

## HOW THE ARMY WON THE WAR BUT LOST A COUNTRY

### **My Ramblings**

By: Clive Dredge

Hi all and welcome to my ramblings in the past. Any talk about Rhodesia will be controversial so don't get your panties in a twist and get all upset as these are my views and you can take it or leave it, no worry... Language may be a little strange in places but try to not get frustrated, I will try and translate as we go along but I apologise if I forget – most of the slang is pretty simple for example, to the garage attendant, “ fill it up China and put some Sky in my Rounds”. Now this might seem a little strange to some but think about it. Sky = Air – Rounds = Tyres – so, “put some air in my Tyres” – See simple... Please remember this is the 70's, we had only just gotten TV, the PC hadn't been made yet, you drank water out of a tap not a bottle, Milk had cream on the top, the police were respected, women were respected and Rhodesia produced some of the greatest sportsman in the world. We didn't have cell phones and communication was the written word. People actually knew how to talk to each other instead of SMS and children made up their own games. We didn't have “Malls” and the first Supermarkets had just been built. Cars were simple and because of sanctions very difficult to come by. Transport options were mom's car, a thumb or just walk there. (We got our drivers license at 16). Shoes were for school and special events and Shorts, T Shirt and Flip Flops were the dress of the day. Shit how times have changed.

### **Introduction**

The development of the fighting style of the people of Rhodesian happened over a period of 2 very important years. That began in 1973 when the so called Patriotic front decided to escalate the war in to Rhodesia and started campaigns that disgusted the Nation but was quietly swept aside by the rest of the world. The worst of these were the Catholic Mission massacres and the attacks on outlying farms in remote areas. The response from the armed force was heroic and over this year and 1974 we developed what became Fire Force into a killing machine that the Patriotic front couldn't cope with. This Fire Force did not happen over night but was the result of some seriously clever men getting their heads together and developing a strategy that in the end nearly wiped out the Patriotic fronts forces. I was a part of this story from 1974 onwards and this story is from my perspective. The history and details are all written elsewhere and I will try and add a list of reading elsewhere. One of the best fiction books is John Gordon Davis book Hold My Hand I am dying. A great read...

The Armies main units were – The Rhodesian Light Infantry (RLI) – Special Air Services (SAS) – Selous Scouts – The Rhodesian African Rifles (RAR).

The histories of all the units are written elsewhere so I will not delve in to them in depth but comments will be made about them.

When I joined the RLI in 1974 its ranks (as well as SAS) had been decimated. Not by disease or injury but by the formation of a new unit called SELOUS SCOUTS. Uncle Ron, the new Officer Commanding (OC) the new unit had gone through the army and the police and stolen the best of the best and formed one of the best and most clandestine units in world history. Uncle Ron, now a Major, was the RLI's RSM in the early days of the unit so he knew all the guys very well. Without the Selous Scouts our war would have gone nowhere at all – Their formation was the turning point of the war as now we had reliable information and we, the RLI, could get to work doing what we were best at, killing Gooks... My story starts way before this point in time. To understand a Rhodesian you must remember that they were a very small community. Our parents all grew up before the Second World War and most of them served with distinction throughout all theatres of that war. Families were all connected through school and the war so that everyone knew each other. In our family my Mom's side of the family consisted of a bunch of sisters and one brother. Mom dated a young Peter Walls at school who went on to marry her school chum. Peter (Tommy) went on to command the Rhodesian army. My Dad served with Uncle Ron who was instrumental in the formation of the Scouts. In later years, the standing joke was, when my CO (Commanding Officer) wanted to know where I was he first phoned my Mom.

### **My Early (formative) Years**

I left school with absolutely nothing except good memories of great sport and beautiful girl friends.. My old man wanted to kill me and my Mom wanted to disown me so I decided that I had to go to Cram College and at least get something on paper. So off to cram school in Feb 1973 – SHIT, I had to WORK!!!! Damn that was definitely not a happy situation. I mean hell and damnation (a polite way of saying F^&^& %) I was getting a severe ear bashing from my parents, girl friend, buddies – shit everyone was ganging up on me, f#\$%%^ it I didn't want to work, water skiing and ice skating were better fun... I even broke up with my girl friend over that and what shit I got into over that was beyond belief. Damn she was a great girl, wiped the floor with me at squash, mind you she was the country's number 1 Junior, and had great parents. Her Dad was a bit of a legal beagle and got me out of the shit a time or two (He also happened to be the Minister of Defense). So Alison & I made up and I worked my arse off till I could write my GCE "O" Level exams in June. Everybody happy, naaaa... I had to do some pretty low flying but believe you me the fun never stopped. Man I was wasted – 2 hours sleep a night is not good for the body but being a happy go lucky 17 year old makes things easy. Study in the morning and classes till 12 – Ice skating till 2 – study till 4 – Squash at Salisbury Sports club at 5 with Alison, home & put in some swim training, party time till when ever and then a brief time on the pillow. What a life and what it was like to be young.

