



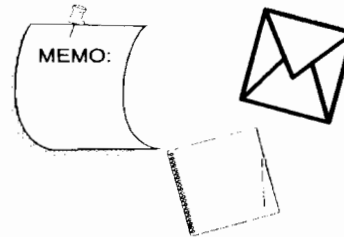
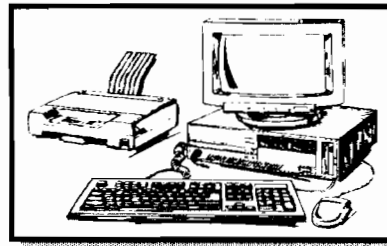
TIGER TALES

NEWSLETTER OF THE 5 RAR ASSOCIATION

MARCH 2001

EDITION 4

Editor's Desk



ANZAC DAY 2001 DETAILS & REFLECTION

I can hardly believe it is March 2001. Time has just slipped by and it only seems a short while ago that we were on Luscombe Field preparing to board the 'choppers' to go on operations. I hope everyone enjoyed the Christmas and New Year festivities. I usually hibernate during this period as I feel it is more dangerous to venture out than it was in Vietnam.

I'm pleased I was home on one occasion as Richard Erkerlens and Maggie dropped in to say hello. I don't remember meeting Richard – although we probably passed each other like ships in the night on several occasions. Both of us served in 5 RAR on the same tour in 1966/67 and that was introduction enough. After a cup of coffee, my wife and Maggie found they had a lot in common and chatted away the time. Richard competed with me talking 'shop' going over our time in Vietnam. Many names were mentioned, in particular 'Rowdy' Hindmarsh who, Richard said, gave him a lecture or two on soldiering.

After a very brief visit Richard and Maggie continued on their journey. Richard is looking for some old mates; keep an eye out in this issue.

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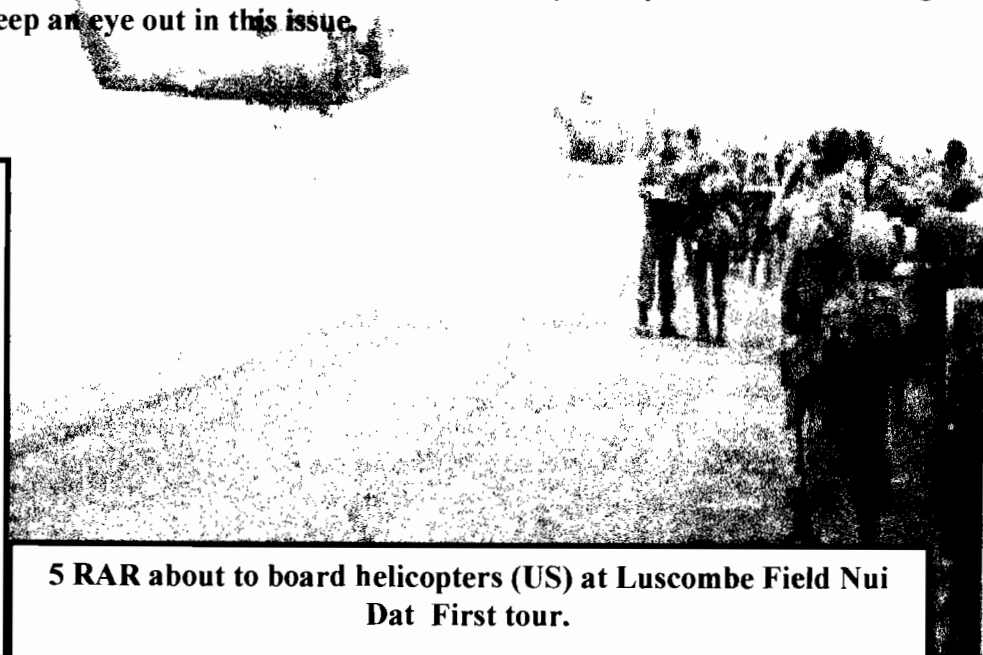
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5 RAR about to board helicopters (US) at Luscombe Field Nui Dat First tour.

REPORT FROM STATE REPS

VICTORIA – Geoff Levey

I am forwarding this advance information re Anzac Day in Melbourne as the exact form up location will not be known much before mid March 2001. Members are advised to keep informed through the Melbourne daily papers closer to Anzac Day.

FORM UP

The form up point for the RAR Association is likely to be relocated from Collins Street to an other location because of ongoing works to Federation Square. Members take particular notice of details published in Melbourne paper closer to the event.

Step off time for 'Post 1945 Services' will be about 1130 hrs. 5 RAR will be about the centre of this group.

The Victorian Branch of the RAR Association is again proposing a combined RAR reunion of all Battalion Groups at The Duke of Kent Hotel, 293 Latrobe Street Melbourne.

EXHIBITION – Vietnam Voices

Vietnam Voices is the largest exhibition of art, photographs and memorabilia ever assembled about the Vietnam War and its aftermath. The exhibition will tour Australia in 2001 and 2003.

