

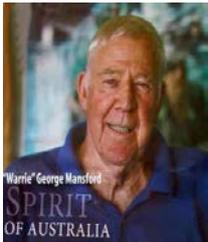
# JACK CURRIE

1 RAR

Royal Australian Regiment



The Voice from the Pavement - Peter Adamis



**Forward by "Warrie George Mansford.** The article on Jack Currie is timely for an old warrior in the winter of his life.

How well I remember Treble Change and the preparations and training for it. I would add with much unit pride that 1RAR was outstanding on that exercise which was very demanding, carrying heavy packs from early morning to late afternoon day after day for some two weeks in rugged and difficult terrain in adverse weather conditions.

Our casualties were virtually nil and I can only recall one medical evacuation by chopper. (A digger with eye damage from a stick at night). Jack as always was very much part of it all and as always, such a great soldier and example. We had a small flask of whisky which we shared with the CO each night after Stand Down in our hutchie.

One nip per man so to speak and carefully poured by the RSM. We would then discuss anticipated problems for the following day (CO orders had already been given for the following day ) and then dare to plan outline possible intentions for the day after tomorrow.) It was always a team effort and both Blue H and Jack C as well as being great soldiers were such wonderful human beings. They both lived and breathed the Battalion and all who served in such a family.

I knew both of them from earlier days of soldiering in Korea. Blue (Hodgkinson) was a young officer who arrived as a reinforcement and Jack an NCO. I also have fond memories of Jack when elements of the battalion were deployed to Bowen to act as Wharfies' when the locals went on strike. Interesting times and in a short time the strike was called off but we remained just in case there was a change of heart and spent some ten days on the beach fishing, swimming and infiltrating the pubs.

Jack was very much part of it all and at that stage was a sergeant I think? Later we again served together in Malaya with 1RAR and then of course in Townsville which included preparing for a further tour of Vietnam (cancelled) but not prior to the mandatory training at Canungra and of course a busy time at XMAS cleaning up Magnetic island and Townsville after Cyclone Althea.

I recall much mischief and on one occasion when in the field a senior officer visited late afternoon and Jack and I started a conversation (which he could not but help hear) about the brand new and modern jumpers the battalion had received complete with thermos, pockets etc etc making it up as we went. It was Space age stuff and as well as being burn proof it was totally waterproof and how fortunate the battalion was to be the only unit issued with them. (To make it even more fool proof, we both agreed with the CO's wisdom not to bring them on Treble Change).

As a listener to what seemed a private conversation, the bait was taken by the senior visitor. Sometime later, we received a signal from higher authorities demanding to know when and where this unknown item had been issued? It seemed the rumour grew and grew and several units wanted to know where their issues were. During his long and proud military service, no matter when or where, no whatever his rank, Jack was always the professional soldier with sense of purpose, dedication, immense love for his country, Regiment and for all who wore the same badge.

**George Mansford. (Brigadier Retired)**



I have written this sentence many times and will continue to do so until I have run out of articles to write or when there is no one else to pay a tribute to whilst I am still alive. This article is a tribute to my first battalion Regimental Sergeant Major (RSM), *Jack Currie*.

Although I had met and admired Reg Bandy from the Infantry Centre, Jack Currie was and still is the bench mark that I have used for all RSMs that I have come across during my thirty years with the Australian Army.

Lofty Eiby (6 RAR) was a close second. This article is a combination of my time with 1 RAR and my impressions of Jack Currie as a young soldier. I apologise for any errors on my part, but not for the content where the thoughts are my own recollections of a great man. A man who knew the importance of setting an example and the lasting impressions that would influence soldiers for the future. I for one can look back and say thank you Jack for instilling me the virtues of what it was to be a soldier of the Royal Australian Regiment.

There are many who have had the pleasure of knowing Jack Currie on a personal basis and there are far more who have had the pleasure of serving with him in one capacity or another. To me Jack Currie was my Regimental Sergeant Major (RSM) whilst I was a young digger in the First battalion, the Royal Australian Regiment. It was he who initially advised me that being part of the Regiment was a special and that we were a family.



