

R.A.A.F. Radschool



Association of Old Boys & Girls

Radschool Association, 30 Redwood Street, Stafford Heights, Qld, 4053.

Phone: 0414 359 173 Email: radschool@yahoo.com

Web site:- www.eastcoastcool.com/radschool

It's a shame, but, unfortunately we don't have the numbers for the reunion planned for later this year, so we've had to can it. Perhaps the 3 year interval is too close (our last reunion was in March 2000), we don't know, but as there wasn't sufficient interest we've decided to defer for another two years. We'll raise it again mid way through 2004 and see if there is enough interest for a reunion in 2005, once again, built around Anzac Day. April 25 is a Sunday in 2005, so we could plan something around the 23, 24 and 25 April 2005—perhaps.

Numbers, and this includes couples, who expressed interest in attending the reunion in 2003 were:

Anzac Day march	22
City Rowers	30
Amberley tour	21
Dinner	39
Bar-b-q	31
T-Shirt	21

Late last year we heard from Amberley that it would have been difficult to organize the base tour on the Saturday as there would not have been staff available to show us around. They would have had to roster someone on specifically for the task, so it's doubtful if that would have happened anyway. In 2000 we were fortunate that Alan Goulding came in on his day off to look after us, which we really appreciated, but it's a bit much to expect it again, someone would have to give up their day off just to show a bunch of old ex-radtechs around. We were working on an alternative for the daylight hours, but now it's off—pity really.

Not having a reunion is going to stretch the finances as we were counting on an oversubscription to fund the RAM for another couple of years. As you can see from the 'detailed' financials on the back page, we have just dipped into the red by \$15.42, so there is really no alternative but to revert to the subscription method to keep afloat. We've gone back through the data base and some blokes have only recently

joined and paid, some blokes paid two or three times the \$10 initially, and others have been paying an annual subscription anyway (thanks Roy) so they're in. We'll have to ask everyone else to contribute \$10 if you wish to keep receiving the RAM. If you see the hash (#) symbol against your name on the envelope, you'll find a little reminder in with this.

If you get one, please send us your \$10. We've included the Assoc's bank details on the back page, and those with computer banking facilities can eTransfer the funds direct to the account. Don't forget to include your name in the "Details" window.

Allan George has finally decided to pull the pin. After just over 38 years with the RAAF he's leaving and by mid February he and wife Jane should be enjoying life on the coast at Tuross Head which for those that don't know, is a lovely little holiday spot south east of Canberra, and about 40 kms south of Batemans Bay.

Allan started his RAAF career as a 15 year old radio brat on



Bernie Ballantine's table of revellers at the 2000 reunion...

19 Appy at Laverton back on the 11th January 1965. He reached the dizzy heights of CPL while an appie, (rumour has it he and the late Trevor Lee were promoted to CPL at the beginning of third year to "keep them out of trouble").

Following graduation as an AIRie he was posted to 38 SQN Richmond (Caribous) and in 1968 did 2 of the obligatory pre-Vietnam tours to Det A in Moresby—3 months each tour. He

was eventually posted to 35 SQN in La Viet in 1969, returning to Australia in 1970. While there he did the swan trip (x3) to Butterworth for Compass Swings, Cam Ran Bay (twice to repair TACANs), Phan Ran (to repair TACANs) and to Bangkok (to pick up E-Serv). Allan regards his time as an on-line tradesman as some of the most enjoyable of his career. He reckons he learnt heaps from the sumpies and framies but nothing from the clock winders and sparkies as Radtechs already knew that stuff!!!!!! (I didn't say that Bob!)

After Vietnam he was parked at 1FTS Point Cook for 6

Condoms aren't completely safe. A friend of mine was wearing one and got hit by a bus.

I went to buy some camouflage trousers the other day but I couldn't find any.

months then posted as staff to Radschool. While there he married his delightful wife Jane, went to night school for three years and applied for a pilot's course but was awarded glasses instead of wings. At Radschool he taught the basics (the super het receiver et al) and advanced soldering techniques, pre course maths, was promoted to Sgt and ended up on Exam flight writing multi choice exams before being commissioned as a RADO in Aug 74.

He's spent the past few years in Russell Offices in Canberra—as Group Captain in charge of joint internal communications, a coms organisation second in size only to Telstra, but now it's time to go.

Like most, he has made many good mates from both air and ground crews, and of course he will miss it. He has had a wonderful career, one to be very proud of, and we wish him and wife Jane all the best in their new life in semi-retirement as Mr and Mrs George.

Incidentally, there's absolutely no truth in the rumour that he intends to drive in and out of Fairbairn, in full uniform., at least half a dozen times, to milk as many salutes as he can before he gets his clearances and shakes hands with Madam WRAAF.....

We were in Canberra during those dreadful fires of the 18 Jan, and like everyone else who saw the devastation first hand, we found it hard to comprehend how whole suburban streets could be so completely and utterly destroyed. In most instances, where once a home stood, there was nothing. After a house fire you would expect to see, perhaps, a wall or two still standing, but in the Canberra situation, the fire and the heat must have been extraordinary intense as in most cases even the bricks from which the house was built had been burnt to powder. Nothing stood, there was no indication of the houses ever containing items like refrigerators, washing machines, dishwashers, beds—nothing, all dust. One amazing aspect that could clearly be seen after the fire was out was its selectivity. It was eerie to see 2 or 3 houses side by side burnt to ash with the next untouched, then the next gone also. How does that happen....

2 terrorists were having a beer, and showing each other family photos. The 1st one said, this is my eldest son, he's been dead for 3 months, blew himself up in a McDonalds, and this is my other son, he's also dead, he blew himself up in a KFC just the other day. The 2nd one said, yeah—they blow up so quickly these days don't they.....

Terry Haebich has advised us of the passing of **Gordon (Brad) Bradford**. Terry says "Sorry I'm a little late with this, but, one of the world's true gentlemen, Gordon (Brad) Bradford, died on the 27th of January 2002 having courageously fought an aggressive form of cancer that was first diagnosed in June 2000. Brad was a 22 Course "Appy" who served with 10 and 34 Squadrons. Brad stayed on in Canberra after he left the RAAF in 1980, holding various positions in Control Data, Anderson Digital Equipment, CSIRONET and Total Assets Protection. Brad is survived by Jenny, Sally and Harry."

Our condolences to his family .



All that remains of a family's dream—note the untouched trees in the back ground.

We did hear that Roger O'Sullivan and family lost their home in the inferno, and we also hear that he and his family escaped the fire unhurt and are OK, though how you could be OK after living through that is beyond us. Roger's home backed onto Stromlo Forest, and that unstoppable terrifying fire would have roared in with nothing to stop it but

the suburb of Duffy. It consumed all in its path. As many as 14 homes in his street were destroyed, and a total of 236 families in his suburb are now homeless. We cannot start to imagine the terror they all must have experienced for those few hours on that dreadful Saturday.

Roger was a radio erk in Darwin in 1975 and took a "D" only a few years ago as a Wingco. Since then he has been with the APS in Canberra working with Defence. We wish him and his family, and the families from the other 500 or so homes in Canberra that have been destroyed or damaged, all the best, and hope they can rapidly rebuild their lives.

Now—just wait until the finger pointing starts.....

Trevor Haley was on 39RMT at Radschool back in 1970/71 and while there was injured playing rugby. At the time he thought he had broken his leg, but he now finds that there is no record of the injury on his docs. He thinks the bloke who barrelled him back then was a W/O brat and he would like to get in touch with anyone who was there and/or remembers it. 22 Brat course finished on 12 Aug 70, and 23 finished on the 9 Aug 71. If you can help, get in touch with us and we'll forward your name onto Trevor.

- Q. What do you call a fish with no eyes?
A. A fish

5 RMT



Dave Muir-McCarey gave us this photo of 5RMT, which was taken in February 1967, Dave can't remember all the names, but he hasn't done a bad job for an old bloke. There are a couple of blanks—can anyone help...

Back Row: Phil Murphy, David Wright, Ken Thorne, Peter Sutton, Kev Rosser, Col Aston, Ross Hilder, Hank Hinchey, Bob Eyers, David Muir-McCarey, Graham Jarvis.

Front Row: Gomer??, Geoff Renshaw, Rex Botha, Ian MacGill, Paul Rand, Bob Skele, John Hill, Wasseljew (Russian don't know correct spelling), Ray Matthews, Bob Zcheck, ?????, Len Saunders.

