



ROOSTER NEWS



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[johncarey.jpg \(79535 bytes\)](#)

SPR John Carey checks things out!

THE OFFICER COMMANDING – MAJ Neil GREET

As I write it is mid January and the New Year is in full swing. I won't say time is flying but now that we are in 2000, coming home is tangibly much closer. Everyone is busy, as the rains have finally hit Dili. Even the 'Dili Bus Stop' has had rain. The Kenyans have now joined us and are into full swing working side by side with us. Commander INTERFET Major General P.J. Cosgrove visited the unit on 7 Jan and met many unit members. The next activity for us is the Unit 50th birthday on 25 Jan 00. Hopefully, I will soon be able to give a better idea of our arrival date home. We are still expecting late Feb. Hope you are all well and enjoying life back in Australia. We will be back soon.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SQUADRON SERGEANT MAJOR

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WO1 ANDY ANDREWS

Firstly, I would like to wish you all a Happy New Year and hope that you all had a safe Christmas. I can assure you that we are all looking forward to coming home and being with family and friends once again, when the job's done. It's important for us to stay focused so that we may continue to keep the same high standards of safety and professionalism in everything we do. Plans are already underway for the cleaning of the squadron's equipment and the end is in sight. I'm sure you would be happy to know that the positive "can do" attitude of the squadron members is shown in everything we attempt and the squadron is highly thought of by both the locals and the rest of INTERFET. However, I do have one concern and that is the amount of teeth cavities that we will leave behind when we depart East Timor—now you know where all those lollies you sent for Christmas went. I would also like to take this opportunity to wish all the very best to those of you who are leaving us to go on posting—hope you enjoyed your time with us. Well that's all for now, I know the troops are fairly thirsty restricted to two cans, per person, per day (perhaps) and I know what's on their mind, **UP THE OLD RED ROOSTER AND MORE ******.

Regards SSM—See you soon.

EDITORS DESK

From the Editors....

Well another issue of the Rooster News is completed. Articles this issue are on day to day events and the work we are undertaking. (*For those who have seen Ground Hog Day, The Movie, this may be worth a look even at this early stage.*) The New Year celebrations were relatively low key given the current situation but not to worry the real celebrations are next year (2001) when the real celebrations for the millennium really begin. The editors would like to farewell SGT McGregor, who will be moving on to bigger and better things at 7 CSSB. This will be his last issue of Rooster News.

Similarly, the remaining editors will be leaving soon after, cleaning the editing slate. Editors required!



blackadder.jpg (65161 bytes)

CPL Cherie Blackadder on finishing the Subj 3 SGT in the LO nerve centre.

MESSAGES FROM 21 CONST SQN DETACHED TO 17 CONST SQN

THE PRODIGAL SONS

I AM CPL PETER TALLON

Well a message from one prodigal son detached to 17 Counts Sqn.

It was great to get out of Croc 99, but boy it was out of the pan and straight into the fire. It was great to leave the Dili dungeon (17s compound) and head on down to Suai. After our arrival and setup, we extended the runway, and constructed heli-pads plus hard stands for the Kiwis. Yes MONEY PENNY they get a mention. We also removed loads of rubbish and dug all the toilets for 3 BDEs troops.

Well two and a half months to go, I will be home and happy.

LCPL Burbury (YRUBRUB)

Since being attached to 17 Const Sqn I have worked on the 5 Avn heli-pads, acted as Plt Det Comd at Oeccussi in the enclave in spt of 3RAR. Then onto Maliana to Spt 3 CER by way of road maintenance, whilst they built a bailey bridge. I am currently running the quarry supporting the sewerage ponds when not searching for lost weapons.

SPR Davies (Spit Davies)

Since arriving in country work has been constant, I could not have asked for a better opportunity to operate plant. The experience gained thus far has been excellent. Tomorrow is a new day and which we all know is another day closer to the end and home.

LCPL Baird (Bairdy)

My tour started just great with 17 not knowing when we were due to arrive. After sorting out our own accommodation it was onto servicing 17s-plant equipment for them. What a job! After arriving in country several of us plants had a short spell in hospital with something. They still don't know what it is.

I then did various sorts of works for a number of units here. Shift work was something different on the 5 Avn hell-pads with choppers coming and going around the clock. As it was most of the prodigal sons were on the job, I would like to say well done and 17 have benefited from having

us. From there I was given the task of the hard stands at 1 JSU. Ever tried driving a D8 through a china shop! From this job I received a letter of commendation from the CO of 1 JSU. I extend this to all those who worked there with me. Once again it was 90 % 21 people. Thanks Sparrow, Guitar Murphy, and others.