**Crossing rivers – Treble Change Papua New Guinea 1972 – (Source Google)**

I remember he would often say to us that we did not belong to the “RARRR” (RAR) but to the Royal Australian regiment and that using slang to describe an elite group of men was nana anathema to ho and to those who served before us.

Jack Currie would drive it into us what we were special and that we had a special role to place in the defence of Australia. He also taught us to respect our government, no matter who was in power and to be proud of the customs and the ethos of the Royal Australian Regiment.

There are probably others who have the same feelings and emotions towards their first posting after initial employment training and I am sure that whatever mixed emotions they may have, none can surpass the pride that was instilled into us as young soldiers. Even when young John Arena was thrown off the train for drinking and fighting on the train whilst travelling to Townsville to 1 RAR, Warrant Officer First Class Jack Currie (WO1) did not bat an eyelid. John Arena was not sure what to expect when he arrived, but Jack Currie treated everyone the same and had seen it all before.

John for the sake of this article was a fine soldier who enlisted like myself to go to Vietnam and do his bit, but because of political changes, did not get the opportunity. John took the option to complete his three years engagement and returned to Melbourne where he married a wonderful woman and raised a family. On the parade ground during Battalion drill practice, Jack Currie made us march from one end to the other for what seemed for hours on end and each time we crossed the parade ground Jack Currie always pointed a soldier on parade for one misdemeanour or another.

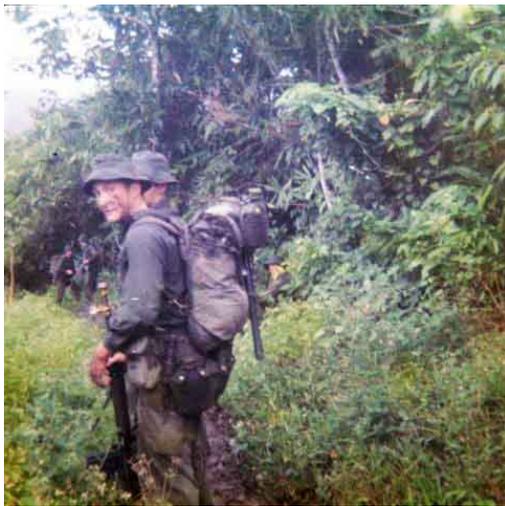


**Jack Currie - 1965.** It was not usual for Jack Currie to halt the Battalion at one end and then calling out something like: Second last man in the rear rank, A Coy, your back pocket is undone. All of a sudden a half a dozen hands would flick to the back to close a button that may have been undone.

Other times he would call the whole lot of us "girls" because we were not marching correctly or not being in line with the rest of the Battalion.

In cases like this, we young soldiers could not help but to start to giggle or at least smirk for being called girls by the RSM. This made Jack Currie even more animated and he would ensure that we kept drilling until he was happy with us. At times, Jack Currie would call another Warrant Officer or Sergeant to drill us and he would march around or stand at the edge of the parade ground observing us.

We just wanted to please the "Bastard" (Jack Currie – RSM) so that we could get off the parade ground. Remembering that the weather in Townsville during any time of the day is sweltering and most uncomfortable if your practicing drill movements. This was undertaken whilst wearing either Jungle greens, Khaki shorts AB's with puttees, gaiters (or GP boots if we were lucky).



**On patrol – Treble Change Papua New Guinea 1972 – (Source Google).** I remember being selected to undertake Pioneer training after returning from training in Papua New Guinea in late 1972. (Digressing somewhat, I must add that despite our many months of training in the Atherton Tablelands in Far North Queensland in preparation for Treble Change, the Papua New Guinea exercise was the toughest training that I had ever encountered and that it taxed every fibre of my body.)

Back to our story and meeting the RSM. Those selected were marched over to Battalion Headquarters to meet with the RSM (Jack Currie) who had his office on the top floor (If I am to remember correctly).

