

6 RAR
Alpha Coy



'A' NEWS

Vietnam
East Timor—Leste
Solomon Islands
Singapore
RCB—Malaysia
Iraq
Afghanistan



EDITION 2 2018

EDITORIAL

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"A Veteran is someone who, at one point in his or her life, wrote a blank cheque made payable to Australia / NZ for an amount of 'UP TO AND INCLUDING MY LIFE'.

That is Honour and there are way too many people in this world who no longer understand it."



Hi, I hope you enjoy this, the 2nd edition of A News for 2018. As we are now in winter, I hope those of you who can, and usually do, have taken advantage of the free Flu vaccination. On a recent visit to my GP for my flu shot, he spoke about the benefits of a Pneumonia injection. It's a two injection course, one now (which I decided to have) and the second 12 months or so down the track. It's a fact that the older we get the more our immune system weakens and the more prone we become to the likes of Pneumonia. Many elderly people die each year due to Pneumonia or complications caused by Pneumonia. Apparently it's not for everyone, particularly people with allergies, and as I'm definitely no health expert, in no way am I suggesting you should get it. It is, however, wise to talk to your GP and get the facts and find out if it will be a benefit to you. It sure doesn't hurt to ask.

Another Reunion done and dusted and a great time it was. Although I was confined to crutches, due to a "dicky" knee, I still had a great time as usual. I'd also like to thank all you good people for the help that was continually offered and given. You really are a great group of friends. Billy & Liz Cane, you did a marvelous job, particularly in light of the fact that you now live almost 2500kms away from the venue. I felt it was very well planned and everything, with the exception of bus drivers, which was totally out of your control, went according to plan. The slide presentation that you and Dusty put together and the Magician you organised on the night of the dinner are still being talked about. Mate I know I can say, on behalf of just about everyone present at the reunion, thanks Bill and Liz for such a wonderful time. It was a job very well done. Also thanks to everyone who continually help. Too many to name, but you all know who you are, and from us all thanks very much.

THIS NEWSLETTER CAN BE VIEWED ON THE 6 RAR ASSOCIATION WEBSITE. VISIT; www.6rarassociation.com/alphacoy.htm

'A'News is the newsletter of the A Company 6 RAR Association. The Association is dedicated to fostering comradeship forged in service to our country.

EDITORIAL CONTINUED AND 2018 REUNION

Muriel and I had planned to leave home for the reunion on the 10th of April with the caravan, allowing a week to get down there. We had booked a site at the Van Park from the 17th of April to the 1st of May. We were then going to have a look at Lakes Entrance and a few places we have not seen before. We were planning on being away for around 6 to 8 weeks. Unfortunately this did not happen due to my knee and Muriel having a bout of cellulitis in one of her legs. My knee got to the point where I ended up on crutches and couldn't even pack the caravan. Muriel's dad then went into respite so with that and her leg infection she decided to stay home. I had decided earlier to call into Ardlethan to catch up with Barry Duncan, one of my old platoon mates I had only seen once, in 2008, since 1970. I arrived very late on Wednesday afternoon and booked into the local pub for two nights. I spent most of the day Thursday with Barry and Fay and met three of their lovely daughters. Barry is having a few health issues at present, but hasn't lost that Barry Duncan sense of humour nor the smile that seemed to be a permanent fixture on his face when we were in Vietnam. Barry, the boys all asked me to give you their best wishes and hope

things improve for you. I left Ardlethan early on Friday morning and drove to Heathcote to catch up with a mate who use to live here in Maryborough a few years ago. Saturday morning I left Heathcote just after 8am and had a fabulous run in to the caravan park at Coburg. I arrived around 9-30 am, and the nice people at the caravan park allowed me to go straight to my cabin. Book in time is normally after 2pm. Obviously the cabin mustn't have been used that night, but it was still nice of them to let me get in and unpack. All in all the trip down was good, topped off by a brilliant week at the reunion. The highlights for me were probably catching up with a few old platoon mates I hadn't seen since 1970 in Vietnam, being driven in the new Mustang convertible in the Anzac Day Parade, (All three of us felt like Rock Stars) and just being with such a great bunch of people. Down side was that Muriel wasn't with me. My trip home started at 6am on Saturday the 28th April. I missed the farewell breakfast as I wanted to get on the road early and deliver a raffle prize to Barry and Fay Duncan. I arrived around 11-30am, but Barry and Fay had gone to Griffith for a medical appointment. I left the prize on the verandah with a note and continued on my way to