From here I moved onto the wash point job. At the same time I had half of my crew working at the stadium for the concert. Now we are on shift work at the sewerage ponds.

But freedom is near as I am taking my crew to Maliana, Bobanaro, Memo and Batagado until the end of the tour.

They say I should be out of country by 31st of March.

Christmas was good, considering I was away from my family but a god time was had.

Will be home soon.

RESOURCES TROOP

By SPR John Carey

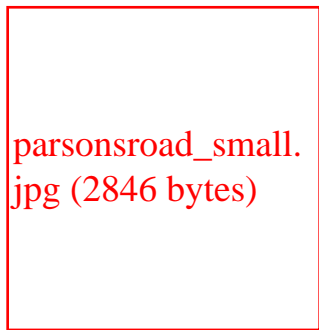
Well here we are, the clock has ticked over 2000 and the world has not ended, although for those who returned from Baucau, it may well have.

After an uneventful and very subdued New Years Eve Party consisting of an *(excellent) Ed. Trivia night (SPR Platt, CPL Manning, take a bow)* that the 'Gabioneers' (comprising mainly TRG personnel) took out. No surprises really, considering that Plt Tpt called themselves the Thickers, and everyone else, well, they don't rate a mention. *(And the Officers started with a 20 point handicap)!*

On the work front "the Boss", LT "I did hit it" Milner, has come up with a plan of a prefab retaining wall consisting of blocks similar to Lego, that we may use in place of Gabion (rock) baskets.

This has kept SPR @\$%! Mackaway, and his sidekick, Wiffo, busy batching and the chippies busy with a 'Ground Hog Day' of strip form and pour for nearly a week. The new rock crusher is also working thanks to the other FE WO2 Kirkham and his crew, the other FE.

Whilst all this mayhem, I mean work, (*mayhem*) *Ed.* is going on in camp, the road slip repair team is finishing its second slip o the road to Aeliu. (*at time of printing, third slip completed*) This one is a little trickier than the first as it was more on a bend and had a drain running through it. However, under the whips of CPL James 'melon' Hampton Manning (*the third, KCB, CMG*) they have it well in hand. The battle for 'King of the Mountain between Jacko and G continues.



(G and Jacko on left in break from ' King of the Mountain')

This slip has also improved foreign relations as the Kenyans were closely working on this job as well. How close do you ask? Well Moorey, care to shed some light?

Meanwhile, I have been doing my subject courses for NARB and am supervising the 20 locals picking rock from a river bed half an hour west of the camp. This is day seven, and I have nearly passed; now all I have to do is get some print for the rock. All up the locals have hand picked about 35-40 mack loads of rock and are working for \$5 US dollars a day. This is very good money in East Timor (approximate weekly wage), however it is hard and tedious work.

Shortly the TRG will be moving to just short of Aeliu and building another camp, and continuing on road slip repair.

Downing tools for scrubbing brushes is already in sight, as February draws closer.

As the locals would say, Signing off Mr Bot.

OPERATION OSSU

I, M.A.Ninness, C.A.Moore and K.D.Thomas intrepid adventurers embarked on a mission of war winning proportions. The mission involved setting up a 30KVA generator, a hot water service, showers and a washing machine, plus a trip into the unknown to a town called Ossu (no not the drink you beer swilling fiends).

Our journey started on the 30 Dec 99 with a beautiful scenic drive along the mountainous coastal road from Dili to Baucau. After arriving at the airfield at Baucau, it was straight to work unloading the stores and completing our mission of set up. Mister Moore and myself quickly completed our tasks at hand, so we decided that it would be a good time to complete a small and minor task at Ossu. The task handed down by our illustrious leader LT A.K.(47) Milner was simply to go to a convent in Ossu and wire up an outlet from a small generator. The directions were even more simplistic, take a couple of right turns and you are there. So off we drove in our trusty old Landrover 110 GS, down and up some of the most dangerous terrain any man could survive. We carefully followed A.K. 47s directions, however he did not inform us of the 50 other right hand turns and a couple of man-eating villages we fought our way through. After about 5 hours of skillfully navigating around this merciless country thankfully we came across a friendly village that informed us with many forms of communication that Ossu was only 30kms away. However it was getting close to dark and our battle hardened six sense was saying we need to get to safety before night falls, so we headed back to the base at Baucau. When we arrived back at Baucau we married up with Mister Thomas who had been working mercilessly on the camp set up tasks. We had a quick feed of buffalo and yam with a helping of goat milk, than it was lights out and straight to sleep.

