

# Half Circle

Number 20 - July 2008



A publication for the members  
of C Coy 5 RAR (2<sup>nd</sup> tour) South Vietnam,  
and especially for the families of those who are no longer with us.

**Jack Bradd said.....FITTER AND TURNER - BAITLAYER - RATION ASSASSIN -**  
Some of the most derogatory terms used by diggers to describe cooks, but never within hearing range of those wonderful men.

It was my first hot meal with the Company and I was introduced to a cranky old bastard named Paddy Cahill, with a name like that he had to be Irish. He was the Company SGT cook, a great bloke when you got to know him and would do anything for the diggers in the Company. On an OP Paddy managed to send out frozen buns with our RESUPS, a bit of meat and salad on the bun and were welcomed to supplement the monotonous ration packs. A rumour went around the Company that one of the Platoons was in a contact when a voice rang out 'What do we do now ?' the answer came back 'Throw Paddy's buns'.

I was awakened one morning by a loud Whoomp, I thought we were being mortared but a digger yelled out 'Bloody cooks'. It was the cooks alright lighting their choofers, these were petrol (or were they kero) fuelled heaters which only required a few drops of petrol to get them going, but the cooks would let the petrol build up before lighting them. I suppose they reckoned that if they were up before the birds every other bastard should be too.

I was off to my morning ablutions when I glanced over to the kitchen and spied a mess duty acting strange. He was beside the large cooks fridge and kept glancing back and forth, he then opened the fridge and pulled out a can of Yank choccy milk, he opened it and scoffed the lot in one hit. He held his gut then chundered the lot back up on the kitchen floor (must have been curdled as a lot of cans were) just as Paddy came into the kitchen, the digger took off with Paddy giving chase with a meat cleaver.

One of the Company cooks, Ron Connors, was attached to us for the next OP and ended up in my Section, he was a big bloke, very fit and with only 5 to 6 diggers in a Section very welcome. As we were allocating the gear to be carried on the Op Ron kept taking more and more, if it made a loud noise and hurt people he wanted to carry it. Ron was a quiet, good natured digger and adapted to the Section work but after an uneventful week he was sent to another Platoon, they must have heard about his load carrying capacity. (Sadly Ron was hit when the Company wore an Arty drop short later in the OP).

**Jack Bradd also said.....PEACE TIME ARMY - the Marriedees (married diggers)**

When I joined the SGTs Mess Paddy was looking after the kitchen. The Singlies (single soldiers) in the Mess would have a sit down meal while the marriedees would have bar snacks and would have to pay, I think it was only about 20 or 30 cents and Paddy would collect the money. Paddy started swearing one day as he counted the money, not enough, so after that he would stand at the bar and glare at the marriedees till they put their money in the cup for the meal. All went well until us singlies got into the act, one of us would distract Paddy while another would put some 5, 2 and 1 cent coins in the cup, then sit back and watch Paddy perform when he counted the money.

### Then Jack Bradd said.....THE TIME MACHINE

I was Pioneer SGT at the time I got the call. I was needed at the SGT Mess kitchen. I reported to Paddy in the kitchen, it seemed that though we had changed to daylight saving no one had managed to reset the master electric timer. Paddy had rang around and found out that Engineers normally do the resetting but he couldn't find out how to get in touch with them so I was the next best thing. I had a look at the bloody thing, I had never seen so many dials, switches and other nameless things and told Paddy I'm not touching it. I think he spoke to me in Irish, and his words included the customary "f...ing d...head", so I relented.

The next couple of days were hell as lights were going on and off at all hours, fridges and tempritees shutting down and heaters switching on and off. This was throughout the whole building and I had to live there. Of course Paddy pointed the finger at me and I had to drink in the Chevron Rails and Moorebank pubs til things got back to normal. Irish bastard.