Coonabarabran, where I stopped for the night. At 5-30 next morning I was on the road again. I spent a couple of very pleasant hours at Tenterfield with Bruce and Shirley Lewis over a coffee and a lovely morning tea. From there across to Toowoomba to deliver another raffle prize then I ended up spending the night with Rob and Sally Laurent in their new home, with beautiful views down the valley from Highfields. It was, as usual, a lovely night with them and I was spoiled by Sally, who made a beautiful mixed grill for dinner. One of my favourite meals. Next morning I was on the road at 8-30am and head for Brisbane to catch up with a cousin who had just moved back to Australia after about 32 years in Holland. I think I was with them for around 3 hours before heading home to Maryborough. I finally arrived at around 4-30pm. So, thanks again everyone. It was great to catch up again and I look forward to seeing you all at the next reunion if not before. I'm sorry I have no news on the whereabouts of the next reunion, which will be 2020. There is however, some checking out going on, but I can't say anything yet. As soon as I get a definite yes, I will let you know. Hopefully it will be in time for the next Newsletter.

EDITORIAL CONT.



THE GANG AT THE MEET AND GREET
Not every one had arrived at this early stage



A LOOK OF DISBELIEF
Laurie couldn't believe it when the Magician removed his undies without him knowing. (Just Joking).



Transport for the March on Anzac Day for myself, Bob Stumer and Trevor Steer. I was on crutches.



THE CONSEQUENCES WHEN MEDICATIONS WEAR OFF
Fortunately Helen and Merle had a backup supply in their handbags.



Chris Berg & Phil Zeuschner.
Chris was in 1PI in the early eighties. I had to laugh when Bob Stumer, who is about 6'4 had to look up to talk to Chris.



Top photo is Sue and Peter Wallbridge, and second photo is Mike MacNaught, Myself and Marcus Blackmore. It was the first time I had seen both Peter and Marcus since 1970 in Vietnam. This was Marcus's first reunion.



The slide show of funny pics from previous reunions and many memories of Vietnam, put together by Bill and Dusty, had everyone's attention for the duration. A very well done and humorous presentation for the Reunion Dinner.



The morning spent at the National Vietnam Veterans Museum, followed by a nice lunch at the Philip Island RSL then a wander through the Cowes shopping area.

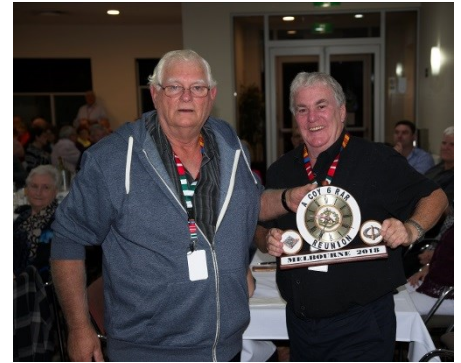
REUNION



What do you mean "Happy Hour"
There's a few happy DAY's here
Judy Mellington won a carton of wine bottles.



KEEP YOUR DISTANCE
The look on Merv's face indicates that he knows exactly what he's going to do with this prize.



Bill was happy to receive the clock



My oath, we'll join you Judy.
Jim and Di Nicholls also won a carton of wine bottles.



'Finally'
Mal and Nola won the prize they have been after for quite a few reunions now.



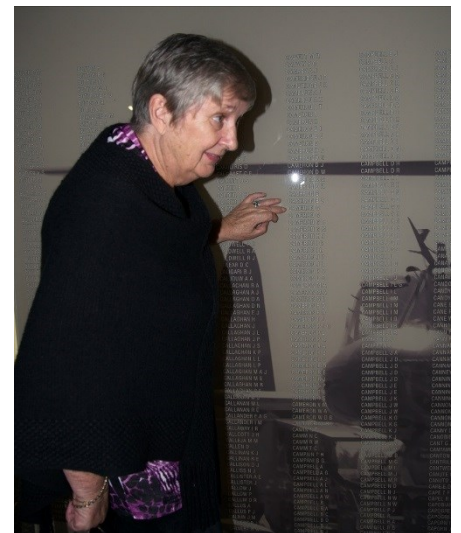
We presented Nola with a hand made Jewelry Box in appreciation of her efforts at the reunions running the raffles.



