



CHARLIE COMPANY

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CPL C.A. Dirou, LCPL B.P. Eynon, PTE J.E. Birss, PTE P.R. Chalmers,
PTE G.F. Maher, PTE R.J. Nielsen, PTE A.D. Zalevski.

STAY LOOSE

Charlie Company started 1993 with a new OC and a new CSM. One looking like he would be able to claim land rights to 'LABARACK BARRACKS' and the other needing a hair transplant. You could tell from the frown on the 2ICs face he was worried it would be up to him to prevent this pair from implementing sweeping changes that would destroy the Coy as he knew it.

When the Dark One and the Shining Pate arrived they found a Coy still talking with Pommy accents and working feverishly to hide their insipid white complexions. (They all look pale to me). It was obvious everyone enjoyed a good time in England.

Even though the men of C Coy were still recovering, being the work-a-holics that they were, they would not dream of resting and all volunteered for an arduous tour of Somalia. Fourteen lucky people from the Coy managed to go and resolved to do their best even if they did have to become part of 1 RAR. Well done to those people and be assured we will draw on your experiences when ever possible. It is a credit to them that on the conclusion of operations in Somalia they all wanted to return to 2/4 RAR. On taking over the Coy I was championing at the bit to manoeuvre three PLs from the ODF around the battlefield.

Fate however had conspired to put me back in my box. With our commitment to Somalia, Tully, Golden Eagle and courses it was late May before

we could take more than one PL to the field.

This forced us to do things a little low key at the beginning.

Once we got back together we started to make an impact on the Bn. The Coy did well at everything we turned our hand to including boxing, winter sports, cross country, athletics, Mil Skills and the Obs Cse. I understand that because we were doing so well the CO paid us a compliment (I think) by detaching us to the Kiwi's for Eagle Flight Swift Eagle Eagle Flight II.

I do not think it was to get rid of us. They do things differently in New Zealand but at least we did not have to wait until the final attack before we saw enemy. During the exercise there were many notable incidents but we particularly enjoyed the digging, climbing Mt Townshend and the digging.

The Coy is on line over Christmas and this will give us an opportunity to get on with soldiering without having to worry about any one else. To those going to SPT Coy make the most of the experience but remember where you came from because we want you back. To everyone in the Coy thanks for your efforts this year and as a warning to the other Coys beware in 1994; the sleeping dragon is ready to roar.

It has been an enjoyable year, it has been a pleasure to command the Coy and I look forward to an even better year in 1994.



7 PLATOON

LT J.B. Rowland, SGT D.J. Hunt, CPL D. Ashworth, CPL C.J. Lee, CPL C.D. Taylor, LCPL S.T. Duncan, LCPL M.I. Gratten, LCPL W.R. Skinner, PTE D.A. Ball, PTE D.J. Bonnell, PTE A. Campbell, PTE R.J. Clark, PTE B.A. Cooper, PTE P.J. Grace, PTE B.R. Dickinson, PTE S.R. Emmett, PTE S.G. Gersbach, PTE W.A. Hawkins, PTE M.J. Loneragan, PTE D.P. Moore, PTE M.B. Nolan, PTE G.W. Nutley, PTE J.C. Readdy, PTE D.J. Sheather, PTE E.W. Urlings, PTE R.R. Waldock, PTE H. Williams, PTE C.J. Young.

1993 was an awesome year for the "Magnificent Seven".

A venture to Tully at the beginning of the year tantalized the jungle warfare die-hards as the 'Magnificent Seven' was given the arduous task of training 'Chuckles' Company in close country warfare. 8 and 9 Platoon provided a section each and a few CHQ personnel made up the shortfall. This provided sound foundations for the other platoons, and placed them with a chance for a good showing in 93 - shame they couldn't match the 'Magnificent Seven'.

The return from Tully saw the company resurrected and a stint at barracks duties ensued prior to Easter stand-down. The 'Magnificent Seven' then engaged in a daring campaign to recruit some 'new blood'. Gersbach, Nolan, Urlings and Donohue (who is still on extended vacation) made the grade and joined the clan. It was not long before PTE "I'm a mechanic, not a soldier" Urlings slipped into the mess at meal time, feasted on a banquet, and then stealthily departed, money still in hand.

A jaunt to High Range (a location visited infrequently by C Coy in 93) following shortly and proved to be excellent training for the 'Magnificent Seven'. PTE Gersbach displayed his inherent character and with use of a divining rod was able to make rain fall on PTE Hall's leg. A terrorist training camp was established at 250 Man Camp. The platoon demonstrated its mettle and excelled in 'rescue ops' (much to the surprise of SGT Stanton and 8 Platoon!)

Halfway through the year the great Somali 'war-whores' returned and rejoined the tribe. Who could forget Helen's "In Somalia we did it this way" every 5 minutes? Moorey decided to use his broad travels to amass a World War Three arsenal. (Some say his family originated in New Guinea; like a bower bird Moorey's collection of pyrotechnics and small, shiny, brass objects grew and grew.) PTE "I am an orang-utan" Campbell refused to believe that Cat Stevens was no longer in the Top 10.

An influx from down South saw the arrival of PTE "Pass me the Epi-Lady" Nutley, who made numerous attempts to convince the tribe that 'huge' and 'glamour' are all important. The constant inflow of fan mail (from the same person) and the continual cleaning of lipstick from mirrors in the lines, however, proved to be just too much.

Now, to LT "I'm a yuppie, don't step on my Gucci shoes" Rowland. With clothes like that, why wouldn't you be seen driving a BMW? Whatever happened to those three days off, or the six-packs allegedly won at the RDJ?

