

Townsville – and the Caribou (Cont'd)..

On the Saturday night, after an hour or two of “nanna napping”, a quick tub and a change of clobber, the blokes and the blokettes returned to the hanger for the “BASH”. This was organised by 38Sqn and we must congratulate them because well organised it was.



Even though there was a huge crowd, there was heaps of room, the drinks were plentiful and cold, the food was good, plenty of seats and tables for those that wanted them, there was continuous video of the old ‘truck’ going into place aeroplanes shouldn’t and normally wouldn’t go, the RAAF band keep up the music all night, there were lots of good friends to catch up with and those that went and didn’t have a good time, well, it was their own fault.

Thanks Mr 38 Squadron.....

Here are some of the people that went along; once again, the photos have been compressed to allow for quick loading. You can download good quality and a clean copy of each photo by clicking on it.

Be who you are and say what you feel because those that matter don't mind
and those that mind don't matter.



Anne and Wayne Oldfield

THIS WAS VOTED THE BEST SHORT JOKE OF 2008.

For his birthday, little Joseph asked for a 10-speed bicycle. His father said, "Son, we'd love to give you one, but the mortgage on this house is \$280,000 and your mother just lost her job. There's no way we can afford it." The next day the father saw little Joseph heading out the front door with a suitcase. So he asked, "Son, where are you going?" Little Joseph told him; "I was walking past your room last night and heard you telling mom you were pulling out. Then I heard her tell you to wait because she was coming too. And I'll be damned if I'm staying here by myself with a \$280,000 mortgage and no bike!



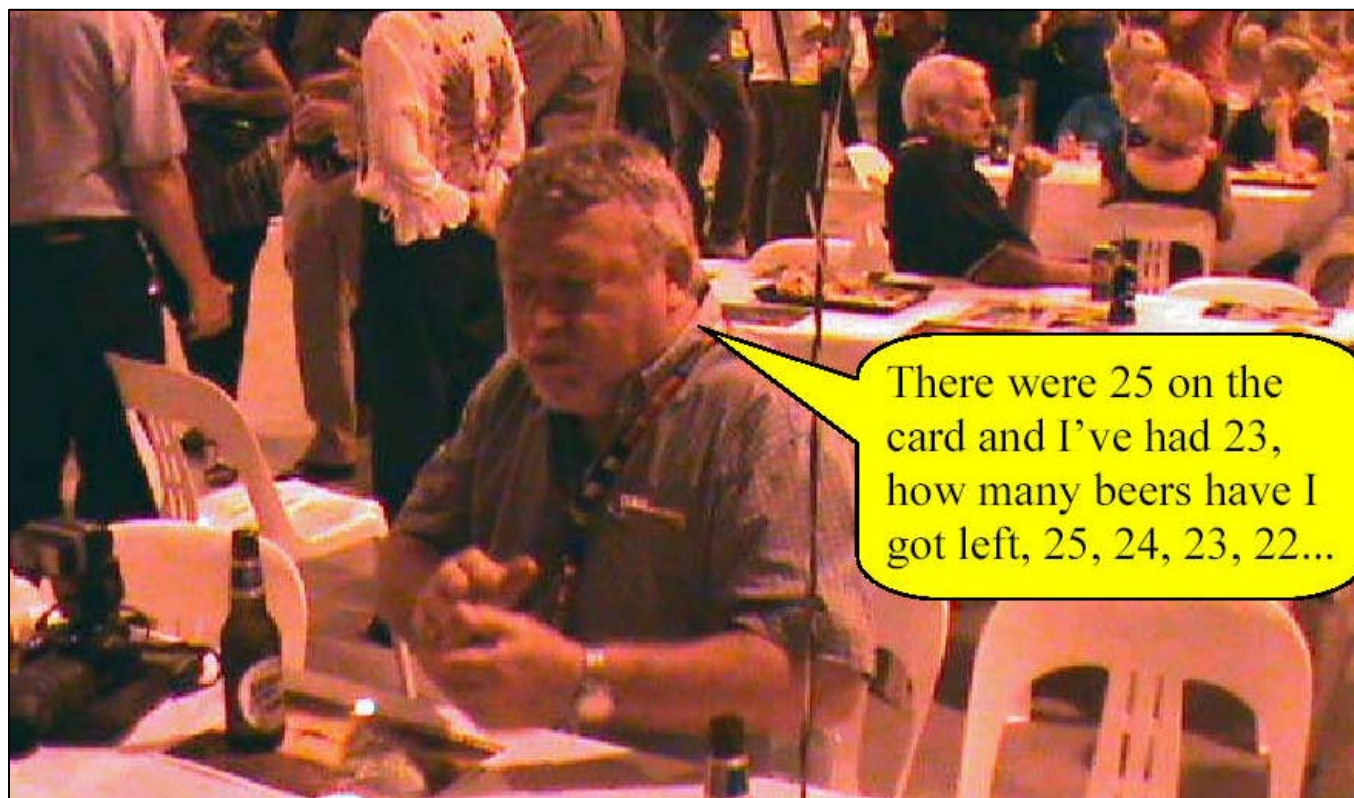
Bloody hell!!!!
What are
they sending
us??