"look out if you don't share the wine" Ken Wall won a "Donger".



Alan and Kaye were happy to win the Skippy Badge made by Ian Lade.



Ann points out Dusty's name on the Vietnam Veterans Wall at Seymour

Just a few of the many good photos that were taken by Dusty.

VALE

VALE

Gary McMahon

A Coy Vietnam 66-67
1 ARU Vietnam 69-70

Gary passed away after a brief battle with cancer, in Darwin, on Friday April 20th 2018. He spent his last days with his devoted daughter Nicole and her family. Gary didn't want a funeral, so his family and friends held a Life Celebration of Gary's life in Darwin on June 9th.

Robert (Bob) Morris

3 PI Vietnam 66-67

Bob sadly passed away after an on going battle with an aggressive cancer. His funeral was held in Lismore NSW at 1100 Hrs on May 4th 2018

Bill Killalea

Although not an A Coy member (to my knowledge) Bill Killalea was a foundation member of 6RAR and was known to most through the Battalion. In my time with the Battalion Bill was Transport Sargeant, a position he held for many years. Bill passed away in Greenslopes Hospital His funeral was held at Albany Creek, Brisbane, at 1330hrs on May 10th 2018.

Gerry and Desley Newbery

Desley passed away after a long battle with cancer, on May 14th. Her funeral was held on Monday May 28th 2018 at Traditional Chapel, 636 Morayfield Rd Burpengary, at 1330 hrs. Just 5 days later, Gerry passed away due to complications from a number of medical conditions. His funeral was also

held at Traditional Funerals, Burpengary, at 1330 hrs on Tuesday June 19th. The service was very well conducted by Rod Ballard and his wife Raylene. Rod was one of Gerry's diggers in Vietnam and was one of those wounded, along with Gerry, from a mine blast on July 21 1969. The service was attended by around 20 ex 6 RAR members, which included 6 of Gerry's diggers from Vietnam. The following poem was read by Lee Rowan.

A Soldiers Farewell

I've saddled up and dropped me hooch,

I'm going to take the gap
My tour of duty's over mate
And I wont be coming back.

I'm done with diggin' shell scrapes

And laying out barbed wire
I'm sick of setting Claymore mines

And coming under fire.

So no more Fire Support Base
And no more foot patrols
And no more eating ration packs
And sleeping in muddy holes.

I've fired my last machine gun
And ambushed my last track
I'm sick of all the Army brass
And I sure ain't coming back.

I'll hand my bayonet to the clerk
He ain't seen one before
And clean my rifle one more time
And return it to the store.

So no more spit and polish
And make sure I get paid
And sign me from the Regiment
Today's my last Parade.

At the end of the service Rod informed us that, although it was not widely known, it was Gerry who wrote the lyrics to "The Regimental Ode".

The Regimental Ode

Rest Ye Oh Warrior
You'll battle no more
No longer to live
The horrors of war
Your duty was done
With honour and pride
Farwell! Oh Brother
Until we march by your side.

RIP

**From Don McNaught**

Hi Barry, Thank you for advising us of this sad news.

When I was first posted to 6RAR in May 1970, Gerry was my first Platoon Sergeant when I took over 1 Platoon. He had the task of guiding me in to being an operational platoon commander as I was straight out of OTU Scheyville at that time. I had the pleasure of serving with him until early 1971 when Jim Longworth arrived and I was posted to reform 3 Platoon by George Mansford who was our Company Commander.

Gerry was an inspiration to us all and a good man who was totally dedicated to the efficient functioning of the Platoon and the welfare of his men.

Unfortunately I cannot be with you on Tuesday but please pass on my condolences and thoughts to his family.

Regards and best wishes to all.
Don McNaught

LETTERS AND TRIBUTES

From Kevin Knowles

Very sad news Barry,
I will pay my respects to Gerry at 1.30 pm on the 19th June on the beach behind my house in Kamakura Japan. (12.30 Japan time)
Although I only spent a few months with 3 platoon before being transferred to the int section and the Vietnamese language course, Gerry was an absolutely fantastic platoon sgt and I remember his assistance in helping me join the Infamous, famous very brave 3 platoon.

Kevin

From Kim Jones

Thanks Barry for letting me know about Gerry. Very sad news, Gerry was my Pl. Sgt. In Vietnam. He was a good sergeant and a very nice bloke. Please pass my best wishes to his family and Friends and my apologies for not being able to be there.

