



AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION of RETIRED AIRLINE PILOTS and AVIATION PROFESSIONALS

Chairman: Captain Phil James 0409 870 341 semaj2@optusnet.com.au

Secretary: Captain Geoff Noble 0450 633 277 taipan48@gmail.com

Treasurer: Captain Bob Neate bobneate@bigpond.com

Bank Details

Suncorp BSB 484 799 Acct No: 000044125: AARAP

Website

www.aarap.org.au

Postal Address

AARAP, P.O. Box 172, Isle of Capri, Qld, 4217

Issue 38 (Dec-Feb 2022)

EDITORIAL

You can see from the RIP section of the newsletter that we lost a number of our members during 2021 and early this year. Whereas we will be able to tell Ted Elliott's story next issue, we need contributions from our membership for the others. So please, if you have anything to contribute on any of our departed colleagues, Lee and I need you to drop us a line.

As Phil mentions below, 10 Ancient Aviators were awarded their certificates last year. Those present at the Christmas function were Captains Brian Kerr, Neil McDougal, Ian Porteous and Keith Radke. Captains Gerry Backhouse, Alan Barlow, Paul Clough, Peter Iredell, Brian King and Gary Reinke who could not attend, received theirs by post. Paul Clough's certificate was 'returned to sender'. Does any member have details?

Space precludes photographs of the presentation, however those photos and those of the Christmas lunch will be available on our website.

You may recall in the previous issue we told the story of the B17, which was recovered from the swamps of Papua New Guinea and is now restored and on display in Hawaii. Another B17 is featured in this issue, this time "on display" with a TAA 727.

Take a close look at the Ohio State number plate and spot the error. As Ohio claims to be the birthplace of aviation, you'd think they'd get it right?

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Welcome all to 2022; probably not the best start that everyone was hoping for but life has its many twists and turns.

The Christmas luncheon was another successful afternoon for those able to attend, with 110 members, partners and guests enjoying each other's company chatting about the good old days and how we enjoyed the best years of aviation.

A record number of 10 Ancient Aviators were recognized with those unable to attend receiving their certificates by mail.

We are reviewing the dates for the annual combined Sunny Coast luncheon as Easter and Labor Day holidays conflict with our usual times.

I think everyone is looking forward to some dry cooler weather in a couple of months and hopefully an end to some Covid restrictions.

RIP

Captain Rick Dorney (Ex AN)

Captain Charlie Long (Ex AN. Charlie was not a member but will be known to many AN members.)

Captain Geoff Greene (Ex TN/QF)

Captain Chick Williams (Ex AN)

Captain Ken Lynch (Ex TN)

Captain Ted Elliot (Ex AN.)

Captain Graham Thomas (Ex AN)

VALE

Captain Ken Lynch (Ex TN)
(In his own words)

An expose of an undistinguished RAAF career.



It all started on 12th April 1943 when I was called up to 40 Course No.1 Initial Training School (ITS) Somers, Victoria. Trainees gathered at Frankston Railway Station and were transported to Somers on the Mornington Peninsular in huge cattle trucks. Nothing fancy, no seats, standing room only with a few grab rails if you were lucky.

The course proceeded OK; pilots were sorted out from other air crew. During our maths exam the gas siren sounded, we proceeded to our gas stations during which there were discussions about how hard a paper we had. We were accused of cheating and another paper set. A much easier one and most passed.

Then it was on to No 7. Elementary Flying Training School (EFTS) flying DH82s. After a rough crossing of Bass Strait we disembarked at Wynyard and were bussed to Western Junction, Launceston, a paddock then but now Launceston airport.

Soloed after 6.5 hours dual, something you don't forget - your first flight as captain. While at Western Junction we saw Peter Isaacson arrive in his Lancaster Q for Queenie. The landing was too deep and he took the far fence with him. As an 18-year-old watching, it quite impressive. Peter was on a war bonds tour and later flew the Lancaster under Sydney Harbour Bridge.

Next came No.7 Service Flying Training School (SFTS) Deniliquin on Wirraways. My instructor was Alex McNaughton, later Ansett and ANA. He was a bit of a bastard, hurling abuse at me when he wasn't happy, which was most of the time, rocking the aircraft from side to side at the expense of the inside of my knees. Despite everything I passed out alongside 61 other graduates, from which there were 11 commissions, including myself. I was quite shocked, but happy, to be a Pilot Officer at barely 19.

