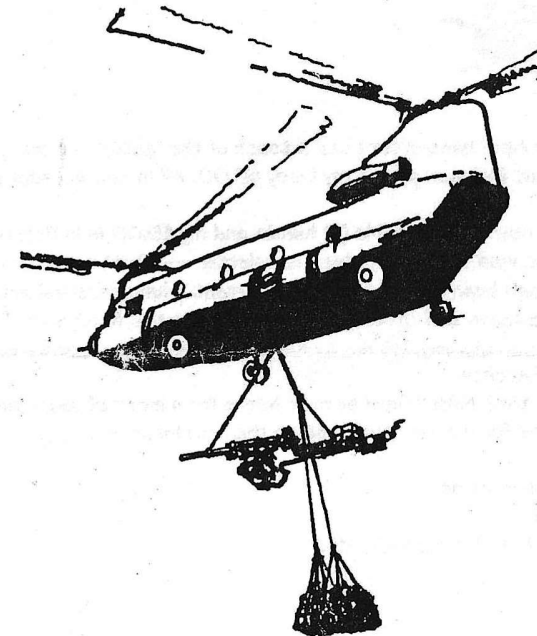


4 FIELD REGIMENT
(SVN) ASSOCIATION
COMMITTEE

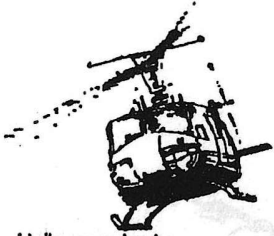
Patron Don Donkin
President Peter Bruce
Secretary
Treasurer
Membership Secretary
Editor Bo Plenty
State Reps
QLD
Peter Dobbs
NSW
Allan Betts
SA
Lindsay Walpole
WA
Johnno Johnson
NT
VIC
Graham Claughton
TAS
Steve Gower

Please feel free to nominate for any of the vacant positions

Remember --this newsletter will not work without your help.



4th Field Regiment (Vietnam)
Association
Bulletin No 5 September 1993



Hello everybody,

After reading the April newsletter I had a touch of the "guilts", probably because I had not contributed in any way and that includes paying my lousy \$5.00. All is now in order and my conscience is clear, well almost.

The newsletter is now in my capable (?) hands and my \$5.00 is in Peters, pocket.

Let me echo what was said in the last newsletter-----"without your input its of little value" and it appears the call has been answered to some extent. I have received articles and photographs some of which are in this edition and others will be included in the future. Dont be put off if your article does not get to print immediately, let me assure you it will in due course so keep em coming including any photographs or sketches.

It has been a long time since I have seen or heard from most of you, I sincerely hope everyone is in good health. My address for any contributions to the newsletter is

J (Do) Plenty

Staff Development Section

R.G.H. Daws Road

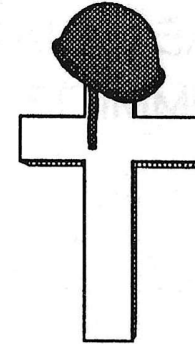
Daw Park SA 5041 or phone 08-275-1902

Briefly

Have received letters etc from Colin (Bruiser) Bain "he is well...enjoyed the last newsletter...had a great time in Townsville...Canberra really hit home...thanks to John Connellan".

Ray Harper "he and John Pritchard and Ken Adams are retired...regular meetings on Friday at Great Southern Hotel...odd camping trip..tough being a pensioner wonder what the workers are doing...all attended the Regiments birthday"

George Barnard "pleased to get the last bulletin...reminded of many friends...congratulations to Peter for his good work with the newsletter...memorial weekend in Canberra a wonderful Occasion...travelling to Queensland"



LEST WE FORGET

Sadly we have received a letter from Ray Harper informing us that Les Wheeler passed away. He was buried in Townsville on the 25th March 1993.

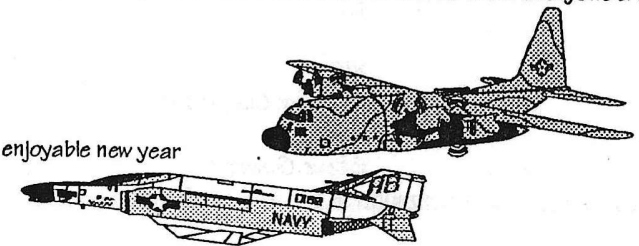
The funeral was attended by Ken Adams, Barry Parker, JP, John Wilson, Brian Rudduck, CO and RSM 4 Fd Regt.

It has been suggested that a list be compiled of those who, are no longer with us. The idea behind this was to save embarrassment when people meet at reunions etc and ask the whereabouts of an old mate only to find they have passed away and not everyone was aware of this. It is a great idea however it does present some problems. The reverse is true also that is those who are supposed to be deceased often turn up at various functions etc. It would be a difficult task maintaining accurate records and might be the cause of unnecessary grief.

Let's have your thoughts on the matter and someone who is prepared to help us out with this idea if it goes ahead.