John Schmidt wrote to say, "I read the article on **Bon Hall** and found it a fascinating and enlightening read. I have two of his books (*Railway of Death & A Saga of Achievement*) although it is a few years since I opened them. I was surprised that Bon Hall was a POW because I thought he wrote the *Railway of Death* book as a writer and historian not an autobiography. Furthermore the WWII Nominal Roll shows Bon Hall was not a POW, something is wrong somewhere, maybe with Defence Records?"

John wrote to Defence Records and asked them to recheck their records in light of our article, and he received the following:

"Dear John Schmidt

After checking the WW2 service record of Wing Commander Hall, I have updated our database to show him having been a Prisoner of War. Unfortunately, you won't be able to see this change on the website until the end of this month (November) when the website will be refreshed. We apologise for this and thank you for your patience.

Kind Regards
WW2 Nominal Roll."

We received a bit of mail on the article on Bon Hall—others had checked the WWII roll and found the same anomaly that John had, and they wrote in also to query the DVA's records (I'm pleased to say that most queried the accuracy of the DVA records). Thanks John for clearing it up, we've since checked, and the DVA data is now correct.



Q. What do you say to a Kiwi bloke who has a good looking woman on his arm.

A. Nice tattoo...

Q. What is a Kiwi bloke's definition of a perfect woman??

A. One who doesn't jump the fence after the footy and eat the grass....



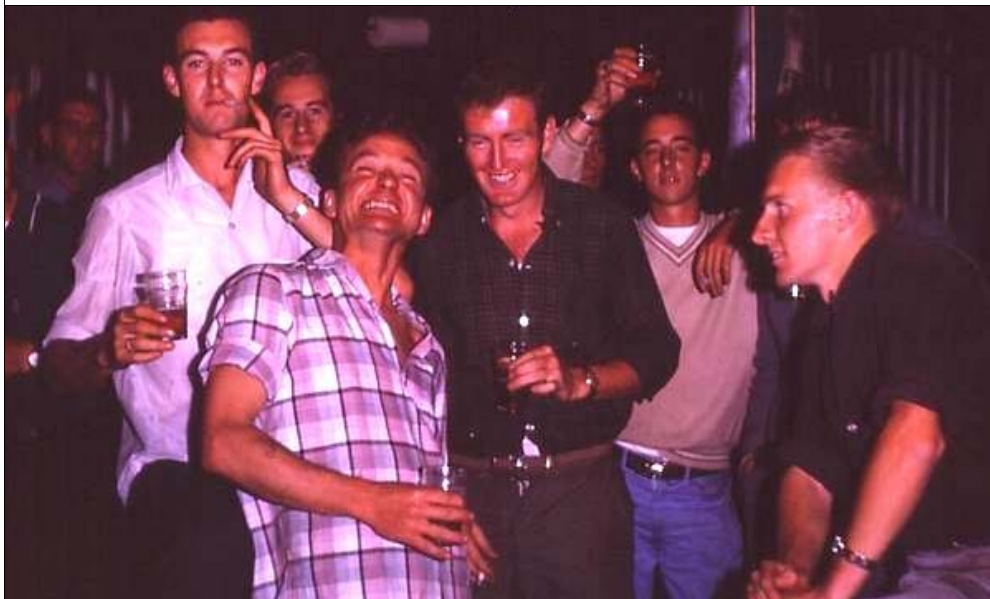
Here's a photo of another great big striped thing the groundies used to play with, though we don't know what, where, or when. Someone will though....

Allan George has been watching the stories on the CPN 4 (is that what they used to call the Quad?? tb) over the past few issues with interest. He has his own story, he says:

"Many years ago some bloke told me the story of when they took the CPN 4 to Pearce from East Sale. It was railed over and was sent with a RAAF crew of groundies to look after it. These were the days before the standard gauge rail went all the way to Perth and they had to transfer it from 4' 8" rail to 3' 6" at Kalgoorlie. They realised that there was an overhead signal gantry that it would not clear while on the rail car at Kal, so the empty 3' 6" gauge car was shunted around the gantry to the Perth side before the Radar was loaded. The aim being that they would connect the car with the radar on it to the rest of the train the next morning once the train had been moved past the offending gantry.

This was duly done under the watchful eyes of the ever vigilant groundies and once loaded and tied down they retired for the night to the local Pub for some severe debriefing. You guessed it, next morning they discovered that during the night some bright obliging rail worker had decided to save time the next morning and had shunted the radar car back to join the rest of the train, via the gantry and as they say the rest is history. Apparently it took several months to fix the precision approach azimuth antenna. I can't recall who told me but it might have been a WOFF Davidson.

On a lighter note, you will recall the AN-ARC 102 (HF), AN-ARC 51BX (UHF), AN-ARN21C (TACAN) etc Well ATTU always had an AN PI55-UP on the manifest for any deployment they went on, needless to say it was a damn big esky!!!!



Here's a bunch of 486Sqn Radio blokes at one of their regular choir practices, this one held at the old Windsor Speedway, just out of Richmond, back in the late 60's. It is strongly rumoured that after only a few hundred beers, some of them decided to bung on their own race. Ted McEvoy had the mighty FJ doing the rounds while Alf Smith peddled his trusty old Pug 203. They are **L-R:-**

Terry Johnston (with fag), don't know, Bill Bastion, (with check shirt and huge grin) Alf Smith, (with a glow that would light up the MCG), Trevor Lemke, (with glass on high) and Eric Clarke wondering why the hell he got involved with that lot. All with middy glasses that they probably swiped from the Airmans' Boozer.....



Computers and stuff.

Sam Houliston

A Fix. If you have a PC running Win98, WinNT, WinME or Win2000, Microsoft recommends going to: <http://www.microsoft.com/downloads/Release.asp?ReleaseID=44733> to download a patch which overcomes a security vulnerability, especially if you use Microsoft's Internet Explorer. The patch is 814K in size and not difficult to install. According to Microsoft, an attacker could, if the patch is not installed, take a variety of actions, including reformatting your hard drive. If you run Windows XP you don't have to worry as you are not affected.

Believe it or not!! Everyone has seen those photos that get emailed around the planet on a regular basis and which are supposed to be real!!! Remember this one on the right, supposed to show President Bush reading a book at a young kid's school only he has the book upside down. And what about the one below, it came out about mid 2001 and I've received it at least half a dozen times. Then there was the beautiful photo of the ice-berg, every-one would have got that one, but are they real, or are they hoaxes. Well now you can find out, go to <http://www.snopes.com/photos/photos.htm>

Spyware If you download stuff from the internet you have to be careful because some programs are nice enough to install other programs on your computer for free without you even asking. These additional programs, called Spyware, give you valuable information, such as where to go on the internet to gamble, get a cheap mortgage, find porno, or get rich quick all on their own, without you having to ask. They pop up all the time, and hitting the close button just puts them into hiatus for a little while, then up they pop again. They run in the background and they beacon your computer so advertisers can send you ads. There are lots of ways to get rid of this stuff, though the best fix is not to download a program that installs the spyware in the first place. If you do download a freebie, be careful. If the freebie says it's ad-supported, it's a prettv safe bet that it will have

She left him on the sofa when the phone rang, and was back in a few seconds. "Who was it?" he asked "My husband," she replied. "I better get going then," he said. "Where was he?" "Relax" she said. "He's downtown playing poker with you."

some spyware included at no extra charge. A popular (and free) program to get rid of this stuff is AdAware. You can get it at <http://download.com.com/3000-2094-10121984.html>

Nigerian Scam. The old Nigerian scams must be getting stale. They've become more imaginative. There's now a new variation, involving eBay and other online auctions. The scam guys pose as potential buyers for big-ticket items, like cars, listed for sale online. They agree to send you a US cashier's cheque (bank cheque) and ask you to wire some money back to them for freight once the cheque has cleared. A few weeks later victims are notified by their banks that the cheque was counterfeited and it bounces. You just lost the money you wired them, plus the value of whatever you shipped them. It doesn't seem right that a cashier's cheque can bounce after it has been cleared, but that's the way it works.

All those beleaguered widows, complaining chief's sons and yowling high-ranking government officials don't want your assistance in getting a large sum of money out of Nigeria anymore. Now they just want to buy your stuff. No legitimate company will offer to pay you by arranging to send you a cheque and then ask you to wire some of the money back. If that's the pitch, it's a scam. Be careful!!

Hard drives You can now buy a 20GB hard drive for about \$195.

