ORAL HISTORY RECORDING

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GREG STUCHBERRY
DELTA FOUR

START OF TAPE ONE - SIDE A

WARNING: **THIS TRANSCRIPTION CONTAINS OBSCENE AND OFFENSIVE LANGUAGE**

This is tape one of (two tapes) of an interview with Greg Stuchberry in Cairns on Sunday 7th March 1993.

Here we go. The first question, we will just do some background questions.

Yeh, righto.

My first question Greg is why did you join the Army?

A job, I finished school at 15 and I was only hating those schools so the Army seemed like a solution to the problem and it was.

Now you enlisted in 1968. What did you know about Vietnam before you joined the Army?

I knew it was in Asia and I knew it was tropics and it was hot and it was communist and that was basically all I knew.

So, pretty basic?

Pretty basic.

Not really into the politics of it all?

At that stage, no.

OK, so you joined the Army knowing full well you could go overseas on active service?

Yes.

What was your parents' reaction to that?

None, I don't know, she never stopped me or tried to stop me or anything. My old man wasn't there, he didn't know.

OK, what do you remember most about your recruit training?

Hard, physical, will I make it, will I get through?

Was it what you expected, you know you see these posters about the Army and...?

Yes. It was hard, yes. It was at the back of every ones' mind, don't get back squadded. If you can't keep up they put you back two weeks into the next intake or something and you start all over again. No one wanted that.

So was it a lot of personal incentive to get through?

Oh yes.

OK, now after you corps transferred from Service Corps to Infantry and you were at Ingleburn, you then went off to Canungra?

Yes, with all the other reo (Reinforcement) wing. There would have been two, maybe three bus loads of us.

What did you think of Canungra and what sticks in your mind about Canungra?

It was all new. They would say, 'Oh we are going out bush for a couple of days'. Everyone was taking out, well I took out fucking blow up mattresses, all your dixies, you know, knives and forks and spoons, the whole box and dice. Pillow, blow up pillow. We get out there, 'What the fuck are you doing?'. Oh. Some of the other guys cottoned on to what was going on and some didn't you know, some of them didn't. They thought that's what you did because it was supplied to you and that's what you used. But as we found out later you only need the silk, the green thing, the silk. That's all you needed and one of those mattresses you blow up and fold in three for a pillow if you want to and that's all you need. Just sleep on the ground.

So, in actual fact, Canungra really became your corps training didn't it?

It was.

What did you think was special to you about Canungra?

Special? I don't think it was anything special. It was a requirement to go there and if you got through that, you could go (to Vietnam), and if you failed that, and I don't think too many people failed. And like there was blokes there 15, 16 stone jogging around - they get through, they get through.

After you completed Canungra and you had done the obstacle courses, the confidence courses, the tropical ranges, all those things, did you feel that you were ready to go to Vietnam?

Not really.

So how would you describe it?

In the capacity that I wanted to do, whether I would get to do what I wanted to do, I didn't really know because I was still down in the books as a clerk.

Down at the reinforcement wing at Ingleburn, what sort of training did you down there?

Fuck all, pick up butts.

So, no infantry minor tactics?

No, no one did anything.

Painting rocks basically?

Yes, clean the yard, stand by your bed, fucking! Then they found out I was a clerk and I had to go and work in the Pay Office. I couldn't fill out a pay book! (Laughs) I wasn't very bright like that, so I used to just fuck around the office and do odd jobs.

When you went to Vietnam, was there anything surprised you when you got there that you hadn't sort of been prepared for?

The heat. I think when we landed at Tan Son Nhut it was pretty hot because on the way over we landed at Darwin. We landed at Darwin and had to get off the plane and into the waiting room, or the lounge or what ever and then back out again and I remember walking across the tarmac - it was hot! It was hot. But I knew Darwin was hot and I thought, 'Fuck me dead, it must be hot over there'. But I expected the heat, I didn't really know what to expect, I knew it was jungle and that was about it.

OK. You went via Qantas, via Singapore I assume, how much notice did you get that you were going to go?

Probably three weeks, no hang on, yes three weeks. That would be it, it could have been at Canungra and then came back it was just a waiting... They said it would be soon, but no one really knew when or they didn't tell us. Then we went on pre-em leave which I think was seven days; come back and we were gone within the week.

Is there anything special you remember about the flight over apart from being hot in Darwin?

Nothing.

What was your impression when they opened up the door and you stepped out at Tan Son Nhut, what was that like?

I can't remember walking off the plane but I remember Tan Son Nhut. It was fucking planes and helicopters, Yanks running around everywhere.

And then you went by Caribou down to Nui Dat?

Yes, Caribou or Herc I can't remember.

What was your reception like when you got to the Australian Reinforcement Unit, 1 ARU?

1 ARU, there was other blokes there and they had only been there a couple of weeks before us, because you were only there a couple of weeks and then you would move on. It was just a...

Big conveyor belt was it?

Yes, it was just spewing them out.

What sort of training did you do there?

I think we did two, three maybe even four TAOR (Tactical Area of Responsibility) patrols, about, I think the longest was about five days I think, which was all new to everybody, probably especially to me. Picket duties, TAOR patrol at dusk where you just go around the wire, which I don't know that was part of our training whether they really needed it or not I don't really know. I suppose they did but we would just run round the wire at dusk and that was it.

Did you do any special training with things like claymores or..?

No.

Didn't do any of that.

In ARU, no I didn't, but we used claymores. They were taken with us and set up at night.

You didn't know how they, you never set them up yourself?

I had never set them up, no.

OK, now the guys that formed up these patrols were all corps or just infantry?

No, infantry, all infantry.

And the guys: the section commanders, platoon commanders, they were reinforcement officers or ARU staff?

No, they were staff I think, yes they were staff I think I remember. I think they were staff.

Now you had a stint up in Saigon and then you went into 2 RAR. What was your reception into your platoon in 2 RAR like?

Good! They made me welcome. Gibson came, I was introduced to Gibson and he said, 'Private Stuchberry you're from Saigon? That's right, Sir. What were you doing in Saigon?' I think he asked me these questions, I'm not real sure, it was just small talk at the start. And he said, 'Oh you're going Six Platoon, you'll be under Corporal..' I can't remember his name, I think it might have been Robbo, they called him Robbo. And that was it and then we get into the section and he introduced me to all the blokes, who I can only remember Bob Manuel (?) he's the only one I can remember because I used to hootchie up with him. He was a rifleman too and he was virtually the only one I really got to know there. And there was a Doc, Doc Holliday, I got to know him. He was good to me once and I got to know him. But I was accepted, but I didn't tell them exactly what I had done before; they knew I had been in Saigon but they didn't know what I had really done before. Some people knew because when we came back one time after an op, I

think it was Gibson said, 'Would you help them in the Pay Office, Stuch?' I said, 'Yeh'. So I went up there, I only lasted two days and they said, 'Oh we'll be all right, we'll handle it'. (Laughs) Plus I didn't try to excel in anything in there.

