

ADMINISTRATIVE COMPANY

"The cog which makes the battalion wheels turn."

Administration Company has again seen its name changed. The once so aptly called ADMIN has once again been re-instated. LOGISTICS being put by the wayside. ADMIN Coy, with its new image and new name, can look back on 1980 as a successful year. Apart from the fact of achieving a better record with the Rifle Companies and ourselves on matters of resupply, we inadvertently managed to increase our ability to shoot, complete battle PT exercises and have the occasional social function.

Sport for ADMIN Coy was generally fought on a hard competitive level. Although we do not have the depth of sportsmen, which is available to the Rifle Companies, we competed in all but one match (A Company take note); winning the squash and basketball competitions and going close in tennis, golf, soccer and hockey.

The faces of ADMIN Coy somewhat changed throughout the year. I'm sure the newcomers have now become an integral part of the company and we wish the old faces all the best in their new employment.

The platoon sector reports follow:

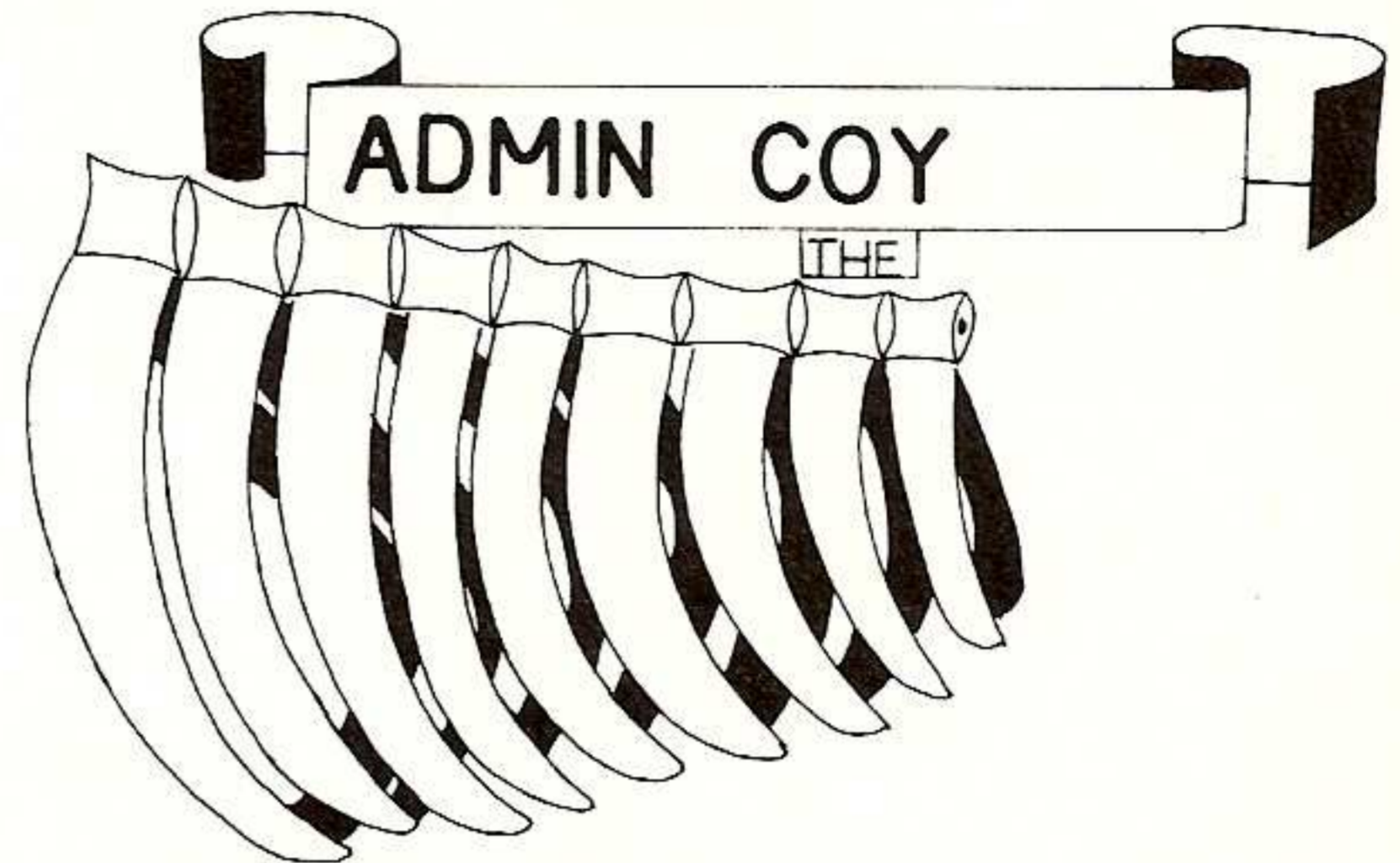
TRANSPORT AT WORK

THE YARD

We may not look much But GOD we work hard
all us lads in the transport yard,
Amongst the crew we have a few stars,
Like J.C. and P.J. always on, their A???,
Price and White who are always right,
Seem to fight and bitch until neither knows which,
Uncle Jim ? though very slim, makes life in the yard
very grim.
Poor old Ratz who of course,
never stops thinking HIS boss is tops.
Chriso still moans and groans a lot,
but what's he to do when he gets to his new spot.
In the store there's old dig Dave
he does a good job, but what a gob.
Chins the bloke who is also thin,
if he's ever mad just watch him chuck it in.
Butts is the bloke not to provoke,
cause he'll chuck away his cast and have a poke.
Transport Pte SANKEY you'll hear, on the phone
you can't have any vehicles we got none here.
Gilly's still here but only in spirit,
he's got two ulcers from the spirit he's in
(SCOTCH).
Last but not least there's Barry and Les without
whom we would be lost, increasing the population
at minimal cost.

This little ditty took but a minute
it was written by me and I'm the last
one in it.

RABBIT.



OF THE BATTALION

THE TRANSPORT PASSING PARADE

Poor old Joe he must go away, but
God only knows whether he will stay,
White the pussy must also go 2 Commandoes
didn't you know? he'll give 'em hell
but bludge as well.
Uncle Jim we farewell him, look out
Pucka, here comes split pin.
Chriso to Canungra what a blow, close
to the beaches at Surfers, OH NO.
Barry's a Norm but we can't complain,
he's off to Newcastle and the STARR again.
The boss has been good, but only to some
he's off to Brisbane to be with MUM.



RAEME TO THE RESCUE RAEME AMALGAMATES

Although we started off the year as two separate groups, we are able to complete the year as one platoon — The Technical Support Platoon. The following members constitute the platoon :

WO2 Wood — Likes a tough of Swarfega (hand cleaner) with his coffee at High Range.