Kim Jones.

From Alan Abrahams

Hi Barry. The last email was the news of the passing of Gerry's wife. At that time Gerry was also not doing well. It is so sad to hear the news of his passing as he was a fine man, straight up and down and no BS. He is now on a new journey accompanying his lovely wife. Together Forever. Please convey our sympathy and blessings to his family and friends.

Alan Abrahams

**FROM MAL AND NOLA
NICHOLLS Re Gary McMahon
(Nola read this at the reunion)**

Today it is with great sadness that we say our goodbyes to our dear friend Gary. I have known Gary for more than 30 years. We used to

meet at a mutual friend's home on Friday nights for drinks and to play 70's music. As the guys usually drank much more than me I was the designated driver and delivered them all home. I owe Gary much more than friendship, as it was through Gary that I met Mal. Mal and Gary have been friends since their military service in Vietnam. We have had many memorable times with Gary. Prior to a trip together to Bali we decided to have a "practice happy hour". This resulted in 2 very inebriated blokes as practice extended late into the night. We finally got happy hour down pat – just took 2 litres of Johnny Walker Black Label and it was all sorted! We saw Gary through some dark days too but more often we made wonderful memories. Gary was always good at thought provoking debates and discussion. One day he was demoaning the lesser attributes of women. I pointed out to him that I was of the female species and we weren't all bad to which he replied "you're all right, your one of the Boys". I took this as a great compliment coming from Gary. He later warned me though that if I ever hurt his mate Mal in any way he would track me down and "Rip my nuts out". Thank goodness he never had to make good on that threat. Gary was always partial to a good feed and especially loved homemade cake. He often managed to arrive at our place just as the cake came out of the oven and then ended up taking home anything that was left afterwards. We were fortunate to spend 3 days with Gary soon after his first amputation in Sydney. At that time he was looking forward to getting his prosthesis and escaping to his unit in Narrabeen. Unfortunately this did not come to pass as he was diagnosed with extensive and aggressive cancer early in April and his daughter took him to her home

in Darwin to spend his final days surrounded by his loving family. Special thanks to David Buckwater, who was always there for Gary during the years that he lived in Sydney at Narrabeen RSL Village. Although there were some rocky times the friendship always bounced back and David travelled to Darwin to say his final goodbyes several days before Gary passed away. I know Gary's daughter and her family are extremely grateful to Dave for everything that he did for Gary and for all of the assistance and advice he so freely gave to them at a very difficult time.

We have huge admiration for Gary's daughter Nicole and her husband Serge. We regard them as part of our family. They have given Gary unwavering love and support from long before his recent health problems. They are a constant source of inspiration to their 2 daughters and their many friends and have always welcomed Gary's army friends into their home. I would also like to thank Mike MacNaught's daughter Leanne who travelled to Darwin to support Nicole and her family during this sad time. The girls have been best mates since high school.

Gary wrote a small piece that is on the back of a Vietnam Commemorative watch which reads as follows

We would do anything for a mate
Anything, except leave him on the battlefield

We patrolled together, wslept together, we laughed together and we fought together

We even died together.

Gary carried these thoughts with him to the very end.

Gary has been a true and loyal friend to both Mal and I over many years and we will cherish our memories of those times.

Regards Nola and Mal Nicholls

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FROM MAL AND NOLA

After lots of shopping for suitable warm clothes we loaded up and headed south to Melbourne for the A Company reunion. It is always good to catch up with so many wonderful friends all together for ANZAC Day. We arrived to sunny weather, a bit chilly in the morning, but no rain and beautiful sunny days. Meet and greet was as good as we all remember previous times although we were saddened by the passing of Gary McMahon the day before. Bill Cane spoke of those who could not be with us all though illness or other problems and Al Jessop delivered the Ode. Sunday saw us all bright eyed and bushy tailed as we headed off to Queen Victoria market for a bit more shopping. This was our first experience "on the bus". We all learnt new driving skills from the bus driver, although some of these skills may not quite pass any state driving laws. Happy hour turned to slide night where some were elevated to hero status with help from Bill and Dusty's creative photo shopping and everyone laughed and took on their new role as movie stars with much admiration for their work. Monday morning we left in thick fog to head to Phillip Island to visit the Vietnam Veterans Museum. Anyone who has not been there is really missing an awesome display and some great memorabilia, even if the 6RAR section is poorly represented. If 6RAR members have things they do not want anymore this is the place to send it. Lunch was served at the Phillip Island RSL and enjoyed by everyone. A stroll around Cowes helped to walk some of it off before we were back on the bus to the caravan park. Melbourne traffic is chaotic at the best of times but again the bus drivers made their own rules and got us all safely home.

