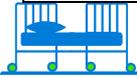


# Half Circle



Number 114 - June 2016

This informal publication is for the members of C Coy 5 RAR (2<sup>nd</sup> tour), South Vietnam, 1969/70, and for the families of those who are no longer with us. It is non-political, and is designed for us to have a laugh at ourselves, re-live our memories, and maintain camaraderie. Formal advice, when needed, should be sourced from Veterans' Organisations.



## AT THE RAP:

**Barrie Taylor** – ongoing oncology treatment.

**Jack Lake** – Jack has had major ankle surgery, which involved fusing the joint using some bone from his hip. All has gone well, he will have a limp, but after he gets out of his wheelchair in about six weeks, the paperwork to award Susan the Order of Australia for putting up with him will be submitted.

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## TRAVELLING ABOUT:

Carolyn and Don Frohmuller – from their Central Coast (NSW) base, to Central Western NSW.

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**THE 5RAR ASSOCIATION:** Gary Townsend, the Memberships Officer and Editor of our newsletter Tiger Tales, is a pretty capable bloke. He maintains our records and compiles a most informative publication for us three times a year. **BUT** – Gary is a hopeless mind reader. If you have changed your address, email address or telephone number, please let him know. All you need do is send Gary an email to [garyt.5rar@gmail.com](mailto:garyt.5rar@gmail.com). This is also the email address for any of your membership enquiries. How hard is that? Thanks for your assistance.



These plaques, located on the main walkway from the car park to the entrance to the Australian War Memorial, signify the service of both battalions to our Country.

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**FROM BARRY BAKER –**  
**REPRINTED FROM HALF CIRCLE NUMBER 22, SEPTEMBER 2008**

It was autumn in South Vietnam and I believe the unit was engaged in Operation Kingston. Morale was high in 7 Platoon; we had not been near Coy HQ for over a week and were having some contacts (minor skirmishes). The past three days we engaged in some type of contact with the nogs. This kept both Lt Hosie and my section commander Jack Bradd happy, as they both welcomed liaisons with the enemy. Patrolling stealthily we heard some voices, definitely not Australian, they were

high pitched and no one could understand what was being said. These voices were about 50-100 metres away; they were unaware of our presence. We immediately stopped, Lt Hosie moved up to Jacks position and the plan was hatched, however not to Jacks liking. Jack had ideas of a quick section attack supported by his ever reliable gunner Dennis "Digger" Nevins. Lt Hosie thought it would be a coup if the platoon could capture same. After some discussion LT Hosie's plan was the one to be implemented. (I don't know why Jack disagreed, as he had often mused aloud, (during our discussions on international affairs in the boozier), of his plans to capture a couple of nogs. Jack believed that they were world class athletes, due to the way they run off when contacted, and thought that he could take advantage of their speed. He planned to smuggle a couple back to Australia, enter them in events such as the Stawell Gift and make a killing. (Maybe just wistful thinking)

Unfortunately Lt Hosie's plan did not include Jack or any part of his section, they were told to wait, whilst he took the rest of the platoon to do the deed. Jack was not to be denied, he set his sect up in an ambush, maybe the nogs will not "Chieu Hoi" and run this way, then we can give them what for, reckons Jack. After about 5 minutes waiting in the ambush position and deadly silence, suddenly to our rear we heard a chorus of "Chieu Hoi, Chieu Hoi in very loud voices. A slight pause, then the sound of (world class athletes) running, sadly not toward Jacks section.

The platoon married up again, Jack had his "told you so" look on, patrolling then continued, all were hoping that we could have a proper contact soon, this would help the slight drop in morale. I personally believe it's a pity that we did not get a couple of Chieu Hoi's, we could have saved them for when Jack was due back in Australia, the majority of the platoon didn't mind a bet.

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### **FROM DENNIS NEVINS – THE DIGGER AND THE DINGO:**

At the beginning of this month I returned to the No Man's Land ranges that I have been venturing into for 34 years. These ranges border cattle stations east of Alice Springs. The range is totally rugged and made up of sandstone and decomposed granite, and the only way in is by foot. On this occasion I wanted to return to a valley high up on escarpment; at the end of the valley are three painted to scale boomerangs they are pristine and clear as the day they were done decades ago. it's one of my favourites along with a stockman drawn on a massive wall with hundreds of hands about ten miles away. The other favourite is a serpent snake at a large water hole. The snake is about 200 yards from the waterhole. I've seen that water hole bone dry a number of times, but go to where the serpent snake is and there is always water.

In this country dingos are a constant companion day and night, and sometimes at night I have to fire a shot from the snake rifle to get them away from my camp, but they never cause me trouble. To get to the boomerangs I have to follow a north west escarpment then locate the correct re-entrant to get into the valley. The last time up there was 17 years ago when I took my 14-year-old daughter Sara with me, (some of the readers may have met her at the reunion and I hoped she behaved!). I'm making my way through 4-foot-

high Gidgee scrub, and the only noise I can hear is the Gidgee brushing past my webbing and the stones underfoot. Without warning I hear a rushing movement and I look to my front and there coming at me at pace is a large dingo! I have no time to think because now he's nearly on me, so I stand firm and yell at him to "Keep away and stay where you are!" He's less than 8 feet from me in the leap position with his weight over his back legs ready to spring. At this stage I'm trying to get my heart back inside my chest, and I continue to yell commands at him (even our wonderful CSM Jack Lake would have been impressed with my voice projection). At the same time I look to the right as there could be others, but I'm sure this bloke is on his own. He then changes tack and he moves a full half circle around me. I continue to bark orders whilst he takes up the leap position again. Its then I notice he has longer legs than normal and he has beautiful brown watery eyes but he's mangy and filthy but I don't want to harm him. He's a survivor, Australian and he belongs here. He then gives a slight glance to his left, and its now I feel this is about to end and it does, he takes off. What a beautiful animal, my last words to him were "Go you good thing!" I continued on climbing the range and rested on the edge of a massive amphitheatre, then out of nowhere came the howl of a dingo. It's a privilege to be born an Australian.



Dennis "Digger" Nevins

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Part of Nui Dat Airstrip - John Hellyer 2015

**SPEAKING OF JACK LAKE**, (RAP above), Jack has a new email address – [jacknsuelake@gmail.com](mailto:jacknsuelake@gmail.com). The old address no longer works.

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**In an office:**

AFTER TEA BREAK STAFF SHOULD EMPTY THE TEAPOT AND STAND UPSIDE DOWN ON THE DRAINING BOARD

**Outside a second hand shop:**

WE EXCHANGE ANYTHING - BICYCLES, WASHING MACHINES, ETC. WHY NOT BRING YOUR WIFE ALONG AND GET A WONDERFUL BARGAIN?

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***A NOTE FROM YOUR EDITOR:*** Living in the bush can have its advantages – and disadvantages. One of the disadvantages is communications. As a result, we have decided to give up our landline telephone. With immediate effect, **my only telephone number will be my mobile – 0418 423 313.** Please direct any calls to me on this number only. Thanks, Don.

Half Circle was compiled and edited by Don Harrod - [donharrod@bigpond.com](mailto:donharrod@bigpond.com), 0418 423 313, with help from John Hellyer, Barry Baker, Dennis Nevins and *powered by the Lambs Valley Wine Company, Hunter Valley, NSW.*