

HOOK IN B COY



PAYING ATTENTION ON THE BUREAU

1976 has been a demanding year for B Coy, including our wives and girlfriends. It has meant numerous separations anything from five days, lasting up to six weeks. It has also been a satisfying year for training, travelling, socialising and sport.

In training we showed the standard expected, and individually "Hooked In" and got on with our jobs. We explored the High Range Training area on five separate occasions and finally we were given a change of scenery—KATHERINE—on Ex Big Country. In the top end we walked, paddled, tracked and practised our skills in salvage operations, and our master mariners sank their boats. To assist us in training, especially Ex Dauntless Defender we were given a new piece of equipment—the steel helmet. This new piece of equipment was warmly received, a general comment was "Whadya do with it? Sit on it? Wash out it? Cook out it? or p—into it?"

We also travelled by exciting means of course: in open trucks to High Range (to really appreciate the bull dust!), APCs around High Range (to test those suffering from claustrophobia!), RAAF aircraft to Katherine (to clear up the hangovers).

Socially B Company has become famous for its pre exercise bar-b-ques, post exercise bar-b-ques and during exercise bar-b-ques. The only thing missing was the flavoured milk, especially in Katherine.

Our sportsmen did us proud. We won the inter Company Rugby Union, Cross country and Athletics, as well as being runners up in the swimming. We were well represented in Australia Rules, Hockey and Volley Ball.

Our only regret in 1976 has been the march out of numerous members who helped to make B Company and we would like to thank all those who served with us this year and who are now in perhaps greener but not brighter pastures. Good luck.

4 Platoon

Like everyone else, 4 Pl did its fair share of work this year. The most exciting thing that happened was the Pl Sgt, Sgt Williams, being attacked by a nest of ticks and being taken out of the exercise. 4 Pl performed well in all aspects of bush work.

On the sporting side of things, we were represented well in all Battalion competitions, with Ptes King and Ritter in the football side, Pte Rampellini starred in the cross country and he and many others starred in the athletics. Pte Rampellini also represented the platoon in the Magistrate's Court, now he walks everywhere and doesn't drink.

On the Entertainment side, we had to put up with Cpl Taylor's sick jokes. The highlight for the year was a platoon party at the Royal Oak Hotel, where Sgt Williams was seen dancing with a 75 year old woman and Pte Dyke was seen dancing with Cpl Johnson.

Here is our "Horror Roll":—

The Boss—2Lt Huges—Likes cooking and hopes to be Governor-General one day.
Sunray Minor—Sgt Willy—What I'd be doing now if I was still single.

1 SECT

Cpl Egan—Jumps off balconies since his para course.
Pte King, R.W.—Seen walking along the Strand every Saturday night.
Pte Tomlinson—Loves the bush but can't seem to get there.
Pte Rampellini—Subsidises the running of the Magistrate's Court.
Pte Dyke—The company heavy (he thinks).
Pte Beard—Draws rations every time he runs the cross country.
Pte Brennocks—

2 SECT — BAZZA'S BRUISERS

Cpl McKosker (Bazza)—The old grey mare ain't what she used to be.
Pte Ritter (Tex)—Why was I born so handsome—Where can I put a posting to now.
Pte 'Bones' Fraser—The perfect pull through for a Charlie Swede.
Pte Morse—Has it got a film in it, take a picture of me.
Pte Morris—When I grow up I want to be like Bazza.
Pte King (Kinky)—I'm not too fat, just 18 inches too short for my weight.
Pte Shaw—The only time he hasn't got a complex about his height is when he stands next to Pte Hoppo.
Pte French—Found his night vision improved when he lost his dark glasses.

3 SECT — "FURIOUS"

Cpl "Audie Murphy" Taylor—I'm never wrong.
Lcpl Wells—Who's he. Three weeks in the platoon and we still haven't seen him.

Pte "Sharpshooter" Mooney—The great green clad jungle killer who scores 35 hits out of 225 rounds with an LMG.

