



Journal
OF THE
OFFICER CADET
SCHOOL
1955



JOURNAL
OF THE
OFFICER CADET SCHOOL

1955

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THE ENTRANCE

. . . Foreword . . .



IT is with great pleasure that I accept the invitation to write a Foreword to this, the first OCS Journal.

OCS is now in its fourth year. The difficulties and growing pains of starting such an establishment are nearly over and the efforts of the first Commandant and his original staff are now bearing fruit, and a very prolific crop it is. The hardships the first Courses experienced are now things of the past—electric light is from the SEC, water is usually hot, and pastel shades of paint have appeared to cover the blank whiteness of our Quarantine Station walls.

And so the time has come to record, with some measure of permanence, the activities of the Company of Officer Cadets and the life at OCS, both on and off duty, officially and unofficially. There is no better way to do this than by publishing an Annual Journal. This is the first issue and it records largely the activities of the January 1955 entry. It also collates such news as the Journal Committee have been able to collect on the doings of graduates.

It is most desirable that those who pass through OCS should have some record of the trials and pleasures of their period of training for a regular commission. It is also appropriate that those who have graduated should keep in touch with the activities of their class-mates. It is to fulfil these two functions that this Journal is produced and its success will depend almost entirely on the enthusiasm of members of the Company of Officer Cadets, plus those who have passed through its ranks. With the co-operation of you, its readers, I am sure the OCS Journal will prosper and I wish it every success.

T. F. CAPE, COL
Commandant

Eric A. Smith Col (R)
10 Oct 94

Major Myra Se (Retd)
10 Oct 94

DIARY OF EVENTS

- 15 Jan Jan 55 Entry arrive OCS.
- 24 Jan First Defaulters Parade.
- 25 Jan Gas Chamber Test.
- 9 Feb Swimming Carnival.
- 14 Feb Company played nine holes of golf, hitting off at 1930 hours armed with compasses.
- 19 Feb Cadets see Sorrento.
- 4 Mar Visit by Director of Survey.
- 14 Mar OCS takes honours at Sorrento Gymkhana.
- 22 Mar Moat's Corner renamed Boscoe's Folly after cadet disappears on MRFS exercise.
- 24 Mar Cadet appears on PT parade wearing John Ls.
- 28 Mar Rugby begins with a five-mile run.
- 7 Apr Easter leave.
- 25 Apr Anzac Day Parade in Sorrento.
- 7 May First "Rec" Room Dance.
- 14 May Exhibition by Danish gymnasts at Balcombe.
- 27 May - 29 May Visit RMC. Meal warrant and tickets mysteriously disappear.
- 1 Jun Visit by MGO.
- 6 Jun - 11 Jun Field Training. Cadets win.
- 13 Jun HM the Queen's Birthday Parade.
- 14 Jun Visit by DGMS.
- 17 Jun Winter Ball.
- 19 Jun - 16 Jul Mid-Year Leave.
- 18 Jul Jul 55 Entry arrive OCS.
- 21 Jul Visit by Director of Infantry.
- 28 Jul Visit by E-in-C.
- 3 Aug Visit by Maj-Gen SHORTT, UKSLS
- 5 Aug - 14 Aug Senior Class attend Arms Demonstrations and Exercises in Sydney.

STAFF NOTES

THE School congratulated Capt J. M. Church on his marriage last December and bade him farewell on his departure to Perth, where he now agitates a CMF battalion.

Capt McPhee left in February. We wish him well in his new profession. Many cadets will agree that as a barrister for the prosecution, criminals and crime will have no chance.

A milestone was reached in April when 2lt Murray (Course 3) was appointed as Adjutant, thereby being the first graduate to return as a member of the staff. He has been followed by 2lt Haywood (Course 1), sporting Air OP "wings" and a flair for fast cars.

We welcomed to the staff Capt Wightman (RAASC) in January, Capt Carruthers (R Aust Sigs) in February, and Capt Clement (RAE) in April. These three now command the platoons of the company — which provides the

lighter touch of their instructional activities.

Major (Hanging Judge) Mann departed in January for the Staff College and the void has been filled by Major (Justice) Stretton — they are of similar dimensions.

Capt Chappell (RAAC) arrived in August to fill the appointment so sturdily held by the late Capt Jarman and Capt Tripp.

Capt Leary departed for Staff College pre-entry course and Tasmania in August. We wish him well.

Capt Cubis departs for England and Germany in September. One is assured that the cadets will be there to see that the main gate is held wide open.

Meanwhile, Major Smith, Capt Moloney and Capt Danson soldier on in inimitable style — spear-fishing in summer and attending cadets' dances in winter.

THE TRIVIAL ROUND



A whistle blows, the time is nigh
So grab your rifle, cap, and fly,
Then hell for leather down the track
Observing Captain Carruthers' back.

Late again, so quietly sneak
Inside the gate, to no-one speak,
When shuffling down the end you find
Three ranks along the wall are lined.

A quick inspection of boots and brass,
But why do we worry, it's just a farce,
Stand to attention, very still
And think about that extra drill.

Form in hand, go through the door,
Crash to a halt and kick the floor,
Hand to caps khaki felt fur,
And softly say "Good Morning Sir".

"Ah, Good Morning McDonald, here
again,"

Although it's a joke you do not grin.
The offence is read, the silence stills,
Sentence is passed, two extra drills.

Then hand to cap, repeat the same,
Show no emotions, it's all in the game.
To the Company Parade and if all
goes well,
I'll get off Defaulters' I will, like hell.

— K. M. McD.

THE RMC VISIT —

MAY 55

AFTER a good meal on the Spirit of Progress (although the stewards did not know what a "back-up" was) and a cold and sleepless night, the Company of Officer Cadets arrived at Yass early on Saturday morning, 28 May. From there we went by bus to RMC in time for breakfast and began a very full itinerary for the week-end.

A tour of the College was the first item on the agenda. Of the two hours allotted for this, about twenty minutes were spent on viewing the facilities available to all the arms except Engineers. The remainder of the time was spent in the "Crystal Palace" where the guide elaborated to great length on the engineering facilities. The guide was also the Instructor in Military Engineering.

