

THE RAEME
CRAFTSMAN



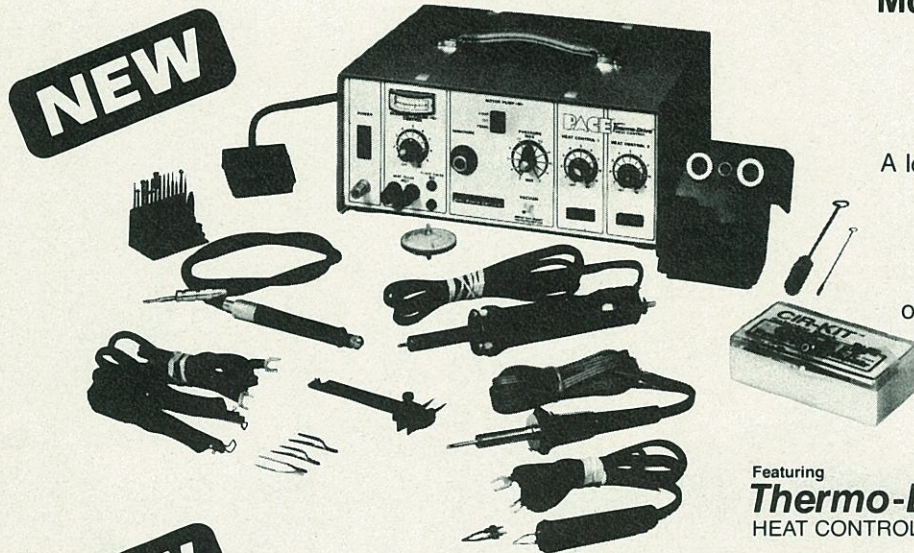
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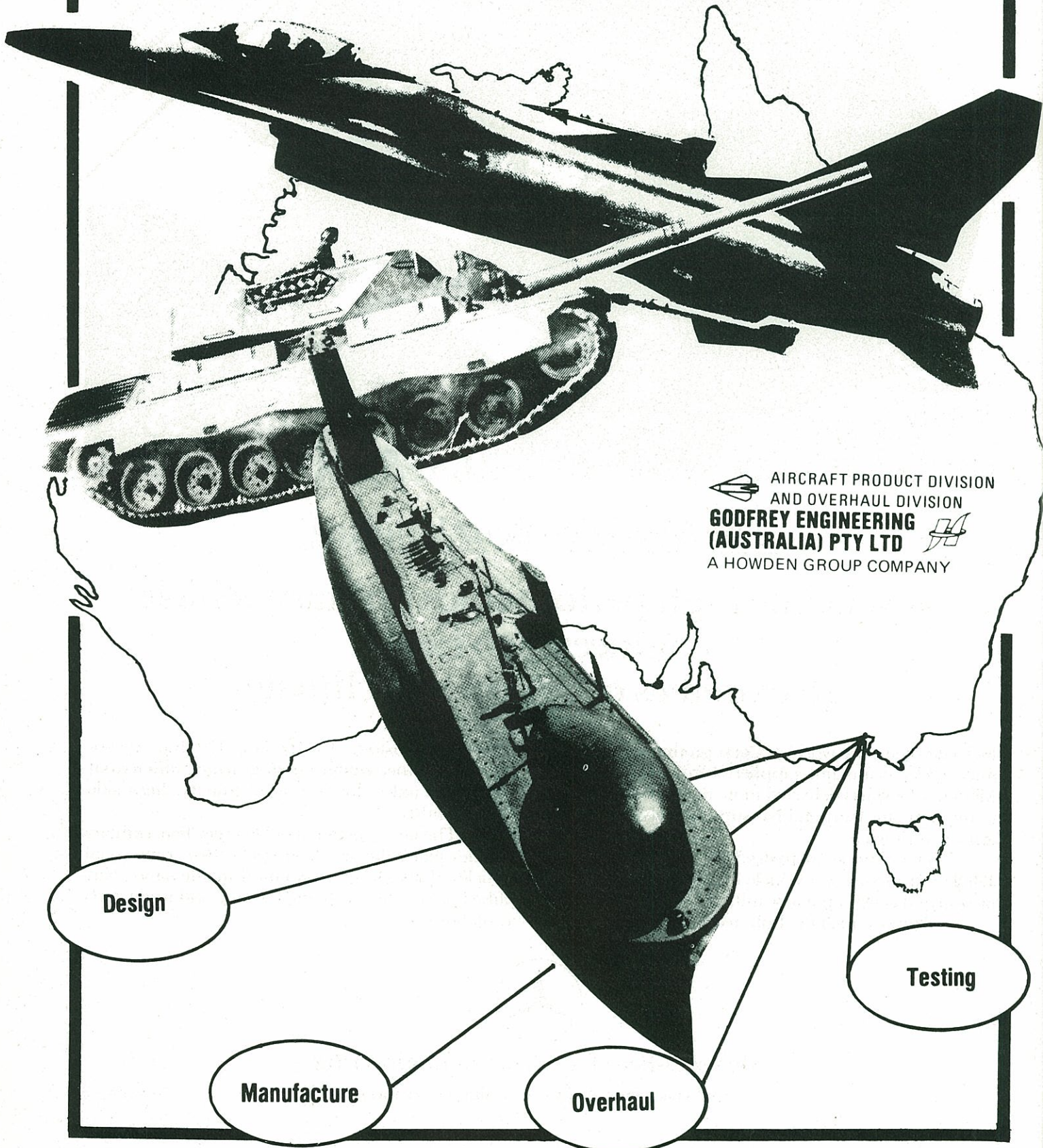


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VOL. 1 NO.5

DECEMBER 1980

Editorial Board

EDITOR: LTCOL M.J. Burgess
SUB EDITOR: Mr. D.R. Peachey
SECRETARY: WO1 T.C. Harris

EDITORIAL



On behalf of the editorial board I want to thank our many correspondents (including those from overseas) for their words of encouragement, praise and criticism.

You now have a problem on the name of your Corps magazine. As you are no doubt aware, the ladies have joined our ranks and may possibly be known as Craftswomen; that would make the "Craftsman", as a title, appear a little male chauvinistic, but I would draw your attention to the COD edition 6 and the strict definition of the word.

I personally don't care for "Craftsperson" but I, and the board are open to suggestions. Perhaps the ladies would like to help out.

Back to contributions, we are inundated with submissions right on the deadline, and quite a few units and individuals will miss out. If they are not outdated we will try to use the articles in our next issue, but please, in future, don't leave it too late, and remember that we are limited by contract to a maximum number of pages per copy.

The editorial board wishes you all a Merry Christmas and looks forward to your continuing support in the New Year.

COVER:

The cover is a reproduction of the Corps Painting on display at RAEME Training Centre. The wording that accompanies the painting is:

"In November 1969 a troop of gun tanks supported by an ARV became bogged in the "light green" east of the long Hai Hills in the Phouc Tuy Province of the Republic of Vietnam."

In addition to the bogged vehicle, two gun tanks were immobilised, one with a gear box failure and one with a final drive failure.

Whilst the crews and the ARV, with stirring efforts on the shovels GS (Aust) extricated the two serviceable gun tanks, a Forward Repair Team was deployed from 106 Fd Wksp to provide the lift necessary for replacement of two failed MUA's. The M113A1 (Fitters) transported the gear box (inside the vehicle) while the final drive assembly was lifted in by CH47 Chinook. The repair and re-supply operations were timed to enable the CH47 to "back haul" the two repairable assemblies.

The operation was conducted over a seven hour period. The organic RAEME commitment was an ARV, crewed by two Recovery Mechanics, one Electrician and three Vehicle Mechanics. The non-organic commitment was provided by 106 Field Workshop Forward Repair Team comprising one M113A1 (Fitter) crewed by three Vehicle Mechanics.

Troops involved were 4 TP Squadron from 1 Armoured Regiment consisting of four main battle tanks under command of Sgt Browning (RAAC) on operation control to a company of Australian Infantry (Battalion not known).

Prints may be purchased from the Corps Committee Treasurer, RAEME Training Centre, Bandiana.

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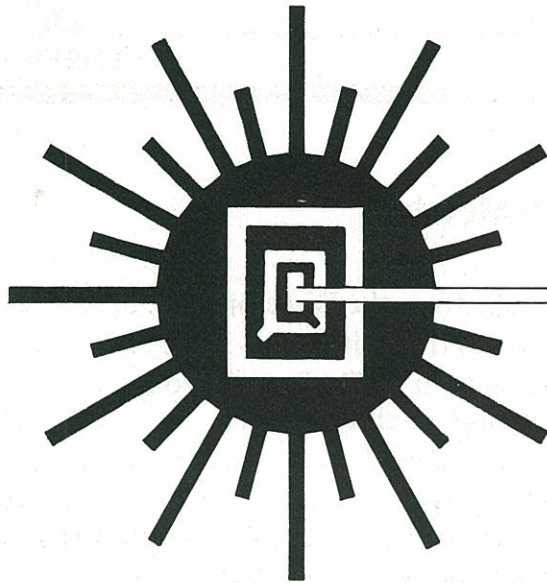
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(b) Laser Development and Manufacture Quentron Electronics is currently completing the construction of a prototype lightweight laser to be used as a rangefinder/designator in military systems. A number of projects and feasibility studies have already been completed for the Defence Department concerned with the design of military lasers. The latest task involved an assessment of the WRELADS Depth Sounder, designed by DRC, Salisbury. Quentron is currently manufacturing very large laser systems for Universities and research centres in Australia as well as small industrial surveying lasers for mines e.g. Broken Hill. An in-house precision optical workshop allows fabrication of high quality optical elements both for locally manufactured systems and for spare parts for overseas systems. Some of the other defence oriented products which have been developed at Quentron include:

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Two of the latter are currently being used in Australia for training mortar crews and have received high commendation from the users.

(c) Laser Technology Lecture Courses Quentron conducts regular courses on laser technology geared towards military applications and problems.

RAAF have taken particular advantage of these 1 week long series of lectures. A group of 12 participants are attending the 6th series in November. The Army have sent participants to one course including RAEME personnel. The course offers a good understanding of this new technology with hands on experience in lasers.

(d) Precision Optical Workshop A small precision optical workshop managed by John Cole, one of Australia's top optical machinists, produces high quality optical components for spare parts and new laser/electro-optical systems. The facilities are not suitable for large production quantities but low volume high quality optics are designed, manufactured, and repaired at Quentron.

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MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR



I must first of all say how honoured I am at becoming Head of our Corps, and also take this opportunity of thanking Brigadier A.D. Powell for the guidance he gave whilst he was the Director General.

During the last year the winds of change have swept through much of the Army. The Operational Deployment Force has been formed and we have seen increased activity in the Army Reserve. Such changes have made demands on the Corps which I am pleased to say have been tackled in a most positive manner. However, no matter what advances have been made in techniques and technology, our most valuable assets are still our tradesmen. I am anxious that we should nurture this asset and treat other members of our Corps with respect and use our best endeavours to make the jobs within our Corps satisfying. To this end I would like to think we can help each other to understand what we are about and help in time of need when the stresses of the modern times press.

As our thoughts turn towards the Corps Birthday and Christmas, we remember what those before have built for us and discover how best we can continue with the work ahead of us. While looking ahead, let us not take any risks over the festive and holiday season so that next year we can look back with pride over the year gone by.

I would like, particularly at this time, to wish you and your loved ones the best of good wishes and trust that the year ahead will be satisfying for all.

J.E. Faulks
Director General

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CORRECT ASSUMPTION

Dear Sir,

We were intrigued to see that your sub-editor is Mr. D.R. Peachey and can only assume that it is the same Derek Peachey who was so well known for his many interesting articles in magazines and newsletters whilst serving in REME as an Avionics ASM.

I'm sure that if I am right in my assumption his many friends remaining at Middle Wallop will wish him well and look forward to the "Peachey Flare" in future editions of "The RAEME Craftsman".

Major A. Parslow, REME
Logistic Executive (Army) – England

Editor: You are spot on! It is the same Derek Peachey who, after serving six years with RAEME, maintains his association with the Corps by sub-editing our "Craftsman". At present he is employed as a Technical Author by a firm of Defence Industry Consultants here, in Canberra. Now that we know our magazine is reaching Middle Wallop it may also interest our readers there to know that ASM Dave Cronin still serves, with Aviation (currently in Melbourne); former Sgt "Jock" Fraser is now Capt "Jock" Fraser in DGEME (Canberra); Cpl Ron Unsworth of 71 Aircraft Workshop fame was, last time we heard, Cpl Ron Unsworth again, with Aviation in Oakey, Queensland. Thank you for your letter, and, should anyone wish to correspond directly with Derek, his address is: 20 Cole Street, Downer, A.C.T., 2602, Australia. However, be warned . . . if you don't want to be tempted to migrate here – don't ask his opinion of this wonderful continent.



"SCRUTO-UBIQUE-SOLVO"

Dear Sir,

Several years ago the Editor of the "RAEME Liaison Letter" sought the views of readers in suggesting a suitable Corps motto. I may have missed subsequent issues and therefore don't recall seeing the result of any submissions. It is assumed therefore the matter has now lapsed, possibly due to lack of interest on the part of members of the Corps.

I believe the time has arrived for the issue to be not only revived but resolved, one way or the other. We are a large Corps steeped in our own traditions. That uniqueness needs to be characterised by the adoption of an appropriate motto.

The motto, if adopted, should be prominently displayed in such a manner that we are constantly aware of its existence and significance. The logical place to display it would undoubtedly have to be on our Corps badge.

At present this is impractical unless the badge design is modified to allow for the incorporation of the motto. A suggested modified badge is shown in Fig.1. It should be remembered that this is only a suggestion, which hopefully, will stimulate discussion and attract other design considerations by the Corps.

Ample precedent already exists within the Australian Army to allow for changes in badge design. As a matter of interest

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the following Corps badges have been modified, for various reasons (the number of changes are shown in brackets): RAAMC (8); RAE (7); RAA (10) and RAANC (7). These are only a few examples. It is realised that to change an existing badge will entail a lengthy process and will, in the final analysis, require approval by Her Majesty the Queen.

A suggested motto – after consulting my trusty office dictionary – could be “Scruto-Ubique-Solvo” which, roughly translated, means “searching everywhere for a solution”.

Comments from readers would be appreciated. Perhaps our esteemed Editor would care to conduct a poll within the Corps?

WO1 J. Ritters
MEA, Melbourne

Editor: I don't think we have the resources to cope with a "poll" within the Corps' but we would certainly welcome letters and further suggestions. In regard to your "hammer and tongs" question in your "other" letter – response to that debate has not been overwhelmingly for or against its introduction. The few letters we received, all of which have been published, did show a degree of support but it certainly couldn't be accepted as a majority opinion.

THE REME BADGE

Dear Sir,

In the May 1980 issue of the “Craftsman” I read with interest Warrant Officer Brian Langridge's article on the first design REME cap badge acquired by a member of Adelaide Wksp Coy.

The article did not state what the badge was made of so I presume it was brass which was probably the material most generally used then for such purposes. However, from “Craftsmen of the Army”, it appears that the first design badges produced for general issue at least in 1942, were made of bakelite.

The DDME 8th Army, Brigadier Howard-Jones, was disappointed in the quality of the bakelite badge so he consequently had the Alexandria base workshop make badges of brass for his 32,000 REME members.

As stated in “Craftsmen of the Army” those badges made in the Middle East were cast but personally I believe it more probable that for such a large number they would have been stamped. The modern engineering facilities that were then available in the large defence complex at Alexandria could have achieved this without difficulty.

The 9th Australian Division at that time formed part of the 8th Army and it hardly needs saying that some of those brass badges would have been “scrounged” particularly by those who became AEME on the formation of our Corps on the 1st of December, 1942. Consequently, I wonder if the badge mentioned by Brian Langridge, particularly if it is of brass, could be one that returned to Australia with the 9th Division in 1943 in the bottom of a souvenir hunting Diggers kit bag.

From its inception the first REME badge was not popular. AEME did not adopt the design and its members wore the rising sun badge until the introduction of the Horse Forsene badge.

About 1945 a number of designs were put forward for an AEME badge. In the main they depicted configurations of crossed hammer and tongs, calipers, spanners etc. and, fortunately, nothing came of this largely, I believe, because neither the REME badge nor the AEME badge designs suitably signified the prime function of AEME in that it was a combatant corps.

Members of AEME were particularly conscious and justly proud of the main role of their Corps. The authority for the formation of AEME, GRO G465/1942, clearly stated that the new Corps would firstly be a combatant corps and only secondly would be responsible for the inspection, repair and recovery of electrical and mechanical equipment.

Although the symbolism of the Horse Forsene badge introduced in 1947 relates to power under control, electricity, world wide engineering etc. the design is a congenial symbol for a Corps proud of its combatant role. It can certainly be worn more nobly than a badge depicting a spanner or a pair of calipers as in the case of the first REME badge!

Major A.J. Balsillie
Sydney Wksp Coy

ADULT TRADESMAN SCHEME

Dear Sir,

I was most interested, for obvious reasons, in Maj Tim McPartlan's letter in Issue No.3 relating to the Army Adult Tradesman Scheme and I feel I may be able to assist in some degree.

From approximately 1946, until December 1953, Basic Trades Courses of 18 months duration were held at Ingleburn, RTC at that time being established in the area now occupied in the main by 101 Fd Wksp.

In June 1952 the relocation of RTC at Bandiana was commenced but initially only the Armament and Vehicle Platoons moved, these trades moving into what was known as No.5 shop at Bandiana, adjacent to the then Bandiana Area Workshop. Subsequently of course the whole of RTC was moved to its present site thus completing a unit relocation extending over more than two years.

In January of 1953, and in several subsequent years, a two weeks assessment of soldiers of all Corps applying for Basic Trades Courses was used to select those considered suitable for trade training, this assessment also being used to direct selected personnel to those trades for which they had shown an aptitude.

The students so selected were referred to as Basic Fitters, Basic Vehicle Mechanics, etc., but even at that period I believe I heard them referred to as “Adult Trainees”, a term which may have generated amongst we instructors without any official recognition or acceptance.

All Basic Trade Courses begun after Jan '53, and at least until 1960 when I left RTC on re-posting, were of 12 months duration and included at various periods, Fitters and Turners, Vehicle Mechanics, Electrical Fitters, Instrument Fitters and Telecommunications students.

As Maj Tim McPartlan recalls, Burmese students were also trained as tradesmen, there being 3 intakes during, I think, the years 1955, 56 and 57. The first intake in particular posed massive problems for, apart from a very poor command of English in many cases, there was also a general total lack of any mechanical background, quite unlike Australian students who generally had gained some knowledge of things mechanical through tinkering with bicycles, motorcycles, cars, etc., prior to applying for Basic Trades training. In the case of those Burmese selected for training as Vehicle Mechanics there was also the necessity to first teach them to drive and get Army Driving Licences.

Nevertheless at the end of their respective courses they had acquired a firm grounding in their trade and as amongst any group of students some were quite outstanding. In particular I remember Soe Myint from the first intake who, in a mixed class of Australian and Burmese graduated in first place in an Electrical trades course. A not inconsiderable achievement considering his background and the fact that the rest of his course were above average students.

Actually, there were many humorous incidents, two of which spring readily to mind.

In the first intake was Pte Tin Win a con man if ever there was one, who had a ready answer to anything and was regarded by we instructors as somewhat of a “bush lawyer”.

On the occasion in question he had been paraded to the Maj Admin, Maj “Morrie” Rice for disobeying a Routine Order:

Maj Rice: Pte Tin Win you are accused of disobeying a

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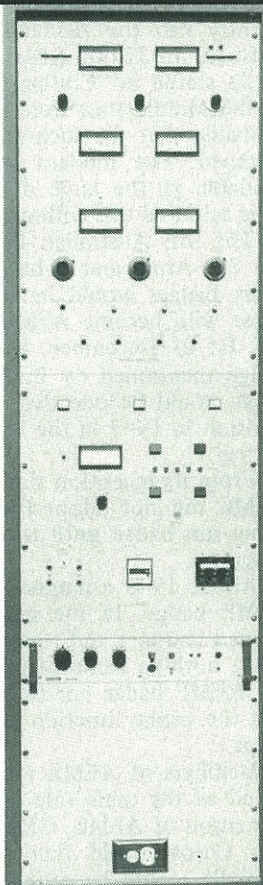
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Routine Order. What is your defence against the charge seeing as though you both speak and read Australian fluently?

Pte Tin Win: Sorry Sah! I do not understand Australian language. Only English!

The other incident occurred when I was calling the roll of Armament Platoon – it being comprised of Australian and Burmese students.

Self: Cfn Adam – Sah! Cfn James – Present! Hla Way – Sah! Mg Aung Myint – Sah! Hla Bung – Here Sah! Mya Thoug – Sah! Ba Kyu – Australian voice from the ranks – “Ba Kyu too!”

To return to the origin of the Army Adult Tradesman Scheme I may mention that in 1964, WO1 Bill Sinclair from EIS, HQ 2 MD was loaned to RTC to re-establish a basic fitting section in the Armament Platoon building at RTC. As he was discharged 15 years ago and started teaching Fitting Turning at Sydney Technical College his memory may, he says, be at fault but he feels the courses to be re-constituted in 1964 were to be called Army Adult Tradesmen Courses.

Finally, space does not permit me to ramble on interminably but memories remain of many students, some bad, some good and some brilliant and during my 9 years as an instructor

The last intake of Burmese students to RAEME Training Centre and their instructors (L to R) WO1 Alec Webb, WO2 Kevin Boase, WO1 Bill Shonk, WO1 Lionel Heffernan, Sgt Len Ruttley and Ssgt Paul Solly. The photograph was taken about 1957.

I derived great personal satisfaction in seeing many Basic students go on to become fine tradesmen and very valued members of our Corps.

Maj Bill Shonk (Rtd)
Dee Why, NSW

Editor: Thank you very much for this interesting and amusing letter. We love to hear from our retired members to whom we, as a Corps, owe so much. Maybe you could regale us with some anecdotes from the past.

Dear Brigadier,

Thank you for your letter of 1st December sending the first two issues of “The RAEME Craftsman” which The Duke of Edinburgh was very interested to see.

His Royal Highness has asked me to congratulate you on an excellent publication and to send his best wishes for its success.

Yours sincerely
Justin Fenwick
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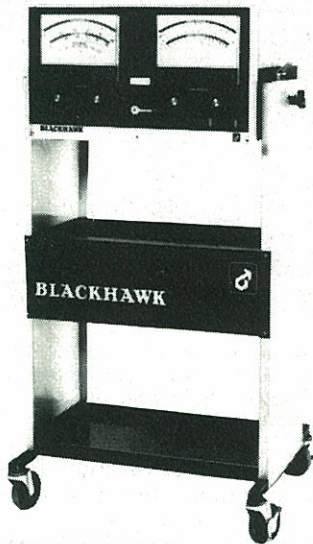
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GOLD AWARD TO CRAFTSMAN FROM COLONEL-IN-CHIEF

The presentation of a Duke of Edinburgh Award in Australia by Field Marshall His Royal Highness, The Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, KG, Kt, OM, GBE, patron and founder of the scheme, is always a newsworthy event.

However, when the Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Corps of Australian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers presents the award it frequently escapes the attention of the national press until, that is, they realise that both titles belong to the same Royal personage – then it *is* news.

News it may be for the national press, but for RAEME it is a rather historic occasion when the highest award in the scheme is presented to one of the Colonel-in-Chief's own Corps members, by the Colonel-in-Chief himself.

Such was the value of the occasion when Craftsman James David Davey was presented with the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award by His Royal Highness, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, Colonel-in-Chief of RAEME, in a ceremony in Canberra during the recent visit of Her Majesty the Queen to Australia in May.

Craftsman Davey started working toward his gold award in 1974, while still at school in Goulburn, New South Wales and finally satisfied the qualifications in November 1978. It wasn't easy. But then, it was never intended it should be – for anyone.

Three stages of five sections each have to be completed before a gold award can be earned. Service to the community, expeditions, interests, physical activities and residential periods in a youth leadership role make up the five sections.

James Davey, as he was then, fulfilled his service to the community by serving twelve months with the NSW State Emergency Service, with the Mulwaree Bush Fire Brigade and with St Johns Ambulance Brigade – a total of three years community service.

