

WAURICOR

NEWSLETTER OF THE
WESTERN AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITY REGIMENT

Uni. Coll.
378.94105
P125

Vol I. No 3.

26 August 1975

The Army Reserve. and whats it all about? Perhaps its not so much about marching, shooting or saluting, but its got a lot to do with being an Australian - an Aussie who cares about his country's future, and is willing to make sacrifices to fulfill a personal obligation to it.

Not everyone marches well, or can shoot like a Queen's Cup winner but the thing is to try and keep on trying. It maybe unpleasant to march in the rain, or camp through a hailstorm and its so very easy to become jacked off with the system. But if these thoughts occur to you it is a mark of your personal strength to overcome them and stay with it.

And when you're new in the system whose going to help you through? Obviously the officers. I borrow from Brigadier Ted Sarong, "too often, the ultimate aim of a senior officer's or warrant officer's existence is not properly understood. Too many imagine that it is to achieve the highest position in his service. Not so The true aim of the senior serviceman is to teach the younger ones from experience and by his example".

With a few of these blokes, and your mates around to help you you're bound to get something out of service with the Army Reserve. You'll get out what you put in, only more. And its not so much the few dollars involved but the intangibles - the things you cannot put a monetary value to.

The Army Reserve. Its got a lot to do with doing the right thing by your country, by the Unit, by your mates and by yourself.

ROBIN DARK

The WAURICOR challenges any Sergeant to write anything.

The only constraints being that it is niether obscene nor blasphemous and were hardly likely to go by that anyway.

COMMUNICATIONS

A Colonel issued the following directive to his executive officer:

Tomorrow evening at approximately 2000 hours Halley's Comet will be visible in this area, an event which occurs only once every 75 years. Have the men fall out in the battalion area in fatigues and I will explain this rare phenomenon to them. In case of rain, we will not be able to see anything, so assemble the men in the theater and I will show them films of it.

Executive Officer to Company Commander:

By order of the Colonel, tomorrow at 2000 hours, Halley's Comet will appear above the battalion area. If it rains fall the men out in fatigues, then march them to the theater where this rare phenomenon will take place, something which occurs once every 75 years.

Company Commander to Lieutenant:

By order of the Colonel in fatigues at 2000 hours tomorrow evening the phenomenal Halley's Comet will appear in the theater. In case of rain, in the battalion area, the Colonel will give another order, something which occurs once every 75 years.

Lieutenant to Sergeant:

Tomorrow at 2000 hours, the Colonel will appear in the theater with Halley's Comet, something which happens every 75 years. If it rains, the Colonel will order the Comet into the battalion area.

Sergeant To Squad:

When it rains tomorrow at 2000 hours, the phenomenal 75 year old General Halley, accompanied by the Colonel will drive his comet through the battalion area theater in fatigues.

HOW DO WE COMMUNICATE?

DON'T FORGET THE 16th SEPTEMBER PARADE

it does not happen every 75 yrs

WAUR "CAMPING WEEKEND" REFLECTIONS

Boarding Trucks: Cold and windy ride out to Bindoon. Officers had burners glowing to melt the blocks of Recruit filled ice which were slid off the trucks (Recruits now come in handy frozen blocks of 20!)

Setting Up Camp: Despite rigorous instruction, some of us (who shall remain anonymous) managed to outfox the authorities and erect our houchies inside out. (Actually it was to fool the frost into thinking we would be sleeping outside thereby it would concentrate its forces there, leaving us warm on the inside - outside? - well I'll leave it there for the moment as a battle with General Frost leaves biting memories).

Morning : (Or should that be Mourning!). Recruits then came in handy blocks of two, to be split up into our festive ration groups (or rat packs) to discover the tantalizing delicacies concealed (oh how well concealed) in tins. I wonder what the tins would have tasted like.

Firing On The Range: I still say those targets moved. After which it was a case of how to clean machine guns without really trying - ~~_____~~

Night Firing: With simulated explosions and a variety of flares (needless to say the officers etc got all the pretty colours!). I can safely say the evening went off with a real bang.

"Next time one of those targets winks it's little light at me - I'll blast it, so help me" gibbering overheard in the background.

Second Night: A reprieve for the troops. A night in the ablutions, Hotel Sheraton.

Grenade Launching Sunday Morning: Cape Kennedy had nothing on us - We blasted the hell out of a pile of junk, gravel banks, trees shrubs, rabbits and even managed to fire a few duds into the bush.

