



Sgt Kelly renders a captured 12.7 mm machine gun innocuous.

"Spare me that briefing jazz, Serg. baby. I know all about Nui Dat having led the last Sydney University anti-Vietnam demonstration."



The Salvation Army recreation hut.



Lcpl Clayton fills jerrycans for the troops forwards.

Lcpl Cairns checks through his ammunition store.



Cpl Beasley (left) and WOII Neagle sort out a problem.





From left, Cpl Thornhill, Sgt Doohan and Cpl Lester check fire fighting equipment.



The battalion quartermaster, Capt Taylor (left), and Capt Frazer, 21C Admin Company.



Gunships.

Pte Smith (left) and Pte Kinnane in the bulk store.



Eagle Farm staff.



The Experience

It had finished two days before, but the experience continued to torture him as though it happened only hours ago. He tried to forget, and mask shattered nerves and tortured mind with a show of bluff and false bravado.

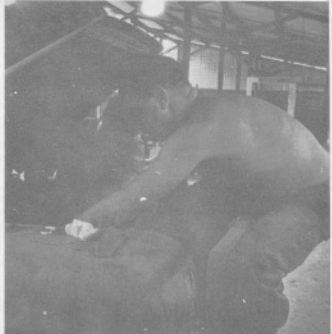
It was no use. The others in his section had seen the danger signs before — chain smoking, tired haunted eyes, shaking hands and the agony of restless half sleep. Every work party was hell, a battle to find strength when his body screamed for rest.

Inevitably he was marched before the OC, an understanding, sympathetic man. "You've had a hell of an experience. One that normally leaves a man a physical wreck. I just want to let you know that we understand your problem and have every confidence that you will soon be your old self," he said.

A gleam of hope spread over the veteran's haggard face as he replied: "I suppose you're right, Sir. Thank God R and R happens only once in a tour."



"No I don't pay for everything in this store."



Cpl Carr repairing a vehicle.



Cpl Legg.

The company canteen.



Cpl Mathieson (left) and Pte Sutton preparing a meal in the company kitchen.



Loading rations from the bulk store.