In the four years he worked for the award, he hiked 80 kilometres through Tarlo Gorge, 48 kilometres through Shoalhaven Gorge and 50 kilometres through the Blue Mountains from Wentworth Falls to Springwood – to complete his expedition section; completed a six months photography course, earned a Grade 6 Australian Musical Examination's Board qualification for his practical ability on the piano and his theoretical knowledge of music and completed a six-month trail bike riding course with the NSW Police Department – to complete his interests section; passed general fitness tests, gained a variety of swimming and life saving awards and played tennis for the physical activity section and finally, spent two separate periods of five days and nights among mentally retarded children from a home in Sydney to satisfy the residential youth leadership section. On both occasions he accompanied the children and staff on holiday camps.

All that and he is yet only nineteen. A tremendous record of achievement. Now, after four years of consistent and dedicated activity this young man is Craftsman James David Davey, a student on the 4/79 ATMT (MM) Course at RAEME Training Centre, Bandiana. Craftsman Davey received his gold badge in January 1979 and fully expected to receive his certificate from the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Roden Cutler, which, in itself, would have been an honour.



His Royal Highness, Prince Phillip, the Duke of Edinburgh, Colonel-in-Chief of RAEME and founder of the Duke of Edinburgh Award congratulates Craftsman James David Davey for achieving the Gold Award.

Instead, the award was presented to him at a ceremony in the auditorium of the Priory of the Order of St John, Canberra, by His Royal Highness.

A momentous occasion for Craftsman Davey and an historic one for the Royal Corps of Australian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. We congratulate Craftsman Davey on his award and wish him an equally successful career in the Corps of his choice and ours.

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EARLIER BLUEBELLS

by Brigadier J.C. Dean, OBE

The extremely interesting article "How Bluebells are Grown" featured in "The RAEME Craftsman" (Vol.1, No.1) did not, unfortunately, fully explore the earliest evidence of the cult of Wheel Removers and certainly not to the extent of exploring authentic pictorial history.

Wheel removal appears in Egyptian temple pictures dating from five hundred years before RAEMUS made the scene.

For it came to pass in ancient times, in the Valley of the Nile, that the Pharaoh Rameses II decided he would go campaigning into certain realms, inhabited by lesser tribes who would be persuaded, in defeat, that free work in Egypt was preferable to death.

So he gathered unto him his men of military might and departed to Kadesh in the year of 1286 BC with an army somewhat smaller than the present AMF. In due course he returned from whence he went victorious with strings of slaves.

Rameses II did think so well of himself – and, let it be said, his beautiful queen Nofratari – that he decided he would cause, in far up-river country, a couple of memorial chambers to be hewn into the sandstone cliffs overlooking the Nile.

Thus he did say unto his Engineer-in-Chief (you see, he was of the ancient persuasion and given to the use of archaic titles for his senior officers): "Take some of our captives up-river, George, and there hew me a couple of decent chambers in the cliffs. Let them be decorated appropriately so that all shall know:

- a) what a splendid pharaoh am I;
- b) how beautiful is my wife, Nof, and
- c) what a brave and capable soldier am I in a personal way and any such other as shall redound to your pharaoh's credit. I'll be up on Tuesday fortnight for the opening ceremony on the Wednesday morning, first light. Something special should occur at sunrise – the details of which I know I can safely leave in your hands, old chap".

Now Brigadier G. Am'notep was a resourceful man given to the grand gesture, but with an eye for ground and detail which sets apart the respected Sapper from some of the lesser breeds.

He embarked his corps and divisional engineers, augmented by artists in stone sculpture, bas relief and in scratching pictures into limestone (of whom he had because he built, in some privacy but with army labour, a decent small palace for himself at Karnak, just before the Kadesh show) and arrived at Abu Simbel, some two hundred kilometres above the first cataract, a couple of days later – the oarsmen having been greatly encouraged to strenuous activity by certain bullwhips in the hands of barge bosuns.

And there he did cause to be hewn the required chambers, decorating them both within and without. Without stood, or sat, huge statues of Rameses and Nofratari, accompanied by some of their and his children. Within, chiselled into the flat walls and painted in realistic colours, were representations of Rameses and of his achievements in peace and war.

With great cunning the Director of Survey, Colonel Thosare (who, in far off time, owed allegiance to the Engineer-in-Chief) had aligned the Temple of Rameses such that, on the Wednesday morning at first light when the opening ceremony was

performed and as the sun came up over the desert on the eastern side of the river, its first rays entered the temple doorway and penetrated directly into the temple's inner sanctum.

Rameses was well pleased with George and heaped honours and a certain amount of gold upon him.

The years, the centuries, the millenia rolled by. A king, known to Diggers in rude song and by his fez, dark glasses and beautiful queen, Farida, came to power and corruption.

In his army was a clever colonel who advised that king to clear off, so that something better could be done for the folk of the Nile Valley.

This colonel's friends shewed stupendous plans which would change the flow pattern of the Nile from flood and famine to regular irrigation. He sought help from East and West and finally persuaded strangers from the North to help him build the Aswan High Dam, down south.

It was seen by people around the world that following the damming of the Nile the filling of Lake Nasser would flood Rameses' temples at Abu Simbel and a cry arose across the world to save them. They were hoisted fifty metres or so from the base of the cliffs to the top.

Now, I come to the point of this epistle.

Last year it was a delight for my wife and I to fly to Abu Simbel to see these same temples. King Rameses stands proudly in his chariot. A vehicle with wheels contrasting favourably with that being bowled by RAEMUS in the masterly illustration, presumably by a contemporary artist, on page 7 of "The RAEME Craftsman", in that each wheel has six spokes – and there are real chariots in the Cairo Museum to prove this was not artistic licence.

But, here is the point at issue – some distance away, not behind a fence but apparently beneath a tree, are a couple of crafties at work. One is seen removing a wheel from the chariot. The other is hammering the daylight out of a wheel on a crude anvil.

My enquiries from our guide revealed a guileful story.

It has been passed down through the generations of local folk that Brigadier Tep had intended to depict certain well-boring and vulvert construction tasks but, Captain Tony Mac-Thotmes, OC 17 Culvert Setting Squadron, who was directing the artists but who had also commanded 1 Chariot Phalanx LAD at Kadesh, had a flair for Public Relations – which sometimes emerges in such chaps – and, our guide added, with justice – because of the wonders he had performed with the Phalanx's outmoded, worn equipment on the eve of the battle – changed the technical detail to the eternal depiction of the Wheel Removers at work in Tameses' army.

The philological descent from RAMESES to RAEME, occurring as it has over a span of thirty-three centuries, very possibly through the RAEMUS connexion, as has been postulated and culminating in establishment in war in defence of the Nile Valley, needs no detailed justification from me. However, will someone please go to Abu Simbel with a good flash camera and capture these Bluebells on film?

Author's Note: Whilst I can vouch for the authenticity of the names of royalty used, licence has crept in with those of the officers. The verbatim reports may have been corrupted over the years. Moreover, I discovered that our guide had been a Vehicle Artificer as late as 1967. His story of MacThotmes may, therefore have been coloured.

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EVEN DGEME GETS POSTED!

By Craftsman Mick Fenton

Contrary to what may be popular opinion in the great wide and wild world beyond these "hallowed halls", life in Army Office is just as "moving" as it is in any unit. Even DGEME isn't immune to the continually changing times.

However, before I clarify that statement, a word about our former scribe, WO1 Warren Wilde who, after some twenty or more years of diligent service to the Corps and the Army — has retired. His retirement is not, however, from the work force altogether. He is now a member of the Federal Police.

We all wished Warren and his family a fond farewell and the very best of good fortune in his new role. We take this opportunity of thanking him for all the effort and time he gave to ensure "The RAEME Craftsman" reached the publisher on time.

Warren's farewell was shared with another well-known Corps identity, Colonel D. Wylie who was due to retire on September 1st, 1980, after almost twenty two years of service.

Colonel Wylie graduated from the Royal Military College, Duntroon, in December 1956 and subsequently served in a variety of appointments in Australia and overseas and was, at one period CO/CI of RAEME Training Centre. In January of this year he was appointed Controller of the recently established Maintenance Engineering Agency (MEA). On behalf of all members of the Corps we wish him a most relaxing and rewarding retirement.

Retirement seems to be the "in" thing for RAEME officers recently. Lt Col P.R. Tremain and his wife were officially farewelled at a function in the Captain Cook Hotel's Philippine Lounge, in Canberra.

Among the many complimentary remarks made during the function I am sure one that will be long remembered by the Tremain's was — "It was great having him (Lt Col Tremain) as a part of the Corps!" We wish the Colonel and his lady every success in their new life.

ARMY OFFICE

I suppose everybody, at some time or another, wonders what goes on in these "hallowed halls" or, as some call it, "the paper palace". For two young craftsmen it was quite a surprise after the yelling and shouting of sergeants and corporals at Kapooka and then again at Bandiana.

Those two innocents, namely Cfn Peter Harber and yours truly, were not the only one's to experience the hush for the first time though. Second Lieutenant Steve Vujovic, straight from OCS arrived at DGEME to become a member of the Systems, Production and Finance team (SP&F), led by our Editor, Lt Col Burgess. A daunting appointment for a one-pipper who, after seven years in the ranks, decided there must be more to this man's army than bending spanners. Now he knows! Sgt Fred Ratcliffe was probably less overawed with the "hush" having joined us from the peace of Tassie where he served with 6 EME Platoon.

WO1 "Spike" Wiseman has also joined the staff, replacing WO1 Wilde, but don't rush to get in touch — he's not here. Well, he is on paper, but somehow he managed to win a working holiday in Thailand. Mind you, he's welcome to it. I'd rather he suffered all the needles and fuss than me.

On the debit side we lost the very popular and capable WO1 "Buzz" Bee from Maintenance Engineering Liaison Section (MELS) on posting to Victoria. A traditional farewell luncheon was held at the Dickson Tradesmen's Club to mark the occasion. "Buzz" left with the knowledge that we all wished him success in his new post.

I told you it was a "moving" life in Army Office — which reminds me. DGEME.

Brigadier A.D. Powell, our former DGEME, was on the verge of becoming institutionalised when, suddenly, he moved over to another appointment in Logistics Branch. His departure, naturally, set everybody speculating as to who would replace him. On August 11, 1980, speculation in that regard ceased. Colonel J.E. Faulks was promoted to Brigadier and appointed to head of the Corps as DGEME.



Brigadier A.D. Powell discussing Corps matters with Brigadier J.E. Faulks.

Of course, with the former DDEME now DGEME speculation focussed on the now vacant position, but not for long. The decision to appoint Colonel T.B. Schoeffler to fill the vacancy was soon made.

Then we were short of a SO1 Inspection/Projects and . . . I guess it will all be sorted out before you read these jottings.

Naturally DGEME, DDEME and all those who gain promotion as a result of these moves have the heartfelt congratulations of all members of the Corps, while Brigadier Powell is wished every success in his new appointment.

On the sporting side we publicly profess pride in those RAEME members who participated in the Gunning Relay (nothing to do with the RAA), recently held in Canberra.

The run started at Parliament House (the old one) on a very cold, foggy Canberra morning and finished, 80 kilometres (50 miles) later, at the Gunning Pub . . . bathed in warm sunshine.

Colonel Jack Tonkin, Major Nick Atkinson and WO1 Trevor Harris ran in separate teams – but didn't they do well?! Next year, perhaps, we'll form a RAEME contingent – even if only to show the civvies how it should be done.

A certain WO1, who ran two marathons over as many weeks, earlier this year, was seen hobbling around the "hallowed halls" muttering, "Never again! Never again!!" So much for the word of a WO1. He's back to his usual 50 miles a week, muttering, "Big M in October! Big M in October!!" Who says joggers aren't mad?

In closing, we, at Army Office, particularly DGEME, wish all members of the Corps an enjoyable RAEME Birthday, a very Happy Christmas and every success in 1981. Do make sure you have a safe and happy New Year.

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EME DIV EXPLAINED

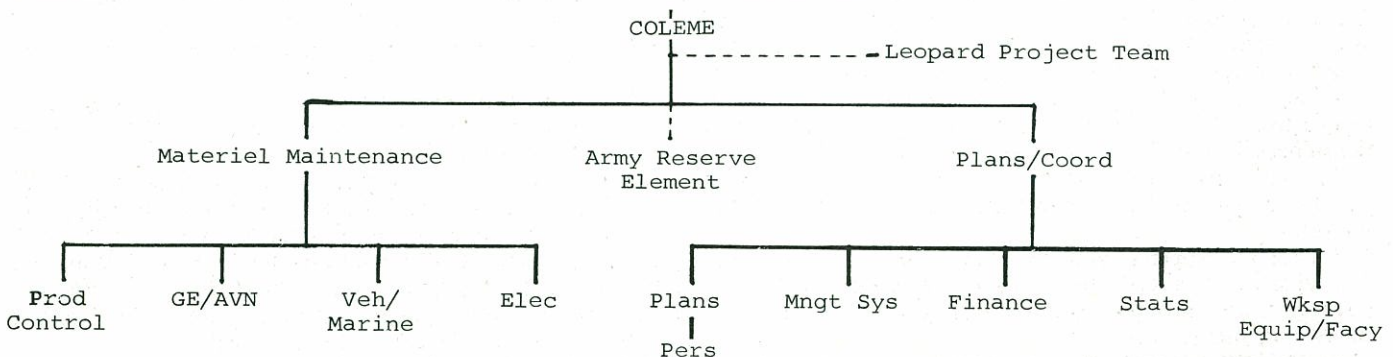
FOREWORD: Regular readers will be aware that in the last two issues articles have been included which attempt to explain the roles and responsibilities of departments in Army Office (Vol.1 No.3) and the recently established Maintenance Engineering Agency (MEA) Vol.1 No.4). The ensuing article on EME Div completes this three part series.....

The Electrical and Mechanical Engineering Division, better known as EME Div, is a division of HQ Logistic Command (Log Comd) at the Defence Centre in Melbourne.

Its prime role is to manage the material maintenance resources allocated to Log Comd.

- In brief, its activities include:
- technical and financial administration;
 - estimating and control of expenditure;
 - maintenance investigations;
 - preparation and publication of maintenance policy documents;
 - provision of engineering advice;
 - manpower, finance, equipment and facilities allocation;
 - inspection and maintenance of unit equipments in Military Districts (MD) and other commands as directed.

There are two main groups in EME Div and each is subdivided into sub-sections, as shown in the following organisation chart:



Material Maintenance – has been headed by Maj Brian Coulter. Soon he will be replaced by Lt Col Con Erment, from January '81, in fact. The responsibilities of the Material Maintenance sub-sections, are:

Production Control

- Loading of Base Workshops with repair programmes;
- Monitoring workshop productivity and backlog and assisting with the resolution of problems;
- Maintaining workshop dependency lists;
- Liaising with supply organisations;
- If you were ever wondering where Maj Brian Coulter, WO1 Stan Tilley, WO1 Dave Irving and WO1 Darren Sinclair (detached) got to, you will find them here.

Engineering Sections

- Assistance to Production Control and workshops to overcome problems associated with repair parts, tools, test equipment, repair limits, inspection standards and quality control;
- Providing assistance and advice on equipment maintenance to DGEME, MEA and Material Branch (Mat Br) in Army Office as well as to Log Comd units.
- Ensuring Majs Ian Archer, Gavin Berny and Graeme Smith,

Capt Peter Atkinson and WO1s Bob King, Terry Burns and John Grey, earn their salaries. WO1s Terry Burns and John Grey are normally detached.

Leopard Project Team

Maj Berny, together with WO1s Burns, Sinclair and Grey make up this team. Their primary tasks at this time, are:

- Evaluation of vehicles to determine overhaul distance criteria;
- planning and establishing the Leopard overhaul line.

Planning/Co-Ordination Group – This section will soon be taken over by Lt. Col Bob Naylor from Maj Brian Coolahan. It has a mixed bag of responsibilities which include:

Plans

- establishments review and manpower allocation;
- contingency planning and liaison with Field Force Command on support requirements;
- Maj Bob Wallace – who works there!

Personnel

- administration and division management;
- supervision of schools, courses and apprentice training;
- the employment of Capt Jenny Watkins, assisted by Cpl Ray Walker, Cfn David Dunn, Ms Dina Mompole and Mr Trevor Caspersz

Management – This is where it gets confusing. The ASO1 Plans/Coord is also Maj Brian Coolahan. The section conducts detailed studies of EME Gp HQ and workshop procedures and advises on operations of:

- Trade Repair;
- Local Purchase;
- Repair Parts;

- Production Control;

- Depot Stock and MUA Repair

Finance – Maj Tim McPartlan, Mr Ian McCallum and Mr Edgar Bonello are kept busy here, with:

- co-ordination of EME Group workshop and EME Div financial estimates;
- allocation of funding;
- monitoring expenditure and adjusting estimates and allocations;
- administration of EME Div programmes allocated to commercial firms and government departments;
- other financial management.

Statistics – is headed by Mr Geoff Woodall, who, together with Mr Michael Deville, provides a service to other sections and DGEME by studying EDP returns.

Workshop Facilities and Equipment – has the responsibility for:

- Processing major and medium works proposals for workshops;
- Processing RVE/RNI from RAEME Log Comd units/elements;

- Maintaining Equipment Tables, Establishments, Block Scales and CES;
- ensuring Capt Michael Willis and WO1 Mick Connolly don't waste each day!

ARES Section - is presently detached to DGEME and will eventually be removed from EME Div establishment.

And, there you have it. If you have kept up with past issues of "The RAEME Craftsman" a fair percentage of the mystery surrounding the HQ elements of the Corps should have been removed. We can only hope you are all that much wiser now.

YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT!



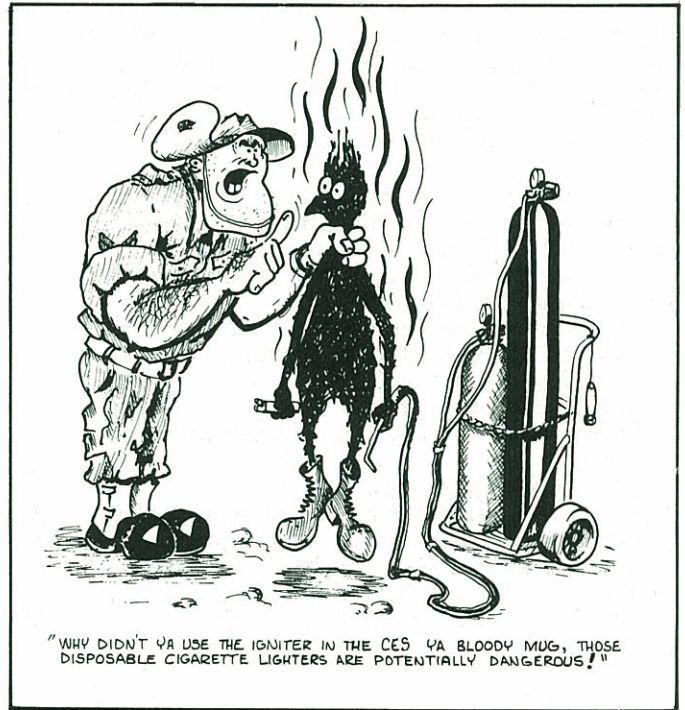
Three sticks of dynamite can blow a hole in 18" of masonry, 9" of timber or a 1" steel plate - and that's a fact! You - they would KILL - and that's a fact, too!!

Dangerous? Of course! And yet many of us expose ourselves to that kind of risk every day of our lives - simply because we prefer to light our cancer sticks (cigarettes) with those handy, economical, disposable butane cigarette lighters - rather than the old-fashioned redhead. After all, the lighter has a much longer "life" than a box of matches, hasn't it! Which is more than can be said for you if you're not careful.

After reading articles in magazines published overseas, regarding the potential dangers of the lighter, I talked to people from Victoria's Department of Labour and Industry on the subject. Result? Facts and - Pow! - what facts!

Imagine what would happen if this handy, economical package of potential dynamite accidentally exploded in *your* pocket.

It couldn't happen to you? Don't bet your life on it. Several Australians have already been killed as a result of lighters - possibly faulty already - exploding. Do you really want to be the Army's first statistic?



Hands up all those readers whose clothes have caught alight whilst welding. Right! Pick up your copy of "The RAEME Craftsman" and read on . . .

Imagine you're doing a quick welding job. Done stacks of 'em before. Piece-o'-cake! Haven't bothered changing into protective dress. In fact, just finished a quick puff to catch your breath. Handy, disposable lighter in pocket. You start job. Quick flash. Clothes on fire - WROOM and KERPOW!!! Harp playing as you look down to see if there were any bits of you left to put into the coffin. Get the idea?

Welders, of course are not the only people at risk. Many soldiers use these lighters to light up M59 Stoves, "CHOOFA" immersion heaters and section cookers. All are at risk.

Supervisors at all levels should be on the lookout for this potential hazard and should encourage their soldiers to leave their handy economical, disposable packages of potential dynamite at home. Being blown up by an enemy is one thing - but when a mate opts to walk around with three sticks of dynamite in his pocket it would tend to take the shine off the relationship - and may do, permanently.

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Editor: The Editor of "Maintenance News" is looking for articles from maintenance conscious members of the Corps. Such articles can be submitted to him at: RAM Section, MEA St James Plaza, P.O. Box 1932, Melbourne, 3000.

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PROFESSIONALISM— The End Of An Era?

by WO1 J.A. Ritters

Recently I happened to pick up "The RAEME Craftsman", (Vol.1 No.2) to re-read some of the articles, including the editorial comment on "effective communication". Although it was published in May 79, I believe, in retrospect, that it was a very timely comment and a warning to everyone of what might happen should the comment pass unheeded.

Through the auspices of this magazine I would like to take the opportunity of expanding on the theme and in particular, on the statement which, to refresh the memories of our readers, advised that "Communication with the system is a necessity but we should not lose sight of the value of, and need for, personal contact in carrying out our role, be it individual, unit or Corps".

Since the advent of the Women's Liberation Movement, some male chauvinists have seized on this as a convenient excuse to declare "the age of chivalry is now dead!"

The same attitude seems to be fashionable among a significant group of people in the Army, albeit in a different area. I refer to "the age of professionalism", circa 1960-72(?), which now seems to be dead, too.

No doubt some will scoff at such a suggestion. However, from where I sit in this large organisation of ours, voluminous correspondence, in all its many forms and formats, crosses my desk daily. It leaves me with the unnerving feeling that, perhaps, somewhere along the way we took the wrong turn. Many examples quite readily spring to mind, including that scrap of paper commonly known as a "Unit Return".

Why is it simple requests for information, invariably accompanied by a sample proforma detailing in almost monosyllabic words the information required, are not complied with in numerous instances? Indeed, are often ignored, requiring hastening action on the part of the originator.

The responses to such requests range from excellent — reflecting great credit and professionalism on the unit, as well as an understanding of the future benefits they will achieve by furnishing accurate data — to the very poor, advertising, in "neon lights", the unit's inability to grasp the fundamentals of the originator's intentions and confirming the unit's reputation for inefficiency and poor management — for all to see and despair at!

The latter group, admittedly in the minority, are nevertheless becoming too common an occurrence to be ignored. This group must remember that, contrary to popular misconception, there are ALWAYS valid reasons for initiating "unit return action".

Some units seem to be under the delusion that higher headquarters, formations and other hierarchial elements are issued with, and gaze daily into, crystal balls.

It is quite disconcerting when moving around units, having discussions with key personnel or attending social activities, to hear derogatory remarks levelled against particular in-service equipment(s) or personnel engaged in the management of maintenance and/or replacement functions. How many of these self-proclaimed "experts", I wonder, bother to use the many avenues available to them to air their grievances, suggestions, etc.?

"The Army Suggestions Scheme", the "Report on Defective/Unsatisfactory Material (RODUM)" or a simple telephone call are three simple avenues available to them, whether Craftsman, Warrant Officers or Officers, and are not time-consuming.

Without these forms of communication, to mention only the three at this stage, the managers in the Corps have no option but to request reports and "Unit Return" data, if they are to effectively monitor and implement maintenance and procurement functions.

For too long too many people have been content to sit back and criticise without offering any worthwhile constructive solution.

The "system" — a commonly employed euphemism to describe the Army, the Department of Defence, the Public Service, groups, agencies, divisions, etc., can only give efficient service and respond effectively to the complex demands placed on it if individuals, units and commanders recognise their responsibilities and pursue them with vigour — and ruthlessness, if necessary.

This requires communication skills of the highest order. An arsenal of reference materials and experience is abundant within the Corps, if people are willing to search for and use it!

