

ISN'T it 'ORRIBLE' how fate deals out crushing blows, just when you think everything's exactly the way you dreamed it would be!



# Hazel Phillips' GIRL TALK

DAILY MIRROR, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1966

I had this marvellous idea when I took up learning to fly of getting into a superb little jet and whizzing off to Timbuctoo, all Modesty Blaise chiffon, or stooging around the clouds without a care in the world.

Like all those rosy dreams it's all crumblin' down round the ear'oles.

On Monday I had another couple of fabulous hours flying. I'm doing take-offs and landings and must have given my instructor a bit of a turn. He'd say, "Round out" as we came in to land and I'd puff out my cheeks! I found out on my last go that that expression means to pull back on the stick and fly level with the ground instead of straight at it! Still, I haven't felt that rosy glow of achievement since I beat Anne Hathaway (a crack racing cyclist) in a sprint one Sunday morning 20 years ago. Then came the nasty discovery. Bob Gilmore was the first to break it to me. "You'll have to take a course in Av. Ed." he announced cheerfully. "Like 'Ave' 'Ead' will travel," I quipped back, quick as a flash. "Aviator Education," he said, with a touch of sadistic glee I felt.

"You'll need a computer, compass, slide rule, divider and protractor." He didn't add a clear head! Someone else pressed a very austere looking little booklet into my hand, marked Flight Radio Operator's Manual, which opened at random, looks as though it's written in Greek. I escaped to Art School at 13 mainly to dodge maths! Looks like my fate finally caught up with me. I won't give up, even if my Tally-hos and Aircraft at Ten O'Clock Skipper, HAVE lost a bit of their first fine freedom!

WELL, I'm off overseas! And I've got me mark to prove it! What a business it all is—shots, photos, passports.

# Hazel Phillips' GIRL TALK



(another student) and I ended up there last week for a quick beer... FIVE HOURS LATER we were still dining and dancing with about 30 other die-hards from other schools. A bloke came over to our table at one stage (can't remember his name but he called himself the Red Baron) and told me to Beware over Wallacia. "They come out of the sun yer know!" he said. "YOU can't frighten me mate," I said. "You are speakin' to one of the breed that specialised in Dog Fights over Dover." Forthwith, not having a gauntlet handy, I struck him on the left cheek with my serviette as an official challenge. He clicked his heels, we clinked our glasses and the challenge was taken up! What a night!! If I'm not careful I might even start saying Tallyho again.

No prizes for guessing... so I'll tell you, it's me at 19! This is one of the old photos I unearthed while searching for my birth certificate.

though I was a lousy flyer! I feel quite professional now, with three hours solo, steep turns, forced landings and glide approaches under my belt. Bob (a fellow student) and I have decided to form an Eagle Pack since an UGLY INCIDENT at the Royal Aero Club. Bob and Steve (my instructor), Marie Wooley

THERE was only one snag to the film Telescope did on my first solo. The bits about it being my first were cut out, so it just looked as

SUNDAY MAIL, October 8, 1966—

## AT PT. MORESBY

THE Army Chapel at Taurama Barracks, Port Moresby, was decorated with frangipani and gladhol for the wedding today of Annette Margaret Bye and Capt. Robert Napier Weidenhofer formerly of South Australia.

Annette, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Bye, of Bardwell Park, Sydney, wore a short empire line dress of palest aqua with a matching lace coat and her bridesmaid, Jennifer Le Poer Trench was in a deeper shade of aqua.

and Mrs. Karl Weidenhofer, of College Park. A reception was held in the officers' mess of the 1st Pacific Island Regiment. Mrs. Weidenhofer and her son Jon flew to New Guinea for the wedding.

Dr. S. M. Shep... was best man for Robert, the son of Mr.



That's AUSTRALIA ALL OVER continued

# Tarling of the BLIP world

★ PILOTS flying the jetlanes in and out of Brisbane these days can get an extra kick out of being air-traffic-controlled — for chances are they're in the hands of a lovely, golden-haired girl named Olga. Her surname is Tarling, which has won Olga the title of Darling of the Blip World. She sits at Brisbane Airport's new radar screen, with Boeings, Douglas DC-8s, Electras and even RAAF bombers and fighters showing up on the screen as little "blips" of light. Olga is Australia's first woman to become an air-traffic controller with the Civil Aviation Department. A staff of seven helps her man the vital radar screen on which depend the lives of thousands of airline passengers every week. More than this, Olga's a real-life aviatrix. Back in '57, as a leggy lass not long out of school, Olga became one of the first Australian women to win her commercial pilot's wings. She flew for a long time with the old Southern Airlines before it wound up. Since entering aviation, she's successfully invaded job fields that were strictly men-only. She's passed the toughest examinations the DCA can pose, for traffic-control work carrying life-and-death responsibility. There's one catch. — "I have to take my turn working day and night watches," Olga, brown-eyed and with a sunny personality, told POST. "I just don't have any social life." Which POST reckons is a darn shame!

★ OLGA TARLING, darling of the radar-control that guides aircraft in and out of Brisbane.

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