Melbourne Museum: 13 January to 10 April 2001
and at **Albury Regional Arts Centre: 26 October to 7 December 2001.**

Tasmania: Salamanca Arts centre, 26 April to 27 May 2001.

Vietnam Voices has paintings about the war, many by veterans, veterans' wives and Vietnamese who fought in or were effected by the war.

There are 1200 photographs of soldiers in their daily activities as well as some in combat.

Geoff Levey

NSW ANZAC DAY ARRANGEMENTS

SYDNEY

Geoff Pearson reports that the venue for 5 RAR after march gathering will be:

CROWN HOTEL
162 ELIZABETH St
SYDNEY

CORNER – Goulburn St,

Two bars have been booked.

Refreshments.

The Bistro and snack bar will be operating and serves Hamburgers, Fish & Chips, Chicken Snitzel and Steaks.

ACCOMMODATION

The Hotel can provide accommodation if members wish to stay in Sydney. The prices are reasonable.

Members wishing to stay at the hotel , contact direct to book.

Crown Hotel
Sydney – 92676793

SERVICE DETAILS

At the time of publication, no details were available as to the order of march and so on.

Members will I am sure, be able to obtain this information on timings of the Dawn Service, form up point from the Sydney papers. Please check closer to the actual day.

5 RAR MORTAR PLATOON VIETNAM 69/70 TOUR

I am trying to get in touch with as many members as possible with the view of organising a reunion sometime in the future.

G.L. (Lou) Wagner
My contact details are:

EMAIL
louanne@bigpond.com
PHONE & FAX
(07) 4775 7554
SNAIL MAIL
PO Box 211
Aitkenvale
Qld 4814

NATIONAL SERVICEMEN REUNION
PROPOSED EVENTS PLANNED SO FAR
DATE EVENT DETAILS July 2001
GOLD COAST QUEENSLAND

Saturday 21st July 2001 – Nasho Special Race Meeting At the Gold Coast Turf Club, Cost Nil.

Sunday 22nd July 2001 – Nasho Bowls Carnival Cost, \$11.00 per person, Green fees \$13.20 per day.

Sunday 22nd July 2001 – Rugby League Match of the Day Final at ANZ Stadium in Brisbane, special buses provided. \$20.00

Monday 23rd July 2001 – Nasho Golf Tournament A Single Stableford Event, played on several Gold Coast Courses.

Wednesday 25th July 2001 – Two Fabulous Concerts At RSL Auditorium, Vicki O'Keefe, (Daughter of Johnny) Normie Rowe.
Both Nashos. Cost \$13.20 per person

Thursday 26th July 2001 – Meet and Greet An almighty social get together

Friday 27th July 2001 – Max Miller and his show band Tribute to 'Frank Sinatra'. Cost \$13.20 per person.

Saturday 28th July 2001 – Re-Union Dinner 3 course dinner. \$35 per head, book early for groups.

Sunday 29th July 2001 – Giant Parade and BBQ The highlight of the week, we expect this to be the largest gathering of Nashos. The streets will be closed and a march of 1 kilometre. Special dignitaries will take the salute, followed by a special service and later a giant get together with food stalls etc

OTHER THINGS TO DO

Seaword, Dreamworld, Movieworld, Currumbin Bird Sanctuary Deep Sea Fishing,
Scuba Diving, Water skiing, Bungie Jumping, Surfing, Para Sailing Tours,
Hinterland, arts and crafts, Rainforests, waterfalls, Harbour Town
shopping centre and many more.

5 RAR MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE

The 5 RAR Association has no input into this reunion. Nonetheless, it should be a great reunion for National Servicemen who served their country from 1951 to 1972.

Details on the Internet:

<http://www.nashos.org.au>

HOT LINE – 1300 30 40 46 if you need help with accommodation and budget deals.

TRACKER PLATOON SECOND TOUR
PROPOSED REUNION ANZAC DAY 2002



Advance notice is given to the members of Tracker Platoon second tour 5 RAR of a possible reunion on Anzac Day 2002. The location at this stage is Sydney. As the reunion is only in the planning stages at the moment, the members organizing the reunion need your feed back. If you are interested in participating contact the members listed below:

**Peter Chapman 20 Pickworth Retreat Pelican Point Bunbury WA 6230
email; chapo@bigpond.com**

or,

**John Humphries PO Box 3168 Batehaven NSW 2536
02 44727387**

REST IN PEACE

It is with deep regret that I inform members of the Association of the passing of 'Paddy' Walker.

On behalf of the association, I extend our deepest sympathy to Paddy's family and friends. The Eulogy to Paddy is on page 13 in this issue.

LOOKING FOR OLD FRIENDS

RICHARD ERKERLENS

Richard is keen to contact the following members of the battalion.

Barni Gee
Paul Phillips



**Russell Durrant and Richard Erkerlens
Meeting after 35 years.**

Phone Richard – 0438954822

**Brian Fox – 52 Railway Rd PO Box 26
Tyabb 3913 – 03 5977 4194**

Brian is seeking members of Assault Pioneer platoon (1969) Brian was wounded badly on the 14 August and was evacuated to Australia and has lost contact with his platoon. Brian is suffering health problems and would like to make contact with members, especially the medic who saved his life. Can anyone help? Write or call Brian if you can help in any way.