The Corps of Staff Cadets was rehearsing for the Queen's Birthday Parade and the Company were very interested to watch them fire a "Feu-de-joie". It was quite a surprise to the Company that they were not the only ones who could muck up a "Joey". Much amusement was afforded to us by RSM MacDonald's comments to the ex-duty personnel who filled the roles of the VIPs. They did their job quite well, even if the Prime Minister could not remove his hat because of his broken arm, nor the Governor-General carry his baton correctly.

The rest of the morning was spent at the National War Museum, where the large variety of exhibits really amazed the Cadets. Most of the Company regarded the building as a souveniring paradise and Tisdall and Summers were stopped at the exit by Museum officials while trying to remove a Turkish field gun.

On Saturday afternoon, the first of the sporting fixtures was played. Unfortu-

nately, the OCS XV was very narrowly defeated by 25 - 0. Portsea nearly evened the score in the hockey match, when Duntroon only won by 7 - 2.

Leave into Canberra was granted on Saturday night, but unfortunately for the Company, ACT does not have 10 pm closing. For those who did not partake of Canberra hospitality, there were a couple of "Yippees" at the movies over the hill.

After lunch on Sunday, the tour of Canberra was extended to the Houses of Parliament. When the idea was suggested that a second visit be paid to the War Memorial, the "Ayes" definitely had it.

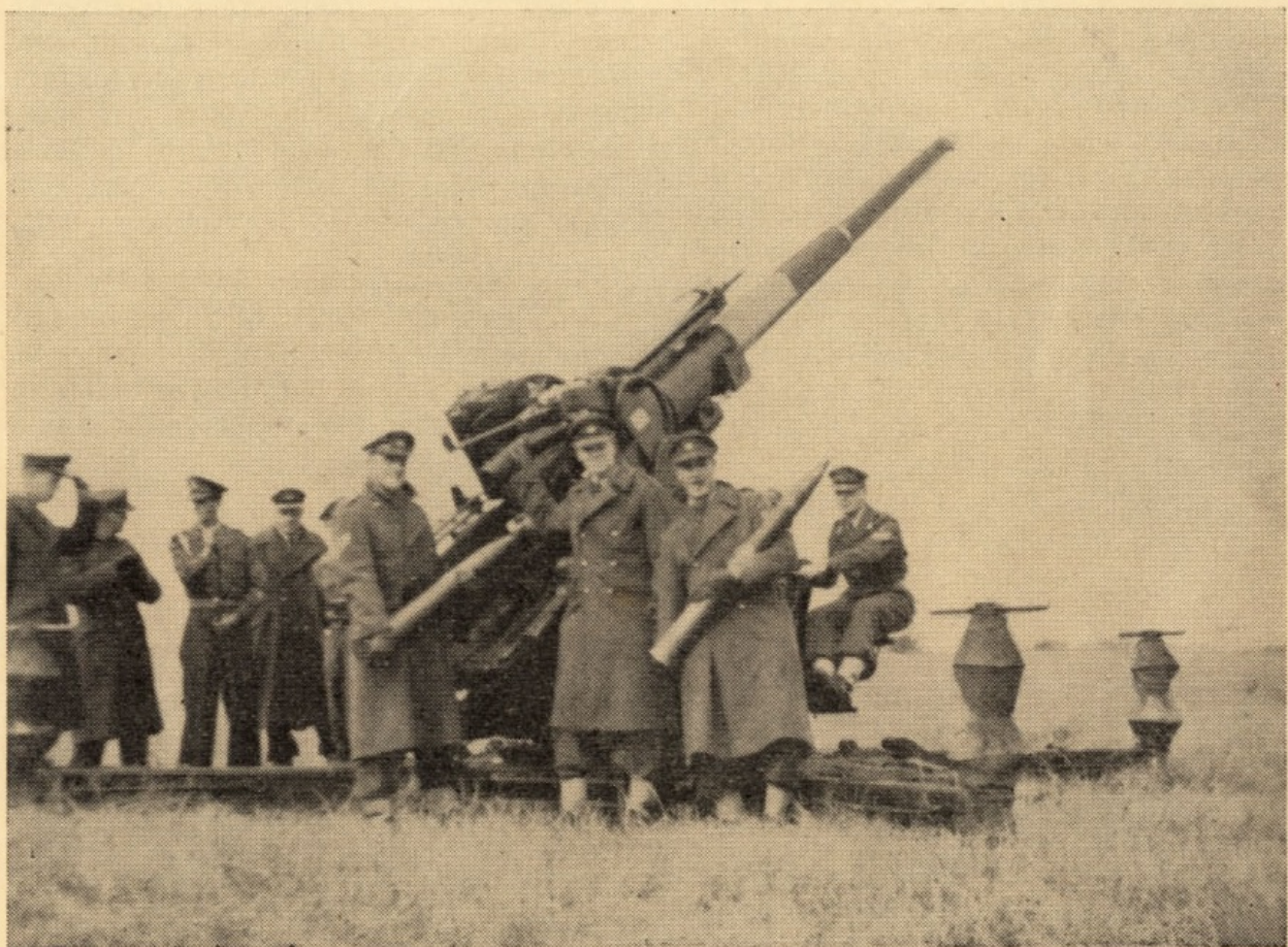
Second Class entertained the Company at an unofficial sports meeting in their recreation room after mess on Sunday night. The stallions of OCS, driven by Julius Summers were beaten in the main chariot race of the evening. Unfortunately, OCS could not carry the mail against such stiff opposition as Carlos, but as a result of Peter O'Meara making a hit with Moriati, OCS holds the Moriati Cup for 1955.

Following supper in the First Class coffee room, we left by bus for Goulburn, where we boarded the train at midnight. Everybody was looking forward to having a very good breakfast on the Spirit of Progress, but due to a certain officer, the meal warrant seemed to have become mislaid. One of the questions the NSW Railways want answered is how did a party of 31 Officer Cadets travel on 29 tickets? And so the Company of Officer Cadets returned to work at Portsea after a very enjoyable week-end.