Tuesday was a lay day but impromptu scone makers provided morning tea and a fund raiser for cancer which was very successful. The spit roast for dinner was delicious and fed the hungry mouths to the brim.

Anzac Day saw us back "on the buses" to Dawn Service and later to the march in the city. Some of the men needed a car for the march and of course did it in true A Company style by being chauffeured in a Mustang Convertible by a very attractive young woman. Trevor Steer, Bob Stummer and Barry Francis were very appreciative of the lift and the company. Apparently the bus driver has made a new bus stop in the middle lane of Bell Street outside the Darebin RSL although I don't think this has been sanctioned by the council.

Darebin RSL made us all welcome for dinner on Thursday night and Bill and Dusty again showed their prowess with some very funny photos from previous reunions. I'm sure some of us never realised there was a camera around so often. We drew the major prizes for the raffle and then were spell bound by the magician who entertained and enthralled us. Who can forget some of his tricks and the things he did.

Friday saw us back "on the Bus" heading for Seymour to the Vietnam Veterans Wall and Walk. This is another must see when you are down that way but be sure to go back at night when it is lit up. By now the bus driver had almost perfected the five point turn, no mean feat in a 53 seat coach. He had almost learnt left from right although I am sure we was wearing hearing aids that he had turned off. (probably some of our men lent him theirs for the day) Reversing with a trailer on was still a mystery to the driver but then again who among us has not had a drama with that. Farewell breakfast saw us takeover

the camp kitchen again and say of goodbyes for another 2 years. It was really pleasing to see so many new faces this reunion. To watch men meet after 50 years apart and recognise each other is something really special. Reunions only happen through a lot of hard work by many people. To everyone who contributed to make this reunion as wonderful as it was we all say a big THANKYOU. To all the people who helped prepare the never ending supply of food, who helped set up and cleaned up, the many people who made the prizes for the raffles and then parted with their doe to buy tickets, Thank you. The raffle raised \$2360. (Included some tickets for donations) Bill and Liz Cane were amazing and for all our slinging off about 'the bus drivers' we were all very grateful although I think Bill might have an appointment at the wig makers on his return to Yeppoon to replace some of the hair he pulled out over the reunion week.

FROM ROSS SMITH

Sad to hear...Gary 'ave a beer ready for us all when we catch up at the First Heavenly Bar!

Ross E. Smith

8/3/A/6 Vietnam 1966/67

FROM FRANK ALCORTA

Thanks for your email about our old mate Gary.

I am also in touch with David Buckwalter, a man for whom I have a profound respect for the work that he has done, and continues to do, for other veterans.

Cheers old mate

Frank

MORE LETTERS

FROM TEX HOWARTH

A couple of weeks ago, during a routine check up with my doctor, I complained that my body, especially my legs were aching all over. My right calf was as hard as a rock and badly swollen. He had a look and asked me if I had trouble breathing. I told him I had been a little out of breath over the past week or so.

He immediately got on to the phone and rang around the Brisbane area until he found a private hospital who could do an immediate MRI on me. That done, I went straight to a private hospital at Everton Park (on Brisbane's north). They saw me straight away and did an ultra-sound on my leg, finding a blood clot behind the knee. They then got back to my doctor and asked him if my treatment was just restricted to that and he told them "No.....do whatever is necessary". I then underwent a CT scan and they found that bits of the blood clot had broken away and had made their way to both my lungs.

An ambulance was ordered and I went immediately to Caboolture Private Hospital to be admitted into the emergency ward. Five minutes later I was in a hospital bed. The specialist there told me that if it hadn't been for the prompt action of my doctor, I could have died of a heart attack within days, or hours, or seconds.

I don't know if there is a lesson to be learnt here, but all I can say is thanks to all the medical staff who

attended to me right down the line and thanks to DVA and the Gold Card. There is one lesson I should point out though.....for those who haven't spent much time in hospital, the split in the hospital gown goes to the back, not the front as the nursing staff tactfully pointed out to me.

