943 the Royal Australian Air Force approved the design concept proposal and issued design specification 2/43 for work to commence.

Although the CA-15 bore a superficial resemblance to the North American P-51 Mustang, the CAC design was not based directly on the American aircraft and had quite different performance objectives and dimensions. For instance, Fred David had been impressed by assessments of captured Focke-Wulf Fw 190s and intended using a radial engine rather than the inline engines used in fighters like the Mustang. In fact, development of the CA-15 was slowed by a recommendation from CAC head Lawrence Wackett, that the company build Mustangs under licence, rather than bear the cost of developing a unique design.

By the later stages of its development, it was believed that the CA-15 would have capabilities enabling it to replace the P-51.



At first, the CAC designers planned to use the 2,300hp (1,715kW) radial Pratt & Whitney R-2800, with a turbocharger, however, that engine became unavailable, causing further delays in development and it was decided to fit an in-line Rolls-Royce Griffon Mk 61 (2,035hp/1,517kW). Engines for a prototype were leased from Rolls-Royce. It was intended that any production engines would have a three-stage supercharger.

Development was further slowed by the end of the war, with the prototype flying for the first time on 4 March 1946 and was flown by CAC test pilot Jim Schofield, who also flew the first Australian built P-51. (During my time in PNG [1973 – 1980], Jim Schofield was Regional Director of DCA's Papua and New Guinea Region)

The prototype was assigned RAAF serial number A62-1001. According to aviation historian Darren Crick, it achieved a calibrated level flight speed of 448mph (721km/h) at 26,400ft (8,046 m). Test flights came to an abrupt ending when Flt Lt J. A. L. Archer suffered a hydraulic failure (later found to be a leaking ground test gauge) on approach to Point Cook on 10 December 1946, which left him no choice but to orbit and burn off fuel. The main gear was only halfway down and unable to be retracted or lowered any further but the tail wheel was down and locked. On landing, the tail wheel struck the airstrip first causing the aircraft to porpoise and finally, the airscoop dug in. The aircraft settled back on the fuselage and skidded to a stop, heavily damaged. After repairs at CAC, the aircraft was returned to ARDU in 1948. Archer reportedly achieved a speed of 502.2mph (803km/h) over Melbourne, after levelling out of a dive of 4,000ft (1,200 m), on 25 May 1948.

By this time, however, it was clear that jet aircraft had far greater potential and no further examples of the CA-15 were built. The prototype was scrapped in 1950, and the engines were returned to Rolls-Royce.

You can see a video on the aircraft [HERE](#).



There's nothing like a little tomato soup to soothe the soul.
Even if it's cold, over ice, with a celery stalk, and vodka.

Caribou's last hurrah!

On the 27th November 2009, the RAAF flew its last operation involving the DHC-4 Caribou light transport aircraft, 45 years after this type first entered service in Australia. The final flight was carried out by Caribou A4-140 from Richmond into Canberra, where the aircraft was handed over to the Australian War Memorial for preservation. The previous day, another Caribou, A4-152, was similarly handed over to the RAAF Museum at Point Cook, Victoria.





A4-140 was the oldest surviving airframe of this type operated by the RAAF, having been one of the first three to arrive in Australia in 1964. It had served in Vietnam, supported United Nations efforts in Kashmir and seen extensive service in South East Asia and across the South Pacific, logging a total of 20,040 flying hours. It was also the aircraft hijacked in East Timor by armed soldiers fleeing that country's civil war in 1975 (See [HERE](#))

Over the weekend 7-8 November, 2009, the RAAF hosted a farewell party for the Caribou in the 35/38 Sqn hangars in Townsville – see [HERE](#).

On its final flight to Canberra, the Caribou was captained by Wing Commander Tony Thorpe, Commanding Officer of 38 Squadron, with Flying Officer Matt Sullivan as co-pilot and Sergeant Scott Jones as loady.



Operation Tropic Snow

Operation Tropic Snow, RAAF helicopter pilots study a map of the West Irian terrain before taking off to locate the wreckage of the RAAF Dakota A65-61 aircraft. Dec 1970.



L-R: Sqn Ldr Brian Dirou, Mr Reeder, Sqn Ldr Peter Mahood and Sqn Ldr Ron Raymond the expedition leader.

Operation Tropic Snow recovered the remains of the RAAF Dakota A65-61 aircraft that crashed into a mountain in West Irian. On the 18th September 1945, the aircraft, from No 38 Squadron, took off from Morotai in the Netherlands East Indies (now Indonesia) but disappeared without reaching its destination at Townsville, Queensland. On board were 18 former prisoners of war, three RAAF passengers, five aircrew, two nursing sisters of the Morotai-based No 2 Medical Air Evacuation Transport Unit and an Army officer not recorded on the flight manifest.

The loss of the aircraft on the leg between Biak, on the north coast of Dutch New Guinea (now Irian Jaya), and Higgins Field on the northern tip of Cape York Peninsula, became one of the great aviation mysteries of the time. Not until April 1967 was the wreckage of the missing Dakota finally located some 14 200 feet up the side of the rugged Carstairs Mountains in Irian Jaya. RAAF teams visited the site in 1970 and 1999, before a further party arrived in May 2005 to recover the last remains of those killed.



The remains of RAAF Dakota A65-61 aircraft that crashed into a mountain in West Irian.



Noise Cancelling Toilet



9 Sqn farewell from Vung Tau.

On the 17th December, 1971, the last remaining member of 9 Squadron, Pilot Officer John Thynne, departed Vietnam on a C-130 escorting the unit's classified material. On the 8th December 1971, 18 NCOs and airmen had embarked on HMAS Sydney, followed by the squadron's 16 Iroquois aircraft, for the 11-day passage back to Brisbane. The majority of the squadron's personnel departed Vietnam the following day on a QANTAS charter flight with only the crews to fly the Iroquois off HMAS Sydney remaining in the country. Those crews could not accompany the aircraft on HMAS Sydney as 4 RAR was also being transported back to Townsville.



All No 9 Squadron personnel reunited in Townsville on the 17th and joined 4 RAR in a march through Townsville and then joined 4 RAR's 'Welcome Home' celebrations. The crews then embarked HMAS Sydney at Townsville following the disembarkation of 4 RAR. Early on the morning of the 19th December, the Iroquois were flown off HMAS Sydney in two waves of eight aircraft for Maroochydore Airport; all 16 aircraft were then flown in formation to Amberley. Regrettably, no Department of Air or HQ Operational Command representatives were at Amberley to welcome the unit home.

I love waving at random people because you know for the rest of the day, they're trying to figure out who you were.

Mandrake the magician.

'Mandrake', an LAC Framie, based at Richmond during WW2. He got his nickname after a popular comic strip of the time. In every large group of men there are some characters and Mandrake was a classic example. In barrack's hut conversation he always said that in peacetime he was a professional sparring partner, and named a well-known Sydney gymnasium where he claimed to have worked. He looked and acted the part and nobody doubted him. On the Base he spent his spare time in the gym on skipping rope and punching bag and after the day's work would still run laps around the Base. He was also inclined to push himself forward and claim more than his due.



When fitters had carried out any major work on an aircraft they were usually called on to go up in its initial test flight. Mandrake was always to the forefront to fly and boasted that he was never airsick, however given the right circumstances, not many are immune from airsickness. Mandrake had carried out a major inspection on one of the North American Harvards and had it ready for test. This is a two-seat aircraft from which the Australian Wirraway was developed and had separate sliding canopies over pilot and passenger. When the pilot arrived to fly the aircraft



other fitters quietly suggested to him that he give Mandrake the full treatment in the hope of taking him down a peg or two.

With Mandrake aboard, the pilot took off and gained height over Richmond township and the Nepean River, staying in view of our dispersal area as planned by the pilot and fitters. Then it began. The Harvard was quite good for aerobatics and the pilot went through the full catalogue of stall turns, loops, side-slips and fishtails so it was not long before Mandrake had to slide the canopy back to vomit over the side. He also undid his safety harness to lean over enough to save himself having to clean the cockpit on return in front of his mates. But the pilot, sitting in the front cockpit, did not realise that Mandrake had unstrapped himself and when his passenger settled back again, the pilot, not noticing that the canopy was still pushed back, thought he was ready for more and inverted the aircraft. Of course, the law of gravity automatically applied and Mandrake fell straight out.

Fortunately, his parachute worked well and he landed close to the bank of the Nepean River - all in one piece. When the pilot discovered he was one passenger short he panicked and called control on the radio and the ambulance dashed out to look for the casualty. They soon found Mandrake under where the worried pilot was still circling; he had the rolled 'chute under his arm and was walking in circles looking intently in the grass. The ambulance men thought he had been knocked silly and went to help him, but he only protested, 'Don't stand around there doin' nuthin'; give us a hand to find me tobacco tin, it must have fallen out o'me overalls pocket on the way down'. That was all he was worried about!



THE RAM

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



Vol 72

Page 6



EAT, PLAY, ENJOY

RESTAURANTS | BARS | GAMING | ENTERTAINMENT | TAB | KENO

WWW.KEDRON-WAVELL.COM.AU | KITTYHAWK DRIVE, CHERMSIDE | 07 3359 9122



Welcome to Kedron-Wavell Services Club. Located in the vibrant Chermside precinct, only 15 minutes north of Brisbane's CBD, the Club is Brisbane's award winning, premier function, entertainment and leisure destination

With a cosmopolitan atmosphere and elegant features, Kedron-Wavell Services Club is the perfect place to meet your family and friends... or meet new friends! We're easy to find and offer free off-street parking for members and guests.

Why Do We Kiss? What Science Says About Smooching.

It depends on who we're kissing.

Humans pucker up for all kinds of reasons. We kiss for love, for luck, to say hello and goodbye. There's also the whole 'it feels so good' thing.



And when you stop and really think about the act of kissing, it's kind of strange, isn't it? Pressing your lips against someone else and, in some cases, swapping saliva? It turns out there's some science behind this strange but enjoyable behaviour.

There are many theories about how kissing originated and why we do it. Some scientists believe that kissing is a learned behaviour, since roughly 10 percent of humans don't kiss at all and considerably fewer kiss with romantic or sexual intent. Others believe kissing is instinctual and rooted in biology. Have a look at some of the science behind kisses of all kinds and see what you think.



Some kisses are rooted in attachment.

Kissing causes a chemical reaction in your brain, including a burst of the hormone [oxytocin](#). It's often referred to as the "love hormone," because it stirs up feelings of affection and attachment. According to a 2013 study, oxytocin is particularly important in helping men bond with a partner and stay monogamous. Women experience a flood of oxytocin during childbirth and breastfeeding, strengthening the mother-child bond. Speaking of feeding, many believe that kissing came from the practice of kiss-feeding. Much like birds feeding worms to their little chicks, mothers used to — and some still do — feed their children their chewed up food.

Some kisses are rooted in romantic love.

You know that high you feel when you're head over heels for a new love and spending time canoodling with them? That's the effect of the dopamine in your brain's reward pathway. Dopamine is released when you do something that feels good, like kissing and spending time with someone you're attracted to.

This and other "happy hormones" make you feel giddy and euphoric. The more you get of these hormones, the more your body wants them. For some, this may be more apparent at the start of a relationship, especially if most of your time is spent in a lip lock. If you can keep up a steady pace of kissing after that initial spark fizzles, you can continue to enjoy the benefits of those happy hormones.

You may even have a more satisfying relationship. In a 2013 study, couples in long-term relationships who frequently kissed reported increased relationship satisfaction.

And some kisses are spurred by your sex drive.

It's no secret that some kisses are totally sex-driven and far from platonic. Older research shows that for women, kissing is a way to size up a potential mate. It also plays an important role in their decision to hit the sheets. Female participants said they were less likely to have sex with someone without kissing first. They also reported that how well someone kisses can make or break their partner's chances of getting to third base.



It's also been shown that men kiss to introduce sex hormones and proteins that make their female partner more sexually receptive. Open mouth and tongue kissing are especially effective in upping the level of sexual arousal, because they increase the amount of saliva produced and exchanged. The more spit you swap, the more turned on you'll get.

Plus, kissing (of any type) just plain feels good.

You can thank the many nerve endings in your lips for their part in making kissing feel so very good. Your lips have more nerve endings than any other part of your body. When you press them against another set of lips or even warm skin, it just feels good. Combine that with the chemical cocktail released during kissing, and you've got a recipe that's sure to give you all the feels. Along with the oxytocin and dopamine that make you feel affection and euphoria, kissing releases serotonin — another feel-good chemical. It also lowers cortisol levels so you feel more relaxed, making for a good time all around.



Not all cultures kiss.

Kissing as we do it today seems to be a fairly recent invention. The oldest evidence of a kissing-type behaviour comes from Hindu Vedic Sanskrit texts from over 3,500 years ago. Kissing was described as inhaling each other's soul. In contrast, Egyptian hieroglyphics picture people close to each other rather than pressing their lips together. So what is going on? Is kissing something we do naturally, but that some cultures have suppressed? Or is it something modern humans have invented?



We can find some insight by looking at animals.

Man walks into a bar.
Lucky bastard.



Our closest relatives, chimpanzees and bonobos, do kiss but as far as we know, other animals do not kiss at all. For chimpanzees, kissing is a form of reconciliation, it is more common among males than females, in other words, it is not a romantic behaviour.



Their cousins the [bonobos](#) kiss more often, and they often use tongues while doing so. That's perhaps not surprising, because bonobos are highly sexual beings. When two humans meet, we might shake hands. Bonobos have sex, the so-called bonobo handshake. They also use sex for many other kinds of bonding, so their kisses are not particularly romantic, either.

These two apes are exceptions. As far as we know, other animals do not kiss at all. They may nuzzle or touch their faces together, but even those that have lips don't share saliva or purse and smack their lips together. They don't need to.

Take wild boars. Males produce a pungent smell that females find extremely attractive. The key chemical is a pheromone called androsterone that triggers the females' desire to mate. Animals often release these pheromones in their urine. From a female's point of view this is a good thing, because males with the most androstane are also the most fertile. Her sense of smell is so acute, she doesn't need to get close enough to kiss the male.



The same is true of many other mammals. For example, female hamsters emit a pheromone that gets males very excited. Mice follow similar chemical traces to help them find partners that are genetically different, minimising the risk of accidental incest. Animals often release these pheromones in their urine. Their urine is much more pungent, if there's urine present in the environment they can assess compatibility through that.

It's not just mammals that have a great sense of smell. A male black widow spider can smell pheromones produced by a female that tell him if she has recently eaten. To minimise the risk of being eaten, he will only mate with her if she is not hungry.

My wife wanted to disgrace me in the presence of her friends,
She said I wasn't good in bed.
She was shocked when they all disagreed with her.



The point is, animals do not need to get close to each other to smell out a good potential mate.

On the other hand, humans have an atrocious sense of smell, so we benefit from getting close. Smell isn't the only cue we use to assess each other's fitness, but studies have shown that it plays an important role in mate choice. Men also make a version of the pheromone that female boars find attractive.

A study published in 1995 showed that women, just like mice, prefer the smell of men who are genetically different from them. This makes sense, as mating with someone with different genes is likely to produce healthy offspring. Kissing is a great way to get close enough to sniff out your partner's genes.



A study in 2013, examined kissing preferences in detail. It asked several hundred people what was most important when kissing someone. How they smelled featured highly, and the importance of smell increased when women were most fertile. When, in their sweat, males make a version of the pheromone that female boars find attractive and when women are exposed to it, their arousal levels increase slightly.

Pheromones are a big part of how mammals chose a mate and we share some of them. We've inherited all of our biology from mammals, we've just added extra things through evolutionary time. You could forego kissing and start smelling people instead. On that view, kissing is just a culturally acceptable way to get close enough to another person to detect their pheromones.



In some cultures, this sniffing behaviour turned into physical lip contact. It's hard to pinpoint when this happened, but both serve the same purpose.

So if you want to find a perfect match, you could forego kissing and start smelling people instead. You'll find just as good a partner and you won't get half as many germs. Be prepared for some funny looks, though.

My body has absorbed so much soap and disinfectant lately,
that when I pee it cleans the toilet.



The bottom line.

Kissing feels great and does the body good. It can help people feel connected and strengthen bonds of all kinds. Just remember that not everyone wants to be kissed or sees kissing the way you do. It doesn't matter if you're greeting someone new, puckering up to peck a bestie, or going into a smooch sesh with a romantic interest — you should always ask before you smooch.

And don't forget to practice good oral hygiene for a fresh, kiss-worthy mouth.



The word "queue" is just a Q followed by four silent letters.

“Cold-blooded murder”: Minister Reynolds rejects fog-of-war claims.

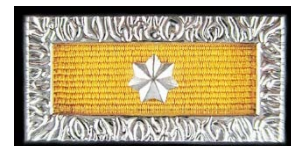
Recently the Minister for Defence, Senator Linda Reynolds, upped the anti against the blokes “accused” of war crimes in Afghanistan. Not waiting for those accusations to be heard and proven in Court, she accused those men of committing “Cold blooded murder”.

This follows that ridiculous statement from the Chief of the ADF, General Angus Campbell, where he accepted that other utterly ridiculous recommendation made by Paul Brereton, to strip the Special Operations Task Group of a Meritorious Unit Citation they had so justly earned and which was so justly deserved.



Are these people mad?

This is the Citation, it is proudly worn on the right hand side by those who have earned it. It is an award given in recognition for heroic courage and extraordinary gallantry in action. It is not a blanket award and not given to everyone in the unit, only to those that were in the unit at the time of the action.



Some of the men who were awarded the Citation had been posted to Afghanistan on multiple occasions and were involved in some ferocious fighting, actions that will stay with them for the rest of their lives. Some might have stuffed up, but the majority of them didn't – in those terrible times they acted gallantly and with honour and rightly deserve everything they can get. When awarded the Citation, Politicians were thick on the ground, basking in their honour, strutting the



stage, soaking up the publicity as they so hypocritically do yet when they thought there were Brownie points to be earned by trashing the Unit, they jumped the fence quick smart.

But they read the tea-leaves very wrongly this time, the Public were appalled at the suggestion and let them know in no uncertain terms and all, bar Senator Reynolds, have back-peddled at a million miles an hour. What Brereton, Campbell and Reynolds were thinking is anyone's guess but it looks like sanity will prevail and the citation will stay – where it belongs.

Reynolds has said that reading the Brereton report made her “physically ill”. She said “I cannot unsee what I’ve read and the implications of that, all of the matters in his (Brereton) report are not those fog-of-war, split-second decisions about what I do next. These are all incidents of alleged cold-blooded murder”.

She obviously doesn't need to have those allegations tested in a Court, she just knows. She doesn't give a damn about the well-being of the poor blokes she sent over there, who would have to shoot and be shot at, to be forced to kill or be killed, to be absolutely shit-scared at times and who would have to relive those terrifying moments for the rest of their lives. She doesn't give a damn that a lot of them couldn't live with those terrors and have taken their own lives, she doesn't give a damn about the distraught families left behind, she just wants the hi-light and wants to bash those [“Cold-blooded Murderers.”](#)

Well, she makes me sick.

Someone who has barked up and vehemently disagreed with her is former Special Forces veteran Heston Russell. When told by ABC journalist Andrew Probyn the incident “doesn't look like the heat of battle”, he said he did not want to prejudge the incident. He claimed special forces were permitted to capture or kill anyone on the Joint Priorities Effect List (JPEL), “under any legal authority (and) could do so in any circumstances”. He said “I was not there and it is not right for me to comment. Unless you were there and understand the heat of battle I am not going to dive into opinions.”



Heston Russell recently gave an interview, along with Senator Jacqui Lambie and which includes some wonderful words from Bob Katter, you can see it [HERE](#)

Public backlash has been quite demonstrative, with the vast majority against the official ADF handling of this issue. It seems the ADF has become quite “sissy” under its recent leadership – don't be surprised if there are some significant changes made over the Christmas break, hopefully starting at the top.

[Bullshit explained.](#)



Last Herc from Vietnam.

On the 20th December, 1972, an E model Hercules from 37 Sqn, became the last Hercules flight bringing Australian troops home from Vietnam. Landing at RAAF Richmond, it marked the end of an Australian strategic airlift -- which included chartered QANTAS and other domestic aircraft which supported the Army, RAN and RAAF as well as Australian civil aid projects and the NZ Army.



Nos 36 and 37 Squadrons also flew home more than 3,000 sick and wounded servicemen. The first Hercules missions to Vietnam supported the deployment of the RAAF Caribou Flight to Vung Tau in 1964 and later airlifts were undertaken when combat forces were deployed (1st Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment) to Bien Hoa.





Amberley.

On the 22 December, 1938, RAAF Base Amberley was formally gazetted, declaring that an area of about 882 acres (330 hectares) had been acquired by the Commonwealth for Defence purposes at Amberley.

The base was initially planned with a general purpose RAAF Squadron (No 24 Squadron), initially with 300 men. The name 'Amberley' was chosen after the Sussex (UK) home town of the district's pioneer farmer, James Collett. who owned the land on which the base was built. RAAF Base Amberley commenced operations in June 1940.

RAAFA Publications has produced an informative little booklet titled "Welcome to Amberley". You can read it [HERE](#).



I think [THIS](#) is funny, and so is [THIS](#), if you can't laugh at yourself, you shouldn't be laughing.

Electric vehicle battery life.

Plug-in electric vehicles (EVs) are as safe and easy to maintain as conventional vehicles. While driving conditions and habits will impact vehicle operation and vehicle range, some best practices can help you maximize your all-electric range.

Safety.

EVs must undergo the same rigorous safety testing and meet the same safety standards required for conventional vehicles as well as EV-specific standards for limiting chemical spillage from batteries, securing batteries during a crash and isolating the chassis from the high-voltage system to prevent electric shock. In addition, EVs tend to have a lower centre of gravity than conventional vehicles, making them less likely to roll over and often improving ride quality.

One safety concern specific to EVs is their silent operation; pedestrians may be less likely to hear an EV than a conventional





vehicle. The US National Highway Traffic Safety Administration is studying ways to address this issue, such as requiring EVs to emit audible sounds at low speeds. This option is already available on many EVs, including the Chevrolet Volt and Nissan Leaf. In any case, you should use extra caution when driving your EV in pedestrian areas.

Vehicle Maintenance.

Because of their differing technologies, all-electric vehicles (AEVs) and plug-in hybrid electric vehicles (PHEVs) have different types of required maintenance. Both will require minimal scheduled maintenance to their electrical systems, which can include the battery, electrical motor, and associated electronics, however, because of regenerative braking, brake systems on EVs typically last longer than on conventional vehicles.

In general, AEVs require less maintenance than conventional vehicles because there are usually fewer fluids (like oil and transmission fluid) to change and far fewer moving parts. In contrast, because PHEVs have gasoline engines, maintenance requirements for this system are similar to those in conventional vehicles.

Battery Life.

Like the engines in conventional vehicles, the advanced batteries in EVs are designed for extended life but will wear out eventually. Currently, most manufacturers are offering 8-year/100,000-mile warranties for their batteries but most will last up to 20 years. This might seem remarkable when the battery in your mobile phone begins to wear out after only a couple of years, but during that time it might be fully charged and discharged hundreds of times. Each of these so-called charge cycles counts against the life of the battery, after perhaps 500 full cycles, a lithium-ion phone battery begins to lose a significant part of the capacity it had when new.

While that might be OK in a phone, it's not good enough for a car designed to last many thousands of miles, so EV manufacturers go to great lengths to make electric car batteries last longer. In an EV, batteries are 'buffered', meaning that drivers can't use the full amount of power they store, reducing the number of full cycles the battery goes through. Together with other techniques such as clever cooling systems, this means that electric car batteries should give many years of trouble-free life.

The cost of batteries fell by about 80% between 2010 and 2016, from \$1,000/kWh to \$225/kWh and with more and more of them being made, costs are sure to fall even further. By the time the current crop of EVs need a battery replacement, the cost will probably be about the same as a conventional petrol/diesel engine overhaul.



There are a large number of electric car battery manufacturers. Some are well known such as Tesla and Nissan, while others such as BYD or LG Chem, may not be as well-known around the world, but are nevertheless, significant players in the electric car battery manufacturing space. LG Chem for instance, supply electric vehicle batteries for the likes of Volvo, Renault, Ford and Chevrolet. Not only that, they have also signed an agreement with Telsa to supply all Telsa produced in China with batteries.



Another major electric vehicle manufacturer BYD are China's largest electric vehicle manufacturer and are now, since the turn of 2019, selling more electric vehicles than fossil fuel powered vehicles. Not only are these battery manufacturers focusing on electric vehicles, but they are also working on battery storage of electricity for residential, commercial and industrial applications.

Wastage

So what happens when electric car batteries die? Batteries of all forms can prove difficult to dispose of without harming the environment. The same goes for EV batteries, however, EV battery life cycle management works towards solving expensive and toxic disposal of the batteries.

The time that batteries spend in an EV is often just the beginning of their useful life. Once removed from a car, most batteries will still be fit for other demanding jobs like energy storage in the electricity network, or in the home – a growing area of demand. As well as being used to support the use of renewable energy, EV batteries can be refurbished to help power more vehicles in the future. Volkswagen Group has plans to start a recycling project that will see batteries assessed on their quality to determine their future. The batteries with some power left will be given a second life as power packs for mobile vehicle charging. The others that have little to give, will be ground down to fine powder to extract raw materials such as lithium, nickel, manganese and lithium. The materials can then be rebuilt into more EV batteries.



Many manufacturers are researching how EV batteries can be repurposed once they have hit retirement age, however, there are no definitive answers as to what will happen to EV batteries once they're no longer recyclable.

When batteries do reach the end of their working life, they'll be recycled, which typically involves separating out valuable materials such as cobalt and lithium salts, but at the moment, only about half of the materials in an EV battery pack are recycled. With EVs expected to undergo an explosion in popularity over the next decade or so, car manufacturers are looking to improve this.

There is an excellent video explaining all this and showing how batteries actually work, you can watch it [HERE](#).



The Army at a glance!,

A friend once told me he didn't understand the military system. Dumb civilian, I said to my- self, but openly I said, "The system is really quite simple.

You see, all people in the Army are soldiers, all privates are soldiers, but not all soldiers are privates. Some are officers who are commissioned, but some are officers who are not commissioned. Obviously if every private was called private it would be confusing, so some



privates are called things like trooper, driver, gunner, craftsman, sapper or signaller. Not all of the drivers actually drive because some of them cook, but we don't call them cooks, for that matter, not all drivers are called drivers – some of them are privates or gunners. Gunners as I'm sure you know are the blokes that fire guns, unless of course they are drivers or signallers in which case we call them gunners rather than drivers or signallers just to make it clearer.

All gunners belong to the artillery, except that in the infantry we have gunners who are called privates because they fire a different sort of gun, for the same reason we call our drivers and signallers private as well. A Lance Corporal is called Corporal, unless he is a Lance Bombardier then we call him Bombardier to distinguish him from a full Bombardier, who is just like a Corporal. All other ranks are called by their rank for the sake of simplicity except that Staff Sergeants are called Staff, but they are not on the staff, some Warrant Officers, who are not officers, are called Sergeant Major although they are not Sergeants or Majors.

Some Warrant Officers are called Mister which is the same thing that we call some officers but they are not Warrant Officers. A Lieutenant is also called Mister because they are subalterns, but we always write their rank as Lieutenant or Second Lieutenant, and second comes before first.

When we talk about groups of soldiers there obviously has to be clear distinction. We call them Officers and Soldiers although we know that officers are soldiers too, sometimes we talk about officers and other ranks which is the same as calling them soldiers. I guess it is easiest when we talk about rank and file which is all the troops on parade except the officers and some of the NCOs— and a few of the privates – and the term is used whether everyone is on parade or not.

A large unit is called a battalion, unless it is a regiment but sometimes a regiment is much bigger than a battalion and then it has nothing to do with the other sort of regiment. Sub units are called companies unless they are squadrons or troops or batteries for that matter. That is not radio batteries and don't confuse this type of troop with the type who are soldiers but not officers. Mostly the Army is divided into Corps as well as units, not the sort of Corps which is a couple of divisions but the sort which tells you straight away what trade each man performs, whether he is a tradesmen or not.

The Infantry Corps has all the infantrymen for example and the Artillery Corps has all the gunners. Both these Corps also have signallers and drivers except those who are in the Signals or Transport Corps. In fact, the Signals Corps is not a service at all because it is an Arm. Arms do all the fighting, although Signals don't have to fight too much, rather like the Engineers who are also an Arm but they don't fight too much either.

So you see, it's really quite simple.



Can you believe this?



Bananas at \$5.99 a kilo!

#Check5 Information Pack

Check5 this holiday period - we encourage all veterans and their family members to square away their mental health and check in with 5 people in their lives and challenge them to #Check5. Connect with them, yarn with them and motivate them to act.

This is a grassroots social media campaign '#Check5'. It builds on a suicide prevention campaign that started in Townsville as a part of Operation Compass' 'Check Your Mates'. The campaign aims to build a network of serving and ex-serving military personnel and families, empowered to support each other over the Christmas and summer holiday period. The premise of 'Check5' is



simple: commit on social media to check in with five mates and challenge them to check in with five mates.

It also builds on a current Open Arms campaign #Squared Away. The square away resources empower individuals with knowledge to maintain their own mental health while providing access to training in mental health first aid training and suicide prevention training to equip them to support others. Therefore, in support of the campaign, this information pack contains tools and resources that can help support your participation in '#Check5'. The pack includes information on how people can connect, have difficult conversations, access free, online, one hour suicide prevention training, and refer to support available over Christmas and the summer holidays.

Campaigns like '#Check5', reminds us all of the power of we have to improve each other's wellbeing and of the range of mental health support services that are available, including the vital and complementary role you and your organisation provides. This weekend, the Open Arms Community and Peer Teams, will start posting about '#Check5' nationally, along with the team at Oasis in Townsville. We ask you to join with us, in supporting this campaign.



- Reach out to five mates and check in on them.
- Have genuine, meaningful conversations.
- Encourage others to do the same by sharing your photo with a #Check5
- Enquire genuinely, listen without agenda.
- Things aren't always as they seem.
- #Check5 #SquaredAway #CheckYourMates

*This is an example of the image that one of our peer workforce will use when they are checking in on their network. We are encouraging everyone to be creative with their imagery and videos but to **#Check5**.*



The goal is a message of positive support in the community and a call to action.

Importantly, when discussing suicide with individuals or publically, to affect positive change, it is key that you do **NOT** talk about the number of deaths by suicide or the means.

Information resources

This information will also be available on the Open Arms – Veteran & Families Counselling website on a campaign page, but please use it on any communication channels that you have available.

Resource 1: Text that could be used as a lead paragraph on your website or to share with your network.

What is #Check5

This year has presented significant challenges for parts of the Australia community, including the veteran community. It has been a year of natural disasters and the COVID-19 pandemic and the release of the IGADF Report. Furthermore, while the Christmas and summer holiday period is a time of celebration and connection with family and friends for most, for some it can be a difficult time that may involve loneliness and isolation. However, it has also been a year of maintaining mental health and wellbeing across the community and people are recognising the power of connection. Connection with others is a powerful tool in the prevention of suicide, especially when supported with the knowledge of how to check in on family members and peers.

Campaigns like ‘#Check5’, reminds us of the power of we have to improve each other’s wellbeing and of the range of mental health support services that are available, including the vital and complementary role you and your organisation provides. We ask you to join with us in supporting this campaign.

We are asking all connected to the veteran community to:

- Educate themselves: learn how to connect and have difficult conversations, and
- Take Action: Engage your network to provide support over the holiday period, through accepting the challenge to check in with five mates and challenging them to do the same.

Resource 2: This text can be used to give participants ideas on how they can connect within their network.

Plan to connect

There are a range of ways for us to connect with each other, take time to:

Write: This could be a text or an email to a mate. A simple message can be:



- Hey mate, how are you doing today?
- Hey mate, how have you been? Would you like to catch up for a walk?
- Hey mate, do you have anything planned this weekend? We have a spare seat at our table for dinner if you're free?

Call: We all like to hear a friend's voice or see their face. After this year in particular there are a range of methods to do so that we have become experts in, such as FaceTime, Zoom and Skype.

Visit: Sometimes it is easier to connect through activity. Consider a BBQ or a walk – something that gets you moving and can create a good opportunity to reach out to someone in a casual and comfortable situation. Where relevant, you should consider any current restrictions put in place by Australia's federal, state and territory governments to slow the spread of COVID-19. If someone checks in with you it is too easy to say immediately to say your fine, it is important that if you're finding life hard, we all trust our network and have the courage to let them know when we do need to talk.

Resource 3: This text can be used to support individual who are concerned about having difficult conversations or who want to learn more about suicide prevention.

Difficult Conversations

Sometimes when we connect we will find that a friend is struggling. It is important to remember that when this happens, sometimes all they need is someone to talk to and an ear to listen. It is crucial that if they do admit that they are not ok, you take the time to listen to them and support them.

To prepare for difficult conversations, remember there is a range of resources and support available for you and the person you are helping throughout the entire holiday period. People can access the Open Arms website 24/7 which includes information on services available, helpful resources on living well, as well as a number of helpful courses.

Open Arms also provides free access to the LivingWorks Start program, a one hour online program that teaches participants how to recognise when someone is thinking about suicide and how to connect them to help and support. You can access it [HERE](#).

Resource 4: provides information on the range of services available to the veteran community over the holiday period.

Serving and ex-serving personnel and their families have access to a range of support options from the Department of Veterans' Affairs (DVA) and the Department of Defence over this Christmas and Holiday Period. Ex-Service Organisations (ESO) also provide a critical role in supporting our people and their families.



This includes support for mental health, wellbeing, medical, compensation and income support, transition to civilian life, and, in some cases, legal support.

Support services available this Holiday period include:

- **Open Arms – Veterans and Families Counselling Service** (1800 011 046) or online at www.openarms.gov.au. Open Arms provides counselling and support programs to ADF personnel and their families and operates a free-call all-hours crisis telephone service as well as providing face-to-face support. We are open 24/7 throughout the Christmas and Holiday period. The Open Arms website provides information on '**Living well**' as well self-help tools to support you during this period.
- **Defence Family Helpline** (1800 624 608), available 24/7 or online at www.defence.gov.au/DCO/Defence-Helpline.asp. The Helpline is staffed by qualified human services professionals including social workers and psychologists.
- **DVA** (1800 VETERAN (1800 838 372)) is available for current and former serving ADF personnel and their families who may wish to access advice, claims and support services provided by DVA.
- **All-hours Support Line** (1800 628 036), available 24/7. This is a confidential telephone service that provides access to mental health advice and referral for ADF personnel and their families.
- **The ADF Health and Wellbeing portal** www.defence.gov.au/health/healthportal provides information on a wide range of Defence websites containing information on ADF Health and Mental Health services and supports, as well as links too many useful external resources.
- **Safe Zone Support** (1800 142 072) is a free and anonymous counselling line for current serving ADF personnel, veterans and their families. This service is available 24/7 and provides access to specialised counsellors with an understanding of military culture and experience. The service offers support without the need for individuals to identify themselves or be concerned that their call will be recorded. When you call Safe Zone Support, it is up to you how much or how little personal information you share. For more information please visit the Safe Zone Support webpage.
- **Lifeline Australia** (13 11 14) is available 24/7 or online at www.lifeline.org.au. Lifeline is a national charity providing all Australians experiencing a personal crisis with access to 24 hour crisis support and suicide prevention services.



- **Kids Helpline** (1800 551 800), <https://kidshelpline.com.au/> Kids Helpline is Australia's free (even from a mobile), confidential 24/7 online and phone counselling service for young people aged 5 to 25.
- **Head to Health** – Head to Health has more than 500 digital resources to support your wellbeing and mental health. This national resource also has a section for serving and ex-serving ADF. <https://headtohealth.gov.au/supporting-yourself/support-for/veterans>





This page left blank.



My Story

Ken Hey – 9 Sqn Vietnam.

Brief history of 9 Squadron and aircraft maintenance in Vietnam.

The advance party of 9 Sqn arrived at Vung Tau, South Vietnam, on the 3rd May 1966, a month later, on the 6th June, 1966, eight UH-1B Iroquois aircraft, A2-1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024 and 1025 arrived via HMAS Sydney. The immediate problems facing the maintenance flight were the organisation and availability of suitable spares, through the US Army and the preparation of temporary living and working quarters. Initially there were no hangar facilities and maintenance was carried out in tents or out on the hot dusty airfield. The temporary maintenance area was located where the aircraft revetments were finally established and the aircraft were parked on the PSP taxiway. The first SEngO of 9 Sqn in Vietnam was Flt Lt Keith Taylor.

Conditions were primitive and although morale was high, members suffered numerous privations. Meals were served from a mobile kitchen, mail services were poor and PX facilities inadequate. The supply of spares from the US Army was poor and the RAAF CHRS (Component History Recording System) was difficult to relate to the US Army historical records. The arduous Vietnam climate soon had a noticeable effect on maintenance, water and dust took a heavy toll on bearings, radios and engines. In October 1966, the squadron undertook aerial spray operations over Nui Dat, these operations were to continue for over 5 years.

The first aircraft destroyed was A2-1018, this aircraft was lost on the 18th October, 1966 some 12 miles NW of Vung Tau.





It was on a routine Army co-operation task named Operation Queanbeyan, when it crashed in difficult terrain. On impact the Iroquois burst into flames, burning slowly. On board was 200 lbs of TNT and detonators, four crew members and two Army passengers. Gordon Buttriss, (Sgt Framie) (right) found himself unhurt after the crash and he quickly helped the two Army men, who both had broken legs, to safety. The only other person remaining in the wreckage was the co-pilot Peter Middleton. The Iroquois had come to rest with a two foot tree between Flt Lt Middleton's knees wedging him to the seat. In spite of the burning aircraft and the danger of the TNT exploding, Gordon Buttriss went to his aid but having torn the door of the aircraft off he was unable to move the seat back to free the co-pilot. Australian troops had seen the Iroquois crash and had fought their way through 300 yards of dense jungle to get to the wreckage. Gordon and the troops tore away the twisted metal and were able to release Peter Middleton and take him to the shelter of nearby boulders. The wreckage was then engulfed in flames and the fuel tanks exploded, igniting the TNT.



Gordon Buttriss was awarded the George Medal (GM) on 16 February 1967 for his heroic efforts.

A UH-1D aircraft, A2-041 (later renamed A2-085) was obtained as a replacement.

In November 1966, ACS completed work on a Bellman Hangar which made conditions far more conducive to aircraft maintenance and also that month the first reported damage to an aircraft occurred to A4-1021 when a friendly anti-personal mine was detonated by rotor wash. This hangar was shared half and half by 9Sqn and 35Sqn which operated the Caribou.

Sqn Ldr Clive Cotter assumed the duties of SEngO on the 27th March 1967. In April 1967, compressor failures of two L11 engines caused heavy damage to two aircraft. A2-1019 was written off and a replacement UH-1D (A2-1166 later renamed A2-649) was obtained. A2-1019 was later [rebuilt](#) by the maintenance crew.

In September 1967, A2-1023 and A2-1025 were both badly damaged by ground fire. A2-1025 received 7 hits and required 100 manhours of work. Revetments for the aircraft were completed in October 1967 and an aerial spray rig was manufactured by the Sqn in November 1967 and was successfully used until July 1971.

The airframe and paint shop huts were constructed during June 1967. Aircraft A2-1024 made a heavy landing in June 1967 and was partially rebuilt using parts from A2-1019 before being shipped back to 2AD for further repair. The Kanga Pad refuel facility at Nui Dat became operational in June 1967.

During Jan, Feb and March in 1968, RAAF maintenance personnel attended L13 engine courses at various US Army establishments in preparation for the receipt of the larger UH-1H Iroquois. The first of these aircraft were received by the Sqn in March 1968 and numbered eight aircraft in serial numbers A2-376 through to A2-383. The B models were then progressively returned to Australia and 5 Sqn.



Sqn Ldr Ron Tucker became the SEngO on the 25th March 1968. On the 23rd March 1968 Vung Tau base was subjected to a heavy rocket attack and although Sqn equipment and aircraft were not damaged, a US Caribou was destroyed some 50 yards from the 9/35 Sqn hangar.



During Sept 1968, a further eight UH-1H aircraft were accepted by 9Sqn, numbering A2-766 through to A2-773. In Sept 1968, A2-769 suffered Cat 4 damage after an engine failure, the aircraft was subsequently rebuilt at a local US Army maintenance facility.

In Feb 1969, a maintenance team supported the operation of 3 aircraft out of Long Binh. A2-772 was built up as the first operational gunship during March 1969. Sqn Ldr Donald Tidd became the SEngO on the 18th March 1969 and the gunships became operational on the 21st April later that year. During Oct 1969 the Sqn lost 2 aircraft, A2-769 and A2-381 on operations. Several hydraulic failures attributed to the irreversible valve seal failure occurring during Jan 1970. Two aircraft, A2-379 and A2-376 suffered battle damage as a result of mine detonations, A2-376 later had 32 holes patched.

Flt Lt Keith Taylor took over as SEngO on the 7th March 1970, A2-770 received two rounds of ground fire on 26 March 1970. E Servicing was removed from 9 Sqn Iroquois in April 1970. On 4th May 1970, A2-110 auto-rotated onto mudflats just north of the Vung Tau airfield after engine failure, the aircraft was almost completely immersed in salt water and fortunately extracted by "Chinook" before nightfall. On the 9th May 1970, 16 aircraft were flown in formation over Vung Tau and Nui Dat to celebrate 4 years in country.

In June 1970, three aircraft suffered battle damage. A2-768 received 18 rounds and required 5 days of repair work. A2-377 was hit in a fuel tank and A2-382 force landed on the beach near the



Long Hais after being hit. The aircraft could not be retrieved before nightfall and during the night an incoming tide broke portions of the aircraft. The damage was finally categorized at Cat 5 because the corrosion which developed after the salt water immersion and the aircraft was returned to 5 Sqn as a training aid. The 40,000 hour in country was flown on the 28th June 1970, The Forward Servicing Party was established at Nui Dat in June 1970.

A2-768 crashed in July 1970 and was written off. LAC Duncan McNair subsequently died from injuries received in the incident. Duncan was an Armourer and was a crewman on A2-768 and was seriously injured when his aircraft crashed and ignited during operations. He was airlifted to 3 Field Hospital in Saigon but died 17 days later. His body was returned to Australia and was buried in the Springvale (Vic) Botanical Cemetery. Albatross 01 crashed and burned during operations on 03 July 1970. All 4 crew were recovered and hospitalized suffering from severe burns and shock. The Crewman was subsequently transferred to Saigon when his condition deteriorated. His wife was flown up from Australia and he subsequently died on 20 July 1970.



He who dies with the most toys is nonetheless dead.

Replacement aircraft A2-703 and A2-723 were collected from Pleiku. A fourth gunship was put on line on the 31st July 1970. Special ground handling wheels were manufactured to enable movement of gunships with rocket pods fitted.

A 5ft 6in snake defied ingenious attempt using air, hot water and finally CO₂ to be forced from the hell hole of A2-110 (See [HERE](#)). The snake finally escaped into the hangar and was eventually killed using a shovel. The snake was “delicious” in Dau’s (foreman labourer) words.

Aircraft were modified in Nov 1970 to carry Stokes Litters on the underside of aircraft. Air transportable cabins were received in Nov 1970 for use with the FSP at Nui Dat. Flt Lt Elliot Weller took over as SEngO on the 30th Nov 1970



In Dec 1970, A2-773 received ground fire whilst operating in support of 7RAR some 5 miles east of Xuyen Moc. Damage to fuel and instrument and electrical systems resulted in the aircraft being extracted by Chinook. In the same operation A2-377 received one hit which resulted in skin repairs and a main rotor change.

During a “D” service on A2-771, the laminated honeycomb centre work deck was found to be badly deteriorated, the item is a structural member and in the US Army, is replaced at a Depot level facility. The deck was replaced within 9 Sqn. The replacement involved jiggling of the aircraft



and metal workers, led by Sgt Jim Vanderkyl, expended many manhours on intricate, tedious repairs. The re-alignment of the engine is particularly note-worthy, three engine fitters, led by Sgt Spike Bicker, worked continuously for over 20 hours.