To store the same amount of information on floppies that you can get on a 20GB hard drive you would need 14,285 floppies—at a cost of about \$10,000. Doesn't seem right, does it!!

India I saw on the TV back in November that the "*Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation*" is spending \$100 million to fight AIDS in India. I thought that was a pretty good cause, and wondered what made them decide on India. I wondered if it was because nobody else is spending money to fight AIDS there. Shortly afterwards, Microsoft announced it plans to spend \$400 million over the next three years to boost its presence in India. However, a few days later I also saw that India's Department of Information Technology in New Delhi recently disclosed details of a move called the Linux India Initiative. Now if I was the suspicious type.....

The big difference between sex for money and sex for free is that – sex for money costs less





We've had a few queries re the old "Meat-box" that used to sit pride of place out side the front entrance to Laverton (left). Any-one who has been back to Laverton over recent years will have noticed that things have changed somewhat since we were there in the mid 60's. It's now a bit more 'urban' than it used to be, and the old girl had to go to make way for progress. A77-702, as she was called, was a two seater, and started life with the RAAF in May 1951. She was delivered



to 77 Sqn in Iwakuni, Japan, and used as a training aircraft during the Korean War. In Sept 1956 she was brought back to Aust and transferred to No 23 (City of Brisbane) Sqn and then in February 1960 she went to 38 Sqn. She was cashiered in December 1960 and in 1963 she took up guard duty out the front of Laverton where she stayed until September 1971 when she was moved 'across the road' to Point Cook. She is now on display at the RAAF Museum. (above right).

HMAS Tobruk was in Brisbane on the 9 November, on her way down to Sydney for a D service, and while there she dropped off a heap of Army stuff which she'd picked up in Darwin. The Tobruk is a heavy landing ship, designed to transport, support and deploy Army units and deliver them direct to the shore by beaching then opening the ship's bow doors, though they don't do that with it any more as last time they did, it bent. Built in Newcastle, NSW, in 1981, she is the second RAN ship to bear the Tobruk name. The first was a Battle class destroyer which saw service in the Korean

deck, together with 315 soldiers and their equipment. She is equipped with a heli-pad at the blunt end which will accommodate any of the RAN's helicopters as well as the Army's Black Hawks and Chinooks.

This was a special voyage as she picked up the parents of about 60 young sailors and sailorettes and took them on the 2 day voyage down to Sydney. It was an excellent opportunity for the parents of these young sailors to experience first hand the day to day life of their sons and daughters and to see where and how they work. The mums and dads were bunked in with the erks, dads down one side with the blokes, and mums down the other with the blokettes.

The sailors sleep in 3 tiered bunks on this ship, each of which is fitted with a safety



One of the mums trying out her new 'home' for the next two nights... "Told you I could get in...."

belt to prevent falling onto the floor while underway, and it was quite a sight watching some of the not so agile mums and dads trying to get into their little cubby hole. They ate in the erks' mess, experienced navy tucker and generally had the run of the ship, though we hear that the regs want them back again – they reckon the food has never been so good and the Sirs and NCO's have never been so 'easy'.

Good on you Navy, what a fabulous piece of PR, I know you've eased the concerns of a bunch of mums and dads who are now very happy with the lifestyle chosen by their kids.

Mr Navy—well done!



One of the dads, with his daughter, about to board the Tobruk for his trip down to Sydney – a trip he will remember for a long, long time.

War and was decommissioned in 1960. The current Tobruk is based at Woolloomooloo in Sydney. Throughout the last decade, she has played a part in almost all of the major UN peacekeeping/monitoring operations that Australia has been involved with. She can transport 18 Leopard tanks in the tank deck and 40 armoured personnel carriers on the vehicle

A kiwi blond walked up to a Qantas ticket agent and said: "I want to buy a ticket for Norwald". The Qantas bloke, searching his computer said: "Norwald? Let me find that. Hmm... never heard of it. Let me see... Norwald. I don't see Norwald listed, and I can't find it in the computer. Just where is Norwald, anyway?" The Blond said: "He's sitting over there silly."



You'd cry too.....

This from Bob Meyer—we love it.....

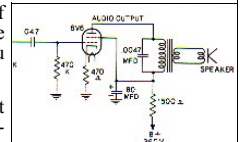
Do you realize that the only time in our lives when we like to get old is when we're kids? If you're less than 10 years old, you're so excited about aging that you think in fractions." How old are you? "I'm four and a half!" You're never thirty-six and a half. You're four and a half, going on five! That's the key. You get into your teens, now they can't hold you back. You jump to the next number, or even a few ahead. "How old are you?" "I'm gonna be 16!" You could be 13, but hey, you're gonna be 16! And then the greatest day of your life . . . you become 21. Even the words sound like a ceremony . . . YOU BECOME 21 YESSSS!!!

But then you turn 30. Oooohh, what happened there? Makes you sound like bad milk. He TURNED; we had to throw him out. There's no fun now, you're just a sour-dumpling. What's wrong? What's changed? You BECOME 21, you TURN 30, then you're PUSHING 40. Whoa! Put on the brakes, it's all slipping away. Before you know it, you REACH 50 . . . and your dreams are gone. But wait!!! You MAKE it to 60. You didn't think you would! So you BECOME 21, TURN 30, PUSH 40, REACH 50 and MAKE it to 60. You've built up so much speed that you HIT 70! After that it's a day-by-day thing; you HIT Wednesday, Thursday, Friday etc..! You get into your 80s and every day is a complete cycle; you HIT lunch; you TURN 4:30; you REACH bedtime. And it doesn't end there. Into the 90s, you start going backwards; "I was JUST 92." Then a strange thing happens. If you make it to the magic ton, you become a little kid again. "I'm 100 and a half!" May you all make it to a healthy 100 a half!!

How Hi is the Fi?

Have you ever wondered what was inside those tiny little 'Hi-Fi Sound Monitor' speaker cases that your PC uses to reproduce sound from CD's. If you haven't bought anything seriously HI-FI since you had to get a new magnetic stylus for your Shure cartridge, you could be excused for thinking there would be at least 2 speakers with some sort of cross-over circuitry to direct the different frequencies to the speaker best suited to handle them. Eventually though, curiosity will get the better of you, and you will take the back off one of those little grey things, and when you do, you'll get a helluva shock. In most cases all you find is one tiny 3" by 1½" 4Ω rectangle speaker, in a flimsy unlined plastic box. Just how do they get such a good sound out of such junk.....

How do they get that bass response without using a pair of 24" woofers. It's not all that long ago (surely) when, if you wanted good sound, you bought a copy of the Popular Mechanic's magazine which always has a story for making or improving the performance of speakers. Some described how you jammed a Rola 8CMX half way down a 10 ft length of cement pipe and stood the whole thing up in your lounge room. (I can just imagine being allowed to do that at home!!). There were designs for wooden speaker cases that would have weighed a ton, and each would have had at least three multi-cone speakers, padded baffles, a bass response tube and a complicated cross over (though a 25μF cap did much the same). Each design would boast a min/max freq response (in cps—not that stupid Hz) and a THD and a power rating (usually PEP—what *did* that mean??). You had to connect them up so that the speaker boxes were 7ft apart, the positive on the amp was always connected to the pos on the speaker, and of course the cable had to be shielded..... Yet none of them sounded as good as these flimsy little plastic things you buy today.



And back then if you wanted it loud, you would need an amplifier that on full boar was capable of stalling a 3.2KVA generator, one that would generate tons of heat and would have colossal speaker transformers and an LC power filter with a choke the size of a brick. The idea was to get an amplifier that would stay A class until everything in the room started to rattle, though, usually the amp went off the curve and into C well before that. Not any more.....

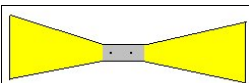
Today they use 2 tiny little speakers driven by an amplifier that fits inside one of the boxes and is half the size of the volume control KNOB. The bass is handled by one solitary 4" speaker stuck in its own little box and which you can put just about anywhere—and the whole thing works—and sounds pretty damn good.

A Telstec was on his annual weapons test and was taken to the rifle range and handed a rifle complete with 2 dozen rounds. He was instructed to fire 10 shots at the target down the range. After he'd fired several shots, the word came back from the target area that every shot had completely missed the target. He looked at his rifle, then up at the target, looked down at his rifle again then back up at the target. He put his finger over the end of the barrel and squeezed the trigger. His finger was blown clean off. After cursing, he yelled down towards the target area, "Well its leaving here alright. The problem must be at your end !!!"