The 31 Dec 99 could not come quick enough for us adventures, we had a mission to complete, so we could get back to our friends and loved ones in Dili for new year festivities. Mister Thomas continued with his never ending tasks at the camp, while Mister Moore and myself set of to complete the minor task at Ossu. The drive was a little quicker second time round however no less dangerous, we had a suspicion that the locals knew something we didn't (especially in the man-eating villages), because they were all waving and smiling at us. We finally arrived at Ossu and headed straight to the church in a hope to find the sister's convent. With the ability to speak fluent Tetum (plus many other languages) the friendly locals informed us the convent was just up the hill and to the left. Mister Moore and myself proceeded up the hill, on our arrival we were greeted cheerfully by a young girl named Lisa who spoke English quite well (however she was to shy say anything to us, she would just giggle and talk to her girlfriends close by). One of the sisters came and introduced herself as Sister Mary, she spoke English very well. Sister Mary showed us the small generator and told she would like all the lighting in the convent to work. After Mister Moore and I expertly reconed the task at hand Mister Moore believed the best way to attack the task was to run a lead from the generator to the main switch board, (unlike the dangerous and even life threatening method of running a lead into an outlet live with electricity from the generator as consciously found by Mister Moore). While Mister Moore miraculously worked on the switchboard, I started to lay out the cable however as we both found out hands on labour was out of the question. The local lads would not let us do any physical work; they did it all, so it was a good learning experience for

the up and coming Moore, in supervision (he inquired about Sub 1). Work was moving along at a rampageous rate when suddenly Sister Mary said it was time for lunch. I tried to explain to Sister Mary that we had our own smorgasbord of food (i.e. dried fruit, nuts & hot bottled water) and that we would like to keep working due to the unrealistic time frame that was given to us to complete the task. (Waste not, want not Ed.) Sister Mary would have nothing to do with it, so we stopped worked, washed our hands and sat down with 7 other sisters to have a bit to eat. As Sister Mary said lunch was of simple tastes, steamed rice, grilled chicken strips of steak, lovely fresh fruit and a cold glass of Sprite. Lunch was graciously eaten, than we asked for permission to start work again, which was given. Mister Moore expertly rewired the switchboard and soon the sisters were all smiling with delight for not only was there light there was power to the T.V and fridge. With limited time, preparation and stores the task was completed well above any mere mortal's expectations, A.K.47 will be proud. Our good byes were said with laughter and tears as we drove off along the dangerous track back to Baucau.

The drive to Baucau was thankfully uneventful except the water buffalo and chickens crossing the road. We found Mister Thomas had skillfully finished the camp set up, so as quick as a flash the vehicle was loaded and we were on our back to Dili, for a night of fun and gayety.

We arrived back to home base in Dili where we were debriefed on our two-day operation. All in all the operation was an outstanding success, we saw some beautiful scenery and meet some beautiful people and it would be an honor to go back to the sisters and work for them again. Anyway that's the end of this report and on to a new war-winning mission.



cclk.jpg (59659 bytes)

(CHIEF CLERK. WO2 Joy Murdock. Is the chain still attached to your leg?)

INTERVIEW WITH THE CHIEF!

(The Editors managed to take time out of their busy schedules to conduct a very reputable interview)

Ed: Chief, Your first impressions of Dili....

CC: Umm.. pretty much as it was on TV. Totally destroyed. The township has been totally burnt out.

Ed: What are your impressions on the people?

CC: The kids are fantastic. All hellos and smiles. The adults seem a bit shy however.

Ed: Why is that?

CC: I think it is in the way they are treated. It is generally the way until they get to know you.

Ed: Your thoughts on Christmas and New Years Eve away from Home?

CC: It didn't feel like Christmas and New Years. I'll celebrate them when I get back. That will be with my big family (relatives) not my little family (Sqn).

Ed: What did you get for Christmas?

CC: Excellent Fruit Cake from Mum as normal!

Ed: What is the most exciting part of your day?

CC: Getting out of the office and into HQ Interfet for the day.

