

# CHUCKLES

C Coy started 1976 on a high note with an amphibious operation at High Range. Many lessons were learnt but none so well as waterproofing the equipment.

Capt Shannon gave the company its direction until after "Big Country" when Maj Radcliffe took over.

Highlights of the year were numerous.

The watersmanship training which proved absolutely useless for the task presented to the company in negotiating the Katherine River was valuable in safeguarding the equipment, and enjoyed by all.

"Big Country" was an outstanding success with the company performing favourably under its new OC.

## CHQ

This group of outstanding personnel did a tremendous job in backing and administering the company. The OC, Maj Radcliffe, won notoriety for his ability to conduct excellent visual recons (with complete disregard for his personal safety) from under the tracks of an APC, with binoculars.

The 2IC, Capt Harvey's, personal highlight was being shot at a range of five miles by an enemy sniper in the first twenty-four hours of "Dauntless Defender".

The CSM, WO2 Greely, also won notoriety for his excellent cross country walking ability but found snags on encountering roads.

Staff Harrison performed faultlessly all year and won the company's complete trust (but no-body leaves batteries behind).

Cpl Wallace, the Support Section commander for the majority of the year won fame for his ability to survive the harshness of Port Keats with the barest of essentials (i.e. Shot Gun, Brew Gear, etc.).

All in all, a good year, and the company is obviously looking forward to the trips to Hawaii, New Zealand, Malaysia and Canada next year.

## 7 Platoon

Our thanks to those who helped produce this record of good old 7. The year kicked off well with Ex Web Feet where we had a few laughs. Pte Marty managed to get lost for a few hours to Lt Steve Borton's concern. Most memorable was the swimming assault across that "10 cm deep creek".

The White Canary was the life of the party on Happy Swinger; we made him brews, even hot brews, at 0200 hrs. Benny Briscoe slept most of the time including during the Battalion Attack (he was still at the LD). In April we were enemy for 1RAR and managed to divert one of their attacks onto their own troops.

Unfortunately we lost the White Canary half way through the year. We wish him well in the Hong Kong Police Force.

Before Big Country Pte Burke played games with a stubby bottle, made brews for the CSM and since then has been playing at microsurgery.



CPLS MC GAHAN AND GREW WITH A

PROBLEM

Lt Eddie Antoniak took us over for Big Country and we held him in high esteem. The Godfather is misplaced in Ordnance. Our Corporals — Sludge, McGahan, Feathers, Peacock and "XXXX" Matthewson gathered in our IETs and set them in the right direction.

Feathers broke the world record for two miles when he forgot his M16 and Pte Wilson "wasn't lost" when he disappeared for a few hours. Brownie liked the NT so much that he took five days leave in Darwin before getting an RAAF ride home. The bad news was that he misguided a couple of "wheels" to stay with him and they got nine extras for their troubles. Unfortunately after Big Country Harry the Rat went to do his sums and the Godfather went back to counting blankets.

Lt Bob Quodling arrived just in time for Dauntless Defender and happily found himself with a good crew. On Dauntless Defender we did everything everyone else did although Sgt "Scobes" Beasley's telephone bill might have been excessive. Then, on the Parade Ground, the troops marched while the Boss served sherry to the officers.

We wish those who have left us the very best and we wish everybody a Happy Christmas and a successful

77.

# 8 Platoon

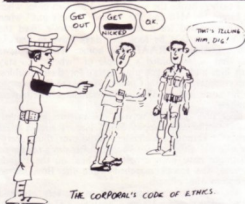
Eight Platoon got off to a flying start with the arrival of a new platoon commander from RMC. Despite his new ideas, the "grey ghost" kept everything as normal and the platoon trundled along at its steady pace. It was not uncommon to hear readings from the 8 PI Bible at any hour of the day or night. The "Grey Ghost" had visions of grandeur as he read from this wondrous book, "The Devil's Guard".

