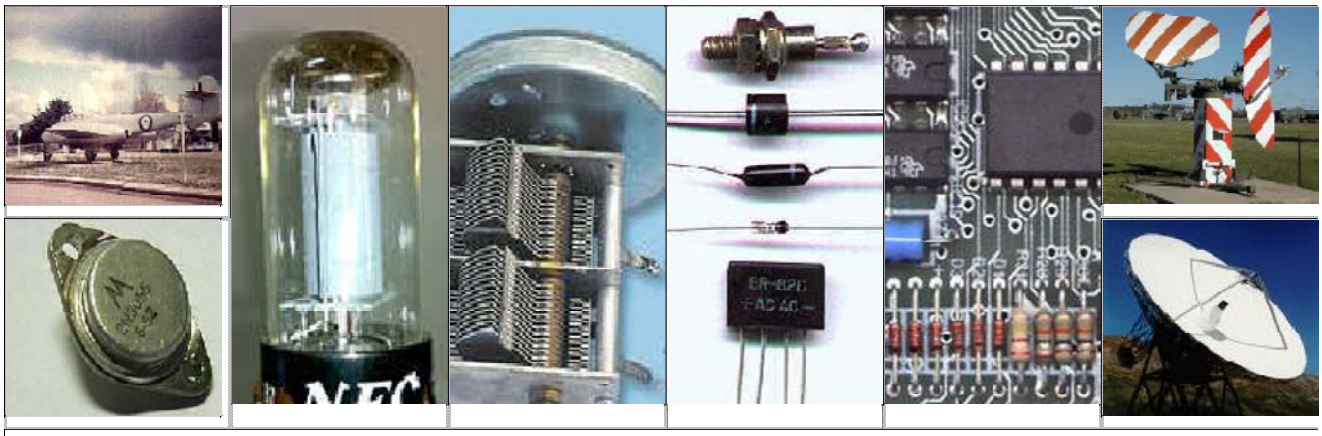

RAAF Radschool Association Magazine

Vol 27

January, 2009

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

See Page 2

Doug Barthelson has a bunch of photos taken yonks ago at Laverton, but doesn't have any names and/or details of where the people in the pics are today. Perhaps you can help.

See Page 3

If you still run Windows XP, and you don't want to up date to Vista, how will you maintain the O/S once Microsoft ends its support. You don't know? Good thing Sam knows:

See Page 4

We ran a survey and asked how big an engine you had in your car - you told us.

See Page 5

If you have a colour printer that uses individual colour ink reservoirs, you could be losing money. Sam shows us how to get the most out of those little ink pots.

See Page 6

Ron Raymond tells us about his early days in the RAAF as an Apprentice framie and his eventual remuster to general duties.

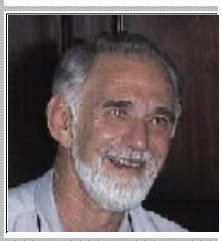
See page 7

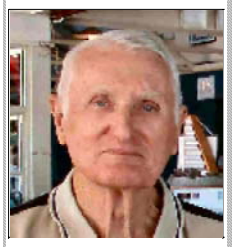
The days of the DC3 might be numbered, but wasn't it a great old machine.....

See Page 8

There's the old Sydney - Melbourne, Ford - Holden, Qld - NSW rivalry, but Frank reckons the real battle is between PC and Apple.

See Page 9





The blokes from Base Radio Peace and their wives got together in Feb for a knees up.

See Page 10

The old Caribou is on the way out, at long last. By Christmas 38Sqn will be flying super King Airs.

See Page 13

Global warming is in the news again, we look at both sides of the argument - and we're still confused.

See Page 16

This is where you have your say. We look forward to getting your letters - so please keep them coming.

See page 19

Download full magazine HERE (File is very large and will take a while to download)

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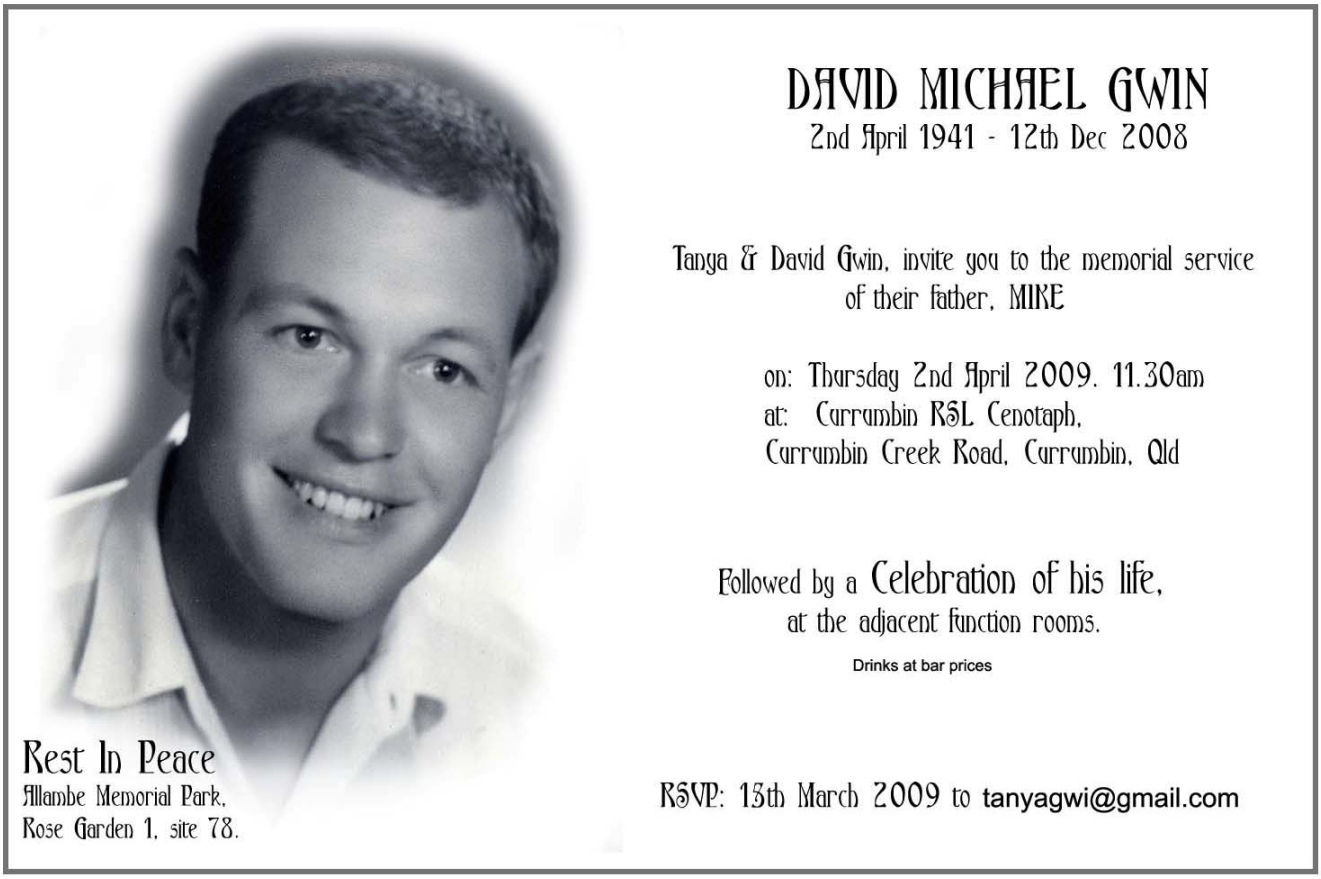
IN MEMORANDUM

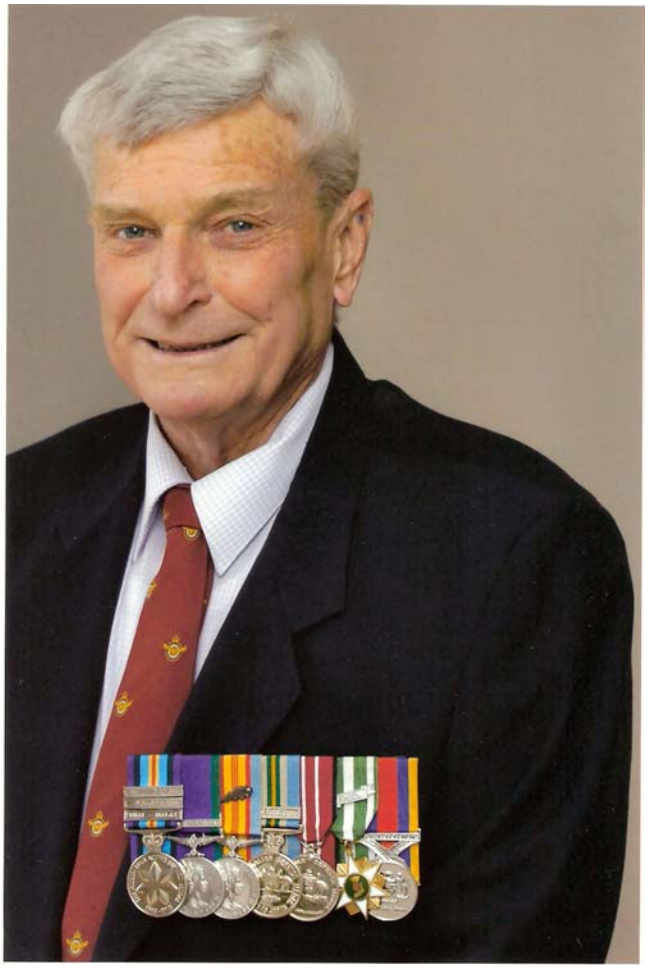
Kev Rosser wrote to say:- "An old friend of mine, Mick Lawson, an ex TELSTECH, rang me a short while ago to tell me that **Ross Lenske** had died. Ross was a RADTECHA and passed through Radschool in 1965/6 or early 1967. I never met him while we were in the RAAF but I rubbed shoulders with him when I joined Queensland Railways in 1990. He was based at Hughenden as the resident Tech for, I believe 18 years, before I replaced him when he relocated to Emerald (North Western QLD). He returned to Hughenden several years ago and actually died on the job. He was a passenger in a small helicopter, returning from a remote radio site in western QLD when the pilot realised that he wasn't responding. Ross had heart surgery at least 12 years ago. I hadn't had contact with Ross for a couple of years. There will blokes who will remember him".



From Ernie Gimm, "It is my sad duty to advise of the passing of well known 'Communicator' **Graham Beckman**. Graham died on the 20th January and his funeral was held on the 28th January at the Chapel of Centenary Memorial Gardens, Sumner, Qld. Graham was a well know

member of the Comms fraternity and many will remember him as an instructor at Radschool, Laverton in the 60's. Others will remember him as the likable rascal that he was. He was an ardent punter and owned his own greyhound. I seem to recall that his wife was a Sgt Switchie in 1968. He will be missed by all who knew him and our thoughts go out to his family and friends on this sad occasion".

Ernie Gimm also advises us that **Bob Laxtor** passed away on the 4th Feb from complications following a stroke. His funeral was held on Tuesday 10th Feb at the Crematorium in Nambour (Qld) and he was later buried in the RSL section.



Steve Hartigan advises us that **Cliff Dohle** (right) has passed away and was buried on Monday the 9th February 2009 at St Paul's Anglican Church, Seville, Vic. Cliff was a pilot with 9 Sqn in Vung Tau from June 1966 to October 1966 from whence he was awarded a MID. Cliff's experiences in Vietnam were mentioned in Parliament – you can read the speech HERE. Our deepest condolences to his family.

Noel Hatfield advises that our friend and colleague, **Tom Douglas** passed away peacefully at his home in the early hours of Wednesday 4th February 2009 with his family by his side: loving husband of Lucy, father of Glen and Adam, father-in-law of Alison and Jody and extremely proud Pop to Abigail and Lily. For the past two years, Tom had been fighting a battle with cancer. His funeral was held in the Boyd Chapel SPRINGVALE (Vic) on Monday the 9th February, 2009.

Dave Bell advises that **John Tully** passed away late in 2008, he thinks it was on 30 Nov? He died of cancer after just over a 12 month battle. His funeral was in Brisbane. Unfortunately, we have no further details

Ernie Gimm advises that**:**

- **Tom Clancy** has passed away after battling cancer for some years. Tom was an ex RAAF FSgt Radtechg and spent some time at Radschool in the late 1960's as an

instructor. He passed away peacefully at home on Tuesday 10th Feb and is survived by his wife Lynne and sons David and Denis and their families. His funeral service was held on Monday 16th Feb 2009 at the Lakes Chapel in Townsville. Some would remember him as the NCO/IC 11 Mile Transmitting Station in Darwin in the late 60's early 70's. Tom's first wife was a Pharmacist who died of a brain haemorrhage during that time. He returned to RAAF Townsville from Darwin where he later took his discharge and remained in Townsville ever since. He and his wife were very much involved in Toastmasters and the Choral Society. He will be sadly missed.

- **Ron Baxter** (Ex WNG/CDR EngRad - right) passed away suddenly on Saturday 21 Feb 09. He went to hospital for investigative surgery on a shadow on his lung and died of heart failure a couple of days after the surgery. His funeral was held on Friday 27th Feb followed by a wake at the Caboolture Golf Club where Ron and his wife Lyn were members. He will be very sadly missed as he was a great mate.

- Another of our members, **John Edward (Speedy) Reid** of Collie, WA has passed away. His funeral was held at the Bunbury Funeral Home on Thursday 15th January 2009. Ernie says he shared a room at Butterworth with Speedy, Cowboy Cowan and Toby Longwill in 1960-62. He was a wild member who loved his motor bike and a cold beer on a hot day or any other day. He will be sadly missed.

Steve Hartigan advises the passing of **Peter Hewett** on the seventh of March. Peter was from Perth WA and joined the RAAF in March 1964. In 1966 he was posted to 5sqn at Fairbairn and in August 1967 spent 12 months with 9sqn in Vung Tau, Vietnam. Pete was an airframe fitter. He also spent some time in Pearce, Williamtown and Darwin on the then SAR attachments. Peter's funeral was held at the Crematorium Chapel, Traralgon Vic on Friday 13th March. He leaves a wife Wendy.

Dianne Buranyi-Trevarton got in touch, she says, "Dear Sir or Madam I am not sure if I have the right association or whether my Father was involved long enough with your association for you to have kept him on the member list, however, I do know that he and my mother came to a reunion in Ballarat some years ago, which meant a lot to him.

He had served his National Service at RAAF Radschool Laverton in the early 1950's. (I think about 1952/1953). Anyway, this is just a courtesy email to advise that my father, **Bruce Murray HALL** passed away on Thursday the 8th January, 2009. At the time he was living in Clapham, SA. He was 74 years old and had been sick for the last two years (dementia), and went into a nursing home a year ago. Both my parents have now passed away in the last 6 months.

His National Service was significant to our family, as in 1978 I married the son of his friend, Robert William Field, from Melbourne, that he had met through his National Service. Although

the marriage ended and I have since remarried, it still remains a significant influence on my life. My eldest son is from that marriage.

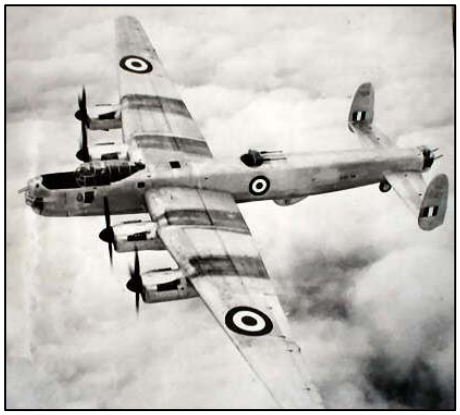
I just wanted you to know in case anyone from that reunion has been trying to contact him".

Radschool Staff – we name still more names!!

Frank Oostenbroek got in touch, he's got some names, he says in the back row, from Left to right, I think No 1 is Chuck Broadbent No 2 is Geoff Myers No 3 is Harry Shilton, but Rod James also got in touch, he said back row left is Allan Longston, and he knows this because Allan on 24 Appy with him. Centre row left is a bloke off 25 Appy but he doesn't remember his name. Re, the photograph of the RADS Staff that you have been trying to add names to faces. Ian Champion got in touch too, he says the bloke in the middle row, far left, is Paul Daniels

So, now we have……

Back Row L-R: Allan Longston, Geoff Myers, Harry Shilton, Ray Blake, Peter Coleman, Noel Green, ?? ??,
Middle Row L-R: Paul Daniels, ?? ??, Alan Plummer, ?? ??, Peter Fraser, ?? ??, Trevor Forbes,
Front Row L-R: ?? ??, Graham Brownrigg, Dickie Bird, Trevor Brougham (EDO), Nick Ward (EDO), John Dallimore, Andrew Elverston, Jim Lander, Bugs Rose, ?? ??,



Eddie Young told us, last issue, about his time at 82 Wing at Amberley, many moons ago, when he was servicing the 5043 Marconi transceiver which was in the Lincoln.

Peter Holmes from Burnie saw the story and he adds: The Lincolns had an English Marconi Transceiver with

interchangeable 807's with front access. It also had pretty coloured knobs. He says “the American Bendix 5043 was a VHF transceiver, one of the earlier sets with peanut bottles (mini valves)”. Peter said “he serviced and installed many at ARDU in Mustangs etc. but these had top access”.

He said “I did a lot of research on the set due to its heating problems, particularly in the Mustangs on the strip at Woomera”.

He ended up replacing most of the 0.25watt resistors and condensers with 1watt units – which sorted out the problem.

Recommendations were made to Bendix America who were very pleased with the research, sending a big thank you to the ‘Egg Board’ and confirming ALL sets in future would carry said mods”.

He says “their SqnLdr, a Roy Fairbank got W/cdr and Ft/lt A Fisher made SqnLdr, but he and his mates. Waller and Marsden stayed ERKS”.

Murphy's Technology Law #1:
You can never tell which way the train went by looking at the track.

TPHONEOP COURSES.

Douglas Barthelson sent us these photos, he has many more, and wonders if anyone can provide him with details on any of the girls, to which bases did they go, where did they work, where are they now….He doesn't have all the names either, and would like to fill in the blanks. If you can provide any details, please get in touch with us and we'll pass it on. No names except for the girl in the front row, in the photo below, second from the left, who is ACW Kennedy. Can anyone name any of the girls??

No 52 TPHONEOP COURSES – APPROX 1977

No 54 TPHONEOP COURSE.

L–R. ACW Westbrook, ACW Armstrong.

Doug says he recently inherited a huge pile of photographs of people on the following courses, TPRINOPS, TELSOPS, EDPOPS, SWITCHIES, TELEGS, CISCONS, and COMMSOPS.

Lots of marriages took place between a good number of technicans and operators over the years.

He says, “There is a small group of us attempting to rename all the members in this pile of photographs and just maybe some of your members could help.”

A very modest elderly man was in the hospital for a series of tests. One of the last tests had left his system upset. Upon making several trips to the toilet, all of which were false alarms, he decided the latest call was just another false alarm and he stayed put.

Unfortunately, very soon afterwards, he completely lost control and filled his bed with human waste which embarrassed him beyond anything he could possibly face. Losing his presence of mind, he jumped up, gathered up all the bed sheets, and tossed the lot out the hospital window.

A drunk was walking by the hospital when the sheets landed on him. He started yelling, cussing, swinging his arms and jumping up and down wildly which left the soiled sheets in a tangled pile at his feet. As the drunk stood there staring down at the sheets, a security guard who had watched the whole incident walked up and asked "What the hell was that all about?"

Still staring down, the drunk replied: "I dunno mate, but I think I just beat the s**t out of a ghost!"

3 Radio Technician Course (Ground).

Col O'Brien sent us this photo which of number 3 RTC Radar Famil course, which he was on. The Course started on the 25th February 1957 and finished on the 17 July 1957. Col wonders how many of the blokes are still with us. Does anyone know where any of the other blokes are these days??

They are, **Back row, L-R:** Cpl L Wright, Sgt J Chamberlain, Sgt B Garrick, Sgt N Dunn, Sgt C O'Brien, LAC A Wright,
Front row, L-R: LAC B Traci-Patti, Cpl P Millar, Cpl K Sutherland, Sgt J Blythman, Sgt J Kelly, Sgt A Barty, Cpl K Nuggent

Murphy's Technology Law #2:
Tell a man there are 300 billion stars in the universe, and he'll believe you.
Tell him a seat has wet paint on it, and he'll have to touch it to be sure.

25 Appy.

This photo (below) was taken on Graduation Day 12 September, 1973, when 25 blokes from 25 Appy, known as the Frogs, finished their 2½ year slog at Laverton.

They are organising a reunion, and if you were on 25 Appy – you'd better be there or bring a note. More details as they come to hand.

Click on the photo to see the names.

Murphy's Technology Law #3:
The first myth of management is that it exists.

And Peter Munzenberger informs us that 24 Radio Apprentice Course is having a reunion in Nelson Bay in October this year. It will be interesting to see how much everyone has changed over the years. More details as they come to hand.

Computers and Stuff.

Sam Houliston.

How to maintain XP after Microsoft ends support.

Microsoft CEO Steve Ballmer (right) said recently that it's OK with him if you want to stick with Windows XP until Windows 7 is available late next year.

XP lovers may still be able to buy a new PC with that operating system installed for another year or so, but unfortunately, Microsoft plans to end most free support for the OS in the near future.

On that date — Apr. 14, 2009 — millions of PC users, some of whom bought their systems less than a year earlier, will be left in the lurch. These users will have to pay Microsoft for Windows XP support, although downloading critical security patches is expected to remain free of charge.

The end of support is planned despite the fact that consumers can still buy a new PC that runs XP rather than Vista, which was released nearly two years ago. It's ironic that no less a personage than Microsoft chief Ballmer tells users that staying with XP until Windows 7 ships late next year is a viable option.

What's a poor Windows XP user to do?

If voting could really change things, it would be illegal.

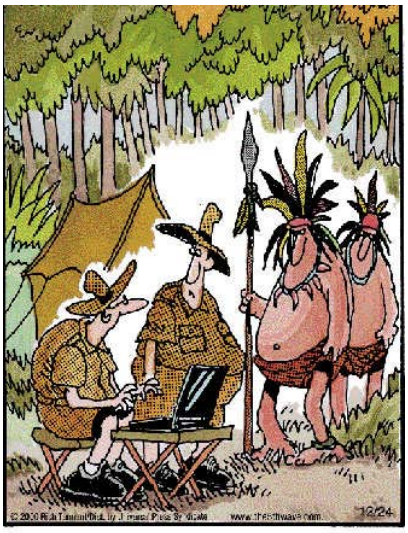
Third-party vendors pledge XP compatibility

Ballmer has said repeatedly over the past 10 to 15 years that the stiffest competition a new version of Windows confronts in the marketplace is the previous version of Windows. If the previous version is "good enough," then a lot of people won't buy the upgrade. XP just may prove Ballmer right.

According to a study by Gartner, there will be more than 1 billion computers in use worldwide by the end of 2008. The vast majority of them run Windows XP.

In fact, according to an analysis by Web analytics firm Net Applications, some 68 percent of the client computers in use around the world use XP. The OS's closest challenger, Vista, represents just over 19 percent of the worldwide PC market. If these stats are accurate, there are nearly 700 million copies of XP on the planet.

While Vista has been picking up steam in recent months, it still has a long way to go to catch up with its older, more mature sibling. Even if Microsoft redoubles its efforts to market Vista, it's unlikely the newer version could pass XP in installed numbers by late 2009, which is when Microsoft officials hint that Windows 7 might be available.



"He saw your laptop and wants to know if he can check his Hotmail."

Anyone who uses XP, whether on a new machine or an early 2000s model, has to wonder whether new hardware and software will continue to support the old OS.

The answer is a qualified "yes."

XP's huge installed base helps to ensure that hardware and software companies are continuing to support their existing XP users while also making sure their new products will work with the OS. Every one of several third-party hardware and software firms I checked with claims its new products will be compatible with both Vista and XP. (If you've got Vista, and you're unsure of how to use it, or perhaps you would like to see where Vista differs from XP, you can download the manual HERE)

For now, anyway, losing the support of third-party vendors is far from the biggest threat facing anyone who sticks with XP. The bigger problem is Microsoft's impending free-support cut-off date for the OS.

XP's support has been extended once before Microsoft's policy is to support each version of its operating system for 10 years. For the first five years, users get "mainstream" support, which combines free help and fee-based services. This is in addition to the standard patches and hotfixes that Microsoft periodically releases. The second five-year period constitutes "extended" support. During this time, users must pay for support, aside from critical patches that continue to be offered by the company for free.

XP will reach the end of mainstream support on Apr. 14, 2009, despite the fact that Service Pack 3 for XP was released just last spring. (XP first shipped in late 2001, so the end of its mainstream support is coming more than two years later than is typical — a testament to XP's popularity.) After April 2009, XP moves into the extended-support period, which is expected to last through to Apr. 8, 2014.

Under extended support, if you encounter problems installing a security patch or other critical fix, tech support will help you free of charge. Any other help from Microsoft tech support, however, will be on a pay-per-incident basis. Microsoft currently charges $59 per incident for help with operating-system problems.

If you bought a new PC with XP preinstalled, it's important to note that you must contact your PC maker for all support. Microsoft has assembled a list of phone numbers and support sites for major PC vendors. Even though Microsoft has cut off retail sales of XP, the company will continue to allow PC vendors to sell XP Professional on new systems. Today, that's usually done by opting for the vendor's "downgrade" license, which lets the buyer choose between Vista and XP Pro.

Donald Duck comics were once banned in Finland because he doesn't wear pants

For example, Dell Computer says it will sell systems with XP as a downgrade option through to 2009 and possibly longer. There are plenty of XP resources out there Of course, you aren't stuck with Microsoft when it comes to your XP support options. If you're looking for an XP device driver, and you're not having much luck with the vendors' sites, try browsing through the posts at various PC community forums.

Forums are great places to post questions and (hopefully) receive answers from other users who have experienced the same problems and found solutions. Microsoft's XP newsgroups are a good place to start. Other useful XP support sites include the TechArena community, BoardReader, and AllExperts.

You'll find all types of XP support from the members of PC user groups, many of which offer live, in-person meetings where participants exchange tips and solutions. Listings for Microsoft user groups are available at the Microsoft Mindshare site.

These are by no means all the support options available to XP users, but they provide a starting point to help you keep XP alive and well until something better comes along — whether another flavour of Windows or something completely different.

And – regardless of whether you use XP or Vista, maybe you're interested in looking at some of the free alternatives to Microsoft Office. The two main ones would be Open Office (from Sun) and Lotus Symphony.

In terms of functionality and compatibility with the latest Microsoft Office, version 3 of Open Office would be the most comprehensive, but a lot of people would prefer the look and feel of Lotus Symphony (a free IBM product). Open Office Version 3, which has recently been released, has greatly improved support for the more exotic features of Microsoft Office (as compared to version 2).

I use Open Office on both Ubuntu-Linux and Windows operating systems. My PC at home has 3 hard drives, one boots Ubuntu, one boots XP and the other boots Vista. At startup time a menu lets you choose which one to start. For anti virus software I use AVG on XP, and Avast on Vista, and at present I don't think Ubuntu needs an AV product.

Memory:

If you're looking to upgrade your computer's memory, you'll notice there are all sorts of memory available, you can get SDRAM memory or DDR memory etc etc – confusing isn't it, what's it all about? Here is a rough rule of thumb of what sort of memory is used where!!!

-30 pin SIMMs (386 & 486 PCs mostly)
-72 pin SIMMs (486 and a very few very early Pentium PCs)
-SDRAM (Pentiums, 1996 to about 2003)
-RDRAM (Pentium 4's mostly, 1999 to 2002)
-DDR (2003 to about 2005)
-DDR2 (2005 to present)
-DDR3 (2007 to present)

Anyone among you who believes you are Technologically Challenged,
Take heart, you "ain't seen nuthin" yet.

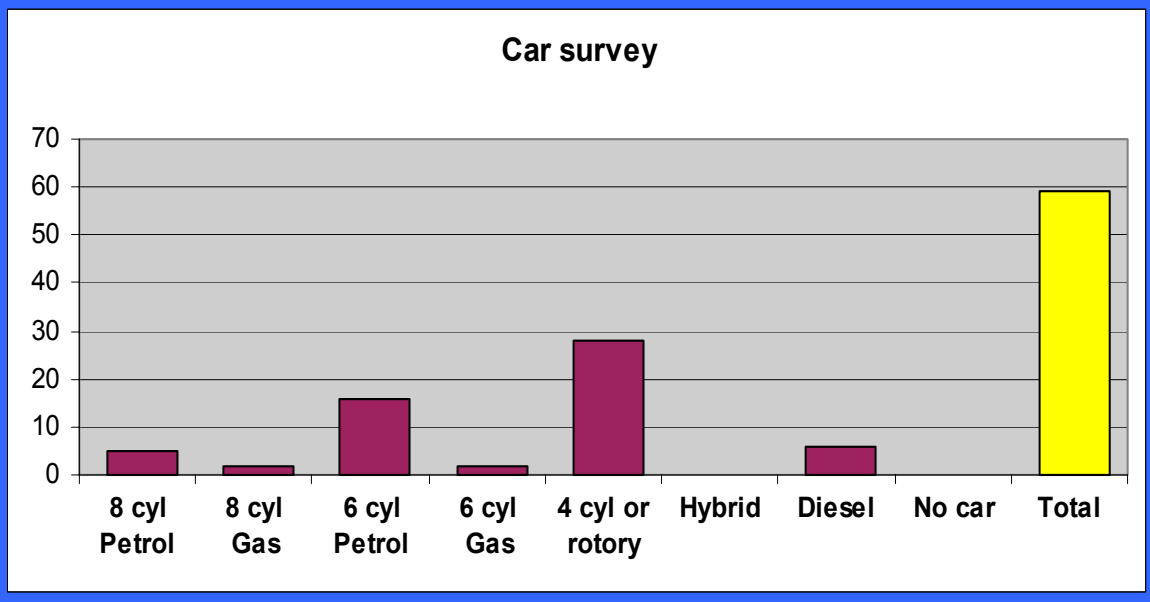
What you drive survey.

