

THE GREEN MACHINE

Once again the Green Machine has kept to its motto "STAY LOOSE" and made its name around the Battalion both in military and sporting events. We can look back on the year with pride and satisfaction.

A few changes of command occurred at the start of the year with Major F. Edwards taking over from Major R. Chandler, although the latter only went to Battalion Headquarters where he could keep an eye on Chuckles. New Platoon Commanders, Lieutenant Mal Rerden and 2nd Lieutenant 'Chuck' Griffen arrived at the beginning of the year. The normal run of the mill exercises soon saw the company working well together and it all culminated in the Chuckles victory in the battalion test exercise.

The sporting events have seen our stalwarts working hard and at last the rugby crown became ours with a resounding thrashing of Support Company. Company spirit was so stirred up that one of our soldiers attending the mortar course, when asked if he wished to join Support Company said "No, I wanna stay with Chuckles and thrash you again next year at rugby". The loyalty of our soldiers is second to none.

Exercises always give rise to humorous events and we must start at Tully, where it was reported that a certain private marched for 3 kilometres during a night withdrawal before realizing that his boots were on the wrong feet. A case of Carrots. Apparently a gympie bush provided ideal cover for an overkeen section commander when he decided to dive into it during an attack, and we must also congratulate the young officer who when asked about the gympie said, yes he had been there, its south of Bowen isn't it.

Exercise OVERLORD TWO at Cooktown was a memorable occasion. Not only did we learn that a platoon commander couldn't stand the strain of low flying but also what to do when you have no sick bag: SIC: well done Chuck. Ever caught 162 Reconnaissance Squadron with their pants down — A night patrol from 8 Platoon had the memorable



occasion of seeing a member of 162 preparing to guide in an enemy landing force by baring his backside to the sea!

8 Platoon also had fun earlier on in the year during a swan to Perth. Their running instinct increased furiously after OC 8 Platoon, obviously reconnoitering for the future, took the platoon for a run along a nudist beach at Swanbourne during peak hours. Corporal Edgar apparently decided to beat the activities of 162 Reconnaissance Squadron at the Ocean Beach Hotel and Corporal Brady having returned unscratched from Rhodesia, had his nose flattened in the subsequent pub brawl. All true to form for Perth.

We have also had the pleasure of an exchange visit with Sergeant Broadbent of the 3rd Royal Regiment of Fusiliers and Sergeant Richardson is now enjoying the pleasures of Germany. Sergeant Broadbent's article appears elsewhere in the magazine.

So from all members of Chuckles to the rest of the Battalion have a good leave and a happy Christmas and be prepared to see us victorious again next year.

WHAT IS A SOLDIER?

Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of second childhood we find a fascinating group of humanity called soldiers.

They come in assorted shapes and sizes, in trucks, in dirty greens, in various barrack rooms, in love and always in debt. Girls love them, the government support them and the towns tolerate them.

A soldier is "Laziness" with a pack of cards, "Bravery" with a tattered "Hank Jason" and protector of the world after half a dozen ales. They have the energy of a tortoise, the slyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot the stories of a sea captain, the sincerity of a born liar and the aspirations of a cassanova.

Some of his interests are girls, women, birds, bodies, crumpet, tarts, frauliens, senioritas, talent, bits of stuff and of the opposite sex.

He dislikes wearing uniform, answering letters, the provost sergeant, reveille and especially the mad moment he ever put his name of the.....line.

No one else could crush into his pocket a dirty handkerchief, a packet of crushed cigarettes, a picture of his girl, a comb, a bottle opener, an old pass, dog ends, buttons, keys, a set of darts and whats left of last weeks pay.

He likes to spend his money on girls, beer, football, pools, cards, fags, one armed bandits and the rest

foolishly. A soldier is a magical creature: you can lock him out of your home but not out of your heart, you can scratch him off the nominal roll but not out of your mind.

He is your one and only bleary eyed, good for nothing, bundle of worries, but all your shattered dreams become whole again when he comes home, looks at you with those big bloodshot eyes and says "Hullo Mum".



THE ARMY WIFE

Somewhere, sometime one unknown, devoted Army Wife put pen to paper. To whoever she may be we are grateful.

Who said that variety is the spice of life?
No doubt it was an army wife.

For the pool girl never knows where she's at,
Her home is wherever he parks his hat.

She moves every two years into new sets of quarters,
During which time she has sons and daughters.
She packs up to move to the cold of Old England,
The orders are changed, she's off to North Queensland.

Her house may be a hut with no room for expansion,
It may be a pre-fab, or may be a mansion.

She uncrates the furniture in snows or in rains,
She lays the linoleum between labour pains.

She wrestles with wardrobes and builds all the beds,
And makes curtains of bunting, she last used as spreads.

And during each move, now isn't it strange,
The kids all catch whooping cough, measles or mange.

She no more gets started when she must dress up pretty,

And go to a party and be charming and witty.
She must know contract bridge, mahjong and chess,
And whether a straight or a flush is the best.

She must swim, ski, golf and ride any old horse,
She must know songs and traditions of the regimental corps.

And she fast learns all details of how he won the war,
He insists on economy, vets every cheque stub,
Yet her house must be run like a hotel or club.
She entertains at all hours — both early and late,
For any number of guests from eighty to eight.

At last once a fortnight there's plenty of cash,
So she serves steak and eggs, but next week it's hash.

She juggles the budget for his new tropical worsted,
Though the seams in her own best outfit have "burstled".

Then when she gets the uniform payments arranged,
The tunic's no good, regulations have changed.

One year she has servants and lives like a lady,
The next, does her own work and has a new baby.
That there'll be a bank balance, she has no assurance,

It all goes on liquor or some dammed insurance.

At the age to retire he's still hale and hearty,
Fit as a fiddle, the life of the party,
But she's old and haggard, cranky and nervous,
Really a wreck after thirty years service.

But even then, when all's said and done,
She still believes that service life's fun.
She'd have been bored to death with a business chief.

She has loved every minute and why? good grief!
There's a medal we know that Dad's glad to see,
But it's the wives who earn it, that OBE.