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Australian Army commanders' diaries

Royal Australian Infantry

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**Item: 3 Battalion Royal Australian
Regiment**

Kings Scotts Wisper

1-31 August 1971

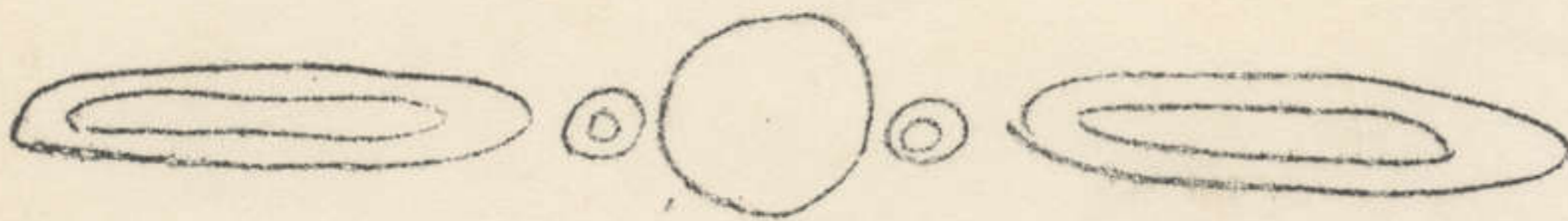
THE
KING
SCOTTS
WHISPER



Bn Hist

PSSSSST!

THE
WAVE
STOP
WAVE STOP



MONTHLY HAPPENING PUBLISHED
FROM HEADQUARTERS "OLD FAITHFUL"

MUI DAT

SYN



THE KING SCOTTS WHISPER

* Registered at AP AN PHU as a type of periodical for transmission to the Diggers by any means available:

Editor : Capt C.J. Clarke

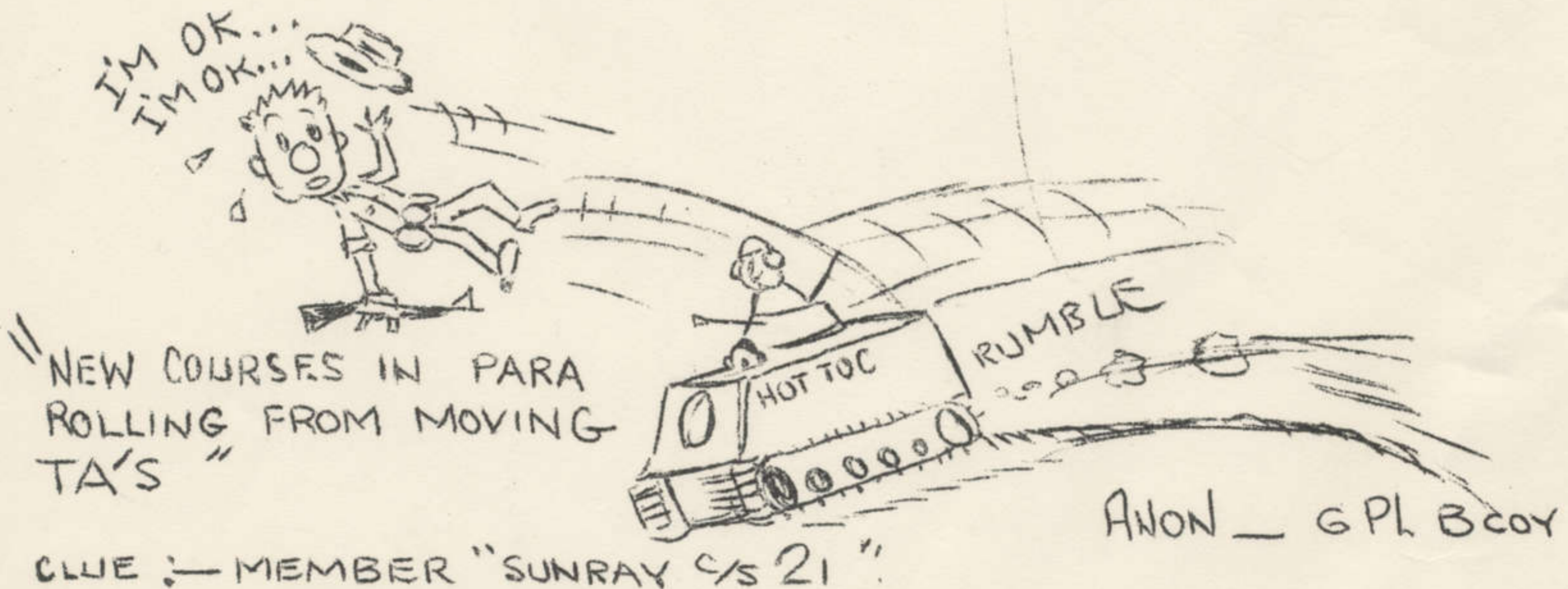
Graphic Art: Cpl N. Annison.

- * Distributed free of charge to all members posted or attached to 3RAR.
- * Articles/ Cartoons readily accepted for publication (even from the gunners). Forward by 22nd of month please.
- * An award of \$10.00 will be made for the most original article/ cartoons published each month.
- * Forward all enquiries/ articles to :-

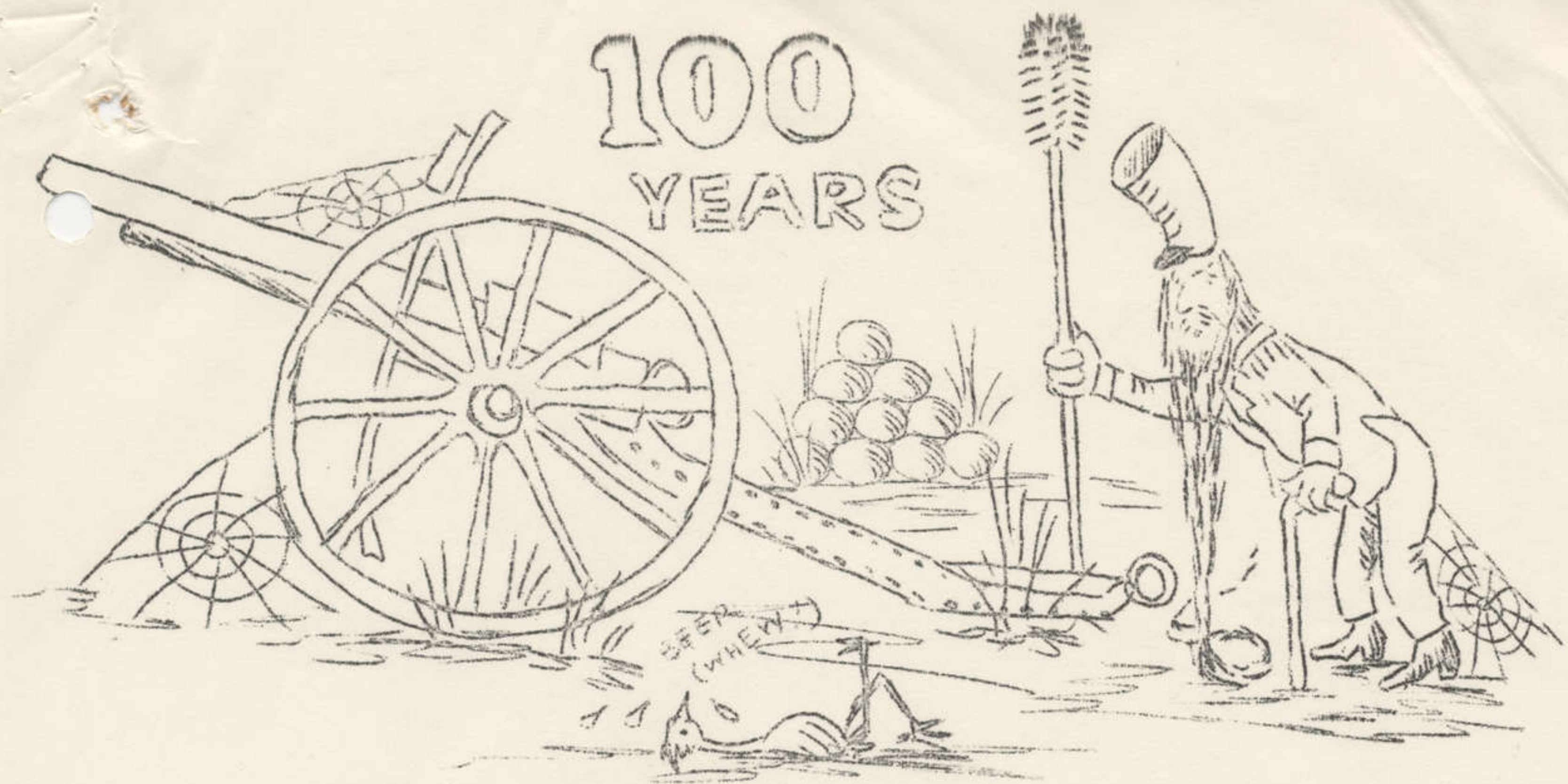
Editor,
The King Scotts Whisper
3RAR CP
ZIGGIE

* The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Army, the Battalion, or the Editor. That way everyone has an umbrella.

