

FOURTH SECOND H



1976



THE 2nd/4th BATTALION THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN REGIMENT 1976

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CREDITS

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COVER

The Battalion parades to receive new 2 RAR Queens and Regimental Colours from
His Excellency, the Governor-General.

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BIG

YEAR



Dauntless Defender we walked, ran, climbed, fell over, slept sometimes, and broke ribs, cut hands, broke trenching tools, and the ticks had a feast. We saw aerobatics and minefields and we ate TV dinners. We certainly earned our pay that time at High Range.

Our big day was 17th September. After six weeks of intense preparation and, admittedly, some moments of panic, we proudly paraded to receive new Colours for the 2nd Battalion. The plaudits were loud after our parade, some headaches were bad after our Ball. But without doubt that day was the 2nd/4th's best.

And then we went to Shoalwater Bay. We drove, we flew, and we walked, and then we got there. We walked, we dug, we stopped, we slept and we went home. We all want to know who breeds the sandflies at "SB". He must make a fortune. But Kangaroo Two exposed us to Americans, Singaporeans, Canadians, New Zealanders, the RAAF, and the RAN (and the Divisional Headquarters), as well as the sandflies.

We drove, flew, and "trained" home from Kangaroo Two and then we went on leave. One wonders, has twelve months just gone by?

We got the warning in 75, we got the word in 76, High Range, the Burdekin, Katherine, High Range again, the Parade ground, then, of all places, Shoalwater Bay! What a year.

Happy Swinger started as a short Battalion deployment, and wrote off half the Battalions boots (not to be confused with boats which went later). We had A Company here, B Company there and C Company? (certainly not here or there). The worst part was the walk in the dark in the middle, and the best part was the walk in the moonlight at the end.

Then we went to the Burdekin River for Survival training and somehow everyone survived. Brews still containing magpies feet and some attempts at eating tortoise were lowlights, while some of the bird snares could be called highlights. All companies participated in what was certainly a different form of training.

And then came the reason why we went on survival: we went to Katherine.

Exercise Big Country was our big field activity for the year. From the rocks of Mataranka to the Cliffs of the Katherine Gorge, it was a hectic six weeks. Despite the relatively long time away in these peaceful years, perhaps there were some who were sorry to leave KATH-ERR-IINE.

No sooner had we done our dash in the Top End when we lost our independence and went once again to High Range with the rest of the Task Force. On



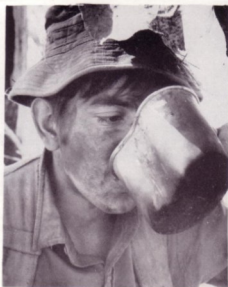
C COY ASSAULT ON EXERCISE "LITTLE COUNTRY"

THE BIG A



25. R.G.T.—Happiness is.
26. R.J.—Happiness ain't.
27. Thommo—the Mt. Elliott river rat.
28. Boney—creeping Moses.
29. Pinzone—karate kid.
30. Twidale—bullets galore.

PART OF THE COMPANY STORES.



HIGHLIGHTS of the year :—

1. APC Training—taken for a ride.
2. High Range—pleasant strolls back.
3. Happy Swinger—digging in under water.
4. Orienteering at Mt. Elliott—what a picnic.
5. Survival Training—Watching and waiting for weight to waist from waists.
6. Big Country—Frivolous fighters.
Dining In nights.
Navex—that foreign tribe.
grey haired Sam.
Watermanship—"sailing".
tree boats.
at last a use for Candy Creamy fudge.
- Little Country—Big Effort.
7. Dauntless Defender—"Doubtless . . . ?"
8. Roping—"A" on the rocks.
9. Colours—well done 2/4 RAR.
10. No work—No pay.
11. High Range—Live firing.
12. Kangaroo II—things are hopping.
visitors.
13. Stubbsie—Fun overseas (R.R.).
14. Butch—Bush fever.
15. Jane M—sinking with the ship.
16. Symo—master gunner.
17. Synn—Hit man—want a contract.
18. Fanny N—"Uniforms, what for?"
19. Fittler—golden gloves.
20. Col—the new look pullover.
21. Murph—the ring of confidence.
22. Geiger—exit stage left.
23. Fieiding and Carr—indoor sports.
24. Nige (Boorie)—true to colour.

1 Platoon

The year 1976 started with a real sense of foreboding with all the bush work the CO promised us in 1975.

February provided a brief 26 mile route march to Ravenswood and the local delights for those who could hack it. Commanders at all levels found it hard to retire for the night, particularly as a result of the local hospitality. Fanta orange drink cans were noted along the route from Mingela and the cry "I can't hack it" was heard more than once.

"Happy Swinger" was the first real exercise. All soldiers passed their battle efficiency swimming tests with flying colours. NUFFSAID.

The departure of Sgt "J.B." Bryce occurred soon after this exercise. For all members of the platoon it was a sad occasion, as he had been with us for eighteen months. He left in a blaze of glory, as the Newmarket and Royal Oak Hotels and the Mandarin Club will testify. Also the platoon commander's neck was glad to see him go as the old Sarge had a pretty good repertoire of wrestling holds.

The weeks seemed to drain away. Sgt "Pinky" arrived to replace Sgt Bryce. "Ace", "Thommo", "Cockroach", "Symo", "Defa", "Johnno", etc., gave,

as always, immaculate performances under the leadership of Jock Yule in the many taverns in the town, acquitting themselves well on all occasions.

However, all the pressure centred on "Big Country". From all the ranks in the platoon, this exercise was genuinely worthwhile. We all learnt how to navigate and sweat on the navex and every individual, perhaps for the first time, learnt what it is to work hard.

All members voted watermanship the best part of "Big Country", in particular "Smailsey", who learnt to swim the hard way. The two platoon boats performed creditably although on occasions our efforts to paddle amongst large overhangs and mangrove branches were quite funny.

Once the five to six weeks of "Big Country" were gone, we realised that half the year had slipped by without any trouble at all. Townsville never appeared so great on return. Soon the Newmarket, Royal Oak and Mandarin Club were back up to full quota.

Militarily, the only other notable event was "Doubtless Disaster" . . . THANK YOU . . . "NUFFSAID."

Pte Fittler, the platoon commander's batman proved that fighting in "high places of eating" was not good for the health, although three other members of Townsville society accepted the prone position very easily.

The platoon has remained fairly stable this year, Mac went on three months L.W.O.P. back to the farm, Douglas and Bert remained their quiet selves. The drinking and revelling fraternity guided by Blue Bowtell and coached and handled by Jock Yule kept all spirits up with tall tales and true.

To wind off, a pretty good year, 1 Pl of A Coy looked forward to a fruitful Skippy II. There was no fruit and not much else either, so let's have a Happy Christmas instead.

A CRITICAL LOOK AT THREE PLATOON BY ITS PLATOON COMMANDER

It is always advisable for a person to sometimes have a good look at themselves. This also applies to a platoon. Take 3 platoon for example. 3 Pl is not really a bad platoon but we have a number of faults that are painfully obvious. These problems stem directly from the members of the platoon. In the following paragraphs, I, the platoon commander, will show you some of the problems I have.



"WHAT'S SO FUNNY?"

My platoon sergeant for example. In what other platoon does the platoon commander have to race his sergeant to the enemy position during an assault. I don't really mind this but it is a bit upsetting when Sgt Mansfield beats me to the top of the hill, especially when there are PR camera crews up there. My sergeant is not really bad when you consider my corporals.

Cpl R. G. T. Smith, after seven days in the bush, begins to swear a lot and when angry, tends to destroy things . . . like trees, rocks, and platoon commanders.

Cpl Torney, on the other hand, is the opposite. He adopts a very low profile and is extremely difficult to find when I am looking for someone for a patrol.

Lepl R. J. Smith, an acting section commander, gets his kicks out of finding ways of intimidating his platoon commander. Like dropping an M203 round in front of him with the intention of wounding him, which he did most effectively.

Lepl "Blue" Little's only problem is that he can't handle Townsville's weather. I do believe he finds it very cold here, just watching the way he walks around shivering. I think he is getting acclimatised, if only we can stop him sipping anti-mite on exercise.

Lepl Sutton has a personal problem. He is constantly turning up for work with one of his legs shaven. Now, I try to explain to the rest of the platoon that some types of people regard this as quite normal, but I still see them giving him funny looks. He tells me he is having trouble with his knee, but one never knows.

2 PLATOON

2 Platoon had an enjoyable year overall.

The year started off with a new platoon commander, 2Lt Ray Smith. Things went well for the first couple of months.

In March, 2Lt Smith was re-posted to Sydney and replaced by 2Lt Mark Gallagher, just in time to go on Survival Training at St Paul's Station near Charters Towers, an enjoyable time was had by all.

The high point of the year was exercise "Big Country". Highlights of this exercise were:—

The memorable nights in Town.

PHQ outwalking everyone on the navex.

And the water fights on the river.

Following this there was exercise "Dauntless Defender". Very little needs to be said about this as all feelings were the same.

At present, the platoon is preparing for "Kangaroo II" and then leave.

Notable events of the year were:—

- Sgt Col Ross—taking a holiday but claiming he is on an Education Course.
- Anon—was bitten by a snake and didn't know it.
- Pte Twidale—the fastest batman around.
- Pte Fielding—falling in love.
- Pte Hogbin—falling out of love.
- The boss—walking home from Katherine.

Lcpl Fikerle's problem is that he wants to assault enemy positions in open file. Now I believe section commanders should be given freedom, but it is a bit odd when the rest of the platoon is in assault formation and the right forward section is in open file.

Now for the diggers generally. They are a pretty switched on lot. They tolerate the power group very well, seeing that everyone knows that those who hold rank have the most faults. But in what other platoon does one of the forward scouts wear cotton wool in his ears because he does not like the noise of blanks. God help me, Pte Harvey. In what other platoon does one of the forward scouts hate spiders to such a degree that he carries out the basic IA, that is Mag off, pack off, and so on every time he walks into a spider web. I don't feel that Pte Hilder can really help it but he must learn not to throw away his rifle while doing it.

If you think my scouts are bad, you should see my machine gunners. Now, I won't go into details, but those who know diggers like Thompson, our liaison officer with the blacks; Pinzone who gives me strange looks when he draws his bayonet; and Wardle who spends his spare time fighting and going to hospital (in that order), will know what I am talking about.

The platoon HQ has the most problems, mainly Price and Panton, not that there is anything very wrong with their sig work but they do have a number of bad habits such as sleeping on picquet and pushing the K phone over near my hoochie at night.

Of course, we have the platoon Romeo and I dread the day Pte Bettiens comes up to me and says . . . "Sir, I have a personal problem".

When I received my IETs I really started asking questions about who hates me. Diggers like Synons, who did it then told everybody about it; Whittingham who believes roping is a good sport for the mentally retarded; and Wozniak whom I'm having difficulty in preventing from hanging around primary schools with bags full of lollies, are obviously part of a plot to intimidate me.

On the other side of the spectrum I have the trained riflemen. What can a platoon commander do when one of his diggers thinks it is good public relations to alter the looks of some civilians by changing their profile rather abruptly. I can in a way forgive Pte McAuliffe for this, being the understanding person that I am, but I'm not really confident that I can speak for his long haired mates.

One person in the platoon who really worries me is Pte Nager. Pte Nager is just happy, that really worries me.

Pte Packham is just as bad but he really burns me up when he turns up for work in riding boots.

Pte Byrne is in a group of his own. He has this bad habit of making me believe that he is lying to me when in fact he is telling the truth. This really annoys me, especially when I try and catch him out.

Finally I have Pte Curr, who has the habit of spending more time in making excuses for what he didn't do than doing what he should be doing.

For all their problems and faults, 3 PI is a good platoon. I confess that when I see them marching around I get a funny feeling in my stomach, and I'm not sure whether I am proud or feel like throwing up.

2Lt N. S. MORRIS. 6



With a little help from our friends

WE REALLY GOT BY

The year's success would not have been possible without the assistance of the other units of the Task Force.

108 BATTERY 4 FD REGT RAA—Accompanied us on every exercise, the survival training, and even played a part in the presentation of the new 2 RAR Colours Parade. All gunners are born equal; but these gunners must have been born more than equal.

103 SIG SQN—With us on all the exercises, including a mammoth effort on "Big Country". Thanks to you all . . . Over.

3 FD ENG REGT—Our thanks to the Engineers, as they also assisted on "Big Country", "Dauntless Defender", "Kangaroo II" and some company training.

B SQN 3 CAV REGT—Not just a taxi service, but a great friend to everyone who normally travels by GP Transport.

9 TPT COY (INC 29 SUP PL)—They drove us hither, thither and yon, and even though we all didn't get in the front seat, we got there with a minimum of fuss. Special thanks to the transport and supply detachments who went to Katherine with us.

121 SUP COY—Suffice to say that without them, and their ability to quickly adjust to our occasional change of plan, we would have been in bother (particularly at range shoots).

DEFENCE PLATOON HQ 3TF—2Lt Tom Moylan's band has been with us on just about everything we have done, and their presence has been invaluable.

Our thanks also goes to 4 Camp Hospital, 16 Dental Unit, and 3 Fd Eng Regt Wksp for their constant support throughout the year.

Last, but not least, a very "Big Country" thank you to 9 Sqn RAAF, in particular, Flying Officer Ian Taylor, Flying Officer Keith Morgan, Sqn Ldr Terry Wilson (the only sane one), and their crews.

"BIG COUNTRY"

Most exercises have meaningless names, such as "Rapid Rifles" or "Kangaroo II", but exercise "Big Country" was a true description of both the vastness of the land and the ambitiousness of the concept of the exercise at Katherine in the Northern Territory. For a Battalion exercise, it was a monster. Everything about it requires superlatives. The distance from Townsville (1200 miles), the complexity of the logistics system, the diversity of personal taking part, and the distances covered on foot or paddling assault boats, were enormous.