Future planning, procurement and maintenance policies are only as good as the quality of feedback originally sought.

It behoves the signatory of all reports and returns to ensure the information requested has been provided — in FULL. Incorrect DSN's, designations, manufacturer's details, historical data, i.e., date equipment issued, remaining life, etc., are meaningless and cause extra workloads for a "system" that is already understaffed.

"What you pay for is what you get" is an appropriate analogy. It is absolutely essential, at all levels, that we, as soldiers, approach our daily tasks with professionalism.

A professional Army requires professionals to operate it. Anything less is not good enough, either for the service or the taxpayer. One day our lives and those of our children and their children may depend on it.



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ADVENTURE AN ALPINE WALK

STAGE 2

STAGE 2: MT. SKENE TO MT. ST. BERNARD

by WO2 L. Summers

Gear loaded, greetings exchanged, photograph taken – probably for a before and after record – and away we went, for the great Alpine Walk of 1979.

The time, 0645 hours. The departure point, Puckapunyal Workshop Company. The rendezvous point, Barkley River Road, just over the summit of Mt Skene. The objective? To walk, yes, walk, from there to the amenities block of Mt St. Bernard, by the most direct route. It was the 4th November '79. We had five days to complete the walk. Five hours after leaving the workshop we arrived at the RV point and were met by a 3 Base Workshop team led by Captain Robinson.

After an exchange of greetings and words of comfort from them, such as, "You'll be sorry!", we moved out – before they talked us out of our adventure – on the second leg.

We, of the Pucka team, comprised a high calibre cast of Colonel Young, Major Morse, Captain Lowe, Lieutenant Barton, Warrant Office 2 "Swoop" Summers, Sergeants "Scruffy" Duffield and "Link" Allen, Craftsmen "Radar" Lang and "Pinball" Collier and Private "Irish" Healey.

That first afternoon proved difficult. I was drying up and finding it hard to break into a walk. Lt Barton seemed troubled by the heat and a lack of good mess facilities while Capt Lowe and Pinball never missed a beat. The way they "flew" up the hills made the mind boggle.

At 2000 hours, although short of our first day's target, we camped on a nice flat piece of ground just past the summit of Mt Sunday. The wind, however, ruined what sleep we might have enjoyed.

Come morning, we quickly dropped down a "dozer track into a low saddle in search of water and for breakfast. The dubious quality of the water at that location made us think we'd have been better off using the sock Maj Morse had filled during his descent from the mountain.

Leaving leeches and a maze of tracks and alpine markers behind, we moved out at 0930 hours with the intention of clearing Mt McDonald, peaking at 5,331 feet above sea level, before lunch. I didn't advertise the fact that we were starting from the 3,000 feet level. Had I done so those who felt as rough as me would have most certainly died at the thought of the climb.

After a couple of hours of steady climbing, we reached a sloping spur. Stunted snow gums, rocks and hardy alpine grass stubbornly defied the high winds that constantly battered us under sun and high velocity alpine clouds. The speed of the clouds gave the impression that they were late for some other destination.

The summit of Mt McDonald and some of the most breathtaking views I have ever seen, came into sight as we cleared a false crest. Exhausted though I was I scrambled up to where Capt. Lowe stood on the summit, braced against the wind. Dropping my pack and feigning a freshness and fitness I didn't feel, I took photographs of the rest of the team, against a backdrop of snow capped Mt Buller to the north and vast valleys and ridges between.

The going had been tough. We had covered less distance than planned and were now well behind schedule. To make



The "Pucka" team, from left to right: Lt Barton, Pte Healy, Cfn Lang, Cfn Collier, Sgt Allen, WO2 Summers, Col Young, Maj Morse (standing), Capt Lowe (kneeling) and Sgt Duffield – before leaving.

matters worse we had overshot our water supply, too.

Sharp rocky steps were a feature of the first three hundred metres down from the peak of Mt Clear. With a heavy pack on your back, the sudden stepping action causes a lot of jarring and jolting of limbs and joints. Not the best sort of thing for feet and knees, and Pinball felt it worse than most. Not that he'd admit it, mind you!

A noticeable decrease in his pace and the sight of Radar waiting for him indicated some emergency measures were required.

A self-appointed vigilante group pounced on him, bound the offending knee securely and we continued on our way before making camp for the evening some two kilometres north of Mt Clear. No sooner had Lt Barton, complete with blisters, Radar and I replenished the water supplies from a source discovered by Maj Morse, than the site was smothered in a blanket of fog. Nevertheless, we had what was probably the best night's sleep at that point.

It was also the point at which I realised that if I didn't eat well I would never lighten my pack. I ate, well, while Lt Barton added a special spoon melting technique to his culinary skills – one he presumably picked up at the school of catering – and, not to be outdone, Maj Morse demonstrated the ease with which a packload of gear could be made to cover one hectare.

On the 7th we moved out at 0745 hours. When we came across a small creek with water flowing in it, approximately three kilometres south of King Billy, we took the opportunity of having a wash. The wash was so refreshing that we made good time to King Billy where, again, we were treated to more magnificent views.

We had uninterrupted panoramic views of the surrounding countryside, and could see clearly, the unsightly mess a major logging operation was making of the forest to the east and southeast. The peace of the day was broken only by occasional blow flies – carried in a jar by Radar, to make him feel at home during meals and other activities – and the screaming of chain saws, way down in the valley, tearing the heart out of the forest.



Shattered! Pte Healy (foreground), Cfn Collier, Sgt Allen, Col Young, Capt Lowe and Sgt Duffield take a rest on Mt McKinty – on the first day.



Col Young re-organises his pack during a breakfast break on day 2 before tackling Mt McDonald.

After a lunch break on a small green saddle to the north of King Billy our troubles began.

A minor navigational error put us on the wrong spur. By the time we returned to our start point Pinball's knee was causing him considerable pain. Col Young's generous offer to help Pinball, assisted by Maj Morse and Lt Barton, left just enough members to tackle the rest of the planned route.

Following brief farewells and well wishes, we went our different ways. Col Young's party to catch a log truck and civilisation and our's to conquer the elusive Mt St. Bernard.

Irish and Link set the pace, a hot one, for the first two hours followed closely by Capt Lowe, myself, Scruffy and Radar – making intelligent remarks such as, "It's not worth going unless you go over the top", "That's not as steep as Mt Pucka" and, "This is a high place for a cow to drop one of those!" I nearly wiped our Scruffy and Irish at Mt Marjorie and, naturally, failed my trade test – in kite flying.

Hell's Window, our next objective, was sufficiently indescribable to nearly cause Scruffy to change his underwear, and Radar, as sharp as ever, re-named it Abdul's Re-entrant.

Water was located two hundred metres south west of a saddle to the east of Hell's Window.

As we made camp about one kilometre northeast of the Knobs, Col Young, Maj Morse, Capt Lowe and Pinball headed out to replenish our water supplies, returning at 2230 hours. The price we had to pay for water!

In the fog shrouded dawn of the third day, a valuable survival lesson was learned. A spare blanket spread under a snow gum caught the moisture from the condensing fog, as it dripped from the leaves. Amazingly, this gave us a full two litres of water – enough to save a life in an emergency.

I was beginning to improve by this time and even ate food. However, difficulty experienced in finding the alpine track, where it left the fire trail, almost ruined our day.

After wasting an hour looking for it we eventually located a cairn with a discreet stick lodged in it, pointing out the correct direction, but there were no alpine markers for almost a kilometre.

When we finally picked up the track we made good time, surrounded by endless breathtaking views. With Pinball and Capt Lowe leading us a merry chase we soon cleared the Knobs, which rose above the fog, the high cone and beyond, toward Mt Clear.

About a kilometre short of the mountain, like true Australians, we stopped to listen to the Melbourne Cup. After all, what true blue Aussie doesn't listen to the race as it is being run?

Scruffy gave his tranny a battery change and, courtesy of

3NE Wangaratta – a station I can never get on the highway, we listened in, even though none of us could remember what horses we had in the Sweep.

Race over, we continued our climb up Mt Clear and struck our first snow on the way. Needless to say water supplies were replenished before clearing the top.

By now we were well into our stride and moving as a team. With only a short break at the top to recuperate, we moved off on the next leg – which proved pretty tough on poor ol' Pinball.

We made camp early that night. Morale was high, weather dry and we were all eating well – all factors which led to an early start next day. By 0910 hours we were on atop Mt Howitt.

This almost level summit afforded views clear back to Mt Clear, our destination two days before. Ahead we could see the dreaded Viking and the Crosscut Saw – our destinations to come. For diversion we found a small notebook, apparently left behind by a group of high school walkers who, from our investigations, were seemingly in hot pursuit of a team of Swedish female hockey players. The temptation to join the chase was too much to ignore.

Having the nose most suited to tracking, I led the way – even though the scent was a few weeks old.

Up over Crosscut Saw we went, crossing a three kilometre stretch of terrain that can best be likened to the tops of steeply gabled church roofs. At times the "roof tops" were less than a metre wide. Poor ol' Scruff and Radar were not impressed – at the time, but would probably now admit the experience was well worthwhile.

Safely on top of Mt Buggery (that's its name alright!!), with no hockey team in sight, we stopped for lunch. I tried to stem a nose bleed during the break while Irish complained of ants, and Capt Lowe, with the immediate future in mind, studied the snow on Mt Speculation, our next objective.

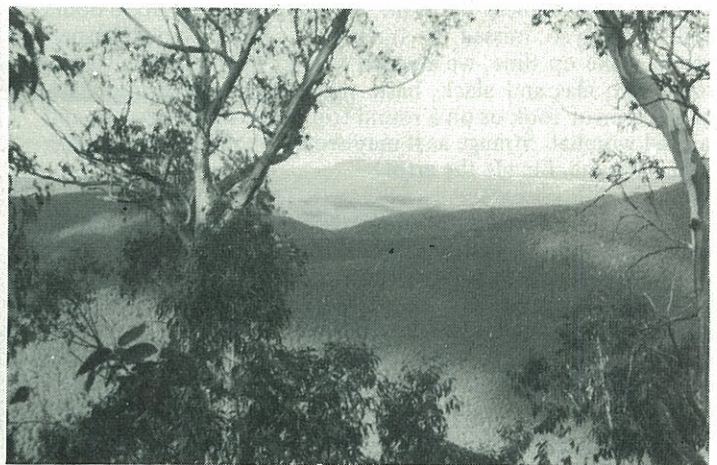
The three hundred metre climb to the top was made easier by a series of short steep rises, each topped by a fair amount of level ground which allowed us to catch our breath. When we reached the snow water supplies were replenished, before continuing over the summit.

Even though we took care to find the track off the summit it disappeared into every cattle track in the area. As a consequence, we resorted to marching on compass bearings, modified by a few lightning re-sections, to reach our next landmark which, I must admit, we mastered with incredible accuracy.

A quick check of the fire dugout and we were back on the track, to Mt Despair, before losing it again. With some despair (ahem!) we zigzagged across the area in search of the track,



Capt. Lowe looking disgustingly fresh, fit and ready to climb Mt McDonald.



One of numerous breathtaking views. A view from a spur west of the Twins of Mt Hotham.

without luck. The heavy undergrowth made our search even more difficult and tiring but the tiredness was soon forgotten when I shouted – “SNAKE!” and a lively three feet long tiger snake tested our reflexes. Irish made the widest detour to bypass it.

Eventually we found the track and were soon heading for a feature called Razor. With two hours of daylight left we were confident we could clean up this “minor” obstacle and bed down safely in the Viking saddle before night fell.

As luck would have it, however, dark clouds gathered above and we elected, instead, to bed down at our next water re-supply point, discovered by Radar, Link and Scruffy. There wasn't a great deal of room, but, when you're tired, you'll sleep anywhere.

At dawn on the 9th, we took stock of our situation. We still had a day and a half of walking ahead, during which time we had to cover forty eight kilometres and two, obviously tough, climbs. We were behind schedule. The need for a more positive effort was obvious. The weather was clear and comfortable, spirits were high and everyone was fit. Our assault on the Razor began at 0540 hours.

It proved to be one of the hardest sections on the route. There was so much rock climbing and scrambling that even Radar got stuck between a tree and a huge rock. Frustration fogged his glasses.

The Viking saddle, four kilometres away, was finally reached at 1100 hours. Thank goodness the dark clouds the previous night had encouraged us to bed down before tackling the Razor. The sleeping conditions in the saddle would have been even more cramped.

Now in the saddle, the Viking towered menacingly over our heads with the threat of a difficult climb in front of us. I still don't know how we managed to drag ourselves and the packs over those seemingly over-hanging cliffs, defying gravity – but we did, and also found an excellent lunch site on the summit. Irish and Radar's pet ants were there ahead of us, and as pleased to see us as we were to see the summit. They even kissed my feet – I think! Well, they were all over them, anyway!!

A couple of quick photos later we left the summit, down four hundred metres, following an extremely well marked track, to a small saddle. After an unsuccessful search for water, when Link and I were zapped by stinging nettles for our troubles, we made our way to Barry saddle.

By the time we arrived there, weather conditions had worsened. The rain had started falling and our next objective was five kilometres distant. However, thanks to the Forestry Department we found a full tank of water – and a visitors' book. We made use of both!

Still well behind schedule we were encouraged by the comparative flatness of the Barry Mountains to keep going. Using a bulldozed fire trail we made good time, stopping for tea at 1800 hours, moving out within the hour and walking by torchlight until 2100 hours.

After catnapping for an hour, changing the batteries in the torch and commissioning a couple of other torches, we moved on again. At 0320 hours, having covered a respectable distance, we made camp for what was left of the night, three kilometres west of Mt Selwyn.



They made it! Cfn Lang and Sgt Duffield reach the summit of Mt McDonald and its cairn, on the right.



Taking a break on the summit of Mt McDonald, 1615 metres above sea level, are, from left to right: Sgt Duffield, Cfn Collier, Pte Healy, Cfn Lang (foreground), Col Young, Maj Morse and Capt Lowe.

Eager to complete the walk, we set off again at 0620 hours and in doing so, missed the track west of Mt Selwyn. Desperate to make up time, we decided to skirt the mountain via the road, but, alas and alack, haste made waste. A second navigational error took us on a round trip to see a forestry hut and a dead wombat. Strange as it may seem nobody was impressed, especially me. I made the error!

We sorted ourselves out over a quick breakfast, then “flew” over Mt Selwyn and a few more of those so-called flat hills of the Barry Mountains, before taking lunch about three kilometres short of Mt Murray. We had excellent water, hot sun and plenty of rocks for company. However, with a good sixteen kilometres to cover and being already “behind the eight ball” we were in a hurry to get going.

Link assured us there were only two more steep climbs to conquer. He wasn't fooling!

The fire trail climb up Mt Murray almost burned out Radar's clutch. We skirted the Twins to gain time and then Scruffy, with only four kilometres to go and less than an hour of daylight left, declared he'd have to slow down. How'd you be!?

Despite having been on the move since early Friday morning with little sleep the will to succeed grew even stronger. We kept going until, out of the fading light, we saw the amenities block of Mt St. Bernard – ahead of us.

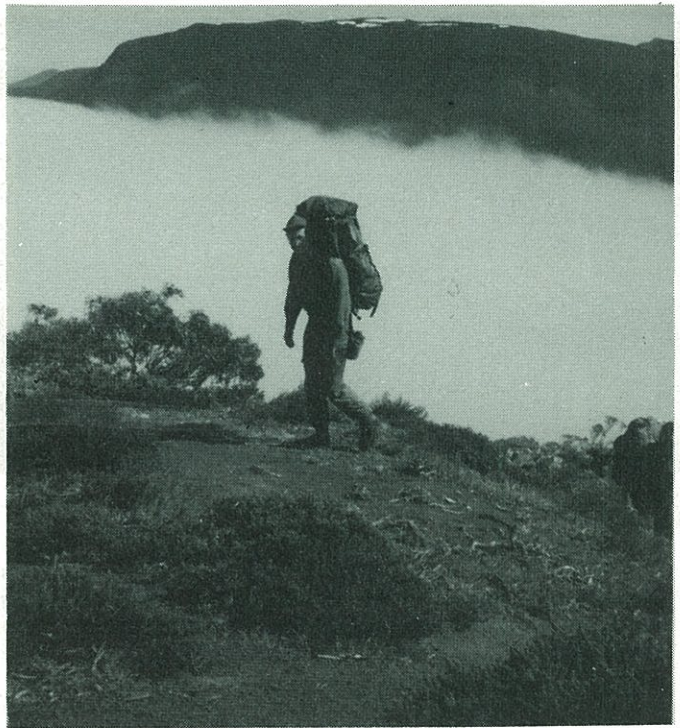
We'd made it. It was 2030 hours. A note from Lt Barton (remember him?) advised us that he'd left at 1800 hours. He would return next day, Sunday, November 11th. Shades of Bourke and Wills!

After an evening meal we slept. Boy, did we sleep. Unfortunately, it was interrupted by rain at 0300 hours causing us to regroup in the Ladies toilet – about which another story can be told.

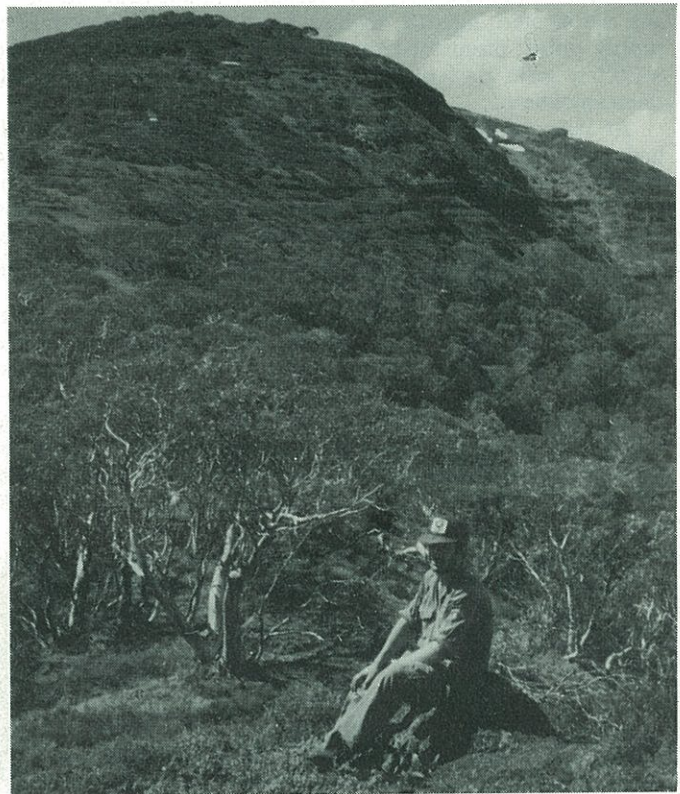
We were picked up next day.

On the whole the walk had been a success. Six of the original party completed the adventure – albeit eight and a half hours late, but that wasn't bad, all things considered.

Pinball is alive and well. Capt Lowe has promised Col Young, Maj Morse and Lt Barton a re-match over Howitt, Crosscut Speculation, Razor and the Viking at a future date, and me? I'm looking forward to bigger things.



Lt Barton, on the Knobs, setting off for Mt Buller in the background.



WO2 Summers, the author, pauses before tackling Mt Clear in the background.

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CHANGE OF COMMAND

Handing over the responsibilities of an appointment you have enjoyed for some time is always a sad occasion. No less moving was the handover between Lt Col P.R. Tremain, CO/CI of RAEME Training Centre for two and a half years, and his successor, Lt Col R.G. Law, on February 1st 1980 at Bandiana.

During a parade to mark the occasion Major R. Cousins, acting on behalf of the staff and students, presented the colonel with a replica of the Zamzama Cannon as a memento of his years at the Centre. In response Lt Col Tremain thanked the staff for their loyalty and support during his term of office.

Before finally retiring in August and settling in the Albury-Wodonga area, he remained at the Centre to complete an Army Office project. Lt Col Law, the staff and students and, I am sure, all members of the Corps wish Lt Col P.R. Tremain and his family an enjoyable and fulfilling retirement.

His successor as Commanding Officer and Chief Instructor, Lt Col R.G. Law, first joined the Army as an Apprentice Radio Mechanic in 1959 and later, as an OR, specialised in Radar. An instructor at RAEME Training Centre in 1966 he was promoted to SSgt before gaining his commission in the September of that year. He then attended four years of full-time schooling to earn a Diploma in Communications Engineering before being selected to attend the Royal Military College of Science at Shrivenham, England, where he qualified as a Master of Science (M.Sc) in Guided Weapons Systems.

Before his appointment as CO/CI RAEME Training Centre regular readers of "The RAEME Craftsman" and WO2 Brian Langridge's articles will be well aware that Lt Col Law was OC Adelaide Workshop Company.

The staff and students of RAEME Training Centre extend a warm welcome to Lt Col Law and his family and wish our new CO/CI every success in his appointment.



During the handover between Lt Col Tremain and Lt Col Law the unit was visited by Maj Gen B.A. McDonald. Here he is seen talking with Cfn Wallis.



The retiring CO/CI of RAEME Training Centre, Lt Col P.R. Tremain, inspects the troops for the last time, escorted by Maj Harding (left) and Maj Hunter.

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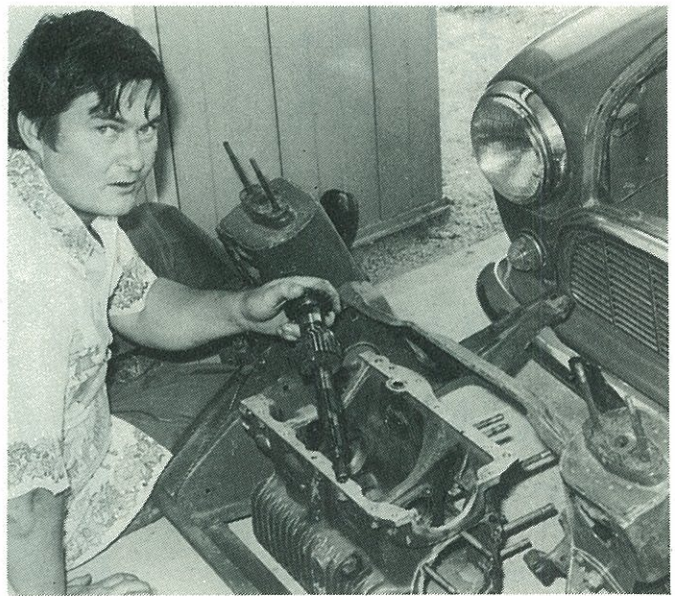
Are increased petrol prices cutting large holes in your pocket as you scrape every corner for those extra couple of cents the government so easily adds to the price of each litre?

Why not take an example from WO1 Geoff Watts, a radio and electronics instructor at RAEME Training Centre? For a while now he's been putting the cents back into his pocket — well, he is if we discount the cost of developing his electric powered Mini.

Since releasing details of the car to the local media late last year Geoff has received many enquiries from industrial sources and who knows, that may be just the start for this enterprising Warrant Officer.

Basically the car is a Mini with the petrol engine replaced by, what looks like, a large washing machine motor, coupled to the gearbox by a motorcycle chain.

Four batteries are located in the boot and, with the flick of a switch, the car takes off like any other. With regenerative braking the car can be driven like any normal petrol engine car at a top speed of 60 kph for up to 50 kilometres and only a couple of cents a day.



The inventor examines a modification to the gearbox of the Mini before re-assembling and testing it.

Geoff hopes to have the car registered by the time this issue is read and, if good wishes are any indication, he should be on a winner. Why not take an example from WO1 Geoff Watts?

HAILS AND FAREWELLS

As one would expect the moves in and out of RAEME Training Centre have been maintained at the usual rate of flow since the last issue. Our most recent farewells included: Maj M. Downey, WO1 J. Holmes and WO2 P. Edwards on discharge; Capt R. Johnston to Pucka Wksp Coy; WO1 J.E. Beer to 4 EME Svcs, WO2 T. Burns to Log Comd, WO2 P. Leeman (REME) to Germany, WO2 K. Shervington to Butterworth, WO2 R. Wildermuth to 3 EME Svcs; Ssgt I. Baldwin to Perth Wksp; Sgt A. Cooke to 21 Sup Bn and Sgt F. Martin to HQ 6 TF; LCpl P. Richardson to SASR and LCpl P. Taylor to Albury Tpt Unit; Spr K. Atkinson to Army Recruiting in Melbourne; Pte G.S. Campbell to DSU Adelaide and Pte N. Oldaker to the Army Apprentices School. Whew!!

