



The WAURior

No 27
May 2011

The official newsletter of the Western Australian University Regiment Association Inc.

In this edition...

Look out for these items and more

- ✓ WAUR News
- ✓ Member contributions
- ✓ Unit History file
- ✓ Sightings
- ✓ Funny Stuff!

Contributions Sought!!

Thanks are again due to those who forwarded emails. Remember, if there is something you would like to see in your Newsletter, please let me know. As I have often said, I would be delighted to receive your contributions - no matter how small!

Regards, Shaun Chapman (Ed)

Want more?.....

Back issues of previous WAURior's are available for FREE via Email just send a request to chapmans@inet.net.au

Ramblings from the President

With Shaun Chapman

Greetings and welcome to The WAURior Newsletter issue 27.

This newsletter goes out to nearly 200 former members of WAUR and the list grows every week.

Membership is free if you know someone who could benefit from some WAUR Action then send them to our website <http://www.waurassociation.iinet.net.au/> or tell them to email me direct.

Whilst on the website I have added a heap of stuff to members area including the original WAURior newsletters produced on annual camps.

The log in is: waurior
Password: duck

We are always on the lookout for anything WAUR if you have any old newsletters, photos please send them in. Better still put pen to paper and tell us your WAUR story.

Thanks to those who responded to my request for articles the newsletter it does take a bit to put together and the more contributions I get the easier it is.

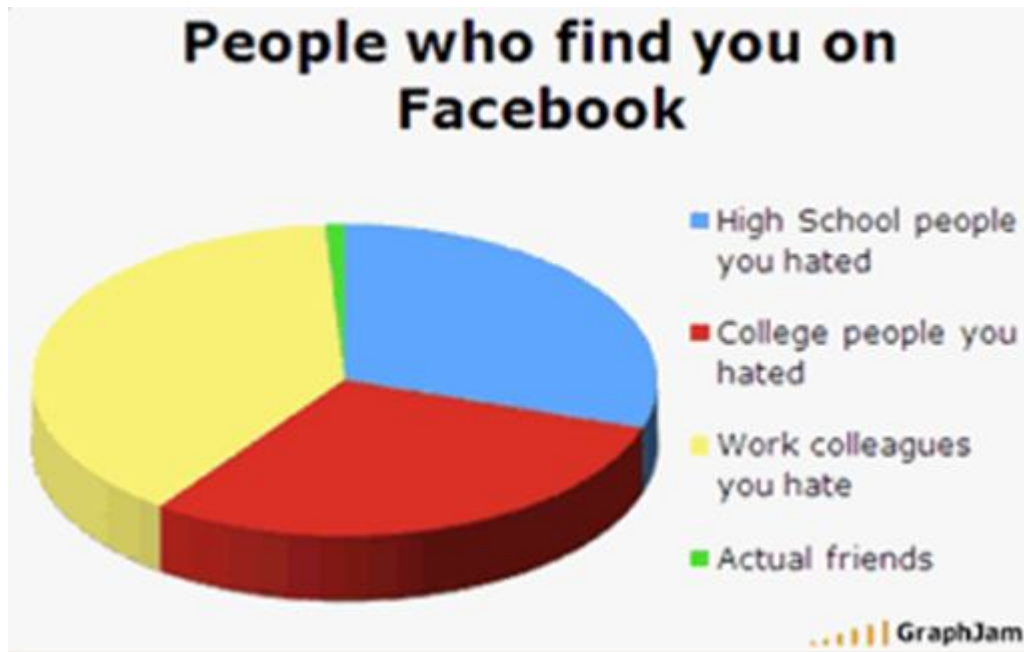
I would also like to thank Roger May for acting as Green Jackets Liaison and Bernard Caunce for running the Facebook page this help is much appreciated.

Anyway enjoy the read...

UPCOMING EVENTS

VIETNAM VETERANS PARADE AT WAUR

www.waurassociation.iinet.net.au



WAUR is now on Facebook you are welcome to join the group as a way of keeping in touch with other WAURiors.

Changing of the guard at WAUR



Earlier this year WAUR CO Lt Col John Fisher handed over to Lt Col Scott Sullivan. Both pictured here at RMC (Scott left John right) The association would like to thank John for his support, willingness to engage the association and his truly terrible jokes.



Peter Byrne, Brett Douglas and Matt Stacey



Olynyk, Chapman and Sullivan



Back row left to right: Roger May (seeking intervention), Bernard Counce, Greg Willis, Shaun Chapman. Matt Stacey, Mick Bruce, Jamie Hislop (camouflaged) Pete Byrne

In front: Chris McCarthy and Wilbur Smith.

The 22nd April 2011 saw WAUR turn 62. Responding to CO Lt Col Scott Sullivan's invite members of the Association attended the unit celebrations (held on the 19th April). Following a brief tour of WAUR's home at Leeuwin Barracks and an update on current unit activities we attended a parade. Following the presentation of awards, the reading of the unit history and the cutting of the cake (The honour of which was bestowed upon yours truly) it was off to mess to meet current WAUR staff and catch up with a few familiar faces. All in All a good night was had by all.



Above: Jamie Hislop, Chris McCarthy and Greg Willis.

Right: Brett Douglas, Wilbur Smith and Matt Stacey doing a dam good Elephant man impression



Dr Don Aitken AO among other great achievements was Honorary Colonel of WAUR from 1984 to 1986 when he was then Chancellor of UWA a position he held from 1981 to 1990. He rose to the rank of Lt in 13 Fd Sqn (National Service) as a youth and went on to be the Commissioner of Main Roads for 22 years and was honoured in May 1993 when the Main Roads head office building was named the Don Aitken Centre. Don passed away September 2nd 2010

Vale David Jones

Dave Jones passed away on 3 December 2010 after a five year battle with a gastrointestinal cancer.

Dave was a West Australian, born and bred. After schooling at Hale he, like many of the WAUR brethren, undertook a number of different courses of study at university.

