

September 2018

# SIGNAL NEWS



**CERTA CITO**

Official Journal of the Royal Australian Signals Association (Tas)



**SIGNAL NEWS**

September 2018

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**Signal News Distribution**

December 2018 & March, June,

September, December in 2019

**Commemoration Day**

Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> October 2018

**Service:** 11.45<sup>am</sup>.

Anglesea Barracks Signals Memorial.

**Medals to be worn**

**Lunch:** RAAF Memorial Centre

From 12.30<sup>pm</sup>.

**Remembrance Day:-**

**Association Luncheon**

Friday 9<sup>th</sup> November 2018 Venue &

Timing TBA.

**Medals to be worn**

**Committee Meetings 2018:-**

Last for 2018, on Nov 2<sup>nd</sup> at the RAAF  
Memorial Centre, at 3.15<sup>pm</sup>

**Printed by the Hon. Will Hodgman, MP.  
Liberal Member for Franklin**

**A much appreciated Community Service**

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## FROM THE PRESIDENTS DESK

Greetings for the third time this year. We are now moving into the busiest part of the year. The inspiration for this article was getting a friendly reminder from Secretary Dick to get into gear. How about it's is 12 months since our 30<sup>th</sup> Reunion of the Squadron Disbandment.!

A few bits of news. We had a good turnout to our Annual Lunch in June and Cooley's Hotel looked after us very well. A small selection and a good price. A very pleasant get together.

Lindsay McCarthy is still battling along and we wish him all the best.

Geoff Gard is currently in Respite at QV Care in Lindisfarne as Marge is in hospital. I went to see him the day after he arrived and he was sleeping so a visit tomorrow.

The next major activity is our AGM on the first Friday in October. As you know we don't spend too much time with this activity and we will be having a special price drinks night to follow. How about offering your services for the Committee?

Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> October our ANNUAL COMMEMORATION SERVICE at The Memorial at Anglesea Barracks at 1145 hrs (if you have forgotten what this means, it is a quarter to 12 noon). We then adjourn to the RAAF Memorial Centre for lunch and a little light refreshment. The wheel will operate. Detail on these activities are included in this newsletter.

Another reminder Friday the 9<sup>th</sup> November Lunch at a venue yet to be decided. This is our Remembrance Luncheon. I will be getting names for this at the first Friday in November. We may also have some American visitors with us. They are former Sigs. Also a few US Cadets who are being escorted by Brian Watson from Launceston.

Dick and David are currently collecting our Memorabilia, digitising it and placing it in State Archives. A big job and a great effort. Remember one day we will cease operation and we will need to leave our history in good order.

The Mobility Allowance scheme is working well. If you need transport to any of our activities, please contact Dick, David or myself so that we can arrange taxi support.

We are still keeping our numbers up on First Fridays although down a bit in mid-year. If you have not been in for a while, come along and bring a mate. You will be very welcome to Greg and David as well as other "volunteers" behind the bar and Ray and Alf on the wheel, and of course, everyone else.

The ladies are also welcome and we can even serve tea and coffee. The ladies also bring out a nice range of savouries. Our thanks to them for their continuing efforts.

That's about all I can remember for this issue.

Best wishes to all and keep healthy.

Yours in Signals,

Owen

**A NEW SERIES OF MEMOIRS BY 'ANOTHER MYSTERY' AUTHOR****MY SCHOOL OF SIGNALS' COURSE**

Way back in September 1962, I attended the 7/62 CMF Offrs EQUIP & TAC Course at the School of Signals at Balcombe. How I came to be on an Officer's course is lost in the mists of time as I was only a Sergeant then, not being appointed to commissioned rank until 1 January 1964. But, there I was, all bright eyed and bushy tailed at the tender age of 23 and the only NCO on the course. There were about 20 junior officers attending and they were quartered in the Officers Mess, a reasonably new multi-storied brick building as I recall. I was quartered by myself in the NCO lines, an old single level wooden structure (with a central ablution area reached by an open walkway on one side) that must have been there for centuries.

I should have known it was going to be a fun course because things did not go quite to plan right from the start. In those days, planes were driven by things called propellers – remember them? Accordingly, they were relatively slow and thus subject to any turbulence that decided to belt them one. Patiently sitting right up the back of the plane where the army could just afford to pay my fare, I was the last person to be served by the hostess ('cabin crew' these days). She had one can of beer left when she reached me so my worries that she would run out first, proved false. Cans, being made of steel did not even have a ring-pull those days, but had to be opened with, yes you guessed it, a can opener!! Licking my lips in keen anticipation, the lass opened the can and handed it to me. Just at that moment, even before I had time to taste the precious contents, the plane hit an air-pocket and must have dropped ten thousand feet in a nanosecond. The beer inside the can, not being attached to anything but the open air, did not go down when the plane did, but stayed where it was in space. Bugger it!! The effect inside the plane was that the beer suddenly shot up out of the can all by itself and completely saturated the curtain which those old planes used as window sun shields - if you could get them to slide along, that is. There was not a single drop left in the can where I could get at it, but there were hundreds of drops above my head on the curtain where they proceeded to drop down onto me. Who would want a seat by the window? The hostie made a valiant effort to towel up the spillage from the curtain, bless her. You now know the meaning of the word 'drop'.