As an aside. The doctors pointed out to me that the blood clot was probably caused by too many hours behind the wheel, with minimum leg movement. All good now.

TEX HOWARTH

FROM RUTH MORRIS

Hello all,
As of the 30th May Bob's email will no longer be operating, but my email will be
ruthmorris849@gmail.com
Kind Regards,
Ruth Morris

FROM GEORGE MANSFORD

Dear Editor
Can you please advise if the Thought Police will be present on ANZAC Parades or will there be an amnesty for old soldiers to use yesterday language which helped bond mateship in thick and thin. Can they use old nicknames such as Snowy, Darky, Shorty, Dingbell, Grumpy and Rusty. Will their beloved mate, Disciple, be allowed to harangue and accuse old comrades as being sinful heathens? Let's not forget Bludger Barnes, Galah, and Wombat. Strike me pink, this one reason why they are marching today; to honour those who gave all to defend our way of life which includes free speech. It certainly

does not include Political Correctness created by half-baked phantoms that clearly are not a full quid.

George Mansford

FROM CHRIS WEIGAND

Hi Frenchy,
Good to see you at the reunion and both Wendy and I hope Muriel is getting better.
We enjoyed catching up with so many mates in Melbourne and hope to see them again soon. I believe we will have a swag of them coming up this way in the near future. More than likely escaping the winter months down south.

Look forward to going to the 1 platoon gig next year and I know you will let us know where it will be when you know.

Well done Bill Cane. Top job. Bus drivers were a bit of an issue and I hope they were sorted by the finish.

Attached is a pic of Terry Kerby and I when we visited them in Bright. Bright is not really on the way to anywhere. One needs a reason to go there unless you like a cold climate. I consider 20 degrees to be zero. So 3 degrees in my mind is 17 below. Call me a sook if you like, I don't care.

Should have enough material for a newsletter mate. Reunions are good for that.
Cheers Weigo



CLAUS ZIMMERMANN



**JUST THOUGHT I WOULD
SHARE A LITTLE STORY
WITH YOU, ABOUT ONE OF
OUR A COMPANY FAMILY
MEMBERS.**

**CLAUS KAARE
ZIMMERMANN.**

Claus, or more commonly known as "Zimmo", was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on January 26th 1945. The eldest of four, Zimmo had two brothers and one sister. The family migrated to Australia from Denmark around the end of 1956, and were housed in the Bonegilla Migrant complex in Victoria. They eventually settled in Daisy Hill, Melbourne. Clause attended school there and eventually left at around age 18, after completing year 5 in High School. He worked as a Laboratory Assistant from the time he left school until he joined the Army in February 1968. He completed around three months in Kapooka for recruit training, then a further three months at Ingleburn for Core Training, then was posted to 6 RAR in

Townsville. He travelled to Townsville by car with Ted Jones, and arrived at Lavarack Barracks in about August 1968, which was a similar time to myself. In May 69 Claus sailed to Vietnam onboard the HMAS Sydney with the Battalion and completed a tour of duty, returning to Australia on the 29th of April 1970. After leave, Claus returned to 6RAR and the Battalion soon commenced preparations for it's posting to Singapore in June 1971. Claus enjoyed the Singapore posting and returned to Australia in December 1973. He spent a further 12 months with 6RAR after Singapore, then was posted to Central Army Records Office for around 4 years, during which time he was promoted to sergeant. From CARO, Claus had a posting to a local Administration Unit in Canberra, before being posted back to Townsville to Headquarters 3 Brigade in around 1979 for approx. 3 years. From there he spent a few months with 1 Division Battle School in Cardwell, which was headed up by George Mansford. An 18 month posting to a District Support Unit in Hobart Tasmania followed, before his posting to 5 Training Group in Perth WA for 2-3 years. A final 12 month posting to 51 Supply Battalion also in Perth saw Zimmo's retirement after twenty years and one day service in the Australian Military. Twenty years and one day seemed an odd number to me, so when I asked why, his answer was "Just to make sure". After Army life, Claus commenced work with the

West Australian Lotteries Commission as Dispatch Clerk, and remained there until his retirement. In 2007 Claus moved back to Melbourne to his current address. When I asked Claus what the highlights of his Army career were, he answered "an unforgettable 12 months in Vietnam, my Singapore posting with the Battalion and the Camaraderie, especially with 6 RAR".