ASSOCIATION FEES

A reminder to members that fees were due March 2000. If you are unsure of your financial status, check your address label on your issue of Tiger Tales.

In the top right hand corner you will find the following:

2000 – Means fees were due in March last year.

2005 – Means you are financial until March of that year.

2010/15/20 – Means you have paid your fees until March 2010/15/20

2001 -2-3-4 Means that you have paid part of the \$25.00 fee.

UF – Means you have not paid your fees for some time.

With the part payment (2001-2-3 -4, members misunderstood my comments in a previous issue – my fault. To set the records straight, the fees are \$25.00 for a 5-year membership.

It would be appreciated if members could pay their fees to help with the costs of producing this newsletter.

The editor.

A VISIT TO VIETMAN?

Mick Henrys will be going back to Vietnam this year and invites members to consider a visit. When? October 2001. A tour of North Vietnam – Hanoi, Dien Bien Phu to visit the historic battle field of the French last stand .
Departure – Sydney via Saigon, then to Hanoi.

Spend 2 days sight seeing and on to Dien Binh Phu. Two days in Dien Ben Phu and return to Hanoi. You will be guided by students who are studying under Mick Henrys.

On return to Hanoi travel can be arranged to Haiphong and Cat Ba, again under Mick's students. Cost return will be around \$A1200.00. Other costs will be advised. Interested – contact mickjudy@bigpond.com.au or, me the Ed.

Editor's Note: All names have been changed in the following story to protect the guilty. I have found it necessary to expunge from the story, a word or two to protect the shy and the innocent. The word or words will be replaced by symbols and leave the interpretation up to the reader. My apologies to the author.



TIGERS IN THE TERRITORY

“The Secret Spot”

On Wednesday 18 August 1999 I attended a service to commemorate the battle of Long Tan and showcase the refurbished Cenotaph on the Esplanade. The service was well attended and moving speeches were made by various people including the Chief Minister Denis Burke, Darwin RSL President Ross Mangan and President of the Vietnam Veterans Association Garry Casey.

I later attended at the Darwin RSL where, during a quiet ale I met with ex Tiger Battalion members BLUEY and CURLY. I learnt that Bluey, Curly and their wives had arrived in the Territory from Eastern states and had one day left in Darwin before travelling on to Broome, Western Australia and then on to Perth where they intended celebrating Bluey's wedding anniversary sometime in September.

Bluey, a fairly solidly built (well, a rotund chap) was a garrulous sort of bloke and Curly, a long, lean, fairly quiet man.

During an ale or two I was informed that they were not entirely happy with their trip to the Territory. They had, like all interstate visitors, traveled to Kakadu and a few other places promoted in the glossy tourist brochures. All they wanted to do was catch a barra.

I'm a fairly small bloke and not really one to come forward or stick out in a crowd. Maybe because of the mixed emotions from attending the ceremony or it could have been the alcohol, I foolishly volunteered (as we all know a definite no, no) to take them to a spot I know which is better, in my opinion, than Kakadu and Litchfield combined.

Bluey and Curly were camped a short way out of town and I tentatively suggested I pick them up about 1230 hours the following day and we travel to “The Secret Spot”, fish until about 2000 hours and travel back. I guaranteed I would have them back by 2400 hours at the latest.

Bluey and Curly wondered if there were any salt water crocodiles in the billabong and when I informed them that there may be a few, both exclaimed, “No bloody way, you're not getting me on the water with those big bastards in the middle of the night!”

I tried to convince them the best fishing was at night, but like all tourists they seemed to have a fixation with “logs with teeth” that we might inadvertently bump into in the dead of night.

Reluctantly I agreed to pick them up at 0530 hours and have them back, safe and sound about 1600 hours as they had a previous engagement to take their wives out for tea.

The final arrangements were they would supply the food, fuel and liquid refreshments to give us sustenance through the harrowing day ahead. I would supply the transport, rods, reels, lures, dinghy and outboard.

I last saw Bluey and Curly that night being escorted out of the RSL by their long suffering wives, both clutching plastic bags containing what appeared to be cans of alcoholic drinks.

The next day I was up early, loaded up the ute, connected up the dinghy and trailer, flung in two rods, reel, a landing net and tackle box and headed off to pick up Bluey and Curly. Being a slightly cynical sort of bloke I also flung in half a chook and a water bottle, thinking to myself that I could have seen a certain glimmer in Bluey and Curly's eyes at the RSL which could have indicated either one of them would lead the other astray and cause them to possibly partake of copious amounts of alcohol that night.

I muttered to myself, "If these bastards are still pissed and hung over, or still in bed suffering some exotic tropical disease, I will just go fishing by myself."

At 0530 hours I arrived outside the BP Palms Caravan Park, sure enough, no sighting of Bluey and Curly looking bright eyed, bushy tailed and raring to go! Lo and behold, on driving into the caravan park I saw lights and some shuffling movement around Bluey and Curly's caravan. Out they came, looking rather seedy, Bluey clutching a poor excuse for a tackle box, which he informed me, contained lures that had been known to capture the elusive barramundi, Curly had a sugar bag which (I later discovered) had numerous cans of filthy Queensland XXXX beer. I had previously mentioned I was partial to a chilled bottle of Melbourne bitter during discussions at the RSL.