Yeah!!!! Well
just you try
and move me
from in front of
this here bar!!!

"Chuck" Connors and
Pete DeJonge.

She was standing in the kitchen, preparing our usual soft-boiled eggs and toast for breakfast, wearing only the "T" shirt that she normally slept in. As I walked in, almost awake, she turned to me and said softly, "You've got to make love to me this very moment"! My eyes lit up and I thought, "I am either still dreaming or this is going to be my lucky day!" Not wanting to lose the moment, I embraced her and then gave it my all., right there on the kitchen table. Afterwards she said, "Thanks" and then returned to the stove, her T-shirt still around her neck. Happy, but a little puzzled I asked, "What was that all about?"

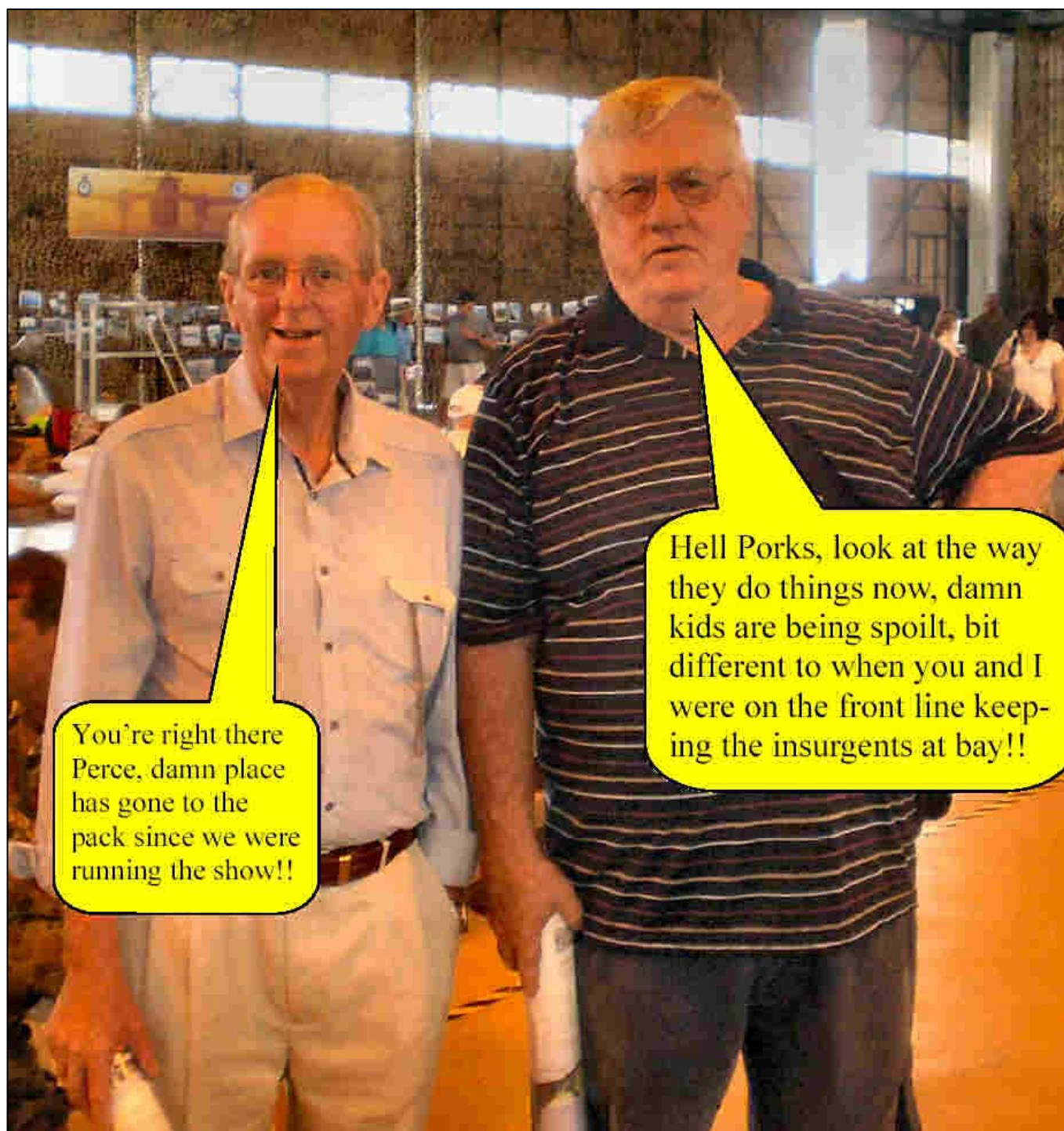
She explained, "The egg timer is broken!"