Last issue we asked what size of engine you had in the car you drove – we received 59 replies, and as expected, the 4 cylinder car was the most popular with 47.5% of respondents owning one. Next most popular was the 6 cylinder car with 27.1% followed by diesel owners who represented 10%. Nobody admitted to having a hybrid or of not owning a car.

The results are shown below.

What type of car do you drive?

8 cyl Petrol	8 cyl Gas	6 cyl Petrol	6 cyl Gas	4 cyl or rotory	Hybrid	Diesel	No car	Total
5	2	16	2	28	0	6	0	59
8.5%	3.4%	27.1%	3.4%	47.5%	0.0%	10.2%	0.0%	



Well, if the 4 cylinder car is the most popular, we wondered what make of car people prefer, so this time we have asked you to tell us what make of car you drive. It only takes a few seconds to complete, you do it all online, so please let us know and we'll publish the results next issue.

All replies are strictly confidential, none of your details, not even your email address, is sent to us.

You'll find the "make of car you drive" survey HERE,

Health Survey

Some time ago we mentioned that Russell Walker was conducting a health study on Ex-RAAF people who were involved in fixing or operating the RAAF's radio/radar equipment. He says"

The responses to the health survey have been a bit slow lately and more cases would be most helpful to the study. While I recognise that it may well be a sensitive issue, details of deceased personnel and in particular details of the reason for their passing would also be beneficial to the study. The more I delve into this subject the more I am convinced that exposure to the various chemical cocktails in our working environments has a lot to answer for. The key illnesses emerging from the study are dementia, and mental illness, headaches, skin problems (including eczema, psoriasis, skin cancers and melanoma) eye problems, cancers of various forms (including bone, organ, blood), kidney problems and gall bladder issues, shingles. This is not the complete list but these problems appear regularly.

Russell would like to have a report ready by May 2009. If you would like to take part, you will find the survey HERE

An elderly gentleman had serious hearing problems for a number of years. He went to the Doctor and the Doctor was able to have him fitted for a set of hearing aids that allowed the gentleman to hear 100% He went back to the Doctor a month after the fitting for a check up and the doctor said, 'Your hearing is perfect. Your family must be really pleased that you can hear again.'

The old bloke replied, 'Oh, I haven't told my family yet. I just sit around and listen to the conversations. I've changed my will three times!'

Prime Ministerial Advisory Council.

The Prime Ministerial Advisory Council on Ex-Service Matters is a body established to consider and advise the Prime Minister and Government on strategic and complex matters. Its aim is to:

- provide advice on the major issues affecting the ex-service and defence communities and influence policy to better the future for members of these communities;

- advise on ex-service matters which directly impact on the responsibilities of other government departments;
- review proposed legislation and its impact on the ex-service and defence communities, (where required); and
- consider and assist the prioritising of issues raised or referred by the Prime Minister and/or the Minister.

Details of the PMAC can be found at its website: http://minister.dva.gov.au/PMAC/index.htm

There is now a facility available which enables submissions to be made direct to the Council at that site. If you are interested in matters affecting the Defence community the site is quite informative. You can also talk with me via this email medium if you wish.

Frank Benfield
PMAC

Out in the shed with Ted.

Ted McEvoy

The answer to every man's dream.

A new nail gun for the do it yourselfer!!

Introducing the newest nail gun, the 16D rapid fire made by Dewalt. It can drive a 16-D nail through a hunk of 4 X 2 at 200 yards. This makes construction a breeze. You can sit back in your favourite out-door chair, relax with a cold one and build a fence. Just get the wife to hold the fence palings in place and when she's ready, take aim and fire off a nail. With the hundred round magazine, you can build the fence with a minimum of effort. And as an added bonus, after a day of fence building with the new Dewalt Rapid fire nail gun, the wife will not ask you to fix or build anything ever again..

Printer Ink.

If you've got an ink jet colour printer, one which has those super expensive individual ink reservoirs that have a bit of circuitry built into them, then you might be wasting a pile of money by throwing out some valuable ink. To understand why, we must first understand how the ink cartidge works.

An inkjet printer is any printer that fires extremely small droplets of ink onto paper to create an image. If you've ever looked closely at a piece of paper that has come out of an ink jet printer, you know that:

- The dots are extremely small (between 10 and 30 dots per millimeter).
- The dots are positioned very precisely.
- In colour printers, the dots have multiple colors.

Manufacturers have incorporated part of the printer's actual print head into the cartridge itself. They believe that since the print head is the part of the printer that is most likely to wear out, replacing it every time you replace the cartridge increases the life of the printer. The cartridge fits into the main print head which is moved across the paper and which 'squirts' small amounts of ink onto the paper.

A small but sophisticated piece of circuitry is built into the printer itself and this controls the movement of the print head as well as storing then decoding the information sent to the printer from the computer.

There are two main inkjet technologies currently used by printer manufacturers:

Thermal bubble – This technology is by far the most popular and is used by manufacturers such as Canon and Hewlett Packard and is commonly referred to as bubble jet. In a thermal bubble inkjet printer, tiny resistors create heat, and this heat vaporizes ink to create a bubble. As the bubble expands, some of the ink is pushed out of a nozzle onto the paper.

When the bubble "pops" (collapses), a vacuum is created. This pulls more ink into the print head from the cartridge ready for the next 'print'. A typical bubble jet print head has 300 or 600 tiny nozzles which are miniscule in size, each being about 70% the diameter of a human hair and all of them can fire a droplet simultaneously.

Piezoelectric – This technology was patented by Epson and uses piezo crystals. A crystal is located at the back of the ink reservoir of each nozzle. The crystal receives a tiny electric charge that causes it to vibrate. When the crystal vibrates inward, it forces a tiny amount of ink out of the nozzle. When it vibrates out, it pulls some more ink into the reservoir to replace the ink sprayed out.

Because of the two different technologies, you must be careful when and if you fill your own cartridges, Different manufacturers use different inks. For example, thermal bubble inkjets need ink that is more stable at higher temperatures than piezoelectric printers. The use of an incorrect ink can damage your printer.

No matter which type of machine you have, if the ink cartridge has some built in circuitry, then odds on you are throwing out valuable ink each time you replace the cartridge. Click HERE to see why that is and to see what to do to stop wasting money.

Two old blokes, one 80 and the other 87, were sitting on their usual park bench one morning. The 87 year old had just finished his morning jog and wasn't even short of breath. The 80 year old was amazed at his friend's stamina and asked him what he did to have so much energy. The 87 year old said, "Well, I eat rye bread every day. It keeps your energy level high and you'll have great stamina with the ladies." So, on the way home, 80 year old stops at the bakery. As he was looking around, the lady asked if he needed any help. He said, "Do you have any Rye bread?" She said, "Yes, there's a whole shelf of it. Would you like some?" He said, "I want 5 loaves please." She said, "My goodness, 5 loaves ... by the time you get to the 5th loaf, it'll be a hard as a brick." He replied, "I can't believe it, everybody knows about this stuff except me."

5 MINUTE CHOCOLATE MUG CAKE

For all you bachelor type bods who have a sweet tooth, try this….

4 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons cocoa
1 egg
3 tablespoons milk
3 tablespoons oil
3 tablespoons chocolate chips (optional)
a small splash of vanilla extract
1 large coffee mug

Spray the insides of a large mug with cooking oil, add dry ingredients and mix well. Add the egg and mix thoroughly. Pour in the milk and oil and mix well. Add the chocolate chips (if using) and vanilla extract, and mix again. Put your mug in the microwave and cook for 3 minutes at full power. The cake will rise over the top of the mug, but don't be alarmed! Allow to cool a little, and tip out onto a plate. EAT! (this can serve 2 if you want to feel slightly more virtuous).

My older friend surprised us all and fell pregnant and gave birth to a lovely healthy baby boy, so I went to visit. After being there a little while I said, 'May I see the new baby?' 'Not yet,' She said 'I'll make coffee and we can sit and talk for a while first.'

Thirty minutes passed, and so I asked again, 'Can I see the new baby now?' 'No, not yet,' She said. After another 10 or so minutes, I asked again, 'Can I see the baby now?' 'No, not yet,' replied my friend.

Growing a bit impatient, I asked, 'Well, when can I see the baby?' 'WHEN HE CRIES!' she told me. 'WHEN HE CRIES?' I said. 'Why do I have to wait until he CRIES?'

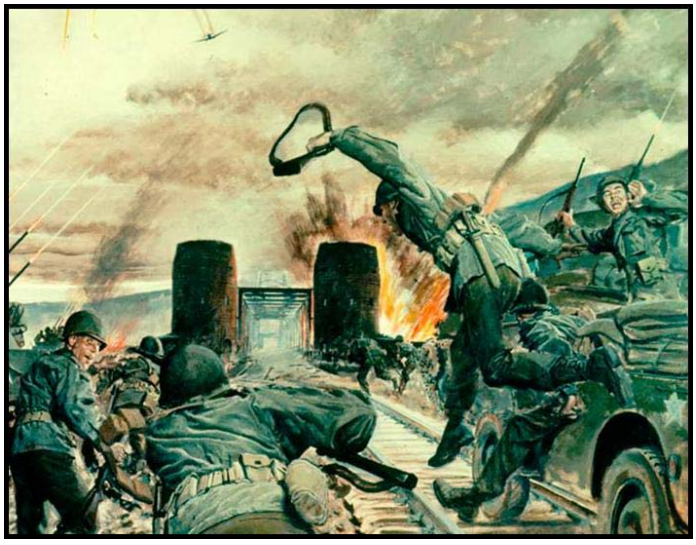
She replied - 'BECAUSE I FORGET WHERE I PUT HIM"

World War 2.

If you're a little unsure as to what actually happened during World War 2, which countries were over-run by Germany, and in which order, and then, where and when did the Allies start to hit back – if so, then click on the photo at right and you'll find out. It's a big file so allow a couple of minutes for it to load.

You'll need Power Point and sound and click your left mouse button to advance.

Someone has gone to a lot of trouble.



Wings of Love.

We were recently sent one of the raw sound demo's Francis Edwards has sent to a few recording studios requesting a quote to produce, record and master an 18 song album for 'Veteran Soul' - The Vietnam Veterans' Community Choir!

The single demo is raw - incomplete and a bare bones attempt at giving serious studios an overview of what the Vietnam Vet community is looking for and a chance to legitimately pitch for our business - DVA Grant money that is. Francis and his team have an 18 song CD they want to record and release to let all of Australia know that the Vietnam Vet community has a lot to offer still.

They need your help in supporting what we are all trying to achieve on behalf of every Vietnam Veteran and that is: "***To have a voice that shows Australia that we are not dead and that we care for the world our that grandkids get to grow up in***". We feel our first focus should be on doing our bit to beat the homeless people situation in this country of ours.

You can download the demo song HERE.

If you feel that this is worth doing (forming a veteran's choir to sing out in support of all of Australia's downtrodden and our wishes for tomorrow), then please send an email to Marilyn and say so! Marilyn will in turn send it on to Alan Griffin.

A very shapely blonde goes to her local pet shop in search of an 'exotic' pet. As she looks about, she notices a box full of live frogs.

The sign says: 'SEX FROGS' Only $20 each! Comes with 'complete' instructions.

The girl excitedly looks around to see if anybody's watching her. She whispers softly to the man behind the counter, 'I'll TAKE one!'

As the man packages the frog, he quietly says to her, 'Just follow the instructions! The blonde nods, grabs the box and is quickly on her way home. As soon as she closes the door to her apartment, she opens the instructions and reads them very carefully.

1. Take a shower.
2. Splash on some nice perfume.
3. Slip into a very sexy nightie.
4. Crawl into bed and place the frog down beside you, and allow the frog to do what he has been trained to do.

She does EXACTLY what is specified and quickly gets into bed with the frog and to her surprise . .. . NOTHING happens! The blonde is very disappointed and quite upset at this point.

She re-reads the instructions and notices at the bottom of the paper it says, 'If you have any problems or questions, please call the pet store.'

So, she calls the pet store. The man says, 'I'll be right over.' Within minutes, the man is ringing her doorbell. The blonde welcomes him in and says, 'See, I've done everything according to the instructions. The damn frog just SITS there!'

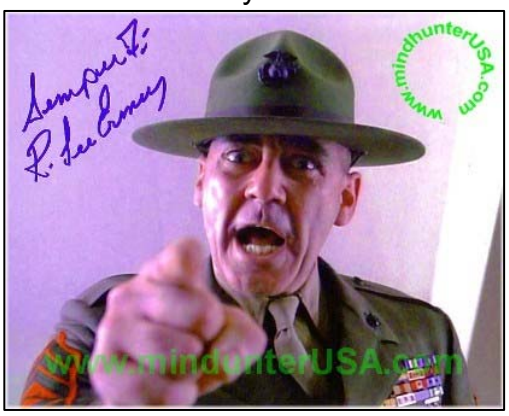
The man . . . looking very concerned, picks up the frog, stares 'directly into its eyes' and says:

'LISTEN TO ME!! I'm only going to show you how to do this ONE ... MORE ... TIME!!!'

Marine Sergeant's Press interview.

This is a little crude but this guy says it like it is. If dirty words offend you, don't read any further....

For the few of you who don't know, R. Lee Ermey is the host of The History Channel's "Mail Call" and he also played the part of the Drill Instructor in the movie, "Full Metal Jacket." He is a retired Marine Gunnery Sergeant and a very plain speaker.



At his first press conference, the main topic of discussion is a Marine in Iraq who shot an Iraqi insurgent to death.

We pick up as the reporter asks about "how this potential war crime will affect our image in the world":

Ermey: "What kind of a pansy-assed question is that?"

Reporter 1: "Well I think...."

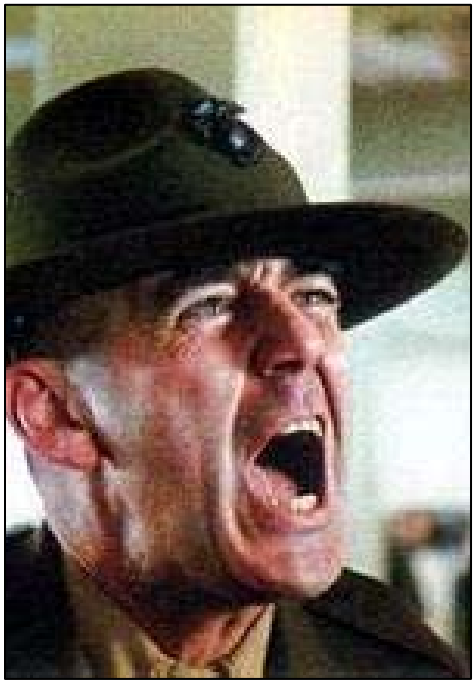
Ermey: "Think, fancy boy?? Get this through that septic tank on top of your shoulders, moron: I don't give a damn what you think, do you understand me? That marine shot an enemy combatant, shithead; so get your head out of your ass and deal with it before I make you my own personal pin cushion! Next question: "you in the blue suit."

Reporter 2: Don't you think that the world's opinion of our operations is important?

Ermey: "Oh sure! You don't know the times I have cried myself to sleep worrying about what some goddamned French pansy thinks! Oh the days I have had to weep because some shit eating terrorist scumbag might be mad at us, because we went into whatever god for-saken hole in the shit that he lives in and killed him. What the hell kind of dumbass question is that, you Peter-puffing jackass? We are the United States of America, and when you attack us, we are going to come to your house and blow your stinking camel-licking carcass into pieces so small we will be able to bury your sorry ass in a thimble!

Yeah, I know what you are thinking. You are probably afraid, thinking that I have such an "extreme" attitude and that I need to be more "sensitive" to other people's feelings. Well let me tell you something you pole-smoking pansy! I don't give two shits what you or anybody else thinks! This is a damn war, and if you can't handle that, then you should go home and suck on mamma's tit! Do you hear me you runt? Now get the hell out of my press room before I go crazy and beat the living shit out of you!

Next question: "you with the ugly-assed tie. Look at that thing! It is hideous!"



Reporter 3: " Aren't you going against the freedom of the press by.."

Ermey: "Freedom? What in blue hell do you know about freedom? I have sweated my ass off in jungles, while being shot at for this nation! What in the hell have you done you little shit-sucking weasel? When was the last time you put your ass on the line for anything? And yet you have the unmitigated temerity to show up here and Monday-morning quarterback the actions of a brave marine, who was defending himself and his unit from an attack by some murderous al-queda sympathizer! You wanna know what I am concerned about, numb-nuts? I am concerned about a bunch of grabasstic, organized morons with cameras and microphones doing their best to portray our brave men and women as war criminals! I am concerned about chicken-shit pansies that want us to negotiate with terrorists and whine about their piss-ant "freedoms"!

Reporter 3: "I ..."

Ermey: "Did you have a big bowl of stupid for breakfast this morning, numbnuts? I don't want to hear another word out of that commie cry hole in that shit-pile you call a head! ...and that goes triple for the rest of you pansy-assed morons! Now get the hell out of my press room before I shove my boot so far up your ass that you choke to death on my shoelaces!"

Unfortunately, the whole thing is false, it never happened – but it should have……..

Telemarketing

If you're a mobile phone user, and who isn't these days, did you know that from next month all mobile phone numbers go public. Mobile phone numbers are being released to telemarketing companies and you could start to receive telemarketing calls, unless you do something about it. Here is the link where you can enter your mobile and your land line numbers which, for the next three years, will put an end to telemarketing calls.
https://www.donotcall.gov.au/

The latest in hands free..

F

Bored old ladies in cars.

It must be my weird sense of humour, but I find this extraordinarily funny - click HERE

Stupid question

Katie Couric, (right) who is a reporter with CBS in the USA, while interviewing a Marine sniper, asked one of the all time most stupidest ever asked questions. She asked:-

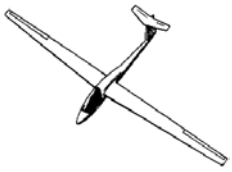
“What do you feel... when you shoot a Terrorist?"

The Marine shrugged and replied, “A slight recoil."

TRAINEE PILOT. – *Ron Raymond.*

A lot of people reading this will remember Ron Raymond, known affectionately to one and all as "R-Squared". He was on number 23 Pilots Course at Uranquinty and subsequently flew Lincolns and Caribou's among other aircraft, and after retirement, moved back to Moresby and flew with Air Niugini for many years. We remember him as the Sqn Ldr CO of 38 Sqn Det A in Port Moresby (right), late in 1968, and there are a heap of stories that we could tell about that little period in our life. Like the times we used to 'nick' the Mark 3 Inter to go to the Ela Beach RSL (for one or two Susy and Peters) and hide the old girl in the bushes beside the Com Bank girl's hostel, (the RSL club's long gone unfortunately) or of the trips into town in the VW combi with Neil Boss at the helm, (who said you can't 4 wheel drift a combi??) or of the golden rivet examinations in the back of the Caribou during the Detachment's social nights, but of course, as this is a family show, we won't.

Ron, these days, lives in New Zealand and is writing a novel titled "Throw a Nickel" which deals with air combat during the Korean War. He has written the following short story about his early days in the RAAF.



A tragedy of misspent youth.

I never really intended to become a pilot, not that I had anything against the vocation. It was just that, as a boy, my preference had been a life at sea; to serve as an apprentice deck officer in the merchant navy and eventually rise to command my own ship. That was what I had really wanted to do; in the event I finished up flying in the Royal Australian Air Force - so this is a story about that.

I missed my father, who had died earlier, a circumstance that, while a young bloke, eventually led to my departure to boarding schools, boarding houses and the company of bored youths seemingly hell bent on an appearance in the juvenile court. I have no idea what triggered *their* frustration but in my case, with nobody to counsel or control me, I simply licked my metaphorical wounds and did whatever took my fancy without further thought: sailing, racing bicycles, wandering the streets 'looking for fun', boxing, cricket, rugby; all financed by an overly indulgent grandfather. A totally hedonistic if not irresponsible approach to life; looking back I am surprised that girls played such a minor role in it all, although this is probably understandable

as I simply did not have the time or capital to fit them into a programme so full of trivia and self interest; anyway time enough for girls after the really important stuff.

While my grandfather attempted to guide me onto a more conventional path; the guidance fell short of supervised schooling and I duly failed my Queensland Junior Certificate examinations, all except English expression anyway. Mind you I had scored two tries during one august rugby match, won the one mile foot race during my house sports, raced my bicycle successfully on the quarter mile dirt track during the preliminaries at the Brisbane Speedway and acquired a nondescript sailing dinghy that would not point up to windward very well so the really important things in life were catered for.

And even though it was really all I wanted to do, my widowed mother flatly opposed my marine aspirations on the basis that the sea was full of carnivore ready to eat me on sight even though I tried to explain that most carnivore were land based mammals like lions and tigers rather than fish, an argument she dismissed with the observation that I could not swim very well either. Adding to her concern, my alcoholic step-father insisted I join the Airforce because he did not like me very much, an attitude heartily reciprocated on my part. It also seemed an uncle or somebody had been shot down in a Hawker Hurricane during the Battle for Britain. How an obscure relative's demise in 1940 could impact so completely on my life ten years after the event has always been lost on me.

Nevertheless, my elders prevailed. I duly completed the prescribed forms and packing a solitary bag to sustain me during my great leap into manhood, I left for the RAAF's Ground Training School, Forest Hill, Wagga Wagga, where I was confident I would become an Airforce pilot. Unfortunately the Airforce did not teach pilots at the Ground Training School, Forest Hill, Wagga Wagga - it trained mechanics; another fact that escaped me at the time. I thought the Airforce built its own aeroplanes and that everybody, apart from girls, flew those aeroplanes.

The awakening began as I stepped from a hot dusty Airforce truck, onto a hot dusty parade ground, in the middle of an equally hot dusty summer day in the Riverina. A crusty old Flight Sergeant drill instructor barked at my bewildered colleagues and me as we emerged from the vehicle and everybody stood up straight. The Flight Sergeant barked again and we all turned to the right. Another bark and we shuffled off in the direction of the hospital. "Left! Right! Left! Right! Smarten up there. You're airmen now, or will be when I'm through with you. So let's see real marching. Head up! Chin in! Chest out! Suck in that gut! Left! Right! Left! Right!" Some of us tried to meet the great man's expectations, some wondered what on earth he was talking about, and some were reaching the conclusion that they had just made the greatest mistake of their lives.

A fisherman traded a sea gull for a sausage – he took a turn for the wurst.

Sorry Rupe!

Eventually the assembly ambled to a stop – 'halted' the Flight Sergeant called it - outside the base hospital where we received a lecture from an ageing medical doctor on the danger of venereal disease, the hazard of irregular bowel movements, and the virtue of circumcision.

Most of us were intrigued that the first step in a military career involved a harangue on VD when we could barely spell it. We were then formed into a queue – single file the Flight Sergeant called it - and individually led into a surgery for vaccination, inoculation and a medical examination. Without knowing what was coming, I approached the medical with mild enthusiasm: if anything was wrong with me perhaps I would be rejected and allowed to go to sea after all. Unfortunately my hopes were dashed when I passed the examination with flying colours. In fact I don't doubt that I could have arrived comatose and still passed - fitness seemed confined to body temperature: you passed if you were warm, there was no escaping the clutches of the Airforce at that late stage.

At least the process was brief. The doctor studied my tongue while I said "Ah!" listened through a stethoscope while he tapped my chest; checked my blood pressure; peered into my eyes with a light; held my testicles while I coughed, and made me pee into a bottle. "Multiple moles on body," the man declared to an orderly noting detail on a clipboard, "Next!"

I dressed as quickly as I could and wandered aimlessly through the sole exit from the surgery. "You there!" the Flight Sergeant bellowed at me from a distance of four feet as I emerged into the heat, "Get your 'air cut!"

"Hair cut?"
"You 'erd me. Get your 'air cut. That queue over at that hut. Join the queue and the barber will cut your 'air!"

Apprentices of Hut 103 January 1950. Ron Raymond, second from right between Bushy Trimble and Tony (Bodgie) Garman.

I studied a line of recruits standing disconsolately in the blazing sun waiting their turn to 'ave their 'air cut.'

"Yes Sir," I replied obediently.
"And don't call me Sir. I'm a Senior NCO not a bleedin' officer. The NCO's run this Airforce make no mistake about that, and Flight Sergeants are the most senior of the Senior NCOs. You can't count Warrant Officers; they are almost officers even though they live in the Sergeant's Mess. Now do you know what a Senior NCO is lad?"

I felt quite confused over the complexity of the pecking order described by the Flight Sergeant.

"One of the officer who run the Airforce?"
"No, no, NCOs are *non*-commissioned officers. An officer holds the King's Commission."
"Yes Sir."
"Don't call me Sir I said. Call me Flight Sergeant if you must speak to me at all."
"Yes Flight Sergeant."
"Good."
"Excuse me Flight Sergeant."
"What now?"
"May I ask a question?"
"Of course lad; go ahead."
"When do we start learning to fly?"
"Gawd spare me bloody days. When do we start learning to fly the man said; I'll teach you to fly me hearty. You'll fly right across the bloody pathway – off the end of my boot if you don't get your 'air cut."

Entrance to RAAF Wagga today.

I remember joining the queue waiting outside the barber's room. Hitler had a lot to answer for when he shot down that Hawker Hurricane.

Despite the drill instructors,

the tedium of military routine, the discipline, and restrictions to my personal freedom; I settled into the life of an apprentice aircraft mechanic readily enough. I actually developed an interest in aircraft, even if I was never going to fly one. On the negative side, I found the syllabus obsolete; the training equipment archaic; the food monotonous, and the Wagga Wagga girls openly contemptuous of poorly paid RAAF erks in general and engineering apprentices in particular.

On a more positive note I spent three years learning to march; how to make a regulation bed roll; to hack the scale off cast iron with a cold chisel; to file a piece of steel square; to drill a straight hole, and to tap a thread through the hole. They taught me how to weld; to work a lathe, and all I needed to know about hollow rivets that held Hawker Demon biplanes together during the 1930s. As a bonus I learnt to hand stitch fabric to the wing ribs of a Tiger Moth, to trim its rigging by adjusting the flying and landing wires, to hand swing a propeller without losing an arm, and how to take a worn out Dakota transport aircraft apart. All very good stuff, but a totally inappropriate preparation for my ultimate posting to a jet fighter squadron and aeroplanes I had never seen in my life.

Our fortnightly pay as apprentices totalled five shillings (50¢), sufficient for one chocolate and attendance at the Friday night movies on the base each week. The Airforce looked after the rest; tooth paste, soap, razor blades, uniforms, meals, accommodation and occasional transport home; all provided we wrote a weekly letter to our parents, a formality the service took seriously enough to march our complete squadron to the apprentice mess on Monday evenings; call the roll to confirm our individual attendance and order us to 'sit and write!'. Our names were duly marked off as we handed our letter to the NCO noting the fact on a special form. I think the custom finally died under a weight of correspondence to King George, the Pope, Santa, Joe Stalin and a variety of film stars. Gradually a modicum of common sense must have filtered through to the corridors of power; our pay was increased to a princely thirty five shillings ($3.50) and the letter nights stopped. Wow! talk about a windfall, my back pay amounted to five pounds ($10.00) – enough to take three half hour flying lessons at thirty shillings ($3.00) with an extra two shillings and sixpence (25¢) for the flying instructor; not that I actually flew three times, I only took two lessons and squandered the rest on movies, pies and soft drinks in a massive splurge that I remember to this day.

After graduation I quickly found that life in a fighter squadron was not confined to maintaining the aeroplanes. There was a variety of extraneous tasks to punctuate an otherwise sensible routine: physical training, guards of honour, ceremonial parades, kitchen duties, general cleaning – emu parades the service called them - compulsory sport and guard duty. In fact the intensity of trivia prompted my attempt at selection for pilot training. The bitter cold and isolation of guard duty reinforced the decision.

I was on guard duty and had been assigned to foot patrol, sloshing my way around a beat until midnight; hunched deep into a greatcoat in search of protection from the rain and cold; my rifle slung inverted by its shoulder strap to prevent water entering the barrel. The night was total; pitch black, as dark as the inside of a coal miner's sock. I was miserable, tired and hungry. My boots were soaked. My feet were cold. My fingers felt frozen and my throat burnt in response to an imminent cold.

Each time I passed the Sergeant's Mess I could see into the anteroom, into the bar. I paused and watched the men grouped around the fireplace warmed by the flames; joking, laughing; enjoying the very basics of life: shelter and warmth. Things everybody took for granted; everybody except A33756 Leading Aircraftsman Ronald George Raymond, shivering, sniffing and fighting the threat of pneumonia. I studied the group. Most were pilots, a logical enough circumstance with the weather the way it was: a wet maritime southerly eliminating all hope of flying during the next 48 hours. They could afford to relax while I protected them; stood between them and the real world, the combined threat of saboteurs and partisans perhaps even the Chinese army itself. Of course nobody, not one of them, appreciated their debt to a humble mechanic. A dribble of ice cold water trickled from my beret, over my face and under the collar of my greatcoat. I sneezed, sniffed and sneezed again. That did it: no more mooching about in the cold and the rain, having to clean and oil my rifle before I went to bed. No more half warm tea in a bleak guard house. No more undressing in the cold and the dark; avoiding noise for fear of waking sleeping colleagues. I determined to be out of there - I was going to be a pilot and take my place in front of that fire.

Old Air Force saying – "If you see an armourer running, follow him".

I was waiting at the Orderly Room door when the Squadron returned to life the next morning. My application for pilot training was in the hands of the Adjutant twenty minutes later. After ten days I was ordered to present myself at the hospital for another round of medical checks. From there I poured over an unintelligible assortment of numbers and squares and circles at the education section; wrote an essay on why I desperately wanted to become a fighter pilot, and then returned to the maintenance hangar to await the outcome. After two weeks I was called before the Adjutant once again. "Your intelligence test leaves a bit to be desired," the Officer said.