Grenade Throwing : It was really funny to see the instructors faces when they were confronted by several recruits who had not thrown grenades before. Such cries as "Run for it, You take 'em - No you take 'em, God why hast thou forsaken me? " were heard to echo through the hills.

If anyone was to do an experiment on the rate of greying of officer's hair, one method would be to disguise oneself as a recruit (easily done) and walk around a grenade range saying "Oh look, isn't it funny how the handle springs back when you let go?" and observe results.

Recruit shouts GRENADE

Instructor

Grenade

DOWN

WHUMP

average runthro' time

one second

Simultaneous shouts of Grenade/down followed hotly by WHUMP.

WAUR "CAMPING WEEKEND" REFLECTIONS CONT.

Claymore Demonstration: Unfortunately Mr Craig did not wear his kilt nor his sword and contrary to popular opinion did not shout "Houtsmon!" as he leaped behind the parapet.

I don't know about you, but I kept waiting for a sword fight.

Sunday Arvo: Tootle back to Perth after numerous false alarms, we almost thought - as we drove back to Bindoon for the fourth or fifth time - that next time we might find the right road. We weren't disappointed and a horde of ravenous soldiers burst onto the highway to the awe of passing motorists. The soldiers confronted with society once again were heard to utter such anti-nationalistic thoughts as

"You bewdy"

"Man did you see her?"

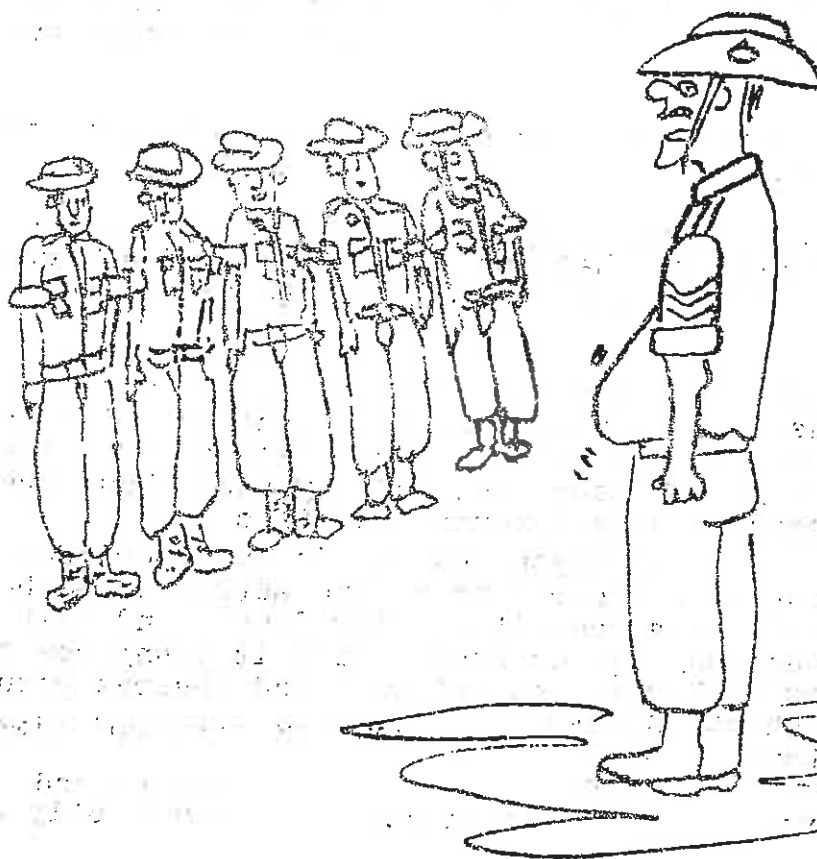
"Wet time is the Session?"

"Pass the tin or drill a hole for the relief of Froudism" (which became the main topic of conversation to the disgust of Froudism whose burning desire became more aggravated)

and "Hello, Sailor."

Well so long for now. Perhaps next year they'll have a helicopter for us (I got a bit tired of phrooming and flapping my arms)

Author.



OK!

STOMACHS IN
CHESTS OUT!

CANTEEN CAPERS

The atmosphere was tense, men in the canteen watched and listened. They stood as far away as possible from the devastating Dowling. Henderson cringed behind the till. The Fragomenis wished that they had their bayonets. Mazzarol began to climb the wall.