— B. E. S.

ARMS DEMONSTRATIONS —

SYDNEY



3.7-in HAA GUN

ON Friday, 5th August, the Senior members of the Company of Officer Cadets arose with great gusto, for on this day we were due to set forth on our way to Sydney, firstly to play football against RMC, secondly to partake of four days leave in Sydney and lastly to witness a series of military demonstrations.

Demonstrations were staged by Infantry, Engineers, Ordnance and Artillery, the latter, of course, being by far the most important and occupying three-quarters of the syllabus. In this sphere, Capt Cubis first administered a lengthy session of

strenuous gun drill and then Cadets plodded off to project shells towards the OP. The competition was won by a round from Baker Troop, which landed within 100 yards of the OP. Unfortunately an ensuing order for 5 rounds of gunfire was not complied with. Cadets were also given a demonstration of target engagement by a 5.5-in gun; the weapon scored 2 direct hits on a Bren Gun Carrier 3000 yards from the OP. One dubious Cadet advanced a theory that there was another weapon hidden in the bushes 100 yards from the carrier which

fired at the appropriate moment, thus creating a clever optical illusion. An ex-graduate gave an impressive demonstration of Air OP work. The Auster aircraft was later torn to pieces and souvenired by a throng of cadets who were allowed to inspect it.

On Tuesday, an extremely good display was staged by the School of Military Engineering. We were shown a dog which sat on mines, some machinery which turned a pleasant river flat into a dustbowl, a piece of yellow rope-like substance which exploded, deafening everyone within 50 yards of it and which starts bushfires, a pile of dirt with a trench in the middle, which was said to resist atomic bombs, and a boat which was guaranteed to ferry 9 men across a river before it sank. However, it was agreed by all that the Sappers did a first-class job and their display was both well-organized and interesting.

Ordnance contributed to the entertainment, and on Thursday afternoon the

Company carried out an inspection of 2 BOD. The tour was most interesting with museum pieces and relics of the Boer War prevalent.

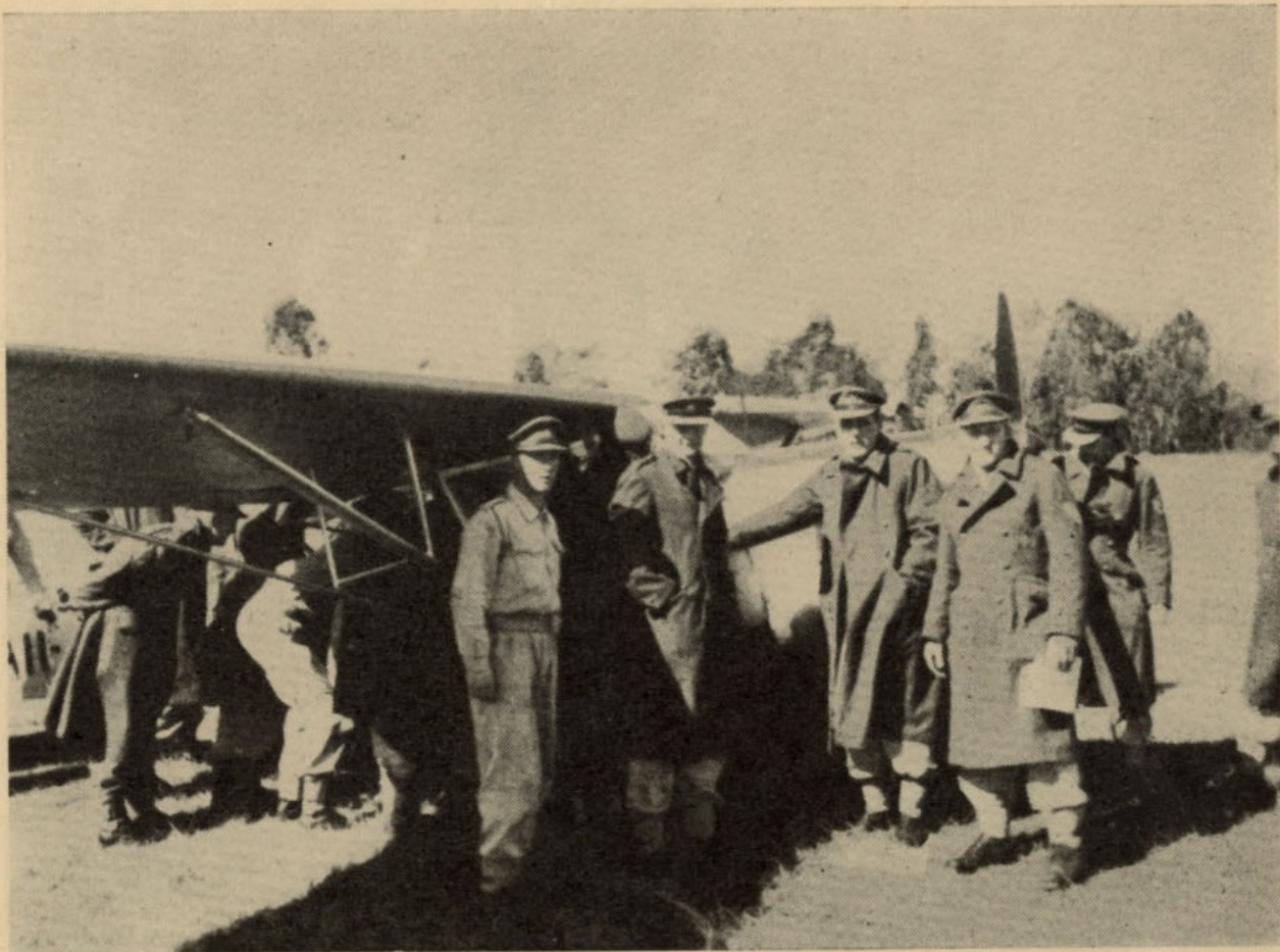
In the Infantry sphere, a mock battle was staged, depicting a Company attack. A great deal of trouble was gone to, and mock tanks were erected, which were to engage the advancing Company and halt the advance. 17-pounders were then to be brought on to the scene to eliminate the armour. The 17-pounders arrived, but all had mechanical difficulties and were unable to fire. Consequently, the Infantry had to press on without support and many decorations for valour were won.

