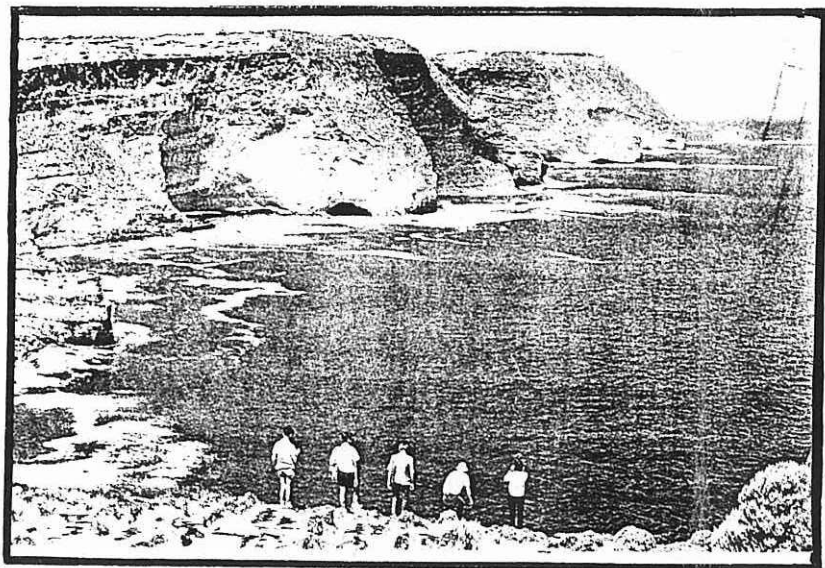


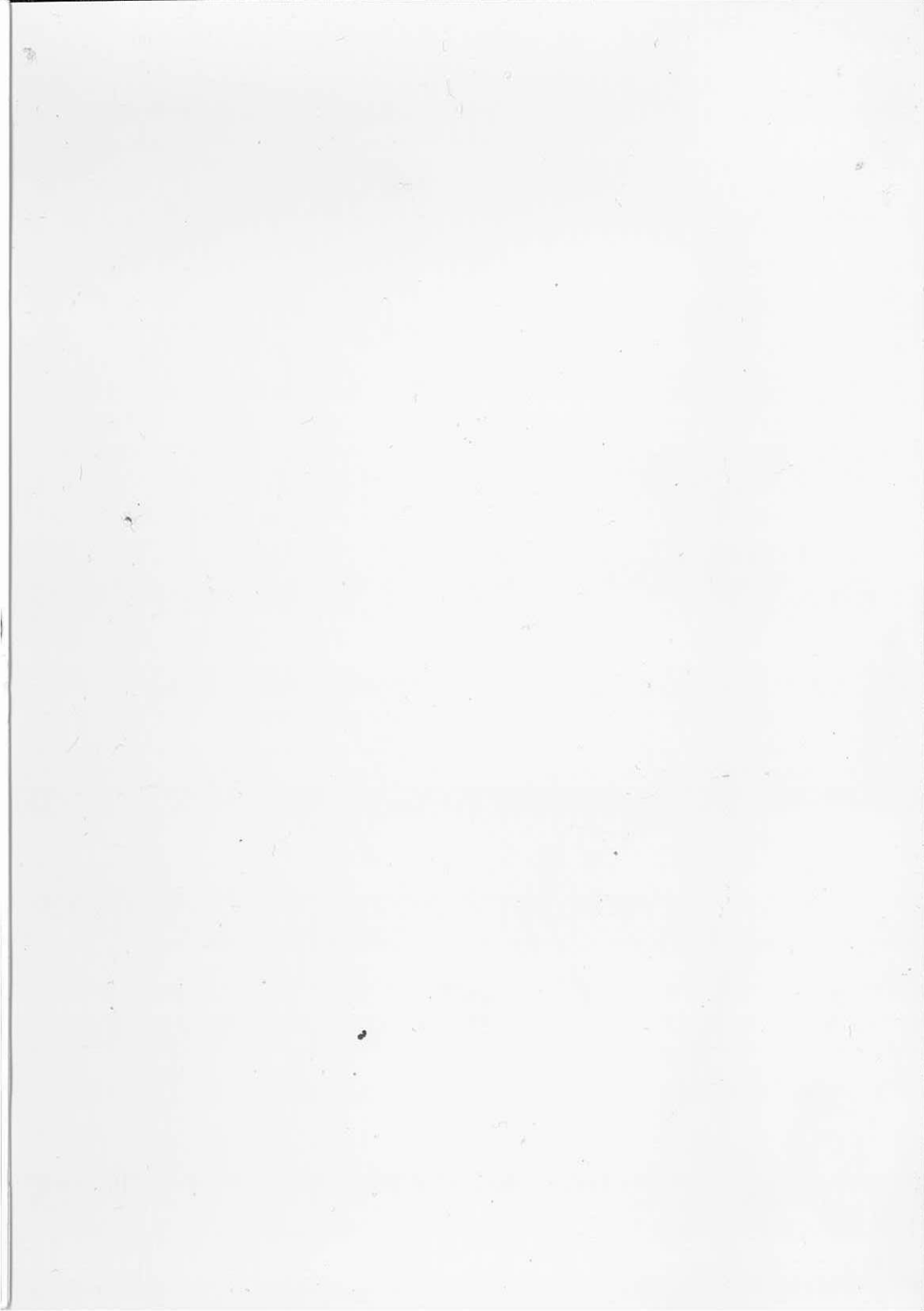
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MEMORIES OF WEDGE,