Hailed on their arrival were: Capt A.L. Carter from Pucka Wksp Coy and Capt D. Cocker from 4 EME Svcs; WO1 J.M. Buldo from 1 EME Svcs and WO1 D.A. Waddingham from 2 Base Wksp; WO2 R. Hopper from MEA, WO2 D. Powell (REME) from SEE, Arborfield, WO2 M.A. Robjoy from 3 Army Recruiting Centre and WO2 N. Zander from 1 EME Gp; Sgt R.P. Diete from 2 EME Svcs, Sgt A. Huggins from 2 Base Wksp and Sgt R.G. Philps from 21 Const Sqn; Cpl C.J. Lowndes from 1 Armd Regt; Pte M.S. Bastow, M.W. Cornell and C.J. Smith from the Army School of Catering, Pte A.J. Clarke from the Army School of Transport, Pte V. Sumner from UI 2 MD and Pte R.J. Willich from HQ 6 TF and, last but not least, Cfn P. Phelan on course.

Our thanks and best wishes to those who have left us, we hope they enjoy their new surroundings and comrades in arms or, in the case of those on discharge, comrades without arms. To those who have joined us — welcome, we hope you enjoy your stay with us.



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CHANGES GALORE AT BULIMBA

By Corporal Peter Lowe

Whilst being conspicuous for our absence from the pages of past issues of "The RAEME Craftsman" – IT has not escaped our notice. Indeed, the members of 1 Base Wksp Bn thank the Editor and his staff for making *our* magazine the success it is. We promise to become regular contributors in the future.

We find the magazine allows us to maintain contact with other units and personalities within the Corps. It also shows the diverse activities undertaken by its readers – members of our Corps.

Bearing this in mind our submission concentrates on some of the personalities and activities of 1 Base Wksp Bn, Bulimba.

The building of a new paint shop, POL depot and issuing point, new RAP, Workshop Services building and the MAWD computer premises – which also houses Production Control and Trade Repair, has created a veritable explosion of workshop facilities. But it hasn't stopped there. Nossir!

An extension of the Electrical Engineering Company building has enabled the Electrical Section to be housed with the existing Instrument, FACE and Electronics sections. The Sheetmetal building has also grown to provide a much improved lighting system and overhead cranes to assist the drive through design from the panel shop. Extensions to the Small Arms Base Repair facility have enabled the installation of an improved security system to be made as well as, amalgamation of the jobbing and base repair sections and streamlining of the programme production line. Former members would barely recognise the ol' place!

Apprentice training still features strongly in our lives and, at present, we have both 32 and 33 intakes undergoing practical training. This involves five week attachments to the various sections within the Workshop and to civilian firms according to their trade training requirements.

Fourth year apprentices are detached, for short periods, to other units on exercises. This gives them the opportunity to experience life in a field force environment and training in trade and military skills in the field.

The pride and joy of the junior members of the Workshop is their recently renovated canteen, officially re-opened by our new CO, Lt Col J.G. Hislop, on July 24.

Additions to the canteen include a cold storage room and the renovation of the bar area – courtesy of the Workshop Services team to whom we owe a sincere vote of thanks.

This former ASCO canteen has been in operation since May 28, 1979, and is managed by the OR's themselves. You've only to see the smiles on their faces in the photographs to know how pleased they are with the results.



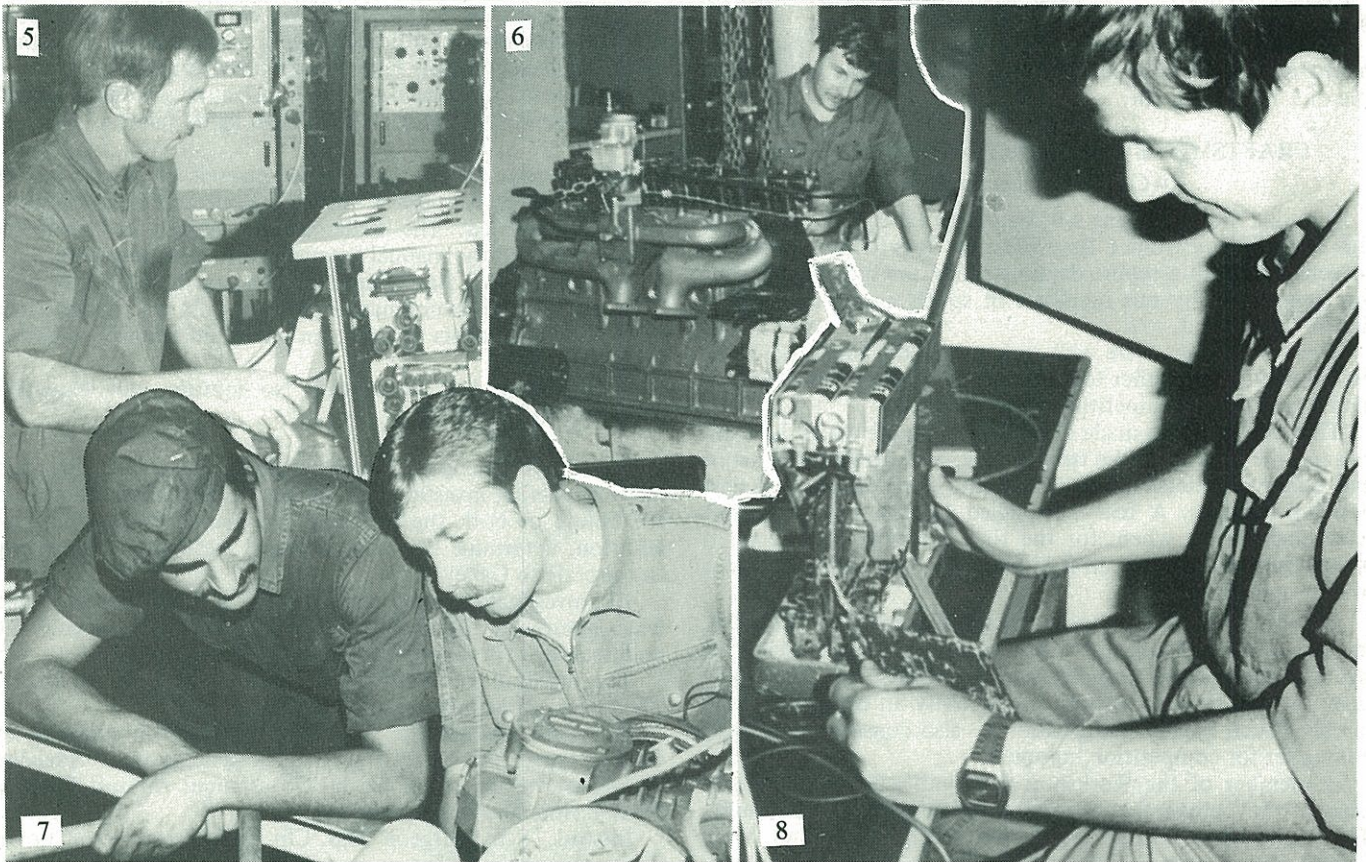
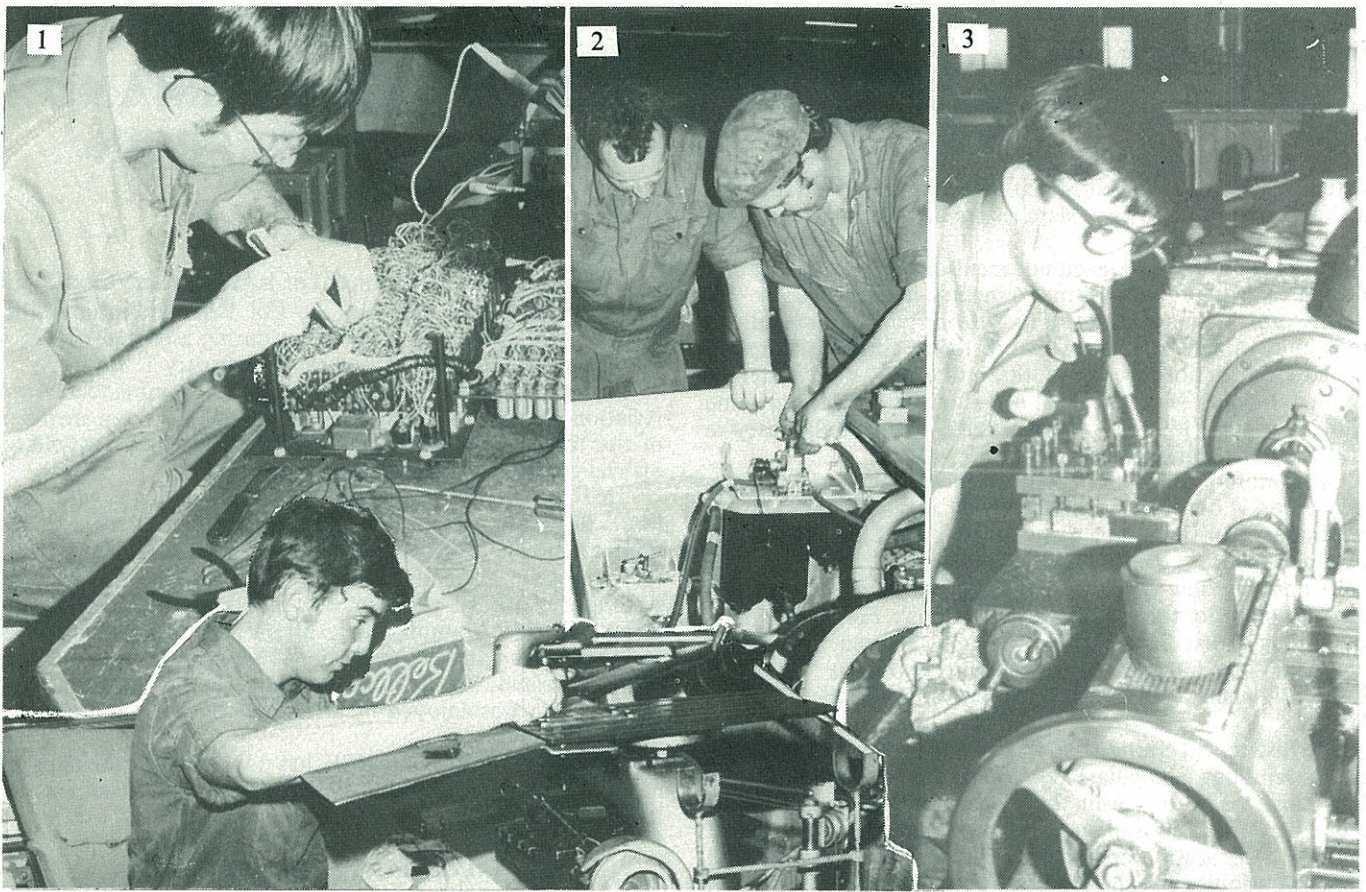
How more companionable can the guys get in their own canteen? This bunch of merry-makers includes (L to R) Apprentices Clancy, Forster, Maher, Batten, Buscher and Pointon and Cfn Gaw.



(From L to R) Maj Power, Lt Col Hislop and Capt Bowen enjoy a drop of "light" refreshment in the refurbished OR's canteen.



(From L to R) Spirits are high when Frank Glynn-Armstrong, Cpl Baldry, Cpl McDonald and Mr Tony Stone get together in the "club".



1. Cfn Mick Peel at work on a SB-86 switchboard in the Tels Section.
 2. Cfn Doug Cupitt (left) and Jed Tobin check out a road fan solenoid switch on a LARC V in the Heavy 'B' Vehicle Section.
 3. Cfn John Morris machines an FI flange which he built up using the Rototec System of low temperature metal spraying.
 5. Cfn Larry Green in the process of repairing a Signal Generator No. 18 in the Calibration Section.

6. Apprentice Davin Hayes (left) receives some 'pointers' from Mr Jeff Cushing on the Mk IV motor he was required to rebuild as an Apprentice project while in MUA Section.
 7. Apprentice Vic Polaccov (left), a 4th year Fitter Maintenance is being shown how to inspect the lower torque tube bearing of an antenna rotator assembly AS-F8, by Lcpl Kym Turner.
 8. Cpls also work at 1 Base Wksp Bn. Cpl Grant Lewis is caught at work on a DART transmitter in the Electronics Section.

Two Colour Scheme No Joke

The extension of the Electrical Engineering Company building finally brought all sections of the company into one location.

The move in was originally scheduled for March, but, unfortunately, exactly which March was never clearly stated and as the nation well knows – Marches are banned in Queensland. (Ahem!!)

An aspect of the extension not mentioned by Cpl Lowe was the paint job and it behoves me to include it in the record.

On April 1, painters moved in – from two different directions and, I might add, from two different firms. Each group started from opposite ends of the building – with different colour schemes, even. Its true! We thought it was a genuine April Fool-type joke – but it wasn't. Fortunately, they're now using one colour scheme.

On a more serious vein – and we do get serious when the need arises – our Tels Section recently managed to repair 40 in number, 524 radios in a mere 14 days. That has to be something of a record. Log Comd units take heart!

Its amazing how quickly parts can be obtained if the equipment belongs to the Ready Reaction Task Force. We must add, though, that Tels Section was ably assisted throughout the "panic" by Cal Section – otherwise known as "The OAF Hospital", where "OAF" has been derived from the Test Set, OA-F1.

The Instrument Section had its rush job, too – a programme of disassembling binoculars to provide the system with sufficient repair parts to – wait for it – rebuild binoculars! it has to be Log Comd's equivalent to painting rocks!!

Our FACE Section comprises two "experts" who have the sole responsibility for the repair of FACE in Australia, as well as the OJT responsibility for most FACE mechanics.

As short as this resumee is, we hope you have gained an insight on the key role performed by the company in the total role of 1 Base Wksp Bn.

CRAFTSMEN BUILD SPORTING REPUTATION

By Captain C. Samarasekera

It would seem building and buildings are a major theme in this contribution from 1 Base Wksp Bn. It is fitting, therefore, to conclude with a report demonstrating the sporting reputation being built by our members in sports arenas throughout South Queensland.

The foundations were well and truly laid when our cricketers defeated twelve other teams to win the 1980 South Queensland Area cricket competition.

Their triumph was made all the more unique when the team cleaned the boards on the trophy tally, too, winning the major and minor premierships as well as the best batting and best bowling trophies. A feat unequalled by any other RAEME team since 1963, when, for the first and only other time, a North Queensland Area all-RAEME team was outright winner of that competition.

In winter sports the hockey team successfully "dribbled" its way into the finals and with a better than evens chance of winning the competition defeated 8/9 RAR, 2-1. The rugby team, at the time of writing, is currently an outright second in the Touch Rugby competition – also considered a strong contender for competition honours.

A member of the Workshop was runner-up in the dinghy class of the inaugural Army Sailing Championships at Manly. This competition, conducted by the South Queensland Army Sailing Club, based at 1 Base Wksp Bn, attracted Army competitors from as far afield as Tassie.

Altogether a very satisfying year of achievement.

Editor: We want names, names! How else can we promote our Corps sporting personalities? Still, many thanks for writing.

CHANGE OF COMMAND AT 5 BASE WKSP BN

After four years in command of RAEME's only Base Workshop serving Army Aviation, Lt Col P.M. Robinson, MBE, handed over to Lt Col R.M. Millar during a formal parade at the Army Aviation Centre, Oakey on February 1, 1980.

During the parade Colonel L.G. Doyle, Commander, Army Aviation Centre presented National Medals to seven members of the Workshop and at its conclusion a luncheon was held for official guests and members of the unit.

That same evening Lt Col Robinson and his wife were farewelled at a formal dining-in-night at the Army Aviation Centre Officers Mess by officers of 5 Base Wksp Bn who, at the same time, formally welcomed Lt Col Millar and his wife. Among the official guests at the function were Queensland's Deputy Police Commissioner, Mr. V. MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald and the Police Regional Superintendent of Southern Queensland, Mr. E. Horan and Mrs. Horan. Needless to say the occasion was enjoyed by all and continued into the "wee" hours of the morning.

Lt Col P.M. Robinson, MBE, has now assumed the appointment of Commander, HQ 3 EME Gp, Melbourne and we wish him every success in his new role.

PATCH REPAIR PERMITS RECOVERY

Flying over the South Australian countryside during relatively routine post-modification flight test the pilot of Nomad A18-311 decided it was time to land for afternoon tea.

He selected undercarriage down. An aural warning sounded and the expected undercarriage down lights failed to illuminate.

Having next to no faith in the marvels of electronics he invited an impartial observer in another aircraft to take a look. It was confirmed. The undercarriage system had malfunctioned. He tried the manual extension lever. No response.

Back at RAAF Base Edinburgh air traffic consulted with GAF and RAAF maintenance personnel. It was decided the pilot should land his aircraft, on the main runway – undercarriage up.

The landing was successful. No injuries, but extensive damage to the aircraft.

* * * *

Capt Dave Pascoe of 5 Base Wksp Bn was sent to carry out and engineering investigation. He was to determine the reason for failure of both the electrical and manual systems and, in addition, determine the most practical method for recovering the aircraft to Oakey.

His investigation soon revealed that a screw actuator had been incorrectly rigged during installation. In consequence the undercarriage friction brake had gradually degraded.

The method of recovery decision took a little longer. There were three options open to Capt Pascoe.

He could recover the aircraft by road from Adelaide to Oakey; repair the aircraft in situ, or send it from Adelaide to Melbourne for repair at the Government Aircraft Factory (GAF). None were accepted.

Instead, Sgt Sturgeon and Cfn Clapperton were flown down to join Capt Pascoe and RAEME's traditional flair for improvisation came to the rescue.

A patch repair was made which ensured A18-311's undercarriage would remain locked in the down position. The pilot then flew the aircraft back to Oakey with the undercarriage firmly locked down for the entire flight.

A18-311 is still under repair in the Workshop — quite extensive repair, in fact, which serves to show that an apparently simple operation and repair task, when thoroughly investigated, can lead to an extensive repair programme.

Editor: After viewing some aerial shots of the airfield at Oakey I'm convinced a new hangar has appeared at the edge of the apron. Is this correct? Maybe someone could put us in the picture!

IMPROVISATION — A RAEME TRADITION?

By WO1 Trevor Harris

If a broken hacksaw blade, a brake lens and the top of a plastic-handled screwdriver were found lying around the work bench by most section supervisors the order of the day would be — “Get rid of that rubbish!”

Little thought, if any, would be given to the possible uses such “trash” could be put to. Instead, into the garbage bin it would all go and yet, with a little imagination and improvisation, each item has its uses.

RAEME has a tradition of improvisation — handed down from craftsman to craftsman — in times of dire emergency. Such times are, I'll admit, more common in times of war than peace but, under simulated war conditions, such as exercises — improvisation can and does occur.

One such instance occurred when I was privileged to serve, as ASM, with 4 FD Regt LAD in 1976.

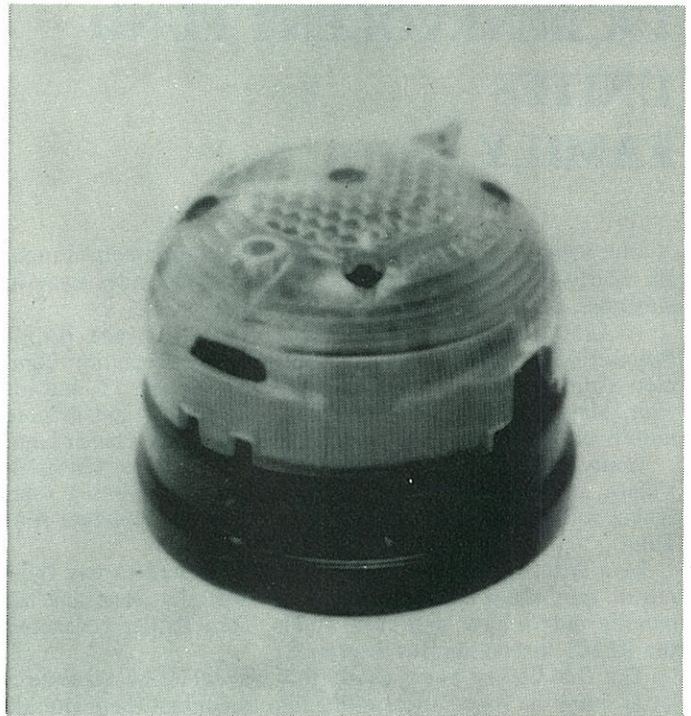
I inherited from my predecessor, Bob Lego, a very professional, dedicated and technically competent gathering of Craftsmen. Among them was Sgt John Pritchard.

John knew every vehicle intimately. So intimately, in fact, that he was on first name terms with their generators and distributors. His exceptionally high standard of leadership and craftsmanship was respected by all, as were his philosophies.

John's pet philosophy was that any vehicle breakdown could be overcome with a little imagination and improvisation. A philosophy that was put to the test one sunny morning during an LAD exercise. Sunray's vehicle broke down. The radio message contained no other information than the grid of reference for the location of the vehicle. No indication of the problem or problems was given.

Needless to say the FRT (Forward Repair Team to the uninitiated!) soon located the distraught Sunray and crippled vehicle.

Arriving in the usual cloud of dust at the scene of the breakdown, LCpl Phil Case and Cfn Dave Druett discovered a case of broken distributor cap, missing rotor button and a few other minor problems.



Quick as a flash they replaced the damaged components with parts from their own vehicle and, within minutes, Sunray was on his way again thinking, probably, “What clever chaps my craftsmen are!”

As Sunray disappeared into the bush he little realised the ingenuity possessed by these erstwhile members of the Corps.

Within a period of about twenty minutes, Phil and Dave had fashioned a rotor button from the top of a plastic screwdriver, to which was fitted a piece of broken hacksaw blade and capped (excuse the pun) this off with a distributor cap fashioned from the rear brake lens of their vehicle. This little example of improvisation was all that was needed to ensure their safe return to base. Makes you think, doesn't it? But then the whole exercise was memorable for this type of problem solving.

Each FRT team solved its problems in different ways but the end result was the same in each case. Using Sgt John Pritchard's philosophy of imagination and improvisation, combined with skill, all the vehicles arrived back at Lavarack Barracks under their own “steam”.

RAEME ingenuity, imagination, improvisation — call it what you will, had triumphed again.

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UK BENEVOLENT FUND UNITES FAMILY

The benevolence of a British Army association helped unite an elderly couple with their eldest son, 12,000 miles away in Australia, a son they hadn't seen for sixteen years.

A £250 (approx \$A500) outright gift from the British Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Association completed the amount required by Mr Henry Barber, 77, and his wife, Margaret, 76, for their flight to Australia and a three month holiday with their son, John, of Hendra, Queensland.

Henry and Margaret Barber, of Noel's Court, Catterick Village, in Yorkshire, had given up hope of ever seeing John again. John, however, had other ideas as did younger son, Tom.

In a letter to his parents John Barber offered to pay their return fare if they could just get to Australia. Realising his parents didn't have sufficient funds, Tom Barber contacted the REME Association for assistance.

The first Henry knew about this was when he received a letter from the Association asking him to contact them and his long association (excuse the pun!) with the Corps paid off.

A Life Member of the REME Association, Mr Barber was almost a founder member of the Corps. He first enlisted in the British Army in 1921 as a blacksmith with the Royal Army Service Corps, before going on the reserve list. In 1939 he was recalled and sent to France with the Expeditionary Force. During the Dunkirk evacuation he was seriously injured when the SS Lancastrian was blown up.

When REME was formed he transferred over and served with it until 1945 when he was discharged as a Sergeant. He then worked with 31 Command Workshop REME at Catterick for 23 years before retiring in 1968.

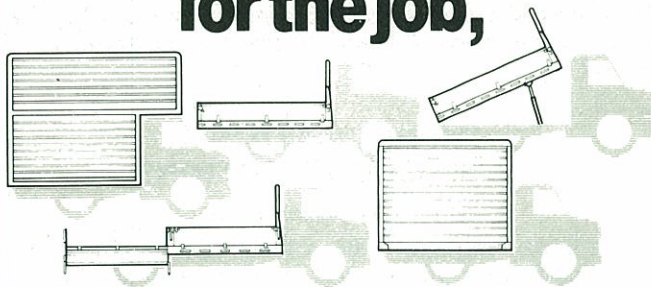
Before leaving for Australia the REME Association asked Mr Barber to make contact with the RAEME Association which he did, through his ex-RAEME officer son, John. A meeting was arranged with the Chairman of the Queensland Branch, Lt Col Bob England (Retd) and they met at HQ 1 EME Gp, Victoria Barracks, Brisbane.

