



NOBLEFIELD

Like an eagle at the dawning,
Amidst the sunshine's warming glow,
From the mists of early morning,
The Auster swept below,
It combed across the jungle tree- tops,
Like a green broccoli field,
Where amongst its gloomy confines
Chin Peng's bandits were concealed.

From Temerloh a signal, faint,
Is battling through the static,
Whilst below a lonely conscript
Puts the Bren on automatic,
And from the sky, like snowflakes falling,
Gently drifting in the breeze,
Leaflets, offering pardons,
Make their way down through the trees.

In an ambush near Bentong,
The soldiers lie and shiver,
Plagued by mosquitoes,
By the mighty Pahang River,
Tired, and wet, and soggy,
Their eyes all bloodshot red,
Longing for a shower,
And the comfort of their bed.

For the patrol it had been fruitless,
And their patience sorely tested,
They'd tabbed across the Bukits,
And rarely had been rested,
With leeches for passengers,
As they waded jungle streams,
And snakes for bed companions,
During nights of restless dreams.

Then through a tiny jungle clearing,
Two small figures did appear,
They were tired, and emaciated,
And a paper they did bear,
It promised them a pardon,
And it offered them release,
From the savage, unforgiving, jungle,
To a life once more of peace.

The soldiers were elated,
As the CTs were apprehended,
Then they gave their captives food and drink,
And their ailments were attended,
For the battle now was for 'hearts and minds',
Whilst the past would be forgiven,
And after debrief in Temerloh,
To Kuala Lumpur they'd be driven.

The Auster soared up through the clouds,
On completion of its mission,
And winged its way back to K.L.,
Having thwarted Chin Peng's ambition,
And at the Coliseum,
We'd have steaks in celebration,
And toast 656 with Anchor Beer,
On a night of jubilation.