Steadfastly drinking at the bar was the editor, so was the editor's mate. Dowling launched a projectile in their direction (the bloody thing was half full). The editor summed the situation up quickly, however he was to move like a stunned wombat - slowly. The projectile fell from the heavens crashing to the ground.

Rec Cox was so shaken by the incident that he could no longer hold onto the bar let alone the glass of beer that stood in front of him. Emerging from the protection of the till came Henderson to do battle with the rampaging regular.

For many minutes they groped and grappled, it looked like it was going to be Dowling's deflowering, but it was to be. Dowling soon got to the crutch of the matter- Henderson's and the ball game was over. The excitement had been too much for Dark, he'd gone off his head and was doing strange things at the other end of the bar.

Two new recruits who had watched the performance were thinking about resigning. Perhaps they felt threatened. Members of the Unit assured them however, that this was normal and not to be worried by it.

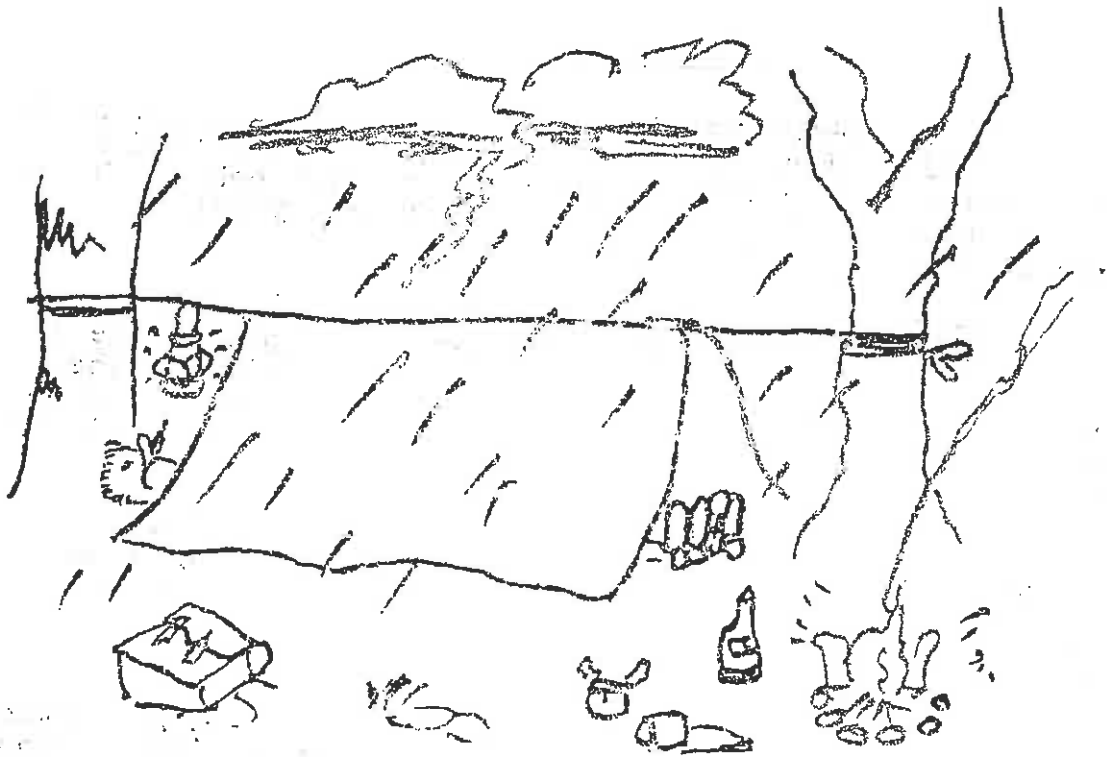
As the night progressed the battle tamed down to a quiet game of darts. Only the editor was hit (Severely above the knee), but many close calls were reported.

If the color tele has broken down,
and the girlfriend has gone home to her mother,
and it just happens to be a Tuesday night