After exchanging some very entertaining stories about World War II REME and RAEME experiences Mr Barber was presented with a set of "The RAEME Craftsman" magazines, by Acting Commander 1 EME Gp, Lt Col Peter Snowdon, as a memento of his visit.

It was indeed a pleasure to meet Mr Henry Barber and we wish him and his wife a happy holiday in Australia. Perhaps this visit will bring about the formation of closer ties between the REME and RAEME Associations. We certainly hope so!

Footnote: A second British serviceman's association, namely the Sailors, Soldiers and Air Force Association (SSAFA) helped organised the trip to Hendra, near Brisbane.

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BUSY SCORPIONS

By Lieutenant I.J. Wilson

Action has been the keyword for 3 Cavalry Technical Support Troop over the past eight months while supporting the regiment on the exercises in the High Range Training Area, the Gulf country and on Magnetic Island. And it hasn't stopped yet!

Still to come are another in the Gulf country and a SASR exercise in West Australia. What busy Scorpions we are!!

On one exercise our Fitters Vehicle, Tracked, was involved in a live firing battle run alongside the Squadron's vehicles. A first for 3 Cav TST?

Our relationship with the Squadron has never been better than it has since tradesmen have become fully integrated with their respective troops. This helps create a larger than normal flow of knowledge and experience in both directions while maintaining extremely high levels of serviceability.

We also participate, in part or in whole, in all the Squadron's activities. In the near future, for example, two of our members will be in West Australia with Squadron members to act as the enemy during a SASR exercise. We just hope they return – alive!

Apart from all this excitement the Squadron has upgraded its PT programme to keep it in line with that of Operational Deployment Force units. So now we're exercising in more ways than one.

In between diving courses and looking for lost RAAF radios – underwater, of course, Lt Ian Wilson, OC 3 Cav TST and DSO of the Squadron Diving Team, has relished the daily PT sessions with the men – much to their disgust.

WO2 "Smiley – the Diary's Edmonds – recent father and ASM – is keeping everybody on their toes with his eye for detail. Last I heard someone was trying to steal his diary. Still, Sgts Ian Ruth and Dave Canute are doing their best to keep the ASM occupied and the men working.

Stan Green is now sporting the rank of Corporal and Jim Galvin bears a shiny single stripe on his sleeve. Both are proving they were the right choice for promotion.

Since last writing we have lost some of our more colourful personalities. They will probably be amazed to learn we have recovered from our loss and we're coping well.

In such a small unit everybody must "pull their weight". Realising this they all pull together – which is probably why we defeated the Squadron in this year's Tug-O-War competition, as well as producing excellent results in the field and in the compound. Never let it be said that ingenuity and resourcefulness are dead at 3 Cav TST.

The Scorpions are alive, well and stinging. A Merry Christmas and a trouble free New Year to you all.



Cpl Jim Jones fires as Lcpl Perry Mason stands by during a static shoot with the Fitters Vehicle at High Training Area.



Cpl Dattinger, as Crew Commander, is about to give Cfn Shather, the driver, the command to move forward to the firing point for live firing practice.



Lcpl Mason effecting repairs to a .50 calibre MG.



Cpl Bill Fletcher catching up on some night work during a non-tactical phase of a unit exercise.

GREATCOATS ON — GREATCOATS OFF

By Corporal Christopher Brighton

In the last episode of the continuing saga of 131 Divisional Locating Battery Workshop you were left in the knowledge that we had finally settled into our new location at Holsworthy.

Since then, however, there has been a slight amendment. For all fascinated readers the saga continues with the news that . . . the Workshop is no longer a Workshop. It is now a Troop within the Battery and, to top the lot, we are not remaining at Holsworthy after all. Instead we will be moving to sunny Queensland with the Battery over the December/January period. So, if you see a group of green vehicles disguised as a Gipsy Caravan, heading north over the Christmas period — give us a wave!

It's not altogether true that the news caused our former OC, Capt Gary van Ree, to pack his goods and chattels in disgust and head out. It is true that he headed off in his shiny new Commode (should that be Commodore?) to take up a new appointment as SO3, Radar, at MEA in the "glass palace" in Melbourne. We wish him well and, in parting, ask "Can we have a new Radar — with the lot?"

WO1 ASM Danny Gablonski, out of the goodness of his heart, has taken over as acting OC. We are assured the promise of HDA had no influence on his decision, either.

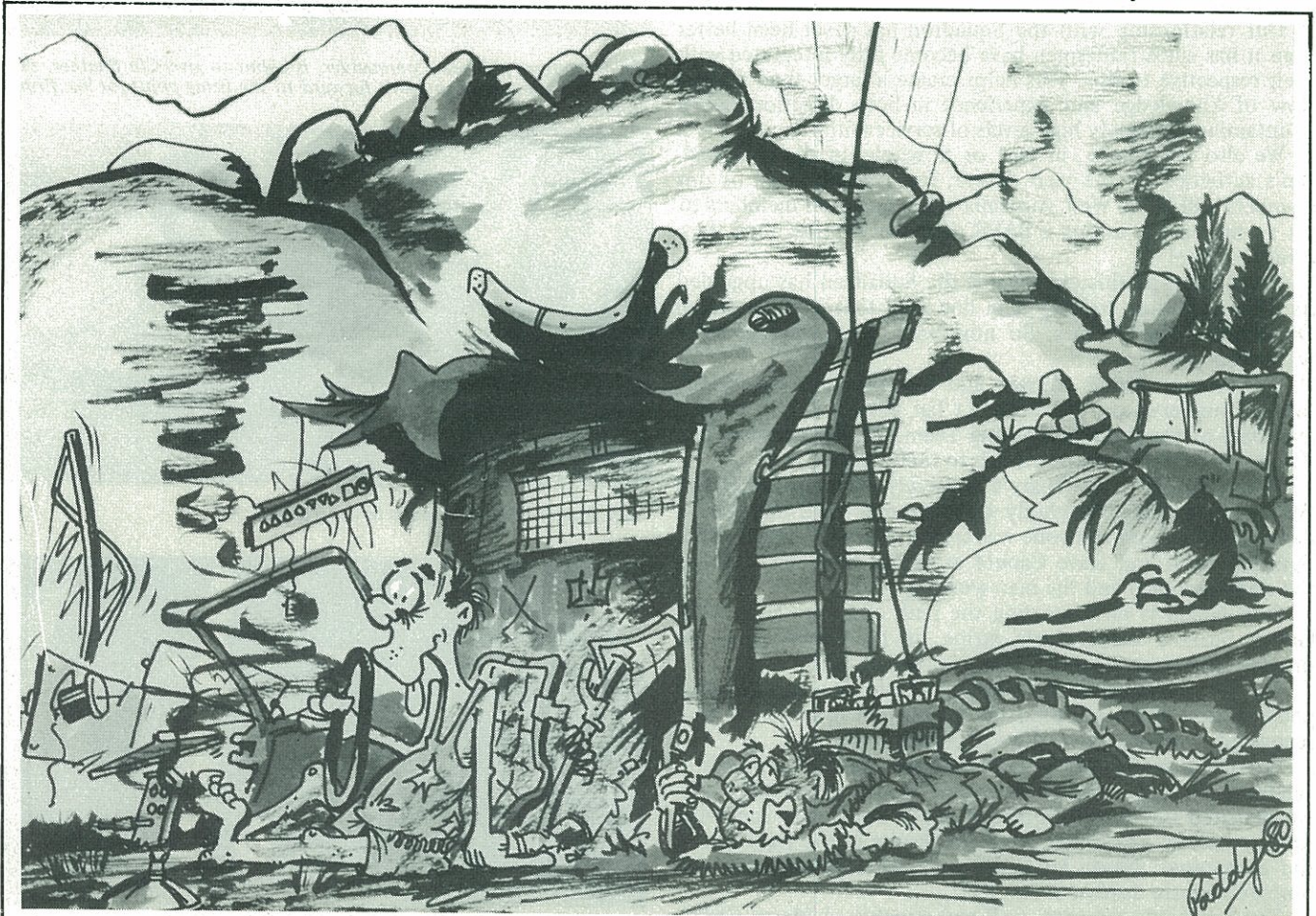
Sgt Kev "Colourful" Elsley has left us to work at the Gunnies' "college of knowledge" and we are left hoping he will be as happy in his new job as he was here.

On the stores scene, Sgt Doug "Dog" Blatch made an epic one kilometre journey south to become chief blanket counter at 8/12 Mdm Regt TST. He left behind many fond memories, one relaxed Cpl, half of our stores and some peace and quiet.

Sgt Lyell "Croc" Wedd also headed south, after months of intensive organisation, to either Antarctica or Puckapunyal — both being equally desirable locations. Fare the well, Lyell and Judy! May the god of postings relent before you both become fossilised!!

Our world-renowned GE section continues to maintain high production figures. In a recent interview, Cpl Geoff "Abbo" Abbott claimed that if his workers, namely, Cfn Bob Stevens and Steve Ivanku, become any more efficient he may even fit in a couple of Army jobs before Christmas. For our part we can only stand back in awe and wonder at the feats GE performs — or is it performs? My spelling's not the best.

Meanwhile, back at the Radar bay Cpl Danny Maslowicz, cunningly disguised as an Australian, attempts to keep his Radars radiating — or whatever it is they're supposed to do, ably assisted by Cpl Gary Deaton — of \$162.00 hamburger fame — and Cpl Gavin Ottway. Gavin sometimes lets other people answer the phone on the off chance it might not be for him, after all. The remaining master module swoppers in the section are Cfn Phil Thompson who will, by now, be over assisting "Colourful" Kev, Cfn "Possum" Deveney — who only drops in between courses and Cfn "turtle" Ryan who was sent



"They want to know if we can use a tow, Fred!?!"

to pick up the mail. He's expected back about mid-November!

Amid grease and oil the Vehicle section survives in the uncivilised area of the workshop. Running the whole sophisticated setup is Cpl Mick "The Zed" Zilm. He is the master of the Super Tune — ask anyone who has seen his wife, Dianne "Rev Head" Zilm, at the helm of the flying Falcon. Those of us who do the actual physical work in the section include our resident Irish joke, Cfn Patrick O'Mallon and his fellow spanner-wielder, Cfn Ray Guiana.

Keeping this mammoth enterprise supplied is no easy task and Cpl Mark Vagg works day and night, through fair weather or foul, to ensure we receive our parts sooner or later — or

later — or later. Bdr Grant McMullen, on loan from our parent unit, keeps an eye on all our somewhat dubious paperwork, bless him. All we ask of Grant — and we don't ask much — is that he promises not to tell about our unique accounting system!

It's been a great year for the unit and we thank our leaders. Now we look forward to our new home in Queensland knowing that parades and marches are OUT. After all, it's the law of the land, isn't it?

In the meantime a joyful Christmas to you all — and don't forget to look in again in the New Year for the continuing saga of 131 Div Loc Bty Wksp — er — Tp.

LIKE IT IS — REALLY!

By Franga and Jorgo

On an exercise in Pucka,

Right in the mucka,

Just a short time backa

In February '80, to be exacta . . .

. . . we ventured out to Site Six to take up residence in last year's ashes where, right away, we were visited again by our friendly emus. Remember them? (refer Vol.1 No.4).

This time, however, after discovering that Peter "Gnome" Greaves had been left behind, our friends adopted our brand new ASM WO2 Ian Campbell.

Less than impressed by his rank they wouldn't haggle on a price for him so we sealed the deal with a three week supply of bread.

Our excursion to the mucka of Pucka was full o' surprises for members of 8/12 Medium Regiment Technical Support Troop.

Field promotions came through as regularly as powder fights in the recruit lines. Newly married Lt Bergl dawdled in one end of the R & I tent and flew out the other — as a Captain, closely followed by former Cfn Trevor Griffing who staggered out as a somewhat bewildered Lance Corporal.

No promotion for Cpl Steve Price but a moment of truth when he discovered D400's were not designed to function in any and every possible way. The D400 was more than a match for him and is now back at Supply for a rest.

Our next highlight was the "goddam" exchange or, officially, Exercise "Pacific Bond" for which purposes we exchanged Sgt Linsay Clem for Paul and Pat "Wheelbarrow" from "B" Bty, 3/13 Field Artillery, US Army, Hawaii.

Paul, a Puerto Rican, and Pat, Mexican, meshed well with the TST power machine and provided us with broader views — and vocabulary, of life in the US Army — just as Frank 'Gringo' Plati. In return, our mechs, solar cells fully charged, imparted various gems of knowledge themselves.

Paul and Pat were "goddam" well impressed with our high standard of tradesmanship and beer consumption.

Sgt Clem returned with suitcases full of facts on the new 155mm gun which, it is whispered, will replace the 5.5 inch gun in the near future. For those who may be interested, Cfn Ross Jorgensen is holding an auction of the remaining 5.5's on the 31st November.

Among other changes during the year we are happy to report that we can now cater for all jobs. No equipment is refused — save 5.5's, of course. We now have a new compound, well almost new, thanks to our enterprising ASM who, completely disenchanted at the lack of room for parades in the back of F1's, set about changing the scene a little.

With the help of the 'Boss', the Chief Engineer, neighbouring units, the cream of GE and a dozen tyre kickers from Vehicle section, he brought about a 20 feet — er, sorry — 6 metres widening of the fence line.

"Twenty feet!" you may well exclaim, as you laugh, scoff and point. Laugh away! Now we have the room to park the ever-increasing 'flock o' crocs' so that we can work on others in comfort.

For this, we would like to thank all those who came to our assistance in terms of materials, equipment and manpower. You will no doubt be happy to hear that Cfn Norm Ridley is recovering well — after being surgically removed from the tractor.

To help you keep in touch we report the arrival of your former mates, such as, Cfn Mal Patch and 'Mac 2' McDonnell from 2 Base Wksp Bn, Cfn 'Mac 3' McKay from the 'college of knowledge' who, despite being a VM, arrived a day late, courtesy of a vehicle breakdown — his own! And we also welcomed Cpl Barry Thorn from 1 FER. Others to cross the threshold in search of variety were Sgt Ian Darling, Cpl Andy Russell and Cpl Merv Thompson from 101 Fd Wksp. They'll get variety here alright!

Our thanks, also, to 131 Div Loc Bty Wksp for Baygoning their B2 Store and returning Sgt Doug Blatch to us.

And there, dear reader, with Çobar calling its farewell from us — and goodbye from Jorgo, who will be posted before the next exercise.

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INTER—SERVICE EXCHANGE

By Sergeant Jerry Lewis



Able Seaman Joe Akacich takes a turn at the control of a M113 Forward Support Vehicle.



Apprentice Peter Algie gets on better terms with the armament of HMAS Curlew.

When Army Apprentice Peter Algie and Able Seaman Joe Akacich were each considered the most promising junior Fitter and Turner tradesmen in their respective workshops they earned themselves a visit to each other's service environment.

Apprentice Algie joined the crew of the minesweeper HMAS Curlew and worked as a Fitter in the engine room during a trip to Hobart.

Able Seaman Akacich, on the other hand, joined the members of 2 Base Wksp Bn and, during his time with them, turned

his hand to welding, machining and metal fabrication as well as taking a turn at the controls of a M113A1 Forward Support Vehicle.

This inter-service exchange was arranged as a trade training incentive for junior Fitter and Turner tradesmen by Lieutenant Vic Justice of the Royal Australian Navy and myself, 2 Base Wksp Bn's Fitter and Turner Apprentice Supervisor.

(Photographs by Ivan Bahoun)

Editor: What an excellent idea for an incentive scheme!

IN SUPPORT OF SURVEY

By Corporal Bruce Chitty

Perhaps an 'on site' repair service and base repair facility for the Royal Australian Survey Corps can be considered as one of the more unusual roles assigned to Sydney Workshop Company.

To fulfill this role a Survey Support Section comprising a Captain, two Artificers and ten electronic tradesmen was raised as far back as 1972.

I daresay some readers will be wondering why tape and theodolite members of the Army need RAEME support at all. The truth is — times have changed for Surveyors, too!

In the early days, surveyors used chain tapes to measure distance and theodolites to measure angles. From data gathered by these methods, surveyors would sit down over the survey mark and, with the aid of a plane table, virtually draw maps by hand.

From RAEME's point of view this was a very satisfactory arrangement. Very little can go wrong with a steel tape and only on the very odd occasion did one hear of a surveyor falling off a mountain, or into a swamp with his theodolite.

In the late '50s, however, surveyors realised there had to be an easier way of earning a living — and they were right!

The survey electronic age dawned with the introduction of the Geodimeter and the Tellurometer. Now, they didn't have to walk the distance between survey points to establish a base line, but it did incur a need from RAEME services. Primarily, though, the service was provided at the supporting workshop and involved electronic tradesmen within those establishments.

The next great step for mankind — but not for RAEME — occurred when this band of merry map-makers realised it was possible to gather mapping information from a great height — and they took to the air. How lazy can they get?

As with any new technology the users' job becomes easier while the repairman's job grows in complexity. After all, how many R & I stores have friendly neighbourhood airstrips?

Oh, by the way. The aircraft used are civilian owned. RAEME's task is to service the electronic survey equipment installed in the aircraft. So, now it becomes a case of taking Mohammed to the mountain.

Doyme Hicks was one of the first RAEME Mohammeds. He travelled far and wide to provide on site service for the Aerodist MRC 2 before finally taking his leave of the surveyors in 1970 — after donating some of his toes to a 44 gallon drum in West Australia.

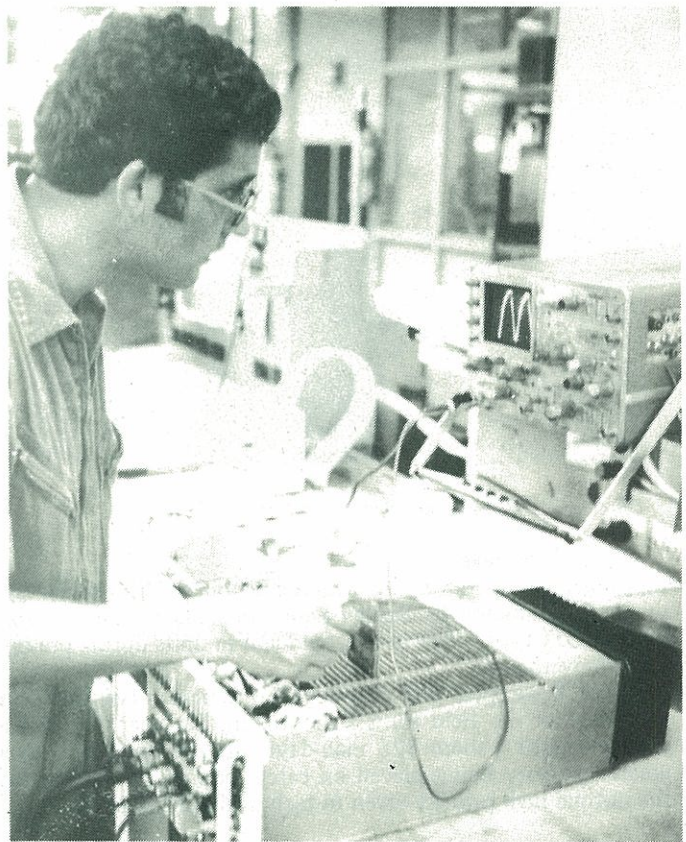
During the first years of airborne survey RAEME support was provided on an ad hoc basis. Tradesmen were detached from the closest RAEME unit, or wherever the required expertise existed. In '72 the first steps were taken to formalise RAEME support to survey.

A group of Radio/Radar tradesmen were gathered together at Bonegilla, the home of Military Survey. After undergoing specialised training on the new Airborne Distance Measuring System (Aerodist MRB3) at both Bonegilla and Sydney from where they were deployed on survey operations in North Queensland and Papua New Guinea.

For a couple of years this weary bunch of mechanics wandered in the Wilderness, moving from workshop to workshop, before finding the promised land — Sydney Workshop Company, in 1974. In the meantime things were stirring elsewhere.

During 1973-75 two new survey systems were undergoing trials, namely, the Laser Height Measuring System, Airborne Profile Recorder — WREMAPS II. This was developed and produced by W.R.E. Salisbury, South Australia.

While under development and trials (and tribulations) the equipment was maintained by RAEME tradesmen, Greg Man-



Cfn Derek Wallis tests Geocoiver cards during base repair at Mascot.

sell and Les Howlett. A third, Bob Thompson, was launched into space age technology when he was seconded to the USA. There, he underwent maintenance training and carried out pre-delivery checks on the new satellite tracking receiver, Geocoiver AN/PRR 14.

Both WREMAPS II and the AN/PRR 14 were trialled in the field during 1974. From the surveyors point of view they proved very effective and were subsequently introduced to permanent service in 1975.

At this stage RAEME had all the expertise required — but nowhere to call home. The repair responsibility moved from 2 to 4 to 3 Base Wksp Bns before eventually transferring to Sydney Wksp Coy in November 1974. In '75 the establishment of Sydney Wksp Coy was amended to include a Survey Support Section.

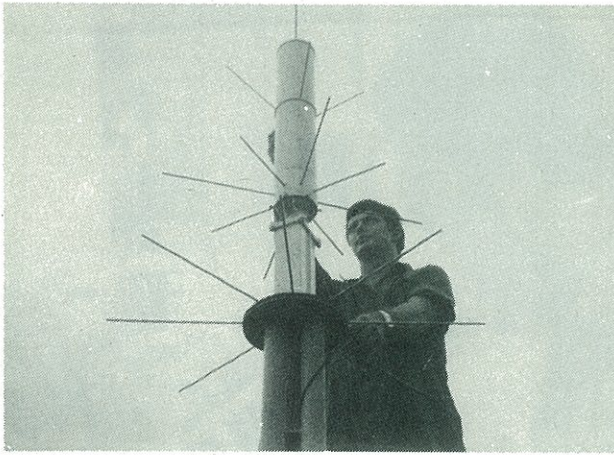
Since its formation the section has participated in more survey operations than any one field survey squadron, as the following list of operational honours shows:

PNG 1972; North Queensland 1973; PNG 1973; PNG 1974; Woomera 1975; North Queensland 1975; Sumatra 1975; Yampi Sound 1975; Katherine N.T. 1976; Irian Jaya 1976; PNG 1976; Woomera 1977; PNG 1977; Irian Jaya 1977; Woomera 1978; N.S.W. 1978; Irian Jaya 1978; PNG 1978; PNG 1978; Maralinga 1979; Fiji 1979; PNG 1979; Moluccas.

Doesn't that just stir the adrenalin in your system?

Projected operations for 1980 include the continuation of Operation "Pattimura" and an attempt to complete the vertical control in Irian Jaya with the APR on "Cenderawasih '80". If PNG was not completed in 1979, which is more than likely, there will be another operation there, too. Australia itself is also on the itinerary with programmes scheduled for Northern Territory and South Australia.

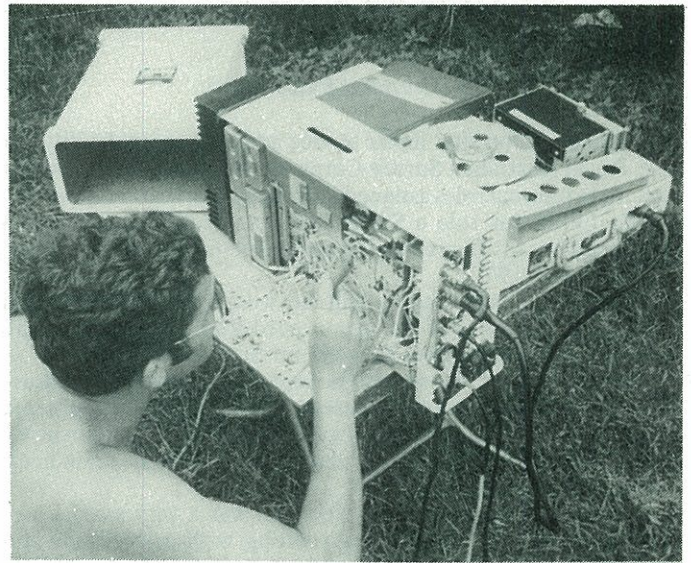
When operations permit courses are run within the unit on the repair of the various equipments. Personnel are also sent



Cfn 'Ossie' Osborn mounting a Geociever Antenna.

on survey run operator courses at the School of Military Survey, or those conducted by Survey Squadrons. Most training, however, is OJT-type, both in the field and in units during pre-operation overhauls.