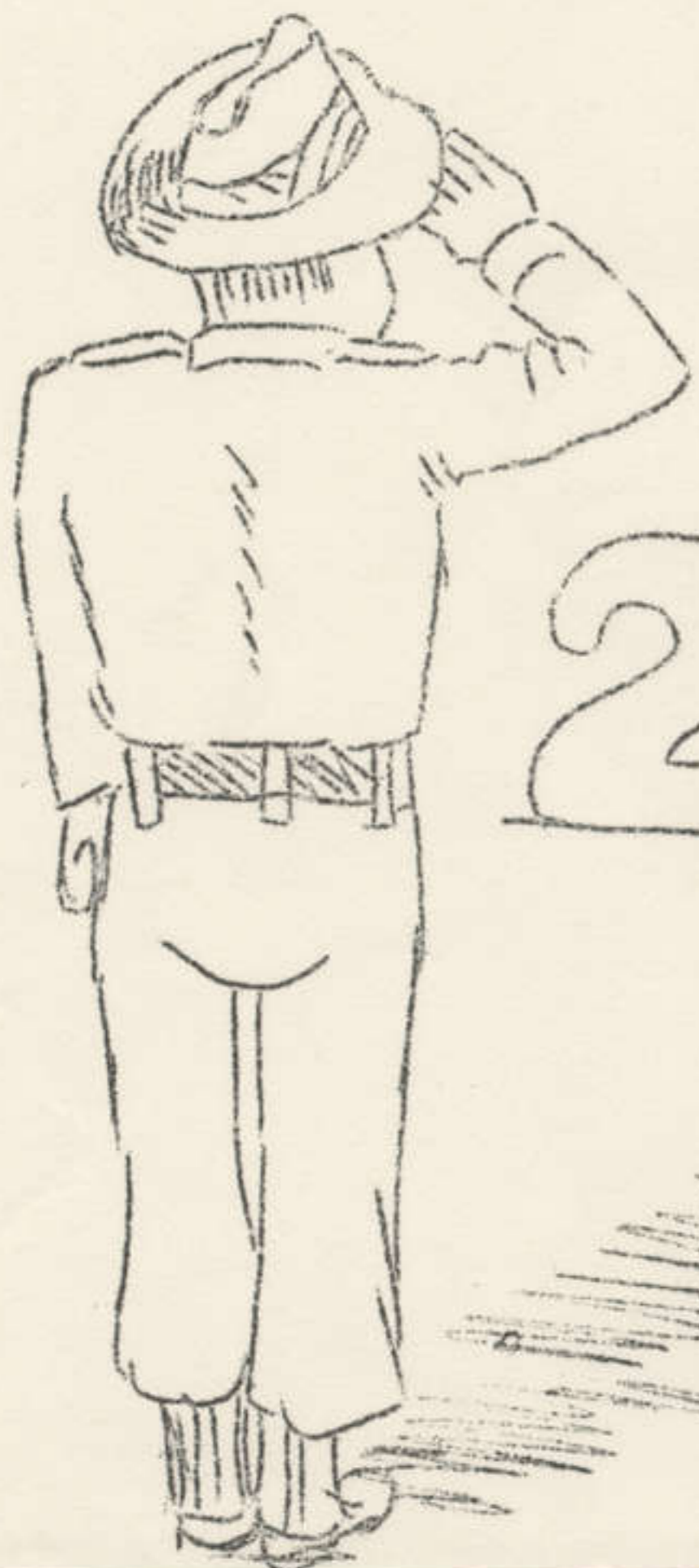
*****@Oo*****



100
YEARS



3 RAR SALUTES
'A' BTY



25 YEARS

EDITORIAL

Hurrah for the sixth edition. Better late than never eh WATT! Terribly sorry for the lateness of this edition but we were intercepted by an "IRON FOX" on the way to the printers.

Contributing to the "Whisper" has obviously become a popular pastime because for this month's edition we received a record number of entries. And in response to our appeal last month for more cartoons, we received a sharp increase in the supply of cartoons. In fact the variety and originality of a great number of the cartoons reflects great credit on the contributing population of the battalion. We were particularly pleased to see the number of new contributors this month. We were also pleased to see cartoon entries which were just stick figure drawings with great ideas and captions. To confirm the worth in this, we are pleased to announce that one of the winners in this month's competition, gained his prize with very basic drawings and very good captions. As we've said before, it's the idea that counts.

Who were the prizewinners anyway, says a voice from the back of the room. OK, the prizewinners are:-

SPRAG (name not supplied): A Series of Cartoons on "CHAU DUCKY"

Cpl "BOOTS" Whitcombe: Shoot out at Devils Rock- A serialised novel of the old WEST.

Congratulations fellas. You have both won \$5.00, available from WO2 Archer at the unit canteen.

Sprag, whoever he may be, has shown great originality, and a fine sense of humour, with his three cartoon series about Chau Ducky. He has offered to supply more along the same lines. Thanks, Sprag, we look forward to more adventures with Chau Ducky.

"Boots" Whitcombe, on the other hand, supplied the first chapter of an old Wild West novel which promises to even threaten the popular "Zany Gray". Now, although the "Shoot out at Devils Rock" isn't of a military flavour, we have to pay originality, "readability", and a very clever style. Our illustrator, Arno, has added the necessary touches to the title page. OK, "Boots", one or two chapters per month from now on in. Ta!

Honourable mentions would be too many to list here, as there were many other great entries. However, credits are shown throughout the Whisper.

Now, a couple of other items.

Firstly the matter of "Bushie" versus "POGOES". We published "Diko's" poem because of its sincerity, and as expected, we have received some answers to "Diko" from the other side of the house. We have published them in this issue, and again we think that they have been written in good taste and in a sincere manner. However, REGARDLESS, to avoid a "range war", we will NOT publish anymore poems or articles with a "pro" or "anti" "pogo" theme. OK. It's a good stir but it might get out of hand because whichever deck you may be on, if the boat sinks, we all go down.

Next. This month we received 10 or 15 entries which were straight copies of cartoons, articles or jokes published in commercial productions. There still may be a few which sneak past us, but any we see which we recognize as a copy will be put in the waste paper bin straight away. However, if you can adapt a cartoon situation to a military (preferably 3RAR) situation, go ahead. Then it may be relevant and acceptable.

Another point. Although we thoroughly and unashamedly enjoy some of the "blue" cartoons and submissions that arrive on the Editors desk, they will not be published. One good reason. At a conservative estimate, 50 whispers a month find their way to Australia. Wives, girlfriends and absolute strangers get to read it. We know of one instance of a whisper being circulated around the entire teaching staff of a high school in Adelaide and then ending up with the Fifth Form students. So thats the reason. We will publish "risque" material, but not pornography.

Names for the Book - Only a few more suggestions received. Come on. Lets have any ideas you may have. Make it anonymous if you're embarrassed. At the moment, "YOURS FAITHFULLY - 3RAR IN SOUTH VIETNAM 1971- 1972" is regarded as the best to date. It incorporates the "OLD FAITHFUL" theme; the "YOURS FAITHFULLY" signature signifying "the end"; and "yours" indicating your battalion. But it is NOT the final choice, so let's see a few more.

The Condensed Whisper. Strange thing this. The people who have bothered to reply indicate that the demand is sufficient to warrant production of a "Best of the Whisper" version. So far, response is as follows:-

Bn HQ Pl (Forward) -	43 Copies
Bn HQ Pl (Rear) -	15 copies
A Coy HQ -	26 copies
1 Pl -	28 copies
C Coy -	100 copies

So you can see, at least 80% of the particular groups want to see a "Best of the Whisper". Let us have your return as soon as possible.

Rumours. Don't you believe them. We are still planning on producing the total 12 issues, and fully expect to produce the twelfth issue in February, in country.

Finally. It you are a short timer and are worried that if you order a "Best of the Whisper" and then RTA, people will forget you and you'll never see the Whisper - stop worrying. Anybody already RTA will be getting a short letter soon asking if they are interested, and anybody for RTA in the future will be recorded "YEA" or "NAY" at Bn HQ during their march out procedure.

Thats enough drivel for this month.

And so, as the sports writer writing the article on BRADMAN, commenced his article to the editor

----- " re DON"-----

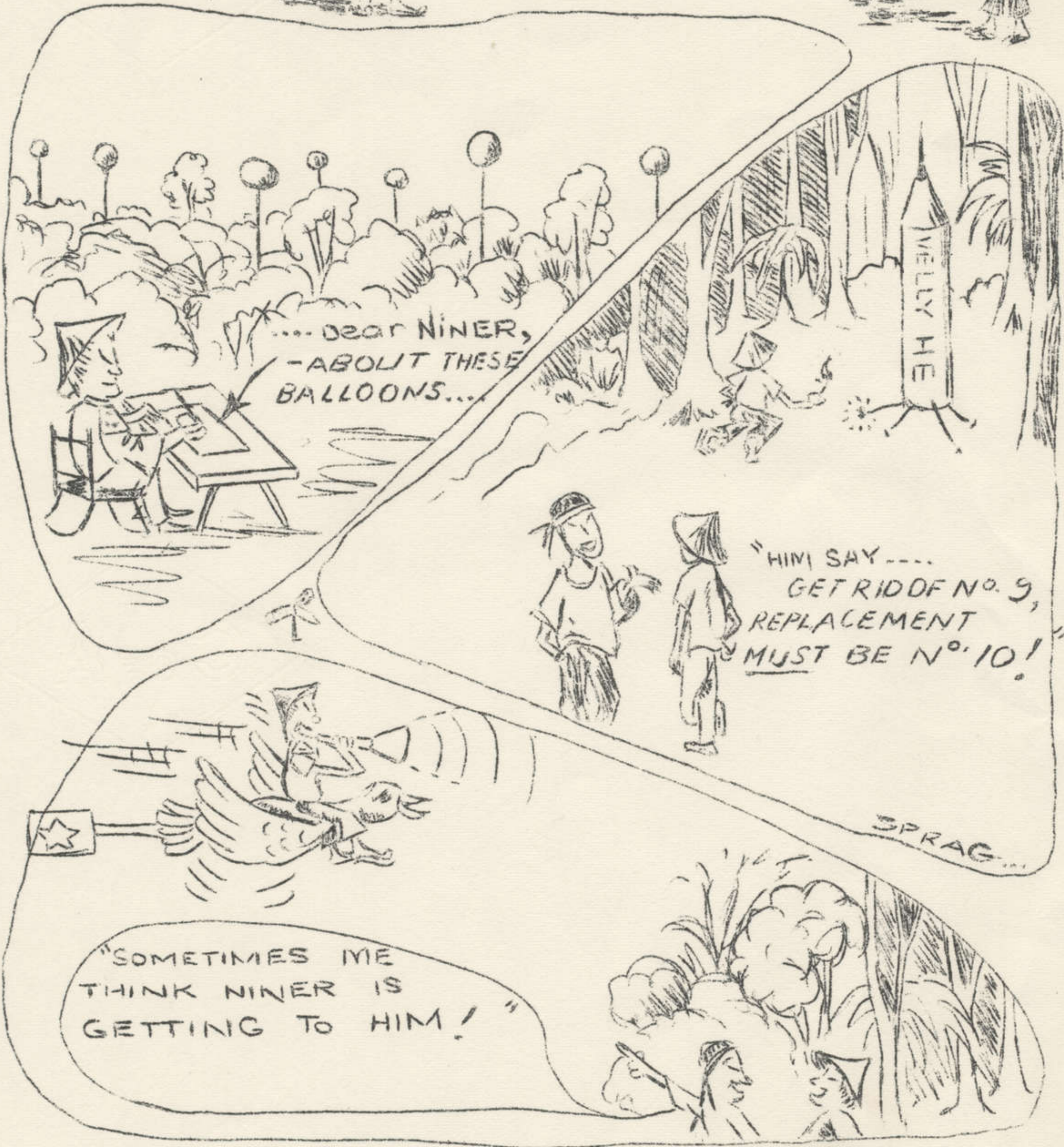
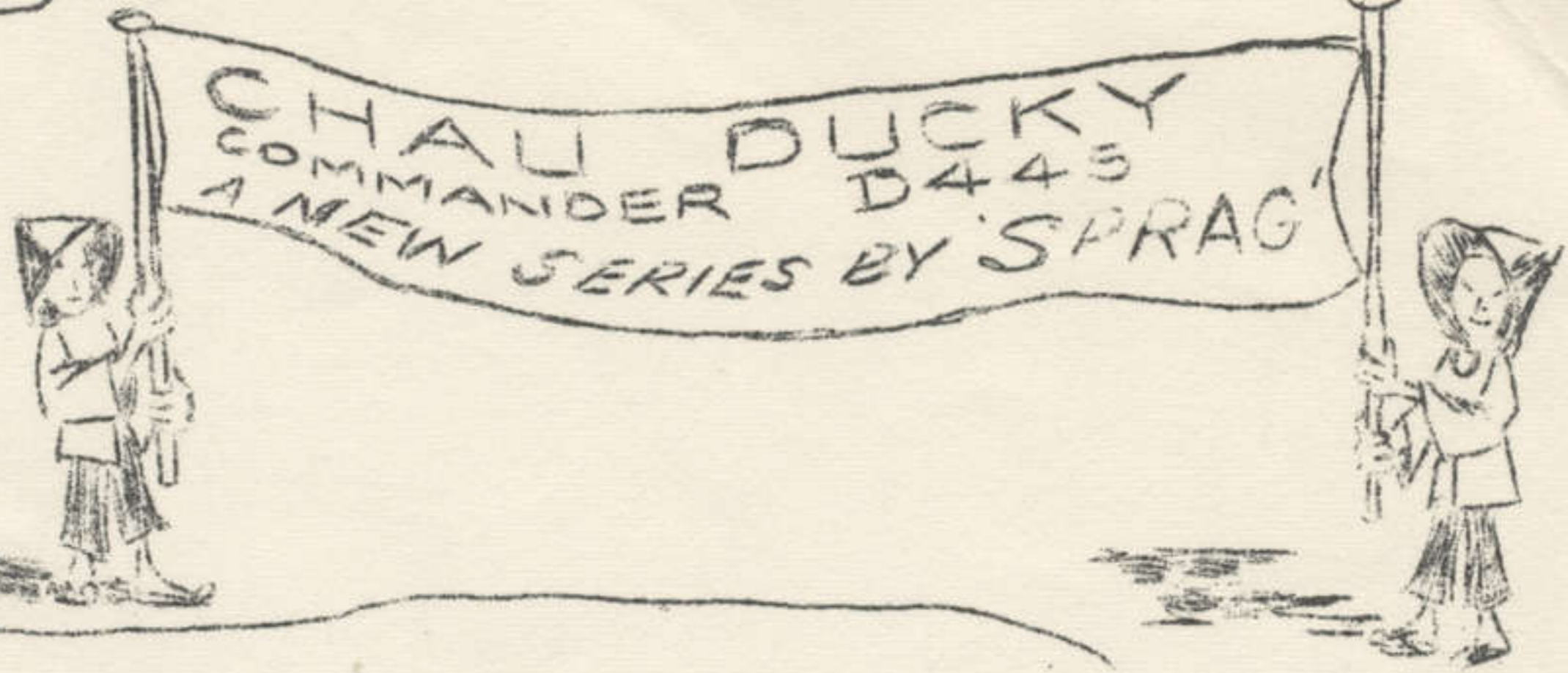
*****oOo*****