I checked to ensure they had some food and was assured that Curly had organised the food and everything was a-okay. After fuelling up we set off towards "The Secret Spot" and after travelling for some distance arrived at the billabong.

I have a twelve and a half foot dinghy with a 15hp Johnston motor. After launching the dinghy I coaxed Bluey and Curly into it. They had been nonchalantly scanning the banks and waters of the billabong, and at one stage whilst I was removing the dinghy from the trailer I overheard muted conversation between them, including, "Can you see any?" "It's only small" (the dinghy) and "Do you think he's alright?" (I assume an assessment of my capability to skipper the dinghy). I thought to myself, "Any pair of bastards who bring bloody Four X beer on a fishing trip deserve to be fed to the crocks, typical bloody terrorists (tourists)"

I had installed Bluey in the centre of the dinghy (he is the rotund one) and "lean and mean" Curly towards the bow of the boat. Prior to starting the motor and moving off I noticed that the vessel had an unaccustomed wallowing motion not previously encountered (I judged correctly, caused by the bulk of Bluey). I informed the crew of the following —

1. I was the Skipper and what I say goes.

2. There would be no standing up in the dinghy and if by some unfortunate occurrence we found ourselves in the water occupied by "logs with teeth," they should in their own time, make their way back to the Northern bank of the billabong or they could get lost in the swamps of the river system.



Finally I told them that unfortunately we only had two life jackets. I saw a nervous glance pass between Bluey and Curly. “~~☞☞☞◆&☞☞☞☞☞☞☞~~, Bluey exclaimed, if I get anywhere near the water I’ll be moving like one of those Jesus birds.” (A small bird I had told them about which appears to walk on water). Curly piped up, “Well you can both get stuffed, I’m right I’ve got mine, you bastards can look after yourselves.” (Curly was sitting near the life jackets installed under the bow).

I didn’t disagree with Bluey but thought, “I’ve never seen a water buffalo act like a Jesus bird!”

Unfortunately when we finally got moving, the little 15hp, although it tried hard, could not get the dinghy up onto the plane.

I thought about flinging Bluey overboard but I glanced at Curly (“lean and mean”) and assumed that he would probably have some concern for his mate and could possibly become physical towards me, causing me some pain.

I resigned myself to a day of wallowing along in the dinghy, putting up with a pair of bastards drinking filthy Four X and probably getting pissed and falling into the water.

“The Secret Spot” has all sorts of birds and wildlife clustered in and around its banks and in its waters, including Jabiru, Pelicans, Egrets, Shags, Native Companions, Kites, Hawks, Sea Eagles, Barramundi, Tarpon, Saratoga, Water Buffalo and of course fresh water and salty (logs with teeth) crocodiles. Bluey and Curly were agog. Curly piped up “Bluey,” pointing toward one of a number of sea eagle’s nests in the paperbarks lining the billabong, “Get a photo of that, you slow old bastard!” (when Curly was fumbling for the camera).

We droned along, me cursing to myself about not getting down to the furthest fishing spot in time and Bluey and Curly scanning the waters and banks of the billabong like two blue heelers after a free feed.

As far as croc spotters go, Bluey and Curly were bloody useless. I spotted a small one (about 6 foot) on the southern bank of the billabong. I thought to myself, “I’ll just motor on and see how long it takes these useless bastards to see it.”

About five minutes later, a slight tremor went through the dinghy (Bluey had not seen a croc before). “Curly, look at that big, ugly bastard over there, get a photo, Jesus they’re ugly!”

Curly, who is getting on in years (aren’t we all!) pointed the camera in the general direction of the crocs and clicked off a shot. When I informed the pair that the croc was only a small one and there were much larger ones, up to one and a half times the size of the dinghy where we were going. Bluey warned, “Listen you little # %~!!,” (I think he was beginning to like me) “If you get too close I’ll strangle you.”

I suggested it wasn’t really fair to Curly as his sight was going and I would probably have to venture fairly close so that curly could get a decent look. “P+&> off you mongrel,” exclaimed Curly, (I think he was beginning to like me also) “I don’t want to get too close to them!”

Eventually we arrived at the fishing spot, I prepared the rods and reels, connected a couple of proven barra catching lures and finally we commenced fishing. “I wouldn’t mind a bit of tucker” announced Bluey, “What have we got?” Curly reached into his mysterious sugar bag and pulled out a couple of soggy pieces of bread with apricot jam slapped between them and a couple of dry biscuits. I declined the offer and attacked my half a chook. A short time later

Bluey, who had composed a rather monotonous refrain entitled "Come to Bluey barra", was singing this song interspersed with a few curses to the effect of "Get on my line you bastards" etc., announced "I think we should have a pre-celebratory drink towards the time we catch a barra."

