

MATILDA



OCS NEWSLETTER

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EDITORIAL

Well, here it is, for your perusal. Many sleepless nights, hundreds of cigarettes and countless brews have gone into its making. Criticize not, therefore, but put in your own two bobs' worth for the next one, which hopefully will be out after Yarram (shudder!). Remember, every clod has a tinsel lining (or something) so when you're out there in your all-night ambush with the rain dripping down your neck and your rifle turning to rust, and you see something funny (like maybe a truckload of the enemy going over a cliff) write it down and let others share your enjoyment.

It has been pleasing to see some people have decided to contribute to this rag, but I'm greedy - I still want more.

Ed

POETS' HANGOUT

- ah, sweet mysteries of verse! -

THE SOLDIER'S LAMENT

He checks his kit,
His test has come,
The sands have finally run,
From the hourglass of his life,
Why me! he cries,
Is it such a crime,
to go on without this test,
- he's tried his best.
But he is trapped, by God's cruel laws of
which he kens naught.
- he never sought,
to go this way.

Ah! but it must be done,
With knotted guts,
He shoulders his pack,
and descends the stairs of doom,
- an eerie gloom
is over all humanity,
He finds the spot,
where the dastardly deeds are done
- where does it all lead?
..... another day's CB to come!

ALPHA BEN SADLY
A4 and bar, ED, SP, CB, SOL

* * * * *

It is reliably reported that 90 homesick ockers are considering US Marine membership because they still, and will forever more, hear the echoes of "Nice fine day"

SEEN AND HEARD

Heard:- "Ah, you're just like them pirates I seen in the movies!"

And who said: "I seen ya done it!"

Heard on the grapevine:- Sgt Perry has been taking grammar lessons in
that little house on the hill

Heard:- RSM: "Mr Kemp, what sort of craft is that?"
(A small boat is heading to Port Melbourne).

O/C Kemp: "Ah, I think it's a tug, sir".

RSM: "Don't be ridiculous - that's the R.N.Z. Navy
flagship!"

O/C Kemp: "... is it sir?"

RSM: "Of course it is! one of their aircraft
carriers, I think".

O/C Kemp: "... Yes sir"

Heard:- Capt Ison - when asked about the dessert: "Oh, I can't
complain - my jaws are stuck together!"

Heard:- (Introduction to senior class defence tute)

Capt TACTICS: "Now for some questions - what's your name?"

Cadet: "Whitby, sir"

Capt TACTICS: "Well done!"

Seen:- Capt TACTICS and Capt ARTILLERY eat TIC-TACS during lectures

SEEN AND HEARD

Hear that - Jama got an ED? - it was for "slopey" drill!

OC A Coy: "Well, Sgt Rock, how does 7 SOL sound?"

Rocky: "I dunno sir, but if you whistle it, I catch on pretty quick!"

Heard (and seen) "By the right - er - by the left, eyes left"
(on the wrong foot)
"Eyes front thank you"
"By the left, eyes left"
"I beg your pardon?"
"Er sorry sir Eyes front"
(wrong foot again)
"Break into double time - double march"
(getting out while the going's good?).

Seen:- The PMC wearing out the carpet between his room and the SAL's after a dose of Ron Thompson's chocolates.

Heard:- Instructor: "Now look I'm in an enemy tank coming at this bridge - what do you do?"

Digger: "I'd open fire with my anti-tank gun".

Instructor: "Oh? And where do you suppose you'd get that?"

Digger: "Same place you got your tank, sir!!"

THE F.F.I.



MISCELLANEOUS UBI

Contrary to popular belief, the RSM does not Bell-Pak his Sam Browne - he uses AMWAY SPRAY!

It is interesting to note that according to the OCS Nominal Roll for the July term, Ray Kook was one year old on the 21 August 1975.

To the politician, sex is but a means to an end - to the soldier, it is an end in itself.

- Visiting lecturer

Owing to a shortage of shovels for the defence phase at Yarram, senior class will lean on each other.