You didn't want to be there?

No, I didn't want to be there. I didn't know how it worked anyway.

So, you were made to feel pretty welcome, they gave you a run down?

Absolutely, yes, absolutely. I'll tell you how this Doc Holliday. Our first op, well my first op was a big one, fucking all psyched up and ready to go and got the gear on and fucking, number three rifleman and fucking shit hot here we go, fucking where are they; and it was hot, it was extremely hot and we had been walking a long way that day for some reason or other - I don't know why. You'd only do about fucking three clicks - a long way. (Laughs) We harboured up for the night, little things were sort of coming back to me what happened, you know, things like that. 'Fucking camp here she'll be right', you know, I didn't know they fucking went up and did a big U-turn and come back. Things like, just stuff like that, I didn't know that, but you learn you know. I learnt a lot on that first op where I was conscious of my position and I didn't want to let them down. I stuck pretty close to Bob Manuel who helped me. Anyway this day we harboured, this night we harboured up and I was fair knackered and I was fucked, and we sat down and Doc Holliday brewed up on the little 'hexi' stove and made a big pot of tea and he handed it over and give it to me and he said, ' Here you are Stuch, get this into you'. I was most grateful, because I was just about too fucked to light my fire to cook my own meal. That's how tired I was and I have never forgotten him for that. I got on well with Doc he was a very quiet bloke, a good bloke, I think he was a nasho. A good bloke, very quiet but just that one little gesture sort of sticks out because you said in your thing, (author's questionnaire) anything that sticks out in your mind. Well that was one of them.

You mentioned nashos. Did you have any animosity or how did you get on with the nashos?

No trouble, no trouble. A lot of them were volunteers over there anyway. They wanted to go - the majority of them. I would say there would be a few who were sent and didn't want to go, but most of them wanted to go. Same as I did; bit of adventure.

You mentioned that you had met some National Service officers what did you think of them, or were they no different from the other officers?

(Laughs) I have got a bit of a thing about the hierarchy, I'm a bit of a knocker of people who have rank or superiority over someone else in some way. I've always been , that's why I was a private. If I was in the Army I'd probably still be a fucking private. I was quite happy. If there was an officer who was a good bloke or a sergeant who was a good bloke, fucking well and good; you know he won me. But if he didn't, if he didn't toe the line just like everyone had to toe the line, then I couldn't give a fuck about it. I would do what they say and that's it - I wouldn't do any extra. But Gibson was a bloke who if he said, 'fucking walk out in the middle of the road and stand there', I would do it. He was just one of those blokes, I really liked him, I admired him. But a couple of other blokes who would go and do that, no. Bit I have bucked the system a couple of times.

We might go onto relationships and we will talk about why was Gibson a good leader in your opinion?

Because he could mix with people. He was a platoon commander and you salute him and you call him 'Sir', and he would call you Private Stuchberry - you know where you stood. And then he would see you on your own and he would say, 'How are you going Stuch?'. 'Oh, good thanks, boss, no worries'. You know that's the way he was, but if there was

other people around, he toed the line it was all right. You knew where you stood. I knew his track record, I knew of it because 2 RAR had heavy contacts before I got there. I took the place of a dead man, that's how I got in there I think and Bob Manuel he was in on that (contact). He told me, I can't remember all the details, but it was quite heavy and Gibson did very well out of that and Van Wedberg (?) who I really didn't like much.

He was a sergeant was he?

Yes, Bill. I didn't really like him much, he was a bit of a hot head, bit fiery, but he did the job and he did it well and Gibson was outstanding I believe.

Now, as a Digger, what sort of things were you looking for from your section commander?

My section commander? Leadership. There are followers and there are leaders, Gary. Obviously, you're a leader, I'm a follower. that's our roles in life you know, some people make it and some don't. I mean I'm quite happy being a follower. I don't want a leader, to be a leader, because I don't really want the responsibility.

So what sort of things were you looking for from this guy? Leadership but...

Leadership!

Can we go into that a little bit further? Like..

Righto, you see, I don't know. A leader must be able to make decisions and say, 'Right, righto, there's a problem here we'll fix this. We'll go and do this, you can do that and you can do that and you that'. It mightn't fix the problem but he's made a decision, 'Right we'll do that', and you might think, oh fuck, this won't work. But he's made the decision. I say

it won't work but what else are we going to do? Anyone else got any other ideas? No? Oh well, fuck, go and do it. He's got it up here (points to head) that he can make a decision and that's what is required of these people. To make a decision at the right time, whether it's right or wrong, you don't know until it's over.

You mentioned before that you tend to be a follower and not a leader...

And there's a lot of blokes like me who are quite happy being followers, that have got no ambition to climb up through the ranks or what ever. There's a lot of blokes like that.

OK. Then my question then is how do you want to be treated by your leaders? I'm talking about when we are out in the field.

Oh, civilly. Not say, 'Oh please Stuch would you do this'. 'Stuch go and do that, I want that done. When you've done that, go and see some one, right?' Shit pit, I had to dig the shit pit for 2 RAR, you know I think I dug it twice because I was a new boy - part of the deal, that was all right. Dug a shit pit, it was a good one, made sure it was. (Laughs) I mean I didn't go, 'Oh fuck why do I have to do that for?'. You just do it.

OK, What pissed you off most when you were in Vietnam?

That's a hard one eh? It really is. There's lots of little things like a marriage when a marriage breaks up. What was the main reason? Well fuck me, there was lots of little reasons. That's a hard one it really is.

Ok well we might come back to it then. What made you feel good?

Oh fuck. Coming back out of the bush.

Coming back out of the bush? Yes, I can understand that.

Hot shower, good food or proper food, bed, clean clothes; relax - your not tense because you're safe at Nui Dat. I felt safe anyway, I think most people felt safe there. I felt safe there. Letters; going around, if you knew people in other units you might go and see them. Most, some of the blokes didn't because they were only, gone over in one platoon; landed over there in one platoon and that's all they knew was that one platoon, that one company -they didn't know anybody else.

