

RUGBY, 1962



Laurie Lindsay, who lives in Melbourne, sent us this, it is a copy of the School of Radio rugby team of 1962. Laurie says, "We played in the third grade competition and went through the season undefeated, only to lose the grand final to Army Apprentices 21-26. One of my greatest disappointments".

Back Row: (L-R) Errol (Elvis) Greaves, Alan Wise, Alf Smith, Peter McNamara, Bob Holsken, Jerry Vandestoep, Laurie Lindsay, Doug Kidd

Front Row: (L-R) Colin Ball (Col was an Appy from Kiwi land), Don Stewart, Graeme Giles, Ian Guthrie, Doug Roser, Peter Silcock, Ted McEvoy

The captain was Ian Guthrie. Ian was a Kiwi, part of the RNZAF and he became the first Warrant Officer Radio Apprentice. He coined that classic statement; "There is a clown on every course, McEvoy, why does it have to be you." I never thought of Gus as an alien as far as I was concerned he was just from another state. We spent a lot of time training Gus as a RAD TECH A and he went back into the RNZAF and they retrained him into a Groundy. Alf Smith was the coach.

You give Alf a good run in your magazine, however, I do not have the same thoughts about him. That bastard taught me to play rugby and is responsible for my arthritic back, neck, shoulders and knees and my nose picking finger sticks out at 15 degrees. I also broke my jaw during the 1967 interservice sports and spent a week in the Repatriation Hospital. He has also cost me a fortune, because I attended the Golden Oldies Festivals in Sydney, London, Toronto and Dublin.



Ron Clayton sent us this photo of **Geoffrey "Nick" Carter**, hard at work. Nick was NCO/IC radio section 35 Sqn Vung Tau, from Feb 1969 to Feb 1970.

At the time, Nick had the big new Panasonic auto- reverse tape deck (the one in the centre) (we hear he's still got it too) and he was pretty good at making copies of music for all the troops. Unfortunately, this meant he had to sit in front of the air con all day, listening to music and reading Post magazine and couldn't get out and enjoy the lovely clean fresh air that his troops enjoyed.

Nor could he enjoy himself and go and work inside those dark coloured aeroplanes in the lovely bright sunshine like the rest of us did, but it is said that someone did actually see him on the flight line, co-signing the 500 - once. We found Nick to be living in Victoria, not all that well, unfortunately, and he told us that he got out of the RAAF soon after returning from Viet Nam and went into teaching at TAFE.

Spare Computer

If anyone in the Brisbane area has a spare desktop computer that is no longer required, there is a woman who was married to an ex-Radtech, but who now lives alone, who would appreciate it very much. It would be preferable that the computer comes with a network card and also Windows XP (at least) as we would be able to load other useful software for her. If you can help, please get in touch with us and we'll make the arrangements. All we need is the computer, she already has the monitor and keyboard.

A bloke sticks his head into a barber shop and asks, "How long before I can get a haircut?"
The barber looks around the shop and says, "About 2 hours." The bloke leaves.
A few days later the same bloke sticks his head in the door and asks, "How long before I can get a haircut?"
The barber looks around at the shop full of customers and says, "About 3 hours." The bloke leaves.
A week later the same bloke sticks his head in the shop and asks, "How long before I can get a haircut?"
The barber looks around the shop and says, "About an hour." The bloke leaves.
The barber looks over at a friend in the shop and says, "Hey, Bill. Follow that bloke and see where else he's going."
A little while later, Bill comes back into the shop, laughing hysterically.
The barber asks, "Bill, where did he go when he left here?" Bill looks up, tears in his eyes and says, "Your house."