Feb 1970 was a bad month for engine failures, three aircraft made forced landings. Two aircraft, A2-773 and A2-110 (both gunships) made hovering auto on Kanga Pad after compressor failures.

A2-1210 settled very heavily and a heavy landing inspection revealed bent skids and a broken fifth mount in addition to the engine change. The working party, directed by Sgts Rob Oliver and Spike Bicker, commenced work at 11.00am and the aircraft was test flown and returned to Vung Tau by nightfall. A2-376 made an auto onto a paddy field about a mile from Sanford after engine failure. The aircraft was recovered by Chinook to Vung Tau where the cause was finally diagnosed as a fuel control unit (FCU) failure.

March – Apr 1971 was perhaps the most difficult period for the maintenance flight since 9 Sqn commenced operations in Vietnam. Battle damage, combined with a spate of tail boom failures led to some extraordinary efforts by maintenance personnel.

L-R: Ian John Collett, sumpie, Ern van Gilst, framie, Ross Tarrant, framie.

Some people worked on occasions all day, through the night and part of the next day. That these members were able to maintain such intensive work and high standards of maintenance reflects creditably on the individuals but also on the training and standards of RAAF maintenance personnel generally.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

VN/71/0033/01

WOFF Bruce Harris was outstanding during this period in maintaining morale and directing hangar activities. At 1900 hours on one particular evening seven aircraft, with varying degrees of battle damage and tail boom failure, were being worked on in the hangar, six of those aircraft were serviceable by 0730 the following morning.

During this period, 9 aircraft received battle damage, gunship A2-383 received 16 rounds of ground fire and caused severe damage to its skin, structural components, flooring and windows.

On the morning of the 20 March 1971, 9 Sqn was required to carry out a "Sniffer" flight which proved to be a routine task with few readings. The "Sniffer" was an electronic personnel detection device, developed by General Electric for the US Army Chemical Corps and was mounted in the helicopters. It detected effluents unique to humans such as those found in urine and sweat. Early in the afternoon of 20 March, after the completion of the Sniffer flight, two Bushranger aircraft, Bushranger 71 and Bushranger 72, (with B73 and B74 in reserve) were called to support 8



Platoon C Coy, 3RAR, which had run into a bit of trouble to the north of Xuan Moc, Phuoc Tuy. A patrol was engaged by enemy in bunkers, with small arms RPG (Rocket Propelled Grenades) and hand grenades mortally wounding the Platoon Commander and seriously wounding the Machine Gunner. The remainder of the patrol was forced to withdraw with another seriously wounded soldier and called in the Light Fire Team but on arrival the aircraft could not engage effectively because the patrol was unable to mark the target having run out of smoke grenades and were in very close proximity to the enemy.

The enemy were entrenched close to an escarpment on the northern side and only about 30 meters from the Australian platoon's position which meant the aircraft had to fly low and close to the enemy's position. Such was the terrain that, after each pass, the Bushranger had to break right to escape. Whilst that happened, it was covered by the other Bushranger. On one pass with Ron Betts flying, the aircraft broke right, the turn being so tight that it experienced retreating blade stall. Recovering from this manoeuvre, the aircraft had to return to Nui Dat to re-arm and re-fuel. The Bushranger attempted to drop more smoke grenades. It came to the hover over the patrol when it was hit some 47 times by small arms fire just 50 feet above the patrol. One or more bullets hit the co pilot Ron Betts, mortally wounding him and forcing the aircraft to land at Fire Support Patrol Base Beth, where he died; the first RAAF pilot to die in Vietnam.



Eventually the patrol was joined by the 3RAR Assault Pioneer Platoon mounted in Armoured Personnel Carriers and a troop of tanks which forced the enemy to withdraw, The bunker system (20 bunkers) which had been occupied by elements of D445 Battalion Headquarters and one of its Recce Platoons was subsequently destroyed by a tank dozer.

A2-110 which was holed in windows, flooring and skin returned to Vung Tau and went into a D service. On the 31st March 1971, three aircraft were severely damaged in an action some 8 miles east of Nui Dat. A2-767, whilst on a "Dust-Off" received ground fire in its main rotor, fuel tanks and engine combustion chamber. Alan Bloxsom, a crewie, was killed in this action. He received ground fire and was evacuated to hospital where he died from wounds. A2-110 was severely damaged when a round carried away more than half of the LH fuselage tail boom attachment beam and required Chinook recovery from Nui Dat. The repair of this damage involved much work by metal workers in designing and manufacturing a spliced structural repair. The team were led by Sgt Stan Moss. A2-773 was also hit in this action in the tail boom and support structure.

On the 17th April, 1971, A2-767 crashed and was completely destroyed in a subsequent fire after being hit by ground fire whilst on a "Dust-Off" mission in the Long Hais. A2-149 and A2-772 received minor battle damage. The loss of A2-767n strained maintenance resources in meeting the daily on-line requirements of 13 aircraft.

A notable feat for the maintenance flight was achieved during May 1971 when nil engine changes were carried out. On the 7th June A2-723 crashed whilst on Operation Overland and Flt Lt Everitt "Lofty" Lance and LAC David Dubber were killed in this incident. The Squadron was providing



Gunship, ammunition resupply and casevac support for Bravo Company, 3RAR and 1 Armoured Regiment Centurion tanks who were engaged in an enemy bunker system. During an ammunition resupply, Albatross 06 crashed into trees killing Everitt Lance and David Dubber while the Co-pilot and Crewman were injured. Casevac was attempted but had to be aborted due to intense enemy fire. Under continuous fire from Bushrangers and US Army Gunships, Bravo Company was resupplied with ammunition and the aircrew casualties were evacuated. The Bushrangers were continuously involved engaging the enemy throughout the day and other Squadron aircraft evacuated 25 wounded and injured, all but 3 being battle casualties.

During Operational Overlord, the Sqn flew all 15 aircraft on strength operationally on the 5th June. On the 6th June, 15 aircraft were again serviceable. A forward servicing party, led by Sgt Kev O'Neill operated at Fire Support Base (FSB) Jane. The Sqn established a record serviceability of 90.4%. Replacement aircraft A2-455 was collected at Heli 3 in Saigon.

In July 1971, A2-915 was collected as a replacement aircraft from Tuy Hoa. A2-455 had a tail boom severed by ground fire and A2-772 had a fuel tank holed by friendly fire.

In October the Sqn achieved a record serviceability of 90.7% and the first scheduled engine change was made in country on A2-766, the engine having run maximum TBO hours of 1030 hours. Sixteen aircraft were flown in formation on 9th November 1971, to mark the departure of 9 Sqn from Vietnam.



Records show that seven aircraft were destroyed during the 5½ years of service of 9 Sqn in Vietnam. There were 23 recorded incidents of aircraft receiving ground fire, more than half of these occurred in the period Nov 1970 to Nov 1971. A total of 250 D servicings and 22 E servicings were performed in country. The 50,000th hour was flown in country on the 8th March 1971 by Albatross 01, the crew being Plt Off Graham Christian pilot and Flg Off Robert Redman Co-Pilot.

Generally, the opportunity of serving with 9 Sqn in Vietnam has provided maintenance personnel with very worthwhile experience of activities in a wartime environment. Maintenance personnel have generally given outstanding performance in maintaining aircraft to high standards of serviceability I difficult and demanding conditions, the efforts really validate the standard of training given to maintenance personnel and reflect creditably on the overall standards. Airmen and NCOs have shown great resourcefulness and ingenuity in developing modifications for local conditions and repair schemes or battle damage.

An EngO finds himself in technical isolation as he does not have ready access to HQSC technical information, research laboratories or aircraft depots. He learns very early in a tour the need to accept final responsibility for local mods and repair schemes. The assistance of local Lycoming and Bell Helicopter representatives has been of value in this regard. The ability of members to work hard under difficult conditions and live in relative harmony reflects creditably on the moral fibre of the RAAF.



The working conditions for 9 Sqn were always difficult. In the early stages the conditions were most primitive with tents as living and working quarters. Through "Self-help" the Sqn personnel gradually built up a reasonable level of living and working conditions. The notion of self-help has been most noticeable and effective whether it has been directed to construction of an engine repair section or in the improvement of one's small domain in a living quarter. Air conditioners were essential for the servicing of aircraft instrument and radio components. Three air transportable air-conditioned cabins were of inestimable value in this regard.

9 Sqn was logistically supported for aircraft spares by the US Army. Generally the quantity of spares available was satisfactory, in fact during the period 1970 – 71, the supply was outstanding although this could also be attributed to the ingenuity of the 9 Sqn equipment staff in obtaining the spares. The quantity of spares was another story, they were consistently of a poor standard particularly for radios, engines and airframe and armament components and led to many petty unserviceabilities and, at times, more serious failures of engine fuel systems.

L-R: Neil Moffat (framie), Alf Fellowes (elec)

The effect was to force 9Sqn to increase the personnel establishment and to obtain ground support equipment (GSE) and test equipment so that these items could be either checked or serviced to ensure freedom from fault. The underlying reason for the different standards of serviceability is simple, the US Army will perhaps put half aircraft strength on line daily whereas 9 Sqn had to get 88% serviceability to meet the 1st Australian Task Force (1 ATF) tasks. 9 Sqn demanded therefore a far greater degree of aircraft and component reliability.



Morale was normally good amongst the troops. Certainly they consumed vast quantities of alcohol and some made frequent visits to the pleasure spots in Vung Tau, but generally no major problems occurred. R&R and R&C leave was beneficial and some consideration ought to be given to the ideal of six month tours on future occasions as in the last few months of a tour, members seem to become dis-associated from the task at hand. Morale was not helped by the requirement for technical personnel to do guard duty, they already had duty crew, forward servicing party and stand-by duty. The RAAF should have a sufficient defence establishment in an operational area without resorting to taking maintenance personnel for defence duty.

I'm going to stay up on New Year's Eve this year.
Not to see this New Year in, but to make sure this one leaves.



Some 9 Squadron Statistics.

Aircraft destroyed.

A2-1018	18 th Oct 1966
A2-381	15 th Oct 1969
A2-769	26 th Oct 1969
A2-382	30 th Jun 1970
A2-768	02 nd Jul 1970
A2-767	17 th Apr 1971
A2-723	07 th Jun 1971

Milestones

50,000 hours flown in country	08 th March 1971
Highest serv rate of 90.73%	Oct 1971

Engines

Max number of unscheduled engine changes	10 in May 1969
Min number of engine changes	Nil Oct 1971
First scheduled engine change in country	Oct 1971
100 th engine change in country	A2-770 – 17 Nov 1969
Max hours run by Li-3 engine	1030.2 hours

Loads

Maximum recorded aircraft loads:	
Pax	21
Freight	450 lbs
Fuel	1100lbs

Serviceability

16 acft serv and flown in formation	9 th May 1970
	9 th Nov 1971
16 acft serv and flown operationally	27 th July 1971
Acft flown every day in month	A2-376 & 379. Jun 1971

Ordinance

Max number of rounds expended by M60	200,504
Max number of rounds expended by MI34	645,940
Cost of M60 rounds in a 6 month period	\$84,690
Cost of MI34 rounds in a 6 month period	\$512,640



If I had known back in March 2020 that it would be my last time in a restaurant for a long time,
I would have ordered desert.



The people I meet.

The other day I woke up feeling refreshed and as fit as a fiddle and as it was close to Christmas and looked like being warm and dry, as is the norm in Queensland, I knew it was going to be a good day. As usual, I bounded out of bed at 3.30am, and as I was in a bit of a hurry to hit the shops present buying, I popped onto the floor and did a rapid 100 push-ups, not my normal 250, it was then into the Dunlop Volleys and out for a brisk 25 km run around the block, leaving the dog at home as I knew he would slow me down.

Back home again, I checked the clock and found it was just approaching 6.00am, which pleased me as my times had not slowed and I'd now been able to maintain my "around the block" rate for some years.

After a hearty breakfast of 17 raisons, a lettuce leaf smeared with crunchy peanut butter, a carrot and a 1 litre glass of lukewarm tap water, I hit the shower and prepared the body for mingling with the populous. Having been blessed with Radtechitis since my 18 month stay at the Air Force's bay-side resort at Laverton back in the 1960s, I knew I had to be very careful and hide the Radtechitis as it normally sent our fairer sex into a frenzy. For many years until I discovered the reason why, I couldn't walk amongst the public without the fairer sex being uncontrollably attracted to one's self. At times this could be quite embarrassing as every-time I hit the current Westfield, I'd have at least 60 or more females breathing heavy and pawing at my body. Similarly, when I hit the beach at the Goldie, about a hundred shapely bikini-clad lassies would try and invade my towel area.

Some years ago, when I was on the beach at Surfers, I discovered I'd left my coco-nut oil at home and was in danger of getting seriously burnt. Not wanting to end up like a lobster, I fronted up to John Patterson, the Mutton Bird Man and had a head to toe spray of his "patented" anti-burn mutton-bird oil. Up until that moment, I had been chased by the lovelies but after the spray I found I was left alone. The Radtechitis had been masked. A cure had been found. Eureka!

From that day, I didn't venture forth from home without first applying a liberal amount of Johnson's baby oil to my magnificence. On this particular day, after my relaxing shower, I covered the body with the oil, dressed, walked up to the bus stop and ventured forth. After spending some hours in Queen St in the wonderful city of Brisbane, I needed some lunch and a refreshing ale, so I went to where all connoisseurs of fine foods would go, to the Jade Buddha. I ordered a small meal and a glass and while waiting for my repast, I clumsily bumped against one of the tables. I thought nothing of it,





but unfortunately, that bump scraped a minute amount of Johnson's baby oil from my body and allowed a miniscule amount of Radtechitis to escape. It wafted into the air and was immediately carried forth by the breeze from the Brisbane River.

Some miles away, in the spirit of Christmas, the lovely Van Pham was quietly going about her day, selfishly preparing meals for the hundreds of sick, the elderly and the homeless, when that tiny bit of Radtechitis descended from the heavens and was detected by her. She immediately froze, spun around on tippy toe, trying to identify from where that Radtechitis had come. Having a good sense of direction, and a good head for calculus, trigonometry and geography, she determined it must have come from the Jade Buddha, so dropping the plates of roast lamb and mint sauce she had been carrying, she grabbed one of the wheel-chairs that had been parked at the door, hopped on and in a frenzy, headed for the Jade Buddha.





Unbeknownst to me, all that had transpired some 20 miles away, but Van was so determined to obtain some of that Radtechitis that she covered that distance in just 15 mins. Leaving the wheelchair at the door, she raced inside, found me quietly sitting at a table admiring the view and draped herself upon my person soaking up some Radtechitis. After 49 minutes, I was forced to extricate myself from her clutches.

Such is the burden a Radtech must endure.

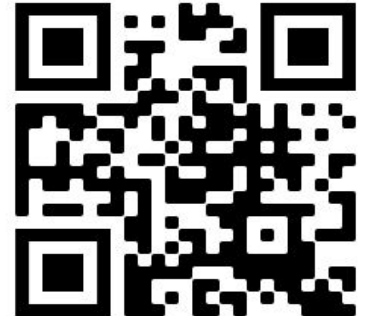
The lovely Van was born in Vietnam but as she says, she was lucky and escaped in 1981 when she was only 19. After a 6 week harrowing trip, she arrived in Australia and now, nearly 40 years later, calls Australia and more particularly, Queensland, home.

Australia is lucky to have such lovely people.

You know you live in Darwin when:
The best parking spot is determined by shade, not distance.

QR Code Scams.

With the huge resurgence of the QR code which was nearly on its way out but which the pandemic rekindled its return as a convenient and scannable shortcut, scammers are starting to take note. COVID-79 had made finding a digital equivalent to things normally handed out physically, like menus, tour guides and other paperwork and many organizations have adopted the QR code to help with this. And so, it would seem, have criminals. Scammers have dusted off their book of tricks that abuse QR codes and we're starting to see new scams. Or maybe just old scams in new places.



What is a QR code again?

A Quick Response (QR) code is nothing more than a two-dimensional barcode. This type of code was designed to be read by robots that keep track of items in a factory. As a QR code takes up a lot less space than a legacy barcode, its usage soon spread. See [HERE](#).

Smartphones can easily read QR codes-all it takes is a camera and a small piece of software. Some apps, like banking apps, have QR code-reading software incorporated to make it easier for users to make online

Why are QR codes coming back?

For some time, these QR codes were mainly in use in industrial environments to help keep track of inventory and production. Later they gained some popularity among advertisers because it was easier for consumers to scan a code than to type a long URL. (The one above shows you



the Radschool web site.) But people couldn't tell from a QR code where scanning would lead them, so they got cautious and QR codes started to disappear. Then along came the pandemic and entrepreneurs had to get creative about protecting their customers against a real life virus infection.

As an example, for fear of spreading COVID-19 (wonder what COVID-18 was like) through many people touching the same menu in a restaurant, businesses placed QR codes on their tables so customers could scan the code and open the menu in the browser on their phone. Clean and easy, unless of course, a previous visitor with bad intentions had replaced the QR code with his own. Enter QR code scams.

Some known QR code scams

The easiest QR code scam to pull off is clickjacking. Some people get paid to lure others into clicking on a certain link. What better way than to replace QR codes on a popular monument, for example, where people expect to find background information about the landmark by following the link in the QR code. Instead, the replaced QR code takes them to a sleazy site and the clickjacking operator gets paid his fee.

Another trick is the small advance payment scam . For some services, it's accepted as normal to make an advance payment before you can use that service. For example, to rent a shared scooter, you are asked to make a small payment to open its lock, the QR code identifies the scooter and starts the payment

How to avoid QR code scams

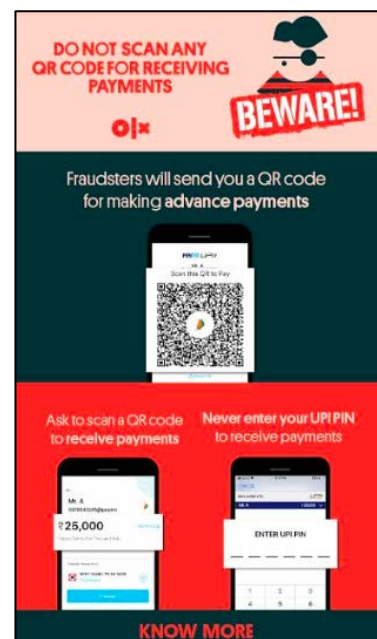
There are a few common sense methods to avoid the worse QR code scams:

- Do not trust emails from unknown senders.
- Do not scan a QR code embedded in an email. Treat them the same as links because, well, that's what they are.
- Use a QR scanner that checks or displays the URL before it opens the link.
- Use a scam blocker or web filter on your device to protect you against known scams.

Even if the mail from a bank looks legitimate, you should at least double-check with the bank (using a contact number you've found on a letter or their website) if they ask you to log in on a site other than their own, install software, or pay for something you haven't ordered.

As an extra precaution, do not use your banking app to scan QR codes if they fall outside of the normal pattern of a payment procedure.

What's next?





One method in development to replace QR codes on Android devices is the Near Field Communication (NFC) tag. NFC tags, like QR codes, do not require an app to read them on more modern devices. Most of the recent iPhones and Androids can read third-party NFC tags without requiring extra software, although older models may need an app to read them. (See [HERE](#))



NFC tags are also impossible to read by humans but they do require an actual presence, i.e. they can't be sent by mail, but with the rise in popularity of contactless payments, we may see more scams focusing on this type of communication.

Stay safe, everyone!

She: I was dreaming I was at Costco
He: I was dreaming I was with 3 women.
She: Was I there?
He: No. You were at Costco.

The coming of the Canberra.

Many years ago (1960) the Commonwealth Film Unit produced a great little video on the introduction of the Canberra. The video shows how it takes piston-engine trained crews three months to learn about the aircraft and its safety devices. The film shows men undertaking the course and concludes with a crew making its first bombing run. It's old now of course, (60 years old!!) but you might recognise some faces.

You can see it [HERE](#) (It's still a great looking aircraft).

Hot water comes out of both taps.

A Vietnam Christmas, 1971

A US airman's perspective

Christmas provided a mental break from the war. In an annual event, the US Cam Ranh air wing painted a Caribou with a red Santa Claus face on the forward dome and flew to various bases as a treat for the army troops. One of the flight mechanics (loadies) played Santa dressed in an appropriate red suit and fake beard and a small, half-dozen strong, squad of "Donut Dollies" or female Red Cross workers, played Santa's helpers. They also carried a large stock of liquor and sandwiches for the troops.



Bringing the Christmas aura to the trenches of Vietnam unleashed seemingly well-secured emotions that suddenly broke loose in everyone, none more clearly displayed than at the small northern delta army base of Bao Loc, sixty miles northeast of Saigon.

This base resided as close to the pits of Vietnam as you could get. The approach plate for the runway warned: "Runway in poor condition, south end 20% coverage by large, loose rocks. 200' overrun each end, poor condition. Parking area east side and south end, poor condition, partly overgrown."



We pulled onto the poorly conditioned parking ramp, but before we could shut down the engines and open the rear cargo door, a series of large transport trucks appeared on the road to the field filled with troops whooping and waving. They pulled up next to us on the ramp and disgorged fifty or so soldiers in their green fatigues that surrounded the rear of the plane to welcome whoever might disembark..



The rear cargo door came down, and Santa emerged. The troops cheered and whistled. Then the Donut Dollies came down the ramp and the troops went joyously berserk, but not in a nasty or lewd sense. They spun around in the same frantic ecstasy of a pet dog when you pick it up from the vet or when you hold its dinner bowl over its head to make it dance. No group of children ever carried off the fantasy so well. A young soldier shook my hand with tears in his eyes and



said, "Sir, this is the best thing that has ever happened here. Thank-you so much!" Maddeningly for my composure, he was about to make me cry, too.

This brought to mind, yet again, the imperative question: "What the hell are we doing here?"

We carried a bag of letters from school kids in the States for the soldiers. They told of how proud they were of the troops, how they hoped they didn't get hurt, and to come home soon to their families. As I watched the troops reading these simple letters, I did start choking up as they became silent with faces contorted to avoid crying.

As the sun set over the Central Highlands, we flew up the coast past Phan Thiet (Pappa Tango) toward Cam Ranh with the upper cargo door raised and the bottom ramp angled up so we could lie against it and look out the back of the plane. Two or three Dollies joined me gazing out at the South China Sea in wistful contemplation of the day, marvelling that in our mid-twenties we found ourselves in such a perplexing situation halfway around the world."

(Excerpt from "Flying the Line, an Air Force Pilot's Journey,")

Fuses

Everyone knows what a fuse is, but who knows how they work?

A fuse is a simple and highly effective way to protect a device from dangerous levels of current:



- Current flowing through a conductor's nonzero resistance leads to power dissipation.
- Power is dissipated in the form of heat.
- Heat raises the temperature of the conductor.
- If the combination of current amplitude and duration is sufficient to raise the temperature above the fuse's melting point, the fuse becomes an open circuit and current flow ceases.

The **conductor** inside the fuse is made of a metal similar to solder. It has a lower melting point than the wire itself. The size of the conductor is calibrated very carefully so that when the rated current is reached, enough heat is generated to melt the conductor and so break the circuit.

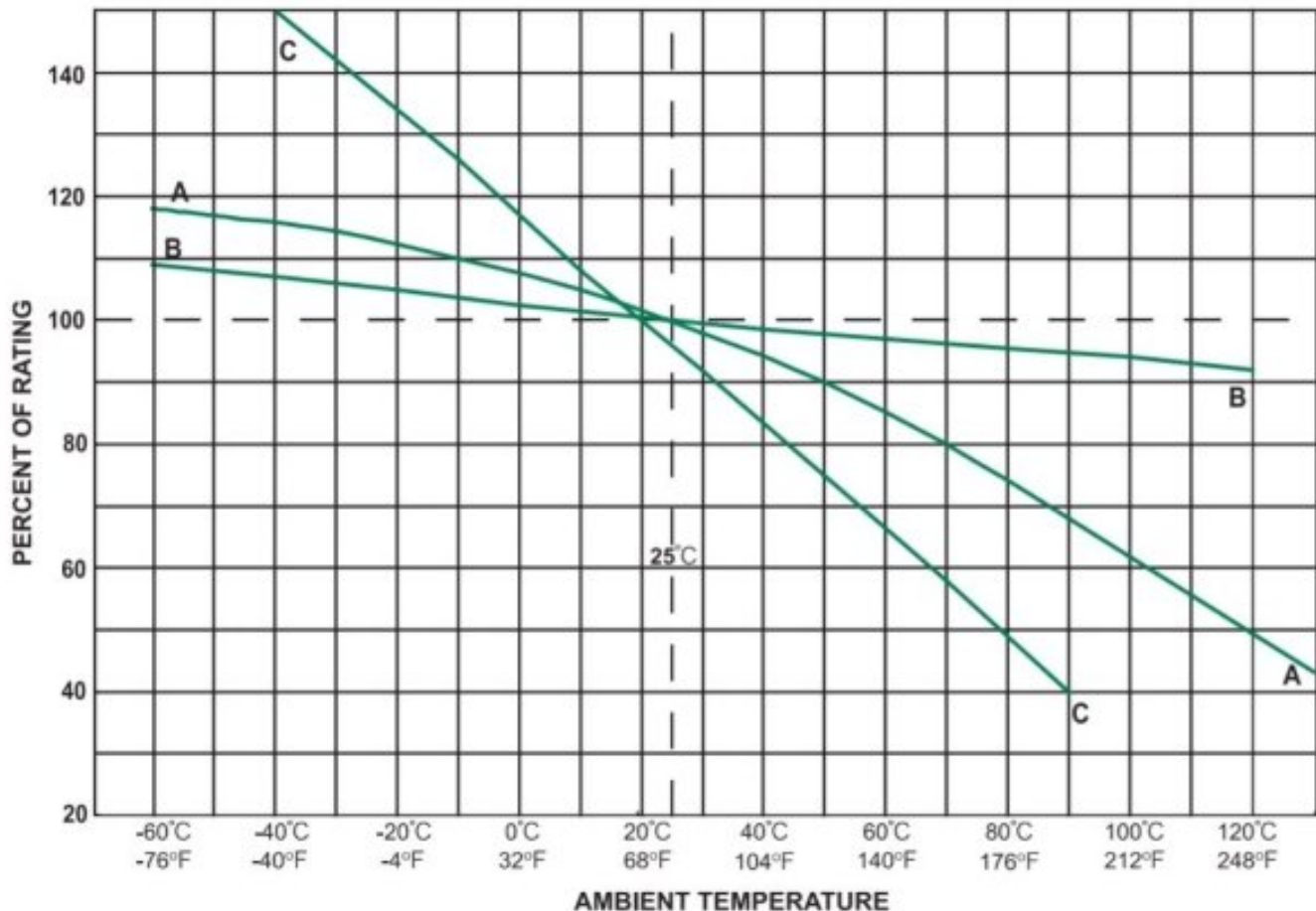
Though the fundamental operation of a fuse is not complicated, there are subtle points to keep in mind.

How a Fuse Is Tripped: Heat does the job, not Current.

A fuse is not tripped directly by current; rather, the current creates heat, and heat trips the fuse. This is actually a rather important distinction because it means that fuse operation is influenced by ambient temperature and by the temporal characteristics of the current.

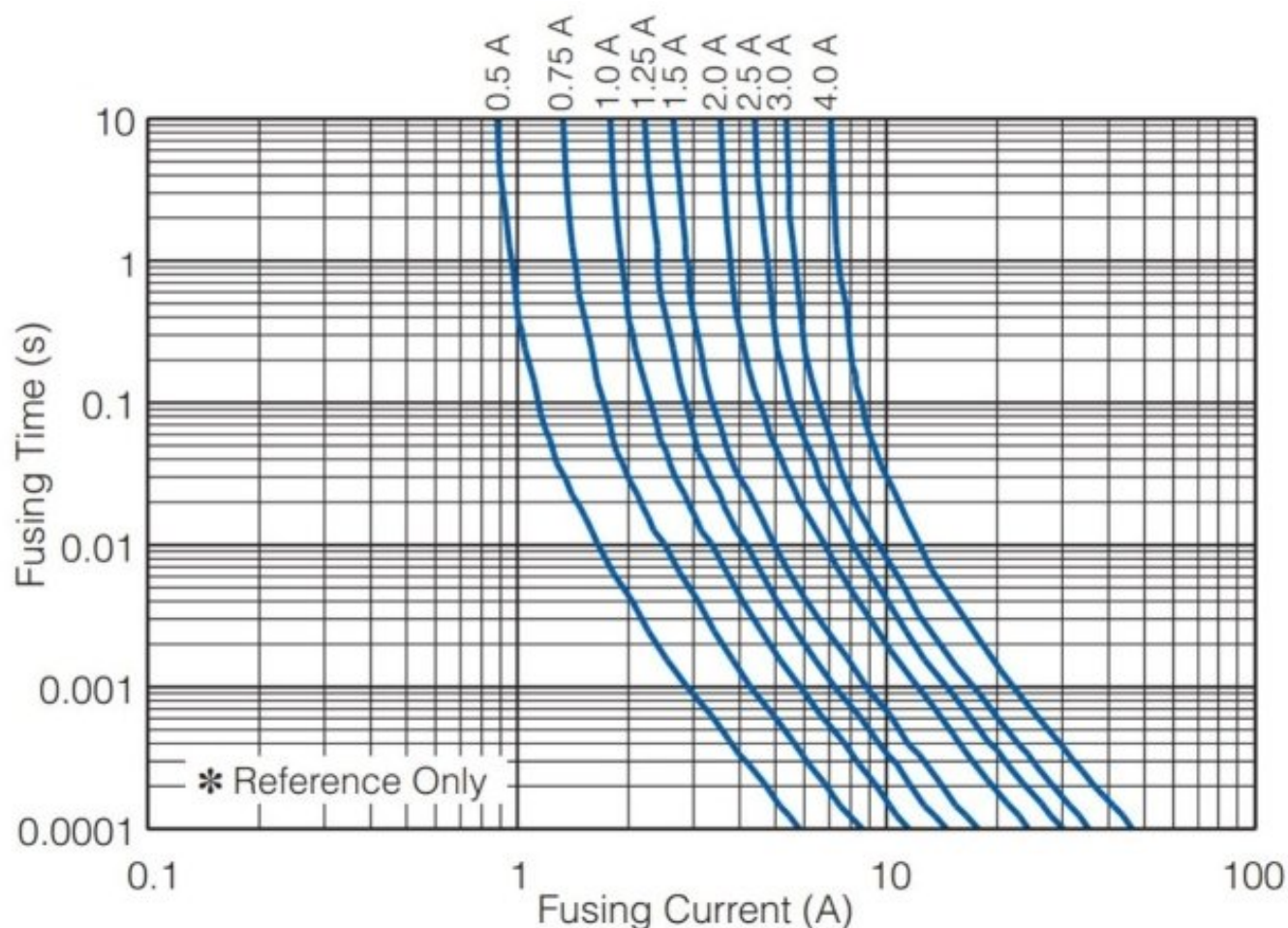


The specified current rating of a fuse is relevant only to a specific ambient temperature (usually, 25°C), and consequently you need to adjust your fuse selection if you're designing a device that will operate outdoors in, say, Antarctica or Alice Springs. The following graph shows how ambient temperature affects the actual current rating—relative to the nominal 25°C current rating—of three types of fuses.



Regarding the characteristics of the current passing through the fuse, we all know that the effect of heat accumulates over time (momentarily touching a hot pan is nothing compared to picking it up and realizing that it's hot when you're halfway between the stove and the dining table). Consequently, the current rating of a fuse is a simplification of its real behaviour. We can't expect a fuse to respond to a very short duration (but high) current draw because the short duration of the high level of current won't increase the temperature enough to cause tripping.

The following plot shows the time-current characteristics for a group of surface-mount fuses. The rated current is on top, and the curve represents the amount of time required to trip the fuse in relation to the amount of current flowing through the fuse.



As you can see, you need 3 amps to trip a 0.5-amp fuse when the duration of the overcurrent condition is only 1 ms.

Connect Fuses in Series!

Although this is straightforward, it's worth mentioning just in case you're up late designing a schematic and in your exhausted state you don't notice that you placed the fuse in such a way that it is, for example, in series with only one of two voltage regulators. A fuse cannot protect anything that is connected in parallel with it.

Fuse Design Best Practices: Rated Current vs. Operating Current

It would be perfectly reasonable to assume that a fuse rated for 6 amps could be used in a circuit that might need 5 amps of steady-state current. It turns out, though, that this is not good design practice. The current rating of a fuse is not a high-precision specification, and furthermore the actual tripping current is influenced by ambient temperature. Consequently, to avoid "nuisance tripping," you should have a fairly generous gap between your expected steady-state current and your fuse's rated current.

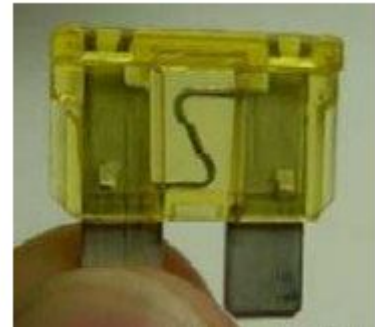


It is preferable to use a fuse with a rating 25% (for operation at room temperature) higher than the circuit's steady-rate current draw, thus, a fuse with a rating of 10 amps would be used only if the circuit's steady-state current will stay below 7.5 amps.

You Have to Be Patient

Let's say your circuit includes a delicate component that will certainly be damaged if it is subjected to currents higher than 1 amp. The circuit should never draw more than 500 mA under normal conditions, so you include a fuse with a rating of 900 mA. This is high enough to prevent nuisance tripping and low enough to ensure that the delicate component never sees 1 amp. Right?

Well, no. Consider the following spec for the fuses mentioned earlier in the article:



Fusing Current/Fusing Time (at 25 °C)	Rated Current × 100 % / 4 hours min.
	Rated Current × 200 % / 5 seconds max.
	Rated Current × 300 % / 0.2 seconds max.

Remember, heat takes time to accumulate—in this case, it takes a long time. You'll have to wait at least four hours for the fuse to trip when the current is equal to the rating, ie: when you pass 1 amp through a 1 amp fuse. Even at twice the rated current, the delay is at least five seconds. The bottom line is that the delicate component might be toast long before the fuse trips.

You'll have to rethink your fuse selection or—and this is probably a more practical solution in a situation such as the one described above—implement a different method of dealing with overcurrent conditions.

Why Do Fuses Have a Voltage Rating?

Fuses are designed to have very low resistance so that they don't unduly interfere with the circuits that they are protecting. This low resistance means that the voltage drop across the fuse will be very small. Why, then, do fuses have a voltage rating?

It's true that fuses see small voltage (drop) during normal operation, but the voltage rating is not relevant to normal operation. Rather, the voltage rating tells you what the fuse can endure after it has tripped. A blown fuse is an open circuit and if the voltage across this open circuit is enough to cause arcing, the fuse can't be relied upon.



Allan George's Gems

Windows File Recovery tool.

At last, Microsoft has a new Windows File Recovery tool lets you retrieve deleted documents. Although file recovery programs have been around for yonks, some of which are not free, it has taken until now for MS to release their own. It's a Windows 10 program, if you're not on 10 and haven't updated with build 19041 or later (click [HERE](#) to see which version you have) it won't work for you.

The beauty of this program is it will recover files from your hard drive, solid-state hard drive, USB sticks and memory cards – and it's free.

It's not as user friendly as a lot of other programs, it runs under what used to be called the Dos Prompt, people who have been using computers for many years will think they are back to using DOS and you have to wonder why MS would release a program without a graphics interface, perhaps in the future.....



Whether Microsoft's tool can actually find and recover a file you've deleted depends on the drive. Deleted files aren't removed from hard drives immediately but are often immediately removed from solid-state drives. If you've written a lot of data to a device like an SD card since you've deleted the file, it's likely that the file's data may have been overwritten. Even if you manage to recover a file, you may only get some of the file's data—the file may be corrupted. You can only get whatever data is still on the drive. There are no guarantees here, and that's why backups are so important.



The utility also has multiple modes intended for different situations and file systems.

Here's how it works:

First you have to install the program.

- Click [HERE](#) then GET and INSTALL the program.
- Click START, in the list of programs on your computer, scroll down to the **W** section, right click WINDOWS FILE RECOVERY, then MORE, then PIN TO TASK BAR. This puts an icon on the task bar at the bottom of your screen. You can now use it when ever you want by just clicking the icon.

When you run the program, you'll see a Command (AKA Dos) Prompt window with Administrator access, like the pic below. This is where you'll run the File Recovery commands. If you're an old DOS person it will look familiar, if not it can be a bit daunting, but you'll soon get used to it.

There are lots of "switches" but MS gives you a serious hint by displaying them all before you use the program.

```
Administrator: C:\Windows\System32\cmd.exe

Windows File Recovery
Copyright (c) Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved
Version: 0.0.11761.0
-----

USAGE: winfr source-drive: destination-folder [/switches]

/r          - Segment mode (NTFS only, recovery using file record segments)
/n <filter> - Filter search (default or segment mode, wildcards allowed, trailing
r)

/x          - Signature mode (recovery using file headers)
/y:<type(s)> - Recover specific extension groups (signature mode only, comma sepa
/#          - Displays signature mode extension groups and file types

/?          - Help text
/!          - Display advanced features
```

How to Recover Deleted Files on Windows 10

To use this tool, you will run the **winfr** command, you do this by clicking the icon you previously installed, specifying the drive you want to search for the deleted file, the destination you want to save it to, and the various switches that control what the tool searches for and how it searches. Obviously you must save the deleted file to a different drive. That's a lot of things to do and it all sounds daunting, but it's not really. Here's the basic format:

winfr source-drive: destination-drive: /switches



After running the command, the tool will automatically create a directory (folder) named “Recovery_[date and time]” on the destination drive you specify.

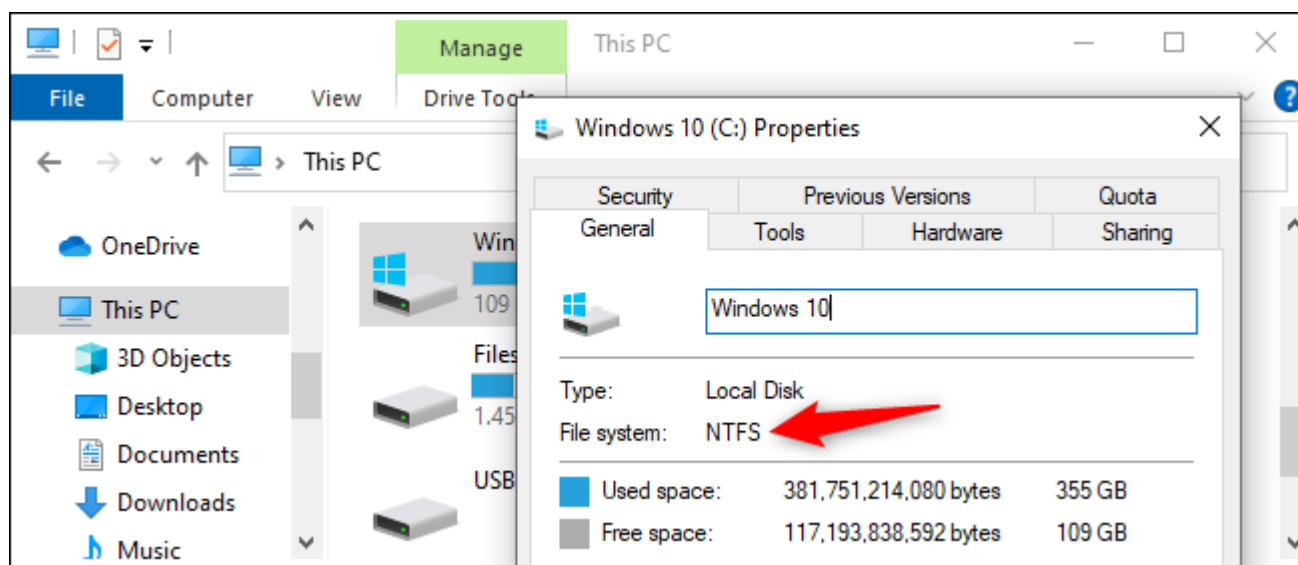
The utility also has multiple modes intended for different situations and file systems.

Which Mode Should You Use?

Before you continue, you should determine the “mode” you want to scan for the deleted file. There are three modes, Default, Segment, and Signature.

- Default is the fastest mode,
- Segment is similar but slower and more thorough.
- Signature mode can search for files by type—it supports ASF, JPEG, MP3, MPEG, PDF, PNG, and ZIP files. (Searching for “ZIP” files will also find Office documents stored in formats like DOCX, XLSX, and PPTX.)

You’ll need to know what file system the drive you’ll be scanning is formatted with. To find this, open File Explorer, right-click the drive under This PC, and select “Properties.” You’ll see the file system displayed on the “General” tab.



Here’s when you should use the different modes:

- If you are trying to find a file you recently deleted on a drive formatted with NTFS, which is the default Windows 10 file system, Use Default mode.
- If you’re scanning an NTFS drive in another situation—for example, if you deleted the file a while ago, you formatted the drive, or you’re dealing with a corrupt drive—try Segment mode first and then try Signature mode afterward.
- Are you trying to find a file stored on a FAT, exFAT, or ReFS drive? Use Signature mode. The Default and Segment modes only work on NTFS file systems.



If you're in doubt, just start with Default mode. You can then try Segment and then Signature if Default mode doesn't work.

How to Recover a File in Default Mode

- To use the default mode, you use the switch **/n** followed by a search path: To search for a file named document.docx, you'd use **/n document.docx** . You can also specify a full path to the file, such as **/n \Users\Bob\Documents\document.docx**
- To search for all files that were in the Documents folder if your username is Bob, you'd use **/n \Users\Bob\Documents**.
- To search with a wildcard, use a *. For example **/n \Users\Bob\Documents*.docx** will find all DOCX files there were in the Documents folder.

So, to search for all DOCX files on drive C and copy them to drive D, you'd run the following command:

winfr C: D: /n *.docx

You will have to type "Y" to continue.

```
C:\Windows\System32\cmd.exe - winfr C: D: /n *.docx

C:\WINDOWS\system32>winfr C: D: /n *.docx

Windows File Recovery
Copyright (c) Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved
Version: 0.0.11761.0
-----

Source drive: C:
Destination folder: D:\Recovery_20200702_141115
Filter: **.DOCX
Extension filter: *

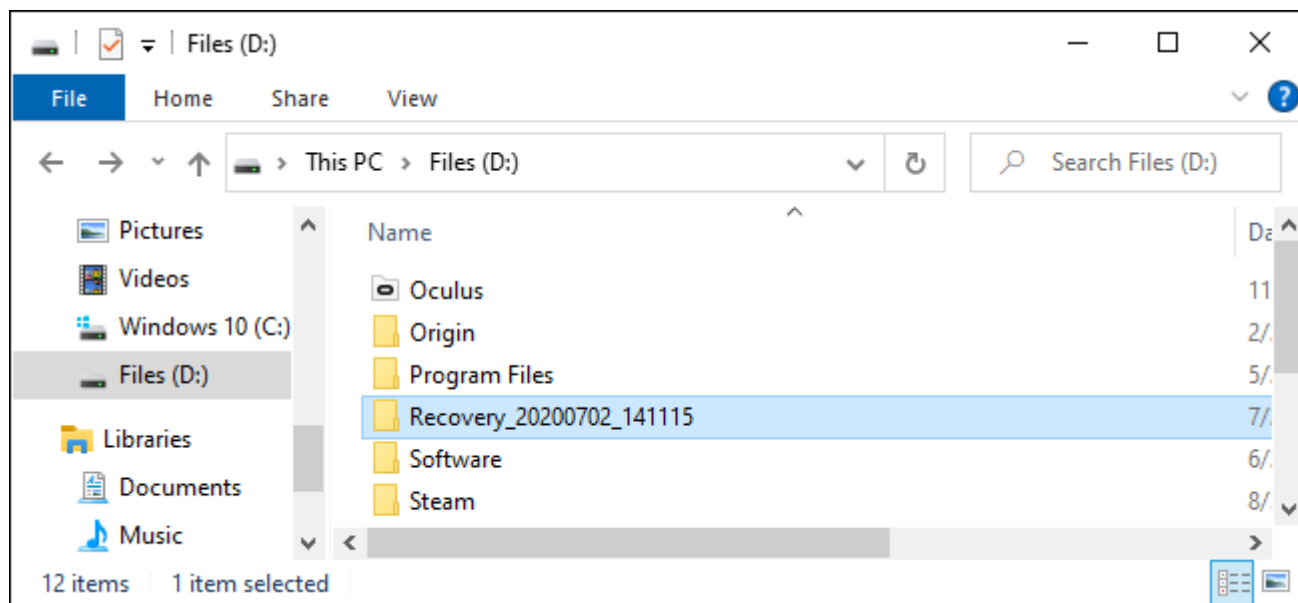
Sector count: 0x000000003a15b8aa
Cluster size: 0x00001000
Sector size: 0x00000200
Overwrite: Prompt
Mode: Default

Continue? (y/n)
Pass 1: Scanning and processing disk
Scanning disk: 100%

Pass 2: Recovering files
```



Once run, you'll find the recovered files in a folder named "Recovery_[date and time]" on the destination drive you specified in the command line.