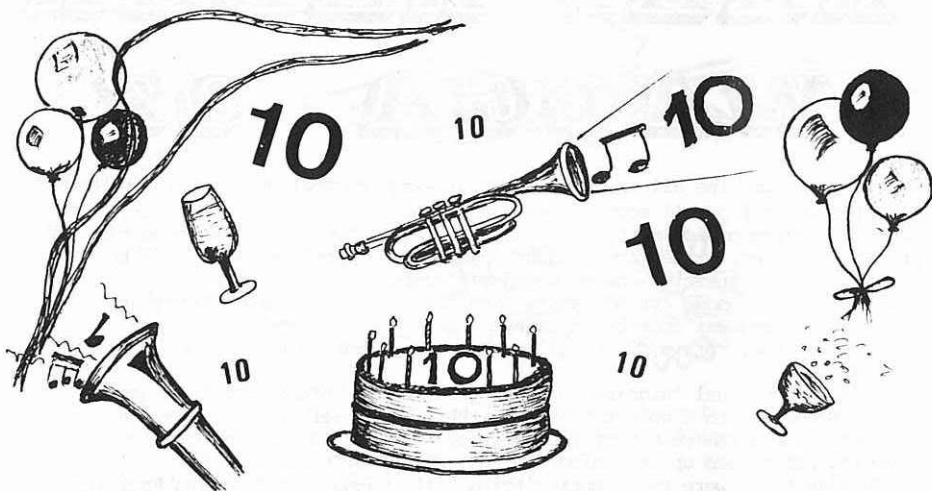


7 RADAR, WEDGE
1943 - 44 ISLAND

10th REUNION 1998



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This year we celebrate Ten Years of Wedge Reunions.....not a record perhaps as Reunions go.... but there is one thing that few others can emulate - and that is the Loyalty and Solid Support of our small group of Wedge men, our ladies and families.

This can be attributed to two principal reasons. Firstly, the fact that Doug and Ronda have cheerfully and capably acted as both Principal Organisers, and as the central phone contact for Wedge folk from at least six States...Secondly, not only have the Adelaide folk enthusiastically supported the Reunions, but so too have Country and Interstate folk from near and far. Just as important has been the support of our Ladies and Friends who have come to enjoy the company and the occasions as true Associate Wedge Islanders!

So we celebrate 10 Years - a Decade of Pleasant Recollections of Wedge days of Service Life...of seeking out names....of joining with Friends and also of Promoting and Supporting the big National Get-Togethers.... and of helping to compile our important and unique Radar Histories. In ten years, 7 Radar Wedge has earned a great record of local Comradeship and National Support which has been and continues to be clearly evident whenever we get together.

So today is the occasion for a little self-congratulation. We congratulate Doug and Ronda on their great idea of 10 years ago.... we congratulate our helper committee...and finally each of us deserves a Pat on the Back for the Support which has made our Reunions such a Success. AND LONG MAY THEY CONTINUE !

RAAF RADAR WAGGA '97

One can just imagine all the convivial chin-wagging that went on at the Wagga re-union which from all accounts was just a nice size - and with a very sensible degree of formality - or rather informality. There were no marches or banner waving, or services - just enjoying the excellent weather - the sights of the district - and each other's company.

I've heard from Wedge attendees Stan and Des - Neil and June - Derry and Judi and Ron and Pat Coat (Wedgies by adoption) and all have been loud and long in their praises. Neville and Gwenda Franks also joined the throng I hear.

There were the usual 'signing on' arrangements and informations packages on the Monday, with a buffet dinner at the RSL. Chief organiser Warren Mann pronounced the customary few words of welcome (60 were expected he said and 220 turned up including one very mobile 92 y.o.)

On Tuesday there were two tempting trips - the Wagga RAAF Training Facility and Museum...or the City Art Gallery. The RAAF proved popular, with the highlight being the morning tea prepared by trainee staff - it was a sumptuous spread of delectables (Verily, Verily I say unto you..How different are Mess arrangements these days!) while the visit also took in jet engines, aircraft, M.T., helicopters etc. of all shapes and sizes. Lunch was back at the RSL where W/Cdr. Pete Smith (champion of all old radar bods) gave an informative talk on JORN which certainly indicated that operating and interpreting JINDALEE is a far more complicated operation than staring cross-eyed at the 5 inch scope of the old LW/AW.)

At night there was some serious sampling, sipping and supping at the W.W. Winery with the majority again in attendance. The evening was crisp and clear which made it chilly at the outside tables, and most gradually gravitated inside where quarters became a mite cramped - but a good and cosy time was enjoyed by all.

Wednesday offered a tour of the Charles Sturt University, followed by lunch at the Botanic Gardens. Highlight here were two Chinese structures built without bolts or nails, being outstanding in appearance and both colourful and so differently Oriental in appearance.

Thursday - the last day - brought a trip around the Bomen Industrial Complex and Saleyards...then on to Monte Cristo, an historic old homestead of 1884 which, once abandoned and vandalised, has now been beautifully restored and furnished.

Lunch was served in a large building in the yard called the Ballroom - then back to base to prepare for the big Celebratory Dinner at the RSL. Speakers were Major Gen.(ret.) Steve Gower, Director of the Canberra AWM -

Mr. Walter Fielder-Gill as President of the NSW Radar Group, and David Wilson, I/C of the RAAF Historical and Archives Section at Canberra. Even though this was said to be THE final Re-union, (so was Port Stephens) there are hints of yet one more - hopefully when a re-discovered LW/AW goes on display at the AWM in Canberra. So save the cents, chaps, and cherish the dollars...there may be one last call. Keep the ears open for word of the Final-Final Re-union. (just like Melba's last concert isn't it?) Stan mentioned that 20 attended a re-union for the first time! which shows that location and spreading the word is so important.