"How's that Sir?" I replied. I had mixed feelings about my intelligence; I had been clever enough to pass my mechanics training, even achieve quite good marks in the final examination, however I had been dumb enough to join the Airforce in the first place.

"Speed and accuracy at routine," the Adjutant continued. "It says here your score at routine tasks is way down." The man pointed to a column of squares on a piece of green paper. The evidence was damning. The 'Accuracy at Routine' squares stopped well short of the other criteria. "What does that mean, Sir?" "I don't know son. The Education Officer knows all about these things, I'm just an air gunner."

The Adjutant paused and studied the offending squares; looked up at me standing at attention before his desk, and returned his eyes to the paper. “It probably means you wouldn’t make a very good bank teller or equipment clerk I suppose.” “No, I don’t think I would make a very good bank teller,” I agreed. “I think I’d be a good pilot though, I can fly a Tiger Moth already - I’ve got 100 hours. I also thought of becoming an air gunner, but you need very good eyes and quick reflexes for that,” I added diplomatically.

“It’s nothing really,” the Adjutant replied, modestly. “Comes automatically after a time.”

The officer studied me once more while he considered the matter. He obviously decided that I was probably what the Service wanted. Medium height; clear eyes; fair hair; well built and fit. I spoke well enough, wore my uniform neatly, and had good reports from my section commander: excellent cannon fodder actually. “Damn it man, you seem bright enough, certainly as intelligent as I am,” the Officer decided aloud. He inked in two more squares in the Speed and Accuracy column; shoved the piece of paper into a file marked *Pilot Applicants* and nodded his confirmation that the meeting was over. I saluted and left the office. I needed to disappear before my new found mentor changed his mind.

Another old Air Force saying – “The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire.”

After that the selection process went smoothly enough. Apart from ‘multiple moles on body’ the medical did not reveal any abnormality. I lied to anybody who would listen concerning my unbridled passion for fighters. I studied furiously to further my aeronautical vocabulary and my understanding of air combat. I broadened my knowledge of aircraft structures, aerodynamics and gunnery before finally presenting a massive bluff to the interview board concerning my enthusiasm for life in the RAAF. I doubt that The Board believed a word I said, but they probably agreed that anybody who went to all that trouble was worth a try. Years later I learnt that the board had rated me immature but as the Battle of Britain was won by a handful of equally immature 19 year olds I would probably do at a pinch; anyway there was a war on in Korea and the RAAF was losing fighter pilots at an alarming rate.

By the time I had read and studied and bluffed my way into aircrew, I had also convinced myself that flying military aeroplanes probably was not such a bad way to go anyway. Six months later, A33756 Trainee Pilot Ronald George Raymond found himself strapped in the open cockpit of a Tiger Moth above RAAF Base Uranquinty, Wagga Wagga, in the middle of winter. My feet were numb, my fingers were frozen and my nose was running from the blast of cold air thrown in my face by the slipstream. I felt as if I wanted to sneeze. ‘*Oh shit,’ I* thought, *‘absolutely nothing’s changed!’*

RAAF Pilot training in the fifties was not without its excitement, not that I had expected anything less or even thought about it much for that matter.

Three blondes died in a car crash trying to jump the Grand Canyon and are at the pearly gates of heaven. St.Peter tells them that they can enter the gates if they can answer one simple question. St. Peter asks the first blonde, "What is Easter?" The first blonde replies, "Oh, that's easy! It's the holiday in November when everyone gets together, eats turkey, and are thankful..." "Wrong!, You must go to HELL" replies St. Peter, and proceeds to ask the second blonde the same question, "What is Easter?" The second blonde replies, "Easter is the holiday in December when we put up a nice tree, exchange presents, and celebrate the birth of Jesus." St. Peter looks at the second blonde, bangs his head in disgust on the Pearly Gates, tells her she's wrong and to go to HELL, and then peers over his glasses at the third blonde and asks, "What is Easter?"

The third blonde smiles confidently and looks St. Peter in the eyes and says, "I know what Easter is. Easter is the Christian holiday that coincides with the Jewish celebration of Passover. Jesus and his disciples were eating at the last supper and Jesus was later deceived and turned over to the Romans by one of his disciples. The Romans took him to be crucified and he was stabbed in the side, made to wear a crown of thorns, and was hung on a cross with nails through his hands. He was buried in a nearby cave which was sealed off by a large boulder." St. Peter smiles broadly with delight. The third blonde continues, "Every year the boulder is moved aside so that Jesus can come out... and, if he sees his shadow, there will be six more weeks of winter."

My pilot logbook includes initial theory and basic aircraft handling of 90 hours on the Tiger Moth and Wirraway at Uranquinty with a further 100 hours advanced training on the Wirraway at Point Cook in Victoria; advanced training comprised formation flying, instrument flying, air to air cine, dive bombing, gunnery and high, low and night navigation. The Tiger phase at Uranquinty was punctuated by an RAN trainee nosing his aeroplane onto its back after catching his wheels in long grass on the airfield, an event leading to frantic bouts of grass cutting and hay stack construction that summer (Ian Caird, the naval trainee involved was later killed in a Firefly that crashed into the mountains by the Naval Air Station at Nowra (right); the same locality where I almost met my maker in a Lincoln bomber a year or so later).

Quiet, unassuming, Bill Muir had an engine fail on takeoff during his first solo flight;

> “Wow Bill that must have been quite a first solo?”
> “Really there wasn’t that much to it, once the engine quit it was just a matter of landing somewhere. There was no decision involved; straight forward stuff actually.”

Not to be outdone a RAAF trainee landed in the wrong lane and collided with my machine; cutting the tail off, chopping out the plywood turtle back and the tube steel sub-frame before chopping the back out of my seat and finishing on top of me - literally. Fortunately its propeller

had been well and truly trashed before jamming me in my cockpit. Once again I was pleased that the Tiger's fuel tank was high on the top wing, clear of any damage, clear of any fire risk.

I finished that day in the base hospital for my troubles, a circumstance that so alarmed my pregnant wife that she convinced a friend to drive her to the flying school to check my condition. This was not her best idea that day for the friend duly rolled his car and we all ended up in hospital together although thankfully without much by way of serious injuries. All of which revealed my married status to the Commanding Officer at a time when it was forbidden for trainee pilots to wed. Years later I was to review and condemn an assortment of obsolete files from the Uranquinty archives at the time of our air training. While the crash and loss of two aeroplanes was dismissed as a natural hazard of air training, after all, trainees will be trainees, the fact that I had the temerity to marry during the interval between my interview and arrival on course seemed tantamount to the gunpowder plot. That I was running top marks on the Tiger Phase was about all that saved my skin.

The Wirraway was quite a step up from the biplane. Originally designed as a fighter, it seemed a steal from the American Harvard, although with a more powerful radial engine; it could be a treacherous gadget to land. The aeroplane had a wicked stall that required care, certainly if the nose was held higher than the three point attitude during landing. Touching down at night without landing lights, blinded by the exhaust and peering myopically through an oil smeared windscreen was usually an adventure. Not that the Wirraway was unique in the oil department; one civil aircraft I flew required down pipes temporarily fitted over its Warner Scarab exhaust stub to deflect oil away from the fuselage during engine starts. Fortunately I never flew that variant at night. The Wirraway also had some ergonomic idiosyncrasies: the cockpit sported an unconventional propeller, throttle and mixture lever arrangement with the mixture operating in the reverse sense; forward to stop the engine, back to enrich the fuel air mixture and allow the motor to run - the reverse to every other aircraft that I ever flew.

Similarly there was a trick to the hydraulic system in the form of a pressure control valve (PCV). The valve had to be pushed in to direct fluid pressure into the system; this pressure was required to force the flaps down against the airflow and pull wheels up against gravity. Of course Murphy's Law says that any procedural ambiguity will trap somebody sooner or later and here the trap involved selecting gear down, feeling the satisfying clunks as the wheels locked into place then forgetting to push the PCV in after selecting flap when the aircraft lined up with the airfield. The machine duly became very high on its approach; a situation mandating a go-around, a manoeuvre that involved selecting the wheels up and pushing the PCV in at which stage the wheels came up but, because the flap-handle was still in the down position, the flaps went down. I watched a Wirraway barely clear the trees at the Uranquinty boundary while a thoroughly bemused trainee struggled to work out just what on earth was going on. Of course these were the days when men were men: we either landed with full flap or none at all; partial flap was strictly for girls. The German Stuka dive bomber had nothing on a Wirraway glide approach with full flap and gear down.

Finally the reverse sense of the mixture control was the last straw, catching one of our chaps when he pushed the mixture lever forward instead of the throttle during a go-around and producing absolute silence from the front of the aeroplane. Interestingly the manoeuvre was not without elegance, as the aircraft settled on its belly with aplomb and minimal damage. Later, after we had graduated as sergeant pilots, I met Nobby at our storage depot at Tocumwal when he taxied in with a wingtip bent and busted during a wing-drop landing after a delivery flight. I guess he must have held off with '*the nose above the three point attitude*'; I did not have the heart to ask him if that was the cause or how he felt about the Wirraway in general.

My lady and I were plagued by poverty during the trainee pilot days and for a time thereafter. The struggle to finance my flying, contribute to my Tiger Moth smash, maintain a recalcitrant motor cycle on the road and indulge a growing passion for gliding soaked up anything that I earned for a time. I met Lyn (Lyndel Joan Moore) at a family party after a three or four hour drive from Sydney to Newcastle. The drive, like most things that we did in those days, was quite a flamboyant exercise in a soft top Ford Anglia that required every one of its 10 horse power to climb even a moderate grade with four twenty year olds on board. Any power inadequacy was corrected by the driver applying half choke and taking a running pass at things, while cornering stability was enhanced by the passengers leaning out of the vehicle to keep it upright in the best sailing skiff tradition.

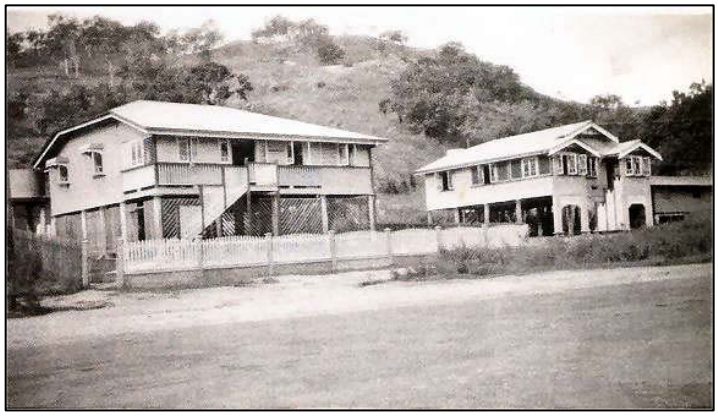
Lyn and I duly married after an eighteen month courtship, rented a room in Wagga when I went on Number 23 Pilots Course and struggled with money and the intricacies of military aviation thereafter. Our son, Ric, was born at Wagga. Towards the end of the Uranquinty phase of training we moved to Melbourne for Applied Flying. Actually positioning on the various transfers was probably the most hazardous part of life at the time. The journey to Point Cook was completed in a friend's V8 Ford Coupe that provided a definite improvement in power and stability while lacking mechanical reliability; the tie rod joining the two front wheels persisted in falling off at the most inconvenient moments (even in Melbourne peak hour traffic on one momentous occasion) denying the driver use of both wheels to steer around corners. None of which phased the owner, Harry Morgan, who carried a hammer to bash things back into place whenever the situation arose.

In the movies: It's easy for anyone to land a plane providing there is someone in the control tower to talk you down.

I don't know if 'H', as he was known, used Lyn and me as a precedent however he and his lady, Heather, also married while we were on course; we finished up sharing a three bedroom flat in Essendon becoming close friends in the process. Harry was an amusing character, an accurate shot and an unassuming pilot who was far better than he would have people believe. He occasionally suffered severe nose bleeds and I once saw the top of his flight suit covered in blood after a Wirraway flight at Uranquinty; I do not know if this was cured before he started flying fighters – surely it must have been.

Nevertheless I always wondered if it was a factor in the Sabre crash that killed him shortly after graduation. It seems that he misread his altimeter by 10,000 feet and flew into a mountain during his subsequent descent. Of course those were the days of 'three point altimeters', diabolical instruments that brought so many of us to a sticky end. I even misread one in a Vampire jet during an instrument descent on one occasion; fortunately I levelled 10,000 feet too high and quickly saw my error. I even miss-set one in my sailplane over 40 years later. The manufacturers eventually developed digital altimeter readouts for air transport and high performance aircraft as a solution to the problem. Flight management computers and modern 'fly by wire' machines take most of the grief out of this sort of thing now. (It is easy to see where confusion can arise, the altimeter at left, which is hard to read, is indicating a level of 10,180ft whereas the digital one on the right indicates, clearly, 5,260ft - tb)

Marriage to an Airforce pilot, certainly an NCO and certainly a trainee, was hard on ladies. While pay was minimal and benefits few, families were generally left to their own devices, finding their own accommodation in strange cities every two or three years, arranging schooling, doctors, developing new friendships and assuming new responsibilities while supporting their husband in a risky career. Additionally, the instability usually made home ownership an impractical dream; even if people had the money to purchase a house. Whenever the husband was deployed away or otherwise committed, the lady did it all on her own; a difficult situation that was complicated further if the family did not own a car, as was the case during our early married life.



Part of the officers' married quarters, Townsville.

Renting a reasonable house or flat was invariably a struggle although the RAAF eventually provided some relief through a temporary accommodation allowance to tide us over until a suitable, affordable rental could be found. Naturally applicants for TAA, as it was termed, had to meet a battery of ongoing conditions. Some of the rental accommodation was appalling; we once encountered a council employee in Townsville who purchased condemned houses then rented them back to the public; Airforce families in particular. We rejected one place after centipedes crawled out of taps on the wash tubs – even though it contained a resident kitten that promptly charmed our son. Things became easier with seniority and rank, however the burden associated with frequent postings was always there.

Lucky indeed was the family that was awarded a 'married quarter', certainly one with the low rentals prevailing on the air base proper. There was always underlying concern over the hazards of the game. The best pilots, and those who wanted to star, flew the hottest aeroplanes at a time when we were still learning the science behind very high speed flight. Some wives handled the stress with grace and dignity; some did not but should not be accused of any weakness; it was a difficult life for a woman. My lady and I often joked of the risks;

"How will I know if you have crashed?"
"Easy, somebody will knock on the door and ask for the Widow Raymond."

Unfortunately the joke backfired when a colleague, John St Moore, called on her after a fatal at Point Cook to advise that I was OK but could not be contacted as I was still flying. When Lyn opened the door in response to John's knock he asked, "Ron Raymond's wife?" To which Lyn replied innocently, "The Widow Raymond you mean?"

I can only take my hat off to that lady, or at least to the memory of her, but that's another story.

The particular crash that I refer to, out of context I am afraid, involved Graham Scutt and a student during my first tour as a flying instructor at the Basic Flying Training School, Point Cook. There was an element within the RAAF advocating turn-back manoeuvres should an engine fail shortly after takeoff. Personally I was against the exercise; pointing out that we were killing more pilots practicing the turn-back than we saved in emergencies and that pilots had landed straight ahead ever since Louis Bleriot ditched during mankind's first attempt to fly across the English channel. Unfortunately the voice of a 'sprog' instructor, and a mere flying officer at that, was drowned in the enthusiasm for something perceived as a life saver: so Graham went on to an early grave. Sadly he actually survived the smash; the crash crew could see him making a dazed and uncoordinated effort to escape the cockpit however the rescuers were unaware of the procedure to open the heavy canopy and the fire spread before the pilots could be freed. Equally sadly the Senior Air Traffic Controller, 'Spec' Taylor, who tried to assist the crash crew, took the affair to a guilt ridden grave; an absolutely unnecessary responsibly after a brave but futile attempt to save the crew.

Graham had been elevated to a peak of glory after a heroic attempt to shoot down the first Sputnik which was launched into orbit during the Cold War. While an awed gathering of NCOs peered at the Russian wonder beeping and soaring above the RAAF Richmond Sergeant's Mess, Graham took a more positive attitude to the intruder and fired a muzzle loading blunderbuss at it. Not only did he fire the gun, he woke everybody sleeping in his immediate vicinity and alerted the Orderly Officer that something was awry on the Base; the great man quickly appeared on his bicycle to be confronted by assorted NCOs either slinking into the night or assuming disinterest in the whole affair, while Graham attempted an air of innocence despite a dusting of carbon on his face and shirt and smoke wisping from the barrel of the antique weapon. As history has it he failed to hit the satellite; somebody said that he did not allow enough deflection.

Unfortunately the Winjeel turn-back was not the only fatal at that time. Two trainee instructors were killed during an actual turn-back in a Vampire 35 (a two seat variant) at the Central Flying School, East Sale, Victoria. Although the pilots had shut down the engine, engineers could not find any evidence of a failure and it was assumed that they mistook condensation from the air-conditioning system for smoke. The aircraft hit the ground short of the aerodrome boundary and broke up when it struck a ditch. Air-conditioning mist was a characteristic of Vampire 35s; in fact I often saw the same harmless

phenomena pouring from the vents on Boeing and British Aerospace airliners in a later life. The sad thing about that fatal was the futility of it all: the engine was fully serviceable and operable the whole time. Mind you I had seen the result of an engine fire in a Vampire at Williamtown. The fire had almost completely burnt through the left tail boom; fortunately the pilots declared an emergency and just made it back to the airfield in time: there were no ejection seats in those early jets.

Advanced training at Point Cook was a far more serious business than Uranquinty. With its proximity to RAAF Support Command in Melbourne; with its history and tradition it was mired in dignity and old world charm. The buildings were pre-war brick structures, the hangars on the southern tarmac (by the shore of Port Phillip Bay) bore scars of accidents dating back to the early '20s and the messes, particularly the Officer's Mess, were steeped in protocol. The First Half Flight formed there ready for its departure for Mesopotamia during World War One; pilots were taught to fly wood and rag aeroplanes that were wonders of man's determination to kill himself while the roads were lined with picturesque pine trees poised to snare any pilot who might have escaped the frequent engine and structural failures so common at the time. Readers would be justified in seeing all this as a wistful memory and they would be correct. 'The Point', as it was known, holds so many memories for those of us who served there.

Number 23 Pilot Course graduation group.
Ron is in the back row second in from the left between Zane Sampson and John Tribe.

Perhaps weapons training was the unique feature of advanced training; not that this is dismissive of pure flying aspects however dive bombing, air-to-air cine and gunnery were far more adventurous than instrument, formation or night cross-country tasks. Weapons exercises are the stuff that combat pilots are made of and all of us, with the exception of two, wanted our Airforce wings. Predictably 'the two' were looking to use the RAAF as a stepping stone to airline careers and as graduation drew near they proceeded to fail their various flight checks. The ploy was about as subtle as a blunt axe and service administrators quickly became aware of the situation; the trainees were suspended from training and, to their horror, offered a choice of menial non-flying appointments. It did not take long for the lads to have a change of heart and they soon started passing their tests once again. Very few people associated with number 23 Pilots course had much by way of sympathy for them.

In the movies: The ventilation system of any building is the perfect hiding place; no one will ever think of looking for you in there and you can travel to any other part of the building you want without difficulty.

Two applied manoeuvres illustrate the nature of our advanced training; the high quarter attack on a stooge aircraft and the dive bombing pass. The stooge was a target Wirraway, cruising slowly with a touch of flap while the aggressor rolled into the attack from a higher altitude. The attack dive became a curve of pursuit at increasing speed with the attacker finishing up behind and rapidly overtaking the stooge. The final stage involved a steady hand holding the central pip of the reflector gun sight on the junction of the stooge's stabiliser and fin while a cine picture was taken followed by a vigorous bunt to pass under the stooge at the last possible moment. A really exciting attack actually shook the stooge when the attacker barely cleared it during the bunt. I still wonder that the attacks were not broken off at a specific range from the stooge, a distance judged by the range ring on the gun sight; there would have been greater training value and a safer break in that fashion. To this day it surprises me that there were no collisions, I had learned about acceptance of risk early in aviation: that sooner or later, one day, it would 'get you' just as it did when I was repeatedly flying my Tiger Moth at those gum trees in the paddock outside Wagga Wagga.

Dive bombing was all excitement. The target was approached from about 1,000 feet at right angle to the planned dive path. Almost abeam the target the aircraft was pulled up into a wingover to place the machine in a dive without involving negative 'G', the gun sight pip was steadied just below the target and held with increasing forward pressure until the release point when pressure on the control column was eased to release 'G' forces and steady the pipper on the target at which point the bomb was released. It was important to release the bomb at the correct height, too high and it would miss, too low and there was a risk of the aircraft crashing.

It was important to promptly pull up from the dive straight, wings level. Any attempt to roll and see the result of the attack during the initial pull up risked over stressing the wings during a manoeuvrer termed 'rolling with G'; one instructor did just that shortly after we left Point Cook, sadly he pulled his wings off and crashed at high speed.

Throughout my time in the military the 'powers that be' kept sending us on *'Survival Exercises'.* I had experienced these as an apprentice, as trainee aircrew at Uranquinty and finally at the end of our applied phase at Point Cook; by which time I was heartily weary of them. At The Point, we were weighed in the name of research before being loaded into a truck and dropped by the roadside two days walk from home.

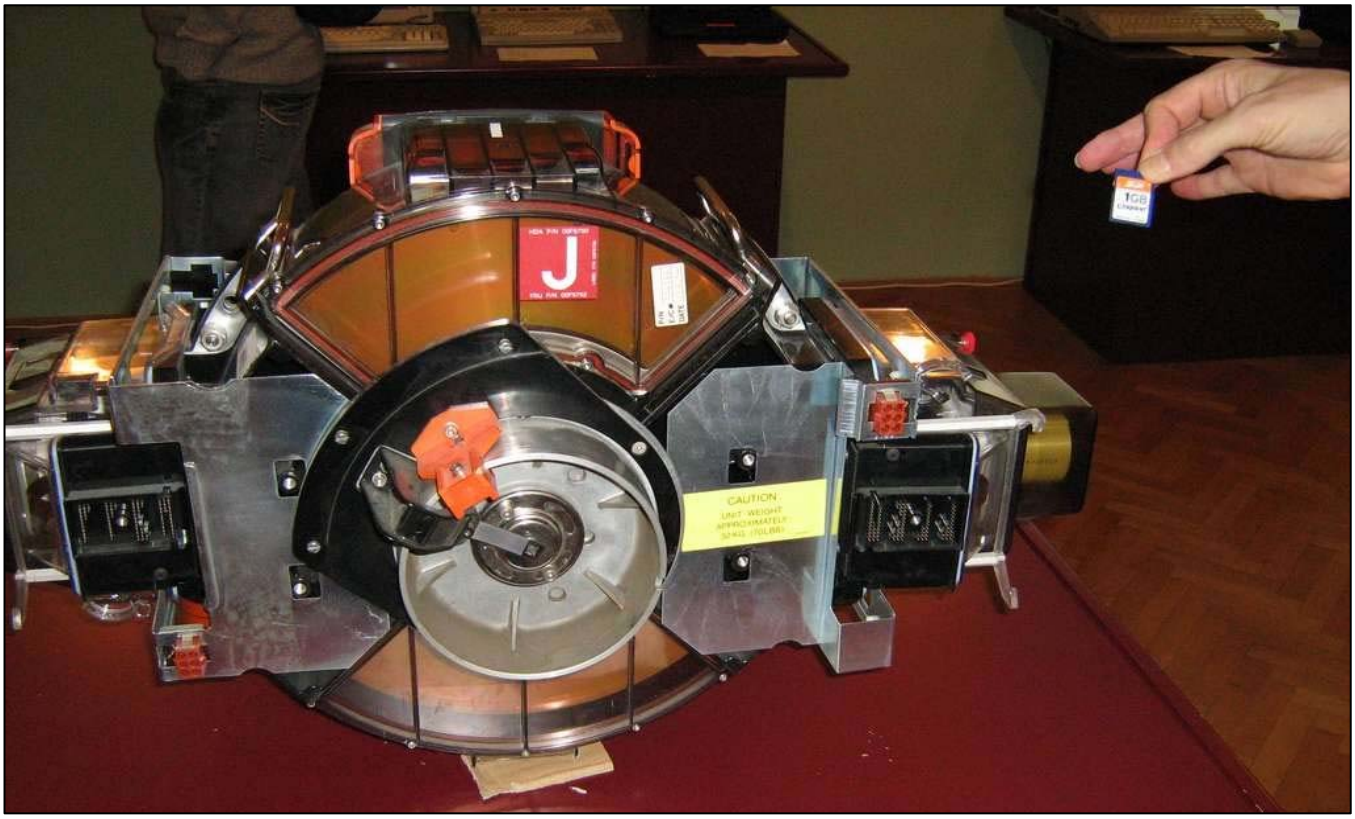
Of course the idea was to live off the land, develop survival skills and make our way back cross country. Half an hour later we were still by the side of the road arguing over the relative merit of audacious and cunning plans when a farmer stopped to check if we were in difficulty and, having listened to a tale of hardship, and agreeing that most senior officers did not have a clue about handling men (he had been in the AIF during the big war) offered us a lift as far as he was going - namely the village of Little River. Little River proved to be an ideal venue for a survival exercise; it was within striking distance of Point Cook, had a quaint little pub, an excellent restaurant and an empty school building to bed down for the night. All-in-all an agreeable arrangement complete with a first class meal, a riotous evening with a group of locals in the pub and the offer of free transport to the gates of Point Cook in the morning. I have forgotten how much I had gained during my final weigh-in, but I do know that it was significant.

And then it was all over. We cleaned our webbing, formed up as a flight on the parade ground, received our wings, listened to various speeches, advanced in review order, saluted the reviewing officer and marched off in column of route to the strains of Auld Lang Syne. We changed into our new sergeant's uniforms and joined our guests in the Sergeant's Mess for afternoon tea. Lyn, Heather, Harry and I had our photographs taken holding Ric, my son, for the local newspaper and I wondered if 23 Pilot Course would ever gather as a group again. In the event we never did; the airline twins jumped ship at the earliest, occasionally a couple of us might bump into each other, some of us were killed, some fell by the wayside in the course of our military careers but most of us completed operational tours and the occasional desk job before leaving the Service with the onset of age and senility; which really was no more than could be expected.

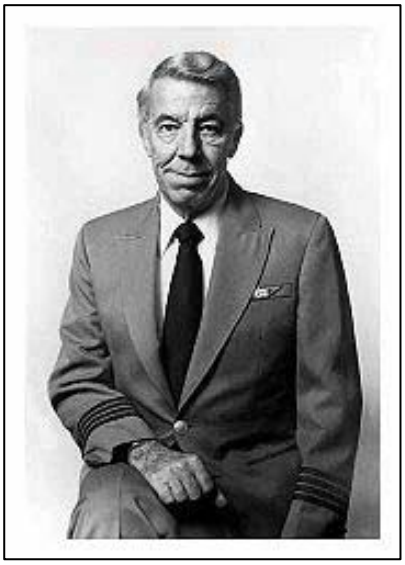
In the movies: All beds have special L-shaped sheets which reach up to the armpit on a woman but only to waist level on the man lying beside her.

Progress??

Rod Faux sent us this, it shows the huge advances in memory “chips”. The enormous spinning disc has the capacity to store 1 GB of data as does the small chip held in the fingers And all in 20 years……we can but wonder what will things be like in another 20 years.



The end of the DC3.



Those remarkably clever pollies that run the EU have grounded the old DC3 because of health and safety concerns.

During it’s day, the old girl groaned, it protested, it rattled, it ran hot, it ran cold, it ran rough, it staggered along on hot days and scared you half to death. Its wings flexed and twisted in a horrifying manner, it sank back to earth with a great sigh of relief. But it flew and it flew and it flew.

This is the memorable description by Captain Len Morgan (*right*) (1923-2005), a former pilot with Braniff Airways, of the unique challenge of flying a Douglas DC-3.

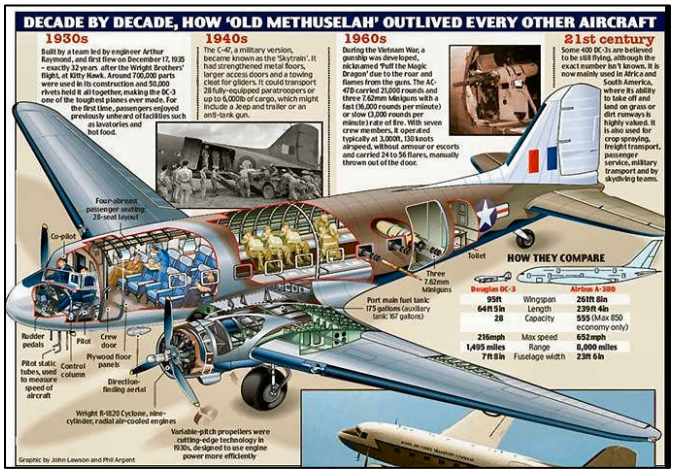
The DC-3 served in World War II, Korea and Vietnam and was a favourite among pilots. For more than 70 years, the aircraft known through a variety of nicknames, the Doug, the Dizzy, Old Methuselah, the Gooney Bird, the Grand Old Lady, but which to most it is simply the Dakota, has been the workhorse of the skies. With its distinctive nose-up profile when on the ground and extraordinary capabilities in the air, it transformed passenger travel and served in just about every military conflict from World War II onwards.

My wife sat down on the couch next to me as I was flipping channels.
She asked, 'What's on TV?'
I said, 'an inch of dust!!'
And then the fight started...

Now the Douglas DC-3, the most successful plane ever made, which first took to the skies just over 30 years after the Wright Brothers' historic first flight, is to carry passengers in Britain for the last time. Romeo Alpha and Papa Yankee (right), the last two passenger-carrying Dakotas in the UK, are being forced into retirement because of --- yes, you've guessed it --- health and safety rules.