That night, I was quartered in an old hotel somewhere up the top end of Lonsdale Street. It had been arranged that I would be picked up at dawn the next morning for transit to Balcombe. Packing all my gear and racing out to the footpath as the first dim rays of dawn were coming, there I stood – and there I stood – and there I stood. The old talk about hurry up and wait was proving to be true. I had not even had any breakfast and it was cold, cold, cold. Eventually some hours later I was collected by a guy in a Falcon Ute who complained bitterly about the rotten Melbourne traffic and we proceeded to find the Mornington Peninsula road. Don't ask me how we got to that road. It was my first trip to Melbourne and I did not have a clue where I was. What I do remember is that (at that time anyway – do not know what it is like today) the road consisted of three lanes. The outside two went in opposite directions but the middle one could only be described as a suicide lane. It was a case of who had the most nerve I think. The plot was to not give way to oncoming traffic until you met someone braver than you and then veer left at the last second. Anyway, I am still here on planet Earth so we must have got through all right.

As it turned out, the tac side of the course was fairly easy for me. The syndicate of four that I was allotted to, preferred to work (at night) with all the other syndicates on the issued TAC problems and they did so in their rooms at the officer's quarters where I of course could not go. I think that they were of the opinion I did not know anything of tactics anyway, an idea that I made no attempt to contradict. On the downside, it was not much fun spending my evenings alone in the Sergeants Mess with only the duty steward to talk to.

The whole course was centred round a divisional signals exercise (Pantropic was all the rage then) and culminating in each syndicate manning their own Radio Det at their selected locs using the then new FWR's – more about that finale later, in my finale.

It did not take me long to realise that two meals a day was enough. Had to be, because it was hopeless trying to get something for lunch as the Sgts mess was filled to overflowing at lunch time. Could not believe how many WOs and Sgts there were. They must have had a million hide holes around the place because that was the only time we saw them. Likewise, impossible to get close enough to the bar to get a drink!! At the end of the lunch break they all disappeared again.

## 5.

### *(Sigs Course, cont.,)*

The equipment side was very interesting and right up my alley. As mentioned before, we were allocated an FWR to each syndicate. This was the first time I had seen one fully set up and I think most, if not all the others were the same. But not before we were introduced in the classroom to the British sets C11/R210 and C42/45 and the American set AN/PRC 25 which was in due course, to replace the older AN/PRC 10's. We were also shown the AN/TRC 75 but not allowed to touch them. For years after, we were still using the WS A510s, Switchboard Field and Fortress, 10 sets and the WS 62 at squadron level which was disappointing seeing as these other sets were available, but other units and particularly Vietnam had greater priority and rightly so. I found the British SHF transceiver WS B70 an intriguing set. In one of our exercises with this set, our syndicate had a booming signal both ways about 5 degrees off the true bearing but this was not satisfactory to the DS. They made us stick to the correct bearing with a weak old signal (Fresnel zone problems I think), with the comment that "we were using a reflected signal path and not the true path and it would fade away unless we changed". Later that day we lost comms completely anyway, so I think we were pretty pleased at that, although we did not get a chance to go back and test our original bearing. Would have been wonderful if that other bearing was still workable. Other equipment new to us, included the switchboard SB22/PT, the K phone and the AN/PGC-1 Kleinschmidt. All good stuff!

Our first exercise involved the use of a large truck-mounted radio, the name of which for the life of me I cannot remember – it may have been the old UK UHF No 10 radio relay set, but I am not sure. There were two multi-segmented aluminium horizontally polarised aerials (much like an ordinary TV aerial) one for transmitting and one for receiving, that were mounted on separate wooden poles about 25 feet (?) or so high, held vertical by guy ropes. The DS went to great pains to stress to us that these aerials were fragile and not student proof. I recall that the transmitting aerial was on one side of the truck and had to be erected 'ahead' of the receiving aerial which of course was on the other side of the truck and 'behind'. It turned out that when the correct bearings had been worked out, and the aerials rotated to their correct alignments, the receiving aerial was 'ahead' of the transmitting aerial. To correct this problem, it had to be moved. It should have been carefully lowered to the ground, moved to its new location and re-erected there. But being good signal officers and with speed and efficiency uppermost in their thoughts, the aerial was disconnected from its supporting ground pegs and with a group of officers on each guy rope, walked backwards in its vertical configuration to where it should have been positioned. It never made it!! The pole started to lean and despite the best efforts of the people on the opposite side to counteract the lean, it kept going, quickly gathering speed until it hit the ground with a crash and smashing the aerial into a million small pieces of aluminium. As there was no spare, that was the end of the exercise. Never did get to operate that set and perhaps that is why I cannot remember its name.