Hey, wait on, there's SGT Hunt with his 'guru' mug - Rumour has it that his wife has to forcibly remove it from his mouth along with his cute black shorts. Look, the other platoons have knocked off, uh-oh, here comes the Sarge leopard-crawling from his pit. He is a writer you know, his last international seller was titled "Death by Discipline - Part 1".

Also of note is PTE "I'm not a fat piece of trash" Emmett's absence. Was he engaged in night

manoeuvres with Major "You can't see me in the dark, unless I'm smiling" Baumgart, or queuing up with "Replace that golden hair, strand by strand, right now, at Ashley and Martin's Advanced Hair Studios" Helmrich? Finally, the 'Magnificent Seven' wish to exonerate LT "I'm a real doctor, Doogie Howser" and 9 Platoon for their DP1 misdemeanours and advocate a clean slate for 94.

As 1993 draws to a close, the 'Magnificent Seven'

soldiers soldier on. The infamous CPL "Let's go fishing/I don't shop at K-Mart" Lee and CPL "I'm playing rugby" Ashworth continue to while their time away. Grats and Slam are on BRL and might return before Xmas.

In the interim, sport, adventure training, and courses are the flavour of the month and BRL in Easter is long-distant. Here's to 1994!



7 PL C COY 2/4 RAR - LAVARACK BARRACKS - 1993

Front Row:- LCPL SLAM DUNCAN, CPL The JET DAVE LEE, CPLASH THE GREATEST, SGT D. HUNT, LT THE EXTRA ROWLAND, LCPL GRATTS, PTE EMMETT, PTE BALLY

Second Row:- PTE DANNY MOORE, PTE CRACEY, PTE NOLS, PTE URLO, LT COL CHIPPY, PTE CAMPBELL, PTE GOBB 1st CLASS, PTE SHEATHER - MORK, PTE WILLIAMS (DICKY KNEE)

Back Row:- PTE REDEYE, PTE B. COOPER (COOPS), PTE GOANNA, PTE HAWKS, PTE DICKO, PTE YOUNG (YOUNGIE)



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8 PLATOON

LT T.C. Curtis, SGT P.E. Stanton, CPL T.K. Hawken, CPL S.J. Murrells, CPL S. Robertson, LCPL A.D. Porter, LCPL J.P. Whyte, PTE J.S. Botham, PTE P.J. Chidgey, PTE J.Z. Comini, PTE A.C. Everson, PTE B.F. Fawcett, PTE J.A. Field, PTE B.D. Hooker, PTE J.L. Jordan, PTE C.R. Leavitt, PTE B.N. Lee, PTE T.C. Michael, PTE S.D. Milligan, PTE M. Murphy, PTE T.P. Murphy, PTE S.L. O'Meara, PTE D. Ozegovic, PTE J.L. Slattery, PTE B.A. Summers, PTE R.L. Syron, PTE A.R. Thompson

TRAINING FOR WAR

I found myself a sleeping spot on an ammo crate-lay my weary body down after ten months of pure 'gut wrenching' hell. The early months are long periods of fog and dampness. Rain, rain, incessant falling rain....marked the first three months of 1993, as 'The Fighting Eighth' split; The Sarge, CPL "Dog" Murrells and his "puppies" deploying to LCBS Tully, masquerading as the Kamarian hordes. Whilst the remainder of the platoon, once more, were sent north to repel these 'masochists' from the close country and tropical rainforests of North Queensland. In this early part of the year the platoon had the Boss march in and take over the reigns of the Eighth.

With two Air Weeks in the early part of the year, it was seen that "Air" should be renamed "Foot", especially after the 'night march from hell' during which we learnt how to keep an eye on the man behind (NOT!). Some good came of it all however, as "Robbo" showed that he was quality officer material, taking over a platoon attack after the Boss was killed, but reorganising with only 7 men!

Early May saw the Sarge gather enough courage to face the platoon after "swanning" away on courses for the most part of the first five months. The Section Commanders subsequently decided that there 'wasn't a great deal to this Platoon Sergeant Business' but, surprisingly, they were only too happy to hand the job back.

The build up to the Mil Skills Competition saw an emphasis on the Section Commanders training their sections. "Robbo's" all became more ugly,

"Dog's" all became more Americanized, and "Chooks" just didn't become at all. After a short stint in Blue Water playing enemy for the RAAFlies the platoon concentrated on Mil Skills training (contd) at Cowley Beach. Suntan cream was ordered and the HMAS Wobbo was loaded, PHQ prepared their fishing rods and "Mick" tried frantically to lose weight so he could look good in his G-String.

Mil Skills was soon upon us with "Dog's" section sporting the new after five look. However, even this didn't help the "Rude Head Brigade" (lead by "Rude head Porter" and "Ugly Kid Fawcett") as they were narrowly pipped at the post by Robbo's section (who had been developing their even ruder heads longer) finishing 8th in the Battalion. By the end of Mil Skills we also welcomed back "Spike", "Evo", "Macca", "OMO" and "Slatts" who returned from an extended vacation, somewhere in Africa, once again making Eight Platoon an efficient fighting force.

A short and sweet trip to Camp Engstrom with 7 Platoon saw us hone our FIBUA skills once more, and saw "Slatts" wish he had taken up a job as a builder, as he mistook a fibro roof for a trap door. The former not being too easy to yank open, without some effort.

EX Eagle "Farce" II (the platoon thanks all those involved that it wasn't included in "1") proved to be about as enjoyable as NBCD with a "Chook" Hawken's jockstrap, especially as it soon became evident that digging and night moves were the order of the exercise. There was the training value