



The Quarterly Journal
of the
Fleet Air Arm Association of Australia

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Slipstream



**A4 Skyhawk of 805 Squadron preparing to launch from
HMAS Melbourne**

Quotation:the importance of an historical event lies not in what happened but in what later generations believed to have happened..... History is a process of collective remembrances... *Ibid.*



FOREWORD

by The Right Reverend Monsignor F. Lyons AM RAN (Rtd)

Chaplain to the Fleet Air Arm Association of Australia

Great! Just as I am leaving to catch my flight to Europe to commence a pilgrimage to the battlefields of the Western Front, I am handed a letter asking if I would write this foreword for *Slipstream*.

Despite the timing your President knows that I would never let the Fleet Air Arm down, as in my many years of 'belonging', the personnel of the FAA have given me significant inspiration and evoked from me much admiration.

My eagerness to join this pilgrimage to the Australian cemeteries in France comes from my life long conviction that service personnel are a very special people. They wish to give to their country the best of their abilities and talents, the best years of their life, and a developed determination to achieve standards which will stand up to any test. It is tragically sad when, in the pursuit of these things for the defence of their country, valuable young lives are lost.

My admiration for all these tributes was not lessened when I found myself at Nowra in the heartland of the Fleet Air Arm. As the many years went by, that admiration grew and has continued to grow up to the present day. In contemplation of all this, there is a feeling of pride of having been a part of something so outstanding.

In the FAA Association and the Naval Aviation Museum, there are laudable means of preserving a spirit which did so much to achieve formidable standards of which we can be justifiably proud. Yes, there were faults, and in some instances we could have done better. Nevertheless, the task committed to the Australian Fleet Air Arm was carried out, and is still being carried out, in a manner in which this nation should be very proud.

In an effort to preserve the memories and spirit of the past, and to assist the Fleet Air Arm of today, let us all be enthusiastic members of the Association and supporters of our excellent museum.

In the back of my mind I can hear the call...'*This is the last call for passengers.....*', in the battlefields of France, the call will be 'Lest we forget'. NO - we must never forget!

Editorial

With cupboards and drawers filled to bursting, I've just spent about fifteen minutes trying to find space to store another file housing the input for this edition of *Slipstream*.

The books, letters, papers and paraphernalia associated with this job is growing like 'Topsy'.

The increase in correspondence shows that there is a healthy interest in the Association and in all things pertaining to the FAA. My only regret, is that the input from the modern day Fleet Air Arm is almost nil.

Despite the present day conditions of service, which many old timers would think 'soft' in the extreme, there must surely be some spark of pride within the Squadrons that would encourage them to tell us of their achievements, their aircraft and their personnel.

As current 'caretakers' of squadrons that were so much a part of our life, I feel that they owe us a line now and again to let us know that things are in good hands.

Meanwhile, to all the old and bold who have passed through the gates of Albatross both ways, without your continued support *Slipstream* would just fade away, and with it the Association we are all so proud of.

Just remember one thing, if you don't see what you want to see in our journal - it's probably because you haven't written it yet!

I would like to add my condolences to the many others in this edition, for the family of Dick Coates. I can't think of anyone in my service days, whose exploits gave so many people so much pleasure. Farewell, Dick.

RON TASKER - If anyone would care to contact Ron, his phone number is (044) 763159 Narooma.

JOHN CHAMPION - is compiling a Line Book and would like to borrow good photographs of RAN Sea Furies, Fireflies and Carriers. All care will be taken with the originals.
8/29 Brighton Street
Sandringham
Victoria 3191

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A Message from the National President

Cmdre 'Toz' Dadswell, AM, RAN, (Rtd)



Why do we have a national organisation running the FAAA? Why can't the States be left alone to run their own affairs? Why do States pay money to the federal body? What do you do with our money?

These are some of the questions that I have been asked over the past couple of months and I thought that I should come up with some answers, as it is obvious that there are some members who do not understand how the Association is structured or how it operates.

The Fleet Air Arm Association is a national body because the Fleet Air Arm that we served in was the Australian Fleet Air Arm not a State Fleet Air Arm. The Association is run by the State representatives who sit on the Federal Council. This organisation gives the members the chance to express their views on a whole range of matters and the Council formulates the general guidelines for the conduct of the Association. The Federal Constitution was drawn up and agreed to by the representatives. It is not a case of 'Big Brother' trying to run the affairs of the State Divisions.

What are the benefits of being a national organisation? Let me list a few. As a national organisation:

- * We are recognised by the RSL and have a voice on the Kindred Organisation Committee;
 - * We are able to take out one comprehensive insurance policy to cover all members, thus saving the States the expense of taking out separate policies;
 - * We have our own national flag which incorporates the White Ensign. (Guide lines for the flying and display of the flag will be considered at the next Council meeting.)
 - * We are able to make consolidated submissions to various committees concerned with ex-service matters;
 - * We are able to produce and distribute a national magazine which gives the members the means by which they keep in touch.
- These are just some of the advantages derived from being a national body.

Now to the question of how we spend your money. The capitation fees paid to the national body are used to pay for the insurance policy, which I mentioned earlier, and to pay for the usual expenses such as postage, telephone, paper and other office expenditure. Although the members of the executive do incur costs related to travel and accommodation, no member has claimed reimbursement for such expenses. I should also point out that the members of the executive do NOT have a vote at Council meetings, ONLY the State representatives vote.

SLIPSTREAM

I feel sure that all members will agree that our editor has done a magnificent job with *Slipstream* but he does need your continued support. We also need to find sponsors, so if any member has a suggestion as to a possible sponsor, please let me know and I will follow it up.

NATIONAL REUNIONS

When the committee was trying to plan and organise the 1992 reunion, they were severely hampered by the lack of funds which were needed to place orders for a whole range of things, such as souvenirs, transport and accommodation.

The Council decided to overcome this problem for future reunions by setting up a National Reunion Fund. The money for this separate fund comes from the small profit made on the sale of Association clothing and souvenirs. You can be assured that your money is well spent and accounted for.

I hope that this message clears up any confusion that may have existed about the need for, and the operation of, the national organisation. It is you, the members, who control and run the organisation through your representatives on the Federal Council.

Please get behind your State committees and give them the support that is required if we are to go forward with strength. To misquote the late President Kennedy.....'Ask not what the FAAA can do for you, but rather ask, what can I do for the Association.'

FROM THE ARCHIVES



HMAS Albatross 1959 - Motor Transport Compound Crew

BACK ROW L-R: Bob Luxford - Pat Hickey - Ray Lillyman - John Cowey - Nev Plunkett - 'Tiger' Thompson - Daley? -
Nev Hall - George Thompson - Max Laurie
CENTRE ROW: Frank Donnelly - Tommy Cooper - Jim Alton - Tom Dodds - Ray Annand - Brian Weaver - 'Shorty' Knibbs
FRONT ROW: Dennis Taylor - Bill 'Pappy' Gault - Kerry Sojan - 'Curly' Davenport *Photo courtesy Nev Hall*



OPERATIONAL FLYING SCHOOL COURSE No.7

A/S/Lt. Rohrsheim - Lt. Arnold - A/S/Lt. Smith - A/S/Lt. Hansen
Lt. Roland (Course Officer) - LtCdr Scott (CO 851) - Lt. Dedman CGI

No.4 SESO Safety Equipment & Survival Course

Lt. McNay - PO Fred Wessel



I don't know who the blokes are on the right and the left of the photo - but the one in the middle is 'Plunger' Keedle!

Dear Ed,

The accompanying photograph was taken at the Catholic Club in Hong Kong. The 'Sin Bosun' is Father Lyons, he is seen talking to a Bishop (?) who had just been released from Red China.

The names escape me, but the tall guy on the left, being a good RC, carried out the duties of Altar Boy at Sunday morning Mass.

After a night on the grog he found it hard to blow out the candles - they just kept relighting!

* Neil 'Plunger' Keedle



Singapore 1960 - 'Alli-Oop' - relieved from the RN Marines at HMS Terror and left on the wharf for recovery. (NK)

THE DYING AVIATOR

A young aviator lay dying,
At the end of a bright summer's day
His comrades had gathered around him,
To carry his fragments away.

The aeroplane was piled in his wishbone,
His Lewis was wrapped around his head
He wore a spark plug in his elbow,
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

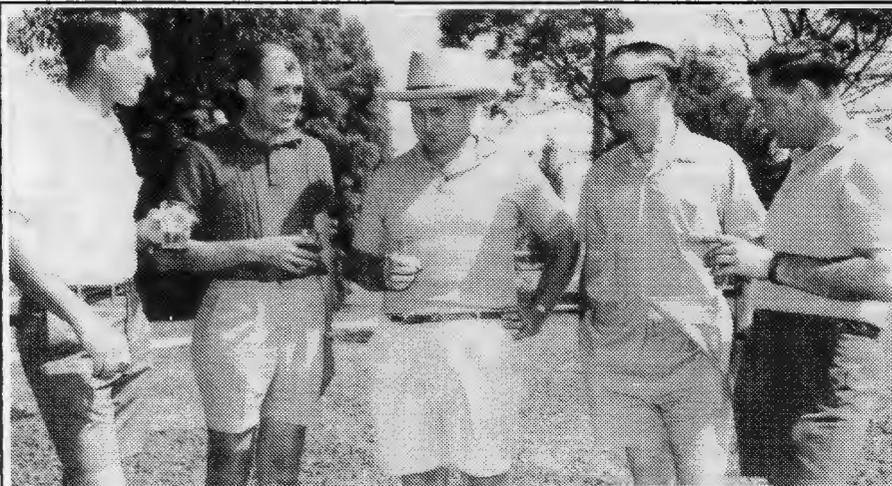
He spat out a valve and a gasket,
As he stirred in the stump where he lay
And then to his wandering comrades
These brave parting words he did say!

Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the butterfly valve off my neck
Remove from my kidneys the camrods,
There's a lot of good parts in the wreck.

Take the pistons out of my stomach,
And the cylinders out of my brain
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
And assemble the engine again.

Pull the longeron out of my backbone,
The turnbuckle out of my ear
From the small of my back the rudder,
There's all of your aeroplane here.

I'll be riding a cloud in the morning,
With no rotary before me to cuss
Take the lead from your feet and get busy
There's another lad needing the bus.



L-R: Ron McKenzie - Gordon McPhee - TD - 'Nobby' Clarke
Visiting 'Toz' Dadswell on the set of 'Gone With the Wind'.



Firefly landing on Vengeance - 1953

Photo courtesy S.W. Laughlan



Report of the Committee of Inquiry into Defence and Defence Related Awards

A synopsis for our members
by 'Toz' Dadswell



Members will be aware that in 1993 the Government announced that a comprehensive inquiry would be carried out into the Australian system of honours and awards.

The inquiry was to be in two stages. The first stage was to be a comprehensive review of defence and defence-related areas of interest, including the application of present Australia awards in defence-related activities. The second stage, which will follow completion of the first, will examine the existing system of honours and awards to ensure that it meets the needs of all sectors of the community.

The Committee conducting the first stage of the inquiry has completed its task and the Government has agreed to all but one of the Committee's forty recommendations. This article summarises those recommendations which may be of special interest to past and present members of the RAN.

To help guide it through the diversity of issues raised, and to give consistency to its approach, the Committee developed a set of guiding principles. It is not intended to reproduce all ten principles here, but several are listed below to assist the reader in appreciating the approach made by the Committee in relation to areas of naval interest.

1. Recognition of service medals (other than medals for long service or special occasions such as coronation) should only occur when that service has been rendered beyond the normal requirements of peacetime. Normal duties such as training and garrison duties should not be recognised by the award of a medal, even though they may be demanding, hazardous and uncomfortable, and may be undertaken in countries other than Australia. As a general rule, medals should be reserved for the recognition of service in military campaigns, peacekeeping or other military activities clearly and markedly more demanding than normal peacetime service,

2. To maintain the inherent fairness and integrity of the Australian system

of honours and awards care must be taken that, in recognising service by some, the comparable service of others is not overlooked or degraded.

3. In relation to Imperial awards, the Committee will contemplate amendment to the terms and conditions governing these awards only under the most exceptional circumstances where a clear anomaly or manifest injustice can be established. Otherwise the Committee will seek to find solutions within the established terms and conditions for these awards and will address situations where an anomaly or injustice in application may have occurred.

4. The Committee adheres strongly to the official view that honours and awards given to Australians on the recommendation of the Australian Government under the Imperial system are Australian awards.

5. Matters relating to honours and awards should be considered on their merits in accordance with these principles, and these considerations should not be influenced by the possible impact, real or perceived, on veteran's entitlements.

Australian Service Medal 1945 - 1975

This new medal recognises service in prescribed peacekeeping or non-warlike operation for the period 1945 - 1975 where recognition has not previously occurred.

a) **Clasp JAPAN** - For service with the Australian forces in the occupation of Japan from the period 03 September 1945 to 30 June 1947 with a qualifying period of 90 days.

b) **Clasp KOREA 1953 - 1957** - For service in Korea from 28 July 1953 (signing of the armistice) until the withdrawal of Australian troops on 26 August 1957 with the relevant qualifying period of 30 days.

c) **Clasp PNG** - Awarded to Australian nationals of all services, including RAN personnel posted to

HMAS *Tarangau* and attached vessels. Period is from 1951 to 16 September 1975 with a qualifying period of 180 days.

Imperial Naval General Service Medal (NGSM) Clasp 'MALAYA'

The Committee has recommended that the Government continue to pursue with the British Government the eligibility of RAN ships serving in the Far East Strategic Reserve, in the period 1955 - 1960, with a view to identifying those HMA Ships, if any, which qualified for the award.

Award for Officers and Instructors of Cadets

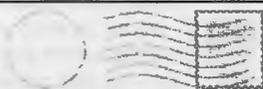
The Government has decided to refer this issue for consideration by the Stage Two Honours Review Committee.

VIETNAM - Naval Ship Visits and Other Service

The Committee had before it a number of submissions seeking some form of recognition for RAN ships that visited Vietnam during 1962 and 1963. The Committee decided that this service did not qualify the ships for the Vietnam Logistic and Support Medal but noted that the service rendered by the ships seemed comparable for the award of the RAS Badge.

The above details cover most of the submissions made on behalf of RAN personnel. There has been a widely held mistaken view that service in the Strategic Reserve or participation in SEATO exercises counted as qualifying time for the NGSM. This is not the case. These periods of operation fall into the category of training as mentioned in the Committee's first principle.

However, there may be some special cases such as naval personnel serving with other services ashore or on air operations. If members believe that they have a case for further consideration, they should contact Keith Fremantle, Staff Officer Medals, Navy Office, on (06) 265-3321 or on (008) 808-073.



Hon. Gary Punch MP
Minister for Defence Science
and Personnel
Parliament House
Canberra ACT 2600

NOTE: The references referred to in the following letter are taken from the 'Report of the Committee of Inquiry into Defence and Defence Related Awards', published by the Australian Government Publishing Service in Canberra (March 1994), and available through good bookshops - RRP \$14.95.Ed.

Dear Minister,

The recently released Report of the Committee of Enquiry into Defence and Defence Related Awards (CIDA), contains recommendations that will be applauded and welcomed by a number of ex-service personnel and civilians

Regrettably, it will disappoint far more than it pleases in that it fails to rectify the most contentious point of all, that being the general lack of an award recognising service in the Defence Force during 'peace time'.

According to the Committee, 'Normal service in the Defence Force does not warrant a medal. The conditions of service and salary recognise hazardous duty during the normal course of employment'. (CIDA Report p.6) Not a view accepted by the High Court in its judgement on survivors of the *Voyager* disaster, nor by tens of thousands of personnel who devoted large portions of their lives to service in the Defence Force (and continue to do so) during so-called 'peace time'.

The War Medal was 'Awarded for 28 days full time duty between 03 September 1939 and 02 September 1945'. Service did not have to be continuous'. (CIDA Report p.13) Nor, I

might add, hazardous. This was an award for just being in the Armed Services for 28 days. No requirements to be in an operational zone, let alone in danger of being shot at by a total stranger.