George Clooney, who while he's over in the West masquerades as Ted McEvoy, seen at the hanger Bash trying to work out how many beers he's got left on his card. Trouble is, he ran out of fingers and toes.



L-R: Jack Bennett RTFV 7/12/1965 to 1/06/1966, 35Sqn 1/06/1966 to 1/08/1966. **Ted McEvoy** 35Sqn 14/12/1967 to 11/12/1968. **Trevor (Scruffy) Hill** Headquarters, Australian Force Vietnam (RAAF Element) 5/10/1964 to 7/05/1965, RTFV 31/08/1965 to 1/05/1966



John Donohue (left) and Peter Mansfield



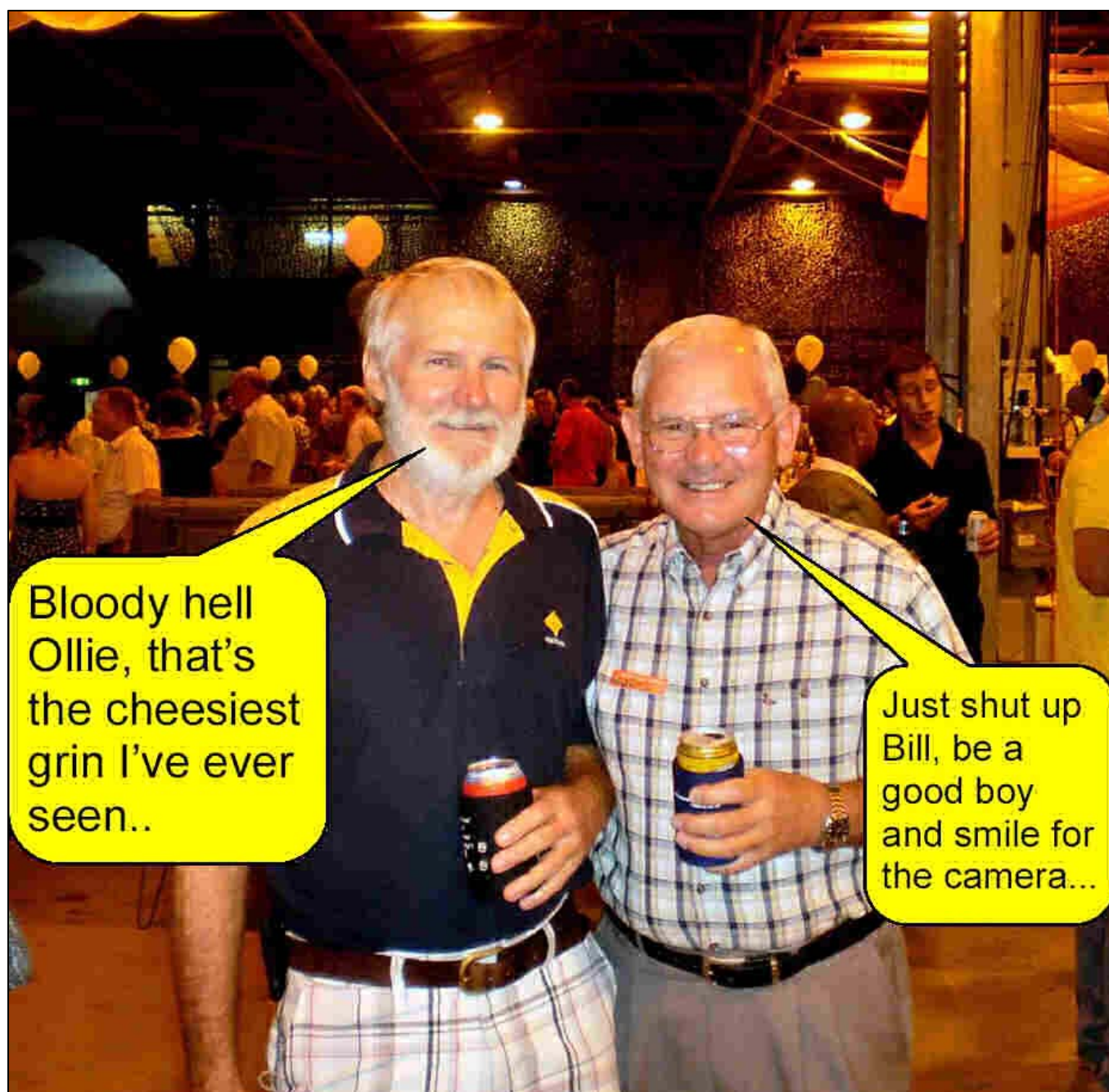
John Millsom

The New South Wales Government and the NSW Greens Party were presenting an alternative to local farmers for controlling the native dingo population. It seems that after years of the farmers using the tried and true methods of shooting and/or trapping the predators, the tree-huggers offered a more humane solution. What they proposed was for the animals to be captured alive, where the males would then be castrated and let loose again. Therefore the population