

It was the middle of a pitch black night, hot as hell, with not a breeze penetrating the weeds. I was sitting cross legged behind the gun with my SLR beside me, the two gunners were asleep beside the gun ready to roll into action when needed. You wouldn't believe that 20 plus diggers could be so quiet, especially if you saw them in action at one of the bars. The only noise coming from the Platoon was a slight rustle as some digger moved in his sleep and an occasional fart rent the night air (ration packs will do that). My heart skipped a beat and a few more of my hairs turned grey as a twig snapped in the scrub, dead fall I hoped, but no there was another noise like someone putting their foot down very carefully. I relied entirely on my ears as the slight noise of slow placing of feet continued and judged it to be about 3 meters away. I didn't want to wake the gunners as their noise would scare the bastard away so I slowly raised my SLR to a firing position and waited as the sounds approached me, this bastard is good, I thought, but when he's close enough my SLR will take his mind off sex. I judged he was about a meter and a half away and my thumb was applying pressure on the safety catch when the bastard barked at me. I was startled but didn't fire as the barking deer slowly retraced his steps and disappeared, he must have got a whiff of us when he was close (even the nogs could smell us after a few weeks in the weeds, especially after eating ration packs). The diggers slept on that night without interruption (except for picquet) but I never got to see one of those barking deer by day, they must have had a bloody good hiding place and only come out at night to check the Aussie gun picquet.

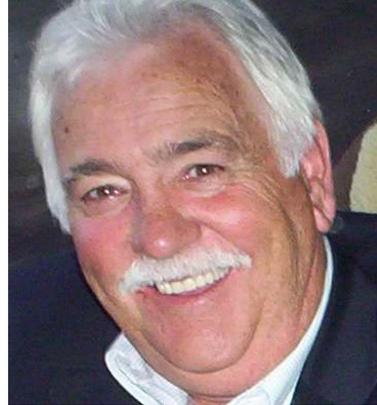
Jack Bradd also said..... THE WONDERFUL WEEDS OF VIETNAM

Whoever designed the weeds in South Vietnam, God, nature or the French, it was no place for the Uc-Da-Loi. Everything had one purpose in life and that was to make life miserable for anyone foolish enough to wander around in it, whatever the purpose, especially the Aussie digger. Punctured, scratched, bitten, poisoned by everything from the foot long centipede, the dreaded gazonkapede, ants, wasps, boot lace snakes and even angry water buffalo did not deter us because we had the magnificent Army issue Repellent. This Repellent, when applied, would attract every biting and stinging insect within kilometers, they loved the stuff. Of course you used your hands to apply the stuff and wiping your eyes or mouth was very painful also having a piss was a painful episode to say the least. This Repellent also had the wonderful property of melting plastic items such as our mattress cover and hootchie, and if you applied it at night you sometimes found yourself welded to these items.

So with our magic Repellent, skin and blood keeping the insects happy we then had to deal with the weeds themselves. I thought wait-a-while was bad but dirty bamboo and cactus were a real bastard. These things grew in clumps, small clumps we could go around but large clumps we had to go through. Secateurs and machetes were no good, you simply had to force your way through, leaving behind heaps of skin and blood. Even the very earth seemed to have a go at us as one day I watched my Forward Scout disappear into the ground, he went down as far as his pack which had jammed on a log. He had dropped his rifle and was thrashing around in what looked like quicksand, the MG No. 1 had moved forward and we both giggled at the Scout's panic, I knew he couldn't go deeper and told him to stop struggling. The PL COMD Mr. Hosie arrived, he had a giggle then told us to get him out, by this stage the Scout was swearing and threatening to shoot the lot of us and when he reached his rifle we took off. About half an hour later the Scout joined us, still swearing.

I hear and read about ex-diggers going back to Vietnam for a visit, I have only one question for them, why?

Then and Now..... Guy Ansell 1969, and 2008 (They wonder how I get the pics!)



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An old Aussie digger goes into a chemist shop in Katoomba to buy some Viagra.
"Can I have 6 tablets, cut in quarters, please mate?"

"I can cut them for you alright", said the chemist, "but I must advise you that a quarter tablet will not give you a full erection."

"I'm 96", said the old digger, "I don't want an erection I just want it sticking out far enough so I don't piss on me slippers".

The digger went to the RAP, and reported to the Regimental Medical Officer (RMO) that he felt unwell. The RMO examined him thoroughly for over 20 minutes, and said "I'm sorry, but I can't find anything wrong with you. It must be the beer".
The digger replied "OK Doc, no problem, I'll come back when you're sober"

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Difference between a cavalry charger and a draft horse - one darts into the fray, and the other.....

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Geoff Ford said.....

I've done it again! I've managed to get myself back into hospital, but this time it's not so serious - just a complete ankle replacement. I'm at St Vincents Hospital in Sydney, and will be moving to a rehabilitation Centre around Bondi. Contact details will be advised.

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NEWCASTLE OFFICER SIGHTS BLOND VIET CONG

(Australasian Associated Press)

NUI DAT, Thursday: Platoon commander, Lieutenant Roger Lambert of Newcastle, could only say: "he's blond, he's blond" when he saw a tall fair-haired man in the company of Viet Cong last month, one of his men said yesterday.

"He must have repeated this eight times," said Private John Hunter, 21, a National Serviceman from Hawthorn, Victoria, who returned here today at the end of the month-long operation, Kingston, carried out by 5th Battalion, the Royal Australian Regiment.

The man, with another Viet Cong soldier, was only about 10 feet away from the platoon commander, Hunter said.

"I was eight feet farther back but could not see him, but Lieutenant Lambert, had a clear view."

Lieutenant Lambert, 23, was leading a patrol on the second day of the operation which started on September 15.

"We heard voices ahead coming from the camp we had sighted and went forward," said Private Hunter.

"Then Lieutenant Lambert froze. He raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired at the light-skinned man.

"He thought he had wounded him, as blood trails were found in the area, but we could find no trace of the two men in a later search."

Private Hunter said he was told the light-skinned man was wearing a plastic rain cape and was carrying an M-16 rifle in his right hand. The M-16 Armalite is issued to the Allied forces in Vietnam.

Lieutenant-Colonel Colin Khan, 37, of Woollahra, a Sydney suburb, the commanding officer of the 5th Battalion said today it was the third sighting of the light-skinned man in Phuoc Tuy Province.



Roger Lambert said..... "Whilst going through some old files, I found a copy of the newspaper articles, reporting a "White VC". I went on R&R leave shortly after this, and left John Hunter to handle the media!"

The picture above right shows Reg Smith, Peter Knight, Greg Blair, Blue Schafer and Roger.
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Dear Abby,

I have never written to you before, but I really need your advice. I have suspected for some time now that my wife has been cheating on me. The usual signs; phone rings but if I answer, the caller hangs up. My wife has been going out with "the girls" a lot recently although when I ask their names she always says, just some friends from work, you don't know them." I always try to stay awake to look out for her coming home, but I usually fall asleep. Anyway, I have never approached the subject with my wife. I think deep down I just did not want to know the truth, but last night she went out again and I decided to check on her finally. Around midnight, I decided to hide in the garage behind my golf clubs so I could get a good view of the whole street when she arrived home from a night out with "the girls." When she got out of the car she was buttoning up her blouse, which was open, and she took her panties out of her purse and slipped them on. It was at that moment, crouching behind my golf clubs, that I noticed a hairline crack where the grip meets the graphite shaft on my 3-wood. Is this something I can fix myself or should I take it back to the pro-shop where I bought it?

Signed, Perplexed

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