

Charlie Company

— There Be Dragons —

1991 and the Big Green Lizard once again breathed fire to show the true colours of the Battalion's fighting spirit. The year started with LCBS Tully, where skills tarnished by a long BRL were quickly revitalised. A quick stint back in barracks was then followed by Mt Vince and the chance for shooters to strut their stuff. Some did, others looked like they needed the help of a 5.56 pencil. The Company didn't show true colours in this event but didn't disgrace itself either.

Following hot on the heels of MIL SKILLS was the build-up to "MAXI BEAGLE". The build up consisted of the LFX — a memorable experience for FPF adjustment and the effect of shrapnel on trees — the Bn Air training; and Coy level training at High Range.

"MAXI BEAGLE" provided a golden opportunity for the Coy to search and search and search for an ever-elusive, or is that, reclusive enemy. The Ex had walking, climbing, more walking and more climbing



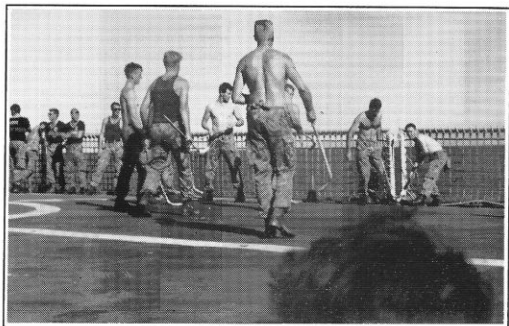
Please... not the escarpment again!

than ever before, yet the Lizard still managed to breath fire for the Bn attack.

The completion of "MAXI BEAGLE" meant the Coy adopted the *on line* position for the ODF. A new experience for the majority of the Coy. NBCD training followed, SPE followed counter preparation for a call-out readiness. And it came! An Amphibious Operation on board HMAS Tobruk. I should add here, that it is quite impressive, the lack of injuries for an Ex, when a sea cruise is in store. Perhaps we should become Marines! To all the members of the ODF Coy on board the Tobruk — well done, the Army was very well represented by your professional approach.

To the Company, 1991 has provided a sound basis for the years ahead. I am sure that the *Dragon* will roar in '92 and by staying loose, we will show what our Profession is all about.

Well done in '91. Let's show the North that *Dragons* aren't mythical in '92.



C Coy playing deck hockey on their cruise

Seven Platoon

The year can be summed up in one word for 7 Pl... "hectic".

On our return from BRL, we very rapidly had to get ourselves organised, as we were off to our favourite holiday camp in the tropics, "Tully". This trip showed us that we had a few weaknesses which we needed to work on. This however, was to be expected, after all, we were supporting our beer guts, as well as contending with our holiday syndrome.

Who could forget LCPL Taylor, an enthusiastic 2IC, who was capable of making out a piquet list or "was he", you guessed it, he overlooked the fact that daylight savings was due to end, hence there was two ropable diggers. Well, wouldn't you be if you had to do an extra hour of gun piquet. Yes, take note everyone, I did say *two* diggers, which goes to show that 7 Pl runs a double staggered piquet.

On return from Tully, our feet had only just touched 2/4 RAR soil, when part of our Pl was attached to 8 Pl to participate in an exercise against the SASR. For a further update, refer to 8 Pl's article (follow the picture) for the remainder of us, we were participating in Adventure Training (MIL SKILLS), unfortunately, we didn't show our true colours in this event, hey you can't be good at everything!

The next exhilarating activity was air week, or was it air day, no that's right it was air hour.

We then participated in the Bn LFX. If we weren't crammed into buckets for 2 days, we were busily placing in a road block, approximately 250m from 250 man camp. LCPL Brown either had something going with one of our members or he was just chasing some intelligent conversation. This would account for him driving through our road block four times, or was it just part of the master plan. After the road block, we then embarked on that memorable walk to the company defensive position. Whilst doing the walk, PTE Ferris reminded the Pl of the Infantry Motto, especially the part about day or "night", how appropriate.

Who could forget "MAXI BUNGLE", well definitely not 7 Pl, by the end of our trip we knew every inch of grass in our AO. Well you would too if you just walked around the same route twice in three days. This was compounded by the fact that there wasn't any enemy. Either people had forgot to invite them, or they just heard that we were in the area and elected to stay clear. People eventually realised our full potential, because towards the end of the exercise, we were the Spearhead in front of the Bn. There we were deep in enemy territory, surrounded with no where to go! Did we faulted; No! Not on your life. Except for PTE Dodds (Padre to his friends). He was in an OP when 12 enemy started to go past his position. Without warning, they jumped off the side of the road almost into the waiting arms of PTE Dodds.



C Coy at Cowley Beach

Eight Platoon

With only five people in the PI from this time last year, it is true to say 1991 has seen a new look for 8 PI.

We went to Tully in February, following the wettest summer in the North's history. The usually ankle deep Jana Creek was flowing about neck high for the fighting/withdrawal and despite the good training Tully provides, there were a lot of fellas glad to be going home.

Most of the PI went over to Collie in WA for the enemy trip for SASR Patrol Course. Besides a good 3 weeks away from the Battalion, we all got to see how they operate — well as much as they would let us.

We all got to see a lot of HRT with "DRAGON'S HUNT", MIL SKILLS, the Bn Live Fire and Air training all close to each other. In MIL SKILLS, we performed a credible 6th and 7th with depleted numbers. The Bn Live Fire meant lots of walking; something we have also done a lot of this year. On "DRAGON'S HUNT", we walked 78km over a five day period — most of it off roads.