Next posting was to Air Gunnery school at West Sale flying Ansons with 3 trainee gunners firing coloured bullets at a drogue towed by an old Fairey Battle on designated firing ranges along 90-mile beach. I roomed with another Pilot Officer who flew the Battle, Keith Dunstan, who was later to become a highly respected journalist and author. By this time, late 1944, there was an excess of pilots and many were sent to the Advanced Flying Unit (AFU) at Deniliquin, actually a scrub school at which 70% missed out. Keith Dunstan was one of these and became an intelligence officer. I scraped through and went on to complete Operational Training Unit (OTU) at Mildura, one of the last before the end of the war. Frank Fischer, later a senior TAA pilot, was an instructor at that time. I flew brand new Mustangs at OTU that were made under licence at Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation (CAC) Fisherman's Bend, test flown then ferried to Mildura. They had that nice new smell!

Then a posting to 82 Squadron, at Labuan on the Borneo coast but by then the war was over so a further posting took me to the island of Ambon in the Banda Sea to take over Air Transport Command. Ambon was midway between Darwin and Morotai where there were 16 RAAF personnel and 60 Japanese prisoners of war in a compound from which I seconded one for my houseboy "Joe". The Japanese gave no trouble worked on the airstrip at Raha refuelling C47s and other transports that were enroute Darwin – Morotai. It was a sad time when 129 Australian soldiers were exhumed from a mass grave, being buried after beheading. The reburial was across the bay at the war cemetery in the town of Ambon.

I was friendly with the Dutch commander Major Waters and we made reciprocal visits across the bay in a Jap barge. His son, aged 11, visited me occasionally and we often went to the Raha wharf to swim and dive. He liked to drive my jeep with the windscreen folded down on the bonnet. On one occasion driving along the wharf with our towels over the shoulder, he panicked as he approached the end of the wharf and just stepped out of the vehicle leaving me to try and recover the situation from the other seat. The effort was not successful so the jeep and I careered over the end of the wharf into 20 feet of water - how embarrassing was that? I commandeered a crane to haul it out and Jap mechanic worked on it and got it going the same day, but sadly it was never the same.

Soon after this episode I received posting back to 82 Squadron, now at Hōfu, Japan, as part of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force (BCOF). Earlier the aircraft had been ferried up from Labuan but tragically 3 Mustangs did not make it, being lost in bad weather. The RAAF component of BCOF consisted of 76, 77 & 82 Squadrons with Mustangs, one RAF Squadron of MK.14 Spitfires at Miho on the north coast of Honshu and one Squadron of New Zealand Corsairs based at Yamaguchi just north of Hōfu. Our brief was to patrol designated areas in pairs looking out for any suspicious build-ups where there might be some elements refusing to believe the war was over.

On one occasion I spotted a build-up went down to investigate with gear down and landing flap, after telling my wingman to stay at altitude (W/O Ron Johnson later killed instructing at Point Cook). On pulling away the ground was rising quite steeply so I put on full power, raised the gear and traded increments of flap for air speed and climbed out OK. A dicey do and a salutary lesson!

3rd July 1947 the 3 squadrons plus 6 spares, a total of 42 Mustangs, flew in wing formation to Kisarazu 60km south of Tokyo to take part in fly past over Tokyo for US Independence Day. Not long after arrival two C47s of U.S.A.F took us to nearby Johnston Field for a big party then returned us to Kisarazu. It takes some taxi and holding time to get 42 aircraft off the ground and 4th July was very hot. Incredibly many pilots started engines too soon after the C.O. Guess what! Their glycol coolant boiled overboard before they could get airborne and only about 15 Mustangs including myself took part in the fly past - a really bad show! Landed at Nagoya for fuel on the way back to Hōfu.

Japanese Encephalitis, a mosquito borne disease, had caused 7 deaths among the occupation forces. A Mustang was rigged up with drop tanks supporting a 3-bar rig to spray DDT mixed with heavy naval fuel oil on BCOF units, waterways, paddy fields and the like. I took part in the testing and would spray early AM or late PM to allow the spray to settle free from wind drift. To gain manoeuvrability for some tricky areas I would use half flap. The trouble was that this caused the spray to mist up on the canopy which had to be wound back to gain visibility and for me to ingest some of this mix.