Major John Sullivan took his advance party of clerks, cooks, electricians, engineers, storemen, signallers and medical orderlies to the battalion base, RAAF Tindal, in the week prior to 24 May 76 to prepare the base for the main body's insertion. Drivers met LCHs in Darwin and drove the Battalion's vehicles to Katherine, about 250 miles away.

The battalion arrived over a period of three days in twelve sorties of C130 aircraft to find a most sophisticated camp with hot and cold running water (if you were lucky), huge buildings capable of housing at least our 600 personnel, flush toilets, immense hangars for workshop areas, ice cream for three meals a day and an unlimited beer supply. The transformation of this disused camp achieved by the advance party in a very short time was nothing short of incredible.



THE 2IC FINALLY MADE IT, AFTER
R & R IN MT. ISA.

After a day or two of settling in, the battalion embarked, by companies, on Phase 2 of the exercise. Each company undertook a five day company exercise, four day navigation march, and five day watermanship exercise. It was with some trepidation that those companies set off because there were many unknowns which threatened to jeopardise the whole exercise. For example, no one had ever paddled sixty miles down a river blocked by rapids and reeding water before; and navigation by sections over fifty-five miles of almost featureless terrain with a tenuous supply line was daunting, to say the least. Well, the results of Phase 2 are history. The companies came through with flying colours, sun burn, and sore feet.

The company exercise proved itself to be an excellent opportunity for companies to shake out and validate their training. It was long and hard and testing and it is significant that not one funny incident occurred (to the author's knowledge).

The navigation march was a different kettle of fish. It was hard also, to the point of nausea, with bleeding feet, aching backs and parched lips. Not content to suffer in silence alone, Major Tony Jensen put a cat amongst the pigeons so to speak with his indent for chocolate milk in a Malanda Milk truck, and ninety-eight sets of GP boots, various sizes, filled (to scale of course). As "Niner" and "Hawkeye's" navigation was suspect, they both took a course in the use of the heliograph.

Watermanship was just plain good fun. The aim was to paddle assault craft down the Katherine River for sixty miles and then down the Daly River for a further fourteen miles. There are a whole host of notable incidents that can be recounted. Some of these are below.

- A Company found that there is more to sailing than just putting a hoochie on a pole and a paddle out the back as a rudder.
- The RAAF flew a helicopter sortie to resupply an assault boat. On reaching the given grid reference, they reported that there was no river in sight and asked whether the assault boat should be left on the hill below them. They were only about fifty miles from their true objective in another sector. They won the "Where the Farquarwe" award for their efforts.
- Considerable embarrassment was caused by reports in the national press of the illegal catching of a crocodile.
- How could the Legislative Council of the Northern Territory believe for one moment that soldiers of Her Majesty's Forces could possibly "blow" fish with "expanding bait".

EVEN BRIDGES 11



Phase 3, the Battalion exercise, retraced the route of the company exercises (much to everyone's horror). That same hot, dusty and featureless terrain, broken only by a few steep, exposed and rocky outcrops where the enemy were always found, tested the endurance and sense of humour of all. The defensive position was the



TINDAL

most challenging we had ever experienced. One night, when returning by Land Rover from Tindal, "Niner" reported by radio that he was five hundred metres out; a considerable period of time (and about one thousand metres) elapsed; and "Niner" again reported that he was five hundred metres out; some time later there was a further message to say that he was five hundred metres out and an interjection from an unknown call sign "Where the F— are you?"

The RAAF helicopter crew took much pleasure in simulating enemy bombers. A most unfortunate and "accidental" direct hit was "Niner's" tent, with flour and eggs.

Whilst the Battalion was doing its thing, IET was in progress at Tindal, the Engineers were blowing big holes in the ground for no apparent reason and the Artillery detachment went on safari. Without the dedication of the RA Sigs detachment, the dishevelled band of RAEME craftsmen and those dauntless drivers of 9 Coy, exercise "Big Country" would have ground to a halt.

Three aspects of the exercise which could not possibly be omitted are Mess and Canteen life, Town, and those marvellous movies.



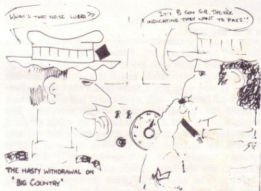
LOCALS EXAMINE OUR OPERATIONS DURING THE OPEN DAY AT KATHERINE.

The Officers/Sergeants Mess was well frequented, especially by the residents of Tindal. Much business and some heavy "briefing" took place, and Spiers held up one wall whilst "Shorty" occupied his high chair. The Soldiers' Club brought the unlikely combination of "Bluey" and "Corbes" together but they proved to be equal to the task and had their own Caribou aircraft to help achieve the impossible task of keeping up the beer supply.

Not much can be printed about the movies. Suffice it is to say that "The Coming of Seymour" remains as a high point in the minds of all and never before have repeat performances received such acclamation.

The town was the downfall of many, both financially and health wise. All sorts staggered out of the Katherine and Crossways Hotels but the locals and police were kind and forgiving.

It was with satisfaction and little sorrow that the Battalion left Tindal for home on the 28th June. Most were satisfied with what they had seen and had no ambition to see more.



HOOK IN B COY



PAYING ATTENTION ON THE BUREAU

1976 has been a demanding year for B Coy, including our wives and girlfriends. It has meant numerous separations anything from five days, lasting up to six weeks. It has also been a satisfying year for training, travelling, socialising and sport.

In training we showed the standard expected, and individually "Hooked In" and got on with our jobs. We explored the High Range Training area on five separate occasions and finally we were given a change of scenery—KATHERINE—on Ex Big Country. In the top end we walked, paddled, tracked and practised our skills in salvage operations, and our master mariners sank their boats. To assist us in training, especially Ex Dauntless Defender we were given a new piece of equipment—the steel helmet. This new piece of equipment was warmly received, a general comment was "Whadya do with it? Sit on it? Wash out it? Cook out it? or p—into it?"

We also travelled by exciting means of course: in open trucks to High Range (to really appreciate the bull dust!), APCs around High Range (to test those suffering from claustrophobia!), RAAF aircraft to Katherine (to clear up the hangovers).

Socially B Company has become famous for its pre exercise bar-b-ques, post exercise bar-b-ques and during exercise bar-b-ques. The only thing missing was the flavoured milk, especially in Katherine.

Our sportsmen did us proud. We won the inter Company Rugby Union, Cross country and Athletics, as well as being runners up in the swimming. We were well represented in Australia Rules, Hockey and Volley Ball.

Our only regret in 1976 has been the march out of numerous members who helped to make B Company and we would like to thank all those who served with us this year and who are now in perhaps greener but not brighter pastures. Good luck.

4 Platoon

Like everyone else, 4 Pl did its fair share of work this year. The most exciting thing that happened was the Pl Sgt, Sgt Williams, being attacked by a nest of ticks and being taken out of the exercise. 4 Pl performed well in all aspects of bush work.

On the sporting side of things, we were represented well in all Battalion competitions, with Ptes King and Ritter in the football side, Pte Rampellini starred in the cross country and he and many others starred in the athletics. Pte Rampellini also represented the platoon in the Magistrate's Court, now he walks everywhere and doesn't drink.

On the Entertainment side, we had to put up with Cpl Taylor's sick jokes. The highlight for the year was a platoon party at the Royal Oak Hotel, where Sgt Williams was seen dancing with a 75 year old woman and Pte Dyke was seen dancing with Cpl Johnson.

Here is our "Horror Roll":—

The Boss—2Lt Huges—Likes cooking and hopes to be Governor-General one day.
Sunray Minor—Sgt Willy—What I'd be doing now if I was still single.

1 SECT

Cpl Egan—Jumps off balconies since his para course.
Pte King, R.W.—Seen walking along the Strand every Saturday night.
Pte Tomlinson—Loves the bush but can't seem to get there.
Pte Rampellini—Subsidises the running of the Magistrate's Court.
Pte Dyke—The company heavy (he thinks).
Pte Beard—Draws rations every time he runs the cross country.
Pte Brennocks—

2 SECT — BAZZA'S BRUIERS

Cpl McKosker (Bazza)—The old grey mare ain't what she used to be.
Pte Ritter (Tex)—Why was I born so handsome—Where can I put a posting to now.
Pte 'Bones' Fraser—The perfect pull through for a Charlie Swede.
Pte Morse—Has it got a film in it, take a picture of me.
Pte Morris—When I grow up I want to be like Bazza.
Pte King (Kinky)—I'm not too fat, just 18 inches too short for my weight.
Pte Shaw—The only time he hasn't got a complex about his height is when he stands next to Pte Hoppo.
Pte French—Found his night vision improved when he lost his dark glasses.

3 SECT — "FURIOUS"

Cpl "Audie Murphy" Taylor—I'm never wrong.
Lcpl Wells—Who's he. Three weeks in the platoon and we still haven't seen him.

Pte "Sharpshooter" Mooney—The great green clad jungle killer who scores 35 hits out of 225 rounds with an LMG.

Pte Stanley—Has the answer for a hangover . . . stays drunk.

Pte Mack McGlashan—Reminds everyone of Muhammad Ali, only comparison is his mouth.

Pte Weir—Aviator extraordinaire . . . It will fly one day.

Pte Blue Geisler—Hail this man for he has the most colourful book in the company.

5 Platoon

The year has been quite eventful for the platoon and as it draws to a close, we look back and recap experiences and events that happened.

Starting the year with a brand new platoon commander, 2Lt Geoff Hawke (who, under the watchful eyes of the platoon, settled in well), 5 Pl tackled the exercises and events of the year with gusto and came out on top.

Exercises generally went well and it didn't take long for the "Fighting Five" to get together and work as a team. During "Happy Swinger", we loved those night withdrawals.

"Da Boys" looked after (in no uncertain terms) the Army Reserve during "Phoenix One". Notably, our assault that night which was halted by heavy snoring on fixed lines from their forward pits. "Killer's" black eye has improved, thank you. We were amazed that the platoon, while on hunting excursions, boasted more firepower than the average Rifle Company.

Survival Training can only be described as making food from thought, or wishing we could. To correct any misconceptions, Pete Hughes didn't really try to use Hoppy to bait his fishing line, and, yes, the boss is still going on about the size of THAT pig. Little Mac's fish stories astound and amuse those who still listen.



LOADED 11

"Big Country" . . . well, we could write a book on the watermanship alone, but we have to mention the lengths a certain old platoon sergeant will go to catch a barra.

W. W. Dowell and the boss still knock their heads together about who was navigating the patrol that enjoyed the sight seeing tour during "Dauntless Defender".

Don Graham was noticeably missing, but always had a wave as he drove past in his Q vehicle.

Our 4 Pl convert, Ken Johnson handled the job of Pl Sergeant with ease and it was refreshing to know it was appreciated by all. We wish you well in your newly promoted overseas posting (Tassie). Johnno is always heard to say "wait till I get down there, I'll break the bank at Wrest Point."

Yet our third platoon sergeant for the year, Brian Boughton, has found a home with five and is looking forward to the bigger and brighter "Kangaroo II" with us.

Back in camp the boys put on the jock straps. With stars like Bob, Killer, Randy and Nobby, how could the big "B" fail to win the battalion athletics.

We had our share of L & D's this year, but two with exception were those of Cpl Dowell and Pte Toomey for broken legs.

We wish everyone the best for 1977.

"HOW DID HE SAY YOU CATCH A PARROT?"



6 Platoon

The "Mean Machine" has somehow managed to do quite a bit of work this year and has maintained its own identity despite twenty-two new march-ins and eleven members leaving.

Much to the disgust of the boss, there has been an influx of "marriedies". We now have three married section commanders. Lcpl Stoertebecker took the plunge in April, Fred Henderson has just become engaged, Barry Butler is joining the club at Christmas and Peter Wilson is thinking about it. However, Sunray and Sunray Minor set a good example (although there is a lot of doubt about that. Sgt "Big Bazza" Seeley's girlfriend has just returned from England and Lt. Col Green makes two trips to Lucinda weekly).

In barracks, the platoon has taken an active part in spirit and has been well represented in the Townsville, Cairns, and Singleton Magistrates Courts; the most entertaining effort being Pte "Cav" Cavanagh's.

Bush wise, the year started off with a company exercise at High Range Training Area and this has led to bigger and better things until now we have a chance to show the whole division what it's all about on "Kangaroo II".

The platoon has been well represented in the sporting field, with some of us playing for the company and battalion teams and representing the battalion in inter-area sport, with such stars as Ptes Wilson, Rawlings, Hayes, Gysin, and Laretive.

HIGH POINTS OF THE YEAR

Can you remember . . .

Walking over Mt. Stuart with sand bags.
The air drop on the "Big Country" navex.
Peter Rawlings losing a whole battalion.
Ever leading the company in a night withdrawal.
The platoon beating off a battalion attack on
"Phoenix One".

AUSTRALIA'S NEW WEAPON

This remarkable weapon was designed in Yacandandah by an unknown and slightly mad scientist.

Early in the century the Army saw the first working model and instantly realised its worth to the Aussie Fighting Corps. The model was taken to a workshop in the Holsworthy area and improved upon, until the present day model was perfected.

It is self-propelled, but can be vehicle transported. Up to ten of these units can be fitted into the Army's M113 Carrier. The basic system is capable of pre-programming or continuous local control, and has not yet failed.

These units are rarely used singly, but normally operate in a basic unit of ten.

The weapon control unit is denoted by a slightly more complex memory and programming computer to enable it to control other units. The superstructure of this unit carries two white stripes to expediate the maintenance of the group.

Armament is simple but effective. It consists of one 7.62 mm Self Loading Rifle which can be directed through 6400 mils and any vertical angle, and is fired by the unit when locked on target. Normally sixty rounds are carried for the weapon but more may be carried for special tasks.

It is covered by a tough green cloth designed to stop shine and disguise shape, and to stop superficial damage to the unit.