This really concluded our most enjoyable visit and leaves only two points unmentioned—the football and the leave. The author considers it best that the football should stay unmentioned and the leave should be left to the imagination.

— R. K. S. R.



25-PR GUN IN UPPER REGISTER



CADETS INSPECTING AN AUSTER



CADETS IN THE FIELD



CADETS AND A DUSTMAKER



MINE DOGS

THE CHANGING SCENE



IN this section we review, for the benefit of graduates, some of the things which have happened at OCS in 1955.

The big change of 1955 is the occupation of 2 Block. From the sepulchral stillness of the Health regime, the block now echoes to the pitter-patter of cadets' cloven hooves. 3 Pl, newly formed, occupies the whole block. Its lease is of great benefit to the school and permits each cadet an individual room. This is particularly important with the two classes now concurrent. Like Hitler, we have no further territorial claims to make.

The formation of a junior class has had some remarkable effects. Perhaps the most noticeable is the metamorphosis of certain members of the senior class, who find themselves now on the side of authority, and who defend the established order to the abandonment of their former reprehensible habits.

The Company is organized into three platoons with a Headquarters of CSM (WO 2) and CQMS (Col Sgt). Appointments are carefully graded. Platoon Sergeants own one extra mat or something. The CQMS has, in addition, an easy chair while the CSM has the lot, plus the pleasant prospect of frequent social visits from the officers, and one cushion. He lives in one of the old syndicate rooms on the Bay side.

Certain privileges are accorded the Senior Class. They have a leave book instead of leave passes and are generally allowed to pay their morning respects to the Platoon Commander before the Junior Class.

From the instructional point of view, the long course is much better. Instruction is more leisurely and cadets have more time in which to enjoy the amenities of Portsea.

The lecture room, the mess, ante, and billiards rooms, and the whole of 1 Block have all been painted in uncertain pastel shades. (This saved the average cadet something less than two days' dusting.)

Most graduates will remember the great hole immediately to the East of the jetty where the sea threatened to eat the parade ground. This has been repaired and protected by a new sea wall, and blades of grass struggle fitfully against the sea spray. Pt Nepean is, on the other hand, almost an island. Two landslides have made the road impassable to vehicles and the retaining wall, on the Bay side, has collapsed in three places.

Field training continues — (the first three courses virtually escaped this, except for isolated exercises) — and is held twice yearly for a week at a time. The scenes of the campaigns vary, according to the responsible cadet's ability to get to the ground indicated on the map. As usual, most cadets regard a map as another piece of military mumbo-jumbo which has little to do with reality.

For the cadets — they are unchanged. They still react in exactly the same way in any given situation as past courses have done. Even the physical types repeat themselves. It is extraordinary, from an instructor's point of view, how cadets duplicate themselves and similar distinct species may be found in every class. Mendel must have something to do with it.

As for the instructors, their names change, but they speak still with the same tongue, and platitudes lubricate the launching of their banal observations from the dais. At assessment conferences, identical adjectives attach themselves to cadets — although occasionally joy abounds when one finds he is talking about the wrong cadet. Portentous dis-

cussions thunder as the officers meet in committee and decide whether cadets will wear protectors to their bayonet scabbards or not.

On the debit side, Operation Penguin is no more. This loss is keenly felt. Apart from its instructional value (nil), the whole thing was good clean fun. Commando, too, has changed, the name alone remains. It is no longer a bobbies

and bushies riot in search of Professor Tick Tock, but a serious patrol operation with post mortems and equipment inspections, (one for intelligence matter and one for fudge).

There is not much else to tell. OCS continues to revolve in the same strange circles as always and the only changes are the vagaries of the weather.

— R. M. C. C.

THE BOYS OF ST PORTSEA

(Suggested by the Girls of St Trinians)



From all States in Aussie,
They called us here to be,
Cadets in Officer Training School,
We came on bended knee.

Little did we realize
How tough and hard the street
The Junior has to travel
On soft and yielding feet.

They promised us the heavens,
The earth, but by St Jiminer,
All we got was polish brass,
And questions from our Scrivenor.

A field of sport was opened wide,
It seems to be a shame,
Instead of Aussie Football,
Now Rugby is our game.

We practise Basketball today,
Then Hockey has its turn,
Our Rugby Scrums are worked at
Till ears swell, ache and burn.

Mr Fairfax has a saying
There's soldiers quick and dead;
When Jackson makes an error
He's just a clot instead.

There's Hopalong Fury with the gas,
Fitzgerald and his tasting,
O'Brien wheels and turns his squad
And gives their ears a pasting.

Our Sergeant-Major Hockings
Makes us practise on his ladder,
He says our drill is shocking
And our dress a trifle sadder.

Now Wulff's an expert on the book,
Farquhar on rifle manners,
Mr Haywood counts the pay
And dishes out the tanners.

OC Hume has got a voice,
Somewhat rough in patches,
Reminds one of a record
When the flamin' needle scratches.

If housewives served the tucker
The Mess does in three courses,
Their husbands' waists would sadly thin,
The courts have more divorces.

Before we close this crazy Rhyme,
A word both brief and short,
To those who buck the system
Extra drills are thinning sport.

— R. A. V.

WHEN WE WERE OFF ON LEAVE



They've gone and changed the place,
A complete new change of face,
They've shifted everything from there
to here,
They've turned it inside out,
They've changed it, without doubt,
They did all sorts of things
When we were off on leave.

The Com went to the East,
A jaunt to say the least,
But we're sure he did the place the
world of good.
He'll put anyone at ease,
Just by saying "Go on please,"
They did all sorts of things
When we were off on leave.

And Smithy shaved his mo,
'Twas a shame to see it go,
It surely looked to be the work of years.
But we're pleased he had the heart
To make another start,
They did all sorts of things
When we were off on leave.

They've planned a dreadful thing,
We're losing our Crime King,
They're sending him to England's briny
shores.
No more we'll hear him shout,
"Crime must be stamped out",
They did all sorts of things
When we were off on leave.