Did it take you long to mix in with all these blokes?

No. I found it quite easy. They accepted me more, I mixed with them They played darts , I played darts.

You said you took the place of a guy who was dead. Was there any sort of hang over from that?

Oh, not really. there was about three of us went into B Company, I think, it was at least three of us that I can remember, or two anyway. I was one and some one else went to another platoon. They aren't backward in coming forward in telling me what happened, and I don't blame them because what they did was quite outstanding - under the circumstances. I think it went all night.

It was a big fire fight?

Was it the Courtenay rubber? I think it might have been the Courtenay rubber. It went all fucking night! They couldn't see no (garbled)? Fucking blazing away they reckon. A fight like that that would go all night must stick in your mind. Mate, I never had anything like that and I can't comprehend what they went through. I sort of can but...

OK, well we'll go onto the people and the jobs. What do you think was the most important part of your job as a rifleman?

Of my job? Support when it was needed.

Support to who?

To the bloke in front or behind or two in front or two back or what ever. To give him support or help if he needed it and I expected nothing less from the bloke in front of me or the bloke behind me.

Did you like your job?

Yes, I did, I did. I whinged to bitch, I think they all did. (Laughs) I don't think I whinged unnecessarily louder or longer than anyone. 'Ah fuck this, wish we could fucking get out of here'.

Why did you like it? I mean here you were in a tropical environment, bloody hot, someone's trying to shoot at you or kill you and you have got about 50 pound of pack on your back and you're walking nine or ten clicks a day with all this stuff on it...

And down hills and across creeks..

Why did you like it?

When I say I like it, I like to say that I probably proved to myself that I could do it, but I didn't have to go and do what I did. I volunteered, but to prove to myself that I could do

it and if something did happen, how would I shape up? Not to prove myself a man or anything like that, just to see what my credentials are, and excitement. Plus there was a bit of, you know the chest comes out when you come back from Vietnam. I knew it would happen when they go, 'What was it like Stuch? How many c**ts did you shoot? Did you shoot anyone?' All that this, I knew it was going to happen, because I had heard it all when I was in 2 RTB - all the recruits. They would ask at the end of their training, they would have a big piss up and things were a bit informal then you know, not at the start where it's, blokes are fucking terrified. and Corporal Dungey (?), Corporal Brown, Corporal Hansen; a few of these blokes who had been over. Graham Logg, Corporal Logg they had all been over and been there and done that. All these recruits are all going to infantry, whether by choice or not I don't know, and they would be asking all these questions. Same questions that I asked when I was talking to Loggy and all them.

So, a bit of personal pride in it all?

Mmmm. Plus there was, you got a War Service loan when you come back, you get no tax on your pay; sixty two dollars a week I think it was or a fortnight - I can't remember. Sixty two bucks tax free!

You spent about three months in 2 RAR, what was the most exciting time you had there?

Exciting, as in contact?

Yes.

I was on picket duty.

In the field?

In the field, one night and I can't remember if it was the first, second or third op, I can't remember and there was noises out the front. I'm a bit of a greenhorn - I didn't really know - so I sent back to get Robbo, Robbo to come up to listen to them because he wasn't all that far away from the picket.

You are on a gun?

Yes. We are in a triangle, it was just a harbour for the night, it wasn't an ambush or anything - it was just a harbour. And anyway he came up, he didn't know, he didn't know, so we just sat there and I could hear my heart beat - eh? I could hear it, I could hear it thumping, and there's noises in your ear! You think - fuck! they can hear my ears! As it turned out it was pigs because we listened to them for about half an hour. We didn't know whether they were coming or going or what. We just sat and waited, or Robbo said we'll just sit and wait. And we waited and we waited and we waited and then they went away. That went on for half an hour and we didn't really know right until the end. And your hearts going, and so your ears make noises and you don't really, and you think, 'fuck I can hear my ears!'. That went on for half an hour, that was the first one. Where were we? We were in an ambush, I think we went over to help someone else who had come into contact with somebody. We were fucking miles away, anyway there was a big change of plans and they picked us up - a helicopter - and dropped us near this joint and we had to set up an ambush around it because they were going to fucking bomb it. Anyway they bombed it, that went on for a fucking few hours, and we are sitting, waiting. anyway someone - I wasn't on picket duty, I was just in the ambush group - anyway some c**t let loose with the M60. I just rolled over and just fired and fired, I don't know how long it went to. I went through one magazine anyway and it all stopped and then, 'What's out there, what's fucking out there?' (laughs) 'What's going on?'. (Laughs) No one knew anything, except, 'Oh, someone's out there, someone's out there!' Anyway, all you could smell was cordite and it hung in the air for so long, eh? Just cordite. That was the first

time I had really smelt it, eh. It was rich, really rich and it's so strong and it hangs in the air. There was no wind and it just fucking hangs there, eh? Anyway they went out at daylight and had a look through and there was nothing there, there was nothing there. Whether it was a pig or somebody - you never know. But that was frightening, that was frightening. Just firing there mate, couldn't see.

Was it dark?

Oh fucking oath!

Oh, so it was at night?

Oh yes, it was at night - couldn't see a thing!

Did 2 RAR do a lot of ambushing?

I don't know because I couldn't compare to...

What about your platoon, did you do much or?

No, no 2 RAR didn't, but 3 RAR, we did two big ambushes in 3 RAR. Which was too long - in the one spot for seven days - too long. Blokes get bored. We knew we were on an ambush, blokes have got fucking books, hammocks and radios and fucking cards; chess.

So you had a secure area out the back and you had a killing group up front?

Well in the centre was the secure area, but I can't remember the layout, how, I suppose that pot plant on the blocks would be one, the rubbish bin would be the other, no it would be over here I suppose..

So, we are talking 15 metres...

Yes, say that might be the killing group, the next group, I don't know might be fucking back there near those trees there. So it's not a big area because we're only...

Was it in thick J was it?

Yes, but they reckoned there was a track there, I couldn't see it. I had a look but I couldn't see anything. But they reckoned there was a track there and they were going to ambush it. Spent seven fucking days there and that happened twice! In the end blokes got bored, going to sleep on picket, few arguments start you know just niggling - nothing to do.

Pretty hard to lay on the ground for seven days.

Oh, fucking oath.

Well we'll talk about 3 RAR, 2 RAR went home and then you were transferred across to 3 (RAR)?