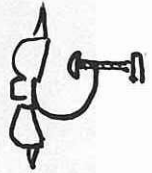
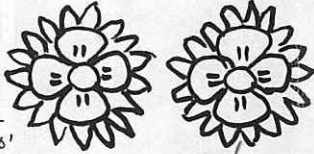
Finally, Warren and Helen and their many helpers are to be congratulated and thanked,(did I detect a strong 131 element?) and the re-union has proved just how successful a regional group can be.

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BASHING OUT 'FOREIGNERS.'

Making and creating 'foreigners' was a very serious business, and a good, well made foreigner was a thing to be proud of, so it had to be as perfect as possible. It demanded craftsmanship - patience - lots of spare time at the mechanics' bench or in the fitter/DMT's work-shop and in addition to all those requirements there was the matter of organising supplies and tools. Often a well-made foreigner became a gift for mum or the girlfriend - sometimes an item of profit to be sold or bartered - sometimes it was made as a favour for a mate.



Making rings from dural was usually regarded as the first attempt and became the rookies' test - an exam almost - and once a certain standard had been attained and a certain amount of critical acclaim received, a progression followed as more ambitious items were attempted, with the supply of suitable materials alone deciding the extent of the range of items attempted.

From the aircraft dumps came dural, perspex and laminated ply. From outlying stations came pearlshell and tortoiseshell, with the local Aborigines being the chief suppliers via a mate, and the bartering medium being tins of 'baccy.' From the stations and camps along the road down to Adelaide River came small amounts of buffalo horn - and understandably this was the most difficult of all materials to score, for few buffalo seemed anxious to part with any, and few chaps - even good mates - wanted to argue with a not-too-friendly water buffalo, even with a .303 at hand.

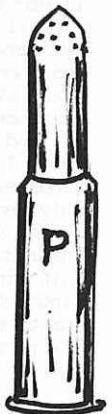
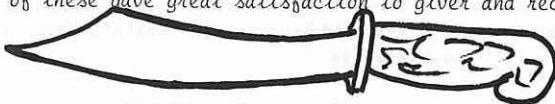
In spite of shortages 'down south,' small files were still available and could be sent in the next parcel...also Gibbs tooth powder, that rather abrasive sort in cake form which was the favoured polishing medium, though some swore by Brasso, and then finishing with ordinary toothpaste and a flannel cloth. Even nail files were good.

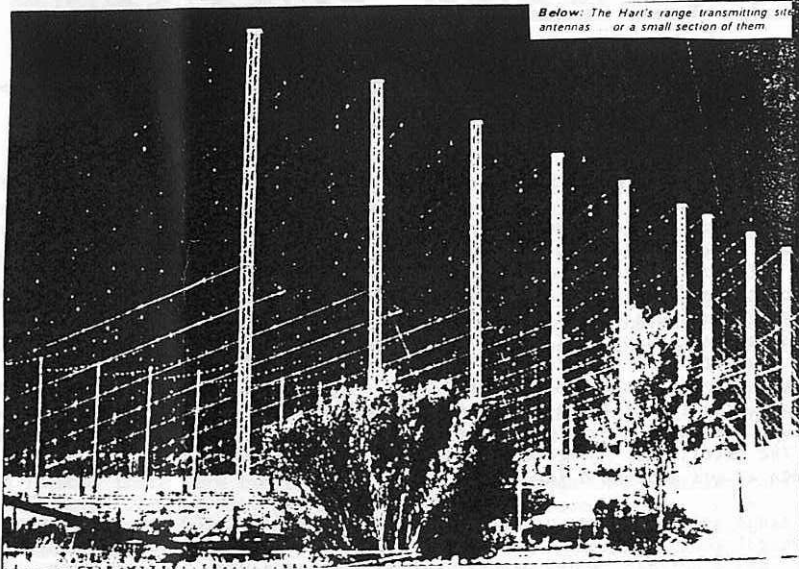
Spitfire and Kittyhawk brooches were winners, I recall, made from the old pre-war silver two bob bits. Strictly illegal, so it was said, though defacing the coins of the realm was a crime no-one seems to have served time for, and frankly, we were never deterred by any such dire threats of Governmental action in any case.

Smaller coins - tray-bits and zacs - were hammered thin to make brooches and ear-rings, and much imagination went into planning and designing...and those who had perspex moulded that stuff after heating it in hot water. And other articles, such as paper and butter knives were very successful, though sometimes some very doubtful salt and pepper shakers were made from incendiary shells, deloused and burnt out.

Native crafts were popular too - the easy way out of gift giving for the lazy ones...and many of these were true art of the local type...and cheap too, and beautifully made.

All of these gave great satisfaction to giver and receiver.





JINDALEE.

The Jindalee project began with the development of an experimental facility near Alice Springs to assess Over The Horizon Radar in the Australian environment. The concept has proven itself through extensive experimental operation at Alice Springs since 1976.

Jindalee can detect aircraft and ships at ranges between 1000 and 3000 km from the radar sites. The completed network of radars will allow surveillance of an area of about 20 million square km of ocean and the air above it.

The area to our north, known as the sea-air gap, has been identified as the critical area in relation to any military threat to Australia, and our Defence Forces must have the capability to defeat any aggressor in the sea/air gap before they reach our shores. Jindalee will provide the Defence Forces with the ability to monitor all movement on the sea or in the air in this vital region with its long range radar system. And it will help detect drug smugglers or illegal immigrants, and assist with search and rescue operations. It will also provide meteorological data on wind and sea. To provide this broad area surveillance capability, the Department of Defence is building two OTHR installations at an approximate cost of \$1 billion. The network will initially consist of one transmitter-receiver radar located near Longreach in Queensland, and a second near Laverton in Western Australia. These will be linked to the Coordination Centre at RAAF Base Edinburgh near Adelaide. Each operational system will occupy two separate tracts of land - one for the transmitter site and one for the receiver site, and about 100 km apart.

