

Support Company



Throughout 1986 Spt Coy has been like the proverbial blue fly - everywhere and in everything. The exception being that the world is a better place for our passing. **HONEST!**

Yet again the Company, by being quietly efficient has asserted its superiority in military skills, sports and other endeavours. As a Company of specialists the opportunity to work as a Company is limited, however it has been achieved quite successfully during "Crack Shot 4" at Mt Vince, the innumerable duty weeks and at Company "do's".

The Platoons each have their own tale to tell yet special mention must go to Recon Platoon for taking out top section and Platoon in the Mil Skills. Special mention should also go to the OC, RSO and Sgt Symons for their contributions to AUST-International relations (each in a different category); SSgt Weber and Pte (GEN) Lowe in the field of interpersonal relations and a list of sportsmen and their achievements so long you couldn't jump over it.



CHQ has remained at action stations on the bridge and in the Boiler Room throughout the year. The Boiler Room lost a good hand with the passage of SSgt Weber to Admin but was just as happy to welcome in SSgt (Shorty) Davis from Admin. Meantime the bridge underwent a clean sweep of new faces with a new OC, 2IC and CSM in Maj Lee, Capt Farmer and WO2 Hingston. The boss coming from B Coy (amazing how loyalty changes. All the best at MAJ sorry Natural Disasters College next year boss), and the 2IC and CSM busy swapping yarns on how the world differs to the ARES. Depth has been maintained by the REAL HARD workers, being LCpl Danny Sheehan (congrats on the tape) in the Q Store and Cpl (Combat Clerk) OJ and Pte (GEN) Lowe in the Orderly Room. Both OJ and the GEN have increased the output of bumph from their "remodelled" Orderly Room. Lowie quickly asserted himself as the boss while OJ was busy topping SUBJ 2 at Tully. (Well done to the both of you).

Enthusiasm, effort, support and loyalty have been the trademarks of Spt Coy in 1986 - a good year. To all ranks and their families - well done and all the best for '87.



UP WHERE WE BELONG!

OC SPT MAJ CA Lee accepts the Schlyder Shield on the behalf of the senior soldiers of the Bn.

Signals Platoon

The year of '86 started off pretty well considering all the chopping and changing with new PI members.

We managed to keep hold of our RSO Capt. Mitchell for another year but gained a new addition to the family with our Radio Sgt. Peter (Chuckles) Young, for what might be an indefinite posting.

Most of the NCO's remained the same except for some that were deported from rifle Coys. One being Cpl "I want to go back to a Rifle Coy" Trevorrow, (the only man alive that can chew at an apple through a tennis racquet), Jamesy came back to the PI earlier in the year and soon let everyone know he was there. He then quickly scooped up a trip to Hawaii.

We also gained a host of new soldiers, all with a wide range of personalities and admin. problems and not to mention the latest fashion in hair styles (much to the RSO's dislike). The new members quickly developed their skills on the Battalion Bush Week at the start of the year, considering they were put in the hot seat with little or no experience. A job well done by all.

As the year progressed the manning within the PI started to thin out with people going here and there on courses or overseas. One of our men moved off to SASR to fulfill his life's ambition, well done Feasty.

Some of the smaller exercises at the beginning of the year were a build up to the big one 'Ex MAXI BEAGLE'. We were pretty well prepared for it except maybe for the manning. B Coy. went to Malaysia prior to the exercises and left us very much understaffed, taking with them Dolly Dalton and about seven others. Also Cpl "They're sending me away soon" Phillipi and Cpl "I'm more senior to you" McPherson were away on promotion courses. Considering the lack of men the Ex went extremely well and we all managed to overcome any problems that arose with courses and the like. The RSO & Radio Sgt were very pleased with the mighty job done by all.

Halfway through the year we entered two sections in the Military Skills Comp. Due to work commitments with other Rifle Coys & CPX's prior to the comp. the two sections were hard pressed to find time for solid training; however, both sections proved themselves fully during the competition putting much pressure on Recon PI all the way through. Watch out for the handbags next year fellas.

Promotion and Specialist courses had the PI running in all directions this year. The main one that affected us was the organisation and running of the Regi Sig Cse. All in all it went quite well and we managed to find four suitable members for the PI.

