

Sick Parade.

If you know someone who is a bit crook,
let us know so we can give them a shout out.



[Last issue](#) we had the sad news that **Daphne Harcourt**, wife of ex RAF Butterworth bod Dick Harcourt, had been diagnosed with cancer. Unfortunately, the news this issue is not good. We heard from Dick recently and he told us – “Each time we saw a Doctor or Consultant the news got worse and worse. First it was a benign growth, then a cancerous one, then incurable and inoperable and finally the statement that Daphne has only about six months. She has bowel cancer which has spread to her liver and glands.



Daphne and young son Robbie at Alan Cheah Seng Khim,
Penang, in 1965 – in happier (and warmer??) times.

They offered aggressive chemotherapy but with no guarantees at all. She has offered to take part in any trials of new drugs etc. but they say her condition is too advanced, so that door was shut. Christmas, New Year and the bad weather further delayed things and she only started early January at [Kings Mill](#) on the Chemo they have offered. In consequence we didn't have much of a Christmas to celebrate! Our Daughter and Son in Law came over for Christmas day and we went to them the day after Boxing Day, then both came here again along with our Son and Daughter in Law for a couple of days. We wanted to get round the rest of the family before she started Chemo, but the weather put paid

to that and now she has started we have to keep her away from any potential colds and flu as she will become quite vulnerable.

So for the time being we will have to stay somewhat isolated. Even my going shopping is a bit of a nightmare as I have to make certain that I don't catch anything that I may accidentally pass on to her. Daphne is a fighter, and as her Chemo doctor has said there is a chance that she may get eighteen months or two years, but a cure is out of the question. He was very blunt and honest and we do very much appreciate and thank him for that. She is also being looked after by some of those wonderful Macmillan Nurses.

Life for me has changed of course with cooking, washing and ironing and housework as well as looking after Daphne, which makes me appreciate all the more just what she has been doing for me for the past forty eight years whilst holding down various jobs for a good many of those years.

I've had to give up all my RAF activities, though I will remain in touch with the Butterworth Association. This year the Association is having a three week Reunion touring Malaysia, ending up at Penang with a planned visit to RMAF Butterworth. The Reunion is later in June though I won't be going of course. Please keep me notified of the RadSchool Newsletters as I do enjoy reading them when I can".



Dick, RAF Butterworth. 1966.

Dick, please pass on our best wishes to Daphne, from all of us down here, we hope that perhaps the docs just might be able to pull a rabbit out of the hat for you both.

What is the difference between Bird Flu and Swine Flu?
For bird flu you need tweetment and for swine flu you need oinkment.

Sorry Rupe!

Recently we spoke with **Herb Currie**, an old ex Radtech who spent a million years in the RAAF, and who now lives on Queensland's Sunshine Coast. Herb was recently diagnosed with prostate cancer and was admitted to the Brisbane Wesley Hospital for an operation to remove all the nasty bits. Unfortunately, when the doctors were snooping around inside him they ruptured a major blood vessel which caused them a heap of grief as they had to chisel away some of Herb's diaphragm bone to get to the offending vessel. This changed their priority somewhat as their full attention was diverted to fixing that important circuitry and they were unable to fix the initial problem. They sewed Herb back up, put him back in the ward and gave him heaps of TLC and eventually allowed him to go home.

But, because of the damage that was done, they were now not able to go back in to remove the nasty bits so Herb is forced to endure chemo therapy to attempt to cure the cancer.

We wish you well mate - and hope to hear good news in the not too distant future.

VERY BRIEF THERAPY