In 1987 during his first year at university studying computer science, Dave joined the Army Reserve and was one of the fortunate chosen few to be allocated to WAUR. Looking back now that rather arbitrary decision by the recruiter, based on the excuse of just being a student, set many of us off on the part-time of our lives. After Recruits and IET, Dave was allocated to A Company and served under some of the finest junior leaders the Army Reserve ever produced. At times for Dave, like many of us, uni got in the way of life and he moved over to a Bachelor of Business. A highlight of these times were summers in Nannup on Annual Camp and winters in Bindoon supporting OCTU or anyone else crazy enough to be tromping through Monash Valley in July. Like pulling teeth Dave, and a hearty cohort of WAUR members attended Subject One for Corporal in 1990. We had this thought that promotion might mean we didn't get to do what we loved but Dave was the most diligent of all of us. Everybody passed in the end and it was soon back to normal.



The simple things like rocking up on a Friday night and getting issued a sleeping bag and SLR by Schugges, getting on the back of an F1 or if you were lucky a Mog and heading off for a weekend of patrols, ambushes and the stereotypical dawn attack on Sunday. Back for drink at the boozier and back to our other lives, a little sore and a lot tired but ready to back up for the next weekend. The downturn in financial fortunes for the Army Reserve at the start of 1991 saw a good few of the boys, including Dave, transfer to 11/28Bn's Pioneer Platoon. The allure of "If in doubt, slab out" was understandable. Trips to New Zealand and Exmouth were highlights of this time while you were royalty at WAUR if you got on a Driver's Course.



Dave met Caroline "Tingles" Tingay from 15 Psych Unit while supporting a cadet camp at Bindoon and started a relationship that resulted in their marriage in 1996. Dave transferred to Psych Corps and was promoted to CPL, I think they craved having an infanteer telling them what to do. Not really revelling in the life of a Bachelor of Business holder, Dave joined the ranks of the WA Police in late 90's. After graduating he was posted to Fremantle and Cockburn while celebrating the birth of his first daughter, Zoe. Army fell by the wayside for Dave as he joined the ranks of the Inactive Reserve.

Dave was posted up to the Police Academy to make use of his IT talents in the field of distributed learning and his twin girls, Leah and Phoebe, were born. The family settled in Kinross and the kids commenced school. It was at that

time he received the news that the growth in his stomach was a Gastrointestinal Stromal Tumour for which there was no known cure and a defined survival time. After different treatment options to shrink and keep the tumour at bay, Dave lived in a pattern of good and bad days. He strove hard to ensure that his family lived a normal life while also giving things a go he always wanted to do. He qualified as an open water diver, he took up surfing and archery and taught himself the guitar.



In Dave's final weeks we would spend a deal of time reminiscing about WAUR and Army times in general. It always managed to bring a smile to his face to remember times like when we all came down with a chest infection thanks to an unclean DUCK, or the ASSAM trip to Brisbane or that port is a better prep for a marksmanship shoot than an early night and plenty of sleep.

Dave was farewelled at a full Police ceremonial funeral at the Police Academy that regrettably was the reason that reunited many of his Army mates.

Carl Binning

ANZAC Day 2011



Paul Tubman, Scott Arbuckle, Shaun Chapman and Mick Matthews



Charles Crouch, Rob Oakes and Shaun Chapman



Helen Cope, Charles Crouch, Shaun Chapman, Paul Tubman and Mick Matthews.



Trevor Arbuckle and Shaun Chapman

This in from Association stalwart Ken Keesing:

ANZAC DAY AT ROTTNES

I attended the Dawn Service with my mate Gordon Hull, President of the 116 LAA Regt Assn, which donated the Bofors gun to Rottnest about 20 years ago. Gordon's gun was sited at the central lighthouse in 1942/3 and I was able to arrange for him to be taken back to see the spot after nearly 70 years. Hence the big smile on his face. (I must apologise for my sloppy dress but I was on parade with the Rottnest Guides and a casual yellow T shirt is their uniform). I had my WAUR badge on the slouch hat and did don the green Wauriors shirt later on.

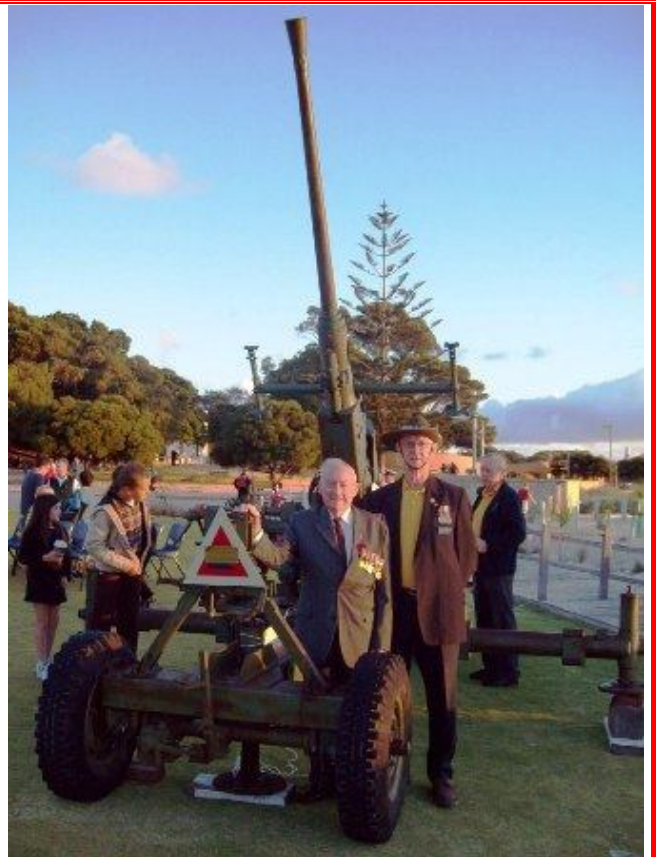
The setting was magic with the sun rising over the sea as the piper played the lament. About 1000 people attended and Rottnest was strangely hushed as the service began. The navy provided the Guard and Lt Commander John May reminded us why we were there. The wreath laying and bugle calls went off with military precision and the dozens of little kids were perfectly behaved for the two minutes silence. Three addresses were given, RIA, RSL and a rostrum speaker gave a riveting account of the disastrous attack at Fromelles in 1916 and the recent events leading to the reburial of the newly identified fallen in Australia's newest war cemetery.

A school boy recited "In Flanders Fields" and the piper led us through two verses of "Advance Australia Fair". The latter was about as difficult as marching to the pipes! Fortunately some good voices saved the day but it did remind me of a recent burial at Fromelles where the PA failed and the Honour Guard had to sing the NA unaccompanied.