I knew that I did not want to undertake any pioneer training as it meant that I would be posted to support company and I was not going to leave my mates in A Company. That is how strong the bond I felt with my section, Platoon and Company. There were not many of us that met with the RSM, but he wanted to give us a pep talk and to ensure that we did not disgrace our Battalion as we would be missing with other soldiers from different Battalions from all over Australia.

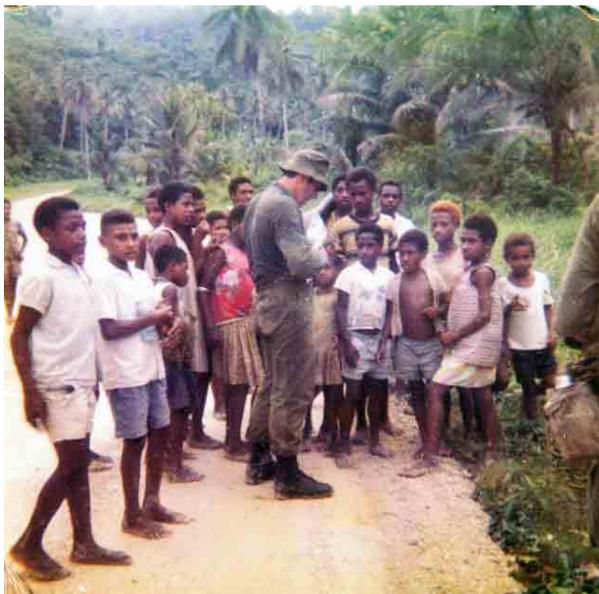
He told us that it was an honour to be selected and that we would learn new skills which could be best used within the battalion on our return. He then asked that fateful question which I have not forgotten until this day and I guess it was question that he had to ask, knowing that no one was stupid enough to say. No. Jack Currie said is there anyone who does not wish to go? Well what can I say?



**Mt Sattelberg Australian soldiers 1943  
(Photograph Courtesy WM)**

My old man who also had served in the army in the old country Greece and had experienced the horrors of the Greek Civil War always told me to tell the truth and not to be afraid no matter whom the person was.

I put my right hand up at the waist as we were taught to do when having something to say and said in a whimper. "I don't want to go sir."



**Talking with the local people – Treble Change  
Papua New Guinea 1972 – (Internet)**

What can I say? In my mind, at one moment the sky was full of birds flying and chirping, you could hear old Septimus neighing in his corral, a Landover could be heard travelling in front of Battalion Headquarters and the odd chatter of soldiers walking below.

The next moment, I could swear that everything went into slow motion, there were no birds to be heard, no chatter of men no vehicles to be heard and even old Septimus the Battalion mascot had stopped so that everyone could hear what the RSM was going to say.

"Oh shit, I said myself, I have had had it and the RSM is going to kill me for letting him and the Battalion down. The RSM's head snapped back and he glared at me. Looked at me up and down, and looked deeply into my mind as if to search my mind to see whether I had any grey matter still alive or whether I was just simpleton. I guess I would have preferred to have been a mushroom that was kept in the dark and fed on bullshit.



**Communications during – Treble Change Papua  
New Guinea 1972 – (Source Google)**

The RSM walked smartly up to me and again looked at me intently to see whether I was still alive and if there was any life in it so that he can make mince meat of me.

He asked me, what is your name son and I replied, Private Adamis sir in my best voice, trying not to show fear. "And why don't you want to go the course may I ask" said the RSM, smiling.

I took courage from his smile for some strange reason and told him what was worrying me.

***I said, "I did not want to leave my mates".***

I went onto say that I just would not like being a pioneer and that I would fail it because of it. The response that I received was not what I expected for I visioned a far more negative one like being marched off to the guardroom for insubordination or unbecoming of a soldier or something like that. Well strike me pink, the RSM had a heart after all. I tell you what he said, you do the course to the best of your ability and on your return; we will discuss the matter between you and me and see what we can do for you he said smiling again. Thank you sir, I will do my best sir. March them off corporal he said to the Corporal who brought us over.