(That's hardly cricket!)

*****oOo*****



INTRODUCING.....



.... DEAR NINER,
- ABOUT THESE
BALLOONS...

"HINI SAY....
GET RIDDF N^o. 9,
REPLACEMENT
MUST BE N^o. 10!"

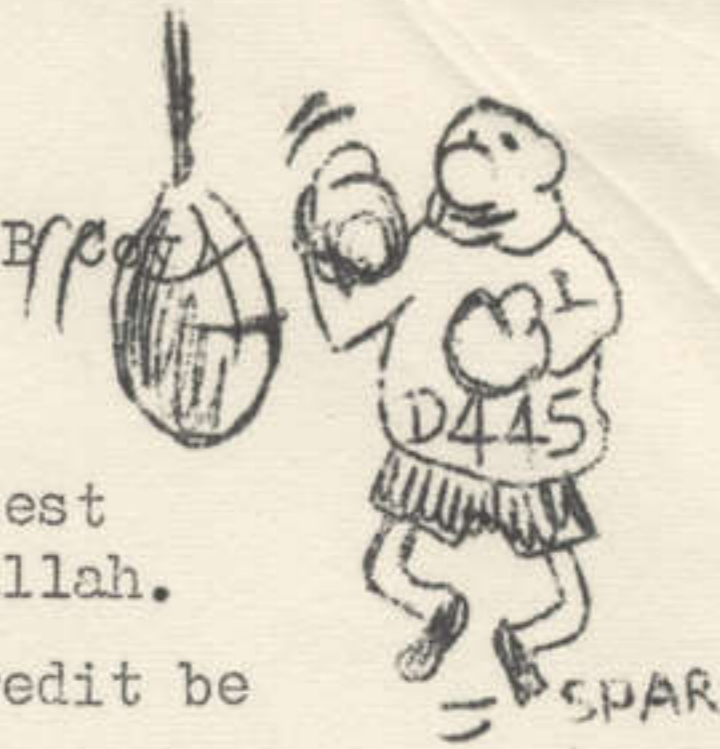
"SOMETIMES I ME
THINK NINER IS
GETTING TO HIM!"

SPRAG

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE ARA

(according to the Gospel of FATSIO FARDY, 5P1 B Coy)

1. Thou shall not scrounge, neither shall thy swing thy lead, lest thou be made prepare the spuds for thy comrades.
2. Thou shall not take the name of thy Sgt Major in vain, lest thy name will be entered on an AAF A4 and thou dost become a CB wallah.
3. Honour the QM all the days of thy service so that thy credit be numbered even as the sands of the desert.
4. Thou shall not borrow any of thy comrades kit or steal it when the owner is not present for thy sins will be visited by the quickness of the hand that blacketh the eye.
5. Thou shall not flutter away all thy wordly goods and possessions by playing rummy, eucha or pontoon, lest a fearful voice be heard to say "Render unto me thy name, number and leave the money where it layeth.
6. The 6th day thou shalt labour, and on the 7th thou shalt work twice as hard.
7. Thou shall not absent himself without leave lest by royal consent, or thou dost forfeit much pay and the Orderley Sgt dost carry you amongst his merd men.
8. Thou shall not fill thyself with beer and render thyself incapable lest be made to spend many days in the house of correction.
9. Should it come to pass that through ambitious gain thou art mentioned in RO's as being given rank of acting unpaid Lepl ye shall without further aid present thyself to the canteen and crone that thy comrades know you by accepting glasses of amber fluid.



10. Keep the Commandments for it may come to pass thath thou wilt be discharged and where thou shalt wear strange garments and be known as a Nister and shall part-take of an ancient custom known as dole, until in a moment of madness when you shall again enter these ranks wherefore you will again read of these commandments.

Here endeth the Commandments.

Remember.. while it is in us to sin we break them;... but! Heaven help us or you if caught.

11. God helps those who help themselves and God help those who get caught....!!!

"ITS OK SCOTTIE,
IT'S THE BOSS -
HE'S A BAG OF
NERVES"



(Not really original, but then people have been writing commandments from way back - Ed).

*****oO*****

*****oO*****

THE BARBEQUE
by
Lcpl COCKRAM



Well R & C's here again. First the traditional barbeque the night before.

Percy, Terry and myself were enjoying all the traditions of such an event. The near misses and "ones that got away" stories naturally worked on the old barbeque formula of x volume goes down equals x times volume of story plus ten.

Percy had just decided to get the 9th can when----- disaster-----, Terry, frozen into immobility let his can slip through paralyzed fingers.

Percy gave one of his "who would dare" side long glances, and I, can in hand, always ready to counter such emergencies took a long cool nerve relaxing swig.

"Would you repeat that", said Percy mustering all the dignity of one who is trying to back out of a duel.

" I said grab a steak and come over here and cook it", yelled one of the abstainers.

" Of all the bloody hide", muttered Percy popping another " another " Black Duck", imagine us having to cook our own steaks at a barbeque.

" Shame Shame", we chorused raising our cans to the moon.....
(to be continued).

(Obviously means something - personally I don't think it's much CHOP- Ed)

*****oO*****





" HAPPY Birthday to me,
 HAPPY Birthday to me.....
 *****oOo*****

Complex

- R J Saunders

In the distance guns are pounding,
 They're firing from Nui Dat,
 Maybe on a bunker system,
 or a known VC track.

But my mind is not on war games,
 or crazy thorny trees,
 It is far away with loved ones,
 that I've left across the seas.

I've drifted into dreamland,
 The firing I cannot hear,
 All that matters now,
 Are dreams, and gulping down that bear.

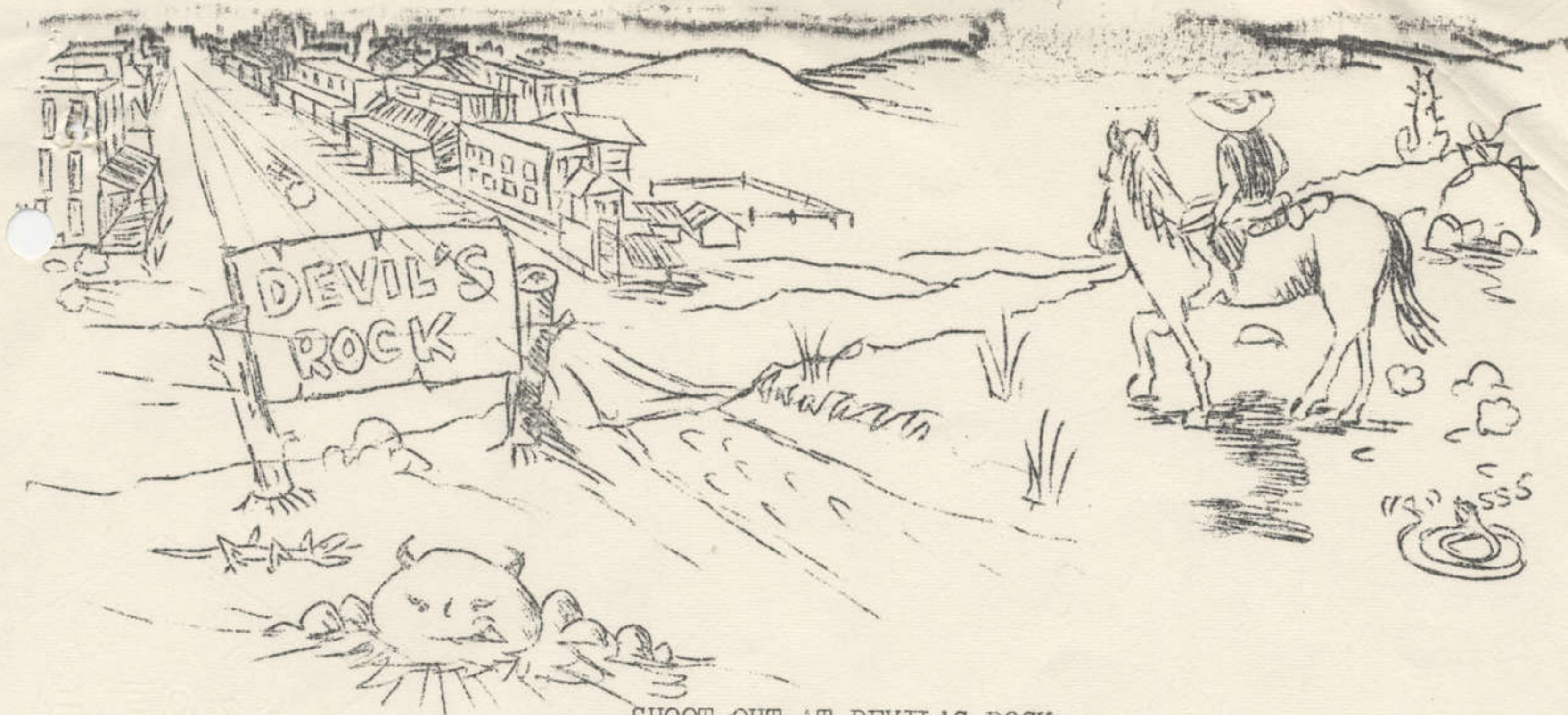
Then, at once my dreams are shattered,
 Oh no, it can't be true,
 Some bloody stupid lizard
 Telling me "PUC YEW PUC PEW".