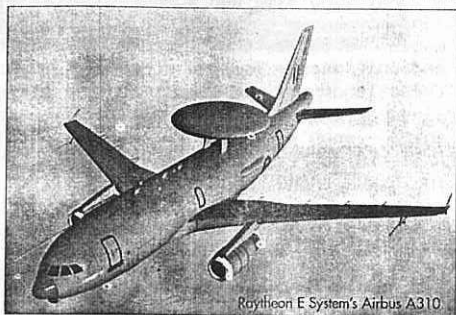
Jindalee is no ordinary radar system. Unlike traditional radars which can only see as far as the horizon, Jindalee will blanket the ocean and air-space, unconstrained by the curvature of the earth's surface. And although the radars will be operated by Air Force personnel, they will be fully maintained by civilian contractors

Jindalee, or 'Over the Horizon Radar,' will be vital to Australia's security for twenty or more years.

(Extracts from paper supplied by Stan Moss - souvenir of Pete Smith's Wagga talk.)

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Project Wedgetail



MORE RECENT RADAR NEWS.

Remember in the last 'M.O.W' I made mention of 'Project Wedgetail' the RAAF's latest ideas of possible new radar systems? Well, here's a little more on the subject - just enough to make you realise just how things have changed since you peered at that old A.W out on Wedge!

The basic idea now is to have an airborne radar system, which would be completely remote from any possible attack from plane or missile....something completely different from a 'fixed' location station which can be pin-pointed in a matter of minutes really with equipment used today.

And not only will the radar itself be airborne, but also the Control Unit, or Fighter Sector as we knew it in the days of our youth.

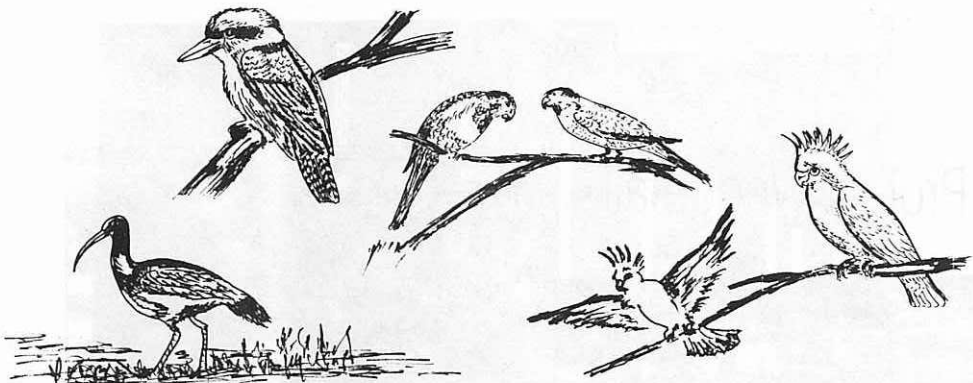
The aircraft, or so called 'platforms,' could be adapted from three aircraft in use today and well proven - the Hercules, the 737 and the Airbus - with well proven radar systems also which have a range in excess of 200 miles. That's enough to make you realise how things have changed!

The latest reports tell us that Boeing will assist with the design work in planning a system based on a smaller Boeing aircraft with a Northrop Grumman radar, all planned to appear in 1999 for testing .

The new radar aircraft should enter service in 2002.

I shouldn't imagine that the operators will be allowed to boil up the jug like we did when on the dog-watch!

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A DREAMTIME LEGEND—HOW SPENCER GULF WAS FORMED,

A long, long time ago when the people of the Narangga tribe lived on the land now known as Yorke Peninsula, there was a Dreamtime Story of a strange, magical creature that lived there when there was no Great Water - Spencer Gulf - and only marshy lagoons stretched inland towards the Great Dry Inland. At these lagoons lived the creature families of the area - the duck family lived at one - the cormorant family at another - the swan family - the snipe - each water bird family lived on a lagoon by itself.

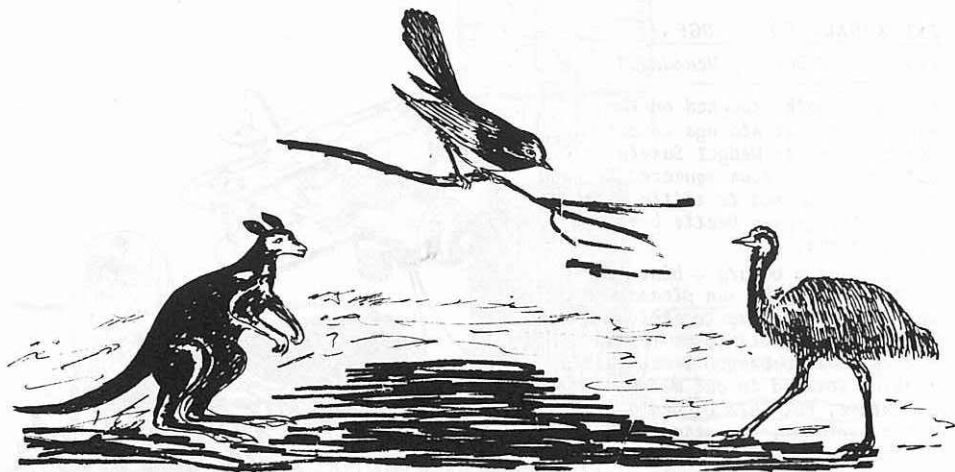
A little way from these lagoons lived the land birds - the cockatoos - the hawks - the magpies - all the birds of the trees of the bush. And with them lived the land animals - the possums, the wallabies and kangaroos - the native cats. They all lived and sheltered together - but not the reptiles and lizards that lived apart and slept by themselves. And all these family tribes lived in harmony and in peace, and visited at each others' lagoon. There were no boundaries until one day someone foolishly suggested that the families of birds and animals should live alone and not join with the others. And strangely, all the birds and animals agreed. So the bird tribes made a declaration to stop the animals and reptiles from coming to their lagoon. But the kangaroo, the chief of the animal tribe and who was respected by all, pleaded that access should be allowed to the lagoons so that all could drink...and all agreed...and they again lived in peace for many, many more years.