In 1978 we spent 987 man-days in the field — equivalent to four men in the field for 8.2 months in that year. In '79 we only managed a mere 826 man-days, due, in the main, to a greater priority being placed on career courses as opposed to the normal high priority given to technical field training.



Derek Wallis is caught at work again — as if to emphasise how much we do. This time he is fault finding in the field.

About the Author: Cpl Bruce Chitty is the Survey Support Section's longest serving member, having been involved in this sphere of work for some six and a half years. We thank him for the trouble he has taken to provide this interesting article of historic interest to the Corps.

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BUNG EMERGES FROM THE CELLAR

By Corporal Ron McKenzie

After reading four issues of "The RAEME Craftsman" it is obvious we are one of the few RAEME units that have yet to put pen to paper to inform everyone of our existence, activities and other associated nonsense related to 1st Field Engineer Regiment Workshop.

Our role in support of the regiment is to maintain and repair its engineer plant equipment, which could be anything from chain saws to D6's, as well as their supporting 'B' vehicles.

1980's 'extra activities' calendar opened in February with the 1 FER Potted Sports Day – a day that the Workshop was given the honour (?) of organising. Much to the horror of 'holdfast' in general, we rather convincingly took out the trophy which, I might add, looked remarkably like the crockery item normally found under a bed.

Although we had sole responsibility for organising the day – and won it, the coincidence was no more than that, believe me!

Our first exercise, codenamed "Coldwind", got under way in March and involved deployment on the Holsworthy Range while the Sappers set about bridging the Nepean River. The purpose? To enable a Task Force to cross at Penrith. For someone sitting on the river bank watching, it appeared to be a rather menial task, really. 4 FER, complete with lunch boxes, aided in the construction as did 1 Tpt Sqn, which helped transport the bridging to and from the site.

Immediately following "Coldwind" we were thrust into yet another Inter-Unit competition which went under the disguise of Exercise "Hawaiiin Castle". This time sub-units were required to compete in a range of activities which included – a field engineering task, namely, bridge building; an obstacle course; orienteering; Australian Rules; Soccer; Hockey; Basketball and Rugby.

Although we had the invaluable assistance of Jim McIntosh and Peter McKenzie, a couple of ex-Sappers, for the field engineering task the 'professionals' won the day on that one. However, we put paid to their efforts for total victory in the other activities by claiming both the Soccer and Rugby trophies.

During the first three to four months of 1980, 1 FER, through its sub-units, engaged in fund raising activities on behalf of Mrs Linda Howercroft, an entrant in the Lovely Motherhood Quest. This quest provides direct aid to the North Rocks School for Deaf and Blind Children. Our part in the activities involved a run from Bourke to Liverpool during April 12 to 17. "Army" readers will be aware of the situation, mission, execution, administration and logistics of Exercise "Lovely Mother" which leaves me, therefore, with the task of enlightening you on 'C'. No, not Comms and Sigs – Comedy!

By the end of the first day all runners had settled into a system, running (ahem!) along the lines of – run, rest, eat,



THE BUNG

encourage other runners, etc. Not Cfn Mick 'Noddy' Callahan, though. He devised his own of – run, sleep, sleep, eat, sleep, sleep, run. . . By the end of the 'run' he was so adept at his system that he couldn't even remember running into Liverpool!

At Coolibah, our first night's stop, we received an invitation to join the natives in a bout of pig-shooting. This proved to be rather successful with the 'runners' bagging about 12 pigs and stacks of 'roos. One enterprising hotshot, 2Lt Bruce McGinley, when asked how many drops he'd had, replied – "I must have shot hundreds. My icecream container was completely full of shells!" We are still trying to convince him that the number of kills is NOT directly proportional to the number of empty shells in one's icecream container.

The highlight of our second night's stop was an auction at the Nevertire Hotel. The local populace was particularly generous when bidding for such items as – a handkerchief (slightly soiled), two 'T' Shirts, a tomahawk (picked up en route), two pears and a choko. In the prevailing hysteria one enterprising person bid a magnificent \$8.00 for the handkerchief, slightly soiled.

It didn't take us long, either, to realise Linda was not too familiar with the countryside. On the second day we were somewhat surprised to hear her exclaim that she had seen a two-legged horse. On closer inspection the horse turned out to be – an Emu!!

Apart from the obvious sore muscles the only other injury was caused by one member pulling a few heart strings.

In June we ventured, by invitation, to Woolwich where, after a tour of 1 Watercraft Workshop, we all scrambled aboard the work boats with a cry of "Hello Sailor!", for a cruise on the harbour.

After 'buzzing' a few anchored ships we headed for Leichhardt Oval to engage in 'sportal' combat with our hosts, concluding the day with a Bar-B-Q, etc . . . burp! Competition included Volleyball, Touch Rugby and a 'Run around the Bay'.

Instructions for the latter consisted of a five minute briefing – on how to get lost, followed by the very clear instruction that, "If you're not sure of the way, just follow our guys!"

In keeping with the modern adage that 'if you organise and run an event you'll win it' – we came home empty-handed. Never fear, we intend organising the return visit . . . Need I say more?

The second real exercise for the year, aptly named "Morning Frost", was a Workshop exercise in the Tianjara area. The aim was to practice RTP and orienteering – or the art of walking in circles and using the radio to call for help!!!!

Much to the surprise of CSM Peter Levy who organised the exercise, we all returned to the unit. The only question remaining is – what type of rounds are used in Waterbottles, Plastic, 1 Pint?

Early in August 1 FER took part in the 1TF cross country run with 50% of the team comprising Workshop personnel. The nine kilometre run through exciting, undulating countryside surrounding the TF area, was dominated by the performances of Cfn Joe Wilkins, Pte Graham Frankenberg and Cpl Larry How. 1 FER finished third. Future activities for the year include Exercise "Steel Charge", which we all know is designed to train us as possible replacements for Nails, Roofing, Aust Mk.2; Exercise "Hawaii Castle II" – with an FE task of erecting a 'Flying Fox' which, we are confident, will prove more successful than bridge building. At least we've had some experience with Flying Fox erections.

Come October we top off 1980 by heading out to the Back o' Bourke, refuelling, hopefully, at the Nevertire Hotel before commencing Exercise "Drought Master".

Other news of interest throughout the year must include: Cfn Ian Haugh who patiently awaited the next annual Basic Para Course – and qualified, despite breaking his foot on his first attempt; 2Lt McGinley who, with some great hernia encouraging effort, attempted to close the wall of the GE tin tent which, I suppose, does bear some resemblance to the door; Cpl Bob Joseph who played for the Australian Interservice Rugby Union team and we musn't forget the inception of the Charlie Sierra Matchbox Tyre Changing Service.

After doing his 'full bit' on his Rover, including painting the insides of rims with graphite paint, etc., CS discovered that "his" vehicle belonged to Prod Control. We won't go into the details of his subsequent rage!

And then there was Cfn McIntosh who became somewhat hyperactive after using his body as a load test for the 22.5 KVA. There's no end to the inventiveness of our chaps.

Our social life, courtesy of the Bung Country Club, our watering hole, has been aided considerably by numerous hails and farewells. The 'Outs' included: Cfn Dosh Reeves (ACT Wksp), Cfn Mick Bradshaw (Pucka Wksp), Lcpl Kim Turner (1 Base Wksp), Cpl Clem McKeough (for the 3rd and final time to 21 Sup Bn), WO2 Don Waddingham (2 Base Wksp), Ssgt Steve "Silverfish" Benfield (promoted to WO2 on posting to 21 Sup Bn), WO2 "Bungy" Waters (1 Watercraft Wksp) and WO1 Ross Grant (32 Sup Bn).

As if that isn't enough we will have lost, by the end of '80– Lcpl Rod Beresford and Cpl Tony Hickey (HQ 3 TF), Cpl "Shorty" Forward (102 Fd Wksp), Cpl "Buzz" Meakes (1 Sig Regt), Cpl Murray Pritchett (2 AOD), Cfn Craig Lawson (with cut lunch to 5 EME Svcs), Lcpl Bill Buffett (211 Sup Pl), Lcpl Noel Lewis (Melb Area Wksp), Cpl Jeff Donne (16 AD) and Cpl Bob Bingham (. . . . ?). Will someone please let Bob know where he's going?

The "Ins" to offset the "Outs", courtesy of DGEME (Pers), has provided us with the talents of: Cfn Pat Geoghegan, Joe Wilkins, Mick Callahan, Ron Draper, Ken Allen and Jim Rouse, Pte Bob Hartley, Lcpl Brian Trickey, Sgt Lee Downs, WO2 Alan Wilson and WO1 (ASM) John McAdam.

And so, with blistered fingers, a bin full of paper and an ashtray full of butts, we bid farewell until the next issue.

Remember, if you are in the area, drop in to the "Bung" – you'll always be made welcome.

Editor: A marathon contribution, but newsy, nonetheless. A six-monthly contribution would be far less tiring. Thank you for making the effort.



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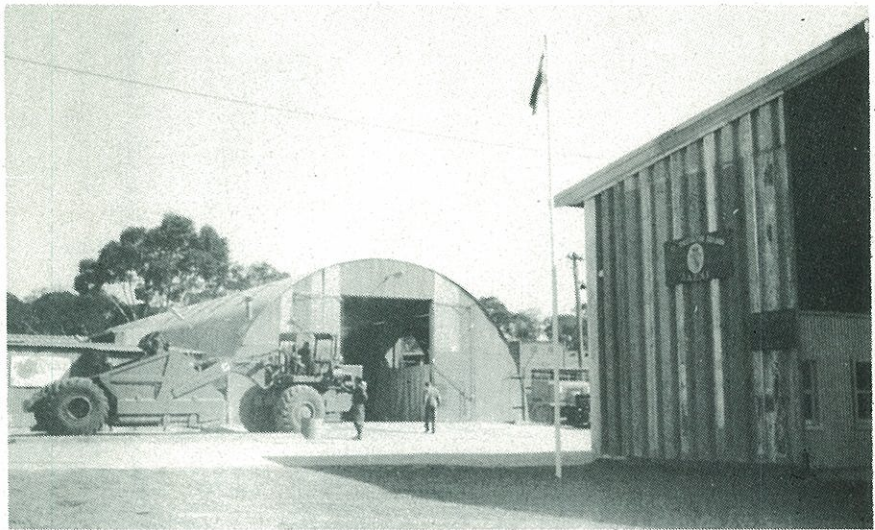
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The new home of 17 Construction Squadron Workshop's "Yogi's", complete with mod cons, including concrete floor and power points.

YOGIS STILL ON STANDBY

IN 17 CONST SQN WKSP

Over eighteen months ago we were put on standby – kitted out and ready to go. So far – no go! We regret keeping our readers in suspense. It's not a publicity stunt, believe me.

Where were we going? Good question. The original destination has receded as with the sands of time.

Meanwhile, back at the funny farm, a Squadron full of Sappers has endeavoured to keep our minds off such questions by continually making life difficult for us.

In mid-May, our long-awaited move to the more "modern" accommodation – complete with concrete floors and power facilities – actually took place. It was the former premises of 23 Const Sqn Wksp. The boys of GE are now willing to get on with welding and lathe jobs. Its so much easier plugging into a wall socket for power than it was trying to get power from the muscle building cranky KVA each time.

At the time of writing we have a detachment at Nowra supporting the "Planties" while they upgrade roads in the training area.

There haven't been too many moves since our last epistle although Sgt "Tony of the Antarctic" O'Mara has taken up residence, once again, at the Army Apprentices School. He left with our best wishes – and his foul-smelling "honey-pot" pipe. While we miss his presence – we certainly don't miss the pipe.

Cpl Dennis Roberts (RAAOC) was blessed with a posting to the WRACC School and Denis Crow moved off to 101 Fd Wksp.

Promotions haven't been scarce though, and our congratulations went to Allan Burrows, "Tex" Sutherland, Ken Hodson and Mick Allen (RAAOC), all of whom are now fully-fledged Corporals and to "Scotty" McIver and Max Smart on elevation to Lcpls.

On the incoming side Sgt Chris Jones of SME fame crossed the welcoming mat, as did Sgt "Blue" Hughes from 161 Recce Sqn, Sgt Doug Hinkley (RAAOC) from 8/12 Mdm Regt, Cfn Peter Wyatt, Ray McCann and Owen Cowley and, last but not least, Pte Peter James (RAAOC).

As if all this activity wasn't enough our more stable members haven't exactly been slouches either – during "off-duty" hours anyway.

Cpls Bill Taylor and Dave Stewart were each presented with a beautiful daughter while Cpl Peter Langley and Cfn Mick Smith gained a bouncing baby boy apiece.

There's absolutely no end to the ways we serve our nation!!



Present at the presentation of the G.S. Wagon to the Australian War Memorial were, left to right, Mr. N. J. Flanagan, WO1 (ASM) Bill Beggs, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Marshall, Mr. Nev Kavanagh and Col Max Tinkler, Commander HQ 2 EME Gp.

NO, IT'S NOT SIBERIA!

By Corporal Stan Nagiello

If you think a posting to Singleton Workshop Platoon — Where? — I repeat, Singleton Workshop Platoon, is like a posting to Siberia, you're quite wrong.

Of course you'll be wondering if you've ever heard of the unit and if you have, trying to recall what you know, or remember, about it. I'll save you the trouble.

One Hundred miles North of Sydney and forty six to the West of Newcastle is the best little unit in the ARA. Until now you've probably considered it to be no more than a fuel stop on the long haul down the Putty Road to Sydney — or North to Brisbane.

Once you settle into the area you soon realise that Singleton and its Workshop Platoon offers a life free from the pressures of city living. Great hospitality, clean air and access to the grape products of the Hunter Valley are yours to enjoy.

We started as a detachment of Eastern Command Workshop, back in 1950. Early pioneers were engaged in the repair of Matilda tanks, Bren Gun Carriers and the like, 'in situ', to improve support to 2 Base Ordnance Depot detachment.

In those days RAEME's top brass were only too happy to assist. They had a glut of tradesmen and there were no "I beg your pardon?" when detachment orders were raised.

Since then, when a dry tent was luxury accommodation and working in sand and dust was the norm, our Workshop

has grown. It is now an efficient 40-member strong unit located among a variety of logistic units and the Infantry Centre — all of which comprise the Singleton Army Camp.

There were many name changes before we became Singleton Area Workshop in 1972 with the then OC, Capt Ian Archer, pulling the strings. Now, we are simply — Singleton Workshop Platoon, with a dependency covering all 2 MD ARA and ARES units North of the Hawkesbury. Repairs and recovery support is our role and we cater for units travelling through, or exercising in northern NSW. Many a driver of a vehicle casualty has been happy to see the smiling faces of our repair/recovery teams.

Growing from a small detachment to a State Workshop produced its fair share of characters — all of whom developed a common complaint. Once here, they won't leave!

WO1 (ASM) Bill Beggs arrived in 1953 as a Craftsman. He claims he kicked and thrashed all the way — but he must have been bitten by something. He's been back and forth for the last 27 years and is now determined to settle here. We defy anyone to try to move him. Bill likes "to have a chat" and the friendliness of the local people suits him down to the ground.

Cpl Jim McGregor, detached here for an 8 week period in 1964, still looks after our electrical repairs — sixteen years later. Cpl, now Mr 'Turkey' Bevis spent 11 years here establishing a reputation as a recovery mechanic and a beer disposal unit. Now he resides in Forster. Ex-Cfn 'Bushy' Boston is another who couldn't resist the charm of Singleton and chose to remain — as a civilian.

Of course, not everyone's been here since Day One. Some of you will no doubt remember Lcpl Noel 'Cyril' Austin, ex-Apprentices Cfn Bob 'Sparrow' Lane and Cfn Gary 'Red Dog' Boshhammer. 'Red Dog' and Sgt Doug Hobson have established giant reputations here in the civvie rugby league competition. We make a fair contribution of sportsmen to the local scene.

Sgt Chris Simpson and IC & S Officer Mr Richard Skinner helped the Singleton Army rugby teams take their hidings like men, while Cpl Lee 'Rags' Magnussen is a fair sort of a cricketer. We field teams in cricket, volleyball and touch football comps, when we have enough troops on the ground to rake a team together.

For the information of ol'timers and ex-Oc's, former Sgts Claude Lindsay and Larry Kendall have taken civilian jobs with us and Mr. Tom Bowles and Mr Merv Cox are still gathering dust in the corner.

On a more serious side the Workshop continues its repair and recovery role. Designated as a field repair unit, we maintain around 400 vehicles in our immediate vicinity. These belong to Singleton Tpt Unit and 211 Supply Coy., both of which support camps and exercises, as well as the Infantry Centre.

We look after fourteen units of the 'major' kind and support another 30 odd units during exercises, or visits to the area.

Ten thousand cadets train here annually and you can only lay bets that their transport will come into the area without so much as a replacement fan belt, let alone integral RAEME support. Who keeps them going? Who else?! Mind you, we are proud to acknowledge the fact and, quite frankly, enjoy a few pats on the back. Occasionally the pats are a bit low down - but we can't be perfect all the time, even though we try!

To provide this support we have a GE, Tels, MT, Repair Parts Supply and a Trade Repair Section. There is plenty of work for everyone.

GE is a three man section but even it has suffered some recent changes. Cfn 'Coco' Meyers left for 4 Base Wksp Bn and Cfn Terry McLennan marched in. Cpl Stan Nagiello is our one and only Radio Mech but manages to keep us with the work and take more than a passing interest in getting the DART range back in working order.

MT boasts ten tradesmen, both Army and civilian, but usually gets by with only three to five owing to the heavy commitment of manpower to Trade Repair, filling vacancies left by discharges, courses, leave, etc. Nevertheless, soldiers like Cfn Greg Rose and Mark Hoddinett, motor mechanic Mr Reg Eveleigh and our jack-of-all trades, Mr Dannu Dawes, do a top job in keeping this section in full swing.

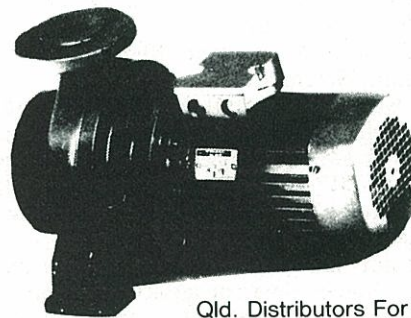
It's impossible to give mention to all our members without boring our readers - so we won't. However, we have included a photograph commemorating the presentation of a G'S' Wagon to the Australian War Memorial by Mr and Mrs Campbell-Marshall and another of a 3.7 inch AA gun, restored by members of Singleton Workshop Platoon during their spare time for the Infantry Centre Museum.

So, there you have it. If this article doesn't entice you to snap up a chance to serve in Siberia - er - Singleton Workshop Platoon, nothing will. Believe me, its not the end of the world and you'll probably become as enchanted with the place and the people as we have. You'll even be sorry to say farewell!

P.S. If you ever wonder if you're vehicle has been into us - look under the bonnet. If you find a tell-tale blue star - you have been one of the customers of the "All Stars" of Singleton Workshop Platoon. Congratulations!

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ON BEING AN EXPERT

OR

YOUNGS MODULUS REDISCOVERED – AGAIN!

By WO2 Geoff Van Reyk

Got a phone call the other day. It wasn't my phone but, after being a junior Sgt at the RAEME Sgts Mess, old habits are hard to break.

As my boss wasn't in I offered to help. It was a query on Watercraft and being the SO3½ Watercraft, I did my best to give a reasonable answer. Some blokes, however, are real hard to convince. I promised to pass a message on and went back to my current problems.

I couldn't concentrate though. Kept thinking about the phone call. H'mm, Watercraft.

Couple of weeks ago, mention watercraft and I was all at sea. Now? Well, I've picked up a bit. Fr'instance, I know that a lazarette is stowage space, after-peak, between decks and not the town 'JC' was born in. I know, also, that a carpenter is a box-like fitting for housing running lights and not his old man's base trade.

Now that's not half bad. I mean a word or two like that thrown in on a lunch-time conversation and all of a sudden blokes reckon you're an expert. Well, perhaps they're right. After all, you are in the Art Armt (wcft) position.

It's not hard being an expert. During my short career I've been an expert on guns, small arms and...oh, yes, that all encompassing term, engineering equipment. Mind you I had some pretty good teachers and some understanding bosses. It wasn't all work and no play that made me what I am. So, to those brave souls who put up with me and my inexperience and gave me encouragement when I needed it most – I raise my glass and dedicate these thoughts to you.

I had completed three years servitude and had been placed on a good behaviour bond at Bandiana Area Wksp. The plot was to hone skills learned from boystown and to make me an expert on tank armament. Well, I spent some time in the turret section learning to use sophisticated tools – like a 12 pound sledge for fine adjustment on elevating arcs, and a screwdriver – for listening to traverse gearboxes grinding away, and then it was my turn for a spell in the machine shop. Unfortunately, I had a slight disagreement with 'mirror finish Wally' on just what a skimming cut on an aux-gen head should be (I prefer high compression Heads) and was banished to the welding shop. I must have had the basics on tanks, though, because I was duly posted to an Engineer Wksp.

I marched in and, much to my delight, found I would be the IC of GE. Didn't have too many management problems so things were looking good. It's handy being the only fitter among a bunch of greasers – you automatically become the expert. Mind you, I could turn out a pretty fair power-head, or knock up some decent trailer stub axles, so I reckon I earned the title. The boss, an ex-fitter himself, recognised my talents and gave me a sympathy stripe.

My career planning was going well so I did a course on Fd Arty and sights and was subsequently posted as a small arms fitter. I must have rated '10' 'cause I picked up another hook on the way. Small arms were plentiful in my new job but we also had a swag of mowers.

These little beasties used to suffer from the usual ground staff malady of severe "Lackus Maintenus". It's amazing how quickly you become tagged as a mower expert. Anyway, my third choice had been motor mechanic.

I reckon I must have had a red kangaroo beside my name, or perhaps none of the others were available, because I soon

scored a Sgts Supervisor course. This helped round off my training and made me a DPJF expert. Not that I've had a chance to use it yet, but if ever the "Donga Conga" start scampering over the hills of Beechworth in black pyjamas, carrying AK47's and walking in single file down a well defined track – I'll be ready for 'em! !

All good things come to those who wait, or aspire, for, as a result of a casual conversation, I landed a third hook and an instructor's job at the 'college of knowledge', I was ecstatic. I no longer had to prove a thing. That green and gold band said it all.

I gave it a good go and, with a lot of help from people who shall remain nameless to protect their complicity, got some reasonable results before finally moving on again.

I'd never been north of the Hunter River so my next step was a big one. I was looking forward to it though. I'd be getting a crown to go with the hooks and I was heading back to the 'ginger beers'.

The Regiment was playing Theiss Bros when I arrived so, after a short stay at Lavarack, I packed my bags universal and caught a slow convoy to high range. It didn't take long to get used to the routine of work hard, play hard and I was soon swopping yarns and swilling stubbies with the best of them. However, I should have known this idyllic existence would end but I didn't expect it to do so so dramatically.

I was sitting near the R & I when the ASM told me the rock crusher was playing up. I didn't see the glint in his eye, or the slight twitching of his lips. Undaunted I headed off to the quarry.

Now, if you've never seen a rock crusher imagine a cross between the Incredible Hulk, King Kong and a praying mantis and you may understand my apprehension on approaching the "Aveling Barford" rock crusher. I took one look at the beast and was about to head back for the security of the Sgts Mess when I realised that, by virtue of my posting, I was the 'expert' and would have to tame the beast.

I have often flown by the seat of my pants – but that was my greatest triumph. I spent a few years with the Regiment and despite a few more surprises, did okay, before a change of scenery was in order.

Passing on all my cheat sheets I grabbed a copy of WPNS S and headed off down the track to the Gunners. It was my luckiest move. My predecessor had done all the ground work so I didn't have to prove a thing. I was the ASM. 'Nuff said!

I hope I haven't bored you with this brief resumee of my experience. It's nothing special. Most of you have been through the same school. However, the point I am trying to make is that it takes more than a title to make the man.

Employment within the Corps should reflect a bloke's training and experience.

I don't advocate steamlined training and I'm not naive enough to imagine that we all rate a special form of attention, but ... if you have a particular bent for a particular field surely it is logical and economical to have postings tailored to suit?

