

ALPHA COMPANY

Alpha started 1990 full of enthusiasm with a two week stint at the LCBS in Tully. As usual the weather forecast for the next 14 days was 13 1/2 days rain and 1/2 day of sunshine. Remember that a Bear that gets wet is a dangerous Bear. The Company thrived amongst the 'gymple', and 'wait-a-while' hardy became a challenge. After a while the only rain worth noticing was the reigning of Alpha Coy. Ex Get Hard II showed that the OC must be getting old as it wasn't as HARD as last year. It was a good opportunity for section commander's to get back into the swing before Mil Skills. On return to Lavarack it was straight into Mil Skills where a stab in the back did not dampen our spirits as we knew what the results should have read. Congratulations to C Coy, next year beware the BEAR.

A well earned Easter break sampling the old Amber Fluids seemed to pass by quickly and it was down south to MT Vince for a bit of shooting, which turned out a large number of quality marksmen. The video's before breakfast each morning put a couple of people off breakfast, and made a couple of others really hungry. Those before lunch and dinner weren't too bad, thanks for the sound effects SGT Brady. With all that spare time down there, we enjoyed ourselves by practising 3.2 km runs for the Platoon Competition. It was then the time of the year for NBCD Training and as the CSM said "If I'm Doing It, You're All Doing It", so we kept the chamber open for the sporties. Air week saw the most amount of Blackhawks in the air at the one time transporting the Company to and fro around High Range. This exercise was so good we didn't have to order resupply, the planes flew to where we were and dropped their goods, on top of the CSM, ready or not.

May saw the Corporal's Dining-In-Night finish with the usual results, hopefully most of the company JNCO'S will make it to the Mess someday. CPL Dixon is still trying to clean the used dinner from the inside of his shirt. Discipline was freely available within the Company and the gardener hates the CSM.

Digging the holes was not the hardest job, it was bailing them out prior to digging.

APC week culminated in the Live Fire APC Battle Run followed by platoon attacks. We had the bush fires (even though a certain WO2 was sure you couldn't start a fire with a flamethrower), the BBQ plate (APC's), and all we needed was a good steak for a decent feed. PTE Kerp's cry for help, on the radio, to be saved from rabid, man eating cows will go down as a notable occasion. Ex Max Beagle was not 'A' obstacle for the Company but the snake bites soon depleted the number of Bears in the Koombalomba Jungle. CPL Price won the prize for the most amount of leeches in a mouth at one time and even 'Gymple' on the face couldn't make him good looking. Who could forget PTE Jacobson taking the pin out of a grenade and sitting it on his knee. LT Johnson won the navigation prize for the exercise and CHQ won the body count. Major Bancroft left Alpha Coy in September and a 'Punk' type BBQ was held in his honour. While he held onto his Fatta-gram, the Company remembered a man they would follow to war. Ex Swift Eagle 90 saw the 2IC in command. The midnight hiring and firing of JNCO's was reminiscent of the Spanish Inquisition. PTE Stocks will always remember the phrase "7 days in the bush and it's legal" and the glint of anticipation in LT Michel's eye. Adventure Training at Hinchenbrook Island and around Cape Cleveland occurred as various people went on courses. The Bundy Bear has returned to the cave, this time as OC. As the year draws to a close, we farewell those from Alpha, including MAJ Bancroft, to teach the Poms how to GET HARD, WO2 Snow 'I'm not an angry little man but if you look side-ways at me I'll rip your head off', Kahler to teach SPT COY how to find salt beside

their company office, SSGT Kim 'I've got it, you can't have it and if you say I'm an AGRO BASTARD I'll take you for a run', Porter and lots of others to everywhere. Have a Merry Christmas and see you all next year ready for whatever they chuck at us.

BEWARE THE BEAR!!!!!!



MAJ BANCROFT, WO2 KAHLER, CAPT REILLY

One Platoon

The year was off to a predictably frustrating start with a large intake of bright eyed, bushy tailed kids, including our brand spanking new boss, 'LT KENNY "KOALA"'. Our first pleasure cruise saw us hitting the trail in beautiful scenic Tully, where everyone saw just how little they knew. Although not officially recognised it is rumoured that a certain platoon did attempt to cross a swollen, flooded creek when withdrawing from a mortar attack on a captured position.

While on this subject, lets thank our lucky stars that our packs made convenient floaties.