Phuoc Tuy province, Vietnam, 1965-12. WO2 Jack Currie (left), Company Sergeant-Major (CSM), support company, 1st Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment, brewing up some tea in the bush with WO1 J.D. ("Macca") Mackay, MM, the battalion's Regimental Sergeant Major (RSM). (Photograph Courtesy AWM)

The rest is history. I went to the School of infantry which was located at Ingleburn and completed the Pioneer course even though I had contracted some worm from our training during Papua New Guinea.

This was probably due to eating a wild pig that was roasted during a local natives "Moo Moo" (BBQ) at Mount Sattleberg. It was a great course, I learnt much, but my heart was not in it as I knew the outcome would take me away from my mates. Suffice to say, on my return, the RSM must have felt that it was worse to take me away from my mates where I would not be happy if I was transferred to Pioneers.

Whatever influence the RSM had on internal postings, it was evident on my return and I was forever truly thankful. In any case I doubt that I would have made a good pioneer had I been posted to Support Company. I was still aggressive, wild and it would take a few more years where my aggression could be identified, managed and redirected into something concrete that would enable me to mature and develop further within the military.

Jack Currie's influence could be felt all over the Battalion. It was not at the guardroom inspecting the guard, monitoring the piquet's on duty at night, speaking to soldiers prior to being posted, on the parade ground during drill practice, attending disciplinary hearings, talking to a grieving soldier who may have lost his parents, counselling wayward soldiers who returned after going absent without leave (AWOL) and marching around the battalion area, popping up at the least expected moment.

Jack Currie was everywhere and was the father, disciplinarian, guardian and the eyes and ears of the battalion. Last but not the least, Jack Currie's presence was also felt in the jungle (training areas or overseas), on route marches, during contacts, at stand to, on the range, at the Regimental Aid Post (RAP) and all times appearing when least expected.



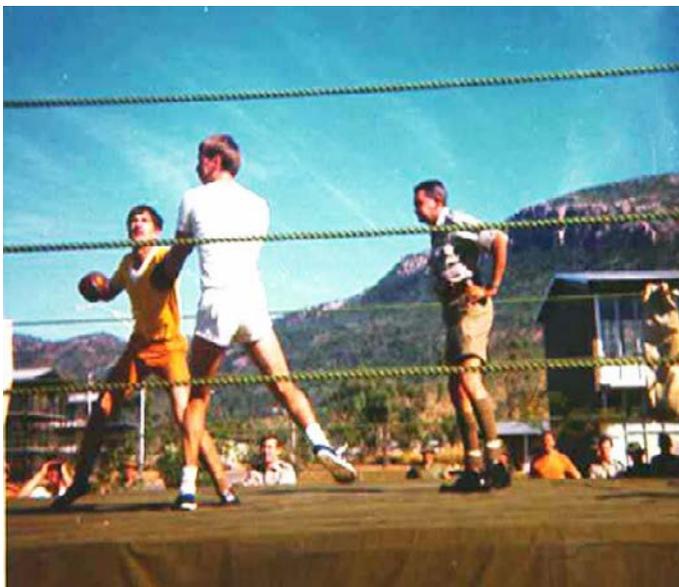
**LtCol Hodgkinson and troops (Source Google).** If LtCol Hodgkinson was the Commanding Officer and guardian of the Battalion, then Jack Currie was firm, fair and the father figure to many of us young soldiers.

We looked upon him as the person whom we had absolute trust to look after our interests during our time in the barracks and when on training in the jungles of the Atherton tablelands or Papua New Guinea.

When I was given the opportunity to be the lead scout in the section, I envisaged myself as the first bloke in the Australian army. I was the number One scout in number One section, in the A Coy, the First Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment. Talk about being ignorant of the Australian Defence Force organisation, I must have been the greatest ignoramus at the time. Still my ignorance did not deter me from doing the job I was trained for and I thoroughly enjoyed the role (short lived) while it lasted. The good thing about our section was that we were given the job of experiencing every role and responsibility within that section.