This being the last newsletter for 1993, our Patron and the committee wish everyone a safe and

happy Xmas and an enjoyable new year



anything. While I found it pretty unnery out on the open road in a jeep he didn't seem to be too concerned.

One night before I went on radio duty he said to meet him in the trench up behind the cook house when I finished. I got there after midnight and he had a carton of fourx he'd connived from somewhere and had iced them down in a 44. He'd remembered it was getting close to my birthday and we sat there yarning and sneaking a fag until the sun came up.

Woody was a character, he could take any situation and turn it into something to joke about. On one of the operations with A Company we were getting our water out of creeks or what was left of them. This day the only water we could find was a stagnant black pool in a bend in the creek. We had to filter it and use heaps of sterilising tablets and it was foul. Woody turned to Phil McNicholl the infantry signaller (another South Australian) and myself and said you blokes'll lap this up won't you where you come from they call it coopers.

We came home and went back to civilian life and one of the unfortunate things about the Vietnam set up for me was that I lost touch with a lot of the blokes and it was'n't until the Sydney march that I got back in touch with Woody. Sydney was great and since then we kept in pretty regular contact with each other. He came over to Pt Lincoln a couple of times and we spent one particularly good weekend together with Brenda and the kids reminiscing going through slide and fishing and I was grateful to be able to return a birthdat treat for him.

He was crook at this stage but his spirit was unreal. He was a real example to anyone to put up with what you've got and make the most of it. Obvoisly though his poor old body couldn't take any more and I'm sure he only survived on medicine, courage and spirit the last couple of years.

I'm eternally grateful for having known him as closely as I did and the times we had together. I'll miss him but my grief is overshadowed by the belief of knowing he is no longer suffering and I believe that the good lord has him in his keeping, and have but one wish for Woody.

That wish is that somewhere in york there is an honour roll to record that Lindsay Wood served his country as a young man and served it well.

Kerry (Jed) Taheny
19th November 1992

Max Beck "paid subs....congratulations to Peter on attaining commissioned rank"

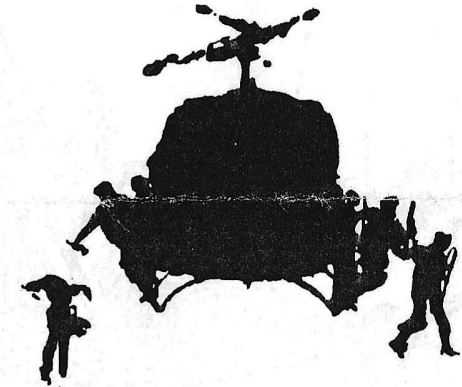
Bert Downes "has paid \$100.00 for life membership of the association...suggests this might be reasonable sum to ask"

(something to think about. Im sure this will generate some discussion/ideas)

Kerry Cooke "thanks for association newsletter...enjoyed Brian Swifts letter...has bumped into L Milton and will encourage him to to join"

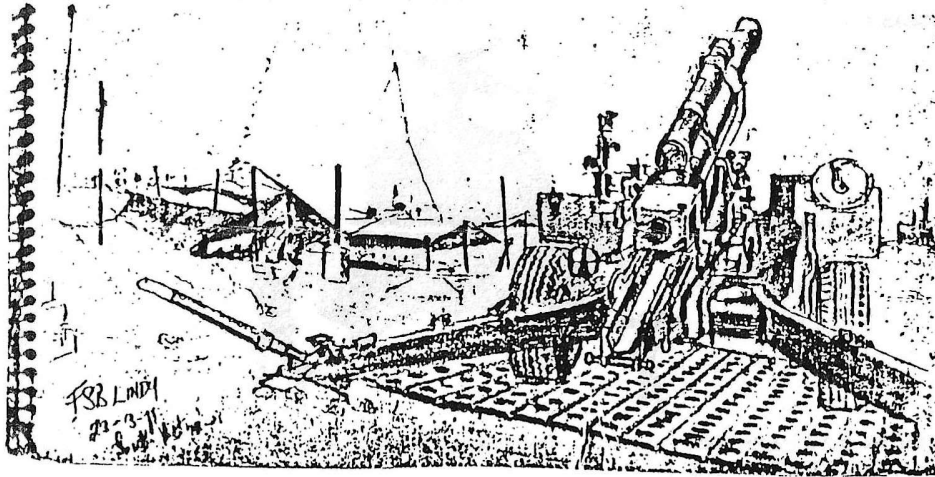
Blucy Forsyth "great to see familiar faces in Canberra...a sad time also ...the thought also that the with whom you had just been reacquainted will drop out of your life again after Canberra... association helps keep in touch...has volunteered to take up a committe position..

John L Torpey "thought the association was defunct...has a contact if the association was "stickers"



Peter Worboys "remembers Peter Bruce from legacy meeting ...was president of Orange Legacy at 1 time...was with 107 Bty in SYN

stayed on with 104 Bty...have some converted 8mm film from SYN
...not wary stuff more of the local country side and people mentioned names such as Mossman, Froben, Ison, Winn, Oliphant...the photo and sketch overleaf were sent in by Peter.