But the noisy cockatoo said to the other land birds..."Fancy allowing the lizards to drink and spoil the water" and the magpie said..."Fancy letting the wombat and the reptiles drink with the beautiful parrots." And so the proud bird tribes refused to allow the animals, the lizards and the snakes to drink at their lagoon.

Then followed a great conflict between all the tribes. But the kangaroos, the emu and the willie wagtails took no part for they were sad; and the elders of their tribes sought a way to end the conflict. And the wagtail suggested that if the sea could be made to flow through the marshes and lagoons, the fighting would stop. And so the three camped together while they thought up a plan.

One day they were resting by the sea-shore - about where the Gambier group of islands stand guard today at the south - when the emu wandered away and found the leg bone of a great kangaroo. He carried it back to the camp, and the kangaroo and the wagtail asked where it had come from. So the emu told them - and then all three slept and dreamed uneasily. In the morning, they spoke of their dreams. "I was on an island," the wagtail said, "with the sea all around; and a great wave rose up flooding the island, and I was in despair.

.....▶



"Oh," said the emu, "I dreamed the lagoons were empty and became dry and dusty, and death was everywhere."

"I neither dreamed nor saw a vision," said the kangaroo, "but I dreamed all night of that great leg bone. Let us search for the other bones of that great kangaroo!"

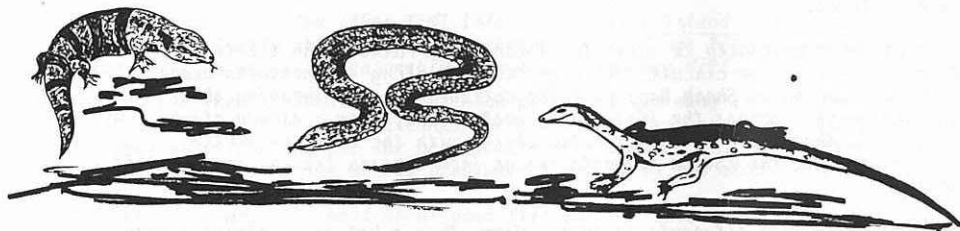
So the emu led them to the place, and there they dug and found more bones which pointed as a sign in a straight line towards the interior of the land.

The kangaroo took up the leg bone and probed the ground with it, not knowing then that it was a magic bone. As soon as he used it the ground opened, and the sea broke through and came tumbling and rolling along the channel cut by the leg bone.

And it flowed into the lagoons and marshes which then all disappeared and the sea advanced. And the sea followed the kangaroo chief of the animals as he moved northwards.

So the great gulf of water was created...and today is known as Spencer Gulf.

(From a Legend of the Narangga people, who once lived on Yorke Peninsula.)



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ALL ABOARD FOR WEDGE !

(As told by Shirley Measday.)

That tiny moth crouched on the hangar apron at Aldinga is our Magic Carpet to Wedge? Surely not! But somehow we four squeezed in and somehow we seemed to settle without our little flying beetle bursting at the seams.

The day was a beauty - blue sky - little wind - the sun pleasant and warm - just the day to explore a lonely little island, or to try a bit of beachcombing. I was really looking forward to our Wedge adventure, but this proved a real disappointment, for permission for us to land on Wedge was denied and the aircraft insurance would not be valid if we did.

But nevertheless it was UP! UP! and AWAY! with the steady drone of the engine reassuring - the hands on the controls steady and firm. That inner nervousness quickly steadied, and we soon realized that we were actually enjoying the view.

St. Vincent's Gulf soon passed - was that tiny boat really the K.I. Fast Ferry? - Then next we were over the foot of the Peninsula with the Althorpes on the port beam, Cape Spencer dead ahead. Strangely I was even beginning to use this aerial jargon!

Then way ahead appeared this chunk of land looking for all the world like a Wedge...no wonder Flinders had named it for what he saw back in 1802, for it struck me just the same 190 years later. But now there was the tiny lighthouse on top of the Wedge just as it had been described to me so many times.