Recreational activities, namely the Tully Gully proved to be a considerable source of amusement and it was during a memorable incident with skulls x spoons that PTE Jago laid the last few cobblestones in the road that led to his dubious reputation as 'the legend'.

Mil Skills arrived much to the joy of everyone concerned, Mil Skills left, need we say more.

While still on skillful subjects, Ex Maxi Beagle was a memorable time in the jungle for 1 Platoon.

Swift Eagle was also a pleasant activity for the members of 1 Platoon who were chosen to be civilians for the exercise. This involved playing the role of evacuees and doing what civilians normally do. The boys enjoyed their stay courtesy of the HMAS TOBRUK and games of volleyball were enjoyed by all. 1 Platoon gratefully acknowledges the sympathy extended by other platoons concerning any discomfort they may have suffered.

June saw the boys of 2 Section cruising off to Tully again under the watchful eye of CPL DARCY to act as enemy. This proved to be quite an enjoyable 10 weeks and no-one was totally eager to return to Townsville, but when your hardened, super fit, and razor keen like the men of 2 Section you can handle anything. LIFE GOES ON AND SO DOES 1 PLATOON.

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Two Platoon

2 Platoon again set the pace for Alpha Company in 1990, setting the example and leading the rest, "generally" in the right direction.

Notable occasions abound and some of these include:

a. A "sort of" memorable stretcher carry through the weeds of Tully when we found LCPL Shelton fibulating on the ground from the effects of Gympie.

b. "PTE Blue, I'm always in trouble Haynes" fibulating on the ground after completing gas training.

c. "PTE I'm a barrel of fitness Bateman", fibulating on the ground after some character building battle PT.

d. Some of the keener platoon members actively helping the mortician during a visit to the morgue.

e. "CPL my section doesn't need rescuing by 1RAR but needs to drink itself into oblivion Price" on Phase 1 of Ex Maxi Beagle as civilian evacuees.

Personalities also abound and next year we would like to see the following:

a. PTE Blue Haynes stay out of trouble;

b. PTE Darrell own a car for more than a week without making close personal inspections of light poles; and

c. PTE Swain complete an exercise, any exercise!

Best wishes to all those that have left the platoon over the course of the year, including:

SGT Murphy
CPL Strahan
CPL Johnson
LCPL Edelman
PTE Birney
PTE Bateman
PTE Schieber
PTE King
PTE Howard
PTE Grant
PTE Farrell

To all those who continue the fight, remember the following: a. A 7.62 Ballistic overmatch against your enemies is the preferred option and don't go jack on your mates by getting yourself shot.



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Three Platoon

3 Platoon kicked off the year of 1990 at Tully. A great trip for all the 'lids' who just arrived. Not much commendable happened but we must pay compliments to the 8 Sect Ambushzzzzzz! The next show on the agenda was Ex Get Hard. PTE Timmins, holding his reputation fell asleep during a short break on patrol and was left behind, but only to find himself a day later bagged and gagged in front of the Company with a red face (well done Timmo). 7 Sect excelled again becoming lost in the jungle on the last night.

The next exercise of the year was "Mil Skills". Not much on that exercise except for B Coy Night Nav Stand. I will comment for the rest of 3PL. "Get None".

The month of April was the best of all exercises, "Ex Standdown". We were back into it again full of stale beer when we hit Blue Water in mid May. Back from Blue Water and we were straight into SPE training — great week.

Next on the programme was air training week. Not bad, especially for the blokes who had never been in a Blackhawk before. Even though the 2IC acting OC thought he'd be "warri" and get us to dig in. (Good one Sir).

The next big thing on the list was Battalion Birthday week. Great week to square away the drill and enjoy the events. Then there were the two big one's for the year. Maxi Beagle and Swift Eagle. Maxi Beagle was the first of the two, not a bad exercise, but not for John Balderston who was bitten by a snake, and PTE McBurnie who cried for a week when he realised he had been bitten by a rat not a snake. A few more weeks down the track we had Swift Eagle.

It started in the jungle where inactivity abounded for a day or two then crack bang it all happened at once. Poor old PTE Stocks lost his '66' and so decided to carry it around everywhere he went after the exercise until Standdown.

Then we were at High Range digging in at every 5 min durry break and to hear a furphy that walking home was looking good. Anyway after a great live fire demo we were off on our walk home. Anyway it was eventually over and Standdown came. After Standdown we took to Hinchbrook Island for adventure training. Not bad except for the Mossies and burglars.

The year is ended and we made it. Well done 3 Platoon.