It has been designated G.R.U.N.T., which stands for Green Robot Used For Normal Tasks. The Army is also working on a specialist unit which is designated S.A.S. (Supercharged Amphibious Self Controlled) which is used to undertake special tasks which the Grunt is incapable of doing.

LAVARACK'S THE PLACE TO BE

I still reckon Lavarack's the place to be
And we would still be there if you'd listened to me,
Just break an arm or a leg or two
Or go down to the pub and get in a blue,
Still here we are at the RAAF Tindal Base
Exercise Big Country looks us right in the face,
It starts with an exercise for Company B
Led by Jenö and his skippers three,
Mind in neutral thumb in bum
That's the platoon sergeants acting dumb,
CSM Clinghan's interest look real
But to him this exercise has no appeal,
The corporals and lance jacks act casually
They've prepared for the troubles they know there'll be,
But six days later with a beer we all grin
We followed our motto and all HOOKED IN,
But I still reckon Lavarack's the place to be
And we'd still be there if you'd listened to me,
Just go 'Jack' on the system say I won't go
There must be room in the Battalion for one more
Pogo.

A 50 mile Navex brought about Phase Two
The night before on the grog made us all bloody spew,
We bitched and whined and bloody well moaned
As like a bunch of Deros the country we roamed,
But a little heart got us to the finish line
It was Phase Two finished and that was fine,
But I still reckon Lavarack's the place to be
And we'd still be there if you'd listened to me,
Just not an Officer or an RP
And there'd be no Big Country for you or me.

The start of Phase Three saw us all start to glow
As down the Katherine we started to row,
But we all got a laugh from This little trip
When Capt Mialkowski went for a dip.
Big Bazza Seeley told his crew stay up front like we
aught'a
It was easy for Bazza his paddle never seen water,
It was one of those times the OC shone
But it was really the motor where his power came
from.

The Battalion Exercise was Phase Four
It turned out to be a bloody big bore,
A competition between the officers really
No respect for the dig they made that quite clearly,
The big nobs came in to check it out
And everyone panicked and ran about,
But the digs just laughed as the officers jumped up and
down
Done somersaults and smiled and ran round and
round,
But the digs earned some credit for a job well done
As its them who busted their guts
In the red hot sun.
That ended Big Country for you and me,
But I still reckon Lavarack's the place to be,
Still the next exercise we'll bitch and shout
It won't make no difference we'll all go out.

DELIVERANCE

or

DID THIS REALLY HAPPEN ON THE KATHERINE-DALY RIVERS

(Sung to the tune of "The Battle of New Orleans")

—Apologies to J. Horton.

1. In 1976 we took a little trip
Along with Admiral Legget down the Katherine-Daly strip
Well, we took our ten man rations and our fishing lines it seems
And we shot those frothing rapids to a station called "Florin".

CHORUS

We shot those rapids
And still we kept on coming
They kept on getting rougher than they were a while ago
But still that didn't stop us
We rode and we rowed 'em right down that Katherine/Daly
To the place we had to go.

2. Then half way through our journey "Niner" came in on the scene
He brought his Acorn with him to our camping spot serene
We dined that night on delicacies—to white men some were new
The catfish, snake and sting-ray didn't quite make Niner blue.

CHORUS

Well we ran into the rocks and we ran into the tree stumps
We ran our war boats places where a kayak wouldn't go
We ran so hard we somehow got to sink two
But in spite of all that happened the big "A" didn't slow.

3. When Moylan's mottley, mangy men decided to depart
They couldn't take it any more they seem to have lost heart
The reinforcements sent to us were clerical by trade
At last the mushroom palace boys were to our eyes displayed.

CHORUS

I. McWILLIAM.

HEARD AND SEEN

- Seen . . . King (Pte King, A. J.)—Skindiving on the Strand.
Heard . . . At High Range . . .
Pl Comd: "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes."
Digger: "But boss, they got blues eyes."
Pl Comd: "Shhh . . . Fix bayonets."

Townsville or Bust

At the completion of Exercise "Big Country", it was decided by the powers that an adventure training exercise was in order.

Katherine to Townsville on \$20.00 under your own steam. Sounds easy. The group selected by A Coy was 2Lt Mark Gallagher, Lcpl Phil Smailes and Pte John Wardle. Prior to departing RAAF Tindal, we conducted a detailed recon of all means available to us. This seemed to produced a big nil.

The solution seemed to be that we head for Darwin, the closest major centre with more means of transport available. It took the majority of Day 1 for us to get to Darwin, after sitting on the side of the road at Pine Creek for three hours trying to hitch a ride. Cheerful thoughts were provided to us by travellers in the same predicament who had produced such roads signs as "I waited here four days and four nights for a ride".

Upon arrival in Darwin, enquiries were immediately made with Ansett and TAA, but to no avail. Accommodation for the night was kindly provided for us in the Guard Room cells at Larrakeyah Barracks. On Day 2, enquiries were made at Darwin Aero Club about light aircraft flying south, but again to no avail. The Chief Flying Instructor, Mr. Ian Hall, suggested we try Connair and subsequently free tickets were issued to the whole group to fly from Darwin to Alice Springs. Our second night in Darwin was provided by the RAAF, who went out of their way to look after us; a welcome change.

Day 3 and we were off in the modern DC3. We received a busman's tour of the Northern Territory, visiting Port Keats, Wave Hill Police Station, Hooker Creek and finally Alice Springs. The climate in Alice Springs was a change to Darwin (18 degrees compared to 36 degrees).

While in Alice Springs, we were able to persuade Connair into extending our tickets to Cairns via Mt. Isa.

Day 4 consisted again of a limited amount of sight seeing around Alice Springs and then flying to Cairns via Mt. Isa. We arrived in Cairns at about 8 p.m. and immediately headed for town and the road south, initially planning to hitch hike to Townsville. Luck again held with us as the Sunlander train was late departing Cairns and, as we were unable to con a free ride, the last of our money was spent on train tickets (the only travel that was paid for on the whole trip).

The whole group arrived in Townsville at 6 a.m. on Day 5. Overall, the trip took four days and twenty-two hours and was an enjoyable experience for us all.

DEFINITIONS

Steel Helmet—A piece of military equipment which slows a 7.62 mm round by 1/70th of its original velocity as it passes through the wearer's head.

Sucking Chest Wound—Nature's way of telling you your field craft isn't up to standard.

The FI—A deadly weapon if used in the following manner: First sneak up behind the enemy, then beat him over the head with it.

CHUCKLES

C Coy started 1976 on a high note with an amphibious operation at High Range. Many lessons were learnt but none so well as waterproofing the equipment.

Capt Shannon gave the company its direction until after "Big Country" when Maj Radcliffe took over.

Highlights of the year were numerous.

The watersmanship training which proved absolutely useless for the task presented to the company in negotiating the Katherine River was valuable in safeguarding the equipment, and enjoyed by all.

"Big Country" was an outstanding success with the company performing favourably under its new OC.

CHQ

This group of outstanding personnel did a tremendous job in backing and administering the company. The OC, Maj Radcliffe, won notoriety for his ability to conduct excellent visual recons (with complete disregard for his personal safety) from under the tracks of an APC, with binoculars.

The 2IC, Capt Harvey's, personal highlight was being shot at a range of five miles by an enemy sniper in the first twenty-four hours of "Dauntless Defender".

The CSM, WO2 Greely, also won notoriety for his excellent cross country walking ability but found snags on encountering roads.

Staff Harrison performed faultlessly all year and won the company's complete trust (but no-body leaves batteries behind).

Cpl Wallace, the Support Section commander for the majority of the year won fame for his ability to survive the harshness of Port Keats with the barest of essentials (i.e. Shot Gun, Brew Gear, etc.).

All in all, a good year, and the company is obviously looking forward to the trips to Hawaii, New Zealand, Malaysia and Canada next year.

7 Platoon

Our thanks to those who helped produce this record of good old 7. The year kicked off well with Ex Web Feet where we had a few laughs. Pte Marty managed to get lost for a few hours to Lt Steve Borton's concern. Most memorable was the swimming assault across that "10 cm deep creek".

The White Canary was the life of the party on Happy Swinger; we made him brews, even hot brews, at 0200 hrs. Benny Briscoe slept most of the time including during the Battalion Attack (he was still at the LD). In April we were enemy for IRAR and managed to divert one of their attacks onto their own troops.

Unfortunately we lost the White Canary half way through the year. We wish him well in the Hong Kong Police Force.

Before Big Country Pte Burke played games with a stubby bottle, made brews for the CSM and since then has been playing at microsurgery.



CPLS MC GAHAN AND GREW WITH A

PROBLEM

Lt Eddie Antoniuk took us over for Big Country and we held him in high esteem. The Godfather is misplaced in Ordnance. Our Corporals — Sludge, McGahan, Feathers, Peacock and "XXXX" Matthews gathered in our IETs and set them in the right direction.

Feathers broke the world record for two miles when he forgot his M16 and Pte Wilson "wasn't lost" when he disappeared for a few hours. Brownie liked the NT so much that he took five days leave in Darwin before getting an RAAF ride home. The bad news was that he misguidedly a couple of "wheels" to stay with him and they got nine extras for their troubles. Unfortunately after Big Country Harry the Rat went to do his sums and the Godfather went back to counting blankets.

LT Bob Quodling arrived just in time for Dauntless Defender and happily found himself with a good crew. On Dauntless Defender we did everything everyone else did although Sgt "Scobes" Beasley's telephone bill might have been excessive. Then, on the Parade Ground, the troops marched while the Boss served sherry to the officers.

We wish those who have left us the very best and we wish everybody a Happy Christmas and a successful 77.

8 Platoon

Eight Platoon got off to a flying start with the arrival of a new platoon commander from RMC. Despite his new ideas, the "grey ghost" kept everything as normal and the platoon trundled along at its steady pace. It was not uncommon to hear readings from the 8 Pl Bible at any hour of the day or night. The "Grey Ghost" had visions of grandeur as he read from this wondrous book, "The Devil's Guard".

We had a wet beginning with a company exercise in March. It rained for seven days straight. Despite damp bodies, our morale was kept at a high level by the then platoon clown "Mouth" Hyland. We all remembered the water folies in the "crick" when the assaulting sections decided to run across a shallow creek and all sank. The only reason the attack was successful was because the enemy were laughing so much at fourteen bush hats floating in the water. PI HQ did not recover for quite a while. "That's Entertainment". The organiser of the water folies, "Mouth", received his just rewards for the production.

Unfortunately, "Mouth" had to leave the platoon, as have many since then. Platoon morale however, did not slump, due to the gargantuan efforts of "Squeak" Hurley, the boy from the Garra. In the latter part of the year we received five IET's whom "Squeak" took under his wing. Because of his fine instruction and leadership, they became accustomed to our style and can now dig pits without uttering a word in jest or batting an eyelid.

Our "Stay Loose" motto served us well on exercise. However, some members were a little too loose. Isn't that right J.C. (Pte Pickering). He didn't care much for telephones or MG's and was often heard to say between Z's . . . "When I become CO" . . . Heaven forbid.

The NCO's were all a source of inspiration to their men. Lcpl Smith R.D., the Hugh Hefner come Padre of the platoon, supplied both reading material and character guidance. He could be approached at any time to hear confessions. He often had old age creep up on him. "Tricky Dick" (Cpl Stilwell) was an expert in his field. "Canvas Back" could be counted upon to

have a pile of Z's close at hand at any time. He had a strong attraction towards soft spots and forked trees, Strange.

Cpls Gollaged and McLeay were the hard core—and diehard members of the platoon. Everything they did was the "Regiment". Lcpl Mick Meirs was instrumental in organising all the platoon outings. They were always a success and everyone enjoyed themselves. From 8 Platoon Mick . . . Thanks. Last but not least was "Boorey" Neilson, the only person in the platoon who had trouble working out whether he was black or white. He came from 9 Platoon early in the year but he quickly caught up and settled in well.

We saw "Blue Bell" diving into the waters of the Katherine River and slaying a six foot, man-eating croc with his bare hands, a feat rarely seen these days. Johnny Weissmuller would have been proud of him.

The year closed with a real treat when "Thiesy" alias Evil Knievil attempted a death defying leap, in his car, from Castle Hill to Mt. Stuart. However, something went wrong and he became suspended between two trees (see The Townsville Daily Bulletin). Evil, well done, we are proud of you and better luck in nine months time.

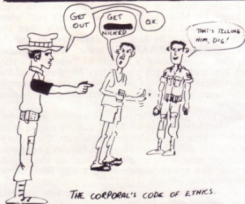
Space doesn't allow us to mention everybody, but we wish all our members the best for Christmas and 1977.

9 Pl



HOT STUFF

1976 was an interesting year for the "Little Devils". We saw a large turnover in troops but even so still managed to keep an identity (we haven't worked out whose yet). We started the year quietly but soon immersed ourselves in the job at High Range and then on Happy Swinger Sgt Chad Cherrin showed us how to mine sandstone.



THE CORPORAL'S CODE OF ETHICS.

Big Country was our finest hour. "Seagoon", "Barramundi" and "Snerd" all had sweep oars mounted and whose platoon sergeant would dive overboard to capture his Boss's barra (and then claim salvage rights).

Some of us went on fighting patrols but one didn't want to come and two others went to sleep in the meantime. The Crossways Hotel had its finest male choir ever.

The expected anti-climax after Big Country didn't eyentuate but "Doubtless Disaster" did. We thought we saw a caravan park but it must have been a mirage (or a Skyhawk anyway). We had quiet days and heavy nights. We saw minefields and lots of enemy but didn't get to shoot at much.

After "DD" we settled back into the Barracks and got used to the Parade Ground. Pte Ack Willie was a good friend in one particular week but happily he didn't last.