The last S & R meeting was an astounding success - the committee was devoted, the chairman was enthusiastic, the scribe wrote furiously and the cadets were asleep

THE JOYS OF BEING A NEW TROOP LEADER

After Puckapunyal, you should have a good idea of what goes on in a tank troop exercise. What many of you do not realize are the agonies a troop goes through as a new Troop Leader becomes acclimatized. The new Troopy is normally oblivious of the pain he is causing while his new world floats past him as he rides upon the armoured version of "cloud nine". Therefore, let us look at a day in the life of a newly joined subaltern.

0530 (first light). The noise of his troop busily preparing itself for the day ahead awakens our hero. His mind slips from unconsciousness into a painful awareness. His eyes remain shut so as not to give the game away. He marvels at how warm his sleeping bag really is - and at how loud his Troop Sgt's voice is. At 0535 - 0550 he crawls out of his pit. Temperature is low; - 25C at least. (About average for Pucka - ED).

0550. Troop stands around holding brews and watch the first amusing spectacle of the day - the Troop leader washing on the back decks. They watch as he splashes about in the canvas bucket. They watch as his soap disappears through the decks into the gearbox; they watch as he squeezes his toothpaste like a man determined to get blood out of a stone.

0600. Wash finished - soap lost - but nevertheless feeling as well as can be expected. The troop is still watching as the Troopy tosses his washing water a good 50 metres into the woods. It is only the troop who sees the Troopy's hand razor amongst the water. A little gambling session follows as to whether the razor went 35 or 65 metres! By the time this has finished it is about

0615. Troopy looks at the ground to see a plate with a fried egg covered in diesel. Thumbprints completely surrounded by baked beans. Troopy's driver explains that his breakfast has been ready since 0515 and he really ought to get it eaten. Troopy, anxious to show enormous gusto wolfs down the aforementioned "nosh". Licking his lips he tells the driver how delicious it was and promptly finishes the driver's still steaming brew. Hostile crew becomes more hostile.

0630. Troops roars off to join the remainder of the squadron for the day's task.

0632. Troop rears back to pick up the Troopy's sleeping bag.

0633. Troopy leaps back into turret with boots GP, DMS covered in mud. His sudden entrance throws the turret into confusion; his gunners' second brew of the day leaves the hands of its owner; makes a quick ascent over the gun and lands neatly, but upside down, in the operator's lap. The hero's boots continue their downward movement and remove about nine square inches of skin from the gunner's back, who quietly bites a chunk out of the traverse indicator to relieve the pain.

0635. Orders flood across the ether from the Squadron Leader's tank. Chaos continues as the hero grabs the chinagraph pencil he stole from the SSM only to find it has no china in it. Troopy confidently assures his crew that he has the picture from the "boss", and so without further ado the troop rears off to act as reserve troop (I wonder why??)

1000. (Let's take a peep at our hero's crew again).

1. Engine ticking over - although the driver's warning light panel looks like Picadilly Circus on New Year's Eve
2. Operator is fast asleep
3. Gunner is still chewing on the traverse indicator as the pain has, as yet, not subsided
4. Troopy is hanging upside down, by snatch harness, trying to retrieve his vast (unmarked) map from the floor.....

1015. Troopy is in COMPLETE control again, with his headphones positioned squarely, one earpiece over his right eye, the other tucked into the back of his head.

1030. The hero realizes he is completely lost, but as no-one in the troop knows what they are supposed to be doing, there is no reason to admit this fact until -

1400. Troop leader asks Troop Sergeant where he is (exactly).

1401. Twelve figure grid reference comes crashing over the radio and makes Troop Leader's right eyebrow jump.

1402. Troopy decides that if troop moves flat out (led by Troop Sergeant) they could just about catch the rest of the squadron by last light.

This they do and arrive at -

1900. Rest of squadron already in hide. It is a beautiful one protected by beech trees.

1901. Troop rears in with enormous style. A sentry is forced to flee from the undergrowth. The SQM's cooking area is completely crushed, as are 29 trees.

1920. All is quiet. Bivvies are hurriedly put up as our hero sits atop his machine doing a radio watch (operator had closed sets down at 1910) looking dreamily at the starry sky and smoking the operator's last cigarette.