He reached into the esky, dragged out 3 cans and handed them around. We all grabbed a beer and Curly handed me his rod as he had tangled the line around the reel a bit and needed a hand to sort it out. "J=\$%@>, what the bloody hell is this!" yelled Bluey.

His rod was bending and bucking in his hands, his beer, just opened with half a swig out if it was flung aside and went foaming towards me. During the next five minutes of frantic activity I had to caution Bluey, "Sit down" "keep the rod tip up", "keep him away from the motor", "Don't fight him, let him tire himself out", "Don't tighten up the drag" and then a few other everyday things that any normal fisherman would do automatically without being told.

In the meantime I had handed Curly's rod back to him, he was struggling with the rod and successfully wrapped his line around my neck. I thought, "These bastards are going to strangle me!" I informed Bluey he had spilt his beer. "Bugger the beer, this could be a barra!" he grunted as he heaved on the rod.

Whilst maneuvering and trying to keep the dinghy upright, keeping an eye on Bluey battling the fish and Curly who was still trying to strangle me I kept checking on Bluey's line. The fish made one decent run and a couple of shorter ones. "Ah, it looks like a mongrel catfish", I stated (I've got a bit of mongrel in me also). "I don't bloody care what it is, it's a bloody fish, bugger the grog, I'm gonna catch this bastard", yelled Bluey.

Slowly we saw a glint of silver and a gleaming barra broke the surface of the water. "Holy mackerel, have a look at this curly, you bloody beauty", yelled Bluey, yanking on the rod, scrabbling around and starting to stand up again. I thought to myself, "I should clout him over the ear with an oar before he puts us all in the water."
"Arsey bastard" muttered Curly, "I'm never going to hear the end of this."

Finally, to much glee the barra was in the landing net. Mind you, not before I suffered quite a bit of abuse from Bluey to the effect, "Don't stuff around, get the mongrel in the boat" and "What are you doing? net the bastard." Various threats of blood shed and physical violence were also voiced at me if, per chance Bluey lost the barra.

Because the devil made me do it, I cast a uninterested eye over the barra, grimaced and stated, "We'll probably have to throw it back, looks a bit small to me."

The shocked silence was broken, "Fair dinkum" sighed Bluey. "You can check it on the measure under Curly's seat if you want, you're probably wasting your time" I stated.

I was rather occupied then, when Bluey and Curly scrambled to get the barra measured with no thought of the wildly rocking dinghy, the water and the lurking "logs with teeth" waiting to attack.

"Fifty-eight, fifty-eight" Bluey and Curly yelled out (the legal limit is fifty-five), "You bloody beauty, I've finally caught a barra in the Territory" yelled Bluey.



“You probably broke it’s neck and stretched it before you measured it, I wasn’t looking, I was trying to keep the dinghy upright while you pair of mad bastards were trying to kill us all” I sneered, (sniggering to myself).

After affronted denials from both Bluey and Curly I had to re-measure the barra and after the compulsory photos taken by Curly and comments by Bluey, “You blind old bastard you better take another one, you probably stuffed the first one up.” The barra was finally in the esky. “Now we will have a celebratory drink.” chortled Bluey.

We all settled down and continued fishing. We did sight numerous crocodiles, a couple of eighteen footers and of course there was a lot of swearing, threats, (to me when I ventured too close to a “Log with teeth”, interspersed with reminiscences regarding what battalions we had served in (we discovered between the three of us we has served in 1, 2, 4, 6, 7 and of course 5 battalion).

We spoke about the sad death of Wingy Warr, what a great CO he was. We spoke about “Genghis Kahn” (another good bloke), mates past and present. We talked about Owen guns, SLRs and Armalites, other fishing mates, family and what we had done since leaving the Army. We talked about American lima beans, ration packs and our different States and Territories. We talked about nearly everything under the sun.

“You’re not a true Territorian until you have caught a barra and wrestled a croc” I told them.

We exchanged addresses and phone numbers. They were definitely coming back. I told them we were running late, we had better head back. “What about another trolling run past that spot you pointed out?” suggested curly.

We were late getting back of course. Their plans had changed, they were going to eat the barra.

On arrival back at the caravan park the barra was displayed to the spouses. “You had better take some photos of me with the barra love, that bloody old fool (indicating Curly) probably stuffed it up”, instructed Bluey

.A middle aged couple came over towards the caravan where Bluey was parading around with the barra over his head. “Oh! you’ve caught a barra”, said the woman, “Where did you catch it?”

I held my breath. Bluey had been parading around grinning from ear to ear, he paused, he shuffled his feet and lowered the barra to his side. A thoughtful look crossed his face, he glanced back towards Curly and I, turned back to the woman “The Secret Spot” he said. I left. **What a great day.**

One of these days in the future I’ll be at “The Secret Spot”, I’ll motor around a bend in the river and there will be Curly, standing up in a little dinghy, trying to take a photograph of Bluey wrestling a “Log with teeth”. I can hear it now. “Don’t stuff this photo up you bloody old fool, we need it to show that little ‘’%##@+”

I’ll rescue them of course. We’ve still got a lot to talk about at “The Secret Spot”.

