

MATILDA



OCS NEWSLETTER

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CONGRATULATIONS

(Sequel)

The COC congratulate Barry and Faye Henley on the more recent addition to their family - The COC.

EDITORIAL

In this the first edition of 'Matilda' for the year I wish to point out that this magazine is an important part of The COC. In past issues it has been used with some success as a means of expression for only a few. This surely is not the aim of a fair newsletter. Matilda should strive to reflect the wide variety of views within the Officer Cadet School, and in future, will do so.

Contributions to the newsletter so far have been excellent and I applaud the co-operation of the Junior class and platoon sergeants, in gaining material. If this keeps up Matilda will survive and be enjoyed by everyone.

On behalf of the cadets of the Officer Cadet School, I express a sincere welcome to our Commandant Colonel Cole, our Regimental Sergeant-Major WO1 B.T. Waters, MBE and new members of the staff. I hope that you too can enjoy and participate in Matilda.

C.M. SHARP
Editor

BSM's REPORT

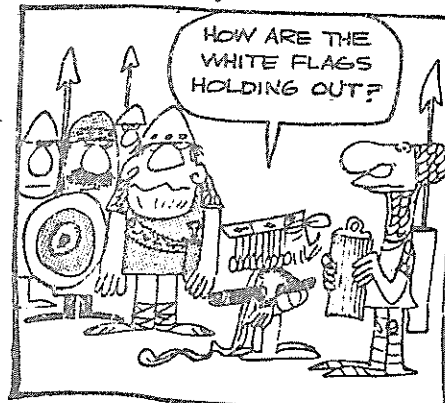
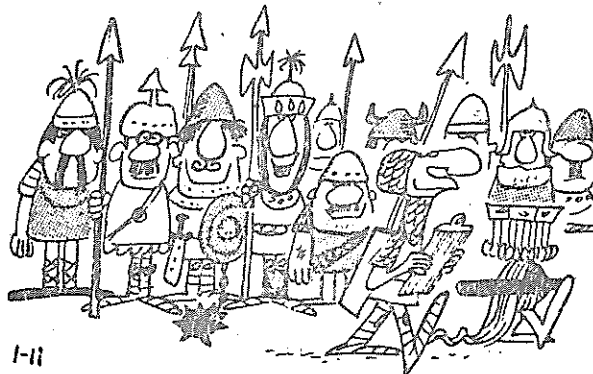
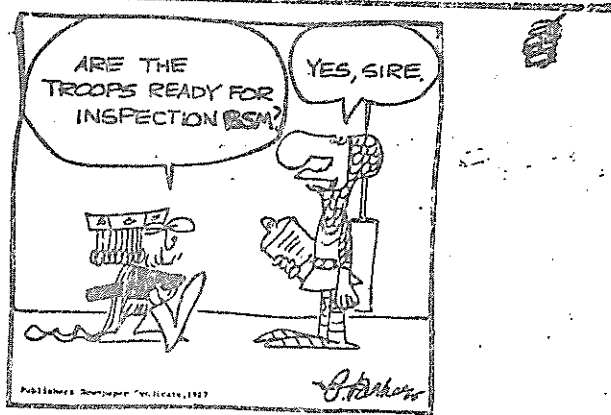
(Just a quick one).

The start of the 1975 year has been a successful one for both Juniors and Seniors. With the large Senior to Junior ratio (2:1) there have been various administrative problems which have now been largely overcome.

These problems have only been settled by co-operation within, and between, the two classes. It is however, not a time to sit back and pat ourselves on the back, but a time to consolidate and improve.

In order that this term be even more successful that co-operation will have to be maintained.

I wish to congratulate the members of both classes and express my hope that 1975 will be a very successful year for OCS.



TAKE COVER

To the observant Officer Cadet it will become apparent that the front cover displays a swagman beneath the title "Matilda". You may say to yourself that this is a strange title for such a newsletter, and in part you are right.

The name however, does not relate, in my mind, to the swagman. You may recall that the small tank which stands outside the HQ building is also a Matilda. This small but effective vehicle more than proved its worth in the Western Desert, during World War II. It outshot its bigger opponents and demoralised the crews of the German Afrika Corps.

This is the reason that this newsletter is associated with that name, for Portsea shares a quality with that tank. OCS produces only a small number of officers each year but they are well trained and effective. This record too has been proven in the past.

Remember that the Matilda tank is a part of the Portsea spirit and it is that spirit which we have to achieve and live up to.

Cpl SHARP

W A N T E D

On paper, from anyone, funny incidents for inclusion in this Newsletter. Please forward to the Editor anytime.

VIEWPOINTS

I will down tools,
I will return to the bank.
I will have one suit.
And one room with bare walls.
And an unmade bed.
I will testify my life,
In cold coffee and dirty cups.
I will have no friends.
I will have my hair cropped or long.
And if someone should fall to love me,
I will feel I have cheated.
- Who is this fool?
- Who dared?
And called himself a poet.