During the period 01 July 1950 to 26 August 1957 anyone serving in the Defence Force could have been sent to Korea. Those who were sent received or will receive an award. (CIDA Report pp. 40, 41) Those who were not sent received nothing. The same applies to the periods 24 December 1962 to 28 May 1964 and 29 May 1964 to 27 January 1973 with respect to Vietnam. (CIDA Report p.62) It should be noted sir, that in both cases the periods involved are well in excess of the length of World War II, and in the latter, in excess of World Wars I & II combined.

Service in the Defence Force is, by the very nature of it *raison d'être*, both arduous and hazardous. It can involve long separations from family and at any time personnel can be sent anywhere in the world and find themselves involved in a shooting war. Even in 'peace time'. There is no choice as to whether you go or stay. All of the above are considered by the Committee to be worthy of an award when occurring during the period 03 September 1939 to 02 September 1945, even to the extent of recommending 'that a new and distinctive Civilian Service Medal 1939-45 be instituted for the AWLA, NAR and perhaps the CCC'. (CIDA Report p.30) [AWLA - *Australian Women's Land Army / NAR - Northern Australia Railway / CCC - Civil Construction Corps. Ed*]

The Committee's view that we have been at peace since 02 September 1945, whilst perhaps being technically correct, in real terms is quite ludicrous, even insulting to those who served and continue to serve in the Defence Force since then. In the interest of brevity I have chosen not to itemise the contradictions, inconsistencies, injustices and

downright 'buck-passing' that litter the report. Suffice at this time to say that, far from approaching issues from the perspective of 1944, it reflects an attitude of 'blimpishness' more akin to 1914.

My interest in the matter of this report stems from having served in the RAN as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm from 02 April 1955 to 01 August 1963. During that period I was embarked in HMAS *Melbourne* for six cruises, including service in the Far East Strategic Reserve in 1959, 1962 and 1963. I recall that on 20 May 1963, *Melbourne* transited Sunda Strait closed up to cruising action stations, and with aircraft of 805 Squadron armed and at combat readiness because of the belligerence being exhibited at that time by the Indonesian Government.

To date I have received nothing in the form of an award to recognise 8 years dedicated (and at times hazardous) service and notwithstanding the recommendations on page 52, nothing in the report gives me any hope that I ever will. Contrast the above with the fact that I have been awarded the Vietnam Logistic and Support Medal for a single flight into Saigon on 02 April 1969 as a crew member of a QANTAS military charter.

The real tragedy of the report is that all service in the Defence Force post 02 September 1945 could be recognised with a minimum of effort. The Defence Force Medal should be awarded to all Defence Force personnel on their becoming operational in whatever category they have chosen or been assigned. Long service clasps should be awarded after 10 years and for each additional 5 years service. The award to be made retroactive to 03 September 1945.

John Milton wrote, 'They also serve who only stand and wait' and I strongly suggest to you sir, on behalf of all Defence Force personnel, past, present and future, that it is time the Government recognised this maxim in a tangible form.

Yours sincerely,

B.J.Roberts - Lieutenant RAN (Rtd)

SO YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT THINGS TOUGH!

A par from the NSW mail bag...

....I have recently returned home from hospital where I had an artificial left knee fitted. My sons call me the 'Tin Man' now as I have a fused left ankle with a steel pin fitted, wires in my toes, an artificial knee and a metal device in my back held together by wire, courtesy of the back specialist recently featured in '60 Minutes'. I had to retire from work last year as mobility is a problem. I have just had my old '78 XC Falcon resprayed and have applied for new plates. I was lucky to get my choice of numbers -FAA 805. Having the car enables me to get to the local shops, but best of all I like receiving *Slipstream*, it's a great publication.....

Bill Cregan - WA

[Good to hear from you, Bill. You certainly made a good choice for the number plate, but who do you call when you're feeling crook, the doctor or a piano tuner? Ed]

Dear Ed,

I have been impressed by the standard of *Slipstream*, especially in recent times.

Much has been written in the past about the Fleet Air Arm, its Squadrons, aircraft and the ships. Without denigrating those contributions to a magnificent history of a special branch of the Navy, there seems to have been a lack of stories about the individuals, and their myriad experiences. I only hope this small personal contribution may encourage others to relate their memories of events of interest.

If my article proves satisfactory for insertion in one of the *Slipstream* editions, I would ask only one favour; could you please return the photos as they represent a memorable day in my Naval career, for obvious reasons.

Congratulations on a great job.

Sincerely, *Geoff Litchfield*

[Now fasten your seat belts... here's Geoff's story. Ed.]

Just one of those days!

The year - 1954 - 805 Squadron embarked in HMAS *Sydney*, off the east coast of Australia, northbound for Hervey Bay, where we were to be equipped with brand new Sea Furies during our work-up to front line standard.

805 Squadron Commanding Officer, Fred Sherbourne, was supported by Senior Pilot, Jack Salthouse and an old veteran, John Pollock. Their tasks were to lead we snotty-nosed sprogs, fresh off course in UK, through the many deck operations to hopefully qualify us as front line pilots. We, being Les Fairbairn, Don Davidson, Rob Waites, Jack Williams and myself.

Having flown on, on August 26th for the first time on an Australian carrier (Les Fairbairn, being a course ahead had already tried his hand at it), we latter five had acquired the dizzy heights of some 420 hours total flying experience, including about 25 day deck landings and 5 boosted take-offs (catapults).

All embarked operations were aimed at eventually achieving the ultimate minimum intervals between arrested landings, to ensure the least possible exposure of the carrier to offensive 'enemy' action whilst at her most vulnerable. Committed to maintaining a near-constant course into wind to ensure the retrieval of her airborne brood during the land-on phase, it was the responsibility of Squadron Commanders to strive to train their pilots to safely achieve this minimum period of time between arrested landings.

With 'all this experience', and at age 24, beginning to feel pretty 'gung-ho', I returned to the ship in formation with three other squadron pilots following a 2 hour 35 minute Army co-op. exercise. Equipped with drop tanks, to enable this relatively lengthy exercise, my charge for the day was

Sea Fury WJ 284, side-number 102.

Entering the circuit in line abreast, at the usual height of 400 feet, we broke downwind at 10 second intervals, aiming to achieve as near as possible a 15 second landing interval. Think about that - and total co-operation required from 'Flyco' and Flight Deck personnel!

My turn in the land-on sequence arrived. In spite of a 25kt wind, the seascape speckled with 'white horses', conditions in the circuit were quite smooth and there was no significant swell. An almost cloudless sky (we were in Queensland waters!) added to my overconfident feeling that this was going to be a breeze - one of my better approaches.

In the slot, on speed and receiving minimum 'off-path' advisory signals from 'Bats', I approached the deck with gear, flaps and hook extended. Approaching the round-down in a continuously banked turn, I responded to 'Bats' signal to roll wings level, and

with head leaning to port to maintain visual contact with 'Bats', was ready to execute the anticipated 'cut' signal.

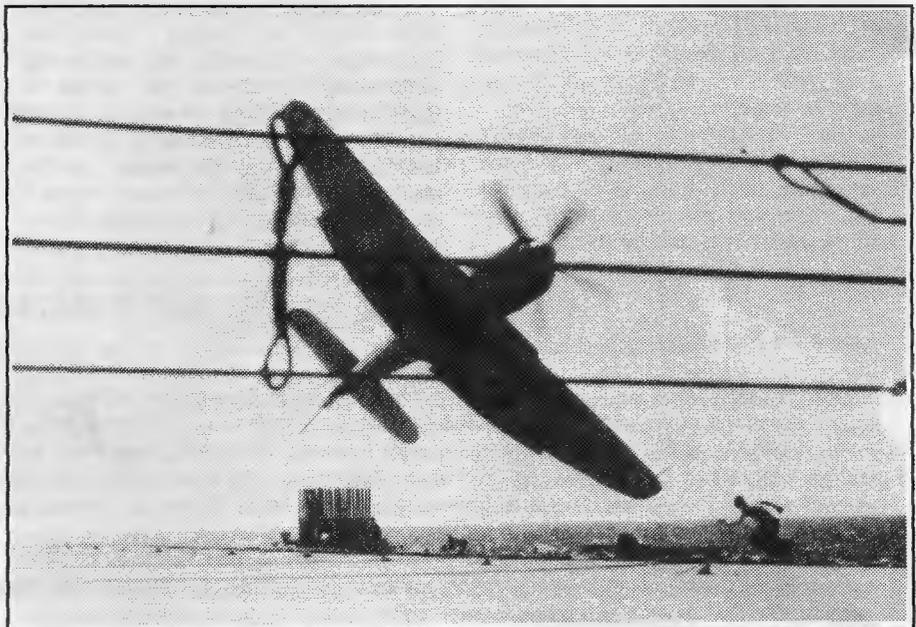
As the deck loomed up I glanced ahead to ensure that the aircraft was lined up with the centreline, I was astounded to see 'Bats' give me the 'wave-off' signal, compliance with which was mandatory.

10 knots above the stall, over the round-down (or so it felt), wheels adjudged to be some 10 feet above the deck and descending. I was immediately very much aware of the barrier not far ahead or below, and of the ship's island just to starboard of my path.

Ramming the throttle forward to the stops, all 2,550 horses were called upon to do their job - and do it they did - admirably! However, at such low airspeed, and no doubt assisted by my instinctive reaction to apply control forces to get-the-hell out of there, I encountered the onset of the dreaded torque stall (when engine power, or torque, is such that it overcomes flight control forces, and tries to roll the aircraft around the engine). Not good - not good!

The accompanying illustrative official photographs obtained by the unknown ship's photographer, who must have had a quick trigger finger, captured the consequences in dramatic detail. Note the Aircraft Handler vacating his normal position, post-haste! As the second photo was taken, my mind was saying, 'Well, Geoffrey, this looks like IT!', and I was contemplating getting my feet very wet at the least.

With confidence shaken, but grateful for - was it divine intervention or just the magnificent forgiveness of a top aircraft - I swanned around the



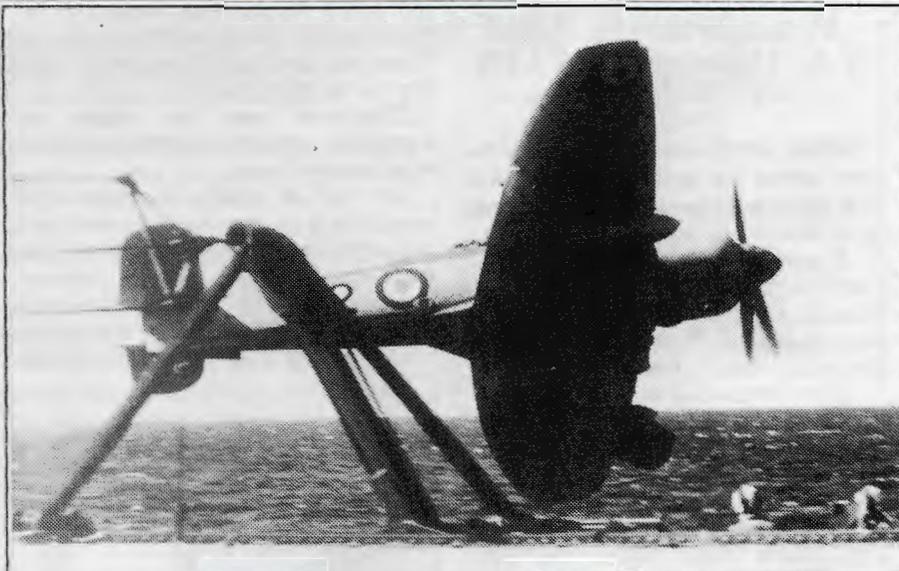
circuit, this time with my tail between my legs, and adrenalin levels at an all-time high.

Second time around all worked well, and though I landed on uneventfully, it took me some time for me to gather my strength to climb out of the cockpit, assisted by my always dependable Pilot's Mate, Frank Donnelly.

No reflection on 'Bats', as 'Flyco' had been unable to signal a 'clear-deck' in time to avoid a wave-off - though, at the time, as I stepped on to the deck from my aircraft, I was ready, in my state, to keel-haul him. Remember, Fred?

Commander (Air) Allan Downes, RN, duly vindicated 'Bats' and put me in my place.

Just one of THOSE days!



WELFARE OFFICER'S REPORT

by I.G. (Chips) Gray
Welfare Officer NSW Division

You will recall that after last years budget we made mention of the proposed Commonwealth Seniors Health Card to be introduced from 1st July this year.

If you are an Australian resident of Age Pension age or Service Pension age (veterans) and have an income below \$19,151.60 per annum (Single), or \$31,917.60 pa (Couple combined), or \$37,679.20 pa (Couple, separated due to illness), the new Commonwealth Seniors Health Card can help you get:

- * prescriptions at the concession rate of \$2.60.
- * hearing aids from Australian Hearing Services
- * access to a new two-phase Commonwealth Dental Health Programme.

If you have applied for a pension (age or service) in the past and did not get it because of assets or residence, you may be eligible for this card.

For more information or a claim form, call Social Security Teleservice on 13 2300 - cost as for a local call. Veterans should contact any Veteran Affairs Office, NSW - Toll Free (008) 257 251.

To get the card at Service Pension age however, you will still require 'eligible service'. It should be of some assistance to those of us who have turned 65 and are ruled out for the age pension because we paid too much into DFRDB / MSBS and superannuation.

Once again I would like to draw to your attention, that it is not necessary

to have 'eligible service' for an ex-service person to receive assistance in the treatment costs for cancer and pulmonary tuberculosis. The Department will accept or provide financial responsibility for the treatment of any malignant condition or TB, subject to the receipt of an application from the patient, or someone acting on his or her behalf. However, make the claim for treatment and do not apply for Disability Pension as this will only be paid if there is 'eligible service', and that the condition is likely to have been caused by that period of service.

Once again, it should only be necessary to phone or write to the Department of Veteran Affairs in your State or Regional Area. Advise them of your full name, rank and official number, period of service, diagnosis, and name of the doctor or hospital responsible for the treatment. Some cases of skin cancer may not be accepted, but many have been so it's worth a try.

Incidentally, the Commonwealth Seniors Health Card should not be confused with the various Seniors Cards issued by some States. In NSW, if you are over 60 and no longer employed, you can apply for a Seniors Card simply by obtaining an application form from a Post Office. There are no assets or income tests and it will give you discounts with State Rail and associated bus routes, green slip motor insurance and certain other insurances, it is also recognised by many business houses. It is also proof, if we need reminding, that we have reached a senior age.

Certificate of Service

Dear Ed,

For those members who may be interested, I am in receipt of the following advice from Navy Office - quote:

'It would appear that many of the RAN's ex-members who served during the 1950's never received their 'Certificates of Service' and upon request these are now issued.'

Write to:

Staff Officer Records
Navy Office
for Director of Sailor's Career Management
PO Box E33
Queen Victoria Terrace
Canberra ACT 2600

The 'Certificate of Service' is not to be confused with your 'Records of Service', and is as stated a Certificate which is suitable for framing.

Don't forget to give your Official Number in your correspondence, and request that all other naval service be entered on the same, such as Fleet Reserve time for those who participated etc..

Regards, Ron Baxter - Qld

VALE

W.G. (Jimmy) BOWLES

(12 May 1920 - 10 May 1994)

When old hands get together to yarn about the good old Fleet Air Arm days, a name that always crops up is that of Jimmy Bowles.

Now Jim has passed on, and many a tale will be told and dits spun of his exploits, both in the air and on the deck, during his 28 years of service in the RNZN, RN and RAN.

Born in New Zealand, he was quick to join the RNZN soon after the outbreak of World War II and decided that naval flying was to be his branch. Jim did his pilot training in the USA, receiving his wings in 1942. With over a thousand other 'Kiwis', he then served on loan with the Royal Navy Fleet Air Arm.