ANON:

Dear ANON, Sorry, I let the “Cat out of the bag” last issue. I will keep quiet for a small fee .ED

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

First, I wish to comment on some points I outlined in our December 2000 issue:

1. Support of our "Tiger Tales". Through Brian London's personal efforts, our newsletter keeps coming but the information and news coming from members remains only a trickle. I urge all members of our Association to send articles for inclusion in Tiger Tales on any activity, past, present or future, that may be of interest to members. Articles may be sent direct to Brian London, to your state representatives or to any member of the Committee.

2. Anzac Day 2001. If you remain unaware of local arrangements for 5 RAR, contact your State Representative. While I will miss this years march (I have been invited to return to Korea for the 50th year end of war celebrations in April) please make every effort, where practical, to march with any 5 RAR contingent in your State.

3. Annual General Meeting. An AGM will be held in Sydney some time after Anzac Day. I would like members to take the opportunity of the Anzac day gatherings to consider any points they wish to raise and to advise me, your State Representatives, or a member of the Committee. Your State Representatives have been sent information on matters to be considered but members may raise any issue that they wish. Your written input to the AGM is important.

I have been concerned at the letters and advice I receive of an increasing number of our members experiencing health problems, especially PTSD – age may not weary us but in a number of cases the years do condemn. We want to know of any members having medical (or other problems) to provide what help we can and to ensure they are pointed in the right direction to obtain assistance. Living in Canberra, I have the opportunity to visit our National Vietnam Memorial on Anzac Parade, something I do three or four times a week during my fitness jogs. I continue to take considerable comfort from the interest that is invariably shown by public visitors who show respect, admiration and I'm sure pride in what they see. The memorial is clearly fulfilling one of its' tasks of ensuring our war in Vietnam is not forgotten.

In closing, may I thank those many members who have contacted me over the recent illness of my wife – we both appreciated you thoughts.

Colin Kahn – President.

Contact information is listed below.

STATE REPRESENTATIVES

5 RAR PRESIDENT	Brig. C. Kahn DSO 507/2 Marcus Clarke Street Canberra ACT 2601 02 6257 7249 (H)
5 RAR SECRETARY	Mr. G. Pearson. PO Box 817 GPO Sydney 1043
NSW EDITOR TIGER TALES	Mr. Brian London OAM DCM PO Box 422 Batemans Bay NSW 2536 – 02 44725748
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VIC	Mr. Geoff Levey 40 Brook St, Sunbury 3429 03 9744 4078 (H)
SA	Mr. Bob Naismith 33 Martin St, Morphett Vale 5162 08 83261813
TAS	Mr. Colin Illman 3 Blackstone Rd Launceston 7250 03 63449716 (B) – 63430999
ACT	Mr. Greg Negus 3 Daplyn Close Weston 2611 02 62431029 (B) – 62882070
WA	Mr. John Burridge 88 Watkins St, Dalkeith 6009 08 93866826 (B) - 93841218

email – londonb@sci.net.au

Web site – www.sci.net.au/londonb

**correction – Merv Tuckett phone is –
0747891252 for A coy reunion.**

MORE FROM THE EDITOR

The media, in our days in Vietnam, did not always tell the full story. It was not what they said, it is what they didn't say – sure, I know that, I can hear you mumble, so what's new?

Well, nothing really as the media is up to their old tricks in East Timor. Just before I get to that, remember the Tet Offensive in 1968? It was reported as a victory for the North Vietnamese Army. In the real world, it was an unmitigated disaster for the North – just to illustrate my point.

Now to East Timor. It would appear that after showering our ADF forces with accolades for their outstanding efforts in East Timor, they (elements of the media) are looking for some negative aspect of the mission allocated to INTERFET.

It is alleged that certain elements of INTERFET “leaned a little too hard” on the TNI forces.

Can you believe it?

This “Learning a little too hard” may have been a bit of rough handling to disarm them. The impossible position for our lads was that any captured Militia had to be handed over to the Indonesian POLRI who released them minutes afterwards. The same Militia would be back taunting the “Diggers” within an hour or so and the same thing would happen all over again.

Also appearing in the same publication, Australian & NZ Defender that the ROE (Rules of engagement) for UNTAET troops were a little more lenient than previous missions. Troops could now engage the TNI only when actually in the act of attacking UN personnel or locals. Things came to a head when one of our soldiers shot a rifle toting Militia in the side. The soldier got the third degree over the incident – things had to change.

After pressure from Australia and New Zealand, the UN agreed to change the ROE's that any crossing into East Timor “Armed and uniformed” was evidence of “intent” on the part of the Militia (When will we ever learn)

Not wanting to take the articles on face value. I rang the Managing Editor of the magazine in Queensland; here is a brief extract from the conversation:

“Good afternoon, could I speak to Mr. Farrell please”

“Speaking” came the reply.

“My name is Brian London and I have just read

your article on the Militia, can I get a few more details?”

“Sure Brian.”

“I do a newsletter for 5 RAR and I am sure the blokes will be interested in your article. I just want to make sure of the facts before I print anything.” I said.

“Not to worry mate, what do you want to know?” he replied.

“ Well, what was your job and how do you know about this?” was my first question.