Eventually the big day of the TEWT ('tactical exercise without troops' for those who have forgotten) arrived. This was the second last day of the course, and each FFR duly left Balcombe for its selected area around the peninsula. Ours was about an hour drive away and consisted of a large open field sloping rather steeply down and something like 300(?) meters long. We had selected (or should I say - "They had selected") a spot near to the top and not too far off the road where we had excellent line of sight. The DS said this was unsatisfactory as it was completely exposed and told us to move down the slope about three quarters of the way to where a small copse was – easier to conceal the vehicle with our nets and good enough for reasonable comms. What a fatal decision!!

It had been raining all the previous night and the ground, whilst quite firm when we had done our recce, was somewhat slippery. About halfway to the copse our driver stopped and suggested that it would be prudent not to go any further because we might not be able to get back up the slope. The DS thought otherwise and directed us to continue down. But when we tried to move forward and downhill remember, the vehicle simply stayed put and spun its wheels. It turned out that the field was an old orchard of some kind and the trees had been grubbed out.

Where we had stopped an old broken off stump had kindly positioned itself between the transfer case and the engine, and we were stuck. The recovery saga thus began – a saga that took all day and completely supplanted the exercise. This will be covered in the next instalment. *(Capt Ben Digo)*

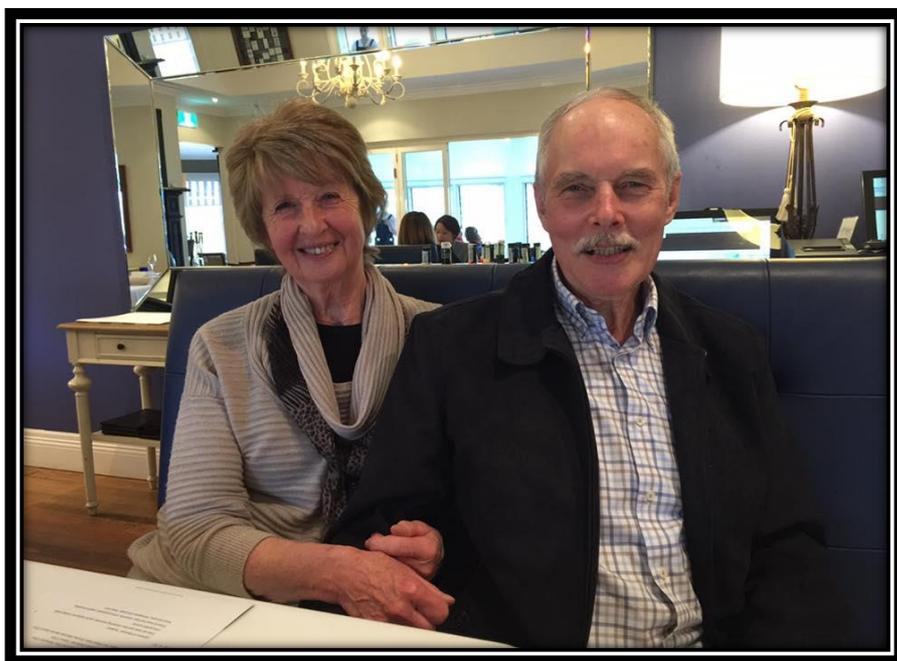
6.

## PIC's OF THE PAST AND PRESENT



Can you recognize these handsome young blokes?

That's Association President Owen on the left and we believe former Sqn OC, Major Basil Apted, at "Beumaris" in the '50's?



*None other than Al and Lisa Nunn; out and about for a meal and drinks.*

*Al & Lisa now live in Dandenong Vic.*

*Al was the SSM in 1987, when 146 Sig Sqn was disbanded. He still contributes material regularly for "Sig News."*



### THE SIX GUN CASE

This is a true story from Houston Texas. One night a woman was arrested, jailed and charged with manslaughter for shooting a man 6 times in the back with her pistol as he was running away with her purse he snatched off her.

She was taken to court and sworn-in and asked to explain her actions. The woman replied, "I was standing at the bus stop waiting for the bus to take me home. I'm a waitress at a local café and after I finished I was at the bus stop with my hand on my pistol in my right pocket & my purse hanging on my left shoulder. All of a sudden I was spun around, knocked to the ground and saw a man running away with my purse. I looked down and saw my hand on my pistol and said aloud, "No way punk! You're not having my tips and pay. I raised my right hand, pointed the pistol at him and started squeezing the trigger.

