

Half Circle

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

Jack Bradd said.....

GROUND PATROL

When I rejoined the Battalion in Aussie I was posted as SECTCOMD to Daphne Coy. The Battalion was slowly rebuilding and training at the individual and Section level was being conducted, I was given the task of revising diggers on the M 60. During any breaks I would sit and yarn with the diggers and soon found out that they were kicking their heels waiting to get out of the Army and had no interest in training. I fronted the CSM and OC and asked for a job where I could do something constructive so I ended up in Ground Maintenance in Admin Coy. Mat Mateer was in charge of the Hygiene Section (Turdburglers) and had the bay next to us in the Transport yard.

Our job was to cut the grass in the BN area and we were allocated 5 days to do this, we could do it in two and a half, have a bit of a bludge always managing to look like we were flat out. Zeke Mundine was DPRI SGT at the time and we'd call in for a brew, the latest news and gossip and Zeke's jokes. Zeke christened us "Ground Patrol" and the name stuck. Most of the mowers were push type but one was self propelled with a little tractor type seat on the back, this was the prized mower. One of the diggers was a wizard on this machine and his main delight was to free wheel it from the Guard Room down the hill past BHQ round the corner at terrifying speed past the RAP into the Transport yard (I tried it once, couldn't make the corner, continued down the hill past a laughing Zeke at the DPRI store doing at least Mach 2, and ended up a tangled mess on the footy field at the bottom of the hill). One day the digger free wheeled into the Transport yard with an angry RP SGT, Taffy Cheeseman, on his heels. Taffy wanted to charge him with speeding, I told Taffy to piss off but as he out ranked me we had to stand there and take it as he bored it up us. We waited til he left then pissed ourselves laughing. Another day we were cutting around the Guard Room and one of the diggers pointed to a bloke on the roof of the Guard Room, I called out and asked him what he was doing, he told me he was fixing the roof, fair enough. That arvo Taffy fronted us in the Transport yard wanting to know if we'd seen his prisoner, he reckoned he'd found a hole in the ceiling of the cell and the roof and no prisoner, we all shook our head no. Again we waited for Taffy to leave til we burst out laughing.

One of the diggers had a suspicion that we had a thief in our room so we set a trap, the bastard took the bait, we didn't want to turn him over to Taffy as he would most probably escape so we came up with a plan. We waited til the thief staggered back one night pissed as a fart, as soon as he was asleep we removed the bottom upright of the bed and rested it on the window sill, we were on the second floor of the barracks so no

worries. I got my flag that I had acquired in old Saigon and laid it over the thief, Pirate, with a bottle of port in one hand, mumbled something religious from his trusty, dog-eared and battered bible as we slowly raised the bed and we 'Buried him at Sea' but as the thief slid out he took the flag with him, silly bastard. I had to go and recover the flag from the moaning thief, who amazingly wasn't hurt but it cured him of his tea leafing habits.

The OC Admin pointed out an area near the OR Mess where the diggers were taking shortcuts across the grass and told me to do something about it. I took the diggers up and we put up a barbed wire apron fence, that should keep the diggers on the paths. But no, the cooks chucked wobblies most probably because they were too close to the wire or they were getting tangled up in it, so we had to pull it down. It was a great time in Admin Coy and I had a ball.

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The officer at the accident scene said he needed to measure my skid marks, but I fail to see how the accident-induced streaks in my underwear are relevant to his investigation.

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Remember????????????? Ian (Doc) Cooper's tent, which doubled as the CAP (first aid post) in our tent lines at Ap An Phu.

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Definition of a DIET - a penalty for exceeding the feed limit

The Wooden Bowl

A frail old man went to live with his son, daughter-in-law, and four-year old grandson. The old man's hands trembled, his eyesight was blurred, and his step faltered. The family ate together at the table.

But the elderly grandfather's shaky hands and failing sight made eating difficult. Peas rolled off his spoon onto the floor. When he grasped the glass, milk spilled on the tablecloth.

The son and daughter-in-law became irritated with the mess. "We must do something about father," said the son. "I've had enough of his spilled milk, noisy eating, and food on the floor."

So the husband and wife set a small table in the corner. There, Grandfather ate alone while the rest of the family enjoyed dinner.

Since Grandfather had broken a dish or two, his food was served in a wooden bowl! When the family glanced in Grandfather's direction, sometime he had a tear in his eye as he sat alone. Still, the only words the couple had for him were sharp admonitions when he dropped a fork or spilled food.

The four-year-old watched it all in silence.

One evening before supper, the father noticed his son playing with wood scraps on the floor. He asked the child sweetly, "What are you making?" Just as sweetly, the boy responded, "Oh, I am making a little bowl for you and Mama to eat your food in when I grow up." The four-year-old smiled and went back to work.

The words so struck the parents so that they were speechless. Then tears started to stream down their cheeks. Though no word was spoken, both knew what must be done.

That evening the husband took Grandfather's hand and gently led him back to the family table. For the remainder of his days he ate every meal with the family. And for some reason, neither husband nor wife seemed to care any longer when a fork was dropped, milk spilled, or the tablecloth soiled.

(As you blokes know, I don't usually print things that are "sloppy", but read the above and think about it. This could be any of us under different circumstances. WE COULD BE NEXT!)
Don

I think I may be a kleptomaniac, but I don't know what to take for it.

