

Jack Humphries. – Laurie Lindsay

It was great to see a [photograph of Jack Humphries](#) in the last edition of the magazine. Attached is a later photograph of Jack (left) with Bob Holsken

Jack was on OTS in 1969. We were having a lecture by one of the medical officers, when Bob Holsken bought up the subject of a virulent strain of syphilis that he had heard about in Vietnam. He called it the "Dreaded Black Jack." (Some called it galloping knob rot – tb) Well, from then on, you can imagine how we referred to Jack Humphries.

Everybody had to give an instructional lecture on a subject of their choosing. The "Dreaded Black Jack" was explaining how to change the wheel on a car. (I should point out that there were also three ladies on his course). When he got to the part, where you dropped your nuts into the hubcap, he stopped, the moustache started to quiver, the eyes started to water and then he and the class broke into hysterical laughter. Despite this setback, he did manage to pass the course.



THE AIR FORCE WIFE. – John Griffiths

Who said that variety is the true spice of life?
No doubt t'was first said by an air force wife
For the poor girl never knows just where she's at,
Her home is wherever HE parks his hat!
She moves every two years into new sets of quarters
During which she has sons and daughters
She packs up to move to the cold of Old England,
The orders are changed, she's off to North Qld.
Her house may be a hut with no room for expansion
It may be a pre-fab or perhaps it's a mansion.
She uncrates the furniture in snows or in rains
And lays the linoleum between labour pains,
She wrestles with wardrobes and builds all the beds
And makes curtains of bunting she last used as spreads.
And during the move, now isn't it strange?
The brats all catch whooping cough, measles or mangle!

She no more gets settled when she must dress up pretty.
And go to a party and be charming and witty.

She must know contract bridge, Mah Jong and chess
And whether a straight or a flush is the best
On every subject she must know how to discourse
She must swim, ski and golf and ride any old horse.
She must know songs and traditions of the cadet corps
And she must learn all details of how he won the war.
She jitterbugs with Flight Loots who always are glamorous
Then waltzes with Wincos who are usually amorous
She must drink all concoctions - gin, whisky or beer
But, of course, moderately, or she'll wreck his career!

He insists on economy, vets every cheque stub;
Yet her house must be run like a hotel or club.
She entertains at 04 hours-both early and late
For any number of attests from eighty to eight.
At least once a fortnight there's plenty of cash
So she serves steak and eggs but, next week it's hash.
She juggles the budget for his new tropical worsted

Though the seams in her own best outfit have
burst.
Then when she gets the uniform payments arranged
The tunics no good -- regulations have changed!
One year she has servants and lives like a lady
The next, does her own work and has a new baby!
That there'll be a bank balance she has no
assurance,
It all goes on liquor or some damned insurance!

Really a wreck after thirty years service.
But even then, when all's said and done,
She still believes that service life's fun,
She has loved every minute and, why - Good Grief,
She'd have been bored to death with a business
chief.
There's a medal we know that Dad's glad to see
But it's the wives that earn it - that O.B.E.

At an age to retire, he's still Hale and Hearty,
Fit as a fiddle, the life of the party.
But she's old and haggard, cranky and nervous

The Phantom Crapper – John Elliott

The article on the [phantom crapper](#) reminded me of something that happened back in 1963 , I was a "poolie" down at RADSSCHOOL waiting to go on course and I ended up with the duty of cleaning the toilets. Now a cohort and myself decided that with a bit of determined effort we could knock the job of cleaning all the Radschool toilets pretty quickly and retire for the rest of the day. Cleaning, for the benefit of people that never had this duty, was to take the paper rolls out of each toilet, hit the insides and urinals with a high pressure hose, e.g. a bloody lot of water, replace/refill the toilet rolls and that was that.



So with this plan we knocked over half the toilets in pretty quick time, retired to the airmen's mess and hid in the TV room (the trick was to be able to unlock the door and shut it and have the TV on very low volume. Then after lunch, it was back on the job and clean up the rest of the toilets in no time at all.

At the appointed time in the afternoon we reported back to the orderly room, water on the 'ralls, sweat on our brows and complaining about how laborious the job was. THEN we blew it big time. What happened?? well we both decided to take leave for a couple of days at the same time and a new team took our place. After leave we reported back eager to pick up where we had left off. NO said the chief god admin LAC person. You two can weed the garden, because the other poolies we put on the job only took half a day to finish the lot, you lazy buggers had a problem finishing them all in one day.

ALL YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT VIETNAM.

If your question is not answered in here, it didn't happen. This would be the most comprehensive site on the Vietnam War that I have ever seen.

I am passing this along because it is probably the best search list ever compiled about the Vietnam War. This simply has to be shared with anyone who ever served in Vietnam or knew someone who served in Vietnam. It would take months to look at everything this site offers.

Somebody went to a lot of effort on this site... Feel free to pass it along to anyone you think might be interested...

<http://www-static.cc.gatech.edu/fac/Thomas.Pilsch/Vietnam.html>



Rob Meyer (Inst fitter), left, and Bob Campbell (Sumpie) in their hut in Vung Tau back in 1969. That was 40 years ago – where has the time gone?????