The rest of the day followed the usual pattern but instead of a parade and march the Guides gave complimentary tours of the 9.2 inch guns and the main lighthouse.

My new knee is 100% so I have best intentions of joining you and marching in Perth next year.

Regards to all.



DID YOU KNOW?

The Salute by Veterans at the Cenotaph or Wreath Laying Ceremony (Remembrance Service)

It will be noticed at any Remembrance Service or when passing a Cenotaph Veterans will place their Right Hand over their "Left Side" many believing that they are placing their 'Hand over their Heart' in Respect or Remembrance of their Fallen Comrades";- this is not so.

The Veterans Salute to their "Fallen Comrades" originated in London on Armistice Day in 1920, during the ceremony to unveil and dedicate the Cenotaph in Whitehall at the same time a funeral procession accompanying the remains of the "Unknown Soldier" halted at the Cenotaph during the ceremony before proceeding to Westminster Abbey for internment.

Those present included the senior Soldier, sailor and many Victoria Cross recipients. The ceremony concluded with a march past. The Regimental Sergeant Major of the Guard Regiment conducting the ceremony, faced with a gathering of highly decorated and high ranking military men (including many Victoria Cross winners), all wearing rows of medals, decreed that all would salute the Cenotaph as they marched past by placing their hand over their medals, signifying that "No matter what honours we may have been awarded they are nothing compared with the honour due to those who paid the supreme sacrifice".

The Royal Green Jackets Regimental Association, Australasian Branch

Anzac Day 2011

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This Branch of the Royal Green Jackets Association turned out again for Anzac Day 2011 on 25th April, unfortunately some of our members due to age and ill health are now getting to the stage where they are unable to March. However we still managed to attract two members from Sydney and one from New Zealand, to take part. With a total of 21 marching and later meeting for Lunch and drinks after the ceremony on the esplanade, a good day was had by all.

2011 has been a challenging year for us as our Secretary Karla is busy studying, the events coordinator, Jeff is now too busy with his business and the chairman, Chris who has just finished nearly 3 years in Afghanistan has now started a new job on Barrow Island off the WA coast as Emergency & Security Superintendent on the Gorgon Project (Oil & Gas), so our Branch social life has diminished slightly. We are still attracting new members constantly some recently emigrated from the UK after finishing service with the Rifles, and some ex Green Jackets that have turned up living "anonymously and previously undetected" in Australia.

Looking forward, we hope to identify some kind of military type meeting place that the Branch can use for Branch functions such as an Army Reserve Mess somewhere central in Perth. That maybe difficult to arrange but we do like a challenge!

Chris McDonald
RGJRA Branch Chairman
Email: cvmcdonald@bigpond.com



OCTU COURSE 7
REUNION AT THE ANZAC DAY SERVICE, KANCHANABURI ,
THAILAND by Ray Galliot.

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Only 38 years since their graduation, most surviving members of Officer Cadet Training Unit Seven Course [OCTU 7] travelled to Kanchanaburi and Hellfire Pass for the Anzac Day Dawn Service and main ceremony at Kanchanaburi Cemetery.

OCTU 7 course was mounted from Jan 1971 until graduation on 23 June 1973. Graeme Mickelberg and Ray Galliot are still soldiering on, the others have 'retired'.

Our trip commenced with a get-together in Bangkok before busing up to Kanchanaburi where, after a few days R&R and general sightseeing, we ventured up the highway to Hellfire Pass for the Dawn Service. This year our Commander-in-Chief was the principal guest/speaker and she delivered a poignant address in the pass itself. The museum staff had spent considerable time preparing the site which included dozens of liquid fuelled candles which replicated the conditions the POWs worked under during hours of darkness and gave the pass its name – "Hell Fire".

Of special significance was the presence of 6 veterans of the Railway who were chaperoned on the trip by DVA. The only WA member of the group was Neil MacPherson: Bill Haskell and Snow Fairclough [both ex-2/3rd MG Bn] were too crook to attend.

After a quick gunfire coffee, it was a high-speed return to Kanchanaburi for the main ceremony at the cemetery. RAR soldiers from Butterworth were present and formed the catafalque guard and performed other ceremonial duties bringing much praise and credit on the ADF.

OCTU 7 course members also enjoyed a train trip along the original route built by the POWs that only highlighted the incredible results achieved by the Jap engineers and their POW labour force. Those attending were Graeme Mickelberg, Paul Newson, Peter Rowles, Bernie Healey, Frank McGrath, Ray Galliot & Kevin Trent. Not able to make the trip were Ian Bolton and Ernie Polis [Perth] and Tom Shannon [UK]. Sadly, Colin Muir has passed on.

OCTU 7 course members also enjoyed a train trip along the original route built by the POWs that only highlighted the incredible results achieved by the Jap engineers and their POW labour force.

OCTU COURSE 7
REUNION AT THE ANZAC DAY SERVICE, KANCHANABURI ,
THAILAND. Cont.....

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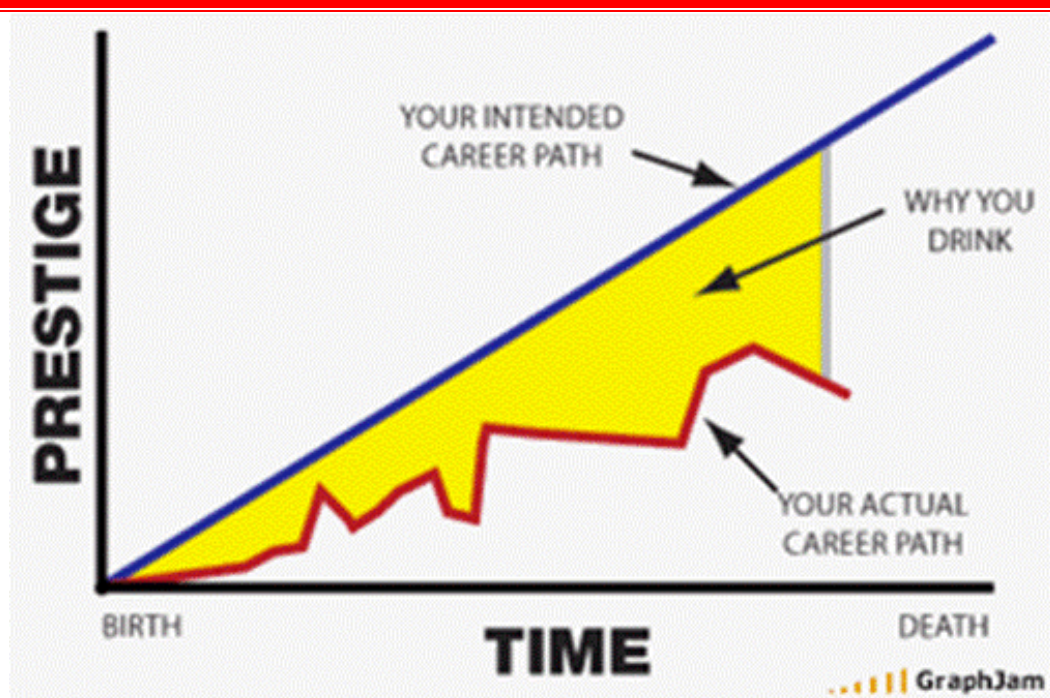
Of course, it wouldn't have been a true OCTU reunion without a 'cadets general mess meeting': this was held at a salubrious guest house – "Mr Tee's" - on a floating restaurant on the "River Kwai". Suffice to say it went for hours, dozens of beers got knocked over and great mirth and merriment was enjoyed by a bunch of crusty old veterans as they reminisced about the days when it was a fair dinkum army!