Many may ask where I got the money for all this fun that I was having. Funny you should ask that as my parents asked that same question of me repeatedly!!! A simple answer is I worked and worked hard – I had a job on the Tote at the Local Horse Track (Borrowdale) and made good money twice a week. Having a father who was a good mechanic and taught me a lot gave me the chance to pocket good money doing the repair here and there.

I wrote my exams in June of 73 and went to work for Bob White as a trainee car salesman. This was great; I was on my own, earning good money and having great fun. I was in for a very rude awakening. Long hours, sport, partying and no sleep caught up with me in a big way that nearly killed me. I was on my way to work early one morning when my brain finally said enough. I passed out driving a really nice Bellet GT and wandered off the road and had a head on with a concrete culvert – When shit happens believe me there is no way of avoiding it. My memories of the next month are nil as I woke up in hospital with a very serious Diff Whine (Headache) and a body that felt as though it had gone 10 rounds with Cassius Clay... (O come on you have to remember him – Heavy weight champ became known as Mohamed Ali). To top it all off in the mail that week I got my call up papers. In US terms I was drafted... Shit I was not a happy little bunny. Well not so little as I was, before the accident, a very fit 190lb 5ft 10inch athletic 17 year old.. Well now an 18 year old as I had just had my birthday in bed that October. Brilliant... Due to my head injury I wasn't allowed out and spent my time reading and swimming to try and get my battered and bruised body back in to shape. At a braai (Barbeque or Cookout) one Sunday my Uncle sat me down and had a serious man to man talk with me. Uncle Keith (Brigadier KA Radford then Lt Cornel) read me the riot act, on how I was stuffing my parents around and what a disappointment I was and Wara! Wara! Wara! – you get it – I was dressed down by a professional and made to feel like a 5 year old wimp.. Shit my life was a mess... time to grow up and do something – but what – Uncle Keith then suggested that he send me to The school of Infantry to attend the Officer selection Board to see if I could make it in the Army – No contest – I had my call up papers so why not, I mean call up was now mandatory so I was going in anyway so why not make the choice first.. The next day I was on my way to the lovely city of Gwelo – Home to the School of infantry, Air force Training Base at Thornhill and Bata Shoe Company...

This is where my army career started and almost finished – but that is for the next part of the story...

### **An Army Career?**

Officer selection in the Rhodesian army was a 2 week long intense exercise. A bunch of youngsters tossed together and watched every minute of the day and night. They start off teaching a bit of map reading and making you do all sorts of physical and mental tests. For me the most fun was the obstacle course and the weapons side of it. I got to fire the FN and MAG and didn't do to badly at all. This very basic training ended with us being gathered up at midnight and trucked off to Ngesi Game Reserve in closed trucks and dumped in groups a few Kliks (kilometers) apart. With each group was a young experienced officer who said absolutely fuck all but just watched. Early that morning at sunrise he handed the one guy a map, a piece of paper and a compass. The only words he said was “You are the leader for this section, there are your instructions”. Holy shit and all – 8 young 18-19 year olds, in the middle of bloody no where, don't know where the fuck they are and its bloody cold.. O well I suppose this was where they saw who were

leaders or followers.. Of course we all started chirping and advising our designated leader on what to do and how to do it – shit the poor guy just fell apart and started crying – damn I felt sorry for him. I then noticed that the Lt (Lieutenant) had a radio on his back and after 10 minute a Land Rover pulled up.. The poor Sob who broke down was shoveled into the back and that was the last we saw of him... We were all now feeling like right royal pricks but now down to only 7. Damn!!!!