“ I am a ‘Journo’ and was part of the Press Corps in East Timor in the first stages and go back to gather information when I can. As far as knowing about the ‘witch hunt’ The ‘Australian’ carried the story saying our diggers were too rough. As far as I'm concerned they weren't rough enough on the murderous bastards.” he said.

I am beginning to like this bloke I thought.

“ I didn't see the story, tell me more” I replied.

“To appease the sanctimonious (who were safe at home) they are trying to punish those who booted the Militia out of East Timor which is immoral. Everyone who was there, including the senior command, the UN and the entire press corps know what happened and everyone knew the Militia didn't get half of what they deserved.” came the angry reply. “The press in East Timor put a positive spin on the Aussie effort, and if we turn against the people (who risked their lives) to appease the yapping of media dogs, I will lose complete faith in my country. Imagine if in your war, the media had been on your side.” he said.

I replied, “We would have won.”

“Bloody spot on.” he said.

The conversation went on for a minute or two but I guess you get the drift. I thanked him.

September 6 – Militia led attack on UN compound; killing 3 UN workers (WT) the bodies were mutilated and burned. Another 2 were wounded. Journalist murdered by TNI (Mutilated) Two NZ soldiers killed several wounded. Australians wounded and killed (various reasons)

Yet

Some elements of the Australian press (who were not in East Timor) are concerned that a few TNI soldiers were roughly treated (A smack in the mouth or roughly placed in a vehicle) It was stated that 5/7 RAR were not mentioned in the article.

Editor.

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EULOGY
PATRICK RONALD WALKER
1945 – 2001

Excerpts from EULOGY by Harry Mee.

Paddy was born in Cherbourg QLD on 5/3/1945, finishing his education at Mt Gravatt East State School. He was a fairly good all round sportsman, but loved horses and the bush, where he had his skills polished by his Grandfather Martin and Uncle Cyril.

Leaving school at the age of 15, he went to work on a banana plantation at Wanukan where he met his future wife Glenys. They married in November 1968 and had two children, Rynglie & Cory.

Paddy joined the Army in 1965 and was posted to Infantry. Harry remembers being with Paddy whilst undergoing instruction in camouflage & concealment when Paddy turned to Harry saying "I don't need to know all this Harry, they won't be able to see me in the bush" - Harry replied "You're right mate, but keep your mouth closed, if you smile in the dark we'll be gone".

After completion of his recruit training, Paddy was posted to 6RAR and on 6/6/1966 went to South Vietnam with the Battalion as a forward scout in "C" Company.

After completion of his tour of duty with 6RAR, Paddy joined the 5RAR for a Second tour. Harry Mee met up with Paddy again and asked why he would want to go over again. Paddy replied, "that he has spent all the money that he earned on the 1st Tour".

His tour with 5RAR saw his familiar face as a Tracker (hence his nick name "Black Tracker") with his dog Caesar. As all trackers had to carry their own rations, PLUS those for their dogs, there were not many diggers that shared a meal with Paddy, especially when he prepared it. Paddy had a weird sense of humour and nobody was ever sure whether they were eating rations or Lucky Dog.

Paddy spent 11 years in the Army then worked for Telstra (Telecom) until his war caused injuries and illnesses forced him to retire.

His death on 9/2/01 was after a long illness (coma) where he leaves a very close and loving family

Paddy, it is now time for us to say farewell. Rest in Peace old soldier, in that place in heaven reserved for warriors.

WHAT ANZAC MEANS

BY SENATOR G. F. PEARCE

Minister of State for Defense

1917

The knowledge of *what* they have already achieved must prove a mighty factor in the future success of our Australian forces in the field. What we lacked in army traditions before this war, Australian soldiers have more than supplied in the meaning of the word ANZAC, the significance of which stirred the world on an April day in 1915, and has not lost, and is never likely to lose, its fervent grip on the minds of admirers of brave men. And it is to the meaning of the Gallipoli Campaign in this connection that I would direct attention in this voluminous record of Anzac achievement during the first phase of Australia's active participation in this colossal conflict.

Almost two years have passed since the historic landing, and I can but repeat that to the peoples of Europe the thought of war was ever present to the popular mind; but to the Australian, born and bred in an atmosphere untainted by war, living amid peaceful surroundings, and desirous of remaining on terms of friendship with the rest of mankind, the word itself had a jarring sound. Yet the German challenge to the Mother Country finds 285,000 of her Australian Sons who have voluntarily wrenched themselves from their parents, wives and friends, and from comfortable and cheerful homes, to answer the call of their country to fight the Empire's battles on distant shores.

Nor has the thunder of the cannon been necessary to inspire Australians with a conception of their duty; and the explanation of it all is that we have inherited to the full that spirit of our forebears, which enabled them, not so long ago, to tear themselves from homeland firesides to shape careers in this great island continent, and to overcome with indomitable pluck the awful hardships of a pioneering life.

For generations to come the story of the entry of the Australian troops to the battlefields of Europe and Asia will ring in the ears of English-speaking nations. The chronicler of the future will provide many thrilling pages of history—magnificent material for the moulding of the youthful Australian character.