Dave Lugg, OAM, with his delightful wife **Wendy**, at the 38Sqn celebration party at Amberley back in August last year. Dave was on 19 Appy, (1965-1967) during which time he was promoted to W Off Apprentice, and received the award for *"The Highest Assessment for Practical Ability."* He arrived at 38Sqn fresh out of Bratt School in 1967 and retired from the RAAF in 1999 with the rank of Warrant Officer after 34 years service.

During his three year stay at 38Sqn he was indoctrinated into the real Air Force and it was here that Bill Coyer taught him how fix B&W TV's and to build TV antennas out of a piece of aluminium plate and a strip of bakelite and it was where he spent most of his spare time on the Hawkesbury River bare foot skiing, not in the Fitz like the rest of us.



Bill's TV antenna—everyone had one...

After Richmond, he was posted to the Mirage circuit, starting with 76SQN at Willytown then to 3SQN at Butterworth. Living next door to the Boatie was the catalyst for building "Chug-A-Lugg", a highly successful tunnel hull which dominated the Malaysian powerboat scene for a number of years. After a three year sojourn it was back to Richmond, this time with 486SQN performing D servs on Hercs. Not finding cleaning the grime from the UHF/VHF blade antennas mounted under the belly of the Herc to his liking, he escaped by applying for and completing the six month Precision Measuring Equipment Laboratories (PMEL) course in 1975, much to the displeasure of his CO. This escape plan was to change the remainder of his career.

A string of PMEL postings followed in short succession, 2AD, 2FTS in Pearce and 478SQN at Butterworth. He was seconded to 75SQN for his last year in Malaysia then left

Mirages for good, returning to PMEL as the much loved Warrant Officer in Charge of 2AD Laboratories Flight during the period 1981 to 1985. During this time Dave received the OAM. He looked after the RAAF Richmond Precision Measuring Equipment Laboratory (PMEL), and throughout the five years he was there PMEL gained a reputation as the most efficient Flight in 2AD and provided an unblemished calibration service to RAAF Units within NSW, except for Willytown which had its own lab.

Dave's OAM was presented by His Excellency Dr. Davis McCaughey, the Governor of Victoria, on 26 Sep 1986. The citation read: "For service to the Royal Australian Air Force as the Warrant Officer in Charge of Laboratories Flight at No. 2 Aircraft Depot."

As a payback for two overseas tours he was sent to Sup Com in Melbourne to look after tech assessors. So much for the penalty, as out of the blue came a two year posting to the USA which turned into a four year overseas marathon, when the St Louis F/A-18 office closed down and moved to Washington DC. This trip sparked his passion for Corvettes and the purchase of a 1982 C3 Shark he has to this day.

After his States trip he moved back to Log Command to support the calibration organization which had been re-badged as Base Calibration Centres (BCCs). Politics intervened and the cal system was commercialised, with Dave becoming the cal contract liaison person for the RAAF. His final RAAF years were spent at Willytown running the Avionics Workshop at 403Wing which was disbanded in 1998 to become part of 77SQN.

His first two years after leaving the Service were spent performing customer acceptance on behalf of the Commonwealth for the new Hawk Lead-In-Fighters assembled by BAE Systems. With assembly of the last of 33 aircraft looming, he saw the writing on the wall and gained a technical position with the Hornet logistics organization at Willytown, a job he holds to this day.



Kev Trimmer (elec) at 2AD back in 1966. Just goes to show what the hard working RAAF eleco had for a night cap—a litre of milk, and a stubby of Flag.

Overheard in an old people's home:- "The only reason I would take up exercising is so that I could hear heavy breathing again."

Q: Name one major disease associated with cigarettes?
A: Premature death.



38Sqn celebrated 38 years with the Caribou with a week-end party at the Squadron hanger at Amberley back in August. Clockwise from the top 1. The Caribou took a well deserved centre stage for the night, with the large screen at the back showing the old girl doing all sorts of things in all sorts of places. 2. The barman's reunion, L-R, **Bob Meyer** (Inst), **John Broughton** (Rad), **Trevor Benneworth** (Rad) and **Allan George** (Rad), all wore the 'ralls at 38 back in 1969 when the Squadron was at Richmond, and all were part time barmen at the Airman's boozier in order to earn a little extra money which they immediately spent on booze.....(make sense???) 3. The good crowd enjoying a meal at the dinner dance in the maintenance hanger on the Saturday night. It became very interesting during the later stages of the evening when the effects of several hours of serious drinking finally started to kick in. Normally RAAF hangers are designed to cater for a large number of blokes, and the small number of ladies toilet facilities just weren't up to the job expected of them that night. At first it was quite unnerving to find a huge queue of ladies inside the blokes' toilets, with the blokes using one side, and the ladies more suited to the other, but everyone soon got used to it and down to the job at hand. I still can't work out why the ladies kept holding up those big white panels with numbers on them.....

FSGT Mark Royle and his troops put on an excellent and memorable weekend with plenty of food, plenty of drinks and heaps of good dance music. They had obviously spent a lot of time decorating the inside of the hanger, and you can just imagine how pleased the blokes were who had to get up early and pull it all down again on the Sunday morning.....The week end, meeting blokes again not seen for years, and the aircraft static and flying displays, brought back a lot of fond memories of a lot of good years spent a long time ago. In this modern era of electronic wizz bangery, we noticed during an after-flight that the old rag spanner is still a very useful tool—some things never change.....

C-141 Starlifter

The C-141, with its great drooping wings, was a familiar sight to most blokes and blokettes who spent any time at all in the 70's at a RAAF base which had a runway. They were, and probably still are, the FC ute of the USAF, they went everywhere, and seemed to be able to carry almost anything. Ordered by President Kennedy, the first C-141 was delivered to the USAF in October 1964, the year of the EH Holden, and began squadron operations in April 1965. They were to prove themselves in Vietnam, with daily flights from the US to SE Asia, carrying troops, equipment and supplies, and returning patients to US hospitals.

The first batch of C-141's were later called C-141A's, and very soon became the work horse of the MAC. In the mid 70's, it was decided to stretch 270 of the original airframes by 23½ft which increased the aeroplane's cargo handling capacity by about one-third (an extra 2,171 ft³ was added) which of course had the same affect as increasing the number of aircraft by 30 percent. The last aircraft was modified in 1982 and the stretched version was called the C-141B,

and it too was later modified by adding an in-flight refuelling capability. This refuelling receptacle transfers 23,592 gallons (65 tons) of fuel in about 25 minutes, allowing longer non-stop

flights and fewer fuel stops during worldwide airlift missions. The Starlifter can airlift combat forces, equipment and supplies, and deliver them on the ground or by airdrop, using paratroop doors on each side and a rear loading ramp. It can be used for low-altitude delivery of paratroops and equipment, and high-altitude delivery of paratroops. It can also airdrop equipment and supplies using the container delivery system. It is the first aircraft designed to be compatible with the 463L Material Handling System, which permits off-loading 68,000 pounds (30,600 kgs) of cargo, refuelling then reloading a full load, a complete turn-around in less than an hour.

The C-141 has a pressurized cabin and crew station and is fitted with an all-weather landing system. Its cargo compartment can easily be modified to perform around 30 different missions. About 200 troops or 155 fully equipped paratroops can sit in canvas side-facing seats, or 166 troops in rear-facing airline seats. Rollers in the aircraft floor allow quick and easy cargo pallet loading. A palletised toilet and galley can be installed quickly to accommodate passengers, and when palletised cargo is not being carried, the rollers

can be turned over to leave a smooth, flat surface for loading vehicles. In its aero-medical evacuation role, the Starlifter can carry about 103 litter patients, 113 ambulatory patients or a combination of the two. It provides rapid transfer of the sick and wounded from remote areas overseas to hospitals in the United States.

The Air Force Reserve, through its associate units, provides 50 percent of the Starlifter's airlift crews, 40 percent of its maintenance capability and flies more than 30 percent of Air Mobility Command's peacetime worldwide missions. During Desert Shield and Desert Storm, a C-141 was the first US aircraft into Saudi Arabia, transporting an Airlift Control Element. In the following year, the C-141 completed the most airlift missions, 7,047 out of a total of 15,800, supporting the Gulf War. It also carried more than 41,400 passengers and 139,600 tons of cargo.

Some C-141s have been equipped with intra-formation positioning sets that enable a flight of two to 36 aircraft to maintain formation regardless of visibility. The C-141 was the first jet transport from which U.S. Army paratroopers

jumped, and the first to land in the Antarctic. A C-141 established a world record for heavy cargo drops of 70,195 pounds. The C-141 force, nearing seven million flying hours, has a



proven reliability and long-range capability. The aeroplane is scheduled to be retired in 2006.