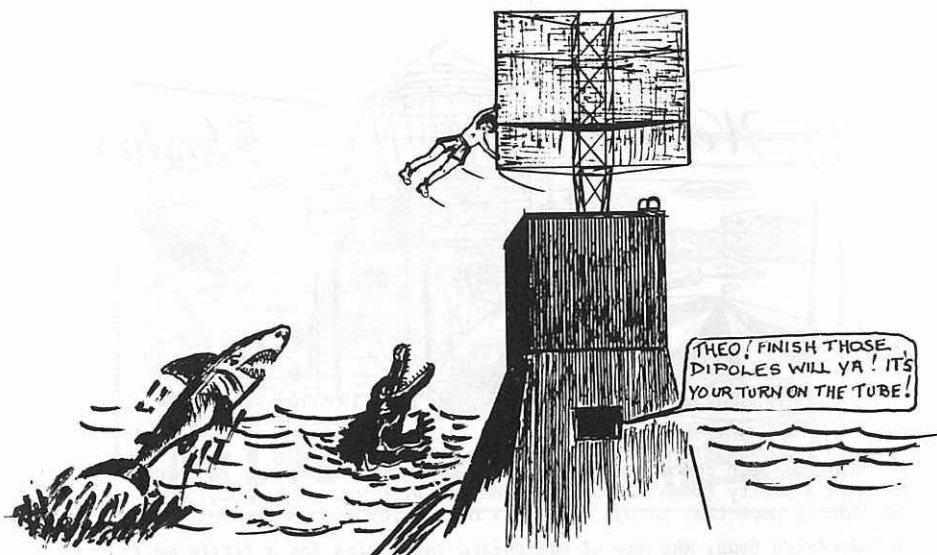
We approached carefully to skirt the island, and Father John treated us to an anti-clockwise circuit with a gentle trip along the northern beach - past the cavernous Shark Bay; past the cottage, the old shearing shed and the wharf - across the flat, rocky western end, then a steady climb to the lighthouse over those gigantic cliffs with the southern swells surging against the island ramparts rising from the sea like an impenetrable wall.

Back again so that all could enjoy the view, then a bit of an aerial survey to look for the camp-site; then our course was set for home.

So I still haven't left a footprint on that pristine beach, but I've now seen so much of Wedge and its cliffs and scenic wonders that I feel I can say - "Yes - I've been to Wedge!"



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OUR ROBINSON CRUSOE OF RADAR ISLES!

Recently I got a clue that in our little TRS circle we have the Robinson Crusoe of all Radar Operators. Maybe he wasn't shipwrecked or wear goatskin trousers like old Robinson Crusoe, but LAC Theo H. definitely seemed destined for the lonely island life wherever he went.

Bathurst Island was the first. Back in those bad old days of '43 when life was sustained but barely with a tin of bully and a battered fur felt hat, a 'one on, one off' roster, and a bandicoot stew for an occasional treat. Then came Peron Island- sharks, death adders and ferocious ants of all colours, ~~not to mention~~ B24's using the boys for a bit of practice gunnery, but Theo kept his morale high with a continuing diet of bully and the old fur felt to keep that blazing sun off.

Posted south on R and R, our island addict spent his time out on Wedge Island ...hardly in the Adelaide Metropolis, but Paradise when compared to the others. High hopes when a posting came through...."Maybe I'll see a few bright lights this time"...but No!!! It was back to Bathurst a second time to check the place again after a trip over Clarence Strait in a pipe and canvas concoction called a DH84...and truth to tell, the old fur felt was now getting just a mite tatty in parts.

Then it was over to the other TIWI Island - Melville Island - where our hero was eventually able plan his discharge and post-war life as far from island life as he could reasonably manage...at Broken Hill.

I asked LAC Theo if there was any 'high point' to his many island adventures: "Yes" said Theo, "the day I cleaned the aerial dipoles out at 38 on Bathurst - 200 feet above the sea and the barbed wire when I missed my stop. That sure was a high point. I was mighty glad when I got to my bus stop again and I could get off."

"And what did you like best about your life out on those lonely romantic tropical islands," I asked, to which Theo briefly replied - "Leaving 'em!"

(Footnote.) In 1994, Theo was able to re-visit Wedge and had high hopes of returning to Bathurst which is an Aboriginal Reserve. The TIWI Land Council indicated he was welcome - in fact offered him use of their Lodge at a discount.

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Wedge

Flashes ..



We have all been concerned that our Chief Organiser and No. 1 Mentor has had a pretty rough 12 months. We all wish you well, Doug, and constantly hope that things will be a bit rosier for you.

Incidentally Doug, who was it patronised the pokies for a little while after the last reunion and whipped a bit away from the Bank and those hungry publicans?

Please don't forget the SIGNALS AND RADAR lunch at the Airport Clubrooms which are down the road to the right as you enter the Airport....it's a good lunch to be enjoyed with a good bunch of chaps, and true it is that the meal is cheaper than eating at home!

See Ron Coat why dontcha! 12 Noon on Thursday 16th. April.

I'm led to believe that our Friendly Radio Talkback specialist has been 'on the job' again, this time to straighten out the subject of McArthur and his famous quotation that inspired the world.. "I came through...and I shall return!" The fact that McArthur was on the Terowie Railway Station when he uttered those famous words has still not sunk in with everyone. Incidentally, I'd like to hear our specialist correct Big Bob on a technical point....it would be worth hearing.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to Eddie French!!!! Yes, since our last reunion, our Number One Medico has taken the Big Step again, and has married a long time friend. We all wish the happy couple many, many years together, and may they find joy in each other's company.

Len Paech's friendly features flashed out at us in the Advertiser last August when a dinner honoured the greats of Sturt's 1940 team which achieved great things that year.

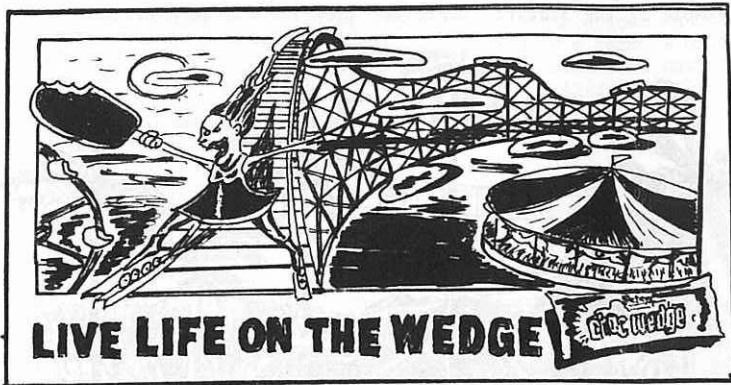
It's pleasing to see jackets and ties are still worn by really great champs.