Shoalwater Bay bent our entrenching tools again but we will no doubt get some new ones for Christmas. A Happy Christmas and New Year to all and remember :—

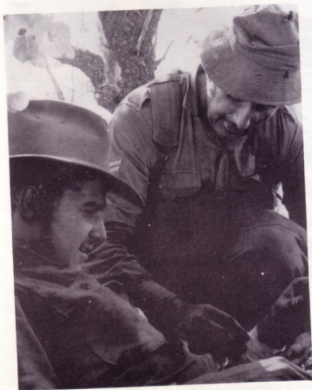
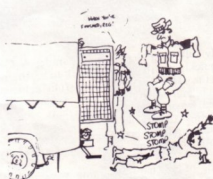
"LOVE IS A PATCH OF SOFT SANDY GROUND".



"THAT, SOLDIER, IS A REGIMENTAL BASH!!"



"SEE THE SEARCH ENGINE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND UNLESS THE BOMBS CAMOUFLAGED THE LATERALS"



"LOOKS BAD, HUH?"

DELTA... Last but not least

THE RYLIST

We started in 1976 with almost a brand new line-up. Major Guy "Robbie" left us for Sydney, Capt Jock Murray went up to the castle, and Lt's Mitch Miller and Phil Mouncey departed for greener pastures. Maj Peter Radcliffe took up the reins in February, and apart from the odd bit of work, Radcliffe's Real Estate (ext. 7131) flourished.

CSM Alex continued in his unhurried way as secretary of the Sgts Mess, and sometimes came to see us. Sgt Daryl Jenkin dreamt of more devious snares and more palatable meals, Sgt Bob Hilditch ran more and more range practices, and "Scobie" Beasley rode a merry race in between education and that marvellous occupation, "coord". Sgt Jock Petrie dropped in from down south, loudly proclaiming his independence from Shorty Sojan.

In the front office, Cpls Rod Harris and Ian Rodgers clattered away furiously at the still endless piles of "bumf" (even after Guy R left!), while our adopted son Blue Unwin continued to count out the trophies, plaques and those six hundred records.

The two "workers" in the Coy, Lt Grant Clark and Staff "Blue" amazed most observers, the one with his penchant for cards, the other for his eyes left, with cane, whilst riding a bicycle and for his dogged refusal to become flustered at Katherine.

Our usual group of junior NCO's was present to prevent the wheels from becoming too corrupt, although they all changed during the year. Nev Taylor only dreams of going locust spraying again, Max Kanake dreams of traps, snares and spiders and Merv Eadie is still waiting for the R rated edition of "Map Reading, Audio Visual (sequences 1-14)". Merv, by the way, organises the most grandiose company excursions in all kinds of weather for all kinds of guests!

In 1976 we ran range practices, trained IET, sponsored the survival training (with some help from the IO), ran our own survival at the Katherine River and sponsored the American company attached to us for Kangaroo II. In November, 1976, D Coy quietly self destructed, but the new, bionic, company is scheduled for release in January 77.

Many of our number left during the year. Maj Radcliffe, to C Coy, swapped with Capt Greg Shannon, who, in turn, left us for a well earned promotion at HQ DSG. CSM Alex went to work!! at B Coy and we welcomed in WO2 Les Mair, who immediately white-anted the RSM on K2. Sgt Daryl Jenkin, after an incredible tour in the RAR, finally left to go to RMC, taking with him some home truths from the Burdekin and Katherine Rivers (His 30.20 snare is NOT for sale). Cpl Rod Harris went to Support Company in search of more hard work while Cpl Nev Taylor went to B Coy to retrain and Max Kanake ended up in C Coy where the spiders are a little easier to snare.

Cheers, see you next IET course.

Pte	R. G.	ADAMS
Capt	W. M.	AITKEN
WO2	K. J.	ALCORN
WO2	J. K.	ALEXANDER
Pte	R. D.	ANDERSON
Capt	P. S.	ANDREWS
Sgt	R. A.	ARNEL
Pte	N. R.	ARNOTT
Cpl	R.	ARROWSMITH
Pte	F.	ABBOTT
Pte	G. J.	ASHBY
Cpl	P. R.	ASPERY
Pte	M. E.	BACKERRA
Cpl	G. J.	BAKER
Pte	K. G.	BAKER
Cpl	C. D. V.	BAMBLETT
Cpl	A. M.	BARNETT
Pte	G. W.	BARTRAM
Pte	R. S.	BEARD
Sgt	E. J.	BEASLEY
Pte	P. L.	BEAUMONT
Pte	G. N.	BELL
2Lt	S. J.	BENDER
Pte	M. W.	BENTLEY
Pte	B. C.	BENTVELZEN
Pte	B. S.	BETTIENS
Pte	J. L.	BLACK
Pte	P. G.	BLAKE
Lcpl	R. C.	BOHN
Pte	R. C.	BOLTON
Pte	E. C.	BONE
Sgt	J. A.	BONIFACE
Sgt	B. T.	BOUGHTON
Pte	G. L.	BOURKE
Pte	R. G.	BOURKE
Cpl	R. L.	BOWTELL
Pte	A. B.	BOYD
Pte	R. L.	BOYLETT
Cfn	I.	BRADY
Pte	P. R.	BRADLEY
Pte	R.	BRADSHAW
Cpl	J. J.	BRANDER
Pte	J. F.	BREDA
Pte	C. A.	BRENNOCKS
Pte	G. W.	BREWER
Pte	R. C.	BREWER
Pte	P. E.	BREWSTER
Pte	K. J.	BRISTOW
Pte	R. W.	BRODY
Pte	B.	BROOKS
Pte	W. D.	BROWNLEE
Cpl	R. E.	BRYCE
Pte	C. W.	BROWN
Pte	G. L.	BROWN
Lcpl	S.	BUCHANAN
Pte	D. C.	BUCKLEY
Pte	J. A.	BUDD
Pte	J.	BUGELLI
Pte	K. M.	BURGESS
Pte	J. C.	BURKE
Sgt	G. I.	BUTLER
Pte	P. J.	BUTLER
Pte	M. A.	BYRNE
Pte	R. B.	CADZOW
Lcpl	D. P.	CALLAGHAN
Lcpl	P. W.	CALLOW
Cpl	S. J.	CAMERON
Pte	T. H.	CAMPAIN
Pte	C. A.	CAMPBELL
Pte	G. J.	CARNES
Pte	B. B.	CARR
Pte	B. I.	CARRINGTON
Pte	M. A.	CARTER
Pte	N. J.	CARTER
Sgt	P. M.	CARTLEDGE
Lt	A. L.	CASEY
Pte	M. H.	CASEY
Pte	P. J.	CASEY

Pte	D. E.	CAVANAGH	Maj	R. I.	GEORGE
Pte	K. F.	CHALLANDS	Pte	F. L.	GILL
Pte	A. G.	CHAPMAN	Pte	R. L.	GODENA
Pte	G. A.	CHEESEMAN	Pte	M. T.	GOGGIN
Pte	K. M.	CHERRY	Cpl	B. J.	GOLLEDGE
Pte	A. J.	CHRISTISON	Sgt	D. G.	GRAHAM
Pte	A. J.	CLARK	Cpl	C. R.	GRANT
Lt	J. G.	CLARK	Pte	S. P.	GRANT
Pte	D. J.	CLARKE	Pte	C. W.	GRAY
Lcpl	P. V.	CLARKE	Pte	M. M.	GRAY
Pte	J. D.	CLANCY	Lt	C. J. W.	GREEN
Cpl	C. S.	CLEWLEY	Pte	J. W.	GREEN
Pte	P. R.	COBURN	Cpl	R. R.	GREEN
Pte	G. A.	COCHRANE	Pte	S. W.	GREENWOOD
Pte	J. P.	COCHRANE	WO2	M. V.	GREALY
Pte	J. L.	COKER	Sgt	E. C.	GREW
Cpl	R. R.	COLE	Pte	A. F.	GREIG
Pte	R. G.	COLEFAX	Pte	L.	GREULICH
Pte	D. N.	COLEMAN	Cfn	R. J.	GRINTER
Pte	P. D.	COLEMAN	Pte	S.	GROOT
Cpl	M. J.	COOMBS	Pte	S. P.	GUEST
Pte	G. J.	COOPER	Pte	F.	GUIRGUIS
Pte	D. R.	COPLAND	Pte	G. C.	GYSIN
Cpl	R. J.	CORBEY	Sgt	D. B.	HAMILTON
Pte	J. W.	CORD	Cpl	G. K.	HANNAH
Pte	G. T.	CORNEY	Lcpl	G. A.	HARBOUR
Cpl	C. G.	COWAN	Pte	P. D.	HARLOCK
Pte	G. R.	CRAMER	Lcpl	D. L.	HARMSWORTH
Cpl	B. W.	CROFT	Pte	C. H.	HARTAS
Pte	D. L.	CURR	Cpl	R. J.	HARRIS
Pte	P.	CURRIE	Pte	N. J.	HARRIES
Pte	G. B.	CUTTER	Ssgt	A. R.	HARRISON
Pte	G. K.	DADSWELL	Pte	B. L.	HARVEY
Pte	P. R.	DALLEY	Pte	K. J.	HARVEY
Pte	J. F.	DALZIELL	Cpl	M. G.	HARVEY
Pte	D. H.	D'ARCY EVANS	Capt	R. J.	HARVEY
Pte	G.	DAVIS	WO2	B. A. J.	HASSALL
Cpl	P. R.	DAVIS	Cpl	G. F.	HASSALL
Lcpl	N. R.	DAWSON	Pte	T. S.	HAYES
Sgt	B. V.	DE-BOMFORD	2Lt	G. M.	HAWKE
LtCol	J. P. A.	DEIGHTON, M.C.	Pte	G. G.	HAYWOOD
Pte	T. G.	DEWAR	Sgt	D. J.	HEATLEY
Lcpl	E. A.	DICTON	Pte	F. R.	HENDERSON
Sgt	M. K.	DICTON	Pte	S. J.	HENDERSON
Pte	A. M.	DINNISON	Pte	A. G.	HEWETT
Pte	D.	DOELAND	Pte	M.	HIDDEN
Pte	E. A.	DONOVAN	Pte	G. A.	HILDER
Lcpl	C.	DOUGLAS	Sgt	R. R.	HILDITCH
Pte	P. L.	DOUGLAS	Pte	B. M.	HIGGINS
Cpl	W. W.	DOWELL	Pte	G. T.	HINDMARSH
Pte	K. J.	DRABSCH	Cpl	L. G.	HINGSTON
Lcpl	W. T.	DREIER	WO2	J. N.	HOFFMAN
Lcpl	C. J.	DURRANT	2Lt	R. P.	HOGAN
Pte	T. A.	DYKE	Pte	W. T.	HOGBIN
Cpl	M. C.	EADIE	Pte	G. J.	HOLLAND
Pte	D. P.	EASTON	Cpl	A.	HOLLIS
Pte	K. R.	EATON	Pte	T. J. P.	HOPPO
Lcpl	K. W.	EDGAR	Sgt	M. G.	HORSTEN
Pte	A. W.	EDMOND	Pte	L. M.	HOOK
Cpl	J. F.	EGAN	Pte	J. T.	HUDSON
Pte	P. J.	EGAN	Pte	P. R.	HUGHES
Chap	E. R.	ELLIOTT	Pte	M. J.	HURLEY
WO1	C. G.	EVANS	Pte	G. F.	HUTCHINSON
Pte	T. J.	FARRELL	Pte	W. M.	HUTCHINSON
Pte	P. N.	FIELDING	Pte	D. T.	IRWIN
Lcpl	G.	FIKERLE	Pte	D. A.	IVENS
Cpl	M. C.	FISHLOCK	Pte	L.	JAKABFY
Pte	R. F. T.	FITTLER	Sgt	H. S.	JEFFERY
Pte	D. B.	FORD	Lt	M. R.	JENKINSON
Pte	F.	FOX	Maj	A. H.	JENSEN
Pte	D. I.	FRASER	Sgt	J. C.	JENSEN
Pte	I. N. J.	FRASER	Pte	D.	JOHNSON
Pte	A. P.	FRENCH	Cpl	K. N.	JOHNSTON, MM
Pte	D. M.	FREEMAN	Pte	A. R.	JONES
Pte	R. X.	FRY	Lcpl	J. L.	JONES
Pte	R.	FULCHER	Pte	M. J.	JONES
Pte	P. A.	FULLER	Pte	R. J.	JONES
TLt	M. D.	GALLAGHER	Pte	S. L.	JONES
Pte	S. P.	GALLATLY	Pte	P. F. T.	JORRE-DE-ST-JORRE
Cpl	B. F.	GALLIOTT	Capt	F.	JOYCE
Pte	R. A.	GEISLER	Cpl	W. H.	JUHAS
Pte	K. J.	GEIGER	Pte	S.	JUHASZ
			Pte	J.	JURSONOVIC