They asked me, they asked any body who wanted a transfer to 3 RAR, and because I hadn't had R & R, which I wanted to go, I said oh yeh I'll go over and there was a few other blokes. Bob Larsen (?), Rick Frawley, they all came from 1 ARU; went to 2 RAR then they went to 3 RAR. Those two I do remember, I can't remember how many, it could have been. I know we all hopped in the back of a land rover and there was about five or six of us and we all went across.

So what was the reception like in 3 RAR?

Good. Accepted again. "Fuck, look at this bloke, he's from 2 RAR!'.

So, you're an old soldier by now?

That's what they thought. (laughs) You understand? No, I was accepted. We had a section commander, Barry Baker, he had been over there with 5 RAR and was doing another stint with 3 (RAR). Good section commander.

What sticks out most in your memory of being in 3 RAR?

Very slack.

It was slack?

Fucking slack.

Was it?

Oh yes.

Did that annoy you or did it worry you?

It did a bit. It annoyed me me and worried me. Our platoon commander was a fellow named Tyson. Was it Frank Tyson? No that's a boxer. His name was Tyson, he went home he had scrub typhus. The first I met him was at Canungra, he was a platoon commander at Canungra. He was a Portsea fellow I think and he was one of the

instructors at Canungra. He meant well, he meant well but just lacked it, you know what I mean. He just lacked something. In 2 RAR; sleeves down, fucking cam cream.

So good battle craft discipline?

Oh yes. Fucking shave. They wanted you to shave every second day which was a bit silly I thought but anyway. Shave; comms cord; you know comms cord, shit pits they had shit pits; that was the only time I saw shit pits, I never seen them again.

So they were pretty tight?

Very tight yes. Discipline.

So when you say shit pits you're talking about one in the middle of the platoon so people didn't have to go outside the perimeter?

Yes, you don't get this. (laughs - makes a field signal of a friendly moving out to his front) By the time it comes down the line he's fucking way over there because you only go about six feet to have a crap.

You mentioned shaving before. What did you think about shaving?

Well water. You had to carry your own water.

In the dry season it's a problem?

Fucking oath it was.

Any other reason?

Well, no that was the only reason, 'cause you had to carry your own water. I think I carried either six or eight water bottles in the dry and I think about five in the winter months because there was water...

Everywhere?

Every time you came across water you would fill them up. In the summer I thought it was pretty ridiculous.

I objected to shaving because I thought it removed good camouflage.

Well most of us only had fucking bum fluff!

Yes well, I mean that's a probably one reason why I guy shouldn't go to war until he can grow a beard!

I can go three days without a shave and you would hardly notice. When we got to 3 RAR; sleeves rolled up; fucking shirts undone, you know you ripped your shirt sleeve off - 'You want a maintdem?' 'Nah, same shirt, fucking good'. In 2 RAR, I remember I think it was Van Wedberg, he came around and he would see the shirts or trousers ripped; the boots fucked - he would get a new set. No questions asked just go and (get it).

So, even though life might be easier when it was slack it didn't impress you?

It's not necessarily easier, it's not necessarily easier. I mean it's no effort to roll your sleeves down. They lacked a bit of discipline, which was leadership. See Tyson should have... I've got my fucking 3 RAR book I should get it out. Tyson should have stamped down on that because he knew all the rules. I mean his sleeves were rolled down. I

noticed that - and buttoned. But Dogs Carney, I don't know whether you know him, he was our platoon sergeant, right, now his sleeves were down. He had did a trip with 5 RAR then he went to 3 RAR. His sleeves were down, but half the troop - no. I remember one bloke in 3 RAR, a Pommy guy, came over and joined the Regs and went over there. Fucking carried whisky in his bottles! He had a tote of whisky each night. Fucking oath! I don't know whether they knew about or turned a blind eye. He was an alcoholic.

So, anything else about 3 RAR that you remember that sticks out?

Yes, Tyson again. There was a fellow named Junior Gotwaltz (?). He went over there at 19 and he went back before he turned 20. But Junior was a (machine) gunner and quite a good one I believe, but anyway, a big hunk of a guy - that's why they called him Junior. A big hunk of a guy. He carried the M60, fucking 300 rounds, claymore and six grenades. One of them c**ts. Anyway, we harboured up one night and there was all these banana leaves and the ground was wet. Here's Junior with his machete, "swish swish swish". I said, 'Fuck keep it down Junior, he'll be fucking right over here in a minute'. 'Aah fucking look at the ground's wet'. Swish! Anyway Tyson come over. (Stage whisper) 'Junior! If your going to get them, cut them don't make any noise! 'But the ground's wet'. 'Don't make any noise'. And Junior has got a bit of Hungarian in him or Polish or something like that. Tyson walked away. Here's Junior, "swish swish", fucking slashing again. Tyson came back over. ' Righto Junior', he said, 'keep on going on like that and I'll have you on a fucking charge'. Junior turned around and he said, 'A fucking bullet will travel quicker than an A4'. I turned around and looked the other way. Tyson just walked away. He should never have. 'A bullet will travel quicker than an A4', I heard him, I thought well....

Did that worry you?

It did a bit, yes. Because that is lack of leadership, that means Junior's got him bluffed now. Now Tyson won't come and say anything to Junior any more. "Junior can do what he fucking likes. I'm not going back over there, the c**t will shoot me". It should never have happened.

So 3 RAR went back home?

Yes, that's when Gough (Whitlam) come in and then everybody started going home.

Well, no he didn't come in until later but the withdrawal was announced. We were being pulled out.

They were starting to wind down anyway, yes.

How did you get into 4 RAR?

They called for volunteers.

So you changed battalions again?!

Yes. It wasn't the prime reason why I changed battalions, I hadn't had R & R.

Oh right OK.

And I really wanted to go to Taipei.

Why?

I don't know. Because it was the furtherest...

You had heard about it?

No, because it was the furtherest one on the map. I could go to Bangkok here, I could go to Hong Kong there, I could go to Australia -I been there. Taipei was over there.

Was this the first time you had ever been outside Australia?

Yes.

OK so it was being... travelling.

Piss and sluts and a pocketful of money. I knew lots of blokes who had come back from R & R.

So did you eventually get some R & R?

Mmmm. In 4 RAR.

Did you feel that you really needed to have R & R? I know you probably wanted it but..

It was an entitlement, it was there and why shouldn't I?

But did you feel you needed a break from operations?

No one liked going out, nobody.