To find all files with a word in their name, use wildcards. So, to find all documents with "project" anywhere in their name, you'd run:

winfr C: D: /n *project*

You can specify multiple searches with multiple /n switches. So, to find all Word, Excel, and PowerPoint files, you'd run the following:

winfr C: D: /n *.docx /n *.xlsx /n *.pptx

To search for a specific file named important_document.pdf that was in the \Users\Bob\Documents folder on drive C:—and then save it to drive D:—you'd use:

winfr C: D: /n \Users\Bob\Documents\important_document.pdf

How to Recover a File in Segment Mode

Segment mode works almost exactly like Default mode. To use segment mode, which examines file record segments, you use /r in addition to /n. In other words, you can construct Segment mode recovery commands in the same way you construct Default mode commands—just add the /r. For example, to recover all deleted MP3 files from your C: drive and save them to your D: drive, you'd run:

winfr C: D: /r /n *.mp3



So, if a Default mode search doesn't find what you're looking for, add the /r and try again.

```
Administrator: C:\Windows\System32\cmd.exe - winfr C: D: /r /n *.mp3

C:\WINDOWS\system32>winfr C: D: /r /n *.mp3

Windows File Recovery
Copyright (c) Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved
Version: 0.0.11761.0
-----

Source drive: C:
Destination folder: D:\Recovery_20200702_142913
Filter: **.MP3
Extension filter: *

Sector count: 0x000000003a15b8aa
Cluster size: 0x00001000
Sector size: 0x00000200
Overwrite: Prompt
Mode: Segment
```

How to Recover a File in Signature Mode

Signature mode works a bit differently. It examines file types, so it can only find deleted files of certain file types. To use Signature mode, you use /x to specify Signature mode and /y: to list the file type groups you'd like to search for. Here's a list of supported file types and the groups they're sorted into, taken from Microsoft's documentation:

ASF:	wma, wmv, asf
JPEG:	jpg, jpeg, jpe, jif, jfif, jfi
MP3:	mp3
MPEG:	mpeg, mp4, mpg, m4a, m4v, m4b, m4r, mov, 3gp, qt
PDF:	pdf
PNG:	png
ZIP:	zip, docx, xlsx, pptx, odt, ods, odp, odg, odi, odf, odc, odm, ott, otg, otp, ots, otc, oti, otf, oth

You can pull up this list at any time by running the following command: **winfr /#**

Note that the "ZIP" group includes ZIP files in addition to Microsoft Office and OpenDocument documents.

Let's say you want to search drive E: for images in JPEG format and save them to drive D:. You'd run the following command:



winfr E: D: /x /y:JPEG

You can specify multiple file groups by separating them with a space. So, if you want to find JPEG files, PDFs, and Word documents, you'd run:

winfr E: D: /x /y:JPEG,PDF,ZIP

```
Administrator: C:\Windows\System32\cmd.exe

C:\WINDOWS\system32>winfr E: D: /x /y:JPEG,PDF,ZIP

Windows File Recovery
Copyright (c) Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved
Version: 0.0.11761.0
-----
```

More information is available on [Microsoft's official winfr documentation page](#). You'll find a detailed list of all winfr 's command-line options on that page, too. For a refresher on the basics, just run winfr or winfr /? .

There are also additional advanced options you can see by running winfr /! .

Bloke pulls up to ask for directions:

"Excuse me" he says, "which is the quickest way to get to the Town Hall"

"Are you walking or driving" asks the bystander.

"Driving" says bloke

"Driving is definitely the quickest" says the bystander.

Could your tea towel give you food poisoning?

Raise your hand if you wash your kitchen tea towel every day.

Not a lot of [people do, but new research has found that your

humble tea towel could be putting you and your family at risk of food poisoning. So, you might want to start popping yours in the wash a lot more often after reading this.

YourLifeChoices

After analysing 100 tea towels, scientists at the University of Mauritius found alarmingly high amounts of bacteria, including E. coli, which causes everything from food poisoning to urinary tract infections.



The researchers supplied 100 tea towels to participants (36 were a mixture of cotton and nylon, 31 were pure cotton and 33 were pure nylon) and collected them after one month to analyse any bacteria present on them. The results revealed bacterial growth in 49 per cent of the tea towels, with cotton tea towels having the highest bacterial levels of all three kinds.



The study identified two factors that led to increased bacterial growth: multipurpose use and family size. Tea towels that were used for a variety of tasks (such as for wiping bench tops, in addition to drying hands and dishes) had the highest levels of bacteria. Likewise, the researchers found bacterial growth increased significantly in families with more people and particularly where children were present.

Now, before you get too worried, here's some context:

- The participants were asked questions about their lifestyle and family, including their tea towel use, diet and family size, however, they weren't asked whether they had actually contracted food poisoning or other gastrointestinal illnesses during the one-month period.
- The researchers also found that moist or "humid" tea towels had significantly higher traces of particular types of bacteria, such as coliforms, which are a class of bacteria typically found in the digestive tract and faeces of animals (including humans). While most coliforms are harmless, rare strains do exist that can cause serious illness.

What does it all mean?

Overall, while the research sheds some light on the state of the humble kitchen tea towel, we needn't be too concerned. Most of the bacteria found were of the enterococcus and pseudomonas species, which don't typically cause food poisoning, however, the research does give us some practical points to think about.

- To limit your and your family's exposure to bacteria, it's best to wash your tea towel after every use. If this is impossible or unlikely, waiting until tea towels are dry will help, as dry tea towels have a lower bacteria load than damp ones.
- Another tip is to use tea towels for single purpose and not for multiple tasks. You might consider colour coding your tea towels and using them for designated tasks; one for drying the dishes, another for drying hands, etc. This will also help to reduce the towel's bacteria load.

Want to read more about the research findings? This article in [The Conversation](#) provides some useful insights.

There are three kinds of people in this world, those who are good at maths and those who aren't.



It's critical that you recognise this 'silent killer'

Pancreatic cancer is deadly. Here's how to recognise the tell-tale signs.

Of the many types of cancer, one that receives less public attention than most, is pancreatic cancer. Which is somewhat surprising, given that by the end of the next decade, health professionals predict that pancreatic cancer will be the second leading cause of cancer-related deaths.



The other disturbing news is that pancreatic cancer has the highest mortality rate, with two-thirds of patients dying within 12 months of diagnosis and despite almost daily medical breakthroughs, the survival rate hasn't changed significantly in recent years.

The pancreas is a gland in the digestive system, in the back of the abdomen behind the stomach. It has two major roles – to make digestive juices (enzymes) that help the intestines break down food and to produce hormones, including insulin, that regulate the body's use of sugars and starches. The pancreas is joined to the bowel by a duct and it is in the cells lining this duct that the cancer first appears.

So how to recognise pancreatic cancer?

Signs and symptoms may not appear until the cancer is advanced and has spread to nearby organs, which is why it is often called the 'silent disease'. Keep an eye out for dark urine, sudden weight loss, upper abdominal or back pain, loss of appetite, jaundice, nausea and either diarrhoea or constipation. If any of these symptoms has you worried, talk to your doctor.

So are you in the demographic for pancreatic cancer and what can you do to improve your chances of not getting it?



About 80 per cent of cases occur in people aged between 60 and 80. There are also strong genetic links and a recent study revealed that around 30 per cent of cases were linked to smoking. Excessive drinking and eating too much red meat have indirect consequences. Controlling both improves your chances of not contracting pancreatic cancer, as does eating vegetables. Excessive weight has been linked to around 10 per cent of pancreatic cancer cases, while sufferers of Type 2 diabetes are also at increased risk.

So is there any good news if you are diagnosed with pancreatic cancer?

The usual forms of cancer treatment are available, surgery, chemotherapy and radiotherapy and survival rates in recent decades have improved. [WebMD](#) reports that newer drugs on the market have the ability to attack specific parts of the cancer cells and immunotherapy is being researched, however the disease is still considered difficult to cure as detection often occurs only after the cancer has spread to other organs.

Disclaimer: This article contains general information about health issues and is not advice. For health advice, consult your medical practitioner.+



“Ignore it. Telemarketer.”



New study discovers the reason why we gain weight as we age.

Many people struggle to keep their weight in check as they get older. Swedish researchers now believe they have discovered the reason why this happens. According to the [research](#) from the Karolinska Institute, lipid turnover in the fat tissue decreases during ageing and makes it easier to gain weight, even if we don't eat more or exercise less than before.



The scientists studied the fat cells in 54 men and women over an average period of 13 years. In that time, all subjects, regardless of whether they gained or lost weight, showed decreases in lipid turnover in the fat tissue, that is the rate at which lipid (or fat) in the fat cells is removed and stored. According to the study, those who didn't compensate for that by eating fewer calories gained weight by an average of 20 per cent.

The researchers also examined lipid turnover in 41 women who underwent bariatric surgery (gastric band surgery) and how the lipid turnover rate affected their ability to keep the weight off four to seven years after surgery. The result showed that only those who had a low rate before the surgery managed to increase their lipid turnover and maintain their weight loss. The researchers believe these people may have had more room to increase their lipid turnover than those who already had a high-level pre-surgery.

The results indicate for the first time that processes in our fat tissue regulate changes in body weight during ageing in a way that is independent of other factors. This could open up new ways to treat obesity. Previous studies have shown that one way to speed up the lipid turnover in the fat tissue is to exercise more. This new research supports that notion and further indicates that the long-term result of weight-loss surgery would improve if combined with increased physical activity.



A tribute to a fine man.

The 23rd of November has just passed. For some, it's just another day. Unfortunately for others, it is not. I was there on the ground that day when one of our finest, [Luke Worsley](#) from 4 RAR Commando, was knocked. We were out in the middle of the Afghanistan Dasht and a long way from Australia. This story from within the SF community needs to be told to the Australian public but most of all the parents, wives, sons daughters, and family.

What the boys from Bravo Company 4 RAR (now 2 Commando Regiment), Special Operations Task Group (SOTG) rotation V (Roman numeral for 5), did for one of their own over an 18 hour plus period is something I will never forget. His mates did everything they could for him and then some.



We harboured up the vehicles, created the Vehicle Drop off Point (VDO) and the decision was made to move in on foot. Harboursing the vehicles was no easy feat as there were Land Rover SRVs, 4 and 6 wheel All-terrain Vehicles, Bushmasters and the Mother Ship. The Mother Ship was an up armoured 4 x 4 Mercedes Unimog that looks like something out of Mad Max. It had a pintle-mounted 50cal HMG mounted on top and a 7.62 Mag58 LMG mounted for the passenger.

The boys took off around dusk and started the stomp of about 3km (3.5hrs) over the mountainous terrain to the objective. Overwatch was established over the village and the boys went in. All seemed to be going well until the call of TIC (Troops in Contact) came over the radio. Echoes of rifle and intense machine gunfire could be heard across the valley.

Then we heard the words that no one wants to hear. Just after midnight on the 22nd and going into the early morning of 23rd November, I can remember hearing over the radio that we had a man down. All of us who were listening to the contact over the radio couldn't believe it, we were waiting to hear who it was. The call sign of the soldier was sent over the radio and eventually, we worked out it was Luke.

We were in our harbour securing the vehicles, a few of us started to prepare to roll in and give them a hand. We could still hear the heavy fighting going on. Thankfully the boss made the call not to send us forward as we found out later on that the vehicle route into the village had been mined with IEDs. The boys had been on target for about 8 plus hours and dawn was not that far away. So the call was made to move out and that they would have to stretcher carry Luke back to the VDO some 3km away.

In this paragraph, I'm trying to give you some idea of the mindset and some of the setbacks the boys faced and overcame.



We also had Close Air Support, more commonly known as CAS. The boom and the shock wave from the explosion was massive. It broke the silence and even lit up our valley. When the CAS was called in we were in the VDO 3km away and we thought the boom and the shock wave from the explosion was massive. The main group was still in the vicinity of the village, they were only 700m to 900m away when the missile hit the target.



Choppers were called in to come and pick-up Luke. The Chinook, along with Gunship support, had to come from TK Airfield and were provided by the Dutch. They were requested to pick Luke from the village and take them back to TK Airfield for processing. As it turned out, we were told the chopper was on its way from TK, then the call came over the radio informing us it was being diverted to Forward Operating Base (FOB) Anaconda for another task. We were then told it was not coming directly to us from FOB Anaconda but now diverted to Kandahar. Once again we were then informed that the chopper did not have enough fuel to come to us from Kandahar, so it returned to TK airfield for refuel then finally on to our location.

I can remember standing there listening to the Company who were coming back, calling in and updating their position. Once we knew they were about 20 to 30 minutes out from the VDO, I told every spare body to go around to the vehicles, dig out the gas bottles and stove and boil some water. This was so they would have hot water for a brew when they returned.

Then I saw the first of two things that day that I wish every Australian could have seen. I can remember looking up and seeing the first member of the Company coming over the hill, then another and another. Then the rest of the boys were carrying Luke on the stretcher. Every man wanted to carry Luke. They had been at it for over 12 hours by now, they were all tired and they were hurt, but in true Grunt fashion they were not bloody beaten and at no time would they give up. At that very moment, I was thinking, how proud I was to be there. I just witnessed something un-bloody believable.



Before Luke was to be taken off the battlefield by chopper, he was placed in one of the Bushmasters. Everyone from the Company had the opportunity to go in, pay their respects and say goodbye, which they all did. I held his hand and said a prayer. I also told him that one day we will all be reunited in Valhalla and that he would not be forgotten.



In addition to this, there was a young Mortarman. He was one of the boys that had just been out all night. He helped carry and was good friends with Luke. Unfortunately, he could not bring himself to go into the Bushmaster and say goodbye. I tried to convince him at the time that it was the right thing to do; however, he still could not bring himself to do it. I said to him that I completely understand. 30 minutes later at around 9 or 10ish, we received the call that the evac chopper was inbound.

Finally, we could hear the sound of the Chinook off in the distance. At this point, I picked myself up and went over to where the Mortars were. As I approached him I said, mate, this is the last chance you will get to say goodbye. He was also a religious man so I told him, this is the last chance to go in and say a prayer for him. To his credit, we both walked to the Bushmaster and I told him I would be right outside. He went in and farewelled his mate. Once we were back in Camp Russell, he came up to me and thanked me for what I had done.

So we loaded Luke onto the chinook and made sure everything was good to go. This is where I saw the second thing that the Australian public should know about. I was facing the chinook with the company spread out behind me in the defensive position. The position was spread out over approximately 500m on a slight hill that was running up from where we were. The CSM pointed behind me and said "hey DAZZ have a look at that." I turned around and looked up and I could see the whole company, all standing to attention. They were next to their cars, some were standing by themselves, some were standing on Bushmasters, this was truly an amazing sight. These boys were paying their respect to a mate that they would never see again but would live on in their memories.



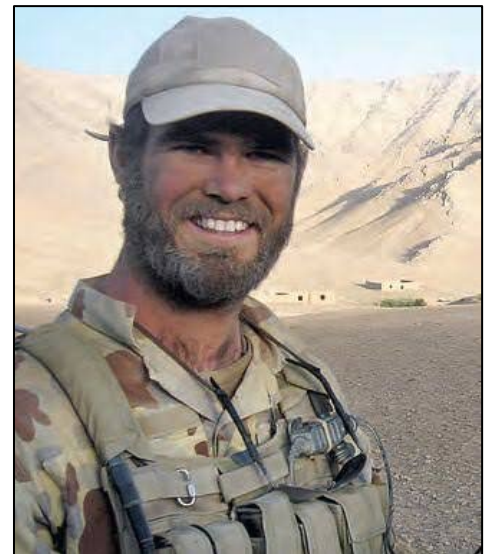
On our return to Camp Russell, we had a service and we were allowed a few beers. We were all in the building which is normally used as a recreation room and one of the blokes, whose name I cannot recall, played the Dire Straits song Brothers In Arms. Everyone stopped what they were doing and there was complete silence. Everyone banded together and paid their respect to Luke in their own way.

Once the Dire Straits song was finished a young man grabbed his guitar and went up the front of the recreation room. He was a strapping young lad who was already a legend within Bravo Company and 4RAR (2 Commando Regiment). Now you have to remember that this is in November of 2007. This man and his guitar started to play a song, a song that, funnily enough, still haunts me today. The song was "[I hope you had the time of your life](#)", by Green Day. It was a pretty good rendition of the song that would give any musician a run for their money.

A few months after the events of the 22nd – 23rd this man with his guitar was awarded the Medal For Gallantry for his actions on that fateful night. A few years after that in 2013 this man went on to become a legend. He went on to become forever immortal.

The man with the guitar was Cameron Baird VC MG and he is the 100th recipient (sadly posthumously) of the Victoria Cross. A man truly worthy of this honour.

The same spirit that the ANZACs took with them to the shores of Gallipoli is still alive and well today. Up until now this story of the boys was just a personal memory that now will be hopefully told to the Australian public, but most of all the parents of these brave young lads.



Cheers
Darren Peters WO₂ (Ret'd)
SOTG V



Intelesting - but stoopid!!



Among the Quick and the Dead – East Timor, 1975

The following story appeared in Quadrant Magazine.
Volume 54 Issue 10 (Oct 2010)
Dr John Whitehall

When I first met Kerry Packer he was sprawled in his underwear across a bed in a motel in Darwin, a big seal in a singlet. It was at the end of August 1975. Civil war had erupted in East Timor on the 11th and Packer was determined to secure a deal my friend, Bill Bancroft, had been discussing with the captain of a fishing trawler regarding an unorthodox run to Dili. The price was \$1000 a day, cash. Packer wanted a story. We wanted a lift.

Bill Bancroft was representing the Australian Society for Inter-Country Aid-Timor (ASIAT) which had been formed only weeks before by a small group that was ready to save the world after a successful project in Guam with refugees who had fled to that island after the fall of Vietnam. Michael Darby, the son of former Liberal, then Independent Member for Manly had organised the Guam project (of which I had been medical superintendent) and the three of us and a few others intended to send doctors and medical supplies to East Timor after Bill and I had visited that country in July and observed its medical destitution. For much of the country, the nineteenth century had not arrived.



On that trip we had received a welcome far beyond our potential by a desperate Portuguese government and many of the leaders of the local parties, the Timorese Democratic Union (UDT), the Revolutionary Front for an Independent East Timor (FRETILIN) and APODETI (the one seeking union with Indonesia) who had begun to struggle for power. The Portuguese had opened their hospitals to me, and their public health records, and had flown me to distant places in a little helicopter. We discussed an aid project and leaders of the government and all the parties assured us of their help and gratitude if we would return. The Bishop of Dili agreed to be on our committee.

We had collected about ten tea-chests of antibiotics and other medicines and had transferred them to Darwin before the civil war erupted, but with all the news of carnage and the retreat of the Portuguese doctors, we were determined to deliver the supplies ourselves. Bill, therefore, had gone to Darwin to try to find a way of getting there. After meeting the captain of the fishing boat, Bill telephoned Michael, who rang Channel Ten about the deal and then, after it showed no interest, Kerry Packer, who decided he would accept it and join his team of journalist Gerald Stone and cameraman Brian Peters.

Bill met me in Darwin and took me to meet the man. I had already met Stone and Peters on the plane to Darwin. Lounging on the bed, Packer demanded to know if the boat was his. I replied I had heard Channel Seven was interested and there was even talk of a combined media offer.



His face reddened, his jaw protruded and a large foot propelled an aluminium case across the floor. "Well, there is \$15,000 in that box. Let them get above that," he declared. "And the banks are already closed."

Carefully, Stone suggested the combined efforts of the others might, indeed, exceed that amount. Packer erupted, "Well, there is three and a half million dollars in Sydney. Let them get above that." In reality, Packer's sentences were much longer, generating clinical interest. As a paediatrician, I knew of Tourette's syndrome with its tics, barking and grunting, and its compulsion for obscenities, but surely I was not observing it in a media magnate? He seemed too focused for the attention deficit of that disease and, in the classical form, the obscenities are usually broad and lessen with age. After the days of close companionship which followed, I settled for a new, hitherto unpublished, diagnosis of "effolalia": the compulsive, repetitive use of the F-word as noun, adverb, verb, adjective, preposition and exclamation, with positive, negative, or no emotional affect but associated, overall, with disagreeable behaviour.



To complete the definition, I sought to quantify the use of the F-word and eventually settled on a conservative minimum of one word in three. Tourette's is a congenital disease transmitted in dominant form. Noting a similar but lesser affliction in other journalists I wondered if they were inbred, or was the disease not congenital but infective? Or were Stalin's geneticists correct: did a dominant environment determine phenotype?

In any case, Packer's cash triumphed and the deal was clinched on the phone. Then there was a knock on the door. We opened it suspiciously to find a young journalist from another channel wanting to know if this was the room where the media were to meet to discuss a combined venture? I braced but Packer confirmed sweetly that it was indeed the right room but, regrettably, the wrong time. The meeting had been delayed until eight o'clock the following morning, when the young man should return and not be late.

Within half an hour, the room was empty and we were loading supplies onto the Kon Piri Maru. The crew apologised for the cramped confines in this former fishing trawler, blaming the former Japanese ownership which, they added, had been relinquished when the boat had been abandoned on a coral reef. Given this precedent of dubious proclamation, we all cheerily declared to Customs and Immigration that we were going fishing, though our piles of labelled medical and television equipment might have suggested otherwise. When Packer's ex-Portuguese paratrooper bodyguard, Manuel, arrived, complete with arsenal, it could have been concluded we were off to start World War Three.



We set off in late afternoon and wallowed at nine knots all night and the next day, with Packer increasingly worried his rivals would beat us to Dili. Perhaps they would hitch a ride on one of the destroyers that had been moored next to us at the docks. Distractions were few but, perhaps in



anticipation of an unfriendly reception or the need to dispel rivals, Packer decided to check his weapons. Manuel appeared on deck with a selection and I was dispatched to throw beer cans from the bow. I was happy to comply because I thought we might all have a go. I hurled the cans onto the passing waves but they bobbed cheekily to the rear. There were problems with weapons jamming, surpassed by problems with accuracy as spouts of water erupted far from the cans. Frustration was mounting on the deck and I began to understand why Packer had only talked about shooting elephants. Then one of the Territorian crew came to me with an old .303 and wondered if I would give him a can. "Sure, I'll throw it for you," I said. "No, I want to cut it up," he replied, "I need to make some sights," whereupon he produced a pair of snips, fashioned a V from a piece of the tin, screwed it onto the back of the barrel and took aim. It looked ridiculous compared with Packer's machinery and I felt his scoffing regard justified until my next can leapt from the water, twirled and disappeared. I was astonished. Packer retired below decks with Manuel and his weapons. As the day lengthened, Packer's visits to the bridge increased in frequency: "Are we there yet?" His anxieties reduced his memory of the bar that fixed the ladder to the superstructure and which was high enough to miss a Japanese forehead. Bill nudged me. "Watch this," he said, "he does it every time." Sure enough, even in the wind at the bow we heard a fleshy thud and ongoing remarks.



In the late hours of that dark night, we were off Dili when, suddenly, lights flashed from a nearby and unseen ship which turned out to be an Indonesian destroyer. The Territorians were amused by this and we continued in the same direction. We were then illuminated by a searchlight. The Territorians were delighted. Packer demanded retreat. The boys, however, would have none of that.

We concluded that the flashes were Morse code, and Packer demanded to know their meaning. The captain remembered he had a chart somewhere, which he eventually produced and began the interpretation. He asked Packer if he thought the signals were a dash, dot, dash and so on and Packer peered into the gloom. "It could be," Packer concluded. "I've worked it out then," proclaimed the captain. "It says if you come any closer we will blow you out of the water." The crew found this exceedingly funny but I was with Packer, thinking they had gone mad.

The reeking hospital

At dawn, all humour had disappeared as we edged into Dili harbour with the grey destroyer at our back and rings of fires around the city at our front. Shooting could be heard, and we remembered the stories of carnage. Would someone fire on us? How could we tell them we had medical supplies and a doctor? I had no idea the Red Cross owned that symbol and it had seemed a very sensible thing to sew red rag onto a white mattress cover with the help of fishing line and a straightened hook. I ran it up on the bow unaware of the criticism that would follow its unauthorised use and its alleged camouflage for the media, but it worked. Frank Favaro, who owned the Hotel Dili, saw the flag and came out in an outboard to meet us. "Have you got a surgeon on board? The hospital is full and there are amputations and things to be done up there."



He was not exaggerating. When we got there we saw row on row of casualties: sixty-four people with serious wounds, on first count. One died within minutes of our arrival. The Portuguese had withdrawn days before, abandoning the wounded to slow and painful death. Some wounded lay still and silent to lessen the pain from shattered bones. Some were groaning and rolling around. Some were breathing with difficulty. They had little hope for survival and lay in pus, blood and excreta which exuded to the floor around their beds. Flies abounded.

The non-surgical wards were filled with patients suffering from heart failures, cancers, tuberculosis and other diseases and there were three children with paraplegia. The hospital stank. It reeked with despair. The only good news was that no one was about to give birth. I did not know where or how to start. I was not the surgeon Favaro had hoped for, I was a paediatrician but had worked in Africa in a remote mission hospital for a year and had picked up a few tricks. Would they be sufficient? And how could I perform them by myself? Where was the operating theatre and what anaesthetics were available?

I went to find out and was introduced to a phenomenon which had begun to take place around me. Staff had heard a doctor had arrived and were returning to work. The theatre was being prepared. The nurse anaesthetist was checking the equipment. I went back to the ward to select the first patient and found cleaners had begun to attack the mess. The transformation in the following hours was astounding—but what if they knew how little I knew!

My first patient was Joao Soriano, a young artist who had been shot in the abdomen and was developing peritonitis. He survived and presented me with one of his paintings before I left. I treasure it. My next was an obese Chinese woman with a gangrenous leg from a bullet which had shattered her femur. I amputated the leg with difficulty because it was heavy and the nurse stumbled as it came loose but bore it reverentially to a bin into which he dropped it with a thud. There were no complications with the amputation but what were those tiny wounds on her abdominal wall? Could they have been pellets of some kind? Her abdomen had appeared normal before the operation but I wondered how deeply they had penetrated. I explored them but could find no evidence of tracking into her bowel. She died, however, of shock several days later; I still worry that I was wrong.



Then a man arrived with a strangulated hernia, at risk from gangrene of the bowel. I had never done that operation before and was only slightly relieved to find an elementary textbook in the surgeon's office. When my Timorese nurse handed me the scalpel I thought, "If only you knew." He survived.

It was now late at night. I had run out of clean instruments and energy, but there were over sixty patients to go. I knew those on the end of the list would die before they chanced my surgery and so, next morning, I went with Favaro to the airport to start the engine of his plane in order to power up its radio and plead to Darwin for more doctors. The terminal and hangars were



damaged, and so was his plane, but we were able to wheel it out and make our call though firing continued between Fretilin soldiers on the tower and UDT supporters in the bush.

Returning, I observed the burned houses, looted shops and rotting bodies in that part of the town. We had to swerve around an unexploded mortar bomb protruding from the roadway and then passed through an exchange of fire from one side of the road to the other. We could feel shock waves from the bullets but it never crossed my mind I would be struck. I had succumbed to the Balibo Syndrome of Australian invincibility which, I believe, was to lead to the death of the journalists in October.



My first patient that day was a small boy with a gangrenous leg. The bullet had smashed his femur in his groin near the femoral artery and his whole leg was black. He was very sick and I had delayed the operation until we had been able to transfuse him. I was very worried, as well as hot under my plastic gown in the tropical heat with only the open window for relief. I streamed perspiration, and grieved for that little leg, but he survived. Bless him.

Late that night, I found an upset Bill. Packer had sailed to Atauro, the island off Dili, to return to Australia with film from his venture. He had found leaders of the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC), including its regional director, M. Pasquier, stranded on Atauro in increasing frustration at their inability to cross to Dili, and had commissioned the Kon Piri Maru to deliver them. On arrival, it appeared to Bill that Pasquier's preoccupation was protestation against the "misuse" of his symbol, a theme he quickly resumed with me when we were introduced. I was too tired to take him seriously but, next day, he made official, international complaints leading to criticisms of Packer in Parliament and by the Australian Journalists Association. I doubt they disturbed Packer. I also doubt Pasquier ever wondered how long he would have sat on the island without Packer's help, or more profoundly, how long the wounded would have had to wait without Packer's initiative. Anyway, it was me, not Packer, who made and flew the flag.

Bill and I returned to the hospital but it was not a peaceful place. Many patients were in pain despite our efforts. At 4.00 a.m. we were sitting on the stone wall which surrounded the hospital, overlooking Dili. We could see lights on the destroyer and some freighters that had arrived and, with tracers traversing the town and the noise of shooting and explosions, we concluded the Indonesians were coming. We had heard Radio Kupang had been threatening foreign "supporters" of Fretilin and we wondered what we should do when the Indonesians arrived. We concluded we had better stay in the hospital and headed to the store-room to sleep on the floor.

I had welcomed the Red Cross delegation, especially because two were doctors. The next day, I showed them the hospital and we visited the prisons. One was a surgeon, and we prepared to work. He had chosen as his first case a girl who had been shot in both elbows, and we were preparing to take her to theatre when a truck arrived with a soldier who had been wounded in the head. He was critically ill and we swapped patients, anaesthetising him for surgery on his bleeding brain.



I was relieved to be the assistant but, literally, when the surgeon was poised to make an incision a message came that a plane had arrived for the Red Cross team and he was to leave immediately for Australia. He disrobed, wished me luck and disappeared. The assistants asked if I was going to take over, or should they wake the patient up? But he was deteriorating: one pupil had dilated and the other looked very big. I took the scalpel and incised where the surgeon had intended and then opened the bone, looking for the haemorrhage, but there was none at that site. Another opening was needed, and then the blood began to flow: first from the clot that was compressing his brain, and then from a myriad of surrounding vessels. The clot was evacuated easily but the little vessels would not stop bleeding despite clamp after clamp and knot after knot with fingers that had begun to ache and then tremble on the slippery thread. It was so hot, I could not see for perspiration and an assistant was assigned to my eyes with a towel.

Time passed in which I, the patient and the staff all began to sink. Suddenly, the door of the operating theatre was thrown open and two grinning, bearded faces declared in welcome: "G'day John." I stared at them uncomprehendingly and then recognised two of my doctor friends from Sydney, Roger Gouche and Philip Chalmers (right), who had arrived in a plane organised by Michael Darby, despite a maze of bureaucratic obstruction, and funded by St Vincent de Paul. With the arrival of such cavalry, the tide of battle changed and the bleeding surrendered.



An unusual day.

The next day, with Roger taking over the surgery and Phil looking after the medical wards, I went for a drive around Dili in a Datsun utility Bill had acquired for our use and not so innocently adorned with our Red Cross flag. I did not think about it when he insisted I drove. I was marvelling at his "requisition" of the police headquarters for the official residence of our organisation, along with its kitchen and stores. We had heard two more doctors of ours might be arriving by plane and we headed for the airport. Bill was now widely known and was able to befriend the soldiers manning the tower and even borrow one of their rifles for a shooting competition with me. The Fretilin soldiers became interested to see if the foreigners could hit the bottles he had stood on the tarmac. I suppose they had become bored since fighting had stopped in that area. We, of course, were young and stupid. I scared the bottles with a few shots and handed the weapon to Bill. He turned it on automatic and fired from the hip. Bullets went everywhere and we all thought it was very funny. I thought he was putting on an act. I did not learn for a long time that the poor fellow was nearly blind with diabetes and crippled with renal failure. It explained a lot of things, why he would not drive, and his perpetual use of dark glasses, which had encouraged many to imagine he worked for a bevy of intelligence organisations.

When I learned of his disease, I realised, in retrospect, the immensity of his courage. I never once heard him complain, and he put himself in many situations in which his disease could have killed him. A few years later, in Australia, it did. The soldiers were ribbing us about missing the bottles, and everyone was laughing until we heard some zinging above our heads: then more, and lower. Good heavens, people were shooting back! Our soldiers demanded the return of their rifle and threw themselves down. In mutual affliction of the Balibo Syndrome, Bill and I remained erect, perceiving a funny side to all this, and an even funnier one when an RAAF plane arrived and taxied towards the tower. Out clambered the passengers. We wondered how long it would



take them to notice the bullets. Not long, it proved, and they ran in file, ducking and weaving towards the presumed safety of the glass-walled terminal. How comical it appeared.

We noticed our doctors amongst the passengers and beckoned them to come with us in our utility. They jumped in the back and we took off for the gates but were just rounding a hangar when a projectile hit it with a great noise. I slammed on the brakes, and we all headed for protection behind a nearby bulldozer.

Three of us reached it. The fourth, however, caught his toe on the edge of the utility as he was leaping from the tray. His body extended and then arced to the concrete. "He is dead," we concluded, immobile in our safety. But movement appeared in the fingers of an outstretched arm and a head rose from the tarmac. It apologised for the performance while, absent-mindedly, the fingers tried to reach some coins that had rolled out from a shirt pocket. The farce was not over. The firing had stopped so we decided I should drive to the road outside the airport which seemed separated from us by only a few bushes. I did so, but more shots propelled my friends blindly into the bushes where barbed wire awaited, suspending the rout on its spikes. I watched them fight the wire and then heard jumping on the back. Someone banged on the roof so I took off, spinning the wheels in the dirt. Further banging seemed to indicate the need for more speed. I obliged but, a few hundred yards down the road, spied the image of a friend in the rear-vision mirror, chasing us in the dust.

We continued for about a mile and came to a roadblock in time to see Fretilin soldiers firing a bazooka at a building where a UDT sniper was supposedly hiding. There was an argument about how the thing would work, then grimacing for recoil, then a roar as the trigger was pressed, followed by decremental sound as the missile careered past the building into the suburbs.



That evening, Bill convinced some cooks he had recruited that a special dinner of welcome should be prepared for the harassed new members of our team. Furthermore, he had borrowed a platoon of soldiers from Fretilin to ensure there would be no surprise attacks on our new headquarters. With all these preparations, the dinner started well with commandeered refreshments and, as I recall, curried prawns and all kinds of delights. We were pleased with life and recounted events with laughter until an explosion on the other side of the house. We had been dining in style in the garden but upturned the table and the prawns and stumbled over each other for the safety of the building where we crouched in darkness awaiting our fate. There was a gun shot in an adjoining room. We held our breaths. Then there was laughter from the room: women's laughter. We began to smell a rat and sent Bill to check on the discipline of his troops. He opened the door of their room to find their number had grown to about fifteen and, strangely, all appeared to be asleep. As he stared, there was not a sound, until he heard a female giggle. To a man and entertaining woman, Bill's troops were drunk. The grenade had been thrown for fun. The shot was accidental.

That night as we were trying to go to sleep, the doctor I had left in the dust at the airport, a good friend of mine, John Taylor from the west of Sydney, expressed alarm that his pulse was still racing.



Saying goodbye

In the morning we returned to the hospital to work on the backlog of injuries and tend the new arrivals. Our increased numbers allowed us to start a clinic in the town and begin to visit some regional centres. John Taylor and I travelled inland to Aileu and Maubisse where we found the usual destitution. We also found some UDT prisoners tied together by ropes, shuffling along the road, and then a group of Portuguese soldiers who had been left behind in their government's rush. They were miserable but physically healthy and we took a list of their names for the ICRC.



The excitement of the day came when a young Fretilin soldier allowed the suspended log which had functioned as a roadblock to crash down on the bonnet of our car. The worry had been the boy soldiers manning the blocks with bows and arrows pulled back with quivering strings. The steel at the tip seemed worse than the barrel of a gun. More Red Cross doctors had arrived and it seemed wise for some of ours to join that organisation and concentrate on the hospital. Michael Darby had arrived and he, Bill, our remaining doctors and I sat down to ponder the future of ASIAT. We could see the need for medical clinics in Dili and such places as Maubisse, especially for mothers and children, and also the need for engineers and other tradesmen to help repair the destruction, and for school teachers.

We decided to return to Australia to seek personnel and funding to expand our work. I went to the hospital to say goodbye to the patients, especially the little boy, who was reported to be sitting up and eating. I was astonished, however, to be met on the steps by three members of the ICRC who declared it was now their hospital and I had no right to enter. For a short while I was lost for words, then I informed the officials I would walk right over them if they did not get out of my way. I am so glad they did. I was spoiling for a fight. The little boy was very friendly but did not know who I was.

The surrender of Baucau and the hijack of an RAAF plane.

See [ALSO](#)

We chartered Favaro's plane to Baucau where we believed we could catch a lift back to Australia. When we landed, a young UDT civilian official ran to meet us to beg us to radio Darwin and organise evacuation for the remaining members of his party, who were convinced Fretilin was massing to attack what they believed to be a strongly defended town. He said their leader, Cesar Mouzinho, the former Mayor of Baucau and Vice-President of UDT, and others, had fled to the hills and there was hardly anyone left to fight. Mortars would fall on defenceless families.

An Indonesian destroyer had passed Baucau that morning and UDT families had crowded to the beach in the hope of rescue but the destroyer had refused to help them. Would we? As he pleaded, he was joined by a frantic Portuguese soldier who had defected to the UDT and who began to beg for his family with wild gesticulations of his rifle and sprays of saliva from his mouth.



Grenades swung on his unbuttoned shirt, and when he concluded that Favaro might fly away, he declared he would shoot us all. More UDT soldiers arrived and another worry was revealed: the terminal was guarded by 100 or so armed “reservists” whose loyalty UDT had begun to question. They feared they might ingratiate themselves with the oncoming Fretilin by means of an expiatory massacre.

The soldiers were in mortal dread. I had seen that kind of fear earlier in the week in the faces of Chinese who had waded into deepening water in terror of Fretilin. They were rescued by lifeboats from the Indonesian destroyer after extensive searches on the beach of all the baggage they were carrying and the payment of “emigration tax” to Fretilin soldiers. Fretilin had declared its intention to destroy them and appropriate their bourgeois property when it was in power, and the Chinese had not forgotten.

Fretilin had renamed itself in line with the Marxist-Leninist revolutionary group in Mozambique and in 1975 the aftermath of victory by the adherents of that ideology was clear to those with eyes to see. I had also seen a mob of hundreds of East Timorese pressing in terror against the gates of the port in the hope of fleeing Fretilin on the Kon Piri Maru when the boat was about to return to Australia. Women and children had clung to me, and such was the panic I was certain some would be crushed to death. I had also seen that fear on the faces of some of the UDT prisoners in the Fretilin jails when we first arrived. I recognised previously proud men reduced to cowering victims. The group at the airport said they wanted at least to surrender peacefully and begged we would mediate on their behalf.

We wondered if we should set off to meet the oncoming Fretilin but decided, with Favaro (later acknowledged to be associated with the Australian intelligence services) that he should take off and radio Darwin to pass on the message of surrender to the Fretilin leadership in Dili. He would also request the ICRC to send a team for mediation. Favaro took off. We raised an Australian flag on the terminal, in the company of a white sheet, and then wondered what to do next. Michael Darby declared that, if they wanted to surrender, they should all lay down their arms. In the manner of a former military officer, he got them to line up and deposit their weapons in order on the tarmac. The reservists seemed glad to comply. They appeared to have had enough of this conflict.



Before we left Dili we had promised Fretilin we would check on the welfare of their prisoners in the UDT jails, so Bill and I headed into town, leaving Michael at the airport with his soldiers. At the prisons, we found the guards terrified and ready to shoot the restless prisoners who had heard victory was on their side. Inside, some of the prisoners were equally ready to kill the guards and any other members of the UDT they could get their hands on. Others yelled and danced in triumph. I noted their physical condition and found no one as abused as some of the UDT men in Dili. One of the Fretilin prisoners, Eduardo Santos, was being held in a separate room and we were able to converse quietly. He was well educated and fluent in English and shared my concern about things getting out of control. I persuaded the guards to release him and several other prominent Fretilin leaders in order to try to prevent disaster. These men addressed the prisoners and the guards and emotions seemed to settle. They said the prisoners should remain in jail until the surrender had been undertaken peacefully.



With the help of Santos we tried to telegraph the advancing Fretilin but the wires were down. We returned to the airport, intending to continue on the road to Dili with Santos and others in order to meet the oncoming Fretilin force. At the airport, however, we were amazed to see an RAAF transport plane parked on the tarmac. Favaro's message had been received but the plane was, reportedly, already on its way to Baucau because the ICRC wanted to check on the welfare of one of its doctors who had remained in the hotel. To the UDT soldiers and their families gathering around the airport, the plane was a chariot from heaven and though eyes did not leave the tree line for long and ears remained primed for explosions, there was conviction of salvation. I don't believe the ICRC ever understood the fear that preceded their arrival. I later learned more of that fear when I was privileged to read some of the letters Cesar Mouzinho had sent to his wife from prison in Dili.



He explained how UDT had advanced from Baucau to the eastern edge of Dili but was then forced to retreat, suffering many wounded. At one place a truckload of UDT soldiers was ambushed. When it halted under the fire, grenades were thrown among the men in the back. Mouzinho was appalled that they were not given the chance to surrender, asking, "What sort of men are we fighting?" The arrival of the wounded with these and other stories was basic to the fear in Baucau.

When I arrived at the airport, a conference was taking place between UDT officials and the leader of the ICRC, Andre Pasquier. Presuming I had some authority and because I was known to some of them from my earlier visit to Timor, the officials asked me to join the meeting where they were trying to convince M. Pasquier of their desire to surrender. But the Swiss gentleman was not a pushover for such delicate matters and insisted on protocol. To begin, he announced the group must have an elected leader. But they had none and I knew they were reluctant to announce that their real leaders had taken to the hills. They sat dumbly, looking at each other helplessly. Pasquier also assumed I had some authority and asked me to explain the matter with greater clarity to what he presumed were "my men". I tried, but with no success. An uncomfortable silence followed in which eyes darted from the tree line to the weapons. Pasquier broke the silence. He put down his pen, sat back in his chair, and announced, "Then there will be no surrender. It is not legal if you have no leader."

He asked me to speak to the group in private and we retired to the parapet which overlooked the airport, the families, the plane, and the weapons which were under the nominal control of Michael and Bill. I said they must elect someone for appearance's sake but the day was lengthening and fear was eroding rational thought. They said they would nominate a leader and were "prepared" to surrender but raised the stakes by declaring that those in danger of reprisals from Fretilin must be evacuated in the plane. Then they decided their families must be allowed to accompany them. If they were denied, they would take back their weapons. Some began to mutter about shooting the plane if it tried to leave. Now that he had his leader, Pasquier was prepared to accept the surrender but steered the request for evacuation to the Squadron Leader.

I was nominated to relay the request and hurried down the stairs to the Squadron Leader, for I, too, had become paranoid about mortars, women and children. The Squadron Leader was as



forceful as he was blunt. There would be no such thing as evacuation. I returned to the group on the parapet with what we all believed was their death warrant. Pandemonium ensued. They argued and shouted and ran down the stairs towards the weapons. Some were saying they would destroy the plane. As they spilled onto the tarmac they infected their families with panic. I began to look for somewhere to hide when the shooting began. The small group of Fretilin leaders I had brought for calming purposes now stood alone, silent, confused and frightened. Their sincere suggestion that the security of the UDT soldiers could be guaranteed by their being locked up in jail was not helpful.