^^
 Nice try
 Soldier ^^

rwOBrien



*****oOo*****



SHOOT OUT AT DEVIL'S ROCK

A gripping saga of the Old West by dynamic new novelist..... BUCK WINSHESTER (Cpl A (BOOTS) Whitcombe) 12 Pl D Coy.

CAST

Steely Eyed Hero:	GUNN CALHOUN
Purty Yaller- Haired Heroine:	(Silly) SALLY SIMPSON
Fat Useless Sheriff:	SETH HOGG
Skinny Useless Deputy:	LUTHER GOLDNIPPLE
Joint Owners of Red Dog Saloon:	MICHAEL FITZPATRICK & PATRICK FITZMICHAEL
Singer in SAY-LOON	NELLY THEMOUTH
Honky- Tonk Pianist:	"FINGERS" MALONE
2 Bounty Hunters	SMITH & WESSON
US Marshal:	COLT REMINGTON
Notorious Gunslinger:	REMINGTON COLT
Furtive Villain:	"Pig" McCALL
His 2 Cronies:	"SKIN" SCHWARTZ
	"PATCH" POLTROON
	"GLASSEYE" GERTIE

Local "SCARLET WOMAN":

Introducing negro saloon swamper- "LEROY". and a supporting cast of hundreds.

CHAPTER 1 RIDE ON, HOMBRE!



The rider topped the rise and halted there, looking down at the township of Delaney's Crossing. Gunn Calhoun sat tall in the saddle (although he was pretty short on the ground); a lean tanned rangy hombre, with gun-metal blue eyes, a nose, iron jaw and soft rosebud lips. He was wearing clothes as these were essential to this raw, untamed frontier. He wore a battered Navy Colt tied down on his right thigh, and Calhoun looked capable enough to use it (even though he wasn't).

Grunting a hissed curse, he kneed the barrel-chested gelding mare forward and rode into town that hot June day in August 1876.

He cast his thoughts back 5 years to when he had been falsely accused and convicted of the stage robbery at Dead Man's Crutch. After 5 brutal years in the Federal Pen he was back to clear his name and to apprehend the true perpetrators of that dastardly, dark, deadly deed. Despite his imprisonment he still felt the same towards the townsfolk as he had before they railroaded him into jail.

..... contd next page

He still hated their foul guts.

"I still hate their foul guts!" he mumbled as he rode along. (Author's Note: Their guts were rather unpleasant, if fact).

He reined his horse in outside the Red Dog Say-loon and decided to have a slug of red-eye to cut the trail dust in his throat. He decided to have some whiskey, also. As he stepped down from his McLellan saddle (guaranteed to last 20 years at a rate of 1,000 backsides per year), he heard a hoarse croak from across the street.

"That's funny, I've never heard a horse croak before", he thought.

However, the hoarse croak proved to be the fat, useless sheriff, Seth Hogg. Seth has a reputation as a hard man, and so he was. Hard to find when trouble struck, that is.

"Hold it right thar, Calhoun!" croaked Hogg. Gunn was caught with one foot in the stirrup, and he froze in the act of dismounting.

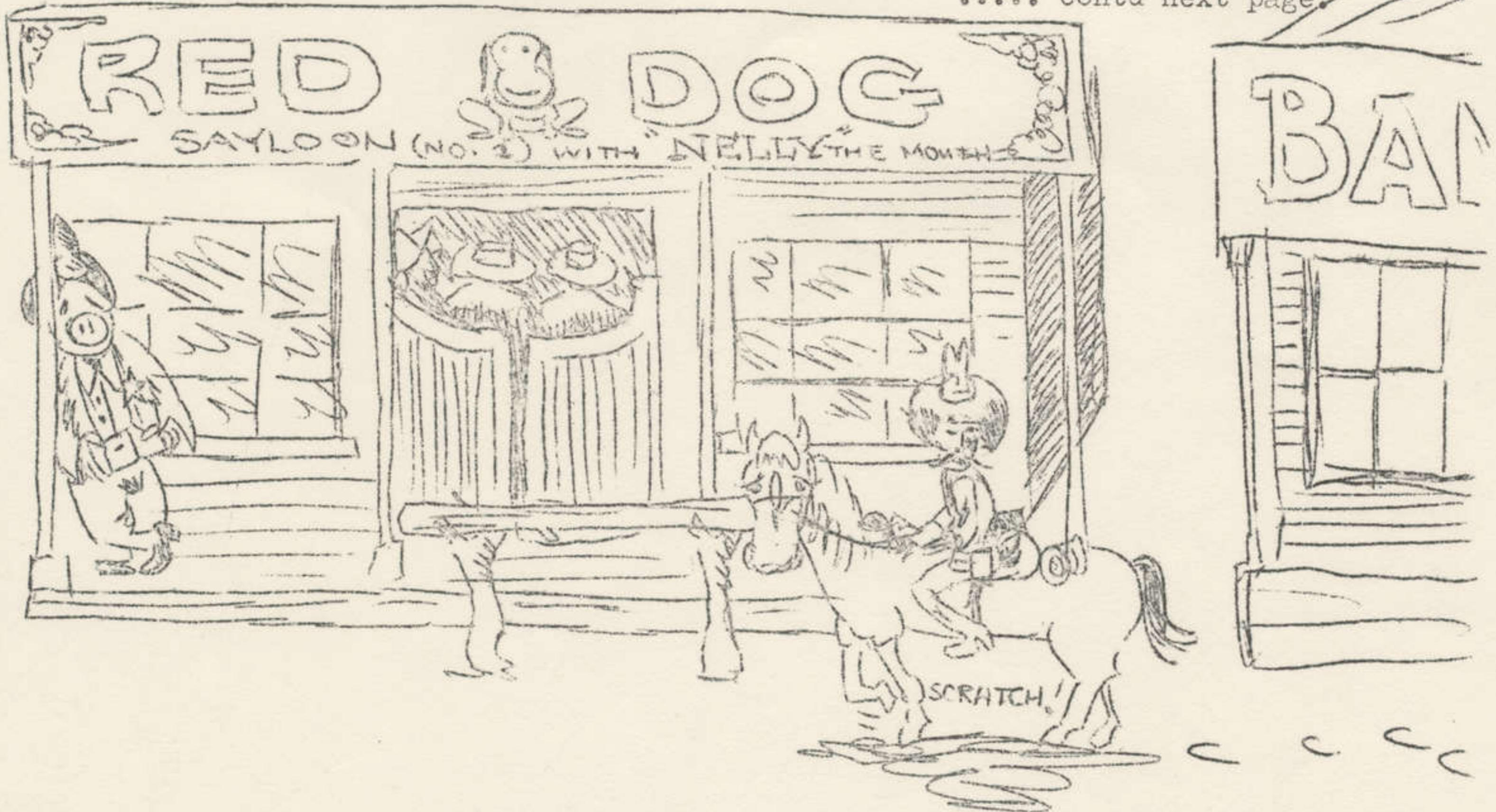
"Gosh darn you, you mangy polecat!" he snarled.

"OK Calhoun, lift your foot out of the stirrup- REAL SLOW!"

As Gunn complied the sheriff said: "Now git back on yore prad and git outta town!".

"Nobody tells me what to do, you dirty dog, Hogg" shapped Gunn, and spent the next five minutes tying his horses reins to the hitchrail in a knot known only to himself. The sheriff cursed and stomped off.

..... contd next page.



Calhoun moved warily into the Sayloon, spurs and earrings jingling.

As he walked up to the bar the barkeep ("Butch" Haran) looked him over and said: "Howdy, stranger. What'll it be?" Gunn muttered: "Gimme a whiskey on the rocks- with ice! And make it snappy!" "Yes, Sir! One snappy Whiskey comin' up".

Slowly, Calhoun drank the whiskey (with his mouth).

"Pig" McCall and his two cronies were sitting at the back of the bar- room "Pig" said loudly: "Kin you smell Jailbird in hyar, Skin?"

Intelligently, and with the ready wit for which he was famous, Skin replied "Yep!"

END OF CHAPTER 1. See next month's exciting chapter in this gripping new saga:

Well, Dear Reader!

What will happen?
Will Pig McCall brace Gunn?
Will glassOeye Gertie become Mrs Gertie Goldnipple??
Will the James Gang **raid** Luna Park????

WHO CARES?!

*****oOo*****

POINT TO PONDER

- Dutchie Holland

The movies you see could be expressed as great,
Fity some lads won't co- operate,
An hours boozing is enough it seems,
For two tin screamers to throw rocks at the screen.

No Offence DIKO

*****oOo*****

CHARLIE COMPANY'S LAMENT

- 235133 T

There was a young man from Tan Ru,
A VC he wanted to knew,
One day he did spy,
Whilst on the Song Rai,
A Charlie! you Charlie. Its you!

*****oOo*****

Deffinition:-

DYSENTERY:- SWIFT MOVEMENT ASSISTED BY FLUID DRIVE.

*****oOo*****

And one from our friendly family store at Inverbrackie:-

"Hear about the frustrated florist?
.....Couldn't get Inter Flora".