He flew Hurricanes, Martlets, Hellcats and Fulmars from a variety of carriers, including convoy escort duties on the North Atlantic run. Jim flew with dash and determination and was known as a 'force-on' fighter pilot; he accumulated a great number of 'ops-hours' and was lucky to survive a crash in the icy cold Atlantic.

Jim also served in the Mediterranean Theatre and was with

the British Pacific Fleet preparing for the daunting attack on the Japanese home islands when 'The Bomb' saw the end of World War II.

Post-war saw him marry an Australian girl and a decision to make Australia his home.

In 1947-48, Australia announced it would have its own Fleet Air Arm and Jim was one of the first to sign on. The RAN was fortunate to have such an experienced and enthusiastic pilot among its early batch of naval aviators.

When the 20th Carrier Air Group

was formed in the United Kingdom, Jimmy was appointed to 805 Squadron which was equipped with Sea Furies - a squadron that he eventually rose to command. He led 805 during hazardous operations from HMAS Sydney during the Korean conflict of 1951.

Eventually his flying days were curtailed as he went on to use his talents in a variety of staff appointments, including stints in Navy Office.

* A.J.(Nat) Gould



LSATWO Michael John Henderson

(The Snake)

Died as the result of an accidental shooting at his residence at White Cliffs, NSW, on 30th April, 1994. Joined the RAN in 1971 - discharged 1981. Survived by his wife Annette.

*With friends and family we'll gather
Cause Mick left us only the other day
We don't know why or where
But he'd sure be smiling all the way*

*I reckon that you'd all agree
That blokes like Mick are rare
A really friendly little fella
Who when needed would be there*

*I expect he's out there somewhere
Cause blokes like Mick you never lose
Maybe a memory is the contact
For a meeting if you choose*

*Gee I find some comfort knowing
That he's maybe looking down on me
Watching friends and keeping family
Sorta safe upon his knee*

*Most say why the good blokes
But there's a reason for it all
God bless you Mick because wherever
We know you're still somewhere walking tall*

A bloody good Armourer and a bloody good mate. Goodbye, Mate! See you soon. *Billy Paul

Lt. Reg Hutchins, RCN

Royal Canadian Navy Armament Officer, Commissioned from the Ranks (CFR) as a Limited Duty Officer, passed away suddenly in Queensland on 20 March, 1994.

Poole-Warren, G.H.F. 'Peter'

Died April 28th, 1994, at hospital.

Dick Coates

28 May, 1994, in Queensland.

AN OLD MAN, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and grey,
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim -
That sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when he reached the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength in building here.
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way.
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build you the bridge at the eventide?"

The builder lifted his old grey head.
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm has been naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim:
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

* 'THE BRIDGE BUILDER' by Will Allen Dromgoole



Letters to the Editor



A letter from the National Secretary's mail bag from the Patron of the FAA Association, Admiral Sir Victor Smith, AC, KBE, CB, DSC, RAN (Rtd).

Dear Ian,

Thank you very much for your birthday card and for the kind wishes of the Association.

Recently I was reading a book and came across the following quotation from W.B. Yeats. It seems most appropriate -

"Think where man's glory begins and ends

And say my glory was I had such friends"

One of the most fortunate things which has happened to me has been the friends I have made in the Fleet Air Arm.

I wish the Association continued success.

Yours sincerely,
Victor Smith

Dear Ed,

A couple of corrections to the article on the Fly-In Day in the last issue of Slipstream. Very small corrections - such as could only come from an old pedant (no, not peasant).

Implacable was the ship, and the helmet was not leather but canvas (which explains the loss of high range hearing).

My most pleasurable encounter with the Spitfire [at the Fly-In Day.Ed] later took me to my log book to see when I last sat in a Seafire. The occasion saddens me a little because my log book reads, "Schofields to *Implacable*' and a 30 minute trip concluding my deck landings with a classic barrier (the only one in my time) - April 29 1946.

'Twas indeed a shame, a lovely Mark XV badly bent. The shame is because there were at least three in that final land-on before *Implacable* hoisted her paying-off pennant and left me to pay off in Australia.

Slipstream gets better all the time and I commend you most warmly.

I accept the Walter Mitty bit as I realise that my 125cc Motor Scooter must be the only scooter in the world with a working Air Speed Indicator (ex-Firefly, I think).

Every good wish,

Walter Wheeldon - NSW Div. Chaplain

Dear Ed,

I have been reading *Slipstream*, the Fleet Air Arm Association Journal April 1994, given to me by my next door neighbour, Jeffrey Caraske, ex-HMAS Sydney.

I found many interesting items when reading concerning Nowra, HMAS *Albatross*, the Museum etc..

My association with the area goes back to 1944-45 when I was LAC 150758, a member of 107 Squadron RAAF based at St. Georges Basin with single engine Vought-Sikorski Kingfisher float equipped planes.

The squadron maintained surveillance of an area of the South Coast of NSW and I recall several instances involving emergencies which, because of the Japanese submarines having already visited Sydney Harbour, were hushed up until well after the war was over.

At that time where the road to *Albatross* abuts the Princes Highway, there was a British Torpedo Unit storage base, and during 1945 the Royal Navy had a large number of personnel at '*Albatross*' [then HMS *Nabswick*. Ed.]

When 107 Squadron disbanded, the squadron personnel lost contact with one another. Would, or could you, through your journal's contacts have access to any information concerning our squadron's activities during a short, rough, but memorable period. I have heard that the local Shoalhaven paper did publish some interesting accounts about 107 Squadron a couple of years ago.

Thanking you in anticipation,
Noel L. Bendall - Emu Park Qld.

Dear Ed,

When each new issue of *Slipstream* arrives I, like many others I suppose, have the habit of searching through the pages looking for familiar names.

Occasionally one turns up and that's when the difficult part begins, that is the often frustrating attempt to reach back in time and try to match the name with a memory.

In my case, it is now 42 years since I first arrived at *Albatross* and I often wonder about some of those names that no longer have faces, and the faces that exist so clearly in the mind's eye but remain nameless. So I put the question to those of you who were

around in the early to mid '50's.....Whatever happened to.....?

'Bluey' Anderson - NAM(E) - A 5' 6" redhead hailing from Stanthorpe, Qld.

Ron Tanner - Aircraft Handler.

Charlie Long - Aircraft Handler from the Stawell district in Victoria.

Pill Peart - Another Victorian.

Ray Green - Aircraft Handler from Ballarat.

George Hearn - A Leading Hand in '56, possibly a Handler.

'Chick' Neale - A Pilot's Mate and owner of a Vincent HRD motor cycle.

Ted Drinnan - NAM(E) - Last known living in Revesby, NSW.

'Crash' Barrett - Pilot's Mate with a crew cut.

Gilbert Nixon - NAM(E) - A bit of a rebel and a good mate of ...

'?' Benson - He owned a covered in V8 Ute in which many a trip to Sydney was made.

Ron Baxter - Originally from Rockhampton, I believe. Well, he appeared in the last issue, however, there was another BAXTER, this one a Perth native.

Others who have 'lost' their first names are:

'?' Dobbyn - I think he was a Victorian and possibly a Safety Equipment bod.

'?' Wodetski - Air Radio and possibly from Bendigo.

'?' O'Brien - From Thursday Island.

Last but not least, I would appreciate any information as to the whereabouts of Bruce 'Shorty' Cunningham - NAM(E) - 816 Squadron. Last heard of around 1962. He had just left Revesby to take up another job in the aircraft industry. If anyone can help me with this one in particular, I can be contacted on (077) 735181.

* John Ahern - Qld

Dear Ed,

One thing I regret when reading *Slipstream*, is that I look at the various photo's and articles, and wonder if any of the people featured were members of those first courses that I put through at Nowra, and whose photographs I still have in my album but with no names alongside them.

It was interesting to read the article on Peter Fanshawe, I remember him as a young Sub when I was a PO Pilot.

Life has been a bit hectic in Pompey over the last month or so; what with the D-Day celebrations, visits of VIP's from European countries, all coinciding with Navy Days Portsmouth, many visiting foreign

warships for Fleet Review, also celebrations of the Portsmouth 800 years Anniversary of the City being granted its Charter by Richard I Lionheart.

HMS *Daedalus* is soon to be the home of a Hovercraft Museum, to be set up near the old slipway where most of us did our float plane training.

The Australian Naval Aviation Museum is looking very impressive as it nears completion.

I still owe letters to 'Windy' Geale and Freddie Randall, meanwhile please pass on my best wishes to them.

Sincerely,
Bill (Crozer)

Dear Ed,

Thank you for your recent letter and for putting The Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation on the mailing list for *Slipstream*.

I picked up your letter on the 10th of May and on the 13th received a letter from George Chadwick, of Stockport, Cheshire [NSW Member. Ed.], saying in part -'Dear Eric, Having read your letter to John Arnold, published in the current issue of *Slipstream*; it occurred to me that a reference to the airfield at Dartmouth, regarding an incident which happened in November 1939, may be of interest to you'. George goes on to say that his own letter to you was printed on the next page to mine and he enclosed a letter from a chap who had sailed into Halifax with 816 Squadron on HMS *Furious*, and took their aircraft off to Shearwater for compass swings etc..

It's a small world, isn't it?

I also noticed the smiling, bearded face of Ken Greenaway on page 21 which brings me to the other reason for this letter. Ken attended the Canadian Naval Air Group (CNAG) annual reunion last year in Ottawa and somehow I ended up with a crest from HMAS *Albatross* to be presented to the Shearwater Aviation Museum on behalf of Ken and 'Windy' Geale. Well I am happy to report that I have finally carried out that duty and that the crest is now in the hands of the Curator, Gordon McLauchlan, who was most appreciative.

Tell Ken that his buddy, Frank Reesor [NSW Member. Ed] has finally found out what a razor is for and if Ken would like one for Christmas we could take up a collection!

Thanks again for your kindness, our phase one building programme is proceeding apace, and Best Regards to all Naval Aviators everywhere.

Yours aye,
Eric G. Edgar
Secretary Treasurer

Dear Ed,

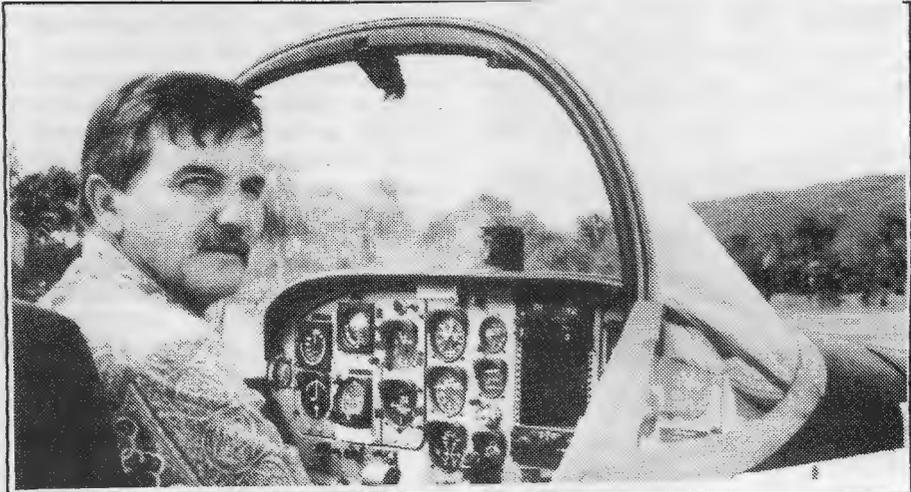
On page 25 of the last edition of *Slipstream*, and midway through the Queensland Division News, I noticed that a mention was made of Townsvillian and ex-Tracker pilot, Arthur Johnson, arriving at the Bundaberg reunion in his ex-RAAF CT4.

Since then certain 'classified' photographs have come into my possession, the first shows Arthur at the controls of said CT4 at his Mystic Sands HQ. The second picture shows the custom made bridge en route to the assembly area. Lastly, all set to go on the fairway, er....runway No.6.

I have this question. In the event of the aircraft being struck by a golf ball whilst engaged in take-off or landing manoeuvres, is the golfer entitled to a free drop?

The 'Top Secret' negatives were made available by Christian Smith, aviation nut and most capable editor of the *Australian Warbirds* magazine.

John Ahern - Qld.



Dear Ed.

A note mainly to say 'hello', but it's spurred by the January '94 edition of the journal, which I received some time ago.

My thanks for a very readable magazine; I always enjoy browsing through it and especially like catching up on news of old friends from long past but who, because of our various different directions, I've not seen for many years. The back page was especially nostalgic this time. On a sad note I was sorry to read of 'Chicka' Micken's passing; I knew him well and his sly humour always tickled my fancy.

My main reason for writing is to comment on the photo on p.6 entitled 'Air Engineer Officers...1958'. You probably got a few other inputs on it, but, just in case - here's my bit: you missed the name of the chap sitting extreme left of the middle row on Geoff Coker-Godson's right; he's Arthur Carrington, and, like the fellow at the opposite end (Mike Coward), was RN loan. Arthur was at that time my DO, while I was on Mechanician's course. He was the very epitome of an RNER - very 'pukka', slightly aloof, a bit 'plummy'. But he was a great fellow - sincere, approachable, a genuine DO, and an absolute gentleman to everyone, no matter how high or lowly they may have been. He had brought out from the UK, a car that caught our eye, one of the then very new and barely released 6 cylinder MkII Ford 'Zephyrs'. But not only that - it was automatic, a rarity in Australia in those days. He knew that autos were a bit 'up market' around a back country town like Nowra and used to ensure that both his hands were in view holding the steering wheel - not ostentatiously, but clearly on the wheel when the engine beat changed at the gear change as he drove past us trainees. I bumped into Arthur many years later when I myself was a senior LEUT and he was a Commander. It was at Nowra during Mike Hall's tenure as CMDR 'E' and I think Arthur was the staff AEO in Singapore or something like that (during the dying days of the RN's last toehold there). A couple of other points about that pic: LEUT Hutchins was an ex-RNER and any old hands will fall flat on the floor laughing if you mention his name. The story was that he built a house in Nowra by scrounging enough material to get some foundations down and on the strength of that got a bank loan to continue to the next phase, and so it went on, stage-by-stage till the place was finished. He didn't stay with us all that long as he again transferred, this time to the Canadian Navy; which was interesting as shortly after lots of Canadians came out here (ask Bob

Geale about him!). He eventually became a LCDR with the RCN and I saw his photo at an aircraft crash in the Canadian Armed Forces Flying Safety Journal. He became known as 'Mr Kleen' (after the well known brand name) due to his propensity for placing cleanliness for rounds above every other consideration.

Had a letter from Jim Lamb's wife, shortly after he died. As you know, she was his second wife (I was a pall bearer for his first wife) and although she married Jim after he retired and thus had little Navy background she remarked how stunned she had been by the avalanche of letters and cards from old Navy hands and she said that she was beginning to realise what a close knit and unusual bunch the FAA people are.

Vic Jones was one of our few specialist Air Ordnance Engineers (Ian Ferguson can tell you about him). Vic was (and I presume still is) a great guy. Also ex-RN and on the 'first' (viz, early 1960's) FAA demise changed over to the WEE branch (General Service). Last I heard of him he was the technical publications man for Needham Associates in Canberra, specialising in interfacing between industry and Defence, but I imagine he's retired by now. Great footballer and a lot of fun.

Jack Birch and Cec Logan were not, in fact, AEOs but 'stokers', as the engineer strength at Albatross in those days included some General Service types. Cec Logan ran the MT Yard and drove an FJ Holden that just happened to be the same model as the standard RAN staff car. Cec's car was always in tip-top shape. In those days we had a promotion thing called 'The Airmanship Board' and it included some basic MT knowledge. Cec took me for my exam when I was shooting for Kellick and was only interested in how I'd get a pusser's car started and back home if the battery went flat (the answer was to get a hand to push start it and hook-up some torch batteries in series to the coil which would provide enough capacity to go several miles; well, you can believe that if you want, but that's how I passed the MT segment of my Airmanship board!)