Their owner, Coventry-based Air Atlantique, has reluctantly decided it would be too expensive to fit the required emergency escape slides and weather-radar systems required by new European rules for their 65-year-old planes, which served with the RAF during the war. The most asinine ruling ever dreamed up by a nightmare bureaucracy!!! especially the part requiring "escape slides". On its belly, you can step down from the aircraft floor to the ground. The end of the passenger-carrying British Dakotas is a sad chapter in the story of the most remarkable aircraft ever built, surpassing all others in length of service, dependability and achievement.

It has been a luxury airliner, transport plane, bomber, fighter and flying hospital and introduced millions of people to the concept of air travel. It has flown more miles, broken more records, carried more passengers and cargo, accumulated more flying time and performed more 'impossible' feats than any other plane in history, even in these days of super-jumbos that can circle the world non-stop.



Indeed, at one point, 90 percent of the world's air traffic was operated by DC-3s. Click on the print at left for a bigger view.

More than 10,500 DC-3s have been built since the prototype was rolled out to astonished onlookers at Douglas's Santa Monica factory in 1935.

With its eagle beak, large square windows and sleek metal fuselage, it was luxurious beyond belief, in contrast to the wood-and-canvas bone shakers of the day, where passengers had to huddle under blankets against the cold.

I tried to talk my wife into buying a case of VB for $34.95. Instead, she bought a jar of cold cream for $27.95.I told her the beer would make her look better at night than the cold cream.
And then the fight started....

Even in the 1930s, the early Dakotas had many of the comforts we take for granted today, like on-board loos and a galley that could prepare hot food.

Early menus included wild-rice pancakes with blueberry syrup, served on bone china with silver service. For the first time, passengers were able to stand- up and walk- around while the plane was airborne. But the design had one vital feature, ordered by pioneering aviator Charles Lindbergh, who was a director of TWA, which placed the first order for the plane. The DC-3 should always, Lindbergh directed, be able to fly on one- engine.

Pilots have always loved it, not just because of its rugged reliability but because, with no computers on board, it is the epitome of 'flying by the seat-of-the-pants'. One aviator memorably described the Dakota as a 'collection of parts flying in loose formation' and most reckon they can land it pretty well on a postage stamp. As Len Morgan says: 'The Dakota could lift virtually any load strapped to its back and carry it anywhere and in any weather, safely.'

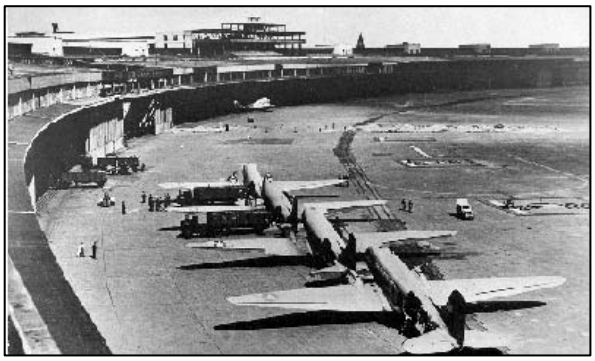
It is the very human scale of the plane that has so endeared it to successive generations. With no pressurization in the cabin, it flies low and slow. And unlike modern jets, it's still possible to see the world go by from the cabin of a Dakota. (The name, incidentally, is an acronym for Douglas Aircraft Company Transport Aircraft.) From its windows, you see the features of the earth, curves of mountains, colours of lakes, cars moving on roads, ocean waves crashing on shores and cloud formations as a sea of popcorn and powder puffs.' The DC-3 was not pressurized, it leaked badly, light showers outside became moderate to heavy showers inside. Experienced pilots carried, in their flight bag, half of a clear plastic shower curtain to cover their laps which keep approach plates and one's pants dry. You could always tell a DC-3 pilot by his shoes, the windshield wipers operated by hydraulic motors and they dripped hydraulic fluid on your shoes.

My wife asked me if a certain dress made her butt look big.
I told her not as much as the dress she wore yesterday
And then the fight started.....

Flying over mountains in winter you encountered a lot of ice. The props and windshield were de-iced wirh alcohol. The DC-3 could carry a lot of ice as long as the props were clean. When you got into icing conditions, to conserve alcohol, you would wait until she began to slow down then turn on the prop alcohol, one blade would always deice before the other two and she would vibrate and the whole airplane would shake violently. Then you would run the props to full rpm then decrease rpm several tines which would usually clear the other two blades. When the ice came loose it would sound like 50 calibre machine gun bullets hitting the side of the airplane.

But it is for heroic feats in military service that the legendary plane is most distinguished.

It played a major role in the invasion of Sicily, the D-Day landings, the Berlin Airlift and the Korean and Vietnam wars, performing astonishing feats along the way. When General Eisenhower was asked what he believed were the foundation stones for America's success in World War II, he named the bulldozer, the jeep, the half-ton truck and the Dakota.



When the Burma Road was captured by the Japanese, and the only way to send supplies into China was over the mountains at 19,000ft, the Chinese leader Chiang Kai-shek said: 'Give me 50 DC-3s and the Japanese can have the Burma Road. In 1945, a Dakota broke the world record for a twin engine aircraft flying on one engine, travelling for 1,100 miles from Pearl Harbour to San Diego, with just one engine working. Another in RNZAF service lost a wing after colliding mid-air with a Lockheed bomber. Defying all the rules of aerodynamics and with only a stub remaining, the plane landed, literally, on a wing and a prayer at Whenuapai Airbase.

Once, a Dakota pilot carrying paratroops across the Channel to France, heard an enormous bang. He went aft to find, as well as a dozen or so terrified troops, that half the plane had been blown away, including part of the rudder. With engines still turning, he managed to skim the wave-tops before finally making it back to safety. Another wartime Dakota was rammed by a Japanese fighter that fell to earth, while the American crew returned home in their severely damaged, but still airborne plane and were given the distinction of 'downing an enemy aircraft'. Another DC-3 was peppered with 3,000 bullets in the wings and fuselage by Japanese fighters. It made it back to base, was repaired with canvas patches and glue and then sent back into the air.

My wife and I are watching Who Wants To Be A Millionaire while we were in bed.
I turned to her and said, "Do you want to have sex?" "No," she answered.
I then said, "Is that your final answer?"
She didn't even look at me this time, simply saying "Yes."
So I said, "Then I'd like to phone a friend."
And that's when the fight started....

During the evacuation of Saigon in 1975, a Dakota crew managed to cram aboard 98 Vietnamese orphans, although the plane was supposed to carry no more than 30 passengers. In addition to its rugged military service, it was the DC-3 which transformed commercial passenger flying in the post-war years. Easily converted to a passenger plane, it introduced the idea of affordable air travel to a world which had previously seen it as exclusively for the rich. It made the world a smaller place, gave

people the opportunity for the first time to see previously inaccessible destinations and became a romantic symbol of travel.

But!!! - The DC-3's record has not always been perfect.

After the war, military-surplus Dakotas were cheap, often poorly maintained and pushed to the limit by their owners. Accidents were frequent.

Nearly three-quarters of a century after they first entered service, it's still possible to get a Dakota ride somewhere in the world – but soon, unfortunately, not so in the UK..

Bill Baggett's recollections.

Bill Baggett flew DC3's in the RAAF for many years, with tours to Vietnam and Butterworth. He shares with us one of his more memorial experiences in the old Gooney…

"With regard to the Gooney, one of my best stories about flying them involves operating out of Pearce in the late 1960's. Chris Rampant was my navigator there, but I am not sure if he was involved in this particular exercise. The then OC of RAAF Pearce had made friends with some folk down in Margaret River, and had driven down to visit then on a couple of occasions. After one such trip he called me into his office and said that he was fed up with driving down there, and as there was a crop duster strip nearby, wanted me to take the DC-3 down and see if I could land there. As God's word was my command, I saddled up, taking the CO Wing Commander of Base Squadron as my co-pilot as a bit of protection, and sallied forth.

Arriving at Margaret River, I discovered that the strip in question was barely 1,800 feet long,

climbing up the side of a hill, through a corps of trees at the top, then descended over the other side into a gully. A large, dead eucalyptus tree was right in the approach path and the gap between the trees at the top was so narrow, I was not sure if the Gooney's wings would fit through. After a number of gradually lower passes, it seemed that we could fit through, with about a 10 foot clearance on the right hand wing. Biting the bullet, I put the old bird down on the ground, and pulled to a halt just past the trees at the top of the hill. Because of our buzzing around we had attracted a bit of attention and some folk turned up who happened to be the OC's friends. They were a bit amazed to see the Gooney on the crop duster strip, and asked if there was anything they could do to help the situation.

They confirmed they had access to a bull dozer, and I asked them to remove the dead tree on approach and to give me a bit more room through the trees at the hill top. I measured the width of the strip and found it was only two feet wider than the DC-3's undercarriage. Take-off was up the hill, through the trees and down the other side getting airborne about 100 feet from the end of the strip (I refuse to call it a runway).

Returning to Pearce, I reported to the OC that we had successfully landed at the strip, but I would go there only on the condition that I flew the plane (this to a man who had always flown the plane when we flew together). After a bit of bluster he saw that I was serious, and as he had to attend a luncheon before flying down (and would have a bit of grog on board) agreed that it was probably best if I flew.

The next Friday I was ready to go at 3pm, CO Wing Commander on-board to co-pilot home and an airman who knew the strip, knew there was no way a DC-3 could land there, and was prepared to die to see the impossible occur. The OC finally turned up at 4.30, dressed in shorts and bright Hawaiian shirt, three sheets to the wind and raring to go. We arrived at Margaret River just on dusk, and although we found that the good folk had certainly knocked down trees as requested, they had been unable to do anything about the weather and we had a good stiff cross wind of about 15 knots. This was the DC-3 limit on a good runway so I was a bit apprehensive on this marginal strip.

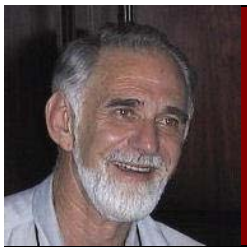
Anyhow, taking courage between the teeth, circled around and came in to land. On touch-down, I remembered what I had forgotten, that the strip had a cross slope of about 12 degrees, which immediately weather-cocked the aircraft in the direction that the cross wind was trying to push us. Much scrambling of rudder and brakes finally saw us stopped at the top of the hill without hitting anything, The OC looked at my perspiring, anxious face and remarked. “that’s the trouble with you young chaps, make too much of a simple thing", and proceeded to leave the aircraft. After taking off and being established on our route home, the sceptical airman remarked that he still didn't believe that we had actually landed at the strip.

The following Sunday I was supposed to fly down there again to pick up the OC, but was very nervous as there were 20 knot cross-winds forecast, but when I got to the base a message from the OC said that he would be waiting at Busselton, a much safer option. I suspect that the cold light of the next day made the 'simple thing' a little more complex than expected.

I flew over 1500 hours in Caribous, and 800 in DC-3s and that strip was the most marginal that I ever took any aircraft into. As I was attached to the Flying Training School, normally all my flights were authorised by the School Authorising Officers, but none would authorise these flights, arguing that the OC should. I knew he would expect the School to authorise the flights. And even after both flights were successful, the flights were never authorised.

When I got home last night, my wife demanded that I take her someplace expensive...
so, I took her to a service station.
And then the fight started...

And finally – who hasn’t towed one with the tail wheel lock still in place. Isn’t that an experience, fitting a new pin…….you only ever do that once…..tb.



Figuratively Speaking.

Frank Alley.

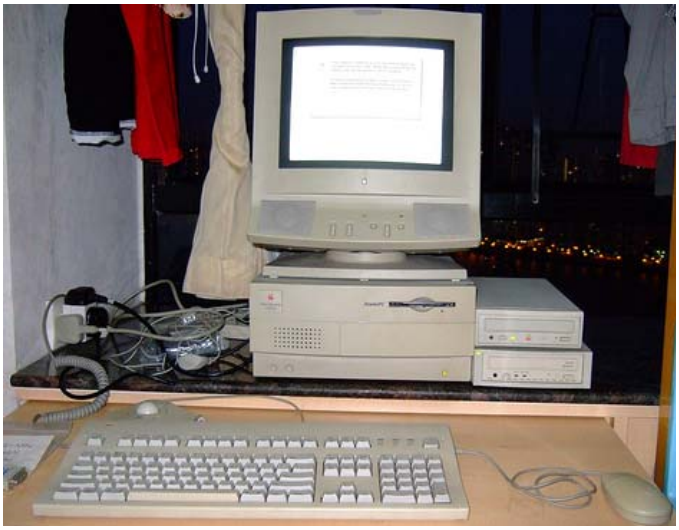
Let's talk about computers.

My first computer was a Commodore 64, which was an 8-bit home computer released by Commodore International in August, 1982. Back then it was considered to be an impressive machine. It attached to a TV and programs came on tape cassettes. I didn't do much with it because, really, you couldn't do much with it. At about that time Apple computers were being set up in schools, but remained out of reach for me mainly because of cost and my ignorance and perhaps fear of the new technology.

Later in the 80's, Apple brought out the MacIntosh, named after a particular variety of apple. The first Macs were like a brick, had no hard drive, 128 Kb of memory, worked off 3½ inch floppy disks, had a tiny, very sharp monochrome screen and cost the earth.

But they were a revelation in personal computer use and they had a GUI (graphic user interface) and were WYSIWYG (what you see is what you get). The more popular computers using MSDOS (Microsoft Disc Operating System) were cheaper, great for number crunching, but appallingly slow to use if you wanted to produce anything that could be printed. The computers weren't slow, but the user interface was awful. There was no mouse and they certainly weren't WSYWYG. I saw a computer teacher in one of the independent schools where I worked, take 15 minutes to produce a heading for a document, something that took about 10 seconds on a Mac. I think it is about that time that the term 'user friendly' was coined. The picture above is of a 128 Mac with an extra floppy drive. Hard drives were to come later. This model was replaced with a 512 Kb version and that in turn with the MacPlus which had 1 Mb of RAM, astonishing for its time. My first Mac was a Mac Plus. I eventually got it an external hard drive and Apple Stylewriter printer. Apple had made the decision that they were going to have 100% control of their operating system and manufacture. This was of course the big

mistake Apple made and allowed Microsoft under Bill Gates to have the chance to 'rule the world' and for Bill to consequently become a multi-billionaire.



After the Mac Plus I graduated to a PowerMac 7100 with AV monitor, at great expense. This was a stunning computer with a built-in CD drive and great sounding speakers. The system shown at right was similar to mine, but without the built-in CD drive. Sadly, my home was broken into and the Mac stolen. I later got a Mac Powerbook 190CS and managed to spill a glass of red wine on the keyboard (now who would have thought?) and had to have it repaired.

Soon I was sick of the high cost of ancillary bits for Macs and took the plunge and bought a PC with Windows 95. Of course, the Mac fraternity were highly amused and said 'Windows 95 equals Mac 86' and it was about right, except that Mac 86 was stable and although it was capable of giving you a bomb symbol on the screen, you didn't get the frequent BOSD (blue screen of death) with Win95. Eventually jokes found their way around the traps like:

Bill Gates dies and goes to hell. The Devil meets him and says 'so you're bill Gates, I've heard a lot about you. I'll give you a choice of places to remain in hell'. So Bill is shown a room and in it are monsters and all manner of filthy things. In another room there is hell fire and torture. In the third room there is a desk, a chair, a blonde, a bottle of wine and a PC. Gate selects the third room. One of the Devil's assistants says 'What are you doing? That's Bill Gates!' The Devil replies 'It's OK, the bottle has a hole in it, the blonde doesn't and the PC has Windows 95 installed and we have removed the Control, Alt and Delete keys'.

What happens to all your memories when you die?

Having said that I did enjoy using the PC. Eventually I upgraded to Windows 98, truly the Work of the Devil. In my experience Win98 is the worst OS I have ever used. An Australian in New York produced a program called Win98 Lite and it was a free download. It removed the connection between the Windows OS and Internet Explorer, cleaned up the desktop and left you with a computer which was more reliable, faster and easier to use. Experts wondered how a company could charge so much for a program that routinely reduced its users to tears every

month or so. Perversely I was grateful for inadequacies of Win98 as I was forced to learn how to reformat a hard drive and reinstall the system and appropriate drivers. Even installing and uninstalling a program was complicated and after uninstalling, there was always something left behind. On a Mac, you simply grabbed the program folder and dropped it on to the hard drive to install it and if you wanted to do the reverse, just grab it and dump it into the trash. So, I am thankful for Windows forcing me to learn more about computing. Whilst I was in China I used PC's, mainly because the locals knew little or nothing about Macs. Eventually out of frustration, I imported an old G4 PowerMac from America.

A little old lady was going up and down the halls in nursing home.
As she walked , she would flip up the hem of her nightgown and say,"Supersex."
She walked up to elderly man in a wheelchair.
Flipping her gown at him, she said, "Supersex."
He sat silently for a moment or two and finally answered," I'll take the soup"

Apple, from the first Mac, had used Motorola processors, 68000 (meaning the number of transistors on the chip). 68020, 68030 and finally 68040 which by this time had millions of transistors on the chip. Then came the 603 processors and finally the G3, G4 and G5 series. It was during the reign of the G4's that Apple released to new operating system OS-X or OS-10. It was beautiful and made Windows look bad. More than look good, it was stable. As they upgraded the OS, surprisingly, they ran faster on the same computer. As Windows was upgraded, the process ran more slowly and required more RAM and a faster processor, hence to move from Pentium, to PII, PIII and finally PIV, and wonderful processors they were.

Apple had cornered itself by sticking to Motorola. The G5 processors were fabulous, but got hot and could not be used in laptops. So the fastest Macintosh laptop had a G4 processor whereas the desktops were using the superior G5's. Apple had to change and shocked us all when they transferred favour to Intel. Many Mac purists were appalled that a Mac would have the same processor in it as found in a 'Wintel' machine.

Going back in time now, Apple had produced a series of stunning desktops, some would call funky. These were the all-in-one iMacs in 'fruit flavours', even one in 'strawberry pink'. These iMacs used the G3 processor and were popular in schools. The most popular Mac school model was the eMac (I presume the 'e' referred to 'education'). These eMacs used the faster G5 processor and were made tough, kid proof.

Today they can be picked up very cheaply on eBay as many education institutions upgrade their computer labs. Where the G3 iMacs had a 15" screen, the eMacs had a 17" flat screen.

Bill Gates, in one of his more ungenerous moments, stated that the only innovation Apple made was in plastic. This was rubbish of course, especially as Microsoft copied so much of what was Macintosh. Maybe it was the release of the G4 iMac that prompted that remark from Gates. When Widows was first released by Microsoft, using a mouse and a graphic user interface (GUI), Apple unsuccessfully sued Microsoft for copying their platform. Windows XP was released after Apple had OS-X running for a couple of years. It is said that the 'X' in XP was copied from the 'X' in OS-X for the Macintosh.

Back to the first G4 iMac. Talk about beautiful! If you go to a NSW RTA office, you will see these Macs being used by the counter staff. The picture on the Time cover is that of Steve Jobs on the screen of a G4 iMac, the CEO of Apple. While we might say that it was the philosophy of Jobs that leads to Apple's extraordinary success nowadays, I believe that his decision to control the Mac OS and not allow for other developers to produce 'clone' Macs all those years ago, that allowed Microsoft to steal a march.

In 2004 Apple rocked everyone again with the all-in-one G5 iMac, a stunning creation that PC Magazine said was the computer that should have been built years before.

These things were fast and came with 17" or 20" screens. But, apart from RAM or HDD upgrades, they could not be changed.

Now, if you wanted the flexibility found in tower PC's using Windows, you needed to go to the PowerMacs. They came in G3, G4 and G5 forms.

These PowerMacs had PCI slots and all manner of cards could be added, such as faster video cards, sound cards or whatever. They also had Airport which allowed remote printing and wireless internet, well before this was available on a PC. There was space for at least 2 HDD's and as can be seen in the photo, very accessible. These machines became the standard for production of publications. In fact, it was recently found that Microsoft advertisements had been produced on the Mac platform. During the G4 era, Apple introduced dual processor models.

The G4 PowerMacs were replaced by the G5's, faster still. In fact, there was at one stage in the Mac development that the US government considered

banning the sale of these things internationally because of the computing power they gave to potential enemies. Maybe typical US paranoia.

Above is the G5 PowerMac, showing the dual processors.

20 IT executives board an aircraft and are told that the flight that they are about to take is the first-ever to feature pilot-less technology: It is an un-crewed aircraft. Each one of the CEO's is then told, privately, that their company's software is running the aircraft's automatic pilot system. Nineteen of the CEO's promptly leave the aircraft, each offering a different type of excuse. One CEO alone remains on board the jet, seeming very calm indeed. Asked why he is so confident in this first un-crewed flight, he replies: "If it's the same software that runs my company's IT systems, this plane won't even take off."

In 2000, in response to the world-wide criticism of Windows 98, Microsoft released Windows ME (Millenium Edition), sometimes called Windows ME (Multiple Error). My experience with ME was good. I found it more stable than 98 and more attractive. It was in fact an upgraded version of Windows 95, but with good USB support. I upgraded to Windows 2000 and finally to Windows XP, by far the best operating system Microsoft has produced (Vista?...more on that later). Still there was the problem that if you left your computer on, XP would accumulate errors and would eventually have to be reinstalled. Wiser users made sure their hard disk was partitioned so that saved data and files would not be lost during the reinstallation. Always back up!

What am I using now? I use two computers; I don't need two, but they interest me. My Mac is the newer Intel iMac, the one with the aluminium look. The only upgrading that can be done is with the RAM. I can't open the case and therefore I cannot upgrade the HDD (hard drive). It has 2.0 Gb RAM, a 250 Gb HDD, an 128Mb video card and a 2.0 GHz Intel Core 2 Duo processor. The display is 20" and it cost me $1699 when I got it. I think the new price is $1599. My OS is OS 10.5 (Leopard). I love it.

My other computer was put together for me in a local computer shop and has an AMD 64 X2 (dual core) 2.6 GHz processor and 2.0 Gb RAM. I have added a dedicated display card with 256 Mb RAM for about $50. This was done because the mother board has its own display card, but uses some of the system RAM, thus reducing the RAM available for program use. Vista is memory hungry. I used a couple of 80 Gb HDD's I had spare. It is installed with Vista Ultimate as the OS. Cost (without the OS) $289. I've since added a new TV card I got from eBay, cost $51 and so I can watch HDTV. I bought a 24" Acer monitor, a beauty, cost $349 + $19 delivery. Total cost (minus the TV card) $657 plus the cost of Vista, which I already had.

If I added the cost of a reasonable level of Vista, say Home Premium, the total cost would have been $826, then add the cost of a new 250 GB HDD, total ($895, about $740 cheaper than the iMac and with a better monitor than on the iMac). On the face of it, a superior machine to my iMac.

	iMac (2GB RAM)	PC (2GB RAM)
Initial cost	$1,699	$289
Extra memory	$50	
Display card	Has its own dedicated card	$50
Operating system	Comes with OS	$169
Monitor (inc delivery)	Has its own monitor	$368
250 Gb Hard Disk	Has a 250Gb HDD	$69
Total	**$1749**	**$945**

This article is being typed on the iMac, but I am using Microsoft Word and Windows XP SP3!!!! I can use Windows on the Mac, but I cannot use any Mac programs on the PC. I have installed onto the iMac a program called Parallels 3.0 which allows me to install and use Windows programs and the Mac OS at the same time. In front of me I have both Mac desktop and Windows desktop! I never do anything to do with money on the PC, such as internet banking. Why? Because the Mac is more secure and there are no viruses (none significant anyway) for the Mac. Apple does routinely send security updates, as does Microsoft, but I don't believe a 'thief' will be able to easily break into the Mac.

Above is a screen capture showing the WinXP desktop in operation on the Mac desktop. If I click outside that window I have a Mac; inside the window I have a PC.

Let's talk about speed of use. My PC has both Vista and XP SP3 installed and I can choose which I prefer to use. The following table shows some times comparing the 3 different systems.

	iMac (10.5)	iMac (XP SP3)*	PC (Vista)	PC (XP SP3)
Start up time	30 seconds	20 seconds	70 seconds	60 seconds
Shut down time	10 seconds	25 seconds	50 seconds	18 seconds
Get to sleep time	2 seconds	5 seconds	30 seconds	5 seconds
Wake from sleep time	5 seconds	6 seconds	15 seconds	20 seconds

** this is the Windows startup time once the Mac is running. The Windows OS has only 512 Mb of RAM allocated to it from the 2.0 Gb RAM of the Mac. XP is not as memory or resources hungry as Vista.*

Vista is a very attractive looking interface, not unlike the Mac in many ways and better looking than that of XP, but it is a slug. I have turned off the security in Vista so it is less annoying, but then it keeps telling me that I have turned off the security. I have read that the next incarnation of Windows will not be so annoying. Sadly, many new computers are now being offered with Windows XP as an alternative to Vista. By the way, the word 'Vista' has been dropped by Microsoft because of the negative feedback they have received world-wide. The new Windows operating system will be called Windows 7 with no reference to Vista and will address many of the complaints made about Vista, but probably won't be commercially available till 2010 or even 2011. I just get the feeling that Windows as a platform has probably reached its final stage of development. The new Windows is said to be an upgraded version of Vista and some cynics are calling it Vista SP?

A man woke up one morning to find his wife packing her bags. "Where are you going?" demanded the husband. The wife replied, "You know all that free sex I've been giving you all these years? Well I just found out I can get $200 a shot for it in the Cross"

With that the husband jumped out of bed and began packing his bags, too. "Where do you think you're going?" demanded the wife.

"I want to see how you can live on $400 a year!"

Did you know that when you buy a Vista disk, it contains all levels of Vista, from Home Basic up to Ultimate? When you type in the product code, the system you paid for is selected and installed. That is a kind of meanness that deserves censure. When you buy a Mac operating system, you get the full system, the 'ultimate' for the same price, about half the price you will pay for the Microsoft system. Apple offers only one 'level' of OS-X. On top of this there are no compatibility issues with hardware, because there is a limited range of options and Apple can easily include these with the OS. The Mac OS is multilingual. In fact, I have used a program called 'Monolingual' to remove the dozens of languages from my Mac OS, which can slow the

system down a bit, so they tell me. With the Microsoft OS, you have to buy separate disks for different languages. My wife uses a computer with XP (English) and XP (Chinese) operating systems.

I must add that in terms of compatibility with hardware or software, I have had no problems with Vista. Perhaps the exception was Nero, a disk burning application, but the version that works with Vista is cheap on eBay. Nero is a good program once you wait for it to get ready for use. It also takes an unnecessarily long time to install. I might also add that some of the troubles with Vista lies not with Microsoft, but with other software producers and hardware manufacturers who have not taken the trouble to provide decent drivers with their products, again Microsoft cannot be blamed for this.

Why is Windows so enthusiastically targeted by smart-arse virus programmers? Well, I suppose because Windows is easier to penetrate due of its sloppy design, except that Vista has many more safeguards built in. There may also be a 'hate Microsoft' element. Perhaps the most important reason Windows machines are targeted by computer virus developers is that they are by far the most used computers in the world. If the Macintosh share of computer sales and usage were to increase significantly, then it would be worth the trouble for cyber criminals to find ways to attack Macs. Perhaps this is already happening. Apple have been successful in their advertising in getting Windows users to change over to Mac and some people who did this are beginning to worry that they may have made the wrong decision.

Never underestimate the power of very stupid people in large groups.

The best advice is don't download anything that looks suspicious. Don't open emails that have an attachment which was not expected, especially if the attachment has '.exe' in its title. The cyber criminals are well aware of human frailty and know how to get you in, so to speak. Beware of identity theft, so if you use Facebook, don't give too many details about yourself. Watch out for bogus sites such as those that claim to be PayPal or eBay, requiring you to give banking details so that their files can be kept current.

Now, talking if installation: I downloaded Service Pack 1 (SP1) for Vista and installed it. This process took over an hour! I then downloaded SP2 (beta) and that took another 20 minutes to install, a total time of one hour, 50 minutes! The original installation of Vista took less than 30 minutes.

Do I like my PC with Vista installed? Yes I do! It's a bit of an enthusiast's interest really as I don't use it for serious work; I have the iMac for that, but with the PC I can watch HDTV and record TV programs to the hard disk and easily edit them to put on to DVD. It does some things faster than the Mac. To watch TV on the

Mac would be more costly. But now I'm using Windows on the Mac and XP SP3 is blazingly fast. MS Word (Office 2003) takes about one second to be ready for work after booting. For reasons I don't understand, it is faster on the Mac than on the PC.
Now about software. One of the arguments put forward in favour of Windows over the Mac platform is that there are more programs available for Windows machines. That is the case, but how many programs do you need to use? Most business software is written for both the Mac and Windows platform. You can have MS Office for both. I am currently using Office 2008 for the Mac and it is faster than the older version because it has been written for the new Intel processors. Of course you can have OpenOffice.Org for both (free download); I have used this set of applications and don't really like them, perhaps because I am used to Microsoft Office (Excel is excellent as is PowerPoint).

Adobe Photoshop was originally a Mac program, but has been rewritten for the PC and there is an excellent lens correction filter for the PC version of PS that is not available for the Mac version. However for US$29 I downloaded PT Lens for both Mac and PC. This little program corrects lens distortion and perspective distortion and has in its database data for most digital cameras and lenses up to 2007. MYOB can be found for both platforms. Quark Express was the most used desktop publishing program (for the Mac) ahead Adobe Pagemaker for the PC. The best music programming applications are found on the Mac platform.