Ed: Anything interesting happen in there?

CC: Keep bumping into Gen Cosgrove. He asked me 'who I was, how I was going, and what I had been up to.

Ed: Chief, you've been dealing with the local labour?

CC: Yes. It is hard without the local language. You have to use the old army principle "Like this...do that". I reckon I should be paid for doing the washing after showing our helpers how to do it. Each day is like routine now, there is little need for supervision, and they just keep on working.

Ed: Have you picked up much of the language?

CC: Not much. Just bits and pieces.

Ed: Soap. Chief, give us the low down. What is the latest on the investigation?

CC: I believe the Wksp soap nazis have failed in their efforts to stop the disappearance of the soap. There is rope with no soap. The soap fiend is still at large. The investigation is ongoing and next plan is for barb wire around the shaving point, and more strong arm tactics.

Ed: And lastly, what will you do when you get home?

CC: Depends on if Steve is at work. Might lie in the sun and watch videos. I will probably head south to see my family. It will then be back to work before the long break and buying a new house.

Ed: Thanks Chief. Anything else for our readers?

CC:Miss Steve. Miss Linda. Leave apps are to be submitted for processing.

FOUR RIVERS AND A MILITIA MAN

BY CORPORAL JAMIE SPARGO

Hey Sparg's your off to the Oecussi enclave tomorrow with LT Vincent for a road recon, simple task you would think?

So on January 4 2000, I accompanied LT Vincent to the Oecussi enclave, we jumped on to a Blackhawk helicopter and where whisked away to the town of Oecussi. On arrival we were met by LT Ryan, CPL "houtch" Neddleham, and CPL "Squizzy" Taylor (the bear's cousin) from 3 RAR Assault Pioneers. After dropping our packs at 3RAR (which proved to be a mistake at the end of the day) and saying G-day to Apples we set off to Passabe.

Our first stop was to inspect a landslide that the Pioneers had revetted, after a few minutes we were off again stopping at various river crossings, bridges and landslides along the way. We made it to Passabe by lunch. Houtch and Squizzy had started on the Old Faithful 3 RAR war stories.

After lunch we continued our journey back down the same road we had just traveled, when we reached the town of Puni we had to find the road to Mahata. After conferring with the local villagers we found the road, well actually the "goat track", to Mahata. The sky above was starting to look a bit ominous at this stage, so we headed off down the well formed road to Mahata, after only traveling a few minutes we came across another river-crossing which was flowing at a reasonable pace but it was only about 300 mm deep. After the crossing we started the long slow climb to Mahata, with the reassurance from LT Ryan that the road would get better.

Just as we made Mahata it started to rain, after stopping in to say g-day to a Platoon of grunts from 3RAR and pick up some cargo nets we started the long now boggy road to Citrana. Due to the rain the track had deteriorated considerably, and while Houtch displayed the hard and fast style of cross-country driving Squizzy opted for the slow and steady approach, which later proved to be the better style. We had been driving for around half an hour when we come across the first tricky incline, after five attempts we finally cleared the obstacle. The next obstacle was the final nail in the road recon coffin, Houtch on his third attempt slid the rover into a wash-away, it was at this stage all eyes set upon

the Recovery mechanic, Sparg's you're a Recce mech what do we do? My answer to this question was unless you want me to use my teeth (it seems 3 RAR vehicles don't need ditching tools), we push it out! So we pushed it out of the wash-away turned around and headed back to Mahata.

The way back to Mahata was pretty much the same, except Houtch after several attempts could not make up one of the obstacles and managed to slide the rover off the track and onto a rock. Squizzy then took up the challenge and not only got his vehicle over the obstacle he got Houtch's rover past it as well. After we rallied the support of the local villagers to push it back on to the track; Houtch then put himself on the reserve bench. So with a new driver "Me" we made it back to Mahata, where LT Ryan radio back to let 3 RAR know we couldn't complete the recon and that we were returning to Oecussi.

The drive back towards Puni was slow and slippery by the time we reached the river crossing before Puni the rain had set in and the river was in full flow, so Houtch volunteered to recon the river crossing, so the rest of the recon party sat back and watched Houtch slip and stumble his way across the river. When he returned he told us it was about 1100 mm deep and flowing every fast, by this time one of the local elders came down to the river bank and tried to tell us in Portuguese that the river could not be crossed when it was this high, we all agreed with him, he then suggested that we stay at his place until the river went down.