FADED ECHOES.

We are sorry to hear of the passing of two Wedge friends - Max Whiting and Reg Hall.



Blues greats: (back) Doug Cobb, George Tilley, Bill Bentley, Len Paech and John Kaethner; (second row) Bill Leak, Jack Lamprell, Frank Hardy; (front) Ted Biggs and Howard Tuohy.



LIVE LIFE ON THE WEDGE!

Can you imagine these Carnival rides in some Sideshow Alley out on the dear old Wedge? Once again the Fuddled Fenton Brain reeled under the impact when yet another advertising billboard was discovered exhorting me to **LIVE LIFE ON THE WEDGE!** when all it really wanted me to do was to buy a chocolate coated ice-cream stick...a Choc-Wedge.

Now an enquiry of my No. 1 Grandson who is without doubt an expert in such matters revealed that a Choc-Wedge carried his full and unequivocal recommendation, and while I could then accept without question any reasonable advert ~~for the product~~, no way could I swallow this frenetic picture of Life on Wedge...and if No. 1 Grandson is truly an expert on ice-cream (which indeed he is) I can certainly claim to be an expert on Living on Wedge (which I do.) And my considered opinion is that this billboard is without any doubt whatsoever a watered down version of the real thing.

Take that Big Dipper switchback ride for instance. No way can it compare with that historic switchback ride down the track from the Doover to the camp. And that rather tame looking merry-go-round ride...it just couldn't compete with the hurdy-gurdy ride up on the aerial of the Doover, turning steadily at six revs per minute with the rocks and surf beneath. And the view to the north or across to the Althorpes...nothing could compare with the view from the aerial...and at no cost whatsoever too.

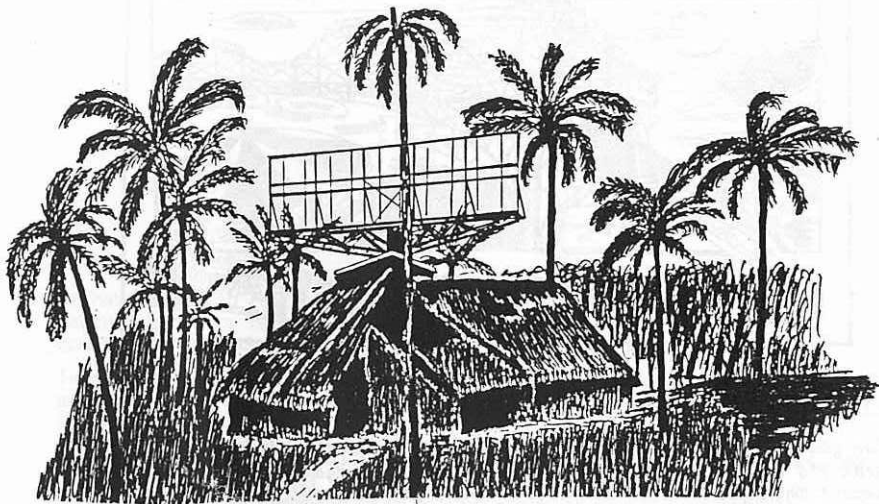
And again...a short ride on the old tractor and trailer was far superior to any bumper-car ride....and as for the ferris wheel hinted at in the lower corner...well...anyone who spent any time at all in the Air Force knows what it was like to go round in circles...sometimes in ever decreasing circles, too.

No...the everyday and natural rides out on Wedge were the REAL thing... not these artificial made up thrills. And give me the REAL thing every time.

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MEMORIES OF WEDGE...37 RADAR, Gili Gili, Milne Bay.

A quick glimpse of the stations where men from 7 Radar were posted.



37 Radar, Milne Bay.

37 Radar was equipped with big, heavy English gear known as COL Mk V equipment, and first shipped to Port Moresby in June 1942 on the SWARTENHONDT, then trans-shipped on the BONTEKOE to Milne Bay where everything was floated ashore on rafts made from 44 gallon drums. An English installation team was there to help the Aussies...the station came on air on August 4th, and from then until December 1945 the station was seldom off the air.

After becoming operational, 37 Radar directed many successful interceptions, the first being on 11th. August, and during the attempted Japanese invasion of Milne Bay, from 25th. August to 5th. September, 37 Radar continued to operate with distinction.

Because of its proximity to the No. 1 strip, the unit was repeatedly in the line of fire - it was strafed by Zeros, straddled by bombs and shelled by Japanese warships, and the revetments built up around the Doover for protection were peppered by strafing Zeros, but the station continued to operate throughout.

When the Japanese had advanced to No. 3 strip which was about four miles from the station, demolition charges were prepared and all the Personnel of the station moved about carrying arms. Withdrawal plans had been prepared for the unit to move back towards Port Moresby.

The Kittyhawks of 76 Squadron, led by the air fighter aces Turnbull and 'Bluey' Truscott were constantly in the air and hardly had time to take off before their guns were firing. But a severe storm destroyed the squadron's camp, and the men were billeted at 37 Radar camp as their buildings were not damaged. These had been built by the local natives in their traditional way, and were roomy and comparatively cool - even the Doover was camouflaged in native style.

Len Paech was the Wedge Island man posted to 37 Radar.