The others were all personally known to me and some became good personal friends. I always had a great respect for 'Tug' Wilson (give him my warm greetings when you next see him on the golf course). I regrettably attended John Duff's funeral as an old friend.

I worked for Ted Wickett when he was a Commander and then a Captain a couple of times and always appreciated his rare quality of not

excessively fiddling with junior officer's staff work: he'd sometimes raise his eyebrows but would simply say "are you willing to stand behind this?" and if the answer was in the affirmative he'd push it through. As younger officers we weren't always polished in our paper work but he didn't do as many of his contemporaries did, viz: constantly nit-pick at the dotted 'i' and crossed 't'. The result was that we felt we had his confidence, wanted to work for him, and as a team we got things done.

John Lovell was a fine gentleman and, as a Captain, eventually became the Military Attaché in Djakarta during which period he was involved in a terrible air smash while on a courier flight; his wife was killed. It wasn't his first crash as on an earlier occasion in the RN he had pranged a Firefly (I think), being a flying AEO (you can see the wings on his sleeve in the pic.) which left him with a very jerky walk that old hands will remember. Probably few people now would know that he was the founding Director of the Darling Harbour Maritime Museum, which is now a big, but *big*, affair.

Nice to see Bert Webster in the pic and it's interesting to compare him with the shot on the back page! Bert was my original Navy 'Father'; he was my DO around 1956-57 and encouraged me to have a crack at trying for Mechanician (which if I remember rightly, he had been himself). I did, and was successful. Later, when myself a very green SBLT i/c RANAMEB, he was my Navy Office contact (You'll recall that in those days RANAMEB was a 'lodger' unit at Nowra and answerable to Navy Office), gave me a lot of wise guidance and steered me around some hidden quicksands. Also say 'hello' to him for me.

I hardly dare start about Harold Kent! Any of the old hands will regale you with stories about him that are hard to believe! Ron Hay can tell you a good one that goes something like this: we all recall Ron's fastidiousness as a tradesman and if the job was perfect it was just barely good enough for him. On one occasion up in LTMU (is it 'A' hangar now? 817 Squadron perhaps?), as a new Mechanician, Ron was doing some riveting on a 'Gannet'. Harold, as a LCDR, was the AEO and noticed Ron using one of the new air driven reaction guns. "Aha", exclaimed Harold, "I'd like to have a go at that!". As you know, one of those guns can go berserk in the hands of a non-skilled operator - and that's exactly what happened. Before Harold could release the trigger there were dimples all over the place. He chortled and said, "Oh well, I suppose you'll have to put a sign alongside stating that this

section was done by Kent, eh?" "No sir", replied Ron, "I'm going to remove the whole panel, start the job again and do it properly". As far as I know, Ron never ever got another smile off Harold again!

Harold built some flats in XXXXX Street (I think they're still there) and did his own plumbing. I had topped my Mech's course (no.7) with the famous pipe-bender test so Harold came around to my place and asked if he could borrow it since "as you topped the class I guess yours would be the best". It worked well too, so well that he wanted to keep it and it was ages before I got it back; I had to badger him for it. I've still got the thing and I actually still occasionally use it! Very

few people would remember that Harold was the founding AEO at *Nirimba* when it metamorphosed from a RANAS to a RANATE in 1956. If you look on p.78 of the *Flight of the Pelican* you'll see him sitting 5th from the right in the second (seated) row.

As I recall, Gordon Foale never made LEUT; he was a bit of a 'wild lad' and I think it was generally agreed that his future lay somewhere else. I last heard of him in South Australia.

Finally, I was amused (and surprised), to see Val Henshaw on the back page of the issue. Not too many will remember Val and he would probably be choking on his wheaties to see the pic on p.6. Val was very much a 'General List' AEO and opined that

Special Duties Officers were not much use by frequently saying in a loud voice to all who could hear that "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear". In the pic on p.6, only Carrington, Wickett, Lovell and Coward were General List! Notwithstanding, I think history has shown that with perhaps a couple of exceptions the officers in that pic served the FAA with great distinction through its golden years. (I understand that nowadays there are no 'lists' - if you're an officer, then that's what you are).

Keep up the good work; I look forward to each issue.

With kind regards,

Ron Robb

LCDR RAN (Rtd)

Dear Ed,

After reading a back copy of Slipstream (January '93), the Queensland Division News section made mention of 'Gunnedah', a galah owned by the CO of 805 Squadron.

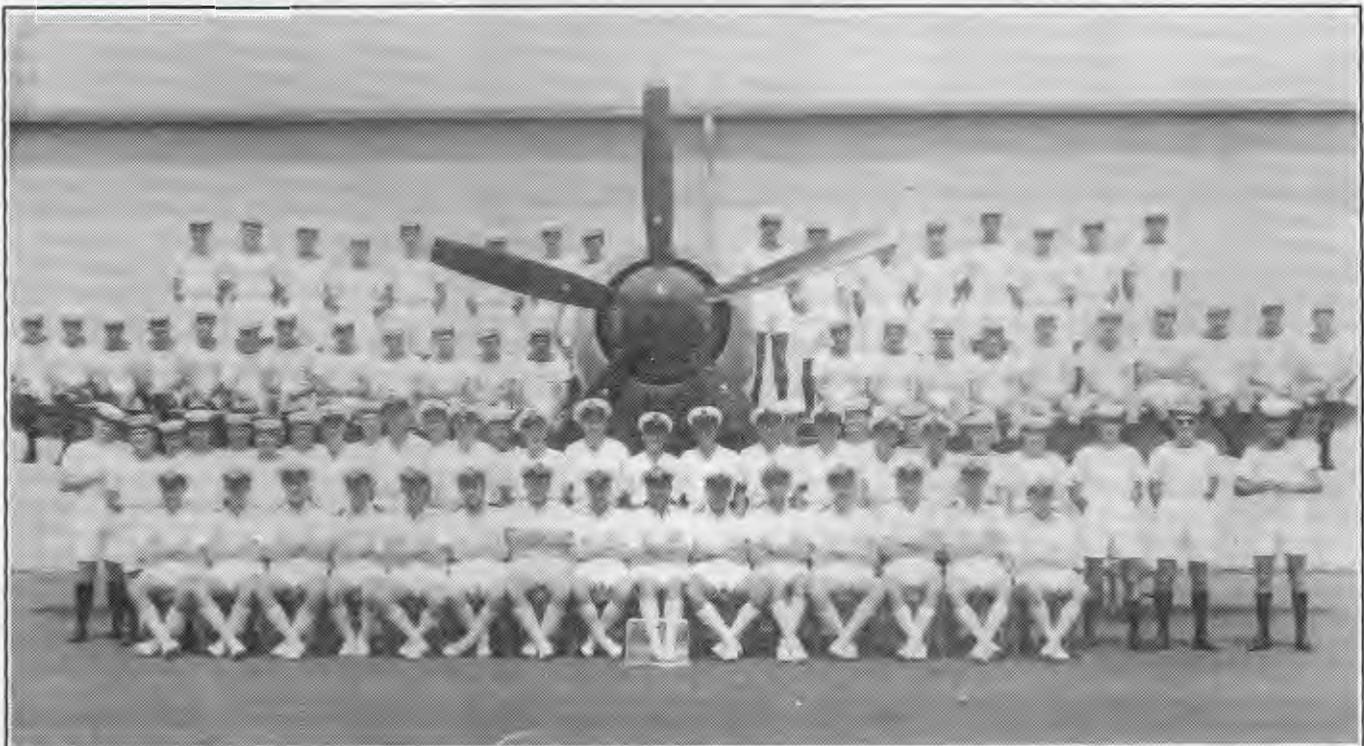
When I spent some time on 805 in early 1957, Gill Campbell, who had the nickname of 'Fair go', was the squadron CO.

Some time prior to my joining the squadron, the people of Gunnedah, a town in western NSW, wanted an Air Display. They asked the RAAF, who agreed with the proposal, and then as an afterthought they also asked the Navy. On the allotted day, 805 Squadron was dispatched to carry out their part of the arrangements, the RAAF never turned up. Got lost! Couldn't find the place! So...the Navy gave a great display and saved the day.

The grateful citizens of Gunnedah gave the squadron a galah as a token of appreciation.

By the time I reached the squadron the sailors had taught it to say, 'Fair go, Gill!'. I spent weeks trying to get him to add, 'You old', but to no avail. Not that we had anything against Gill, he was liked as the CO, it was just to try and 'rev' him up a bit.

Whilst on the squadron we seemed to have quite a few parties. One night in Berry we were at a place that had a large fireplace, somehow there was one female in our midst who delighted in insisting that we sing 'I'll take you home again Kathleen', I don't know if anyone did walk her home or what happened. Dick Coates and I were talking to one squadron pilot when he suddenly buckled at the knees, Dick and I grabbed an arm apiece and heaved him into an upright position, unfortunately he was only a small bloke and he nearly bounced off the ceiling. When he regained his composure we asked him what he was doing the next morning (should I say THAT morning?), he said that he was scheduled for pre-dawn touch and goes. I don't know if he ever did, but if he reads this he might like to clear up the question: but then again, he might not! Cheers, Roger R.



1957 - 805 Squadron - 'Gunnedah' in his travelling cage sits in front of the CO, LtCdr 'Gill' Campbell.

Photo Kev Raddatz

Dear Ed,

I'm forwarding two writings which you might find useful for your 'DIT' feature. I'm still laughing at the masterful telling of the outraged Admiral's story in your January '93 issue.

The enclosed Sea Fury 'dit' is based on a true event passed along to me by our retired Commodore Bob Cocks, an old Fury pilot with a sharp recollection of Sea Fury days in our light fleet carrier, *Magnificent*.

The other enclosure may not strictly qualify as a 'dit', but it was written a few years ago by one of our Air Branch techs and touches on the many 'things' that made squadron life

in a carrier a special experience.

Also by Bob Cocks is a short reminiscence of a typical dawn launch of Sea Furies in the Med, printed in an earlier issue of SAMF NEWS.

The first phase of our long-awaited museum is finally underway. We'll keep you advised on its progress. While we were asleep on watch for nearly 40 years, most of the artifacts we'd now kill for just slipped through our fingers, never to be seen again. Talk about learning the hard way.

Best wishes,

Tom Copeland - Editor SAMF NEWS
The Shearwater Aviation Museum
Foundation
Dartmouth - Nova Scotia

rubber pillows, working with the RN Officers on loan with their affected wardroom accents and mannerisms, seeing the Mermaid in Copenhagen and the truly inspiring sunsets in the Caribbean, helpless to assist a friend sea-sick for days because there was no relief from the heavy seas, the atmosphere of the night before entering home harbour, the world of Naval slang that no one else could decipher, the morning ritual "that by the Grace of God and the kind permission of the Admiral, the sun will now rise", watching COD aircraft arrive with the mail and news from home, sailing the Bermuda Triangle long before you knew there was something 'mysterious' out there.

Who can forget the cosmopolitan yet beehive life at sea, the mass of bodies with a strange sense of orderliness, the high standard of personal and ship cleanliness, the plumber's by-pass drain to redirect excess rum back into a container rather than over the side, going into new areas of the ship to see other trades at work, the constant put-ons between Airedales and Fishheads, the fortune in jokes if you had documented then all and sold then to any prominent comedian, dealing with God's gift to the Navy, the Sub-Lieutenant, and the standing joke that every NCO should be issued with one, the hilarious entertainment nights that produced surprising talent, the initiation of first crossing the Arctic Circle or the Equator.

Who can forget seeing the transition from hammocks to bunks, from round to square rigs, from Naval blue to tri-service green, attending flight deck divisions in white whilst attempting to miss all the grease spots on the way, listening to the unbelievable order "if you can hear me raise your left hand, if you can't raise your right hand", tot time for those designated Grog or Temperance, the USN shore patrol NCO who commented he had never seen a Navy where men left the ship more drunk than when they came on, the infallible argument of the Cox'n that if you helped eat it then you could help store it, the inevitable wit who yelled 'shark' while 100 people were having a recreational swim with only two boarding ladders out, the sly dogs because your mess was referred to as the House of Lords

Who can forget the futility of ever finding a place to be by yourself, earning 50¢ from the ship's fund for every rat you killed, the good natured kidding with the 'boys from the better homes' whose designation OBS could easily get twisted around, your respect



Dawn Launch by Bob Cocks

Recalling his carrier days, Bob Cocks reflects upon the images the new SAM will help preserve:

'Can we not all remember the Sea Furies ready to launch at dawn. The flight deck crews lying close against the undercarriages, inches away from the prop arcs, their shadowy hands gripping the wheel chocks, the propwash tearing at their coveralls. Engine exhausts rosy in the still-dark morning, perimeter lamps spilling pools of soft white light on the grey steel flight deck. The ship heeling slightly as the bows search out the elusive wind. The disembodied marshalling wands beckoning from the take-off position. Taxi forward, right wheel on the centreline. A quick final take-off check, the power-on signal. Throttle up, control column fully back, fingers clenched, all engine pointers steady, the cockpit vibrating as the engine develops full power. The ghostly green signal wand now whipping around in tight, urgent

circles, asking for even more power. And the pilot grunting to himself that there is no extra power left and why can't the Launch Officer hear that. The wand drops.....GO! Release the brakes, up comes the tail, condensation streaming from the propeller tips. Airborne at the bow, the dawn just breaking. A quick turn to clear the sky of slipstream for the next aircraft winding up to full power on the deck behind. Lift the landing gear, up flaps, set the climbing speed and make for 20,000 feet. Seven other Furies climbing fast behind. The wind out of Tripoli, the sun rising over Cyprus. Below is Malta, Lampadusa and Sicily. Off to the east the USS Wasp just visible on the rim of the horizon, launching the Bearcat fighters we're going to jump as soon as they enter the airspace we've just laid claim to.'

The foregoing is an extract from an issue of the [Canadian] Naval Aviators and Associates Newsletter published by :Ted Cruddas, PO BOX 2013, Medley, AB TOA 2MO, Canada.



Reminiscences of life on a carrier

by G.C.Hodgson

"Prepare for Sea" - who can forget the order which gave you perhaps an hour to have everything lashed and stowed so as to be seaworthy, the long hours of shift work routines, the never-ending noise of ventilation fans, the smell of oil, the sweat of 100°F plus temperatures in tropical waters (the free southern cruises that your children believed were given to all Naval persons), the permanent scars accumulated while

learning to watch your head and your shins, the infamous laundry, living in a mess that had been used as a morgue, practising the Naval shower to conserve fresh water, the conditioned reflex action of bracing yourself while shaving that lasted long after you were back home, the whine and bang of arrested landings overhead, listening to juicy stories intentionally told at the meal table to see who would get sick, gaining an acquired hatred of foam

for the engineers who worked in the very depths of the ship and saw nothing of the action but could always be recognised by their dirty fingernails, the worst seat in the house for the ultimate offender - cells in the ship's bow.

Who can forget the drama of flight deck operations, the launches and recoveries, men working within inches of whirling blades or hot exhausts, the deafening noise that gave no quarter for inattention to your surroundings, working during total blackouts while under darken ship, your first flight by catapult launch and arrested landing that no words could truly describe, the gut wrenching feeling of watching an aircraft go into the sea or crash on deck, watching the Angel crew trying to lower their best time, seeing first hand the Russian intimidation tactic of pointing missiles at you, the mobile crane that went over the side and was jokingly expected to show up off Chebucto Head on its way home, the dolphins which could go under the ship from side to side faster than you could cross the deck, watching refuelling alongside, and never the opportunity to try a jackstay transfer.

Who can forget the unique responsibility of being senior NCO in charge of a well-trained, well-motivated men working under appalling conditions, mechanics who were tremendous complainers but never quitters, co-ordinated teamworkers who gave their best when the chips were down and gave you heartburn with their off-duty antics, the man given compassionate leave for a death in his family until you found out it was the family dog, the men who nicknamed their children after cruises such as Med 1, Med 2, and so on, the new man in the group initiated by the task of obtaining a bottle of magneto drops or five gallons of prop wash, using the roll of the ship to move aircraft, hearing the shout FIRE! - the most dreaded word on a carrier.