*****oOo*****



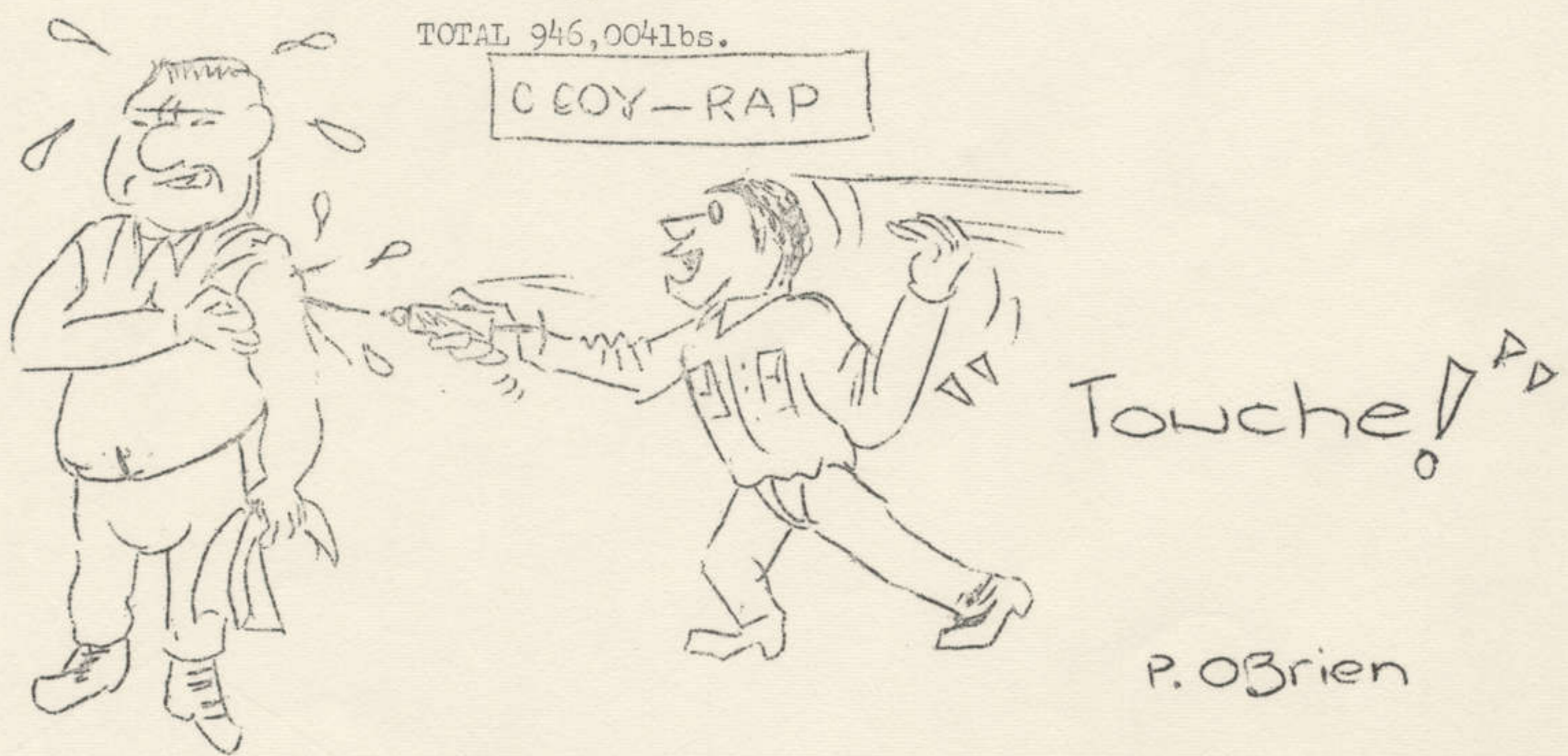
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' DAT MAN'S JOB'

Resupply figures for the month 25 May - 25 June.

1. Total no of maintdems = 72
(A Coy- 7, B Coy- 7, C Coy- 8, D Coy- 7, Sp Coy- 43)
2. Total weight of stores and pax moved = 946,004lb,
 - a. CH47- 586 pax
(68 sorties) 23,400 gals water
2,000 gals mogas
4,000 gals Dieson
1,000 gals Avgas
114,162lb FSB Stores, ammo and vehicles

SUB TOTAL 540,564lbs
 - b. UH1H- 1388 pax
(290 sorties)-127,820lb stores
SUB TOTAL 405,440lbs
TOTAL 946,004lbs.



*****oO*****



OH... GHOST... WHO... WALKS...

*****oOo*****

"It's not as silly as it sounds..... actually"
(For the RSO, on his departure for a job with
bigger and better dipoles) - Anon.



Communications would be solved perhaps,
If only we could try some
Ideas as used before by chaps,
Like Tarzan, Biggles and the Phantom.

Now Tarzan worked in jungles dense
with many metres twist creek and plain
Yet his hairy signallers, devoid of serge,
Got the message through, again and again.

Yes, Tarzan had a system of getting locstats through,
by using roars, and thumps for jungle comms,
Perhaps the sigs could try the same too,
And line up for lessons on the PRC MkII Tom Tom.

Of course, Biggles had no trouble,
At four hundred miles from land,
His signals strength would double
He had the comms side well in hand.

Maybe that could prove to be our redemphion,
And ease our communications nervous strain,
By giving our signallers the necessary instruction
And issueing to each one aeroplane.

Lastly there is the Phantom,
or if you must, the "Ghost who walks"
He has no problems with his Jungle Comm
You Know..... (OLD JUNGLE SAYING..... FOREST TALKS).

The Phantom has perfect signal ease
Not even daunted by monsoon,
"Cos he used his faithful pygmies
Though at full strength - only a half platoon

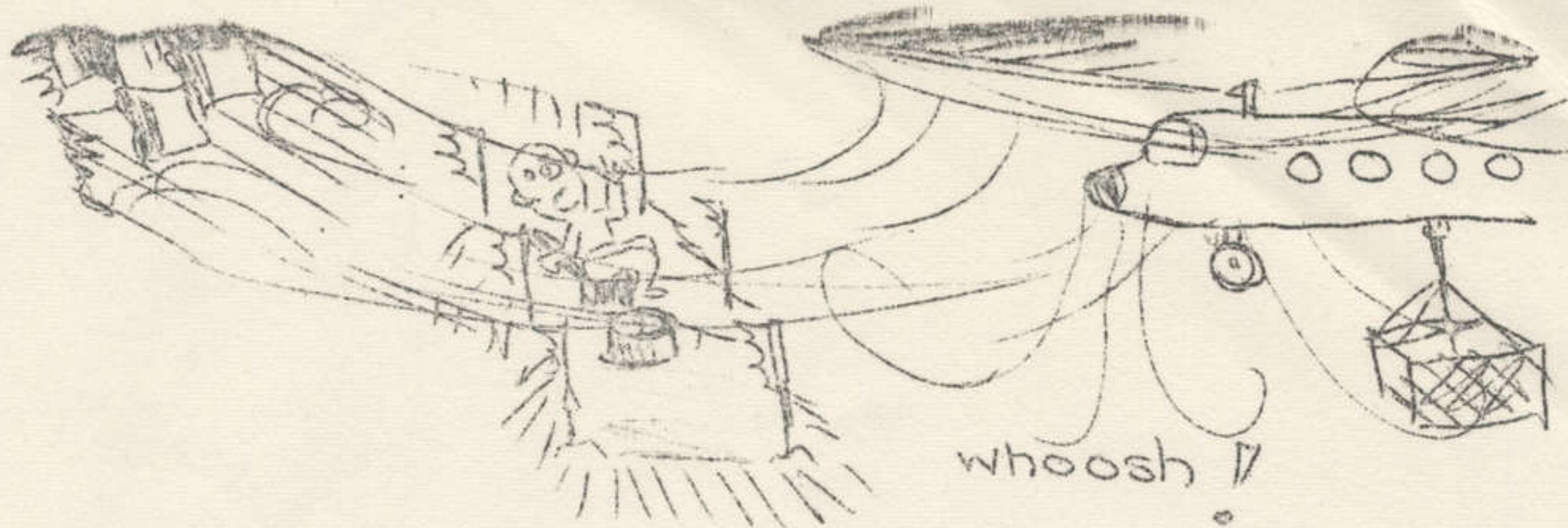
Now those are just three fellows,
Their signals fame recalled perpetually
By using, aeroplane or jungle- bellows
Hmmm!

Its not as silly as it sounds - actually!

LOCSTAT... CIS... TOM... TOM



*****oOo*****



EASE OFF

- BOC

There's jobs a plenty in this mans war,
 Gc grunts, RDs and others,
 Whether conditions are poor, or worse than poor,
 WE're fighting the bastards as brothers,

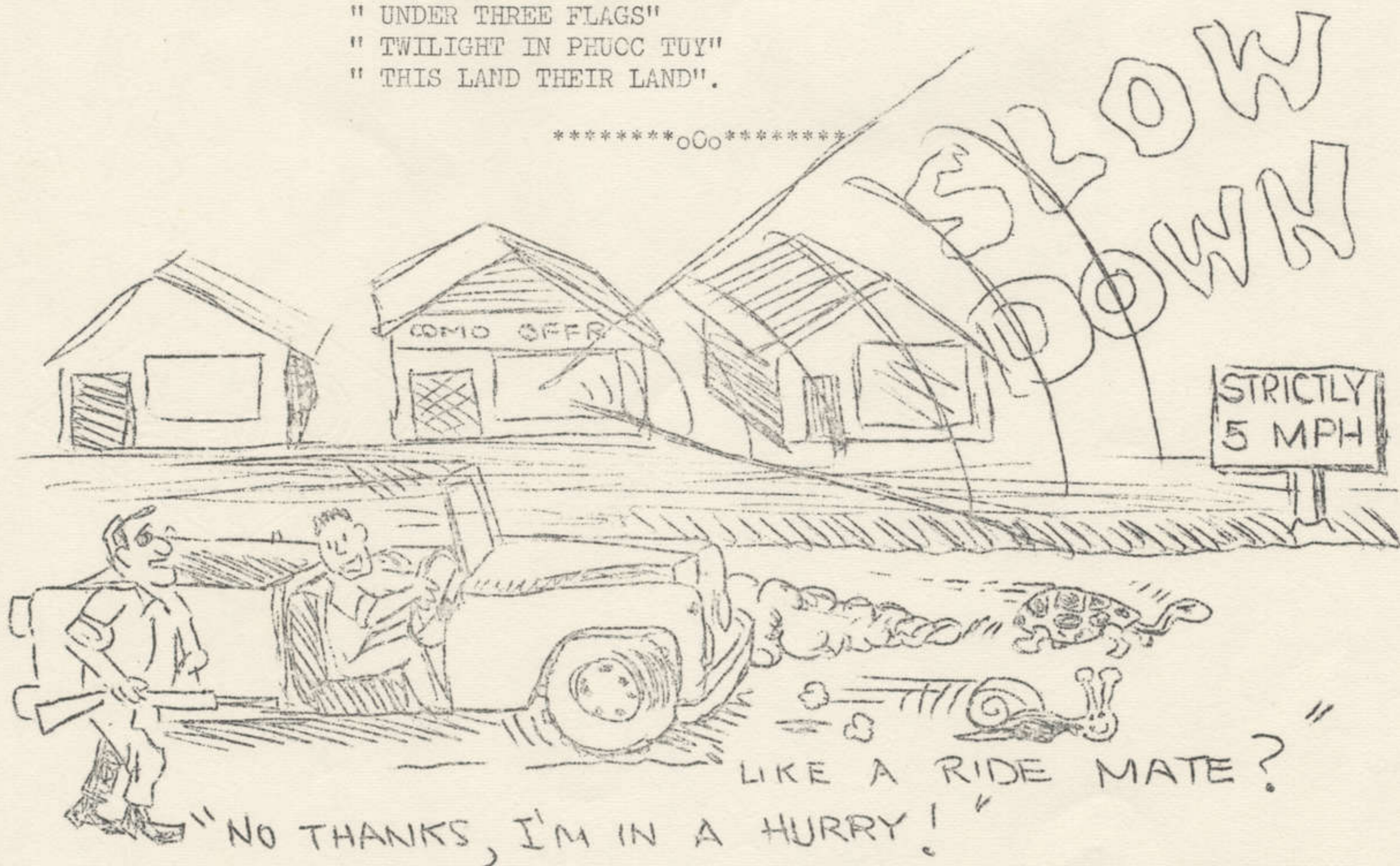
So listen, "warries", you need our support,
 And next time you're back from a hit,
 Try not to make such a bloody great fuss
 And lay off the "basies"- we're doing our bit!