When asked by the arraignment Judge, "Why did you shoot him six times? The woman replied under oath, "Because when I pulled the trigger the seventh time it only "CLICKED". The defendant was adjudged not guilty of all charges and discharged! (Geeves)

## 8.

### THE NEAR DISASTROUS MORTAR PRACTICE

When I was quite young and promoted beyond my limited capabilities, I witnessed an event of bravery such that I have never forgotten. I was a member of Signals Pl of Support Coy in the old 1RTR, before I saw the light and transferred to RA Sigs.

The 'venue' was a live firing exercise at which the Mortar Pl, commanded by a then 2LT, later a MAJ or perhaps LTCOL, was to finally live-fire its 3inch Stokes Mortars, after extensive practice with slipper-barrels and sand-filled rounds.

I had trained as a mortar-man and thus understood what was happening, and what could have happened, had the 'brown stuff' hit the rotator.

The practice went well until one of the bombs left a tube on high trajectory with a whoosh rather than a bang, with its secondaries alight but with little forward momentum. As I recall it, the tube was probably so hot from previous firings, or full of burning crap from previous detrus, that the secondaries (strands of cordite packed in clear plastic cylinders affixed to the tail fins by metal springs to provide extra range in conjunction with the primary) ignited before the primary (essentially a large shot-gun round filled with ballistite and fitted to the base of the bomb, but no pellets, to provide the initial ignition and impetus) had impacted the firing pin in the base of the barrel. Some, but not much, forward thrust.

The round rose about 20 metres or so, then fell to earth tail-first, secondaries flaming I remember diving under the nearest solid object to avoid the inevitable blast, which fortunately never came. I later discovered that I'd dived under a Stude(baker) GS parked next to 2 ton of mortar rounds. Turkey!

After waiting a short while in case of a hang-fire (not long enough by half, as far as I was concerned) and ensuring that all troops were prostrate and under whatever cover was available, this brave and resourceful officer went forward alone, picked up the UXO and carried it like a babe-in-arms to dead ground formed by a small but barely adequate depression in the earth.

The practice continued uneventfully. The 2LT I guess, had gambled on the fact that the bomb's firing pin, designed to arm by air pressure after 100 metres or so of high speed flight and thus was unlikely to have operated in its short, low-speed, excursion, and that the round had come down tail first leaving the fuse and detonator in the nose untouched, was a gimme. And yes, the safety pin had been removed correctly prior to firing. Or maybe he just believed in the power of prayer.

The round (blind) was eventually detonated safely by the integral Demolition Team at the cessation of activities using CE and PE. (I learned to use this stuff later and still sweat at the memory of inserting electric or fuse (crimped) dets into CE and PE).

Me, I'd have moved the whole base-plate position, or thought 'Hang the practice, we're out of here, the war can wait for another day - we'll blow the blind later'. This is probably the DS (text-book) solution. But then, I wasn't that Mortar Pl Commander. Some would perhaps say he was 'stoopid', or ill-advised, but I'd call it plain guts. *Certa Cito (Tas)*

### FAMILY HISTORY SHOCK

A wealthy family commissioned an author to write its family history, but stipulated that he would have to find some way of softening the fact that one member of the family had ended his life of crime by being executed in the electric chair. They were delighted by the result by the author.

"Uncle Harry occupied a chair in a leading institution and was held to the post by the closest of ties. His death came as a real shock." (*GEEVES*)

## **A TRIO FROM YOU KNOW WHO!**

### **CUNNING PENSIONERS**

"What can I do for you?" asked the Doctor, as a new elderly couple entered his surgery. "We'd like you to watch us make love." Said the man. The Doctor agreed and when they'd finished he said. "there's nothing wrong with the way you make love." And charged them \$40.00.

This happened every week for 3 weeks, make love, pay the doctor and go. Unable to ever find anything wrong the doctor finally asked, "What exactly are you trying to find out?" "We're not trying to find out anything," said the old man, "She's married, so we can't go to her place, and I'm married as well, so we can't go to my place.

The Casino will charge us \$200.00 for a room, a cheap motel will still cost us \$120.00, so we come here for \$20.00 each and will get \$18.00 back from our Health Insurance Company."

### **THE HORSE & THE CHOOK**

A horse is stumbling home after a heavy night and falls into a pit. No matter how hard he tried he cannot get out. He panics as he knows the farmer will be mad if he's not there to plough the field tomorrow. Luckily a chicken walks by and he cries to him, "Please, you've gotta help me out otherwise the farmer will take me to the glue factory."

"I can't do it," he said. "You far too big and heavy." But then he has a good idea. He gets the farmers Porsche, drives it over and throws a rope over the edge and drags the horse out.

A few days later the horse is coming home from the bar and hears cries from the hole. It is the chicken who is drunk and clucking around aimlessly at the bottom. "Hey horse, you've gotta help me, as if I'm not home to give the farmer eggs he will chop my head off." He knows he owes the chicken a favour and is too big to fit in the Porsche, so drops his long penis down the hole, the chicken grabs it and is hauled to safety.