Well no one likes getting shot at do they?

No, nobody in 2, 3 or 4 that I knew really wanted to go out. Deep down , 'Oh fuck, here we go again'. They did it, they did it.

Well I mean they weren't afraid of going out, but..

At that time it was all starting to wind down. See the ops in 2 RAR were probably 26 days, I think 30 days was the longest I went out. And then it was 28 and then three weeks and then 3 RAR it got 20 days; 14 days. It was all starting to wind down you know there was a sense that it was all starting to wind down.

So when you came back from R & R was it hard to get started again?

Yes and no. Because I didn't want to go bush again, I didn't want to go really. Nobody wanted to go because we knew we were going home and in 4 RAR we only went on I think three patrols or something which lasted only five days each one which was shit patrolling. I think it was more for to give us something to do, I honestly feel that because the place we went to there was nothing fucking there!

Was this when you were down around Vung Tau or around Nui Dat?

No, around Nui Dat, around Nui Dat. And then, I don't know how they worked it, buy anyway I think on the last patrol we went on, we had to pack up all our stuff we were taking with us all in bags and marked and labelled and ID and all that. And when we went out on this patrol; I think it was about four or five days or something; we were picked up by a helicopter and landed at Vungas - the airfield at Vungas, and we went straight to the Badcoe Club.

OK, so when did you actually march in to 4 RAR?

When did I go in?

Yes, to 4 RAR, was it after the big battle they had had in September?

Oh yes, I wasn't there. I didn't know you. I had heard about you, there was Niblett, you, Kingston-Powles...

Beilken and Sprigg, from 11 Platoon. So what platoon did you go into?

Eleven.

And the platoon commander then would have been Wellard, was it?

No, yes Wellard, Wellard.

OK. You were really only doing short TAOR patrols. What was your reception like into Delta Company?

Good.

What was the difference between them and 3 RAR?

Discipline - much tighter, closer, closer. They were friends, because they had that, because of that contact they had probably would bring them closer, because they had something in common. Something really in common and unique.

So your first impression of them was that they were what?

Good, they knew what was on, what was what, what's not and what's required. I remember Byrnes (sic), I didn't like him much down there, a bit brusque, a bit brash. I think he was tired when I think back because I suppose he was under a lot of strain too.

Well he was the only platoon commander left! (Laughs)

Yes, he was under a bit of strain, I imagine he wanted to get home etcetera. And then there was the job of trying to give all the troopies something to do and keep them occupied and stuff like that when we were in Vungas.

OK. You have had a unique experience in being a reinforcement into three battalions.

I've done the lot. (Laughs)

Yes, what's the hardest part about being a reinforcement?

Hoping that you will be accepted because I know these guys... Dowell he went over in 1970. He had been in fucking 4 RAR since 1967 or something - '68. He had been in the battalion three years! He knew everybody, everybody knew him. Everybody each others capabilities you know. They didn't really know what they were getting themselves into when they went over, nobody really did. Buy everyone knew their capabilities, some blokes had experience - Jenkin had experience because he went to Malaya. Heatley had experience, but I fucking hated Heatley's guts. I thought he was a c**t, and an out and out c**t. And I told him.

Can you tell us why was that?

Arrogant. Absolute sheer fucking arrogance. It was 'Stuchberry'. I was 'Stuchberry'. 'Stuchberry, what are doing there?' 'Stuchberry do this'. It wasn't only me it was other blokes too all the privates. We were shit. But if someone came down the road with rank, fucking 'Yes sir, No Sir'. Dean Cooke, do you remember Dean Cooke, he was up here, I'll tell you a story about Dean Cooke. We were in Townsville in the barracks there. We had a section meeting, an O Group, they use to call it an O group? anyway, Heatley was in there spruiking off that we have got to do this, something about 'elephantiasis'. Someone had elephantiasis, and I said, 'I know someone who's got elephantiasis of the mouth'. Well, fuck, did he fire up. I thought she was going to be on in the little.. section 2ICs little cubicle with a bed to himself. I thought she was going to be fucking on eh? I was ready. But I knew I was going to say it and I was ready waiting for him. I didn't like the man, I didn't like him. I didn't like what he stood for, I didn't like what he said, what he did. He was a sniveller.

He was your section commander there was he?

I Townsville he was. Snoopy, do you know Snoopy?

Pallant.

Pallant. That his name? I just knew him as Snoopy, I didn't like him much because I was 'Stuchberry', and he was thick with Jenkins (sic) and Heatley, a few of those crowd. I know they're friends and go back a long way but we were just shit to them, we were just shit. It wasn't only me it was other blokes who came in. They didn't go out of their way to make us welcome or anything like that.

Is it because they looked upon you as interlopers, you know coming in out the... from the flank?

I think so, yes. Yet all the troopies, Windows (Stevens), Kootch (Kozrkewycz) - who was hard man to get to know - I'm friends with him. Cookie (Cooke).

So, it was good amongst the Diggers?

Yes! They accepted us, all of us, but not Snoopy, fucking Heatley. Jenkins was the same. I was friendly with Pom Garbutt, he was from 3 RAR too and Pom and I used to fuck around together. Anyway we got into a bit of trouble, but we got off it. Pom and I were walking along the road one day and Jenkin was coming the other way. He said, 'Garbutt!' 'Yes, Sergeant'. He said, 'You're going to step out of line and I'll fucking nail you', and he said, 'You too Stuchberry'. I said, 'Righto, Sarg'. And he walked off, kept walking. Pom and I were laughing our fucking heads off. (Laughs) I mean there's no need to say that. He could say, 'Listen Garbutt, listen Stuchberry, you c**ts are fucking around right, if you drag the name down well you're going to get yourself into trouble, if I don't catch you, someone else will. Fucking pull your head in, do the right thing, you know what you can get away with and what you can't. Don't rock the boat'. Something like that not, 'I'm going to fucking get you Garbutt and you fucking too Stuchberry'. There's no need, it's just stupid. We just laughed at the c**t. But I'll give Jenkins his dues, in the bush he was a good soldier, a good soldier.

OK. Righto, the next bit, no I won't we will load a new tape. This is the end of Tape One - Greg Stuchberry.

This is Tape Two of an interview with Greg Stuchberry, cairns 7th of March 1993, for Gary McKay's research project, Delta Four - Australian Infantry in Battle.

We were talking about battle, go on.