Pte Stanley—Has the answer for a hangover . . . stays drunk.

Pte Mack McGlashan—Reminds everyone of Muhammad Ali, only comparison is his mouth.

Pte Weir—Aviator extraordinaire . . . It will fly one day.

Pte Blue Geisler—Hail this man for he has the most colourful book in the company.

5 Platoon

The year has been quite eventful for the platoon and as it draws to a close, we look back and recap experiences and events that happened.

Starting the year with a brand new platoon commander, 2Lt Geoff Hawke (who, under the watchful eyes of the platoon, settled in well), 5 Pl tackled the exercises and events of the year with gusto and came out on top.

Exercises generally went well and it didn't take long for the "Fighting Five" to get together and work as a team. During "Happy Swinger", we loved those night withdrawals.

"Da Boys" looked after (in no uncertain terms) the Army Reserve during "Phoenix One". Notably, our assault that night which was halted by heavy snoring on fixed lines from their forward pits. "Killer's" black eye has improved, thank you. We were amazed that the platoon, while on hunting excursions, boasted more firepower than the average Rifle Company.

Survival Training can only be described as making food from thought, or wishing we could. To correct any misconceptions, Pete Hughes didn't really try to use Hoppy to bait his fishing line, and, yes, the boss is still going on about the size of THAT pig. Little Mac's fish stories astound and amuse those who still listen.



LOADED 11

"Big Country" . . . well, we could write a book on the watermanship alone, but we have to mention the lengths a certain old platoon sergeant will go to catch a barra.

W. W. Dowell and the boss still knock their heads together about who was navigating the patrol that enjoyed the sight seeing tour during "Dauntless Defender".

Don Graham was noticeably missing, but always had a wave as he drove past in his Q vehicle.

Our 4 Pl convert, Ken Johnson handled the job of Pl Sergeant with ease and it was refreshing to know it was appreciated by all. We wish you well in your newly promoted overseas posting (Tassie). Johnno is always heard to say "wait till I get down there, I'll break the bank at Wrest Point."

Yet our third platoon sergeant for the year, Brian Boughton, has found a home with five and is looking forward to the bigger and brighter "Kangaroo II" with us.

Back in camp the boys put on the jock straps. With stars like Bob, Killer, Randy and Nobby, how could the big "B" fail to win the battalion athletics.

We had our share of L & D's this year, but two with exception were those of Cpl Dowell and Pte Toomey for broken legs.

We wish everyone the best for 1977.

"HOW DID HE SAY YOU CATCH A PARROT?"



6 Platoon

The "Mean Machine" has somehow managed to do quite a bit of work this year and has maintained its own identity despite twenty-two new march-ins and eleven members leaving.

Much to the disgust of the boss, there has been an influx of "marriedies". We now have three married section commanders. Lcpl Stoertebecker took the plunge in April, Fred Henderson has just become engaged, Barry Butler is joining the club at Christmas and Peter Wilson is thinking about it. However, Sunray and Sunray Minor set a good example (although there is a lot of doubt about that. Sgt "Big Bazza" Seeley's girlfriend has just returned from England and Lt. Col Green makes two trips to Lucinda weekly).

In barracks, the platoon has taken an active part in spirit and has been well represented in the Townsville, Cairns, and Singleton Magistrates Courts; the most entertaining effort being Pte "Cav" Cavanagh's.

Bush wise, the year started off with a company exercise at High Range Training Area and this has led to bigger and better things until now we have a chance to show the whole division what it's all about on "Kangaroo II".

The platoon has been well represented in the sporting field, with some of us playing for the company and battalion teams and representing the battalion in inter-area sport, with such stars as Ptes Wilson, Rawlings, Hayes, Gysin, and Laretive.

HIGH POINTS OF THE YEAR

Can you remember . . .