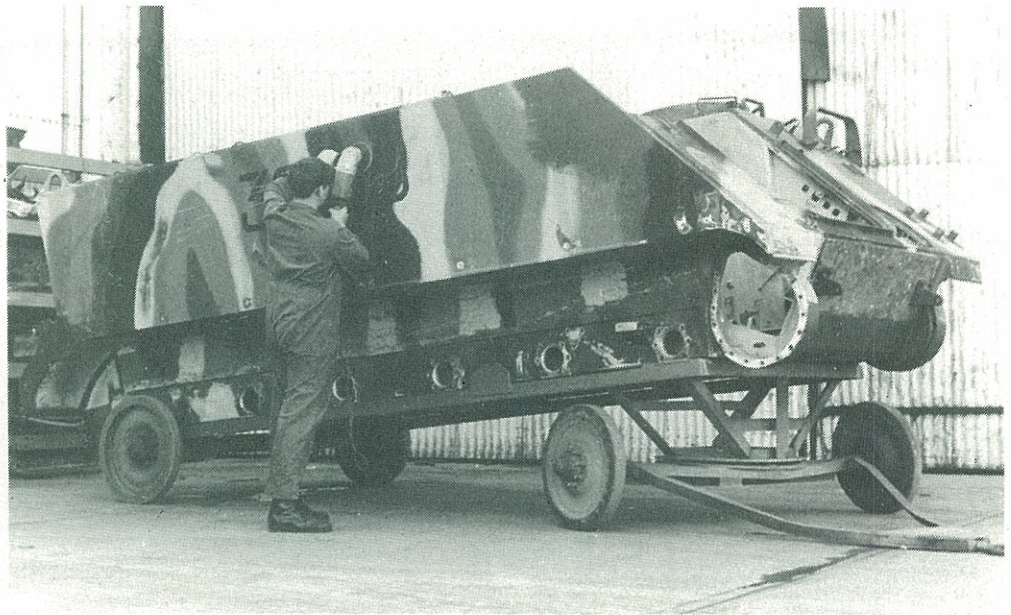
Civil industry does just that and they're in the same game as ourselves, i.e. one of keeping customers satisfied. Let's face it, that's what it's all about – isn't it?

Editor: A soldier's strength is his adaptability in times of dire emergency.

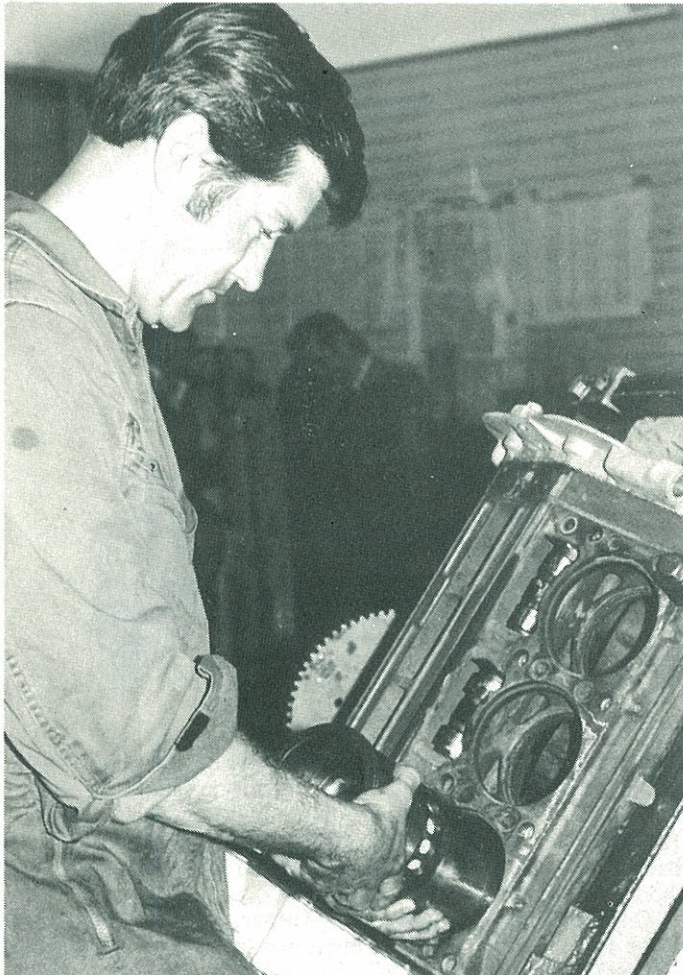


100TH REBUILD

By Warrant Officer 2 J. Kipper



The hull of a M113 being prepared for repainting.



A detroit 6V-53 engine in the process of being overhauled by Cfn Ken Woodbridge of the Power Pack Section.

The fact that a fitters vehicle was the 100th M113 to roll out of 4 Base Workshop Battalion after a rebuild does not imply any fancy pre-planning by Production Control. It was purely coincidental, but a coincidence that gave a touch of Corps significance and newsworthiness to the event, particularly as the first vehicle of this programme was also a Fitters Vehicle.

The Workshop repaired its first M113 as far back as 1967 when two mine-damaged vehicles became part of the workload. Later that year, however, the vehicles were taken over by 2 Base Wksp Bn to make way for a Centurion rebuilding programme to meet the Vietnam commitment.

Since the inception of the M113 programme in 1973 output has gradually gained momentum to meet the current annual target of 25, in addition to accident damage or 'dr-owned' vehicle repairs.

Vehicle No. 134367, the 100th rebuild, arrived in the Workshop from 31 Sup Bn with over 12,000 miles on the clock. After an 'in' inspection it was stripped to the bare hull and moved to the welding shop for external fitting and modification. Following a complete repaint the hull was moved on to the rebuild line for re-assembly.

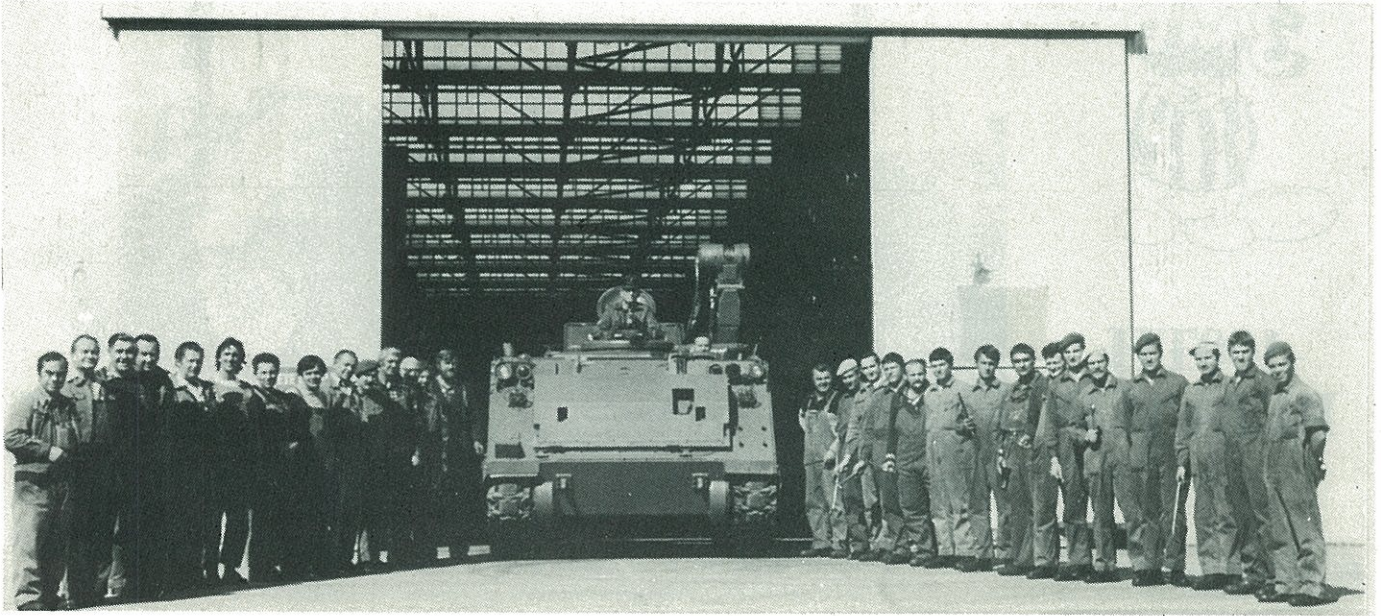
Tracks were rebuilt by the Small Arms Factory, Lithgow, but everything else that needed to be done was done 'in - House', utilising such diverse trade skills as diesel engine overhaul and infra-red sight assembly. When all was done the 100th, as new, M113 rolled out of the Workshop to return to stock awaiting issue to our real customers in Field Force. Vehicle No. 134367 was back on the road.

Workshop ASM, WO1 Hilton Atkins, OAM, has witnessed numerous M113 rebuilds since jobbing repairs began in 1967. 'Acker' as he is known by many members of the Corps, speaks highly of the teamwork developed within the Workshop during that time.

Rebuild section leader, Mr Norm Giddings, derived a particular sense of personal satisfaction from seeing the 100th ramp door trundling off in the distance. He's seen them all go through - from the first in 1973, also a Fitters Vehicle (No. 134372), to the 100th but - he's never seen one return for a second rebuild.

Not so far!

When and if one does, he'll be able to show today's young tradesmen how the work of the original team stood the test.



The 100th M113 to be rebuilt at 4 Base Wksp Bn is driven out of the Workshop by Rebuild Section leader, Mr Norm Giddings, with Workshop ASM WO1 Hilton Atkins, OAM, acting as a Crew Commander while a crowd of workers look on.

ON ESTABLISHING A UNIT CLUB

By

Warrant Officer 2 B. Langridge

Frequently one hears of, or attends, unit clubs which have been established by a core of hard-working, community-minded members seeking a common meeting place where social intercourse may be enjoyed by unit members and their families.

The enterprise and ingenuity contributed by such members to the construction of such facilities deserve, but infrequently receive, greater admiration than is ultimately shown.

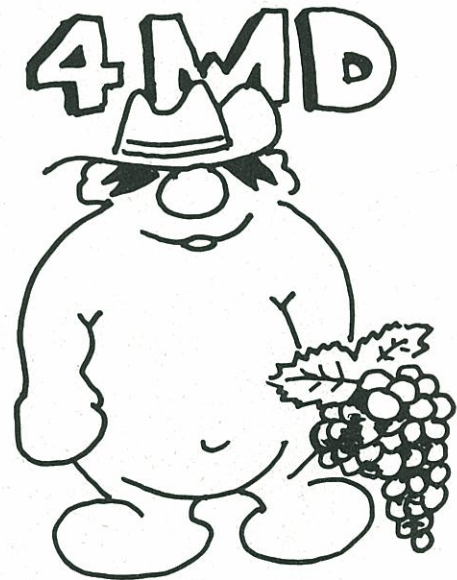
Rarely, though, are any records retained of the many thoughts, decisions, ideas, modifications and, most importantly, people who contribute to the finished club.

WO2 Brian Langridge's obvious pride in being "involved" in the construction of Adelaide Workshop Company's "Bildabi Club" has caused him to compile "The Complete History of the Adelaide Workshop Company Canteen".

We think others may learn from his "History" and offer an adapted version of it in the hope that it may inspire others.

Before assuming duties as Officer Commanding, Adelaide Workshop Company, Major R.G. Law expressed a desire that a recognised canteen be established at the workshop – for the use of members and their families to encourage a meaningful social atmosphere and as an acceptable venue to entertain special visitors and guests.

Up to that time, "Happy Hours", "Hails and Farewells" and events special to the workshop had been conducted

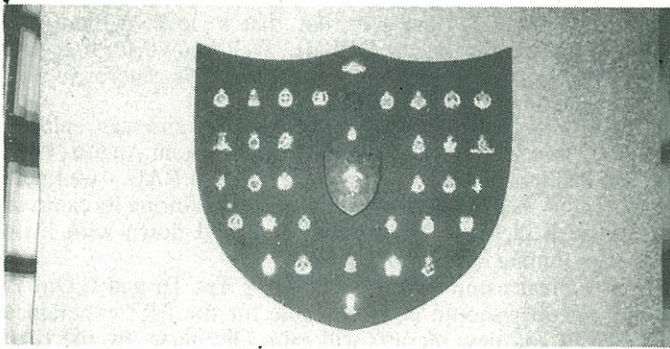


around an unofficial, make-shift bar, situated in a corner of the unit's recreation room. Such a facility, manned by members of the Regimental Trust Fund committee, was necessary. The Officers, Sgts and OR's messes are located at Keswick Barracks – twenty minutes' drive from the workshop and, therefore, not always convenient.

Our Admin Comd, Capt. A.G. Turner, and the Regimental Trust Fund committee were instrumental in ensuring the bar was established prior to Major Law assuming his appointment in April, 1978.

However, before construction of the facility commenced, several important factors had to be considered and implemented, where possible.

A committee was formed to carry out trading and weekly stocktaking; a Constitution and local bar rules were devised in readiness for "opening time"; security of the bar and its



The military badge board faces the bar's main feature wall.

environs was discussed as was the manning of the club and its possible effect on manpower and productivity; cleaning arrangements were organised; insurance of the stock was dealt with together with insurance against public risk; trading hours were decided and liaison with ASCO effected.

Having taken care of these factors, construction went ahead, making maximum use of unit labour to reduce costs and, at the same time, encourage a unity of purpose and spirit within the unit.

The canteen was named the "BILDABI CLUB" — an Aboriginal word for "watering place", after several proposed names had been offered to workshop members for discussion and final selection.

HQ 4MD officially recognised the club on June 15th, 1978 and, on September 22nd, it was officially "opened" by the District Commander, Brigadier P.J. Greville, CBE. A plaque commemorating the occasion was placed on the feature wall beside a trophy cabinet.

The original committee of the club was chaired by WO2 Brian Langridge from July '77 to April '78 when WO1 Doug Lowry took over until October of that year. Since then Sgt John Phoenix has occupied the chair with credit.

Each committee has added improvements to the club and its environs as a continuing effort to improve its atmosphere and standards.

Tracked curtains now adorn all windows; shelving and storage for spirits, cigarettes and a variety of foodstuffs have been added; lights have been inserted into the upper section of the bar; dimmer lights set into the club's wooden cross-supports; wood-panelling has been fitted to the feature wall and under the upholstered chair rail around the walls; coffee tables with upholstered chairs and settees have been introduced; a large military badge board has been mounted to the wall opposite the feature wall; wall-to-wall carpeting fitted; built in dartboards mounted in a timber wall with a central archway which separates the bar from the eating area and a newly acquired stereo sound system has been installed.

What more can be done, I wonder!? No doubt ideas will be forthcoming in the future — you just can't keep good men down!!



The entrance to the "BILDABI CLUB" bar, showing the central archway and built-in dartboards with the eating area in the foreground.



The opening ceremony commemoration plaque is mounted next to the trophy cabinet on the bar's main feature wall; dimmer lights above and stereo speaker located on shelving in the corner.



Even when closed the bar is an attractive feature of the club.

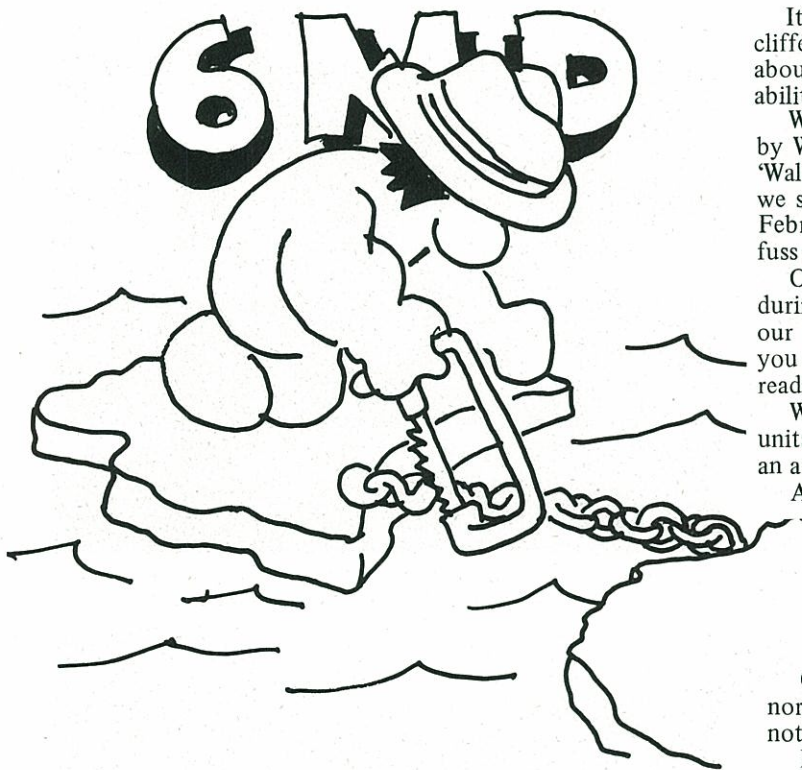
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A WORD FROM A RES

By Corporal R. Clark

After reading the last issue of "The RAEME Craftsman" our conscience got the better of us so we decided to put our heads together to come up with some info on our elite little unit.

However, as heads are difficult to send through the system, we finally opted to put pen to paper to record our news. Besides a letter is so much cheaper than a parcel. Not that we're tightwads – oh no! Just aware of the need for economic restraint. Where were we? Oh, yes!

To begin with, 6 EME Platoon, ARES, was formed in September, 1976 – four years ago for the mathematically blind – and is now based at Waterloo Barracks, Dowsing Point.

27 of our thirty six member strength are located at the base while the remainder are detached to Milne Bay Barracks at Launceston. Incidentally and by coincidence, twenty seven of the 36 are all civilian tradesmen.

The platoon is under the firm command of Capt Normie Heath – better recognised for his braw wee Scottish dialect. The northern detachment is meticulously guided by WO2 'Ash' Monks.

Basically, our role is to repair and recover the equipments of all ARES units in Tassie during annual camps and bivouacs. In February, four of our worthies, namely, Cpls 'Flash' Young, 'Abo' Howell and 'Shirley' Clark, together with Cfn Leyland represented us in support of 12 Fld Sqn RAE during its annual camp at Buckland Training Area – an area famed for its snakes, leeches and Tasmanian Devils.

Putting in an average of 18 hours a day to keep the plant equipment serviceable the lads certainly earned their pay. Who said the 'chokos' were bludgers?

It was about this time – or that, that we lost Sgt Fred Ratcliffe to our head office at DGEME. Well known for bragging about Holdens and Carlton footie club, Fred's generosity and ability have been sorely missed.

WO2 Brian Parker bade us farewell in April and was replaced by WO2 Bob Keenan, now our ASM and then, in August, Capt 'Wally' Pedder moved out to join 12 Fld Sqn RAE – we knew we shouldn't have let him visit the squadron during its camp in February! Still, Capt Normie Heath settled down with little fuss after joining us from 6 Trg Gp.

Our annual camp in support of 172 Tpt Tp and 6 Ord Pl during October should be memorable for the FRT experience our NCO's and new recruits will gain. Of course, by the time you read this it'll be gained and more than likely forgotten already – such is the frailty of the Homo Sapien mind.

Well, enough about us for now. How about other ARES units coming to the party? No, not to wine and dine – merely an article in the next issue of "The RAEME Craftsman"!

A Merry Christmas to you all!

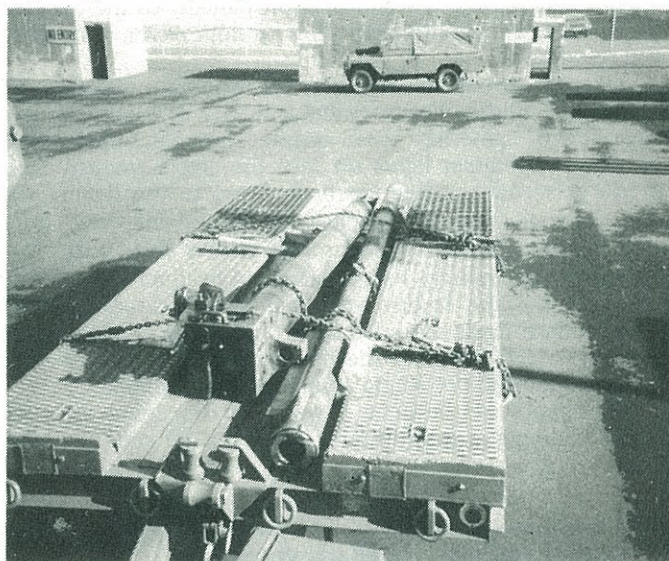
PROJECT AA

By Staff Sergeant E.S. Trott

Gotyer! I **thought** the title would attract more readers than normal. However, I'm sorry to disappoint you – my story has nothing to do with Alcoholics Anonymous. But don't go away!

I thought I'd let everyone know that Hobart Workshop Platoon is in the process of restoring a long-forgotten 3.7 inch Anti-Aircraft gun.

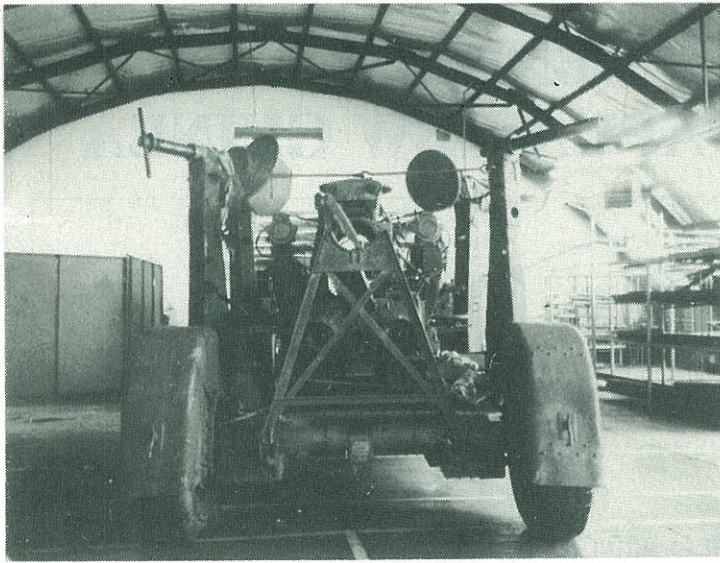
The gun was acquired from Sydney by some Military History 'freaks' in 6 MD. We shall attempt to restore it to its original condition ready for the already popular gun park at Anglesea Barracks. I have no doubt it will be given a place of honour and will also be a talking point among many veterans, as well as young soldiers, for years to come.



The Barrel, Breech Block and Barrel Liner of the 3.7 inch AA gun prior to restoration.

At present we know very little about this large and cumbersome weapon, mainly because we've only had a short time to get to know it and we have yet to research the subject. If any readers can shed some light on to the history of the 3.7 inch AA gun we'd be pleased to hear from you. I do believe it was used in the Middle East and Malta during World War II. But then, I'm too young to argue the point (Ahem!)

(Ed: Try corresponding with Singleton Wksp P1)



A front end view of the mobile 3.7 inch AA gun in position awaiting restoration at Hobart Workshop Platoon.

Unfortunately its present stage of restoration does not warrant photographing. We may, however, have some ready for the next issue of "The RAEME Craftsman".

Carrying out the restoration work are WO2 ASM Terry Parker, Cpl Ralph Kelb and myself. We look forward to showing off our finished product.

BLASTED INTO HIDING

Working under extreme noise pollution conditions, members of Hobart Wksp P1 were 'blasted into hiding' when the Main

Roads Board decided it was going to build a bridge across the Derwent River.

Work on the bridge started some months ago following a great political battle in the local parliament. Every so often since then, our Chief Clerk, Sgt Des 'Concorde' Ryan, received ominous (not anonymous) phone calls requesting the evacuation of all vehicles from the unit car park — and an equally ominous request for all personnel to take shelter while the hill behind HQ was blasted away.

In all the subsequent confusion the Main Roads people have gradually transferred the hill from behind HQ to a point that separates the Workshop from the road that used to lead on to the old Bailey bridge. Now, we are hidden behind a mountain of dirt — safe from the sight and sound of civilian traffic.

TIT BITS

The unit canteen — boozier — watering hole recently benefitted from a face lift, under the watchful eye of Sgt Dave 'Subpara' Warren, Mr Rex Nightingale and Mr Allan 'Flash' Young. A marvellous job they did, too. It's a pleasure to have a beer in there nowadays. Not that it wasn't before — just moreso now!!

Like all units we've had our share of moves with Sgt Des Ryan leading the mini-exodus, along with Cfn 'Shorty' Pearson, to MEA, Melbourne. May the good Lord help them. No, not Des and 'shorty' — the people already at MEA.