*****oCo*****

Book name suggestions:-

- "GRUNT"
- " SHADES OF KAPYONG"
- " UNDER THREE FLAGS"
- " TWILIGHT IN PHUCC TUY"
- " THIS LAND THEIR LAND".

*****oCo*****



DREAMS OF A REMINGTON RAIDER

- by DIKO

One thing that has puzzled me for quite sometime now is what goes on in the minds of the orderly room boys while the rest of the company is on operations. I have put together this short story based only on my assumption and dedicated it to the Remington Raiders of the orderly rooms.

There was a tense feeling in the air that day, one which all men who go to war get just before an operation starts. The orderly room was still as they sat and waited for Field Marshall Marlene to enter. Not a word was spoken. Each man had his own thoughts to contend with. Where are we going?, Why?, When?, How?, and would they return. It was one of those humid days of the monsoon and the crowded room had become stifling with the still air full of various odours from various arm pits.

Suddenly, out of no where there was a tall pale skinny figure standing in the door way. A muddled murmur brought life back to the room. "Its Marlene", "our beloved leader", "I love you", "About time the ponce showed up", "Gawd what he wearing?", channel No 5 or something. Slowly the ~~anemic~~ figure strode across the room with short deliberate steps as if to say, "I'm the greatest. And he was. The greatest typewriter commando of all time.

The murmurs and rusliness had died down as Marelene sat down to the desk and typewtiter then casually looked about the room eyeing of his commrades in arms. There was his second in command "Humphrey B Bear Massey. Ah Yes! He could remember some good times and bad that they'd been through together, the time Mass saved him from the booby trapped "Lacky Band Box" and the time Mass got his tongue stuck to a self sealing envelope that he was addressing to "Captain Marvel and the super heros". Yes they were good times. Times when a man found familiar faces were here today as well. Bob who was a real mean bloke with a frying pan, Noel who kept him supplied with paper clips and boots Pedro who delivered the paper clips and boots. All good men ready to fight for the just cause and strike terrific fear and terror into the hearts of our enemies everywhere. Here they e'l were waiting for the word of there beloved leader "Marlene"

With his fist crashing to the table Marlene jumped to his feet and cried "Aw Shit, I've broken my bloody pinky. Without hesitation Mass leaped to his leaders assistance and kissed it better. "Thanks Mass, your a true Buddy", said Marlene kissing him on the forehead.

....contd next page



Marlene continued "Well men this is the good guts of the situation. We've just received a cleaners report from sanitary section there have been reports of a major "Ink Well" complex in the NORTH corner of the orderly room (grid 524632). It is believed to be this Swan Ink Regiment and parts of Biro Heavy Line Company". The murmurs suddenly returned as a thought of apprehension returned to his men. The big one, the ultimate test of there training was about to be tried.

Walking slowly around his desk as if to give his men time to comprehend the scale of the mission that was at hand Marlene continued".

"I intend to destroy that ink well system. Its out dated and I love my remington typewriter". With a positive look of determination on his face he said "and this is how we'll do it. Between us and the system there is a lot of uncertain ground to cover. The desk top for a start is covered with thick layers of pins and paper clips and lackies. And then there's the filing tray. I'll leave that to you Mass. Take your men in there and get rid of it alphabetically. I would suggest a frontal attack from points Alpha to Zulu. When thats clear give me a call on "Marlene No 1" and proceed to the next target, the pay books. Check with the men and see how many rounds they need for pay day. Any questions so far?" The room was still not a sound was to be heard except the dropping of a pin from Marlene's desk. There leader began to speak again". As you can see gentlemen by this stage our objective will be in sight. If our reports have been correct our final obstacle to cross will be the waste paper basket. This will be the most dangerous so I'll deal with that myself. I will have air support of course. At this very moment my gunships are re-winding. "There rubber bands". "Ooohhh! A simultangous gasp from his men. Once control of the waste paper basket is acheived an open path to the system is ours and from there gentlemen our fate lies in the hands of that big typewriter mechanic in the sky+.

"You have one hour to prepare yourselves and write any letters that you may wish to write", "Any firr' questions men?" "Yes sir! whats on the movies tonight", Mass said. "I think it the Battle of Britain", retorted Marlene.

.....contd next page



ACT II SCENE I-
THE ATTACK

There was that feeling of uncertainty in the air that night as Marlene and his men waited for the green signal flare. Each man was scared but to brave to admit it. No matter what the odds they would follow there leader anywhere.

There it was the green light they'd been waiting for. There nerves and fears were suddenly transformed into quick reflexes and precise actions that were the result of months of hard training. But wait. What's this. That wasn't the signal flare but the light on the switch board. Stop! Come Back? to late, there fate was in the hands of the big boy in the sky.

Across the desk top they went, nothing stopping them. The pins and paper clips parted like Moses and the waters when Big Mass hit them. So far, so good, as yet they hadn't suffered any casualties. "Across to the pay books", Mass yelled, as the determined men fought on. And then it happened, maybe Mass was over anxious but anyway he tripped on an ID card and landed on the sharp edge of a staple. The worst thing that could have happened. "Go on! Go On!", he cried in agony as he rubbed his kyber, "Don't let our beloved leader Marlene down, he needs you, don't worry MASS the band-aid chopper will be here shortly and they will fix you up", making sure MASS was in good hands the rest of the men continued to fight on and cordon the area around the waste paper basket. Now it was time for Marlene to do his thing. There he was approaching from the distant door way with his green lite matches in hand. Without a word he sprung into action and threw a barrage of matches into the basket reducing it to a smouldering pile of ashes. There it was, the ink well system. The silence was deafening for a moment but then came a mighty crash as Marlene drove his heel into the ink well, spilling ink everywhere. It was a horrible sight that will stay with these brave men for the rest of their lives. The sight of spilled ink be it enemy or friends is an awful sight for any man. But because of their courage and a belief in an ideal, they have preserved for the ir children and the ir childrens children the right for all men everywhere to use a Remington Typewriter.

END.

P.S. Mass lived.

*****oOo*****

Occupational therapy is a good thing but competitions in CHQ for weaving bamboo fish-traps whilst on ops near the Song Rai is a bit much isn't it.

*****oOo*****





ONE PLATOON
Number One

- Roger Over and out.

A bunch of guys hard to find,
Because there not quite sure where they are all the time,
Its run by our boss who's name Mr Shea,
He tries very hard not to get lost every day.

The next is the sarge, saunders by name,
He pushes the pill which gets stuck in our drain,
The sigs are next, called Luvy and Doc
On each stand to you'd think they were logs.

The doc's name is Veeney
But his heart's with his drum,
He reckons he's only out here for a bit of a slum
The FO'ac is Jacko and Ray,
they both sit around on there A ___ all day.

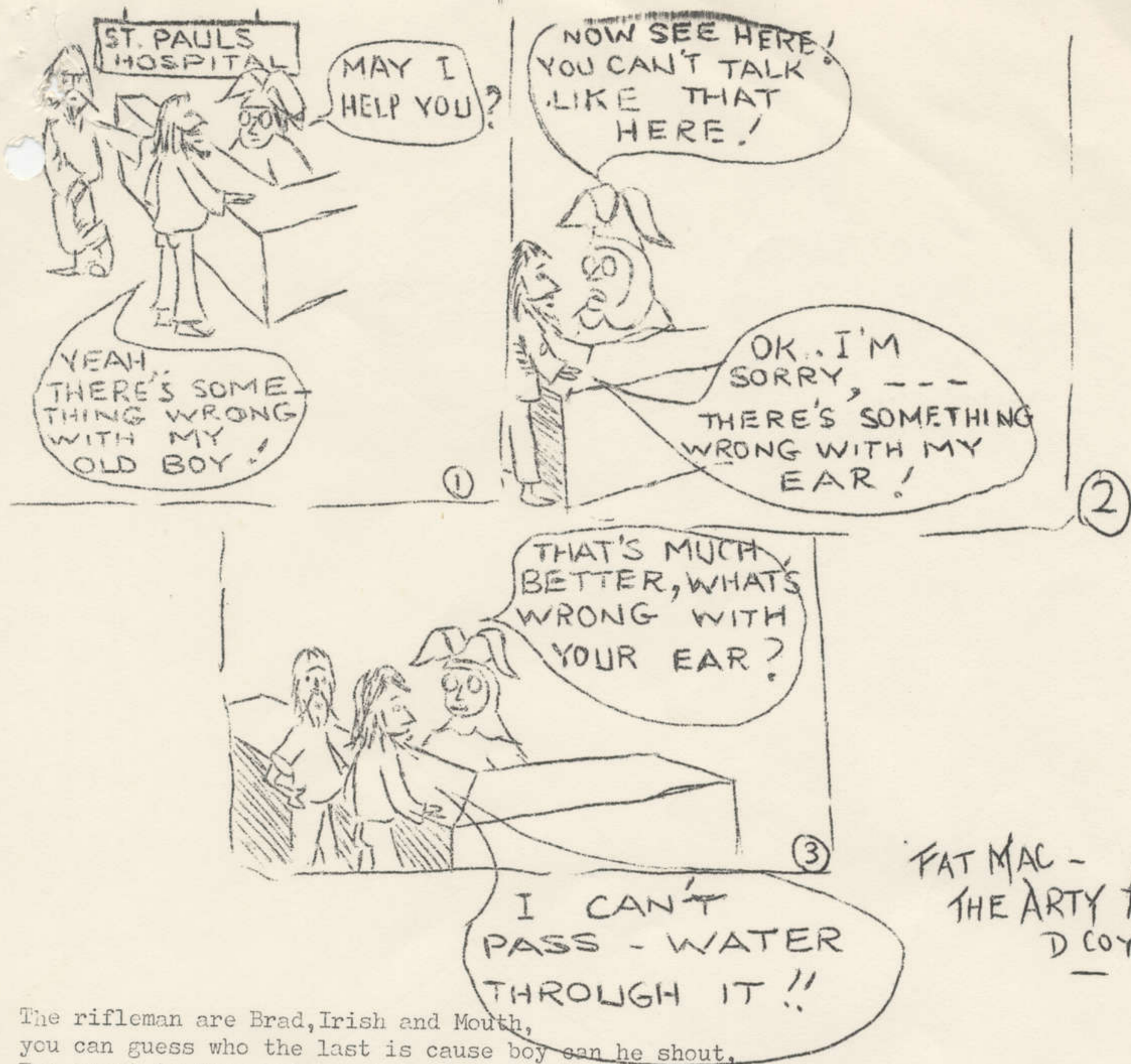
Section One is run by Blue,
Have it rough, for guns they've two,
On one they have Rock he's partnered by Kent,
When there's a camera around you'll find then hell-bent.