Walking over Mt. Stuart with sand bags.
The air drop on the "Big Country" navex.
Peter Rawlings losing a whole battalion.
Ever leading the company in a night withdrawal.
The platoon beating off a battalion attack on "Phoenix One".

AUSTRALIA'S NEW WEAPON

This remarkable weapon was designed in Yacandandah by an unknown and slightly mad scientist.

Early in the century the Army saw the first working model and instantly realised its worth to the Aussie Fighting Corps. The model was taken to a workshop in the Holsworthy area and improved upon, until the present day model was perfected.

It is self-propelled, but can be vehicle transported. Up to ten of these units can be fitted into the Army's M113 Carrier. The basic system is capable of pre-programming or continuous local control, and has not yet failed.

These units are rarely used singly, but normally operate in a basic unit of ten.

The weapon control unit is denoted by a slightly more complex memory and programming computer to enable it to control other units. The superstructure of this unit carries two white stripes to expediate the maintenance of the group.

Armament is simple but effective. It consists of one 7.62 mm Self Loading Rifle which can be directed through 6400 mils and any vertical angle, and is fired by the unit when locked on target. Normally sixty rounds are carried for the weapon but more may be carried for special tasks.

It is covered by a tough green cloth designed to stop shine and disguise shape, and to stop superficial damage to the unit.

It has been designated G.R.U.N.T., which stands for Green Robot Used For Normal Tasks. The Army is also working on a specialist unit which is designated S.A.S. (Supercharged Amphibious Self Controlled) which is used to undertake special tasks which the Grunt is incapable of doing.

LAVARACK'S THE PLACE TO BE

I still reckon Lavarack's the place to be
And we would still be there if you'd listened to me,
Just break an arm or a leg or two
Or go down to the pub and get in a blue,
Still here we are at the RAAF Tindal Base
Exercise Big Country looks us right in the face,
It starts with an exercise for Company B
Led by Jenö and his skippers three,
Mind in neutral thumb in bum
That's the platoon sergeants acting dumb,
CSM Clinghan's interest look real
But to him this exercise has no appeal,
The corporals and lance jacks act casually
They've prepared for the troubles they know there'll be,
But six days later with a beer we all grin
We followed our motto and all HOOKED IN,
But I still reckon Lavarack's the place to be
And we'd still be there if you'd listened to me,
Just go 'Jack' on the system say I won't go
There must be room in the Battalion for one more
Pogo.

A 50 mile Navex brought about Phase Two
The night before on the grog made us all bloody spew,
We bitched and whined and bloody well moaned
As like a bunch of Deros the country we roamed,
But a little heart got us to the finish line
It was Phase Two finished and that was fine,
But I still reckon Lavarack's the place to be
And we'd still be there if you'd listened to me,
Just not an Officer or an RP
And there'd be no Big Country for you or me.

The start of Phase Three saw us all start to glow
As down the Katherine we started to row,
But we all got a laugh from This little trip
When Capt Mialkowski went for a dip.
Big Bazza Seeley told his crew stay up front like we
aught'a
It was easy for Bazza his paddle never seen water,
It was one of those times the OC shone
But it was really the motor where his power came
from.

The Battalion Exercise was Phase Four
It turned out to be a bloody big bore,
A competition between the officers really
No respect for the dig they made that quite clearly,
The big nobs came in to check it out
And everyone panicked and ran about,
But the digs just laughed as the officers jumped up and
down
Done somersaults and smiled and ran round and
round,
But the digs earned some credit for a job well done
As its them who busted their guts
In the red hot sun.
That ended Big Country for you and me,
But I still reckon Lavarack's the place to be,
Still the next exercise we'll bitch and shout
It won't make no difference we'll all go out.

DELIVERANCE

or

DID THIS REALLY HAPPEN ON THE KATHERINE-DALY RIVERS

(Sung to the tune of "The Battle of New Orleans")

—Apologies to J. Horton.