CPL (Bob) Constable — The so-called Radio Mech; as large as he is, he still manages to hide somewhere when not playing chess with the QM.

CFN (Mark) Hughes — Commonly known as "Dog with hair lip" (Mark, Mark), tries to keep the CQ of Support Company happy.

CFN (Ned) Kelley — Now that he has a passport for Malaya he can migrate to Ingham each week-end.

CFN (Chester) Jones — Likes to play sport but manages to do himself an injury before getting on the field. Well done, "Broken Hand".

CFN (?) Rykers — Marched in one day before Athletics Carnival and starred in it, winning the long jump event for Admin Coy.

CFN (Tim) O'Loan — Destined for Watercraft, but because they don't make water-wings his size, he took the easy way out with a discharge.

CFN Halstead — Sparrow — here one month then finds himself going to Malaya for three months. What a "Swan Merchant".

CFN (Steve) Saraci — Always getting chipped by the TOCO or AQ because his mouth works faster than his thoughts. Captain of Admin Coy Hockey team known to throw a spanner in the works.

CPL (Robbo) Robertson - The only mechanic to go from one Battalion to another. Looking forward to new posting (hopefully not 1 RAR). Would prefer a "Pogo" unit for a change!

THE CATERING SECTOR RECURRING TERROR

The Caterer (WO2 Shorrock) stands near the door, sweat pouring from his body. "OH GOD, WHY ME", he mumbles, (Actually The "Cat" is not religious, but at 1229 hrs he starts praying). Everyone is ready, Reg arms himself with a knife, Tony a spoon, Wally an egg slice, and so on. We all stand ready to face the screaming horde.

A yell from outside causes The "Cat" to sweat some more, (think of the money he saves on saunas), only a groan escapes his dry lips. "OPEN THIS DOOR YOU B.....D" is yelled from three hundred throats. The "Cat" looks at us, we at him. We give the nod to tell him we are as ready as we will ever be.

A nervous hand turns the handle — the door flies open. The "Cat" avoids being crushed by seconds as he cringes against the wall. (He is very good at cringing, you should ask him for a loan.) Six hundred feet, or is it boots, bounded into the room. Three hundred mouths start talking and yelling, sweaty bodies jockeying for position.

Are we afraid?

No! Not us, we are veterans, we have seen this kind of thing a hundred times in the past.

Arms grab legs, a kidney is stabbed, everything is a blur, as bodies fight, spoons flash in the light, knives are jabbed here and there with reckless abandon — it will all be over soon.

"PEACE"

Everything is quiet. It is over. We look at each other. No one is hurt!

A cup of coffee to take the tension out of us. We talk of facing death. We laugh nervously.

Bodies relax.

Tension is gone, another 2/4 RAR lunch in the OR's Mess is over.

THE CATERING GROUP (A SERIOUS VIEWPOINT)

To enlarge on a theme expressed by WO Dahl Helm in the recent AACC Newsletter:

The Australian Army Chef does indeed stand high by world standards. He is very capable and plays an essential role in maintaining morale and mobility in today's army. Even Napoleon acknowledged that "an army marches on its stomach" (so how about it?)