For the tech heads. (C-141B)

Contractor:	Lockheed-Georgia Co.
Power Plant:	Four Pratt & Whitney TF33-P-7 turbofan engines.
Thrust:	20,250 pounds each engine.
Length:	168 feet, 4 inches (51 meters).
Height:	39 feet, 3 inches (11.9 meters).
Wingspan:	160 feet (48.5 meters).
Speed:	500 mph (Mach 0.66).
Ceiling:	41,000 feet (12,424 meters).
MTOW:	323,100 pounds (145,395 kilograms).
Range:	2,500 miles (2,174 nautical miles).
Unit Cost:	\$8.1 million (1992 dollars).
Crew:	Six (pilot, co-pilot, 2 loadies, 2 flight engineers).
Date Deployed:	C-141A: May 1964; C-141B: December 1979.
Inventory:	Active force, 241; ANG, 16; Reserve, 12.

Beauty is in the eye of the beer holder.

Ever wonder what the speed of lightning would be if it didn't zigzag

Ted McEvoy continues his story on the Nullarbor

Early on in the trip on the dirt, we quickly learnt a hard lesson. At one stage, we came across an empty 4 gallon drum sitting the middle of the road with a sign stuck in the drum which simply displayed an arrow pointing to the right. "This must mean we should move across to the right-hand side of the road to avoid something", we decided.



Wrong!! What the arrow was really saying to us was "Hey stupid. Don't go over to the right-hand side of the road as there's a bloody big patch of bulldust just up the road a bit". We only made that mistake once.

As far as eatin', drinkin' and sleepin' were concerned, we mainly ate at roadhouses of which there were (and still are) heaps. With the new sealed road being further south than the old, dirt road, some of the places we stopped at in 1964 are not on the new road. Two I can recall are the Nullarbor Homestead and Ivy Tanks. We "enjoyed" a big breakfast guts-up of bacon, bum-nuts, tomatoes, toast and coffee at Ivy Tanks. "Enjoyed" I said – it was terrific at the time but after about an hour on the road and with the constant shaking of the vehicle (and obviously the contents of our stomachs), certain chemical reactions took place which caused the generation of gases. These gases, if not released, caused severe pain to those concerned. I'm being a bit delicate here as I don't want to offend Tom – he reckons mine were pretty bad but I can assure you, he definitely lead the race.

Eventually we crossed the SA/WA border which gave us a sense of achievement and a feeling that we're on the home-way run to Perth although it is still a bloody long way away. We'd done the touristy thing and had a sticky at the ruins of the old Overland Telegraph station at Eucla. The encroaching sands are gradually on the move so eventually this important part of our history will no longer be visible. You get great views of the ocean and the beaches from Eucla as the road is quite high at this point. The new road is much closer to the coast and you can take short detours off the main road to gaze over the rugged Great Australian Bight. Over the years and on my many trips, I've seen whales, sharks, dolphins, seals, etc from the cliffs. Well worth the effort if you travel the Nullarbor.

We enjoyed a few cold beers at the Madura Roadhouse – on

A bloke went to the dentist to have all his teeth out. He reckoned it hurt so damned much he'd never do that again....

the WA side of the border but we generally stayed off the grog (did I just admit that??). We topped up our ice supplies there but no modern stuff like blocks of ice here, son. No, you purchased tins of ice. Any old tin was utilised – baked beans, camp pie, peaches, etc - fill it with water and bung it into the freezer and sell to the customers. Rough and ready but it worked a treat.

Our sleeping arrangements were quite simple – stretched out on sheets of canvas and inside our sleeping bags. I can highly recommend to anybody who is considering the trip West, to camp out at least one night. To lie on your back and look up at the sky is breathtaking. I'd never seen so many "shooting stars" before and nowadays, with the number of satellites up there, the sky is full of movement at night.

We drove on into the west – one annoying thing is at that time of the year (summer), you have the sun directly in front of you for most of the afternoon which can get a bit tiring. In the old FJ (sans air-conditioning), it also got bloody hot. We wondered at the guts the old pioneers had when they first explored this country.



Nearly home!! - only a damn long way to go...

John Eyre (after which the highway is named), who walked that huge distance along the coast was certainly made of sterner stuff than most of us today!! We pass through places such as Mundrabilla, Cocklebiddy, Caiguna and Balladonia where we finally left the dirt road behind and drive onto the black-top. I'm sure the Pope copied his tradition of kissing the tarmac from me. After that 1,000 miles, the FJ had developed a new set of rattles, squeaks and groans but we'd made it – you bewdy. We head for Norseman which is the western end of the Eyre Highway. Norseman is sort of halfway between Esperance and Kalgoorlie – left to Esperance, right to Kal. We take the right turn and head for the famous Kalgoorlie/Boulder area.

Just south of Kalgoorlie is a little place of which I've always loved the name – Widgiemooltha. Naturally, the locals call it Widgeie – any connection with Bodgies is entirely coincidental.

After arriving in Kalgoorlie, Tom remarked how much it reminded him of his home town of Broken Hill. Both towns are mining towns and both depend on world markets as far as the prosperity of each town is concerned. Kal and Broken Hill both shared another important feature – that is, a

It is important to find a woman that cooks and cleans.
It is important to find a woman that makes good money.
It is important to find a woman that likes to have sex.
It is important that these three women never meet..

pub on every corner!! The locally brewed beer in the Goldfields was Hannan's – named after the famous Paddy Hannan. On the counter of the bars in the pubs, the beer was stored in a wooden barrel which was tilted at an angle to help the flow of the beer when being poured – it tasted just great!!

Coolgardie (just west of Kal) is a very interesting place to explore. It was originally going to be the main town of the Goldfields but for some reason Kalgoorlie became the Big Kohuna. Coolgardie, however, has some beautiful old buildings which have been carefully restored and are still functioning. Heaps of history can be seen and experienced in this area.

We leave Coolgardie and again point the nose of the FJ to the West. The immediate area is surrounded by numerous, large salt-pans – I've seen them from the air and they do look beautiful with many shades of colours. The countryside gradually begins to change as we head into part of the huge wheat-belt of WA. We pass through towns such as Southern Cross, Merredin, Kellerberin, Cunderdin and onto Northam.



Giving the old girl a well earned tub. Everything out on the lawn, then into the brute with the hose....

Northam is a pretty town which is situated on the Avon River, on the eastern side of the Darling Range – the series of hills which run north and south approx 60-100Kms east of Perth. These days, Northam has become famous as the starting point for the Avon Descent – the world's longest white-water race. B'rrrrrr – the water is bloody cold in August when all those mad-people take to the river to paddle their canoes or hammer their motorised punts to the Swan River just out of Perth.

We commence the final run into Perth, up the hills out of

Seen on the back of a toilet door....."If we should meet in another life, please don't be Shirley MacLaine."

Northam and down the hills into Midland Junction then onto Inglewood – a close suburb to Perth where my parents lived. They nearly freaked out when Tom and I arrived. We started off in Richmond wearing the old green RAAF flying suits but when we arrived in Perth, they had turned red as a result of all the dust on the way over.

After unpacking the boot (which was taped up with masking tape) and unpacking my suitcase I discovered that the white jumper which formed part of the Apprentice Poof-suit ensemble, had also turned red. The dust was everywhere. Next day, we decided we had to clean the FJ and we found the best way was to unbolt and remove those comfortable bench-seats, remove the rubber bungs from the floor and get the hose inside – worked a treat.

After spending our Christmas break in Perth, Tom and I chickened out in regards to the trip back to Richmond. We drove the old FJ to Kalgoorlie and put her on the train whilst we took it easy by watching the Nullarbor pass us by as we drank cold beers. The train took us to Port Augusta where we off-loaded the FJ and drove back to Richmond through the Riverland district via Renmark and over the Murray River.



Car and driver spick and span once again.

It was a great trip – one which I will not forget. I've done it numerous times since then in all sorts of vehicles – from sedans to sports cars. It seems so easy these days. The last time I took the big trip west was to drive from Brisbane to Perth via Adelaide by myself. No dirt roads now – all bitumen. My car this time was 4WD fitted with air-conditioning, cruise control and a CD player. Set the temp at about 23 degrees, set the cruise at 110 Km/hour, bung some CCR into the CD player and drive relaxed. Much easier than my first trip but, damn, the first one was a buzz.