WAUR members contemplating an overseas trip, especially to celebrate Anzac day, could not ask for a better occasion than that turned on in Kanchanaburi.



[L-R] Graeme Mickelberg, Paul Newson, Peter Rowles, Bernie Healey, Frank McGrath, Ray Galliot & Kevin Trent

Life explained in graphs



Association member Bill Hawthorn sent in this account of his time with National Service and WAUR, this detailed and humorous account gives a great insight into part time service in the late 1950s and early 1960s. Congratulations to Bill for this outstanding work and we can only hope that reading it inspires other association members to also put pen to paper.

THE BIG CHARGE

Initially my weapons training had involved becoming proficient with the British made Lee Enfield 303 calibre rifle, the Bren gun and the Owen Machine Carbine (OMC) an Australian made and designed weapon based on the British Sten gun. Later, when at our Rottnest camp we were issued with the SLR, Self Loading Rifles, which I think were made in Belgium and issued to NATO FORCES. These were a new automatic weapon which fired a similar bullet to the .303 only slightly smaller. Our initial experience with these weapons revealed that each gun had to be individually set to make it reliable and efficient. By this I mean the repeating mechanism was operated by the gas that escaped from the exploding cartridge. A small round gas port had about 10 holes of graduated size ranging from about 1 mm to about 4mm drilled into it. It was normal to start on 5 and then increase or lessen the amount of gas that came through to eject the shell and push the next round into the breech and cock the weapon. If there was insufficient gas the weapon would fire but gradually slow to a halt as it was unable to push the next shell into the breech or if there was too much gas, it would fire rapidly - too rapidly, racing so fast that as it pushed the new round into the breech it would jam the ejecting shell against the reloading mechanism thus causing the rifle to seize up.. Eventually with usage we were able to make them fire more reliably as we got the gas regulator set at the best position for that weapon, however this did nothing for our accuracy as the big charge proved.

It was deemed that with our new weapons we should put in a charge which involved as many men as possible so we could demonstrate what awesome fire power we could deliver. A remote Rottnest Island valley was selected which had a small hill nestling in the middle of the valley. On the small hill 10 tin targets in the shape of the upper human torso were bedded into the sand. These were the dug in enemy that we were going to launch an offensive against. We were to be given support by a couple of Vickers machine guns that were set up on a ridge overlooking the valley and the small hill in the middle.

The object of the exercise was for about 40-50 infantry men to assemble in a long line behind a low ridge that would conceal us from the enemy located on the small central hill in the valley. As we crested the ridge with our weapons held against our hips, our support weapons - the Vickers machine guns were to open up, keeping the imaginary enemy down in their fox holes while we advanced down the ridge through a small copse of Rottnest Tea trees, then out into the open valley and up the slopes of the small hill to ultimate victory. It is well known in the army that practice doesn't always follow theory and one word that used to be in vogue was SNAFU, an acronym for Situation Normal All Fucked Up.

However all went well at the beginning, our support weapons were in place with an officer equipped with binoculars to supervise the covering fire. We had lieutenants, captains and majors on hand to observe the spectacle of 50 men with full fire power putting in an assault on the small hill. Armed with SLRs and a few Bren guns we formed a long extended line behind a ridge out of sight of the small hill. On the blast from a whistle our covering fire from the Vickers machine guns opened up and we cautiously breasted the ridge and maintaining a steady pace we kept in line as we purposefully moved down the hill. The configuration of the ground caused us to bunch up to the extent that we now became shoulder to shoulder in a rather wobbly line. We were anxiously waiting for the covering fire to cut out when someone in our extended line began firing rapidly. This sudden burst of fire close at hand triggered off a chain reaction with everyone opening up on automatic fire from the hip creating a deafening roar and an inferno of dancing bullets in front of us. Surrounded by an incredible outburst of sound I pulled the trigger of my Bren gun and forgot to control the barrel which lifted to the deep barking sound of the discharging ammunition. I became mesmerized as I watched a small Rottnest Island Tea Tree disintegrate in front of me, suddenly I realized it was my gun and I tried desperately to direct the barrel in the general direction of the small hill. Men on either side of me had leapt back as I opened up with the heavy boom boom boom sound and our advancing line ground to a halt as discharged rounds were dancing and plucking the ground in front of us. Fortunately we had all been issued with only one magazine of ammunition each and when still about 100-200 metres short of the hill a. deafening silence swept over us as we realized that we all had expended our ammunition. In a subdued manner, still recovering from the deafening outburst of all the gun fire we assembled on top of the hill and pulled out the tin targets, hoping to see them riddled with bullet holes. It was not impressive, only 4 of the tin targets had been hit, in fact there were only 9 hits on 4 of the 10 targets. It was a dismal result when one worked out the huge number of rounds that had been fired, probably over 1200 rounds. Firing from the hip, whilst it may be exciting, it seemed from our experience to be a complete waste of time. It may have looked good to the observing officers, but I am sure they would not have been impressed with our strike rate.

