

ADMIN CHQ (BRAIN'S TRUST) - 1996

NUMBER ONE RAMSAY STREET

OC's Appointment - World Series Company Commander Series

Coy Command of Admin Coy has always been a highly sought position and none so much as that of 4RAR's. With an attrition rate greater than the number of versions of A21, the Coy has experienced four different OC's in six months. This result is a credit to the Coy and particularly the other CHQ staff wearing them out well ahead of their normal 12/24 month warranty.

The Contenders:

In the beginning there was CAPT Pierre Hallet, who brought the experience of having been an original founding project team member to the Bn's first Coy. He of course, in true PSO style dumped the position at the first sighting of his replacement and disappeared into that building which is too bloody inconvenient for anyone else to visit.

The QM was replaced by the first Coy 2IC CAPT Bob (gun slinger) Gough (RAAOC). His presence brought a rational and green element to the many enduring debates of burning issues at CHQ (gun control, conservation, management, accounting and animal rights). His appointment also complemented the CSM's authorage of an anthology of NSW rifle ranges. Bob, commonly known as the Bn 2IC's play thing, also brought an entrepreneurial facet to CHQ (only bettered by SGT MacDonald) by not manufacturing all manner of camo things for DPRI, but by being outsourced for everybody else's unwanted hack jobs. Bob's aim in life is to be a Commando so that he could improve sales of funny camo items and wildlife culling.

The President of the Shooter Party did not last long however. By March the party was over with the arrival of an export quality commander, direct from the Middle East. MAJ Paddy Evans was a man so possessed with the 'Arab' spirit that he whirled himself into a frenzy of (Jihad) activity to do as much 'Admin Stuff' as possible in the shortest amount of time. Unfortunately he was sacked after Four Close and sentenced to a junior Rifle Coy to be calmed by a cool shade of green (and some illegal immigrants - show us your APN's).

The fourth and lasting contender, and current title holder, arrived at the start of the new financial year on a beer and skittles ticket. CAPT Oz Salder was summoned to the Work Site Officer after cutting the ribbon on C Coy and then disappearing on course for most of the first semester. A big drinker of very small brews, he led a CAPT's collective and reintroduced the 40 hour week, sly morning teas and the fifth tackle kick in touch. With a flair for entertainment he kept the Coy sane on Swift Eagle by conducting a Contiki sail, beach and self drive holiday of the East Coast. The OC's view on Commandos was that he would only stay if it was black, leather and sexy.

ADMIN

The Others:

These four were carried by the remainder of CHQ, who were the only ones to keep the same building throughout the year.

CPL Darren Cook (yes and he is still here) spent most of the year working a part-time day shift at 1Fd Hosp (from where he'd emerge with an increasing degree of incapacity). A big chap who loves to laugh, he had the Phantom skills of clearing the trays (and depositing more stuff back into the in-tray) just before knock-off. This then left the other occupants wallowing as Cookie made a clean break for home. As the Coy runner and phone piquet he was a dud (that is why the OC, 2IC and CSM were posted in and why the OCs never lasted more than a few months). Cookie also ran the Bn refuge and adopted many a stray (Nigel Clayton and Kingo - even Brooksie from C Coy found the Cookie charm irresistible). All things come to an end and for Cookie that came with HDA and a holiday to Pymble for his final months in the service. From CHQ, thanks for the in-tray and best of luck in Tassie. The CSM Gary Wootton never bothered to get too close to his OCs (why would you when they only last to morning tea), so he filled his days with shooting and avoiding stray fast balls from BHQ and having another durry. A keen fitness man he managed to cruise the Coy area daily and perform stunt work off his push bike for sport. On Swift Eagle he got with the ethos and went troppo. His wife will never forgive him for loosing that Boonie charm although the ORS SGT Cust becoming obviously star-struck and went the imitator with the razer as well. On Commandos, 'I'm in Admin Coy.....'.

The quiet bloke who kept this eclectic and fluid group together on the straight and narrow was the CPL Steve Dilly. As our supervising CPL he provided that balance for the wild and crazy/zany ideas which emerged from the oven/ice box of CHQ. Dill's biggest enjoyment came from watching a rockshow develop before uttering those few words of reason. As a CQ he was able to run a tight ship due to the bi-monthly 100% OC handovers. On Commandos, 'I'll be in the armoury'.

Highlights of the Year

Four Close

It finished.

Swift Eagle

Although the Coy could have provided the same support from JL, the Contiki tour did offer marvellous tourist opportunities and saved many the personal expense and leave credits to: harbour cruising, whale watching, ocean cruising, deep sea fishing, sailing at the Whitsunday's, a posting to TVL, visiting QLD's cyclone belt towns and a short drive home.

The downside was that the Coy had to endure the OC's cunning entertainment plan based on a Hi Di Hi approach. Cowley offered a marvellous back-drop for the keenly fought fatty v's thins touch, beach Olympics and Iron Man competitions. We discovered various people's obsessions with lifting heavy things (often) in PT and that the Catr SNCO's couldn't fish. But the Catrs did redeem themselves, three times a day, by providing superb meals at the Cat's Cafe.

All this fun couldn't last, so we moved to the Innisfail Racecourse and sought after alternate means of entertainment. The course offered a more private lifestyle and greater comfort than Cowley, with the convenience of town water and gen set power (who was the bugger who kept killing the fridge at night?). Apart from that painting job, thanks Blue and the lads, there was barely enough time left to conduct the Innisfail Cup, over 2.4km, and for Milo and associates to roll the FARP two nights in a row. The enemy play of the exercise was, however, the demo at Cowley's front gate. Another cunning plan, dreamt up by the OC over a cafe latte, with Rabes as the fall guy, involved kidnapping locals from the caravan park and marching with the ambulance on HQ 3 Bde. Oddly enough Mike didn't come out as requested in spite of our chorusing with the Song Card. After throwing them out of our way during the sit down blockade, Mitch's vege patch was distributed as a food package to the onlooking Blue Force. Lasting images of stained Aussies wiping fruit squashed particles off their weapons. The little old lady throwing lettuce at point blank and Webby getting caught.

And they returned him much to the QM's dismay.

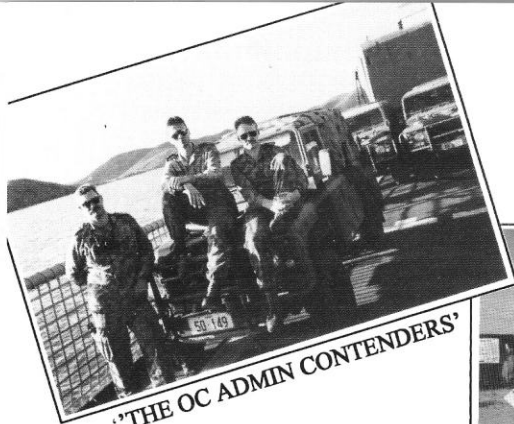
For the return home we were joined by another group of refugees from C Coy. The run came off safely in spite of TSP's efforts to create work for themselves (every night) but cost the OC his hamstring whilst looking for that third try at Armidale. The QM didn't survive, although, because he had SGT Polly Farmer and his 'curious' taste in music.

To those departing from the Coy, best of luck to you and your families.

To those Commandos-to-be staying remember that 'your in the rear with the gear'.



'AN ECH MORNING PARADE'



'THE OC ADMIN CONTENDERS'