We were following a creek bed and we were sort of bunched up I think and then they spread out and bunched up because it was a bit rocky and all this sort of stuff. Anyway, the creek bed went along and then it did like a pimple and come back and the sign come down, friendlies to the right, friendlies to the right, friendlies to the right, right right right and by this time the time the blokes went down and turned right and then turned fucking left again and left again, no one come back and said there was going to be friendlies to the left. So every one is thinking that there is friendlies to the right and they are on the left! You understand what I mean? And shots were fired, the CSM I can't remember his, big c**t he was, I can't remember his name, big c**t. He recognised the fire, the SLR, he twigged and it was after fucking five shots fired and he said 'Cease fire' straight away. He twigged it. I think that was his second trip too, I'm not real sure but he was an old guy, he'd be about 40 I suppose. But he twigged that. I wasn't in that though I was fucking well forward, way up, you know it was fucking way past me. But that was fucking close, it could have been... If he hadn't recognised what type of weapons were firing it could have been quite bad because we were only.. Well I don't know how far it was they reckon it was only about fucking twenty yards, twenty five yards.

Did any of the people you were with, 2, 3 or 4 (RAR) ever have a mine incident?

No.

When you were getting ready to go out, what did you think about the most, you know what made you anxious the most?

Anxious?

Anxious, or scared you or...

I think everyone was a bit nervous, a bit nervy you know.

Is that a good or a bad thing?

At least you are on your toes! (Laughs)

Yes that's true.

I think you get, you get all your rations the day before and you've got to pack them in. Some c**ts just tipped them in. Other c**ts used to pack them in methodically. I used to pack them in because that's what they did in 2 RAR, they packed them in. That's what I was taught, well not taught but that's what I saw and then you get the other blokes who just fucking, they wouldn't even unwrap them, they would just stick them in whole. And if you wanted something, you had to dig right down the bottom and have to empty all your pack. Everyone's loaded up; clean clothes, fucking shaved; and fucking all rearing to go. On the trucks or on the choppers or what ever was going. Every one was a bit apprehensive until they harboured the first night. Once they were out there and got through the first night, I think they were all back and they knew what was going on.

Back into the routine of it were they?

Yes, I think it was that first night or maybe even two nights, you get the picket roster worked out and all that shit. You roughly had an idea where you were going but no c**t knew.

How much did you really get to know as a Digger?

Knowledge?

Yes. How much did you get to know about where you were going and what you were doing?

They used to have a big... I suppose the platoon commanders had one with the OC and the sergeants would be there. And then the sergeants would come back and tell the section commanders. By the time it gets down to us, 'Well we are going to fucking Courtenay rubber' or what ever where we were going. 'Then we might be going to fucking Fire Support Base fucking Garth', or what ever it was, down near Xuyen Moc it was. They're only names that I remember now, I don't know where they are. 'Near the Binh Ba rubber, we're there for a few days, we are going to go north and be away for three weeks', or some fucking thing. That's all we knew.

What did you really want to know, what did you want to know?

Well, They would say we were on a 'search and destruction' that was it, I think, search and destruction.

Search and destroy.

Yes, that was every one, search and destroy. That would be about it really. It was the same old thing, just walking through the scrub day after day, looking for stuff. Hoping like hell you wouldn't run into bunkers.

Is that what you worried about most; bunkers, or was it mines?

No, I've walked into bunkers but they were empty. They were pretty frightening things because you didn't know they were there until you were virtually on them. You didn't know where they went; which way they were faced; where the next one faced or what. It could be beside you, behind you - anything eh? It was a bit scary, but I suppose you didn't know what to expect, but you did sort of thing.

Probably the unknown.

But lack of communication. Some mob hit some bunkers or something, I can't remember exactly, anyway we were close by and we came over and we secured the area and the engineers, and we were there a day or two days or something. And engineers come over and they were going to blow these bunkers up. Everyone knew that and we were on a little bit of a hill, a little bit of a hill and you could see out, you know you could see out. And everyone seemed to know that they were 'blowing now'. I didn't hear it. No one told fucking me. (Laughs) Well, kaboom! (Laughs) Everyone just stood there and sort of went like that (shrugs and ducks shoulder and head). I'm flat on the ground eh? I was the only one that went straight to ground. They all knew what was going on except me, I don't know why, (maybe) because I wasn't there at the time, or no one passed it on or something. But I knew they were going to blow them but you didn't hear 'blowing now' or anything like that. It was just fucking kaboom! And I thought it was all starting, but everyone else they sort of flinched, you know, but not like me, I just went straight down...

And didn't feel real silly?!

I felt a bit of a goose. (Laughs)

What do you think is the hardest part about fighting in the jungle?

Fuck, that's a hard one eh? Because when you say fighting; are you good enough to fight, or if your turn comes can you do it? Or, will you let your mate down. Will Bernie get hit or will some one get hit or will I get hit and it flashes through your mind like that. (Snaps finger). The whole lot, I reckon, well that's what flashes. Oh, what will Mum say. It's instantaneous, all these thoughts are all at once. I was scared. I was scared eh. I'm no hero mate. Believe me, I'm no hero. I did my bit as best as I could. I don't think I had the

capabilities in me to take that one step further and.. Not sacrifice myself but I was never put in that position that I had to do that, but thinking of that I don't really, honestly, think that I could have done it. I don't know why, I just don't think I could do it. I did my job as best as I could and I think I did that quite capably. I never went to sleep on (gun) picket; whereas blokes just fucking continuously go to sleep - deliberately - I'm sure. I never went to sleep on picket; I always carried my fucking seven magazines, I think it was seven you gad to carry, or five.

For the SLR, yes.

Yes, seven it was. I always carried my own water, my own food. Mum used to send over saccharine tablets, because of sugar, I like sugar. I never depended on anybody else for those sorts of things, although sometimes one did run out of water before the other and if that happens, sure you share it around because you knew within a few hours you're going to get water anyway if there was a maintdem coming up. As far as putting myself on the line I don't think I could have done it, I really don't. If... I don't think I could have done it, I really don't. If someone, if Warren Dowell was out there half fucking dead or something like that, and I had a chance to crawl out and get him. I could probably crawl there, but I don't think I could get him back alive. I wouldn't pick him up and put my back into the fire and carry him back. I just don't think I could have done it.

Well, you will never know.

I'll never know, but, I don't think I could. I could probably talk to him and all that; 'You'll be right, just stay there, hang fire, you'll be right; what ever'.

What do you think was the toughest time you ever had over there?