Hold up your head.
You're at Portsea now lad,
And make your own bed,
Or things will go bad.

Your back will be straight.
And your feet will be sore.
You'll be sick to the teeth,
Of military law.

E.D.'s and C.B.
You'll do by the score,
But you'll know and be part
Of Esprit de Corps.

friendship's a spirit,
That soars to the sky,
There's a shine on your brass.
A gleam in your eye.

Be proud of yourself.
Deny if you can,
You came here a youth,
You'll leave here a man.

EATING OUT AND ABOUT

Perhaps one of the most perennial problems that confronts new intakes of cadets to Portsea is the question of where to eat and how much, particularly on those weekends when time is at a premium.

Old favourites include the "Portsea" where a reasonably priced meal of adequate proportions and acceptable flavour can be obtained, and the Sorrento Hotel. That latter offers a quick, 2 course dinner, slightly less costly and with a far wider range of choice, particularly in the Oriental field. Music (I use the term loosely) is provided in the form of a local band that bashes out strains ~~which~~^{made} famous by the greats of today's guitar wielding accousticians. Unfortunately, (or perhaps fortunately) the dance floor is not its most notable feature, (although I suppose it is remarkable for its smallness).

However, as hope reigns eternal in the human breast, so the heavy smell of steaks hangs eternal in Shelley's Bistro. A really excellent Porterhouse or fillet can be bought at this establishment, and all for a fortnight's wages. Wine is served on a BYO basis which is probably a good thing when one considers the increase in costs that a licence to sell seems to bring.

Not without fame is that vestige from the Rhine, The Little Red Riding Hood, which provides an interesting selection of Australian dishes with German names. For a mere 50¢ one can savour the delights of home made 'apfelkirschen'. Apple pie might cost less but it does'nt sound nearly as appetizing!

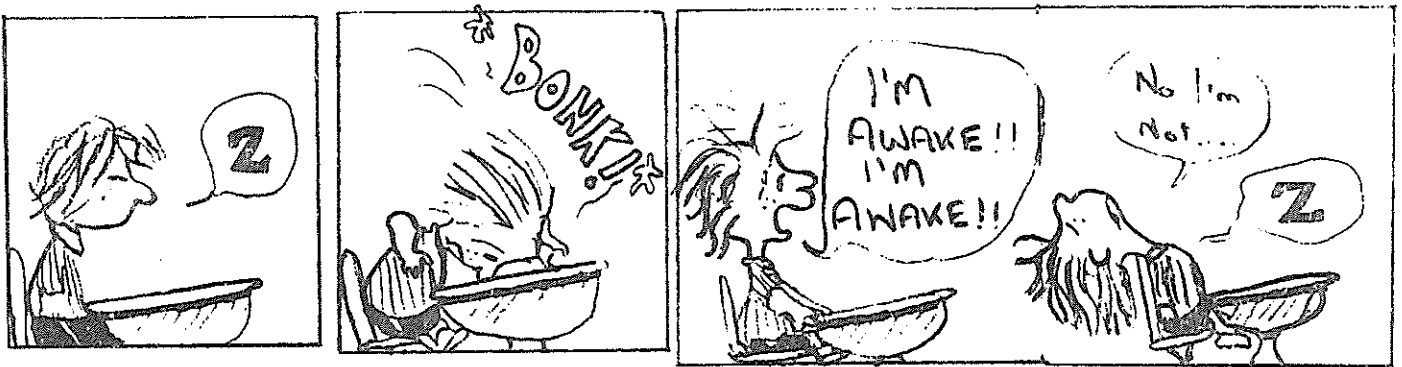
Which leads one to the conclusion that yes, after all, the mess is best, so when dining in, please remember your MSE.

Course Quotes: "A man's master of his thoughts but a slave of his words" - Common Skills ??

ANTHROMORPHOUS

AND

THE OFFICER CADET



BSM's PRAYER

(thanks to WANTOK - predecessor of MATILDA)

Our BSM who art in the anteroom.
Hallowed be thy lawn,
Thy company cometh,
It will be done on earth as it is in the drill pam.

Give us this day our daily parade.
And forgive us our slow march,
As we forgive the tape they play for us.

Lead us not unto the CI and deliver us from the RSM,
For thou hast the company, the power and the sword,
Till the end of the year.

AMEN

Relevant?

OUTWARD BOUND

Outward Bound, what is it? It comprises a course over 4 or more weeks where civilians learn sailing, hiking, camping, canoeing, rock climbing, abseiling, speaking in public; and physical exercise. The conception of Outward Bound occurred during World War Two when centres were established to train junior naval ratings in the arts of survival. The motto sums up the principles of Outward Bound - *"To seek, to strive, but not to yield"*.

What has a primarily naval oriented course in common with the modern Australian Army? At present troops are being cross-trained, exercised and re-trained to the point of boredom. Adventure training has to some extent eased the situation, but disenchantment still exists. The recruiting posters with "Adventure, excitement etc etc", seem rather hollow after a few years in a peace time Army.

