

# Half Circle

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**(Please increase picture size to 150% for a better read!)**

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.



Barry Williams has contacted the 5RAR Association with some very sad news. Barry has cancer and TB, and the prognosis is not good. He wishes to tidy up his affairs, and this includes his pride and joy - his motor bike plates. Due to his illness, Barry can no longer ride his bike. He paid \$2250 for his plates some years ago, and would like to offer them for sale for the same price to any Tiger that could use them as proudly as he has. Please contact Barry at 0413 157 338 or [bungy05@optusnet.com.au](mailto:bungy05@optusnet.com.au) Those of us who know and remember Barry can recall him as being a cheeky bloke from 7PI with a ready smile, and also one who could get into trouble without even trying. We have many stories of Barry that perhaps should be left untold!

## A 9 Platoon Digger (who can't remember his name) writes: An R&C in Vungers

I forget the dates of this R&C, but it had the ingredients of:

1. A group of innocent 9PI diggers.
2. The CSM - Jack Lake.
3. MP's

There was an innocent group of 9 PI diggers (no names, no-----) on a pleasant sight seeing trip to Vungers, minding our own business and touring the delights?? of that well known town.

In the early evening we ended up at the Grand Hotel.

Jack seemed to appear and absorb into the group and he seemed a little out of character; he was talkative, pleasant, smiling, you could say happy - but I don't recall him shouting a beer for the boys.

As the evening wore on (and time slipped away) one of our group was engaged in conversation with a local lady, a couple of them I think. This progressed to him booking a room at the Hotel.

A comment was made as to what's next when someone said something about the time (I think it was "HOLY SHIT - look at the time") Curfew was only a matter of minutes away and we had nowhere to stay (or any money left)

The decision was made? that we would slip out of the Grand and use the shadows to get back to the Badcoe Club, besides being with the CSM, what could go wrong.

We must have had a few beers as we just walked out of the side door? of the Grand with all its lights blazing, down the stairs and looked for the nearest shadow.

The pace count had just begun when a voice from the darkness yelled "There's Lake". Jack went from Hero to Zero in less than a second, and we realised that we had attached ourselves to a dead set liability.

We retreated back to the Grand as a group (Jack still with us) with absolutely no idea where we were escaping too. The digger who had booked the room, had revealed his room number to his best mate, so on the run he said "-----is in room number -----"

There was no debate and Jack didn't give any orders/directions or anything!!!!, he just followed the group. We went through the door into the room of OUR NOW BEST MATE, I don't know if the door was locked or not and there was a little bit of light in there.

I can remember our mate and the lady sitting up in bed completely startled - it could have been the door opening or the number of people coming through it.

There was a spare double bed and single bed? So three jumped on the double and two on the single and immediately went to sleep; **and one hid in the cupboard.**

All the MP's heard on entering the room was snoring but they mustn't have believed it. MP's must always go to the cupboard first, as was heard "you're sprung mate".

Jack was in the middle of the double bed and the two diggers either side of him fell deeper into sleep. An MP came in between the double and single beds and addressed Jack, trying to wake him with derogatory remarks about "this Jack Lake". I can remember Jack sort of stirring as if coming out of a deep sleep and saying "f---off" and then some other pleasant conversation between Jack and the MP about "Jack" being "Jack Lake".

I think Jack handled this by saying "f--- off" a few more times. The good thing is that they centred on Jack and didn't worry about any of us - except the digger in the cupboard.

The result was the MP's left with their token offender (he must have been the last one into the room) and we remained in the room with our best mate till dawn and then went back to the Badcoe Club? We could not understand "our best mate" being a bit annoyed with the group, as he could not continue any discussions with the lady - but we liked him anyway.

Memory fades - times, dates and some detail has slipped my mind, but if any of the group decide to comment or expand on this saga; Remember, names have been deleted to protect us innocents. NAME WITHHELD --- NATURALLY

**Don Teichelman said:** Don't be conned by the new charges that Telstra has imposed on those who pay their phone bills by cash. If you are a pensioner of any type, you can claim an exemption. Contact Telstra, and don't take "No" for an answer. Is this type of bullying by huge companies consistent with what we represented our Country for?



"Half Circle" is supported by the Georges River Golf Club, Henry Lawson Drive, Georges Hall (Sydney). If you are in Sydney, call in for a game, a feed or a beer. All veterans are most welcome.

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