By the time we worked out what the old bloke was trying to say the river had dropped enough for us to cross.

After successfully crossing the river we then set course for Oecussi. Remember those river crossings we stopped at earlier, well they were in full flow now after all the rain in the mountains earlier. The first crossing was made with out too much effort, but it was now quite dark. At the second crossing we watched a horse attempt the crossing and get washed down stream, with that in mind we all decided that we would attempt the crossing. So where to now! Back to Passabe to spend the night with B COY 3RAR.

On arrival at B COY they supplied us with stretchers only (our packs would have been a good idea), the cooks made us some tasty ham, cheese, and tomato sandwiches, after dinner it was off to bed and a cold sleepless night laid before us.

The next morning we awoke around 0430 am and returned to Oecussi, as we passed through a town called Tumi all of the villagers were out on the road to stop us and hand over a suspected Militia member who they had given a bit of a touch up. Myself, Houtch, and Squizzy were all very keen to detain this person for their own good of course, but alas it was not to be as LT Ryan decided that it would be better that B COY 3 RAR detain him. Myself, Houtch, and Squizzy all protested but to no avail we would get to detain this person. The rest of the trip back to Oecussi was uneventful compared with the previous days.

On return to Oecussi we went to check out the rec center and the rubbish dump before jumping on to a Caribou and returning to Dili.

VERBATIM....THEY SAID IT....Supplied by a reliable source in the TRG.

(C/- LCPL J. Benham)

‘ A tonne of concrete is heavier than a tonne of water.’ – SPR Donnie Oak. (Aristotle would be impressed.)

‘Check your vehicle CES’ – SSM (Some time after this the SSM had a flat tyre and the jack didn’t work.)

‘Still undefeated I am the chess master.’ – SPR Cant (Prior to losing comprehensively.)

‘Their looks like there is water flowing in that river.’ – LCPL John Benham (Comment looking down on the river from the Dili Mountain Range)

‘ Water normally flows in rivers.’ – SGT Shackleton in response to the above.

‘ Have you signed for that’ –QM on every time something is taken from the yard.

‘Where is the (my) Landcruiser?’ – Chief Clerk (On the occasions the Landcruiser has gone out.)

‘Not to worry, I’ll get the Landcruiser.’ – LT Perry every day after being RO’d to drive. (Not a reputable source I’m told. –Ed.)

'Is LT Perry around?!? Few! Thought we would have to play chess. He is unstoppable.' –SPR Oak (who is still in hiding. Ed.)

21 CONSTRUCTION SQUADRON PROFILES

thomas.jpg (63095 bytes)

Name:Kevin Thomas

Nickname:Thomo

Position:Plumber/FE

Quotable quote:I've been in the army since breakfast and I'm

over it.

Highest moment in Timor: It hasn't happened yet (going home)

Lowest moment in Timor:Too many to list

Where will you be in ten years:Having a life

A special message home:To my lovingwife and kids, don't

worry only 3 and a half years to go and I will be home.

leby.jpg (59174 bytes)

Name:Garry Lebsanft

Nickname:Leby

Position:Storeman/reserve chef

Qoutable Quote:AB 189's reject
whenever possible

Highest moment in Timor:Finally arriving

Lowest moment in Timor:My first
Christmas away from my Daughter

Favourite sports team:Brisbane Broncos

Where will you be in ten years:Not in the
army

A special message home:To my
daughter, miss you heaps love you
more. To Mum, Dad, Chris, Noel,
Donna, Op, and baby Jessie-Thanks for
everything love Garry

stanley.jpg (65283 bytes)

Name:Darren Stanley

Nickname:Stan

Position:Tpt Spv

Quotable quote:Go with the Flow

Highest Moment in Timor: Being released early from 2 CER

Lowest moment in Timor:Missing the cricket series

Most embarrassing moment:Never embarrassed

Favourite sports team:Sydney City and any team playing the vermin Bronco's. Damien Oliver

Where will you be in 10 years:Unsure

A special message Home: In no hurry to go home

coulson.jpg (58183 bytes)

Name:Wayne Coulson

Nickname:Pops

Position:FE/Driver

Quotable quote:

Highest moment in Timor:

Lowest moment in Timor:

Most embarassing moment:

Favourite sports team:Rodeo's/Bull rides

Where will you be in ten years:?

A special message home:Keep a coldie in the fridge

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