The moral of the story is: If you're hung like a horse; you don't need a Porsche to pick up chicks.

### **THE MECHANIC**

A Lexus mechanic was removing a cylinder head from the motor of a LS460 when he spotted a well-known cardiologist in his shop.

The cardiologist was there waiting for the service manager to come and take a look at his car when the mechanic shouted across the garage, "Hey, Doc, want to take a look at this?"

The cardiologist, a bit surprised, walked over to where the mechanic was working. The mechanic straightened up, wiped his hands on a rag and asked, "So Doc, look at this engine. I opened its heart, took the valves out, repaired or replaced anything damaged, and then put everything back in, and when I finished it worked just like new.

So, how is it that I make \$48,000 a year and you make \$1.7M, when you and I are doing basically the same work?"

The cardiologist paused, leaned over, and then whispered to the mechanic..."Try doing it with the engine running."

*(Thanks Bob)*

## **JOCK GETS THE BISMARCK**

Swordfish pilot Jock Moffat – credited with launching the torpedo which crippled the Bismarck in 1941 – has died at the age of 97. The Scotsman, who always played down his role in the attack, was a lifelong champion of naval aviation and friend of the Fleet Air Arm.

2016 ended for naval aviation as it began – with the loss of one of its greatest heroes. After the passing of legendary test pilot Eric ‘Winkle’ Brown early in the year, the Fleet Air Arm community now mourns for Lt Cmdr. John ‘Jock’ Moffat – the man credited with crippling the Bismarck.

The torpedo dropped by his Swordfish at dusk on May 26 1941 jammed the rudder of Hitler’s flagship. Despite every effort by its crew, the battleship steamed in circles until the guns of the Royal Navy’s Home Fleet arrived the next morning to finish Bismarck off – and avenge the loss of the world-famous battle-cruiser Hood, which the German leviathan had blown up three days earlier.

The air strike carried out by the biplanes of HMS Victorious and Ark Royal at last light on May 26 had been Britain’s last hope of slowing or stopping the Bismarck before it reached the relative safety of waters off France.

With his crew of observer Sub Lt ‘Dusty’ Miller, and telegraphist/air gunner Albert Hayman, a 21-year-old Jock Moffat took off in Swordfish L9726 from the deck of Ark Royal and made for Bismarck, fighting against driving rain, low cloud and a Force 9 gale. He flew in at 50 feet, barely skimming the surface of the waves, in a hail of bullets and shells, to get the best possible angle of attack on the ship and, at 9.05pm, dropped the fateful torpedo.

“When Churchill gave the order to sink the Bismarck, we knew we just had to stop her trail of devastation at all costs!” said Jock. “We dived in through the murk, into a lethal storm of shells and bullets.

“Bismarck’s guns erupted and in the hail of hot bullets and tracer, I couldn’t see any of the other Swordfish. “I thought the closer we were to the water the better chance we had of surviving so we flew in bouncing off the tops of the waves – and it worked.

“The great thing about the Swordfish was that the bullets just went straight through. After all, it was only made of canvas. It was like David and Goliath!”

John William Charlton Moffat was born in Kelso in June 1919, joining the Navy as a reservist in 1938. After qualifying as a pilot, he was posted to Ark Royal with 759 Naval Air Squadron – one of four squadrons he served with in a Fleet Air Arm career spanning eight years.

After returning to civvy street in 1946, Jock trained as a hotel manager and remained with the profession for decades.

He maintained his love for aviation – he took up flying again in his 60s and flew into his early 90s – and was an avid supporter of the RN Historic Flight, raising nearly £20,000 to keep one of its Swordfish airborne as a tribute to wartime fliers.

Jock was royally hosted by modern-day naval aviators, invited to anniversary events, welcomed aboard subsequent Ark Royals, and he returned the compliment by inviting Fleet Air Arm personnel to his home in Scotland.

He leaves two daughters, Pat and Jan.

***(Author Unknown)***

## STORY OF BRAVE SURVIVAL – THE B17 STORY

*Fabulous story... just shows that if it isn't your day to die, you wont!*

B-17 "All American" (414th Squadron, 97BG) Crew:-

*Pilot- Ken Bragg Jr., Copilot- G. Boyd Jr.*

*Navigator- Harry C. Nuessle, Bombardier- Ralph Burbridge, Engineer- Joe C. James*

*Radio Operator- Paul A. Galloway Ball, Turret Gunner- Elton Conda, Waist Gunner- Michael Zuk,*

*Tail Gunner - Sam T. Sarpolus, Ground Crew Chief- Hank Hyland.*

In 1943 a mid-air collision on February 1, 1943, between a B-17 and a German fighter over the Tunis dock area, became the subject of one of the most famous photographs of WW II. An enemy fighter attacking a 97th Bomb Group formation went out of control, probably with a wounded pilot, then continued its crashing descent into the rear of the fuselage of a Fortress named "All American", piloted by Lt. Kendrick R. Bragg, of the 414th Bomb Squadron. When it struck, the fighter broke apart, but left some pieces in the B-17.