Paddy went and won his wings,
(People do these foolish things),

Now he sports them like a great big
teddy bear.
When Paddy takes to jumpin'
Then it must be really sumpin'
They did all sorts of things
When we were off on leave.

They sent poor Bob to school,
(Don't think that he's a fool)
They just want him to get himself a
crown.
He's back, blowing down our ears
All about his "Ginger Beers",
They did all sorts of things
When we were off on leave.

Why they even shifted "Cuddles",
This surely led to muddles,
When the boys went for their daily
little walk.
This we didn't like,
But at least we now have "Ike",
They did all sorts of things
When we were off on leave.

And Jimmy changed his office,
(Didn't get permission from us),
But now we don't have quite so far to
walk.
Our Jimmy's really tireless,
When we're on net with wireless,
They did all sorts of things
When we were off on leave.

— R. J.

SOUND BARRIER BROKEN

The sound barrier was broken on land yesterday for the first time. This feat was performed by the detachment of a 25-pr of B Tp 105 Fd Bty. The cause is attributed to the opening of the breech immediately after a misfire by Bombardier B. E. Scrivenor, OCS.

WO Instructor — "When I say 'atten-shun', you will move to the right in threes and quick march."



LOOKING NORTH-WEST FROM THE PLATOON OFFICES

THE CLUB



IT may come as a surprise to know that the Officer Cadet School, Portsea, has a Club. This Club, membership of which is open to all except those wearing any insignia on their sleeve, meets each morning in Adm Avenue at 0640 hours.

The President, who changes weekly, is in charge of proceedings and, frequently, the Governor of the Board of Directors, who also changes weekly, comes along to ensure that all is to the members' satisfaction.

One of the Club rules is that members only appear when called for. This usually causes much hard work, as each man does his best. A roster is kept, however, and as the names come to the top, members are requested to see their committee members, who inform them that their presence is required for a certain number of meetings. This usually causes great joy among those chosen, and they talk about little else all day.

The following morning, rising early so as not to miss any of the proceedings, members, carefully dressed for the occasion, gaily make their way towards the "square" where the meetings are held. Some actually run the whole way so as not to be left out of anything. When the

President opens the meeting, chaos usually reigns, but with a few tactful words, the Governor sets things right and the business is dealt with.

The President usually keeps things moving briskly and cheerfully. As the sun rises, members stroll around, taking in the radiant warmth of its beams. Usually members at this stage are asked to produce any business they may have brought along and this usually takes some time. At the finish of this, the square resembles an Officer Cadet's quarters, but with skill and precision, things are usually tucked away and the meeting ends, with members lamenting their short stay. Because of the noise they make about this, they are usually invited to attend another meeting.

During the day, the caretaker, a small man who carries a duster under his left arm, looks after the premises. He has squads of men moving over the entire area looking for odd coins, but *they* very rarely find any.

Cadets with over 50 appearances are made life members and, on graduation, usually go to infantry or armour. This, however, does not harm them, because they have been well trained in the club and usually fit straight into these units.

— Y. C. M.

Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

— *Astute cadet.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS



TWO extra drills — now this is rather a formidable threat to any criminal and yet it is what faces me if I don't conjure up an article for the Journal.

With this punishment only two hours away, I am searching frantically through my once fertile brain for a topic to enthuse on or a poem to run off, but alas, I find my mind is stagnant — it cannot cope with anything beyond three beats in quick time or the number of steps in the pace ladder.

I desperately rush off to see if some member of the Senior Class can give me any inspiration, which shows how demented I am. "Oh it's easy" someone says "Just give your first impressions of OCS." FIRST IMPRESSIONS !!! If I gave my first impressions I wouldn't get past the main gate in one piece.

What positive first impressions could I write about anyway? Perhaps I could tell of the gentle way we were welcomed by the RSM and made to feel so indispensable, or about how the Senior Class kindly made us feel so wanted about the place and allowed us to feel so much at home — but I am afraid that if I were to write that, my pen would revolt.

Maybe I could jot down the puzzlement we felt at the strange gleam which lit

up the eyes of the WO Instructors, into whose clutches we fell in those first few days. Was it pity, resentment, sorrow, amusement, or, as most avered, just plain sadistic joy.

Could I tell of the pleasure it gave us when our seniors asked us those friendly little questions which showed their interest in our well-being. Questions such as "How many windows in the School?" "How high is the flagpole?" "Is the plug in Lewis' Basin?" or "How many Lance Corporals in the Brigade of Guards?"