Chris a guy I met at the beginning of the week was handed the kit and he quietly told us to shut up and started studying the map. Leaning over his shoulder and looking at the map I realized exactly where we were as a few years before we had been here with our neighbor helping with game counts as a youth project. I quietly whispered to Chris this info and showed him where we were on the map. And pointed him in the direction we had to go to our first check point. The Lt was now close and trying to listen in but Chris just smiled and quietly asked me to give him some room, stand back and shut my mouth. Chris then made a big issue of plotting our position on the map with a compass and a protractor drawing his intersecting lines back from identified points – yes guys that's how we did it before GPS. Chris just smiled at me and asked me to please just keep my knowledge quite as it would help us all if the Lt observer did not know. Shit Chris was 500meters off on his first position but he knew it and just shut up. Chris then told the guys to load up their packs and lets get walking – those packs had to be the worst ever made ever in world history. Damn they were uncomfortable and bloody horrible.. So started the first morning walk, but not without drama... As I found out later the 15 to 25 Km legs were supposed to take us all day. By lunch time we were about 10 clicks into our leg with about 5 to go when the Gobby bastard of a Lt Observer put a spanner in the works and we all realized that this was not to be a walking safari. The biggest of the seven was tapped on the shoulder and told that he was seriously injured and had a broken leg and could walk no more.... Damn, shit, krap and all the swear words under the sun – the sadistic sod of an Observer had picked the biggest, overweight mummies baby that there was. This prick whined so much on the walk so far that 2 or 3 of us were talking of cutting his throat and feeding him to the local ant population – not a popular little boy. There was this slob now lying on the ground with a smug look on his face, a look we would wipe off before the week was done... Ok now to the really tough physical part of the day. Cut two long poles, button up 3 combat jackets, thread poles through sleeves pulled into the insides of the jackets and presto, one field stretcher. Now came the hard part, 5km's of a walk through bush that was nice and healthy from recent rain – remember that November December for us is almost the middle of our summer and right in the start of our rain season. Lets put it this way, the next 5km's were defiantly not fun, carrying a 240lb lump of mummies lard gave all six of us a severe sense of humor failure. I was reasonably fit as were 3 other in our group but we were all physically stuffed as we neared the RV (Rendezvous). We were in sight of our RV point (a picnic area) when our esteemed Observer told us that our wounded warrior had been miraculously cured and could walk again. Now we were carrying him on our shoulders as this is the best place to carry a heavy weight. Without any form of communication between us we all had the same idea at the same moment – yes you guessed it – we just stepped away and the poor slob descended from shoulder height to the ground where he impacted and wobbled like instant Jelly... That shut his whining up – and now we were down to six.. None of us

would talk to Flaber Slob so he also started crying and left on the Land Rover not to be seen again...

Dinner was served, an Orange, a tin of Bully Beef and a packet of dog biscuits. What a great meal after a little walk... Ja right... I think you get the picture, not the best meal I had ever had. But, never fear, remember the 6 P's of life and that I come from an army family (Oh! the 6 P's – Preparation & Planning Prevents Piss Poor Performance).

Knowing the night before that we were going on this little walk, as I had most of the timetable in my note book., (I may have failed at school but me not Stupid) I had hidden in my pack a loaf of bread, a packet of sliced roast beef, salt, Chutney and Chili. Meal time!!! – Dodging the observers was now becoming difficult as the sods wanted to see everything you wanted to do. Chris & I paired up and had a quiet nosh hiding the tins of Bully Beef and eating our perishables – still enough left over for breakfast to..

Shit what a night – this bloody idiot in all of his 6 P's had, after thinking about food and comfort, had left his bloody sleeping bag behind – O shit was it cold.. Luckily I had liberated the fat slob's combat jacket from him before he was carted off – I wonder how he explained that one...

The next morning the old, cold and worn muscles really rejected us as we awoke on a really nice day – at 5am I was handed the map, new RV grid reference and the Lt Observer and other staff climbed in to their Land Rover and disappeared. Chris groaned out loud when he saw where we had to walk to – Damn, a 30km hike is nothing to sneeze at and the guys were not happy at all. Chris then noticed that I was still sitting relaxed staring at the map and he asked me what the hell I was doing as staring at the map would not make the distance shorter. I asked Chris and the other guys how long they thought it would take to walk there. They all hummed and after much head scratching they all agreed about 7 that evening if we paced ourselves correctly. I then asked them all if they could recall us being specifically told that we had to walk there – all of the guys looked at each other and agreed that our observer had just said see you there.. They all looked at me with that what now look. So being me I did that leg my way – A short walk to the Parks Staff camp, bum a ride on the Tractor and trailer going out to do fence maintenance, a short walk to a farmer friend of ours from school whose dad gave us a lift around the park to within 1km of our RV all by 10am- and that is after having a steak, egg and chip breakfast at my buddies farm.. The remaining 6 all rolled in a puddle of mud to make it look like we had a really tough walk and stretched out under some nice trees and slept the rest of the day catching up on some good shut eye...

