

# Half Circle



Number 118 - October 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:**

Oncology treatment

**Colin Summerfield:**

Broken ribs following a fall

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## TRAVELLING ABOUT:

Bob Hooper – off to South America this month for three weeks travelling to Chile, Argentina, Brazil and Peru.

## FROM BRYAN (BLUE) SCHAFFER: THE 9PL REUNION of 2016

Our reunion to Vietnam was a wonderful 10-day trip and everyone enjoyed themselves to the max. The country has completely changed to what we remember, the roads are bigger, the villages are now large towns and cities. The area around Nui Dat is unrecognisable to what it was 47 years ago, some areas stand out like SAS hill and the rubber we all lived in even though its new rubber today.

We believe that we got to within 100 metres of where the centre of C Coy was but that was going on the lie of the ground and some info from our guide but we are all quite confident we were in the correct place.

Long Tan day looked like it was going to be a problem getting into the area of the Cross but our bus was allowed access at the last minute but we were not allowed to lay a wreath or have a service as we had planned, but we all stood in front of the cross and said an individual prayer to our fallen comrades of 69/70. It seemed a lot of fuss from the Vietnamese to stop things but it's their country and they can do what they like.

While in country we visited the CU CHI Tunnels, some of the boys went for a crawl in them and they have been made bigger to fit our well-honed bodies. We also went for a cruise on the Mekong River, visited a fish farm and saw how they made coconut candy.

We went by hydrofoil from Saigon to Vung Tau and this place has changed so much it is basically unrecognisable. We stayed at the Palace hotel which was quite good and the drinking place was the Matilda bar which was close and handy, we also had a service held there prior to going to the cross as the word was we were not going to be allowed in. The young bloke who ran the bar, his father was a vet and he read out a service which was very good and moving.

We also visited the LONG HAI'S and had lunch at this great hotel and resort, the views from the top is fantastic looking over the ocean and country side, didn't look that good in the old days.

The people seem to be doing well, it seems to be more westernised in the south and doesn't feel like it is a commie country when you are shopping or just looking around, but at the museum and palace you see the communist side very much, they seem to have a low opinion of the USA but are happy to take their dollar so that hasn't changed.



**Look out Vietnam – we're back!** The 9PL group back in the rubber at our Nui Dat base, Ap An Phu. Pictured are Max Postle, Jock Phillips, Blue Schafer, Geoff Storm, Eric Hamlin, Dennis Manhood, Ben Oram, Owen Schmidt, Swanny's son Chris, Wally Magalas and Phil Greenhalgh.

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**FROM FRED McCARTHY:** If you like music, you must listen to this. Click on this link: <https://www.youtube.com/embed/NqHx1CDRQkc?rel=0>

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**FROM TAFFY CHEESEMAN:** When I was Regimental Police Sergeant in 5/7RAR, I approached the Adjutant (CAPT Peter Cosgrove – now Australia's Governor General) to seek permission to commission vehicle windscreen stickers for soldiers' vehicles. This would allow easy identification of vehicles authorised to enter the Battalion area. He agreed with the concept and allocated me monies from Regimental Funds and to have a look around. I managed to source a company in Bankstown somewhere who make stickers. I selected the Tigers head which is used today. The Sydney Tigers NRL have adopted the same Tigers Head in the last 12 months or so.

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### **FROM THE LIBRARY OF THE ADVENTURES OF JACK BRADD:**



**Jack the Cat:** It was an all-night session at the SGTS' Mess bar (post Vietnam, 1970/71), and I did my best to try and keep up with the RSM, but failed! In the wee small hours of the morning I collapsed and curled up around his feet like a cat. The next day I felt as though I was recovering from an autopsy, and hid in the TV room.

Unfortunately, my so-called mates found me and dragged me out to a packed bar, and my CSM told the story of my curling up like a cat at the RSM's feet. They presented me with a saucer of milk, a tin of cat food, and named me "Jack the Cat". I suffered this humiliation, and then took the tin of cat food from the bar, and had a yarn with the cook. He did a great job with the cat food, putting it on a large plate surrounded with Jatz bickies and put it out amongst the bar snacks. I warned one of the few mates I had left at the time, and we watched the blokes hook into the bar snacks. The cat food didn't last very long. Luckily for me the RSM didn't eat any of the cat food and laughed as there was a rush for the toilet when I told them what I had done.

After that I spent a period drinking at the "Chevron Rails" (the Railway Hotel in Liverpool) waiting for the cat food incident to blow over as there were a few cat food eaters waiting to get back at me.

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Police arrested 2 kids yesterday, one was in possession of a car battery, and the other a bag of fireworks.  
They charged one and let the other one off.

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You know someone actually complemented me on my driving today. They left a little note on the windscreen. It said "Parking Fine", so that was nice.

Strange new trend at the office. People putting names on food in the company fridge. Today I had a tuna sandwich named Kevin.



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