

TIME MARCHES ON

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It is nearly a decade since we threw our mess gear in the salvage heap, and were handed that grand title document, that is all we have left as a reminder of the days that are now remnants of a nightmarish dream – our discharge.

Do any of you boys, my mates and comrades, ever turn the leaves of your memory back and think of those dark, grim grueling periods of war ?. Well I do, and how happy those memories are. How happy can one be even in these days of semi-peace, when thoughts of your mates, those who are with us and those we left behind, race through our minds like phantoms in a mad world.

Often I ponder over my old job as Pay Sergeant in our 2/5 AGH, and think of the Rupees of India, the Piaster of Palestine, the Drachmas of Greece and Crete and the Cosmopolitan currencies of Abyssinia. Handling that dough whether it was on paper or a stark reality was enough to absorb the mentality of a Midas.

How I used to swear and curse when I was confronted with a heap of pay book that looked steeper than a mountain Sir Edmund Hillary would not be game to tackle.

How I would get all religious like, and say a prayer to help me out of a mess of figures that would send a professor of mathematics hopping to hell.

Those arduous times were rewarded by the camaraderie of a Unit to which I so proudly belonged. My job was made Easier by the co-operation extended me by the Matron, Sisters and NCOs of the 2/5 AGH.

It was a labour of love, if I may call it such in these days of civilian life, to help the wounded, the boys who could not help themselves.

My most painful duty was the using of red ink in the naughty soldier's pay books, as it reminded me of blood, and there is nothing more embarrassing than a 'bloody-looking' pay book.