



The People I meet.

On ANZAC Day last, like most Australians, I un-selfishly gave of my valuable time and decided to respect and pay homage to those brave men and women who in previous conflicts had paid the ultimate sacrifice in the name of our wonderful land.



It was a challenge.

Normally I cannot venture forth without being mobbed and adored due to that captivating Radtechitis. This enticement emanates from my person and always attracts the female of the species in huge numbers much like iron filings are attracted to a very powerful magnet. Being a very modest and humble person, I get very self-conscious when being worshipped by hundreds of lovely ladies, so I try to mask the Radtechitis whenever I leave the confines of my home.

Having had years of practice at impeding the Radtechitis from escaping my person, I find now that after at least an hour's preparation, I can leave home with confidence and be treated as a normal male and not be idolised where ever I go.

On this ANZAC Day, after the formal aspects of the day were completed, I decided to join my many friends at the Jade Buddha Restaurant/Bar which is situated on the river in Queensland's Capital. I hadn't broadcast my intentions of joining friends as I intended to give them a pleasant surprise by my unannounced arrival, but it seems that my imminent attendance had been leaked. Word must have been received by the ADF in Canberra as many serving members from the Air Force Base out at Amberley were in attendance in numbers. These people would have been told that should they attend the Jade Buddha on that day, they would be in the company of the RAAF's best ever Radtech and perhaps if they got me in a quiet corner, I could solve several of the mysteries that currently mystify the Squadron's best electronics techs.



On my arrival, 20 or so of the RAAF's top electronics people shepherded me into a corner and began to seek answers to their many problems. Suddenly I realised one such person, who was starting to see a way through his pressing problem, in his excitement, brushed against my person and allowed a minute whiff of Radtechitis to escape.

I was crestfallen – I immediately thought the worst, here goes I thought, every female in the place would rush me, but luckily as I was next to the river, a gust of wind took hold of that Radtechitis and sped it quickly away. I felt relieved.

What I didn't know though was the prevailing wind was from the east and that whiff was sped west and eventually descended upon 4 lovely young ladies who were playing marbles in Bunnings car park out near Ipswich. They were immediately captivated. They had to get some more. Rushing into the store, they grabbed one of the trolleys and with three riding and one pushing, they sped along Ipswich Road and bolted into the Jade Buddha looking for my person. Finding me in the corner, they pounced as one on my person and began devouring sufficient Radtechitis to satisfy themselves.

I allowed this to continue for about an hour then extricated myself.

Such is the burden a Radtech must endure.



Jenna Saunders, Nikki Jones, humble self, Gabrielle Maczkowiack, Sarah Stockton

I have put a lot of thought into it and I just don't think being an adult is going to work for me



Peter Griffiths's Vietnam Pics.

Peter Griffiths, a Radtech Air who comes from Gympie and who was posted to 9 Squadron in Vung Tau from May 1969 to May 1970, took a lot of photos while he was up there. He's shared a few with us.



Kev Trimmer.





35 Sqn flight line



George Murphy – painting out the roundel.



Duty Crew Barbecue, Back Beach.



Duty Crew Barbecue, Back Beach.



Ettamogah Club. Pewter night.