It was at this time the aircraft were grounded for a magneto modification to be carried out on all Mustangs. Even the Group Captain Commanding Officer was grounded along with all the rest, except my spray aircraft which was kept flying due to the gravity of the mosquito problem.

One hot night I was the only pilot flying, tasked with spraying the base at Hōfu, while the rest of the squadron were enjoying a quiet beer or two. I felt the Officers Mess to be particularly vulnerable to the mosquito problem and did a run right over the top of the beer garden at 50 feet. Besides letting the boys know I was at work it left an oily scum on their jugs and glasses. Not popular.

82 Squadron had a Harvard on which I was duly endorsed for conducting familiarization for new pilots before flying Mustangs and for those who were a bit rusty due to lack of recent experience. One of my pupils was Flight Lieutenant McNamara later to become Air Chief Marshall Sir Neville McNamara, Chief of the Air Staff.

I used the Harvard to fly around an RAF Sergeant sent by the English Press to do a story on BCOF. We flew down to Mt Aso on Kyushu to film the erupting volcano. I also took him to formate on our Mustangs for some air-to-air shots.

After 5 years my time in the RAAF had come. Last assessment from Squadron Leader Max Carr read:

As a fighter pilot above average
Navigation average
Rocketry above average
Air to ground gunnery above average

Although I am not too proud of an unspectacular RAAF career, I am not too ashamed of it either. The best 5 years of my life but I don't tell my wife Enid that.



Captain David Baker (1937-2021) *(From his daughter, Angela Baker)*



Born in Newcastle in 1937, Dad's fascination with flying started when he was a young boy, watching the famous Catalina flying boat operations out of RAAF Base Rathmines in Lake Macquarie during WW2. This interest continued through to his teens when Dad jumped at the opportunity to work at the Royal Newcastle Aerodrome to start saving those elusive training dollars whilst finishing high school.

Dad completed his first training flight on 18 May 1957 at the Royal Aero Club of NSW, Bankstown on a DH.82 Tiger Moth, and never looked back, rapidly progressing through flying training and onto what today seems like a dizzying array of diverse aircraft types with log book entries including: DHC-1 Chipmunk, PA22 Tri-Pacer, PA24 Comanche, DC3, DC6B/6AB, Beechcraft Queen Air, DHC-6 Twin Otter (100, 200, 300), F27 (I,II) F28, DC9, Piper PA32 Cherokee Six, Cessna 404 Titan, Cessna 150, Cessna 172, B747, Beechcraft Bonanza (A36, V35), Cessna 310, Piper PA44 Seminole, B737...(note: despite all of this experience, he would almost always need help with resetting the clock on the DVD player...).



Dad had an extensive commercial career with TAA from 1960 to 1979, which included a secondment to the Australian Bureau of Mineral Resources for three years from 1961 (which allowed him to gain 'bush points' and boost his seniority).



This helped Dad to achieve his command over a shorter period which saw him progress to a basing in Lae, New Guinea from 1965 to 1968, followed by another stint from 1970 to 1973. In between those years, Dad flew regular commercial routes out of Tullamarine before retiring from TAA to work as a Flight Instructor at Qantas, an Air Accident Investigator with the former Australian Bureau of Air Safety and as a Captain on F27 charter operations at Aircruising Australia. Dad unfortunately had an accident in late 1990 which prematurely ended his flying career when he was on the cusp of starting a flight training role for Cathay Pacific in Europe. His last logbook entry dated 4 November 1990 saw him operating the F27 as PIC operating Heraklion-Bologna- Exeter for an Australia to UK aircraft ferry operation for Aircruising Australia.

Dad loved his flying, especially on the DC3 (the original queen of the skies) and F27 which he considered "marvellous" machines that were a pleasure to fly. He always ended up as a Training and Check Captain after he was endorsed on new aircraft types and was a mentor to many pilots over the years; whilst a very tough taskmaster, he was almost always spot on with his guidance and helped many go on to have extremely successful flying careers.