1930. The Troop Leader decides that, indeed, Troop leading days are the finest in one's career

2030. And so to bed. But not without incident. The Troop Corporal's bivvy is completely uprooted before our hero finds his own crews, with no torch he slips quickly into his sleeping bag, squashing the operator's nose with a groping hand and giving the gunner one more nudge in his tortured back

SNR CLASS DEMO TOUR

Sgt Bayre:- *"On this tour, I'm not an RAP sergeant - I'm a b.....d!!"*

Heard at the Cross (as usual) *"Grrrrrowlll!"*

Heard about: Tim Malone in a compromising situation at Circular Quay.

Heard: *"33A, this is 11B - neutralize that target, over"*
(Forty round burst from the tank's .30 cal)
"Ah, 33A target not yet identified but enemy sh ... scared anyway, over"
".....11B, roger, out!"

Heard at Pucka:- RSM: *"Well, here comes the hard sell for trucks - now they'll try to convert us".*

Collins: *"Hah! Do you think they'll be successful?"*

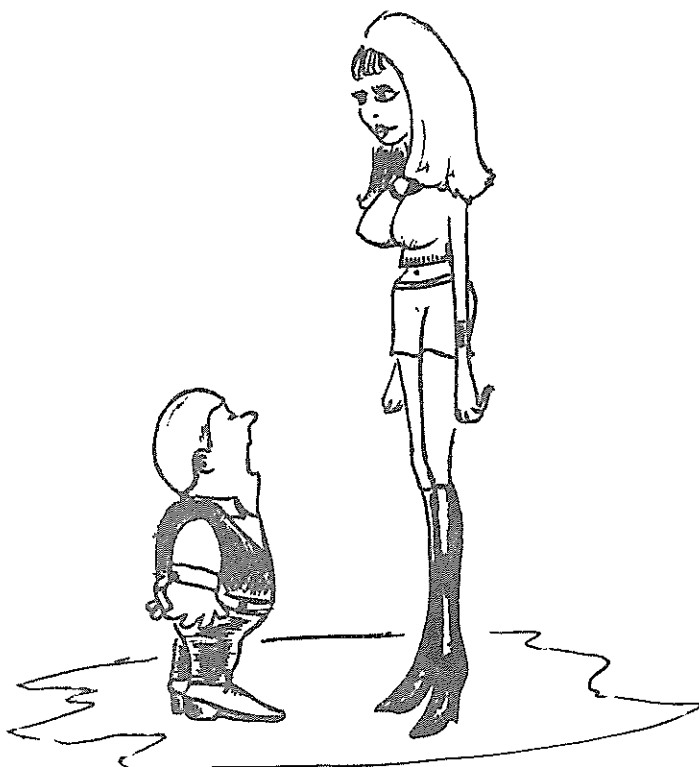
RSM: *".... They'll have to wipe today and start again to be even in the running!"*

Heard (before tour):- Rose: *"Wake up, love!"*

Eric: *"S'alright dear, I'll be up in time to sign in".*

Voice of Maj, OC: *"Not good enough - 4 CB!!"*

"I'm waiting for my mates"



"I'm waiting for my mates - they said they were gonna put me up to it!"

WHEN WRAAC OCS COMES TO PORTSEA

APPRECIATION - THE WRAAC AND THE CADET

Narrative:- Once there was located in Portsea, a handsome cadet who was popular, intelligent and keen, and an ardent admirer of smartness wherever he saw it.

As he watched the dismissal of a WRAAC parade one day, the salute of one female cadet appealed to his well trained eye. Taking full advantage of ground (cover and concealment) he observed her orderly withdrawal to the town.

From his concealed position in a telephone booth (while cleverly disguised as Clark Kent) he observed her patrol past a cafe several times as if considering an assault, but finally she occupied a position fronting a shop window, and apparently commenced a recce of its location and contents.

Cpl Smooth now made his appreciation of the situation.

AIM: To make acquaintance of WRAAC cadet.

FACTORS:

Topo (a) Street fairly crowded.

Deduction:- Covered approach.

(b) Cafe attractive.

Deduction:- Hungry, but money short, or prefers company

(c) Occupying window position

Deduction:- (1) Inspecting contents.