The left horizontal stabilizer of the Fortress and left elevator were completely torn away. The two right engines were out and one on the left had a serious oil pump leak. The vertical fin and the rudder had been damaged, the fuselage had been cut almost completely through connected only at two small parts of the frame, and the radio electrical and oxygen systems were damaged. There was also a hole in the top that was over 16 feet long and 4 feet wide at its widest; the split in the fuselage went all the way to the top gunner's turret.

Although the tail actually bounced and swayed in the wind and twisted when the plane turned and all the control cables were severed, except one single elevator cable still worked, and the aircraft miraculously still flew!

The tail gunner was trapped because there was no floor connecting the tail to the rest of the plane. The waist and tail gunners used parts of the German fighter and their own parachute harnesses in an attempt to keep the tail from ripping off and the two sides of the fuselage from splitting apart. While the crew was trying to keep the bomber from coming apart, the pilot continued on his bomb run and released his bombs over the target. When the bomb bay doors were opened, the wind turbulence was so great that it blew one of the gunners into the broken tail section. It took several minutes and four crew members to pass him ropes from parachutes and haul him back into the forward part of the plane. When they tried to do the same for the tail gunner, the tail began flapping so hard that it began to break off. The weight of the gunner was added some stability to the tail section, so he went back to his position. The turn back toward England had to be very slow to keep the tail from twisting off. They actually covered almost 70 miles to make the turn home and were soon alone in the sky.

12.

*(The B17 Story, cont.,)*

For a brief time, two more Me-109 German fighters attacked the All American. Despite the extensive damage, all of the machine gunners were able to respond to these attacks and soon drove off the tighten. The two waist gunners stood up with their heads sticking out through the hole in the top of the fuselage to aim and fire their machine guns.

The tail gunner had to shoot in short bursts because the recoil was actually causing the plane to twist.

Allied P-51 fighters intercepted the All American as it crossed over the Channel and took one of the pictures shown. They also radioed to the base describing that the appendage was waving like a fish tail and that the plane would not make it and to send out boats to rescue the crew when they bailed out.

The fighters stayed with the Fortress, taking hand signals from Lt. Bragg and relaying them to the base. Lt. Bragg signaled that 5 parachutes and the spare had been "used" so five of the crew could not bail out. He made the decision that if they could not bail out safely, then he would stay with the plane to land it.

Two and a half hours after being hit, the aircraft made its final turn to line up with the runway while it was still over 40 miles away. It descended into an emergency landing and a normal roll-out on its landing gear.

When the ambulance pulled alongside, it was waved off because not a single member of the crew had been injured. No one could believe that the aircraft could still fly in such a condition. The Fortress sat placidly until the crew all exited through the door in the fuselage and the tail gunner had climbed down a ladder, at which time the entire rear section of the aircraft collapsed.

**This old bird had done it's job and brought the crew home uninjured!**

*(From the Ed's former neighbour – one time RSM of the Black Watch!)*



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**Subs Arrears: - Only a 'handful' are in arrears now, so those who are will find the amount in the "oval" below! We will appreciate an update payment, please.**

**O**

## MEN'S JOKES

**A LOT OF JOKES ABOUT BLONDE FEMALES FLOAT AROUND THE INTERNET BUT SOME MAY BE SURPRISED THAT THERE IS A WHOLE GROUP OF JOKES ABOUT MEN THAT MANY DO NOT SEE. ENJOY THIS OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN.**

One day my housework-challenged Husband decided to wash his Sweatshirt. Seconds after he stepped into the laundry room, he shouted to me, 'What setting do I use on the washing machine?'

'It depends,' I replied. 'What does it say on your shirt?'

He yelled back, 'Brisbane Broncos !'

And they say blondes are dumb...

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A couple is lying in bed. The man says, 'I am going to make you the happiest woman in the world...'

The woman replies, 'I'll miss you.....'

---

'It's just too hot to wear clothes today,' Jack says as he stepped out of the shower 'Honey, what do you think the neighbours would think if I mowed the lawn like this?'

'Probably that I married you for your money,' she replied.

---

**Q: What do you call an intelligent, good looking, sensitive man?**

**A: A rumour**

---

Dear Lord,

I pray for Wisdom to understand my man; Love to forgive him; and Patience for his moods. Because, Lord, if I pray for Strength, I'll beat him to death.