Then, in the midst of the chaos, three nuns turned up with a frantic priest begging for their evacuation. He invoked the atrocities such women had suffered in Africa, where I had worked not long before, and I needed no persuasion to ask the Squadron Leader for mercy. He demanded to know, "Who are you to request me for anything?" I began peaceably by declaring, "I am an Australian citizen and I am formally requesting" their evacuation but soon found myself vowing, after his refusals, and I suspect at the top of my voice, that if he abandoned them and anything happened to them, I would spend the rest of my life in his pursuit. I think my nerves had got the better of me. The Squadron Leader radioed Australia and came back to report the plane was about to leave, but only the nuns would accompany it. This news spread to the crowd lined up behind the weapons, near the open back of the plane, and was not well received.

Suddenly, the Portuguese soldier who had sprayed saliva earlier in the day broke ranks, strode to the weapons, selected some grenades, an automatic rifle and a pistol, and walked calmly before the incredulous eyes of the Squadron Leader to the beckoning tail gate of the plane where he jumped up, squatted down and announced that he, his wife and their three children would be joining the flight. Pasquier tried to reason with him, citing all kinds of regulations, but the soldier changed his mind on only one detail: he broadened his invitation for the whole crowd to join him. There was a wild rush of children, bananas, bottles of drink, buns and transistors and other precious goods as the crowd surged into the heavenly chariot in joyous tumult. The chief charioteers had faces which seemed, however, to be glimpsing the other place.

RAAF officers tried to regain dignity by declaring the plane would not take off if weapons were not surrendered. Again I was invited to speak with "my man" the Portuguese. I did so and he happily gave up his grenades and the rifle but refused to part with the pistol until the raising of the tail gate and the coughing of the engines convinced him all was well. By this stage, Bill and Michael had cunningly joined the refugees in the bowels of the plane but, somehow, I remained outside, and suddenly wondered what was going to happen to me. The Squadron Leader appeared in a door above and threw the pistol towards me. It twisted in the air and I was sure it would go off when it clattered at my feet on the concrete. It did not. The door remained open. I was in.



There was much celebration by the refugees on the trip to Darwin, and laughter when the Portuguese soldier explained he had no alternative but to stay squatting on the tail gate because he had torn away the seat of his pants and had no underwear. Now in a colourful sarong he was



the perfect host, distributing RAAF rations he had found in a big box. When we landed in Darwin we realised things were not normal. We passed by the terminal accompanied by a lot of vehicles with flashing lights. Michael, Bill and I tried to join the bus with the refugees, but we were recognised and taken in a special car to a special place. I was invited to enter a room and heard the door bang behind me, to find it had no handle. During the night there was much questioning and reports to be written but to our relief we were released before dawn. It appeared the authorities were keen to minimise publicity of the hijack and we suffered no further inconveniences.

I learned the ICRC and the RAAF blamed us for inciting the people to riot, leading to panic and the invasion of the plane. I was also told that Indonesian authorities blamed us for the surrender of Baucau to the communists. Gough Whitlam was to say, "Darby, on behalf of Fretilin, had accepted the surrender of Baucau on September 8." What nonsense. More irritating, personally, was Gough's allied statement that "by the first week in September ... Red Cross members were supplying the only medical service in East Timor". Mouzinhou's letters add another perspective to the surrender. They reveal his despair for the safety of Baucau and an agonised sense of spiritual responsibility. He was a committed Catholic opposed to communism, but had concluded that "to resist is too much sacrifice". Therefore, he sent a message to Australia on September 3 from the airport in Baucau, pleading for evacuation of civilians and UDT leaders in a process of surrender. He says he chose not to be part of that evacuation but to hide in a small mission in the hills in order to be able to contribute to a later leadership, as he was convinced a multinational peacekeeping force would, surely, intervene.



Hearing of Fretilin's victories, he decided his hiding might prolong bloodshed and he decided on September 6 to return to Baucau to try to effect a peaceful surrender of the city and the eastern part of the island. He duly surrendered to Eduardo Santos, was imprisoned, transported to Dili in the back of a truck with pigs, and displayed in villages along the way. Beatings followed, then his execution by Fretilin along with some sixty other UDT prisoners in November. After our release from custody in Darwin, we returned to Sydney and secured support to increase our team in Dili. We ran a clinic with a doctor and several experienced nurses, and we sent various tradesmen and a school teacher. We maintained cordial relations with Fretilin, many of whose leaders dropped in for a chat. I remained frightened by their ideology and was worried about their association with prominent communists in Australia.

Denis Freney, for example, was a central committee member of the Communist Party of Australia and leader of the vocal Campaign for an Independent East Timor, which functioned as a foreign affairs department for Fretilin. Others of our team were not convinced Fretilin was motivated by a dangerous ideology. In any case, we tried to be independent, though we were to learn the ICRC regarded us as "political".

Returning with the Balibo victims In October, I returned to Dili in a chartered plane in the company of Brian Peters and Malcolm Rennie, who were shortly to die in Balibo. I had grown to like Peters on our earlier trip, but had never met the quieter Rennie. We parted on the day after our arrival.



We had agreed to fly together to Oecusse, the Portuguese enclave in West Timor, to check on the medical conditions, but during the night they had received a better offer. The President of Fretilin, Xavier do Amaral, had organised to send them to the border where the Indonesians were believed to be assembling for attack. I bade them farewell as they took off in a jeep with Ramos Horta, wearing army uniforms. I did not think they ran any particular risk in that attire but felt they were being a bit “mug-lairish”. Peters had several times expressed his regret that he had never reported from Vietnam and his last statement to me was that he was going to the border and was not going to return until he had “good footage”. Flying west over the area in which they were to be killed, we thought we would take some good photos of the Indonesian destroyer and various landing craft assembled off Batugade. We headed towards them, preparing our cameras, until it dawned on us we might get shot and we wheeled out to sea. The people of Oecusse were as poor and sick as everyone else in East Timor, but there had been no fighting and they were expecting to be integrated with Indonesia.

The mysterious Zantis

Another man who accompanied me to Dili on that trip and then to Oecusse was Jim Zantis, an associate of Michael Darby and Andronicus coffee. I had never met him before but became aware of a project for the exportation of coffee and other things for the financial benefit of, at least, Fretilin. John Izzard is mistaken about Zantis’s role with ASIAT. He was not “toing and froing” to Dili and had nothing to do with the “setting up” or running of our clinics. He visited our work on that trip and was reported to have a way with children. I agree he was a “shadowy” figure who may well have bragged about lots of things, including smuggling gems, but I knew no one who suspected him of working for ASIO.



The idea is preposterous but, on the other hand, rumours swirled in Dili and some were convinced my quiet friend Bill Bancroft worked at least for the CIA. I learned enough of the ambitions of Jim to decide there must be a parting of the ways. ASIAT was running a medical aid project in which accountability and transparency were essential. There was no place for an export business in conjunction with the de facto government. Un-associated with any ASIAT staff or intentions, a barge of coffee did leave for Darwin before the Indonesian invasion in December. The proceeds were locked in a bank and Izzard suggests a withdrawal form needed a second Fretilin signature to that of Ramos Horta, and that Zantis tried to return to Timor in 1976 to secure it. I know nothing of this, but suspect the bank was reluctant to part with the money because the ownership of the coffee was uncertain. Fretilin had no plantations other than those it had seized.

Saved by betrayal

On December 4, we were informed in Sydney by the Australian government that our workers should be evacuated from Dili. I interpreted this to mean an Indonesian invasion was imminent and sent a cable to our medical director, urging him and the nurses to leave. He never received it, which perhaps suggests that Fretilin wanted foreigners to stay. But, on December 5, an ICRC official in Dili insisted the team leave. It refused. He persisted, saying the team should, at least,



go with the Red Cross to the island of Atauro, from where it could commute daily with the Red Cross to Dili. Our medical director was sceptical of this offer from the Red Cross, which had until then refused any co-operation with ASIAT, including transportation of medical supplies in otherwise empty planes. We had to charter a special plane to take vaccines to Timor, and the Red Cross would not even convey letters to our nurses. The director asked, "How much would the Red Cross charge?" "Nothing," was the reply, "just leave your things and come." So, expecting to return, the nurses left their belongings, including one nurse's mementos of a recently deceased husband, and went to Atauro.

The next day, the team observed intense discussions between ICRC and RAAF officers and noted that some Red Cross people were returning to Australia. The team wanted to stay on Atauro but an ICRC official now said they needed the permission of the Portuguese Governor of East Timor, who had taken refuge on the island when the civil war had erupted months earlier. They went to the Governor who told them they could stay on the island if they had the permission of the ICRC. Its official then "staggered" the nurses by declaring it would be in the Governor's interests "if such politically associated people were to leave".

Having abandoned his responsibilities for Timor long ago, I suppose he had no inclination to oppose any suggestions from the Red Cross and, under the watchful eyes of otherwise inert Portuguese paratroopers, the team was "helped" onto a revving Hercules. The nurses were crying. There was an enormous feeling of grief and betrayal. But the Indonesians invaded Dili two days later and their lives had, surely, been preserved.



Quixotes to the rescue?

In January 1976, burdened by concern for the East Timorese, and deluded by the Balibo Syndrome of invincibility, Bill and I determined to return to the southern coast with medical supplies, another doctor (a real surgeon) and a radio operator (who was, in fact, an Ansett pilot, then on holidays but who had been responsible for transporting all our original supplies to Darwin). With the financial help of Community Aid Abroad and in the company of Gerald Stone and a new cameraman from Channel Nine we hired the barge Alanna Fay in Darwin. We presumed we could slip out to sea as before, land at Batano on the southern coast and make our way inland to Same where we could establish a hospital for the refugees we believed were heading south from Dili. We did not intend to stay there permanently, but to be an advance party for others to follow. We had prepared a statement for release to the involved governments and the media that we were "neutral" and going to help civilians.

The venture was a fiasco from beginning to end. A rival newsman could not be persuaded to delay reporting his discovery of our loading the barge and our intentions were broadcast nationally hours before we left. It began to rain, and the wind increased. The captain was late and boarded the flat-bottomed, flat-fronted barge with suspicious uncertainty. We launched ourselves into the worsening storm. I was in the wheelhouse a little later watching great sheets



of water crashing from the front of the barge onto the windscreen on the upper deck, and we were not even out of the harbour.

At sea, the crew reckoned the waves must have been sixteen feet high, but who knows what to believe from Territorians? The captain by that stage was beyond communication. One of us had watched in astonishment as he turned the big steering wheel to the left and followed the rotation to the floor. A crewman who had come to his aid was asked if the captain suffered from heart disease, but he reassured us he had merely had a couple of drinks and would be all right after a little sleep. We were allotted the floor of the galley as our place to sleep and we tried to find comfort on the steel. I noticed Stone in a foetal position under a table which was fixed to the floor. I took a sleeping pill, then doubled the dose. We tried to close the door but it was rusted open. The wind howled, the waves crashed and it was hard to stay in one place on the floor.



In the middle of the night, dark water surged through the door, welling around my sleeping bag. It must have been a huge wave, as we were high above the level of the sea. And then I awoke and all was calm, no noise, no movement. I could not believe it and looked out the door to perceive in the darkness tall, mollusc-encrusted pillars rising from still waters. Where on earth were we? We were back in Darwin, moored at the pier at low tide. The engine had broken down in the rough seas and we had been forced to return. Customs and Immigration and other officials were abounding. In the lowest of spirits, we had to unload the barge in deep mud before a scathing audience.

I didn't believe the story of the broken engine. I was convinced the captain had responded to orders from on high, however, when I met him years later he confirmed the breakage of some essential pipe. He changed my mind; but I was unable to change his conviction that we were running guns for Fretilin. Guns or not, we would have died in Timor, if we had not drowned trying to get off the barge. Batano, where we were headed, was bombed two days later and then invaded by the Indonesians. We would never have got the radio to work. It was in pieces, needed a complicated aerial, and despite his best intentions our Ansett pilot was not trained for that sort of thing.

As John Izzard has described it, the cat-and-mouse game of radio communications with East Timor had begun. The supplier of the radio had arrived in what was supposed to be great secrecy for our period of instruction in a hotel room. We had taken a "no worries" approach to the tangled mass of wiring and the black boxes with dials that been unwrapped from a brown paper parcel with conspiratorial zeal. Nor were we concerned when we learned the purveyor was a leader in the local branch of the Australian Communist Party. We never expected to meet any Indonesians, let alone to have to dissociate ourselves from our sources.

I gave up on Timor after that, though I was aware of Zantis's efforts to make another run. After the Alanna Fay fiasco, it was put to me on ABC radio that we had been quixotic in our efforts to return and I tried to defend myself. It is hard to describe the motivations of those days. There was



not the plethora of aid organisations that exist today and we felt a lonely responsibility. It could be said we were besotted by that burden. It should be said that some were motivated by Christianity, myself included, but, whereas that belief inflamed the sense of responsibility it did not contribute to the sense of invincibility. We did not seek martyrdom or believe we would be protected from it. We simply never thought it would happen. It was, I believe, the same combination of feelings of responsibility and invincibility that led the journalists to their deaths in Balibo, and we were fortunate none of our team suffered that fate.

In trying to return to Batano, we were extravagantly impractical in commitment to a romantic ideal. East Timor had a way of turning people into Quixotes.

ⁱ Dr John Whitehall is Professor of Paediatrics at Western Sydney University. His 50 year career began at Sydney University, continued through developing countries and western Sydney as a general paediatrician, then focussed on neonatology before coming to WSU. For 15 years he was Director of Neonatal Intensive Care in Townsville, North Queensland, which included ante-natal diagnosis, resuscitation, management and transportation of premature, dysmorphic and sick neonates, many of whom were Indigenous. In Townsville, he was deeply involved in the establishment of the medical school at James Cook University and, for 20 years, taught modules of Tropical Paediatrics in the Masters programme in the School of Public Health. In recent years, he has also worked as a consultant physician in PNG, Sri Lanka and Madagascar. Currently, he teaches, leads research and has duties in general paediatrics.



Veterans and Veterans Families Counselling Service (VVCS) can be reached 24 hours a day across Australia for crisis support and free and confidential counseling. Phone 1800 011 046.
VVCS is a service founded by Vietnam Veterans.



Health and Life-Style

High blood pressure before the age of 50 is dangerous later in life **YourLifeChoices**

Higher than normal blood pressure before the age of 50 has been linked to more extensive brain damage in later life.



A study from the University of Oxford, (UK) published in the [European Heart Journal](#), analysed damage to the small blood vessels in the brain, associated with “increased risk of stroke, dementia, physical disabilities, depression and a decline in thinking abilities”. “Not all people develop these changes as they age, but they are present in more than 50 per cent of patients over the age of 65 and most people over the age of 80, even without high blood pressure, but it is more likely to develop with higher blood pressure and more likely to become severe,” said Dr



Karolina Wartolowska, a clinical research fellow at the University's Centre for Prevention of Stroke and Dementia.

"We made two important findings. First, the study showed that diastolic blood pressure (the blood pressure between heart beats) in people in their 40s and 50s is associated with more extensive brain damage years later. Many people may think of hypertension and stroke as diseases of older people, but our results suggest that if we would like to keep a healthy brain well into our 60s and 70s, we may have to make sure our blood pressure, including the diastolic blood pressure, stays within a healthy range when we are in our 40s and 50s.



"The second important finding is that any increase in blood pressure beyond the normal range is associated with a higher amount of white matter hyperintensities (WMH). This suggests that even slightly elevated blood pressure before it meets the criteria for treating hypertension has a damaging effect on brain tissue."

WMHs show up on MRI brain scans as brighter regions, indicating damage to the small blood vessels in the brain.

"Our results suggest that to ensure the best prevention of WMHs in later life, control of diastolic blood pressure, in particular, may be required in early midlife, even for diastolic blood pressure below 90mmHg, while control of systolic blood pressure (maximum blood pressure reached each time the heart beats) may be more important in late life.

Systolic blood pressure, the first number, measures the pressure in your arteries when your heart beats. The diastolic reading, or the bottom number, is the pressure in the arteries when the heart rests between beats. This is the time when the heart fills with blood and gets oxygen. A normal diastolic blood pressure is lower than 80. A reading of 90 or higher means you have high blood pressure.



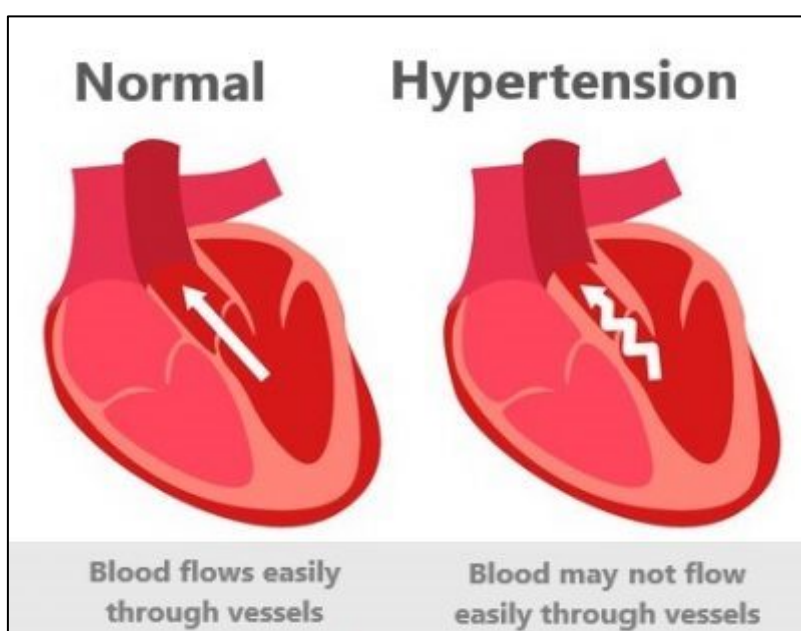
“The long time interval between the effects of blood pressure in midlife and the harms in late life emphasises how important it is to control blood pressure long term and that research has to adapt to consider the very long-term effects of often asymptomatic problems in midlife.”

What is high blood pressure and why is it important?

“As blood is pumped by the heart around the body, the pressure with which it pushes against the walls of blood vessels changes. When the heart is squeezing blood into the arteries, the pressure is high. When the heart is relaxed, the pressure is lower. Blood pressure is a measurement taken of the highest reading and the lowest reading, it is given as 2 figures – highest (systolic) over lowest (diastolic).

Your blood pressure is high if the reading is higher than 140/90 mmHg, which is considered to put you at higher risk of having a heart attack or stroke (cardiovascular disease). That is, you have high blood pressure if the higher figure (systolic) is higher than 140, or the lower figure (diastolic) is higher than 90, or both. This is also known as hypertension. More than one third of Australians over the age of 18 have high blood pressure.

Your blood pressure is important because if it is too high, it affects the blood flow to your organs. Over the years, this increases your chances of developing heart disease, stroke, kidney failure, diabetes, eye disease, erectile dysfunction and other conditions. The definitive cause of high blood pressure is unknown, however, risk factors include: a sedentary lifestyle (with little or no exercise); smoking; being overweight; a diet with a high salt intake; high blood cholesterol; a family history of high blood pressure; high alcohol consumption; diabetes.



How to lower blood pressure without pills

[Lose weight](#)

By far the most effective means of reducing elevated blood pressure is to lose weight, says Harvard Health. Even losing as little as four kilograms can lower your blood pressure.

[Eat less salt](#)



Weed out high-sodium foods by reading labels carefully; there's lots of it in processed foods. It is easy to reach the daily limit of 1500 milligrams (mg) of sodium daily for individuals with high blood pressure – that's less than a teaspoon of salt.

Exercise

Regular exercise helps make your heart stronger and more efficient at pumping blood, which lowers the pressure in your arteries. In a week, 150 minutes of moderate exercise, such as walking, or 75 minutes of vigorous exercise, such as running, can help lower blood pressure and improve your heart health.

Eat more potassium-rich foods

Potassium is a mineral that helps your body get rid of sodium (salt). It also eases pressure on your blood vessels. Modern diets have increased most people's sodium intake while decreasing potassium intake. To get a better balance of potassium to sodium in your diet, focus on eating fewer processed foods and more fresh, whole foods.

Foods that are particularly high in potassium include:

- vegetables, especially leafy greens, tomatoes, potatoes, and sweet potatoes
- fruit, including melons, bananas, avocados, oranges, and apricots
- dairy, such as milk and yogurt
- tuna and salmon
- nuts and seeds
- beans.





Masturbation – is it good for you?

Sex therapist and counsellor Lucy Patarcic tracks the history of masturbation with surprising findings about the Kelloggs Cornflakes creator and Graham crackers and less surprising findings about health and wellbeing.



You can masturbate and have your cracker too!

You may be wondering what masturbation has to do with crackers? A quick history lesson first.

Ahh masturbation. Pleasurable or taboo, depending on whom you're talking to. John Kellogg, M.D. (yes, the Kelloggs Cornflakes guy) believed that masturbating was the most dangerous of sexual behaviours. Masturbation was said to cause abnormal sexual passions and gluttony, and he recommended that parents bandage their children's genitals at night or tie their hands to bedposts!

In 2018, I spent the summer in the US and also had my very first s'more. The s'more that I had consisted of a toasted (on an open fire) marshmallow sandwiched between two pieces of Hershey's chocolate and further sandwiched by two Graham crackers – a little sandwich of deliciousness. As my dear friend's sister-in-law was assembling this delicious treat for me, she told me something interesting about the history of Graham crackers. When I returned, I did some research.

Sylvester Graham (1794 - 1851), who was ordained as a Presbyterian minister in 1826, believed that human sex drive depleted the body and that erotic desire caused health issues including headaches, epilepsy and insanity. According to Graham, eating tasty foods stimulated sexual urges that amounted to self-abuse, i.e. masturbation. In 1829, he invented a bland biscuit-like cracker to suppress sexual desires.



Fear and guilt around masturbation has been around for centuries and the stigma attached to touching one's genitals for pleasure was believed to be pathological or having negative mental and physical consequences. Beliefs throughout the centuries were many and varied. Physician Galen argued that retaining semen was dangerous and led to ill health, while Hippocrates believed that excessive loss of semen could result in spinal cord deterioration.

Masturbation had been labelled an unnatural sin, causing dysfunction and disease, Tissot (18th century) claimed that masturbators suffered from poor eyesight, epilepsy, memory loss, weakened backs, acne, sexually transmitted diseases (STIs) and paleness. Prevention methods used on children included cold baths and showers, swim suits with camphor inserted in the crotch, bland diets, limiting fluids, chastity belts, straitjackets and threats to cut off their genitals, to name just a few.



Fears around masturbation continued into the 20th century. And here we are today in the 21st century still having this conversation!

We've come a long way ... kind of. In my work, I've come across many people of different ages who still harbour guilt and shame and feel embarrassed about something as natural as masturbation. Masturbation is completely natural and offers many health benefits. Knowing the benefits for both health and wellbeing, it is something that I do recommend as part of homework and, in particular, for prostate health.

Health benefits of masturbation:

- It can provide a sexual outlet for people who abstain from sex by choice or due to loss of a partner.



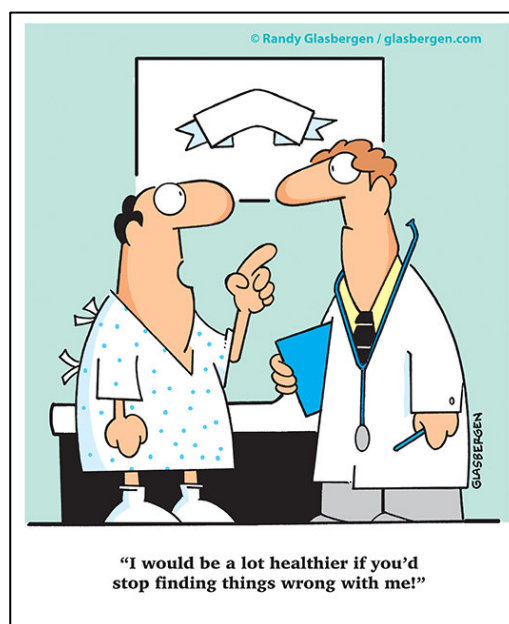
- It can help to strengthen muscles in the pelvic and anal areas and help to reduce urine leakage.
- It increases blood flow to the genital area and can be helpful in keeping things supple and more responsive in the lady garden due to increased blood flow – especially as we age.
- It can help to reduce stress and release sexual tension.
- It can allow people to experience pleasure.
- We learn how we like to be touched and can relay this to a partner.
- It can allow people to feel more positive about their bodies and more connected.
- It can assist in learning about our own sexuality.
- It can help to prevent prostate cancer.
- It can help with the immune system, stimulate endorphin production and increase the flow of white blood cells.
- It can rejuvenate the circulation of hormones.

Masturbation can help with prostate health

The causes of prostate cancer remain uncertain, however, genetics, diet and lifestyle factors play important roles. The Harvard Ejaculation Study involved about 30,000 men aged from 41 to 81. It found that frequent ejaculation did not mark an increase in prostate cancer, but rather that men who ejaculated 21 times or more per month had a 31 per cent decrease in prostate cancer.

An Australian study of 2338 men showed that “men who averaged 4–7 ejaculations per week were 36 per cent less likely to be diagnosed with prostate cancer before the age of 70 than men who ejaculated less than twice per week on average.”

What are you waiting for?





9 out of 10 urologists agree that regularly emptying your bladder can save your life...See [HERE](#)

Aging: What to expect.

Wonder what's considered a normal part of the aging process? Here's what to expect as you get older — and what to do about it.



You know that aging will likely cause wrinkles and grey hair but do you know how aging will affect your teeth, heart and sexuality? Find out what changes to expect as you continue aging — and how to promote good health at any age.

Your cardiovascular system.

What's happening:

The most common change in the cardiovascular system is stiffening of the blood vessels and arteries, causing your heart to work harder to pump blood through them. The heart muscles change to adjust to the increased workload. Your heart rate at rest will stay about the same, but it won't increase during activities as much as it used to. These changes increase the risk of high blood pressure (hypertension) and other cardiovascular problems.



What you can do.

To promote heart health:

- **Include physical activity in your daily routine.** Try walking, swimming or other activities you enjoy. Regular moderate physical activity can help you maintain a healthy weight and lower your heart disease risk.
- **Eat a healthy diet.** Choose vegetables, fruits, whole grains, high-fiber foods and lean sources of protein, such as fish. Limit foods high in saturated fat and salt.
- **Don't smoke.** Smoking contributes to the hardening of your arteries and increases your blood pressure and heart rate. If you smoke or use other tobacco products, ask your doctor to help you quit.
- **Manage stress.** Stress can take a toll on your heart. Take steps to reduce stress, such as meditation, exercise or talk therapy.
- **Get enough sleep.** Quality sleep plays an important role in the healing and repair of your heart and blood vessels. Aim for seven to nine hours a night.



Your bones, joints and muscles.

What's happening.

With age, bones tend to shrink in size and density, weakening them and making them more susceptible to fracture. You might even become a bit shorter. Muscles generally lose strength, endurance and flexibility — factors that can affect your coordination, stability and balance.

What you can do.

To promote bone, joint and muscle health:

- **Get adequate amounts of calcium.** The National Academy of Science, Engineering, and Medicine recommends at least 1,000 milligrams (mg) of calcium daily for adults. The recommendation increases to 1,200 mg daily for women age 51 and older and men age 71 and older. Dietary sources of calcium include dairy products, broccoli, kale, salmon and tofu. If you find it difficult to get enough calcium from your diet, ask your doctor about calcium supplements.
- **Get adequate amounts of vitamin D.** The recommended daily intake of vitamin D is 600 international units for adults up to age 70 and 800 IU for adults over 70. Many people get adequate amounts of vitamin D from sunlight. Other sources include tuna, salmon, eggs, vitamin D-fortified milk and vitamin D supplements.
- **Include physical activity in your daily routine.** Weight-bearing exercises, such as walking, dancing, jogging, tennis, climbing stairs and weight training can help you build strong bones and slow bone loss.
- **Avoid substance abuse.** Avoid smoking and limit alcoholic drinks. Ask your doctor about how much alcohol might be safe for your age, sex and general health.



Your digestive system

What's happening.

Age-related structural changes in the large intestine can result in more constipation in older adults. Other contributing factors include a lack of exercise, not drinking enough fluids and a low-fiber diet. Medications, such as diuretics and iron supplements, and certain medical conditions, such as diabetes, also might contribute to constipation.

What you can do



To prevent constipation:

- **Eat a healthy diet.** Make sure your diet includes high-fiber foods, such as fruits, vegetables and whole grains. Limit high-fat meats, dairy products and sweets, which might cause constipation. Drink plenty of water and other fluids.
- **Include physical activity in your daily routine.** Regular physical activity can help prevent constipation.
- **Don't ignore the urge to have a bowel movement.** Holding in a bowel movement for too long can cause constipation.

Your bladder and urinary tract.

What's happening

Your bladder may become less elastic as you age, resulting in the need to urinate more often. Weakening of bladder muscles and pelvic floor muscles may make it difficult for you to empty your bladder completely or cause you to lose bladder control (urinary incontinence). In men, an enlarged or inflamed prostate also can cause difficult emptying the bladder and incontinence.

Other factors that contribute to incontinence include being overweight, nerve damage from diabetes, certain medications, and caffeine or alcohol consumption.

What you can do

To promote bladder and urinary tract health:

- **Go to the toilet regularly.** Consider urinating on a regular schedule, such as every hour. Slowly, extend the amount of time between your toilet trips.
- **Maintain a healthy weight.** If you're overweight, lose excess kgs.
- **Don't smoke.** If you smoke or use other tobacco products, ask your doctor to help you quit.
- **Do Kegel exercises.** To exercise your pelvic floor muscles (Kegel exercises), squeeze the muscles you would use to stop passing gas. Try it for three seconds at a time, and then relax for a count of three. Work up to doing the exercise 10 to 15 times in a row, at least three times a day.
- **Avoid bladder irritants.** Caffeine, acidic foods, alcohol and carbonated beverages can make incontinence worse.
- **Avoid constipation.** Eat more fibre and take other steps to avoid constipation, which can worsen incontinence.



Your memory and thinking skills.



What's happening

Your brain undergoes changes as you age that may have minor effects on your memory or thinking skills. For example, healthy older adults might forget familiar names or words, or they may find it more difficult to multitask.

What you can do.

You can promote cognitive health by taking the following steps:

- **Include physical activity in your daily routine.** Physical activity increases blood flow to your whole body, including your brain. Studies suggest regular exercise is associated with better brain function and reduces stress and depression — factors that affect memory.
- **Eat a healthy diet.** A heart-healthy diet may benefit your brain. Focus on fruits, vegetables and whole grains. Choose low-fat protein sources, such as fish, lean meat and skinless poultry. Too much alcohol can lead to confusion and memory loss.
- **Stay mentally active.** Staying mentally active may help sustain your memory and thinking skills. You can read, play word games, take up a new hobby, take classes, or learn to play an instrument.
- **Be social.** Social interaction helps ward off depression and stress, which can contribute to memory loss. You might volunteer at a local school or non-profit, spend time with family and friends, or attend social events.
- **Treat cardiovascular disease.** Follow your doctor's recommendations to manage cardiovascular risk factors — high blood pressure, high cholesterol and diabetes — that may increase the risk of cognitive decline.
- **Quit smoking.** If you smoke, quitting smoking may help your cognitive health.



If you're concerned about memory loss or other changes in your thinking skills, talk to your doctor.

Your eyes and ears.

What's happening

With age, you might have difficulty focusing on objects that are close up. You might become more sensitive to glare and have trouble adapting to different levels of light. Aging also can affect your eye's lens, causing clouded vision (cataracts).

Your hearing also might diminish. You might have difficulty hearing high frequencies or following a conversation in a crowded room.



What you can do.

To promote eye and ear health:

- **Schedule regular checkups.** Follow your doctor's advice about glasses, contact lenses, hearing aids and other corrective devices.
- **Take precautions.** Wear sunglasses or a wide-brimmed hat when you're outdoors, and use earplugs when you're around loud machinery or other loud noises.

Your teeth

What's happening

Your gums might pull back from your teeth. Certain medications, such as those that treat allergies, asthma, high blood pressure and high cholesterol, also can cause dry mouth. As a result, your teeth and gums might become slightly more vulnerable to decay and infection.



What you can do

To promote oral health:

- **Brush and floss.** Brush your teeth twice a day, and clean between your teeth — using regular dental floss or an interdental cleaner — once a day.
- **Schedule regular checkups.** Visit your dentist or dental hygienist for regular dental checkups.

Your skin.

What's happening

With age, your skin thins and becomes less elastic and more fragile, and fatty tissue just below the skin decreases. You might notice that you bruise more easily. Decreased production of natural oils might make your skin drier. Wrinkles, age spots and small growths called skin tags are more common.

What you can do

To promote healthy skin:

- **Be gentle.** Bathe or shower in warm — not hot — water. Use mild soap and moisturizer.



- **Take precautions.** When you're outdoors, use sunscreen and wear protective clothing. Check your skin regularly and report changes to your doctor.
- **Don't smoke.** If you smoke or use other tobacco products, ask your doctor to help you quit. Smoking contributes to skin damage, such as wrinkling.

Your weight.

What's happening.

How your body burns calories (metabolism) slows down as you age. If you decrease activities as you age, but continue to eat the same as usual, you'll gain weight. To maintain a healthy weight, stay active and eat healthy.

What you can do

To maintain a healthy weight:

- **Include physical activity in your daily routine.** Regular moderate physical activity can help you maintain a healthy weight.
- **Eat a healthy diet.** Choose vegetables, fruits, whole grains, high-fibre foods and lean sources of protein, such as fish. Limit sugar and foods high in saturated fat.
- **Watch your portion sizes.** To cut calories, keep an eye on your portion sizes.

Your sexuality

What's happening

With age, sexual needs and performance might change. Illness or medication might affect your ability to enjoy sex. For women, vaginal dryness can make sex uncomfortable. For men, impotence might become a concern. It might take longer to get an erection, and erections might not be as firm as they used to be.

What you can do

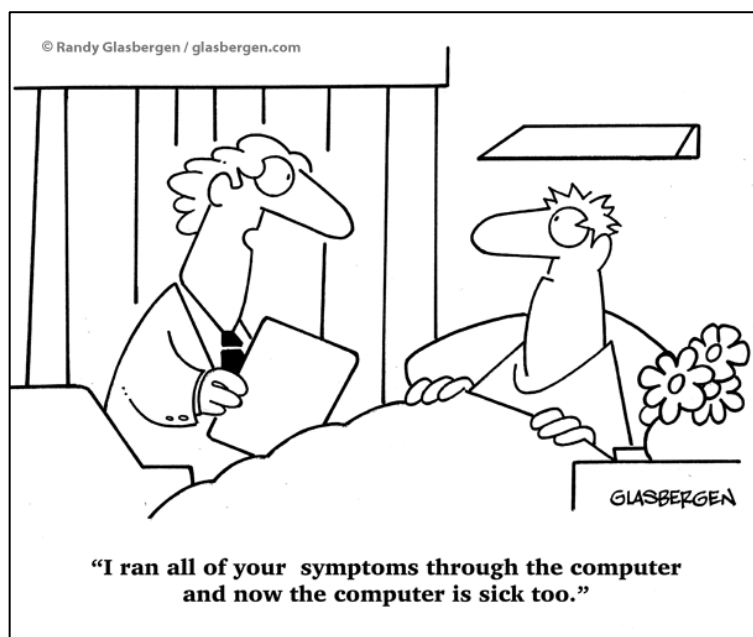
To promote your sexual health:



- **Share your needs and concerns with your partner.** You might find the physical intimacy without intercourse is right for you, or you may experiment with different sexual activities.
- **Get regular exercise.** Exercise improves the release of sexual hormones, cardiovascular health, flexibility, mood and self-image — all factors that contribute to good sexual health.
- **Talk to your doctor.** Your doctor might offer specific treatment suggestions — such as estrogen cream for vaginal dryness or oral medication for erectile dysfunction in men.



You can't stop the aging process, but you can make choices that improve your ability to maintain an active life, to do the things you enjoy, and to spend time with loved ones.



Exercise: Do you need it if you're slim?

Physical activity is an important part of a healthy lifestyle, whether you need to lose weight or not. Why exercise? Regular exercise:

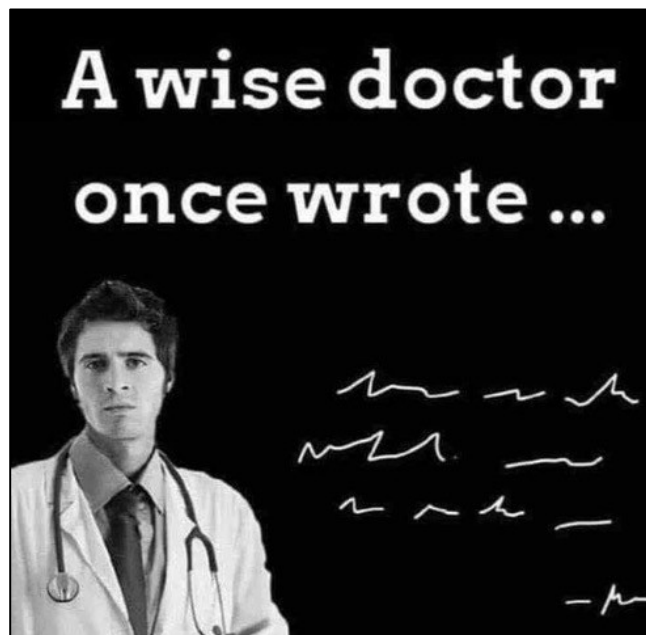
1. Boosts your stamina.





2. Improves your mood.
3. Reduces your risk of chronic diseases, such as diabetes and high blood pressure.
4. Keeps your mind sharp.
5. Improves fatigue.

So what are you waiting for? Get moving today.



Is an electric toothbrush better than a manual toothbrush?

It's possible to brush your teeth effectively with a manual toothbrush, however, an electric toothbrush can be a great alternative to a manual toothbrush, especially for children, people with disabilities, older adults, and people who have arthritis or other conditions that make it difficult to brush well.

An electric toothbrush's bristle movement might even help you remove more plaque or food from your teeth and improve your gum health.

If you choose to use an electric toothbrush, make sure the toothbrush is comfortable to hold and easy to use. Your dentist might suggest a model with a brush head that rotates in one direction and then the other (rotating-oscillating head) or that has very fast vibrating bristles. Other features, such as adjustable power levels, timers and rechargeable batteries, are optional. Follow



the manufacturer's instructions about when to replace the head to ensure that the toothbrush continues working effectively.

Whether you choose an electric toothbrush or a manual toothbrush, remember that what's most important is daily brushing and flossing.

Thermometers: Understand the options

Thermometers come in a variety of styles. It's important to understand the different types and how to pick the right one for you.

Choosing the thermometer that's best for your family can be confusing. Here's what you need to know about the most common thermometers.

Types of thermometers

In general, there are two types of thermometers.

- Touch, or contact, thermometers must touch the body in order to measure temperature.
- Remote, or no contact, thermometers can measure body temperature without touching the skin.

Contact thermometers.

The most common kind of contact thermometer uses electronic heat sensors to record body temperature. These thermometers can be used on the forehead, mouth, armpit or rectum. Most electronic thermometers have a digital display that shows you the temperature reading. Rectal temperatures provide the most-accurate readings for infants, especially those 3 months or younger, as well as children up to age 3. Temperatures taken from the armpit are usually the least accurate. For older children and adults, oral readings are usually accurate — as long as the mouth is closed while the thermometer is in place.

The pros:

Most electronic contact thermometers can record temperatures from the forehead, mouth, armpit or rectum — often in less than one minute. An electronic contact thermometer is appropriate for newborns, infants, children and adults.

The cons:

Parents may worry about causing discomfort when taking a child's temperature rectally. You need to wait 15 minutes after eating or drinking to take an oral temperature otherwise, the temperature of your food or drink might affect the thermometer reading. It can be difficult for children — or





anyone who breathes through the mouth — to keep their mouths closed long enough to get an accurate oral reading.

If you plan to use an electronic contact thermometer to take both oral and rectal temperatures, get two thermometers and label one for oral use and one for rectal use. Don't use the same thermometer in both places.

Remote thermometers

Many schools, businesses and health care settings are screening visitors for fever. A remote thermometer that doesn't require skin contact allows people to remain further apart. Remote thermometers can be used on the forehead (temporal artery) or the ear (tympanic).

Temporal artery thermometers

Remote forehead thermometers use an infrared scanner to measure the temperature of the temporal artery in the forehead.

The pros:

A remote temporal artery thermometer can record a person's temperature quickly and are easily tolerated. Remote temporal artery thermometers are appropriate for children of any age.

The cons:

A temporal artery thermometer may be more expensive than other types of thermometers. This type of thermometer may be less accurate than other types. Direct sunlight, cold temperatures or a sweaty forehead can affect temperature readings. Variations on user technique, such as holding the scanner too far away from the forehead, also may affect accuracy.

Tympanic thermometers

Remote ear thermometers, also called tympanic thermometers, use an infrared ray to measure the temperature inside the ear canal.

The pros:

When positioned properly, infrared ear thermometers are quick and generally comfortable for children and adults. Infrared ear thermometers are appropriate for infants older than age 6 months, older children and adults.

The cons:

Infrared ear thermometers aren't recommended for newborns. Earwax or a small, curved ear canal can interfere with the accuracy of a temperature taken with an infrared ear thermometer.

Mercury thermometers





Once a staple in most medicine cabinets, mercury thermometers use mercury encased in glass to measure body temperature. Mercury thermometers are no longer recommended because they can break and allow mercury, which is toxic, to escape.

If Masks WORK, WHY
Do Businesses Need
to BE CLOSED?
If They DON'T WORK,
WHY Are We FORCED
to Wear Them?!
I'll Give Ya a Minute

Arthur's Articles.

3 AD Amberley

In our [last edition](#), our readers saw five graduates of No. 28 Radio Mechanics course leave RAAF Base Laverton, heading for Amberley. Sadly, Tim Gear never made it. Johnno and Monty started their Radio Mechanic career at 'the Wing', No 82 Wing which comprised Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Squadrons, all flying Canberra's. 'Fletch, the 'Clermont Kid' headed for Base Squadron while I went to No. 3 Aircraft Depot (3AD) where the major 'E' servicing for Canberra and Sabre aircraft were done, as well as the shorter servicing for the Depot's single Dakota and sole Vampire.



Canberra



Sabre



Vampire

As was the usual path for Radio Mechanics at 3AD fresh out of Radio School, the first half of my tour was at the hangars while the last half of my tour, before heading back to Radio School to complete the training on the Radio Technician's course, was spent back at the main Radio Section away from the hangars.

I guess the Air Force chose skinny guys like me to be able to work on the Sabres, for instance, as their radio bay was on the side of the fuselage and so small that only a skinny kid like me could manoeuvre their small bodies into such a small space to retrieve the radio equipment that resided in there.

It was a great introduction to working on Australia's front-line fighters and bombers, and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

Between the Sabre and the Canberra hanger stood an old Lincoln bomber. It was rumoured that this aircraft had been the one that dropped the bomb at Monte Bello. It stood on a white painted concrete pad and no one ever went near it for the fear of radiation was still strong.



Years later, I was given the task of accompanying a member of the Australian Radiation Laboratories around the old site of the 3AD hangars and the 'hot' Lincoln. This guy was the typical



man for the job. He wore a safari suit and on his head was a matching 'Tiger Shooter' pith helmet. Although removed many years before, we found the old building that was the NCDC hut. We found the site of the old Lincoln with evidence of the drain that carried rainwater that fell off the aircraft into this drain and where that drain entered the earth.

We also found other evidence where the clothing worn for those who observed the blast which was boiled in a copper then buried in a long trench. When we went back to his room, I asked him how dangerous that radiation may be today, or rather back then, some forty years ago. He laughed and put his probe up to the fluorescent light which gave a noticeably higher reading than we had detected at the old Lincoln site or the pit that held the boiled clothes.