We very lucky to have great section commanders, Jock (forgot his surname) was bloody great and assisted us in integrating within a section mixed with regulars and national servicemen. , Glen Barlow was tough and a disciplinarian in the barracks but a brilliant section commander in the jungle, followed by that indomitable Rick Hollingdrake whose experience enabled us to mature as young men. All three section commander were under the watchful eyes of our CSMs Wayne Aitkenhead and Barry Tolly, both good and competent managers of men.

I must add here that I did not have the honour to have served in any theatre of war or seen action with Jack Currie or any other member of the Australian defence Force as there opportunities diminished when the Whitlam Labor government came to power in December 1972. On reflection, it has been a blessing that I did not see war with all of its associated horrors that my old man and fine soldiers like Jack Currie had witnessed. It is certainly a blessing in disguise, as I have lost many many dear friends who had served in such theatres of war.



**Pete the Greek (Adamis), Jock waiter and referee Jack Currie.** My other memorable moment is when Jack Currie asked me to take on boxing for the battalion and to represent it at the inter battalion boxing matches.

He had seen me box during our training and suggested that I attend his next tournament to identify suitable boxers for the upcoming tournament. Well what can one say? Nothing of course and you just do it.

I attended the boxing and sparred with a number of soldiers with some degree of success.

I even had the pleasure of boxing with Glen Barlow who was my section commander and he asked to spar with me. Glen Barlow and I later came to blows in the Other ranks "Boozer". A punchup in front of all the junior NCOs and diggers that gained me the respect to stand on my own two feet and be accepted within the Battalion. It was months later that I out found that that Glen wanted to box me for reasons other than to give me some practice. Fortunately for me, Glen Barlow did not get the satisfaction that he was seeking from me. What did I know, I was just a young kid who knew how to street fight to survive.

I didn't know that he (Glen Barlow) was one of Jack Currie's boxing team and that he had boxed for the battalion. another story. I also found many years later a photograph of Jack Currie, Glen Barlow, others whose names I had forgotten and my Commanding Officer from 6 RAR, Lt Col "Harry the Hat" Hammet, (That another story). The photograph was of a boxing team and I assumed it was in 1 RAR. Another bloke from my platoon who wore the gloves for a short period was Col Bolitho, a National serviceman. Col Bolitho left soon after Whitlam came to power.

Back to the boxing match after much digression. The day of selecting soldiers to box with one another came and I was allocated to fight against the battalion Physical training instructor (PTI), "Jock" Waiter. In those early days, we all hated the PTI, in fact it did not matter who the PTI was, it's just that we hated them as we felt that they just loved pushing is too far. I certainly did not like "Jock" Waiter and we only became friends many years later after serving for some considerable time and the folly of our youthful years had gone.

On the day of the boxing match we found that overnight the canvas had been set up between the gymnasium and the soldiers "boozer". It also appeared to me at least that everyone who had an interest congregated around the canvas to watch the boxing matches. The referee was Jack Currie and he stood up on one side watching the comedy of boxers below. I being one of the clowns who was wishing that he was anywhere but his current location.

People who knew of me or thought that they did, believed that I was a natural boxer who loved a fight. However in reality what many did not know was that I only got into fights with others military or non military because I did not want to be hit, hurt, abused or pushed about by anyone and that was my reasons for getting into so many fights so early in my Army career. Contrary to what many may have thought of me at that time, I never sought to pick a fight but I always strenuously defended myself as if my life depended upon it. In many cases it did and therefore I fought tooth and nail.



**LtCol Blue Hodkinson & WO1 Jack Currie.** The RSM motioned Jock waiter and myself up on the canvas, gave a brief talk on what was to be expected, what the basic rules were and to give it our best shot. I had done a little boxing as a youth, but nothing of a professional nature. AS I have stated above, I was just a street brawler who had learnt that one gave no quarter when confronted in the street by a gang of youths intent on hurting another.