I think we all fondly remember Dad's very dry (often completely inappropriate) sense of humour as well as his sharp observations, where little escaped his attention even after his health significantly declined. It has been so lovely to hear of everyone's experiences flying with Dad and we look forward to hearing more in the coming months and years.

Captain Kevin Peddersen (7 Nov 1940 - 3 Nov 2021)

Kevin began flying training with Army Aviation Point Cook in January 1962 and went to Moorabbin in September 1962 to get his civilian licenses.

He joined Ansett in August 1965 as an F/O and flew the DC3, DC4/Carvair, Viscount and DC9. As Captain he flew the F27, DC9, B727 and A320.

Kevin did not fly again after August 1989.

A Celebration of Kevin's life was held at Caloundra Air Museum under the DC3 on which would have been Kevin's 81st birthday.

OUR STORIES

Captain Bill Mailer writes: -

Two articles from issue 36 of the news, have prompted me to write a note to you that may be of interest.

First let me welcome new member, Wolfgang Fettig to the club. This man was one of my SQ training captains on the B747-300.

Second, the article to jog my memory was David James's entertaining description of life in the newly liberated East Germany.

On the 28th of Sept. 1990, with Captain Wolfgang Fettig in charge, I operated the first flight of a B747 aircraft into Schoenefeld airfield, East Berlin. The “follow me car”, a Trabant, was required to help negotiate the narrow clearance of the taxiways. I remember the driver frantically indicating that I should deviate from the centre line in order to miss the trees, which were planted way too close. These instructions were indicated from a position too close to the aircraft nose and therefore difficult to follow. After noticing the port wing dragging through the leaves, I understood the ground service officer’s instructions.

This flight was a curtain raiser for the company senior pilots to safely operate the “inaugural” Berlin service the following week. I suspect several trees were lopped before that flight.

Wolfgang and his wife were keen to record the occasion with their movie camera, and to the consternation of the passengers, who were actually going to Amsterdam, waited while all the crew had their picture taken under the aircraft nose.

I’m not sure of the politics involved, but I know Wolfgang would remember the reason we went to Schiphol via SXF.

The World’s Noisiest Spy Plane, the Tupolev Tu-95

It first rumbled into the skies back in the early 1950s, an aerial giant that epitomised Soviet military might. Even its codename – ‘Bear’ – underlined its great size and strength. When the Tupolev Tu-95 first appeared in front of Western observers in 1956, it did so amid a revolutionary surge in aviation design; the decade after the end of World War II saw jet technology become ascendant. Yet the Bear was a turboprop, which even then seemed archaic.



Few would have believed it would still be on the front-line nearly 60 years later, serving as a strategic bomber, maritime patrol aircraft – and the world’s noisiest spy plane. The Bear has remained in service, partly, because of its visionary creator.

Andrei Tupolev was the leading designer of large aircraft in the USSR, a gifted engineer who had been imprisoned during the height of Josef Stalin's purges in the 1930s on trumped-up charges.

As World War II gave way to a Cold War between the US and the Soviet Union, Tupolev helped create the country's first nuclear-capable bomber, the Tu-4 'Bull'. It was a reverse-engineered copy of the Boeing B-29 Superfortress. During the US bombing campaign against Japan towards the end of the war, several of these advanced bombers had crash-landed on Soviet territory.

The Tu-4 gave the Soviet Air Force its first nuclear bomber, but had too short a range to reach the US from Soviet bases. In 1952 Tupolev and rival design bureau Myasishchev were asked to design a bomber that could carry a bomb load of 11 tonnes 8,000km – far enough to fly to the heart of the US. Myasishchev chose to build a four-engine jet bomber, the M-4 'Bison', that stretched Soviet technical ability to the very limits. Tupolev, instead, decided to mix tried-and-trusted techniques with design features borrowed by the first generation of jets. It turned out to be a masterstroke.

“It took a conservative approach to the development of a long-range bomber,” says Douglas Barrie, an aviation analyst at the International Institute for Strategic Studies (IISS), “and was seen as a less risky approach than the Myasishchev M-4 Bison.”