Our newest member for the PI is PI Sgt Geoff (Blues) Eylward who is handling the soldiers admin problems with ease

Wait until he hears these:

"Sarge, can I have time off to take my bike to court"

"Sarge, sorry I was late, I was stuck behind a truck with a house on it"

"Sarge, can you lend me some money until payday, my rego's run out, my fine's overdue and I gotta to to court"

"Sarge, I have an appointment with Stefan's at 1330, can I have some time off"

and

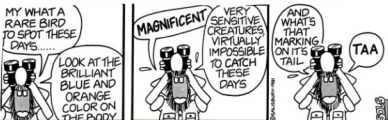
"Sarge, can I get off my guard comd this week, I haven't got a shirt ready and also I have seen a new car I want to buy"

All in all the year has gone off rather well. The PI is high in Spirit and undoubtedly looking forward to the new year and new experiences after the well deserved Christmas break.

Question:

Does Max Reichow really work for Broadly Autos?

2/4 RAR'S ANSWER TO "HARRY BOTTLER" — STEVE MITCHELL



Mortar Platoon

Mortar Platoon farewelled a lot of mortarmen this year including Gravo, Viny, Oby 1 and 2, Hardy, Braz, Haynesy, Pricey and gained Sgts Megs and Noddy and Ptes Bugg, Sol, Trumbs Willy, O'Reagen, Rambo Devine, Atkinson, Watsy and Gracey.

The Platoon is full of characters and below are some of the more notable happenings:

"Father" Rasmus and his highly technical explanation of the mortar to seven year old kids, even stumped those listening.

"Beaker" Elliot - "Officers can't talk to me like that. I'm a Cpl".

Galvo's section buying out Normanton's bread supply two days in a row.

"Fish" Mackrill rehearsing for a part in the next Chainsaw Massacre movie at Babinda.

"Haynes" experiences in the back of a truck, he thanks you all.

"Harros" near faultless navigation, only 10km out.

"Bolts" is he the big bad Mr. Lavarack or Mr. Townsville?

"Tinny" Heron showed up for work, after his sporting commitments, on Saturday and Sunday.

"Crabbies" saving the Companys reputation and the flag at great personal sacrifice.

"Flatten-em" Wassman the human Aussie Rules bulldozer.

"Dead-eye" Trumble, many a figure eleven target owes their life to this man.

"Longers" and "Thommo" the best Rugby players ever to leave the field.

"Gracey" plays with a broken wing and brain damage.

"SAS" Kestel, everyone should have at least 10 cars per year.

"Hairpin Bend" Watts, corners at 190KPH are no challenge.

"Sgts Mess" Symons, pass the port.

"Smithy" single handedly trying to save the brewing industry.

"Pots and Drums" Devine, attempting unsuccessfully to raise Admin Coys standards during his brief stay.

"Stevy Stephens", required by Recon Pl to give directions on a certain 15 klicker.

"Crombs" Crombie, only person who doesn't need an outboard motor when going fishing.

"Sol" Solomon, famous words when stopped by the MPs, "Who looks at their speedo?"

Dean Bugg must be the motor mechanics most popular friend.

Aaron "You're wanted on the telephone" Daniels.

Macka "I really want to be a pilot" McClure.

Around bar opening time somewhere in August Sgt Steve Bennion, a POM!!, joined our Platoon. Immediately noticeable about this pale fighting fit POM was his grasp of the Australian language and his strange manner of speech. He quickly took to hiding from work, ably led by Sgts Megs, Symo, Noddy and



Bernie, although he was occasionally spotted attending a mortar course.

After working so hard, and at the taxpayers expense; he was sent on a goodwill tour of Australia. He returned still pale but a physical wreck and with an improved vocabulary, Fourex, Fosters, Carlton, VB, Swan, and Tooheys. Anyway he is soon returning to the Mother Land, a lot wiser, a lot larger, and a lot more impressed with the value of these exchanges.

From Mortar Platoon we extend our wishes to all members and families for a happy and prosperous 1987.

Townsville keg carrying Champions



Reconnaissance Platoon



CPL Brooks

Recon PI slipped quietly into 1986 with a revamped organization and a keen interest in low level operations. It took the first month to convince the PI that low level ops was in fact work and not occupying sleeping hides underneath beds. The old guard in Sniper Section refused to be convinced of this and could often be found in Pte Tarrants room discussing the merits of their Yowie suits as pillows!

As a lead up to the Mil Skills Competition Recon PI took to wearing PT gear and going over to visit LCpl Bell twice a day. This had a remarkable effect on morale with the PI soon realising that the only way to discontinue the Bosses happiness at doing PT was in fact to do some weapons training. Subsequently, Cpl "Jimmy the Pig" McGuire's section topped the weapons stand and the 15kmBE becoming champion section for 1986 - our thanks to Pte Wassman of Mortars for working in the Section. Cpl 'Block' Brooks lead his section to a close second; owing mainly to an outstanding effort by an unidentified bloodnut carrying a toggle rope on the monkey bars. Overall, Recon became champion PI but was unable to participate in the Duke of Gloucester Cup owing to overseas commitments.