What I had learnt in the streets of St Kilda, Prahran, Broad Meadows, Richmond, South Melbourne and many other places that had a combination of bored youth, alcohol, street gangs, and lack of activities did not hold me in good stead in my current predicament.

I had to follow the rules in this case and there was no room to pick up any object and use it against the assailant. Without going into the boxing match too much, we were in our last round when Jack Currie cautioned me for the last time of raising my feet and kicking and or pouching in the back of the head, my opponent Jock waiter. I lost my cool in the last round and gave Jock waiter a flurry of punches that must have given me some points.

I had said to myself that as I could not fight him the street way, I might as well go on fighting the only way I knew and that was never to give up until I was down and out. On reflection, my flurry of punches probably made Jock waiter to take step back and laugh at my boxing attempts. In any case, at the end, Jack Currie raised both our hands in the air and that was the end of the bout. It was not until some weeks later that I realised that my nose was out of joint and a quick trip to the RAP confirmed that I had a broken nose.

I was wondering whether it was related to our boxing match with Jock waiter or to another incident involving the civilians of Townsville. In the end, I did not partake in the inter Battalion boxing match and watched the matches with some degree of comfort on the outskirts of the ring. I do remember however one national serviceman called Big Johnny who did remarkably well that evening.

After some near forty years, I revisited the training areas of my youth, in the Atherton Tablelands where the majority of our training was conducted. I remember visiting Mareeba and Atherton (April 2011) in Far North Queensland and vividly remember marching down the main street of the town of Atherton after a major exercise. It was a sad occasion for me as I had not realised the effect it would have on me after all these years. I had the opportunity to drop in and see old Warrie George Mansford, another great warrior from my youth, but that's another story.

I could still remember the long route marches of some 25 kilometres, the constant contact drills, the daggling into the hard rocky ground all night at the "High Range" training areas, the "wait awhile, leaches, rivers, streams, false crests, overhead jungle canopies, the stinging "Gympie" bush, the "Paludrine" we were made to take to avert malaria, (On many occasions under the watchful eye of Jack Currie the RSM), the waiting and more waiting until told to move on or the coast was clear.

My mind went back to my section commanders and to the RSM, Jack Currie who was everywhere during those early years with the Battalion. In all cases, I could still remember Jack's words of "Duty First" and the importance of mateship. These words of wisdom, counselling and guidance were so instilled in me at that early age that they were to be examples that were to assist me during the dark years of my later life.

After all these years, I can truly say that I am honoured to have met and served under Jack Currie and other men like him. Today, Jack Currie would not know who I was, where I have been, or what I have achieved in life. However, he can say that he had a hand in shaping me as a person and for instilling and reinforcing my old man's teaching of virtues regarding mateship, hard work, never giving up, looking after one's mates and doing your bit when called upon. Although this article is riddled with memories of my time in 1 RAR, this is still my way of paying tribute to my RSM, Jack Currie. Men like Jack Currie need to be remembered, not for their military actions but for their methods and management of men who served under their command and laid the foundations for the young diggers to develop further.



***The Voice from the Pavement** - Peter Adamis is a (not for profit) Journalist/Commentator. He is a retired Australian military serviceman and an Industry organisational & Occupational (OHS) & Training Consultant whose interests are within the parameters of domestic and international political spectrum. He is an avid blogger and contributes to domestic and international community news media outlets as well as to local and Ethnic News. He holds a Bachelor of Adult Learning & Development (Monash), Grad Dip Occupational Health & Safety, (Monash), Dip. Training & Assessment, Dip Public Administration, and Dip Frontline Management. Contact via Email: [abalinx@netspace.net.au](mailto:abalinx@netspace.net.au) or via Mobile: 0409965538*

