



EX SWIFT EAGLE / BECHLOUS AIRLIFT  
 BECHLOUS AIRLIFT  
 OUT OF THE BATTERY AREA

SWIFT EAGLE

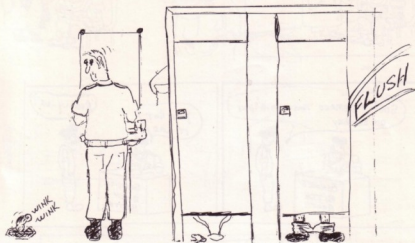




THE RMO WAS SEEN HUMBLING AND TALKING TO HIMSELF (?) DURING THE BATTALION ATTACK ON EXERCISE BANICOOT RUN

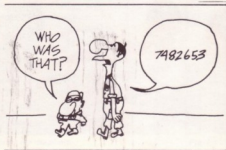
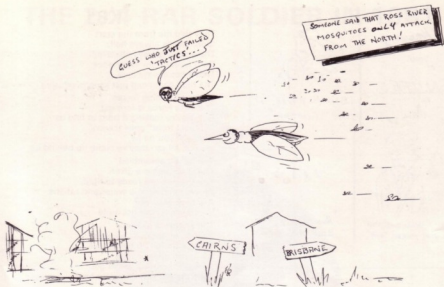


EVERYTHING STAYS LOOSE IN  
CHARLIE COMPANY!





"Sorry my CHRISTMAS MESSAGE DURING CO'S HOUR WAS SO LONG - BUT I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOY your CHRISTMAS DINNER"



knowing  
your  
SALUTES.

"*Shit!! A REAL  
LIVE GENERAL*"



"*Shit!! A REAL  
LIVE GENERAL*"



"*HELL! WHEN WILL THIS  
RANDOMLY PROBE END?*"



"*RUN QUICK? I JUST  
SAW AN OFFICER!*"

SERVING PT I



"*WHAT'S THIS,  
A SURVIVAL  
COURSE?*"

They told me from the start  
'Son, war is always hell.  
The enemy always elusive.'  
But I found from experience  
That's not always true,  
The high command just keep it exclusive.  
We're all joining forces.  
The Task Force is forming,  
But they're making it hard to find us.  
"Contact front" goes the cry,  
But I tell you no lie,  
It's our Allies...they've come up behind us.

The forces assembled.  
The O Groups are given.  
The Diggers are ready to fight.  
All we need now is water and rations.  
Are they here yet?  
Well almost...but not quite.

The enemy is sighted.  
Platoon strength in bunkers.  
They're on hill 26 over there.  
So up we all go  
Giving everything we've got.  
Only the hill is really quite bare.

The choppers will be here  
In just on an hour.  
The LZ we all had to cut.  
But five hours later  
They came round again,  
"Sorry chaps, we're going by truck."

The water is foul  
And the shade we're all chasing.  
When they put us on five minutes notice.  
So we put on our packs  
But they say "Just relax.  
Nobody said you could quote us."

The war must go on  
But it gets rather hard,  
For in circles we all seem to travel.  
And at the end of the day  
When we're weary and tired,  
Our mattress is just rocks and gravel.

When the exercise is over  
And we're all going home,  
Looking forward to steak and cold beer.  
Onto the trucks with a mad scramble and rush,  
We depart with a heart rending cheer.

So you learn there are three rules in life,  
When you march through that big army gate.  
The first is say 'Yes Sir'  
The second is say 'No Sir'  
The third, is 'Hurry up and wait!!'

Pte. T. DAISH