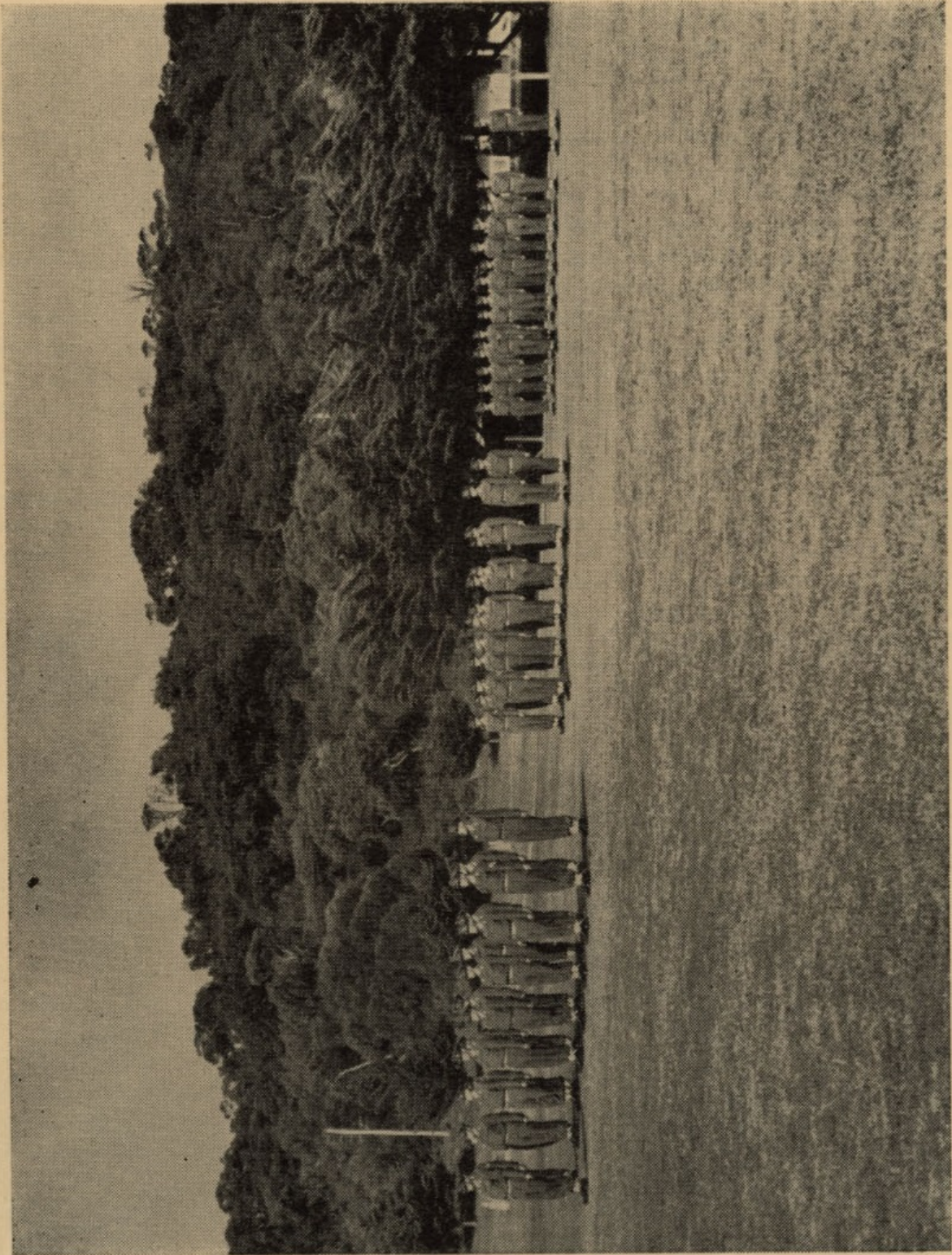
Our first impressions of being inspected by the RSM on Company Parade would no doubt be of interest to any who cared to read them, but you who have been through it would recognize the feeling of numbness which slowly seeped into our minds as we saw member after member of the front rank go down in flames and gradually realized that our turn was to come.

Perchance I could bring to the surface some form of nostalgia if I mentioned those delightful, lightly-clad, before-breakfast strolls, so much in favour with Cadets. But no — I fail to see that these impressions would interest anyone — anyway another two extras won't hurt me, I've only got twenty-five more to do, and I'm in the clear.

— J. L. M.

The sad-eyed Justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale,
The lazy yawning drone.

WO Instructor (on the Junior Class doing rifle drill) — "They're not only growing moustaches, they're re-writing the drill book."



THE COMPANY OF OFFICER CADETS
MORNING PARADE

MY FIRST RUGBY MATCH



WHILE packing to come to OCS, we reverently placed our football togs in a corner of a case in great expectancy of showing them in that remote and isolated outpost of humanity just how good we are. On the first sports afternoon, however, we are sadly informed that instead of playing football, the grand old game of Aussie Rules, we are expected to play the gentlemen's game of Rugby Union — a disorganized scramble in which our prowess as strong-arm men and bashers is fully fostered. We are told to play in the backline and with little encouragement and continued reprisals from the Senior Class, about ten of us are forced to run the length of the ground, throwing the ball to each other. A week of this — solid training — and we find ourselves playing against Flinders, a renowned team of speed and weight.

The day dawned as had the previous six — pouring rain and a howling gale. On arrival, we find that the ground is a sheet of water. Shivering we wend our way onto the arena and are positioned behind a blob of players called forwards. We gaze around for our opponent, but instead of being in close proximity, he is almost at the other end of the field. The art of scoring is to place the ball on the ground, after running the length of the ground, and over the boundary line (called a try line) and disregarding the wolfish pack of the opposition, who are prepared to maul or maim, merely to gain possession of the ball. Seems Double Dutch to us, for as backs we are expected to score. We get the ball and being hotly pressed, toss it to a team-mate who is running past. We are startled to hear

the umpire (sorry referee) blow his whistle for a forward pass. Seems that besides being expected to score, we must achieve this coveted mission by throwing the ball behind us — a truly amazing task. The game progresses merrily, with men being tackled around the neck and legs, tripped and pushed in the face. Suddenly the ball is kicked high towards us. We set ourselves and fly for a screamer, but on the way down suddenly feel as if we have been hit by a Centurion Tank, travelling at 80 mph. Dazed, we stagger to our feet and are about to take the ball for a well-earned free kick, when we see the game has progressed 50 yards downfield and everyone ignoring us. By this time we can hardly recognize our team-mates from the opposition because of the mud. This adds to the puzzle to some degree. The ball is now in our forward lines and someone frantically tries to kick it clear. It slides off his foot into our grasp and we deliberate on having a snap shot for goal. However, a monster covered in mud is bearing down on us and we sprint for the goals, when we are tripped and slide over a white line. We stagger to our feet, mentally cursing ourselves for carrying the ball out of bounds, when we suddenly find people clapping and cheering, team-mates shaking our hand and slapping our back. We are quite a hero but cannot understand why until someone informs us that we have scored a try. Fancy scoring by placing the ball over the boundary line. A puzzling game this gentlemen's game of rugby; a puzzling game!

— B. D. J.

Comment passed at hockey match —

“Death, where is thy sting?”

ALLITERATION

(OR ADVICE TO ALL OCS PERSONNEL)



If before examination
You lose your power of concentration
And find that cause of great vexation
Then what you need is relaxation.
You'll find some day that education
Is not alone a presentation
Of facts set down with illustration
In a text-book-like formation
(Often marred by scribbled mutilation
In spite of care in preparation
Of the book for publication).
The result of so much speculation
Will only be continuation
Of world-wide demoralization
Or end in your extermination.
So, save your brain from suffocation
Before it reels with coruscation
Or rings with tintinnabulation.