(2) Examining reflection in glass.

(d) WRAAC contours.

Deduction:- Easy approach to gentle slopes, sharp curves and soft edges require time.

Relative Strengths

(a) WRAAC: attractive; Arms, soft; Magazines empty;

(b) Cpl Smooth: tall, handsome; Arms, strong,
Finance - full echelon.

Deduction:- Odds favour Cpl Smooth.

Time and Space

(a) 1545 hrs

Deduction:- Prompt action if afternoon toc is to be secured.

Weather

(a) Fine and clear.

Deduction: - Make a night of it.

COURSES:

Own: (1) Wait and meet formally
(2) Introduction by mutual friend
(3) Introduce myself

WRAAC: (a) May be reconnoitering for escort
(b) May knock me back
(c) May accept pick up

CONSIDERATIONS:

- (1) If own (1) or (2), and WRAAC (a), then she might get someone else first.
- (2) If own (3) and WRAAC (b), course (1) and/or (2) still open.
- (3) If own (3) and WRAAC (c), then I'm set.

Therefore I will adopt course (3)

PLAN:

Introduce myself after a surprise attack from the rear, in which I spill a cup of coffee over her and offer to wipe it off, which I do whilst gazing deep into her eyes

* * * * *

"Weapons, women and books need to be looked at every day".

- DUTCH PROVERB

"Stay with the weapons and books"

- OLD GUIDANCE OFFICER
SAYING

"I'd rather stay with the women"

- CADET'S SAYING

* * * * *

THE FIFTH COLUMN

Braddles must be getting tired of climbing in and out of his window - after locking himself out of his room four times in one day.

* * * * *

Blacky is reported to have kept the Donovans awake till 4.30 in the morning, unwrapping presents and squeaking the bed - next time there'll be a cow-bell under it, Trev.

* * * * *

Captain Donoghue was not the only one succumbing to the arms of Morphous during a recent lecture. Several others in the front row were seen to close their eyes for a forty-minute blink

* * * * *

*"Thou shalt not" the word came down. But who said
"After all, your eyes are not the same as Mr Goh's, are they oops!"*