Pte	B. F.	KALTENBOECK
Sgt	L. S.	KAMINSKI
Cpl	M. K.	KANAKE
Cpl	M. J.	KANOWSKI
Maj	R. A.	KEATING
Pte	R. A.	KEEN
Pte	F. R.	KELLY
Lcpl	S. C.	KELLY
Lcpl	T. H.	KELLY
Pte	P. A.	KEMBER
Cpl	D. J.	KENNEDY
Pte	T. L.	KERR
Pte	M. A. L.	KILLIN
Pte	A. J.	KING
Pte	D. R.	KING
Cpl	G. J.	KING
Pte	R. S.	KING
Pte	R. W.	KING
Pte	S. A.	KING
Pte	S. P.	KING
Lcpl	P. J.	KINGDON
Lcpl	K. G.	KNOBLAUGH
Lcpl	O. G. F.	KRENKE
Pte	J. C.	KRIENKE
Lcpl	B. A.	KUMMERLOWE
Cpl	H. P.	KUMMERLOWE
Pte	G. J.	KUHL
Cpl	P. C.	LAKELAND
Pte	J. W.	LANCASTER
Pte	D. A.	LANG
Pte	C.	LARETIVE
Lcpl	E. T.	LEGGE
Maj	C. E.	LEGGETT
Pte	K.	LELIFIELD
Cpl	P.	LENNON
Pte	C. F.	LESLIE
Capt	D. G.	LEWIEN
Pte	S. P.	LEWIS
Pte	B. J.	LEWIS
Sgt	R. T.	LEWIS
Pte	L. G. A.	LINDGREN
Lcpl	B. J.	LITTLE
Lcpl	D. H.	LIVINGSTONE
Pte	L. J.	LOGAN
Cpl	R. V.	LONDON
Pte	J. L.	LOWLES
Pte	L. J.	LYNCH
Pte	F. J.	LYNN
Lcpl	R. G.	MADDOCKS
Pte	W. J. P.	MAHONEY
WO2	L.	MAIR
Lcpl	M.	MALONEY
Pte	R. W.	MANN
Pte	D.	MANGBRIDGE
Sgt	D. S.	MANSFIELD
Lcpl	W.	MARJORI-BANKS
Pte	W. H.	MARKLEW
Pte	J. W.	MARSHALL
Lcpl	A. H.	MARSHALL
Sgt	M. G.	MARTIN
Pte	W. L.	MARTIN
Cfn	A.	MASSEY
Pte	M. E.	MASTERS
Pte	T. P.	MATHEWS
Cpl	K. W.	MATHEWSON
Pte	S. B.	McAULIFFE
Sgt	P. C.	McCAULEY
Sgt	P. J.	McCOOLA
Pte	W. S.	McCONACHY
Cpl	B. D.	McCOSKER
Pte	S. W.	McCULLOCH
Sgt	P. J.	McDONALD
Pte	R. P.	McDONNELL
Cpl	R. V.	McGAHAN
Pte	R. E.	McGLASHAN
Cpl	R. F.	McGLOIN
Pte	D. J.	McLEAN
Cpl	K. R.	McLEAY
Pte	E. G.	McMAHON
Lt	G. T.	McMAHON
Pte	R. J.	McMULLEN
Lt	J. A.	McROBERTS
Capt	I.	McWILLIAM
Pte	R. J.	MacDONALD

Pte	J. J. C.	MacMILLAN
Lcpl	M. B.	MEIERS
Pte	G. C.	MELCHIOR
Pte	J. J.	MENDAY
Capt	G.	MIALKOWSKI
2Lt	G.	MICKELBERG
Lcpl	M. R.	MIDDLETON
Pte	L. A.	MIFSUD
Pte	K. C.	MILLARD
Lcpl	M. H.	MILLER
Pte	P. J.	MILLS
Pte	R.	MITCHELL
Pte	J. R.	MOONEY
Pte	M. A.	MORRIS
2Lt	N. S.	MORRIS
Pte	G. S. L.	MORSE
Pte	P. A.	MOXHAM
Pte	P.	MULLANE
Sgt	J. W.	MURDOCH
Lcpl	J. B. B.	MURPHY
Pte	M. A.	MURPHY
Cpl	J. W.	MURPHY
Lt	G. A.	MURRAY
Capt	J. S.	MURRAY
Pte	D. G.	NAGLE
Lcpl	G. G.	NALDER
Lt	G. J.	NANCE
Lcpl	P. J.	NAYLOR
Pte	J. D.	NEATE
Lcpl	B. L.	NEILSEN
Pte	G. W.	NEY
Lcpl	K. L.	NOBBS
Sgt	R. S.	NUGENT
Sgt	D. T.	O'BRIEN
Cpl	G. D.	O'BRIEN
Sgt	G. P.	O'BRIEN
Pte	T. P.	O'CONNOR
Pte	D. P.	OELKERS
Pte	L. M.	O'GRADY
Pte	I.	O'LOUGHLIN
Lcpl	J. M.	ORMAECHEA
Sgt	J. W.	O'SHEA
Cpl	N. A.	OWENS
Pte	M. J.	PACKHAM
Pte	C. E.	PANTON
Cpl	R.	PARKER
Lcpl	J. N.	PASCOE
Pte	D. J.	PAYNE
Cpl	J. G.	PAYNE
Pte	W. J.	PEACOCK
Pte	S.	PEARSONS
Maj	S. B.	PENNY
Pte	P.	PEPI
Pte	B. N.	PETERSEN
Sgt	D. H.	PETRIE
Lcpl	N. L.	PETTIT
Pte	B.	PHILLIPS
Pte	J. C.	PICKERING
Pte	M. J.	PIERCE
Sgt	R. J.	PINKERTON
Pte	P.	PINZONE
Lcpl	A. J.	POGORELEC
Sgt	C.	POLYDOROS
Pte	B. K.	PORTER
Pte	G. M.	PORTER
Pte	P. N.	PRESSLEY
Lcpl	P. J.	PRESTON
Pte	D. W.	PRIEN
Pte	L. R.	PURSER
Pte	S. J.	PURSER
Pte	P. T.	PRICE
Pte	W. J.	FRYOR
Pte	T. R.	QUIGLEY
Pte	D. F.	QUINN
2Lt	R. W.	QUODDING
Maj	P. R.	RADCLIFFE
Pte	W. A.	RADUNZ
Pte	N. E.	RAINFORD
Pte	B. T.	RANDALL
Pte	E. E.	RANDALL
Pte	S. B.	RAMPPELLINI
Pte	P. W.	RAWLINGS

Pte	S.	REID	Pte	C. W.	SYMONS
Pte	W. G.	RELF	Pte	R. O.	SYMONS
Lcpl	J. D. R.	REYNOLDS	Pte	A. C.	SZLICHTA
Pte	C. O.	REUTHER	Cpl	N. A.	TAYLOR
Pte	S. G.	RICHARDS	Pte	F. J.	TE MONI
Sgt	F. R.	RILEY	Pte	R. K.	THIES
Pte	B. J.	ROCA	Pte	A. G.	THOMAS
Sgt	P. E.	ROBERTS	Pte	D. R.	THOMAS
Pte	R. B.	ROBERTS	Pte	G. R.	THOMAS
Cpl	I. R.	ROBINSON	Pte	G. R.	THOMPSON
Pte	J. J.	RODGERS	Pte	P. J.	THOMPSON
Lcpl	D. A.	RONCEVICH	Pte	D. A.	THORESEN
Sgt	C. J.	ROSE	WO2	M. L.	THRIFT
Pte	M. G.	ROSS	Pte	G. R.	TIDDY
Pte	G. A.	ROSSBERG	Pte	R. J.	TINDALL
Pte	J. E.	ROWE	Pte	D.	TOMLINSON
Lcpl	S. B. J.	RISEBERRY	Cpl	B. T.	TORNEY
Cpl	K. E.	RITTER	Pte	C. M.	TUNE
Pte	D. E.	RUNDELL	Cpl	P. J.	TURRIE
Cpl	R. J.	RUSHBROOKE	Cpl	D. R.	TURNBULL
Pte	F. G.	RUSSELL	Pte	W. J.	TWIDALE
Pte	P. J.	RYAN	Pte	J. D.	TWOMEY
Pte	B. C.	SADLER	Pte	W. J.	UHLMANN
Pte	P. E.	SAIT	Pte	J. E.	UNSWORTH
Pte	G.	SANKEY	Cpl	R. G.	UNWIN
Lcpl	E. G.	SANTON	Lcpl	G. H.	VAN DIENSEN
Pte	M.	SCHLEGEL	Pte	R. L.	VAN DONSELAAR
Pte	D. A.	SCHWIENCK	Pte	A.	VAN GULIK
Cpl	W. J.	SCOTT	Pte	J. M.	VAN GULIK
Sgt	B. R.	SEBENIK	Pte	F.	VAN LAMMEREN
Pte	I. D.	SEELEY	Pte	I.	VAN TENT
Pte	C. E.	SHADE	Lcpl	D. J.	WADDELL
Capt	G. R.	SHARWOOD	Pte	D. J.	WADE
Pte	F.	SHANNON	Pte	A. S.	WAINWRIGHT
Sgt	C. J.	SHAW	Cpl	C. W.	WALLACE
Cpl	R. A.	SHERIN	Lcpl	S. A.	WALLACE
Pte	D. B.	SILCOCK	Lcpl	C. G.	WALLIS
Lcpl	P. M.	SIM	Pte	S. M.	WALSH
Pte	B.	SMILES	Pte	A. R.	WALTISBUHL
Pte	B. E.	SMITH	Pte	C. J.	WARD
Pte	C. D.	SMITH	Pte	R. A.	WARD
Lcpl	H. J.	SMITH	Pte	J. A.	WARDLE
Cpl	H. L.	SMITH	Pte	L. R.	WARNE
Pte	J. D.	SMITH	Cpl	D. L.	WATTS
Pte	J. R.	SMITH	Cpl	R. T.	WATSON
Lcpl	K.	SMITH	WO2	W. A.	WEBBER
Sgt	P. C.	SMITH	Lcpl	A. B.	WELLS
Lcpl	R. D.	SMITH	Lcpl	D. L.	WELLS
Cpl	R. G. T.	SMITH	Pte	C.	WEIR
Lcpl	R. J.	SMITH	Pte	R. K.	WHATLEY
Pte	S. N.	SMITH	Pte	V. J.	WHEAT
Pte	G. L.	SNARY	Pte	G. F.	WHEELER
Sgt	D. P.	SOUTH	Pte	F. A. C.	WHITE
Sgt	R. G.	SOJAN	Pte	K. P.	WHITE
Sgt	G. A.	SPIERS	Pte	B.	WHITTINGHAM
Lcpl	G. W.	STANLEY	Pte	J. M.	WILLIAMS
Pte	J. S.	STANLEY	Sgt	D. L.	WILLIS
Pte	C.	STAUNTON	Pte	F. E.	WILSON
Cpl	C. J.	ST CLAIR	Sgt	M.	WILSON
Pte	A.	STEELE	Pte	G. P.	WILSON
Capt	P. T.	STENCHION	Pte	P. S.	WILSON
Pte	D. A.	STEPHENS	Pte	S. G.	WILSON
Pte	L. W.	STEPHENS	Pte	B.	WILTSHIRE-BUTLER
Pte	W. J.	STEVENS	Pte	M. A.	WOODS
Lcpl	R. J.	STOERTEBECKER	Pte	J.	WOSNAK
Cpl	R. L.	STILLWELL	Lcpl	J.	WRENN
Pte	B. C.	STIVALA	Sgt	M. E.	WRIGHT
Pte	W. J.	STUBBS-MILLS	Pte	I. H.	WYLLIE
Pte	G. R.	STUHACKE	Cpl	K. J.	YARROW
Maj	J.	SULLIVAN	Cpl	P.	YOUNG
Pte	M. J.	SUTTON	Cpl	J. W.	YULE
Lcpl	R. J.	SYMINGTON			
Cpl	D. F.				

SUPPORT Coy

What happened to 1976. It seems only yesterday that we were arriving back in Lavarack Barracks suffering from too much Christmas Cheer to find the spiders had had a population explosion and that everything was under water. It really took us until the end of the Starvation Course (sorry, Survival Course) to lose our Christmas Cheer and until the end of April to dry out (water wise).

Settling in wasn't easy. The command structure of Support Coy was a whole new ball game. The new OC was a wog speaking midget, the 2IC, who took his time getting here, was a frustrated drop short; the blackhanded RSO was a fanatic and sadistic Iron Man specialist; Recon had a "kraut", say no more; and the old "bite your arse with all due respect sir" CQMS was angrier than ever.

Four major exercises wiser, we have "got it together", remedied our acute personnel shortage problem, made Spiersy a health fanatic and reduced Big Norm to a shadow of his former self. We even survived the Colours Parade intact, less sense of humour (with the exception of Pace Stick, who went to hospital for a well deserved rest and slight modifications to his legs).

Having reached this fever pitch of training, what are we going to do. The answer is quite obvious. Go on Christmas leave, reconstitute our paunches and try to forget as much as we can to ensure that there is something still to learn next year when it all begins again.

Bright Sparks

In general, a fine year for a platoon with great potential. The attitude throughout the year has been one of guts and determination, to prove to others that we can operate, repair and control under any exercise circumstance. Under the command of Captain Joyce, Sgt Spiers, and Radio Sgt Nugent, the platoon has tripled in numbers, experience, and ability; all in one year.

"Happy Swinger" presented problems for all concerned. We were for the most part new and untried. However, once again we showed our true colours. We learnt from our mistakes and these, although great in quantity, gave us a chance to test our theories on communications. For a period of roughly four weeks, we tried everything that one might be expected to try, and some things that might be called novel. Sigs, although hassled by superior rank, proved what comms are all about. However, undeniably there were mistakes. These few are only human errors, and perhaps we made amends for them.

"Dauntless Defender" was one of our happier exercises. We did our job thoughtfully and at most times managed to smile.

Signals Platoon is divided into two groups, one being Line Section, the other obviously Radio Section. There is, of course, slight competition between the two, but it comes to no harm. Our training whilst in camp is varied and for the most part interesting. We are all eager to learn more and use better techniques. We are a fit mob, for the most part, and we do our share of

running and a bit of volleyball. We could probably defeat the battalion side.

On "Kangaroo II" we got up to our usual tricks, but we were well happy with the results. Even the Ops Officer smiled at us now and again.

Our awards for the most improved troops go to Pte Sharwood and Pte Riley. They deserve our congratulations. The year '77 will see us doing a bit of work in camp and the usual amount outside of camp.

Cheers for 1977.

"HAVE YOU FINISHED SIR?"



I HAVE BEEN AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY FOR 10 YEARS. MY BROTHER, PETER, WAS A SGT. IN THE ARMY FOR 10 YEARS.



"PIRED" LOOKING WAR-LIKE

ANTI ?

ANTI ? PLATOON INDEED! Everyone knows what the platoon was anti. However, just in case there is any doubt, here is a short resume :-

- Anti Armoured Platoon.
- Anti Tank Platoon.
- Air Defence Platoon.
- Tracker Platoon.
- Reconnaissance Platoon.