My PC's processor is faster than that in my iMac, but is slower to use and that is because of the operating system. I decided to install WinXP on one hard disk on the PC, so now I have a choice of XP or Vista, but still I prefer Vista because of its interface and have worked around some of the slowness problems. My son uses a Pentium 4 (2.8 GHz) PC with XP installed and is plenty fast enough. By the way, in terms of slowness, avoid Symantic (Norton) software. Norton anti-virus is known to slow down computers as is their Norton Utilities. For anti-virus I use Free AVG and I have read American experts who have found that AVG picks up viruses that Norton misses. If I ever use Norton utilities to repair Windows errors, it is from the CDROM and not installed on to the computer.

Reaching the end of a job interview, the H.R. manager asked a young Engineer fresh out of Uni, "And what starting salary were you looking for?" The Engineer said, "In the neighbourhood of $125,000 a year, depending on the benefits package."
The interviewer said, "Well, what would you say to a package of 5 weeks vacation, 14 paid public holidays, full medical and dental benefits paid, 15% super paid and a new company car leased every 2 years - say, a 5 series BMW?"
The Engineer sat up straight and said, "Wow! Are you kidding?"
And the interviewer replied, "Yeah, but you started it."

I have tried to use Linux distributions such as Ubuntu, but I'm just not geeky enough. Years ago a friend of mine, a computer systems analyst, told me she did not like Macs. 'Why?' I asked. Her answer 'Because anyone can use a Mac.' The greatest thing about Windows and the Mac operating systems, is that they have taken most of the mystery out of computing and some power out the hands of those who service the things.

If you would like to have a laugh, here is a website which has the 'I'm a Mac' advertisements. Surely a little exaggerated, but effective enough for Microsoft to be worried and employ an

advertising agency to produce a set of counter advertisements (actually produced on a Macintosh computer). http://www.apple.com/getamac/ads/

There clearly is a lot of disappointment with dedicated PC users concerning Vista: Here is a typical letter to ZDNET, 08/01/2009

> *'Let's face it, Windows 7 is Windows Vista Service Release 2, more than a service pack but less than a major release, with only a few added extra features, or as I am now in the custom of calling it, Windows Fixta. And since Windows 7 is essentially a performance and usability fix for a defective product, I'm of the increasing opinion that a Windows 7 upgrade should be free to anyone who was conned into buying Windows Vista.*
>
> *Yes, you heard me. If you own a copy of Windows Vista — Microsoft should be giving you a download entitlement to whatever corresponding version you have. So if you have Home, you should get Windows 7 Home. If you have Ultimate, you should get Windows 7 Ultimate. For Microsoft to do anything less would be a disservice to their loyal customers, especially to the enterprises that actually bought into Enterprise Agreements for Vista desktops. It isn't just good business for Microsoft to redeem itself in this way, it's simply the right thing to do. Anything less than a complete "Mea culpa, we'll do anything to make this up to you" move by Microsoft is likely to open them up to further litigation, especially by angry EU lawmakers who are just looking for another excuse to hit the company with billions more in fines as well as an expansion of existing class action in the United States.'*

A quick update (29th January, 2009):

A malicious Trojan Horse has just been found attached to a pirated copy of iWork09. iWork is Apple's suite of business programs, a word processor, a spreadsheet and presentation application. Using the pirated software, the Trojan is installed as soon as iWork is installed and allows Macs on the internet to 'see' each other. Hence an outsider could view the contents of your Mac.

If something hasn't broken on your helicopter, it's about to.

Base Radio Pearce reunion – Ralph Dix

On the 7th February, 2009, the "old boys" from Base Radio Pearce got together to share a few drinks, to have a meal together and to tell each other a bunch of fibs…

These blokes worked at RAAF Pearce during the 1970s and 80s and have been meeting on a regular basis ever since. The advantage of having a few years under the belt means that time has become less of a consideration and the event has become much more important. This year's function, as in the recent past, was a simple smorgasbord lunch at a restaurant within the Hillarys Boat Harbour complex, about 20 klms north of Perth and most of the attendees were able to use their senior's card to obtain a discount – and isn't that saying something??.

Carol Burton and Ben Wiktorski

The lunch was scheduled to commence at about twelve o'clock and most had arrived by half past and as usual the prawns came under severe attack.

From midday until about 3.30pm, before the first departure occurred, musical chairs happened and most got to talk with everyone. Chris Lovett explained that next weekend (14th February 2009) he was going to Sydney for the 16 Appie course reunion.

He went on to describe some of his planned activities, for example Friday 13th may not be a good time to walk up and over the harbour bridge, perhaps they have a special price to attract the superstitious victims (I mean visitors).

Kev Greene and Ed Holzheimer

Five of the blokes had their partners with them, Hugh Burton (Carol), Kev Greene (Karen), Ed Holzheimer (Jo), Ted Washbrook (Brenda) and Zad (Marion). Also there were five others who attended, Peter Denham, Pat Hall, Chris Lovett, Ben Wiktorski and Ralph Dix.

Marion Zad and Brenda Washbrook

Jo Holzheimer and Karen Greene

Walking sticks were carried by two of the finer gentlemen, Peter Denham who is a young 78 (not the vinyl, but still a good record) and Ted Washbrook, as always with a cheerful smile to welcome everyone.

Peter Denham and Ted Washbrook

'Zad' the usual organizer, tried to persuade previous attendees to also join with us, but we all know how much effort it takes to say "Yes I'll attend."

On behalf of those who attended, I thank Zad. I have no doubt that anyone who worked with Zad will never forget him or the fact that he seems to only go by the name of 'Zad'.

Marion Zad, Brenda Washbrook and Zad

When I went around to take pictures I explained that I was going to send this epistle in to the RAM, together with the pictures.

I also indicated that they will need to log in to look at the pictures (almost like the old days with film and developing time).

Nothing is foolproof to a sufficiently talented fool.

Zad and Chris Lovett

For those that missed the function it appears that this time of year will become the new traditional time to hold the get togethers, kids are at school, people are over Christmas, retirees have less hassle getting there, all the more reason to have it on one of the first couple of weekends in February. Anyone who wants to attend next year's do is welcome to contact me via the RAM and I'll forward your details to Zad so you get a reminder.

Stay happy and healthy. Dixie

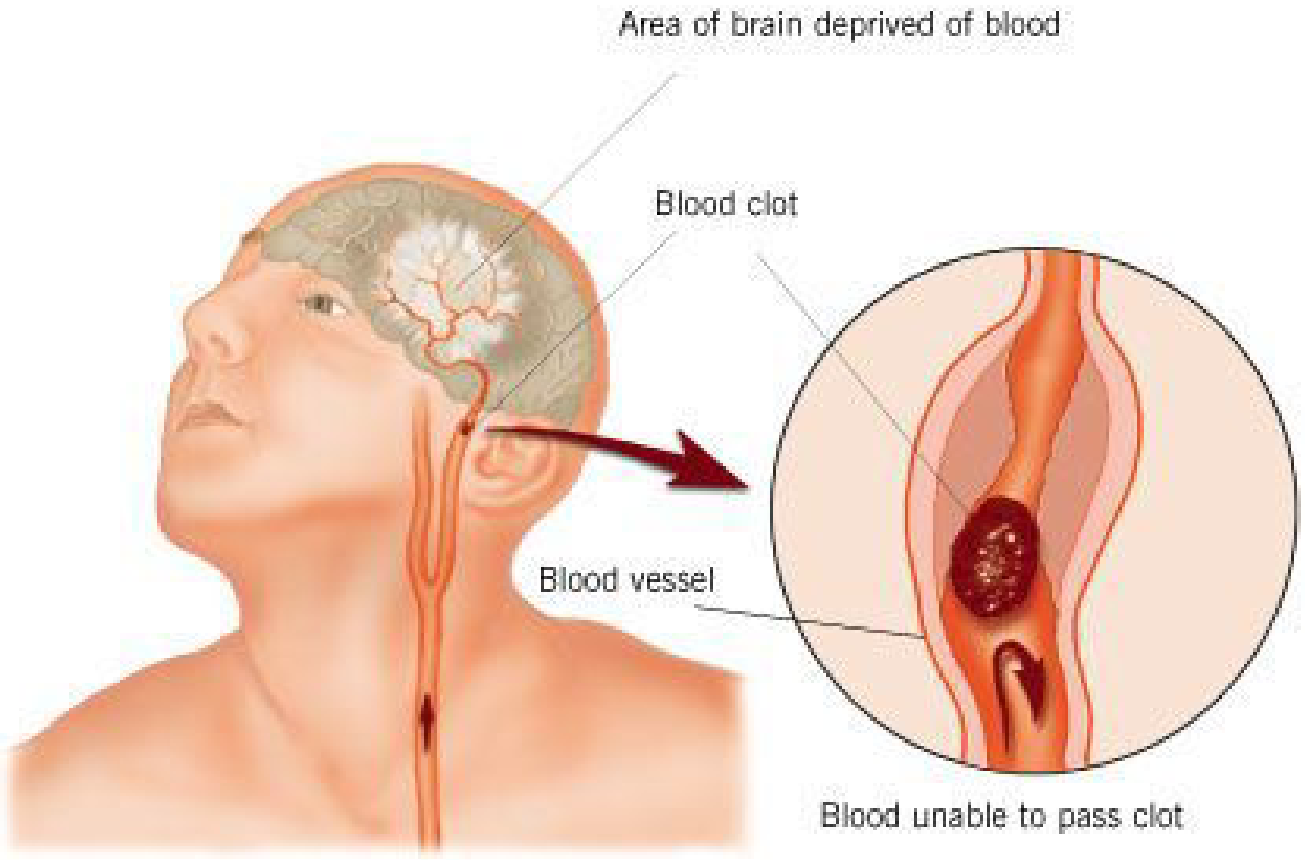
Pat Hall and Hugh Burton

Seen it all... done it all... can't remember most of it.

STROKE IDENTIFICATION: – Bruce Jones

They Now Have a Fourth Indicator, the Tongue.

STROKE: Remember the 1st Three Letters....**S.T.R**. If everyone can remember something this simple, we can possibly save a lot of lives.



At a friend and family BBQ, a friend, Ingrid, stumbled and took a little fall - she assured everyone that she was fine (they offered to call paramedics), she said she had just tripped over a brick because of her new shoes.

We got her cleaned up and got her a new plate of food. While she appeared a bit shaken up, she went about enjoying herself the rest of the evening. Next morning her husband called telling everyone that his wife had been taken to the hospital – and unfortunately, later that day the poor lady passed away. She had suffered a stroke at the BBQ. Had we known how to identify the signs of a stroke, perhaps Ingrid would be with us today.

A neurologist I have spoken with says that if he can get to a stroke victim within 3 hours he can totally reverse the effects of the stroke...totally. He said the trick was getting a stroke recognized, diagnosed, and then getting the patient medically cared for within 3 hours, which in a lot of cases is where the difficulty occurs.

Murphy's Technology Law #4:
An expert is one who knows more and more about less and less until he/she knows absolutely everything about nothing.

RECOGNIZING A STROKE

This is where the '3' steps, **S.T.R.** come in.

Sometimes symptoms of a stroke are difficult to identify. Unfortunately, the lack of awareness spells disaster and the stroke victim may suffer severe brain damage when people nearby fail to recognize the symptoms. With the correct knowledge of what to look for, anyone can recognize someone suffering a stroke. All it takes is to ask three simple questions:

S Ask the individual to **S**MILE.
T Ask the person to **T**ALK and SPEAK A SIMPLE SENTENCE (Coherently) (i.e. It is sunny out today)
R Ask him or her to **R**AISE BOTH ARMS

If he or she has trouble with ANY ONE of these tasks, call the 000 emergency number immediately and describe the symptoms to the dispatcher.

The latest indicator, that suggests a person has suffered a stroke, is to get them to:-

Stick out Their Tongue

If the tongue is 'crooked', if it goes to one side, then that is also an indication of a stroke.

From the Ripley's Museum department.

One day a C-130 was lumbering along when a cocky young bloke driving an F-16 flashed by. The young bloke, of course, couldn't resist it, and decided to show off.

He called up the C-130 pilot and said, 'hey - watch this!' and promptly went into a barrel roll followed by a steep climb and finished with a sonic boom right across the nose of the C-130.

The F-16 pilot pulled up beside the C-130 and asked the C-130 pilot what he thought of that?

There was silence for about a minute, then the C-130 pilot said, 'That was impressive, but watch this!'

The old Herc droned along for about 5 minutes and then the C-130 pilot came back on and said: 'Well, what did you think of that?'

Puzzled, the F-16 pilot asked, 'I didn't see nothing, what the heck did you do?'

The C-130 pilot chuckled. 'I stood up, stretched my legs, walked down the back, went to the toilet and made a hot cup of coffee.

AND

Recently a routine Police patrol car parked outside a local neighbourhood pub. Late in the evening the officer noticed a man leaving the bar so intoxicated that he could barely walk.

The man stumbled around the car park for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing. After what seemed an eternity and trying his keys on five vehicles. The man managed to find his car, which he fell into. He was there for a few minutes as a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off. Finally he started the car, switched the wipers on and off (it was a fine dry night). Then flicked the indicators on, then off, tooted the horn and then switched on the lights.

He moved the vehicle forward a few feet, reversed a little and then remained stationary for a few more minutes as some more vehicles left. At last he pulled out of the car park and started to drive slowly down the road. The Police officer, having patiently waited all this time, now started up the patrol car, put on the flashing lights, promptly pulled the man over and carried out a random breathalyser test.

To his amazement the breathalyser indicated no evidence of the man's intoxication. The Police officer said 'I'll have to ask you to accompany me to the Police station - this breathalyser equipment must be broken.' 'I doubt it,' said the man, 'tonight I'm the designated decoy'

Murphy's Technology Law #5:
Logic is a systematic method of coming to the wrong conclusion with confidence.

More Caravanning moments. – John Broughton

I recently bought a solar panel which I hoped to attach to the van which would then make me self sufficient in that electric stuff whenever I stopped for a day or so in the bush. However, when I bought the panel I must have slipped into senior's mode because I'd forgotten I had modified the caravan's wiring. Normally hooking up a solar panel to one's van's electrical innards is a breeze, but not now….

You might recall that I virtually rewired the caravan using a 2 pole 4 position Kraus Naimer switch which are normally used in electrical switchboards and are obviously designed by Europeans for their exclusive use. The idea was to be able to switch the 2 Gel Alco 100D AH batteries separately between the smart charger, 1Kva generator, normal supply and of course the inverter for 240Vac (note never purchase a 12V/240vac unit over 600Watts as this is the limit for hair dryers, it's more economical to convince the missus to get a short "manageable" haircut).

This configuration had not been attempted before and was the source of much debate with the battery supplier (whom I later found out was a used car salesman and knew the jargon but knew nothing about electronics, I was in good company)

Gel batteries have several states of charge i.e. float charge 13.8 vdc, absorption or bulk charge 14.8vdc and a "trickle" charge of 13.2 vdc. Some of the charging units use Pulse-width Variable Modulation (PVM) to ensure that the charge is absorbed in the battery's chemical reaction more efficiently and at less risk to overheating.

Confused? So was I,

Now try to imagine how a former Rad Tech would approach the issue of connecting a solar panel to the complex rewired caravan, easy just substitute the generator input for the solar panel,. After purchasing the "best value" for money, fold up, finger jamming, 100W panel variety, I had a look at the accompanying literature which says the panel puts out some 15.7 vdc. So!, no problem, simply find the adjustment screw and "tweak" the output voltage...no

such bloody luck. Like the F111 electronics gear it's all sealed up. No problem go to Jaycar, do not pass Tandy, collect $200 for a new regulator.

A stunning senior moment...

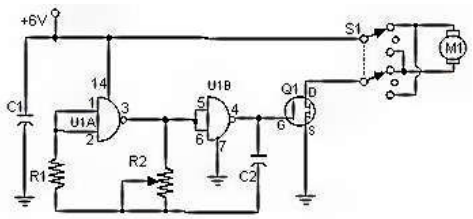
A self-important young executive was at a recent cricket match and took it upon himself to explain to a senior citizen next to him why it's impossible for the older generation to understand his generation.

"You grew up in a different world, almost a primitive one," the young bloke said, loud enough for many of those nearby to hear.

"The young people of today have grown up with television, jet planes, space travel, and man walking on the moon. Our space probes have visited Mars, we have nuclear powered ships and electric and hydrogen cars, mobile phones, computers with light-speed processing and more."

After a brief silence, the senior citizen looked at the young bloke and said: 'You're right. We didn't have any of those things when we were young...so we invented them. Now, you arrogant little shit, what are ***you*** doing for the next generation?'

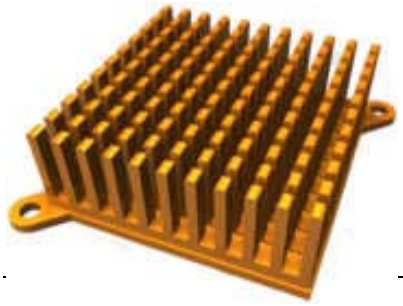
Nowadays most electrical gadgets are made in China, they are relatively cheap and work like a dream, this unit had all the promise of being exactly what I wanted, the lingo seemed plausible "PV" Photovoltaic controller with "PVM", bloody hell, I can actually remember some of that lingo, surely this thing can't be too hard to install.



Frank Alley has got it right about the Chinese, they economise on everything including the instructions which are in "new English" i.e. no adjectives, no pronouns, no conjunctions and verbs are a "phoreign fenomena".

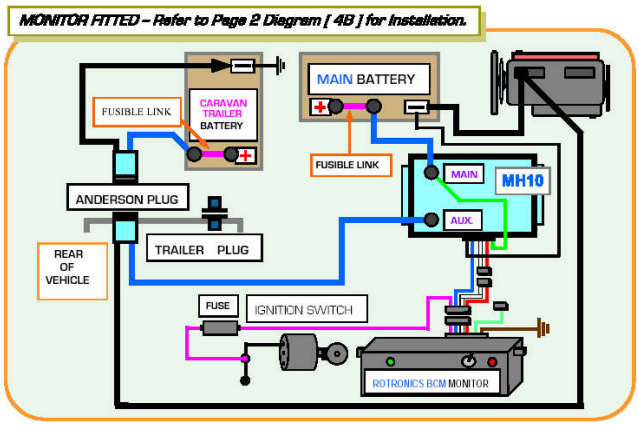
I am reminded of that medical ditty, "the thigh bone is connected to the shin bone, the shin bone is connected to the…" etc, etc, the new regulator is just what the Doc ordered except, when in tow, the latent voltage to the regulator is triggered by the car battery. No problem, a diode should do the trick, but trying to remember the way current flows is a problem, remember this little beauty (at right).

Back in the old days of 6BL8's, 6BM5's, 1S2's etc we had sayings such as "does current flow up the hill, or is it blocked by the fence"? Must have been a long time ago because I can't remember, same as I can't remember what the left hand rule (or was it the right hand rule) or any of that other stuff that Frank taught us all those years ago, was all about..



Eventually I simply put a multimeter on the offending diode and presto ...but wait there's more, is the ohm metre actually measuring flow from -ve to + ve, what's the polarity of the leads, do I need to reverse the polarity? After unpacking the offending diode (20amp) I find that I need to mount the offending unit on a heat sink, (you remember those bits of aluminium that have many fins to dissipate the heat), no problem I'll simply screw it onto some scrap aluminium. Nope, not so, there are specifications that go with the warranty so I need to buy a 1" Sq. finned unit, but hang on a minute, this diode has three pins, by now I'm wearing my extra magnification reading glasses, (I strongly recommend these for frustrated ex-Rad Techs especially when using a Scope soldering iron !!)

They gave me this mud map, and with it and a bit of luck, I eventually worked out that the diode is a bi-directional type so I connect both outputs to the regulator, via a fuse and of course the offending diode. The rotary switch circuit is modified to accommodate the supply to the regulator and the output is connected to the caravan inverter's "external input" ..... will it work??



It has been raining in Newcastle for just over two weeks so I have not been able to check out the system, one day soon I hope!!. I have also purchased a "reversing camera" and am looking forward to the installation of this unit, (these are strongly recommended to avoid potential divorce proceedings when parking the van with she who must be obeyed giving directions. In addition a set of hand held walkie talkies are indispensable to avoid the embarrassment of having the whole caravan park hear you attempting to give and receive directions when manoeuvring the caravan, (I said left is actually right when using the mirror stupid?)

Stay tuned for more caravanning adventures. JB

When referring to aircraft, If it's ugly, it's British; if it's weird, it's French;
and if it's ugly and weird, it's Russian.

The mighty Scope.

Talking of scope irons, we received this (we forget from whom) some time ago ……

In the mid 60's I was a member of 36Sqn (who were flying the old 3-bladed C130A Hercules). In those days (before Toolboards), we were each issued with our individual tool-boxes - mine contained a Scope iron.

One day, a low-down mongrel decided to pinch my trusty scope and, as you can imagine, I was devastated. Being a typical singlie (wine, women and songs), I could not afford to buy another one to replace the stolen scope so I resorted to ingenuity.

I managed to scrounge some form of transformer which roughly looked like a scope tranny. I then found an old broom handle and cut the appropriate length to form the handle of a "new" scope and painted it black. I then inserted a length of steel rod into one end of the handle and secured it with Araldite. I also glued a copper scope tip onto the end on the rod. Into the other end of the piece of broom handle, I glued a length of cable and then attached it to the tranny. Bloody brilliant - the Equippo's will never know!!!

I then returned to the "Scope" to the store - excellent idea as it was then not part of my AIU. I waited a few days then submitted a demand for a new scope iron. After I received my new scope, I realised the BIG mistake I had made when returning my bodgie scope was that I attached a Serviceable tag to it instead of a U/S tag. My "new" scope was my bodgie one!!!! In the words of that Toyota advert - "Bugga".!!!

A few week's later, I repeated the process (but with a U/S tag this time) and eventually received my brand new scope - bliss!!!

Murphy's Technology Law #6:
All great discoveries are made by mistake.

Jack Humphries. – Laurie Lindsay

It was great to see a photograph of Jack Humphries in the last edition of` the magazine. Attached is a later photograph of Jack (left) with Bob Holsken

Jack was on OTS in 1969. We were having a lecture by one of the medical officers, when Bob Holsken bought up the subject of a virulent strain of syphilis that he had heard about in Vietnam. He called it the "Dreaded Black Jack." (Some called it galloping knob rot – tb) Well, from then on, you can imagine how we referred to Jack Humphries.

Everybody had to give an instructional lecture on a subject of their choosing. The "Dreaded Black Jack" was explaining how to change the wheel on a car. (I should point out that there were also three ladies on his course). When he got to the part, where you dropped your nuts into the hubcap, he stopped, the moustache started to quiver, the eyes started to water and then he and the class broke into hysterical laughter. Despite this setback, he did manage to pass the course.

THE AIR FORCE WIFE. – John Griffiths

Who said that variety is the true spice of life?
No doubt t'was first said by an air force wife
For the poor girl never knows just where she's at,
Her home is wherever HE parks his hat!
She moves every two years into new sets of quarters
During which she has sons and daughters
She packs up to move to the cold of Old England,
The orders are changed, she's off to North Qld.
Her house may be a hut with no room for expansion
It may be a pre-fab or perhaps it's a mansion.
She uncrates the furniture in snows or in rains
And lays the linoleum between labour pains,
She wrestles with wardrobes and builds all the beds
And makes curtains of bunting she last used as spreads.
And during the move, now isn't it strange?
The brats all catch whooping cough, measles or mange!

She no more gets settled when she must dress up pretty.
And go to a party and be charming and witty.
She must know contract bridge, Mah Jong and chess
And whether a straight or a flush is the best
On every subject she must know how to discourse
She must swim, ski and golf and ride any old horse.
She must know songs and traditions of the cadet corps
And she mast learn all details of how he won the war.
She jitterbugs with Flight Loots who always are glamorous
Then waltzes with Wincos who are usually amorous
She must drink all concoctions - gin, whisky or beer
But, of course, moderately, or she'll wreck his career!

He insists on economy, vets every cheque stub;
Yet her house must be run like a hotel or club.
She entertains at 04 hours-both early and late
For any number of attests from eighty to eight.
At least once a fortnight there's plenty of cash
So she serves steak and eggs but, next week it's hash.
She juggles the budget for his new tropical worsted

Though the seams in her own best outfit have bursted.
Then when she gets the uniform payments arranged
The tunics no good -- regulations have changed!
One year she has servants and lives like a lady
The next, does her own work and has a new baby!
That there'll be a bank balance she has no assurance,
It all goes on liquor or some damned insurance!

At an age to retire, he's still Hale and Hearty,
Fit as a fiddle, the life of the party.
But she's old and haggard, cranky and nervous
Really a wreck after thirty years service.
But even then, when all's said and done,
She still believes that service life's fun,
She has loved every minute and, why - Good Grief,
She'd have been bored to death with a business chief.
There's a medal we know that Dad's glad to see
But it's the wives that earn it - that O.B.E.

The Phantom Crapper – John Elliott

The article on the phantom crapper reminded me of something that happened back in 1963 , I was a "poolie" down at RADSCHOOL waiting to go on course and I ended up with the duty of cleaning the toilets. Now a cohort and myself decided that with a bit of determined effort we could knock the job of cleaning all the Radschool toilets pretty quickly and retire for the rest of the day. Cleaning, for the benefit of people that never had this duty, was to take the paper rolls out of each toilet, hit the insides and urinals with a high pressure hose, e.g. a bloody lot of water, replace/refill the toilet rolls and that was that.

So with this plan we knocked over half the toilets in pretty quick time, retired to the airmen's mess and hid in the TV room (the trick was to be able to unlock the door and shut it and have the TV on very low volume. Then after lunch, it was back on the job and clean up the rest of the toilets in no time at all.

At the appointed time in the afternoon we reported back to the orderly room, water on the 'ralls, sweat on our brows and complaining about how laborious the job was. THEN we blew it big time. What happened?? well we both decided to take leave for a couple of days at the same time and a new team took our place. After leave we reported back eager to pick up where we had left off. NO said the chief god admin LAC person. You two can weed the garden, because the other poolies we put on the job only took half a day to finish the lot, you lazy buggers had a problem finishing them all in one day.

ALL YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT VIETNAM.

If your question is not answered in here, it didn't happen. This would be the most comprehensive site on the Vietnam War that I have ever seen.

I am passing this along because it is probably the best search list ever compiled about the Vietnam War. This simply has to be shared with anyone who ever served in Vietnam or knew someone who served in Vietnam. It would take months to look at everything this site offers.

Somebody went to a lot of effort on this site... Feel free to pass it along to anyone you think might be interested...

http://www-static.cc.gatech.edu/fac/Thomas.Pilsch/Vietnam.html

Rob Meyer (Inst fitter), left, and Bob Campbell (Sumpie) in their hut in Vung Tau back in 1969. That was 40 years ago – where has the time gone?????

RETIREMENT OF THE DHC-4 CARIBOU.

THE `warhorse' of the sky will be retired from RAAF base Townsville, with all Caribous being phased out at the end of the year.

The Minister for Defence, the Hon. Joel Fitzgibbon MP, announced the Government has accepted the reality that it will be necessary to bring forward the retirement of Australia's thirteen remaining DHC-4 Caribou aircraft to December 2009.

"The Government has been left with little choice but to retire the Caribou and has reluctantly agreed to do so despite the fact that poor planning by the former Government has denied us the opportunity to produce a replacement aircraft before 2013," Mr Fitzgibbon said.

"After 45 years of tireless and distinguished service with the Royal Australian Air Force, the Caribou fleet is suffering badly from a range of ageing aircraft issues, and contains asbestos parts which I am determined to weed out of the Defence Force."

The Commanding Officer of 38 Squadron, Wing Commander Anthony Thorpe, said it was with mixed emotions that crews would farewell the faithful aircraft, after 45 years in service.

"The guys in the unit are very proud of what they do (and also those that did – tb) and the capability the Caribou provides, they are also very sad to see it finally retire from service," he said. "It has a fair bit of history, having operated throughout South East Asia and has been a presence in Richmond, Townsville and Amberley for quite a number of decades."

The Royal Australian Air Force took delivery of its first Caribou in April 1964, the same year that the EH Holden (right) was in the new car showrooms. The Caribou has a proud 45-year history of supporting Australian Defence Force operations, throughout the South West Pacific and in South East Asia, including active service in Vietnam, humanitarian relief in Kashmir, Cambodia and Papua New Guinea and also in support of peacekeeping operations in the Solomon Islands and East Timor.

Despite its outstanding track record, the Caribou is now well beyond its sustainable life of type. The Caribou fleet suffers from corrosion, fatigue and obsolescence issues that make them increasingly difficult and costly to maintain.

“The RAAF is struggling to achieve four to five serviceable aircraft at any one time,” Mr Fitzgibbon said. (Bring back the rag spanners we say. tb)

Recently I was asked to play in a golf tournament. At first I said, 'Naaahhh!' Then they said to me 'Come on, it's for handicapped and blind Kids.' Then I thought... Damn - I could win this!'

“In fact, it is a tribute to the outstanding work of 38 Squadron aircrew, technicians and support personnel that the Caribou has been able to operate as long as it has.

“The reality is that a decision should have been taken a long time ago on acquiring a tactical airlift capability to replace the Caribou. The Government has been left with no other option than to rectify yet another shortcoming we have inherited in transition planning across our entire Air Force fleet,” Mr Fitzgibbon said.

Left, the super comfortable passenger seating provided in the Caribou, just the thing for a 7 hour flight.

Project Air 8000 Phase 2 plans to deliver a Tactical Battlefield Airlift capability for the Royal Australian Air Force to replace the Caribou in 2013. “Options for bringing forward the schedule on this project are being considered as part of the White Paper process,” Mr Fitzgibbon said.

As an interim measure, a leased fleet of five additional Hawker Pacific B300 King Air aircraft (right) will undertake light air transport tasks. These aircraft will be phased into the Townsville-based 38 Squadron as the Caribou is progressively retired toward the end of 2009. Three King Air 350 aircraft, currently operated by Army, will also be transferred across to 38 Squadron.