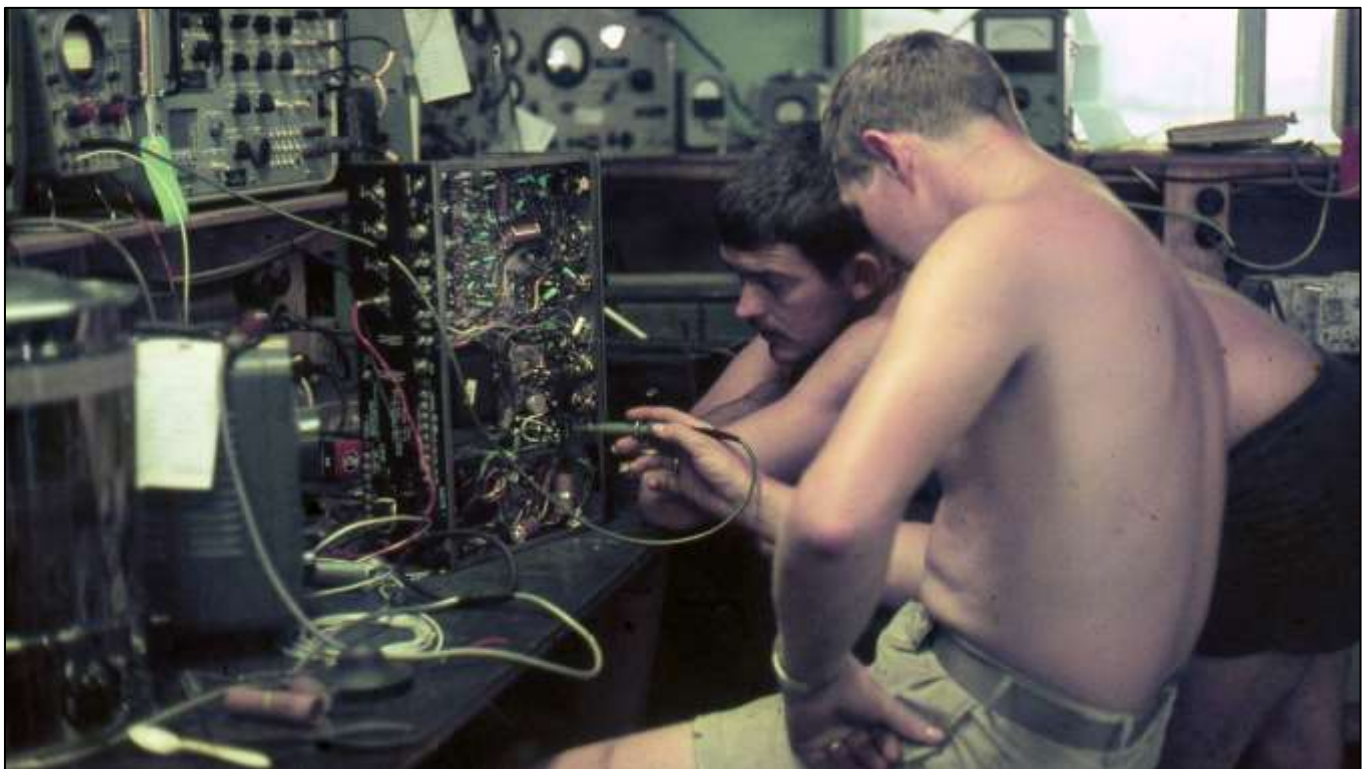


Ettamogah Club. Pewter night. (Couth and culture).