Not much happened of noteworthiness at 3 AD. All trades worked out of a large hut run by a Sergeant Engine Fitter. I recall one day he announced that the untidiness of the hut in general declared him to announce, "This hut needs a sweep!" So in one of my first claims at being the 'Village Idiot' of the Unit, I drew up some tickets and sold them as the Sergeant had requested, "This place needs a sweep," so I gave him a sweep!

I remember I lived in 'H' block at Amberley which was in the airmen's living in quarters. But I did not spend much time there.

While at 3AD, I was invited by a Radio Mechanic (Ground) from a course ahead of mine that had been posted to Base Radio at Amberley. He found a church in Ipswich where he met, then later married a girl. This pair have shared many postings with us then we have caught up after we both took discharge. Altogether, we have been friends for sixty years. Colin Rose became a Warrant Officer Radio Technician then commissioned as a Radio Officer. Jen, his wife, is senior to me by two days and we have tried to celebrate our birthdays on the day in between for many years.



*Colin and Jen Rose with Annette and Arthur Fry at 2 Squadron RAAF Association
Plaque dedication at Caloundra RSL on 20 July 2017*



Colin invited me into his then girlfriend, (later, his wife's) church at Silkstone, in Ipswich for a Christian Endeavor evening meal and meeting. "You'll only need to bring a knife and fork," Colin told me, but I came away with much more! On 'Night One', I met this beautiful girl, and she has been my wife for fifty-six years this December after we courted for three years.

I used to go home every weekend from Amberley to attend my home church and Christian Endeavour. I wrote in my Memoires when Colin invited me into a Wednesday evening Christian Endeavour meeting, "I guess another dose of Christian Endeavour each week won't hurt me!"

Courting Annette saw my visits to my home in Brisbane decrease, as well as fewer and fewer evenings were spent in the loneliness of my room in 'H' Block at Amberley. I also spent less time with my Radio School mates, Johnno, Monty and Fletch. Johnno had purchased a fabulous old Mark IV Jaguar, the one with the separate silver headlights. Except for Annette's appearance on the scene, I would have no doubt been with them at the Lowood car races one Sunday when as they returned to Amberley, they were involved in a serious road smash that put the three of them in hospital, and dispatched that beautiful old cream Jaguar Mark IV saloon to the wrecker's yard.



At the halfway mark of my posting, I was moved back to the main radio section. Workwise, I moved from taking radio equipment out of the aircraft that was sent to the main radio section and replacing that with equipment that had just been serviced. I recall, all radio equipment had to be lock-wired in, and I recall lock-wiring in my sleep!

Being part-way qualified as a radio serviceman, my main job in the main radio section was to refurbish, (read re-paint,) the boxes that contained the essential radio gear, as well as the larger Doppler antennas that were the state of art verification equipment of the day. A Radio Mechanic or a spray painter, I was never quite sure who I was.

While at the main radio section, I studied for and gained two major steps in my radio career. I became an LAC Radio Mechanic and completed the examination to return to Radio School on my Radio Technician's course, however, life in Radio Section produced four incredible stories that opened for me the magic of camaraderie that existed in the military.

Let me tell you four of them:

The Great Race

I had run in the Inter-Unit sports for 3AD, as I had run at school and considered myself a bit of a sprinter up to the 440 yards level. Flush with my success at the recent Inter-Unit sports event at Amberley, one of our section's corporals, Des, a guy who would bet on anything, sparked interest



in a competition between a known sprinter, (me), and a middle aged, porky bloke, (Des), with a medium radio mechanic, (Anthony, known as 'Mario', and later my Groomsman at our wedding), on his back. The sprinter would start at 100 yards, while Des and Mario would start their jog from 50 yards.

We ran on the tarmac outside of Radio section. The whole unit turned out. Money flowed into the 'bookies' purse liberally. We had a starter with a starters pistol. "Ready, set, [Fire]". I took off like a rocket. Des jogged with Mario on his back. I reached the 99-yard mark as Des and Mario crossed the finishing line. Des did not prompt me, but I swore if I had another stride, I could have beaten them, which was exactly what Des wanted to hear.



He opened a new book while we were all gathered, and money came flowing out into the bookie's hands. Work was put on hold throughout the AD as I gathered my breath and we lined up again. "Ready, Set, [Fire]". I ran like there was no tomorrow. Same result. Des and Mario limped over the line just a 'nose' away.

Des and his 'bookie' offered another race to see if the losers could regain their money, but strangely enough, not one punter was game to try again. Later, Des revealed that it was an impossible task, but I have never been part of a re-run to prove him wrong!

Anyone There?

Private phone calls were allowed on the radio section phone in those days. One day, I was called to the phone by one of the corporals, who held out the phone for me. "Call for you" he said. I slid the phone up to my ear. "Hello. Hello." But there was no answer. I changed the phone to the other ear, sliding it up my face to my ear again. "Hello, hello, anyone there?" No answer, so I hung up. Someone had laced the earpiece with graphite grease, and I walked around the section all day, and even went to lunch, with two great streaks of graphite grease up both sides of my face and throughout both ears.

Corporals' Bicycles.

They say 'Rank has its Privileges', or so it seemed at 3AD Radio Section. Once promoted to Corporal, all Radio Technicians in Radio Section were issued with a yellow bicycle. There was a bike rack outside the section where the bikes were stored while their owners were working slavishly away inside the building. Lunch time came, and the Corporals rode their bikes to lunch while the LAC Technicians and the Radio Mechanics, walked to lunch.



With a fair smattering of stirrers among the non-Corporal fraternity and an unending supply of lock-wire, pranks were sure to abound. As a Corporal pulled his bicycle out from the rack, several other bikes would follow as some little 'prankster' had lock-wired the spokes of all the bikes in the row. One out, all out!

Often as we marched to lunch, I would hear the muffled cry coming from the bike racks, "Fry, you are responsible for this!" Quite unfair, as others often beat me to it!

Craven 'A'

One day Corporal Des came into the section and announced that the night before, he lit up a Craven A cigarette, and found a piece of wood in his 'smoke'. He said he had written to Craven 'A' and expected a case of cigarettes back in return for his inconvenience.

Day after day, the section enquired as to the progress of his expected remuneration. No news. One night, I drove to Brisbane to a friend who I knew smoked Craven 'A' cigarettes. I had him half smoke a cigarette; stomp it out and give it to me. I then found a type-writer for there were no laptops in those days, and wrote a letter, ostensibly from Craven 'A', along the lines that we sometimes receive letters such as his from 'cranks' who do not appreciate a decent brand of cigarette, and stated that we enclosed a replacement cigarette. Of course, that replacement was the half-smoked butt from my friend.



My letter arrived at the Radio Section. Des read the letter. He called out, "Fry, you are behind this," which of course I vehemently denied. "I don't smoke, let alone Craven 'A'." A week or so later, a fresh face young lad arrived at the front door of the Radio Section and asked for Des. He came to the door and the lad said beamingly, "I am from Craven 'A'." Des replied, "Rubbish," (or colourful words to that effect,) "You are one of Fry's stupid mates!" With that, the lad pointed out the Ford Falcon panel van with the words, "Craven 'A' emblazoned on the side of the vehicle.

Des had to guffaw and eat humble pie. The representative, however, gave Des a free packet of cigarettes. He came back into the section and bawled me out, "If it hadn't had been for you, I would have received a whole carton of cigarettes!"

I will never forget the camaraderie, or call it 'stirring', if you prefer, that went on in the Radio Section at 3AD back in 1961 to 1963. Yes, my first posting in the real Air Force certainly held some wonderful memories for me, not to mention that while at 3AD, I met my wife. She, on the other hand, may curse the Air Force for posting young Aircraftsman Arthur Fry to No. 3 Aircraft Depot at Amberley.



People of Note in my RAAF Career

One of my close associates, sadly no longer with us, was an RAAF Police Officer who rose to the position of Provost Marshal of the RAAF, Neville Clarke.



Neville Clarke in Vung Tau 1971



Neville Clarke, Mrs Hai & Arthur Fry outside Police Section

I had the privilege of serving under Neville in Vung Tau in Vietnam in 1971. In Vung tau, he held the position of Assistant Provost Marshal for the Australian Forces, Vietnam. I also caught up with Nev when he was at Operational Command in Glenbrook at the end of my RAAF career. Nev had a task of opening a double locked safe that had been compromised while being set. Nev asked for my help, adding that I was the greatest crook at safe cracking that he knew! That was quite a gag for the life I had tried to live and the ecclesiastical career I was to follow when I left the Air Force. Dare I tell you that between us, we were successful in opening the dual locked safe!

Prior to joining the RAAF, Nev was a Senior Constable in the Queensland Police Service. After our time in Vietnam where I worked in his Police Section as an interpreter, he included me in all Police section work and social events.

On our return to Australia, we both lived in the Laverton/ Werribee area, and we caught up socially. I invited Nev and his wife to join us at a function, wearing mess kit, at the Point Cook Mess. We called at his home to collect them. I was a newly commissioned officer. When Nev opened his door, he pretended to brush the bar off my epaulette, saying, "Sorry, Lad, I thought you had a thread on your shoulder!" Funny man.

After I left the Air Force, we went back to Hong Kong in the early nineties. Nev was Provost Marshal at the time. We were invited to a British 'free-for-all' banquet except it was not that free at HMS Tamar, the British Forces Headquarters at that time. Nev and his wife arrived in the Colony late in the evening, and after changing into his mess kit, they came directly to HMS Tamar. In those days, we had a habit of wearing a white shirt under our mess kit jacket with parts that were not seen with the jacket on, decorated with Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck or camouflage for some (Army types), and sporting the loudest braces we could find. When the time came to remove jackets, all these fancy shirts and loud braces would be revealed.



A local British radio announcer displayed the loudest braces that I had ever seen. Nev said to me, "I like them. I am going to have them!" Time passed and much later in the morning, just before dawn, we came across Nev again - wearing the radio announcer's braces! As I said, Nev was a character. Smooth talker for that would have been the only way he purloined the radio announcer's braces!

When I left Vietnam, Nev organised then presented me with a beautiful plaque which thanked me for the service I had rendered to the RAAF Police Section while in Vung Tau. I have treasured that plaque which proudly hangs in my study to this day. Vale old friend. You were great officer and a good mate. Rest in Peace.



The plaque presented to Arthur Fry by
Neville Clarke and his Police Section
in Vung Tau, South Vietnam in 1971

A treasured memory of a tremendous bloke.



This page left blank.



The Toilet that Sank the U-1206.

On April 6, 1945, a German submarine named the U-1206 departed from the port city of Kristiansand, in Nazi-occupied Norway and began its first combat patrol. Assigned to the waters of the North Atlantic, its mission was to seek out and destroy British and American ships on the high seas.

For the 50-man crew aboard submarines like the U-1206, life wasn't just extremely dangerous, it was also very unpleasant: Quarters were cramped, and the bathroom/toilets were no exception. There were only two heads (toilets), and because one of the heads was right next to the galley, the space was often used to store food. When it was, the toilet was unavailable, meaning the entire crew had to share the remaining toilet.



Under pressure.

The plumbing on German subs of that era differed from American and British subs in one important respect: The German toilets discharged their contents directly into the sea, instead of in a holding tank. Not having such a tank saved precious space, but it came at a price. The toilets could only be used when the submarine was traveling on or near the ocean surface. When the submarine was submerged, the pressure outside the hull was too great for the toilets to be able to flush.

If nature called under such circumstances, crew members had to use buckets, tin cans, or whatever other containers they could get their hands on. They had to carefully store the contents of all those containers until the submarine surfaced, when they could be poured into the toilets and flushed, or taken topside and emptied into the sea.

The ventilation systems on World War II German subs were notoriously inadequate, which meant that even in the best of circumstances, the air was foul with diesel fumes, human body odour, and other smells. When the toilets were unavailable and all those buckets and cans were filling to overflowing with you-know-what, the stench was even worse.

Heads up!

The U-1206 had a new and improved plumbing system. Unlike many subs in the fleet, it had high-pressure toilets that could be used at greater depths than the standard heads could, but the new system was very difficult to operate. The toilets came with complicated instructions manuals and



a few members of the crew had to be trained so that they could serve as toilet-flushing “specialists.”

Barely a week into the U-1206’s first patrol, Captain Karl Adolf Schlitt (who was commanding a sub for the first time), had to use the head while the sub was cruising at a depth of 200 feet, some eight miles off the coast of Scotland. Rather than request the assistance of the toilet specialist, Schlitt tried to follow the instructions in the manual to flush the toilet himself. Something went wrong and when Schlitt asked the toilet specialist for help, something went wrong again. The specialist opened the outside valve, the one that opened to the sea, while the inside valve was open, causing a torrent of water to flood into the sub.

What a gas.

It was then that another flaw in the U-1206’s design became apparent. When the submarine is submerged, it runs on electric motors powered by a giant bank of batteries and the U-1206’s batteries were in a compartment directly below the malfunctioning toilet. The seawater quickly combined with battery acid and created deadly chlorine gas, which began to spread throughout the sub.

As the gas filled the submarine, Schlitt had no choice but to order the submarine to surface so that the gas could be vented and replaced with breathable air. Because they surfaced within sight of the Scottish coastline, they were quickly spotted by Allied aircraft and attacked. One crew member died in the melee that followed; three others fell overboard and drowned.



The U-1206 was badly damaged in the attack and could not dive. Seeing no way to save his submarine, Captain Schlitt ordered the crew into the lifeboats; then he scuttled the ship, making it the only warship in naval history to be doomed by its own malfunctioning toilet. Thirty-six members of the crew were rescued by small boats in the area; ten others made it to shore in their lifeboats and were captured.

Pot luck.

In its eight days on patrol, the U-1206 never did manage to attack any Allied ships. Not that it would have made any difference to the Nazi war effort, which had just three more weeks to go. On April 30, Adolf Hitler committed suicide in his Führerbunker in Berlin; seven days later, Germany surrendered and the war in Europe was over.

It’s possible that the toilet that sent the U-1206 to the bottom of the Atlantic may have saved the surviving 46 members of the crew. Though Winston Churchill later admitted that “the only thing that ever frightened me during the war was the U-boat peril,” by the summer of 1943 the Battle of the Atlantic had turned decisively in favour of the Allies, who were now able to sink U-boats faster than the Germans could replace them. The odds of a German submariner surviving the war were slim: 75% of the entire U-boat fleet was sunk during the war, and 30,000 of the submarine service’s 40,000 crew members went to a watery grave with them.



Thanks, perhaps, to a malfunctioning toilet, the U-1206's 46 surviving crew members were not among them.

It's weird being the same age as old people.

On the 15th August, 1945, Japan released me from a POW Camp. Then US Pilots saved my life.

George MacDonell (1)

It was noon on August 15th, 1945. The Japanese Emperor had just announced to his people that his country had surrendered unconditionally to the Allied Powers. To those of us being held at Ohashi Prison Camp in the mountains of northern Japan, where we'd been prisoners of war performing forced labour at a local iron mine, this meant freedom. But freedom didn't necessarily equate to safety. The camp's 395 POWs, about half of them Canadians, were still under the effective control of Japanese troops and so we began negotiating with them about what would happen next. (MacDonell arrowed below)



Complicating the negotiations was the Japanese military code of Bushido, which required an officer to die fighting or commit suicide (seppuku) rather than accept defeat. We also knew that the camp commander, First Lieutenant Yoshida Zenkichi, had written orders to kill his prisoners "by any means at his disposal" if their rescue seemed imminent. We also knew that we could all



easily be deposited in a local mine shaft and then buried under thousands of tons of rock for all eternity without a trace.

We had no way of notifying Allied military commanders (who still hadn't landed in Japan) as to the location of the camp (about a hundred miles north of Sendai, in a mountainous area near Honshu's eastern coast), whose existence was then unknown. Because of the devastating American bombing, Japan's cities had been reduced to rubble, its institutions were in chaos, and millions of Japanese were themselves close to starvation, much like us. The camp itself had food supplies, such as they were, for just three days.

Lieut. Zenkichi seemed angry, and felt humiliated by the surrender. Yet he appeared willing to negotiate our status. And after some stressful hours, we reached an agreement: The Japanese guards would be dismissed from the camp, while a detachment of Kenpeitai (the much feared Military Police) would provide security for Zenkichi, who would confine himself to his office.

To our delight, the local Japanese farmers were friendly, and agreed to give us food in exchange for some of the items we'd managed to loot from the camp's remaining inventory, though, unfortunately, not enough to feed the camp. Meanwhile, through a secret radio (receiver) we'd been operating, we learned that the Americans were going to conduct an aerial grid search of Japan's islands for prison camps. We followed the broadcasted instructions and immediately painted "P.O.W." in eight-foot-high white letters on the roof of the biggest hut.



Two days later, with all of our food gone, we heard a murmur from the direction of the ocean. The sound turned into the throb of a single-engine airplane flying at about 3,000 feet. Then, suddenly he was above us, a little blue fighter with the white stars of the US Navy painted on its wings and fuselage, but the engine noise began to fade as he went right past us. Please, God, I thought, let him see our camp.

Then the engine sound grew stronger and changed its pitch as we heard the roar of a dive. The pilot had wrapped around a nearby mountain and came straight down the centre of the valley,



his engine now bellowing wide open. From just over treetop altitude, he flew over the centre of the camp. We all went wild: Our prayers had been answered.

Then he climbed to about 7,000 feet while circling above us, we assumed he was radioing our location to base, before making another pass over the camp, as slowly as he dared, this time with his canopy back. He threw out a silver tin box on a long streamer that landed in the centre of the camp. Inside, we found strips of fluorescent cloth and a hand-written note: "Lieutenant Claude Newton (Junior Grade), USS Carrier John Hancock. Reported location."

The instructions for the cloth strips were as follows: "If you want Medicine, put out M. If you want Food, put out F. If you want Support, put out S." We put out "F" and "M." Once more, Lieut. Newton flew over the camp, this time to read the letters we'd written on the ground. Wagging his wings, he headed straight out to sea to his floating home, the USS Hancock.



Seven hours later, two dozen airplanes approached the camp from the sea. They were painted with the same US Navy colours, but these were much larger planes, Grumman Avenger torpedo bombers with a crew of two. Each made two parachute cargo drops in the centre of our camp, leaving us with a ton or more of food and medicine. The boxes contained everything from powdered eggs to tins of pork and beans. There was also something called "Penicillin" that, I later learned, doctors had begun prescribing to infected patients in 1942. (Our camp doctor had understandably never heard of it.) That night, we had a feast and a party. Despite the doctor's warnings not to overdo it, we did. The sudden calorie intake nearly killed us.

August 28, 1945 photo in the collection of Peter Somerville, son of a naval aviator operating on the USS Hancock



But it was one thing for the Americans to drop supplies, and another thing to get to us. The days passed, until one sunny morning we had another aerial visitor from the east. He circled the camp and dropped a note: "Goodbye from Hancock and good luck. Big Friends Come Tomorrow."

The "friends" arrived at about 10am the next day, and they were indeed big: four-engine B-29 Superfortresses. Like the Penicillin, this was something new: These planes hadn't entered service till 1944, and none of us had seen one. Their giant bomb-bay doors opened and out came wooden platforms, each loaded with parachute-equipped 44-gallon drums. These were packed with tinned rations and other supplies, including new uniforms and footwear. None of this was lost on nearby Japanese villagers, who saw us POWs going from starvation to a state of plenty. Since our newfound wealth was scattered all over hell's half acre, we asked these locals to bring us any drums they might find, which they did, in return for the nylon chutes (which local seamstresses and homemakers would put to good use) and a share of the food. That night, we had another party, except at this one, everyone was dressed in a new American uniform of his choice: Navy, Army, or Marine.



The next day brought another three lumbering aerial giants—from the Marianas Islands, it turned out. Again, the local Japanese residents helped us, amid much bowing, collect the aerial bounty. By now, the camp was beginning to look like an oil refinery, with unopened 44-gallon oil drums stacked everywhere.

When the daily ritual was repeated the day after that, some of the parachute lines snapped in the high winds, and the oil drums fell like giant rocks. Several hit the camp, went through the roofs of huts, hit the concrete floors and exploded. One was packed with canned peaches, and I don't have to describe what the hut looked like. There were several very near-misses on our men, Japanese personnel and houses in the nearby village. When the next drop generated a similar



result, I looked up to see that I was right under a cloud of falling 44-gallon oil drums. It was a terrifying moment and I imagined the bizarre idea of surviving the enemy, surviving imprisonment, and then dying thanks to the kindness of well-meaning American pilots.

We now had tons of food and supplies—enough for months and more was arriving. The camp had begun to look as if it had been shelled by artillery, so we painted two words on the roof: NO MORE! The next day, the big friends came from the Marianas and, as we watched from the safety of a nearby tunnel, they circled the camp and, without opening their bay doors, flew back out to sea, firing off red rockets to show they'd received the message.

It was a surreal scene. But it didn't distract us from the fact that the generous and timely American response saved many of our lives. In the days that followed the drum showers, we settled down to caring for our sick and to some serious eating. Thanks to the US supplies, we began to gain a pound a day. The American generosity was especially notable given that few of the prisoners at Ohashi were American. Almost all were Canadian, Dutch, or British.

At about this time, I decided to go back to the nearby mine where we'd worked as prisoner labourers. I wanted to say goodbye to the foreman of the machine shop, a grandfatherly man who'd called me hanchō (squad leader) and had been as kind to me as the brutal rules of the country's military dictatorship permitted. It was both joyous and sad. We were happy that the war was over, yet sad at the knowledge that this would be our last meeting. I promised him that I would take his earnest advice and return to school as soon as I got home. "Hanchō, you go Canada now," he said.



Mine workshop at Ohashi prison camp, where many POWs worked



I later learned that about three million Japanese soldiers and civilians lost their lives in the war. Millions more were left wounded. The country had been hit with two atomic bombs. Whole cities had been gutted by fire. At every level, the war had been an unmitigated disaster for Japan. Its people had become cannon fodder in a cruel and pointless project to conquer East Asia.

My fellow ex-POWs and I visited the camp graveyard and said one last goodbye to our comrades who'd found their last resting place so far from home. It was an unjust reward for such brave young men. And it was then that tears I couldn't control welled up in my eyes and streamed down my cheeks.



On the 14th September, 30 days after Emperor Hirohito had publicly announced Japan's surrender, a naval airplane flew in from the sea and dropped a note to inform us that an American naval task force would evacuate us the following day. Sure enough, on the 15th September, landing craft beached themselves and hastily disgorged a force of Marines. Their motorized column sped inland to the Ohashi camp, led by a Marine colonel and armed to the teeth.

***Interpreter Hiroe Iwashita,
remembered fondly by many
prisoners***

These were veterans of the long Pacific campaign. They'd survived many terrible encounters with the Japanese in their westward campaign across the Pacific and they looked the part. After our captain saluted the colonel, they embraced, and the colonel told us how he planned to evacuate us, giving specific orders as to how it was all to be accomplished.

After he issued his orders, the Colonel asked, "Are there any questions?" Our captain said, "Yes, I have one. Sir. What in the hell took you so long to get here?" That at least brought a smile to those tough, weather-beaten Marine faces.

Following the Colonel's instructions, we mounted up, said sayonara to Ohashi and, after almost four years of imprisonment, began the glorious journey home to our various loved ones. I was in the last vehicle that left the camp that day. And as we departed, I observed a compound that was



now completely empty—save for one forlorn figure, who'd emerged from his office and now stood at the centre of a camp that once held 400 men. It was Lieutenant Zenkichi.

(1) George MacDonell was born in Edmonton, Alberta in 1922. He served in the Royal Rifles of Canada, which deployed to Hong Kong in 1941 as part of C-Force, shortly before Hong Kong's capture by the Japanese army. More information about his story may be found [HERE](#) and [HERE](#).



In for a penny, in for a pound: \$90 billion for an obsolete submarine fleet.

Brian Toohey

So much for Australian sovereignty. We are locked out of repairing key US components of our subs' computer systems and the Coalition has committed our submarine fleet to the extraordinarily dangerous role of helping the US conduct surveillance in the South China Sea.



It is hard to believe that a government genuinely committed to defending the nation would sign a contract to buy 12 ludicrously expensive submarines that would not be operational for at least 20 years, with the final submarine not ready for nearly 40 years. The fleet will be obsolete before its delivered.



But this is what the Turnbull government did when it announced in September 2016 that the majority French government-owned Naval Group would build 12 large submarines in Adelaide. The first sub is unlikely to be operational until the late 2030s and the last one until well after 2050. It is even harder to understand why Turnbull endorsed the extraordinarily dangerous role for Australian submarines of helping the US conduct surveillance and possible combat operations within the increasingly crowded waters of the South China Sea.

And while the Morrison government repeatedly claims that Australia's defence force has a "sovereign" capability, in reality we are locked in "all the way" with the USA. US secrecy prevents Australia from repairing key American components of both the Collins and Attack class submarines' complex computerised systems. Ominously, an earlier Coalition government gave Lockheed Martin the contract to integrate these systems into the Attack subs. This is the same company that wasted billions on a dud computerised system for the US made F-35 fighter planes. Called the Attack class, the conventionally powered submarines to be built in Adelaide by Naval will rely on an unfinished design based partly on France's Barracuda nuclear submarines.

Their official cost has already blown out from an initial \$50 billion to \$90 billion. It was revealed earlier that Defence officials knew in 2015 that the cost of the fleet had already blown out by \$30 billion to \$80 billion, yet continued to state publicly that the price tag was \$50 billion. Life-cycle costs are expected to be around \$300 billion.

Current tensions about maritime boundaries in the South China Sea may well be resolved before the fleet is delivered. Further billions will also have to be spent closing the gap in capability



created by the retirement of our six Collins class submarines due between 2026 and 2038, well before the first six Attack class are operational. Australia's expenditure of \$90 billion will be enough to put just one Attack class submarine in the South China Sea at a time.

The other submarines will be making the 13,000-kilometre trip up there and back, being repaired and refurbished, or be committed closer to Australia. Australian subs in the South China Sea will be integrated into US forces and will be relying on them for operational and intelligence data. In an escalating clash, accidental or otherwise, they will be expected to follow orders from US commanders. Again, so much for Australia's sovereignty.

There is no compelling strategic reason why Australian submarines should travel that onerous distance to support the US in the South China Sea. Contrary to popular belief, the vast majority of Australia's trade with North Asia does not go through the that Sea. Nor does China impose barriers to commercial navigation, much of which involves its own trade. China has adopted a defensive anti-access/area denial strategy to control approaches to its homeland, building up an array of forces and sensors. This is in response to the US deploying sensors below and above the sea to prevent Chinese forces passing through choke points in the area to the broader ocean. While China's actions are seen as aggressive, the US would never tolerate China laying sea-bed sensors and deploying submarines around its naval bases on the West Coast of America.

The Pentagon focuses on always knowing the whereabouts of all Chinese submarines, especially its two nuclear-armed ballistic missile-carrying subs based at Hainan Island. The Americans' goal would be to destroy these subs at the start of any potential war, however, China's nuclear armed missiles on land or sea are essential as a deterrence because the US has not ruled out first US first nuclear strike.

Australia's submarines aren't nuclear powered, which means they have to come to the surface to charge their batteries every few days. This leaves them open to being detected by increasingly sophisticated sensors and then destroyed. This risk can be greatly reduced by using air independent propulsion; for example, fuel cells, meaning submarines don't have to resurface for up to six weeks, but the Australian Navy stubbornly refuses to use this lifesaving technology. It also resists using modern batteries that are lighter and go further than lead acid ones.

Submarines could make an important contribution to the nation's defence by operating above and below the island chain to Australia's north to deter a naval force intending to attack Australia. This does not require ultra large submarines. A report released in March by the executive director of Insight Economics, Jon Stanford, (right) makes a persuasive case for not proceeding with the Attack class. The report, funded by electronics retailer Garry Johnson, was commissioned by the think tank Submarines for Australia.



One solution might be to design and build a modern version of the 3,100 tonne Collins instead of the 4,500 tonne Attack class submarines. This option has not been costed. A cheaper alternative would be to extend the life of the six existing Collins class submarines. The think tank Submarines for Australia has costed this at \$15 billion, with the Australian Strategic Policy Institute costing it at \$20 billion. A much less costly option would be to build proven, high-performance submarines to be based at two harbours in northern Australia and scrap the reckless commitment to integrate them with US nuclear submarines in the South China Sea.



The Singapore Navy is getting new 2000 tonne submarines from the biggest maker of quality conventional submarines, Germany's Thysekrupp Marine Systems. Called the Type 218SG, they have hydrogen fuel cells and lithium ion batteries. They are low maintenance, can carry land-attack missiles or the German IDAS missile, which can hit ships and sub-hunting helicopters. The cost would be about \$7 billion for six and just over \$13 billion for 12, including spares and crew training. A high degree of automation also means they require a crew of just 28 that can rotate on eight-hour shifts instead of the usual 12 hour shifts for most submarines. Compare this with the Attack class requirement of a crew of 63, at a time when it is not easy to attract the large number of submariners required.

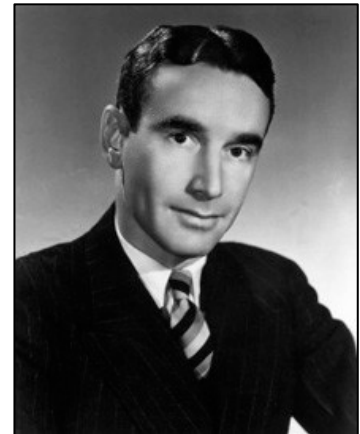


Perhaps the best argument, however, for not wasting \$90 billion on the Attack class is that cheap underwater drones will soon have an important military role particularly suited to use from bases in northern Australia.

My wife is blaming me for ruining her birthday.
That's ridiculous, I didn't even know it was her birthday.

Rudolph – the red nosed reindeer.

Once upon a time, a man named Robert L. May, depressed and broken hearted, stared out of his draughty apartment window into the chilling December night (obviously didn't live in Qld - tb). Bobs wife, Evelyn, was dying of cancer. His 4-year-old daughter Barbara couldn't understand why her mommy could never come home. It had been the story of Bob's life. Life always had to be different for Bob. When he was a kid, Bob was often bullied by other boys. He was too little at the time to compete in sports. He was often called names he'd rather not remember. From childhood, Bob was different and never seemed to fit in.



Bob, after completing college, married his loving wife, Evelyn and was grateful to get a job as a copywriter at the Timothy Eaton Department Store in Toronto during the Great Depression. Then he was blessed with his little girl. But it was all short-lived. Evelyn's bout with cancer stripped them of all their savings and now Bob and his daughter were forced to live in a two-room apartment in the poorer area of Toronto. Evelyn died just days before Christmas in 1938.

Bob struggled to give hope to his child, for whom he couldn't even afford to buy a Christmas gift. But if he couldn't buy a gift, he was determined to make one – a storybook! Bob had created an



animal character in his own mind and told the animal's story to little Barbara to give her comfort and hope. Again and again, Bob told the story, embellishing it more with each telling.

The story Bob May created was his own autobiography in fable form. The character he created was a misfit outcast like he was. The name of the character? A little reindeer named Rudolph, with a big shiny nose. Bob finished the book just in time to give it to his little girl on Christmas Day. But the story doesn't end there.

The general manager of the T. Eaton Store caught wind of the little storybook and offered Bob May a nominal fee to purchase the rights to print the book. They went on to print "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and distribute it to children visiting Santa Claus in their stores. By 1946, Eaton's had printed and distributed more than six million copies of Rudolph. That same year, a major publisher wanted to purchase the rights from Eaton's to print an updated version of the book.

In an unprecedented gesture of kindness, the CEO of Eaton's returned all rights back to Bob May. The book became a best seller. Many toy and marketing deals followed and Bob May, now remarried with a growing family, became wealthy from the story he created to comfort his grieving daughter. But, the story doesn't end there either.

Bob's brother-in-law, Johnny Marks, made a song adaptation to Rudolph. Though the song was turned down by such popular vocalists as Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore, it was recorded by the singing cowboy, Gene Autry. "[Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer](#)" was released in 1949 and became a phenomenal success, selling more records than any other Christmas song, with the exception of "White Christmas."



**If I'm reading the instructions correctly,
after 3 glasses of wine the bookshelf
assembles itself.**



RAAF Vietnam Lunch Club.

The RAAF Vietnam Lunch Club got together on Thursday the 10th December at the Jade Buddha, for the last time in 2020.



On the second Thursday of each month, except for January, the RAAF Vietnam Lunch Club get together at the Jade Buddha for lunch, a few drinks, some tall tales and to enjoy the hospitality offered by owner Phil Hogan and his wonderful staff.

If you had an all expenses paid trip to Vietnam way back when, compliments of the Air Force, and you and your partner would like to come along and say hello, you're more than welcome. Click [HERE](#), fill in the form and send it to Sambo and you're on the list and he'll send you a reminder a few days prior.

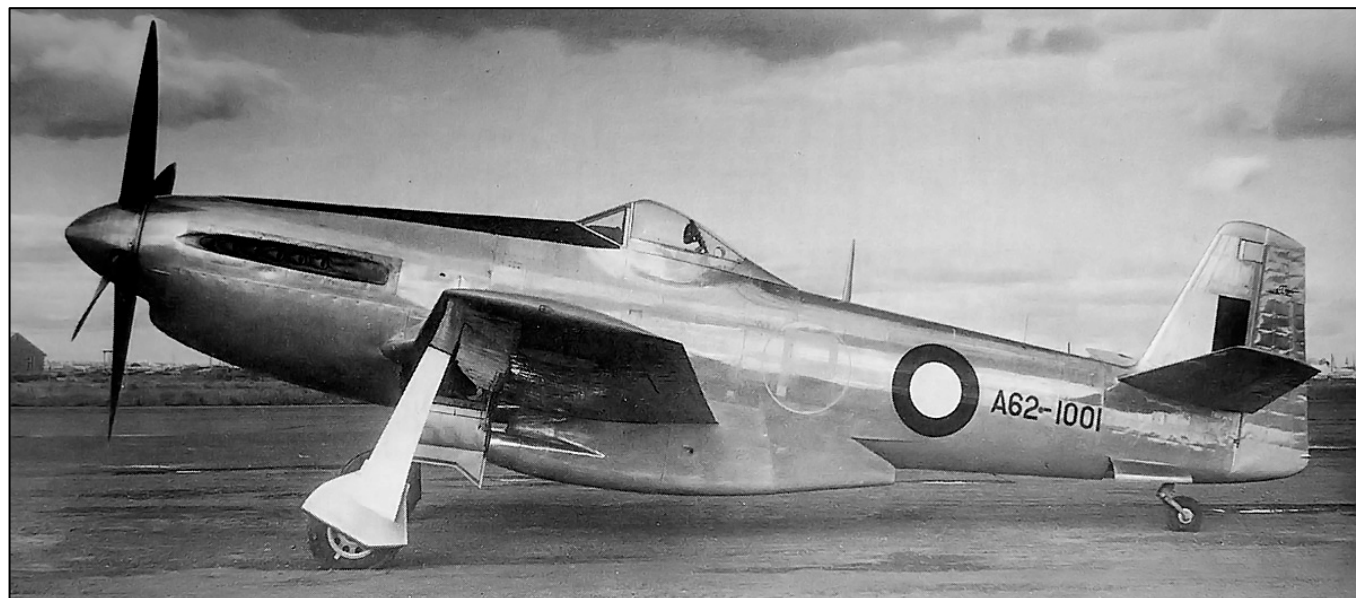


Lunchers get together from about midday, there's no charge, no fee, if you want lobster mornay and 20 schooners that's your business, you just buy what you want.



Now that Covid restrictions have been eased considerably and 2021 looks like returning to normal, if you haven't been, put it on your bucket list, come along, we'd love to see you.

The CAC Kangaroo.



The CAC CA-15, also known unofficially as the CAC Kangaroo, was an Australian propeller-driven fighter aircraft designed by the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation (CAC) during World War II. Due to protracted development, the project was not completed until after the war, and was cancelled after flight testing, when the advent of jet aircraft was imminent.

Design and development

As the CAC Boomerang became more and more obsolete against the Mitsubishi A6M Zero by 1942, Sir Lawrence Wackett proposed designing a new high performance fighter from scratch with Fred David as the head of an in-house CAC design team. During 1943, following the success of CAC and chief designer Fred David, in rapidly designing and mass-producing the small Boomerang fighter for the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF), CAC began design work on a fully fledged interceptor and bomber escort. In June 1943 the Royal Australian Air Force approved the design concept proposal and issued design specification 2/43 for work to commence.

Although the CA-15 bore a superficial resemblance to the North American P-51 Mustang, the CAC design was not based directly on the American aircraft and had quite different performance objectives and dimensions. For instance, Fred David had been impressed by assessments of captured Focke-Wulf Fw 190s and intended using a radial engine rather than the inline engines used in fighters like the Mustang. In fact, development of the CA-15 was slowed by a recommendation from CAC head Lawrence Wackett, that the company build Mustangs under licence, rather than bear the cost of developing a unique design.

By the later stages of its development, it was believed that the CA-15 would have capabilities enabling it to replace the P-51.



At first, the CAC designers planned to use the 2,300hp (1,715kW) radial Pratt & Whitney R-2800, with a turbocharger, however, that engine became unavailable, causing further delays in development and it was decided to fit an in-line Rolls-Royce Griffon Mk 61 (2,035hp/1,517kW). Engines for a prototype were leased from Rolls-Royce. It was intended that any production engines would have a three-stage supercharger.

Development was further slowed by the end of the war, with the prototype flying for the first time on 4 March 1946 and was flown by CAC test pilot Jim Schofield, who also flew the first Australian built P-51. (During my time in PNG [1973 – 1980], Jim Schofield was Regional Director of DCA's Papua and New Guinea Region)

The prototype was assigned RAAF serial number A62-1001. According to aviation historian Darren Crick, it achieved a calibrated level flight speed of 448mph (721km/h) at 26,400ft (8,046 m). Test flights came to an abrupt ending when Flt Lt J. A. L. Archer suffered a hydraulic failure (later found to be a leaking ground test gauge) on approach to Point Cook on 10 December 1946, which left him no choice but to orbit and burn off fuel. The main gear was only halfway down and unable to be retracted or lowered any further but the tail wheel was down and locked. On landing, the tail wheel struck the airstrip first causing the aircraft to porpoise and finally, the airscoop dug in. The aircraft settled back on the fuselage and skidded to a stop, heavily damaged. After repairs at CAC, the aircraft was returned to ARDU in 1948. Archer reportedly achieved a speed of 502.2mph (803km/h) over Melbourne, after levelling out of a dive of 4,000ft (1,200 m), on 25 May 1948.

By this time, however, it was clear that jet aircraft had far greater potential and no further examples of the CA-15 were built. The prototype was scrapped in 1950, and the engines were returned to Rolls-Royce.

You can see a video on the aircraft [HERE](#).



There's nothing like a little tomato soup to soothe the soul.
Even if it's cold, over ice, with a celery stalk, and vodka.

Caribou's last hurrah!

On the 27th November 2009, the RAAF flew its last operation involving the DHC-4 Caribou light transport aircraft, 45 years after this type first entered service in Australia. The final flight was carried out by Caribou A4-140 from Richmond into Canberra, where the aircraft was handed over to the Australian War Memorial for preservation. The previous day, another Caribou, A4-152, was similarly handed over to the RAAF Museum at Point Cook, Victoria.





A4-140 was the oldest surviving airframe of this type operated by the RAAF, having been one of the first three to arrive in Australia in 1964. It had served in Vietnam, supported United Nations efforts in Kashmir and seen extensive service in South East Asia and across the South Pacific, logging a total of 20,040 flying hours. It was also the aircraft hijacked in East Timor by armed soldiers fleeing that country's civil war in 1975 (See [HERE](#))

Over the weekend 7-8 November, 2009, the RAAF hosted a farewell party for the Caribou in the 35/38 Sqn hangars in Townsville – see [HERE](#).

On its final flight to Canberra, the Caribou was captained by Wing Commander Tony Thorpe, Commanding Officer of 38 Squadron, with Flying Officer Matt Sullivan as co-pilot and Sergeant Scott Jones as loady.



Operation Tropic Snow

Operation Tropic Snow, RAAF helicopter pilots study a map of the West Irian terrain before taking off to locate the wreckage of the RAAF Dakota A65-61 aircraft. Dec 1970.



L-R: Sqn Ldr Brian Dirou, Mr Reeder, Sqn Ldr Peter Mahood and Sqn Ldr Ron Raymond the expedition leader.

Operation Tropic Snow recovered the remains of the RAAF Dakota A65-61 aircraft that crashed into a mountain in West Irian. On the 18th September 1945, the aircraft, from No 38 Squadron, took off from Morotai in the Netherlands East Indies (now Indonesia) but disappeared without reaching its destination at Townsville, Queensland. On board were 18 former prisoners of war, three RAAF passengers, five aircrew, two nursing sisters of the Morotai-based No 2 Medical Air Evacuation Transport Unit and an Army officer not recorded on the flight manifest.

The loss of the aircraft on the leg between Biak, on the north coast of Dutch New Guinea (now Irian Jaya), and Higgins Field on the northern tip of Cape York Peninsula, became one of the great aviation mysteries of the time. Not until April 1967 was the wreckage of the missing Dakota finally located some 14 200 feet up the side of the rugged Carstairs Mountains in Irian Jaya. RAAF teams visited the site in 1970 and 1999, before a further party arrived in May 2005 to recover the last remains of those killed.



The remains of RAAF Dakota A65-61 aircraft that crashed into a mountain in West Irian.



Noise Cancelling Toilet



9 Sqn farewell from Vung Tau.

On the 17th December, 1971, the last remaining member of 9 Squadron, Pilot Officer John Thynne, departed Vietnam on a C-130 escorting the unit's classified material. On the 8th December 1971, 18 NCOs and airmen had embarked on HMAS Sydney, followed by the squadron's 16 Iroquois aircraft, for the 11-day passage back to Brisbane. The majority of the squadron's personnel departed Vietnam the following day on a QANTAS charter flight with only the crews to fly the Iroquois off HMAS Sydney remaining in the country. Those crews could not accompany the aircraft on HMAS Sydney as 4 RAR was also being transported back to Townsville.



All No 9 Squadron personnel reunited in Townsville on the 17th and joined 4 RAR in a march through Townsville and then joined 4 RAR's 'Welcome Home' celebrations. The crews then embarked HMAS Sydney at Townsville following the disembarkation of 4 RAR. Early on the morning of the 19th December, the Iroquois were flown off HMAS Sydney in two waves of eight aircraft for Maroochydore Airport; all 16 aircraft were then flown in formation to Amberley. Regrettably, no Department of Air or HQ Operational Command representatives were at Amberley to welcome the unit home.

I love waving at random people because you know for the rest of the day, they're trying to figure out who you were.

Mandrake the magician.

'Mandrake', an LAC Framie, based at Richmond during WW2. He got his nickname after a popular comic strip of the time. In every large group of men there are some characters and Mandrake was a classic example. In barrack's hut conversation he always said that in peacetime he was a professional sparring partner, and named a well-known Sydney gymnasium where he claimed to have worked. He looked and acted the part and nobody doubted him. On the Base he spent his spare time in the gym on skipping rope and punching bag and after the day's work would still run laps around the Base. He was also inclined to push himself forward and claim more than his due.



When fitters had carried out any major work on an aircraft they were usually called on to go up in its initial test flight. Mandrake was always to the forefront to fly and boasted that he was never airsick, however given the right circumstances, not many are immune from airsickness. Mandrake had carried out a major inspection on one of the North American Harvards and had it ready for test. This is a two-seat aircraft from which the Australian Wirraway was developed and had separate sliding canopies over pilot and passenger. When the pilot arrived to fly the aircraft



other fitters quietly suggested to him that he give Mandrake the full treatment in the hope of taking him down a peg or two.

