

By popular demand and Personal Reluctance (Re-print)

AMALGAMATED DIGGER UNION (ADU)

THE "CAMP RAG"

Singleton
20 APR 78

AFX '78

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RUMOURS

1. The whisper is that WO2 Terlis uses grey "Grecian 2000"
2. The CO is suspected of talking to God in the latrine.
3. It is rumoured that the carpet in the Sgts. Mess was flogged out of the Offrs. mess at Willoughby.
4. Rumour has it that when the Adj. slammed into the Chief Clerk with his trail bike, he was really trying to commit murder.
5. There's a story going around that Mrs. QM refuses to move into new home unless the "Flick Man" fumigates against white ants, fleas, COCKROACHES, and garden spiders.
6. Who was the drunken Sgt. who fell over in dry grass and came up wet?

POINTS TO PONDER

1. Is it a mere coincidence that the Orderly Room Clerk (Miss X) and the Adj. had the same throat complaint?
2. Who was the WO1 seen pushing a trail bike along the range road?
3. Who was the range sentry who was sprung by Range Control without a shirt (or bra)?
4. Overheard across the wall between Offrs/WRLAC latrine "Christ mate, my greatest dream is to make passionate love in a steam bath."

QUOTES

1. From Church Service - Sunday 9 April
"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the Earth."
Padre: "That's gotta be Singleton."
2. Lightning flashed ... Thunder roared ... A voice from the sky bellowed -
"Fruitbats out - Gunbats in"
3. BLUEBELL to RSM ... "Trucks first - trail bikes second"
RSM to BLUEBELL ... "Reece vehicles first - trucks second"
4. Overheard in the "Snakepit" during a game of Euchre ...
"Don't worry partner, I've got 3 aces and 2 of them are bowers."
5. Why do they call me "Mushroom"?
6. "Pleased to meet you sir, and I'm Commander of the kitchen."

QUESTIONS

1. Why was the Trg Maj and Adj's blood pressure up prior to the 2 mile run on Sunday?
2. Could someone please clarify the difference between:
 - (a) Zulu time
 - (b) Kilo time and
 - (c) Balfour range time
3. RSM to Adj. - "Who the hell is Nigel?"
4. RSM to Lt. Fairless - "Wish I know where you buy that multi-coloured smoke."

REDRESS OF WRONGS/COMPLAINTS

1. Adj. complains direct to CC about not being allowed to park trail bikes outside HQ.
2. Adj. complains to QM because the Sgts. Mess has carpet and Offrs. mess hasn't.
3. QM complains direct to God when St. Peter refuses to pay compensation for breaking windows while playing golf.
4. Bluebell accuses Editor of flogging his hydrometer to test brain cells.
5. Former 2IC accuses present 2IC of being a "Shifty B....."
Anyone requiring info into allegations, contact local ADU (MP) rep.
6. Ex Tpt Supervisor SSgt. Chard threatens ADU rep in mess with "You'll get yours" if any reference to him is made in this publication. Dispute is reported to have started when SSgt. Chard's name was removed from G2 authorisation list. SSgt. Chard also stated that all vehicle hiring was to cease immediately (unless on a cash basis).

RO PART 1

1. Any members of 7 Fd. Regt. proceeding into the range area who see anyone pushing a trail bike along the range road (out of petrol), are to stop and render immediate assistance. Canteen privileges will be taken from offenders.

Those gentlemen wearing the "PARRAMATTA" ribbon on their left breast were a little disappointed the other weekend when their team failed to win.

CAMP OF 78

(TO THE TUNE OF
"JOHNNY COME
MARCHING HOME")

If you think that "Camp of 77" was hard - was hard
Wait till you pass the gate for 78 - Mate
The officers, they are all the same
The gunners always get the blame
So we'll all get pissed and send the officers home

The CO always thinks he knows what's going on,
He has his finger on the pulse of everyone,
He flicks a switch, we jump and twitch,
We always do but we always bitch,
So we'll all get pissed and send the CO home.

The BC is the man on whom we all depend
His bloody deployments never ever seem to end,
It matters not whether he's large or small
He's the guy who's in charge of all,
So we'll all get pissed and send the BC home.

The BK is the Battery Captain as you know,
But how he turns K into Captain I would like to know,
He's either a Grunt or an Irishman,
His deployments we should really ban,
So we'll all get pissed and send the BK home

The Adjutant sometimes has been heard to really curse,
Especially when the poor young fella drops his purse,
He comes out with us and makes a fuss
Kicks us in the arse - with class
So we'll all get pissed and send the Adjutant home

The GPO is the Gun Position Officer,
We're afraid you don't have very much to offer, Sir,
You tell us when to fire the guns,
And you really give us the runs,
So we'll all get pissed and send the GPO home.

The Safety Officers' running around our Gun Platform
Sometimes it's Bob, sometimes it's Jack and Sometimes Norm,
They run around over so fast,
Kick us in the arse if we're last
So we'll all get pissed and send the SO's home.

The Section Commander really has to run a lot,
Without him we would never be able to fire a shot,
So why do we bother to keep him here,
If he wasn't here we'd drink more beer,
So we'll all get pissed and send the Seco home.

The RSM he leads us on, he leads us on,
He takes us for our daily run our daily run,
It's only a game he's been heard to say,
But we all know we've got to pay,
When we all get pissed and run around again.

Sometimes the Q' is called the roach, the cockroach,
And on his territory no-one ever dares encroach.
He puts the fear of God in us,
When he's around we don't make a fuss
So we'll all get pissed and send the Cockroach home.