"The interim King Air lease will help Air Force minimise the adverse workforce issues that result from allowing gaps to develop in transitioning aircraft fleets," Mr Fitzgibbon said.

"It is important that we honour the debt of gratitude we owe to the men and women who have supported the Caribou for so long by providing a means for them to maintain their skills and streamline their transition to a more modern and capable replacement aircraft."

The King Air is a modern aircraft with digital avionics, advanced displays and navigation systems and turbine engines, that will assist in transitioning 38 Squadron aircrew and technicians to the more modern aircraft types being considered under Project Air 8000 Phase 2

The big money is on the Italian C-27J Spartan, built by Alenia Aeronautica, being the replacement for the old Caribou. Conceived for the military role since its original design, the C-27J Spartan is the unique true tactical air-lifter in its class. Its ruggedness, survivability in hostile environments, reliability and manoeuvrability are unmatched. With the widest cargo hold in its category, the Spartan carries over 11 tons and operates easily from short and rough airstrips in remote areas, without external support. Sharing the glass-cockpit, engines and propellers with the C-130J Hercules, it is fully inter-operable with it and other military transports - tb.

"Our nation is extremely proud of the magnificent service that the Caribou has provided to the Royal Australian Air Force over the past five decades. While there may be some who are saddened to hear of the Caribou's impending retirement, even the most vocal supporters of the Caribou will agree this decision is long overdue."

"The men and women of 38 Squadron have been waiting for many years to know what the future holds. Today's decision gives reassurance to them that the Government is very aware of both the challenges they face in trying to sustain such an ageing aircraft and the career

management uncertainty that has been unnecessarily forced upon them after so many years of empty promises and inaction," Mr Fitzgibbon said.

A bank robber walked into a bank, pulled out his gun, shot a couple of rounds into the ceiling then shouted, "This is a stick-up, everyone on the floor, first person to speak gets shot" Next minute, down the back of he bank, a bloke sticks his hand up. "What's wrong with you" shouts the bank robber. "Excuse me sir", says the bloke, "but I think my wife wants to say something".

HONOURING THE CARIBOU'S SERVICE TO AUSTRALIA.

The Minister for Defence, the Hon. Joel Fitzgibbon MP and the Deputy Prime Minister, the Hon. Julia Gillard MP, announced today that the DHC-4 Caribou's extraordinary 45 years of operational service in the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) will be honoured with one aircraft being gifted to the RAAF Museum at Point Cook and one to the Australian War Memorial.

During 2009, the RAAF will gradually retire the Caribous as they become due for expensive major maintenance. "The Government has decided that on retirement from RAAF service, two of the Caribous with distinguished operational records will be allocated to Australia's foremost military heritage collections," Mr Fitzgibbon said.

"This will be a fitting way to respect and remember the Caribous and the men and women who have worked so hard to fly and support the aircraft.

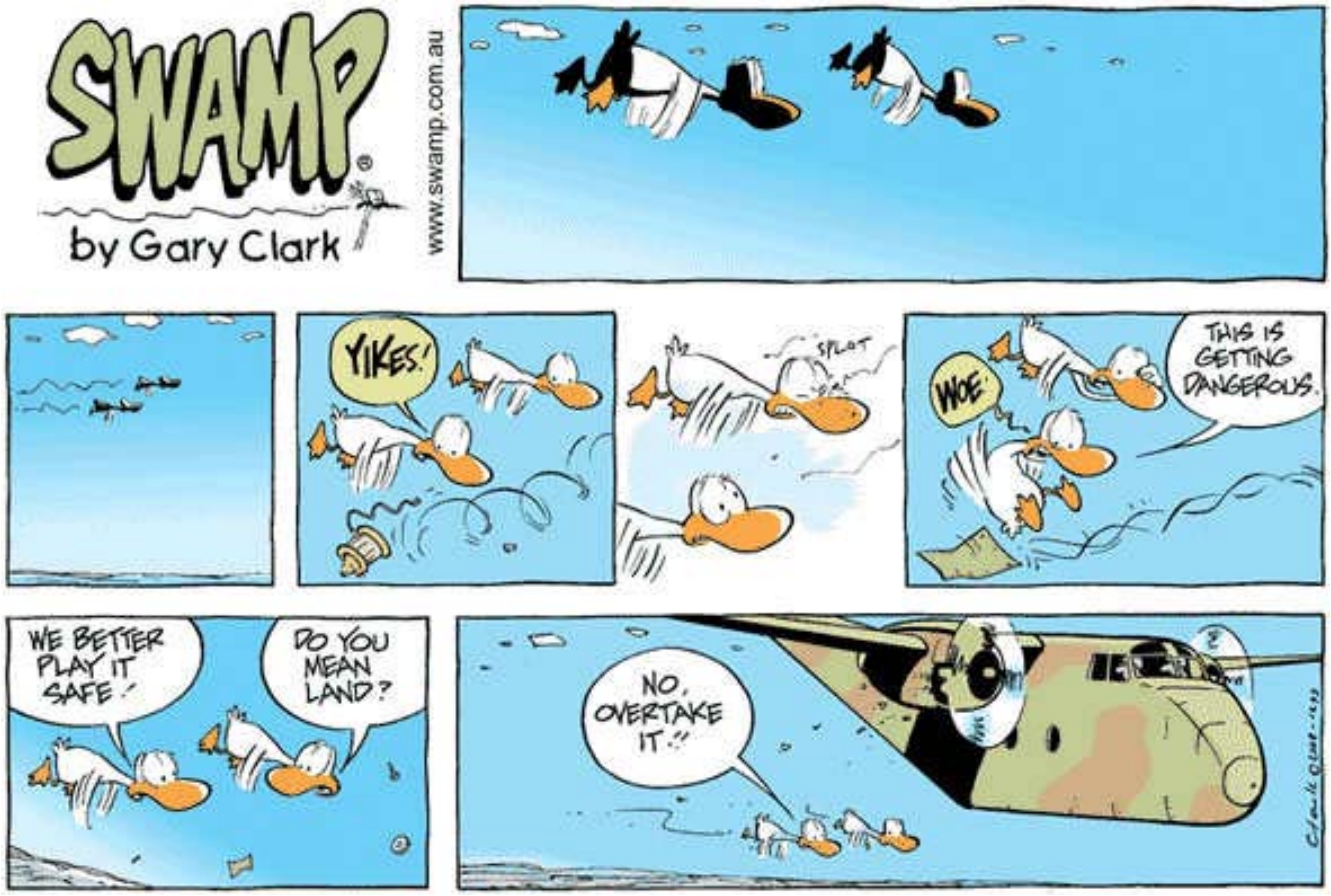
Left, 35 Sqn in Vung Tau, 1969, when the Caribou was king.

Mr Fitzgibbon recently visited Point Cook to announce that Caribou A4-152 will be provided to the Museum in early 2010. Caribou 152 was delivered to the RAAF in

May 1964 and served in Vietnam, Kashmir, Papua New Guinea and East Timor. It is scheduled to be one of the last Caribous to retire and will become a static display at the RAAF Museum.

Point Cook is an historical aviation site of extreme importance. It was where, in 1903, the first manned flight in Australia took place and where the RAAF first established a base in 1913. This airfield is also believed to be the oldest continuously operated airfield in the world. It is a very fitting last resting place for Caribou A4-152."

Caribou A4-140, with a similar outstanding service history, is earmarked for the Australian War Memorial. The Defence Materiel Organisation will manage the Caribou disposal plan which will determine the future of the other 11 aircraft.



Do dogs dream?

Who said dogs don't dream – have a look at THIS

Bird Strike.

Peter Forster sent us a short video on what happens when a foreign object such as a large bird is ingested into a jet engine. You don't want to be onboard!! This is an example of how the engine exploded on the plane from the recent Hudson River landing! It's a big file and will take a few minutes to download, but it is worth the wait. Click HERE.

During World War II, because metal was scarce, Oscars given out were made of wood.

The Woomera Bomber of WWII.

The Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation (CAC) was formed in 1936 when six major Australian companies, among them BHP, ICI and GMH, got together with the idea to provide Australia with the capability to produce military aircraft and engines. Shortly after its establishment, CAC acquired the Mascot based Tugan Aircraft company which was managed and directed by Wing Commander (retired) Lawrence Wackett (right). Wackett, (later Sir Lawrence) then became CAC's General Manager. By September 1937 the company had established a factory at Port Melbourne.

In 1935, prior to the incorporation of CAC, Wackett's company, Tugan Aircraft, had led a technical mission to Europe and the USA to evaluate modern aircraft types and select a type suitable to Australia's needs and which would be within Australia's capabilities to build. The mission's selection was the North American NA-16. CAC acquired this knowledge and as a result, the NA-16, with CAC's modifications, became the famous Wirraway. CAC also undertook production of the Pratt & Whitney R-1340 engine used in the Wirraway and also built some propellers when supplies from alternative sources became problematic. With its first aircraft type the company thus became one of very few in the world that produced an aircraft fitted with engines and propellers made by the same company.

One of the most outstanding and ingenious designs of L.J. Wackett was a twin-engined attack aircraft. His design was for a low wing, twin engine, light bomber with a crew of three. The project commenced in June 1940, when the War Cabinet voted to allot to the CAC a sum of £50,000 ($100,000) for the development of a strike-reconnaissance bomber which could also be used in a dive-bombing role.

The project came about because of a perceived need to replace the Beaufort with an aircraft to meet the immediate needs of RAAF development specification no. 241. This called for an aircraft suitable for reconnaissance and general bombing, with a capability for torpedo delivery and dive bombing. Such a bombing platform was comparable to the throwing stick used by the

Aborigines for delivering spears and, consequently, this all-Australian design appropriately became known as the Woomera.

Late in 1940, a mock-up of the Wackett CA-4 Woomera was constructed at CAC and several radical features were revealed. A Sperry automatic pilot was fitted and accommodation was provided for pilot, navigator/bomber, and wireless/air gunner. Six fuel tanks were an integral part of the centre section wing construction, causing headaches for the designers as this had never before been done on an Australian designed machine. The wings were of stressed skin construction, with the control surfaces being fabric covered aft of the spar, and dynamically balanced. The cockpit and nose of the aircraft were metal skinned, and the fuselage was canvas covered ply.

On completion, the Woomera was numbered in the prototype range, A23-1001, and the first flight was carried out by Flight Lieutenant 'Boss' Walker on 19 September 1941.

Subsequent tests by CAC pilot K. Frewin revealed that the aircraft's performance was equivalent to contemporary bombers and, in addition, it possessed a greater armament capability. Four 0.303 guns in the nose were operated by the pilot and two power-operated turrets, each with two 0.303 guns at the rear of both engine nacelles, were remotely controlled from the rear of the cockpit canopy, which was fitted with a sighting periscope. The engine nacelles also served as bomb-bays, each housing two 250 lb bombs. In addition, two torpedoes could be carried below the centre section and four 25 lb bombs under each outer wing. Either of the torpedos could be replaced by a 293 gallon drop tank or two 500 lb bombs. Thus the aircraft possessed a considerable strike capability and, with drop tanks, a very useful range.

Many years ago, a young woman, with a baby boy in her arms, entered a butcher's shop and confronted the butcher with the news that the baby was his and asked what was he going to do about it? After much haggling, the butcher offered to provide the young girl with free meat until the boy was 16. She agreed. The butcher had been counting the years off on his calendar, and one day the teenager who had been collecting the meat each week, came into the shop and said, "I'll be 16 tomorrow." "I know," said the butcher with a smile, "I've been counting too, tell your mother, when you take this parcel of meat home, that it is the last free meat she'll get, and watch the expression on her face." When the boy arrived home he told his mother. The woman nodded and said, "Son, go back to the butcher and tell him I have also had free bread, free milk, and free groceries for the last 16 years and watch the expression on HIS face!"

In April, 1942, the RAAF accepted A23-1001 for military trials with an emphasis on dive-bombing aspects. The machine proved capable but had features that were unacceptable to the military, such as the remote aiming and firing system. However in competition with the Beaufort VIII it proved superior in speed, armament, ordinance carrying capacity and range, with similar handling. The Beaufighter came closer, but again lost to armament, load and range.

The initial flight tests showed disappointing response to the controls with the elevator being almost ineffectual and severe engine overheating. Despite this it was agreed that the aircraft's general handling was on par with contemporary machines. Testing and modifications continued and unexpectedly showed up another feature that Wackett claimed was deliberate, but which he had never mentioned before. During a flight to show the CA-4 to the prime minister and other defence officials, the undercarriage failed and a wheels up landing was made. The machine stopped in 100 yards with no structural damage, and only minor damage to the

engines. In fact it was removed from the strip by lifting it onto its undamaged undercarriage and towing it away. Repairs only took two days, and inspection revealed that the failure had been caused by an act of sabotage.

On 15 January 1943, this aircraft was on a test flight to evaluate the fixed leading edge slats that had been installed to overcome the problem of the wing centre section stalling. It was being flown by Squadron Leader James H. Harper and on board were CAC test pilot James O. Carter as a passenger and CAC draftsman Lionel A. Dudgeon acting as flight observer. During this test flight, Harper reported a problem that required him to shut down an engine. When he activated the feather switch there was a large explosion and he suddenly found himself blown out of the aircraft. It would appear that a spark from the feathering switch had ignited the accumulated petrol in the bottom of the aircraft. Harper parachuted safely from the aircraft which was destroyed when it crashed 8 Klms south west of Kilmore, about 60 Klms north of Melbourne. Both Carter and Dudgeon were killed in the crash. Carter had attempted to parachute from the aircraft but had left it too late. Dudgeon's body was found inside the wreckage of the Woomera (*above*).

This aircraft had earlier been involved in a more minor accident at Fishermen's Bend. Sabotage was suspected for this earlier accident, as large amounts of swarf were found in the hydraulic system. Sabotage and the continuing fuel leak problems were on the list of possible causes for this more serious fatal crash. The integral fuel tanks often leaked and some of the fuel would run into the fuselage from the mid mounted wing and accumulate in the tail.

However, the RAAF had been sufficiently impressed with the design and ordered 105 of the updated version of the aircraft, the CA-11. Plans were made for production to begin with a delivery rate of 20 aircraft per month.

Sqn. Ldr. Cuming of 1 Aircraft Performance Unit (A.P.U) was brought in to test the CA-11 as he had flown the original CA-4. On one test flight, the pilot who flew chase in a Boomerang, noticed that the tailplane tips were vibrating through an arc of 6 inches, and that the whole of the fuselage rear of the navigator's position was vibrating torsionally. This was obviously an aerodynamic problem, but it had not shown up in wind tunnel tests. It was finally

traced to the disturbance of airflow caused by the turrets on the rear of the engine nacelles striking the underside of the tailplane. The fin and rudder were then completely redesigned and the tailplane was given 12 degrees of dihedral which rectified the problem.

The updated CA-11 aircraft differed in detail from the prototype CA-4. The canopy was extended and the gunner sat in a moulded perspex sighting turret to operate the remotely-controlled rear nacelle guns. Forward armament consisted of two 20 mm cannons and two 0.303 guns, whilst a flexible-mounted Vickers G/O gun (G/O = gas operated) was installed below the fuselage. It had a maximum speed of 435 km/h (235kt) a range of 3218 km (1,725nm) (with torpedoes); Initial climb 579 m (1,900 ft)/min; absolute ceiling, 22,000 ft (6,705 m). Initially the CA-11 was powered by two 1,200 hp Pratt and Whitney R1830 Wasps, but was later fitted with two 1,300 hp Pratt and Whitney R2000 Wasps and re-designed CA-11A.

After exhaustive CAC trials, the CA-11A was transferred to the RAAF on 22 November 1944, but by this time American bombers were in plentiful supply and further production of the Woomera was discontinued instead, the factory started to gear up to manufacture the Mustang fighter. Finally, on 16 January 1946, approval was granted for A23-1 to be converted to components.

Adverts of old.

That politically incorrect and most irreverent ex-clock winder, Rob Meyer, (right), who for reasons better known only to himself, has decided to retire and live in the bush, down the bottom end of Tassie. He sent us these commercials which date from another time. Amazing…

D


According to repeated nationwide surveys,
More Doctors Smoke CAMELS than any other cigarette!
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The Victorian Bush Fires. – Rick Toholka

Rick was right in the middle of those recent terrible fires, here is his account of those terrifying moments.

By some miracle, my property survived the firestorm on Saturday evening (Feb 7). At one stage the fire was racing towards my western and southern boundaries when three events occurred almost simultaneously:

1. Four CFA fire trucks arrived,
2. Elvis unleashed 9,000 litres of H_2O, and,
3. We experienced a sudden wind change which turned the fire front back on itself.

I attended the CFA briefing in the Jindivick Community Hall on the Friday night and, along with my neighbours, agreed that we would stay and defend our properties. Well that didn't eventuate as we (sensibly) reassessed the conditions on Saturday. One next door neighbour did chose to stay however, hence the detailed account of what actually occurred. He admitted to being frightened and traumatized by the experience.

I was allowed to return to my property on Sunday at noon and the random but complete destruction from the Princes Freeway at Longwarry, Robin Hood, Drouin West, and Glen Cromie Caravan Park and north to my property was devastating and eerie. My house roof was covered in ash and the whole property was saturated in embers of burnt leaf and bark. Why these embers failed to ignite I will never know.

But that was not the end of it as another wind change on Monday, about noon, saw the fire just south of Neerim South (5kms north of my property) break control lines and the Police and CFA advised us to activate our fire plans. I evacuated again. Nothing eventuated but the amount of forest fuel to my north remains a concern. Last night at 7.00pm we were put on notice again but I chose to stay and nothing eventuated.

This last week has been one emotional roller coaster but given the huge tragedy and loss of life one almost feels ashamed to recount one's own story. I am helping some of my neighbours to repair fencing. I am OK.

Just tuning in to ABC I find that Jindivick residents are again on notice from controlled burning in the Neerim South area. I will be glad when we get some soaking rains.

Our thoughts and best wishes are with you Rick – and we are thankful that you got through that terrifying time unscathed – tb

Why Dogs and Men Are Alike.

Both keep moving...even when they are lost.
Both have irrational fears about the vacuum cleaner.
Neither understands what you see in cats.
Both do the dishes by licking them clean.

The Old AN/CPN-4

Terry Waters says:- In Vol26, page 7 Ken Hunt was asking about the CPN-4. The RAAF only ever had four AN/CPN-4 Ground Controlled Approach Radars, with three in Australia, at Amberley, Williamtown, and Pearce, and the fourth at Butterworth. I believe the CPN-4 was not introduced into the RAAF until 1958.

The Butterworth unit was unique, in that it had a third, Australian designed, trailer which contained two rotary frequency converters which allowed the radar to be operated off 50Hz Mains Power (the CPN-4s normally operated off two 60Hz generators). After its return to Australia, in early 1969, the two radar trailers ended up at Radschool as a training aid, and the third trailer ended up in use with the Amberley CPN-4.

The AF/FPN-802 Precision Approach Radar (PAR), was replaced in the mid 90s with the civilian Instrument Landing System (ILS).

So you think you're smart?

Have a look at this and let us know how they do it, if you can……click Here

Barra fishing.

These are a couple of the Barra that are being washed over the spillway at Lake Moondarra in Mt Isa after all the heavy rain. They smash into the rocks at the bottom and die.

The locals just sit and wait and ‘dinner’ is delivered with a minimum of fuss. The picture was taken by an Ambo in the Isa. How does one get out there????

A blonde said that she was getting tired of men telling DUMB Blonde jokes, and promised to give the next man telling a dumb blond joke a piece of her mind. At lunch time she went to a restaurant with a friend of hers and as they sat waiting to be served they heard some men at the next table telling dumb blonde jokes. Immediately she stood up and yelled at the two men, "I will have you blokes know, that all blondes are not dumb, as a matter of fact I am a very well educated blond and have even received an arts degree from Sydney Uni."

Oh is that so, one of the men replied. "Then why don't you tell us the capital of Victoria?"

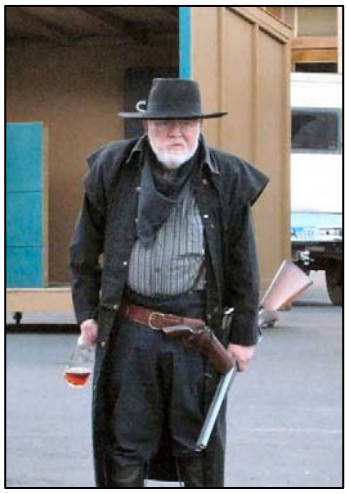
She replied immediately, " That's easy...V

A new approach to recruiting?

The retirement age for people in the Services is 60 – that is, no matter what your job or rank, once you hit 60 you're out. We think they've got it wrong. Instead of sending 18-year olds off to fight wars, they ought to take us old guys. You shouldn't be able to join a military unit until you're at least 55

Why??

- Researchers say 18-year-olds think about sex every 10 seconds. Old guys only think about sex a couple of times a day, leaving us more than 28,000 additional seconds per day to concentrate on the enemy.



- Young guys haven't lived long enough to be cranky, and a cranky soldier is a dangerous soldier. My back hurts! I can't sleep, I'm tired and I'm hungry. We are impatient and maybe letting us kill some mongrel that desperately needs killing will make us feel better and shut us up for a while.

- An 18-year-old doesn't even like to get out of bed before 10 a.m. Old guys always get up early to pee so what the hell. Besides, like I said, I'm tired and can't sleep and since I'm already up, I may as well be up killing some fanatical boof-head.

- If captured we couldn't spill the beans because we'd forget where we put them. In fact, name, rank, and serial number would be a real brain-teaser.

- Rookies would be easier for old guys. We're used to getting screamed and yelled at, and we're used to soft food.

- They could lighten up on the obstacle course. I've been in combat and I've never seen a 20-foot wooden wall with rope ladder hanging over the side, nor did I ever do any pushups after returning from a patrol. Actually, the running part is kind of a waste of energy, too. I've never seen anyone outrun a bullet.

An 18-year-old has the whole world ahead of him. He's still learning to shave, to start up a conversation with a pretty girl. He still hasn't figured out that a baseball cap has a brim to shade his eyes, not the back of his head. These are all great reasons to keep our kids at home to learn a little more about life before sending them off into harm's way.

Let us old guys track down those dirty rotten coward terrorists. The last thing an enemy would want to see right now is a couple of million pissed-off old bastards with attitude and automatic weapons who know that their best years are already behind them.

My short term memory is not as good as it used to be.
Also, my short term memory is not as good as it used to be.

Global warming!!

If, like us, you find this global warming business all a bit much to swallow, then you will find this article very interesting indeed. It is presented by TV station KUSI in San Diego in the USA and we feel makes very interesting reading. The story is presented by John Coleman (right).

Of course, in the interests of fairness, if you can produce evidence that proves that Global Warming is actually taking place, then please let us know and we will gladly publish it.

The Amazing Story Behind the Global Warming Scam.

By John Coleman

The key players are now all in place in Washington and in state governments across America to officially label carbon dioxide as a pollutant and enact laws that tax we citizens for our carbon footprints.

Only two details stand in the way, the faltering economic times and a dramatic turn toward a colder climate. The last two bitter winters have led the public to be sceptical that any runaway global warning. There is now awareness that there may be reason to question whether CO2 is a pollutant and a significant greenhouse gas.

How did we ever get to this point where bad science is driving big government? And how will we ever stop it?

DID YOU KNOW?
Peel a banana from the bottom and you won't have to pick the little 'stringy things' off it.

The story begins with an Oceanographer named Roger Revelle. He served with the Navy in World War II. After the war he became the Director of the Scripps Oceanographic Institute in La Jolla in San Diego, California. Revelle saw the opportunity to obtain major funding from the

Navy for doing measurements and research on the ocean around the Pacific Atolls where the US military was conducting atomic bomb tests. He greatly expanded the Institute's areas of interest and among others hired Hans Suess, a noted Chemist from the University of Chicago, who was very interested in the traces of carbon in the environment from the burning of fossil fuels. Revelle tagged on to Suess' studies and co-authored a paper with him in 1957. The paper raises the possibility that the carbon dioxide might be creating a greenhouse effect and causing atmospheric warming. It seems to be a plea for funding for more studies. Funding, frankly, is where Revelle's mind was most of the time.

Next Revelle hired a Geochemist named David Keeling to devise a way to measure the atmospheric content of Carbon dioxide. In 1960 Keeling published his first paper showing the increase in carbon dioxide in the atmosphere and linking the increase to the burning of fossil fuels.

These two research papers became the bedrock of the science of global warming, even though they offered no proof that carbon dioxide was in fact a greenhouse gas. In addition they failed to explain how this trace gas, only a tiny fraction of the atmosphere, could have any significant impact on temperatures.

Now let me take you back to the 1950s when this was going on. Our cities were entrapped in a pall of pollution from the crude internal combustion engines that powered cars and trucks and from the uncontrolled emissions from power plants and factories. Cars and factories and power plants were filling the air with all sorts of pollutants. There was a valid and serious concern about the health consequences of this pollution and a strong environmental movement was developing to demand action. Government accepted this challenge and new environmental standards were set. Scientists and engineers came to the rescue. New reformulated fuels were developed for cars, as were new high tech, computer controlled engines and catalytic converters. By the mid seventies cars were no longer big time polluters, emitting only some carbon dioxide and water vapour from their tail pipes. Likewise, new fuel processing and smoke stack scrubbers were added to industrial and power plants and their emissions were greatly reduced, as well.

But an environmental movement had been established and its funding and very existence depended on having a continuing crisis issue. So the research papers from Scripps came at just the right moment. And, with them came the birth of an issue; man-made global warming from the carbon dioxide from the burning of fossil fuels.

Revelle and Keeling used this new alarmism to keep their funding growing. Other researchers with environmental motivations and a hunger for funding saw this developing and climbed aboard as well. The research grants began to flow and alarming hypothesis began to show up everywhere.

The Keeling curve showed a steady rise in CO2 in atmosphere during the period since oil and coal were discovered and used by man. As of today, carbon dioxide has increased from 215 to 385 parts per million. But, despite the increases, it is still only a trace gas in the atmosphere. While the increase is real, the percentage of the atmosphere that is CO2 remains tiny, about point four of one percent. (0.41%)

DID YOU KNOW?
Take your bananas apart when you get home from the store.
If you leave them connected at the stem, they ripen faster.

Several hypothesis emerged in the 70s and 80s about how this tiny atmospheric component of CO2 might cause a significant warming. But they remain unproven. Years have passed and the scientists kept reaching out for evidence of the warming and proof of their theories. And, the money and environmental claims kept on building up.

Back in the 1960s, this global warming research came to the attention of a Canadian born United Nation's bureaucrat named Maurice Strong. He was looking for issues he could use to fulfil his dream of one-world government. Strong organized a World Earth Day event in Stockholm, Sweden in 1970. From this he developed a committee of scientists, environmentalists and political operatives from the UN to continue a series of meetings.

Strong developed the concept that the UN could demand payments from the advanced nations for the climatic damage from their burning of fossil fuels to benefit the underdeveloped nations, a sort of CO2 tax that would be the funding for his one-world government. But, he needed more scientific evidence to support his primary thesis. So Strong championed the establishment of the United Nation's Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change – the UN IPCC. This was not a pure climate study scientific organization, as we have been led to believe. It was an organization of one-world government UN bureaucrats, environmental activists and environmentalist scientists who craved the UN funding so they could produce the science they needed to stop the burning of fossil fuels. Over the last 25 years they have been very effective. Hundreds of scientific papers, four major international meetings and reams of news stories about climatic Armageddon later, the UN IPCC has made its points to the satisfaction of most and even shared a Nobel Peace Prize with Al Gore.

At the same time, that Maurice Strong was busy at the UN, things were getting a bit out of hand for the man who is now called the grandfather of global warming, Roger Revelle (left). He had been very politically active in the late 1950's as he worked to have the University of California locate a San Diego campus adjacent to Scripps Institute in La Jolla. He won that major war, but lost an all important battle afterward when he was passed over in the selection of the first Chancellor of the new campus.

This guy goes out with his buddies for a night on the town and they cap off the festivities by going to a house of ill repute. A week later, the guy visits his doctor complaining of a large green lump on the end of his penis. The doctor does a thorough exam, then pulls down a weighty medical book and flicks through it till he finds what he's looking for. He looks up and says, "I'm afraid this is serious. We'll have to operate!" "Operate?", exclaims the fellow, "Why, Doc? What's the problem?" "Well, you know how boxers can get a cauliflower ear? You've developed the same sort of thing. You've got a brothel sprout”.

He left Scripps finally in 1963 and moved to Harvard University to establish a Centre for Population Studies. It was there that Revelle inspired one of his students to become a major global warming activist. This student would say later, "It felt like such a privilege to be able to hear about the readouts from some of those measurements in a group of no more than a dozen undergraduates. Here was this teacher presenting something not years old but fresh out of the lab, with profound implications for our future!" The student described him as "a wonderful, visionary professor" who was "one of the first people in the academic community to sound the alarm on global warming," That student was Al Gore. He thought of Dr. Revelle as his mentor and referred to him frequently, relaying his experiences as a student in his book Earth in the Balance, published in 1992.

So there it is, Roger Revelle was indeed the grandfather of global warming. His work had laid the foundation for the UN IPCC, provided the anti-fossil fuel ammunition to the environmental movement and sent Al Gore on his road to his books, his move, his Nobel Peace Prize and ***a hundred million dollars*** from the carbon credits business.

What happened next is amazing. The global warming frenzy was becoming the cause celeb of the media. After all the media is mostly liberal, loves Al Gore, loves to warn us of impending disasters and tell us "the sky is falling, the sky is falling". The politicians and the environmentalist loved it, too.