AMEN

---

**Q: Why do little boys whine?**

**A: They are practising to be men.**

---

**Q: What do you call a handcuffed man?**

**A: Trustworthy. .**

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**Q: What does it mean when a man is in your bed gasping for breath and calling your name?**

**A: You did not hold the pillow down long enough.**

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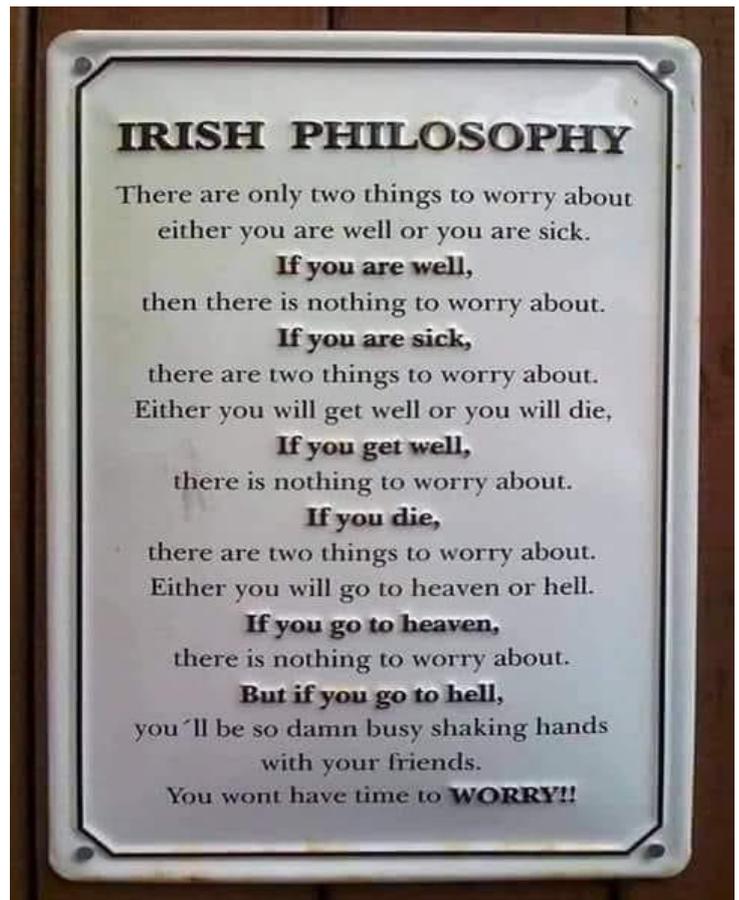
**Q: Why do men whistle when they are sitting on the toilet?**

**A: It helps them remember which end to wipe.**

***(by Chris Goodwin's girlfriend – thanks Elaine!)***

*Some “philosophy” from our ‘joker’ Bob Grey at Port Cygnet , in the Huon Valley district.*

*We reckon he may have “kissed the blarney stone”!!*



**Lcpl Tony Luttrell receives his J H Hall trophy prize from the Col Comdt, Lt Col Owen Winter at Corps Day parade at “Beaumaris” in 1982.**

**Officers witnessing the presentation are Captain Dave Traynor (left) and OC, Major Dave Spratt**



## THE SECRETARY SAYS

Pleasing to report receiving a message from a “blast from the past” in **John Hepworth**, a Squadron member between 1958-62. “Heppy” is well known to members of his era. He had “misplaced” his Regimental number. Our copy of the ‘tattered’ Squadrons Nominal Roll from 1948-87, came in handy again, so the mystery was quickly solved.

Another very generous donation was recently received from **John Harland**, former Sqn Tp Comd and son of our late Padre Fred. Your continued extraordinary support is much appreciated “Fred”. (*Treasurer Mick is smiling again!*)

**Bob Geeves’ and Bob Greys’** steady stream of jokes and wacky stories seems endless. Look out for even more humor from our “2 Bobs” over the next year or two!

News from **Ken Walsh, ESM**. He has reported in from the “Sunny Coast” of Qld where He and Ros are enjoying another winter in the warmer climes. Nice to here from you Kenny! Wish we were there mate!

**STILL LOOKING FOR !!!** – last September we were seeking contact details for a group of former Sqn members. We only found three from our list!! These remain on our “missing” list:

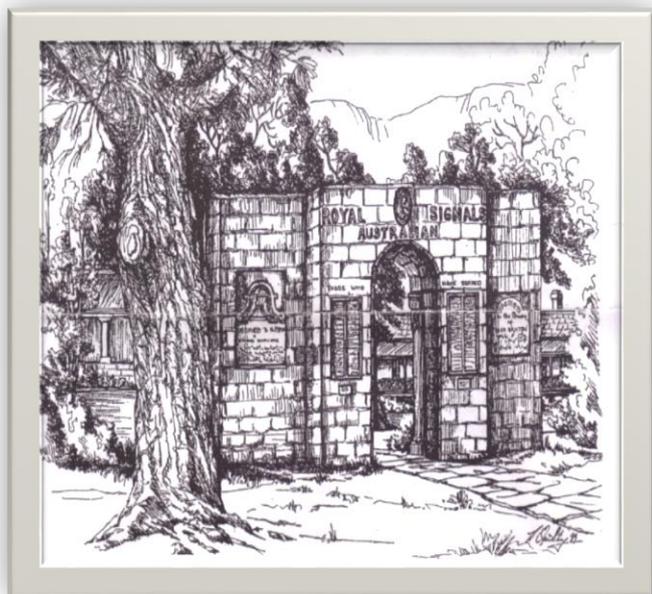
Peter Arrowsmith, Julie Austin, Roscoe Bailey, Dave Beresford, Mick Boyd, Mark Camm, Brian Carlson, Doug Cartwright, Phil Charlesworth, Jan Colegrave, Graeme Conley, Katrina Cooper, Alan Cowan, Paul Davidson, Dave Defreitas, Leigh Donoghue, Gail Edmunds, Doug Edwards (Ex ARA), Alison Gallahar, Wayne Grincas Dave Harper, Rod & Selena Hayes, Ian Hill, Peter Hrasky, Phil Hughes, Laurie Jillett, Pene King, Greg Krushka (Ex ARA), Sandra Langford, Glen Leatherbarrow, Terry Lutz, John Maltman, Liz Matar, Bill McCall, Geoff McCord, Fred McDermott, Bob McKenner (Ex ARA), Tania Meredith, Peter Moscatt, Terry Parkes, David Parr, Chris Petraitas, John Pinder, Chris Plaister, Wayne Ramsey, Laurie Ringrose, John Ryan, Andrew Saveliev, Liz Schell, Raschpaal Sindhu, Peter Skinner, Neville Smith, Liz Smart, Yvonne Spooner, Dave Stephens, Charles Stingel, Dallas Stow (Ex ARA), Mick Sward, Ian Tacey, Jo Tomac, Richard (Dicky) Travers, Richard Trethewie, Alison Walker, Tony Wheeler (Ex ARA), Mark Whittle, John Williams, Graeme Woodfield (Ex ARA) & Andy Zeitzen (now ARA ??). Do YOU know where we can locate them ????

*(There will be an additional list of other former Sqn members who we have lost touch with to be published later. Let’s get some of the above located first!)*

Great to hear from **Vic RASA member Bill Little** who has agreed to assist with our “Archiving of Squadron and Association Records” project. Bill is searching the old Sqn records at the Corps Museum at Watsonia (Vic), just to make sure we haven’t missed any really interesting material!

Our RASA (Tas) and former Tas Sqn’s accumulations between 1948 and 1987 are still being scanned for transfer to USB’s, We will make the “data sticks” available for all interested for a small fee. (**Late News:-** Now President Owen, has come up with another 3 x cartons !!) **Dave Harcourt’s** reaction was; “*Where will this all end ?*” (**We have the answer & will reveal all shortly, Ed**)

16.



## **VALE: 630212 THOMAS A CURRIE**

**(8 June 1944-29 August 2018)**

Tom was born in Sunshine Victoria and passed away in Devonport aged 64.

He was educated at the Sunshine Public School and then the local Junior Technical School before attending Footscray Technical College.

His apprenticeship as an Electrician was served with Bradford Cotton Weaving Mills Pty Ltd (1960-1964).

Tom undertook CMF service with 4/19 Prince of

Wales Light Horse, Royal Australian Armoured Corps, in Victoria and later with 124 Signal Squadron at Beaumaris Training Depot, Battery Point.

He joined the Hydro Electric Commission and worked as a Power Station Operator at Tarraleah, Wayatinah and the Chapel Street Control Centre (Glenorchy) and at Devonport.

Tom met his wife Colleen in Tasmania in 1964. They had two daughters.

He was involved in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Springvale (Vic) Scout Group as a Scout Leader.

In 1973 Tom trained as a Rescue Service Instructor with the Civil Defence College at Mt Macedon (Vic). His rescue skills were put to the test when a tourist bus missed the turn at Tarraleah Power Station and ended up down the bank of the Nive River.

Tom and colleagues from the Power Station rescued the passengers and recovered the bus from across the river, up a very steep slope on the Tungatinah side of the river.

Tom joined the Masonic Lodge in Glenorchy in 1970 and soon after transferred to the Bothwell Lodge at which he served for approximately 45 years.

When Tom was retrenched by Hydro Tasmania in 1995, he established "Currie Electrical". In 1998, Tom and Colleen moved to Sydney and they lived there for 12 years, then became grey nomads, wandering around Australia before returning to Tasmania to retire at Devonport.

Tom and Colleen were long term friends with former Sgt Tech Elec Bob Muir and his wife Barbara. Both couples were able to spend valued time with each other during the Muir's recent trip to Tasmania.

RASA (Tas) has expressed sincere condolences to Colleen and family, on behalf of all members.

**RIP Tom**