A distinguished military officer told us before the war that Australians would require to be in a majority of two to one in meeting a foreign foe on our own shores: but the furious onslaught that accompanied the landing at Gallipoli, the bitter fighting and terrible trials of the occupation, and the wonderful skill that made possible the bloodless evacuation have shown us that the Australians carried out a feat of arms not excelled by the most highly trained regulars of any nation of the world.

FEDERAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE,

MARCH, 1917

The landing of the Australian & New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) forces at Gallipoli on the 25th April 1915 forged the Anzac tradition which, as Senator G.F. Pearce stated...“For generations to come the story of the Australian troops will ring in the ears of English speaking nations.” Indeed, he was right. The real victory of the Anzacs was not in the battle against the Turks and German advisors. The miracle was that the Anzacs were able to extract themselves from an untenable situation. There is insufficient space in this newsletter to detail every aspect of the campaign but the following notes will give you a greater insight into what is already known and documented. The entry of Bulgaria into the war settled the fate of the Gallipoli campaign, as routes were now open to supply the Turks with hardware, general supplies and especially large German artillery pieces.

Tactically the expedition had been badly conducted. The ANZAC forces landed on the wrong beachhead owing to navigational errors. This error placed the force about one mile North of the intended landing location. The beach, only about 1000 yards in width, was dominated by steeper cliffs and bounded by two small promontories. This may have been a blessing in disguise as the location offered small measure of defilade from shellfire.

The situation was not unlike the D Day invasion of 1944 and when the Turks realised the attack was from Anzac cove, they mustered about one battalion of men to man positions dominating the high ground and machine gun, rifle fire and artillery racked and pounded the wooden landing boats. Nonetheless, the Anzacs managed to gain a foothold on the beach and started to move inland scaling the ridges but at great human cost. A bold effort was made to seize a commanding knoll on May 2 but the enemy's machine guns were too well positioned and 800 men were lost without advantage.

The campaign ground on for months without any sign of the Anzacs pushing further inland. The Turks had converted the whole of Gallipoli into a fortress of first class magnitude.

A tactical defeat had to be admitted. An army dependent upon ocean traffic alone for supplies could not have endured a winter campaign in that bleak, storm swept area with all its hardships, miseries and grim danger.

An evacuation was decided upon when Sir Charles Monroe's report to the war council stated, "...The mere fringe of the coast line had been secured. The beaches and piers upon which they depended are exposed to registered and observed artillery fire and the high ground

is dominated by the Turks and any advance from our position cannot be regarded as a reasonable military operation”

Instructed to carry out the evacuation, Munroe cast the 'text book' theories aside and devised a plan to gradually withdraw small groups of men over a period whilst still maintaining a pretext of aggressive activity.

The numbers gradually dwindled down and each brigadier selected a small group of 'die-hards' - the most seasoned men to remain behind in the trenches. On the last day, the weather was perfect, calm air and sea, foggy, cloudy and dull with very little light.

During the morning the Turks pounded the beach with artillery, but not intense enough to indicate that their suspicions had been aroused. By 8 p.m. only 5000 held the whole of the Anzac lines against 170,000 Turks. By 10 p.m. only 1500 men held a front of 8 miles. By 1.35 a.m. the balance of the machine guns and 30 men reached the beach. Little columns of men came down dozens of gullies and joined up like rivulets, which flowed into the main stream. There was no checks - no haste - no running, just a silent tramp in single file to their allotted embarkation points. Waiting were the barges, each capable of holding 400 men, Generals, Staff officers, Privates and Gunners all packed into each craft.

The authorities estimated that our losses would be 20,000 in the evacuation. **Not one man was lost.**

Another gigantic bluff - the next morning saw Helles evacuated with equal success.

The war material left behind was of infinitesimal value and what remained was burnt, shelled by naval gunfire or rendered unusable. At Suvla Bay all material was embarked, only a small stock was burnt.

One week later Suvla Bay was evacuated with only minor losses.

APPLICATION TO JOIN or RENEW MEMBERSHIP TO THE 5RAR ASSOCIATION

THE SECRETARY 5 RAR ASSOCIATION GPO BOX 817 SYDNEY 1043

NAME.....**FIRST NAME/S**.....

ADDRESS.....

STATE.....**POST CODE**.....**PHONE**.....

FAX.....**EMAIL**.....

I enclose my cheque / money order for \$25.00. for 5 years membership of the 5 RAR Association.

I am a new member

Renewal of membership

Signed.....**Date**.....

5 RAR OFFICE USE



ITEMS FOR SALE – ORDER FORM - 5 RAR ASSOCIATION GPO BOX 817 SYDNEY 1043

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

STATE.....**POST CODE**.....

1. 5 RAR TIE @ 15.00. (Number required) \$.....

2. VIETNAM TASK @ \$28.00 \$.....

3. CAR STICKERS @ \$3.00. \$.....

4. 5 RAR CAPS @ \$13.00. \$.....

5. HONOUR ROLLS @ \$30.00 \$.....

Total \$.....

I enclose my cheque / money order for \$.....Signed.....