Swot will not bring you inspiration
Not even in MRFS translation,
And if your brain's in fermentation
You will not pass examination,
'Twill only be procrastination
Of a commission's destination.

If this should lack appreciation,
I'll have you know no implication
Is meant by this reiteration.
For I intend, with application,
To concentrate on cultivation
Of mind and brain by observation.
And so I hope the duplication
Of this my wisest dumination,
Will spread cheer and illumination
Among this present generation.

— M. M. E.



DIGGING WEAPON PITS

MEDITATION



To graduate, or not to graduate, that is the problem
Whether it is nobler to face the charges of the RSM
Or spit on boots and polish brass
And by doing so succeed — and graduate.
Thus assessed, and then approved we and the endless extra drills,
So prone to all cadets — tis a consummation devoutly to be wished
To win — to pass, to graduate! and some day to retire — ay there's a thought.
For on this graduation night what dreams may come,
When we become senior to Warrant Officers,
Another thought; shall we be merciful or turn in our Fury, and by opposing end them.
For we have borne their scorn for twelve long months,
And being so wronged are anxious for revenge.
Ah! yes, to graduate; the goal of all who come, and few who go;
But "Soldier on" Cadet and learn to take, and then to give.
Become a man, and learn to smile when threatened with CB,
And overcome the fear of stoppages of leave,
And crime detectors from whom no wrong doer survives.
Accept the charge, and pound the square, it matters nought;
Thus this noble institution makes officers of us all
And thus our rebellious minds are cast away
And replaced by tranquil thoughts of formal dinners and Mess Accounting.
With this in mind fight on and win the day,
Leaving toil behind, and peace in front.
But wait! remember young Cadet,
In CARO be all thy sins recorded.

— R. K. S. R.

At an introductory period to night fieldcraft, we were told that there seemed to be two colours alone — black and white. One cadet said that this was so because there was no light.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

— *New entry to OCS.*

RUGBY



THE 1955 season saw the Rugby team in the Melbourne B Grade competition for the first time. Besides the competition matches, we played the annual match against RMC.

After training for a month, the first match of the season against Harlequins was, for many, their first game of Rugby. Hence we saw some remarkable interpretations of the rules. However, they learnt the hard way and most of them were still fit to play the next match. Although we lost 15 - 3, the team showed promising form.

In most of our matches, injuries occurred and we had to call on members of the staff and hockey team to play so we could field a team. So it was when

we played "Workshops" Broadmeadows, Captain Carruthers and 2lt Murray ran on to the field with the team. Again, when the team played University, 2lt Murray, WO 2 O'Brien and Ross from the hockey team found themselves in the school side.

The team went to Duntroon on the 28 May to play the all-important match against RMC 2nd XV. This match proved to be one of the hardest of the season. Although there were no scorers for OCS, we played hard and it was only by two breakthroughs by RMC that they had us at 10 - 0 at half-time. The second half was even harder with some brilliant moves by RMC. The final score was 25 - 0.



OCS TEAM WHICH PLAYED RMC 1st CLASS
SYDNEY

Just before leave, OCS defeated RAAF 48 - 3 and University 34 - 0.

With the arrival of the Junior Class in July, much hope was raised for a really good team being formed. However, prior to the arrival of the Juniors, the team was defeated by RAAF Froggnall by 16 - 9. It was on the day the team returned from leave. 'Nuff said!.

The first match in which Junior classmen appeared was against University, who were beaten 41 - 0. Powerhouse were victorious by 8 points to 3. In a social match a second team, comprising mostly Juniors new to the game, was defeated 12 - 9. Another social match against 1st Armoured Regiment was played and was won by OCS 12 - 3.

The Junior Class team was beaten by Scotch College 3 - 0.

The season was concluded with an inter-platoon competition played with seven men aside. The results were —

2 Pl defeated 1 Pl

3 Pl defeated 1 Pl

2 Pl defeated 3 Pl.

2 Pl were the winners of the competition.

A social match was played against Apprentices (Balcombe) and this match resulted in a win for OCS 47 to nil.

A sound nucleus has been formed of a team to play next season in the Melbourne competition.



AUSTRALIAN RULES TRAINING COMING TO THE FORE

I have been studying how I may compare this prison where I live unto the world.

Cadet's thought (note the singular)

TENNIS



THE first match of the year was held at the Sorrento tennis courts on 2 March 1955. The Cadets had accepted the challenge from the Staff and everyone was eager to prove which was the better team. Unfortunately, age did not give way to youth this time, as the Staff eventually took the honours for the day, experience being the deciding factor. One cadet was heard to say he was afraid to win in case he got an extra drill.

Three matches which created great interest and barracking were those in which Anderson defeated Allen 9-0, Stollznow defeated the Commandant 9-5, and Cuthbertson defeated Ross 9-6. Despite the narrow defeat of the Cadets by the Staff, the Cadets' spirit was not broken, and they intend to avenge their defeat later in the year.

On 5 March, we were paid a visit by the RAAF Cadets from Point Cook. We played their tennis team at Sorrento, but were not as successful as we hoped. We lost 8 sets out of 9. Congratulations to Anderson who won his match 9-2.

The results of the main competitive matches held during the first quarter of 1955 are —

16 Feb — 1 Pl defeated 2 Pl
9 sets to 1

2 Mar — Staff defeated Cadets
8 set to 4

5 Mar — RAAFC defeated Cadets
8 sets to 1

30 Mar — Sgts Mess defeated Offrs
Mess
7 sets to 4.

SWIMMING



THE Inter-Platoon Swimming Carnival was held at Flinders Naval Depot and resulted in a win for 2 Pl. This result was largely due to stout work by Stollznow and Newton.

These two were selected to swim in the Southern Command championships for the Mornington area. Stollznow received a hearty cheer from the spectators for his effortless win in the 400 metres freestyle, winning the race by a lap. Newton won the 50-metres freestyle and 50-metres backstroke.