THE GARDEN ISLAND INVASION

On one annual camp on Rottnest our commanding officers decided and organized for us to do an invasion of Garden Island. This sounded like a great idea. The day before the invasion we were issued with 24 hour ration packs, ammunition, armaments and told to assemble the gear we would need.

At 3.00 am on a pitch black morning we gathered our gear and assembled to be marched down to the Army jetty where we boarded two landing barges for our journey to garden island. The barges were noisy, smelly slow and uncomfortable and we found ourselves squatting jammed together on the wet steel floor, half asleep, but with some trepidation and a tinge of excitement. Gradually as the steady throb of the engines and the gurgle of water lulled us asleep we became aware of the increasing light on the eastern horizon. Our only view from the floor of the landing barge was the sky so we had no idea of what lay ahead. By full mornings light we had manoeuvred to a position off one of the Eastern shores of Garden Island and were now ordered to ready ourselves for a beach landing. This meant that the barges were aligned up to head inshore and when the front platform was lowered we were to charge out, push our way through the shallow water and take designated defensive positions on the beach and nearby bushes. It all seemed straight forward enough. I was armed with a Bazooka, no live ammunition, but accompanied by some rifle men issued with blanks. We had been told to hit the beach and then work our way to some high ground on the right so we had a commanding position overlooking the long curve of the white beach. We had been told we would meet some opposition on the beach, but our superior numbers would take account of them. As usual senior officers would be watching the exercise to gauge its effectiveness.

The two landing barges nudged forward and in anticipation we waited in readiness for the front of the barge to be lowered. Suddenly there was a grinding thud as the barge hit ground and the front rapidly fell to a harsh clanking noise as we saw before us about 80 metres of water and then the beach from which already we could see pin pricks of light as the enemy began firing. We needed no orders as we pushed at full speed into the knee deep water, our weapons at the ready and we rapidly headed for the shore. What we didn't know was that there was a deep trench about 30 metres from the shore and before we knew it we found ourselves weapons held high over our heads with water up to our armpits. Our breathtaking charge ground to a halt and it was a struggle for survival, not from the enemy who could be heard laughing from the shore, but from becoming drowned, luckily the trench was no more than armpit deep, but it meant we struggled up the beach like exhausted drowned rats, firing the occasional blank as a token gesture of our grand invasion. I had lost my support team and as I staggered up the beach I tripped burying the nose of the bazooka in the soft beach sand. Orders and commands were being shouted at us, but responding was too difficult. It was a humiliating shemozzle. However, the final straw that broke the camel's back came when wet and bedraggled we assembled on the beach to be informed that we would have to repeat the whole thing as cameras for a TV. station had recorded it, but couldn't put it to air as our landing invasion had been such a sorry sight. So back we went., into the landing barges and further up the coast to avoid the trench where they found a gradual shelving shore line that would enable us to charge out of the landing barges in knee deep water and then run up through ankle deep water and throw ourselves onto the beach with great gusto obviously scattering any defending forces.

We grudgingly obliged the camera crews and this time put in a meritorious performance I came charging up the beach with my bazooka, flung myself down on the first ridge of sand and pointed and sighted the weapon menacingly at the surrounding bushes. The military brass and TV. people were happy with the second performance so we thought we would now get some respite. This was not to be, for the next two days and nights we were engaged in marching and manoeuvres and no one was allowed to remove their boots so as we marched down a bush track, with our boots full of salt water a chorus of syncopated squelching noises accompanied our marching, not only that but we had to eat on the move. This meant opening our 24 hour ration packs with either the A,B, or C menu. All menus contained biscuits. These were thick chunky compressed objects that could not be broken with a hammer. The best way to eat them was to soak them in water for 2 days, this softened the outside a little so you could scrape off the outer layer of nutrition with your teeth. We couldn't do that so we had to put the whole biscuit in our mouth like some indigestible stone and spend the rest of the day sucking it hoping eventually that you may get a glimmer of flavour from it. There is no doubt the biscuits were well designed as a person with a strong jaw and good teeth might be able. to with energetic sucking and crunching consume two biscuits a day.

So there we were, with water logged boots, with rock like biscuits in our mouths and being led through thick impenetrable undergrowth that blocked out the sky and could only be breached by the leadman literally pushing and falling on top of the thick bushes to flatten out a path. This was exhausting work in the close airless, hot confines of the undergrowth. We didn't get far before nightfall descended upon us. With much cursing, grunting and crashing our way through impenetrable thickets the order came that we were not allowed to use torches or any source of light at all in case the enemy spotted us. We were to do another dawn attack, this time on the highest and steepest hill on the entire island. Another order followed, we were to all hold hands, this meant slinging rifles over our shoulders to free our hands and holding the hand of the man in front of you and the hand of the man behind you. It became a human chain linked together in this dense undergrowth so that no one could get lost as we were in total darkness, no star light, no moon light no cigarettes, no torch, utter Stygian darkness. Exhausted, salt encrusted, and hungry we were ordered to sleep where we fell, no one