I left the Battalion in December 1971 and had not seen Zimmo until the Adelaide reunion in 2012. I recognized him immediately as did everyone else. As you can see in the photos, there is very little change in his looks, apart from the normal ageing process. Also, he is still the very quiet, quietly spoken nice bloke he always was. At the reunions he just seems to appear for a couple of days, has a few glasses of wine with everyone, a bit of a chat here and there, and with no fuss or warning he disappears again. He is still a champion little bloke who is loved by us all. So Zimmo, please keep well mate, and we all look forward to seeing you at all future reunions.



JUST A COUPLE OF LAUGHS

THE TOILET SEAT

Charlie's wife, Lucy, had been after him for several weeks to paint the seat on their toilet. Finally, he got around to doing it while Lucy was out. After finishing, he left to take care of another matter before she returned. She came in and undressed to take a shower. Before getting in the shower, she sat on the toilet. As she tried to stand up, she realized that the not-quite-dry epoxy paint had glued her to the toilet seat. About that time, Charlie got home and realized her predicament. They both pushed and pulled without any success whatsoever. Finally, in desperation, Charlie undid the toilet seat bolts. Lucy wrapped a sheet around herself and Charlie drove her to the hospital emergency room. The ER Doctor got her into a position where he could study how to free her (Try to get a mental picture of this.). Lucy tried to lighten the embarrassment of it all by saying, "Well, Doctor, I'll bet you've never seen anything like this before." The Doctor replied, "Actually, I've seen lots of them. I just never saw one mounted and framed."

THE BURGLAR:

A man escapes from a prison where he's been locked up for 15 years. He breaks into a house to look for money and guns. Inside, he finds a young couple in bed. He orders the guy out of bed and ties him to a chair.

While tying the homeowner's wife to the bed, the convict gets on top of her, kisses her neck, then gets up and goes into the bathroom.

While he's in there, the husband whispers over to his wife, 'Listen, this guy is an escaped convict.

Look at his clothes! He's probably spent a lot of time in jail and hasn't seen a woman in years. I saw how he kissed your neck.

' If he wants sex, don't resist, don't complain...do whatever he tells you. Satisfy him no matter how much he nauseates you.

This guy is obviously very dangerous. If he gets angry, he'll kill us both. Be strong, honey. I love you!

His wife responds, 'He wasn't kissing my neck. He was whispering in my ear.

'He told me that he's gay, thinks you're cute, and asked if we had any Vaseline. I told him it was in the bathroom. 'Be strong. I love you too!'

A woman asks her husband at breakfast time, "Would you like some bacon and eggs, a slice of toast and maybe some grapefruit juice and coffee?"

He declines. "Thanks for asking, but I'm not hungry right now. It's this Viagra," he says. "It's really taken the edge off my appetite."

At lunchtime, she asked him if he would like something. "How about a bowl of soup, homemade muffins or a cheese sandwich?"

He declines. "The Viagra," he says, "It's really spoiled my need for food."

Come dinnertime, she asks if he wants anything to eat. "Would

you like a juicy rib eye steak and some scrumptious apple pie? Or maybe a rotisserie chicken or tasty stir fry?"

He declines again. "No," he says, "it's got to be the Viagra. I'm still not hungry." "Well," she says, "Would you mind getting off me? I'm bloody starving."

There was a power failure in a Dublin Department Store last week and three hundred people were stranded on the escalators for more than two hours.

Young Irish girl came home with some dreadful news. "I'm pregnant" she cries. "And how do you know it's yours then?" shouts her father.

PADDY: "If you can guess how many Pheasants I've got in me bag you can have both of them".

SHAUN: Three.

Shaun and Molly sat up all night, on their honeymoon, waiting for their conjugal relations to arrive.

The Dublin pensioners club go on a mystery tour every Wednesday and to make it interesting they have a sweep to guess where they are going. Shamus, the coach driver, has won five weeks on the trot.

"We're looking for a Treasurer for the Xmas fund", said Paddy. "Didn't you take on a new one last month?" said Murphy. "That's the one we're looking for", Paddy replied.

JUST ANOTHER LAUGH



This morning, around 7am, I went for my morning stroll around the Marina. I noticed a man shouting "Allah be praised!" and "Death to all Infidels!", when suddenly he tripped and fell backwards into the water. He was struggling to stay afloat because of all the explosives he was carrying. If he didn't get help he would surely drown! Being a responsible citizen, and abiding by the law of the land that requires you help those in distress, I contacted the Police, the Ambulance, and the Fire Brigade! It is now 11:00 AM, the terrorist has drowned, and none of the authorities have responded.