* * * * *

Juniors, do not ask the Seniors how they spent the first day of spring

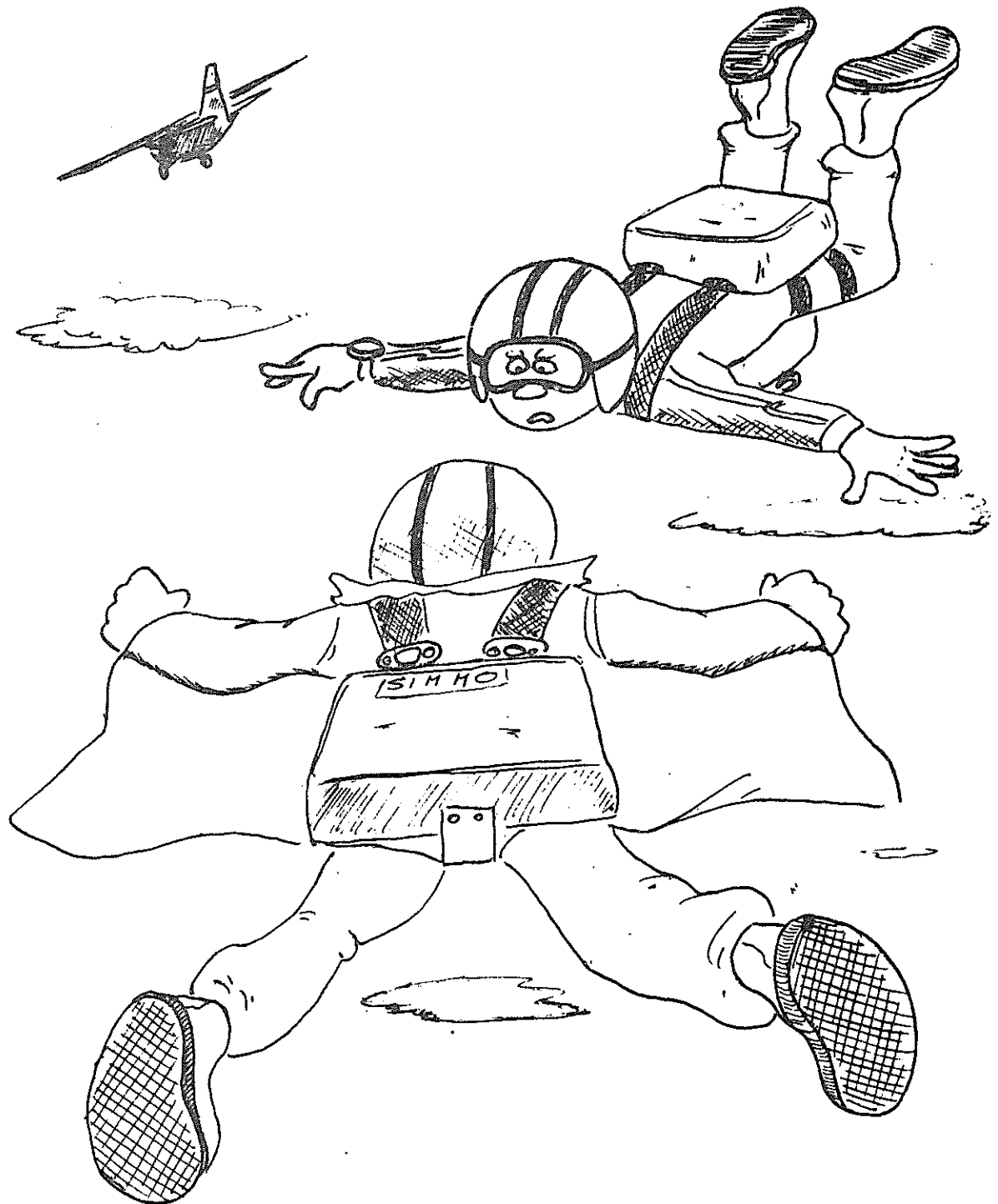
* * * * *

Who forgot to tell Jack that babies get fed at 2 am?"

* * * * *

To all you hopefuls, Horky has no intention of making a buck on the side now and again - he says it would spoil the shape of the soar.

* * * * *



"You're a disgrace to the sport, Simpson!!"

LITERARY SECTION

Because of the astounding success of his previous works, Timothy J. Malone has published another book, this time for cadets all over the Peninsula (although aimed mainly at those in Portsea) and has called it simply, LOOK, LOOK. (This is due to the fact that the author, with his perceptive mind, has reasoned that anybody looking must also be seeing, and furthermore believes that nobody will object to the omission of two sees).

Look, look
See Rockape
Rockape is not asleep
The CI is sitting behind Rockape

Look, look
See the RSM
The RSM is smiling
He has just given out twenty-four demerits

Look, look
See Robbie
Robbie is humming
He is recharging his batteries

Look look
See Dick work
See Spot watch Dick work
Spot is no dope

Look, look
See Tim cuss
Tim is cold and wet
He is in an all-night ambush

Look look
See the Editor struggle
See him scream
The Editor is being thrown in the bay for revealing
everyone's secrets in the latest magazine.

LITERARY SECTION

INSPIRED BY A VISITING LECTURER ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS

The hydraulic - bollic of the calcide - balcide is no longer the equivalent of the Pythagorean Theorem, although the antidisestablishmentarianism factor weighs heavily in favour of producing the mathematical equation required for the concurrent substitution of the inter-galactical odyssey undertaken by the socialist country of Outer Khalifistan in the second half of the twenty-first century when the democratic nations of the world crumbled under the acute pressures of the lead balloon which bounced on the head of the Portuguese Ambassador to London during his visit to Loch Ness, where, whilst fishing for tadpoles he was set upon by a madman wearing a skirt with a haggis encasing his head, who felt the divine inspiration of the Scottish Terrier in the actions that preceded him on his journey down the bisexual path of hedonistic improprieties and such-like so that the whole world did on that day sing "Auld Lang Syne" at the resignation of the Assistant Treasurer of the Snodwell Model Aeroplane Club.