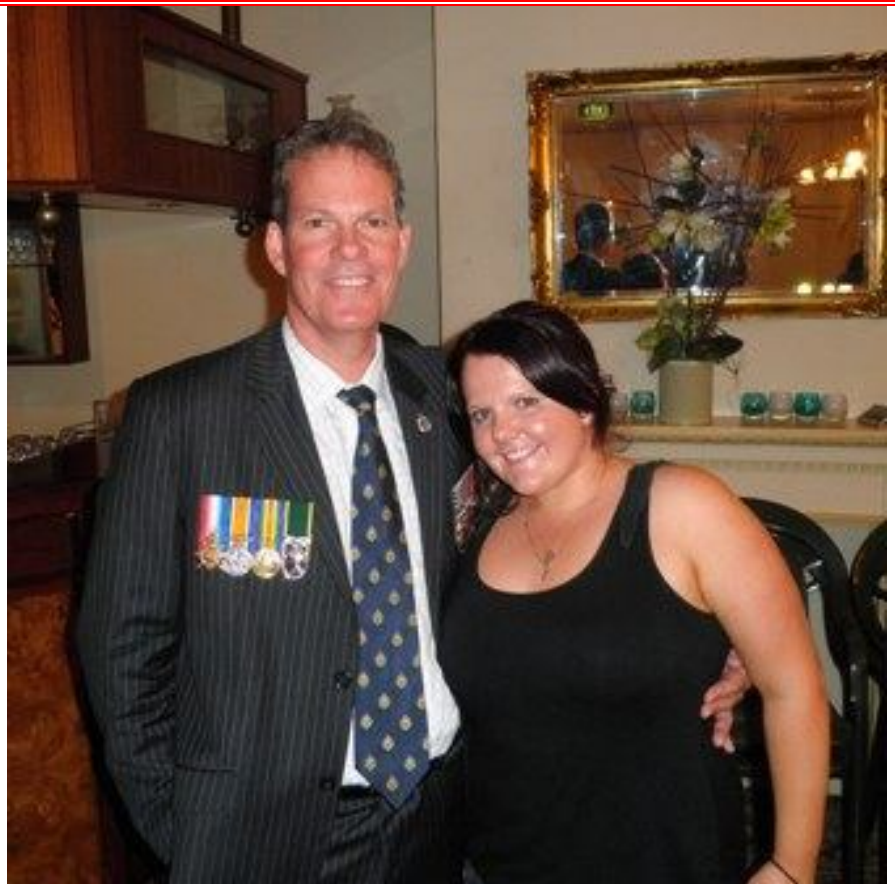
was allowed to move away. We were not impressed, but worse was to come. In the half light of early dawn hardly having slept at all we could hear our officers discussing tactics, obviously they knew what they were doing, pouring over maps, using compasses, protractors, grids and crawling up to a densely vegetated ridge where they used their binoculars to suss out the enemy position. It seems that our enemy were dug in on a dominating steep sand hill and would be difficult to knock out without the help of some mortars or artillery shells which naturally we didn't have. It was decided to get our machine gun support section up onto another nearby steep hill so they could provide cover for our proposed charge up the sand. In the half dawn light in the thick bush we lay hidden, half asleep, not really interested in the officers grand schemes, Nye were more interested in removing our boots to dry out our white sodden feet. Never -the -less it was deemed we would charge the hill which by peeping over our ridge we could see appeared to be almost vertical and covered with low scrub with bare sandy patches in between. Our support section was duly despatched to take up position on another sand hill whilst we on hands and knees crept forward cursing the vines and prickly undergrowth. At the base of the hill, still well concealed we spread around the perimeter ready to assault the enemy dug in on the summit. At the blast of a whistle, screaming like banshees we charged upward. The only way up was via the sand patches between the scrub, this constricted us to moving up in single files. The first men propelled themselves upward, followed close behind by others. So steep was it that without a spare hand to grab hold of a bush for support after taking several running steps upward, the first man toppled down on the man behind him and like a stack of dominos we all catapulted to the base of the hill into a great writhing heap of humanity. The officers were not impressed. A second time we tried, but the result was the same. Without freeing up both hands and crawling up on one's hands and knees the hill was unassailable. Eventually our leaders in command realized this, so discarding our weapons and other equipment several of us clawed our way up the sand hill, exhausted we paused, there was no one there, never had been anyone, it was a total mistake. Mind you the view from the top was magnificent, we could see the full length of the island and the sparkling waters of the surrounding sea in the early morning light. What stupid, insane activities were we doing when we were surrounded by nature's paradise, the island was a pristine tranquil delight. Eventually sitting on our backsides we slid down the hill to inform everyone that there were no enemy. As it turned out our support section had been wiped out as they had tried to set up their section on the hill that was actually occupied by the enemy forces. I wondered did this sort of thing actually go on in real wars?

Needless to say we were all getting paid, fed and clothed in all these experiences and learning a lot about how organizations function and dysfunction. Looking back on these wonderful experiences I am grateful that I was able to learn so much in such a short time and will always hold my Australian Military experience in high regard.

SIGHTINGS



Grant O'Neil with the Westralian Great War Living History Association (WAGWLHA)

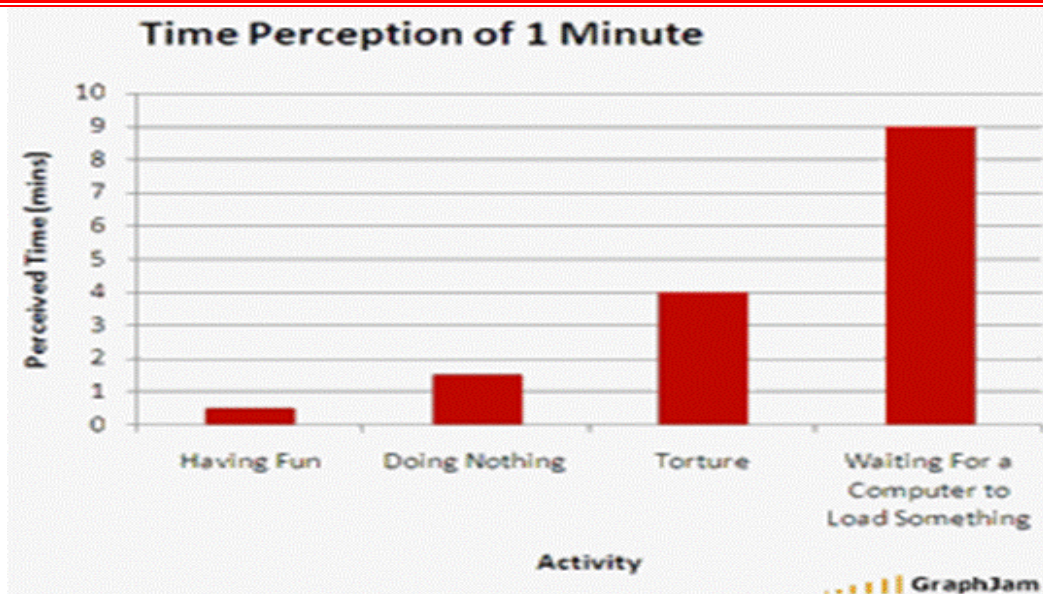


Father and daughter Paul and Sarah Tubman at Rigby's on ANZAC day.

Former WAURriors Chook Chapman, Paul Tubman, Greg Smith, Barney Clarkson, Chris Donnelly and BJ Smith are trekking the Kokoda Track in August. The photos show training hikes in the hills in preparation



The Passage of Time explained





Circa 1984 the photo above was taken by a photographer from the West Australian Newspaper whose building was next door to the Mounts Bay Road Barracks in exchange for a 6 pack of Export – which was thrown across the laneway from the officers mess.