After Air training, we headed back up to Tully and spent four days in the Charappa Creek area, before legging the 40km out to the Tully airstrip.

"MAXI BEAGLE" got shorter and shorter the closer it became, and the 12 days spent up in Paluma were in the roughest country seen all year. Charlie really drew the short straw in AO's.

With the Battalion coming on-line, we took over as the first Company "On-line"; and 8 PI will never forget our call out on the first night — "to test recall procedures". Something for which 8 PI spent little time in extracting retribution for when the CO fronted up to the PT with the *Fighting Eight*.

Soon, we go to Bowen and with few of the PI having been in for more than a few months, we will be busy up until that Magic day in November.

"Yes! You're in 8 Platoon and You Did It..."

Stockys — Endless repetition of movie one-liners and bizarre comments.

Thommo — Guilty; by association with Stocks.

Torro — The Fashion King, who put flannelette shirts back into Vogue.

Sarge — Who put fluorescent colours back in the dress manual.

MCKZ — The one and only.

Windser, O'Meare, Conim — You all did it; i.e. turned 18.

Shelley — Smooth Mediterranean looks.

Boss — The list is endless.

Brady, Bennett — 2 AJ's.

Chalmers — Lead singer of Kiwi Band EWE-2.

Sletz — Who single-handedly closed the only night club in Ayr.

Reills, Jacko — Need we say more.

Sean Hollis — Who put the "Cool" back in "Dude".

Seco — Back in 8 PI once more.

Meletsc — "You're in the shit now boy".

Elliot — Like his hair — he loses it.

Keranik — Man most likely to top shit-list.

Brownie — The PI 2 pot screamer.

Bothem — Ex Gin jockey.

Windser — Features of a Mud Crab.

Syro — Who dances like Mick Jagger.

Elliot — The rembo of NT.



Flying with the Padre

Nine Platoon

This year has seen 9 Pl carry on regardless yet again, even allowing for a turnover of men, almost as quickly as PTE "Kells" Kelly used to ride his motorbike or PTE "Fangio" Arbuckle used to drive around the area.

The Pl's exploits as a group vary widely from 40 klickers in 9 hrs (accompanied by the rest of Charlie), to reigning murder ball champions. Like all Platoons though, we have received a lot of new faces.

Starring in our new arrivals are familiar names to other Coys. Cpl GM "Headbut" Nelson, CPL SJ "Bros" Dunn (still trying for a Aust. Rules ECN), CPL DJ "Benno" Bennett, LCPL MJ "Sarah" Connor & LCPL B "Spike" Milligan (still in shock from leaving the *Maggotts*) have all arrived new to the Pl this year.

LT Millard-Beer of the Royal Hampshire Regt, led us into the exercise with all confidence (we hoped). He immediately proved popular with SGT D "Snacks, men, snacks" Galloway by lightening the Sarges pack of the Pl reserve of spare ammo (he required more ammo resups than the rest of the Pl put together). He taught us the need for good fire discipline, fire and movement, listening for "crack-thump" and the need to carry on regardless (of how many times the DS tells you you're dead). He definitely left a mark in the short time he was with us.

With these and other exploits (like En. at Perth) behind us and more lying in ambush in the not too distant future, it can be safely said that the chance of 9 Pl remaining Anonymous are about the same as Charlie Coy knocking off early.

Many people, unfortunately, have left or are leaving for supposedly greener pastures. LT "Ned" Kennedy was posted as a Pl Comd to Singleton, CPL Brett Home, left the Army an Australian chasing a septic tank. Best wishes to him and his fiance in America. LCPL "Bambi"

Campbell is soon off to D Coy on promotion to CPL and LCPL Mark Secis went to 8 Pl.

With these fond memories (except for Cutler) in mind, farewell and good luck to all the old faces who left the Pl and lookout for the new 9 Pl in 1992.

In his report to LT Ellwood, Dodds expressed his concern that he could see the whites of their eyes. The Pl Comd comforted PTE Dodds by telling him that luckily the incident occurred at night. So to PTE Dodds, we say "good cam job", Recon material.

Following on was the Bn Attack, for us this is where "MAXI BEAGLE" became "MAXI BUNGLE". Picture this — we were casually going about our business in depth when out of nowhere came the word push through. Being trained killers we did that. Away we went yellin', screamin', guns blazing "Oh what an attack". However, once the dust cleared and the smoke faded into the distance, we could see numerous amounts of dead en, there is no feeling like just knowing that you had completed a successful attack. This feeling, however was short lived, for closer inspection of our enemy we realised that we had just brassed up Bravo Company. The classic comment being, where in the hell did they come from! Thank Christ we live to fight another day!!!

Who could forget our high seas adventure on the Tobruk. 7 Pl experienced the difficulties involved in working with the Navy (Pussers). After one week of training, the Navy and us finally agreed that we were in the same Army.

Dusty Towers, not much could be said except for FIRE, FIRE, FIRE — Well done PTE Willi.

Overall, it has been a hectic but interesting year. Hopefully things will start to wind down now, so we can enjoy a well deserved break on Adventure Training. Yes, then our favourite pastime stars again... LEAVE!! What a vicious circle we have.



C Coy on
"The Love Boat"