

# Vale

## NOTICAS

### NIGEL NIMMO

Dear Member / Friend

Streets of the roaring town, Hush for him, hush, be still! He comes, who was stricken down doing the word of our will. Hush! Let him have his state, give him his soldier's crown. The grist's of trade can wait their grinding at the mill, but he cannot wait for his honour, now the trumpet has been blown. Wreath pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his breast of stone. William Vaughn Moody

It is with regret that we inform our membership of the passing away of Nigel Nimmo. Nigel passed away early yesterday morning (12/9/2011) after a protracted struggle with cancer.

This note from Dick Warton.

Nigel was an original JOC Darwin guy who ran the Admin / Orderly room and served with RLI amongst the greatest of the JOC teams such as CO., Col Dave Parker, 2i/c Maj. Boet Swart, Adjutant ,Capt. Pat Armstrong, & I.O., Lt Alan Lindner, amongst others.

Nimms was a real character who played hard & worked just as hard. He was snapped up to run the Scouts, Darwin Fort, when that was built and became a Selous Scout" In addition Nigel also served at one time in 1 Commando, 4 Troop.

Our sincere condolences go to wife Janine and Nigel's Daughter. Also to Nigel's sisters and the friends of the Nimmo family.

Kind Regards Bill Wiggill CEO

From: Phil Graham

Please extend our deepest condolences to all Nigel's family, I have only fond memories of our army days together, he was a great person with a terrific sense of humour and personality, Nigel will be missed.

Phil & Linda Graham

### NIGEL NIMMO

I first met Nigel soon after my arrived at Andre Rabi Barracks. We became good mates and together with the likes of Stew Hammond and Cecil van den berg, earned a reputation of being the hot shots of the unit!! We spent many a night partying at the La Boehme Night Club and the Terriskane Hotel.

I recall a number of funny and some serious moments during our service together.

Like the time when we were on ops in Mozambique and laying in shell scraps, listening to Nigel telling jokes, while being shelled by Frelimo Tanks!

Then during our service in the Recce's, we spent 6 months together on the SW Border. On one occasion, we had to deploy a small reconnaissance team in the Ruacana area and then spend the night at the military camp. The next day, we obtained permission to break curfew and return to Ondangwa, supposedly on urgent business. However, the main reason was to attend a party that night at the Nationale' Hotel in Oshakati.

The return trip meant travelling along the main road of some 200 km's of dirt that was notorious for Landmines. The whole road had to be cleared every morning by teams of Engineers, working from both directions.

Travelling at speed, we completed the trip in just over 4hours. The journey entailed driving over stretches of road, which hadn't been cleared, and through teams still sweeping for mines. When seeing our Armour Buffels they would simply wave us through the checkpoints. They were expecting us and had been ordered not to stop us, as we were Recces and on an important mission!

The Hotel was the only one in the town and was out of bounds to most serving members, with the exception of senior officers and the Recces! Three single and attractive females managed the hotel. It soon became our favourite and regular watering hole and a place to spend our weekends!

After a clean up at camp, we headed for Oshakati, some 20kms away. We arrived in good time and proceeded to get blotted. It ended with Nigel falling off the bar stool and passing out on the floor. I picked him up, threw him over my shoulder and then staggered through the hotel, looking for a way out. By mistake we entered one room where the ciders of the NCK church were having a meeting. Without paying any attention to anyone, we carried on stumbling around the room, until we found the door.

On another occasion, while back at camp in Phalaborwa, Nigel bought himself a brand new Ford Escort. This was his pride and joy; however, the vehicle was only a few weeks old when he took it to town and a night out at the Impala Inn.

After a few drinks he made his way back to camp. The stretch of road between the main road and the Front Gate runs for about 1km. The road is wide, the surface tarmac and the verges smooth through regularly grading. The only hazard was a rather large boulder, situated about halfway along. It sat some distance away and was clearly visible from the road.

What happen that night only Nigel would know, he somehow managed to hit it. A short while later someone came across the accident scene and found Nigel hanging upside down in the overturned vehicle and still strapped in. He was not hurt but the Ford was a complete write-off.

We've had many a good laugh together and I will surely miss him. I know he's at peace and among friends.

R.I.P my friend John Cannon