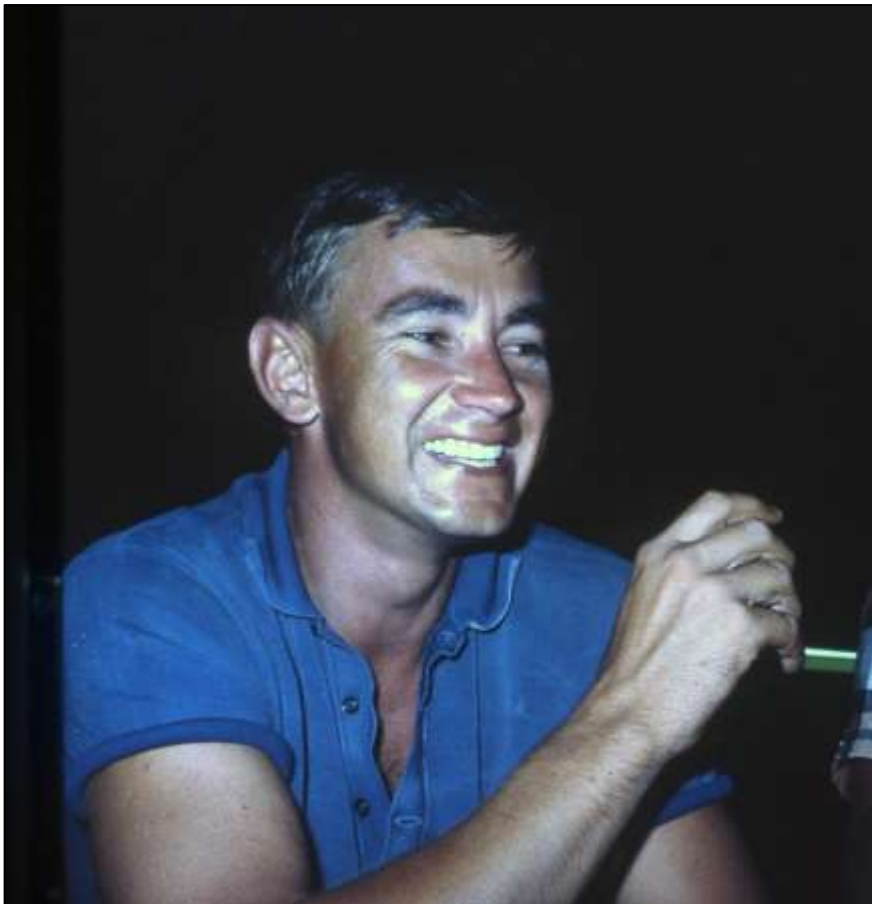
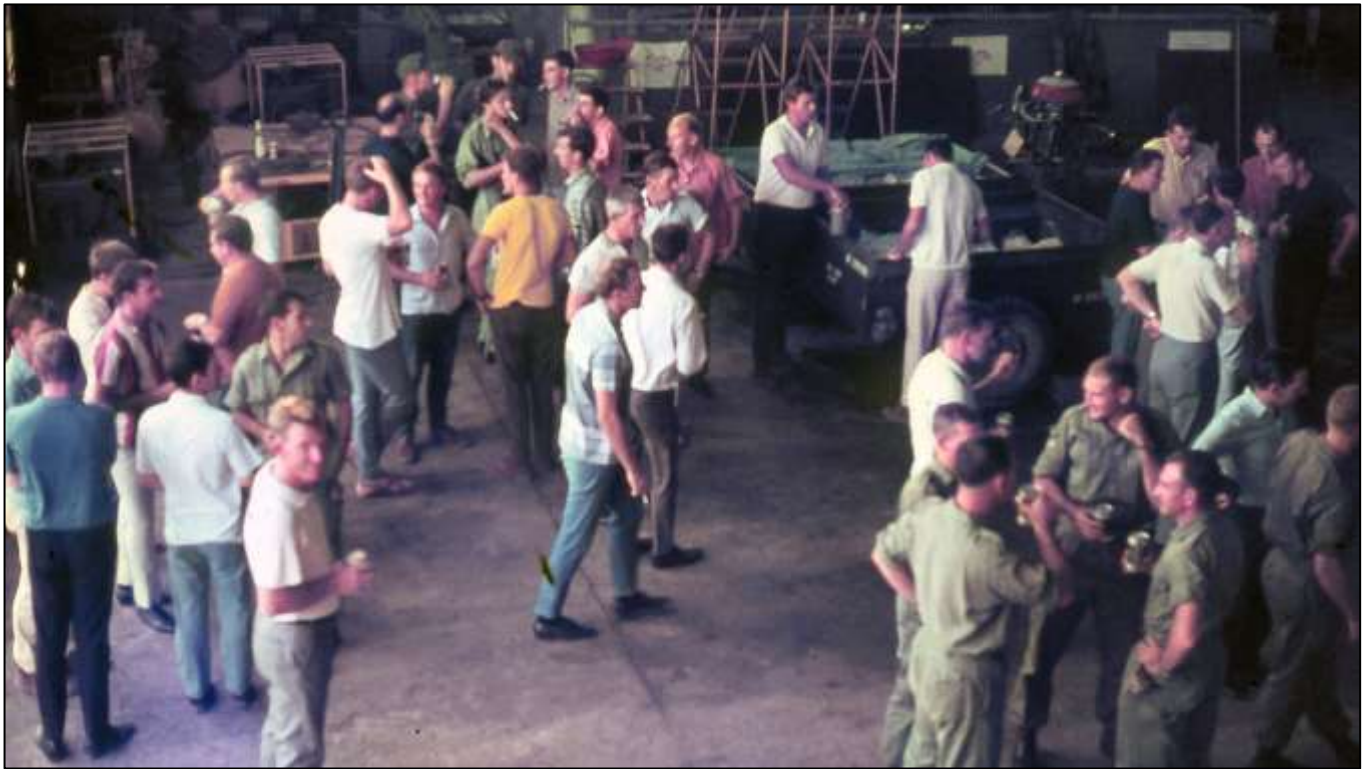


The Beach-buggy, before – and After.











Radar Hill.





Friends of the Mirage.

Blokes who worked on the Mirage got together on the 29th June, 2019 at the Stockton RSL Club, (near Williamtown), for a get together.

Some of the radio bods who attended were:



L-R: John Bivard, John Broughton, Alan Ryner, Phil Palmer, Roger Clarkson.



Group photo of radio bods who worked on the Mirage.



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