Most of all, realising you had survived the disciplined life of preunification Navy because you knew nothing else, realising that you saw snottys develop into the generals and admirals of today, that you could hold your head high with pride of accomplishment in comparison to any navies, that they were Pongos and Crabfats but you were Navy, and it was all worthwhile when your Squadron Commanding Officer came to meet you on the flight deck and said "Thank you, Chief - we couldn't have done it without you and your crew!"

It's all gone now but you still have the photos, the souvenirs and the memories. ***



Smilin' Jack is sweating!

by Bob Cocks



Years hence, aviation historians may well ponder the mysterious ragged holes commonly found in the heavy gauge canvas of old navy aircrew seat cushions. The following tale, changed slightly to protect the guilty, may provide a clue.

Put yourself in the #4 slot of a Sea Fury formation circling above the carrier. You're tucked in so tight you can count the fine lines of engine oil streaking along the next plane's belly. The sun beats through the canopy causing beads of sweat to form under your helmet. Breaking loose, they burn your eyes, and roll down your face and neck to saturate the flying suit.

On the ship below, final preparations to recover your flight are nearly complete. Suddenly the earphones crackle "Charlie", the signal from the carrier to land. The leader begins a steep descending turn, and motions the flight to check fuel, drop the tail hooks, and change formation.

Your flight rolls out of the descent astern the ship at 150 feet above the water and flies up the starboard side with wingtips nearly touching. The ship's boiling white wake is sharply visible against the blue-green sea.

A quick glance at the flight deck; it's heaving as usual. The heavy black cables of the crash barriers, stretched across the landing area, focus your brain on what awaits the unlucky. You smile smugly under your oxygen mask at the envious mortals below, whose reward for operating that floating airfield is to observe your superior airmanship.

Leader makes an obscene finger gesture, then breaks away sharply to the left heading downwind. At 10 - second intervals, #2 breaks, #3, and then you. Off throttle, dump the landing gear, start the flaps down, and level out on the downwind leg. Piece of cake. Just like Smilin' Jack.

Roll back the canopy. A rush of sweet, fresh air sweeps the cockpit. Get the speed back up to 87 knots (she stalls at 82). Nose getting heavy, compensate with trim. Ship coming up on the left wingtip, begin the final turn-in. A quick eyeball shows the first two aircraft are safely on board, #3 almost there.

Nose getting heavier still, controls sloppy, ease down a bit. Landing Signals Officer in sight, a gnat with a red signal flag in each hand. He signals that you're too high so you squeeze off some of the power, ease down a bit more. *Unnoticed, the pucker factor*

comes alive.

From here on it's total concentration all the way to touchdown. Watch the airspeed, check lineup. Increase bank. Too much rudder.....skidding. Getting low. Add power. Bring up the nose. No response. Check speed! Closing fast, over the ship's wake, minimum play left in the controls. A split-second to go for a cut or a ...WAVE OFF!!

Suddenly the LSO's paddles break into a wild criss-cross signal. You apply full power, fight the torque trying to roll you inverted, and lift the gear. A furtive glance at the receding flight deck reveals the aircraft handlers struggling with the first crash barrier which has #3's propeller firmly snarled in its coils. *Your seat pack now comes under its first pucker attack.*

So you climb back above the carrier to wait while the wreckage is cleared away. You've nothing to do for the next twenty minutes but watch the sun sink lower on the horizon and the fuel gauge move inexorably towards empty. You wonder if your good buddy got mashed. This is when you actually become aware that the seat pack is nibbling at your backside. Wait a minute. **It's the other way round!**

But, nothing serious yet; just a slight fraying of the jockey shorts - and Smilin' Jack's smile.

The deck is finally cleared. You repeat the approach sequence and find yourself just over the wake on final. But this time, the wind has shifted and the carrier is pointing directly into the sun. The flight deck disappears into a blinding ball of solar fire. Where's the LSO? Where's the landing area. You hear the CUT signal in the earphones but can't see anything.

Chop the power, force the tail hook downward into the arrester wires. The instant your hands move you know it's all wrong! No hook engagement, just FLOATING and SILENCE....Chrrisstt! Slam on the power and.....whew! They drop the crash barrier just as you stagger back into the sky. What the hell caused that sudden kick to starboard? *And what's causing the seat pack to twitch?*

The radio comes alive and answers both questions. "Red Four, you clipped the barrier with your right wheel. It's a goner. Try to retract the other wheel and low pass the ship so we can eyeball the damage, over".

The jockey shorts give way. Now the flight suit begins shrinking as if drawn in tightly somewhere between

the buns. *Smiling' Jack is sweating.*

"Red Four, your left wheel is tucked up clean and the tail hook looks OK. Your choice, ditch or come aboard on your belly". Then he adds the comforting observation that, ".....either way, the plane's a write-off".

A dry flight deck seems preferable to a thousand fathoms so, for the third time today, you again find yourself approaching that boiling wake on final. Suddenly, you remember....FUEL! How much left? I forgot to switch the goddamn FUEL TANKS!

It's too late now. There's no time even for a glance. Concentrate on the action ahead, the carrier fast disappearing into that great ball of orange. CUT! Chop the throttle.

Everything's a wipeout. You tense up like a coiled spring waiting for.....a sudden tug, a wire! YES! The hook has snagged a greasy, ugly, beautiful arresting wire!

Whoomph! Crunch! goes the 5-ton fuselage. Chop! Chop! Chop! goes the prop as it flails against the steel deck. Then - dead silence. Fumes from broken fuel lines hit you like a dose of smelling salts. Your eyes snap open. The mangled prop is motionless. The engine is twisted about 20 degrees off its centreline. In a half-daze you unfreeze and force on a manly expression, just as one of the crash crew reaches into the cockpit to unhook your oxygen mask.

"You OK, Sir?". Yeah, yeah, no

sweat, you lie. You say not a word more lest the troops detect a note of terror in your voice. *The damn seat pack keeps twitching.* Sure hope these guys don't notice.

You walk somewhat shakily into the island passageway, expecting at least a friendly word for pulling off a high-pressure bit of entertainment for what seems like most of the ship's company, mysteriously gathered in the Goofers and every other space available on the island.

Instead, your CO points an accusing finger at you and says, "Commander Air wants a word with you, old son, and he's really pissed off!"

Twitch!

SWAMPY'S TRIVIA CORNER

Naval Aviation Firsts, Achievements and Trivia

by Ron Marsh

- * The first German aircraft shot down by British aircraft in WW II, was a Dornier Do18 downed by Skuas from HMS *Ark Royal*. (26 September 1939)
 - * Lt. Edward 'Butch' O'Hare, after whom Chicago's airport was named, was the first USN pilot to destroy five enemy aircraft. He single handedly attacked nine Japanese bombers, destroying five and damaging six. (20 February 1942)
 - * The first naval pilot to land successfully on water in an aircraft was Lt. Arthur Longmore RN, an Australian. With the formation of the RAF late in WW I, he transferred over, eventually attaining the rank of Air Vice Marshall. (1 December 1911)
 - * The first American in space was Commander Alan Shepard, USN. (5 May 1961)
 - * The first American in space orbit was also a naval aviator, LtCol. John Glenn, USMC. (20 February 1962)
 - * Former US President, George Bush, at one stage in WW II, was the youngest operational pilot in the US Navy, receiving his wings before his 19th birthday. He was shot down near an island off Iwo Jima, his two crew members being killed. A Japanese boat, putting out from shore to capture him, was stranded on a sand bank or reef. He was eventually rescued by a USN submarine.
 - * The third highest Russian ace of WW I was naval pilot LtCdr. Alexander De Seversky (13 victories). He had lost his right leg earlier in an aircraft crash. Later, in the USA, he founded the aircraft manufacturing company Republic Aviation, manufacturer of P47 Thunderbolts of WW II fame.
 - * Australian, Arthur Longmore, was the first Commanding Officer of No.1 Squadron RNAS. In June 1917, another Australian, Roderick Dallas, a leading ace, assumed command.
 - * The first Commanding Officer of 805 Squadron after it became an RAN unit in 1948, was LtCdr. P. E. I. Bailey RN.
- On 8 June 1944, when he was CO of 886 Squadron (Seafires), he was shot down by 'friendly fire' whilst flying over the Normandy beaches. After bailing out, he landed on an Allied beach, setting off a land-mine. He suffered only a sprained ankle.
- * Australia's highest and second highest scoring pilots were both naval aviators in the RNAS during WW I. Robert Little with 47 victories and Roderick Dallas with 39 victories. As Dallas did not always make official claims, there are some sources which list his total as over fifty.
 - * Rock Hudson, was an Aircraft Handler in the USN before Hollywood and fame. [It's a pity he didn't stick to pushing aircraft Ed.]

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

(Spotted in the SM Herald)

The Standard, a Nairobi newspaper, recently reported on a new beer produced by Kenya Breweries, the article read in part:

'....He said that *Kenbrew*, which had been researched for in a two-year project, was brewed with the consumer's welfare in mind since it contained 30 per cent more alcohol than other brands and thus has more power to knock off a consumer at less cost'.

Woman's Lib!

A newly married young couple were in their honeymoon suite on their wedding night. As they undressed for bed, the husband, a big burly stoker, tossed his pants to his bride and said, "Here, put these on". She put them on and found that the waist was twice the size of her body, "I can't wear your pants!", she said. "Too right", said the stoker, "and don't you forget it. I'm the man in this family and I wear the pants!". On hearing that comment, she slipped off her underpants, tossed them towards him and said, "Try these on". He complied, but could only get them on as far as his kneecaps. "Hell", he said, "I can't get into your pants!". "That's right", she said, "and that's the way it's going to be until your attitude changes".

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

The golfing Commodore was having a haircut when the barber asked, "What caused all those scars on your nose?" The Commodore said that it was caused by glasses. "Why don't you wear contact lenses then?", asked the barber. "They don't hold enough beer", was the reply.



SPIN US A DIT

~ THE BOMB DUMP ~

Did you ever hear the story of 'Billy', the bomb dump goat, who took a swig out of the 'Goffer' [soft drink] machine and then had to be rushed to the Sick Bay on a bomb trolley. 'Billy' then proceeded to queue jump over about thirty sailors who were in the Sick Bay waiting room.



BOMB DUMP CREW

L-R: Bill Blain - Jack Herbert - 'Billy' - Kev Raddatz Photo KR

I remember as a young Armourer being 'banished' to the bomb dump and working in the Rocket Motor Magazine with a few hundred motors stored there, together with three steel tanks containing Instant Detonators for 10lb practice bombs. The job was to get the detonators for the bombs, so the Chief and I opened one of the tanks and commenced opening tins of detonators. The tins had a soldered metal sealing strip around them which had to be removed with a pair of pliers. We had been told on our initial trade course that the detonators could not be touched by hand as the body heat could set them off. Very touchy things that had to be handled with Phosphor-Bronze pincers. So here I am, standing flat-footed between two tanks, one open, one shut, and the wall behind me, while the Chief is standing at the corner of the open tank, and the remainder of the mob are in the clear space.

The Chief starts to 'unzip' one of the tins, everything goes well until a 'tough spot' in the solder is encountered. To resolve this problem,

the Chief gives it an extra hard tug..... the tin flies out of his hand heading for the roof, detonators hurtling everywhere (don't forget, I had nowhere to go!), as if in slow motion the detonators bounced off the steel tank and the concrete floor - bodies running everywhere trying to climb the bomb proof walls - then SILENCE! I heard myself say, "Bugger me! They didn't go off!". The mob creeps back, the Chief is as white as a sheet - not a word said about the incident.

I remember that we all put in for a Primus stove and saucepans etc. for the crew room so that we could cook some food. In the wet weather we collected mushrooms and we had rabbit traps and a veggie patch (sludge from the sewage farm). The regrowth between the airfield and the bomb dump meant that we couldn't be seen from the control tower - so life was good at the bomb dump.

June leave period 1954: One of the Ordnance Officers, Mr. Stone, had retired to a pineapple farm at Palmwood, Queensland, a place about 15 miles away from Caloundra where I lived. Cec Cooper, my Air Gunner boss of the bomb dump, had been invited to spend his leave with Mr. Stone; as he knew I was from the area he asked me about Palmwood, so I told him how beautiful the weather was etc. It rained ALL his leave.

Back at the bomb dump, John Macgillicutty is giving Cec's 'Morris' an oil and grease whilst yours truly is making a brew. Although it was an overcast, cold and drizzly day, Cec is leaning on the verandah post. "Gee, sir", I said to Cec, "all this rain makes me feel homesick". Cec looks me in the eye and said, "Raddatz, it's a good job that you are on draft or you and I wouldn't see eye to eye in future!".

I ended up on the *Vengeance* with 'Blue' Harrison and 'Budgie' Viles.

Whilst on one of the squadrons at a later date, a Sea Fury returned after 20mm air to ground firing, taxied to the hard standing facing the bomb dump. The engine stops and the canopy slides back and the pilot shouts to the Chief, "I think the Starboard outer stopped firing half-way through". The Chief then told me to get on the wing, remove the panel and have a look. Armed with a trusty GS screwdriver I removed the panel and found the bay full of links. I don't do anything. The Chief yells, "Get rid of them!" In the back of my mind a little voice tells me - NO, but after having one 'slack in carrying out a direct order' charge, I comply with the instruction.

Now the Chief is standing with his ear about six inches away from the gun nozzle facing me..... BANG!!!The

pilot yells, "NOT ME! Hands on cockpit windshield!".

The breech block which had been held back by a link and subsequently removed by me, had moved forward firing a round. The Chief was a bit green around the gills, but not a word from him.

* Roger R.

PS: I promised to get Cec some Opal at one time, if he contacts me I will get some for him. R

~ MAKE IT SO ~

It was almost 0800 at HMAS Albatross, one day in 1957.....

Picture this, the Colour Guard at the Quarterdeck, all in position and waiting.

The OOD in attendance, Quartermaster in position attended by the Bosun's Mate, Bugler ready to blow. All dressed in their finery - Guard with rifles at the slope...

QM: "One minute to eight o'clock, Sir"

OOD: "Sound the still".

QM: Pheeeeeeep

QM: "Eight o'clock, Sir".

OOD: "Make it so". (Eight Bells)

QM: Ding-Ding

Ding-Ding

Ding-Ding

Ding-Ding

Ding-Ding

Ten bells and he didn't blink an eyelid!

OOD: Calls the QM a terrible name and then ever so quietly casts a slur on the poor lads' parentage.

The Colour Guard goes through the drill and marches away, the Bugler having 'bugled' goes with them. Every one in sight of the Quarterdeck carries on with their duties with the 'Carry-on' piped.

On returning to the guardhouse, the OOD summons the QM to his office to face the charge - whatever he could think of for the event of ten bells instead of eight.

The QM in his defence said that he had very truthfully lost count and thought he still had a couple of 'dings' to go, he was very sorry, must have been dreaming!

The OOD being a 'good hand' decided on leniency for the smart, well turned out QM, plus the fact that the senior officers hadn't picked up on the error (maybe they couldn't count either). Dismissed, the smiling QM went on with his gate duties and guardhouse worries, confident in the knowledge that his six year stint was almost over and his DEE had been on the notice board for some time.

Footnote: The OOD was a well respected pilot of 724 Squadron, who eventually went on to much higher rank. * Jake



Looking like a REAL sailor!



In 1958, we were en route to the Far East, to Pearl Harbour and home again aboard HMAS Melbourne.

I was Leading Hand of 2 November Mess and had a terrific bunch of messmates. 'Dad' Bruce, 'Shoe' Cannon, and George O'Hagen were the other kellicks in the mess, a lot of other names escape me, but Tom Elder, Bruce Coles, Ray Crisp, Len Crompton, Ken Damm, 'Buncha' Keys, Lindsay McDonald, Ross McVea, Mick Hourighan, 'Lofty' Byass, and 'Nobby' Clark were just a few of this great team.