The majority of the year we thought was spent in the Anti Armoured role, however, on pondering the point, we realised the majority of the year was not spent that way, but it was all one big reconnaissance.

The word reconnaissance we believe, is made up of the three abbreviated words of Latin as follows :-

RECON—pronounced RECKON
meaning—to think.

NAISS —pronounced AN ASS
meaning—that part of the body on which one sits.

ANCE —pronounced ANCE
meaning—to look
to view
to peruse
to gaze.

So, after much deliberation, we at last found the answer to our task in life—"We thought we would sit on our ASS's and have a look", and here is what we saw. We saw 2Lt Hartmann almost convince us we had lost WWII. Just before he did, he was posted to "Stalag 10 Independent". We saw Cpl H. L. "Ollie" Smith prove beyond any shadow of doubt it is almost impossible to light a fire by rubbing pieces of wood together, unless one is a match. We saw Sgt "Injun" Jensen without a brew mug on two occasions. We also saw him with his OWN brew mug on one occasion. We saw Cpl Geoff Hassall BUY a packet of cigarettes. We saw Pte S. P. King with a map in his hand on Kanga II. We would like to thank the man who took it off him. We saw Pte P. Currie with his lips together, must have been taking a breath. We saw Cpl Don Watts, when he stood on tippy-toe that is.

In addition, we saw a good deal of Australia from different angles, by night and by day and in all weather, season and terrain and we can also think of 106 other reasons why no-one seems to argue with us.

A good year.

PIONEERS

1976 opened on a sad note for us. Sgt Les Dennert was posted. A very experienced and capable soldier, his absence from our ranks was sorely felt. However, with typical resilience, we bounced back and were soon our usual brawling self, with new additions John Marshall and "Pixie" Wyllie to help out. But we looked forward to the arrival of "Bomber", especially as we watched his beard take shape and we laid our bets as to its final colour.

Exercise "Happy Swinger" gave our new blokes a real insight into Assault Pioneer work. They might have called us "gophers". Cpl Mick Domarecki stated he would curl up and die if he got any dirtier and subsequently transferred to Armour. The exercise over, we returned to camp for a few days well earned rest and then back to the grindstone. Lcpl Kevin Smith was heard to mutter vaguely about marriage whereupon he was immediately dragged away for a few drinks and a thorough lecture from which he emerged in a saner frame of mind.

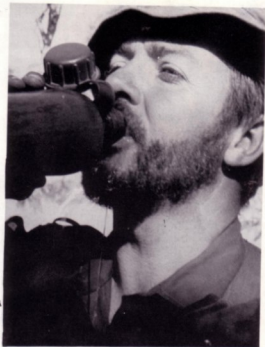
After what seemed an interminable period and many changes, we departed on Exercise "Big Country". A multi-phased exercise, it gave our younger ones a taste of the various tasks of the Pioneers—bridging, mine-field laying and breaching, booby trap clearance, Command Post and Regimental Aid Post construction, watermanship, navigation and track improvement—these were a few of the many snow jobs that fell upon us. Pte "Kiwi" Te-moni was a great worry for a while as we thought he had fallen in love. Some of us demolished some things in conjunction with the Engineers at Mataranka. Receiving a most cordial welcome reception from the citizens of Katherine, we proceeded to enjoy ourselves and reciprocate the hospitality extended. A meeting with a Darwin stubby left Lcpl Phil Callow wondering whose dirty sock washing water he'd drunk. Despite the hard work and hard play, we were happy to return home.

Arriving back in barracks, we learnt of Exercise "Dauntless Defender". With Exercise "Big Country" still fresh in mind, the exercise passed quickly and preparations began for the biggest event of the year: the Battalion Colours Parade.

Despite the fact that marching has never been our forte, we were represented by half the platoon. Amongst these were Ptes "Dutchy" Bentvelzen, Chris Gray, "Mac" McLean, "Okker" Oelkers, "Okker" O'Connor and "Blue" Tune. Much grumbling was overheard during rehearsals, though on the day every man marched ten feet tall. Conversation that night centred around the great feeling experienced as one of those on parade and plans for Pete Les Gill, who turned twenty-one the next day.

Preparing for Exercise "Kangaroo II", we find our record of accidents lists only hit thumbs, torn clothing and other small, quickly repaired items. We take pride in that our worst casualty was a case of severe burns, sustained by the Platoon Commander's pack.

Our congratulations go to old Jock on his promotion to sergeant, and our thanks go to those who left us this year.



PIONEER WITH A

DIFFERENT THIRST

THE CP ON HOWES HILL GETS UNDER WAY
KANGAROO 2.



Mortar Platoon

The Mortar Platoon story starts in January where one sees the platoon come drifting back from ARL.

A new regime takes over, and so it's heads down and the "Spirit of 76", mortar style, starts the year rolling. "Happy Swinger" was far from that and the delights of man packing 5,000 metres at night were not at all evident. Quick to forget that, we had a week-long shoot at the end of March in which to get procedures right again. Having fattened up on ten man packs, the platoon was then thrown into the horrors of Survival Training at Charters Towers.

Undaunted, the Sgts showed all the rest how to live like kings even if Henry Smith could catch all the pigs in the area. Fortified by Basil brews, it was a pleasure to get nine miles from CAMP HUNGER at the end.

After the first stint with APCs in May it was off to BIG COUNTRY and "hello" to KATHERINE. There followed four weeks of digging holes, big and small; cutting trees, tall and short; and drinking beers, hot and cold. We even became the enemy, and showed A Coy what it was about.

Back to Townsville for a well earned break, even though for a couple it was in the 2/4 HILTON, all expenses paid. Dauntless Defender came and went, with MFC Thrillseekers having sags for the first time.

While the hand-picked few—Caveman King included—ramped off to Singleton and new dazzling heights of mortar achievement—the rest of us slogged through a Basic Course which eventually saw the platoon built up to become one of the largest in the unit.

A couple of shoots in September and then KANGA II and Shoalwater Bay.

Thus the year can be remembered by: \$2 a pay for casket tickets; "when's the new mortar going to arrive?"; "another unobserved round"; and "the tracks will be here for us shortly".

PIPE DREAMS



"O'BIE" RACKS HIS BRAINS

"HURRY UP, THE BOSS IS COMING."





"UP TO MY NECK IN WORK"



"No, No Syringe - I SAID THE BIG ONE!!"

Admin Coy

The year of the field echelon. A Echelon found itself in High Range twice, Tindal camp and Shoalwater Bay. Sometimes it rained, but when it didn't, the dust choked us. Despite our numerous excursions to the field, we still managed to do our usual unlovely jobs in Lavarack.

The cooks, despite constantly changing manning charts, continued their good work. Under the guidance of WO2 Dahl Helm and Sgts Parker, McCoola, Wilson, Walsh, the various messes ate very well. Notable were the promotions of Sgt Wilson to WO2 and Cpl Murdoch to Sgt. Well done! Also, we farewelled WO2 Dahl Helm after a commendable tour in the Battalion.

The RAP staff continued on their merry way under the guidance of Sgt Lewis, fresh from his operating theatres down south. He and Cpl Kummerlowe got quite a shock at their work conditions on the Burdekin. The Hygiene squad and, of course, "Corbs" remained part of the furniture, but where would we be without them.

We farewell Maj "Sully" to Williamstown and wish him the best of luck. Capts Stenchion and Lewien have left us after short but invaluable tours, and, last, but by no means least, we wish the "Duck" the very best in his new position at DSG. He will be sadly missed by all but the wrongdoers.

Happy Christmas.

Quartermasters platoon

1976 has proven a hectic year for the Battalion "Q" staff with most sub-units "stirring" by continuously asking for stores and equipment from the Battalion Q Store.

The big event for the year was undoubtedly Exercise "Big Country", during which much faith was restored in the supply organisation and the QM was extracted from his Lavarack office and coaxed into the field. Many attempts have also been made to lure the RQ into the bush. Letters containing grass, crushed hexamine and other scrub relics have been despatched to his refuge in an effort to tempt his curiosity, alas, all to no avail.

P.C. Smith was another to demonstrate his Houdini talents when, on hearing mention of "Kangaroo II" successfully disappeared from the 2/4 RAR scene for a good two months. Not to be outdone, "O.B." O'Brien made a spectacular departure early in his stay at Shoalwater Bay. Consequently, Mick Coombs, Blue Unwin, John Preston and others were seen to be vigorously participating in Volley Ball for several days following the incident.

As the year draws to a close, the staff of the Battalion Q Store continue to work vigorously in an attempt to reduce the 1977 work load by returning all stores to depot before the end of 1976.



The Transport Platoon's year began with a drivers course on which we trained 18 drivers. The last phase of this course involved a drive through Mt. Spec, Hidden Valley and onto High Range, with some amendments on the way due to mud, water and to be honest some inexperience. It was finally given away as a total loss and we headquartered in High Range where the roads were slightly better.

On Exercise Happy Swinger we spent some time as mountain goats on wheels and Private Krienke kicked his vehicle down a hill. It was no match for the tree it tried to push over and had to be "motorcashed". It was even rumoured at the time that Pte Krienke swore he had left the vehicle in gear with the handbrake on.

At about this time we were having to use some fairly old vehicles and although this is as yet unconfirmed it seemed probable that a select group of drivers got together and decided to do something concrete about it. Pte Jursonovic was appointed and his resulting "accident" was later loudly applauded.

Probably the biggest move this year was to Exercise Big Country where we loaded the majority of the vehicles onto Navy LCH's for the sea trip to Darwin. The large northern city was quite pleasant and even managed to part with a couple of dozen large stubbies during our stay. We believe Lcpl Dreier organised this part of the trip. After the exercise we were again transported back to Townsville by the Navy. Some, however, arrived with more of a cargo of seawater than anything else and Pte White doesn't talk too much about that "on board" ride he volunteered for.

Our final foray for the year was Exercise Kangaroo II which had some mentionable highlights. Cpl Clewley is still practising how to stop at DP's without using brakes and a good deal has been learnt about the strength of local trees. At least there is evidence on numerous vehicles.

This year has been a substantial and therefore rewarding one for the members of the platoon but one or two look back on it with mixed feelings. As the wife of one of the NCO's said, "I thought TROPO was what you called the Transport Officer".



FAREWELL TO THE OLD 2 RAR COLOURS

A BIG DAY

The 17th of September, 1976, saw the presentation of the new 2 RAR Queens and Regimental Colours to the 2/4th Battalion.

Described by some as the best ever witnessed in Australia, the parade began at 0938 hrs and terminated at 1145 hrs.

During the period on the square, the battalion trooped and marched off the old 2 RAR Colours and accepted and marched past the new 2 RAR Colours.

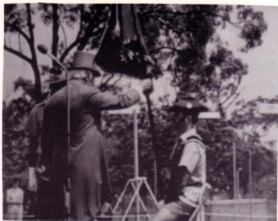
A spectator force of some 1500 assorted military and civilian people watched the presentation by the Governor General with appreciation and respect for the traditions of the ceremony.

Following a flawless exhibition of drill, the Battalion marched off to join their friends and families at luncheons held in all three messes.

The conclusion of the luncheon at 1400 hrs allowed everyone six hours preparation for the Battalion Ball, which began at 2000 hrs and proceeded with life and vigour into the early hours of the morning.

All in all, it was certainly a big day, and it would be impossible to name all those who made it such a success. However, for those who wish to know, a list appears under the heading of "Pay List" in this journal.

"WELL DONE" to you all.



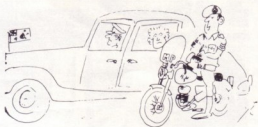
LT GREG NANCE RECEIVES THE NEW
2 RAR QUEENS COLOUR FROM HIS
EXCELLENCY



2LT STEVE BENDER RECEIVES THE NEW
2 RAR REGIMENTAL COLOUR FROM HIS
EXCELLENCY



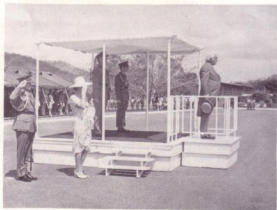
HIS EXCELLENCY INSPECTS SUPPORT COY



"And what's the new colour?"



STAFF CHAPLAIN E. HARLEY CONSECRATES
THE COLOURS ON BEHALF OF THE ROMAN
CATHOLIC CHURCH



HIS EXCELLENCY IS RECEIVED ON
PARADE.

Roping with A

THE CM IN ANOTHER ROLE. HIS HELP
WAS INVALUABLE



Immediately following the Colours Parade, A Coy took steps to quickly get the soldiers back to earth and switched on again. This was very successfully achieved by bowling each individual soldier off a ninety foot vertical cliff and leaving the rest up to him.

The aim of this activity was to teach some basic roping techniques and to boost each soldier's self-confidence. Both these aims were very successfully achieved.

Two methods of mechanical roping were taught, "Karabiner Run Down" and "Rapel". Both these methods required the use of a body line, a karabiner, a pair of heavy duty gloves and a 90 foot length of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch

extra hard lay manila rope, and a ton of intestinal fortitude.

It was soon evident that A Coy was going to take to roping as they took to boats on the Katherine River.

To see Jock Yule sprinting down the cliff with an air of gay abandon as a sight to behold. Cpls Smith, Torney and Campaign were also found to be people who liked keeping themselves in the air over things, which relieves their OC of that responsibility in the future. Even the old man of A Coy (CSM) was seen to throw himself into the face of death on numerous occasions.

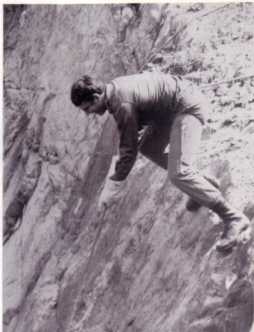
Naturally enough, there were some members who were a little more timid, but they all had a go which

was to their credit.

Each platoon spent a full day on the cliffs and, as in all Army activities, just as the soldiers were really starting to enjoy themselves, the activity had to be called off.