At six we got up and shouldered our packs and walked in to the RV and found one very worried bunch of Observers as they hadn't seen us walking the entire day – apparently they had set out OP's (Observation Posts) along the routes of the various groups and we had been missing all day.. Chris and I were nearly wetting ourselves from trying to stop laughing while the other 4 had seriously worried looks on their faces. I just told our Lt Observer that we had a nice walk and a good day – when questioned about what route we took I just waved my hand in the direction from where we should have come and told him from over there. Not a happy Observer and he could see and smell bullshit a mile off. Luckily he shut his mouth and we issued our days Rats (Rations) which was another Orange, can of Bully and a packet of Dog Biscuits. (They weren't really dog biscuits we just called them that)... After talking among ourselves and bull shitting the Observers about a tough walk it was for an hour or two the next 2 groups walked in looking like

they had been through to Hell and back – shit those guys looked wasted.. They came in at about 7:45 (19:30) with the last of the groups staggering in at around 10 (22:00) that night lead by a Sgt that had obviously went out to fetch them – Nice comfortable nights sleep tonight as I had bummed a sleeping bag from my buddy so was really happy.. I could hardly close my pack now as it was now fuller than when I started...

The next day I realized that our Lt Observer had me made... He gave me a beady stare and told me to shut up and not say a word to anyone the rest of the day and if I wanted to know anything I was to ask him – As an aside here in later years we became good friends, the following year he was made up to Captain and was our 2IC. He had just finished his short officers course and been commissioned from WO2 a few months before. He knew all the tricks!!

The next 2 days were a series of initiative tests for all the guys spaced out between long walks across the Park. I was not allowed to play any more and told to watch and observe... Chris led well and went on to be of our top Officers from that course. Our observer was constantly trying to wiggle out of me what we had done on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day walk but no one talked and it was a year later that he got the story from me.

We went back to the School, hungry and tired and had an afternoon off to eat and clean up – Our last day was interviews and assessments where I unfortunately was told I was to immature and to come back next year & I could try again – My Observer Lt Peit was highly pissed off at this but I had unfortunately pissed off one of the higher ups with a few comments that, yes, were probably a bit out of line.. Lt Peit sat me down and had a long talk with me about what and where I was going.. The result of that talk is that the next day I was in his car and later in the afternoon, dressed in Jeans and T shirt, I was delivered along with my bag to Training Troop RLI. So started the next stage of an Army career.

## TRAINING TROOP

Well Guys I was here – RLI Training Troop – The top training unit in the country. All regular soldiers started their careers here for the first 6 weeks of basics – from cooks to wannabe SAS hopefuls – this is where you started. My first impression, HOLY SHIT THAT GUY IS BIG!!!! I had just met CSM Moose. Now understand one thing, the mans nick name is not a joke – he was BIG...

I off loaded my kit from Lt Peit's car and Moose called for the Clerk to come sort me out. The clerk bellowed out some ones name and a funny little guy called "Sailor" popped around the end corner. This guy was instructed to take me to the CQ (Company Quartermaster) and get me some bedding to get me squared away in a barrack room, to show me around and to report with me tomorrow morning for muster parade.

What an eye opener, Sailor was a character who had been in & out of DB (Detention Barracks) so many times that in 2 years he had never passed a recruits course. He was not with us long this time as well as he went AWOL (absent without leave) 2 days later & we never saw him again..

