

D COMPANY

THE ROADRUNNER'S RETURN

With the 'Peter Stuyvesant' music still ringing in our ears, Delta Company returned to work at the Battalion in June. Although it would take time for the members of the Company to readjust their lifestyles to the decadence of the West, the OC decided to keep our minds off the richness of Asian culture by throwing us straight into a rigorous training program.

Our first test came in the shape of Ex Iron Fist when most of the NCOs decided to stay at home. Unfortunately for them, they missed out on a pleasant bus ride, and a morning of pointing and smurking at Alpha and Charlie Coys clawing up the hill to the AO. Alas, a practice attempt for Everest was not to be for Daring-do-Delta, instead a fast truck ride up the Bruce Highway and onto the Atherton Tableland. Passers-by on the road that night could have easily been forgiven for thinking the army was transporting truck loads of huge green whitcherty grubs North for the Winter.

Even though the enemy proved initially illusive, Brad Geary's reflexes were not slow when he met them on the causeway. The uncharitable members of the Company say he fell into the river on contact, but he still maintains that the pipe under the bridge, into which he was sucked, provided the best position for him to support any future operations mounted by the Battalion. Later in the Exercise 10 Platoon was dispatched, after we had cleaned up our AO, to rescue A Company from themselves and one or two Musorians.

July brought a trip to Mt Vince near Mackay and the challenge of the RUR Shoot. The week there proved quite successful, with Company funds showing a profit and even a couple of decent scores on the range as well. Mechanization became the craze in late July, culminating in a five day APC car rally at High Range. Granite Creek was in full bloom after the fire and the only thing that spoils a wonderful caravan holiday occurred when Wally head-butted the lid of his APC and bent it out of shape. Fortunately Thommo was there to take over the reins and the war went on.

Ex Blazing Saddles was the big event of September, (seeing as we are not talking about the Cross Country), and once again objective 1 in the High Range Impact Area was liberated from the hands of hordes of ill fed, wooden Musorians. The Company live fire attack proved to be a good learning experience for all concerned even though safety restrictions were tight.

With only a rigorous duty week to sharpen our fighting edge, D Coy was again thrown into the breach, this time it was the much talked about and planned Ex Brazen Bandicoot. Second Company into

the AO, Delta was tasked to push forward and find an axis for the campaign against the wayward guerillas of the Miners Action Group and their allies, the dreaded umpires, supplied by 1 RAR. Travelling extensively by G.P. boot the Company covered vast distances and conquered all difficulties between Kangaroo Hills and the Paluma-Ewan Road, with only a small amount of fuss. As in every war there were casualties, and we were indeed concerned when the OC was casevaced by helicopter after day 6, suffering from a severe case of the Golf Withdrawal Syndrome. 10 Platoon also became a casualty with an epidemic of bed sores and haemaroids, incurred whilst conducting the defence of BnHQ. 11 Platoon's morale became a casualty when they were told that they could not liberate the Hidden Valley shop.

After a brief visit to the jungle we again sampled the delights of BnHQ. Captain Mac was now firmly at the helm and we conducted several successful "Sally Man" ambushes, as well as numerous biological warfare attacks on the Battalion C.P., especially during the COs 'O' Groups. With standards to maintain, our huge, acting, fearless leader reached new heights as President of the D Company filthy Club, even though H.L. had been caught having a sly tub in the maintenance area.

At some stage someone in BnHQ heard a furry about an enemy position so Delta was sent to help C Company evict the unwanted Musorian squatters. Even though we were the depth Company we soon found ourselves in the fight. In the middle of the battle, 11PIHQ was decimated by a booby trap, and even though their boss was pronounced a casualty, he was seen leopard crawling off into the bush, calling "Buzz off, I work for Mick Keating!", to an angry umpire in pursuit.

All good things come to an end and the Company returned to Lavarack with the CSM and Lt. Mac planning to change the Company mascot from the Roadrunner to something less interested in walkathons. Painful physical activity was not to be totally condemned as we soon faced an openly confident Charlie Coy Rugby side. The hard fought battle was won by Delta, giving us the trophy and an unbeaten season for the second season running.

Our victory in the rugby and good performances in orienteering and the other winter sports led straight onto the athletics carnival. Delta's athletes exceeded all of our expectations and our successes included a resounding win in the novelty event, and Jimmy Chandler's 5th place in the 110m Hurdles.

At the time of writing the Mil Skills were still to be decided and the courses completed, but we were confident in doing well in both. 1983 should prove an

interesting and challenging year for those who stay on in the Company, for those leaving, Delta wishes you good fortune and/or good soldiering. 1982 however should not be quickly forgotten, as some of the following memories will prove:

Did you see:-The Engineer Umpire on Brazen Bandicoot looking for his rations.

The dent in Wally's APC.

Bluey Homan, ... Who?

Darb's doing ammunition piquet at Mt. Vince

Gouldie talking with "Barney and Fred?"

The 2IC wash in the bush ... No? Nor did anyone else.

H.L.s Golfing at Mt. Vince.

Eddie Schlegel lost for words, and Mutleys Leg locks.

A Letter to the Adjutant

Being the central point through whom all correspondence entering and leaving the unit passes, the Adjutant is the receiver of many and varied letters. Not all, however, are as eloquent as this received from an ex-member of the Battalion.

"Morning Boss

My name's Now that means bugger all to you I know, but was in 4 RAR NZ before you amalgamated (combined) with 2 RAR. Was in Vietnam 71-72 with 4 RAR NZ and when got back had a book on the tour. Big red one it was.

Well, been moving a bit since I got out, 1973, and I lost it. Can you tell us how much, who to write to etc. to get another one.

Also, am a marriedy last 2 years and wife's a KIWI. we want to live in NZ, which also means bugger all to you, but want to see if I can get a War Service Loan in NZ. Who do you think I should write to or see.

As you can tell, didn't take advantage of the Army Education along the line, but am a brikie now. Not a million air but we do OK. Hope you find the time to let us know the guts on these, couple of little matters. Thanks and see ya."



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