I'm starting to think I just wasted three postage stamps.



SENIOR CITIZENS

Some senior citizens are being criticized for the present deficiencies of our modern world, real or imaginary, present or past, foreign or domestic. We take responsibility for all our actions and omissions. We don't try to blame others for our past imperfections, ignorance or failures. Our generation saved the world from Facism, Communism and Racism, while we raised the standard of living, Health Care and Life Expectancy. HOWEVER, upon reflection, we would like to point out that it was NOT SENIOR CITIZENS WHO TOOK, **The Melody out of Music, The Pride out of Appearance, The Courtesy out of Driving, The Romance out of Love, The Commitment out of Marriage, The Responsibility out of Parenthood, The Togetherness out of Family, The Learning out of Education, The Service out of Patriotism, The Golden Rule from Rulers, The Civility out of Behaviour, The Refinement out of Language, The Dedication out of Employment, The Prudence out of Spending, AND WE CERTAINLY ARE NOT THE ONES WHO ELIMINATED PATIENCE AND TOLERANCE FROM PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS, AND INTERACTION WITH OTHERS ON A FACE TO FACE BASIS. WE DO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF PATRIOTISM, AND REMEMBER THOSE WHO FOUGHT AND DIED FOR OUR COUNTRY. YES, WE ARE SENIOR CITIZEN'S!** We are often the life of the party, even if it does only last till 8pm. We are very good at opening childproof caps , with a hammer. We are often awake many hours before our bodies allow us to get up, we smile all the time because we cant hear a word you are saying, I'm sure everything I cant find is in a safe, secure place, somewhere, I'm wrinkled, saggy and lumpy, and that's just my left leg, but I haven't made my skin look like wall paper or snake skin. My ears, nose, tongue or naval haven't been pierced with metal rings.

I'm beginning to realize ageing is not for whimpsSo:-

SPREAD THE LAUGHTER SHARE THE CHEER

LETS BE HAPPY

WHILE WE'RE STILL HERE

This is your Newsletter and your input is encouraged. If you have a story you think would interest others please send it in. To keep producing a worthy size Newsletter I need information from you.



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'A' Coy. 6RAR Melbourne Reunion April 2018

EXPENDITURE

INCOME

ACTIVITY	DETAIL	COST	ACTIVITY	DETAIL	COST
Queen Vic Market - City	Bus Hire	1,400.00	Raffles	Proceeds from Nola Nicholls raffles	1,625.00
NVV Museum - Phillip Island	Bus Hire	2,150.00	Donations	Jim Kelly , Marcus Blackmore	
	Entry fee and morning tea	442.50		Ray and Pat Corry , Tess Davis	
	Dinner @ Phillip Island RSL	1,071.00		Barrie Proctor , Alan Rutherford	
Memorial Wall/Walk - Seymour	Bus Hire	800.00		Terry Mellington, Phil Murray	
	Dinner @ Royal Hotel @ Seymour	728.00		Barry Duncan, Kevin White	
				Colin Thompson , Charles Mollison , W Prowse, Trevor Steer.	1,779.00
ANZAC DAY	Bus Dawn Service and City	1,950.00	Reunion fees	Participant function attendance fees	9,783.00
	Wreath for Dawn Service (Donated by Al Jessop)	0.00			
Official Dinner @ Darebin RSL	Bus Hire Shuttle	701.50	DVA Grant	(Yet to be received)	5,690.00
	Official Sit down dinner	2,888.00			
	Magician	600.00			
	Meet & Greet (BBQ & Coffee/Tea/Milk/ sauce/Cups etc.)	351.95			
Meals at Caravan Park	Catered Spit and Sweets	1,178.90			
	Farewell Breakfast	165.72			
Merchandise	Lanyards	425.00			
	Bumper stickers	100.00			
	Vietnam Veteran Biros	365.00			
	EXPENDITURE	\$15,317.57	INCOME		\$18,877.00

1.	Current Bank Balance	\$ 5166.88
2.	Grant Money (To be received)	\$ 5690.00
	Balance After Grant is received but before costs of this Edition of A News	\$10856.88