### And, on top of all that, Jack also spoke about.....THE GUN, THE SHERIFF AND THE MEAT CLEAVER

A trellis was needed to cover the kitchen grease trap from the sight of people using the SGT Mess patio so I arrived with a Pioneer work party and started to set it up. Sheriff Sid Davis came out to watch and as we were about to fix the first post to the kitchen wall he volunteered to use the Ramset Gun so one of the diggers loaded it for him. We held the post while Sid lined up the Gun, he fired. There was an almighty wallop as the post split, bricks and mortar flew and the sound of an Irishman swearing his head off came from the kitchen. I checked the charge, maximum, uh oh, we were supposed to use minimum, but before I could say anything an angry Paddy came out of the kitchen swearing and carrying a meat cleaver. Myself and the diggers fled the scene leaving Sid, still with the Gun in his hand, to explain, if he could. I spent more time at the Rails and Moorebank pubs.

Ed's Note..... Come on you blokes, we all have great stories to tell - send them in! Don't leave it all to Jack!

### SOME SIGNS WE HAVE SEEN.....

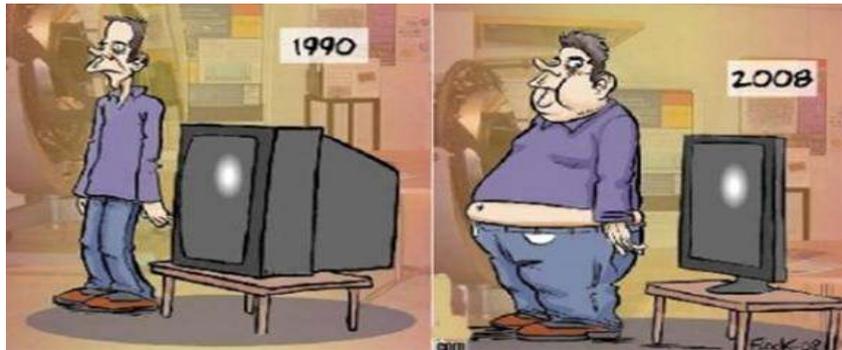
At a Marina -	Out to Launch
A Carpet Layer's Truck -	Get felt and be happy
A Gynaecologist's Office -	At Your Cervix
A Vet Clinic -	Back soon. Sit. Stay
An Employment Office -	Get Staffed
A Funeral Home -	Drive carefully - we'll wait
A Plumber's truck -	We repair what your husband fixed
A Pizza shop -	7 days without pizza makes one weak



**9 PI Reunion:**

Planning for the next 9PI reunion, to be held over the period 24<sup>th</sup> to 28<sup>th</sup> April 2009, at Victor Harbour, SA, is well under way. If this means **YOU**, contact Bryan (Blue) Schafer on [Blues@tadaust.org.au](mailto:Blues@tadaust.org.au) or Ron (Fred) Dwyer on [nonfred@adam.com.au](mailto:nonfred@adam.com.au).

**DON'T FORGET** - Dave Wilkins is producing the update of our 2<sup>nd</sup> tour book "The Year of the Tigers". If you have **ANY** information or submissions for this, please contact Dave at [dwilkins@bigpond.net.au](mailto:dwilkins@bigpond.net.au) **URGENTLY**. Time is short. Even if Dave can't use what you submit, we all thank your for having a go. The 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion is **OURS**, and it's up to us to make sure that **our** history is recorded. **Don't sit around, get up and get into it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**



**Don Harrod said.....**

Have a look at the following internet sites. These are there to assist you:

1. Department of Veterans Affairs
2. Vietnam Veterans, Peacekeepers and Peacemakers Association of Australia
3. The Returned and Services League (RSL)
4. Nominal Roll of Vietnam Veterans.
5. World War II Nominal Roll - check out your parents/ancestors/etc.

All you need to do is get onto Google, type in any of the above, select "Pages from Australia", press "Enter", and follow the prompts.

#####

**Next time you speak with Bill Titley.....**

Ask him how he and his mates got on with the Pommy MPs when he was a young 3RAR platoon commander in Malaya????????????????? **NOBODY** is exempt from scrutiny in this Newsletter!

#####

**REMEMBER.....** Our home in 1969/70 - the rubber plantation at Ap An Phu, Nui Dat.