On the same door....."In a world where everyone aspires to be boundlessly wealthy, why not aspire to poverty, success is a certainty....."

THE BEER SCOOTER.

How many times have you woken up in the morning after a hard night of drinking and thought 'How did I get home?' As hard as you try, you cannot piece together your return journey from the bar to your home. The answer to this puzzle is that you used a *beer scooter*.

The beer scooter is a mythical form of transport, owned and leased out to the drunk by Bacchus the Roman God of wine. Bacchus has branched out since the decline of the Roman Empire and all the goings-on in the Pantheon and he has built a large batch of these magical devices. The beer scooter works in the following fashion:

A prospect reaches a certain level of drunkenness and the "slurring gland" begins to give off a pheromone. Bacchus or one of his many sub-contractors detects the pheromone and sends down a winged beer scooter. The scooter scoops up the prospect and deposits him/her into his/her bedroom via a trans-dimensional portal. It is not cheap to run a beer scooter franchise so a large portion of the passenger's in-pocket cash is taken as payment. This generates the common question after a night out—*"How did I spend so much money?"*

Beer scooters have a poor safety record and are thought to be responsible for 90% of all UDI (Unidentified Drinking Injuries). An undocumented feature of the beer scooter is the destruction of time segments during the trip. The nature of trans-dimensional portals dictates that time will be lost, seemingly unaccounted for. This generates another question after a night out—*"What happened?"*

With good intentions, Bacchus opted for the EMIT (Embarrassing Moments In Time) add on. This device automatically removes, in descending order, those parts in time regretted most. Unfortunately one person's EMIT is not necessarily the EMIT of another and quite often lost time is regained over a suitable period. Independent studies

have also shown that Beer Goggles cause the scooter's navigation system to malfunction thus sending the passenger to the wrong bedroom, often with horrific consequences. Ever the entrepreneur, and always on the look out for a quick drachma, Bacchus made an investment in a scooter drive-thru food chain specialising in half eaten kebabs and pizza crusts. *Another question answered!!*

For the family man, beer scooters come equipped with flowers picked from other people's garden and Thump-A-Lot Boots. These boots are designed in such a way that no matter how quietly you tippy-toe, you are sure to wake up your other half. Special anti-gravity springs ensure that you bump into every wall and the CTSGS (Coffee Table Seeking Guidance System) explains the ring barked shins.

Another accessory Bacchus saw fit to incorporate in some scooters is the TAS (Tobacco Absorption System). This explains how one person can apparently get through 260 Marlboros in a single night.

And of course, there is the highly efficient on-board heating system which allows the passenger to get home from the bar in sub-zero temperatures wearing nothing but a flimsy cotton t-shirt.



"Uh....Madang any notams on Mendi ???"

Another from Peter Holmes in Burnie—it's terrible, so we've included it.....

A little paper bag was feeling unwell, so he took himself off to the doctors. "Doctor, I don't feel too good," said the little paper bag. "Hmm, you look OK to me," said the Doctor, "but I'll do a blood test and see what that shows, come back and see me in a couple of days."

The little paper bag felt no better when he got back for the results. "What's wrong with me?" asked the little paper bag. "I'm afraid you are HIV positive!" said the doctor. "No, I can't be, I'm just a little paper bag!" said the little paper bag. "Have you been having unprotected sex?" asked the doctor. "NO, I can't do things like that - I'm just a little paper bag!" said the little paper bag. "Well have you been sharing needles with other intravenous drug users?" asked the doctor.

"NO, I can't do things like that - I'm just a little paper bag!" said the little paper bag "Perhaps you've been abroad recently and required a jab or a blood transfusion?" queried the doctor. "NO, I don't have a passport - I'm just a little paper bag!" said the little paper bag. "Well," said the doctor, "are you in a homosexual relationship?" "NO! I told you I can't do things like that, I'm just little paper bag!"

"Then there can be only one explanation." said the doctor...."Your mother must have been a carrier."

2AD Radio.

We (finally) heard from John Broughton who has been threatening for the past 3½ years to write about his days at 2AD. At last we got him to put pen to paper—he writes:



John Broughton

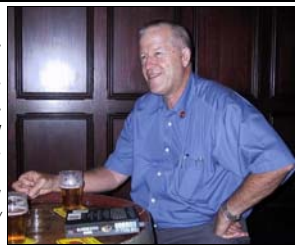
"When first posted to 2AD and being given the guided tour I thought that I was in a time warp, it seemed as though the Central Store had a surplus of antiquated equipment and the best way to keep the heels of the RAAF moving was to send it to 2AD for "reconstruction". This was of course fortunate for us as we were able to devote more time to the important tasks such as servicing the extensive "foreigners" trade" and concentrating on the 2AD social club cigarette run which had an obscene turnover of some \$ 7,000 per week. This money funded some of the best social events on the base, car rallies, fishing trips and the like. Eventually ASCO objected and we had to wind up the operation and get rid of the money, which we did in very creative ways.

Foreigners were of course part of the philosophy of the OIC and WO who had the enlightened view that when Radtechs left the RAAF they should be able to get a job in "civvy street" because of their "training" received at 2AD. We were fortunate to have AWA technicians attached to the unit and they were very bright and did most of the "important" stuff like fixing the RAAF stuff such as the personal beacons which were housed in a special room with copper gauze and other radio shielding devices, however the true purpose of this room was to provide a haven in which to recover from massive hangovers. Every now and then there would be an AOC inspection and all the foreigners would be rushed out and the workshop restored to its rightful ??? purpose. A further enlightened policy was that of out-

sourcing the "day to day" operations of the Unit by removing one-self to "Mars Pub" thereby allowing the newly promoted and highly innovative NCO's to answer questions from the eternal enquirer - Supcom and/or Opscom.

These were the days of the FRED system and the associated fiasco of paperwork and correct nomenclatures, Appendix 20's and 8 digit codes for all parts used throughout the RAAF, this was seen by the enlightened management of 2AD as yet another opportunity to expand the horizons of the average RadTech by giving him access to an assortment of parts. This led to interesting scenarios where in one year 2AD consumed an anticipated 20 years supply of Triads. These made fantastic freq sensitive light shows. Didn't get a set of lock wire pliers though.....(I did—tb)

My time as 2AD was marred to some extent by continual ear operations etc, however I have always remembered the comradery of the workplace and team effort that was instilled into all those who happened to be posted to 2AD, and the real sense of alternate work methodologies, guys like Bobby Harper, Dave Parker, Dick Homewood, Ross Hilder, Alf Smith and of course our fearless management team WO Bill Tolly and Flt. Lt. Col Hewitt who inspired me to aspire to greater things like Head Barman at ASCO, President of the Airmens' Club and to commence studies at TAFE. I met and married my current first wife Josie Hughes whilst at 2AD. Looking back—it was one helluva time."



Ray Tame, 35 RTC, now lives on Bribe Island to the north of Brisbane. Seen here enjoying a coldy at one of Brisbane's finest. Mar 2002.

We asked last edition whether anyone could help us with an alternative phonetic alphabet we had heard many many years ago. It was one that was doing the rounds when yours was just a kid, which we hate to say is now going back a bit. Like a lot of sayings that had their origin during the war it seems to have faded into obscurity, but, Don Neumann remembers it, and thanks to him, here it is in its entirety. (Remember it Gerty??)

A	for horses	H	for Harry	O	for the wall	V	for La France
B	for mutton	I	for Tower	P	for relief	W	for a dollar
C	for sailors	J	for oranges	Q	for billiards	X	for breakfast
D	for ential	K	for Francis (singer)	R	for Mo	Y	for God's sake
E	for Braun	L	for leather	S	for bells	Z	for breezes
F	for vescence	M	for sis	T	for two		
G	for police	N	for mation	U	for one		

Don asks if anyone knows the unofficial phonetic alphabetic used during WWI. It went something like this:- A Ack, B Beer, D Doris, M Emma, P Pip, etc. Examples of its use are: Anti-aircraft fire = Ack Ack fire, AM (time) = Ack Emma, PM (time) = Pip Emma. Can anyone help.

Benign is what you will be after you be eight.

Every 4 seconds a woman has a baby. Our job is to find this woman and stop her.

Your say!