BUT THAT SPAR REPORT
ASSURED US THAT D445
WOULD DEFINITELY BE
RIGHT HERE !!
" tola

The other is Fadge pertnered by Gwynne,
there both bloody sure their guns gonna win.
Des is the peace-maker for the two guns,
They both reckon he's a bit of a bum.

.....contd next page



The rifleman are Brad, Irish and Mouth,
 you can guess who the last is cause boy can he shout,
 The scout is Appo he's a wiry coot,
 He's always saying, "Black is Beaut".

Gone is Jonesy who use to be head,
 He's most probably doing it in a comfortable bed
 Next Section is two, run by Andy,
 Before R & R we called him Randy,
 Cactus, one hand on a horse, I mean run- way gun,
 Shouts "Jump on John Henry lets have some Fun".

Popeye shouts out "Don't forget me,
 I am still the only 2IC.

Up rolls Smiley, Mitch, Haggus, and Callus,
 Rifleman four they settle the score
 Out of the scrub comes Outlaw, Blood, Sweat and Tears,
 I can't go on Anoy, I've dun in me shears.

Gone is Willy and Greenie too,
 They've both gone home to the land of the flu,
 The last is Three,
 Although not by choice,
 or so they tell us in one loud voice.

Scar's the leader of this band and rules them with an Iron Hand,
 Bob and Brud's the gunnery pair,
 They do the job (although Boka a slob).
 Ben's the leader of this pair,
 Only once I've seen him pull out his hair.

.....contd next page.



--- FREE WORLD FORCES WORKING TOGETHER
AT THEIR BEST....

Dowey, Dee- Why, walk and wade,
Are threes rifleman (not by trade).

But don't forget Rabbit he's a rifleman too,
Count him in with the rest of the crew.

It's Bee- Jay up front tho frail and thin,
won't let anyone up there except only him,
They're really a great mob as you can see,
That I put up with here across the sea.

Roger- over and out.

*****oO*****

Dedicated to Sunray Minor C/S41:

* A certain platoon uses a raising of the hat off the head as a signal indicating "clearing ahead". Problems arose when the new Sunray Minor had this signal passed to him. A certain section 2IC said (quite politely) " You don't have to take your hat right off Sarge if it will save some embarrassment".

*****oO*****

Hear about the plastic surgeon..... went to warm himself in front of
the fire and melted!!!!

*****oO*****



THE COs PRAYER

- D & E Platoon

Our Sunray, which art in Fossum,
 Hallowed be thy name,
 Thy distances will be done,
 In the wet as in the dry.

Give us this day our five days resupply,
 And forgive us our erroneus locstats,
 As we forgive those who send erroneus locstats to us,
 Deliver us from river crossings
 And protect us from bamboo thickets,
 For th~~is~~ is the Battalion,
 In forward and rear,
 Until RTA.

OLD FAITHFUL.

*****oOo*****

SWING ACROSS TO SAS

- D & E Platoon

The selection Course for SAS takes 3 months.

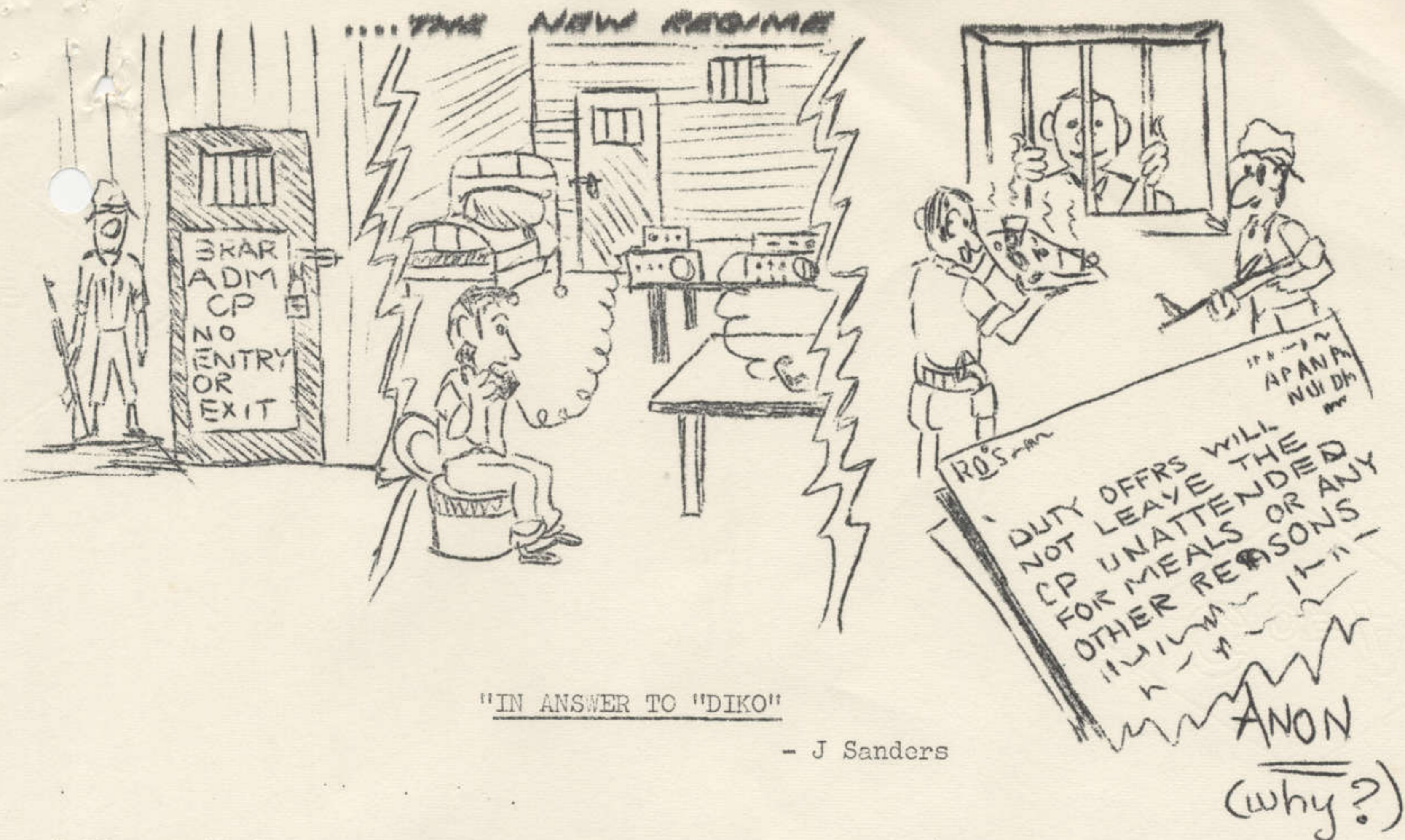
- (1) The first month they sort the men from the boys.
- (2) The second the fools from the men.
- (3) On the third month the fools jump out of perfectly good aircraft on the end of parachutes.

*****oOo*****

From FO D Coy - the following news item!

"The CQ D Coy is arranging to issue all members of CHQ (particularly the FO Party) with steel helmets. These will be worn during all hazardous operations - that is - when the CHQ sigs and the OC are throwing dipole bobbins in the trees".

*****oOo*****



"IN ANSWER TO "DIKO"

- J Sanders

Well, you thrilled us, super soldier, with your message from the front,
But I wish now to confess to you, I'm glad I'm not a grunt,

You go forth into the jungle, seeking literary fame;
But I think I'll stay at AP AN PHU, and try to do the same!

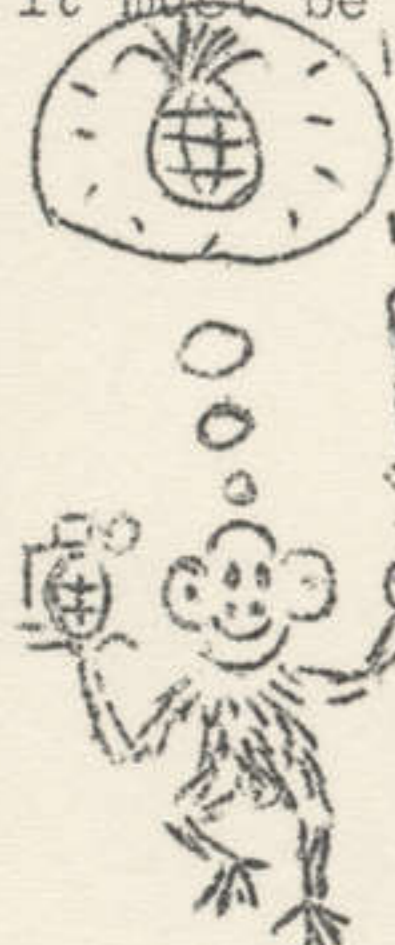
For I like my paper clean and white and no doubt so do you;
(Though they say the Chinese years ago were writing on Bamboo).

Now that isn't a suggestion, it's just a helpfull hint;
If there isn't any paper on which for you to print

Now I'll quote to you a saying:
"Where there's a will, there's a way".
So no doubt you make your verses up
Twixt fighting Charlie everyday.