# COMMENTS

**mureybet (Maurice Barwick)** *June 7, 2011.* Peter, you have written an account of a formidable soldier, and the effect he had on you. I need to tell you that I marched into 1 RAR in 1962, having graduated from RMC, in Dec 1961. I was posted as OC 4 PI B Coy, and Jack Currie was my PI Sgt. A young officer who is fully supported and guided by his experienced PI Sgt and learns from him, is indeed fortunate. I felt I was that. I support your comments, about loyalty, discipline (firm but fair), integrity and the rest of the saintly military virtues that make our Senior NCOs the best in the world. Maurice Barwick

**Dave Evans** *June 27, 2011.* Peter, I well remember the fight contest at Laverack, and Jock, we were together on courses at the old infantry centre at Ingleburn, including Regimental Sigs. I was with 1RAR from 1971 as part of the Aust Component until i finished my 6 years in February 1976. I remember Jack Currie very well, as a member of Mortar Platoon then the Intelligence Section i was around Battalion HQ a fair bit, including Treble Change in New Guinea. They say you never forget your first and the memory and inspiration of Jack Currie and my first platoon sergeant Bob Buick stayed with me during my 15 years in uniform in Australia and New Zealand.

**Andy Pring** 28 April 2012. I was a Private 314935, in 1 RAR from early 1972 to August, 1973. West to SASR at this time. Lt Col Blue Hodgkinson was CO and WO1 Jack CURRIE was RSM. I was in C Company and Supt Company, Sig Platoon. Peter BEAUM (spelling?), Mick OLSEN (real good mate from Yapoon), Tom TUCKER, etc, were some very good mates of mine. Will say more later. Andy PRING - 53 Mindarie Drive, Quinns Rocks - State: WA 6030 - Country: Australia

**Maurice Gray.** *December 24, 2012.* Peter Adamis, I am not a daily user of the internet but after having read your stories about George Mansford & Jack Currie really brought back a lot of fantastic memories of these 2 true blue soldiers. They had a big influence during my career of 23 years. I do remember your name as I was in B Coy under George. Jack Currie & Frank Carroll were my boxing coaches in 69/70/71 & I had a few bouts with Glen Barlow. Do you remember Jamie Ploughman? He was in A Coy. Everyone used to call me Maurie not Maurice & the more older veterans used to call me Noggie, Shady or 1159 as they knew I was born in Borneo. That's all for now, Peter, & hope to hear from you. **Keep writing, Mate, about the people you knew.**

**Abalinx.** *December 29, 2012.* My Dear Maurie, Thank you for your kind words. I remember you with fond memories even though those memories are becoming quite dim. 1 RAR has a very special place in my heart because it was my first Battalion and also it was like a family to me. As for Glen Barlow, well what can I say. I had a number of bouts with him, but they were all street fighting.

I am interested in your stories as I would like to add them to the 1 RAR. Do you have photographs or other information that can be added to the website. After all it will all be donated to the War Memorial and the National archives when I am gone. I will be more than happy to correspond further with you. I look forward to hearing from you. Regards Peter.

**Chris Osborn** *February 28, 2014.* G'day Maurie, It's been a long time. I was with 1RAR 1970-78 A Coy and Spt. Your post in 2012 brought back a lot of memories not the least about Warrie George, Jack Curry and Glen Barlow. Thanks Mate cosborn@grapevine.net.au

**Edwin [EDDIE] BARTON** *March 25, 2013.* It is by chance that I came across your [Peter] wonderful account of a very fine upstanding SOLDIER by the name of JACK CURRIE. A the time just prior to this I had been browsing through the GUEST BOOK of 1RAR ASSOC and became engrossed by remarks written by present and past members of 1 RAR.

With the Motto 'DUTY FIRST' it is no wonder that all those people [Soldiers] present and past have an un-dividing attachment to 1 Bn The Royal Australian Regiment which will be instilled in their hearts and minds forever.