Anyhow, the C of E Padre, Chaplain Kyte, used to visit our mess deck quite often for a laugh and a joke with us. On this particular night there had been a Wardroom Dinner, or a party on the Flight Deck, and Eric Kyte had partaken of quite a few 'toasts', because when he met up with us in the China Fleet Club he was quite happy. After a few more beers, he said to a red headed stoker off HMS *Bulwark* (who was twice his size), "You are a loud mouth, and if you don't stop annoying us (waving his hand to include the eight of us around the table) WE will throw you out!".

Well, the stoker was livid and started to reach out for Eric's throat! Quickly I said to Eric, "Come on, I'm heading off to get a tattoo, do you want to come?" Really, I only said this to get him out of a blue, but he agreed and we made a quick exit and headed off to Ho Gees. We had a few more beers along the way, and despite being accosted by the 'Wanchai Widows', eventually arrived at the tattoo parlour.

As I was having two blood shot eyes tattooed on my rear end, I heard Eric say, "Does it hurt very much?" When the answer was given in the negative he decided to have one himself, but only in a non- visible area.

We decided that the leg would be a good place, so he had a kangaroo and a couple of flags inked in. On completion, he checked the result in a mirror and we decided that he looked a bit lop-sided, so to even things up he had an anchor done on the other leg. When this was done, I suggested that he have a little anchor done on his arm and 'really look like a sailor'!

'Wakey', 'wakey' in the morning; I couldn't remember too much and I couldn't even sit up because the blood from the tattoos had soaked through my 6's trousers. I had to tear down to the showers to soak my pants off. Whilst engaged in this pursuit, the Duty

DLC and Duty Chief who were clearing the mess decks, happened to spot me. When the Chief saw the new art work on my backside, he said, "You are the one the C of E Chaplain wants to see".

After getting dressed and mustering on the Flight Deck, I went along to the Chaplain's cabin. I have never felt so sorry as I did when I walked into the cabin and saw him with the tattoos on his legs. Eric said, "I have been before the Skipper and I have to see the Admiral after scran!".

My God, what a mess! I believe Eric was given a 'Bishop's Report' and told that he could never wear shorts or short sleeved shirts on the ship again.

I returned to the Flight Deck and was told that my presence was required on the bridge. After being ushered into Flyco's Office I was questioned, and when I had told my story a senior officer remarked, "Do you know your mission when we get to Japan?", when I shook my head, he replied, "You are to see if you can get the RC Padre done as well". Considering that the RC Padre at the time was Father Lake, I replied, "You've got to be joking, he can whip me any day..... unless he got mighty drunk beforehand!".

Now Father Lake, Chaplain Kyte and the Met. Commander were always seen walking the Flight Deck together, and always trying to outdo each other in lots of ways.

After leaving Japan, I was inspecting various sentries on Duty Watch when Father Lake approached me and said, "'Weed', you're the one who got Eric Kyte tattooed". I replied, "I really don't remember much about it". His reply was one that I can recall to this day, he said, "Had I known you were both going to do this, I would have come ashore with you and had an Atomic Submarine tattooed on my back, and a three-masted Schooner done on my chest just to beat him!".

I am not certain of Eric's whereabouts; but if this story reaches him, I want to say that although this was a talking piece for a long time and created many laughs, I would like to offer him my apologies and say how sorry I am if I was to blame for ruining his Padre's career.

I often wonder if this is where the term 'Sin Bosun' originated.

* A.J. 'Weed' Smith

Ed, this is a true story, and when I look back it is not one that I am particularly proud of, but as you told me, anything that happened is part of our history. Thanking you, 'Weed'.

THE DRUNKEN DRIVER

by 'Spokeshave'

A drunken spree was raging at the little wayside pub,

Unmindful of the police-man's car, parked quietly in the scrub.

There was singing, there was yelling, with a fight or two as well,

As the lads were celebrating in the bar of the hotel.

The police waited quietly, as closing time drew near,

And they made a quick inspection, of their breathalysing gear.

They murmured to each other as they kept the pub in sight,

" We'll make the good old police force pay its way tonight".

Then just as it came closing time, a man staggered from the bar,

And weaved a most unsteady course, towards his motor car.

They watched him open up the car, and climb behind the wheel,

Then his tyres massaged the bitumen, with a most ungodly squeal.

He flew off madly down the road, as the cops moved in behind.

And the policeman murmured to his mate, "This bloke's *really* blind".

They let him drive a mile or two, then moved in on their mark,

And quickly forced him off the road and made him disembark.

They made him blow into the bag before he'd time to blink,

But somehow the breathalyser showed no sign of drink,

So they put him through again, with still no sign of beer.

Then one cop asked him sternly, "What's goin' on 'ere?".

'Twas then they noticed that the bloke was sober as a Turk,

And the man said, "Well you ought to know, I never drink at work".

"You're at work!", the copper snorted, "why it's after ten o'clock, mate!!",

"What sort of work do you do, that keeps you up so late?".

"Well I'm the pub decoy", he said, "I keep the police at bay",

"While all those fellas in the bar have time to drive away".



NEWS FROM THE DIVISIONS

NATIONAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

At long last, the National List of Members has been forwarded to each Division Secretary.

The list only shows each members Name, National Membership Number, Town/Suburb in which they live, with State, and Post Code. It seems an eternity since I commenced putting it together, in the end I cut off at the 24th May last. Otherwise it would never have been completed, for each day seemed to bring more changes.

Remember if you wish to get in touch with an old shipmate whose name appears on the list, I will happily forward a letter. Recently John "Ichabod" Purcell who now resides on the outskirts of Detroit in the US made contact with Brian "The Frenchman" Parrotte in this manner. Their first contact in about thirty years.

The mailing of the last issue by Print Post went off fairly well, the task of placing flyers and journal in envelopes then bundling into Post Code order proved to be very time consuming. The man hours were about 60 for the task, which will be cut this time out. Thankfully only about four copies were returned and two of those were finger trouble on my behalf, the others were people who had moved with no forwarding address. As a matter of interest the average cost of mailing each copy of Slipstream is 56 cents. It is still most important that any change of address be notified to your Division Secretary, who will advise me of the change.

Dont forget the first line of the mailing label on Slipstream shows your Financial Status/Membership Category and National Membership Number i.e. 94F N1236. The financial status is provided to me by your Division Secretary, if it shows 93 then you are unfinancial !!!

The numbers of people who have transferred from the now disbanded Officers Association has been terrific, only about 30 have not made a move to date. The bulk of those who have not transferred are from the Sydney area, have a volunteer to do some arm twisting. The balance are 4 O/S, 2 in Victoria, 4 in Queensland, 1 each in South and West Australia, and 2 in Tasmania.

The following people have joined the Association since the last issue of "Slipstream" as transfers or new

members:

NSW; Stan Brown, Keith Taylor, Michael Knight, Charles Fischer, Dennis Mulvihill, Arthur Wright, Doug Eastgate, Robert Morgan, Jack Goddard, Gordon Ellis, Clive Cotter, Robert Crimmins, Lynton Ferguson, George Cottam, Edward Wilson, John Selby, David Robertson, William Lovell, Malcolm Barratt, Graham Stevens, Raymond Morrill, Donald McLaren, Peter Churchill, Ronald Sunderland, Richard Humbley, Jack Pritchard, David Farthing, Paul Gaynor, A.J. (Nat) Gould, David Collingridge, Lillian Sara, Andrew Robertson, Mike Killingworth, Adrian Howells, Gerald York, Gordon Moon, Donald Gunn, Geoffrey King, Jeffrey Dalgliesh, W.Staff Lowe, Reginald Torrington, John R.Green, Chris Johnson, Chris Finch, A.Pring-Shambler, Phillip Rowe, Gordon Turner, John Williams, Fred Randall, Desmond Miller, Anthony Horton, Richard Holmes, Guy Cooper, Anne Buchanan, and Leslie Anderson.

ACT; C.R.J.Coles, P.F.McNay, J.E.Parsons, D.J.Ramsay, and Associate J.M. McNay.

VIC; Ian Wilson, Ron Andrews, Bruce Smith, Albert Riley, and Associates Gloria Fleming and Joan Nicholas.

Qld; Col Champ, John Buchanan, Kevin Mackay, Errol Shelly, Michael Mack, Roy Studdert, Warren Hull, Arthur Rowe, Fred Clark, Cyril Carey, Eugene Gangloff, Cedric Allen, Peter McDonald, Ron Hobba, Tom Carroll, Des Malcomson, Ray Robertson, Arthur Thompson, Mark Wilson, and Don Kennedy.

SA; Tom Drummond, Tom Turner, Rod Venning, Fred Olinga, Tom Townsend, and Gordon McPhee.

TAS; Barry Bromfield.

WA; N.G.Barrett, S.W.Belger, J.R.Brown, F.T.Budd, R.Colless, S.A.Corbo, A.T.Fish, W.P.James, E.Jenkins, J.Kroeger, D.Orr, B.H.Poole, N.D.M.Roberts, P.Smith, D.R.Stonehouse, F.Woodward, and B.Worthington.

Not a bad effort for 3 months, keep it up, till next time.

* Ian Ferguson - Hon. Nat. Secretary.

AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY DIVISION

Greetings to all from the ACT Division. Once again winter is upon us although as I write this, so far, we have had a most pleasant autumn and early winter.

By the time this reaches you all, no

doubt Canberra will be its usual chilly self for this time of the year.

As usual during the winter months, very little seems to be happening. Our last arranged function was on Anzac Day and that was enjoyed by about 40 members and wives at HMAS Harman Function Centre following the March. The March itself was well attended on a beautiful autumn day. However, there must be many more ex and serving Fleet Air Arm personnel in this region who could swell our numbers and who would be made most welcome.

Although this Division has a preponderance of ex officers in its membership, about 30% are ex-sailors. We would stress that the Association is an all ranks organisation and all members of this Division would welcome a surge of membership from those who served in the Fleet Air Arm in any capacity. No matter what rank was held while serving, each and everyone had a vital part to play in getting our planes airborne and home safely once again.

While on that point, we welcome the following to our Division since the last edition of Slipstream. David Ramsay has transferred from NSW following our President, Geoff Ledger. Peter Schilling former Albatross Sickbayman (Av Med) and later Wardmaster has also joined our ranks. We also welcome Rod Coles, George Spence and Jim Parsons as well as an old stalwart in Peter McNay and his wife Judy who has joined as an Associate Member. Peter and Judy came along to our Anzac Day function and it was great to see them again. Some of the old and bold will remember that Peter shot down a wayward and pilotless Auster off Sydney Heads in the early fifties much to the chagrin of our brethren in lighter blue who were not quite up to the task.

Last, but not least, welcome back to Keith Eames from his stint in the west.

Our Social Secretary, Daphne Clarke has been canvassing several venues for future social functions but has not been able to firm up on any of these yet. As you can guess, outdoor functions don't get a great deal of support during winter in Canberra.

At its last meeting, our Committee approved of a set of By-Laws for this Division, which will be put to the next AGM for ratification. One of the new By-Laws prohibits any one person from holding a single office for more than three years at a stretch. As a result of this, we will be looking for a new Secretary next year so all members are asked to give this their full consideration and see if we can

come up with suitable nominations and volunteers.

It was gratifying to see that one of our members, Tony Robinson, was selected to attend the D-Day anniversary commemoration as one of Australia's representatives. Tony was a Midshipman on HMS *Rodney* during Operation Overlord. By the way, should anyone be visiting UK, a trip to Portsmouth to see the tapestry exhibition of Operation Overlord is well worthwhile. It is sited in a special pavilion on Southsea.

Letters have been sent to all Divisions requesting details of their delegates to the Federal Council in October. We need these details urgently so that we can arrange billeted accommodation for all delegates.

With best wishes to all our shipmates in other States, we look forward to seeing some of you at the next Federal Council meeting in October.

* *Brian Treloar* - Secretary

VICTORIAN DIVISION

Since the last edition of *Slipstream*, quite a lot has been happening in this State.

Our President, Les Jordan, has undergone major surgery but, I am happy to report, is now at home and making good progress on the long road to recovery. Brian Laracy was knocked down by a motor vehicle and sustained a broken leg which required pinning, and as reported in the last edition, Jock Lacy is making good progress. Our best wishes for a speedy recovery to good health go out to these members and all other ex-shipmates who may not be well.

Anzac Day this year was quite an occasion, the weather (for Melbourne and on this day) was excellent, this was definitely a big plus to start with. It was good to see a few different faces in the FAAA contingent of forty-eight members.

The Association Flag was given its first official unfurling; it was carried by a serving member of the RAN, Leading Seaman Andrew Clark (son of Alan 'Happy' Clark), who was proudly wearing the medals he was awarded for service in the Gulf conflict.

The march was co-led by Vice-President Frank Crowe, who stood in for Les Jordan who was hospitalised. He was flanked by John Champion, Len Baggott and Geoff Litchfield. Although the march was shorter this year, it is a sad fact of life that it will be shorter still next year as the numbers become depleted. I believe that the

number of World War One veterans was down to nine on parade.

Brian Terry was down from Echuca, he received a message whilst at the reunion that his mother had passed away. We extend our sympathy to Brian, Geoff and family at this sad occasion.

Bill Grant came down from Narooma, Ted Young and Bruce from Gippsland, Bill Martin from Mt. Eliza, Ralph Mayer from Eildon to name just a few who travelled from afar, their attendance and company was appreciated, as with all other members, Albert Riley, Jim Davidson, Clem Conlan, Ron Mayger, 'Tiger' Lyons and so on. The strength of our Association is the participation of its members in attending these events to make them successful.

Our reunion was held at the clubrooms of the English Speaking Union in Toorak Road, South Yarra. On this occasion we shared the facilities with the Submarine Association, including the Spit Roast lunch. A very pleasant day was had by all, as always, remembering bygone days with old friends. A special thank-you to our Social Secretary, Bryan Roberts, and his wife, Jenny, for their organisation on the day. Well Done!

Another highlight of the day was the presentation of Certificates of Service by Vice-President Frank Crowe to, Len Baggott, Geoff Litchfield and Les Jordan. Les's award being accepted by his good lady, Loris.

Two more events on our social calendar, or anticipated at this stage, the FAA Annual Dinner on 27th August at the RAAF Mess, Dorcas Street, Melbourne (the same venue as last year and an excellent evening), then on Sunday 28th August the Annual Pilgrimage to the FAA Memorial at HMAS *Cerberus*.

The normal format will be applicable to both these events, namely, BOOKINGS ARE NECESSARY to enable us to make the appropriate arrangements. Final arrangements should be available by the end of June, for further information contact the Victorian Division Secretary on (03) 764 5542 or write to: 15 Bianca Court, Rowville, Vic. 3178.

Congratulations also to John Arnold for the excellent production of *Slipstream*, and for the regular newspaper clippings he sends to the Divisions. Keep up the good work, John!

Best wishes to all.

* *Ron Christie* - Hon. Secretary

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN DIVISION

Greetings to you all from the South Australian Division.

Please note that Clem Conlan has finally removed his finger from the States' light switch.

Our Division's news begins with the decommissioning of HMAS *Encounter*. The Australian White Ensign was lowered for the last time on Monday 21st March. The decision to decommission has ended 100 years of naval presence in the area. A large naval family attended the ceremony with President John Berry, Mary Rayner and John Saywell representing the South Australian FAAA Division. The last Commanding Officer of HMAS *Encounter* was Commander Brian Gorridge, who has skilfully demonstrated the many uses of a Teflon coated jacket - nothing sticks.

The Anzac Day march was well attended by the regular stalwarts of the Division. Clear skies, bright sunlight and a stable 20°C made the ceremony even more spectacular. The recently donated Association Flag was paraded for the first time and I was fortunate to have the honour of humping the flag all the way down King William Street without the benefit of a 'frog'. I lost count of the number of times that the flag draped over the top of my head, must have looked like a Monty Python cast-off.