We heard from **Bill Bastion**, who now lives near Canberry, and who was a Radtech A at Richmond during the late 60's. Bill says:- "Have just received the latest RAM and was suitably entertained for half hour or so while reading it. I'm with Ted McEvoy about the costs of the RAM, such an excellent publication should not end for the want of a few dollars. A check of the members got me thinking about why there does not seem to be many escapees from the Radio School when it was at Ballarat or is it just that they don't want to be known in case they have to go back there! From my somewhat indistinct memory of the place, the only good thing there, apart from the five seasons in one day, was Ballarat Bertie, the best drop I had experienced up to that time. Mind you my experience wasn't all that broad in those days, but it was a great beer which was eventually bought out by Carlton. Shame really.

Enough of the waffle anyway, down to the serious stuff, the answer to the last competition is D. The king of Hearts. Now if I don't win this time I shall be contacting the ICAC or whatever they call the anti - corruption mob up there in God's country for a supervised redraw or something! Just because I reside way down here in the place where the main source of hot air in Winter is that funny place where everything except the pole is buried underground does not mean I don't know how great a drop the old Passion Pop is. I'm salivating in anticipation already!!!!!! That's about it for now, cheers, Bill B.

Sorry Bill, you dipped out again, Alf Smith got it this time, he knew how much to include with his entry, but, I found a photo of a few blokes on course at Ballarat in 1949 which you might appreciate, even though it's probably well after your time.....tb

Ted Washbrook from the West writes, "I just finished reading Volume 12 and it brought back some good memories. The "Gap Filler Radar" that went to Stanthorpe was the Search Radar off the Williamtown CPN-4, Ivor Lyons was responsible for all the organizing and the hard work. From what I remember the Radar worked well but the Comms weren't real brilliant. Somewhere in my junk box I have a couple of photos of the Beast being loaded just before it went to Stanthorpe. It was interesting to hear that it ended up at Laverton. Best Wishes from The West,"

Peter Forster from the Gold Coast wrote to say "I gave you "duff gen" last issue, I said the band that played the 'Rise

and Fall of Flingie Bunt' was the Beatles, in fact it was a huge hit for the Shadows—the Beatles had nothing to do with it..." We knew that.....tb

John Elliott wrote in to say he had found another good site on Phan Rang. Those interested can see it at <http://www.freewebs.com/grayeagle/index.htm>

Terry Haebich wrote "Have you ever tried to find old school friends, workmates that you have lost touch with, sports team members, etc I found this in the Herald Sun (Melb) recently www.schoolfriends.com.au which I rate as excellent - just be aware it may have entries for both a High School and Secondary College (being the same place) - just register your name against both. It costs \$20 to register to be able to send messages, but nothing to register and receive messages. They also had www.friendsreunited.com/au/ which I rate as very average (didn't even have my High School/Secondary college in it. Anyhow, if you suffer from nostalgia as I am starting to do, have a look as you may be surprised who you can find and/or who is looking for you. Rgds,"

Bruce Purcell wrote "I had been meaning to get in touch for some time to give you the details on the Biak Canberra photo but time got away on me so I was surprised to see it printed again. (See page 19). Biak was not exactly one of the most sought after detachments, nice tropical island but somewhat lacking in facilities in those days although I believe it is now getting on the tourist circuit. It had quite a history in WW2 with some pretty fierce battles so there were some interesting treks to be done looking at war time relics.

I had two postings with 2 Sqn, Phan Rang 1971 and Amberley 1977-80 so I guess I have a bit of a soft spot for the old Canberras. It is a bit sad to see them parked in paddocks being vandalized like the ones on the Warwick road."

We're with you Bruce, we can't think of one worthwhile reason why those tired old things remain in front of Amberley, they do nothing but give the RAAF a bad image. They should be either tarted up or towed around to the fireys who could put them to some good use. Tb

Thanks for your note Ron—see next issue....



L-R (Back): Ron Fryer, Mac" McGregor, Barry Hadlow, Eric Ogile. **Front:** Bill Moses, John Beale, Ernie Fletcher

Isn't it funny that all those in favour of abortion have already been born...

Gravity: More than a good idea - it's the law.

Where are they now?



Des Politch, shown here in the Edinburgh Hotel washing down the dust, was on rookies at Edinburgh in 1965. Does anyone know what happened to Des after Rookies.



Ross Hilder, ex 5RMT, 1967, left Laverton like the rest of us with his head chock full of information on PNP's and NPN's, and grid bias, wave guides, triodes and delay lines, and all that good stuff. After Radschool he became a depot doggie at 2AD where he spent most of his day overhauling Board Of Survey stuff like carbon

mics, Sarah receivers and wire recorders and of course doing the odd foreigner. Does anyone have any info on Ross Hilder as John Broughton and Dave Muir-McCarey would like to catch up again.

We're looking for **Lance Hayward**. Lance was a Rad Mech at 38Sqn for many years, and knew more about the stuff than any Tech we know. For some reason he had an aversion to leaving Richmond and going back to Laverton to do his Techs and he eventually got out in (we think) 1969, but from what we have been told, re-joined again in 1970. Does anyone know what happened after that.

There are two sides to every divorce - yours and stupids.

If you know where any of these people are now, please let us know.

And if you're looking for a long lost mate, send us your "Where are they now" photos along with a few words. Perhaps we can help find him/her.

Ted McEvoy is trying to find ex RadtechA **Cecil Henry Robinson**. Cec, as he was called, joined up in NSW and spent from Feb65 to Oct65 with Transport Flight Vung Tau (before it was called 35 Sqn). Ted doesn't know too much more about him except that he spent a bit of time at Richmond early in the piece. Ted writes, "*Graham Drinkwater urgently needs to get in contact with Cec Robbie in regards a claim on DVA (Your Extremely Helpful Vietnam Vets Department!!!). I have checked various sites but have come a gutser so if anyone has some details on Cec, please email Drinkie on graybro@foxgold.net.au. Drinkie says that if anybody can help him locate Cec, he'll shout them to the best meal in the house at the Laverton Hotel (WA not VIC).....date to be advised..... Many regards, Ted Mac.*"

Ray Morris got in touch with us early this year, he says: *I was a member of 20 Radio Apprentice Course and am currently in retirement, and travelling Oz in a caravan. I am also endeavouring to progress an Application through DVA and seek your assistance through the Magazine, to gain information that may assist me.*

Specifically I served at Air Base Butterworth from June 75 to Dec 77. During this time the Base was protected primarily by Malaysian Armed Forces. Although the RAAF was there in a 'training role', the base was used by the Malays to conduct operations against what I believe were Communist Terrorists, primarily on the Malay/Thai border area. The base was guarded by armed Malaysian Forces and was often under curfew. These guards were from time to time a bit jittery and on occasions shots were fired. I certainly - as the Duty Tech - had weapons thrust in my face several times. I am seeking any information from any RAAF member who was threatened or frightened in any way by their service experience in Malaysia around this time. Any assistance you can provide to me would be most welcome.

Over to you blokes, if you can help, get in touch with us and we'll forward your note onto Ray.

Why is it that most nudists are people you don't want to see naked.

Post Radschool

Biak or kaiB ??

You'll remember the photos below from previous issues and how there was some uncertainty as to which was the true photo and which was the mirror image. Then we met **Peter Franks** who was driving the Canberra at the time the photo was taken and he told us the top photo was the mirror image,



It ain't over yet—or is it??



and the bottom photo was real. We thought that was the end of it until we heard from **Bruce Purcell** who **took** the photo, and he says: "That photo is one I took in May 78 while on my third detachment to Biak, there are probably a lot of photos of this occasion around

as there were a number of people with cameras out that day. I

can recognize it from the slightly brown watermark in the centre of the photo. Peter's wrong, and the top photo is the real one".

We sent Bruce's comments onto Peter to get his comments, and it went like this.....

Peter: I'm glad Bruce Purcell also remembers the occasion. I didn't know who took the photograph at the time, I know that Rick Owens had a copy that was used in the book "Highest Traditions" by John Bennett. The blokes standing in the foreground in the photo had their backs to another hangar, and there were 1 or 2 other hangars as well, also not showing in the photo. The lie of the hangars was on the left of the taxiway as you look at the photo, and their placing came round behind the blokes standing (ie: not in a straight line). However, the original picture in your magazine WAS reversed - if it was the other way around they would have been between the taxiway and the runway (as the photo looks back along the taxiway to where it left the runway - which ran to the right of the taxiway as you look at the photo). To carry out the low level pass, I came from the far end of the runway and veered over the taxiway (slight change of direction right) and flew with the line of hangars on my right, directly at a hangar behind the blokes in the photo.

