

The Boss knows best??

This is a Harrier that had a problem with its landing gear, the nose wheel wouldn't come down. Like most aircraft, the Harrier has a 'backup' system to fall back on if the gear does malfunction. The Harrier uses a nitrogen bottle to blow the gear down but in this case the pilot's



boss ordered him not to use the emergency bottle (which is the specified emergency procedure) because (by the boss's reasoning) "If the nose gear still didn't come down, there is a risk that the aircraft might break its back by having all that weight on its mains and the nose cone".

This is what happens when your superiors don't understand the rules.

The Boss arranged for a pile of bed mattresses to be collected and strapped together and placed on the ground on which the pilot was expected to land the aircraft, with all gear up. The Boss reckoned that the mattresses would allow the aircraft to land with gear up, undamaged.



'Normally' a Harrier that can not get it's gear down will select U/C up and do a vertical belly landing on the strakes/gun pack, then once it's on the ground, the framies will jack the aircraft up, fix the landing gear, and have it back in the air rather quickly.

In this case, the engine sucked in some of the mattresses and was trashed by mattress springs and everything else that went hurtling into the engine's innards. This has since become a legendary event in the (rather small) Harrier community and is laughed about often.



The best part was, when they jacked the aircraft up in the hangar and pulled the emergency gear down handle to blow the bottle, all 4 came down and locked in place.



This is a photo of Kev Rosser back in 1967, at the ripe old age of 17, and was taken at Radschool, at Laverton, and snapped on the old Kodak instamatic, just as Kev was returning from the showers

4 out of 3 people have trouble with fractions.



These two intrepid hunters are (L-R) Phil Murphy and Kev Rosser, both Radtechs extraordinaire. They had gone hunting and camping one weekend while based at Amberley. Kev had shot a hare and being Radtechs, they had gone hunting without a knife!!!!. So, using a bit of creative hitting on a Coke bottle with a stone, Kev fashioned a reasonable knife with which to butcher it.

And being Radtechs, they also went camping without any sleeping gear so the sole bedding they had was the back seat of Phil's mini which was used as a pillow. They didn't spend a very comfortable night!

Why did they call us Queer Trades?????

If at first you don't succeed, destroy all evidence that you tried.



Ray Moodie and wife.

Ray was on 19 Appy (Jan 65 to Aug 67) and is seen here at a reunion on the Gold Coast in late Dec 2004.

Also at the 19Appy reunion in 2004 are: (Allan George tells us who's who.....)



From the left, In blue cap, Bruce (Sudds) Purcell, his wife Chris in the brown top in front of him. At back in yellow top is Arnie Vereschildt, his wife Marilyn is in the black top in the middle. Middle blue cap is Stew Deans and his wife is the lady in the front in the flowery top. Barny Jones is in the Adidas T Shirt. Allan George is peering over the top from the back and his wife Jane is in the blue top. Bloke on the right in white is Phil 'Tubster' Laird.

A couple made a deal that whomever died first would come back and inform the other of the after-life. Their biggest fear was that there was no after life.

After a long life together, the husband was the first to die. True to his word, he made the first contact,

'Judy ..Judy!' 'Is that you, Steve?' 'Yes, I've come back like we agreed.' 'That's wonderful! What's it like?'

'Well, I get up in the morning, I have sex. I have Breakfast and then it's off to the golf course. I have sex again, bathe in the warm sun and then have sex a couple of more times. Then I have lunch (you'd be proud - lots of greens) another romp around the golf course, then pretty much have sex the rest of the afternoon. After supper, it's back to golf course again Then it's more sex until late at night. I catch some much needed sleep and then the next day it starts all over again.'

'Oh, Steve', she said, 'you surely must be in Heaven!'

'Not exactly... I'm a rabbit on a golf course in Port Macquarie.'



This is a bunch of 19 Appy lads at Radschool all those years ago, they are:
Standing **L-R**: Dave Spillman, Sam Houliston, Paul Hewitt, Allan George (with the glass to mouth) [nothing's changed – tb] Knobby Smith, Stu Deans (obscured) Chris Robins.
Front **L-R**: Ric Toholka and Bill Voolstra.

Noel Schubert, 21 Appy, taking it easy on the old counterpane. Wonder what happened to all those, the RAAF must have had thousands.



There would have to be a Grob and Grob somewhere in that book case – surely!!.

Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.

19 Appy boys, all done up in their “Poof suits” They are:



L-R: Tony Neave (deceased), Barney Jones (obscured) Paul Hewitt, Bill Voolstra, Arnie Vereschildt (obscured) Julian de Ross, Trevor Connell, Garry Thomsen, and Rolf Roelfsema leading the hymns.

A conclusion is the place where you got tired of thinking.