

# A WORD OR TWO FROM RECON

There was movement at the CP for the word had passed around.

That the Orangelanders from Cato Is. had got away  
And had joined the wild ILF they were worth a thousand pounds.

So all the Coy's had gathered to the fray.

All the tried and noted soldiers from the coy' near and far had gathered at the CP overnight.

For the soldiers love hard fighting where the wild Orangelanders are and the M60 sniffs the battle with delight.

There was "Niner" who made his pile when "Vieties" was on the up.

The Old Man with his hair? as white as snow.

But few could fight beside him when his blood was fairly up.

He would go where-ever troops and man could go.

And "gonzo" of SFMG come down to lend a hand.

No better man ever held the gun.

For never enemy could throw him, while the ammo it would stand.

He learnt to fight while gunning on the Range.

And "one" was there, a stripling with a small and suspect mob.

He was something like a Brigadier undersized with a touch of SAS - 3 parts thoroughbred at least.

And such as are by CO's prized.

They were hard & tough & wiry - just the sort who won't say die

There was courage in their quick & fiery tread.

And they bore the badge of gameness in their bright & bloodshot eyes

And the cammed and different carriage of their heads.

But still so slight & suspect one would doubt his power to stay.

And Hard Rock said "That platoon will never do -

-For a long & tiring war - lads you'd better step away

These hills are far too rough for such as you

So they patiently waited - only "Niner" stood their friend

I thing we ought to let them come he said.

I warrant they'll be with us when their wanted at the end for both he & his platoon are specially bred.

He hails from Recon Pl., up by Spt. Coy's. side.

Where the troops are twice as good and twice as tough

Where the M60's bursts strike fire-light from the flintstones, every burst and the man that holds his arm is good enough.

And the Spt. Coy. soldiers in the jungles make their home.

Where the enemy runs those big ambushes between I have seen full many soldiers since I first began to roam

But no where yet such soldiers have I seen.



*"I like carrying the radio" Tom Purris.*

So they went: they found the enemy by the big swampy dump and they raced towards the mountains.

And the Old Man gave his orders

"Boys go to them from the jump

No use to try for fancy fighting now"

And Wock Eye you must wheel, then, try and wheel them to the right

Fight boldly now and never fear the spills.

For never was soldier that could keep that mob in sight if once they gain the shelter of those hills.

So Wock Eye rode to wheel them - he was racing on the flank.

Where the best and boldest soldiers take their place  
And he raced his mortars past them and he made the ranges ring with the mortars as he met them face to face.

Then they hatted for a moment while he dropped the  
dreaded fire  
But they saw their well-beloved mountain full in view  
And they charged beneath the mortars with as strap  
and sudden dash, and off into the mountain scrub  
they flew.

Then fast the soldiers followed where the gorges  
deep & black resounded to the thunder of their  
tread.

And the rifles woke the echoe's & they fiercely  
answered back

From the cliffs & crags that towered overhead  
And upward ever upward the orangelanders held  
their way

Where mountain ash & jungle grew wild

And the old man muttered fiercely "we may bid the  
mob goodbye - No man can hold them down the  
other side"

When they reached the mountain summit even A  
Coy. took a pull

It well might make the boldest hold their breath

The wild hop scrub grew thickly & the hidden ground  
was full of shellsrapes & any trip was death

But the man from recon let the patrol have its head &  
he swung his 203 around & gave a cheer & he  
raced them down the mountain like a torrent down  
its bed - While the others stood & watched in every  
fear.

They sent the flintones flying but the Patrol kept its  
head & they cleared the fallen timber in their stride

The man from Recon never shifted in his aim  
It was good to see that special soldier fight

They were right around the orangelanders as they  
climbed the further hill & the watchers on the  
mountain standing mute

Saw them ply the mig fiercely. They were right  
among them still as they raced across the clearing  
in the pursuit

Then they lost them for a moment were two  
mountain gullies meet

On a dim & distant hillside the Orangelanders racing  
Yet with the men from Recon racing at their heels  
And they ran them single handed till their flanks were  
red with blood.

They followed like a bloodhound on their track  
Till they halted cowed & beaten then they turned  
Their heads for the R.P. & alone & unassisted brought  
them back.

And up in Mt Spec where the jungle clad ridges raise  
their torn & rugged battlements on high.

Where the air is cool as crystal & the white stars fairly  
blaze at midnight in the dark & distant sky

Where around high range the spear grass sweep &  
sway to the breezes & the rolling plains awide

The soldiers from Recon are a household word today  
And the companies tell their story with pride.

Apologies to Banjo  
From Ace.



*Just hanging around.*



*Hard at work on a mission.*



*Snipers.*



*Bass & Kim*



*Quick Brew.*



*Returning from Recon Patrol*