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Well the very last bottle of Sparkling Rinegold has gone out to Terry Boyle who lives at Bribie Island—after we couldn't find Frank Oostenbroek who was first draw from the hat. Funny thing was, shortly after we sent it out we got in touch with Frank again, and guess where he lives—yep Bribie Island—small world. Terry got his bottle and wrote; *The bottle of Sparkling Reingold arrived safely to-day. It seems a shame that I have the last bottle left all to my-self. Maybe we can come up with some idea to put it to good use at the reunion next year. I have it under lock and key as I let it slip out up here at Bribie that I had won the last known bottle of that fine wine and you should have seen the look of jealousy on my friends faces, or maybe it just brought back a lot of memories from way back when they would rather forget..* Terry, we suggest an armed guard now that Frank knows you've still got it unopened, and he's just around the corner.

Winner of the last puzzle was **Alf Smith**. Alf is an old depot doggie, so it's really no surprise that he got the answer right as he'd have had plenty of time to study the backs of cards in between doing foreigners and selling cheap fags around the base, so being the winner, Alf is now the proud owner of a bottle of Passion Pop. The answer of course was the King of Hearts. We've been led to believe that Passion Pop contains some surprisingly magical qualities—and that it causes those that consume it to uncontrollably pop right into the passion business. We're waiting on a report from Sandra as to the truth of the rumour and we'll keep you posted.



Now to this edition's poser, and as it's summer and there's nothing on TV apart from tennis or cricket, we thought we'd ask a cricket question.

When was the first Test played between Australian and England, was it

A: 200BC in Saul. **B:** 1215 at Runnymede. **C:** 1830 Hyde Park **D:** 1877 at the MCG

Easy right?? Same as usual, email us your answer and you too could be as satisfied and contented as Alf and be the lucky and envied winner of a bottle Passion Pop. Go to it.....

If Jimmy cracks corn and no one cares, why did they write a song about it?

I wonder who was the first person to look at a cow and say, "I think I'll squeeze these dangly things there, and drink whatever comes out"?

Bruce: Just for a bit of fun we put the image into Adobe Photoshop and when expanded out you can see a pilot's helmet on the port side of the cockpit right where it should be so the image is not reversed. Anyway now I have stirred things up, please give Peter my best regards.

Peter: Yes the pilot sat on the left - but the helmet you see in the cockpit (on the right) was the navigator who had come forward to have a look (he couldn't enjoy the low pass from his black hole behind the pilot) - he was half standing next to me during the pass. There was, in fact, a seat (but a bit low) next to the pilot on survey work for using the periscope to track and control the photographic runs so that the proper overlap and accuracy was maintained within what were very precise limits. He would have just raised himself from that to see, then moved into the black hole and into his ejection seat before landing. Normally the pilot's helmet is never as prominent as that, as his seat is not as close to the front of the canopy as that. He also sat noticeably lower than the prominent helmet in the photo - the ejection seat projected past the top of the helmet - and it is clear that there is nothing in the photo closer to the canopy above that helmet - therefore it cannot be other than someone forward and higher than a normal seating position. I can assure you that I would never try to control a swift (or any other) aircraft that close to the ground without being firmly and comfortably strapped into the bang seat. You can also see a bit of the pilot's helmet to the left of the other helmet and above the glare spot - in the normal view of the pilot from that angle.

Bruce: Well I lost the argument on the helmet, as you can actually see both of them, one is a bit brighter than the other. I sent the photo around to a few people that are better at trivial pursuit than I am and here are some more clues. The guy standing in the foreground has a watch on his left arm, ok he could be left handed but that is a small proportion of the population. He is also wearing stubbies with a rather fat wallet in the right hand pocket, from my memory stubbies only had one pocket on the right hand side. The shadow of one of the guys in the foreground falls to the right as do all the other shadows. Even though Biak is close to the equator, in May the sun is well into the northern hemisphere therefore the shadows would still fall in an arc to the south. The runway at Mokmer is somewhere about 20 degrees off being east west running SE to NW so allow about another 10 degrees for this old taxiway so that means that the camera I took the picture with should have been pointing somewhere to the south east. The shadows should therefore fall to the right, which they do, their angle to the south will depend on the time of day but that is a bit much to remember after 24 years. Peter is the only one that can confirm this but his track should have been SE to NW heading towards the old Boroke strip which I thought was being used by the Indonesian AF

to keep the separatists on the mainland under control for want of a better term. I have been given a couple of more clues to do with projections on the under side of fuselage but they need some more research.

I'm on holidays for a month over Christmas, no work, no email, but I will see if I can find the original negative, it may shed some light on the mystery and prepare for round 3 in January. Anyway Peter, it is nice to catch up after so long. I think we both gave the Air Force away about mid January 1980, few beers in the sergeants mess if I remember correctly.

Peter: I don't know anymore!! I am becoming confused and feeling the onset of dementia (Alzheimer's). My comments now?: - Watch, and wallet in stubbies' pocket are fairly persuasive in your favour; - shadow direction is worth pursuing, time of day and orientation can be confusing - the strip DID run SE/NW and the taxiway (from memory) was at an angle to that even more south of east & north of west. The old Boroke strip was used by the Indones. to house their counter-insurgency aircraft (Bronco's??) - which I also made a low pass over in an extension from one of the passes I made along that taxiway, so your memory of that is in accord with my own, Bruce. They retaliated the next day with a beat-up of our hangar in return.

The run-in for the pass WAS from SE to NW, but my memory was the hangars were on the right of the taxiway (maybe this was engendered by the photo I have, rather than true memory??) - but I didn't think that there would be hangars between the taxiway & the runway (which would be the case if my orientation was wrong) - but at this distance in time, I am not sure. Projections under the fuselage - again from memory (?) - I can see one on my photo, which appears to be ADF loop towards the rear. Also on the left of the fuselage, in my photo, is a shadow which could either be a reflection of the aircraft shadow from underneath, or could include (or hide) where the periscope sight for the tracking for photography protruded - this was situated on the right of the fuselage where the Navigator sat next to the pilot, and if indeed IS what the photo shows, would back up the claim that my photo is reversed, and Bruce's is the right way around. If we could actually see the little DV porthole in the front left of the canopy that would be helpful in establishing orientation. I can't make it out, myself.

So what does all that mean??? Now I'm buggered if I know - you have successfully induced doubt into my mind such that I'm not sure if I am right anymore!! We obviously need some other objective evidence/fresher memory to resolve it. I will accept whatever version seems to fit the circumstance. Perhaps "boggie" Smith, or Rick Owen can shed some light on it - or the negative should resolve all difficulty, if you can find it, Bruce??

Can't wait until next month. Blue Hills - eat your heart out....tb

Politics is a contest to see who is the wisest after the event!!!

If you're doing nothing—how do you know when you're finished....

The RRA Names

We've now got too many members to print all the names in our magazine—and that's great!! We've had to put the list on the web site and you can see it or download a copy by going to the site at www.eastcoastcool.com/radschool. Please have a look at it and make sure it's up to date—that we have your details right.

Radschool Association.

Membership Application

Please ✓ one

Full member ☐Associate member ☐

(Full membership open to ex-Radschoolers only)

Your name.....

Address.....

.....P/Code.....Ph.....

Email address.....

Years attended Radschool. (eg: 1965 - 1967).....

Course(s). (eg: 35RMC, 23RTC).....

TradeService.....

(If Associate)

(If not RAAF)

Post to: **Radschool Association, 30 Redwood St, Stafford Hgts, 4053**

Please don't forget to attach \$10 to cover costs.

(You can download this form from our web site.)

Financials - as at 31 Jan, 2003

Collector		Emitter	
Incoming	\$10,329.57	Outgoing	\$10,344.99
Base		-\$15.42	
Balance	<u>\$10,329.57</u>		<u>\$10,329.57</u>

Join the Club

If you haven't joined us yet - please do. *(If you already have, please get some of your mates to join too)*. Fill in the form above and post it to us, along with your cheque, money order (or cash) for \$10.00 made out to "Radschool Association". **We need you!**

If you're an ex Instrument fitter, Electrician, Framie, whatever, you can join now too.

Opinions expressed in this Newsletter, unless marked otherwise, are entirely those of the writer - Trevor Benne-worth. This newsletter is not affiliated with, nor does it purport to be associated with any other organization.

We warmly welcome your input, and should you have an opinion contrary to, or perhaps you agree with any article published here, please express your thoughts to us in writing, and we will gladly publish them.

Stand by your beds!

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