With Mandrake aboard, the pilot took off and gained height over Richmond township and the Nepean River, staying in view of our dispersal area as planned by the pilot and fitters. Then it began. The Harvard was quite good for aerobatics and the pilot went through the full catalogue of stall turns, loops, side-slips and fishtails so it was not long before Mandrake had to slide the canopy back to vomit over the side. He also undid his safety harness to lean over enough to save himself having to clean the cockpit on return in front of his mates. But the pilot, sitting in the front cockpit, did not realise that Mandrake had unstrapped himself and when his passenger settled back again, the pilot, not noticing that the canopy was still pushed back, thought he was ready for more and inverted the aircraft. Of course, the law of gravity automatically applied and Mandrake fell straight out.

Fortunately, his parachute worked well and he landed close to the bank of the Nepean River - all in one piece. When the pilot discovered he was one passenger short he panicked and called control on the radio and the ambulance dashed out to look for the casualty. They soon found Mandrake under where the worried pilot was still circling; he had the rolled 'chute under his arm and was walking in circles looking intently in the grass. The ambulance men thought he had been knocked silly and went to help him, but he only protested, 'Don't stand around there doin' nuthin'; give us a hand to find me tobacco tin, it must have fallen out o'me overalls pocket on the way down'. That was all he was worried about!





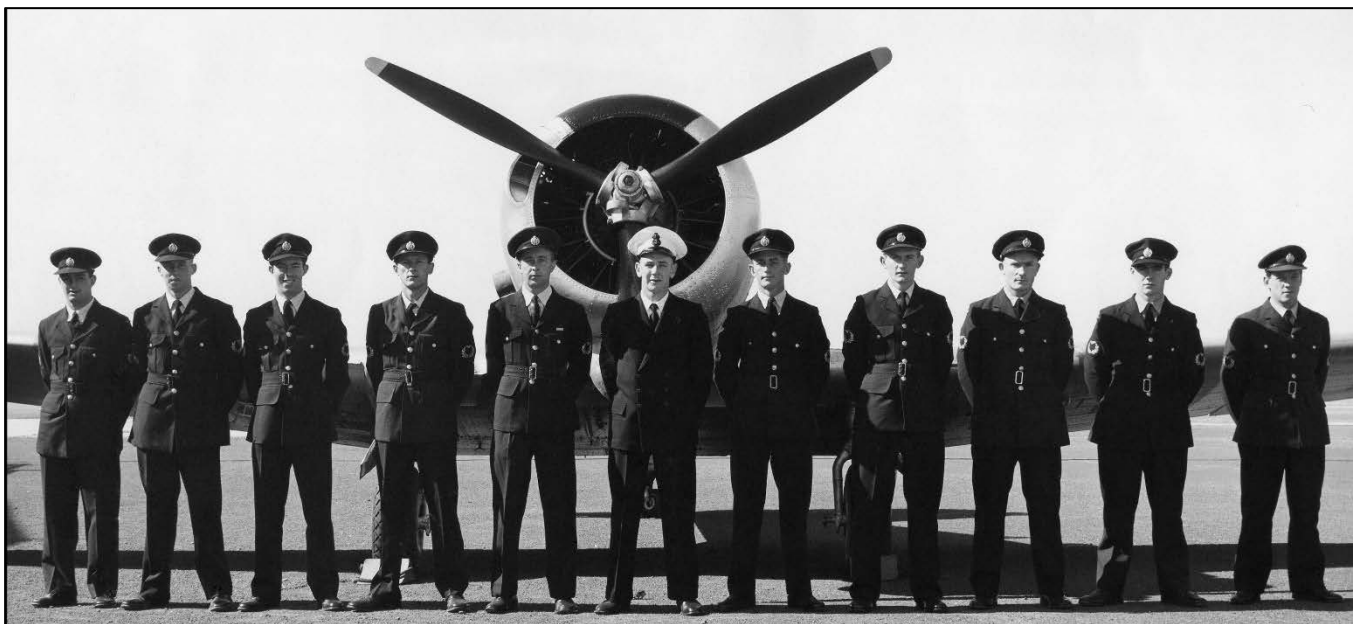
50 Anniversary of 16 Appy.

Rod Nedwich, Pete De Jonge, Denis "Dallas" Priester.



30 Pilot's course.

May 1958



L-R: CS Harman, LD Gordon, HG Molloy, WJ Shepherd, BC Newman, Neil K Louer, Malcolm Bruce Phelan, WJ Bowden, GE Bancroft, RP Gurr, TJ Carter.



Neil Louer being presented with award for achieving the "Highest aggregate of work" on course by AM Frederick Scherger.



Operation Tropic Snow.



Charles Walford, engine fitter, Operation of Tropic Snow discovered the remains of the RAAF Dakota A65-61 aircraft that crashed into a mountain in West Irian, 27 Australian Servicemen and a RAAF Nursing Sister were killed.

If you want to save money at Christmas,
now's the perfect time to tell the kids that Santa didn't make it through the pandemic.



Dennis Freeman (Instruments), Maurie Hill (Framie).

Healthy eating tip No 1.

Pick fresh vegetable every day, feed them to your pigs, they will covert them to nourishing bacon.



RAAF Caribou with Army Porter.



Tony Smith, Sumpie with Barry Gracie, Loady.

Adobe Flash is Dead: Here's what that means.

How-To Geek



Support for Adobe Flash officially ended on December 31, 2020, effectively killing off the platform. The now-discontinued web plugin will be remembered for its golden era of animated internet memes and the endless security problems that eventually led to its demise.

Let's take a look back at Flash, what's next, and how to enjoy the old content in 2021 and beyond.

Flash is going away forever.

Flash is no longer available to download since December 31, 2020 and Adobe starts blocking Flash content from running altogether on January 12, 2021. The company recommends that you uninstall Flash entirely as a matter of security. There will be no more updates to Flash, nor will you be able to download old versions directly from Adobe.

This also means that versions of Flash bundled with browsers like Google Chrome will be retired. The change is unlikely to affect your daily browsing habits since the vast majority of websites have stopped using Flash in favour of modern browser technologies.

You should avoid installing any older versions of Flash Player on security grounds. If you still want to access Flash content, there are options, but none of them are officially supported by Adobe.



The History of Adobe Flash (1996-2020)

In 1996, a company called Macromedia acquired a vector-based web animation tool called FutureSplash which was originally released by FutureWave Software in 1993. The technology was already in use by companies like Microsoft and Disney Online to display animated content in a web browser.

Macromedia rebranded the tool as Macromedia Flash 1.0 and released it alongside a counterpart browser plugin called Macromedia Flash Player. By the mid-2000s, Flash had taken off in a big way, spurred on by the popularity of browser games, animations, and interactive tools that relied on it. Flash was able to rise to prominence thanks to the simplicity of installing a small plugin that was compatible with most browsers. Since Flash used [vector-based graphics](#), file sizes for the resulting animations were tiny. This was important at a time when many people were using dial-up internet with slow download speeds.



Vector graphics are essentially text-based instructions. They scale infinitely since they have no defined size, unlike raster graphics which have much larger file sizes and will pixellate when stretched. Flash enabled creators, marketers, and anyone with an eye for new media to create games, animations, banner adverts, interactive menus. It was even used to make entire websites that looked great for the time, were fast to load, and responsive to use.

Macromedia.

Macromedia added more bells and whistles to Flash over time. In 2000, Flash 5 was released with ActionScript, a rudimentary scripting language that closely mimics JavaScript. In 2005, Macromedia was acquired by Adobe Systems (the same company that turned down an offer to buy FutureSplash in 1995). Adobe took Flash under its wing and developed many more features in the years to come. Flash gave life to some of the internet's most beloved websites, cartoons, games, and more. Websites like Newgrounds sprung up as a hub for all things Flash. Comedy web series like Homestar Runner, stickman animations like Xiao Xiao, and rudimentary yet addictive games like Pandemic all flourished on the platform.

But Flash also played a huge part in the adoption of streaming video. The FLV container made it possible to display video in virtually any web browser provided you had Flash player installed. At one point in time, Flash was even required to use websites like YouTube, Vimeo, Google Video, and more. The earliest on-demand video services like Hulu and BBC iPlayer all required Flash in the early 2000s.

But web standards don't stay still forever. While Flash was instrumental in making the web a more vibrant place in the early days, cracks soon started to show. Before long, it was clear that the internet would soon outgrow the need for Flash and browser plugins altogether.

The Problems with Flash.



Flash powered a large portion of the web at the height of its popularity, which put a lot of responsibility on Adobe. Since flash was a web plugin, it was maintained and updated by a single entity. As Flash grew in popularity, it increasingly became a target for hackers. It didn't take long for Flash to join other browser plugins like ActiveX and Java in being labelled a security risk. Try as it could, Adobe couldn't fix Flash, so in 2017, the company decided to cease development and kill Flash entirely by the end of 2020. Adobe didn't take any chances either: Flash content is barred from running in the final version.

Flash was able to grow because it filled a gap. Rich web content that involved animations, video, sound, and interactivity wasn't possible using browsers that barely complied with early web standards. It took the rise of browsers like Mozilla Firefox to place greater emphasis on new web technologies that would eventually be able to replace Flash.



In 2007 Apple released the iPhone and made the historic decision to not support Flash on the platform. At the time, Flash was still very popular, so this move had a disruptive effect on the web, but the writing was on the wall. Flash was no longer necessary when browser technologies and dedicated native mobile apps would do the job instead. Apple's decision and the subsequent popularity of the iPhone helped bring about the decline of Flash as developers sought to make the web accessible to all devices in an increasingly mobile world.

By 2012, Flash was widely regarded as a security risk. This prompted Google's decision to bundle Flash with Chrome to create a sandbox. This effectively put flash content in its own safe space, isolating it from the rest of the system. As time went on, internet speeds and browser standards advanced to a stage where Flash was no longer required.

Life After Flash.

By 2020, the web had already adjusted to a new normal that didn't rely on proprietary browser technologies. For the tech-savvy, this had been the case for years. Websites such as How-To Geek have urged you to delete plugins like Flash as far back as 2015. This was possible thanks to the rise of browser technologies that effectively render Flash obsolete. Websites designed entirely in Flash have been replaced with—wait for it— websites. The HTML of today is responsive and scales with your screen size and device capabilities. Flash would scale in a linear sense, like any vector graphics tool, but it was nowhere near as sophisticated as what is capable with today's browsers.

In 2009, the <video> tag made its appearance as part of the HTML5 rollout. These allowed websites like YouTube to serve video to any modern browser that complied with the HTML5 standard. Faster internet speeds also allowed for higher quality video.

HTML5's canvas element allows browsers to draw and animate graphics using JavaScript. These tools can be used to create games, highly interactive websites, and animations. Throw in WebGL and you can now draw 3D shapes and models to be displayed in a browser too. Developers have used modern web technologies to create sophisticated software that runs in a browser, from services like Netflix to emulators like DOSBox. The use of JavaScript and CSS has both simplified



web design and made it possible to bring elaborate and responsive designs to life. Where Flash had ActionScript, the modern web has JavaScript.

Even vector graphics, one of the original reasons for the success of Flash, have a modern equivalent in the SVG (scalable vector graphics) format. The use of SVG files makes it possible to create websites and apps that look pixel-perfect on a smartphone or a large TV.

Accessing Flash content in 2021 and beyond.

Since so much online nostalgia is trapped in a Flash container, if you're that way inclined, there are a few projects that will allow you to continue to enjoy Flash content even after Adobe has pulled the plug. The first of these is [BlueMaxima's Flashpoint](#), a web game preservation project that supports Flash, Shockwave, Java, Unity Web Player, Silverlight, ActiveX, and HTML5.



It's available in two flavours: a 500MB "Infinity" player that downloads games on the fly, and a giant 500GB+ archive that works offline.

If you've got Flash installed on your computer, it's time to unload it, here's how:

- [Download the uninstaller for Flash Player.](#)
- Exit all browsers and other programs that use Flash.
- Run the uninstaller.
- Verify that uninstallation is complete.

A man returns home a day early from a business trip. It's after midnight. While en-route home, he asks the cabby if he would be a witness, because the man suspects his wife is having an affair and he wants to catch her in the act. For \$100, the cabby agrees. Quietly arriving home, the husband and cabby tip toe into the bedroom. The husband switches on the lights and yanks the blanket back. There is his wife, naked as a jay bird, with a man, totally nude also. The husband puts a gun to the naked man's head. The wife shouts, "Don't do it! I lied when I told you I inherited money".

"HE paid for the Porsche I gave you". "HE paid for your new 25 ft. Ranger Fishing Boat..". "HE paid for your Football season tickets..". "HE paid for our house at the lake..". "HE paid for your Golf Trip to St Andrews and your new 4 x 4..". "HE paid for our country club membership and he even pays the monthly dues..". "And because of HIM, I can put an extra \$2,000 in our cheque account each month..".



Shaking his head from side-to-side, the husband lowers the gun. He looks over at the cabby and says, 'What would you do'? The cabby replies, 'I'd cover him with that blanket before he catches a cold.'

How to use Microsoft Outlook Online's File View

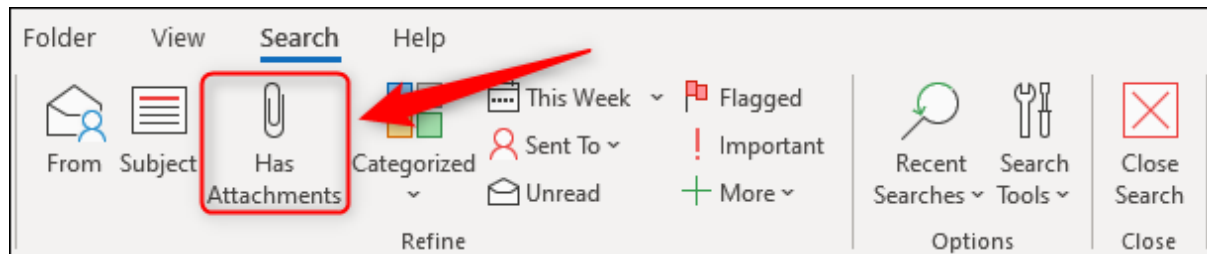
There are two versions of Outlook, one comes bundled with Microsoft's Office, the other is a freeby, much the same as Gmail, Outlook, Bigpond etc. The freeby is called Outlook Online, and if you want it, it's available [HERE](#).

This article is about the freeby version – Outlook Online.

Searching through emails for attachments can be time-consuming and annoying. Thankfully, Microsoft has a “File” view in Outlook Online that makes it easy to find any document you're looking for. Here's how it works.

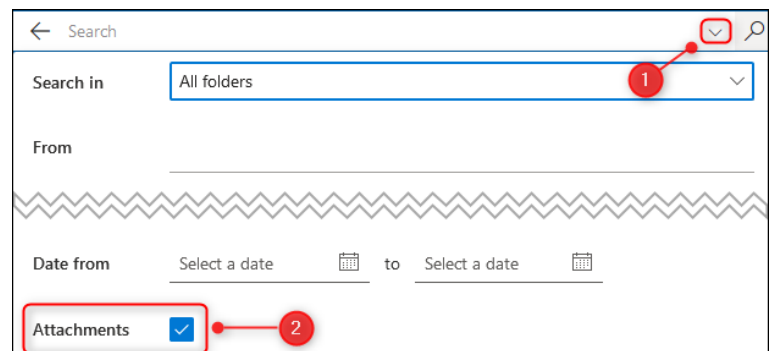


Microsoft Outlook has traditionally been an amalgam of email, calendar, people, and tasks, but that leaves out a key component: data. If you use the Outlook desktop client, (the version that comes with Office) then you have powerful search options to plug that gap. When it comes to attachments, there's a dedicated “Has Attachments” option in the “Search” tab (below) specifically for files that you've sent or received.



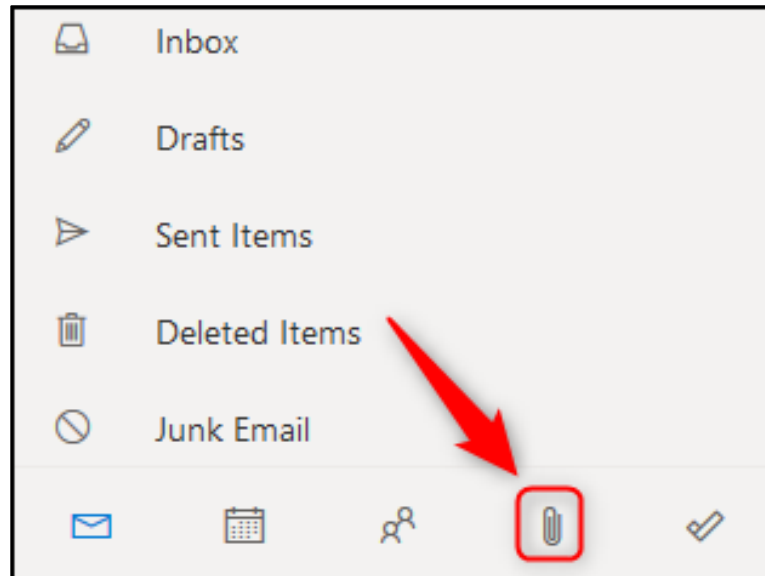
Outlook Online doesn't have the ribbon, but you can still search for attachments by clicking the arrow in the “Search” box and switching on the “Attachments” checkbox.

Microsoft has gone one step further in Outlook Online and introduced a dedicated file view for Microsoft 365/Office 365 subscribers and Outlook Live accounts.

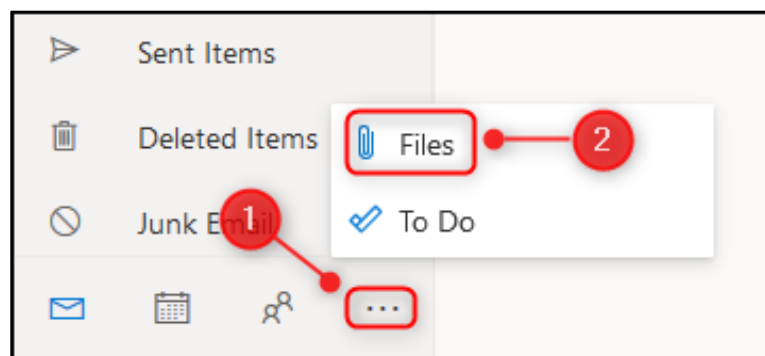




You can access this view by clicking the “Files” icon in the bottom-left corner of Outlook. By default, it will be between the “People” and “To-Do” icons.



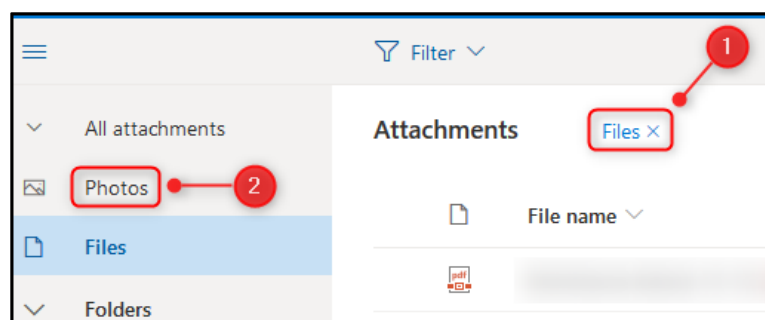
If you can't see it, but you have a three-dot icon instead, click the three-dot icon and then the “Files” option from the menu that pops up.



The default view will show you all files, with an icon showing you the file type, the subject, the sender, the date received or sent, and the folder in which the email with the attachment is kept.

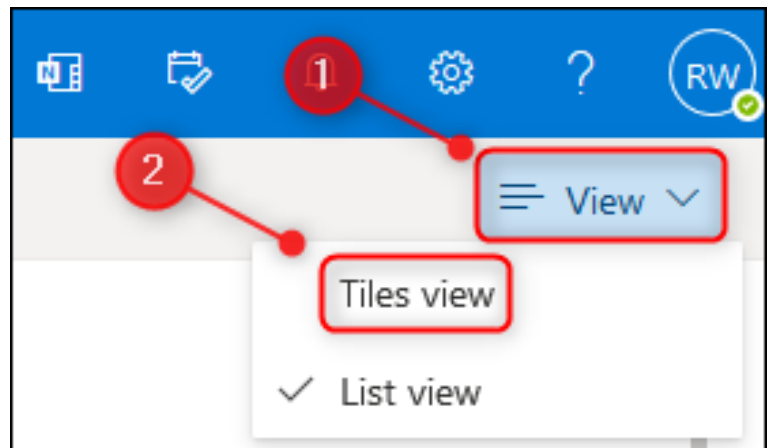
Attachments				
Files x				
		Rob Woodgate	2020-06-14	Archive
		Rob Woodgate	2020-06-13	Archive
		Rob Woodgate	2020-06-13	Archive
		Rob Woodgate	2020-06-09	Archive
		Rob Woodgate	2020-06-09	Archive
		Rob Woodgate	2020-06-09	Archive
		Rob Woodgate	2020-05-03	Archive
		Rob Woodgate	2020-04-21	Archive

In a slightly odd twist, image files are not displayed in this default view. To show those, you can either click “Files x” to show all files including images or click the “Photos” option in the sidebar to show only images.

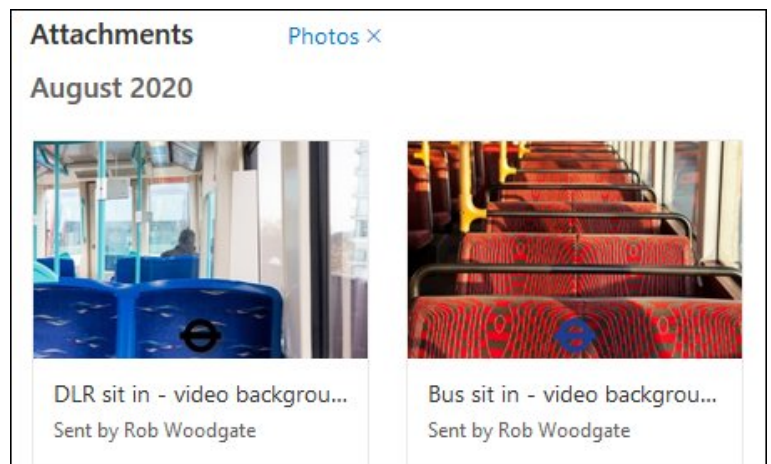




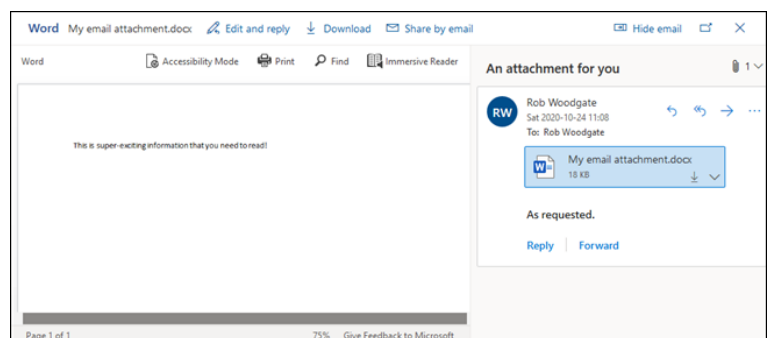
By default, the files are shown in a list view, but you can click “View” and change to “Tiles View” to show the files as thumbnails instead.



This is where the “Photos” option comes into its own, as it’s much easier to find the image you’re looking for.



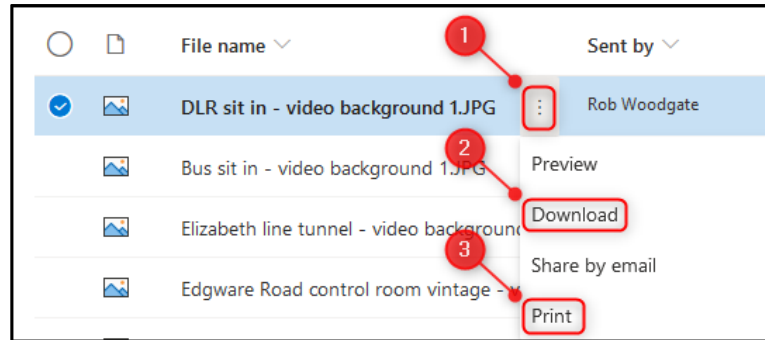
To open an attachment, double-click it in the Attachments list, and it will open a panel previewing the attachment and the mail that it was attached to.



From here you can download the file and perform various other actions depending on what file type it is, as well as perform the standard actions you would normally be able to do with the email, such as Reply, Forward, and so on.

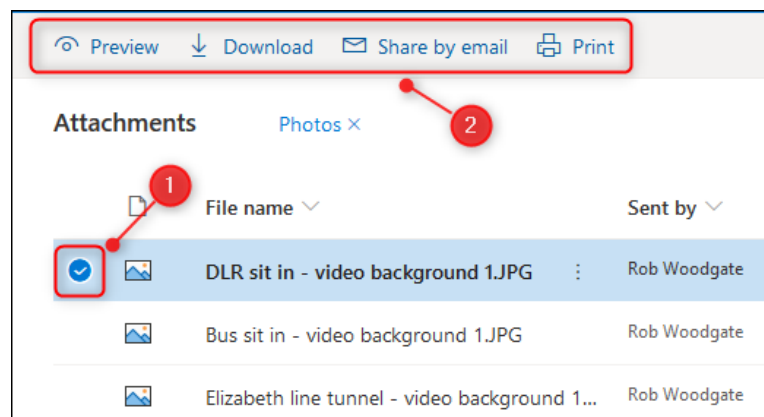


If you just need to find an attachment and download or print it, you can skip this step and download or print it straight from the list. Click the three-dot menu icon next to the file name and choose the appropriate action from the menu.

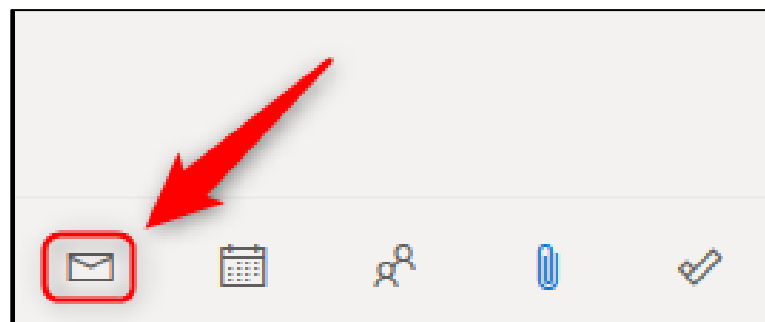


Alternatively, select the item by clicking the circle to the left of it and the same options appear on the toolbar.

This is ideal for downloading multiple files at once, as you can select as many files as you like using this method.



When you're done with your files and you want to return to your emails, click on the "Mail" icon in the bottom left of Outlook.



The File view is a good addition to Microsoft Outlook Online. It's easy to use, quick, and lets you manage your attachments in a user-friendly way that is definitely more refined than just picking through search results.



John Laming.

Aeroplanes and other stuff.

My Friend George, The Stuka Pilot

In late 1952, the sole Royal Australian Air Force contribution to the defence of Darwin was two Wirraways, a Lincoln bomber and a Dakota. A few weeks before my first arrival at Darwin, one of the Lincoln pilots, Warrant Officer Jack Turnbull, a former Spitfire pilot, wrote off a Wirraway in a crosswind landing. The Wirraway was tricky to land in crosswinds and Jack had lost control and ground-looped seconds after touch down. He exited stage left quickly as it caught on fire.

The CO of the base, former Catalina pilot Wing Commander "Bull" McMahon, was none too happy at losing the Wirraway, effectively reducing Darwin's airborne defence capability by half. The Dakota and Lincoln didn't count because they had no guns.

Having recently flown Mustangs, I prevailed upon the Wing Commander to let me fly his remaining Wirraway, on what we termed continuation training. In reality, that meant buzzing herds of buffaloes in the plains to the east of Darwin and scarping at 50 feet above dozing crocodiles in Arnhem Land. To make the trip strictly legal, we would carry out a VHF DF (Direction Finding) instrument approach on returning to Darwin an hour later. In turn, this gave the RAAF air traffic controller practice at bringing aircraft into land in bad weather.



When not flying the Lincoln, I would persuade members of our crew to come with me in the Wirraway and teach them aerobatics. Naturally, we would finish the sortie beating up more buffalo and it was on one of these beat-ups I saw the leader of the herd turn and face us head on. While the rest of the buffs thundered away tails high when they saw the Wirraway coming at them low and fast, this big hairy bull buffalo just propped, head lowered and pawed the ground. He was a



brave beast and I was glad that our engine didn't pick that moment to stop because that bull buffalo would not have taken prisoners.

While based in Darwin I became friends with a Sergeant reservist pilot called George Petru. In 1948, George had escaped the communist regime that had taken over his native Czechoslovakia and, after many adventures, eventually arrived by ship in Darwin where he found a job as a surveyor with the Department of Works. Previously he had flown Junkers 87 (Stuka) dive bombers with the Czech Air Force.

Faced with marauding Russian troops, he stole a Messerschmitt ME109 fighter and fled his homeland chased by Russian fighters. The ME109 was a fast German designed single seater, which enabled him to outrun his pursuers. Perhaps more out of admiration of his exploits than pressing need, the RAAF accepted him as a reservist and George was given RAAF pilot wings despite never having been flight tested to service standards. He loved Australia and having read of the exploits of the RAAF fighter ace Bluey Truscott, was so impressed that he changed his name by deed poll from Petru to Truscott.



George came along on many Lincoln sorties but he was not allowed to land or take off. He had never flown a heavy bomber and understandably was pretty ropey on instrument flying. For that reason, we would only let him at the controls when the sun was shining. For all that, George was one of the most enthusiastic pilots I have ever flown with and he would willingly come along as a crew member on some of our long ten-hour SAR sorties.

While the captain was having a break snoozing down the back on the hard metal floor of the Lincoln, I would slip George into the co-pilot's seat and let him fly, while I kept my eyes open for the missing light aeroplane or yacht or whatever we were looking for. I was never game to leave the cockpit to stretch my legs while George was flying because I knew that if we had a sudden engine failure (common on Lincolns in the tropics), George would be unable to handle the situation.

One day I rang George at work and asked him would he like to come with me in the Wirraway for low flying practice – meaning chasing hapless buffaloes. I saw my mate – the big bull buffalo as a hairy cloven-footed version of Jaws, in need of a bit of stirring up – from a safe height, of course.

George was delighted to get into a single-engine aircraft again – his last one being the Messerschmitt hijacked from the Czech Air Force. After kitting him out with a parachute and Mae West life jacket we took off in the Wirraway, heading east to find the herd. Sure enough we found the old bull buffalo and George took a few photos of him from the relative safety of the back seat of the Wirraway.



After that, we followed river tributaries towards the coast for more low flying along deserted beaches to the east of Darwin. This was more dangerous than chasing buffalo because it was here that huge salt water crocodiles lay in wait for unsuspecting wild pigs and dogs. Perish the thought of an engine failure here.

Our Lincoln crew with George far left.

George, of course, occupied the back seat of the Wirraway and was unable to see forward beyond my head in the front seat. For this reason, I decided it would be unwise to hand over control to him while low flying. This turned out to be one of my better decisions in life.



Having made rude gestures to the crocodiles and with plenty of fuel remaining, I climbed to 5000ft for some aerobatics. After completing a few barrel rolls and inadvertently spinning off a roll off the top, I handed over to George in the back seat, inviting him to try a loop. Now you must remember that George had never flown a Wirraway before and therefore had no idea what a vicious beast it could be if roughly handled.

After a clearing turn, I talked George into the initial dive at 160 knots then told him to pull up and over into the loop. In the excitement of the moment, I must have forgotten that George had flown the Stuka, an aircraft specifically designed as a dive bomber. The typical dive angle of a Stuka was sixty degrees and the drag from its huge wing dive brakes kept the speed back to eighty knots. The stick-force needed to pull out of the dive in a Stuka was not much at all and a harsh pull back on the stick at the bottom of the dive would easily convert the dive into a rocketing climb. Well, all I can say is that a Wirraway is not a Stuka and it quickly showed George who was boss.



George reefed about 4G at the bottom of the dive, causing the Wirraway to flick violently into a series of high speed vertical rolls and bouncing George's head against the side window panels. I attempted to take control from the front seat to counteract the inevitable incipient spin. In the flurry of swear words from both cockpits, George had not understood my polite request for him to let go of the controls and kept hauling back, and so the Wirraway stuck it right up him and kept on flick rolling.

Eventually he let go of the stick and after recovering from the last known inverted position, I abandoned the sortie and we flew sedately back to base. Safely on the ground, George muttered ruefully that flying Stuka dive-bombers was a damn sight safer than aerobatics in a Wirraway and



thanks very much for the offer but in future he would rather give Wirraways a miss and stick to flying Lincolns in sunny weather.

Some Lincoln crews were irritated by his fractured English and fanatical keenness to fly. As a result, he was often knocked back after turning up at the airport. When that happened, he would walk away sadly, knowing he was not wanted. Few knew that he was a brave man who had seen bloodshed and murder in his home country. It took great courage to steal a Messerschmitt and risk being shot down in a hail of cannon fire and I felt small in stature against this man.

For my part, I could rarely find it in my heart to knock him back when he turned up in his flying suit, cloth helmet, and a big smile. As I saw it, he was in the RAAF reserve and trying hard to do his bit for his new country. When the last of the Lincolns went to the wreckers in 1960, George had logged over 200 hours in the right hand seat.



From Darwin he moved with his family to Canberra. His English improved steadily and eventually he obtained his private pilot's licence. A few years later, George made media headlines after getting lost near Oodnadatta in his Cessna 172 and forced landing on a clay pan. He was on his last legs when he was located, badly sun burnt, after surviving for one week by chewing his leather belt and shoe laces and eating toothpaste.

Back home his wife reminded him of his responsibilities as a husband and father and after recovering from his desert ordeal he took up gliding. The years passed until one day I saw a newspaper report that said a lone glider pilot had died in a crash near Canberra. Luck had finally run out for my old friend George, the Stuka pilot.

It wouldn't happen these days.

Back in May 1995, AOPA (Australia) published a delightful flying story by Doctor Tony Fisher. It was called **My Mustangs**. During a recent culling of scrap books and other aviation paraphernalia from my shed, I re-discovered this lovely tale of daring do, and decided every pilot should read it; if only to show that once upon a time, when there were few regulations, flying was real fun. No ASIC cards, big brother surveillance cameras, anti-terrorist fences, or gun-toting grim faced Federal police at major airports.

While this story is set in 1963, many pilots now flying or "managing" fly-by-wire computer controlled Airbuses and Boeings weren't even born when Tony Fisher first flew his Mustang. Tony's story reminded me of another pilot I knew, who, 18 years earlier in 1945, found himself in a similar predicament. That pilot was Ensign Joe Ziskovsky of the United States Navy and his



aeroplane wasn't a Mustang but something infinitely more dangerous - the mighty Martin B-26 Marauder, known in those days as the Widow Maker. More of Joe and his Marauder, later.

In April 2009, AOPA still had Tony Fisher on its books and very soon I had his telephone number in Tasmania. To my relief, Tony had no objection to my relating his Mustang adventures and was quite happy to accept minor editing here and there. In his story, mention is



made of Tocumwal aerodrome, NSW. After the war ended in 1945, Tocumwal became one of several storage units for surplus military aircraft. While most were destined to be melted down for scrap metal, others were stored in a flyable condition. I knew one RAAF pilot based at Tocumwal whose sole task was to regularly test fly each serviceable Mustang. I envied his job because believe me, there was over a hundred of them to be flown. Eventually after six months of this, he became so bored with flying a quick circuit in each Mustang that he began to hit the bottle. He was later posted to fly Lincolns at Townsville which is where I first met him.

In 1952, Tocumwal was a landing point for cross-country navigation flights by RAAF trainee pilots and their instructors from No 1 Basic Flying Training School at Uranquinty, NSW. We landed there for lunch one day and hardly had the propeller of our Wirraway stopped turning, when my instructor was off and away with a spanner and screwdriver to knock off the astro-dome of a B24 Liberator – one of a hundred or so parked in the sun. He had his heart set on a punch-bowl at home and the astro-dome was just the right size. The fact he was nearly bitten by a deadly red-back spider nesting in the fuselage of the B-24 didn't faze him.

It was my first trip to this fabulous place with countless Mustangs, Mosquitos and Beaufighters parked on the grass with their once proud roundels fading in the hot sun. It was at Tocumwal where Tony Fisher bought his second Mustang for a song and had his first close shave. This then, is Tony's story which he called:

My Mustangs.

My love affair with a P51 started in 1963 when I was approached by a non-ferrous metal dealer from Taren Point just south of Sydney. He knew I had a private pilot's licence and asked if I was interested in buying an aeroplane he had obtained by tender to melt down for pots and pans. The name P51 didn't mean a great deal at the time other than it was some sort of RAAF fighter.

My first aeroplane was a Fairchild Argus which I bought shortly after Sammy Dodd gave me my private pilot's licence. I took my wife Helen to look at my pride and joy. She took one look and claimed, "you needn't think I'm getting into that thing. That's the old paper plane from Moree.



My father went to Sydney once in that and said he could have got there quicker on a push bike". That's what you get for marrying a nurse from Moree.

When the non-ferrous dealer mentioned the P51's 400mph cruise I thought of Helen's father on a push bike. I was sold. The price having been agreed upon, \$600, my next step was to find a way of getting it out of Sydney and down to Canarney, our 5000 acres at Jerilderie in NSW.

A mate of mine Chris Braun, who had flown P51's in the RAAF, was now flying DC3's for Butler Air Transport. I asked if he would fly the P51 down to Canarney. He was all in favour, but the Department of Civil Aviation (DCA) not only wanted a new 100 hourly but where was it going and what was to happen to the Mustang when it got there? It was decided it was to be part of a museum at Jerilderie. They fell for it.



While these negotiations were in progress, I located another aeroplane at Tocumwal, A68-193, an air reconnaissance Mustang for \$700. Not saying a word to Helen, I bought that too.

It was now time for me to get a conversion as this was not possible at the time, due to prejudice against ex-service aircraft. I decided to obtain one while in the United States. My partner in Southern Cross Farms in Florida, Lane Ward, found a doctor in Merced, California, who owned a P51, and a US Colonel, who were prepared to lend me an aeroplane and teach me to fly it. There was a stipulation that prior to take off, I was to write a cheque for the full value of the aeroplane, because if I bent it – I owned it. When the Colonel found out I only had 200 hours and most of that in a Fairchild Argus and a G Bonanza, he thought it prudent that I obtained some time in a heavier aircraft such as a T6 Harvard.

Next day, the Colonel and I started circuits and landings in a T6. He was not all that impressed with my early attempts. "Say boy, watch that turn, don't do that in the 51 or your wife is going to end up owning the aeroplane". This went on for two days and by the end of it I was sorry I'd ever heard of a P51. Finally the hour arrived when I was due to fly the Mustang. "Now watch that right rudder, keep on top of it, don't let the torque get away or you'll knock that guy right out of the tower".

He asked if the pedals were adjusted correctly. I could reach them but didn't realize they moved a foot – not like the Argus only six inches. After last minute instructions re ram air etc, the Merlin roared to life and I taxied down toward the threshold.

"04 Papa ready," I croaked. My voice sounded strange even to me. My throat was so dry. Finally it came. "04 Papa cleared for take off, make left turn, remain in the circuit area".

I pushed the throttle forward 30, 40, 50, 60 inches Manifold Pressure. The noise of the Merlin was deafening. I could just make out the guy in the tower. Somehow I had a feeling he was just as frightened as I was. With the power came the torque and more and more rudder to keep the



monster from racing off to the left towards the tower. I sank lower and lower into the cockpit. Lane later said I could have sworn to God there was no-one in the aeroplane as it took off."

Airborne, I reached for the gear lever and retracted the wheels. The P51 was heading for the skies like the homesick angel it was. Two thousand feet per minute and indicating 200 knots. At 1,000ft I eased back on the throttle to 30 inches and noticing what looked like a 182 Cessna ahead, decided to follow it onto final. Suddenly the Cessna seemed to be attacking me backwards at 200 miles an hour. The landing wasn't anything to brag about but everyone seemed pleased to see me and the aeroplane back in one piece. I reclaimed my cheque and we all went home to celebrate.

No 2.

Max Annear and his mate Sid, two ex-RAAF Mustang mechanics, were checking out A68-193 for its ferry flight to Canarney homestead, Jerilderie. When they were satisfied it was ready, Max rang me and Joe Palmer and I flew down to Tocumwal in the red Ryan Trainer that I owned..

There was the Mustang sitting on the tarmac ticking over like a sowing machine. Max must have seen the anxiety on my face.

Tony Fisher's Mustang at Jerilderie

"Tony, are you sure you can fly one of these things?" "You've got to be kidding" I said - trying to sound confident. "I was taught by the pride of the Yankee Air Force". I failed to mention my total time on type was ten minutes.



It was drizzling with rain as I lined up and there was a sense of déjà vu. There was no tower and the pedals had been adjusted. The canopy clicked shut. I gave them a wave, lined up and opened the taps.

Hurtling down the strip I was about to ease back on the stick when there was a loud BANG, then another BANG BANG. The Colonel had said nothing about anything like this. I pulled off the power and applied full brakes. We were fast running out of strip. I left the runway and was now heading for the fence. "God, this is where I make Fisher's gate. I hope the traffic on the highway gives me the right of way, to which surely I'm entitled."

The Mustang stopped ten feet from the posts but the Rolls Royce engine was still purring. I taxied back to Max. "What's wrong now?" I could hear the disdain in his voice. "I tell you Max, it made a loud bang. It seems to have stopped, - perhaps it was some carby ice". He was not impressed. "I don't know, but please check it out".



I was glad to be back in the Ryan on the way back to Jerilderie. I wondered about what it would be like with some mad Jap in a Zero firing six cannons at you and the RR Merlin backfiring as well.

The Red Ryan



Several days later Chris Braun rang up and said he had permission to ferry Mustang A68-104 from Sydney down to Jerilderie. Fisher's Airforce was beginning to take shape. About this time, Helen received a letter from my son Robby's school inviting her up for a chat. We're a little concerned about Rob. He has this wild imagination even for a five year old. He keeps saying his father owns two fighter aeroplanes, three seventy foot boats (names Vim, Derwent Hunter and Helsal), 500,000 acres in the Northern Territory and four cars including a Rolls and a Caddy". I could never resist a bargain.

"But it's all true," poor Helen tried to explain. She was dismayed when she overheard the headmistress say "God, the whole family must be off. Imagine what the father must be like". From then on I would cross the road anytime I had to pass the school.

It was Australia Day when we had the Canarney Cup – a private, but everyone welcome air pageant. Max had found that one of the diaphragms in the Merlin had perished, but he had located a guy who had a new Merlin in his garage which he had bought at a disposal auction. He wanted ten dollars to change carburettors. Max also required an additional \$80 for four drums of avgas (800 litres). Things were somewhat cheaper then.

That year we had 100 guests. Those we couldn't put in the homestead were sleeping in the woolshed and under wings etc. There were 33 aeroplanes that year. Johnny Ault and I got up at 0500, jumped in the Ryan and flew down to Tocumwal where Max was waiting with Mustang 193 all fuelled and ready to go. I jumped in, taxied to the runway, switched to ram air, completed the cockpit check and opened the tap. Roaring down the runway I had a great view of where I nearly made Fisher's Gate. Pulling back on the stick she soared sweetly into the air. Climbing to 3000 ft, I levelled off, set the revs at 2000 and the boost at about 30 inches and set the nose for Canarney.

About fifteen minutes later I could just make out the homestead on the Billabong River. The temptation was too great. I lowered the nose, increased the revs to 2500 and boost to 50 inches. The airspeed indicator began to climb well above 300 knots. At about 100 ft I levelled off and passed right over the homestead. Then pulling back on the stick I climbed away at 3000 fpm. Looking back, it was like treading on an ant's nest. There were bodies coming out of everywhere, mostly in pyjamas and all wondering what all the noise was about.