Flash A Report on New Guinea from the inflictor.

".... a Recon PI was detached to Charlie Sqd for Ex Wankot Warrior; this started with sealed orders and an ETS. However, when we arrived in country the trip turned into a pleasant surprise with hard yakka for a

couple of weeks in the J. A bit of time-off touring the islands, fishing and scuba diving at Madang rounded-off a very good trip"

Flash with B Coy in Malaysia by Cpl Brooks.

".... having attached ourselves to B Coy the Recon members were widely dispersed within the Coy ranks only marrying up to discuss covert ops on how better to ruin our bodies. The PI heirarchy formed the CT Pig cell and preceded to decimate the B Coy ranks. Having successfully obtained B Coy's surrender the Recon element moved to Muko Meeds to regroup and raise B Coys morale. At all times our thoughts were with Lt 'Deckchairs' Dechow who was on his secret course in Melbourne. The PI heirarchy was banished back to Australia to prepare the Junior Rambos Course in early August leaving behind the young members of the PI to enjoy oriental pleasures"

The Junior Rambos Course revealed some outstanding efforts on the part of some students. Pte McIver was voted the best looking soldier and had the pleasure of working with Sgt Morris. Incidentally Sgt Morris has just been appointed as the BN FFI officer in order that he may complete his new pam; MLW 1-2-1 Sex In The Field. According to Sgt Morris this pam will offer new and informative advice to Section Comds & PI Sgt on a wide range of subjects from 'where to site the PI latrine' to '101 things the PI Sgt can do for PHQ'. Upon completing 7 weeks of arduous duty under Sgt Morris, Dog Proctor, Moory, Kieno; Mick Toohey, Mac and Bill Kennedy proved themselves to be men of low standards and motivation and were welcomed into the PI for K86.

The year also saw a few promotion casualties to Recon's manning. Pte O' Connor became Cpl O'Connor and Ptes Mau, Stanton & Quinn became LCpls. Goodbyes are also extended to Pte Tarrant who elected to go south to 6RAR and play volleyball and Pte Martin Rees (the man who makes walking look difficult) who has gone to raise the standard of soldiering in Recon PI 3RAR. Cpl 'Bones' Brady also left us for that oriental experience in Thailand and hasn't been heard of since. His hungover face will be sadly missed in the Recon lines.

See you all in 1987.

EDITORS NOTE: Bones has changed his mind again and he is now back in Recon.

Assault Pioneers



With the departure of Lt 'George' Tulley to UNSWR in late '85, it was my pleasure to assume command of the platoon. It was straight into the work with the construction of a vehicle ramp for air movements at RAAF Base Garbutt.

Through 1986, we've had numerous requests for maintenance jobs and supplies from both the outside world and within the battalion. Some to note would be changing unhygienic sand for fresh sand for the handicapped kids at Cootharinga Special School, a CO's photo board in battalion colours, book cases for the previous Chaplain, assistance in fernery construction at the Officer's Mess, the odd job at the Sergeant's Mess and a bath for the ETVCC.

Early in the year, LCpl Thomas led a section to Tully FFBS to clean up after cyclone Winifred while renovations to the obstacle course were being done. Later in the year, detachments were sent with B and C Coys to Butterworth and PNG respectively. Everyone seemed to enjoy the foreign countryside.

In lieu of all this, training had to be done and exercise. "Doing Both" was done over two weeks in Bluewater State Forest incorporating IMT in patrolling and ambushing. Navigation played an important part of both exercises. Well, it must have if Cpl Logan found a hill so much to his liking, he led his section right around it - three times.

Exercise Maxi-Beagle became a logistic problem for Pioneers. We deployed with assault boats and fishing lines, but where were the huge barramundi we'd heard about. C'mon all you budding logisticians.

Naturally, live rounds were issued to "scare off" any little croc that appeared too friendly, but when it came to ones the size of our assault boats within a 200 metre radius, discretion became the better part of valour.

So, it came to pass with two deployments by Chinook, complete with boats to C Coys AO, that some patrolling was done, not to mention patrol insertions and even some first aid (eh, Sarge?). Naturally the cat fish became



an important part of our lives. They are a most versatile fish; they can be baked, fried, roasted, toasted, jaffled and even drop-kicked and still remain the same.

The moral of the operations was:

*"Stand not near a lone assault boat
Whence a Chinook approacheth,
Lest you be knocked flat and buried beneath the
Assault Boat and get BANJOED"*

