

JUST ANOTHER DAY

Its another day and raining as you wake to greet the morning, on your wet clothes all the sweat bees are at play.
Time to shake off and steel yourself to make that change of clothing for its monsoon in Malaya and another working day.

Park the Bergen so it's comfy; do not give it a chance to rub you place the things you need quite handy, in the side.
Don't forget to shake your boots out for those things that tend to sting you, make a final check then off you go, to give the day a ride.

Never lose a foot of altitude unless you really have to for you've sweated precious blood to make the climb.
And do cherish every break when it is offered by the skipper for a 'ciggie' can taste 'oh so good' and a cup of tea 'sublime'.

All too soon the nod will tell you that it's time for up and moving as you pray for once, 'can't we just use a truck?'
For a while it's ok for a Sunday stroll to wander through the forest it's quiet different on a Bergen march, with the big pack on your back.

As you weary, weary up the hill, eyes searching for the summit you just hope the leading scout is at his best.
Then that whisper saying 'ok lads, I think we've made it' followed swiftly by a curse as you reach just one more, 'false crest'.

Then eventually you make it, all around the ground goes downwards, thank the lord the 'bukit' really has a top.
'Have a blow here' is the whisper and you lean back on your Bergen, sitting down can be quite pleasant, with your lungs about to pop.

But all too soon you get the signal and it's on to greener pastures where you hope to find reward for all your sweat.
You don't ask for much to happen, just some fresh sign for the pulses, and a contact with the enemy, and the troop to win its bet.

Dave Haley