No 3. A short landing in a P51

My uncle, Bob Macintosh, supervised both Canarney and a property called Concord, 3000 acres of the Cunnineuk Estate just north of Swan Hill. It took him six hours to commute between the



properties. Although 25 years my senior, we were great mates and enjoyed one another's company. He bred and loved race horses, but hated aeroplanes. I hated race horses, but after my mother's death I had invested half of her estate into the two properties. When things were quiet on Canarney I would often jump into one of the Mustangs and within 20 minutes would be buzzing the Concord homestead. On one occasion there was a gentle breeze of about five knots coming from the west. There was no one home so I decided to return to Canarney via Cadell homestead which was Edgar Pickle's place.

I flew over the homestead and could see Edgar on the verandah. There was no windsock, the airstrip was only 2000 ft long, and one way from the boundary to his front verandah, east to west. Taking a long final, I set myself up in the precautionary attitude and came in low over the boundary fence.

After a few seconds and almost half the strip gone, I realized I was doing a downwind landing. I was committed. I noticed that Edgar had vacated the verandah and was now behind a tree. "God," I prayed. "here's where I knock Pickle's place right into the Wakool River". Pulling back on the stick and left rudder I attempted to ground loop it to the left, but the brute headed straight for his house. In sheer desperation I applied full right rudder. Round she went in a great cloud of dust coming to rest not far from the fence and the entrance from the main road. A passing motorist seeing the dust and commotion drove straight in and up to the aeroplane, just as I was winding back the canopy.

"Are you all right, mate?"

"Course I'm alright," I claimed - not wishing to emphasise my predicament.

"I thought you'd crashed".

"No way, that was a normal precautionary short landing".

The four bladed "Ryan"

"oh, yeah" he sounded a bit sceptical. What sort of aeroplane is that?"

"A four bladed Ryan," I lied. After all he could have been Arthur Doubleday's (Director of Civil Aviation) brother.

"How fast will it go?"

"400 knots".

"What's it worth?"

"800 dollars".

"I'm learning to fly next year. I was going to buy a Cessna, but now I've seen one up close I think I'll buy a Ryan".



Pickles was still behind the tree and refused to enter into the conversation until after the prospective Ryan buyer had left. "Fisher, if you insist in arriving in this manner, I must respectfully request that you change your mode of transport".



We inspected the aircraft taking particular notice of its undercarriage. Edgar gave it a clean bill of health so we retired for a well earned cup of tea.

The P51's gave us a lot of enjoyment. They were at Canarney for about six years. One was sold to a fellow by the name of Don Busch and the other to a furniture salesman called Bob Eastgate. Busch unfortunately killed himself due I believe a C of G problem in a steep climbing turn. The other is occasionally flown in Victoria, but not, I'm told by its owner.

I have the greatest admiration for this aeroplane which is far more forgiving than many believe, however, my greatest admiration goes to the pilots who flew them in the medium for which they were designed – combat.

While at Jerilderie, the aircraft were kept in top mechanical condition by trained RAAF servicemen from Tocumwal. During these six years, we had no airframe or engine failure whatsoever, which speaks volumes for the aircraft reliability. They were housed in a specially constructed hangar, not a barn as has been claimed by the uninformed. They were flown by many pilots including Chris Braun, Joe Palmer, Bill Pike, John Lindner, Charlie Smith, Johnny Ault, Les Barnes and Edgar Pickles. We were all cavalier in many attitudes to life, but never to our aeroplanes.

Although that is the end of Tony Fisher's story, I will add a postscript. Remember that Tony had only a private pilot's licence and barely 200 hours when he first flew the Mustang. All he had flown previously was a Tiger Moth, Ryan Trainer and the Fairchild Argus. Certainly he had never had an instrument rating. Most RAAF fighter pilots of that era also had around 200 hours before flying Mustangs – but most of those hours were on Wirraways and their training included instrument flying. It places Tony's experience of flying the Mustang in perspective.

The various other pilots that were involved with Tony Fisher's Mustangs were either serving or former RAAF or airline pilots. One who was not mentioned was Bruce Clarke – a C130 Hercules pilot. I flew with Bruce on HS 748's of the RAAF VIP squadron at Canberra. He was able to cadge a flight in one of Tony's Mustangs after helping to arrange for mechanics to transport glycol coolant from the RAAF base at Richmond NSW for the Merlin engines.



At the time the Mustang he flew had a canopy problem so Bruce flew it without the canopy. It was very noisy, he said – and showed me a tiny photo of him taking off at Jerilderie, sans canopy. Several of the characters in the story have long since passed on – after all it was 46 years ago. Tony Fisher added more to his story when I talked to him last week. Around 1965, a couple of RAAF pilots heard about his Mustang and after driving to Jerilderie asked Tony for permission to fly it. He led them to where one Mustang was under cover in a sheep shed. The Mustang was covered in dust and bird droppings and both pilots thought better of the idea. Tony wheeled the aircraft out of the shed, started the engine and after take off did a few aerobatics. The pilots were



amazed and changed their minds and each flew the Mustang for a circuit. As I said earlier, those sort of things happened in those days – but today – no way.

In 1970, Mustang 193 that Tony picked up from Tocumwal, had a sad ending when it crashed at Bendigo Victoria, killing the pilot, Don Busch. The second of Tony 's Mustangs - former A68-104, was still flying in 2008 at Point Cook in Victoria. Later that year it was damaged in a belly-landing after one wheel would not extend. It is hoped to take to the air again in 2009.



Joe Ziskovsky and his B-26 Marauder.

The Martin Marauder was a medium bomber used by the United States Air Force in World War 2. One pilot who flew the Marauder, Lt. Col Douglas Conley, in a book published in 1975 entitled "Flying Combat Aircraft" by R. Higham and A. Siddall, had this to say:

"The aircraft had a performance average of one crash a day from unknown causes and with all hands killed is reason enough to make anyone jumpy. Conley admitted to considerable apprehension on each take off. "The stubby wings were responsible for the Marauder's nickname in the USAF of The Flying Prostitute, she had no (or very little) visible means of support. The serious control problems upon engine failure earned her the name the Martin Murderer and the reputation of a Marauder a day in Tampa Bay was assigned to her about the time I began flying her in the fall of 1942".

In 1977 I flew an F28 of Air Nauru from Nauru Island to Majuro airport in the Marshall Islands of Micronesia. Among passengers waiting there was Captain Joe Ziskovsky, a former wartime Catalina pilot who after having worked for the Boeing Aircraft Company in Seattle, was joining Air Nauru to fly the Boeing 737. After retiring from Air Nauru a few years later, he moved to South Africa to be with his wife who was a school teacher. There he flew various light aircraft on safari charters. One of his letters to me explained how he became a pilot in the United States Navy in 1943. During the early part of the Pacific war against the Japanese he was an Ordnance man in the US Navy whose job was to service bomb sights and guns of US Marine aircraft in the South Pacific. During the bitter fighting between American and Japanese forces in the Solomon Islands in 1942, Joe served at Guadalcanal, surviving daily shelling by Japanese ships aiming at Henderson Field, recently captured from the Japanese army.





He re-mustered as a pilot and flew Catalina flying boats until the surrender of Japan in 1945.

Captain Joe Ziskovsky of Air Nauru in 1977

This is an edited extract of Joe's adventure, flying the Martin Marauder solo!

"After the war I was assigned to a Naval air transport squadron at Patuxant River for a short time, and then to what is now Cape Canaveral. It used to be Banana River Naval air station, which was an assembly base for all the war surplus aircraft in the south east USA, for the Navy. When I arrived, nearly all the people originally stationed there were getting discharged on points for length of service etc.



After being there for only two weeks (there were no tower operators and only one lieutenant and five enlisted pilots), we asked if we could check out in any or all of the planes that were there, and were being brought there. The lieutenant didn't give a damn as he was also awaiting discharge, and so all of us enlisted men would get a handbook and sit in the cockpit for a while, figure out how to start the plane, get the emergency procedures put on a clipboard with the power settings and speeds, and when we got enough guts, would go out and take off.

There were a few hairy moments, especially on landings, as the runway was only 4000 feet long, and on the first flight we wanted to carry a bit more speed on the approach. The worst scare I think I had, was when I decided to check out in what the Navy called the JM-1, which was the Navy version of the Martin Marauder. The Navy used it for towing targets for gunnery practice. Its biggest problem was that all the handbooks were for the Air Force versions, and most of the switches and other stuff like fuel tank valves etc were in a different place.

Anyway, the day I got the guts to go, and not knowing that the Marauder had piss poor expander brakes, I took off solo. The damned aeroplane literally ran away with me. It was not a joke. After levelling out at 10,000 feet, I did a couple of approach to stalls, plus some feathering, steep turns, and finally returned for landing. I spent a long time trying to get the beast on the ground. I had read in the flight manual not to get too slow in the final turn with or without flaps, and not to let the engines load up at idle power.

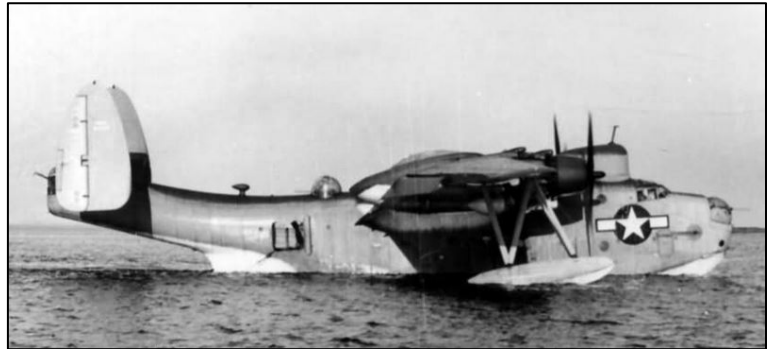
I am sure I made five or six approaches before I got it on the ground the first time, although it was way down the runway. I decided to make it a touch and go as I was too far down to pull up. After a few more attempts to land I finally got it on the ground pretty fast, and with a bit of luck I managed to run out of runway and out of brakes at the same time!

I nursed it back to the ramp and parked it. There was only one mechanic left on the base, so the next guy took one of the other three remaining Marauders that were parked on the field. Meanwhile I managed to get checked out (sort of), in all twelve different types of aircraft on the



base, plus the Martin Mariner PBM seaplane. While you sat up a hell of a lot higher than the Catalina's, it didn't fly or land much differently.

I then got transferred from there to San Diego to a ferry squadron moving airplanes all over the USA to maintenance and overhaul shops, and getting last planes off the assembly lines at the end of the war that had been sitting for a long time. My favourite was the Grumman Tigercat. It was a really easy plane to fly and land but had a lousy hydraulic system and brakes. It had an emergency air bottle to stop the plane if you lost the hydraulic system. The only problem was that even though you could hand pump the gear and flaps down, when you pulled the air bottle to stop, you could only watch as the wheels locked, the tyres would burst and you just hung on. Other than that, it was a real goer, with two Pratt and Whitney R2800 engines and only weighing about 7000lbs in ferry configuration. You could move it out to 400 knots for a thrill, but it would really chew the gas".



Tony Fisher had just over 200 hours as a private pilot on a Fairchild Argus and a Ryan Trainer before his first solo on a Mustang. By contrast, Joe Ziskovsky was an experienced Navy pilot when he first flew solo on the Martin Marauder; a hot aircraft with a deadly reputation as a widow maker. Both pilots had the fright of their lives but survived to tell their tales. I am glad they did, because those sort of things wouldn't happen these days...



This page left blank.

Magpie 91 Commemoration.

Two crewmen from a Canberra Bomber aircraft (Magpie 91) who were killed in action during the Vietnam War, were remembered at Williamtown Air Base on the 50th anniversary of their ill-fated flight. On the 3rd November, 1970, the aircraft of 2 Squadron went down near the Laotian-Vietnamese border after completing a successful bombing mission in support of United States ground forces. On board were Flying Officer Michael Herbert (pilot) and Pilot Officer Robert Carver (navigator).

Joining with squadron association members and veterans, RAAF personnel from No 2 Squadron held a commemorative event at Williamtown on the 3rd November, 2020, to commemorate the anniversary of the two Australian airmen and to honour all ADF members who fought in the Vietnam War. The cause of the crash which killed the airmen remains unknown, and following the incident, 2SQN and the United States Air Force searched for the pair for three days, eventually declaring Herbert and Carver as missing in action. Their remains were eventually found and repatriated by a Defence historical unit on the 31st August, 2009 arriving back in Australia on the 1st September.

The Magpie 91 event program held at RAAF Williamtown, conducted 50 years to the day of the aircraft's downing, included a memorial service and colours parade held in the squadron's Williamtown hangar, acknowledging the service and sacrifice of the airmen lost.





2 Squadron Colours were paraded during the 50th anniversary memorial of Magpie 91 held at Williamtown.

This was followed by a 2SQN E-7A Wedgetail flypast over the Williamtown Base, performed in the airmen's honour. Commanding Officer No. 2 Squadron, Wing Commander Jason Brown, said that the aircraft participating in the flypast held great historical significance as it was adorned with commemorative nose-art completed by personnel deployed on Operation OKRA in 2020. "The nose-art combines the 2SQN lightning bolt emblem with the unit's World War II and Vietnam War decorations that include a United States Presidential Unit Citation, a Republic of Vietnam Cross of Gallantry with Palm, and a United States Air Force Outstanding Unit Commendation," he said. "As 2SQN has recently returned from operations in the Middle East - we remember those who have come before us and we honour their memory through our service contributions today."



Commander Surveillance and Response Group, Air Commodore Barbara Courtney, AM cuts the cake with 2 Squadron CO, Wing Commander Jason Brown.

Delivering the memorial speech, Barbara Courtney, paid tribute to Flying Officer Herbert and Pilot Officer Carver and their families by remembering their courage, bravery, service, sacrifice and their spirit of mateship.

The two aircrew from Magpie 91, Flying Officer Michael Herbert and Pilot Officer Robert Carver were represented by framed commemorations.



Vietnam Vet and member of 2 Squadron Association, Ken Marks pays his respects.

Local police hunting the “knitting needle nutter” who has stabbed six people in the backside in the last 48 hours believe the attacker could be following some kind of pattern.

How to make calls from Windows 10 using an Android phone.

How-To Geek

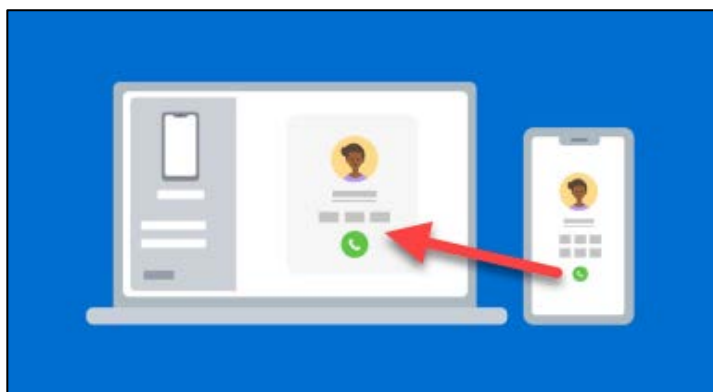
If your computer runs Windows 10 and you also have an Android phone, you could be using Microsoft's Your Phone app. You can do a lot with it, including sending text and making and receiving phone calls on your PC. It takes a few minutes to set up, but it's fairly easy, here's how!

What You'll Need.



The Your Phone app could already be installed on your Windows 10 PC, it comes with later versions of Win 10. When connected to an Android device, it can mirror your notifications, sync photos, and send text messages.

To make phone calls using the Your Phone app, your devices must meet the following requirements:

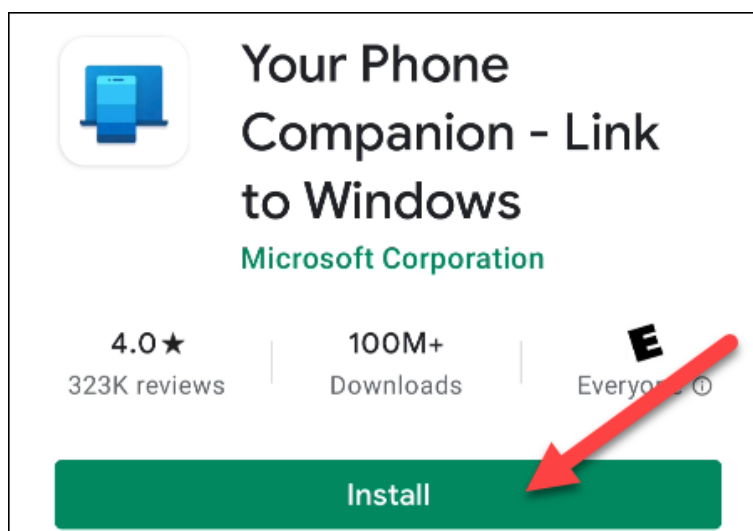


- Your computer must be running Windows 10 with the May 2019 Update or later, have a microphone attached and have Bluetooth enabled. *(To see your update history, click Start, then Update and Security, then in the Windows Update window, click View Update History. Check the date of the top Quality Update. If it's later than May 2019 you're OK.)*
- Your Android device must be running Android 7.0 or above. *(To see what version you have, select Settings, then scroll down to About Phone, select it then select Software Information, this will show you the Android version powering your device.)*

Before attempting to use the phone call feature, you'll have to follow the initial setup process for Your Phone apps on your PC and Android device.

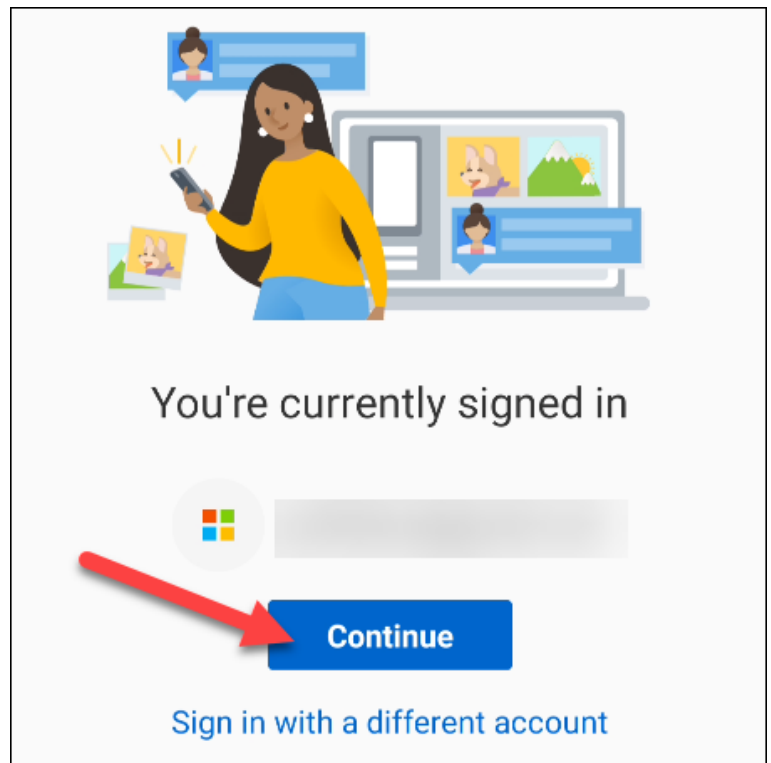
The app doesn't work with iPhones as Apple won't let Microsoft or other third parties integrate as deeply with the iPhone's iOS operating system.

Starting with your Android device:
Download and install Your Phone Companion from the Google Play Store on your Android phone or tablet.

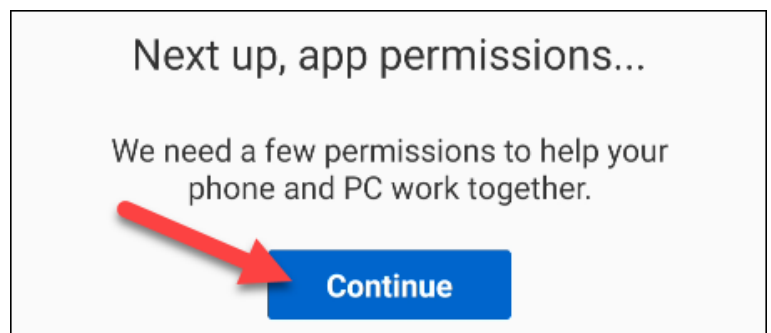




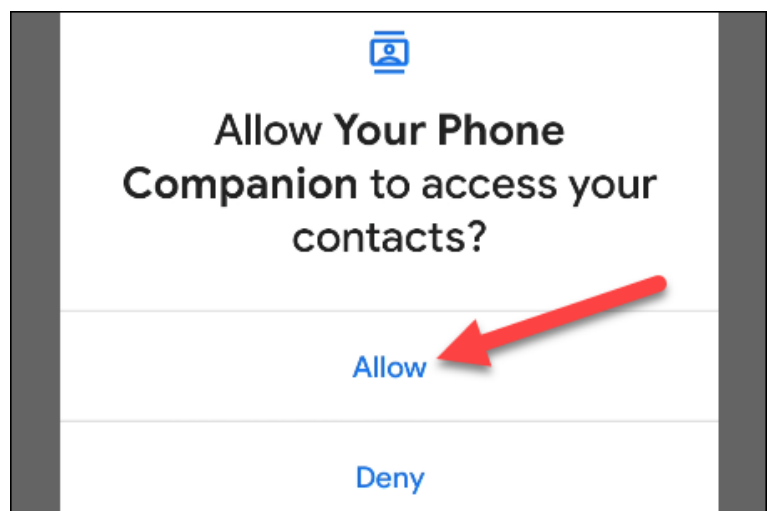
Once downloaded, open the app and sign in with your Microsoft account (If you use other Microsoft apps, you may be signed in already.). Tap “Continue” when you’re signed in.



Next, you’ll need to grant the app some permissions. Tap “Continue” to proceed.

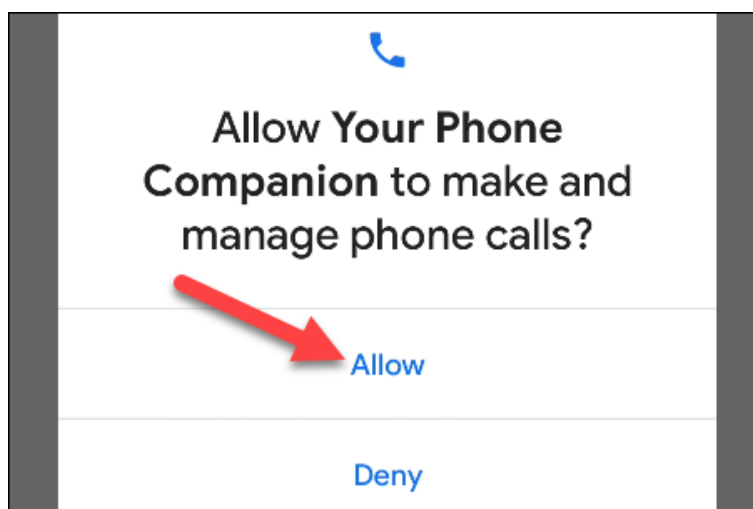


The first permission will be to access your contacts. The app uses this information for texting and calling from your PC. Tap “Allow.”

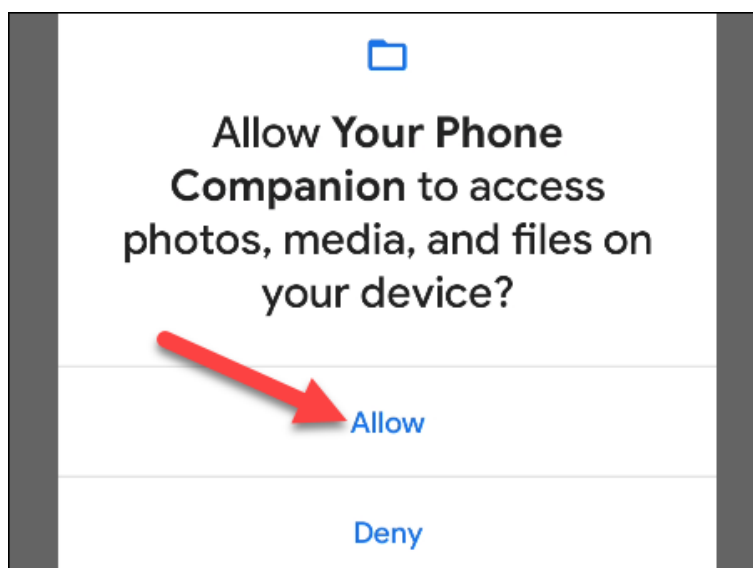




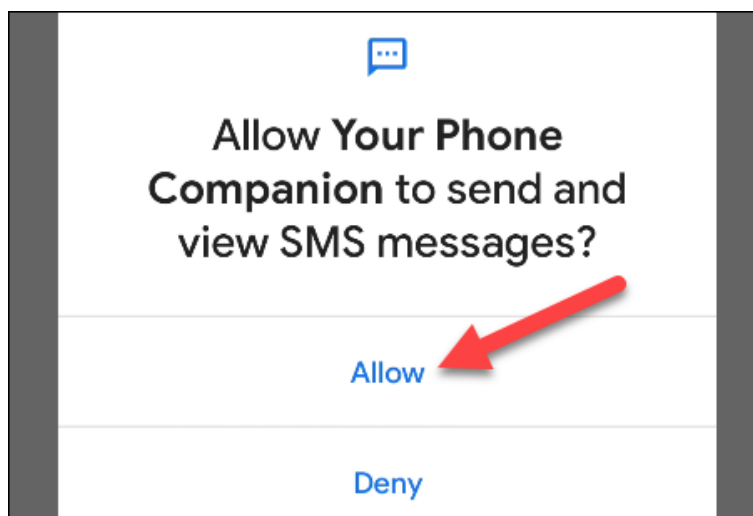
The next permission is for making and managing phone calls. Select "Allow."



Next, it will need access to your photos, media, and files. This is necessary for transferring files. Tap "Allow."



Lastly, grant the app permission to send and view SMS messages by tapping "Allow."





With permissions out of the way, the next screen will tell you about letting the app run in the background to stay connected to your PC. Tap “Continue” to proceed.

A pop-up will ask if you want to allow the app to always run in the background. Select “Allow.”

Let's stay connected

By letting the companion app refresh in the background, your texts and photos will stay up to date. This may impact your battery life preferences.

Continue

Let app always run in background?

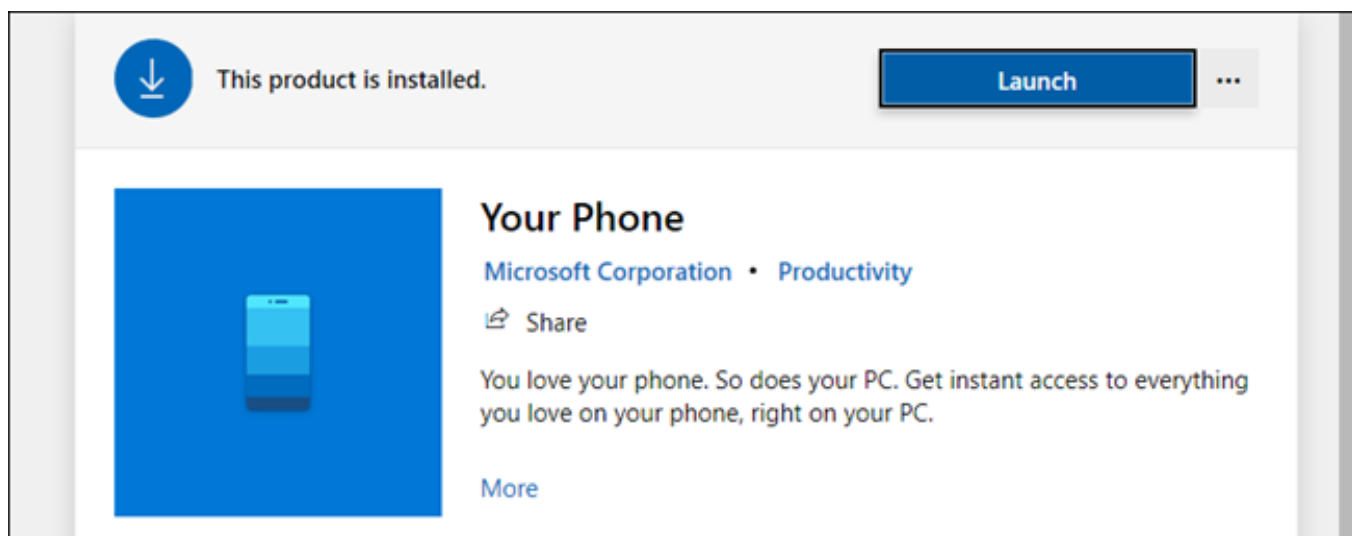
Allowing Your Phone Companion to always run in the background may reduce battery life.

You can change this later from Settings > Apps & notifications.

Deny

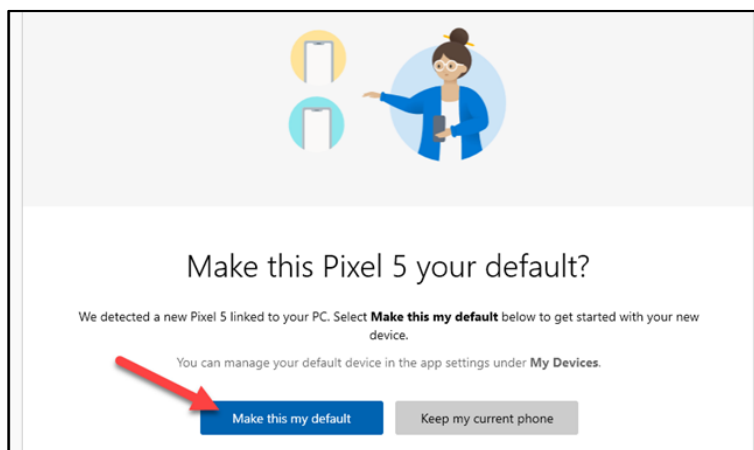
Allow

That's all there is to do on the Android side for now. You'll find the “Your Phone” app preinstalled on your Windows 10 PC, open it from the Start menu. If you don't see it, download the Your Phone app from the Microsoft Store.

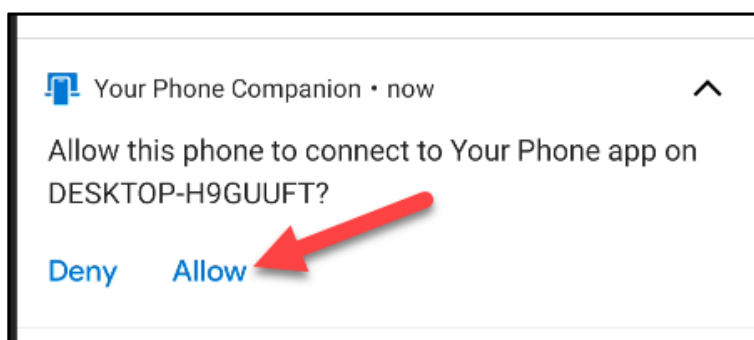




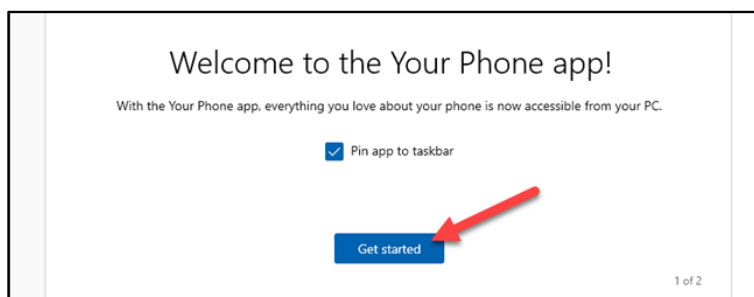
When you first open the app on your PC, it may detect that you just set up a new device and ask whether you want to make it your default. If the device you set up is your primary device, (in this case a Pixel 5) it's recommended that you do this.



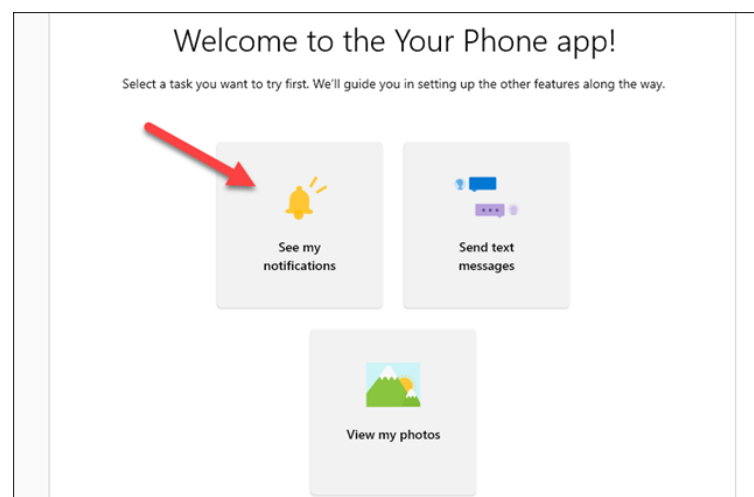
The PC app will now instruct you to check your Android device for a notification. The notification will ask whether you want to allow your device to connect to the PC. Tap "Allow" to proceed.



Back on your PC you'll now see a welcome message. You can choose to pin the Your Phone app to the taskbar. Tap "Get Started" to move on.

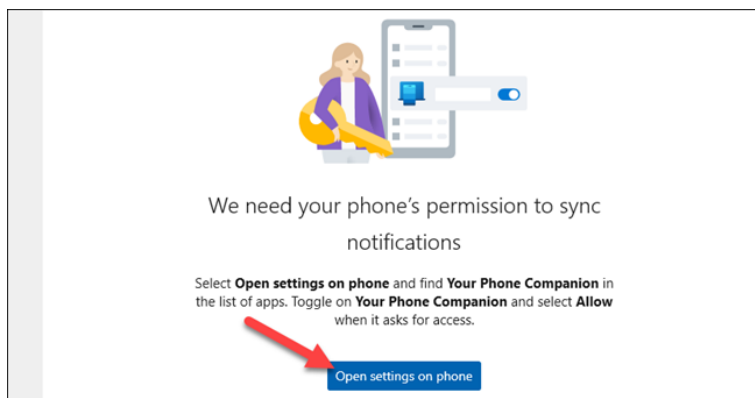


The Your Phone app will now guide you through setting up some of the features. First, tap "See My Notifications."

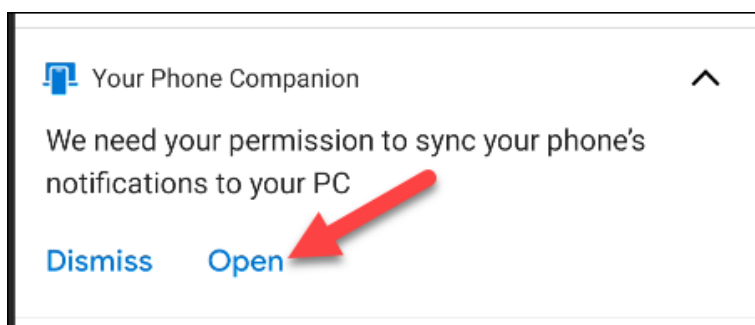




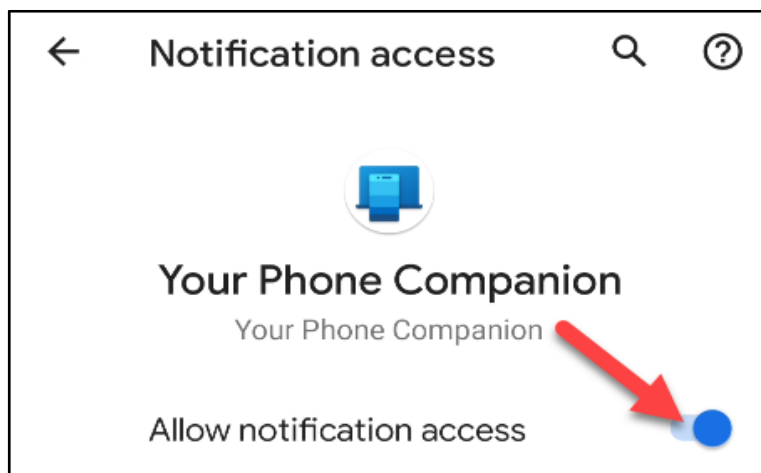
In order for this feature to work, you must give the Your Phone Companion app permission to see Android notifications. Click “Open Settings on Phone” to get started.



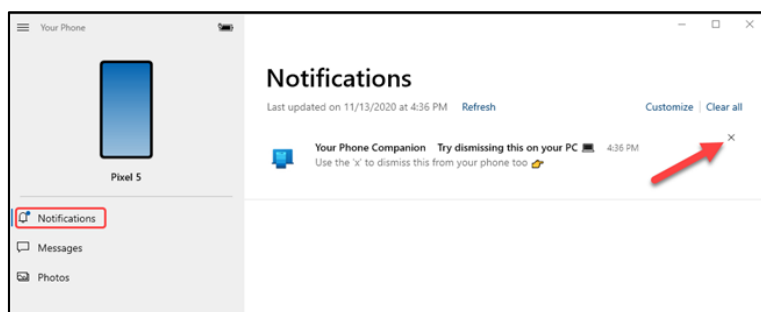
On your Android device, a notification will appear prompting you to open the notification settings. Tap “Open” to go there.



The “Notification Access” settings will open. Find “Your Phone Companion” from the list and make sure that “Allow Notification Access” is enabled.

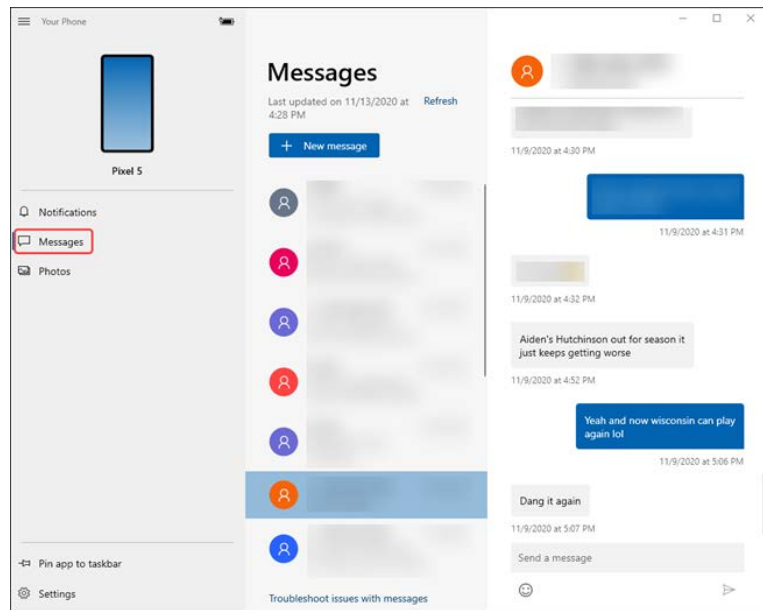


That’s it! You’ll now see your notifications appear in the “Notifications” tab on the Windows app. When a notification appears, you can remove it from your Android device by clicking the “X” icon.

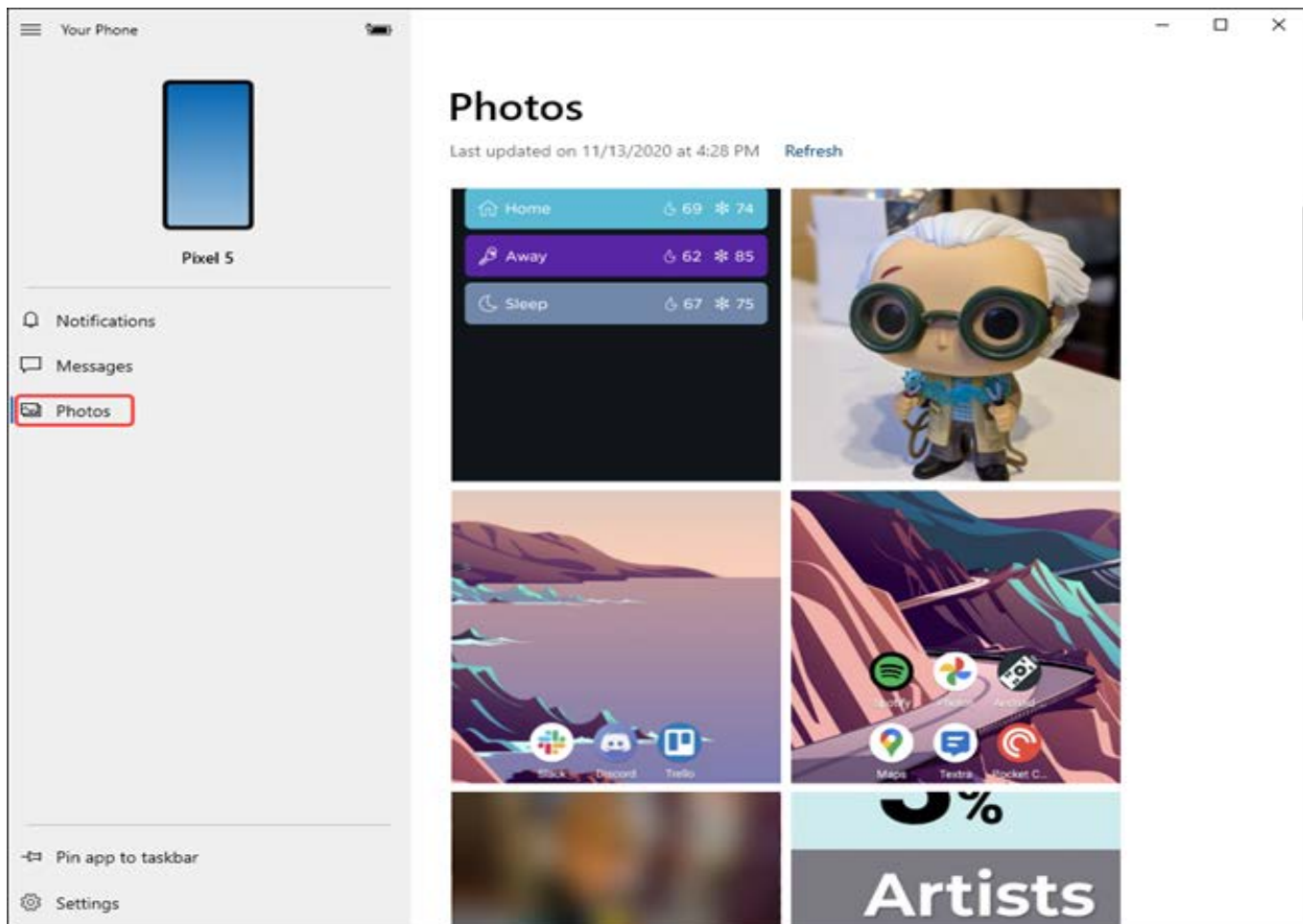




The “Messages” tab will automatically show your text messages from your phone, no setup required. Simply type in the text box to reply to a message, or tap “New Message.” To send a new one.

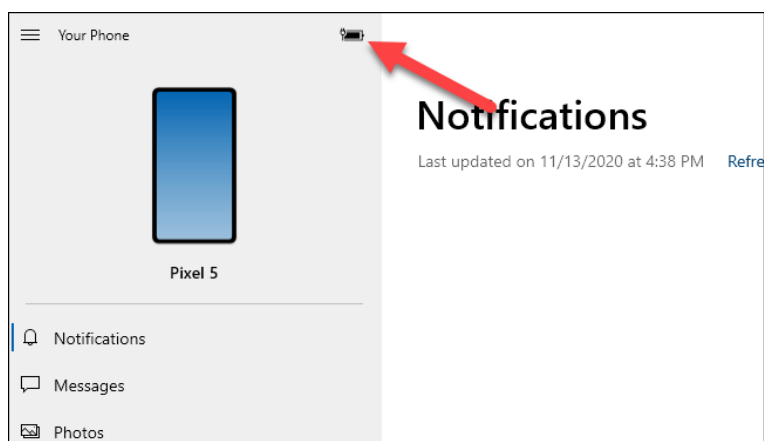


The “Photos” tab also doesn’t require any setup. It will show recent photos from your device.