Toughest time? As in physical or emotional?

Doesn't matter.

Two emotional ones I'll tell you about. There was a fellow at reo wing called Murray Crichtenden (?). I think he was a pommy; good bloke and he was busting his neck to get over there. He went to ARU, after us for some reason, I don't know why, but it wasn't long after us; whether it was a week or two weeks something like that. And I heard when I was in 2 RAR that he had lost a leg or both legs on an APC. His legs were blown off a mine had hit an APC. Murray Crichtenden, Corporal Murray Crichtenden. I really felt sorry for him.

He was in the D and E Platoon, I think.

I think you might be right.

Yes, I went to that incident.

I think you might be right.

That shook you up did it?

Yes, because he was a good bloke, you know, fucking, he was a leader, he was a leader. He had that ability about him. Well built, solid bloke, all Army, through and through Army.

What was the other time?

When I left 2 RAR to go to 3 RAR.

Didn't like that eh?

Very sad, very sad. that was my first battalion. I was only there three months or what ever, four months - what ever - and I left there and I cried. I didn't show it but they probably saw it. Few tears coming out, I was very sad because I had made some good friends there and they accepted me for what I was and they helped me; and as I say it was my first battalion. It was the first one; 'The Black Lanyard'. I am very proud of that. I haven't got it now, or my green one or my red one.

That's interesting. So it's something that people should remember when a guy comes from one unit to another that there is a bit of a wrench there, eh?

Oh, yes. Well leaving, leaving, because I felt quite at home; safe; secure. I knew those blokes; I knew their routine; what they did; how they went about things. I knew Gibson - who I liked - Van Wedberg - I didn't mind - bit of a hot head. But they were good blokes, yes. It was sad to see them go.

Can you remember any funny times? What was the funniest thing you could ever remember?

Funny? Well, I suppose when Junior threatened Tyson. Well, it's funny now, but it wasn't fucking funny then. It was serious, it's serious what he did. But when I think back, it was funny. Maybe I shouldn't laugh but I...

No, it's black humour.

Well, it could be but I'd never do that! "A bullet will travel quicker than an A4!". Tyson just turned around and walked away. I thought, 'Fuck me'. Here's Junior back into it ' swish, swish'.

Did you ever see anyone shot?

No.

Can you remember what ever your, what your first reaction was when ever you were in contact?

Well, I never really saw them because it was ambush at night; during the day, shots were fired but I never saw them. Because I think the contacts that were there were either one man or maybe two. As soon as the shots were fired they were fucking off. And I try and put myself into the scout's position, this is where you need nerve; if you spot them first, do you let them come on, just keep coming so the closer they are the more sure of your shot? Or, soon as you see them you just fucking let rip. But your all in single file and if he has a contact front, I mean how are these c**ts at the back going to come around? And how do they know where to fire? A bit different in an ambush, because your all abreast and just fucking let go. So when you have a contact head on, which is mainly what they were, only the bloke up front can fire. Fucking ten down, you don't know what you're going to hit because blokes go left and right to the ground; they roll away and then, 'What's going on ?!!'.

And they're gone. Now, you mentioned the different length of patrols in the different units. How long do you reckon a, we are talking really jungle now, how long do you reckon a patrol should be for, you know a platoon patrol?

Ten to fourteen at the most.

And why do you say that?

Well it means, we used to carry five days food, that means out of the fourteen days exercise you can have two drops of food, because I am sure, fucking, when you get a maintdem there's a company there; what fucking ninety odd blokes. Ten helicopters come flying in, they can hear them miles around! "Oh, these c**ts are getting more food in". It gives them a chance to go away or do what ever they do. Minimise that. Just have two drops. Plus in the news, probably two weeks ago in Somalia, a ten man section, "Australian Army ten man section had contact with three Somali gunmen". Ten man!! No one had ten man sections over there - six, seven if you were lucky, absolutely lucky, mostly it was six; sometimes we had been down to five. Five man sections. You try and do picket at night on a five man section! Fucking two hours, two and a half hours picket at midnight. It's too hard.

What do you reckon was the hardest thing about living in the jungle?

When you say conditions, most blokes could sleep on the ground, fuck me dead it wasn't all that hard, you get used to it.

What do you think was the hardest part about living in the 'J'?

Well in 2 RAR you had to have a mossie net; 3 and 4 RAR didn't have one but I don't think a mossie net was needed because you have got your clothes on and your silk over you and you've got that mossie repellent' you didn't really need that. Sleeping on the ground was no problem; cooking food was a bit of a chore. I said earlier when I first, exercises and Doc Holliday brewed up for me and I was most grateful because I was fair fucked, I really was, I was knackered, I'm not a fit person anyway. But he did it for me and he had been in the country nine months I suppose and he was used to it. All the other blokes were used to it, so I'll get used to it, I'll adapt, and I did. Cooked my own food, I said before I got saccharine sent over, Mum sent over saccharine for sugar because there was never enough fucking sugar and curry powder; there was always exchanges of curry

powder when the rations come out. Some liked it; some didn't. I loved it; I'd have fucking curried every thing! It's alright, it's a bit inconvenient I suppose, you know, every one would love a pillow and a soft mattress but if your out there you don't know what to expect.

I always wanted a chair, I got sick and tired of sitting on the wet ground. When you look back on your time in Vietnam, what do you reckon you learnt most from your time as soldier in Vietnam?

Oh, this comes down to personal for me. That I can live with other blokes in a confined area without bitching and fighting; to help each other in your own small way; either you give it or receive it - it works both ways. Tolerance; I learnt tolerance and patience. It did me more good than harm. I could have been, if I didn't have that discipline thrown at me, and I didn't like it, I resented it a bit - although I wasn't an out and out rebel - I resented it a bit, but I did it. Yes, I think it must do a bloke good, I don't see how it could do him any harm at all. If he can't cope with that, he can't cope with life in general.

Did you ever see anyone wounded or killed?

No.

Were you ever hospitalised for any reason?

No.

Did you ever think you would become a casualty?

Yes.

How did you sort of handle that?

Well, everyone thought that, somewhere along the line.

I have heard a lot of people say 'it will never happen to me'.

Oh, it was a possibility it was there. But when you look back on statistics now of who was killed and who was wounded, there was 501 killed and I think there was three thousand, maybe wounded..

A couple of thousand wounded.

