



'THE RSM'

To become an RSM is something of a feat,
 If you have this goal in mind, then forget about civvy street.
 I know a man who's achieved this goal, his name is John Dunshea,
 But we as soldiers of this Battalion, do our best to keep out of his way.
 For his dedication and service, a Warrant was bestowed,
 For his rather rotund figure, he's earned the nickname "TOAD".
 It's 1984 and "TOAD" is back once more,
 He spent some time at "SINGOS", welcoming rookies to the Corps,
 He took the reins from Terry Curtis and things began to change,
 Does "TOAD" coach Aussie Rules and drink at The Exchange?
 At functions in the Sgts Mess he can be quite a character,
 When it comes to Military Law, you'd swear he was a Barrister.
 He dresses up, proceeds to play up, and enjoys the fun and jokin',
 And when he goes out for a crap, he leaves the door wide open.
 He pops up here and there with an R.P. by his side,
 Instilling military thoroughness, and encouraging soldierly pride.
 He visits the Br Guard Room, when you don't think he's around,
 You'd better have your act together, or "TOAD" will dress you down.
 The Parade Ground's his happy hunting ground for slugs who should stuff up,
 So be sure to check the Duty Roster as soon as it goes up.
 His love for cups of coffee, and passion for XXXX Lite,
 Have got him in the "t" I'm sure, on many a Friday night.
 He's reached the final rung on the Non Commissioned ladder,
 To Sgt's in the "SNAKES PIT", I guess "TOAD'S" the chief Death Adder.
 A swag of appointments and postings too numerous to mention,
 But no one's really sure, just when he'll take his pension.
 To be a true soldier can be trying, some things we do condemn,
 But no Battalion would be complete, without an RSM.