Left to right Shane Drew, Ray Galliot, Steve Van Blommestein (with can) , ?? and ? Atkinson

The photo below shows the Barracks



The Commanding Officer WAUR, Lieutenant Colonel Scott Sullivan, and the WAUR Association has congratulated our three newest commissioned Officers: Lieutenant Jason Tuna graduated to the corps of Royal Australian Engineers, Lieutenant James 'Jim' Moriarty commissioned into the Royal Australian Corps of Signals and Lieutenant Rodney Kalem graduated into the Royal Australian Corps of Infantry.

Western Australia has a unique honour right now in that two sandgroppers occupy the positions of the most senior and most junior officers in the Second Division of the Australian Army (2 DIV). What's more, one of these students won the Sword of Honour. Lieutenant Kalem won three of the five Royal Military College Duntroon prizes for the Army Reserve First Appointment Course: the Field Marshall Sir Thomas Blamey Memorial Award, the Peter Stuckey Mitchell Trust Award and the prestigious Sword of Honour. The Sword is presented to the graduate who displayed exemplary conduct and performance of duty and had the most outstanding overall performance on the First Appointment Course. The presentation of the Sword of Honour to Rodney Kalem was by the Deputy Chief of Army General Major General Paul Symon, AO, himself a winner of the Sword of Honour on the full-time RMC course in 1982.

The picture of Lieutenant Rod Kalem with the outgoing Commanding Officer of the Western Australian University Regiment Lieutenant Colonel John Fisher is symbolic of our Army family: Lieutenant Kalem has served with Lieutenant Colonel John Fisher as a Private as the Company Signaller in 11/28 RWAR, as Corporal Section Commander on Operation ANODE on Rotation 14 in the Solomon Islands and finally as an Officer Cadet at WAUR.

We wish Lieutenants Jason Tuna, Jim Moriarty and Rod Kalem every success with their Army careers and look forward to seeing them one day in the WAUR Association.



Above Left: Pictured is Commander 2DIV Major General Craig Williams with Sword of Honour winner Lieutenant Rodney Kalem now in 16 Battalion RWAR.

Above Right: Lt Col John Fisher and Lt Kalem

Left: The presentation of the Graduation Certificate by the Commandant of the Royal Military College Brigadier David Luhrs to Lieutenants Jason Tuna and Jim Moriarty.



Kingsley Wake (WAUR 1957 - 1962) sent in these classic photos of the WAUR Band.

Left taken in 1959. Kingsley is in the back row second from the right.

Right: Taken at Northam camp in 1960. Notice that the bandmaster (Bill Robertson) had to look at the camera



Left: This was taken at Rottneet in 1961 on the jetty.

A SAD FAREWELL

He came from the East, like the sun
 Posted to us as a W. O. – ONE
 He came all this way, from afar
 To do the job a W A U R

We know he loved his posting here
 He even loves our bloody beer
 Knowing he'll miss this golden land
 He's taking back a bottle of sand

*"Black Jack" Goodbye "Black Jack" Goodbye
 Your on you way - any day And we wont even cry.*

Will we forget that slinky grin
 And lips that go so thin
 When we got bold, that look of ice
 Followed by some stern advice
 On parade he looks so smart
 There is no doubt he is "Black Bart"
 A shining example of a professional REG
 With lots of paper around his leg

*Goodbye "Black Jack" Goodbye "Black Jack"
 Your on your way - Any day and Queensland can have you back*

He's got a posting, he thinks he's made
 `Cause he's going to One Brigade
 But what's the fuss, just what's the fuss
 It doesn't bother us

"Cause RSM's come and go away
 While we the workers have to stay
 Yes. RSM's come and go away
 And we the Sergeant's stay.....

*"Black Jack" Goodbye "Black Jack" Goodbye
 We know you and Dot have fond memories and leaving us bring tears to your eyes.*

*Written by W02 Robert Oakes - early 1980's
 For farewell in the Sgt's Mess to the RSM - W01 McKeown
 (one of the "better" RSM's)*

Telling like it is (we wish!)



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The letter below was issued by WAUR CO MAS Williams during the January Annual Camp.

To all officers of W.A.U.R. in camp at Northam
January 1967

Gentlemen,

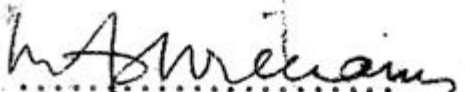
As this years annual camp starts I want to bring the following points to your notice :-

This Regiment is an organisation for the production of Army Officers. We are neither a uniformed club for young men nor an excuse for social grogging. An officers duty is to lead men and the leadership of men in war must be his constant study.

The power of leadership depends on the following, among other things :-

1. Personal Control of oneself and ones temper
11. Sound professional knowledge, as intelligent men will never follow an ignorant one.
111. Personal sympathy for the troubles and short-comings of ones subordinates.
- 1V. Personal integrity both on and off duty and the realisation that there are some things which an officer cannot do or say.
- V. Personal belief that it is the man that counts, even in this nuclear age, and with good men anything is possible.
- VI. Personal conviction that ultimately a war is decided by victories won by men on the ground and that therefore the aim of all training is victory in battle.

The high morale already shown augurs well for the future of this camp - put into it your best endeavours and you will be well rewarded.



C.O. W.A. University Regt.

WAUR NEWSLETTER 1/84

As 1983 comes to a close it is possibly opportune to make mention of targets achieved by the Regiment.

In March the unit encamped to Bindoon to take part in the Annual range practice of which the results were not very satisfactory when the weapon handling was taken into consideration. With the training to be conducted during the Annual Camp in 84 this is sure to improve.

The month of April saw the Regiment parading as a unit in WA's only major ceremonial activity. For those that took part it was an effort well done considering the short period of time in which we had to prepare. Be prepared for the next one. officer Course 3 graduated on this particular parade and the sword of honour was collected by LT N.G. Grimes.

The remainder of the year was taken up with Regimental training weekends with the emphasis for Trg Coy on IET Training, A Coy conducted scouting and machine gun courses to prepare selected members to be employed in these jobs during the Annual Camp in 84.

The unit shooting team competed in the Annual competition between major units of the Australian Army but the results were not sufficient to achieve a position worth mentioning.

