

Sick Parade.

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



Herb Currie got in touch, he says, “Just to correct some of the info about me in [the previous Magazine](#). The rupture of the vein occurred behind my Pelvic Bone, not the bet place when you are lying on your back with your stomach open.

The surgeon had to chip away part of the Pelvic Bone to repair the rupture and in the mean time I lost four and a half litres of blood (the body holds from 4-6 litres in total - tb), hence the operation was abandoned. I did not have Chemo-therapy (This does not work on Prostate cancer).

I had eight weeks of Radiation Therapy plus Hormone implants. In June I should have the results of all these procedures and then will be monitored for the next year.

Liked the Magazine, it was quite interesting. Herb Currie”.



Herb (left) with Ron Clayton, amazingly disguised and playing Santa to the troops in Vung Tau, Christmas 1968.

Thanks Herb, and good luck mate, we all wish you the best - tb.

John ‘Sambo’ Sambrooks tells us that **Syd Farmer**, who lives in Bundaberg, and was a Sumpie with 35 Sqn from Feb 1965 to October 1965, is not travelling too well. Syd was diagnosed with Leukaemia some time ago and has been on chemo and lumbar punctures. There was a problem with the risk of bleeding and he was given blood products and transfusions in support.

The Doctors explained it this way, “Syd was already very sick, and they had to run over him with a Steam Roller in an attempt to treat this dreadful disease which will cause Syd to bounce along the bottom for awhile”.

“So far, he is doing well, his blood counts have come up, and if they continue in the next few days they will do another Bone Marrow Biopsy, this will tell the doctors how he has responded to the treatment and how the white cells have reacted. If this is positive, the doctors are hoping he may be released from hospital soon and will continue his treatment as an outpatient.”

His wife Judy says, “We don’t know whether we are walking into the woods, or whether we are walking out of the woods, all we know is that we are still walking!”

We all wish you well Syd!!!

Peter Bradford got in touch, he says **Roy “Nugget: Hibben**, the CO of 9 Squadron (May 1969 to May 1970) is in good spirits and doing well physically. Roy has suffered two strokes and is currently living in the John and Helen Robinson Nursing Home – Gerringong, on the southern coast of NSW. Peter says he had not seen the “Boss” since the Tamworth reunion and it was great to catch up again. “I brought him up to date on the whereabouts of some of his brood. We had lots of laughs and a few tears. “Nugget” is the same as we would all remember him. We are all 40 years older since Vietnam and the Boss is now 83 years young.

Wing Cdr John Alan Paule (right) the outgoing CO of No 9 Squadron, briefs his replacement, Wing Cdr Roy Hibben, of Mundijong, WA, before taking him on a familiarisation flight of the Vung Tau area. (23 May 1969)



“Nugget tells me he will be around for a ‘Bloody’ lot longer. He seems in good shape, looks well but gets a little frustrated when he has trouble with his memory. He has a wonderful wife and family who help him through the tough times and he insists he will be leading the next ANZAC Day parade in Gerringong. His best regards to all of you.

A very pretty young speech therapist was getting nowhere with her stammerers Action group. She had tried every technique in the book without the slightest success. Finally, thoroughly exasperated, she said "If any of you can tell me the name of the town where you were born, without stuttering, I will have wild and passionate sex with you until your muscles ache and your eyes water. So, who wants to go first ?" The Englishman piped up."B-b-b-b-b-b-irmingham", he said."That's no use, Trevor" said the speech therapist, "Who's next ?" The Scotsman raised his hand and blurted out "P-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-aisley"..That's no better. There'll be no sex for you, I'm afraid, Hamish. How about you, Paddy ?The Irishman took a deep breath and eventually blurted out" London". Brilliant, Paddy! said the speech therapist and immediately set about living up to her promise. After 15 minutes of exceptionally steamy sex, the couple paused for breath and Paddy said "-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-erry".

Bob Hambling got in touch, he says: “Some of you will remember that **Bob White** had treatment and surgery a while back for bowel cancer. Early this year his condition deteriorated somewhat and a few weeks ago he had further major surgery. I was passing through Coffs Harbour recently and called in to see him, and found him bright and recovering well but naturally he is still very weak. His prognosis is good and already he is planning future travels to the Sunshine State.

For those that don't know, Bob trained as a RADMECH at Ballarat in the mid 50s then worked on ground gear at Woomera. He did his Tech conversion at Ballarat and graduated as a RADTECHA in the early 60s. He worked on air gear at Woomera for some years then went to 11 SQN. He was an NCO instructor at Radschool in the mid 70s then obtained a commission. He was RADO at Pt Cook then did a stint in TELENG HQSC, then to DEFEAR involved in the Tactical Air Defence System (for 114MCRU), radar projects, Caribou replacement etc. He eventually retired as a GPCAPT then became a consultant to the mob that lurk in the corridors of Canberra. He is now retired and lives down near Coffs Harbour."

We wish him well!!

Brian Dirou got in touch, he says, "Hello Everybody, Regrettably, I convey some sad news re an Air Force luminary with whom many of us shared great friendship and memorable experiences. **Rex Budd** is terminally ill with cancer and has a short horizon of just a few months left on the planet. Rex was with 9 Sqn from May 1968 to May 1969 and again from October 1969 to June 1970

The cancer has pervaded his liver and there are no surgical options. Although losing weight and deteriorating in other respects physically, he is resigned to the inevitable outcome and still in pretty good spirits He has authorised me to say he is happy to receive correspondence and/or phone calls; but he might not be back at Mareeba, QLD much before the end of August.

(We haven't published Rex's address and/or phone number here (to stop spam) but if you wish to get in touch, email us and we'll pass on the details to you – tb)