Sailor showed me how to square my kit away and filled me in on how to protect my kit so it didn't walk.. I was shown the back route to the Troopies Mess and we sat and had a good graze with an ice cold Lion, that I had to pay for. A nice gonk (Sleep) that night and breakfast next morning. At 07:30 we were lined up at the corner of the Trg Tp

(Training Troop) trying to stay out the way of everyone.. Just after 08:00 off we went to draw kit from the RQMS (Regimental QM). Shit was there a pile of it. Sailor the little beauty made sure I had the correct things, the best of the Trunks, correctly fitted boots and all the rest of the odds and ends.. To some one straight out of civvy street this was a brain overload.. Thank the good Lord I had that weird little man helping me.. I don't know where he got it but as my kit was been issued he was there on the steps and marking my kit.. Shirts went to one side for sleeves to cut off and the rest was neatly packed and folded into my trunk. The QM clerk was helpful as well and many years later I worked with him back in civvy street.. Lugging all my kit back to our temporary barrack room was a mission but we got it all done by the end of the day.. The next 2 days Sailor gave me an intensive induction on, how to dress, how to march, how to show respect and how to dodge trouble and work.. As I said before he disappeared at that time with all my money out of my wallet hidden at the bottom of a locked trunk – Shit I was pissed off.. Of course to get my revenge I acquired all of his left behind kit which was the same as mine except a little smaller... Not a problem as I could swap it out as time went on..

At this time I was joined by a gradual flow, daily for the next week, of guys joining up for the next recruits course.. We were referred to as Wasters as we were wasting everyone's time.. This pre recruit course period actually allowed us time to get our kit together, learn how to dress and how to maintain kit to the proper standards.. How to make up a bed and bed pack, how to clean and display polished kit, how to clean and polish floors and a week later how to teach a new recruit how to shower. The filthy slob hadn't washed since he arrived 3 days before and stank.

We had a great bunch of characters in the end – Gordon who was only there for basics and then went on to be one of the Battalions best cooks – Willem destined for SAS, Corey going to Signals and the rest of us joining the RLI.

Well the first day of training course was on us. We fell in, in front of Training Troop and were joined by a crowd of new recruits for the first day of our course.. Shit I felt sorry for those guys; they ran their arses off the whole morning getting done what took me 2 days to do when I first arrived. Unfortunately we wasters were split up among the new arrivals so as to try and get their kit jacked up to at least a minimum standard. I was lucky that I had Sailor that first couple of days as all my kit was up to and above most instructors' standard. My Stick (Drill) boots were taken to the RSM's Batman on my first day where I was instructed to pay him \$50.00 to prepare and polish them. I got them back the day course started and was amazed at them – they were of an equal to the RSM's boots and you could use their toe caps to shave in they shone so well.. I never polished those boots again as they always went to the CSM's or the RSM's Batman – one lesson well learnt.. Mind you not that I was lazy, my combat boots got all my attention so they shone like crazy as well.

That first week of basics was hell for most of the guys. PT twice a day, drill and work on kit. Man I saw some tearful eyes at times in that time.. Believe you me most people have no idea what it is like to become army fit. It is bloody hard work and very very painful. Sleep does not come easily and every joint in your body is bitching at you.. After that first week of intense work things started to settle down. Not that the pace slowed down,

in fact it stepped up a level or two, but our 18 year old bodies were now becoming men's bodies and growing muscle most guys thought they would never have.

Six weeks is set aside for basics and in this time you do drill, weapon training, PT and lectures on the basics of the Military. In this time there are no pass outs for the weekend but you are allowed family visits in the guard room car park on a Sunday afternoon. Sunday evenings were always time for us to check out all the goodies after visiting hours and was always fun.

My second Sunday was a total surprise for me – I arrived at the main gate to find my girlfriend waiting for me instead of my parents.. I felt as tall as anything as we sat in her moms car chatting.. She had one request for me though that I thought would never happen. Alison's sister was getting married the next week and Ali was a bridesmaid but needed an escort for the event as the other Groomsman had dropped out.. She gave me the invite, and a short note from her Dad, and told me to ask for special permission to go to the wedding the next weekend.. Oh well no harm in asking.. Monday morning first thing before muster parade I asked our instructor if I could please speak to CSM on an urgent private matter. He asked me what it was about and I earned his eternal displeasure by refusing to tell him and repeated my request.. For everyone out there that does not understand the Army – the CSM is only 2 steps below God.. He is a very powerful man and what he says to do you don't ever question it is just done.. Most junior Officers even take a wide walk around the CSM.. Anyway Cpl J couldn't refuse my request so a few minutes later I was marched into the CSM's office and asked what I wanted. My reply was "Private Sir" .as I glanced at the Cpl next to me. CSM told the Cpl to leave and close the door.. When we were alone the CSM just sat and looked at me so I took the invite and the letter out of my side pocket, gave it to him and stood at attention looking over his shoulder.. After what seemed like hours of waiting Moose quietly asked me who else knew about what the envelopes contained to which I replied to him that no one but the originator of the letter and the invite.. He asked me when I had to reply and I told him that Ali's Dad would like a reply after lunch if possible.. CSM told me not to say a word to anyone and that he would talk to later in the morning and then told me to return to my course.. When I got out the office they were only just finishing muster parade so that what had felt like hours had only been a few minutes.. Cpl J asked me what that was about but I just answered him "Private Matter Corporal" and shut my mouth.

