



"Stoke them bombs George!"



"The gentlemen of the Mortar Line"

Mortar Platoon

Well here we are the Mortarmen,
the ones back in the rear
and we've compiled this article
to finish off the year.

'92's been pretty hectic
as far as bush trips go
and along the way
some things have happened
we thought you'd like to know.

We'll start with CAPT Graham,
an inspiration to his troops
but the only thing he's done this year
is pull on football boots.

Now the MLO's an athlete
as he showed us round the track
when he collapsed representing the company
but we still accepted him back.

and although the picture painted isn't pretty,
never fear!

for we have other father figures
that have guided us through the year.

There's SGT Birt who always does
the best that he can do,
except when he's passed out somewhere.
from that deadly river flu.

We've also got four MFCs
or so the roll book said
but no ones seen them all the year.
So their missing, presumed dead.

Well there's the PI figureheads
but wait before I go
I'll introduce the puppeteers
who, really run the show.

The job of working CAPT Graham
falls on CPL Elliot's shoulders
and we know this is a fact
because of the thousands of times he's told us!

No! the CP CPL this year
really hasn't been that slack.
It's just that having to carry SGT Birt
tends to hurt ones back.

Of course there's Smithy and Bill
and Pup and Heil Hitler Ross
and they've been worked flat out this year
just straightening out the Boss (LT).

But we all know who they talk to
when they don't know what to do.
It's the CP Staff who guide the secos,
SGT. and PHQ.

But the year in Mortars really belongs
to the digger through and through
and for all the hard work this year fellas
our thanks go out to you.

For without the fat, the cheeky, the funny, the lazy
too many diggers to name
Mortars wouldn't be Mortars
and that would be a shame.

So give us your shit, but spare a thought
for the Mil Skills comp this year.
When Maggots beat every PI bar one.
Not bad far Drop Shorts! I hear