

Bravo Company



After working through the Christmas period the transition into 1966 was smooth and the company moved forward with very few manning changes. The familiar faces of his Dave Barlett and Micky Day, the body of Captain Ian Rhodes and the mouth of CSM "Uncle Marty" Harvey were all still with us. To this line up was added the fresh face of LT Martin Skin, the not so fresh face of SSGT Les Hook and occasionally we saw glimpses of the new OC Major Jack Gregg between sporting venues or when there was no wind.

After a slow start to training at individual level and the usual Bush Week, Exercise Crackshot and Duty Weeks it all happened for the Sharks on 5 June . . . we deployed to Butterworth. In one of the OC's addresses to the company (the one when nobody vomited) he promised us that we would be better infantry soldiers and better Australian citizens by RTA on 28 August and for once I think he was right. Four weeks in the J at Malaysian Combat Arms School live firing all infantry weapons and chasing the CT Pig and his men through the dense jungles of Johore certainly went a long way towards training us to fight in a difference, challenging environment. On top of this the opportunity to travel



on R and R, Singapore, Malay Peninsular and Thailand was a real bonus giving everyone the chance to visit places of cultural interest and historic significance.

Some highlights were the Company parade for the 2/4 RAR Birthday, a Soldier's Regimental Dining In Night, beating the United States of America at combat football, beating the National Royal Malay Air Force Rugby Team (and Thommo's try!), the OC's shirt, the CSM's Guinness Book of Records entry for Arms Kote packing and 5 Platoon's discovery of the Sandakan Yacht Club and POW camp site.

All up, a very satisfying tour of duty both professionally and socially and one that has moulded B Company into a team that will be hard to put down. 1966-67 from strength to strength.



Four Platoon

4 Platoon had a hectic start to '86, being short on manpower, and having to work rear details and DFACC/ODF. In between the usual training we found time to try something new and 'Bubba' found out just how hard you can hit the ground when you jump off the side of a building. From the start of the year we had a continual flow of new blood joining the platoon, replacing veterans we had lost.

The Bn Ex, shortly followed by Tully, switched everyone on to being a soldier again. Well, most people anyway . . . "is the canopy really thick enough to walk on?" At Mackay, Dave proved himself a crackshot by qualifying for his crossed rifles. Mil Skills was met with a lot of enthusiasm.

June saw us in sunny South East Asia. Despite the food poisoning, the smell, the climate, the locals, the price of booze and the visits to Dr Dan the trip was a success and the highlight of the year. Some people wanted Punchy to stay (permanently), and one guy in particular to chase Steve out. We found that the Ninja doesn't really give a damn which side you are on . . . he shoots you anyway! 'Bear' was a real animal and lived up to his name in Bangkok. The nightlife really was something else.

A special mention to all those that left us this year and to those that were attached to us. Thanks Fellas and all the best for the future.

Now that we're back in Oz, it's only Skippy 86 before we get a well deserved holiday. '86 will be a year to remember and we're ready to meet whatever challenge 1987 has in store for us.

"From booby traps and mortar shells to emu bobs and SALs."

Five Platoon

Well, 1986 started off a bit differently for us as we finished rear details and went on leave. Back on the ground in February-March with a few changes, notably LT Dechow went to Recon to teach them how to do PT and LT Skin took over and PT became easier (?).

Then it was off to HRTA just to see if the rocks were still there. Just as well we went as those Musorians were trying to steal them again. On our return CPL Adrian 'Fats' Fairleigh was sentenced to life in 6 Platoon (last time he sits in Skull's chair). New faces in CPLs 'Rats' Ratcliffe, 'Thommo' Thomson and Mick Kemp of the Old Bar Liberation Front.

Next it was off to a tropical holiday in Tully to show the new blokes such delights as wait-a-while, Gympie, and trenchfoot? Was it Barney Miller's favourite digger who wanted to take a scenic walk on top of the canopy?

It was a solid effort in Mil Skills, then off to Malaysia we went. What can we say about Malaysia that the CSM would not censor? I guess 'been there, done that, had the shots to prove it, says it all.'

In closing we all say farewell to a bloke who has spent the last nine years in the 2nd/4th Battalion, SGT Leon 'Skull' Helmrich, who is off to the Infantry Centre.