Unfortunately this pissed him off and we were to remain enemies for the rest of time.. Just before Lunch I was marched into the OC's (Officer Commanding) office and told to take my cap off and sit down after the door was closed.. Captain Rob was another Bull of a man and another one of those men that even after a long morning looked as though he had dressed in his parade best.. I was handed the phone and told to phone my girl friends Dad and request the timing required for Saturday.. This I did and Ali's Dad & I had a long chat as to what was needed.. Apparently I was to driver the Bridesmaids to and from the church and I was given the timing and where I would have to be.. The Capt had listened to the call carefully on his other phone and also taken notes. Finally I said goodbye after having a brief chat to Ali and I was thankful to see Cpt Rob had put his phone down.. I was asked if I had a suitable suit and I replied that Ali and my Mom were having it cleaned and would drop it off at the front gate on Friday.. Cpt Rob dismissed me and told me again to say nothing to no one and that he would deal with me later in the

week... I now had an even more pissed of Cpl as he was nosey and wanted to know what was going on... Shame, I told him stuff all...

I must let you the reader into why there was such a hush around a simple wedding.. Well you see it was not really a simple wedding as Ali's Dad just happened to be the Minister of Defense... So now most of you can understand why there was such a hush around a second week recruit going to something as high as the MOD' daughters wedding .

The next few days were interesting as the guys were pumping me as to what was going on but I just shut up and put my head down and worked..

Friday morning my suit was delivered and I was excused all classes. I was marched up to the camp tailor to check the fit of my suit and damn lucky I did – I had kind of put on a few inches of muscle and the bloody thing didn't fit at all.. That old grey haired Shona just smiled at me and promptly in 4 hours rebuilt that suit so that it fitted correctly.. Man he did a brilliant job of it.. I was then taken to the Sgts Mess where I was told to leave my cloths for tomorrow in the CSM's room. Back at Training Troop I was constantly quizzed by what seemed everyone as to what the hell was going on.. I had been told to tell everyone that I had been allocated a special duty on Saturday, which was not a lie, and that no one needed to know what it was about..

Saturday morning arrived and by 06:00 I was at the CSM's room dressed in civvies to collect my suit and lift to Ali's house where the Bride and Bridesmaids were dressing.. What a day it was to be – Shit I never knew how hard a job it would be to get three women dressed, into a car, and to church on time. At least I didn't have to worry about the Bride - and the car, a bloody Ministerial Mercedes but luckily the driver came with it.. All I had to do was open doors and stop dresses getting caught..

What a wedding – I had great fun apart from running my arse off but I enjoyed it.. The reception was an absolute shock.. The RLI combined kitchens had done the catering – my Eyes got even bigger when I saw who the ushers were – 3 top RLI officers, the RSM and a few Sergeants.. Luckily no one but the RSM knew who I was sitting at the top table but the waiters from the Troopie mess tumbled me straight away.. RSM told them to shut their mouths and get on with it...

The RAR band played for us and damn they were good – I am not talking marching band stuff but Amplifiers, Bib Speakers, Electric guitars and such – damn they were good.. Eventually the band closed down and I took Ali home and changed back in to my civvies – Jeans and T shirt – and the Benz took me back to camp with a really nice buzz on...

The next morning I wasn't a clever little bunny.. Sunday was a bit more relaxed and muster parade was at 08:00 but some dickhead started banging around the barrack room at some ungodly hour.. Our PT instructor was on duty that morning and after looking at me just shook his head and took me for a 1 hour PT session – damn I puked my guts out but by breakfast time at 07:30 I felt more human again and after eating breakfast all was right. Oh well as some one once said "Life goes on".

O well back to basic training..