We've heard so many stories (and I wonder if they're true),
of contact and great battles, so now I'm asking you.....

When you're out on operations, are you loaded down with gear?
It must be very tiring; don't you ever miss your beer?



And when the day is over, and no more is there light,
Do you huddle in your hootchie thinking of the pogo's plight.

We only have an hour, and thats not much time for piss,
But it causes us to shudder, when we think of the cans you miss.

Sometimes on rare occasions, we will see you in our mess,
(Though its not that we can pick you, by your manner, or your dress).

When you're with us at our table and I sit so close to "Blue"
I some how seem to wish that they had filled his tank up too!

For the jungle is still on him and it smell's I kid you not!
When it mingles with the fungus, and other various forms of rot.

Though you're not by nature dirty, (and we know you don't breed lice)
We would rather be left right back here, with hot water, and "Old Spice".

And I some how seem to fancy, and if true in my belief,
It is better to go hungry, than have foot-rot in your beef.

.....contd next page.

So although we're not complaining, it its all the same to you,
Could you stay out bush in future, and eat your Irish Stew.

Do you think that all we do in here is bitch and and moan all day?
Well, none of us feel guilty when we go to draw our pay.

You may think that I'm a coward, and perhaps you could be right,
But I'm not ashamed to tell you, my heart isn't in the fight.

For I've seen a bit of bush work and as statistics show,
It hasn't changed a bloody bit, since we left three years ago.

A "click" is still a thousand the J is just the same,
The Charlie may be weary now but you are not to blame.

The rations arn't much different, your pack is never light,
The track you tramp is still as damp, the mosquito still does bite.

The mates we had are just the same, Dick and Tom and Bill,
They havn't changed a bit since then, I guess they never will.

Now when I think about those days and all the times we had,
The bills don't seem quite so high, the jungle not so bad.

So please don't bash my ear sport, I've seen it all before,
And so have those before-us. when it really was a war.

Do you ever think of Charlie I'm sure you often do,
Well I think that just like "Clancy" he would like to change with you.

If you wish to krck the pogo in any future poem,
Just think of all the parties, we'll have when we get home.

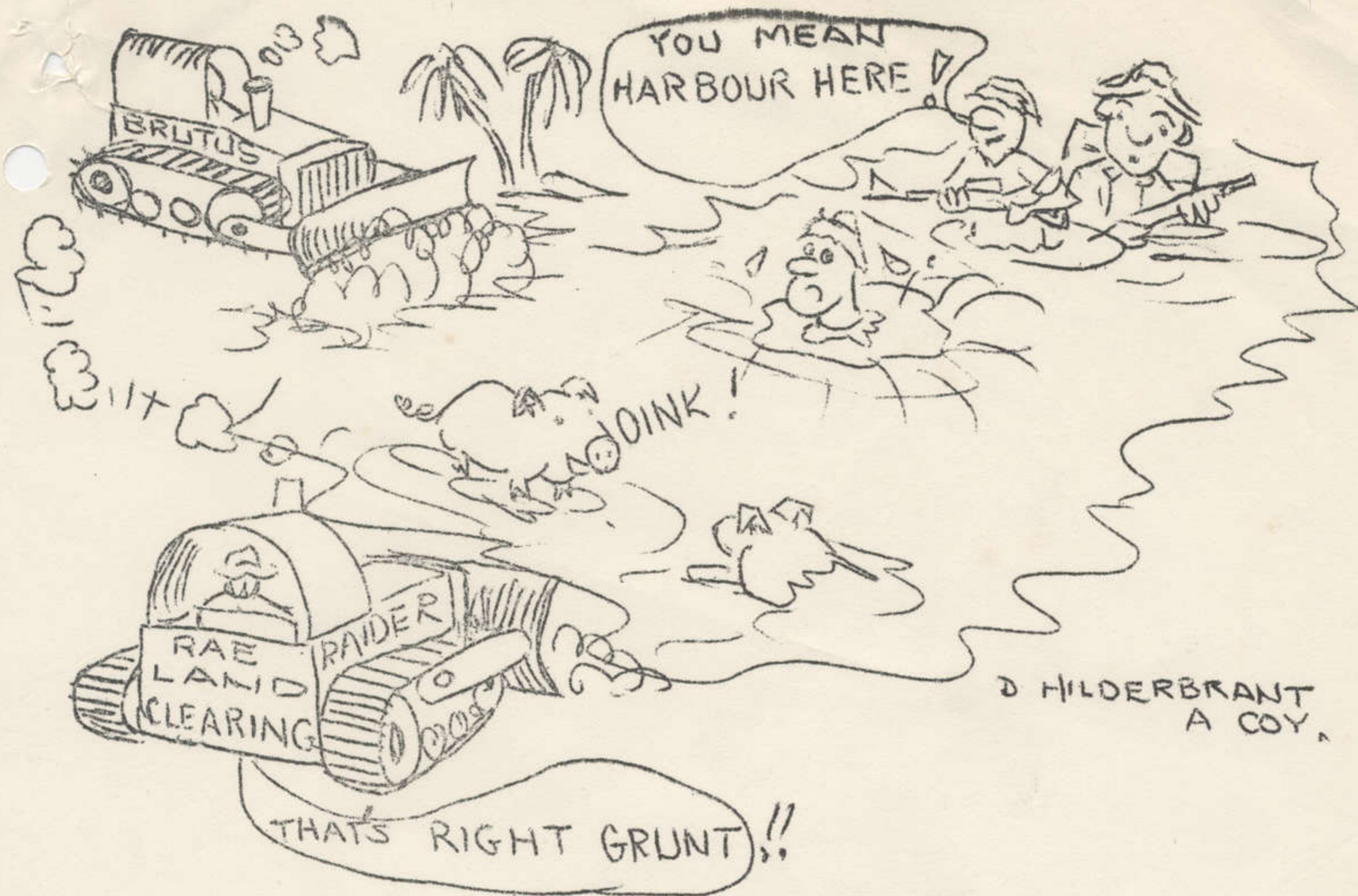
They'll all think that we're heroes and although that won't be true
We'll drink their beer, (and have no fear) I'll be a hero just like you.

In summing up old buddy, I'm sure you'll take the joke,
For your ditty wasn't too lol, and you seem a decent bloke.

But if you'd like to take this further I'll still be well in hand,
Till the middle of November when I leave this Goddam Land.

NO OFFENCE!!!

*****oOo*****



*****oOo*****

Overheard....."You know, you've got to watch out watch out for those ISOSCELES mosquitoes!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

*****oOo*****

From C/S41.....

Look, over there in the elephant grass!

is it a charlie?

is it a UXB?

is it a dumbkoff?

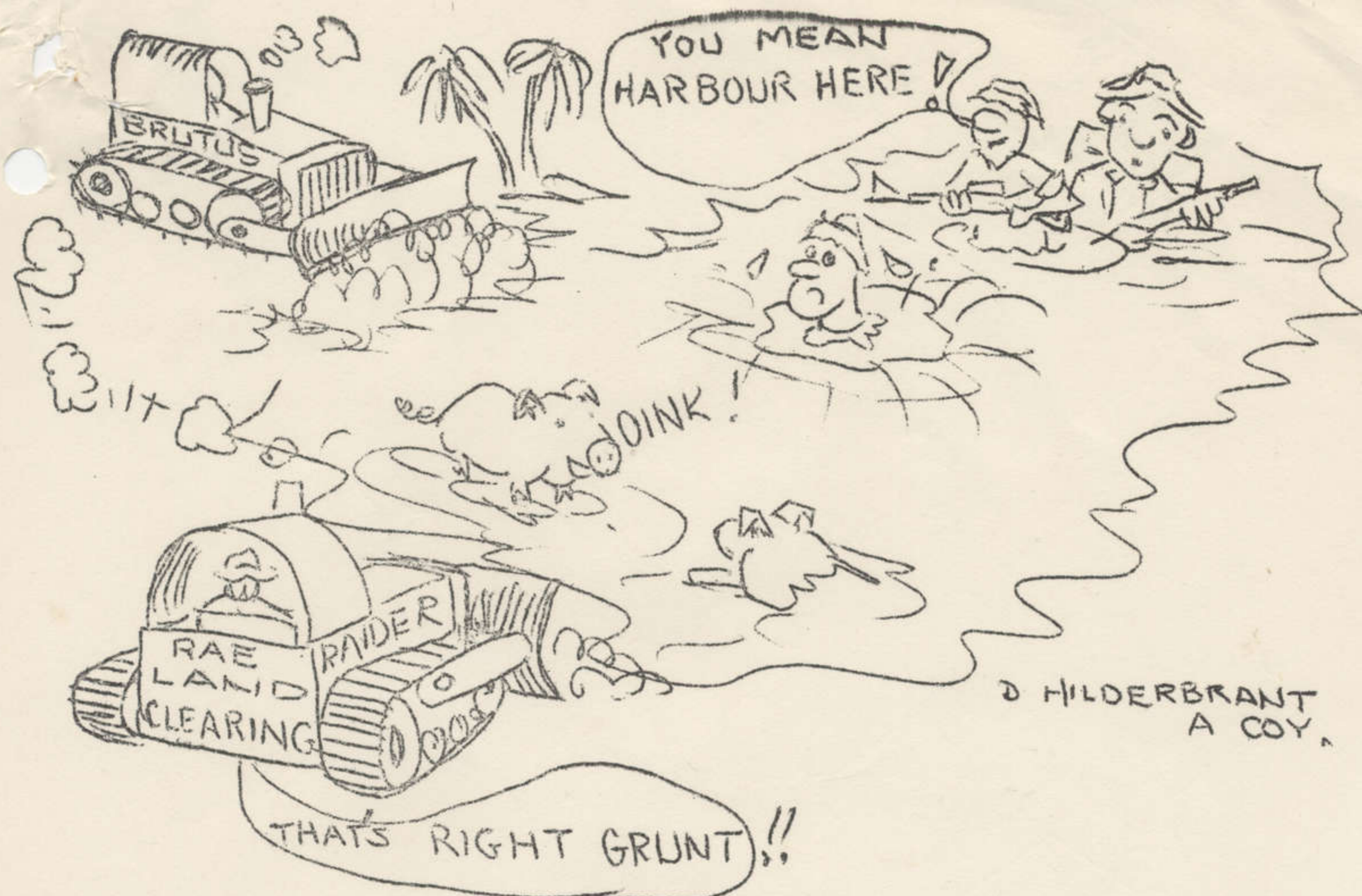
is it a strobe light?

No, its just the Sarge indicating "clearing ahead".

*****oOo*****

GOOD HEALTH - and don't forget your dapsons!!!!

*****oOo*****



*****oOo*****

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