would be better controlled. This was actually proposed to the NSW Farmers and Graziers Association by the combination of State Government and the Greens.

All of the farmers thought about this amazing idea for a couple of minutes. Finally, one of the old boys in the back of the conference room stood up, tipped his hat back and said, "Son, I don't think you understand our problem Those dingo's ain't sexing our sheep - they're eatin' them!"



Wally Jolley and Peter Thom



Bill Bishop and Wayne Oldfield



Part of the 1,300 or so people that went along for the Saturday night “Bash”.



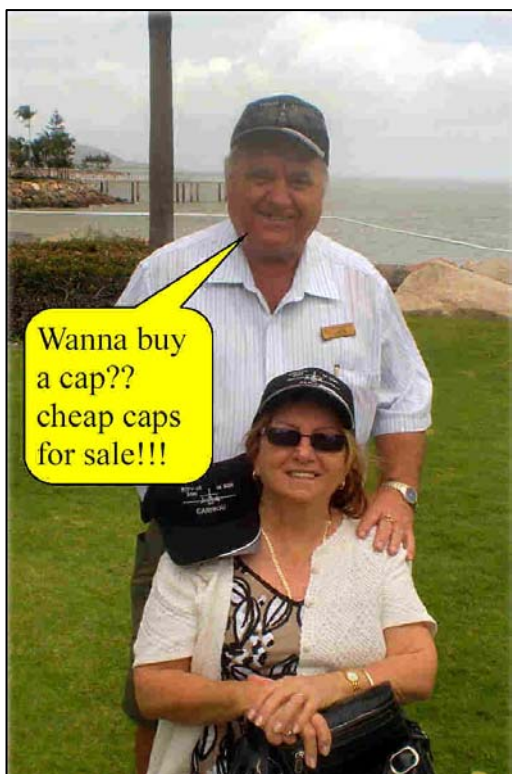


And all the time old man Moose looked on.....

Then, after all the festivities in the hanger were finished, and the sun had arisen once again, 35 Squadron blokes and their blokettes decided there was still some beer left in Townsville and that they should do their best to rid the town of its evil menace, so off to the Surf Club they went, with raging thirsts and evil in their eyes.