Yeh, wounded and I know at the height of the Vietnam War in Nui Dat there would have been five thousand blokes there in one hit; that's counting the three battalions, the armour, the sappers, the engineers, fucking every thing the cooks - every body. So as far as the statistics go your chances were pretty good but it depended on what job you did too.

Well, in the platoons, in the battalions, about a platoon of guys were killed on every tour.

I didn't know that.

Right, so that brings it down to about one in 18, if you count the Pioneers and the sigs and the mortars and all that.

Yes, FOs.

Most of those casualties were in infantry platoons; now there is only twelve platoons (in a battalion) so it is getting down to one in 12.

Hmmm. (Looks aghast)

Maybe you shouldn't have gone to Vietnam! (Laughs)

I'm glad I did.

You are? Ok, well why don't we talk about that? have you got any regrets about going?

None what so ever.

Because? You said it was good for you before.

Well, at the time, being 19 years and two months when I left, and there was a lot of other blokes my age or slightly older, but about the same maturity and they all wanted to go. It was the excitement - thrill; carrying weapons around loaded; fucking finger on the trigger - ready to go! That must have stimulated them somehow that they wanted to do it because...

Do you think you were too young?

Yes, I wasn't mature, hell I didn't even shave!

Do you think guys under 20 should go to war?

I had hardly had a fuck until I went over there. I had only had about three roots, four roots before I went over there. But I do hold the company record for head jobs in Vung Tau on a weekend and that's 16, I reckon that still stands. (Laughs)

In 1971 when you were in Vietnam there were a lot of protesters. Did they worry you?

No they didn't worry me because I didn't see them. I didn't see them in Melbourne or Adelaide or Sydney because I didn't go to those places. I saw a bit of it on TV and I thought they were wrong - the way they went about protesting - it was the violent demonstrations. I thought what we were doing was right because it was communism and communism is no good; and they had to be stopped because they were coming down through south east Asia. They were filtering through. A lot of people said the unions were communist; communism influence in their, which is pretty true; and oh well, stop the commos, bit of excitement; get paid for it; go to Taipei; get a War Service loan; fucking Bob's your uncle and let's go! Plus it was a job too. I was unskilled. I had done a bit of trade a bit of education...

Well, what was the most important thing to you when you were in Vietnam?

This is a repeat question!

Yes.

To do my job; what I was there to do. To do it and to help if I could and I think I did that and that was basically my role.

OK, to do your job as best you could?

Yes. And I think I did that.

Do you feel any different about Vietnam now than when you were there before?

It's a poor country, it's a poor country now so nothings changed.

Was Australia's involvement worth it, those 504 dead?

Not now I don't, no.

How did you feel when in 1975 the Yanks pulled out and the place fell to bits?

Waste. Waste, well I think now - I didn't think at the time - but when I think now to sat that this country is in debt by fucking 200 million dollars and they put ads on TV, fifty cents a week will feed a fucking Somalia or Ethiopian kid for a week - a bowl of rice will keep him going for a week - and I said before there was I think 5000 blokes in Nui Dat or in South Vietnam at one time. 5000 blokes, you take all their pay packets each week and add it up, Christ, the cost of the military; the helicopters; the weapons; the food; the clothes and stuff like that it would run into billions of dollars and that was all, you might as well fucking throw out the door all that money. Billions of dollars! But they say to get a country out of recession have a war.

It's been done before.

It's been done before, look at Germany. I've been to Germany - magnificent! The people are nice; modern; their life style's pretty good; not so much now that the Wall has come down I don't think because they have got unemployment problems, but when I was there in '77, it's a magnificent country, everyone is doing very nicely thank you and that was fucking near levelled. Fucking near levelled.

I would like to change tack now and talk about the enemy. What did you think of the enemy?

Brave, brave. I think they were brainwashed in what they were doing but that's beside the point. They were were willing to die for their cause because life is pretty cheap over there I suppose. But they were brave, devoted; I think they might have been a bit barbaric although I don't know of any personal instances where I saw them do anything.

Did you ever feel sorry for them?

No.

Why is that?

I saw one I would shoot one. I had no qualms about that.

Do you think they were good fighters?

Yes.

When you actually got to Vietnam, were the enemy as you imagined they were after doing training...?

At Canungra?

Yes and all those places.

Walking around with fucking those white hats and that black shirt, black pants and a pair of pyjamas? Slinging an AK? That's all I knew they were - but they weren't. They were dressed in all sorts of, women; kids; fucking old men; young men. You didn't really know.

Did you ever work with any of the Allies, you know like Americans or New Zealanders?

No no.

OK. Righto, that just about does us then. Oh, here's one. What made you feel vulnerable when you were out on patrol?

Vulnerable?

Vulnerable.

As in exposed?

Yes.

Nothing. I never really thought about it, I suppose if anything happened, it happened up the front. And I wasn't a scout; I wasn't a section commander; I wasn't a gunner; I wasn't a 2IC; so I was probably fourth down the line. So I never really thought about that.

When you came back you came back with 4 RAR?

Yes.

With Delta Company or with the rest of the battalion?

Delta Company.

So, what March was it 1972?

Yes. I have to go to the toilet.

OK, no well I'll think I'll sign it off - just this last one.

Yes.

What was it like when you got back? Was it a sort of being on a downer or...?

Well, we all went on leave and then I think I had about six weeks leave - I had the most because I was there 14 months or something and Dowelly had a fucking goatee beard - just to prove that he did have to shave every now and again I think! (Laughs) I mean that was his sense of humour and then it was all great to see every body for about a month I suppose. And then the old syndrome, 'What have they got us doing today? Fucking picking up butts again; fucking touch footy out on the parade ground; out on the firing range again; fucking lectures.' That's about it really, they didn't have enough for us to do and then people asked, asking for transfers here there and every where. And I asked for one and got one and I went to 22 RVR in Puckapunyal.

And the you got out after that?

Yes after I had a fight with a warrant officer and a sergeant. Fisticuffs.

Oh, good to see you were not holding yourself back!

And our OC was a Major Dudgeon. Pommy fellow, I think he was SAS originally, do you know him?

Yes.

Good bloke because I applied to be discharged a couple of times and he didn't approve it, any how after I had a fight he got me in his office and he said, ' What's wrong Stuchberry?', and I said, 'I don't like it Sir' I said and he wrote out that he recommended discharge. Fucking three weeks later I was gone. I always remember Major Dudgeon, he was a good bloke. Fair - very fair, but a good bloke. I've got to have a piss.

Well we'll stop there.

END OF TAPE ONE SIDE B