We had a wet beginning with a company exercise in March. It rained for seven days straight. Despite damp bodies, our morale was kept at a high level by the then platoon clown "Mouth" Hyland. We all remembered the water folies in the "crick" when the assaulting sections decided to run across a shallow creek and all sank. The only reason the attack was successful was because the enemy were laughing so much at fourteen bush hats floating in the water. PI HQ did not recover for quite a while. "That's Entertainment". The organiser of the water folies, "Mouth", received his just rewards for the production.

Unfortunately, "Mouth" had to leave the platoon, as have many since then. Platoon morale however, did not slump, due to the gargantuan efforts of "Squeak" Hurley, the boy from the Garra. In the latter part of the year we received five IET's whom "Squeak" took under his wing. Because of his fine instruction and leadership, they became accustomed to our style and can now dig pits without uttering a word in jest or batting an eyelid.

Our "Stay Loose" motto served us well on exercise. However, some members were a little too loose. Isn't that right J.C. (Pte Pickering). He didn't care much for telephones or MG's and was often heard to say between Z's . . . "When I become CO" . . . Heaven forbid.

The NCO's were all a source of inspiration to their men. Lcpl Smith R.D., the Hugh Hefner come Padre of the platoon, supplied both reading material and character guidance. He could be approached at any time to hear confessions. He often had old age creep up on him. "Tricky Dick" (Cpl Stilwell) was an expert in his field. "Canvas Back" could be counted upon to



THE CORPORAL'S CODE OF ETHICS.

have a pile of Z's close at hand at any time. He had a strong attraction towards soft spots and forked trees, Strange.

Cpls Gollaged and McLeay were the hard core—and diehard members of the platoon. Everything they did was the "Regiment". Lcpl Mick Meirs was instrumental in organising all the platoon outings. They were always a success and everyone enjoyed themselves. From 8 Platoon Mick . . . Thanks. Last but not least was "Boorey" Neilson, the only person in the platoon who had trouble working out whether he was black or white. He came from 9 Platoon early in the year but he quickly caught up and settled in well.

We saw "Blue Bell" diving into the waters of the Katherine River and slaying a six foot, man-eating croc with his bare hands, a feat rarely seen these days. Johnny Weissmuller would have been proud of him.

The year closed with a real treat when "Thiesy" alias Evil Knievil attempted a death defying leap, in his car, from Castle Hill to Mt. Stuart. However, something went wrong and he became suspended between two trees (see The Townsville Daily Bulletin). Evil, well done, we are proud of you and better luck in nine months time.

Space doesn't allow us to mention everybody, but we wish all our members the best for Christmas and 1977.

# 9 Pi



## HOT STUFF

1976 was an interesting year for the "Little Devils". We saw a large turnover in troops but even so still managed to keep an identity (we haven't worked out whose yet). We started the year quietly but soon immersed ourselves in the job at High Range and then on Happy Swinger Sgt Chad Cherrin showed us how to mine sandstone.

Big Country was our finest hour. "Seagoon", "Barramundi" and "Snerd" all had sweep oars mounted and whose platoon sergeant would dive overboard to capture his Boss's barra (and then claim salvage rights).

Some of us went on fighting patrols but one didn't want to come and two others went to sleep in the meantime. The Crossways Hotel had its finest male choir ever.

The expected anti-climax after Big Country didn't eyentuate but "Doubtless Disaster" did. We thought we saw a caravan park but it must have been a mirage (or a Skyhawk anyway). We had quiet days and heavy nights. We saw minefields and lots of enemy but didn't get to shoot at much.

After "DD" we settled back into the Barracks and got used to the Parade Ground. Pte Ack Willie was a good friend in one particular week but happily he didn't last.

Shoalwater Bay bent our entrenching tools again but we will no doubt get some new ones for Christmas. A Happy Christmas and New Year to all and remember:—

"LOVE IS A PATCH OF SOFT SANDY GROUND".



"THAT, SOLDIER, IS A REGIMENTAL BARRACK!"



"SEE THE SEARCH PARTY STILL HAVEN'T FOUND US YET  
THE BOM. CAPTURED THE LATERAL."



"LOOKS BAD, HUBB!"