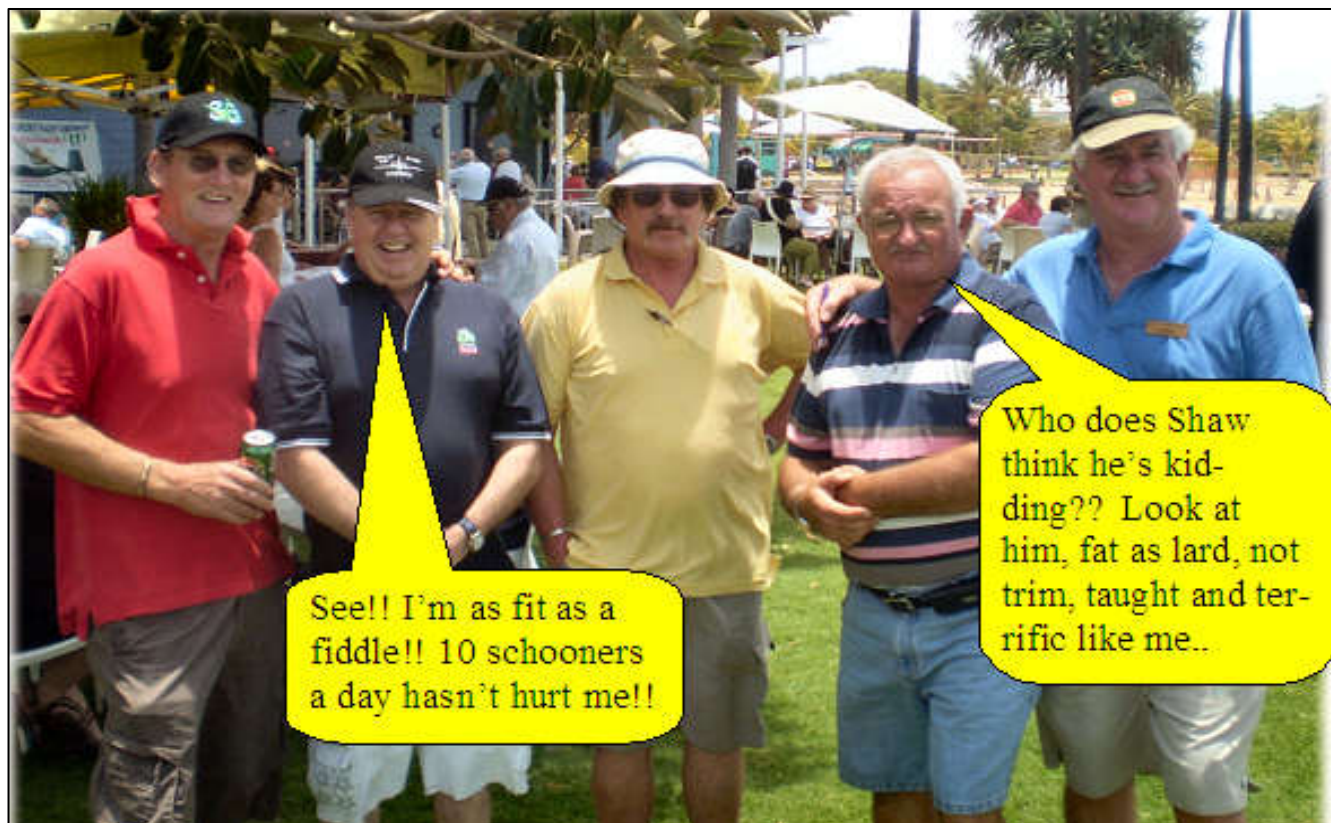
The setting at the Picnic Bay Surf Life Saving Club (Surf????), where sick parade was held, including a barbecue brunch and drinks which were served from the marquee.



Wanna buy
a cap??
cheap caps
for sale!!!

John "Sambo" and Andria Sambrooks. John, no doubt under instruction from Andria, (he is just a mere male after-all....) organised most of the weekend.