The Inter-Services Championships were held at Flinders. RAAF won from RAN, and the Army were in third place. Congratulations to the RAAF.

Major Smith must be congratulated for his very fast lap swim in the open relay. This event was won convincingly by the Army.

Major Smith, Stollznow and Newton played in the Army Water Polo team against both RAAF and RAN.

HOCKEY



THIS year we started the season with only two players who had previous experience of the game. From this we have built a team which has represented OCS proudly.

Owing to the newness of the team, only three major fixtures were played in the first half of the season.

Our first outside game was against the Apprentices School. The latter opened the scoring with three sharp goals. Suitably surprised, we were jolted into action and after a good, clean and even game, OCS won 6 - 5.

The second major fixture, and by far our toughest game, was against RMC at Duntroon. Although we lost 7 - 2, the

results do not give a true picture of what was a fairly even game — particularly in the second half. Both our goals were scored by Ross. Kulakowski (known in the trade as the Terrier of the Vistula) sprained a finger rather badly, but played on with one hand until ordered off. Newton, resting after the previous day's rugby, was surprised to find himself playing right half — which he did with great zeal and effect. The strange panting sounds made by the team towards the end of the game were attributed to the high altitude of Canberra, rather than an excess of fudge.

The game against the RANC was comfortably won 5 - 1, with good goals from Ross and Boscoe.



THE STAFF TEAM AT HALF-TIME

Much pleasure has been derived from games between the cadets and staff, particularly against the officers, most of whom spend little time playing the ball, but all of whom play the game in the correct spirit.

The composition of the team changed in the second term with the arrival of the Junior Class. It is considered important that a good core be built up from the Junior Class, in order to provide the grounding for a team next year.

Unhappily, the second match against RANC was cancelled owing to weather. On 31 Jul, the first game of the second term was played against 1 Armd Regt, who defeated us 4 - 3.

The next game was on 7 Aug against AHQ, with whom we drew 3 all.

Possibly the high spot of the season was the contest against the staff which we won 5 - 1, thereby retaining the Hockey Cup for 1955.

In the internal competition — that organized mayhem, the following results occurred:—

2 Pl defeated 1 Pl 3 - 2

1 Pl drew 3 Pl 1 - 1

2 Pl defeated 3 Pl 4 - 2

2 Pl therefore wins the inter-platoon competition.



PLATOON GAME

(Dead bodies have been removed)

“What colour car is seen best at night?”

Reply by cadet — “Luminous, sir.”

CRICKET



THE season began in rather lamentable fashion, there being few members at the beginning of the course who had much experience of the great game. However, the team soon began to take shape.

The first matches on an inter-platoon basis resulted in two convincing wins by 1 Pl.

Our first game as a School was played against the RANC, Flinders, which the latter won—mainly owing to a fine century by Senior Cadet James.

This match was followed by a match against the School staff, resulting in a very narrow win for the staff (5 runs). Highlights of this match were, for the Staff, fine knocks by Capt Moloney, 28, and Capt McPhee, 32, and for the Cadets, a good knock by Vincent, 32.

A very pleasant day was spent at the Staff College, where we had our first taste of victory. It was a very close and interesting match and we owe our success to good performance by Capt McPhee, who retired at 40, and by Phillips, who opened up in grand style to score a bright 24.

RAAF College came to visit us and gave us a lesson in cricket. They won easily and apart from some good bowling by Newton and Vincent, we were out-classed throughout. Congrats RAAF.

The next match was perhaps the most exciting we played for the season—1 Armd Regt came from Pt Lonsdale for a social match. They batted first and scored a smart 110; fine batting by Col

Miles and S/Sgt Dotterell was the highlight of the innings. The OCS openers started our innings off well with Phillips putting on one of his best performances for the season and Blair playing a very sure and safe game at the other end. However, all good things must end and with only 30 mins left for play, we needed over 50 runs for victory. Ross went in and seeing the need for fast scoring, attacked the bowling without mercy; Vincent followed the example and these two players put 52 runs on the board in little over 20 minutes. Congratulations to Aspinall for a fine bowling performance; he captured 5 Armd wickets for 30 runs.

A social match was played at Flinders against the naval officers. This must have been the match most enjoyed by all; we lost the match, but the hospitality of our hosts was something not soon forgotten and we hope they will ask us again next season! Thank you, Navy, for an excellent day.

The last organized match was played against officers from the School of Infantry. This was our easiest victory. The highlights of the match were the batting of Capt Moloney - 49, and Ross - 27, and the fine bowling of Capt Leary 5 - 35.

For an excellent wind-up to a good season, we must thank Mr Lindsay Hassett and his team, who came down to play a social match. We were soundly defeated, but we gained a few points from these "A" grade players that we will endeavour to put to good use next season.

Prayer according to St Scrivenor —

"Give us this day our daily cliché."

"Out, damned spot! Out, I say!"

Cadet's morning prayer.

Social Activities



THE members of the Social Committee, until the arrival of the Junior Class in July, were —

- G. Burgess President
- B. Fitzgerald Secretary
- G. Boscoe
- R. Anderson.

The Company held two major functions during the first term. The first was a Recreation Room Dance, held in the Ante-room on 7 May. This was an informal evening with dances, amusements and a night of good, clean fun.

The second and larger function was the Winter Ball held on Friday, 17 June. Features of the decorations were two snowmen constructed by cadets and giving an appropriate touch to the evening. This ball was intended to fill the place of subsequent graduation balls.

In second term we are preparing for the Sports Ball and the OCS Review in October.

Minor entertainment proceed. Of these, the most noticeable is the regular Orderly Officer's Levee on the parade ground at 0640. Anyone who is anyone appears there sooner or later.



VISIT TO QUEENSLIFF

Jack Stewart 10/1/99

Brian Johnson

Richard Eickler

John Guene

Da Del, & (Paddo!!).

Les Hukker

John Braiding

AHQ PRINTING PRESS
RAAOC

~~Don Hall~~

~~King Donald~~

~~James Jack of (Jack)~~
G.E. Miller John Allen King