Because my wife Rosemary was present for the march and Ian Laidler wasn't, I felt obliged to stay on for the whole service, a simple hour and a half wait. Those of you who rocketed away to the Torrens Parade Ground Bar, missed out on cramped legs, dry throat and sunburn to the back of the neck - your loss!

A warm welcome to our newest member, Mr. Fred Olinga from Whyalla. I think Fred shared the early '60s at HMAS *Albatross*. From our Divisional family and the wider National family, we welcome you Fred, and any other new members.

The Memorial Plaque drama is now into its third act. Here, the committee responsible, will make a recommendation to the plaque holders on their latest proposed site. The site is situated opposite the Memorial Hospital and adjacent to the Adelaide University Oval. According to the report, this site is perhaps the best do of the bunch to date. It has all the facilities requested from the plaque holders and I believe the City Council will accommodate any reasonable suggestion regarding the layout of the plaques, location of the headstone and

**ARE YOUR SUBS PAID
UP TO DATE?**

flag pole. Act four to follow shortly.

Bill Magrath has located a chap called Bob Jarrett of Salisbury East who is presently restoring an old Sea Venom jet fighter. Serial No. WZ 939 - Call Sign 879. Most of the paint on the airframe has been removed down to the timber, and I believe the booms, wings and engine have also been removed. Most of this work is being done in the back shed. Reports have it that he has already restored a Gloster Meteor Mk8 as well as a Sabre jet. So what does he do on his rostered day off? I hear you ask.

May 9th saw our Patron, Sir Victor Smith, add on another birthday celebration. Sir Victor was born in 1913 - Happy Birthday!

Our President, John Berry, has begun forward planning for our next Scottish Night in September. The piper has been organised (John Godson - Ex-RAN), and he will have just enough time to lament the error of his misspent youth by practising with his bagpipe. The specially bred haggis is being fattened as we speak, ready for the slaughter. Neaps and tatties as usual. The Scotch Whisky is only now being drained through some old naval issue socks ready for the tasting. Sword dancing and a live band will keep the feet tapping. At the end of a lovely evening, most of those attending will sound like born again Scots with a lot of bastardisation of our English language. This has nothing to do with the whisky - or so I'm led to believe.

Navy Week here will see HMA Ships *Torrens*, *Swan* and *Melbourne* (the other one) in Port Adelaide. The activities are pretty much the same as last year so keep an eye out for a function or two that would interest you.

Mary Rayner has ear-marked the 24th June for the tour of the submarine complex at Gilman. A late afternoon visit gives the workers a chance to get off home out of our way.

As you can see we keep this small Division on the boil as are the other State Divisions, which is the way it should be.

So, until our next contribution to *Slipstream*, we wish you all good health and good cheer.

Regards

* Roger Harrison - Hon. Whipping Boy

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN DIVISION

Hi, Shipmates! It's that time again and I am always behind with the news from WA.

I have just been reading a book put out by Veteran's Affairs on the subject of Dementia, and guess what? Each

time I finish a section I stop and say, 'Yes, that's me'. So if I stray from the story at times you will know why.

The Anzac Day reunion was a great success with people turning up that haven't been seen for years, and a lot of those paying their subs and getting back onto the books. Congratulations to 'Pappy' Gault for his determination to go it alone and get all the Birdies together. I for one didn't think that it would be a success as this has been tried before, but I was wrong. A really great crowd turned up at the Naval Association Headquarters for a good meal, and lots of it, and many old mates got together for the first time in many years. Commodore Rob Partington attended for a short period between his other engagements and it was great to have him aboard.

'Pappy's' little band of helpers, Joe Jost, Rick Hammond, 'Snow' Hall, Eddy Cook and their charming wives did a remarkable job. Thanks fellers. [and fellerettes. Ed.]

We even made a profit on the day, this is really something new as we are normally out of pocket. I hope that this is the turning point and that the Association can go on to greater things. Treasurer, Geoff Vickridge, says that there is an upsurge in membership, and that letters, cheques and completed Application Forms are still arriving.

Those members who have not received their badges, all is not lost. The National Secretary has just sent us a new supply and they will be sent out in due course, that is when Geoff has returned from Canberra where he is doing some 'rocky' time and also attending the *Melbourne/Evans* memorial service and reunion.

A couple of weeks ago I headed up north to Kathleen to go fishing, you will be pleased to note that I did not drop any of the gear over the side or lose the boat on the tide. I actually caught some fish, so it shows that I have improved a little; although I did lose a rod and reel over the side when it was taken by a fish whilst the rod was laying unattended in the bottom of the boat. The equipment was only worth around four hundred dollars, not bad for a days fishing.

The news about member Bob Pattenden, is that he is starting to pick up after his kidney removal. He is looking a lot better but is still quite sore and should be taking it a bit easier. Lou Burns has hobbled to our meetings and the Anzac Day bash, but has to go back to hospital and have more surgery on his knee. The doctor has found that there is a problem with his recent reconstruction, so Lou will be out of action once again. We all hope

that the next lot of pain and suffering will be worth it. Our condolences to his poor, long suffering wife, Barbara, we all know that Lou is not the best patient in the world. I do know that Saint Barbara is the Patron Saint of Armourers and that Lou is one of his chosen

The 'you-don't-have-to-be-dead-to-be-stiff' section must surely go to Ron 'Casino' Tate. You are all aware that we have just had a Lotto with a first prize of 13 million dollars, that is 13 followed by six noughts for those unable to visualise 13 million. Well, the draw took place and Ron was part of a syndicate that had taken out three, fifteen number tickets - and - they came up with five numbers and both supplementary numbers, seven out of the eight numbers required, but not the thirteen million.

We send our thanks to John Arnold for keeping us all up to date with the newspaper cuttings, they are eagerly sought after at our meetings. Good work, John.

For all those who remember Bob Head, ex-Handler who changed over to Butcher, he has just been discharged from Hollywood Hospital after undergoing surgery for a foot complaint. He will be in plaster for at least six weeks. Bob is going to join up with us as soon as he can get about. During a long chat with him, he said that all was well at the hospital since it had been taken over by the Ramsay Health Group, he was well looked after and had the highest praise for the new owners. So, all you card holders out there should have no worries about your treatment at Hollywood, not that I'm hoping you will require treatment.

It was with great sorrow that we learned of the death of Mrs Bill Dunlop from cancer. In your hour of grief our thoughts go out to you and your family, Bill. Please call on us if we can be of assistance to you.

We are looking forward to the visit of Dick Prentice in July, and Dick, we have fixed up a bed for you in Perth during your travels.

It has been decided that Ron Tate and I will travel east again to attend the conference in Canberra and we look forward to seeing all the other delegates again - look out those 'pokies' in Canberra!

Well, time is ticking by for the deadline so will close this note to get it to John in time. If you can't follow this, its just CRAFT catching up with me.

Best wishes to all in the east from the boys in the west. We didn't all get blown away in the storms and there is still quite a lot left. 'Hope you all get more than five numbers in the Lotto!

* Theo Bushe-Jones

NEW SOUTH WALES DIVISION

The Secretary will be adding to this report, and I hope not to encroach on matters that he will address.

However, a few matters arising from the April *Slipstream* column invite comment. We did hold a Special Meeting of members on 05 June as promulgated, to elect a Treasurer and Publicity Officer. No one put their hand up for the Treasurer's job and 'Caretaker Treasurer', Frank Birtles, continued to look after the finances until the 30th of June. A 'volunteer' must be found for this position as a matter of urgency. The position of PRO also remains vacant pending a similar appointment.

A Motion on Notice by Don Parkinson to change the title of 'Historic Flight Liaison Officer' to 'Historic Flight and Restoration Officer' was approved. We don't have to change the NSW Constitution, which would require approval from the Chief Secretary's Department, and lodgement of the amendment and fee with Corporate Affairs. The change will be noted only in the unofficial by-laws, 'Guidelines for Office Bearers'.

Vice President Ian Stanfield, has a posting to *HMAS Cerberus* and tendered his resignation in order that a nominee for the office might be democratically elected. This was the case, and congratulations go to the new Vice President, Barry Roberts, a committeeman in his second year who frequently travels down from Sydney for meetings, working bees and functions. Thank you, Barry.

Unless a few more of the locals take up the challenge of serving on our committee, it is quite possible that the committee for 1995 could include people from all over the State, if this occurred the wheels would grind very slowly indeed.

I will conclude my part of this report by thanking those willing workers who turn out for the Museum Family Fly-In weekends. So far in 1994, these events have been very successful, our participation in operating the Hot-Dog stand has contributed in some small measure to the overall financial success.

The Museum gave us a 50% share of the nett profits from the sale of these gastronomic delights: \$1000. We have reinvested \$800 of this amount in a three burner gas cooker which should significantly increase our capacity for sales at future events.

The balance goes towards our aim of providing our financial members

with *Slipstream* at no additional cost to annual subscriptions, which we hope to peg at \$15 pa.

* Jim Lee - NSW President

This is your new non-local Secretary (UT) George 'Gus' Goddard, putting in his first *Slipstream* report.

I have been battling since February to catch up with the thousand and one things that apparently fall into the secretary's basket. I have received a lot of help from your hard working President, Jim Lee, and the efficient courier service set up by Ben Link. This has enabled a good communications system to be organised.

I would like to request that members make a note in their diaries against the month of January 1995, that 'FAAA SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE!' To get the subscriptions in on time would be of the utmost help to the Secretary, the Treasurer and the Administration in general. Late payments interrupt the payment of Capitation Fees, causes changes to Mailing Lists and prevents accurate forecasting for future commitments. This is your Association - please support it to the full.

To those members who live in close proximity to Nowra, I would ask you to consider what you can do to help the Association, the Aircraft Restoration Teams or the Naval Aviation Museum. If you can assist in any of these areas, please contact John Arnold (044) 232014, who will liaise with the different sections for you.

One task that requires man power immediately, is to assist 'Juke' Matterson (044) 217945, with the cataloguing of a mountain of aircraft spares at the Museum.

The NSW Division 46th FAA Anniversary Dinner is organised for the 27th August 1994, and will be held at the White Ensign Function Centre at the Naval Aviation Museum. There is seating for 120 only, tickets are now available at \$30 per head are going FAST. If you wish to attend, please contact the Social Secretary, Ben Link, C/- PO Box 28, Nowra 2541, or ring John Arnold (044) 232014. Telephone bookings must be immediately followed by a cheque in the mail.

The NSW Division is running a fund raising raffle, the single prize being a weekend for two adults and three children at Murramarang Resort at Durras on the South Coast, commencing Friday 18 November to Sunday the 20th. The draw will take place at the Naval Aviation Museum on 11 September and the results published in *Slipstream*. Tickets are \$2 each.

Members are advised that the Perpetual Membership fees are under review as we await new actuarial scales.

In conclusion I would like to welcome all new members, and transferees to the Division.

Best wishes to all the readers,

* George 'Gus' Goddard - Secretary

QUEENSLAND DIVISION

I always think there is plenty of time to prepare for *Slipstream*, and here I am again on a tight schedule!

Now that winter is here we really do appreciate living in Queensland - had to put a jumper on the last few nights.

I have a 20' Trailer Sailer and last Sunday, Ian 'Junior' Henderson and I went for a sail out from Mooloolaba. The forecast wind (15kts) became light and variable and we averaged about 3kts - all very enjoyable. 'Junior' had the helm while I trolled for anything and got nothing, but at least I didn't lose a rod! The weather was brilliant, warm and sunny, 'Junior' had to 'Slip-slop-slap' on his legs [for overseas readers, he applied a sun screen lotion. Ed] A couple of coldies, coffee and bikkies rounded off a great day.

On Sunday 29 May, we had a BBQ get together at the Currumbin RSL on the Gold Coast, beaut day again and almost 60 people turned up. 'Chuck' Churcher was seen inside the club with another bloke - Bernie Brennan - we thoroughly enjoyed your company, Bernie, and we are delighted that you have taken the 'plunge'. There were a couple of faces that seemed familiar and blow me down if it wasn't the Ryan twins! They left RANAS Nowra in '58, Jimmy is living on Bribie Island and his brother in Sydney. Col Wheatley had mentioned that Jim was on the Island and it was great to see them there. Bob Bryce and Al Smith won the 2 raffle prizes and their ladies should soon be sporting some new jewellery - compliments of Kev Raddatz.

In one respect it was a sad occasion when I had to announce that dear old Dick Coates had passed away the night before. Dick had recently told Mick Blair and myself that the end was near because he had cancer of the pancreas. The funeral was held at Albany Creek Crematorium, Mick, Ian and six others attended the close family service. A lot of us will remember Dick the hypnotist, his shows and impromptu entertaining evenings at RANAS during the '50s - making us all laugh and passing pleasant hours on board when a lot of us couldn't afford to go ashore.

I recall one evening in one of the 'D' huts when, after a session in the Wet Canteen, Dick suggested that we should hold a seance. The lights were extinguished and about six of us sat around a bed holding hands like silly sailors and concentrating on the centre of the bed cover.

After a while someone yelled out, 'I can see a blue flickering light!'. At that, the comments flew thick and fast as might be imagined and most of us finished up rolling around on the floor laughing, so that was the end of that. I think Dick got the impression that we were poor subjects.

We were glad that he joined us at our BBQ at Mt. Cootha last year to relive some of those fun times. We sent flowers and a card on behalf of the Association.

Jimmy Bowles also passed on recently, we hadn't seen or heard from him but, thanks to 'Chuck' Churcher who attended the funeral service, and a call from 'Toz' Dadswell, I managed to get a message on behalf of the Association given at the end of the service.

Our Anzac Day march in Brisbane was well attended and our banner, carried by Al Smith, Paul Woods, Brian Sargeson and 'Snow' Tite, displayed much better on its new frame. Afterwards we adjourned to the Officers Mess at Bulimba Army Barracks, right on the river opposite Hamilton Wharf, where we had a great afternoon. The Mess President, a lady Major, fitted out one of our sloppy joes extremely well!

Jim Ferguson and Beau Bosanquet had a good reunion. D'Arcy and Jenny Doyle came to the BBQ at Currumbin. Rumour has it that he is working on a large, new painting - more news to follow. A. O. Hill came along a well, he enjoyed his sojourn overseas. We heard that 'Gabby' Hayes was on the Gold Coast and left just before the BBQ. Mate, we were sorry to have missed you, come over in '96.

Paul Woods has relocated to the Mulgrave Sugar Mill at Gordonvale near Cairns, and has relinquished his job as Secretary. Paul has landed a plum job up there as Engineering Manager, I think, and is flat out. We had dinner and drinks with

Paul and Dianne at his place, a good evening was had by all. I seem to have had a small memory gap afterwards, so it must have been good. It's just as well that Mick Blair and 'Junior' Henderson remind me of the things to be done! We wish you all the best in the new location, Paul and Dianne. This could be encouragement for a trip or two up north.

Frank 'Shorty' Nielsen has volunteered to take over as Secretary and the offer has been quickly snapped up. 'Shorty' has just been up north and met up with Arthur Johnson at Mystic Sands and Wayne 'Punchy' Parsons in Cairns. Wayne was just about to go into hospital at the time - hope all is well, mate. 'Shorty' reckons that he ran into FAA guys everywhere he went.

Our membership is steadily growing as more of our blokes hear of what's going on and it's good to see aircrew coming over from the Officer's Association. I had a call from Barry Lord, ex-Observer, who keeps in touch with 'Slug' Whitton at Tewantin. We hope that he'll join in with us soon.

'Toz' and Gwen Dadswell were up here recently they were baby sitting Ian

Lawson's house. When I called in to say hello, they'd just arrived from the deep south. 'Toz' had to drive back to Brisbane Airport to meet their daughter who was flying in from Darwin that evening.

Fred Lewis has also been staying at Ian's place, unfortunately I wasn't able to make contact. Having just taken over another Main Street Realty office in Maroochydore, things have been pretty hectic, but I did manage to spend some time with Ben Matthews, who was staying at Ian's house prior to Fred's arrival.

