

THE AIR FORCE WIFE

Who said that variety is the true spice of life?
No doubt was said by an Air Force wife
For the poor girl never knows where she's at,
Her home is wherever he parks his hat!
During which time she has sons and daughters
She packs up to move to the cold of old England
The orders are changed, she's off to North Queensland.
Her house may be a hut with no room for expansion
It may be a pre-fab or perhaps it's a mansion.
She uncrates the furniture in snows or in rains
And lays the linoleum between labour pains,
She wrestles with wardrobes and builds all the beds
And makes curtains of bunting she last used as spreads.
And during each move, now isn't it strange?
The brats all catch whooping cough, measles or mangle!

She no more gets settled when she must dress up pretty
And go to a party and be charming and witty.
She must know contract bridge, mah jong and chess
And whether a straight or a flush is the best.
On every subject she must know how to discourse
She must swim, ski and golf and ride any old horse.
She must know songs and traditions of the cadet corps
And she fast learns all details of how HE won the war.
She jitterbugs with Flight Loots who always are glamorous
She waltzes with Wingcos who are usually amorous.
She must drink all concoctions – gin, whisky or beer
But, of course, moderately, or she'll wreck his career.

He insists on economy, vets every cheque stub;
Yet her house must be run like a hotel or club.
She entertains at all hours – both early and late
For any number of guests from eighty to eight.
At least once a fortnight there's plenty of cash
So she serves steak and eggs but next week it's hash
She juggles the budget for his new tropical worsted
Though the seams of her own best outfit have bursted.
Then when she gets the uniform payments arranged
The tunic's no good – regulations have changed!
One year she has servants and lives like a lady
The next, does her own work and has a new baby!
That there'll be a bank balance she has no assurance,
It all goes on liquor or some damn insurance.

At an age to retire, he's still hale and hearty,
Fit as a fiddle, the life of the party.
But she's old and haggard, cranky and nervous
Really a wreck after thirty years service.
But even then, when all's said and done,
She still believes that service life's fun.
She has loved every minute and, why – good grief
She'd have been bored to death with a business chief.
There's a medal we know that dad's glad to see,
But it's the wives that earn it – that OBE.