1. In 1976 we took a little trip
Along with Admiral Legget down the Katherine-Daly strip
Well, we took our ten man rations and our fishing lines it seems
And we shot those frothing rapids to a station called "Florin".

CHORUS

We shot those rapids
And still we kept on coming
They kept on getting rougher than they were a while ago
But still that didn't stop us
We rode and we rowed 'em right down that Katherine/Daly
To the place we had to go.

2. Then half way through our journey "Niner" came in on the scene
He brought his Acorn with him to our camping spot serene
We dined that night on delicacies—to white men some were new
The catfish, snake and sting-ray didn't quite make Niner blue.

CHORUS

Well we ran into the rocks and we ran into the tree stumps
We ran our war boats places where a kayak wouldn't go
We ran so hard we somehow got to sink two
But in spite of all that happened the big "A" didn't slow.

3. When Moylan's mottley, mangy men decided to depart
They couldn't take it any more they seem to have lost heart
The reinforcements sent to us were clerical by trade
At last the mushroom palace boys were to our eyes displayed.

CHORUS

I. McWILLIAM.

HEARD AND SEEN

- Seen . . . King (Pte King, A. J.)—Skindiving on the Strand.
Heard . . . At High Range . . .
Pl Comd: "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes."
Digger: "But boss, they got blues eyes."
Pl Comd: "Shhh . . . Fix bayonets."

Townsville or Bust

At the completion of Exercise "Big Country", it was decided by the powers that an adventure training exercise was in order.

Katherine to Townsville on \$20.00 under your own steam. Sounds easy. The group selected by A Coy was 2Lt Mark Gallagher, Lcpl Phil Smailes and Pte John Wardle. Prior to departing RAAF Tindal, we conducted a detailed recon of all means available to us. This seemed to produced a big nil.

The solution seemed to be that we head for Darwin, the closest major centre with more means of transport available. It took the majority of Day 1 for us to get to Darwin, after sitting on the side of the road at Pine Creek for three hours trying to hitch a ride. Cheerful thoughts were provided to us by travellers in the same predicament who had produced such roads signs as "I waited here four days and four nights for a ride".

Upon arrival in Darwin, enquiries were immediately made with Ansett and TAA, but to no avail. Accommodation for the night was kindly provided for us in the Guard Room cells at Larrakeyah Barracks. On Day 2, enquiries were made at Darwin Aero Club about light aircraft flying south, but again to no avail. The Chief Flying Instructor, Mr. Ian Hall, suggested we try Connair and subsequently free tickets were issued to the whole group to fly from Darwin to Alice Springs. Our second night in Darwin was provided by the RAAF, who went out of their way to look after us; a welcome change.

Day 3 and we were off in the modern DC3. We received a busman's tour of the Northern Territory, visiting Port Keats, Wave Hill Police Station, Hooker Creek and finally Alice Springs. The climate in Alice Springs was a change to Darwin (18 degrees compared to 36 degrees).

While in Alice Springs, we were able to persuade Connair into extending our tickets to Cairns via Mt. Isa.

Day 4 consisted again of a limited amount of sight seeing around Alice Springs and then flying to Cairns via Mt. Isa. We arrived in Cairns at about 8 p.m. and immediately headed for town and the road south, initially planning to hitch hike to Townsville. Luck again held with us as the Sunlander train was late departing Cairns and, as we were unable to con a free ride, the last of our money was spent on train tickets (the only travel that was paid for on the whole trip).

The whole group arrived in Townsville at 6 a.m. on Day 5. Overall, the trip took four days and twenty-two hours and was an enjoyable experience for us all.

DEFINITIONS

Steel Helmet—A piece of military equipment which slows a 7.62 mm round by 1/70th of its original velocity as it passes through the wearer's head.

Sucking Chest Wound—Nature's way of telling you your field craft isn't up to standard.

The FI—A deadly weapon if used in the following manner: First sneak up behind the enemy, then beat him over the head with it.