We now have a committee at the Gold Coast to begin making arrangements for a National Reunion in late October, 1996. Mick and I are going down this week to help set up the guidelines. We'll keep the updates coming via *Slipstream* and the State Secretaries. Make a note to reserve a few days fun and sun on the Gold Coast for the time slot in '96. We reckon on a period from a Thursday to Sunday inclusive - similar to our reunion at Bundaberg.

A very good friend of mine, Peter Ryan, asked us around to meet his brother John recently. John flew Catalinas during WW2. My uncle at Noosa was a Flight Sergeant Engineer on Cat's and on the same squadron. I put them both on the phone for a good chat, it turned out that in 1943 or 44, my dad, an Army Lt., met John in the Officer's Club in Cairns and gave John a letter to give to my uncle at the Cat Base in the Gulf of Carpentaria the next day! It's a small world and the circle goes round! John told us of 18 to 20 hour flights attacking Japanese shipping and bases at Bougainville and as far north as Kavieng, New Ireland. Bomb and torpedo runs at 80kts and pulling up and trying to get 100kts and avoid the flak - with the slow speed and 100ft wing span, he reckoned the 'bum' muscles became very well developed.

Greetings to Geoff Larcombe and Chris in Tasmania - letter coming soon.

Haven't heard of anymore sightings of Jock Collins bunch of hiccups - maybe the recent dust storm in the South West confused their sense of direction,

Well, that's all for now. Best wishes to all wherever.
* Barry Lister - President

RICHARD COATES HYPNOTIST



Monster Laugh Show

NOWRA SCHOOL OF ARTS

TUESDAY, 4th OCT.

at 8 p.m.

Prices: 7/6, 5/-, 4/- Children half price

"Nowra Leader"

Proceeds To Bomaderry P. & C. Film Projector Fund

TASMANIAN DIVISION

We are still alive and active, even though winter is upon us once again and the lows are creeping north from the Southern Ocean. They seem to slow the bones up a bit, anyway, we still like to think that Tasmania is the best State in the Commonwealth.

Anzac Day has been and gone with good gatherings statewide and the FAAA well represented. The southerners mustering in Hobart and the northerners at Longford RSL (Longford a country town in Tasmania's northern midlands).

Barry 'Long John' Simpson was collected from hospital on day leave, taken to Longford, marched in his wheelchair and returned to Sick Bay all in one piece, even though a little early. Bill Lowe and Geoff Singline did the honours and carried the banner. I'm told that a good time was had by all.

A few weeks ago we had a good turn up for our quarterly get-together in Launceston, we had lunch at a hotel and the meeting at the Launceston RSL., it was an enjoyable day for those that made the effort.

It was decided to have our next outing at Orford, on Tasmania's beautiful east coast, on the last Saturday and Sunday in August. Make a weekend of it this time, and why not. Anybody out there who would like to come along are more than welcome, the more the merrier they say, eh!!

In case any of you don't know, our President, Barry Simpson has had a lot of trouble with his left leg over the past couple of years. Circulation problems resulted in several operations without any success, finally the leg was amputated below the knee. Now, with all the trauma behind him, he has started to get around and about and is going quite well. Especially as he is equipped with a peg leg, crutches, black eye patch, parrot on shoulder and a mean looking cat-o-nine tails. Keep up the good work, Simmo, you'll get there.

Ron Baxter has notified me that Dick Coates (Mandrake), passed on at the end of May. We are all sorry to hear the sad news and please, would you Queenslanders pass on to his family our sincere and kind thoughts. If the world was full of people like Dick, it would be a far better place to live in. One must remember him for his hypnotic powers over people and the things he could get them to do, all with very little effort on his part. For us that knew him he will live long in our memories. So long, old mate.

817 Squadron had a couple of Sea King choppers in Tasmania recently. they were carrying out winching exercises at the Australian Maritime College at Beauty Point (near Launceston) on the Tamar River. In all, 30 people were lifted from open life boats, 10 and 25 man life rafts, and totally enclosed life boats. Each of the 30 people were lifted twice, taken ashore and landed at a football ground

nearby. Members of the Royal Volunteer Coastal Patrol (myself included), students and staff of the AMC took part in the wet drills. The whole programme went off very well and all those involved, be it in organisation or participation, had high praise for 817 Squadron members in the way they carried out their various tasks.

I must say this, having been used to chopper winching drills at *Albatross* with the old Sycamores of 723 Squadron from dry land, it sure is a big difference from an inflated life raft on the water. A much bigger aircraft blowing the raft all over the place and having to try and stay with it, it must take some doing. Skills learned from skilful people.

Ron Baxter (Qld), has been doing some research with Canberra in relation to FAA personnel's entitlements from our service days. It is amazing what has been extracted so far. He has been keeping me well informed of his results and items not heard of before have been coming out of the woodwork. Low interest rate loans, medals and commendations, just to mention a few, and we are told that enquiries are still continuing.

That's about all I have time for now, except to ask you to keep the letters and info coming in to *Slipstream* and help keep our magazine the wonderful publication it is. By doing so it can only get better.

Regards to everyone,
* Matt 'Jake' Jacobs



Some of the Tasmanian members patiently waiting for Division President, 'Long John' Simpson, to realise that they've swapped his parrot for a woodpecker!

L-R: Athol Laing - Milva Barnes - Fiona and Les Kube - Ena and Roger Hutchins - Bill (Eric) Lowe - Lawrence and Robyn O'Donnell and Peter Barnes Photo: Barry Simpson



A contractor charged the US Navy \$544 for a spark plug connector available at local hardware stores for \$10.77.

The connector helps run the motor of the Navy's Pioneer Unmanned Aerial vehicle, a drone aircraft used to make reconnaissance videotape of battle fronts for Marines and other ground troops. Three Navy 'whistle blowers', frustrated by their own superiors, alerted the House of Representatives Armed Services Investigation Subcommittee in Washington to what they said was chronic overbilling for spare parts. The subcommittee chairman said the overpricing was, "in the same league as the \$600 hammer and the \$2000 toilet seat", notorious items of past government waste scandals.

* Thanks to Ron Baxter and *The Sunday Mail* -Qld.

New Arrival

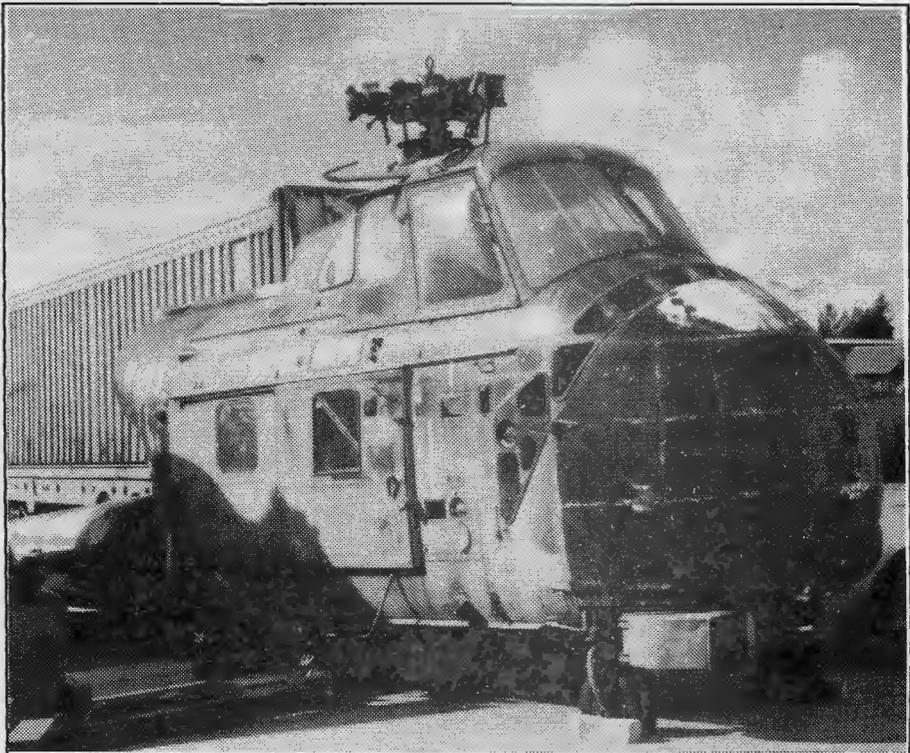
On Friday 03 June, Westland Whirlwind HAS7, XM-665 arrived at the Naval Aviation Museum, Nowra.

This ended an epic journey for this helicopter and signalled the commencement of another chapter in its life.

It was first flown in December 1958. It passed through several squadrons and flights beginning with 700H Flight at Culdrose, 737 Squadron, loaned to HMS *Bulwark* during 1960 for trials, with 846 Squadron in 1962 at Culdrose, then to 848 Squadron, also at Culdrose. It was then allocated to 847 'B' Flight and departed for the Far East aboard HMS *Bulwark* in March 1964, returning in February 1965, and recorded as not having been flown during this period.

Before leaving the Royal Navy, the helicopter passed to 829 Squadron at Portland and then 771 Squadron where it suffered a forced landing.

Sold off, XM-665 became a static exhibit at Thorpe Park, then to Chelsfield, Kent, and then to the Booker Aircraft Museum in Buckinghamshire before travelling to



Australia earlier this year.

What is the importance of a Whirlwind in the Museum, you may ask?

The significance is that many RAN aircrew on exchange to the RN would have flown these helicopters during training, also several aircraft of this type have been to Australia aboard

Royal Navy ships.

This machine is privately owned but will be on permanent loan to the Museum. If anyone is interested in helping to provide XM-665 with some tender loving care (it needs heaps), please contact me through Derek Whyte at the Museum.

* Nigel Apperley - NSW Div.

SEA VENOM WZ-895 Restoration Report

I would like to start by thanking LtCdr Ron Robb RAN (Rtd), and Barry Washbrook, for chasing up two derelict Sea Venoms and taking photo's of them for me.

These two pictures help to fill a hole in the research I am trying to do. I'm still on the lookout for any photographs of Sea Venoms, notably any photo's depicting special incidences. For authenticity I would prefer the photo to show the serial number of the aircraft.

About six weeks ago while we were trying to remove the starboard dive brake on WZ895, we broke the end of the outer dive brake forged bracket leaving us in a bit of a dilemma on how we could overcome this problem. I went up to the Museum with cap in hand and asked Mike Lehan if we could borrow WZ935 for a week or six and strip a few parts out of it. Mike gave us the OK, so we towed WZ935 back to 'D' hangar and started to rip wing panels off it (I take it that Mike

hasn't been into 'D' hangar lately as I haven't heard any cries of woe). We removed the bracket we needed and I took it for an NDI test and found that it had six cracks in it, so beginning the saga of cracked brackets. Having found these cracks I got in touch with the Queensland Air Museum and asked if they could help us with another bracket from one of their spare wings. I haven't had an answer as yet, but the person I talked to seemed to think it would be OK. Meanwhile back in the barn we decided to take the port outer bracket off 895 and have it crack detected as well, you guessed, it was cracked too. At the time of writing this we are in the process of removing the port outer bracket from 935.

* Tony Penno - Project Manager

MUSEUM - RESTORATION ACTIVITIES

Major aircraft movements within the museum were carried out in May despite the small number of available hands for the task.

The aircraft were eventually positioned to the new floor plan, but

the task was not without a few 'close shaves'.

The new arrangement has created a noticeable amount of extra space, which I am sure will be filled in the very near future. A privately owned Stinson is seeking under cover stowage, as well as the Westland Whirlwind recently purchased by Nigel Apperley.

Now that the hangar is fully enclosed and the doors fitted, dust should be kept to a minimum, unfortunately the resident birds and their 'calling cards' are still a major problem.

Our next project is to 'dress up' and display the aircraft to their best advantage, this will include mannequins in flying equipment etc. If any reader knows of the whereabouts of mannequins that could be donated to assist with this project, they would be very much appreciated.

One disappointment to the restoration team has been the activities of 'knob twisting ankle-biters' in the Dakota. As fast as you think that everything is put outside the reach of souvenir hunters, Murphy's Law becomes involved and proves otherwise.

* Don Parkinson

AUSTRALIAN NAVAL AVIATION MUSEUM PROGRESS REPORT

Building Development:

I am happy to report that the cladding of the hangar is now completed, and with the hangar doors in place the whole building takes on a new perspective, especially with the metre high museum name attached to the northern end gable (which I'm sure can be seen from Berry). The new cladding was successfully stress tested shortly after completion when the Nowra area was subjected to one of the annual winter westerlies. The aircraft exhibits now look much more realistic having been relieved of their heavy concrete tie-down blocks and moved to more permanent positions within the hangar.

The dividing wall which is being constructed to separate the foyer from the hangar is almost completed, and the shopfitters are progressing rapidly with the fitting out of the foyer and the new shop area. The wooden flight deck entrance area will create a considerable amount of interest when it is completed.

Children's Playground

'Ausplay', the manufacturers of high quality children's playground equipment have now completed the installation ready for its opening at our next Fly-in Family Day on 10 July. One thing is certain, the children will enjoy it (as it is, we are having enough trouble keeping the staff off it!)

Classic Wings and Wheels Rally / Fly-In Family Day

Our last Fly-In Family Day has been praised as 'superlative', this being the description given to the weekend by one car club committee that attended. More than 200 vintage and classic cars from more than 50 clubs from NSW and ACT took part in the observation run prior to arriving at the Air Station. A number of historic aircraft were parked on either side of the runway for the cars to drive in between as they arrived. Each was met by the Commanding Officer of HMAS Albatross, Commodore Geoff Morton, who presented each entrant with a rally medallion, after which the cars were put on display. On the Saturday night a dinner dance was held for 300 people in the hangar (which looked a picture), whilst on the Sunday, a crowd of 3000 enjoyed the flying and other displays.

The whole programme went off without a hitch, but without the loyal support of many people this would not have been possible. May I take this opportunity to especially thank the other members of the organising committee for this weekend, John Macey and Terry Hetherington. To all the Museum volunteers and helpers who give their assistance every Fly-In weekend, a very special thank-you.

The Museum has hosted a variety

of activities over the last two months, these include the Mayoral Prayer Breakfast, lunches and dinners for various groups and organisations, a fashion parade and a 21st birthday party. One of the highlights which was arranged by the Nowra College of TAFE (Technical and Further Education), was the official launching of the NSW AussieHost Training Programme by His Excellency the Governor of NSW, Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair AC, AO, RAN (Rtd). (AussieHost is a customer service programme).

Derek Whyte
Museum Operations Manager



Sign writing on the Northern gable. Since this photograph was taken, the cladding has been finished and the doors erected. Photo Peregrine Publishing



Museum foyer under construction. The Flight Deck entrance has been completed and painting is underway. Carpet with Museum crest pattern is yet to be fitted.

Photo Peregrine Publishing

Spotted around the traps!



'Barryshnikov' Roberts and friend Fran, flew in by TD-2000 for the NSW General Meeting at the Museum. Photo Peregrine Publishing



NSW President, Jim Lee (L), presents Bob Cronin with a Certificate of Appreciation. Photo Peregrine Publishing



WA visitor, Geoff Vickridge (L), met up with Keith Hodges in the old Naval Aviation Museum Photo Peregrine Publishing

Captain J P Stevenson RAN (Rtd) and Mrs Stevenson at the Melbourne/Evans Reunion. Photo Greg Kelson ↓



L-R: John Stewart - Bob Ridgeway - John Harrison - Greg Kelson at the Melbourne /Evans Reunion. Photo G.Kelson



Catering Manager of the Museum Function Centre Restaurant, Karen Richardson. Photo P. Publishing



L-R: Jim Eagles - ?.....- Des 'Buck' Rodgers - Joe Cedro at the Melbourne/ Evans Reunion. Photo G.Kelson



Don't forget the Musicians! L-R: Bob Bentley - WO Wright - Phil Hopkins - John Widdicombe - Bob Anderson - Bill Farrell - at the Melbourne/Evans Reunion. Photo GK