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A POTTED HISTORY OF WEDGE ISLAND....TO HONOUR ITS 60th. ANNIVERSARY.

On February 24th, Wedge Island was officially 200 years old, though its true age probably dates from the end of the last ice age.

It was named by Matthew Flinders in 1802, and was first occupied in the 1850's when the Daw Brothers built their little cottage looking down on the northern beach. Since then, Wedge has seen 7 or 8 farmers or managers - there has been horse breeding, wheat and barley farming, and cattle and sheep farming. There was even an attempt to earn a living when guano, or fertilizer leases were let and the Penguin Guano Co. operated for several years prior to the 1920's.

Wedge Island is about 5 miles long, and rises to a summit - the Wedge - some 700' high at the eastern end where an automatic lighthouse was built in 1911, which now is solar operated. In recent years, 3 small sections of the island have been subdivided for home building, but there's been no anxious queue of prospective land buyers despite the construction of an airstrip and one or two houses. That's understandable when one thinks of the huge cost of transporting material to the island, and the cost of having a camp of some sort for the workmen.

Much of the rest of the island now forms part of the Gambier National Park, and is home to several endangered and protected animals, for there are no ferals such as cats or foxes to worry them. Wedge, and its neighbours the Neptune Islands, are recognized as the haunt of the mighty and much feared white pointers, but around Wedge itself and in Gulf waters lives the protected blue groper and various delectable table fish, also the tasty and very expensive rock lobsters and prawns which are of most interest to commercial fishermen these days.

War came to Wedge in the 1940's - German mines were found floating loose in these waters when one English freighter was badly damaged - and in 1943 Wedge had a friendly invasion of about 30 RAAF radar men. They landed at the new RAAF jetty and occupied the comfortable camp buildings east of the landing area, then going on watch up at the radar Doover next to the lighthouse. Most of the plots picked up were on shipping some 30 miles south, or moving up and down the Gulf. Every RAAF man from those days remembers going on watch at midnight at the top of the island - pitch black with the wind and rain roaring and pelting down while from somewhere below came the thunder of the mighty southern ocean storming and beating on the cliffs, making the island itself tremble. It was an experience to strike fear into any radar man.

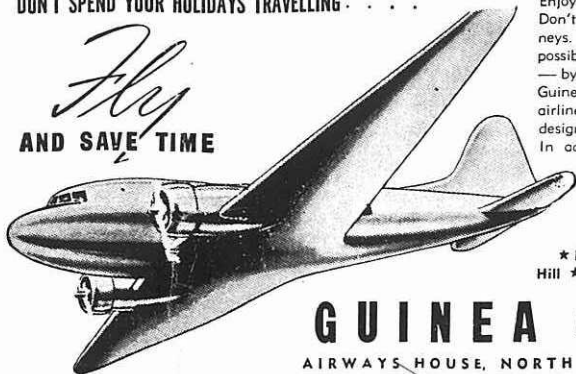
The RAAF stayed for eighteen months, then Wedge was again left alone with farming, fishing and fishing parties until the home allotments were put up for sale. But there once was a Vice-regal visitor to Wedge - probably about 1910, and probably Admiral Sir Day Bosanquet. His visit must have been a real milestone in Wedge history. Another milestone was the production of a Wedge Island Wheat Beer by the Port Dock Brewery a few years back. Strange it was that at the time there was no wheat grown on Wedge! And about 3 miles off-shore is the still hidden wreck of a sailing ship - the GLEN PARK which struck and sank in 1900. What a wealth of Wedge souvenirs that would hold.... but the wreck has never been located.

Despite its isolation, several of the folk here today have been back to the island by small plane, their pilot being John Beiers, our genial navigator and pilot in the chair here today. The trip by plane took perhaps an hour or less, and it's interesting to note that the trip to Wedge in '44 could take several days, first crossing to Lincoln on MOONTA or MINNIPA, then waiting for weather and fisherman to cross the final 30 or 40 miles past Thistle Island to Wedge where many an airman landed with a mighty queasy stomach and a very green complexion. But nevertheless, on a calm and sunny day, there could be no more pleasant place than Wedge Island.

So today we celebrate the Wedge 60th. Anniversary, and to honour the occasion we have an anniversary cake. And to cut the cake we call on two respected Wedge-e-tarians,and

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1949.....and Guinea Airways is bringing itself up to date with several ex-Air Force Dakotas after years of flying DH 84's and maybe a Lodestar or two as their 'top gun' aircraft.

Who knows - the Douglas flying from Adelaide to Port Lincoln in 1949 just may have carried you - and hundreds of other servicemen - around New Guinea or across the Top End somewhere. Indeed, 50 years later, several of the old Dakotas are still flying - mighty aircraft that they were - and still are. These were the days of non-pressurised aircraft - of sucking barley sugar, and of checking whether a strong paper bag is in the pocket in front of you - just in case. But there was a pretty hostess and two smartly uniformed crew up front. Travel was fast or slow depending on your point of view, but a 60 minute flight to Port Lincoln sure was a vast improvement on the 12 hour endurance test offered by the alternative sea transport - even longer by road.

The service to day is even more improved than in the Guinea Airways days, for Kendall offers four or five flights a day. Miss one plane....wait a while and another will be along! Almost better than our suburban bus services!. Those brave old pioneering days when Mrs. Birdseye struggled through on unmade roads are only a distant memory for a few! Even Guinea Airways itself has gone the way of all good airlines and has disappeared.

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Prepared and printed by M.E.Fenton, 27 Lasscock Ave., Lockleys 5032, for the 10th. Reunion of exservicemen from 7 Radar Wedge Island.