Peter Van Der Meer apologises for not being available on ANZAC DAYS, business requires that he is usually out of the country. (Peter and Celine were in Adelaide recently and we shared a few beers and talked about old times-most enjoyable) Peter has generously donated a sum of money for use by the committee, Peter Bruce extends his thanks.

MESSAGE WRITTEN AND SENT BY KERRY TAHENY AND READ BY HAROLD DAINTON AT THE WKE FOR LINDSAY WOOD ON THE 19TH NOVEMBER 1992

To woody's father, Harry, his relatives and friends, I feel privileged to be able to say a few words about my mate and while I'm unable to be with you today, I'm with you in spirit. Lindsay and I served alongside each other in the same FO party not only during training in Australia but also in Vietnam and as we lay him to rest today (and a welcome and peaceful rest I'm sure it will be for Woody) I'd like to reflect on my memories of woody and share some of them with you.

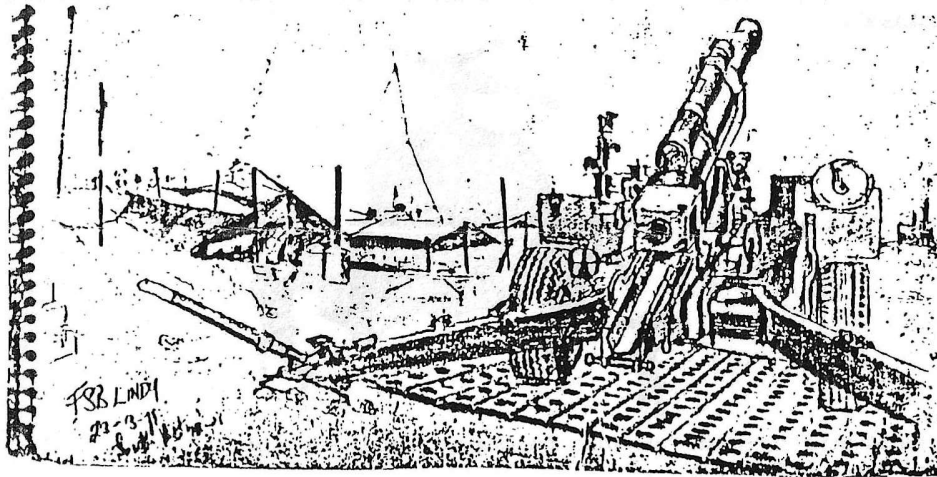
We shared some crook times together but my word we had a lot of fun on the way. He loved a practical joke and pulled plenty on me, he had an outgoing and generous nature and had the ability to find something to laugh about regardless of the situation.

One of my earliest experiences with him was an exercise at High Range near Townsville. It was a hot dusty fly ridden place, the tucker was terrible (we were trialling New Zealand dehydrated rations) and after 4 or 5 days were thoroughly sick of fish in butter sauce and would've given anything for a grilled chop. Someone spotted a possum, Woody and I looked at each other, this'll do and spent the next hour catching it. We were going to have a camp fire that night and it was going on the coals until Lt Sanders put the mocka on our idea. Out of thanks to Woody I got the nickname Jed II

We went overseas and on our second operation we were asked to go an extra day or two without re-rationing and as we carried the bare minimum we got pretty hungry that last day. Someone had told Woody about these tubers that grew in the scrub which you could eat if you boiled the bitterness out of them. We boiled and boiled and boiled them they were still bitter so we boiled them some more mixed them with rice curry powder and bamboo shoots and shared a pretty terrible meal but we were hungry. Woody went out on machine gun picquet and I stayed on the radio. After a while though I started feeling pretty dopey, began to lose my vision and control of my arms and legs and I thought we had poisoned ourselves. About an hour later he came staggering back and said "How are you feeling Jed?", I felt bloody awful and he said I can hardly stand up. Luckily we didn't have to start walking until the feeling wore off a bit and we never found out what it was but thank god we boiled them and changed the water as much as we did.

Later Woody volunteered for CIMI Aid and went to build a market place at Xuyen Moc and I ended up going back to the battery at the Horseshoe. I organised to ride shotgun on a resupply run out there to see him. He's fitted in real well with the people and with his easy going nature knew all the kids and they clamoured over him. After we'd unloaded he said come on we'll slip up to the cafe and have a drink and got a glass of spirits from the girl and said here have a go at this it's supposed to be pretty good Vietnamese whiskey. It was awful and I told him after I'd finished it and he said to have a look behind you at where it came from. There on the shelf was a huge glass jar holding a couple of gallons of the stuff with an unborn baby deer in it. Truth was they probably pickled the deer in it to eat the deer. Anyhow he had a hell of a bloody laugh at my expense and has never let me forget it.

He was also very considerate though, when he came back to the Horseshoe he used to do a lot of the supply runs and became the contact man and could lay his hands on just about



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