The AIG is a member of the ARA,
He hears us bitch, he watches us work and also play,
He'll look at us and tell us we're wrong,
He'll frown at us when we sing this song,
So we'll all get pissed and send the AIG home.

The BSM is the man we have to look after,
Wherever he goes we never hear any laughter,
If in the mud we should let him fall,
It's picket duty for one and all,
So we'll all get pissed and send the BSM home.

The Sergeants they are always on our backs - our backs
The cunning devils they all score the Wrags - the Wrags
They know the perks, they always lurk in the shadows while
the gunners work,
So we'll all get pissed and send the Sergeants home.

The Bombardiers think that they are really heaven sent,
We cannot scratch our arses without their consent,
They yell at us, they rant and rave,
They'll put us in an early grave,
So we'll all get pissed and send the Bombardiers home.

The Lance Jacks really are a bloody useless bunch,
They'd never have the sense to let us go to lunch,
With one stripe stuck upon their arms,
They'll never win us with their charms,
So we'll all get pissed and send the Lance Jacks home.

The recruits they think that army life is easy
But after a while they find the food too greasy
They whinge and bitch and cry on,
And say that they should not have signed on,
So we'll all get pissed and send the recruits home.

The ARA are the Cards Staff, Hurray, Hurray,
They know exactly what they're doing, Ha Ha, Ha Ha
They've got the QM, The RSM, The Adj and Patch, I pity them,
So we'll all get pissed and send the Cards Staff home.

The cooks they always spill our food, and make us heave
Gourmets delights they never do achieve, achieve
They wreck the eggs, they screw the stew,
Feed us well they never do,
So we'll all get pissed and send the cooks home.

When someone is injured on our Gun position,
We yell for the Medic and hope that he will listen,
He makes us strip and touch our toes,
His real intentions no-one knows,
So we'll all get pissed and send the Medic home.

The Wrags they always feel that they should hit the sack,
We only ask that they would lay upon their backs,
We need them all, though they're not SMALL
With them around, we'll have a hell,
So we'll all get pissed and keep the Wrags HAPPY'

The drivers they're a desperate lot, a desperate lot,
They bounce us all about the truck, they should be shot,
They hide their trucks upon the ground,
And when its time, they can't be found
So we'll all get pissed and send the drivers home.

The signallers always sit and go Dit Da, Bit Da,
We normal people never know what the words they are,
They talk so strange - Grid and range
You never know what they'll arrange,
So we'll all get pissed and send the Dit DAs home.

The wrecker is the fun machine for "ST"
When trucks are broken down, we all shout "TST",
But when we need them, they aren't there,
They're always sucking cans of beer,
So we'll all get pissed and send the wreckers home.

The BG is the Bottom Guide, or so they say,
He's supposed to work but all he ever does is play,
He runs around with a gran' hat on,
Or stands and yells "Get a bloody move on"
So we'll all get pissed and send the BG home.

The Gun Rat loves the gun and he's here to stay
When he's around we have to watch just what we say,
He loves it all, he has a ball,
We'll keep him here, so have no fear,
So we'll all get pissed and keep the Gun Rat here.

The Section Commander really has to run a lot,
Without him we would never be able to fire a shot,
So why do we bother to keep him here,
If he wasn't here we'd drink more beer,
So we'll all get pissed and send the Saco home.

The No 1 is the man you have to watch out for,
If you get in his way he'll kick your arse for sure, for sure,
He has no patience, you will see,
He's always swearing at you and me,
So we'll all get pissed and send the No 1's home.

The Major General came to see us the other day,
For once the Gunners had hardly anything to say,
But he was alright, he didn't bite,
He told no lies, just said "Bye Bye",
So we'll all get pissed and send the General home.

The Regiment has to train so very, very hard,
See Why, Keweratic and Willoughby meet just once a year,
We work so hard, covered in shit,
At the end of 2 weeks we shout "WHAT FT"
And we'll all get pissed and take the Regiment Home

We gunners are alone now, at this bivouac,
We've sent the others far away, they won't be back
We'll sit around and drink more piss,
Their company we'll never miss.
So we'll all get pissed and find our own way home.

BSM, BSM every morning you greet me,
Tall and thin, Heart of tin,
You look like you could eat me,
Bossion of ours, do not yell at me
Or I won't give you a cup of tea
BSM, BSM let me go back to sleep.

TST, TST won't you fix my truck for me
It's no good, it won't start
So Staff Chad will now kick me
He will then yell and swear at me
If you don't think so, wait and see
TST, TST Please fix my truck for me

No 1 No 1 on your gun I must run
It's no fun, it's no fun being on your gun
You yell at me, you swear at me
And then you make me miss my tea
No 1 No 1 please be kind to me

Yogi, Yogi won't you come and talk to me
If you are nice, we'll find some rice
For you to have with your tea
I'm sure that you will have no regrets
But please don't steal our secrets
Yogi, Yogi please come and talk to me

BK, BK re-site my weapon wit for me
If you do I will spew, then you'll get mad at me
But if you buy me a beer or two
Then I'll talk to you, to you
BK, BK please be nice to me

BC, BC why do you not promote me,
You make me sob, I know my job,
But still you do not promote me
Why do you keep me waiting on
I've been on the guns for so long,
BC, BC Why do you not promote me.

Twiggy Twiggy you are now a snake

I wonder what a difference those 3 stripes will make

Will you, become a bastard now

That I'm afraid we cannot allow.

Twiggy Twiggy please be friends with us.