Two items that did occur during 1983 which will have an effect on training and retention within WAUR were the management of training days and the Governments intention to apply tax to 50% of Army Reserve pay. On the second the Chief Clerk has written an explanatory note. It is recommended that you all read this so that you are all fully aware of what is required.

The management of Army Reserve Training days by units saw a general tightening up of training resources. Once this first year of accounting is over the unit will be able to get down to the task in hand and that is, to train members of WAUR in their particular ECN's so that they can take their place as members of the Australian Defence Force.

In conclusion, November saw LTCOL T. Arbuckle ED hand over the reins to LTCOL P.L. Sewell and therefore the units new commanding Officer has included his notes on what he requires and sees WAUR doing.

BACK PAGE FUNNIES

. Five cannibals were employed by Marines as scouts and translators during one of the island campaigns during World War II. When the Commanding Officer of ground forces welcomed the cannibals he said, "You're all part of our team now. We will compensate you well for your services, and you can eat any of the rations that the Marines are eating. But please don't indulge yourselves by eating a Marine." The cannibals promised.

Four weeks later the C. O. returned and said, "You're all working very hard, and I'm very satisfied with all of you. However, one of our Sergeants has disappeared. Do any of you know what happened to him?" The cannibals all shook their heads 'no'.

After the C O left, the leader of the cannibals turned to the others and said, "Which of you idiots ate the Sergeant?"

A hand raised hesitantly, to which the leader of the cannibals replied, "You fool! For four weeks we've been eating Lieutenants, Captains, and Majors and no one noticed anything, then YOU had to go and eat an NCO!"

You asked for it - now **buy** it!

In response to member's demands, your Association (at great expense to the management it has to be said) arranged for the production of quality ties, lapel badges, cuff links and tie bars. These items will be on sale at Association Functions and are also available by mail order. The lapel pins, tie bars and cuff links are in a quality gold coloured metal and feature the Unit crest. The Association ties are modeled on the original Unit tie and have been made up in a quality silk blend material. An order form is with this newsletter or visit the Website for ordering details.

Price List

INDIVIDUAL ITEMS

| | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|--|
| Cuff links (pair) | \$20.00 | (Gold metal, swivel clasp) |
| Lapel pins | \$ 7.50 | (Gold metal, single pin) |
| Association Shirt | \$30.00 | (Quality fabric, embroidered logo) |
| Stubby holders | \$ 7.50 | (Yellow text on Green, top quality) |
| Tie bars | \$12.50 | (Gold metal, bulldog type clasp) |
| Ties | \$45.00 | (Silk blend) |

VALUE PACKS

Association pack ~~85.00~~ \$62.50
(Tie, ~~tie bar~~, lapel badge, cuff links)

~~**Tie pack** 57.50 \$50.00~~
(~~Tie, tie bar~~)

Lapel pack ~~27.50~~ \$25.00
(Lapel badge, cuff links)



Left: Tie Pin, Below Tie Bar.
Right Shirt Crest



Worth the read.....

While walking down the street one day a 'Member of Parliament' is tragically hit by a truck and dies. His soul arrives in heaven and is met by St Peter at the entrance.

"Welcome to heaven," says St Peter. "Before you settle in, it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a high official around these parts, you see, so we're not sure what to do with you."

"No problem, just let me in," says the man.

"Well, I'd like to, but I have orders from higher up. What we'll do is have you spend one day in hell and one in heaven. Then you can choose where to spend eternity."

"Really, I've made up my mind. I want to be in heaven," says the MP.

"I'm sorry, but we have our rules."

And with that, St Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell. The doors open and he finds himself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a clubhouse and standing in front of it are all his friends and other politicians who had worked with him.

Everyone is very happy and in evening dress. They run to greet him, shake his hand, and reminisce about the good times they had while getting rich at the expense of the people.

They play a friendly game of golf and then dine on lobster, caviar and champagne.

Also present is the devil, who really is a very friendly & nice guy who has a good time dancing and telling jokes. They are having such a good time that before he realizes it, it is time to go.

Everyone gives him a hearty farewell and waves while the elevator rises...

The elevator goes up, up, up and the door reopens on heaven where St Peter is waiting for him.

"Now it's time to visit heaven."

So, 24 hours pass with the MP joining a group of contented souls moving from cloud to cloud, playing the harp and singing. They have a good time and, before he realizes it, the 24 hours have gone by and St Peter returns.

"Well, then, you've spent a day in hell and another in heaven. Now choose your eternity."

The MP reflects for a minute, then he answers: "Well, I would never have said it before, I mean heaven has been delightful, but I think I would be better off in hell."

So St Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell.

Now the doors of the elevator open and he's in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage.

He sees all his friends, dressed in rags, picking up the trash and putting it in black bags as more trash falls from above.

The devil comes over to him and puts his arm around his shoulder. "I don't understand," stammers the MP. "Yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and clubhouse, and we ate lobster and caviar, drank champagne, and danced and had a great time. Now there's just a wasteland full of garbage and my friends look miserable. What happened?"

The devil looks at him, smiles and says, "Yesterday we were campaigning ... Today you voted."



Western Australian University Regiment Association Inc.



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

| | | | | |
|---|----------------|--|-----------------|--|
| LAST NAME | | | | |
| FIRST NAME | | | | |
| NICK NAME | | | | |
| ADDRESS | | | | |
| POST NOMINALS | | | BIRTH DATE | |
| CONTACTS | WORK | | HOME | |
| | MOBILE | | EMAIL | |
| SERVICE DETAILS | REG NUMBER | | RANK | |
| | YEAR IN (WAUR) | | YEAR OUT (WAUR) | |
| MOST MEMORABLE WAUR OCCASION: | | | | |
| | | | | |
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| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| FAVOURITE SAYING FROM THE ERA: | | | | |
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| | | | | |
| SERVICE HISTORY: | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| BRIEF PERSONAL PROFILE: (Family/Job/Hobbies/Achievements etc) | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| Membership Agreement | | | | |
| I HEREBY APPLY to be an ordinary member of the Western Australian University Regiment Association Inc. ("the Association"), and I agree to be bound by the Constitution of the Association. | | | | |
| Name of Applicant: _____ Date: / / | | | | |
| Please email completed applications via the email link on the contact page of the WAUR website www.waurassociation.iinet.net.au or post to PO Box 317 Kalamunda WA 6926 | | | | |
| Once processed you will be added to the Associations email list for inclusion in mail outs. | | | | |