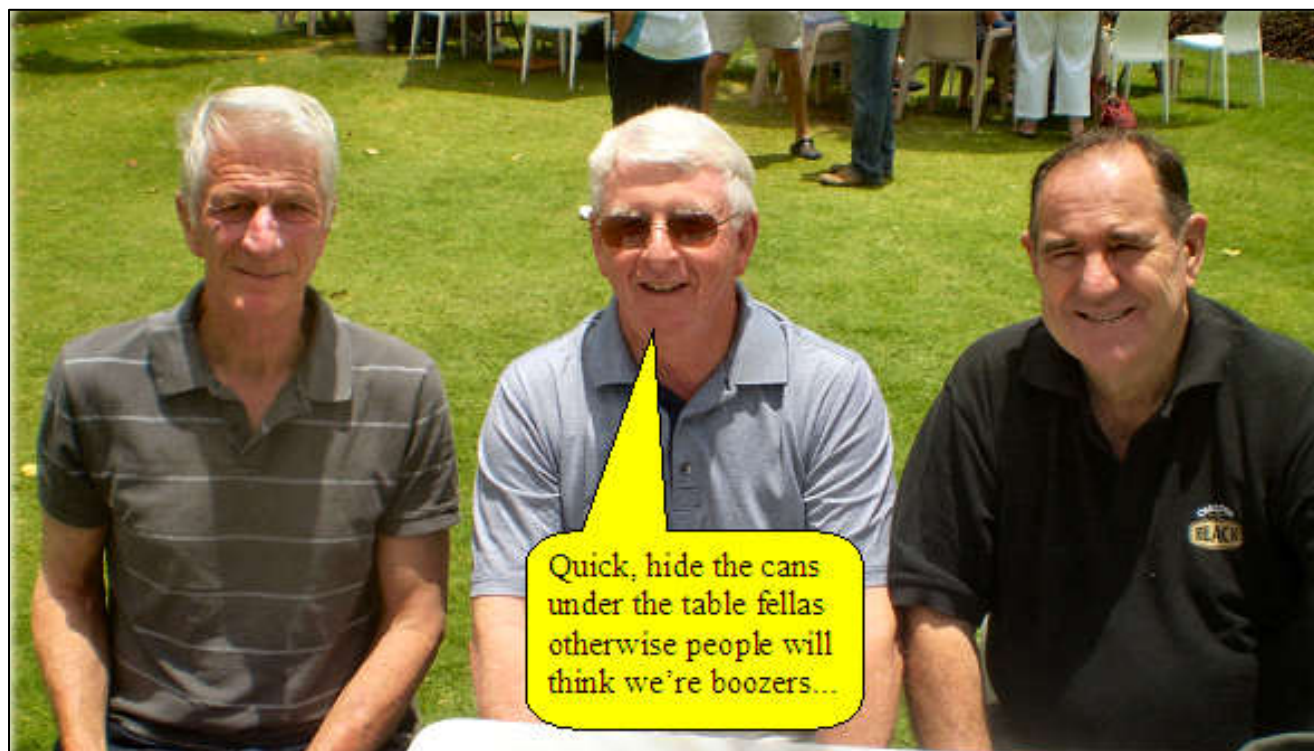




L-R: Ted Crawley, Alan Shaw, Al Pickering, Charley Ramsey, Trev Benneworth



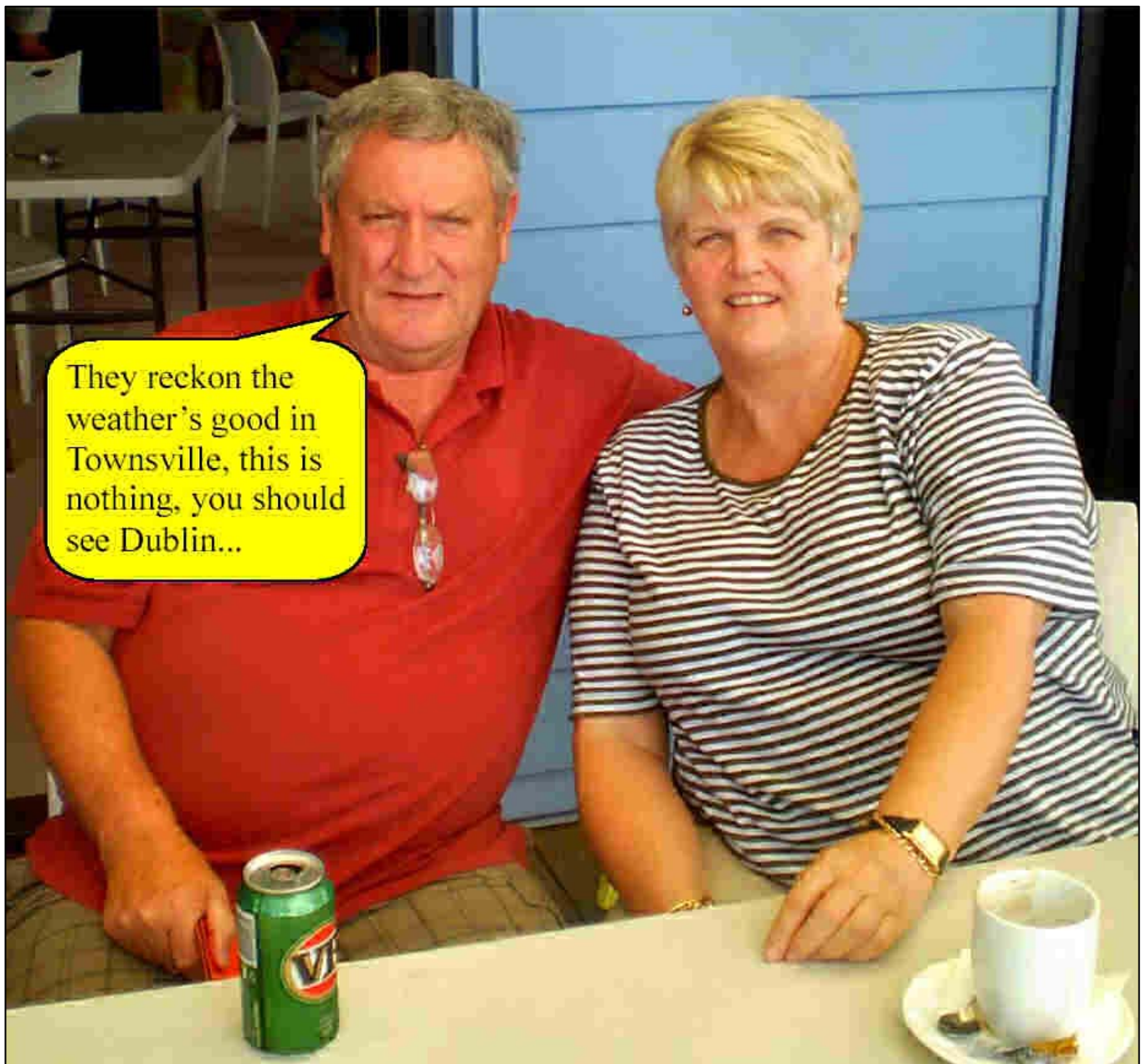
Some more girls who brightened up the place are:
L-R: Christina Pryce, Anne Oldfield, Lyn Salter



John Lindner, Des Lovett, Don Pollock.



Rear: Gil Bruce, Duane Millar.
Front: Sheena Millar, Kathy Kershaw.



Hugh and Helen McCormick



John "JD" and Kaye Sharley.