The British Army faced this problem years ago and came up with several answers. One was the establishment of two Outward Bound Schools - in Germany a Mountain School, and in England a Sea School. The schools have no rank discrimination and parade ground discipline is non-existent.

Where do we obtain instructors?

The Army has a number of Physical Training, Watermanship, Rapelling, Parachuting, and public speaking courses, as well as canoeists and of course field craft instructors, at its disposal. Why not join all these into a centre, where an intensive course of say 4 - 6 weeks could be run? Or perhaps, a cadre could be convened to move from district to district training the smaller and larger units. Eventually specialised instructors would emerge.

The whole concept would be exciting and would possibly show the Australian Army as a pace-setter in peace-time occupation. With our climate, facilities and the Australian love of adventure the course would be a valuable asset to the Army and interested civilians.

O/C A.J. WATTS

More Course Quotes "When you dig,
be careful where you throw the dirt" -
Battlecraf ??

OWZAT!



SLIP FIELDER



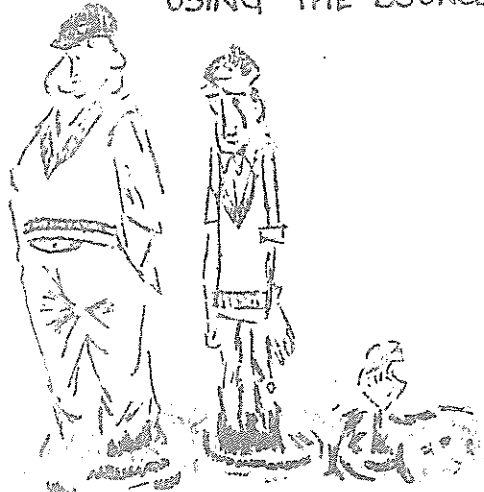
FIELDING IN DEEP GULLY



SILLY POINT



USING THE BOUNCER



DEEP THIRD MAN



CAUGHT IN THE "COVERS"

A VIEW FROM THE OTHER PLACE

One fateful day in January, the year of our Lord (or is it? - does He ever smile on the inmates of OCS?) 1975, ten young blades from Duntroon (for those who don't understand - The "Other Place") drove through the lowering portals at this revered School.

Did I say drove? Honky in a bent, green Mini with straight through exhaust; Tim in a bent, brown Datsun; Phil in an ex-bent rust-paint-spotted Holden; Lex in a bent Hunter with rattles and squeaks - what a convoy! Upon parking their wheels, they realized by the other vehicles that it must be the money that keeps people here!

They settled in smoothly, with the help of unbelievably co-operative and friendly seniors. This was a new one on them. Friendly seniors? Unheard of. There must be something behind it. There was! TWO WEEKS BUMPING TIME! "Have fun while you can, lads, coz in TWO WEEKS you're gonna get it! Har! Har!"

Upon being shown their spacious, 12 x 10 x 8 foot, fully carpeted cubicles, complete with bed, basin, built-ins and bayside view, they shed tears of joy, there was a place where a man could really curl up in and punch beds.

Of course, that wasn't to be the case. Reveille at 0615 (shudder, weep) so that they could be on parade 1½ hours later (whatever happened to those 10 - minute leaps from bed to parade?), tattoo at 2200 after a ¾ hour O Gp, several inspections and a word or a thousand with a senior with nothing better to do, and lights out (positively archaic idea!) at 2205 - just to make it interesting.

Being pretty slack lads, used to a quick trot on, look, flag break, trot off the square in the mornings, they wondered how it was possible to make an inspection parade last for 35 minutes. Easy, if you spend 25 minutes dressing off the platoons left to right, front to rear, back to front and inside out! And how about a 60 minute parade? Easy too! Just have a pre-inspection inspection! Yes, verily, it was fun.

But on the other side of the scale - the boozier. Hm! So maybe the place did have some civilized traits. Yes, Portsea, home of Victoria's indolent rich, had a school in its midst with a wet canteen in its mess ante-room. Bliss!! And on the first weekend, they discovered, down by the old fort, topless bathers, wow! Enough! With a beach, a bed, a boozier and birds an ex-Cordie could live anywhere.

So they decided to stay.

-70-

YARRUM BATH PLATOON



WOULDN'T IT - THE SHOWER'S RUN DRY.

SPORT REPORT

Subject

Mattress Race

1. Time 1800 hrs, 11 Dec 74.
2. Competitors "Legs" Jewson and "Flash" Fraser.
3. Weather Cold, rainy, wet, overcast.
4. Dress Knee length wet suits.
5. Length 200 metres return, from sewerage pipe to flags, and back again.
6. Description Regretfully the events which occurred during the first stages of the race are unknown but the last 50 metres is presented.
7. Last Stage Jewson in front paddling furiously but then due to a flat mattress, he is in trouble. I hear shouts of OH NO! you "blank". Fraser, flashing furiously, streams past "Legs" and wins by 10 metres.
8. Prize To "Flash" is awarded first prize - a waterbed!