But the tide was turning with Roger Revelle. He was forced out at Harvard at 65 and returned to California and a semi retirement position at UCSD. There he had time to rethink Carbon Dioxide and the greenhouse effect. The man who had inspired Al Gore and given the UN the basic research it needed to launch its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change was having second thoughts. In 1988 he wrote two cautionary letters to members of Congress. He wrote, "My own personal belief is that we should wait another 10 or 20 years to really be convinced that the greenhouse effect is going to be important for human beings, in both positive and negative ways." He

added, "…we should be careful not to arouse too much alarm until the rate and amount of warming becomes clearer."

And in 1991 Revelle teamed up with Chauncey Starr, founding director of the Electric Power Research Institute and Fred Singer, the first director of the U.S. Weather Satellite Service, to write an article for Cosmos magazine. They urged more research and begged scientists and governments not to move too fast to curb greenhouse CO2 emissions because the true impact of carbon dioxide was not at all certain and curbing the use of fossil fuels could have a huge negative impact on the economy and jobs and our standard of living. I have discussed this collaboration with Dr. Singer. He assures me that Revelle was considerably more certain than he was at the time that carbon dioxide was not a problem.

Did Roger Revelle attend the Summer enclave at the Bohemian Grove in Northern California in the Summer of 1990 while working on that article? Did he deliver a lakeside speech there to the assembled movers and shakers from Washington and Wall Street in which he apologized for sending the UN IPCC and Al Gore onto this wild goose chase about global warming? Did he say that the key scientific conjecture of his lifetime had turned out wrong? The answer to those questions is, "I think so, but I do not know it for certain". I have not managed to get it confirmed as of this moment. It's a little like Las Vegas; what is said at the Bohemian Grove (right) stays at the Bohemian Grove. There are no transcripts or recordings and people who attend are encouraged not to talk. Yet, the topic is so important, that some people have shared with me on an informal basis.

Roger Revelle died of a heart attack three months after the Cosmos story was printed. Oh, how I wish he were still alive today. He might be able to stop this scientific silliness and end the global warming scam.

DID YOU KNOW?
Capsicum with 3 bumps on the bottom are sweeter and better for eating.
Capsicum with 4 bumps on the bottom are firmer and better for cooking.

Al Gore has dismissed Roger Revelle's Mea Culpa as the actions of a senile old man. And, the next year, while running for Vice President, he said the science behind global warming is settled and there will be no more debate, From 1992 until today, he and his cohorts have refused to debate global warming and when they are asked about it by we sceptics, they insult us and call us names.

So today we have the acceptance of carbon dioxide as the culprit of global warming. It is concluded that when we burn fossil fuels we are leaving a dastardly carbon footprint which we must pay Al Gore or the environmentalists to offset. Our governments on all levels are considering taxing the use of fossil fuels. The Federal Environmental Protection Agency is on the verge of naming CO2 as a pollutant and strictly regulating its use to protect our climate. The new President and the US congress are on board. Many state governments are moving on the same course.

We are already suffering from this CO2 silliness in many ways. Our energy policy has been strictly hobbled by no drilling and no new refineries for decades. We pay for the shortage this has created every time we buy gas. On top of that the whole thing about corn based ethanol costs us millions of tax dollars in subsidies. That also has driven up food prices. And, it's not over yet!!!

And, I am totally convinced there is no scientific basis for any of it.

Global Warming!! It is the hoax!! It is bad science!! It is a high-jacking of public policy!! It is no joke!!

It is the greatest scam in history.

If you would like to read more about this amazing scam, check out these links.

Global warming scare debunked.

Things are normal in Greenland.

Are about to enter an Ice Age??

If it's Global Warming, why is it so cold??

Scientists debunk Global Warming claim.

The UN IPCC scientists debunked by their peers.

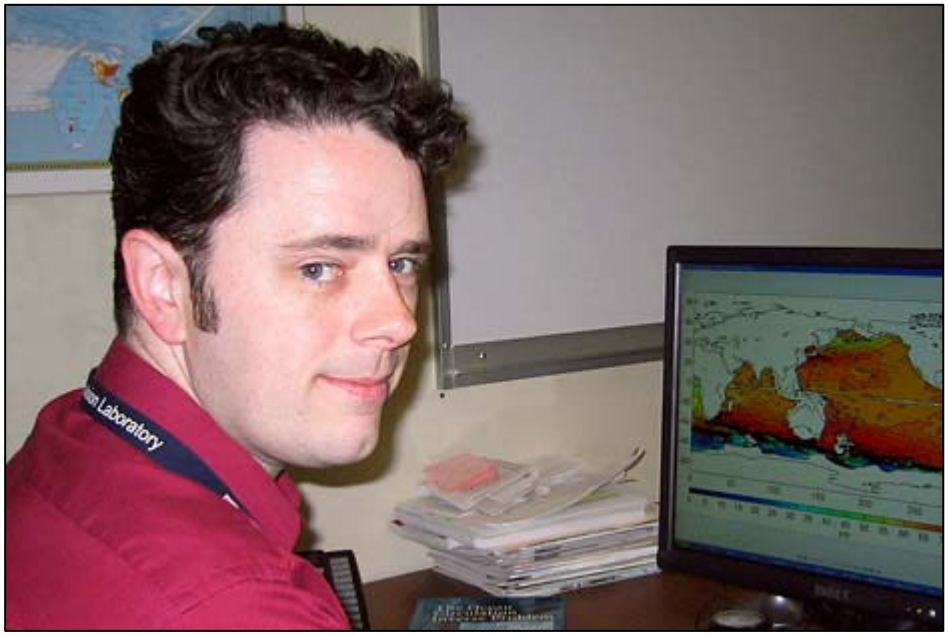
BALANCE

In the interests of balance, we have included this article about ocean temperatures and sea levels. The non-global warming team point to the ocean temps, which aren't rising, as positive evidence that the earth is not warming. This whole climate thing is, understandably, a very complex problem. People for and against global warming tend to grab snippets from various studies to support their politics. The previous Bush administration tended to support funding for science and publications which supported their politics. This article is clear, unbiased, and provides a good example of how one set of data does not answer all the questions in a complex system such as planetary climate or an MMRPG.

After you've read both articles – make your own mind up……because, it seems no-one ***really*** knows what's happening….

Correcting Ocean Cooling - by Rebecca Lindsey November 5, 2008

On a Thursday evening in February 2007, Josh Willis stood in front of his laptop, his wife cajoling him to get ready to go out to dinner. He looked with a sinking feeling at the map he had just made. Willis, a scientist at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, specializes in making estimates of how much heat the ocean stores from year to year.



Josh Willis is an oceanographer at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory who specializes in sea level trends and the response of the oceans to global warming.

"The oceans are absorbing more than 80 percent of the heat from global warming," he says. "If you aren't measuring heat content in the upper ocean, you aren't measuring global warming."

In 2004, Willis published a time series of ocean heat content showing that the temperature of the upper layers of ocean increased between 1993-2003. In 2006, he co-piloted a follow-up study led by John Lyman at Pacific Marine Environmental Laboratory in Seattle that updated the time series for 2003-2005. Surprisingly this showed a large *decrease* in heat content—about 5 times as large as the previous decade's warming. Surprisingly, the ocean seemed to have cooled.

Not surprisingly, says Willis wryly, that paper got a lot of attention, not all of it the kind a scientist would appreciate. In speaking to reporters and the public, Willis described the results as a "speed bump" on the way to global warming, evidence that even as the climate warmed due to greenhouse gases, it would still have variation. The message didn't get through to everyone, though. On blogs and radio talk shows, global warming deniers cited the results as proof that global warming wasn't real and that climate scientists didn't know what they were talking about.

That February evening, Willis says, he was updating maps and graphs with the data that had become available since the 2006 ocean cooling paper was published. He was preparing for a talk he had been invited to give at the National Centre for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado. The topic was "Ocean cooling and its implications for understanding recent sea level trends."

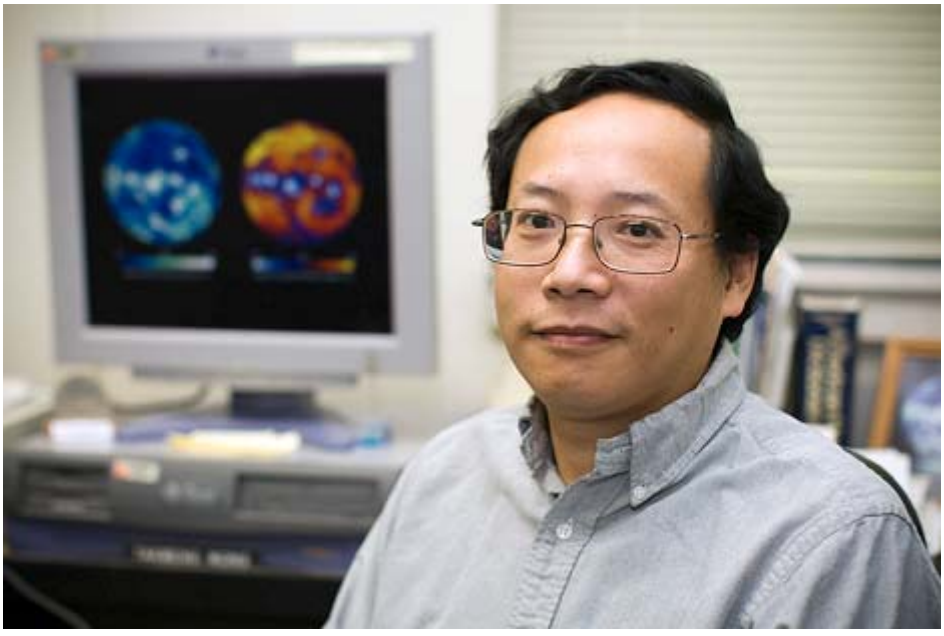
He was looking at a map of global ocean temperatures measured by a flotilla of autonomous, underwater robots that patrol the world's oceans. The devices, Argo floats, sink to depths of up to 2,000 meters, drift with the currents, and then bob up to the surface, taking the temperature of the water as they ascend. When they reach the surface, they transmit observations to a satellite. According to the float data on his computer screen, almost the entire Atlantic Ocean had gone cold. Unless you believe *The Day After Tomorrow,* Willis jokes, impossibly cold.

Argo floats are aquatic robots that measure ocean temperature, pressure, and salinity at depths of up to 2,000 meters. The floats augment satellite, ship, and buoy measurements of the ocean.

"Oh, no," he remembers saying. "What's wrong?" his wife asked. "I think ocean cooling isn't real."

On the opposite side of the country, Takmeng Wong and his colleagues at NASA's Langley Research Center in Virginia had come to the same conclusion. Since the 1980s, Wong has studied the most fundamental climate variable of all: the net flux of energy at the top of the Earth's atmosphere—how much solar energy is coming in minus how much the Earth reflects and radiates as heat.

Takmeng Wong (below) uses satellites to measure the exchange of energy between the Earth and space. "Our team has been involved for many years in constructing a time series of net flux from satellite data, going back to the 1980s," says Wong. The observations started with a satellite mission called the Earth Radiation Budget Experiment and today are being made with Clouds and the Earth's Radiant Energy System (CERES) sensors on NASA's Terra and Aqua satellites.



Net flux is the difference between the energy absorbed by the Earth and the energy the Earth reflects or releases as heat. If net flux is positive, more energy is coming in than is going out and the earth heat us, if it's negative, the earth cools - simple. Most of the excess energy is stored by the oceans.

Wong and his team-mates' record of net flux measured by NASA satellites shows that between the mid-1980s and the end of the 1990s, the amount of incoming and outgoing energy at the

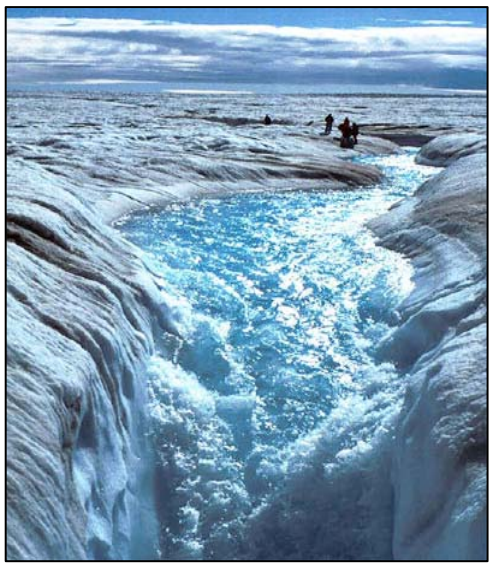
top of the atmosphere crept out of balance. By the end of the period, about 1.4 watts per square meter more energy was entering the Earth system than leaving it. Stitching the observations from multiple sensors into a coherent long-term record is complicated. Scientists are always looking for ways to check the accuracy of these pieced-together climate records. Since the ocean is the planet's single biggest reservoir for surplus energy, the energy imbalance Wong and his colleagues detected in net flux observations ought to be detectable in ocean heat content, too. The connection between these two related, but independently measured vital signs of Earth's climate brought Wong and Willis into collaboration in 2006.

"When Josh Willis published his first global estimates of ocean heat storage, we saw it as a chance to verify the accuracy of our energy balance time series against a completely independent set of measurements. Josh gave us data on ocean heat storage through 2002, and we compared it to our net flux estimates. There was good agreement, and so we published a paper on that together." "We continued to update our net flux time series each year, and we concluded that the positive energy imbalance that we detected previously remained the same," says Wong. So he was surprised, even a little alarmed, when Lyman and Willis' reached the opposite conclusion in 2006, saying that the ocean had cooled.

From 1993 to 2003, measurements of heat storage in the oceans agreed with satellite observations of net flux. After 2003, however, surface observations suggested that the ocean was losing heat, while satellite measurements of net flux showed the Earth was still slowly gaining energy. This mismatch was a hint that there might be a problem with one of the data sets.

Maybe Melt Water Explains It.

Willis admits the results were puzzling, but the apparent contradiction didn't automatically convince him the ocean heat data was wrong. A large pulse of melt water from glaciers and ice sheets might account for a rise in sea level even as the ocean cooled and contracted. The possibility that ice melting during the period had been large enough to offset a sea level drop became more remote later in 2006, with the release of several studies based on data from NASA's Gravity Recovery and Climate Experiment, or GRACE, mission. Launched in 2002, the GRACE mission measures changes in Earth's gravitational field over space and time. Changes in the gravity field are a sign that mass has shifted from one location on Earth to another, like the transfer of water to the ocean when ice sheets and glaciers melt.



When scientists began analysing the first few years of GRACE data, they concluded that Greenland and West Antarctica were definitely melting and contributing to a rise in sea level. But, says Wong, "The amount did not seem to be enough to offset a cooling as large as they had reported." "We let Josh know, diplomatically of course, that all signs were pointing toward his data," says Wong.

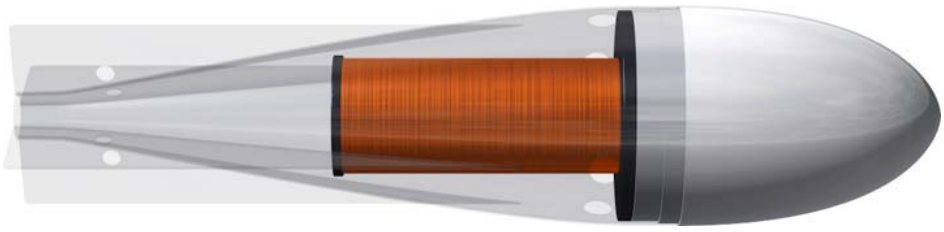
"I was aware that they were not seeing this huge cooling that we were seeing in the ocean," says Willis. "In fact, every body was telling me I was wrong. And there were always doubts," says Willis. "After all, it was a very surprising result. As a scientist, its part of my job to turn over every leaf. So I was constantly going back over the data and looking for problems." For nearly a year after the 2006 ocean cooling paper was published, nothing obvious turned up. It wasn't until that next year of data came in that the cooling in the Atlantic became so large and so widespread that Willis accepted the cooling trend for what is was: an unambiguous sign that something in the observations was "clearly not right."

The edges of the air can be recognised by the appearance of
ground, buildings, sea, trees and interstellar space.
It is much more difficult to fly there.

When scientists mistrust their data, they do they same thing you do when you think your watch is off: they check another clock. To diagnose the problem in the Atlantic, Willis needed to compare ocean temperature measurements from multiple sources. The first source he turned to was sea level data from satellite altimeters. Because water expands when it absorbs heat, and contracts when it cools, sea level is physically connected to heat content in the upper ocean. Satellite altimeters measure sea surface height with radar. The radar sends a pulse of energy toward the Earth's surface and listens for the echo. The time delay and intensity of the echo reveal the altitude of the sea surface.

Willis also had ocean-based data sets, including temperature profiles from the Argo robot fleet as well as from expendable bathythermographs, called "XBTs" for short. XBTs are the equivalent of a disposable razor. A temperature sensor is spooled out behind a ship by thin copper wire. It sinks through the water at a constant rate, making measurements at increasing depths, transmitting them back to the ship via the wire until the entire length of wire is unspooled (up to 1,500 meters), at which point the connection (wire) breaks and the XBT falls to the ocean floor discarded

An XBT may look like a rocket, but it's more like a fishing weight: a heavy zinc nose houses a thermistor (to measure temperature). They have been used by the U.S. Navy and oceanographers since the 1960s. "Basically, I used the sea level data as a bridge to the in situ [ocean-based] data," explains Willis, comparing them to one another figuring out where they didn't agree. "First, I identified some new Argo floats that were giving bad data; they were too cool compared to other sources of data during the time period. It wasn't a large number of floats, but the data was bad enough, so that when I tossed them, most of the cooling went away. But there was still a little bit, so I kept digging and digging."



The digging led him to the data from the expendable temperature sensors, the XBTs. A month before, Willis had seen a paper that showed a comparison of XBT data collected over the past few decades to temperatures obtained in the same ocean areas by more accurate techniques,

such as bottled water samples collected during research cruises. Compared to more accurate observations, the XBTs were too warm. The problem was more pronounced at some points in time than others.

When he factored the too-warm XBT measurements into his ocean warming time series, the last of the ocean cooling went away. Later, Willis teamed up with Susan Wijffels (right) of the CSIRO and other ocean scientists to diagnose the XBT problems in detail and come up with a way to correct them. “So the new Argo data were too cold, and the older XBT data were too warm, and together, they made it seem like the ocean had cooled,” says Willis. The February evening he discovered the mistake, he says, is “burned into my memory.” He was supposed to fly to Colorado that weekend to give a talk on “ocean cooling” to prominent climate researchers. Instead, he’d be talking about how it was all a mistake.

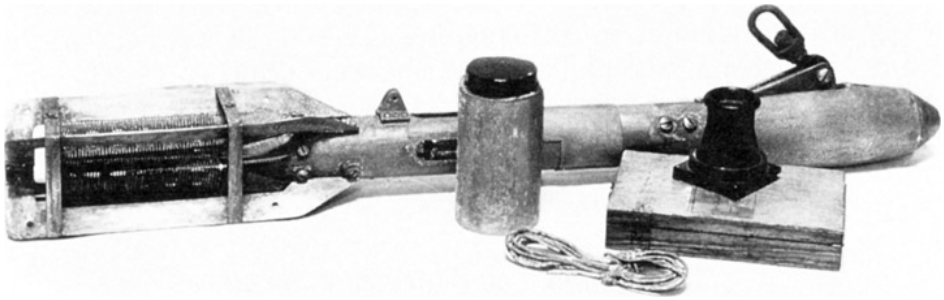
Smoothing the Bumps.

A scientist could hardly be expected to be happy about finding a mistake in his work after he published it. But if you have to watch your research go down in flames, it may help to regard it as an offering on the sacrificial fire of scientific progress. In the case of “ocean cooling,” Willis has plenty of reasons to consider the sacrifice worth it.

The first payoff for finding and fixing the XBT errors was that it allowed scientists to reconcile a stubborn and puzzling mismatch between climate model simulations of ocean warming for the past half century and observations. The second was that it helped explain why sea level rise between 1961-2003 was larger than scientists had previously been able to account for.

Much of what scientists know about how ocean heat content has changed over the past half century comes from the work of Sydney Levitus, (right) the director of NOAA’s Ocean Climate Laboratory in Silver Spring, Maryland, and his colleagues. In the early 1990s, the United Nations Education and Scientific Organization (UNESCO) asked Levitus to undertake a scientific rescue mission. The group wanted Levitus to locate historical ocean data sitting around in dusty library stacks, mouldy basements, and forgotten filing cabinets around the world before they were lost to natural disaster or neglect. The project became known as the Global Oceanographic Data Archeology and Rescue Project (GODAR).

Historical climate records provide important context for modern measurements. This type of XBT was used in the mid-1960s. “Since 1993 or so, we have added several million historical temperature profiles. This collection allowed us for the first time to estimate the change in ocean heat



content from 1955 on. When we first published these results in 2000, they received a great deal of media, congressional, and scientific attention, because the warming that we saw was consistent with what would have been expected due to the increased greenhouse gases in the atmosphere," recalls Levitus. What wasn't consistent were several large bumps in the graph of heat content over time. "We saw an overall linear [warming] trend that was consistent" says Levitus, "but we also saw some very large interdecadal variability. In particular, toward the late 1970s, heat content increased substantially and then around 1980, it decreased substantially." "Those bumps gave everyone heartburn," says Willis. There was no established physical explanation for them, and climate models didn't reproduce them. The science community wasn't sure whether the discrepancy cast doubt on the models or the observations, but fingers got pointed in both directions.

In mid-2008, however, a team of scientists led by Catia Domingues (right) and John Church from the CSIRO, and Peter Gleckler, from Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California, revised long-term estimates of ocean warming based on the corrected XBT data. Since the revision, says Willis, the bumps in the graph have largely disappeared, which means the observations and the models are in much better agreement. "That makes everyone happier," Willis says.

"What is now evident is that it may be possible for the ocean to gain heat and lose it more rapidly than we had thought possible. There may be other phenomena [similar to El Niño] operating on different time scales that can explain interdecadal increases and decreases," says Levitus. Even if these ups and downs don't change the long-term destination of global warming, they could reveal more detail about what kind of ride we can expect.

For CSIRO scientist Catia Domingues and her colleagues, being able to show that climate simulations and observations were in better agreement than they previously seemed was only the first payoff of the corrections to the XBT data. The second was that they used the revised data to balance the sea level budget for 1961-2003.

The two main causes of sea level rise are melting of the Earth's frozen landscapes, ice sheets, ice caps, and glaciers and thermal expansion. Water expands when it absorbs heat. If you add the amount of thermal expansion to the amount of melting, it should equal the observed sea level rise, but somehow, it never did. "When scientists added these terms, the sum was always less than the observed sea level rise measured by tide gauges and satellite altimeters. It's like one plus one did not equal two," says Domingues. Rising sea level is one of the most serious consequences of global warming. In the past 50 years, the sea level has risen about 1.8 (plus or minus 0.3) millimeters a year. Satellite observations since 1993 indicate the pace has accelerated to about 3 millimeters per year. What's driving the acceleration? How much and how fast will sea level rise in the future?

In principle, it should be possible to add up each of the individual components of sea level rise, melting continental ice sheets in Antarctica and Greenland, retreating glaciers, the thermal expansion of near-surface water, thermal expansion of the deep ocean, and changes in water storage on land, to calculate the total rise over time. Unfortunately, early attempts to balance the sea level budget never added up.

Susan Wijffels and her colleagues from the CSIRO, along with Josh Willis, provided a way to correct the XBT data, and the corrections were made and the first revised estimates of sea level rise due to ocean warming for the period 1961 to 2003 were finished. What was found was that ocean heating was larger than scientists previously thought, and so the contribution of thermal expansion to sea level rise was actually 50 percent larger than previous estimates.
It seems that the main reason the sea level budget between 1961 and 2003 would not add up before is that scientists were underestimating just how much warming and expanding the ocean was experiencing. But what about more recent changes in sea level?

“In this analysis, we focused on 1961-2003 because it is the time period highlighted as being an important, unresolved issue in the last IPCC report [Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change Fourth Assessment Report],” said Domingues, “but also because the problems with the newest Argo data—the problems that Josh Willis found as well as other problems we have identified—haven’t been totally solved. For the most recent years [2003-2007], the sea level budget once again does not close. Our team is still working on that problem.”

The corrected XBT data resolved much of the discrepancy between calculated and observed sea level rise by increasing the amount of change contributed by thermal expansion. Now, the combined effects of melting ice, thermal expansion, and terrestrial storage match measurements from tide gauges and satellite more closely, at least until the late 1990s.

They are also exploring how volcanic eruptions influence ocean heating, and whether a better understanding of how volcanoes influence the energy balance of the ocean will help explain short-term variability in ocean warming and cooling.

“One thing we found was that climate models that do not include volcanic forcing tend to overestimate the long-term change, and their simulated decadal variability is not in agreement with the observations. On the other hand, the models that include volcanic forcing are more realistic in terms of decadal variability, but they tend to slightly underestimate the long-term warming,” she says. “This kind of result tells us volcanic forcing is important, but that we don’t totally understand it yet.”

If there is a moral to this story, it’s that when it comes to understanding the climate system, it’s hard to imagine too much redundancy. Every scientist involved in these studies says the same thing: to understand and predict our climate and how it is going to change, we need it all. We need multiple, independent, overlapping sets of observations of climate processes from space and from the Earth’s surface so that we can create long-term climate records—and have confidence that they are accurate. We need theories about how the parts of the Earth system are related to each other so that we can make sense of observations. And we need models to help us see into the future.

“Models are not perfect,” says Syd Levitus. “Data are not perfect. Theory isn’t perfect. We shouldn’t expect them to be. It’s the combination of models, data, and theory that lead to improvements in our science, in our understanding of phenomena.”

RESTORATION OF DFRDB WIDOWS [SPOUSE] PENSIONS

From the inception of the contributory DFRB/DFRDB Superannuation Schemes, until mid 1977, widows or widowers of Australian Defence Force Personnel who were killed in Australia or overseas were granted a pension from the contributory Defence Force Retirement and Death Benefit Fund. Until 1977, the Commonwealth Government Legislation required that if a spouse remarried the pension be cancelled.

In 1977 a Federal Government policy change meant that widows/widowers pensions were no longer cancelled on remarriage. However, those spouses who had lost their partners before this date did not have their pensions reinstated, unless there was a compelling case of financial hardship.

Following strong representation to and subsequent support from senior Government Ministers of the last Coalition Government [The Hon Mal Brough, The Hon Nic Minchin and The Hon Bruce Billson], the Pre 1977 DFRDB Spouse Pensions have been reinstated prospectively, on application, with effect 1 January 2008.

The term used by the present Government through Comsuper is ‘Reversionary Pensions’. Regrettably, it is a term that not many understand.

The reinstatement of the DFRDB Widows [Spouse] pensions needs wide dissemination to all Military Associations of the three Services and the wider community.

This initiative covers the widows of all Australian Defence Force personnel who contributed to the DFRB/DFRDB Scheme and who died as a result of natural causes, accidents, disease or in other circumstances in peace in Australia or overseas as well as all those who lost their lives on Active Service.

It is stressed that the reinstatement of DFRB/DFRDB pensions will only be made prospectively from the date of application.

If you want further information, contact Comsuper 1300 001 887 or you can email David Ferguson via email

A woman called the Canon help desk with a problem with her printer. The tech asked her if she was running it under "Windows." The woman responded, "No, my desk is next to the door. But that is a good point. The man sitting in the cubicle next to me is under a window and his printer is working fine”.

Gov't stimulus package.

In order to stimulate the economy, the Government will soon be sending most tax payers a windfall of $900 – however, the ATO and Centrelink have already received reports of hoax emails in relation to the forthcoming Tax Bonus and Household Stimulus Package.

If you receive an email claiming to be from the ATO or Centrelink that suggests you need to provide bank details to receive a bonus payment, DO NOT RESPOND!.

The ATO and Centrelink already have the information they need to process bonus payments to eligible recipients and will never ask people to provide personal information via email.

If you receive an email about the bonus payments, that you believe to be a hoax, you should report it to Centrelink on 1800 050 004.

TECH SUPPORT: "O.K. Bob, let's press the control and escape keys at the same time. That brings up a task list in the middle of the screen. Now type the letter "P" to bring up the Program Manager." CUSTOMER: I don't have a 'P'. TECH SUPPORT: "On your keyboard, Bob." CUSTOMER: "What do you mean?" TECH SUPPORT: "'P' on your keyboard, Bob." CUSTOMER: "I'm not going to do that!"

A day in the life…..

. John Elliott

The story comes from my time in Katherine as a Flight Service officer, some years after I had left the RAAF. It was a quiet Sunday afternoon and a trainee and myself were manning the board for the F.I.R. (flight information region of aprox 40,000 sq miles around Katherine).

We received flight plan details from Mount Isa for a pilot who was taking off from Mt Isa to fly direct to a small airport up near Darwin in a light aircraft (probably something like a Cessna 180). The pilot nominated a SARTIME (Search and rescue time) for last light on that day. Warning Bell number One. Translated the above sentence means, "If I don't call in by the time the sun goes down, please come out and search for me in the dark".

So I drew a line on an overhead map that roughly resembled the course that he should take and plotted some times where he might be if all things were going ok (Remember I said it was a quiet day).

Warning Bell Number Two, Sometime later in the afternoon, I get a call on the HF radio from the pilot to say he was unsure of his position. What to do asks the trainee, well I says, "let's call him on VHF to see if we can raise him, if we can, it means he's somewhere within range of our

VHF transmitter, HF could reach him thousands of miles away. And, as he's told us he's unsure of his position, we'll declare an Uncertainty Phase."

Typical Flight Service Unit

An Uncertainty Phase is the first level (there are 3 in total) of the Search and Rescue procedure. Back then this was done by sending an SS message, on the teletype, with all the details, to the Search and Rescue centre. It is declared when there is concern about the safety of an aircraft or its occupants and is used to alert the people responsible for conducting any subsequent emergency procedures that there could be a problem looming.