Joy Everett, Adrian Everett, Graham Johnson, Elsie Johnson

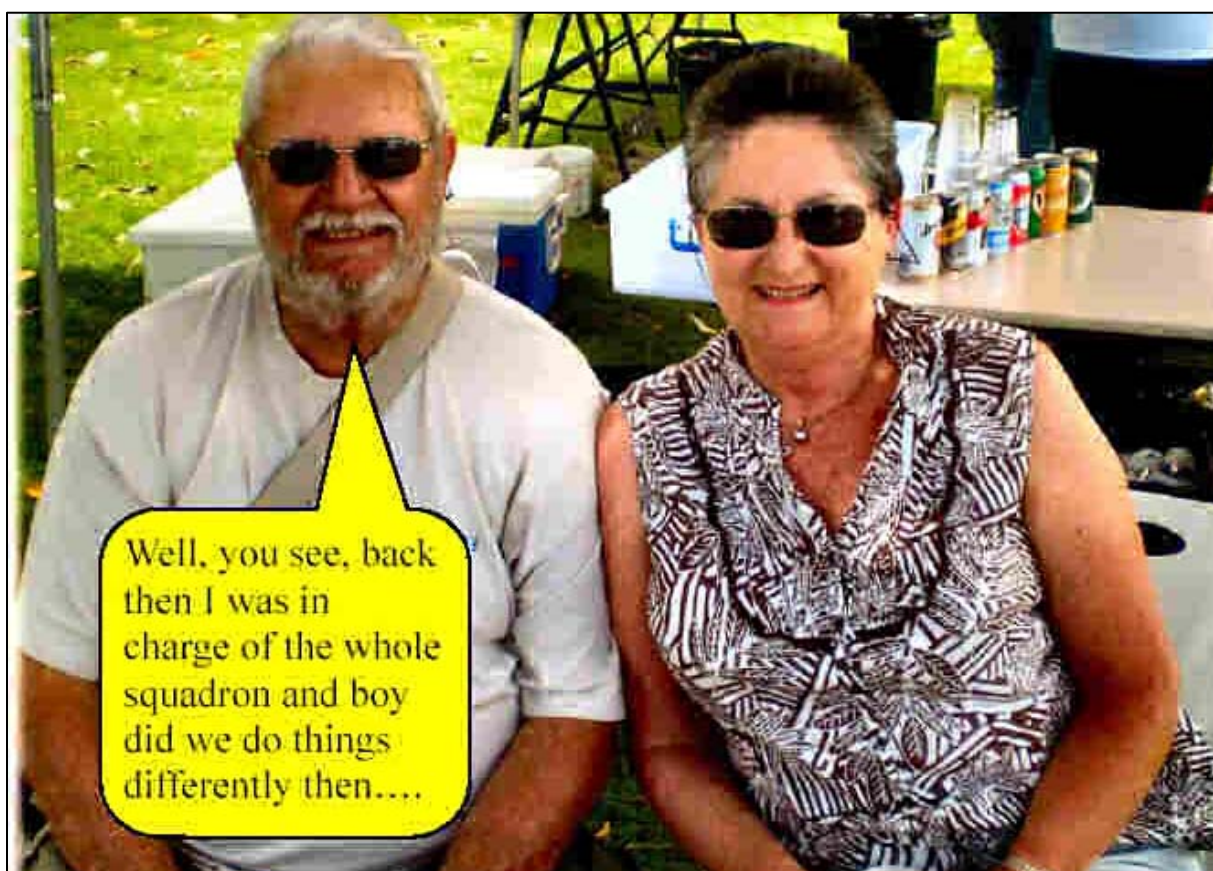


Peter Mansfield, John Donohue, Col Knudsen, Wally Jolley.



A' allus has
one at eleven!!

Barry "Sluggo" Patrick.



Well, you see, back
then I was in
charge of the whole
squadron and boy
did we do things
differently then....

Murray and Brenda Coate.



Some people will eat anything!!!

Oh yuk!!
What was in that???

Ian "Beetle" Bailey and



See that Peter Mansfield over there, can I tell you a few stories about him!!!

Oh please do, I love a bit of gos!!

L-R: Leslie Rothwell, Grace Browne, Mike Escbach, Dell Escbach, "Blue" Browne, Trish Searle, Greg Searle, Tom Mills.



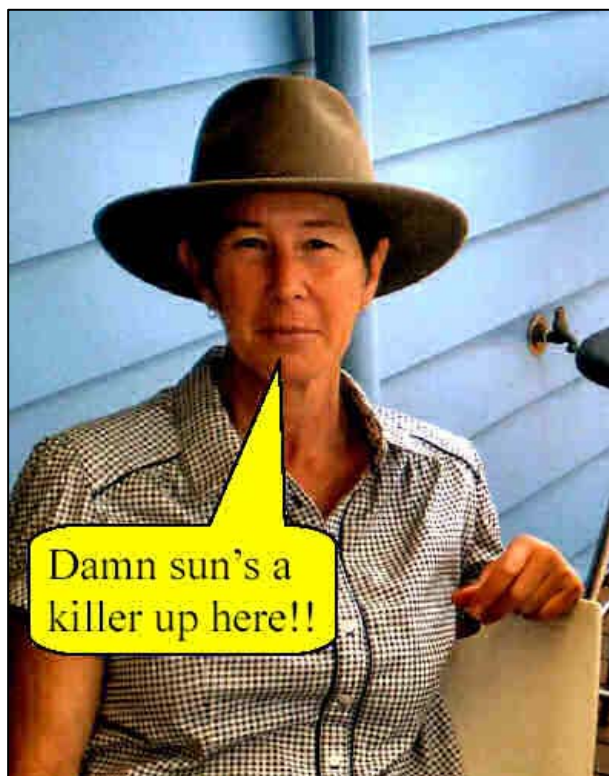
Nidge Murray, John “Sambo” Sambrooks, Andrea Sambrooks





Peter Mansfield and Col Knudsen

Hey Mansfield,
challenge you to
a navel battle!!



Rhonda Wood

Damn sun's a
killer up here!!



Peter Smith and Sue Lovett



The Shamrock Hotel where many an afternoon debrief was held.