

NO NAMES — NO PACK DRILL

by CPL K.A. BOVILL

Unit training during the October-September period of 1979 had as its primary aim, the training and selection of unit members for service in the various specialist platoons of Spt Coy.

For the rifle company, it presented a welcome break from the monotony of High Range and the first real opportunity for a lucky few to participate in individual training. (The not so lucky remainder battled on under the amended Regimental Motto — Duties First.)

Each course had its fair share of incidents from which an 'unofficial' record has been compiled. Identities have been obscured to protect the guilty.

PIONEER COURSE

This platoon, the traditional haven of the grubby, unregimented villain, attracted soldiers of that ilk from companies. (They won't be mentioned but the CSMs have their names.)

From day one it was apparent that the 'bearded apparition' would need an interpreter.

Watermanship included a demonstration of assault boat handling on dry land and a man over-board drill in six inches of water by a student with a penchant for sand and weed. The more photogenic were also disappointed — no stars so far but keep trying.

Demolitions went with its usual bang and in some cases bigger than usual. (Metric conversion was the cause of one extra big teeth rattler.)

Last count in Booby Trapping had Traps 6 Students 0. Even bridging had its moments. Bearers for a class 3 big enough for a class 12.

Who did that calculation?

Quote of the course — "to be here you need Rocks in your Head, Muscles in your Crap and Blisters on your Hands".

RECON AND PATROLLING

Those that attended this one with their imaginations working overtime were sadly disappointed. 500 foot rapells from C130s were cancelled.

This course was based upon the one conducted for the Unit by SASR earlier in the year and modified to suit unit requirements.

The course was blessed with a couple of characters. One who was associated with LONG LOOK. The other was an ARES drill expert who insisted upon doing about turns every time the enemy was sighted.

Students passed on many useful navigation hints to the staff.

Insertions gave rise to the odd exciting moment especially when the LZ turns out to be an enemy camp, and it is two clicks away from where it's supposed to be. The rotund DS who fell off an insertion agency did not appreciate hearing a student say, 'He'd of popped like a cane toad if we had got him'.



ANTI ARMOUR

It was indeed the gallant few that undertook this one. Led by MISFIRE MAGOO and armed with the latest in weaponry (FIA'd from the War Museum) these intrepid warriors went forth to do battle against old boilers, assorted scrap iron and derelict AFVs.

Hazards of BBDA's tracer elements and the teeth rattling concussion of RCLs combined to shatter the complacency of student and instructor alike. Even the common task of fire fighting received a dash of spice when the fire is in the impact area. (Danger is no Stranger to a 2/4 RAR Ranger.)

Overheard on the last day, a suggestion by a student, 'Anti Armour and MIT should get together, they need each other.'

All in all the course proved conclusively that if the enemy has no armour then the Anti Armour PI can handle it.

MORTARS

The stove pipe brigade conducted their devious doings with no trumpets or fanfare. Just heaps of hard work accompanied by the rattle of 3" ammo in an 81 mm tube. As one student said, 'It was the perfect course'. In view of the lack of evidence on the contrary we must believe him.

SIGNALS

Something of a dark horse this one. Those who know aren't saying but agent reports indicate that somebody got it from the same place as the Padre. All in all COMSEC was good and nothing of reporting interest leaked out.