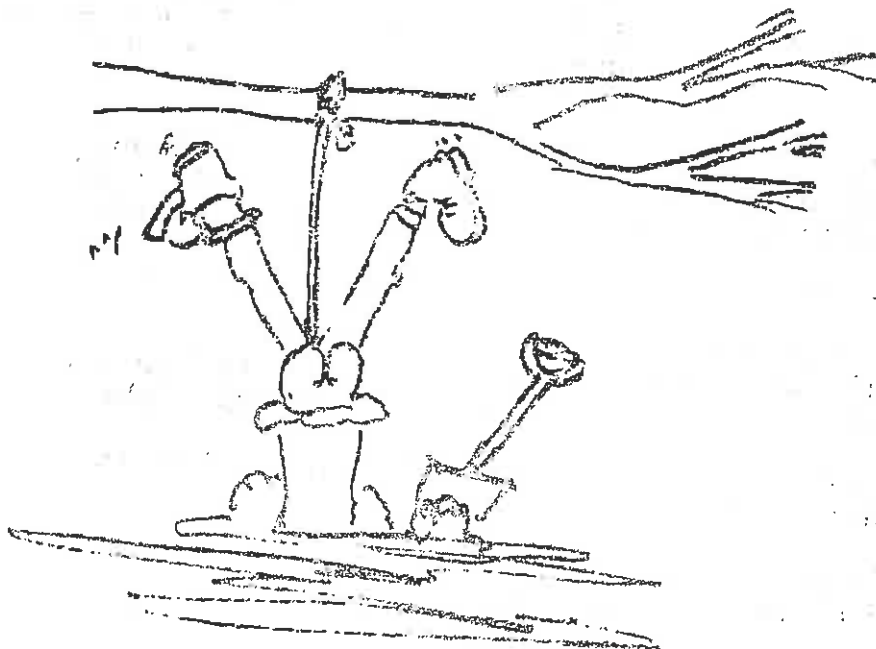
(Actually the only important thing is that its a
Tuesday night)

Well then roll in and OUT
to the OR'S Canteen.

THE LIVINGS DANGEROUS.



HOME SWEET HOME



WARNING

TOGGLE ROPES CAN BE A HEALTH HAZARD!

8 10 5 4 1 2 3 4 5

The WAURIOR has finally recieved a letter. Its good to know that someone read the last page of WAURIOR two and got the address right.

Its from a dedicated digger Port Hedland way who is flying down on the 16th of September in order to attend the parade on that night. This journey surely must be a record. Digger Tomich, The WAURIOR SALUTE YOU, and your spirit. Lets hope we can spread this spirit and attitude amongst the city boys.

Dear Editor,

Re A Long Trip To Night Parade
or
A Long Way To Go.

Firstly I wish to praise your fine work with your newsletter "WAURIOR", an extra lift to the Unit! It was certainly a pleasant surprise to receive your last edition in the mail. As a past member of the Unit (discharged in July 72) it is good to see something like this coming from the WAUR. I recently returned from the UK and re-enlisted in the CMF in June this year. I unfortunately (because of work) have yet to attend my first parade.

It is this I wish to make in comment and you may feel it is worthy of space in future edition of WAURIOR. As it turns out, I will be in Port Hedland on the 16th Sept, the date set for our next night parade. I will need to catch the morning flight down and I guess this might be the longest journey a unit member has had to do to attend a night parade. I also wonder what info I will need to put down on my "Travel proforma".

Keep up the good work. All the very best.

R J Tomich
515887

CONGRATULATIONS :

Three of the Unit's members have been "pipped" and are now up the post.

To Mr Morris, Mr Shackles and yes to you too Mr Stanley the WAURIOR on behalf of the OR's and NCO's, extends congratulations.

WE SALUTE YOU

THE INFANTEER

He's the tired looking man in the untidy garb
Weather beaten and footsore with fatigue,
But his spirit is strong as he marches along
With his burden for league upon league.

He attacks in the face of a murderous fire
Crawling forward through bullets and mud,
And when he breaks through the lines over wire and mines
On the point of his bayonet is blood.

Should you meet him UNTIDY BEGRIMED AND FATIGUED

Don't indulge in unwarranted mirth,

For the brave infanteer is worth more than your sneer

He is truly THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

RECRUITING

Mr Smith is organising a THINK Committee.
Could be a means to throw your bit in. How about wispering
in his ear that you could spare a couple of hours once
a month to discuss ways and means of pushing along our
recruit drive.

Or, strictly for those not actually pikers but who
are forced by necessity to conserve all of their time
for other things, simply drop a line to WAURIOR care of
the Unit expressing your ideas (either for or not for
publication).

Or simply let the others keep alive your unit
put your head in a hole and slowly suffocate as the Unit
will surely suffocate without a continuous breath of
fresh air.

Earlier this month, in Sydney, police uncovered
a ring of soldiers and civilians who were engaged in
stealing weapons.

I know we're underpaid blokes, but lets not sell
our SLRs.