Applying this theme locally, might I suggest we are the backbone of the Battalion??? Men well fed are men well pleased and are subsequently men more willing and able to perform the task on hand.

The men of the Battalion are sustained by meals that are varied, well balanced and interesting. In the mess and in the field the meals are prepared with attention to both nutrition and aesthetic appeal, not

to mention a good measure of T.L.C. (tender loving care).

Conditions under which this is done often trying to say the least, but we think we are equal to each and every occasion to keep you well fed.

It is a great Battalion sustained by a great catering staff and we will take a bowl!

There is an old adage well used among women that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach", and this is obviously true, but haven't you found it is also true of the fairer sex, fellas?!

Q STORE 1980

The year of 1980 started off slowly for the Main Q Store. We lost CAPT Larcombe, who was replaced by CAPT Willmott — a picturesque sight with his head of shining black hair. However, this soon changed after meeting one CPL PASCHJAWITSHUS, (better known as CPL Pascoe), a person known to have caused havoc in the store. To his credit, the QM, with his now greying hair, seemed to get everything under control, until LCPL Fikerle wanted to introduce shopping trolleys into the expense store.

During this time the Assistant Quarter Master, LT Martin, decided that after a short time as AQ he would try his hand at "playing" Company 21C, where his work load would be less — As if he did anything as AQ.

The Q Store now has 2 X RQMS's. It is true that one does the drawings while the other one tries to get in the picture?

The comings and goings of the Q Store like a cricket scoreboard — Who is in and who is out:

WHO'S IN	WHO'S OUT
PTE Lang	SGT Coombs
PTE O'Brien	SGT McCosker
CPL Philpot	LCPL Steere
SGT Yule	CPL Sutton
PTE Riseberry	CPL Paschjawitshus
PTE Ball	LCPL Russell
PTE Waterhouse	CPL Fuller
PTE Kosovich	PTE Pittman
	CPL Phillpot

The above scoreboard has one more category — The almost outs. These include WO1 McIntosh and SGT Yule.

So you can see that the Q Store has been as busy with its changes of staff as it has been with serving the Battalion. However, there are still a few more who work in this hive of activity. They are, LCPL Wheeler, who has been under fire many times as ammunition storeman and clothing storeman, PTE Shaw, who is the only serving Boy Scout in the Australian Army, CPL Vincent, better known lately as "Courses" Vincent (but what course will he do now that the Sydney football has finished?), and of course CPL Daniels, who continues to keep the peace within the increment. However lately, he is like a public

convenience — "Used by everyone except the owner".

The end, the end, but for one. The one who had to sit down and write this story of truth and honesty. What can you say about such a diligent and honest man. Well done CPL Legge.

E.T. Legge.

REGIMENTAL AID POST (RAP)

The "Medical Platoon" started off the year by trying to impart their knowledge, first aid of course, to the Companies. The Companies found it hard to grasp the finer points of medical work, or was it the sight of blood that got to them?

This was all in preparation for bush work, which there was plenty of. So much that even SSGT Crawford went bush for 4 days. Maybe that is how he got promoted to SSGT, but as a Corporal I'm a bit confused.

(Congratulations Tankie).

The medics' versatility in medical expertise was shown in "Adventure training" when they went from treating soldiers, to 8 — 12 year old school boys: — but then maybe there is no difference.

The change in establishment saw the introduction of SGT Parkey and CPL (Spindles) Cumming to the battalion.

For a medic who kept out of contact sport for the year CPL Muzik sustained a fractured jaw in two places playing softball! (See you in the Rugby Union team next year, Hienz?).

We must welcome the new "Blowfly" CPL Phillips. If you want to know more about him ask the Catering staff, they know him well.

AND FINALLY

DID YOU SEE?

- . SSGT Crawford smile.
- . Mark Hughes and Les Warne play-acting Cheech and Chong on gun picket!...Ex "King Cobra".
- . The Caterer's cumberbund...Lost at CO's Dining out Night.
- . The RQMS in uniform. Has he retired?
- . CPL Murphy practising painting rocks, so he can qualify to his new posting to 11 FD AMB.
- . Phred running the TPT yard.
- . The new colour scheme in Land Rovers...SGT Wardlaw?

DID YOU HEAR?

- . Of CPL Cumming's love of snakes...Ex "Overlord Two".
- . The Band play this year.

- Of the CSM's planned withdrawal to Cluden...Ex "King Cobra".
- About the old AQM becoming a supergrunt...or is this just another "Rugby" posting.
- Of SGT Aspden and PTE Osmond's swan with 162 Recce Sqn...Cooktown.

- Of TPT PI collection to buy SGT Wardlaw a pair of PT shorts.
- That the CQMS is planning to establish an Army Disposals Store in his retirement. PTE Van Lammeren is allegedly helping him aquire the stock???