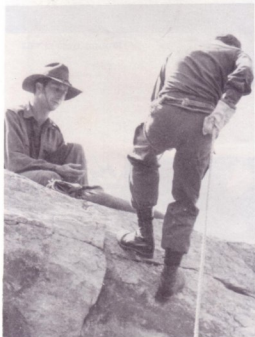
A Coy's thanks go to the QM whose roping ability and qualifications made it all possible and to the 10 and others who did much to make it a very successful activity. It must be noted that the activity received a good TV coverage on the ABC National News.

Hopefully, the art of roping and rapelling will not stop there. The next logical step is to rapel from helicopters and with a rapelling Instructor in the Coy. A Coy should be doing this during 1977.



"GERONIMO!"

L/CPL POLYDORIS EDGES BACKWARDS
AS LT NANCE AND THE L.O. OFFER
ENCOURAGEMENT.



OC A COMPANY COAXES AN ANXIOUS
LEARNER OUT OVER THE EDGE





PTE TWIDALE (A COY) ALERT



SWINGING ALONG HAPPILY

The year in pictures

TWO HEADS?



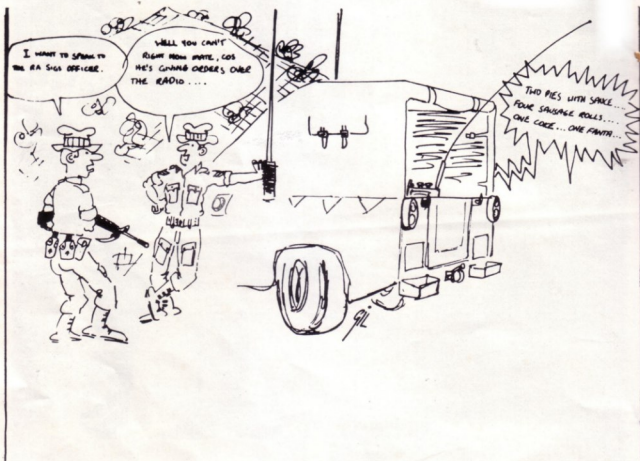


THE COLOURS MARCH PAST









ARMYING UP

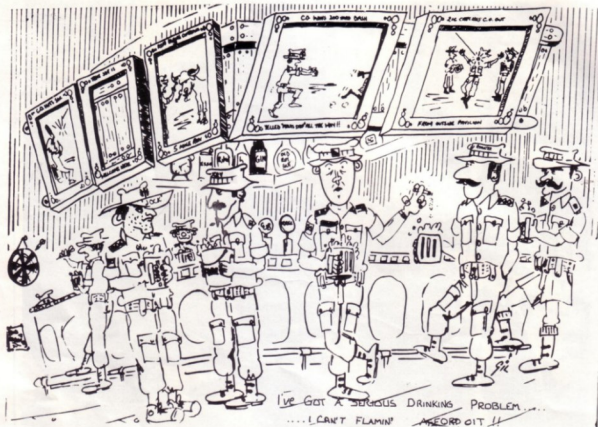




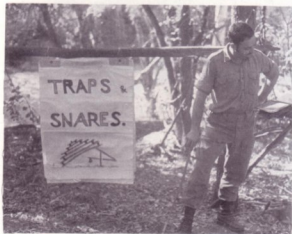
BIG GUNS, BIG COUNTRY



"LUCK!! HELP ME CHOOSE THIS - I CAN HEAR SOMEONE COMING!!!"



"ARE YOU SURE? JUST WHAT YOU'VE
NOT BEEN MEANING AGAIN?"



SOME CUNNINGLY CONTRIVED DEVICES ON
THE BURDEKIN RIVER.



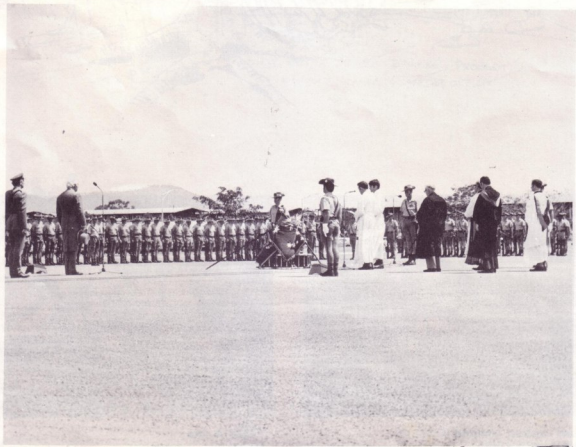
SIDE BY SIDE



HIS EXCELLENCY ADDRESSES THE PARADE



THE PIPE MAJOR
WO2 D.A. THORESEN.



Visitors



LT CASEY, MISS QUEENSLAND, MISS AUSTRALIA, THE CO, AND LT MURRAY AFTER LUNCH IN THE OFFICERS MESS



Sport in 2nd/4th

AUSTRALIAN RULES

The '76 Australian Rules season was very short, of three days duration, due mainly to our training commitments. The competition contained only four teams which were: 1 RAR, 2/4 RAR, 4 Fd Regt and 103 Sig Sqn. Initially it was thought that the Aust Rules side would fare badly in the competition due to the problem of getting a team together for training. This doubt was quickly dispelled when Cpl Tassie Davis was appointed Captain/Coach. With keen interests in Aust Rules and with other battalion members giving full support, 2/4 RAR was able to field a team.

Our team quickly proved their superiority in the competition by being the only team to be undefeated. Each team member gave his best in each game, so it was difficult to name individuals, as best players. This fact is reinforced further as 2/4 RAR provided the bulk of players to represent North Queensland in Brisbane in the annual inter area carnival.

The '76 2/4 RAR side was made up by the following players:—

Cpl Joe Stephen	Pte Hoof Clarke
Cpl Rod Harris	Pte Willie Wilson
Pte Tubby Brewer	Pte Tex Ritter
Pte Dutchy Holland	Pte Phill Callow
Cpl Baz Torney	Capt George Mialkowski
Pte Keen	Pte Mark Killen
Cpl Mick Coombs	Pte Hobby Nobbs
Lcpl Al Sullivan	Pte Pete Egan
Pte Ed Schlegel	Pte Conway Brown
Cpl Tassie Davis	Pte Smith
(Captain/Coach)	Pte Jones
Pte Pete Kingdon	Pte "Cockroach" Coburn

Our congratulations go to those selected for the NQ Area side. They were:—

Cpl Joe Stephen	Pte Tubby Brewer
Cpl Baz Torney	Cpl Tassie Davis
Pte Keen	(Captain/Coach)
Cpl Mick Coombs	Pte Pete Kingdon
Lcpl Al Sullivan	Pte Hoof Clarke
Pte Ed Schlegel	Pte Willie Wilson
Cpl Rod Harris	Pte Dutchy Holland

Special thanks go to Pte's Kelly, J. B. Murphy, King, Hayes, and Moore who assisted as trainers, time-keepers, and goal umpires, boundary umpires and Pte Presbey who as central umpire controlled quick flowing games.

It is widely accepted that 2/4 RAR have the best Aust Rules players in 3 Task Force. This was proven by the '76 season, no doubt we will again prove ourselves in '77.

SOCCER

Since the inauguration of a Task Force soccer competition, the 2/4 RAR side has reigned supreme. 1976 was no different. We once again, under the tutelage of Bob Nugent, cleaned up all comers to take out the trophy for another twelve months.

Over the years 2/4 has always had a strong side, although the numbers have been dwindling with transfers and re-postings. This year, although we missed a few players of the calibre of Arthur Francis, Jess Rychlewski and Brian King, we had a TEAM of players who had the will to win and who did themselves proud with their performance.

We once again had players chosen in the North Queensland Army Team—Sgt Bob Nugent and Pte Jeff Smith. These two were also selected in the Queensland Army side and also the North Queensland civilian team. Our congratulations go to them both. We lost near the end of the year the services of Kenny Fox, who took his discharge. Our best wishes go to him in "Civvy Street". A fine goalkeeper.

At the end of the season we acquired a new strip for the Battalion side. This is presently being held at DPRI and will be ready for next year's conquests. A final word . . . when you are wearing the heavy scene from some 'rubbyite' or 'strulie', just point out our track record. You can't argue with success.

Best of luck in '77.

ATHLETICS

1976 was not our best year for athletics. However, the performances of some individuals was very encouraging.

The cross country team performed very creditably and gained third place in the Task Force competition. Noteworthy was Pte Twidale's third place, against some very able opposition. In the inter company cross country, A Company proved too strong.

The inter Company Athletics was held on 1st October, and some good performances were turned in. Pte Killen (B Coy) won the 1500 metres from OC A Coy in a thrilling finish. Pte Twidale (A Coy) toyed with his opponents in the 5000 metres and he is a big hope in the Area meeting.

Cpl R. G. T. Smith's effort in the 800 metres was outstanding and he carries the Battalion's best wishes into the area meeting also.

Tug-of-War was the best standard for years. A Coy's lightweight team were very well drilled and did not lose a pull. B Coy's heavyweight team had some anxious moments before finally winning from C Coy.

The most thrilling events for the day were the relays, on which the result of the competition depended. B Coy won the medley relay but still trailed A Coy in overall point score. The finish in the 4 x 100 metres relay was very close, but B Coy were in front and won the competition by one point from A Coy.

CRICKET

It was once said that Cricket was the cause of the downfall of the British Empire. It is true that it was the cause of the downfall of 2/4 RAR. In two successive years we were runners-up to 103 Sig Sqn. However, it's not who wins but how the game is played.

Our method of playing could perhaps be described by cricket purists as strange, peculiar, extraordinary and quite incredible, but, because of our unorthodox approach, we won all our games except the big one. A confused attack is a guarantee to confuse any enemy. Mind you, we didn't try to be confusing other than we became confused trying not to be confusing. Something like that anyway.

Throughout the season individual performances were good and bad, generally bad, but it was done so well. No one is worthy of mention other than one old stalwart who shouldn't be named as he is well known to the writer.

Seriously though, we had a successful season and enjoyed our cricket. Fortunately the game still retains the traditional ideas of what sport is all about or what it should be these days. I said I wouldn't mention names but then, being vain mortal beings, who would buy a book unless he gets a mention? So here goes.

Firstly our thanks to dear cricket captain or skipper Alex for leading us so well. He put a lot of work into the organisation and how heartbreaking it must have been for him each week. Even if he had been last wicket in he still would have been an opener. Mind you,

he was a bit selfish with the ball. I never did get a bowl even when I pulled rank. Indeed, a very wise skipper but still damnably mean.

The Officers performed to their usual standard. Now, what's that supposed to mean. I leave that to you. The Officers no doubt will have a different idea to you, but then life would not be healthy without criticism.

The mainstays of the team were Skipper Alex, Colonel John Deighton, Barry Torney, Greg Shannon, Tassie Davis, Joe Stepien, Les Stephens, Glen Stumpke, Steve Bender, Obie O'Brien, Snow Dinnison, and Bob George. I wasn't going to mention the umpire, Grant Clarke, for reasons which should be obvious to at least the players. Even if he was wrong in his decisions, at least he was consistent. However, for career planning, never give a senior officer out.

Some of the team have left, whilst others are about to do so. Instead of farewell to arms, we say farewell to cricket. For the sake of cricket I trust it is permanent for some.

Damn, another wicket is down. I'm on, haven't padded up, is it worth the effort, it hasn't been so far, but then you never know, can I borrow your box, no I don't need a runner. Then they say "good luck". How helpful your comrades can be as you trudge back, saying "bad luck, it didn't look to be out from here", and you agree.

But then cricket is so unpredictable, and that is the beauty of it all.

See you flannelled fools soon in the coliseum.

Swimming



L/CPL SMITH ACCEPTS THE SWIMMING
TROPHY FOR SUPPORT COY



CPL RUSS SMITH WINS THE START.
100 METRES FINAL.



CPL. REG PARKER RUNS THE BALL FROM THE RUCK FOR SUPPORT COY.

RUGBY '76

The year of '76 was not good for Rugby, as there was no competition as such because of the commitments of the Task Force. However, we did manage to get a bit of Rugby under the belt.

The Task Force competition was in fact a cut-throat knock-out competition which was played over a week and fostered by 1 RAR.

The 2/4 RAR rugby side was selected from a series of inter-company rugby games which in some cases were a little vigorous, but of course played in the true spirit of the game.

Four teams were entered in the intercompany rugby, one from each rifle company and one from Support/Admin combined. B Company were the winners of the inter company competition, with Support/Admin in second place, followed by C and A Company.

Some good rugby was played in this series, with all players trying very hard. The players that were really outstanding were Lt Jenkinson, Lt Casey, Cpl Hannah, Cpl Russell, L/Cpl Kelly, L/Cpl Waddell and Pte Tindall. Once again, congratulations B Company.

The 2/4 RAR side for the Task Force knockout competition seemed at the time a well-balanced team. However, the draw of the competition did leave a little to be desired as the two major sides had to play in the first game, which was 2/4 RAR and the gunners, with the gunners beating the home side by a narrow margin, and of course eliminating the 2/4 RAR side. The gunners were the eventual winners of the competition. The main stays in the 2/4 RAR side were Lt Antoniuk, Lt Casey, Cpl Russell, L/Cpl Waddell and L/Cpl Kelly.

The North Queensland Army side that toured South Queensland showed the Southerners how the game of

rugby is played. Well done to all members of the Battalion that were in the North Queensland side.

1977 is a new season. The Battalion will win this time provided the game is taken seriously in the fields of training, playing, and attitude.

Let's take it seriously and take the shield, as it belongs in 2/4 RAR.

"JEEZ.....MAYBE I AM TOO OLD FOR THIS."