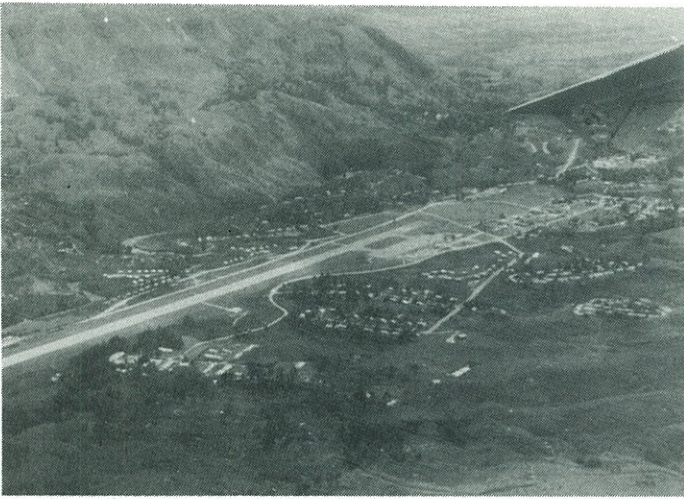
Capt John Goodchap also moved off, to join HQ EME Gp, Brisbane. I think he's chasing the sun. After all the running he's done around here he should catch it, too!

The stores element has also changed hand with Sgt Barry 'Tweety' Ahern from 141 Sup Coy, Brisbane, replacing Sgt Jack Law who flashed off to West Australia.

And that, good readers, is the way it's been in the Apple Isle. We'd like to end by extending our very good wishes to you all for the Xmas period and all the best for the New Year.



"Without a FEME 2? NO way, chum! Th' ASM'd Kill me!!"



A birdseye view of Mendi – the township.

Mendi is quite a challenge for the RAEME staff. When one considers its remoteness from other major PNG centres, the semi-skilled staff, the severe wear and tear resulting from a combination of rugged terrain, unskilled drivers and some extremely rough roads, high altitude, a rapidly growing fleet (now 350 strong) – spread throughout the province and three outstations with virtually no communication to Mendi, it could be said there is never a dull moment.

The three RAEME positions are occupied by Sgt John 'Blue' Heafield, Cpl Barry 'Bazza' Burt and myself. 'Blue' is the Training Supervisor who looks after all aspects of training, covering apprentices, semi-skilled staff, post trade, supervisors and stores staff. 'Bazza', who replaced Cpl Graham Maxwell – we hope you're not too bored at 31 Sup Bn Wksp, mate! – has a frequently varying role but at present, he looks after major projects such as installation of new crushers/screens with power



Tari, the largest of the 'outstation' workshops.



The author, WO1 Barry Woodberry and Plant Inspector, Karefa Komonome, inspect the broken crankshaft of a Komatsu D55S Tracked Loader.



Cpl Barry Burt instructing senior casual mechanic, Mr Poya Kapie, on the use of an inside micrometer.

plants, stands in for the Foreman when he's on leave and assists with the practical training of all staff.

As Provincial Mechanical Supervisor, my tasks include the responsibility of all workshops, stores, staff hiring and firing, budgeting and expenditure.

If you like a challenge with heaps of job satisfaction, don't mind a few extra hours and can survive without sport, keep Mendi in mind. 'Blue' Heafield has found it hard to hack the pace up here. So much so that he's extended, hopefully, for another year.

By the way, watch for coming Service movies on PNG. Our star BAZZA BURT practised his lines – all two of them – for weeks. They went like – "Hi there! I'm Bazza Burt. I work in the Engine Rebuild Workshop!!" Next posting for 'Bazza' – Hollywood??

To date we have witnessed an endless stream of senior RAE visitors but, as yet, not a sign of an official RAEME visitor in the eight years the unit has been in Mendi. Maybe this article will encourage such a visit.

12 CE Works Engineers and its RAEME staff are proud of their contribution to the development of Papua New Guinea.

In closing, I would like to assure correspondents the PMS, when included with my name, does not mean "Promote me, Sir!" nor does it mean "Post me South!" However, "A MC and HNY" does have a special meaning from us to you. Hope you enjoy it, because I can assure you that even in this 'outpost' we'll be making the most of it.

Editor: Well now we know. You almost make us wish we were there.



Our Training Supervisor, Sgt John Heafield, explains the operation of a Birfield Universal Joint to casual mechanic Mr Yamba Naripu (left) and Apprentice Orehere Kerere. The UJ is from a Toyota Landcruiser.

RAEME ASSOCIATIONS



A.A.O.C. (P) WORKSHOP BRANCH, 2 MD
1937 (and earlier) – 1945

By NP 3297 – NX 103023 – 2351 Major Peter Johnston,
RAEME (RL)

Preface:

I recently had the pleasure of reading the May 1979 issue of "The RAEME Craftsman" from cover to cover and was particularly interested in an article by "Bullpup" – and I'm sure other servicemen found it very interesting, too.

"Bullpup" suggested that maybe some readers could help him complete his memories and it is in part satisfaction of that request that I offer my contribution as a reasonably accurate, but brief, story of some of the circumstances that prevailed during the period 1937-1945.

The A.A.O.C. (P) Workshop Branch that I refer to was located within the famous walls of Victoria Barracks, Paddington, NSW. Two other 2 MD Workshop Branches were located at Moorebank and Leichhardt at that time, too.

Can anyone help to identify those in the photograph? I can recall some names, such as – front row (squatting) 2nd from left, Sgt Joe Quirk; 8th from left in 2nd row (seated) WO1 (ASM) John Dawson; 9th in same row, Lt. P. Johnston, OC; 10th in same row, Lt. F. Nelson, 2 IC; 11th, Cpl Tom Nash, the grand old man of the workshop. I recognise others but space is limited. How many old soldiers can name others. How about you, Bullpup?



All the branches were under the command of Major Frank Field, Chief Ordnance Mechanical Engineer, who later had the honour and distinction of being appointed the first DEME of the Corps.

These branches formed the nucleus of AEME and RAEME with many of its members attaining high ranks and appointments both during and after World War II.

By the time I enlisted on Armistice Day, 1937, the Victoria Barracks branch was already an old, well-established and highly respected repair, inspection and technical servicing establishment. Together with the branches at Moorebank and Leichhardt it provided full service to all units, depots and installations in 2 MD. In many instances it carried out the installation and servicing of most coast Artillery Armaments throughout all MDs, including Thursday Island.

On many occasions senior Artificers and Artisans were required to live-in on a semi-permanent basis at such coast defence forts as Scratchley, Stockton and Kembla. Forts such as North, South and West Heads, Georges Heights and Cape Banks were visited on a daily basis although, in some instances, those 'daily' visits extended over a period of weeks. Metropolitan and country PMF and CMF units were also visited at frequent and often lengthy periods, by the Artificers and Artisans who also attended all coast and field artillery range firing practices after servicing and preparing the weapons prior to range practice.

The Victoria Barracks Workshop was well equipped and laid out. No repairs of technical equipments were ever evacuated to a 'Trade Repair' organisation to the best of my knowledge. Equipment Manuals, Parts Catalogues, etc., were always available but DEME Tech Bulletins, EMEI's, RAEME Maintenance Scales and EDP had not been introduced at that time. There were, of course, numerous comprehensive illustrated manuals/handbooks for all major equipments with many containing replacement parts lists and relevant catalogue numbers. One really important and authoritative publication that did exist was the AUSTRALIAN CHANGES IN WAR MATERIAL.

This publication was used extensively throughout the Army as the authority for the introduction of all equipments and stores into service, for declaring equipments and stores 'obsolescent' or 'obsolete' and for promulgating official modifications or methods or repair of equipments and stores.

Each entry in the manual was given an individual serial number and date and amendments were promulgated and distributed as promptly as circumstances would permit.

In the main workshop assistants were selected from eligible and available PMF personnel of Coast Artillery units.

Promotion for PMF personnel was gained by qualifying at a written examination, gaining the recommendation of the OC Workshop and hoping there was a vacancy to be filled. It was frequent, however. I enlisted as a Corporal on 11th November 1937, marched out to 7 MD Darwin as a Ssgt on March 22, 1939 and returned to Victoria Barracks as a WO2 in March of '41. This, of course, was a little more rapid than was normal at the time.

Rates of pay were interesting in that recruits joining as tradesmen were enlisted as Corporals and paid a much higher wage than Corporals or Bombardiers of other Corps/Regiments. The higher rate of pay continued throughout all OR scales until the rank of WO1 (A) was reached when it levelled out. During 1941 a WO2 Artificer PMF received in cash, after tax deduction, the princely sum of £11.0.4d per fortnight.

Before 1937 personnel serving during the Great Depression were subject to the same rationing restrictions as most people working in industry and were stood down on a two weeks on – two weeks off basis with regular monotony.

One matter that has always been clear in my mind is the unbelievable low superannuation pension rate prevailing at the time. I recall WO1 (A) Jim Roberts – of very happy memory – retiring in 1939 on a pension of something approximating to £3.0.0 per fortnight.

This brief report on the old 2 MD Victoria Barracks Workshop is intended as an attempt to recall a few incidents and details of its existence. I hope it has served to complete some of "Bullpup's" memories.

In my next submission I shall provide a list of personnel who served in the A.A.O.C. (P) Workshop Branch and another photograph from those far off times.

A similar authoritative publication was the Changes in War Material (UK). Whatever information one sought in relation to equipments and stores could be found in either of these publications. And then there was also Standing Orders for Vocabulary or Army Ordnance Stores which provided nomenclature and catalogue numbers for all items of Ordnance store, i.e. F1/F2 – Hand Tools, G1/G2 – Hardware, MT1/MT2 – Automotive.

The procurement of components and replacement parts was never a problem. There were instances, of course, when in order to avoid delays or meet emergencies, certain types of components were manufactured locally or, in the case of certain types of 'worn' components, repaired by building up, using electro-deposition or arc or gas welding and machining back to plan size. In some cases components were forged by the Blacksmith. Expense stores were always in ample supply or easy to procure.

Stocks of repairable stores and stores requiring modification were 'programmed' through Victoria Barracks Workshop in, what appeared to be, a never-ending stream. QF 18 pounders Mk II and IV, B1 4.7 inch Howitzers and their associated stores were in evidence all the time on the shop floor. The Instrument section, up in the tower, the MT section – mostly Marmon-Herrington Field Artillery Tractors, occasional Humber staff cars and Bedford Utes – Leatherworking, Carpentry, Blacksmithing and Machine Shop sections always had their full quota of work.

'Jobbing' repairs averaged 20-30% of the workload.

Technical trade personnel were recruited direct from 'civvie' street as qualified tradesmen with the exception, that is, of a small percentage of the leatherworkers, carpenters, joiners and blacksmiths who were Public Service civilian personnel.

Applicants were paraded for medical examination and were also required to qualify at a practical trade test. Appointments were finally made after an interview and assessment had been carried out by the OC Workshop. Personnel joining as PMF re-

cruits underwent 'rookie' training with the Field Artillery Battery at Victoria Barracks early in their career.

Upon enlistment, in addition to the usual accessories and accoutrements, recruits were issued with made-to-measure items of uniform which included: Jacket (patrol collar) and trousers, Khaki drill (summer); Jackets (patrol collar) woollen, Khaki (winter); Breeches Khaki; Leggings, Leather; Hats Khaki, fur; Caps Khaki and Belts, waist, leather.

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SURVIVAL AMONG THE FITTEST

by BULLPUP

(The continuing reminiscences of an old soldier who is proud of it)

When we read accounts of civilian bravery such as fire rescues, rescues from drowning, the jaws of death, from oncoming trucks and the like, it frequently leaves us with a feeling of inadequacy. Invariably we may ask ourselves, "What would I do in similar circumstances?"

Do these people, we may wonder, react purely from reflex? Do they think of the possible consequences of their actions? Or do they react, knowing the consequences and do it anyway, much as a gambler will bet his last cent on a dead cert knowing, sub-consciously, that if he loses he is all but committing suicide?

Bravery in a military environment, on the field of battle, or wherever, results from a somewhat different set of circumstances.

When we consider such acts we know that individuals are rarely left with any alternative, other than cowardice. Often, there isn't the time to think about the consequences, anyway, and a soldier's rewards for acts of gallantry and valour will be varied.

Some may receive medals, mentions in despatches, promotion, etc., while others . . . well, let me tell you about one of my acts of gallantry and valour. . .

I stood shirtless, shoeless, sockless and without braces. It was a bitter June day, and trying to support nether garments with frost-bitten hands while performing a type of hula-hula in an effort to keep the blood circulating, was nothing short of an act of bravery in itself.

As I danced from frozen foot to frozen foot, from which all feeling had long since gone, I could see others in the same unfortunate predicament as myself. I remember gaining some satisfaction from the realisation that, in terms of stamina and the type of physical fitness that sorts the men from the boys, I was the equal of some and better than many.

My thoughts, mixed with memories of home and its comforts, were on surviving this ordeal. Why, I wondered, did I ever leave home for this?

The cold reaching down from the tin roof of the hut joined forces with that rising from the stone floor to freeze the thoughts in my mind. It had all but completed the total refrigeration of my body when, without warning, I was confronted by a heavily muffled, great-coated figure.

Despite being muffled to the ears, with three layers of wool covering its mouth, the figure was actually shivering too, as it grunted, "You're next!"

In something of a stupor, I rose, and gingerly stepped before him. My frozen feet sounded like horses' hooves in my numbed brain, as I walked.

I gazed at the figure through icicles hanging from rigid eyelashes. He held an object in his hand. It looked strangely like a stethoscope.

My gaze shifted to a second similarly clad figure seated at a table covered with papers. He was the lucky one. A rusty old, cone-type radiator stood by his side, giving out about as much heat as one could expect from a car's cigarette lighter. Nevertheless, I would have given anything to get closer to it, but it was not to be.

The creature with the stethoscope-type object took over.

I shivered, but not from fear. Such emotions had long since been frozen out. Apprehension prevailed. What was I to expect at his hands?

I was ill-prepared for the kindly voice that quavered — "Drop your duds!"

With extreme caution I removed the frozen digits supporting the garment. Any sudden movement may have resulted in the hands snapping off at the wrist.

Down slid the worsteds and there I stood, in pristine splendour, as blue as my ancestors, the Picts.

The embarrassment I experienced then was nothing compared to that caused by the muffled figure's next command.

"Bend down — pull the cheeks apart!" it grunted.

I was no longer apprehensive — just scared out of my wits. Never in all my life, had I experienced such indignity. Nevertheless, I did as I was bid and waited, tensed, not knowing what to expect when the voice asked — "How long have you had haemorrhoids?"

Completely unnerved, I replied, "I wasn't aware I had any Sir!" and returned to a vertical stance.

His next action was more devastating. With a quick movement of his hands which, under any other circumstances could be termed an assault, he took hold of parts of my anatomy and, with a downward thrust obviously designed to reduce my height, he demanded that I — "Cough!!" I coughed alright.

In truth the demand was both superfluous and ridiculous to the extreme. Couldn't he see I was already possibly suffering from double pneumonia?

This indelicate action was immediately followed with other actions of assault as he punched at my chest whilst slapping the cold metal object, so long clasped in his hand, over my bare frozen skin, front and back accompanied by demands to — "Breathe in — out!" Under the circumstances it was a wonder I did.

By this time I had either forgotten how cold I was or the atmosphere was beginning to warm up. The effect of these torturous actions lingered throughout an ensuing archaic one-eyed ordeal.

"Take this card, cover one eye and read the third line down," came the muffled order. No problem. I'd memorised the letters in an effort to keep my mind off the cold and the recent assault.

He noted down the result as he said, "Good. Now the other eye!"

I shuffled the card from hand to hand and covered the same eye. He detected my sleight of hand and wasted no time putting me right, but his rebuke knocked my confidence. I forgot the letters I'd memorised and could only guess at the blurred figures.

Still, from that moment, procedures were hastened.

"Height? Weight? Colour of eyes? Any visible scars or deformities?" The questions were rapidly answered and, with a final grunt of, "Good. Next!" I was passed back to the muffled figure at the table of papers.

This second figure scribbled awhile, folded some sheets of paper, pushed them into an envelope and, pulling apart the mufflers around the face to reveal a bewhiskered mouth, slobbered over the flap of the envelope before sealing it and passing it to me.

Taking the envelope I left to find my clothes.

Strangely enough they were found where I had been ordered to leave them. I dressed as quickly as my shaking, shivering limbs would permit.

As I turned to leave and thawing commenced, I took more interest in the long official envelope clutched in my hand.

It was addressed to the OC Workshops, Paddington, Sydney. Realisation rushed into my thawing brain.

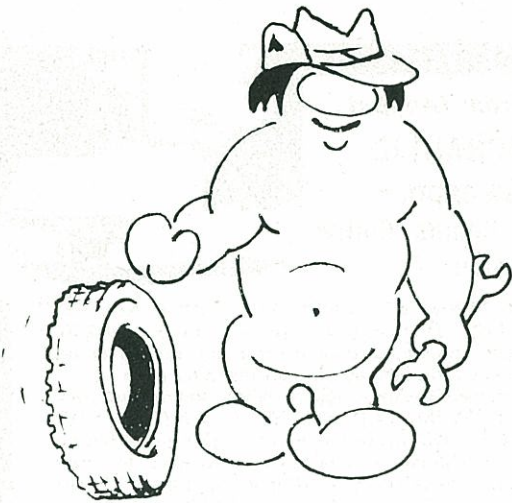
My strides became more positive. Pride swelled my chest. It dawned on me that I had survived the test. A test which had been more than a test of stamina and fortitude. A test from which only the fittest survived.

I was alive, kicking, breathing freely and heading bravely toward my first trade test.

And I thought I'd been put through a medical!

FOOTNOTES

SECRETARY'S CORNER



Probably the most requested and discussed topic to cross my desk as Secretary of our magazine is that of publishing a list of postings and promotions within the Corps, in "The RAEME Craftsman".

As you can appreciate, with approximately 2,700 Other Ranks and, on average, a 100% turnover in postings every three years, a list every six months would be very extensive.

The biggest problem facing the Editorial Board is maintaining the list in an accurate and updated format. For the December issue our deadline for material is August 31st. From that date until our magazine 'hits the streets' we have no means of updating or changing articles we submit for publication.

It is felt, by the Editorial Board, that to produce a list of promotions and postings which, in effect, would be four months out of date, would be unfair and irresponsible. Thus, therefore and hence "The RAEME Craftsman" will not be used to publish these lists. Sorry!

* * * * *

Proof-reading our magazine, or any magazine, is a very time-consuming task. The higher the standard the less it is noticed in the finished magazine. It is very difficult at times to immediately spot the misspelling of a person's name. It is, however, unforgivable to misspell the name of a friend.

Bill Budgen - we sincerely apologise for the error in Vol.1 No.4!

* * * * *

Many thanks to those members who responded to the RAEME Key Ring Medallion article in the last issue. The results will be forwarded to the Corps Committee for further discussion and consideration.

* * * * *

Unfortunately, due to the very poor response to the "Focus on RAEME" competition, for this issue only, a no contest situation has been declared.

If your support for Vol1 No 6 is not more positive, we will be forced to discontinue "Focus on RAEME". This would indeed be a loss to our magazine as I am sure there are many photographs of RAEME, in action, that could only add to the presentation of our magazine.

* * * * *

One pleasing aspect, from my point of view as secretary of our magazine, are the letters I receive from all over the world complementing our Corps on a first class magazine. As a matter of interest, our magazine reaches the following locations and is read with a great deal of interest, New Delhi India, Kuala Lumpur Malaysia, Wellington New Zealand, London and Washington. I would like to express the Board's gratitude and appreciation for a very difficult and time consuming task that is carried out in a very efficient and accurate manner by the

people at Support Group MEA. Our distribution list has more than 320 Addressees, all with different quantities, accounting for our 5000 copies. A twice yearly task that is very well done, keep up the good work.

The Editorial Board of "Maintenance News" has asked "The RAEME Craftsman" to assist in spreading the word for them. This we are pleased to do for such a worthwhile publication.

One of the aims of "MN" is to promote the care and maintenance of the ARMY's equipment. To enable it to achieve this aim, information and feed-back is required from the users of the equipment.

As with "The RAEME Craftsman", "Maintenance News" can only be as good as the contributors and readers - that's you, make it. It does not matter which Corps you belong to. If you feel you have something to contribute, write to:

Editor,
"MAINTENANCE NEWS"

P.O. Box 1932R,
MELBOURNE, Victoria. 3001

If you haven't seen a copy of "MN" recently - ask your Orderly Room to get you a copy.

Sub-Ed's Comment: My compliments to the growing number of contributors to "The RAEME Craftsman" for the effort they are making to maintain the flow of articles for each issue. The response is tremendous - and I enjoy every minute I spend preparing them for publication. I would, however, like to make a couple of suggestions.

1. Ensure names of members and places are easily read - to avoid misspelling.
2. Do try to write in a chatty style but please, refrain from writing as though you were submitting an engineering report - unless, of course, that is what you are submitting. Even then, it takes time to alter the style to suit the magazine.
3. Do try to get your articles to us AHEAD of the deadline.

The usual last minute rush of articles holds up publication. Having said that - A Merry Xmas to You All and a great New Year!!

DID YOU KNOW?

Computer support for birth control: D. Green, Electronics (Glasgow, Scotland) may soon incorporate microcomputers in brassiers to determine the 'safe' and 'unsafe' periods in a woman's ovulation cycle by analysing variations in breast temperature. The micro would automatically measure and analyse variations in breast temperature, providing a real-time readout of fertility. Data could be shown on a display and interpreted by referring to a manual.

("Physicians Microcomputer Report" Vol 2, No 8).

SOUND FAMILIAR?

"We trained very hard - but it seemed that every time we were beginning to form up into teams, we would be re-organised.

I was to learn late in life that we tend to meet any new situation by re-organising; and a wonderful method it can be for creating an illusion of progress while producing demoralisation."

Petronius Arbitr 210 BC

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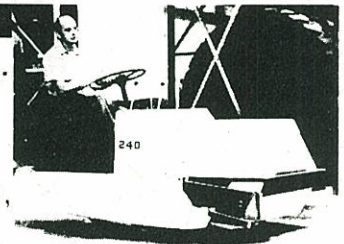
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SPECIFICATIONS

MODEL

Hino ZC121E (6 x 6, right hand drive).

DIMENSIONS

Overall length: 9,065 mm.

width: 2,490 mm.

height: 3,480 mm.

Wheelbase: 4,650 & 1,300 mm.

WEIGHTS

Chassis weight: 9,905 kg
 front: 4,465 kg (incl. body,
 rear: 5,440 kg. tools, driver)

G.V.W. RATING:

22,000 kg on the road
 18,000 off the road

PERFORMANCE at G.V.W. rating

Max. speed 87 km/h.
 Gradeability, tan θ 60%

ENGINE

Hino EK100.

Diesel, 4 cyl. vertical, 6 cyl.
 in-line, over-head-valve, water-cooled.

Max. output: 225 HP at 2,300 rpm.

Max. torque: 88 mkg at 1,600 rpm.

TYRE (Standard)

Tyre size: 11.00-20-14PR.

Rim size: 6.50 x 20 IR offset 165 mm.

CLUTCH

Dry, single plate with damper
 springs, hydraulic control.

TRANSMISSION

Six-speed, overdrive,
 synchromesh 3rd-6th

Gear ratio: 1st 6.026:1
 5th 0.803:1

TRANSFER

Two-speed constantmesh with helical
 gearings.

Gear ratio: High 0.998:1
 Low 1.711:1

REAR AXLE

Full-floating, single-reduction,
 single-speed by hypoid gearings,
 tandem axle, dual drive.

Gear ratio: 6.428:1

FRONT AXLE

Full-floating, single-reduction,
 single-speed by, spiral bevel gearings
 with constant velocity universal
 joints.

Gear ratio: 6.428:1

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SUSPENSIONS

Front - Semi-elliptic leaf springs
 with shockabsorbers.

Rear - Semi-elliptic leaf springs
 with torque rods.

WHEELS (Standard)

8 stud disc wheels, 20 in.
 nominal diameter.

FUEL TANK

200 litres.

CHASSIS FRAME

Ladder-shaped "U" section.

CAB

All steel, welded construction,
 safety glass applied.

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Batteries: Two, series-connection,
 each 12V. 150 AH at 20 hour rate.
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