Six Platoon

1986, a year of change and travel for the platoon. Bryce McInnery went to groom his hair in CHQ's mirror. G.C. Clarke decided to hide from his friends by going to Canungra. 'Stumpy' Randall waddled off to Mortars at 5/7 RAR for a 12 month holiday. In leaped SGT 'Blue' Hancock from Kapooka, Delta contributed CPL 'Robbo' Bennett (the jet in Mil Skills) and from 5 platoon stumbled CPL 'Gomer' Glover.

Battalion Bush Week was followed by Tully and Mt Vince trips. Tully: 'Oh what a feeling'. Mt Vince: 'the barrels must have warped whilst sitting in the armoury.'

Next came the tour of Malaysia as Rifle Company Butterworth! As soon as we hit Asia most of the platoon scored an enemy trip to Kota Tingi where Spetsnaz Monkeys lay in wait to steal bush hats and other bits. Stumpy nearly became croc food when putting his hands where they didn't belong (moral support being given by Barry Smyth from a covered possie 50 metres away). Soon, the platoon complete was back in Paluda on exercise and live firing. After fighting CT pigs and performing the 'Dodgy Armees' for you and . . . you at Camp Burma Concert it was off to Singapore for 3 days R and R.

The platoon soon went off to see the fleshpots of Bangkok, with Greg Shinnars, Barry and the Boss going back to see how close to death they could push themselves!

Back in Oz it is training for Low Level Ops for Skippy. Mind you the Boss is off again, this time to NT with the officers to cordon and search the casino! Whatever happens the Boss has decide to whimper off to Mortars, Stumpy to Recon and Denno is looking forward to breaking heads in RPs.





CPL "Stumple" Payne. Captain of the winning B Coy Athletic Team.



Would you buy a used car from these men?



Is this a PTI?



PTE "Rambo" Nelson.

ADVICE ON THE REHABILITATION OF A SOLDIER FROM RIFLE COY BUTTERWORTH

To Whom it may concern.

This is to inform you that whether he be you son / husband / uncle / partner / cousin / nephew / mate / old friend / brother or transvestite lover, having completed an arduous tour of duty as part of Rifle Company Butterworth has returned to Townsville to resume duties with the 2nd/4th Battalion. He is no longer the sweet unspoiled boy who left sunny North Queensland on 5th June fired with patriotism, a zest for adventure and curiosity about all things Asian. He is now older, leaner, wiser, untrusting, cautious and very pleased to be an Australian. (To know Malaysia is to love Australia.)

So get the women off the streets, hide the beer and fresh milk, put a chain around the fridge and note the following good advice:-

- This man has survived the worse that SE Asia has to offer: mud, rain, heat, dust, sand, monsoons, mony drains, the CSM and the Arms Kote.
- Never sit on his lap while he is having a beer and never say to him "You buy me one drink" or "Let's go for a walk" or "Do you know Marty?"
- Don't be surprised if he attempts to barter with the girl on the cash register at Woolies for "special price" or lock the taxi driver in his own cab.

- One of the earlier indications of the changes in his character will be periodic hot and cold flushes, accompanied by shortness of breath and trembling at the knees. This could be due to Malaria, Anchor withdrawal or STD (Standard Time Deviation) in his daily programme.
- If he is reluctant to rise at a suitable hour or give assistance around the house simply whisper "CSM needs Arms Kote numbers" and watch him leap out of bed with a strangled cry and try to hide in the wardrobe."
- Try to prevent him from opening beer bottles on the edge of the kitchen table, denounce all in authority, use foul language in mixed company and slash down indoor plants with his machette.
- Be tolerant if he continues to grab a shovel and head for the garden with a strained look on his face, don't abuse him, merely take away the shovel and direct him to the nearest convenience. Likewise try to understand if he wakes at night screaming "the CT Pig is coming for us."
- He may not act it, but he is your very own. Given time he will settle into round eye society and cease running plastic motorcyclists off the road. By Christmas he should be well adjusted enough to start a new adventure in 1987.

Thankyou and Good luck.

Major Brackets On Jack Brackets Off Gregg

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