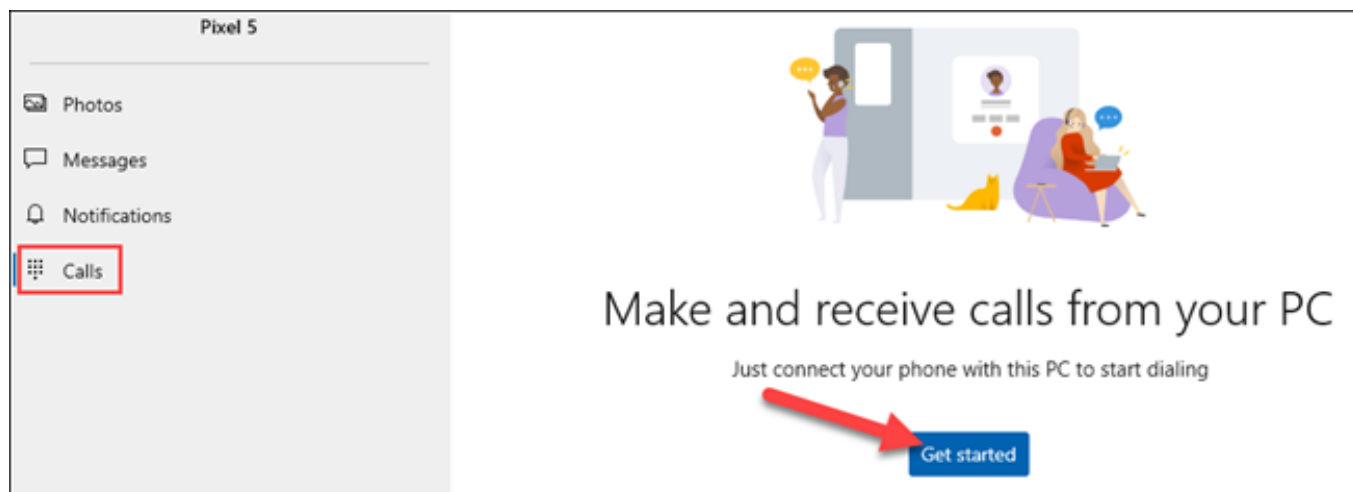
In the sidebar, you can even see the battery level of your connected device.



You've now got the basics up and running. Your Phone is an extremely handy app, especially if you spend a lot of time on a Windows 10 PC all day. You now won't need to pick up your phone so many times.

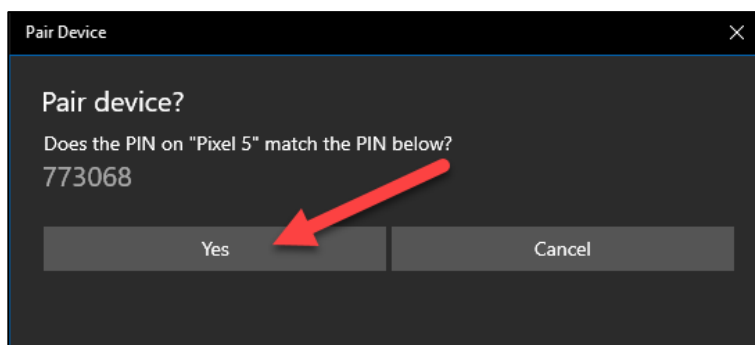
Here's how to make calls

First, make sure your phone is on and unlocked and the Bluetooth feature on your computer is on then move to the Windows app on your computer and click the "Calls" tab, and then click "Get Started."

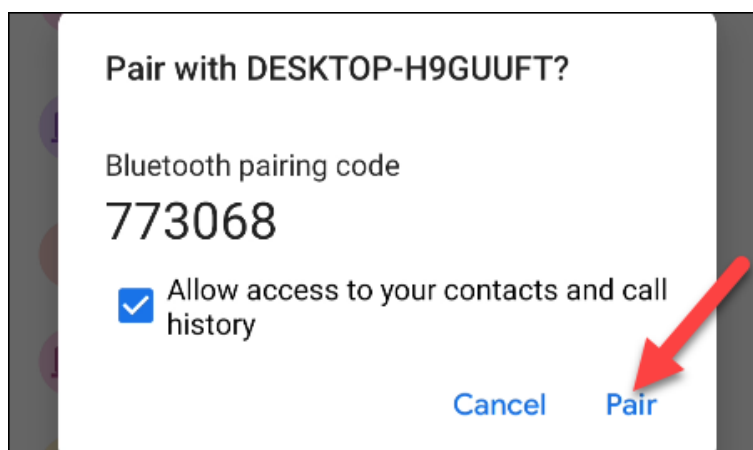




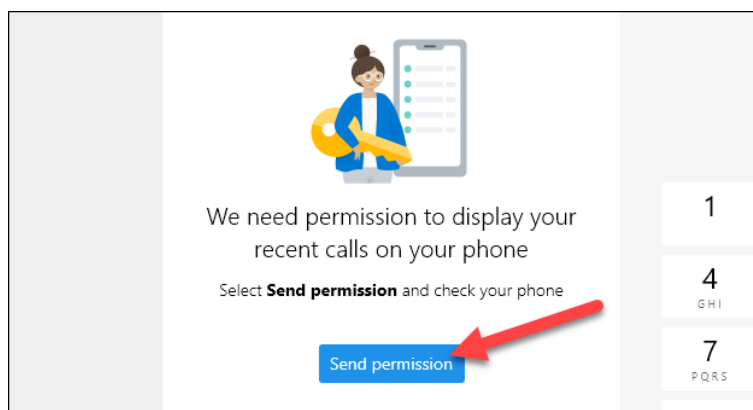
A pop-up containing a Bluetooth PIN will appear on your PC.



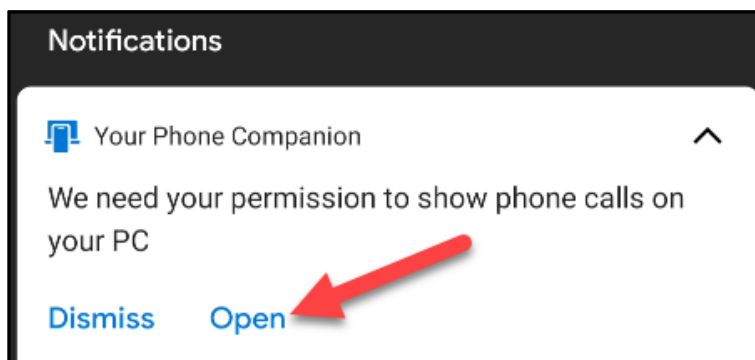
A pop-up containing the same PIN should also appear on your Android device. Make sure the codes match, and then click "Yes" on your PC and tap "Pair" on your Android device.



It's now up and running, but you'll only be able to dial numbers. To show your call log, you have to grant permission on your phone; click "Send Permission" to proceed.

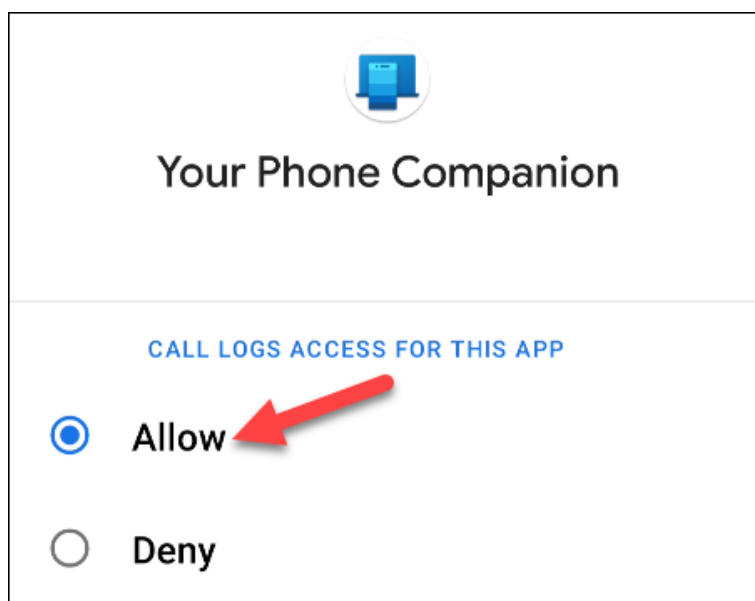


A notification will appear on your Android device; tap "Open" to launch the permission dialog.



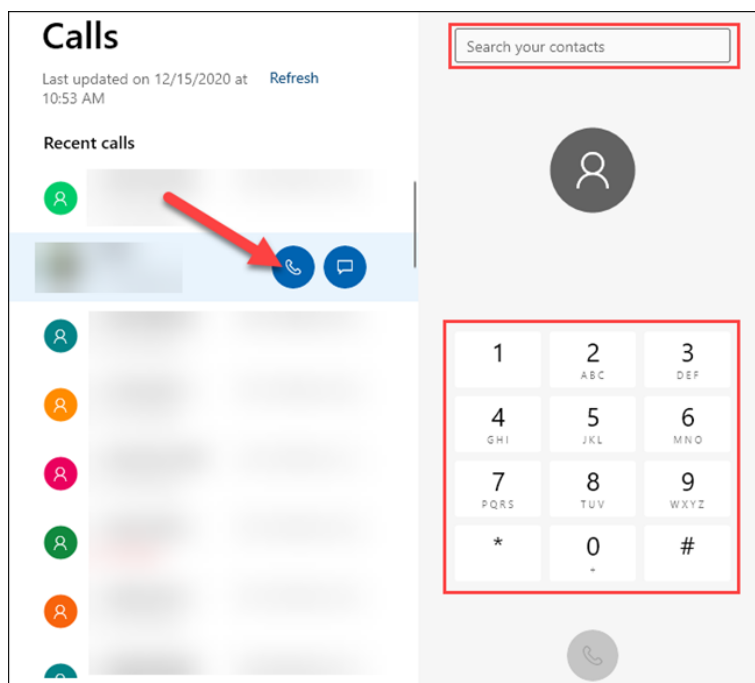


Tap “Allow” in the permission pop-up. If you don’t see a pop-up, you can manually grant permission. To do so, go to Settings > Apps & Notifications > See All Apps > Your Phone Companion > Permissions, and then select “Allow” under “Call Logs Access for This App.”



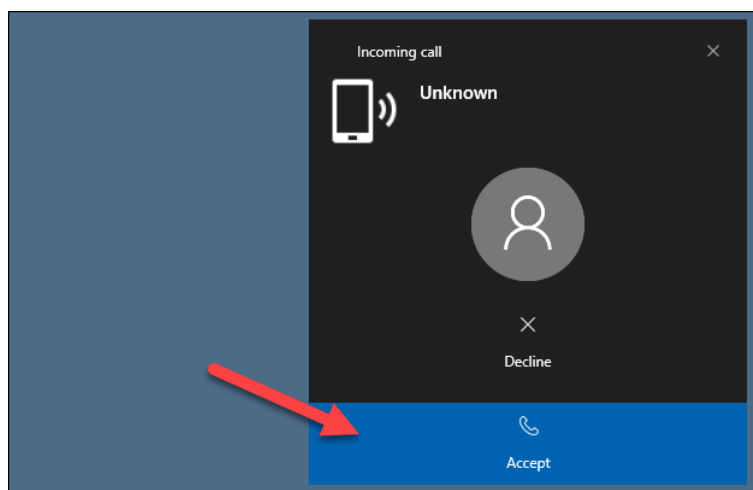
Your recent calls will now show up in the Your Phone app on Windows 10. To make a call from your PC, you can select a recent call and click the phone icon, search for contacts, or use the dial pad.

When you receive a phone call, a notification will appear on your PC, and you can click “Accept” or “Decline.”





That's all there is to it! You can now make and receive phone calls from your PC.



**I never thought
I'd be the kind of
person who'd
wake up early in
the morning to
exercise ...**

And I was right.



DVA Issues

TPI Rent Assistance.

The Federal Budget of 2020 – 2021 made some changes to the way some income support payments are calculated by DVA, however, these changes will not take place until 1 July 2021 and will be gradually implemented from then over a period until 20 September 2022.

When implemented, the change will exempt a TPI's disability pension from the Social Security Act income test and the rent assistance test under the VEA. At present persons receiving a disability pension and/or permanent impairment payment are not eligible.

As a result, the Defence Force Income Support Allowance (DFISA) will be abolished and some individuals will receive higher rates of rent assistance. The pension will also be renamed the 'Disability Compensation Payment' identifying the purpose of the payment.

You can see further information [HERE](#).





DFRDB Update.

If this problem is ever resolved the way it should be – these two blokes deserve a medal. You can see the latest [HERE](#).

TPI Review response.

In October last year the Minister, the Hon Darren Chester, issued a press release on the finding from the TPI Review. You can read an overview of the Commission's report [HERE](#).

Below are the significant points:

- The Government has rejected the Product Commission's recommended changes to the Gold Card.
- A joint Transition Authority will be set up to provide a better transition for ADF personnel from service life back to civvy life.
- An increase in budget to fund better mental health care and to ensure high quality care for older veterans and their families.
- Additional funds to expand Open Arms, Veterans and Families Counselling, especially in regional and remote areas.
- Additional funds to expand eligibility for Coordinated Veterans' Care to White Card holders with an accepted mental health condition.

Unfortunately, the report has found that there is insufficient evidence to support a broad increase in the TPI payment.





Additional Corona Virus support payment.

In addition to the \$250 payment made to approx. 5 million eligible Australians on the 30th November, the Government will make a similar payment on or about the 1st March 2021. The payments are to assist with essential living expenses during this uncertain time.

Apply now for Community Grants.

DVA is committed to putting veterans and their families first. One of the ways they are doing this is by delivering funding to local community organisations through grants.

Currently, there are two opportunities for ex-service organisations (ESOs) and community organisations that work with ESOs, to apply for funding to provide support and services to veterans. These are:



[Veteran and Community Grants](#) (V&CG)

[Supporting Younger Veterans grants](#) (SYV grants)

Applications for:

- V&CG close on 29 January 2021
- SYV grants close on 5 February 2021.

For more information or to submit an application, visit [Community Grants Hub](#), call 1800 020 283 or email support@communitygrants.gov.au.

DVA RAP Program.

If you are the holder of a DVA Gold or White card you are eligible for aids and appliances through the DVA RAP program if you have a clinical need.

Click [HERE](#) to see the schedule of equipment that is available (as at Nov 2020).

The DVA Rehabilitation Appliances Program (RAP) assists gold and white card holders through the provision of aids and appliances to minimize the impact of disabilities, enhance quality of life and maximize independence at home and in the community. There is no \$\$ limit to the equipment you may be provided with.

The RAP program provides safe and appropriate equipment according to an assessed clinical need.



Your GP, Medical Specialist or an Allied Health Professional, can work with you to assess your clinical need and prescribe many aids and appliances that will help you.

There is lots more information [HERE](#)

*While the Association does not necessarily agree or disagree with everything on this page,
we do respect the right of everyone to have their say.*

Your Say

The Afghanistan report is a very hot topic of conversation at the moment, we have received many letters, 100% of which are anti the Government and the ADF's stand on things. Someone certainly read this one wrong! tb

Afghanistan

Allan Essery

Upon the release of the Brereton report into the activities of our SAS in Afghanistan I was so angry at the tone of such a witch-hunt that had more holes than a block of Swiss cheese. I was disgusted by the string of useless politicians including Scott Morrison, none of whom ever donned the uniform, who appeared for their twenty seconds in the limelight on TV, to share their lack of knowledge of military matters in an effort to turn the general public against those who have not yet been given a chance to defend themselves in a properly convened court of justice.

I will not for one moment condone the actions of those involved if they are found guilty but I will not condemn them especially on the say so of Brereton, Campbell or Scott Morrison who have obviously found them guilty before any trial.

The suggestion that the service medals of all those who served in Afghanistan be taken from them because of the as yet unproven actions of a few is a bloody disgrace. The TV appearance of Angus Campbell to sprout his sanctimonious insult to the intelligence of the average Australian really was laughable in light of what he failed to say.





Campbell spoke about morals and morality. That prompted a question in my mind as to what exactly is righteous and morally superior about killing anyone whether it is in tune with the so-called 'Rules of Engagement' or not. War is war and that means lots of killing but that doesn't make you morally superior to do so on the grounds of a set of rules that have little relevance in such a conflict.

Campbell, and I believe Brereton, failed miserably by not mentioning the fact that Afghanistan wasn't a war but a fight against guerrilla forces who didn't give a tuppenny stuff about his Rules Of Engagement. It was a conflict against a non-uniformed enemy who couldn't be easily recognised. It was a war where the farmer who was talking to a SAS member a minute before, shoots him in the back when he turns to go.

Campbell apologised to the Afghans for the supposed murder of their people and suggested that the families of those supposedly murdered should be paid compensation but, he failed to ask for an apology and compensation from Afghanistan for those of our SAS who were murdered by Afghans who were supposed to be on their side. We should not forget that three of our soldiers were shot dead while playing cards at their base camp by a rogue member of the Afghan Army. I bet that didn't get a mention in Brereton's scribbles.

The condemning of the supposed killing of unarmed civilians by our armed forces is steeped in hypocrisy as people like Campbell, Brereton and high rankers in the ADF conveniently forget or dismiss the action of the Allies during WWII. Let us recall how the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by Allied forces killed some 228,000 innocent civilians and injured tens of thousands more. Then of course there were the bombing raids upon Germany and other atrocities that killed thousands of civilians. That appears to be quite justified in the minds of the current bunch of hypocritical witch hunters.

Now, what has Brereton, Campbell, the ADF high command and the PM and government of the time going to do about all those who suffered PTSD and or suicided as a result of their multiple deployments during the Afghan shamozzel that Australia should never have been involved in.

Got my 1st date of the year already lined up.
I mean it's a court date but it's still a date and I'm dressing up.

Reflections from both sides of the fence.

Andrew Hastie – MP

Red rocky earth cut into our flesh, numbing our hands. It was well after midnight, perhaps 3am. Floodlights lit up the group. Cadence push-ups on bleeding knuckles in the dead of night is the sort of misery that either consumes you or clarifies your sense of mission. Corporal Ben Roberts-Smith, fresh back from the Battle of Tizak, towered over us, the 25 officer candidates on the 2010 SASR selection course. His displeasure showed in





his menacing body language. He switched out our hand position from palms down to knuckles. 'You f—ing officers. You always take the easy option. Lower. Hold.' An eternity passed as our fatigued muscles trembled close to the ground. 'Raise!' The irony might have been lost on him, but not on me. Humbling myself before Ben Roberts-Smith was not easy. Nor would be serving in the Special Air Service Regiment in the weeks, months and years ahead.

SASR selection is an exacting experience. For an officer, your command, leadership and character is closely scrutinised for 21 days. They break down your body to see who you really are—what you are like when you're tired, hungry and dejected. Moments like this over the following fortnight thinned the ranks of officers. Men, gifted in command and planning, departed on their own terms— withdrawing quietly. Others were removed by the Directing Staff. The rest of us pressed on, reaching a point of insanity in the final week. No food for days, almost no sleep, impossible physical tasks. What was the point of it all?

The last week posed this question for those candidates remaining: when there is nothing left to give—who can go beyond and finish the mission? For the first time I understood Clausewitz's dictum that war is a contest of wills. Finish the job, or fail.

We finished Selection on Friday 13 August 2010. When I called my wife to tell her, I wept. I was cold, shivering and spent. I'd lost 12 kilograms in three weeks and I had no emotional reserves. That day SASR Trooper Jason Brown died bravely—under fire—in Afghanistan serving with the Special Operations Task Group. It was a subdued mood back at Swanbourne. There were no high fives. Starved, physically exhausted and emotionally shattered, we sat around a radio cleaning our rifles the next morning. We quietly listened to the voices of our Prime Minister Julia Gillard and Leader of the Opposition Tony Abbott express their condolences at the death of another digger in Australia's longest war.



That day set a course for me. I served in the SAS for the next five years, deploying to Afghanistan as a Troop Commander in 2013 as part of the Special Operations Task Group. I did not anticipate that ten years later I would be a Member of Parliament, explaining how we found ourselves in a dark place.

Like all of us, I am grieved by the findings of the Brereton Report, handed down by the Chief of the Defence Force. There is much to be troubled by: the report details credible information regarding allegations of unlawful killings by Australian soldiers. Specifically, 23 incidents of alleged unlawful killings of 39 people, perpetrated by 25 Australian Special Forces soldiers, mainly from the Special Air Service Regiment. The report is hard reading. It is comprehensive, detailed and unsparing in its judgement on those alleged to have committed war crimes. As a former officer of the SASR and someone who believes in Regimental honour, I feel great shame in what has occurred. We were sent to Afghanistan in a double trust—to defend Australia's values and interests by force, but also to uphold those values in our battlefield conduct.

Many good soldiers honoured that trust; a small number of soldiers did not. Many people want to know: how did this happen? Here are some personal observations on the Brereton Inquiry that



are shaped by five years of service in SASR and five years as a Member of the Federal Parliament.

First, we have forgotten basic truths about human nature that previous generations of Australians better understood. We live in a bent world. We all carry man's smudge: people do bad things. Christians call it sin in a fallen world. Enlightenment thinkers like Immanuel Kant called it the 'crooked timber' of humanity. Whatever name we give our condition, we should always guard against the reality of people doing bad things when they are left unaccountable. The Australian constitution aligned our system of government to this realist view of human nature. The drafters understood the importance of the rule of law, the separation of powers and the need for accountability amongst those who serve in government.

Our soldiers and officers are no different: they need accountability and firm leadership in the degrading cockpit of war. It appears this did not happen from the very top to the bottom of the command chain.

Second, we ignored the true nature of war and sanitised it. We pretended it was no different to any other form of unilateral government policy. But the reality is that war is inherently violent, escalatory and degrading. It is a modern conceit to pretend that war can be managed with a set of safe technocratic hands. The brutal reality is that no plan ever survives the first shot. People lose their way and become hard of heart, especially after multiple deployments. During the Second World War, the Churchill government commissioned Laurence Olivier to make a technicolour film version of Shakespeare's Henry V to boost wartime morale. Olivier edited out one third of the play, excising Henry's violent speech demanding surrender of the Governor of Harfleur. King Henry, understanding the nature of 'impious war' once unleashed, posed the question: What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career?



Shakespeare paints violent imagery of the 'blind and bloody soldier with foul hand' committing all sorts of atrocities. He saw that war has its own dark energy. He knew it consumes people in ways that modern society cannot comprehend, largely because we have packaged it up nicely for the evening news. The Australian Defence Force was very effective at sanitising our longest war with its legions of Public Affairs Officers. The United Kingdom and the USA took a liberal approach, allowing reporters to see their soldiers at war, however, we stage-managed Australia's contribution to Afghanistan through a carefully crafted information operation. This approach stifled public interest reporting. Perhaps with greater access for the Australian media, some of the events alleged by the Brereton Report might never have happened.

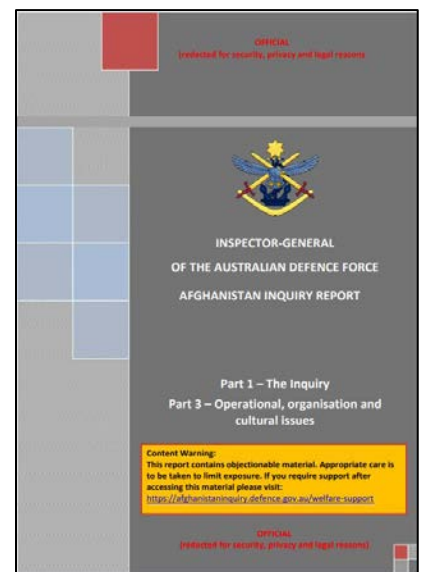
Third, parliamentary scrutiny of Defence is broken and needs fixing. Politicians routinely visited Aussie troops in Tarin Kot. I first met Malcolm Turnbull and Julie Bishop in 2009, on my first deployment with the 2nd Mentoring and Reconstruction Task Force. I harangued a Labor MP in 2013 about Defence budget cuts when he visited the Special Operations Task Group. Each of



them were interested and supportive, but it seemed they didn't know what questions to ask. I now realise this is partly a function of a deficient Parliamentary Committee system. There is no independent Joint Defence Committee where tough questions can be asked in a classified, protected space. Parliamentary scrutiny these days is surface level. It amounts to senior Defence leadership presenting a few PowerPoint slides and giving parliamentarians a pat on the head.

This is an area of urgent reform. If we are serious about increased accountability and transparency, then we need proper parliamentary scrutiny of the Department of Defence and the Australian Defence Force. Without it, our parliament can't exercise proper civilian oversight of our military.

Fourth, the Brereton Report (click the pic at right for the report) rightly condemns a warrior culture that fused 'military excellence with ego, entitlement and exceptionalism'. Sometimes SASR operators carried themselves like modern incarnations of Achilles, Thor or Mars. I reject that culture, too. But I believe a warrior culture is an important part of an elite combat unit. It all depends on the beliefs and values you build that culture on. When I was posted to SASR as a non-qualified Captain in January 2010, I was befriended by the Unit Chaplain, a bloke by the initials of SB. He had an Irish temperament and liked to box, often with the operators. He was refreshingly confrontational, not a social worker in uniform. SB confronted what he called a 'pagan warrior ethos', shorn of any connection to the Just War tradition that has shaped our approach to warfare. As Saint Augustine wrote near the end of the Roman Empire, we must: "In waging war, cherish the spirit of a peacemaker, that by conquering those whom you attack, you may lead them back to the advantages of peace."



Our boxing chaplain was right. The warrior ethos I sometimes saw was about power, ego and self-adulation. It worshipped war itself. It was the opposite of the humility that I expected to find at SASR. But there was a competing, more positive warrior culture at SASR, it just wasn't the prevailing one at the time. If you looked closely, you'd find humble, quiet operators. Tough as nails. Fiercely competitive. Supremely competent at arms. The sort of bloke that you'd want next to you in a gunfight. They never thought themselves bigger than the team or the mission. They were humble. They were committed to truth. They were the ones who blew the whistle and repudiated the dark toxic personalities that have shamed the SASR in Afghanistan. Many are still serving quietly in the shadows.

So before people cry for a repudiation of all warrior culture, they should first understand what you need in an elite special operations unit. You need people who run to the sound of the guns. Who are prepared to fight and destroy Australia's enemies. Who will die doing so, if necessary. Those men exist. They are serving at present. They have done nothing wrong. We need to uphold them and their vital mission. They will not be helped by soulless modern cultural theory, derived from the academic ivory tower. It may well diminish our effectiveness if shoe-horned and institutionalised.



Fifth, in the hierarchy of virtues, moral courage remains paramount to physical courage. The public record doesn't reflect this as our military honours and awards system preferences the recognition of physical courage. Acts of conscience are hard to write up in vigorous prose and people rarely thank leaders who make unpopular decisions. Yet there were acts of command moral courage during the period investigated by the Brereton Inquiry. History won't record these good deeds the way it will the battlefield criminality of a few, but there were junior leaders at SASR who made hard decisions to uphold the sacred trust reposed in them by the Australian people. Leaders who took responsibility for their command. They know who they are and we honour them.

Finally, despite the Brereton Report, I still believe the profession of arms is a noble one. In any case, a survey of history shows us that war is part of the human experience. Australia has fought wars in the past; we will fight them in the future. We must be ready. And we cannot afford to lose. As Ernest Hemingway wrote, "I have seen much war in my lifetime and I hate it profoundly, but there are worse things than war, and all of them come with defeat."

In July, the Prime Minister spoke of the post-pandemic world being poorer, more dangerous and more disorderly. We cannot afford to draw the wrong lessons from the Brereton Report. The mission of the ADF remains unchanged: to win our wars. We must prepare ourselves for the challenges ahead. But we must always hold ourselves to high moral standards. When wrong is done, we must hold ourselves to account. That's why I have supported the Brereton Inquiry: I love my country and want to protect it from those who would harm us from both without and within.

Brereton Report into the Actions of the SAS in Afghanistan.

John Clarkson
(Sergeant gunny – RAAF – Retired),
(Veteran of Malaysia, Thailand and Vietnam campaigns)

As a retired veteran, I wish to raise a few points which I believe the media as well as our Members of Parliament have missed. Hopefully, I can raise these as points with a few lines each, even though many veterans have expressed their disgust at the manner in which this inquiry has been treated by Government, Defence and the media.

Whilst I am a veteran with qualifying service with the RAAF, my service does not come anywhere near the professionalism, dedication and the proximity of enemy fire that our Army colleagues experienced. Whilst I may have re-armed numerous helicopter Gunships with a high priority, it was our pilots who faced the enemy fire. In fact, I learnt





far more about our Army colleagues during my period as a Welfare Officer with the Queensland TPI Association. Therefore, I have the absolute admiration for our military and SAS colleagues in their most difficult role. So, let me raise a few points:

Fact #1 – Charges:

Whatever accusations are laid against these servicemen, these alleged offences are to be tried by a Military Court. An airconditioned city courtroom with polished articulate barristers is no place for these charges to be heard. In fact, each and every charge sheet should begin with the words: “Corporal xxx, whilst on Active Service, you have been charged with xxx”. The important words here are “Whilst on Active Service”, as these change the whole concept. Also, in order for the charges to be heard in their correct manner, both the Counsel for the Prosecution and the Counsel for the Defence should be Officers who have experienced and faced enemy fire. This is the only way that their charges may be heard considering the effects of the heat of battle.

Fact #2 – Apology:

Although this was not a ‘Declared War’, it was none the less a war against an ideology – the Taliban. As many military men have said, in a battle, you only come second once and it’s all over. Let us not forget – we were regarded as the ‘Infidels’. It is well known that the Taliban fighters knew no honourable standards of battle or war, in fact it is well known that they would very quickly slaughter innocent women and children who were seen to be of assistance to the Australians. Sadly, the report does not mention the numerous times the Taliban have slaughtered women and children, and even Australian servicemen who were supposed to be their mentors. To even consider drafting a letter of apology to any Afghan Government or member of the Taliban is absolutely repugnant – even disgusting.

Fact # 3 – The manner in which the Media questions senior Officers.

The relationship between the Commissioned Officers and their NCOs within the Australian Defence Forces is a unique one probably not seen in any other nation’s defence forces. When an officer within a Regiment or a Squadron issues a task to his team, he does so with an incredible amount of trust. That trust is one which has been earned over a period of time. Therefore, when that team, headed by a Senior NCO or perhaps a Warrant Officer, begins to carry out that task, they do so with a genuine respect of their leader. The method of operation may follow the initial plan, or indeed may need some alteration during the execution of the plan.

Many members of the media fail to understand this level of trust and cooperation. Therefore, whilst the operation is being conducted, the Officer in charge very likely does not know of every detail of the operation, as his team may alter the initial plan as the need arises. It is on completion of the task that the NCO will inform his officer of the details of the task and the degree of success, including any minor changes to the plan. Even in many operational squadrons of the RAAF, I have seen many examples where the urgent preparation of armed aircraft needed a slight change of method due to unforeseen circumstances. The media and of course, the many Politicians need to understand that level of trust and cooperation between the officer and his team.



Fact # 4 – Lessons not learnt from past mistakes.

Some years ago, while a group of officer cadets were undergoing their officer training programme, one of the cadets committed serious sexual offences against one of the female cadet officers. Sadly, instead of allowing the College Commandant to handle the case and deal out the necessary discipline, the then Minister for Defence the Hon. Steven Smith MP, (ALP) created a huge song and dance in Parliament and the case went on for weeks. The case should have been handled by the Commandant and the offender would have been disciplined and discharged from the service within days of the event. The lesson – then – and now – is to allow the military to handle its own discipline problems.



Summary:

If there have been serious offences committed, it is the task of the Military to hear those charges in the proper venue, i.e., by a Military investigation and if necessary, heard by a military court. These investigations need to be heard by those who know what it is like to face an enemy and to make serious decisions in the heat of battle.

Since this Brereton Report has surfaced, both Federal Government and the Chiefs of Defence have completely lost the respect of the veteran community, which includes veterans from all ages. However, all is not lost, we have time to repair this damage, which is to hand the entire investigation to the military, then when and if necessary, have any offenders face their charges in a military court.

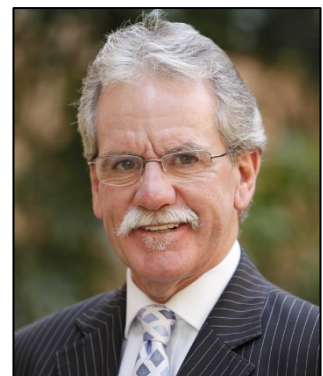
Be good to your spouse, remember, right now they could poison you and it would be counted as a Covid death.

What the Bloody Halal is Going on in the Army?

Charlie Lynn

The role of the Australian infantry is 'to close with and kill the enemy.'

There are no ambiguities in that mission statement. In order to train for their assigned role infantrymen practice with guns and live bullets to shoot at targets shaped as humans. They lob grenades to practice blowing people apart. They use fixed bayonets on sandbags to hone their killing skills. They practice ambush drills so they can kill as many enemy as possible in one massive shoot-out. They are trained to be tougher,





stronger and more courageous than their foe. And they know they must be prepared to die for each other.

At the end of their training day they come home to help their wives with the housework and their kids with their homework. Next day they resume their training in how to kill people.

They are aware that any enemy they are likely to face has a similar purpose. Some even practice blowing themselves up!

Seven years ago an army team was committed to clearing up a compound which housed a suspected insurgent in Afghanistan. It had to be completed in the dark. As they entered the close confines of the compound all hell broke loose. The troops took cover and called on the insurgent to stop firing and surrender. He answered with another hail of bullets. One of the troops got close enough to hurl a grenade through an opening before his mates stormed the room just as they were trained to do. When the smoke and dust had settled six people, including the insurgent and four children were dead.

Canberra was mortified when they learned that the commandos they sent to Afghanistan to kill people actually killed people. An officer who was trained to write reports and had mountains of files worth of experience was appointed to investigate. He recommended they be charged with manslaughter. A female lawyer dressed up as a Brigadier took up the issue and charged the men (see [HERE](#)).



The army judge who heard the case was a young lawyer who I worked with at the 1st Brigade in the early 1980s. He had worked with troops for decades and had a close working knowledge of what they were trained to do, their values and the pride they had in their uniform. He threw the case out. The Brigadier made a few cat-calls but to no avail. The commandos returned to their duties.

Canberra based defencecrats in Fort Fumble were incensed. They enlisted their own coffee-shop commandos and had a conversation - in their space - to deliberate on matters of such import as gender inequality and ethnic diversity in Commando Regiments. The role of the Infantry was discussed. Was it too brutal? Should it be 'to close with and counsel the enemy'? What if somebody took offence to being labelled as enemy? Should it be 'to close with and have a conversation with those opposite'?

Training regimes at the Australian Defence Force Academy were adjusted. Instructors were forbidden to raise their voices at young cadets to protect their self-esteem. Crusty old drill sergeants were dispatched to re-education camps. Red marker pens were banned as it was deemed to be too aggressive a colour for marking papers. Male and female quarters were to include an 'undecided' section in each barrack block.



The next challenge was to look at the dietary requirements of the troops, troopettes and undecided in the field which is defined as any space beyond the border of the ACT. It was here that all halal broke loose.

Combat rations were examined calorie by calorie. My Kitchen Rules staff were enlisted to join the conversation. Ministers, priests, rabbi's, Imans, agnostics and organisers of the Gay Mardi Gras congregated to bless and blaspheme menus. Bully-beef and dog-biscuits were subject to stringent OH&S checks and promptly banned. It was found that if a supply of bully-beef was ever captured and consumed by the enemy it could cause severe gastronomical upsets and trigger a class action. If our troops and troopettes ran out of bullets and had to throw dog-biscuits as a last resort they could cause significant injuries to their non-friends shooting back at them.

The psychological state of troops and troopettes at the time of consumption had to be considered. How did the past owner of that 20g piece of meat in that packet die? Was it shot? Was its throat cut? Was it a lethal injection or just old age. Was it given last rites? And by whom?

Surveys of troops, troopettes and the undecided to determine their ethnic origins were necessary to determine the proportion of rations required to meet their needs on operations outside the ACT. How many days each year should they spend amongst those on the other side who lived in suburbs like Boganville before returning to the safety of their PC bubble? So much to ponder!

In light of these considerations the recent decision of the Chief of Army to declare that 30 percent of combat ration packs must carry halal certification to cater for the 0.35 per cent of Muslims in his army makes a lot of sense. PC scribes are already drafting up his nomination for the Nobel Peace Prize.

'Combat ration balance' could well be their next international cause celebre!

As you get older you realize that a \$550 watch and a \$30 watch both tell the same time.

“Disabled in our Service, United in our Cause”

TPI Federation.

The Federation of Totally and Permanently Incapacitated (TPI) Ex-Servicemen and Women of Australia totally rejects the Prime Minister's 'Independent Review into the TPI Payment Report by Mr David Tune AO PSM' (Tune Review) as nothing more than another 'Yes Minister' review.

“The Federation calls upon the Prime Minister, the Government, the Opposition and Parliament as a whole, to categorically, unequivocally and forcefully reject and repudiate these reviews in favour of the TPI Federation's rightful claim, by immediately facilitating a corrective action to that 'compelling case' that the Prime Minister himself said existed, and that so many other policy makers have identified in various forums “as the most deserving issue in the Veteran community.”



National TPI Federation, President, Ms Pat McCabe OAM, said: "Like the flawed Productivity Commission and DVA/KPMG exercises before it, the Prime Minister's Tune Review has turned out to be nothing more than yet another distorted reverberation emanating out of that echo chamber known as DVA. Sir Humphrey would be very proud!"



"Contrary to Mr Tune's assertion, the Federation's 7-year campaign has only ever sought to affect a structural increase to the overall total payment in TPI compensation, as a means of restoring the 'Living Wage' legislative provision for which the Parliament had originally intended, but that DVA has allowed to erode."

"The Federation takes great exception to the continuous and scurrilous suggestions by bureaucratic forces that such restoration would require a fundamental change to the very fabric of a mature compensation entitlement that has existed for a hundred years." "When the Federation met only once with Mr Tune, he went to great lengths to assert that he was 'independent', presumably in an attempt to allay fears and disquiet about his appointment, but it became quickly evident to Federation Executives that Mr Tune had already been captured and was heavily influenced by the flawed thinking and misrepresentations of DVA and its KPMG/Productivity Commission enablers."

"Suffice to say, neither the Tune Review nor the Government offered any further follow-up correspondence, no follow up consultation and no follow-up right of reply to any draft or policy consideration. "Outrageously, the Tune Review report misrepresents the Federation by stating that it was unable to construct an index from reliable sources. You can't get much better data for an index than that from the Reserve Bank of Australia".

"Even when explained in great detail, the Tune Review ignored the fact that the TPI Federation has only ever sought to obtain a structural increase to the whole payment, using only the notional economic loss component (as described by others) as a defensible means to determine a quantifiable deficiency (as measured against Australia's National Minimum Wage) in doing so."

"By any measure, 62% of the gross minimum wage for a TPI's 'notional economic loss' remains a serious blight on a succession of LNP Governments, who for over the last 7 years, have allowed themselves to be "hoodwinked" by a cabal of bureaucrats that continue to perpetuate falsities and financial harm against 28,000 of Australia's most disabled TPI Veterans."

Ms McCabe said that "the Veteran community and their extended families, are incensed that 28,000 of their most disabled mates are being treated in such a disgraceful way. The Prime Minister is sadly mistaken if he thinks that this is the last hurrah, because like Teddy Sheehan VC, every constituent member of this Federation will continue to 'fire their collective guns' for the benefit of 28,000 of Australia's most disabled Veterans until we sink below the water line."

Heads up people, there are some real weirdos in this Radschool group.
Someone messaged me asking to meet up in the woods for a naked Satanic ritual
and then they didn't even show up.



It looks like the poor old Poms are copping it too, seems a sense of humour is now banned everywhere. See [HERE](#).

To applaud a politician because he/she has built a hospital, a school, a road etc with public money is the same as applauding an ATM because it gives you your money.

The reason why?

Perhaps [THIS](#) is what's wrong. I think this Pommy bloke is spot on, let's rebel against all this crap, what do you think?? (If swearing offends you - don't watch it)

Where are they now?

Barry Wanstall

Michael Wass would like to get in touch with Barry Wanstall (ex ADGie and WOD) since he retired from helping local AAFC units. If there's a chance you have his contact details - I'd appreciate you letting him know I'd appreciate a brew and a yarn. *If you can help, let us know and we'll pass on the info to Michael – tb.*

Geoffrey Matthews.

Daniel Matthews writes: I am the middle son of [Geoffrey Matthews](#). OAM. and I noticed that you have a photo of him that I have never seen. Myself, and his only five grandchildren live in Yamanto QLD with my wife Ana (a nurse at Ipswich hospital) and due to the COVID-19 restrictions we were not able to travel to Vic as planned when we heard that he was seriously ill so sadly he did not get to meet the younger ones and none of us got to say farewell. The kids



accept that all of humanity is having a rough 2020 but it would be of some comfort if you could supply us with any digital copies of photos that you may have or any other information about his accomplishments as he was not one to brag about his work. *If you can help here, please send us your photos or info and we'll pass it on – tb.*

Keith Beardsmore.

We received the following from Andrew Beardsmore, he says: I am trying to locate and contact my uncle Keith Beardsmore; using the Internet to search I note that you have a member of that name in Queensland. It's entirely possible this is the incorrect Keith Beardsmore, but the gentleman I am looking to contact would've had a brother Edmund Michael Beardsmore (my Father) who has since passed. Originally from Shrewley, in the Midlands of England (Warwickshire), he left England a very long time ago to pursue a career in education in Australia. I believe he did his national service in England in the RAF, which would explain why he is a member of your organisation abroad. Please forward my details (The two email addresses above) on to your member, as I'm sure he will know whether or not he is the Keith Beardsmore I'm looking to contact. I am keen to learn more about my Father and their family, and also have family memorabilia, photos etc to pass on. Thank you for your time.





This page left blank.

Funeral benefit equality on hold.

[Ricochet – Dec 2020](#)

A 2019 recommendation that the funeral benefit for earlier veterans such as those from the Vietnam War be increased to align with that for more recent veterans is still to be considered by the Federal Government “in a Budget context”. (See [HERE](#))

This is the crux of a response from Minister for Veterans’ Affairs Mr Darren Chester to a post-budget inquiry from Ricochet to Member for Fairfax Mr Ted O’Brien.

As Mr Chester wrote: “Under the Veterans’ Entitlement Act 1986 (VEA), a payment of \$2000 is available for a large group of eligible veterans and, in some limited circumstances, their dependents ... “The Productivity Commission in its 2019 report, *A Better Way to Support Veterans*, at Recommendation 14.10, (below) identified the inadequacy of the VEA funeral payment when compared with funeral payments offered under different legislation.”



RECOMMENDATION 14.10 HARMONISE THE FUNERAL ALLOWANCE

The Australian Government should amend the Veterans’ Entitlements Act 1986 (VEA) to align its funeral allowance with the Military Rehabilitation and Compensation Act 2004 funeral expenses benefit for veterans who:

- were receiving the special rate of disability pension
- were receiving the extreme disablement adjustment pension
- were receiving an allowance for being a multiple amputee
- were a former prisoner of war
- died of service-related causes.

Other groups eligible for the VEA funeral allowance should remain on the existing benefit. The latter is a reference to veterans covered under rehabilitation acts which came in for later veterans (generally post-Vietnam except for some other service), for whom “a reimbursement amount of up to \$12,491.46 is available but with much stricter eligibility criteria,” Mr Chester wrote, “and, therefore, a more limited group of eligible veterans. This amount is intended to cover the cost of a funeral.”

The recommendation suggests “aligning the funeral payment under the VEA with the MRCA funeral payment, albeit for a limited group of veterans”. Mr Chester responds that the



recommendation is being considered by the Government, but “any change to legislative provisions such as this will need to be considered by Government in a Budget context”.

If you wish, you can read the report [HERE](#)

Icarus could have flown if he'd picked a cloudy day.

All Appy Reunion.

At this time the annual All Appy Reunion will go ahead at Werribee on Saturday the 23rd January. All Radio, Trades, JEATS and TechApp apprentices are encouraged to attend.

The reunion is held at the Werribee RSL, hangar doors open at 1.00pm and cost is \$20 per head which covers finger food and some drinks

“Roger” - a term used by pilots when they can't figure out what else to say.