Then some time later, the radio springs to life again and the pilot says he is now low on fuel and still unsure of his position. What to do asks the trainee, well I says to him, I think we better go to the next stage, which is called the Alert Phase, once again, by sending an SS message to the SAR Centre. An Alert Phase is declared when there is apprehension about the safety of an aircraft and its occupants and alerts the SAR centre that things are 'not good'.

A short time later, he calls again and says he is flying in cloud. What to do asks the trainee, well I says to him, he's a VFR pilot so we now go for the big one and declare a Distress Phrase and hand the whole thing over to the SAR centre. A Distress Phrase is declared when there is reasonable certainty that the aircraft and its occupants are threatened by grave and imminent danger. Once this occurs, the SAR centre is activated and the "Search-master" takes control.

After a lot of work, and a bunch of Hail Mary's from all concerned, the pilot did make it down to the ground in a manner from which he could walk away, unfortunately the area he picked was a flat plain with 4 ft high buffalo grass and 3.99 high ant hills, which did somewhat destroy the geometry of the aircraft.

Hot water destroying the planet

Allan George sent us this, it seems that the old hot water system that sits out on the back porch is slowly but surely destroying the planet. And, it must go!! Our Government has declared that from 2010 (next year) you will not be able to install an electric hot water system in a new house and from 2012 you won't be able to replace a broken one with a new one, ie, there will be no more electric hot water systems.

Once this happens, the only hot water systems available to householders will be:-

- Heat pump
- Gas
- Solar (electric or gas boosted.

You can read all about it HERE

Overheard in a computer shop: CUSTOMER: "I'd like a mouse mat, please." SALESPERSON: "Certainly, Sir. We've got a large variety." CUSTOMER: "Thanks, but I need one that will be compatible with my computer?"

The world financial crisis – Bruce Jones

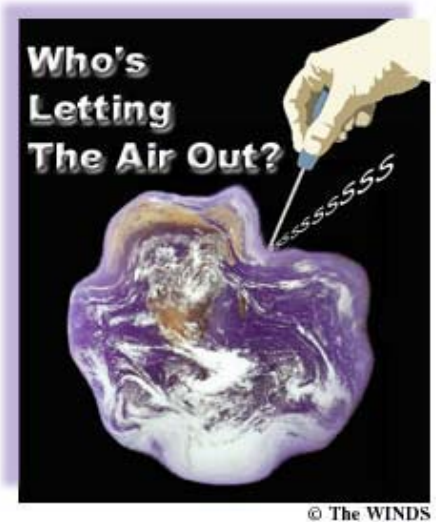
If you're like most of us and don't understand what and why this financial problem is all about, well, it's a good thing Bruce Jones is there because he does, and he's about to tell us in a language we can all understand.

Here is an explanation as good as you'll get.

Heidi is the proprietor of a bar in New York. In order to increase sales, she decides to allow her loyal customers - most of whom are unemployed alcoholics - to drink now but pay later. She keeps track of the drinks consumed on a ledger (thereby granting the customers loans).

Word soon gets around and as a result increasing numbers of customers flood into Heidi's bar. Taking advantage of her customers' freedom from immediate payment constraints, Heidi increases her prices for wine and beer, the most-consumed beverages and as a result her turn-over increases massively.

A young and dynamic customer service consultant at the local bank recognizes these customer debts as valuable future assets and increases Heidi's borrowing limit. He sees no reason for undue concern since he has the debts of the alcoholics as collateral.



At the bank's corporate headquarters, expert bankers transform these customer assets into DRINKBONDS, ALKBONDS and PUKEBONDS. These securities are then traded on markets worldwide. No one really understands what these abbreviations mean and how the securities are guaranteed. Nevertheless, as their prices continuously climb, the securities become top-selling items.

One day, although the prices are still climbing, a risk manager at the bank (subsequently fired due to his negativity) decides that the time has come to demand payment from Heidi. She doesn't have the cash, so she asks her customers to pay her.

But, because they are all out of work alcoholics, they cannot pay back their debts, as a result, Heidi cannot repay the bank and files for bankruptcy. DRINKBOND and ALKBOND drop in price by 99 %. PUKEBOND performs better, stabilizing in price after dropping by 90 %.

The suppliers of Heidi's bar, having granted her generous payment terms and having invested in the securities are faced with a new situation. Her wine supplier also files for bankruptcy and her beer supplier is taken over by a competitor.

The bank is saved by the Government following dramatic round-the-clock consultations by leaders from the governing political parties. The funds required for this purpose are obtained by a tax levied on the non-drinkers.

The Djinnang Association.

The Djinnang Association (Qld) will be having their usual yearly get together on Saturday 30 May 2009 at the Public Service Club, George St., Brisbane, commencing at 1400hrs. More information may be obtained from Alison Cridland at 47 Ormond Rd., OXLEY QLD 4075, phone (07)3375 9131. If you have access to the Internet, go to http://www.djinnang.com/ and click on Calendar and Events.

Another get together is planned in Melbourne for TelsTechs and CommsOps (incl wives, partners etc) on 2 May 2009 at the Sergeants' Mess Laverton. About 30 turned up for the first one last year, so get the news out early and let's make it bigger and better – we are not getting any younger, and the opportunity to renew acquaintances may pass you by. The plan is to kick off at 1400 and finish at about 1900 – drinks and light refreshments will be available. Please let me know by 17 April if you intend being there, so I can arrange easy access to the base.

Don't forget 29 November 2009 – its 20 years since the passing of the Telecommunications Technician mustering, and activities are being planned for that date in Melbourne – it is a Saturday so it should suit most people – mark it in your diary!

A blond goes back to work.

This is a very short video – only takes about 4 seconds. A blonde goes back to work after many years. The scary thing is most people under 30 won't understand it. Click HERE

On TV, during all police investigations it will be necessary to visit a strip club at least once.

Herc in a hole.

Richard Harcourt in the UK sent us an article about a C130 operating in Iraq. It shows what happens when you don't properly **"NOTAM"** an airfield that's having major repairs done.

A NOTAM is the quasi-acronym for a "**No**tice **T**o **A**ir**m**en". NOTAMs are created and transmitted by government agencies under guidelines specified by the Convention on International Civil Aviation. A NOTAM is filed with an aviation authority to alert aircraft pilots of any hazards en route or at a specific location.

A Hercules C130 flew into a US operated airfield in Iraq during the day and saw there was construction equipment on the runway!!! Yet there was no Notam issued to pilots using the airport. He complained, but nothing was updated.

A repair trench was being dug in the runway to fix a large surface crack, and it was not NOTAMed. But work continued….. And no one switched off the runway landing lights that night either……

It seems the construction continued into the night, and it still was not marked or NOTAMed. A C-130 arrived and lined up to land on the runway and as it was dark didn't see or know about the construction works. It wound up going through what is now a large deep pit on the runway.

The C-130 was totally trashed. There were several injuries to the crew and the few passengers that were on board, but luckily no one was killed. Quite the set of major failures somewhere in the system regarding this improper construction and no notifications regarding it.

Click on the photo for more pics of the incident.

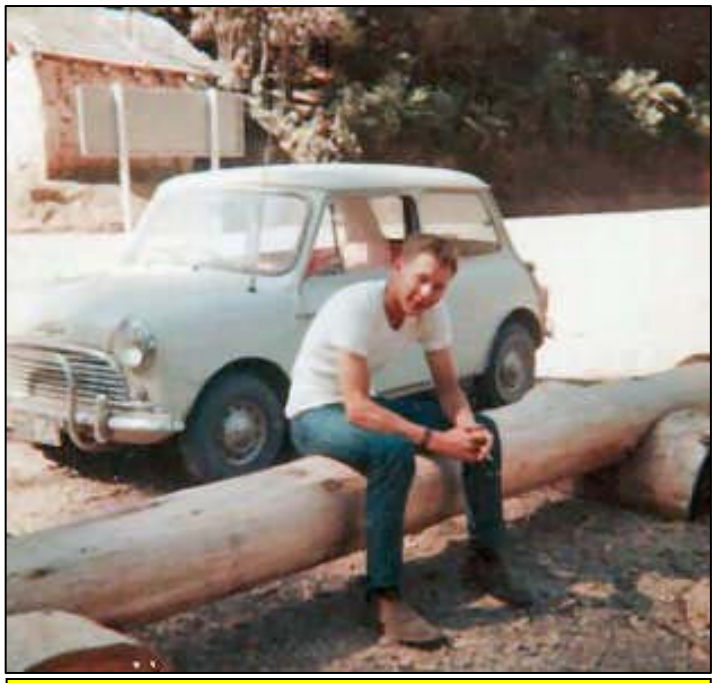
On TV, all grocery shopping bags contain at least one stick of French Bread.

Your say!

Peter Holmes wrote to say, "I omitted to say the Frank Alley's article on his Chinese experiences was really fantastic and I really enjoyed reading it". (Thanks Pete, we did too – tb)

Ian Greenacre wrote, he is hoping to get in touch with **Ron Adamson**. Ian says he is pretty sure we saw him at the Ballarat Reunion. Does anyone know Ron and if so, would you let us know his address and we'll put the two of them together.

Greg Black wrote: "Hi, I was just reading the article by Rick Goyan, about being owed $10, and never getting it back. It reminded me of my time at Rookies (course 862) in 1967. I was about to turn 18 and had had my driving license for almost a year and really wanted to own a car. A guy on my course, John Thiele from Rockhampton (I think) wanted to upgrade from his 1964 Mini Cooper. I was salivating at the prospect of owning such a 'cool' vehicle - BUT, the only money I had came each fortnight in a small envelope (a very small envelope!). We came to an arrangement where I paid him $10 cash and he gave me the car (he had told me it was worth $1,200, and I believed him) and I was to send him $20 each pay-day until it was paid off. No interest!!



Phil Witts beside HIS pride and joy in 1967, a 1964 Mini Cooper.

He was posted to Tindal, as a welder, and I went to Laverton (Radschool 18RMT), couldn't get much further apart than that. Anyway, every pay-day I went to the post office on the base and bought a $20 Money Order and then went back to my room and wrote him a note enclosing the MO and posted it. The following week I always received a note back from him, with a receipt, which showed the current payment and the total paid so far, with the remainder showing in the top corner. This went on for many months and then I started having some problems with the car losing oil (lots of it), so I went to a mechanic in Footscray and asked what the problem was and what it would cost to fix it. He told me the 'rings' were stuffed and it would cost about $700 to repair.

Bloke came home and said to his wife, “What would you do if I won Lotto?”.
She said, “I’d take half and leave you!”
“Great” he said, “I got 3 and a sup and won $22.50 – here’s $11.25 - see ya!!”.

Well, you can imagine how devastated I was, because it REALLY needed to be fixed before I could continue driving it. So, I sent my next note to John with the news that I was going to have some problems because of the repair bill. Now, this is the 'killer' - and something that would NEVER happen these days. He wrote back to me and said that he thought there might have been a problem with the rings when he sold it to me, and said that he felt he should pay half of the repair costs - and there in the letter was my usual receipt, but instead of the $20 I had sent him, it read $370 and reduced the amount owing by that much too.

WOW!! This was a bloke that I met on rookies and have NEVER seen again (42 years, in a couple of months). I still think about the tremendous honour he paid me by trusting me in this way - I had the car, and the rego etc had all been changed over to my name, after the $10, so, really he had no leg to stand on if I'd defaulted. What a guy, I wish I knew where he was now, because he definitely deserves recognition in some way.

Anyway, I had it fixed and continued my payments until I traded it in on a V8 Falcon (talk about 'chalk and cheese') when I paid him the balance owing. If my son gave his car to someone he had just met after a paltry payment and a handshake, I'm sure I would have him committed.

(Good story Greg – I don’t think it would happen in Civvy street, but things like that are not unusual amongst service mates. If anyone knows were John Thiele is these day, please get in touch and we’ll put them together again – tb)

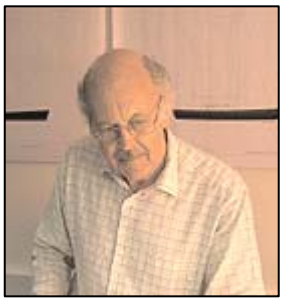
A motorcycle copper was rushed to the hospital with an inflamed appendix. The doctors operated and advised him that all was well, however, the patrolman kept feeling something pulling at the hairs in his crotch. Worried that it might be a second surgery and the doctors hadn't told him about it, he finally got enough energy to pull his hospital gown up enough so he could look at what was making him so uncomfortable. Taped firmly across his pubic hair were three wide strips of adhesive tape, the kind that doesn't come off easily. Written in large black letters was the sentence:

'Get well soon...from the nurse in the Corolla you pulled over last week.'

Graeme Chalmers, National President of the 9 Sqn Association wrote, He says “The No 9 Squadron Operational History Research and Writing Project Team seeks information on what documents, imagery, photos and memorabilia that you may have stored away that could be invaluable contributions. Further, The Team is particularly interested in written contributions from ex 9 SQN people on some (or an) experience from their tour(s) at anytime between 1962 and 1989 (disbandment) including the anecdotal and humorous. Contributions can be in any format and as short or long as you wish.

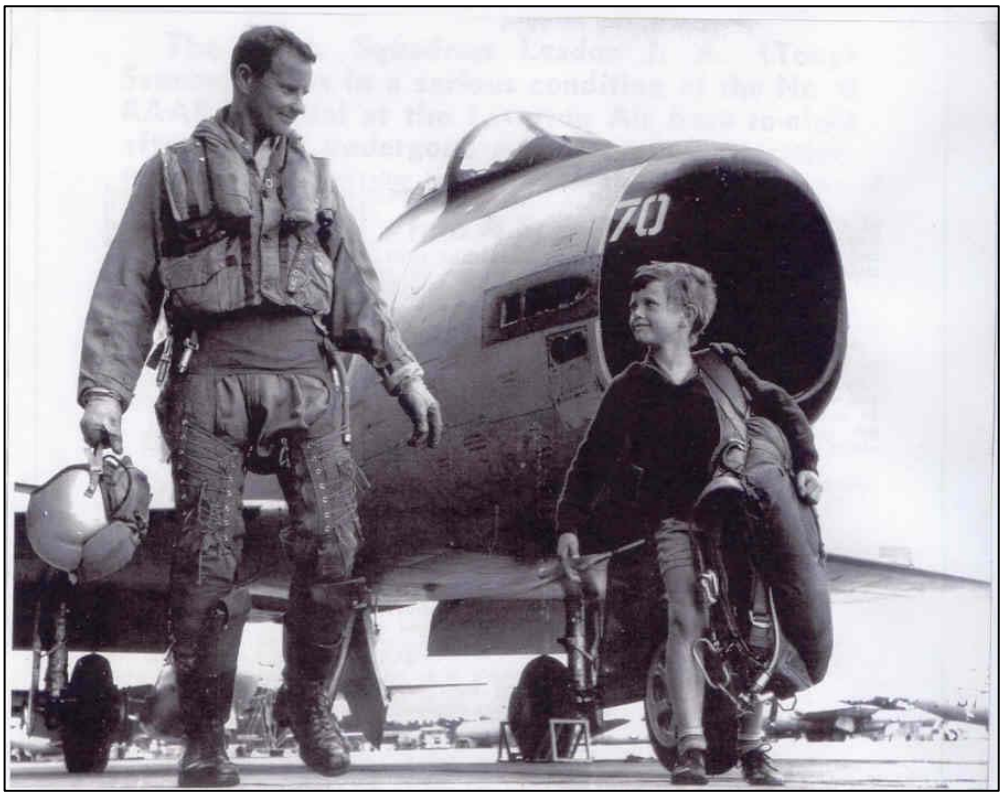
After your consideration (maybe searching thru sheds, trunks and cupboards), please respond by e-mail or telephone (07) 5471 6926. To families of deceased ex No 9 Squadron personnel who receive this, I apologise for any discomfort however, you may feel strongly about the History Project and would wish to contribute.

RAAF No 9 SQN was disbanded 20 years ago on 14 February 1989. We are all getting older and our collective memories dimming - we will only get one shot at this!! Please network actively among current financial 9SA Members and indeed, anyone whom you know has served with the Squadron at some time".



We heard from **John Butler** (right) who lives in the UK. He wrote to Frank Alley via us and says:

Dear Frank, I read with interest your article in the RAM no 24, page 9, about Tony Svensson. Tony was a family friend and when he was young my mother was his nanny. I have not been able to communicate with him for some time as he has Alzheimer's and is in a care home. I have Tony's 19-page account of his accident (written in 1993) and there is no mention of a stabiliser that failed. I also have the relevant press cuttings and photos. He said he was in a rolling dive (I assume this is a spin). To quote from his report the instructions he had for spin recovery were: -



"After spin entry centralise all flying controls; pause; if conditions do not stabilise using the aircraft's inherent stability apply full in spin aileron (similar to the Javelin). To quote the translation 'if this does not work DO NOT DESPAIR!" (sic) but maintain the spin recovery action." He says "*I memorised these instructions and remember them to this day."*

There is also no mention of the boyangs breaking. He says, "The cords were arranged to allow free movement of the legs whilst seated in the cockpit but, on ejection were tightened up……etc.

Tests with A-31 in Australia found that if the cords were crossed over there was a chance that, at certain positions, the control stick could be restricted by the cords. Due to this possibility it was decided not to cross the cords over. A bad decision as I found out to my cost."

Another ex test pilot friend is Peter Twiss who I am sure you have heard of. He flew the fabulous looking Fairey Delta FD11 and he said to me that you never put a delta wing aircraft in a spin.

I had a model made of Tony's A-31 and would it be possible to purchase a copy of the photo in your article suitable for framing. Attached is a picture of Tony with his son before his accident.

(What a great photo John, I bet his son still has it and will treasure it for ever. You can just imagine how proud of his dad that young fella would be – tb)

We heard from Tony Svensson's niece only recently, who also lives in the UK, she says:- *Sadly, Tony is now very ill and lives in a specialist care home as he is suffering from severe Alzheimer's. Unfortunately, he is now at the stage where he recognises no one in his family and has recently suffered a stroke*. (We wish him well – tb)

Ian Champion wrote, "Plans are afoot to stage a combined RADS/RAAFSTT reunion for 26 Apprentice Course. There are no details as yet although a 40th anniversary bash has been suggested. We are currently gathering contacts to gauge interest and to determine whether or not it's worth arranging. So if you were either a Radio, Queer Trade or Blackhander from 26 Appies give me (Ian Champion) a hoy on ichampso1@gmail.com. For information we already have 15 confirmed contacts from the RADS world, all who are interested."

Dave Gaffee, who was on 18 Appy that passed out from Radschool in August 1967, is now living in Port Lincoln South Australia. He says, "I am the secretary of the local RSL and I'm trying to get in touch with blokes that were on our course. If you were on 18 Appy or you know of any other ex-appies from our era please pass them my regards. My email address is dagrasshopper48@yahoo.com.au"

Charles Page wrote "many thanks for publishing your article on the proposed renaming of Learmonth airport in Vol 26. Since that story came out, the tourist and hotel people in Exmouth have been very aggressive and now the flak is coming up. The Shire Council will probably take a vote and call for submissions, so it could come down to a mail poll, or some such. I have just written to Min. Peter Garrett and others, and sent a long letter to the Northern Guardian. Fingers crossed.

Mike Haynes, wrote, he says, G'day, I was just wondering if you have anyone from 33 or 34RAC from Laverton 1979-1982 on your books? A lot of us are here in Brisbane and have remained close friends. We are considering having a 30 year reunion next year for 33 and 34 are looking at one this year I believe. There are around 10 of us, mainly from 34, in Brissy and the Gold Coast. 34 Appy started with 54 bods on 18JAN80. 18 graduated in Sep82. (If you want further info on this, get in touch with us and we'll forward your email onto Mike – tb)

David Shepherdson from 27 Appy (or **David Reece** as he was known at Appyland) got in touch, he says:- Dear Sir, It gave me great pleasure to come across your WEB site. As an ex-appie, I, of course, wish to become a full member. I enlisted in 1973 on 27 Radio Apprentice course and my surname at enlistment was REECE. This was the surname by which I was known up to just prior to my marriage in 1978 when I changed my surname to SHEPHERDSON by deed poll in QLD. I was discharged in 1982. So, there will be ex-RAAFies who will only identify with me as David REECE and those who only know me as David SHEPHERDSON.

I browsed over some of your magazines and was surprised to see a photo of Dave Ruschle, a person that I currently work with. He confirmed that the photo was in fact a Christmas card and he has a copy at home (Vol 24 page 17 - Ron Faux article.)

Also, in one article I read, someone (that was Laurie Lindsay – tb) was talking about how the CAA closed down the flight inspection program and effectively "got rid" of a lot of experienced people. Well, that may have been true at the time (around 1995) but I can happily report that the RAAF still has a look-in in this regard as I am currently filling the role of one of only 6 Flight Inspectors in Aust. and there are 4 ex RAAF personnel, one ex Navy tech, and one ex RAF person all deeply involved in today's Australian flight checking program. So the RAAF still is one of the sources of know-how in this regard.

Dave Bell got in touch, he says: Great to get the RAM and keep up to date with some of the happenings of the RadTech folk that I do know, the pic of the very young Arnie Vereschildt was great. Haven't caught up with him for ages! I have just returned from a trip to Penang/KL/Singapore. How those places have changed! Had a great time and hope to head that way again in the not too distant future. Keep up the great work with the RAM. Look forward to the next edition.

Dee Gibbon got in touch, she said, "Hello there, I am doing some study on the history of women in the RAAF and am having a lot of trouble trying to work out who and when the first female went through Radschool (either as an Appy or adult trainee). Any information that you have would be most gratefully received!

Well, we didn't know, but we knew someone who would – so we got in touch with **Allan George** and he told us "*The best I can do at this stage is as follows, all from the book - 'From the Ground Up' by Chris Coulthard-Clarke on the RAAF Apprentice scheme. 1st Technology*

Apprentice at Radschool was in the 1984 intake where there were 2 (names not known and they were about 19 years old) and the 1st trade apprentice was in 1885 again names unknown and she was about 17. I do not think there were any female apprentices at RSTT (RAAF School of Technical Training - Wagga). The 1st female WOFF apprentice was Wendy Jensen she would have joined in about 1988 as part of 7th Intake of Radio technologist Apprentice Course graduating in Dec 1990 and was promoted W/OFF App in April 1990."

Tony Smith wrote, G'day Mate, thanks for the E Mail re the newsletter. I read with interest the newsletters you have on the web and they bring back a lot of memories. I was a teleg but the venues are all the same and I can relate to a lot of the quoted experiences. Did any of the appies ever go over the side fences and swim in the pools the hoi poli sported? I know some telegs who did. Sadly, a lot of our haunts no longer exist. Who said it is progress. I spent some years at Werribee receivers {The Country Club} and a bit of time at Radschool at Laverton while I was on AFEF. The Newsletter is a beaut and keep up the good work.

Nev Williams got in touch, he said, have just finished reading your latest masterpiece, terrific. I even knew a few names. Considering it is 42 years since I departed the RAAF, that's pretty good I reckon.

Ken Hunt says the photo of their 'Model A' that we had in Vol26 is of a roadster while the one he and his mates had was a tourer. He says, on one occasion, the only time we got a few WRAAFs into the car, it held eight of us on the way back from a BBQ. It was bloody hard to drive then too. The photo (right) is of our car, obviously taken near the 'pine trees'.

David Thompson got in touch, he says, "Hi, could you possibly give me the email address of Peter Munzenberger. I would like to catch up with him. We spent a lot of time together in the Apprentice ham shack (VK3APP) back in 1971. Peter was on 24 RAC and I was on 25. By the way, 25 RAC are organising a reunion, see www.25frogs.com.

(We let Peter know that David was looking for him – and they have made contact – tb)

Bevan Greenwood got in touch, he said "With reference to Volume: 26, Page: 6, I read with interest the information under the heading "RAAF Maintenance Crews in Landmark Victory"! and C130 Tank Problems. For further information of all ex RAAF`ies I have enclosed a copy of a portion of my submission to every pertinent Minister (including the Defence Minister and Veterans` Affairs Minister) which I submitted on Friday 11th January 2008. (the full submission

consisted of 9 pages and an additional 3 pages of certification including a Sworn Statutory Declaration by myself!) This extract is from Page 2:

"I was posted to 10(MR) Sqdn Townsville and worked in the Maintenance Hangar performing Airframe Duties on Lincoln Bombers and Dakota aircraft.

I suffered a few Asthma attacks involving short periods of stay in the Base Hospital. Part of my duties were paint-stripping, painting, dye-checking and re-painting of aircraft parts. When the Lincoln aircraft were grounded and the "selection" team was despatched to the USA for obtaining possession of the new SP2H Neptune Bombers, ...myself and many other tradesman from 10 Sqdn were attached to 2AD ARS Richmond for the initial Hercules C130A Wing Tank Modification Project (Corrosion removal and resealing project). This was from 26JUN61 until 18AUG61.

During this attachment we were organised into two teams of workers, each team working 12 hour shifts round the clock inside the fuel tanks of the aircraft, which were an integral part of the mainplane proper. Our job was to remove the old "goop" with plastic scrapers, grind away the visible corrosion with use of air grinders, clean the area with Methyl Ethyl Ketone, treat the area with Alodine, cover with a blue chemical treatment, which I think from memory was Buna-N and when that was dry then re-"goop" the treated area,...hopefully creating a restored fuel resistant surface within the fuel tank!

NOTE: All activities were carried out wearing only shorts and sandshoes. There was NO protective equipment provided and the only comfort was provided by an air-hose tapped from a fuel powered hot-air blower positioned centrally between the aircraft. I personally often had to leave the fuel tank for fear of passing-out due to the constant ingestion of chemical fumes and on numerous occasions had witnessed other workers collapse after leaving the confines of the fuel tanks. This was all treated as a big joke and some comments were made that it was a cheap way to "get a buzz"!

Other members that worked on that project at that time, their names that I can recollect were: LAC D M Ellacott (Eng Fitter) LAC I R Lauritzen (Airframe Fitter) LAC K P Smith (Armament Fitter) LAC J Frost (Engine Fitter) and the NCO I/C was a Flt SGT Hines or Hind? FLT LT J S "Taffy" Salvage 10 Sqdn`s SENGO was involved at the inception. There were many other ancillary tradesmen involved from both 10 Sqdn and 2AD ARS, however their names escape me at this late juncture!" .... End of Extract

My submission goes on to detail many other "allergic" reactions to the continuing use of chemicals over the years, including my being admitted to Greenslopes Repatriation Hospital suffering from severe Pneumonia and an Abscessed Cyst on the Lung resulting from an "allergic lung", culminating in my being reclassified "MEDCAT FIT CLASS 2" There is no doubt

that much of my condition was as a result of my workplace environment in especially those early years, where protective equipment was virtually non-existent!

To date I have had NO written response addressing the issues in my submission (even though I had submitted the Sworn Declaration!) with the exception of a very garbled phone call from someone in Veterans Affairs, suggesting if I had any complaints then I should maybe direct them to the Defence Department itself ! .....(It should be noted that copies of my submission were originally to sent to "Deputy Prime Minister" "Defence Minister" "Health Minister" " Veterans Affairs Minister" and "Defence, Science and Personnel Minister"

This appears to be typical of the way in which the Department of Defence looks after its members, past and present!

I did receive a copy of my Service Documents with quite a few areas "blacked out" (I have been told for "sensitive reasons"!

Ted Washbrook wrote, with reference to Vol 26, Page 7 The CPN-4 when I worked on it consisted of two trailers, the OPS trailer that held the radars and the 3 bays for the ATC gentlemen??? .Trailer number two consisted of the power trailer and also contained air conditioning. As Ken rightly says the memory is working overtime, there was also an MB-1 generator that was adjusted to 60cps and 115v plus or minus 10 volts to comply with the American requirement. There was one set up with a rotary converter that did all kinds of magical things regarding power but I never had contact with it, I believe it was installed at Amberley.

On another point, re the story in Vol26, page 5 where Rick Goyan told of lending Russ Osborne $10 while at Radschool, I can't offer any proof and I do commiserate with the loss of $10, but Tom McIntyre advised me some time ago that Russ Osborne had in fact gone to the big hangar full of good Groundies so any chance of Rick Goyan claiming the debt has gone.

I was looking through the RAM and I clicked on the list of members, and bugger me if my name was not there. I first pinched myself, looked again at the list and for sure I hadn't fallen off the tree too but one look at the cat who hits back assured me things on that front were OK but I wasn't on the list.

(You're there now Ted – tb)

Phil Miller says, Greetings from snowy Switzerland. I can add another name to the Superman Course photo. The moustachioed bloke in the front row far right is Bob Caruthers who I worked with at 75SQN. Bob originally joined the RAAF as a fire fighter, discharged and later rejoined as a RADTECH. Last time I saw him he had bought a house in Hoppers Crossing. Like Rick I recognise a lot of faces in the pic but old age is making it hard to remember names. The bloke 3rd from the right in the centre row's name is on the tip of my tongue.

Alistair Kennedy, ex 3TMT says, re Vol 26, Page 14, Hi, re the photo of the Superman course, I think the guy in the middle row third from the right could be Brian ('BC') Constable (Telstech), (if the photo was taken in the early 70's). Neil Hunter may have his contact details. There are a few faces in this photo that look familiar to me but I can't put names to them.

Ken Morris, who normally lives in the West, but who is flat our caravanning around Australia, wrote, he says, Great job of putting out the RADSCL mag - well done. In the picture of the superman course in Vol 26, I think the guy in the middle at the front is Trevor (Bagger) Sanderson, on his left i.e. second from the right I believe is John (Wriggles) Rigby and the guy on the far right of the front row might be Frank Segui.

So, now we have - (Can anyone help us a bit more – tb)

Back Row L-R:- John Burgess, ??, ??, ??, ?? Ken Graham
Middle Row L-R:- ??, ??, ??, ??, Bill Gibson, Brian Constable, ??, ??
Front Row L-R:- ??, ??, Trevor (Bagger) Sanderson, Milo Kopreck or John (Wriggles) Rigby, Bob Caruthers or Frank Segui.