The Tu-95 is an enormous aircraft – it measures 151 feet (46m) from tip-to-tail and has a wingspan of 164 feet (50m). Empty it weighs 90 tonnes and is powered by four enormous turboprop engines. The Bear has eight sets of propellers; all that power is enough to give it a top speed of well over 435 knots, nearly as fast as a modern airliner. Tupolev rightly predicted that early jet engine technology

couldn't meet the requirements; the Myasishchev design was a resounding failure. Unlike most propeller-driven planes, the Tu-95's wings were sharply swept back by 35 degrees, much like those of early jet fighters. This helped the aircraft limit drag and reach such high speeds.

Tupolev's engines power two sets of 18-foot-long blades that spin in opposite directions; this makes them more efficient but also creates enormous noise. The Tu-95 is considered to be the noisiest aircraft in current service; it's even claimed that US submarines can hear the aircraft flying high overhead through their sonar domes while still underwater. Western fighter pilots who shepherded Bears over international airspace have reported being able to hear its turboprops **above the sound of their own jet engines**.

The Bear's original role, to drop free-falling nuclear bombs over enemy territory, fell out of favour as missile technology came of age. But the Bear's smart design allowed it to be adapted again and again as new roles were demanded. Maritime surveillance Bears shadowed NATO ships across the globe during the Cold War – some were even stationed in Cuba, flying along the US coast from home bases in the Arctic Circle. Bomber units adapted their Tu-95s to carry long-range cruise missiles – the Bear's ability to carry such a heavy payload making it well-suited to this role.

A heavily-modified version, the Tu-126 'Moss', became the Soviet Union's first airborne early warning platform – a giant flying radar post that could warn defences of approaching enemy aircraft. There was even a civilian airline version of the Bear, which still holds the world speed record for a turboprop plane – 870 km/h (470 knots), a record that it has held since 1960.

It was a modified Bear that dropped the most powerful human explosive ever devised, the 'Tsar Bomba' nuclear bomb tested by the Soviets in 1961. The hand-picked crew dropped the 50-megaton warhead over the island of Novaya Zemlya in the Arctic; the bomb was delayed with the aid of a parachute so the aircraft could get to a safe distance. The force of the explosion – equivalent to 10 times all the explosives expended in World War II – caused the bomber to fall over a kilometre in height even though it was nearly 45km away when the device detonated.

The Soviets even toyed with the idea of a nuclear-powered Bear. One heavily modified example, the Tu-95LAL, was fitted with a small reactor and acted as a flying test bed. The plane made over 40 flights, though most were with the reactor shut down. The main concern was whether the aircraft could take off with the extra weight of the shielding needed to protect the crew from the effects of radiation. The quest to build a nuclear-powered bomber ended up being shelved in the 1960s, but the flights had proven it was technically feasible.

Of the more than 500 Bears built since the 1950s, at least 55 of them are still thought to be serving in the Russian Air Force, while more of the maritime versions fly for the Russian and Indian navies. Just like the US Air Force's B-52, the Bear has proven difficult to replace – upgrades and refits are likely to keep these Cold War-era behemoths in the air until at least 2040. Andrei Tupolev would be proud.

And Another B17 story ...



A TAA Museum volunteer was trawling through the internet and came across a most unusual picture taken in 1967 in Port Moresby, New Guinea. It shows a Boeing 727 (VH-TJC) in the background and a TAA Sunbird DC3 at far left.

In the foreground is another Boeing, this one a B-17 Flying Fortress (299) c/n 8552 which belonged to Institut Geographique National. The company used the aircraft for Geographical, Geophysical and Scientific work. It crashed however on takeoff at *RAF Binbrook, Lincolnshire in July 1989 during the filming of the movie "Memphis Belle". The aircraft was destroyed.*

HUMOUR

Do twins ever realise that one of them is unplanned?

Why is there a 'D' in fridge, but not in refrigerator?

How do you get off a non-stop Flight?

Why are goods sent by ship called CARGO and those sent by truck SHIPMENT?

Real planes use only a single stick to fly. This is why bulldozers & helicopters -- in that order -- need two.

What was the best thing before sliced bread?

One nice thing about egotists: they don't talk about other people.

Spot the Error: -



For contributions, comments and/or suggestions,
please address your feedback to the Editors:

Ken Hoy (0419 303 479) kenhoy@me.com

Lee Godfrey (0417 192 416)