In out and about- those who came and went in 1976

From

Pte F. ABBOTT Inf Centre
Pte R. G. ADAMS IET
Sgt R. A. ARNEL Inf Centre
Pte N. R. ARNOTT OCS
Cpt R. ARROWSMITH 183 Recce
Pte R. S. BEARD IET
Sgt E. J. BEASLEY 1 ARU
Pte M. W. BENTLEY Inf Centre
Pte P. G. BLAKE Inf Centre
Pte G. L. BOURKE IET
Pte R. C. BREWER IET
Pte B. BROOKS Inf Centre
Pte J. M. CALABRESE IET
Pte C. A. CAMPBELL IET
Pte M. A. CARTER 3 RAR
Pte P. J. CASEY LWC
Pte K. M. CHALLANDS Inf Centre
Pte K. M. CHERRY CTC
Pte D. J. CLARKE IET
Pte P. R. COBURN Inf Centre
Pte R. G. COLEFAX Army School of Catering
Pte G. J. COOPER 11 Fd Amb
Pte D. N. COLEMAN Inf Centre
Pte J. W. CORD IET
Pte G. B. CUTTER 5/7 RAR
Pte P. R. DALLEY IET
Sgt B. V. DE BOMFORD Inf Centre
Pte T. G. DEWAR Inf Centre
Pte A. R. DINELEY DOD
Pte D. DOELAND TTU
Pte K. G. DRABSCH IET
Pte A. W. EDMOND IET
Chap E. R. ELLIOTT DSU Watsonia
Pte R. F. FITTLER IET
Pte R. X. FRY IET
Pte D. I. FRASER Inf Centre
Pte T. N. FRASER Inf Centre
Pte A. P. FRENCH IET
Pte R. FULCHER IET
2Lt M. D. GALLAGHER 8/9 RAR
Cpl B. J. GOLLEGE Inf Centre
Pte S. P. GRANT IET
Cfm R. J. GRINTER 1 Armd Regt
2Lt G. M. HAWKE OCS
Pte F. R. HENDERSON IET
Pte S. J. HENDERSON IET
Pte A. G. HEWETT OCS
2Lt R. P. HOGAN IET
Pte M. HIDDEN IET
Cpl A. HOLLIS Recruiting Hobart
Pte L. M. HOOK Inf Centre
Pte T. J. HOPPO Inf Centre
Lt M. R. JENKINSON RMC
Pte P. F. JORRE-DE-ST-JORRE Inf Centre
Pte R. J. JONES 3 RAR
Pte M. JONES IET
Pte A. J. KING IET
Cpl G. J. KING 2 RVR
Pte K. G. KNOBLAUGH IET
Pte C. LARETIVE IET
Maj C. E. LEGGETT Para Trg School
Pte K. LELIFIELD DSU
Capt D. G. LEWIS DSU Singleton
Pte B. J. LEWIS IET
Pte P. LEYDEN IET
Pte L. J. LOGAN LWC
Cpl R. V. LONDON HQ 3 TF

Pte J. L. LOWLES
Pte L. J. LYNCH
Pte R. W. MANN
WO2 L. R. MAIR
Pte J. W. MARSHALL
Sgt M. G. MARTIN
Pte T. P. MATHEWS
Pte M. E. MASTERS
Cpl B. A. McNEILL
Lt J. A. McROBERTS
Capt I. McWILLIAM
Lcpl J. McNAUGHT
Pte G. C. MELCHOIR
Pte J. J. MENDAY
Capt G. MIALKOWSKI
2Lt N. S. MORRIS
Pte G. S. MORSE
Pte J. R. MOONEY IET
Pte P. A. MOXHAM IET
Pte P. MULLANE IET
Cpl J. W. MURPHY LWC
Pte J. D. NEATE
Sgt D. T. O'BRIEN Army School of Catering
Pte T. P. O'CONNOR DSU Enoggera
Pte D. P. OELKERS Inf Centre
Pte L. M. O'GRADY LWC
Pte I. R. O'LOUGHLIN 1 RTB
Sgt J. W. O'SHEA HQ 3 TF
Pte N. J. PACKHAM Inf Centre
Pte J. W. PATTERSON IET
Pte J. G. PAINY Inf Centre
Maj S. B. PENNY DSU Sydney
Pte P. PEPI Inf Centre
Sgt D. H. PETRIE Inf Centre
Pte B. A. PHILLIPS IET
Pte M. PIERCE IET
Sgt R. J. PINKERTON Inf Centre
Pte P. PINZONE Inf Centre
Pte A. J. POGORELEC Inf Centre
Pte P. N. PRESSLEY RTC
Pte D. F. QUINN Inf Centre
2Lt R. N. QUODLING OCS
Maj P. R. RADCLIFFE PNG DF Trg Depot
Pte W. A. RADUNZ CTC
Pte B. T. RANDALL IET
Pte S. C. REID IET
Pte S. B. RAMPPELLINI Inf Centre
Pte J. E. RISEBERRY Inf Centre
Pte F. G. RYAN Inf Centre
Pte M. J. ROSSBERG LWC
Pte D. SAAVEDRA Inf Centre
Pte G. A. SANTON Inf Centre
Pte B. C. SAIT 110 Sig Sqn
Pte P. S. SHAW IET
Sgt C. J. SHERRIN Inf Centre
2Lt R. C. SMITH OCS
Pte G. L. SNARY LWC
Pte J. W. STANILAND IET
Pte C. D. STAUNTON IET
Pte D. A. STEPHENS Inf Centre
Pte W. J. STEVENS Army School of Catering
Pte N. J. SULLIVAN IET
Pte R. L. SYMONS IET
Pte A. C. TAYLOR IET
Pte D. TOMLINSON IET
Pte P. W. TURKILSEN Inf Centre
Pte F. VAN LAMMEREN LWC
Pte J. M. VAN GULIK Army School of Catering
Pte D. J. WADE IET
Pte R. A. WARD IET
Pte C. J. WARD Inf Centre
Pte S. M. WALSH Inf Centre
Pte A. S. WAINWRIGHT HQ 1 TF
Lcpl A. B. WELLS IET
Pte C. K. WEIR IET
36 Pte C. W. WESTERN IET

From

Pte R. K. WHATELLEY
Pte B. J. WHITTINGHAM
Pte G. P. WILSON
Pte F. E. WILSON
Pte S. G. WILSON
Pte B. N. WILTSHIRE-BUTLER
Pte J. W. WOZNIAK
Sgt M. E. WRIGHT
Cpl K. J. YARROW

Inf Centre
IET
IET
Inf Centre
Inf Centre
Inf Centre
IET
HQ Coy 3 TF
4 Camp Hospital

Farewell and good luck to

Lt E. Z. ANTONIAK
Pte E. S. ASPERY
Pte W. A. BAINBRIDGE
Pte D. J. BAINES
Cpl B. J. BAMBRICK
Pte P. L. BEAUMONT
Pte J. M. BENNETT
Cpl J. A. BETTRIDGE
Pte D. S. BLISS
2Lt S. W. BORTON
Pte S. L. BRANDER
Cpl T. W. BROAD
Lcpl O. BROCKENHUUS-
SCHACK
Pte G. R. BROWN
Pte S. BUCHANAN
2Lt M. G. BUCK
Cfn R. E. BURCHETT
Pte R. I. BURKE
Lcpl M. A. CALLAGHAN
Pte M. J. CANE
Cpl K. J. CARTER
Maj D. M. CHAMBERS
WO2 R. N. CLINGHAN
Cpl G. COCKERILL
Pte R. COLE
Lcpl I. J. COLQUHON
Pte J. S. COX
Cpl P. J. CUSACK
Sgt R. A. DAVEY
WO2 M. H. DAHL HELM
Lt P. J. DEER
Sgt L. J. DENNERT
Pte P. DILLON
Pte A. B. DINELEY
Cpl S. B. DIXON
Cpl M. DOMARECKI
Pte J. J. DONOHUE
Sgt J. O. DOYLE
Cpl J. N. DUNCAN
Lcpl J. G. DYKIJ
Pte K. R. EAGLE
Pte C. D. ELLARD
Pte D. R. EVANS
Pte N. J. FARDIG
Cpl D. B. FARLOW
Capt B. A. FAWELL
Pte R. D. FERNTHOUGH
Pte H. W. FISCHER
Lcpl T. W. FLOYD
Pte K. M. FOX
Pte L. G. FRENCH
Pte A. F. GATHERER
Pte J. GIDDENS
Cpl B. J. GRAHAM
Pte D. H. GRAY
Lcpl K. R. GRIDLEY
Lcpl J. W. GRIFFITHS
Capt B. E. GWYTHYER
Pte A. D. HAMILTON
Cpl P. D. HALL
Pte M. L. HANISH
Sgt F. J. HANLY
Pte N. G. HARRIS
Pte S. W. HIRTH
Pte R. J. HOLLAND
Pte M. S. HOLOBOWSKI
Lt G. M. HUGGINS

31 Sup Bn
Discharge
4 Camp Hospital
5/7 RAR
3 RAR
ARU Hobart
DSU Puckapunyal
6 RAR
Discharge
Discharge
Army Apprentice School
Discharge
Avn Centre
HQ 6 TF
LWC
5/7 RAR
1 MDPD
HQ 1 TF
1 MDPD
Discharge
Inf Centre
1 RTB
OCS
1 Div Int
1 MDPD
1 MDPD
Discharge
3 MDPD
22 Const Sqn
1 RTB
1 Div Int
Inf Centre
3 RAR
U/L 1 MD
1 Div Int
B Sqn 3 Cav
1 MDPD
LWC
2 Mil Hosp
2 MDPD
SASR
6 RAR
Discharge
B Sqn 3 Cav
Discharge
Bde of Guards
5 Base Wkps
HQ 1 TF
1 RTB
Discharge
Discharge
U/L 3 MD
1 MDPD
6 RAR
3 RAR
HQ 3 TF
B Sqn 3 Cav
HQ 1 Div
5/7 RAR
NQ Wkshp Coy
3 RAR
140 Sig Sqn
3 RAR
School of Sigs
5 MDPD
2 MDPD
DOD (AO)

Pte G. R. HUTCHINS
Pte T. J. HYLAND
Lcpl L. T. ICKE
Sgt C. A. INGRAMS
Pte D. K. JENKIN
Lcpl E. J. JOHANSSON
Lcpl D. R. JONES
Pte I. JONES
Pte F. R. KELLY
Cpl R. KELLY
Cpl B. R. KING
Pte R. J. LADLAY
WO2 D. B. LAWRENCE
Capt P. LAZENBY
Pte L. W. LEECH
Sgt U. D. LIEBICH
Pte G. R. MACKENZIE
Pte J. H. MANSEY
Pte M. E. MASTERS
Sgt J. W. MATTEN
Lcpl F. McDONNELL
Pte L. W. McGRATH
Pte W. McGREGOR
Sgt R. E. McKEOWN
Pte K. J. McLOUGHLIN
Cpl C. R. McMASTER
Lcpl J. McNAUGHT
Cpl B. A. McNEILL
2Lt M. J. MILLER
Cpl G. C. MONCRIEFF
Pte A. J. MOORE
Lcpl C. W. MORRIS
Pte D. R. MORSE
2Lt P. J. MOUNCEY
2Lt T. G. MOYLAN
R. K. MULLINGS
Pte F. MURPHY
Pte A. R. OLDRIDGE
Cpl J. M. O'MALLEY
Pte G. PAGE
Sgt A. H. PARKER
Pte J. PEAK
Lcpl J. B. PERKS
Pte C. S. PETERSEN
Lcpl J. C. PICKSTOCK
Cpl W. POWER
Cpl F. R. RADFORD
Pte R. C. REID
Lcpl S. P. ROBERTS
Maj G. M. ROBINSON
Pte D. J. ROWE
Cpl J. J. RUSSELL
Cpl E. C. RYAN
Cpl J. A. RYCHLEWSKI
Pte W. A. SARGOOD
Sgt M. N. SHAW
Pte P. A. SHEILDS
Sgt A. T. SHELTON
Sgt R. J. SHERRINGHAM
Pte J. SHERRY
Pte R. E. SLOAN
Pte C. J. SMITH
Cpl J. H. SMITH
Pte J. S. SMITH
2Lt R. C. SMITH
Lcpl L. R. SMITH
G. W. SMITHERMAN
Cpl J. STEPIEN
Lcpl A. F. SULLIVAN
Pte T. W. SUTCLIFFE
Pte W. G. TILDEN
Maj E. W. TITLEY
Pte G. S. TOMS
Pte M. J. TYNDALL
Pte O. A. VAN LEENT
Cpl R. E. WALKER
Sgt D. S. WALSH
Sgt W. B. WARNES
Pte D. K. WHALAN
Cpl J. C. WHITTINGTON

Discharge
6 RAR
OCS
1 MDPD
RMC
HQ 3 TF
5/7 RAR
1 Div Int
Discharge
B Sqn 3 Cav
Armd Centre
Discharge
DSU Townsville
Trg/Comd
13 Pl 1 MP Coy
Army School of Catering
4 Camp Hospital
1 MDPD
1 MDPD
1 RTB
Army School of Catering
Discharge
6 RAR
1 RTB
Discharge
Discharge
Inf Centre
Discharge
2 Trg Gp
DSU Liverpool
Discharge
Inf Centre
SME
6 RAR
HQ 3 TF
LWC
HQ 6 TF
5 MDPD
Inf Centre
3 RAR
RACT Centre
OCS
1 RTB
3 RAR
LWC
DSU Perth
Inf Centre
OCS
5/7 RAR
2 Trg Gp
5 MDPD
Discharge
Discharge
3 Camp Hospital
Discharge
DSU Sydney
Army Avn School
4 Cadet Bn
2 RNSWR
Discharge
3 RAR
6 RAR
Discharge
5/7 RAR
5/7 RAR
Inf Centre
Discharge
CARO
3 RAR
3 RAR
5/7 RAR
ASC
49 RQR
5/7 RAR
RMC
Discharge
HQ 3 TF
SME
3 RAR
8/9 RAR