As to your detailed memories of JACK CURRIE ,1RAR, his articulate ways of 'ADDRESSING' Military correctness to all that came in contact with him bears great resemblance to the JACK CURRIE of 1 RAR that I knew back in 1959 at ENOGGERA BARRACKS BRISBANE.

If it is the same person after reading your article over and over four times then it must be the same JACK CURRIE then Sgt Jack Currie of SUPPORT COMPANY 1RAR. He was Drill Instructor with MORTAR PLATOON. I was a PRIVATE with MG PLATOON in close proximity. His attention to detail was very meticulous as I and other of our PLATOON found when on a few occasion when we were 'CROSS TRAINED' on 3.5 MORTARS. A true believer in getting things done right the first time and not wasting 'precious time' mulling over the same thing.

Many a SOLDIER in SUPPORT COMPANY including Senior NCO"s past comment on his attention to detail in all manners of ARMY PROTOCOL ie DRESS, DRILL with and without ARMS .The list goes on and on. It had been noticed on many occasion the times that JACK CURRIE would change 'UNIFORM' [Then Jungle Greens] to pride himself at being 'SPOTLESS" everyday of the training week

The training staff of our PLATOON[MG] which included SGT 'DAD' KELLY,SGT BERT WHEELER and Lt HUTCHISON were ale on 'ORE' as to the routine by which JACK CURRIE took pride in his performance in front of all who could not miss see him on a daily basis.

Prior to the Battalion going to MALAYA in1959 to 1961 JACK CURRIE became Acting C.S.M to SUPPORT COMPANY. Two of his unusual "TRAITS were his MARCHING stride and his outburst of 'COMMANDS" especially on the Parade Ground. In 'HIS' time it paid to do things properly the first time or subsequent action would follow. This course of action would encompass everyone if under his control within the COMPANY lines or on the PARADE GROUND.

If one had a 'gripe' on Military Matters and you wish to see him as being C.S.M in preference to talking with PLATOON staff in most occasion he would agree. Being the man he was his comments and advice would always firstly be military standard and on occasions 'MAN to MAN' advice if he thought it would alleviate or lessen any tension and thus solving the situation that has 'CONFRONTED' him.

UTTER and ABSOLUTE TRUEFUL person in all ways. Dedicated to upholding the GOODWILL and PRACTICES of the AUSTRALIAN ARMY and especially ! Battalion, THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN REGIMENT.

I submit this small amount of information to you hoping that the person you gave an excellent account of is the 'same' person that I have written to you about. If not, each has 'mirrored' identically the way both of us remember JACK CURRIE, ! BN RAR.

What made me think it could be the same person was in reference to both he [JACK CURRIE]and the high ranked officer with the name of HUTCHISON. Maybe the former young Lt HUTCHISON from SUPPORT COMPANY 1 RAR 1959. Hope you receive this small amount of information and once again let's hope it turns out to be the same JACK CURRIE, 1 RAR. BLUE FOREVER. 'DUTY FIRST'

**Abalinx** *March 26, 2013.*

Dear Eddie, Yes it's the same Jack Currie, some bastard should write about Jack Currie and many other fine men who set the example to many of us. I was just one of a myriad of man soldiers that came under his wing and watchful eye. Unfortunately I wish others could write as much as you did, as I feel that our history is being relegated to a small corner and our service is being diluted. If I had the knowledge I would write about all the RSMS and Warrant officers who led by example. Alas it is a project beyond my capability and try to do what I can. Thank you for your kind words. Regards  
Peter

**Chris Osborn** *February 28, 2014.*

A great man, and my RSM in Singapore 70-71. Reminded me of a story. One evening at Sellarang Barracks, Singapore, SGT Brian Todd (I think he was a SGT at that time) came home a little under the weather from the Europe Bar in Changi, Brian being a very big feller decided to pull all of the cemented signs from the Guard room to the barracks out of the ground. Unbeknown to Brian, the RSM (Jack) was following behind at a discreet distance, once Brian got to his room, Jack attacked and the next morning Brian was to be seen by all to be cementing all the signs back in.