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## **NEWSLETTER JUNE 2022**

### **PRESIDENT'S REPORT**

I would first like to thank the members who attended the Reunion at Coffs Harbour for supporting the Committee over the last four years and re-electing us. It has been an honour to be your President and I believe I speak for our Secretary Brian and Treasurer Ross too.

The Committee would like to thank all the members and their wives who made the effort to travel to Coffs Harbour for the reunion, many from interstate. I guess as we get older travelling long distances can be a strain on many members health. Unfortunately, we had some last minutes cancellations due to floods in Queensland and Positive COVID tests the week of the reunion. Those effected were sadly missed as many attendees were looking forward to seeing them.

The Reunion was excellent, much of its success was due to the C-ex Club at Coffs Harbour who went out of their way to make it the success it was. The Club's President David Doyle, an ex Locating Gunner gave us the three rooms we used for the meet and greet, AGM and Dinner free of the normal charges. Drinks were at club member's prices. The main dinner was a very good two course meal at a reduced price of \$30.00 a head. Nothing appeared to be any trouble for all the staff we encountered.

John Pollock, President

(2)

**PROFILE**

**JOHN PEPPERDINE**  
**1966/1967 TOUR**



(1)



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(1) Walking with wife Sandra at first open day at Recruit Training, Puckapunyal.

(2) At Bien Hoa to see Billy Graham preach about killing and stating we need not have a conscience as the enemy aren't Christians! He was paid \$1 million to promote US Government policy.

In 1949 with my parents, two year old sister and four year old me, immigrated to Australia as "Ten Pound Poms" making our home in Geelong. I completed Form 5 at Geelong High School and following an interview, I was accepted at Geelong Teachers' College to complete a two year teacher training course 1962-63. My first school was at Pennyroyal 20km inland from Lorne with twelve students, living on a local farm and playing football with Lorne being paid a quarter of my teaching salary for something I loved doing. I also met my wife Sandra in Lorne.

(3)

In 1966 my marble came out and I completed my recruit training at Puckapunyal then I was transferred to the School of Artillery at Manly and then to 105 Battery at Wacol in Brisbane. Due to an injury in training I was a last minute replacement as a Battery Surveyor for 101 Battery and joined them four weeks before deployment to Vietnam.

After Vietnam I remained in Melbourne until discharged from the army January 1968 and was appointed by the Victorian Education Department to a principal of a three teacher school at St Andrews Primary School in the hills 35km north of Melbourne. I was secretary of the St Andrews Rural Fire Brigade and front and centre when St Andrews was almost destroyed in the 1972 Bush Fires. As well as a heavy involvement in my school, I coached the local football team for two of my four years in St Andrews.

From St Andrews, Sandra and I moved back to Geelong, built a house in Grovedale (Geelong) and with Sandra, we raised two daughters, Deborah, who was born while I was in Vietnam 1967 and Sharon 1971.

In 1982 I was awarded an International Teaching Fellowship to Canada and spent the year with my family in Brandon Manitoba enjoying Canada and making many friends.

While living in Geelong I chased promotions by travelling in car pools and teaching in the Western suburbs of Melbourne to Werribee, Newport West and Sunshine Heights primary schools. I was appointed vice principal at Whittington and Bellaire primary schools in Geelong. In 1988 Sandra and I moved to Port Fairy where I was appointed principal of the Port Fairy Consolidated School. I was on the Port Fairy Folk Festival Committee as Performer Accommodation Convenor and carried on this role until 2005. I also had ten years in Port Fairy Rotary and was twice president. I joined Warrnambool Legacy Club in 1998. Ill health contributed to me taking early retirement in 2000 and we moved back to Geelong purchasing a house near to the Eastern Beach in Geelong. I became TPI in 2000 and completed a DVA Welfare course and had ten years as secretary and welfare officer at the Geelong Veterans' Welfare Centre. I also joined Geelong Legacy and was president of Geelong Legacy in 2004 .

In 2006 I was asked to become Chairman of Legacy Australia and had two years as Junior Vice Chairman, two years as Vice Chairman and the Chairman of Legacy. This role was too much for me and after six month I finished up in hospital and heeding medical advice, I retired from the position. I am still currently involved with Geelong Legacy.

(4)

Sandra and I, since retirement have had twenty years of touring around the world, ocean and river cruising and time in the UK with relatives. Our highlight would be the 2015 thirty-two day Gallipoli Centennial ANZAC cruise following the route of the 1915 original ANZACS and spending several days at Gallipoli.

I have just resigned as secretary of the Geelong & District TPI Club after twenty years and hold Life Membership there and with TPI Victoria.

In 2005 I was appointed as a Justice of the Peace and volunteer my services to the community both at home and at JP signing stations.

Sandra and I have four grandchildren and in mid 2020 our oldest granddaughter, Udaya, came south from Maroochydore to live with us in Geelong and is attending my alma mater, Geelong High School. With her living with us, our lifestyle has changed for the better.

## PROFILE

EUGENE DOMBROSE

1969/1970 TOUR



Hard at Work



Retired

(5)

There's nothing quite like sitting down to write an article about yourself to have you ponder the more significant events in your life that warrant recording. No doubt the target audience may influence the issues of interest. So here we have a reluctant conscript with no distinguished military career writing a profile for the eyes of proud members of 101 Battery Association. How is it that someone with so little knowledge of howitzers that it would fit on a postage stamp feel such a strong affinity with the Battery and indeed be very proud to be a member? Perhaps by the time of finishing this profile I can answer these questions for myself and the readers.

My first introduction to the military was during school cadets at Eastern Goldfield High School in Kalgoorlie. Had it not been compulsory I would not have participated as it was of no interest to me and not something that I enjoyed. The most pleasing aspect of finishing high school was the joy of seeing the back of school cadets.

Like many boys from the Goldfields, the next step was the WA School of Mines where I chose to study metallurgy. It was a 4-year course, two years full time and two years part time as completion of the course was not satisfied until 12 months of practical experience had been completed. My plan was to complete the course then extend my studies by a couple of years to widen my employment options outside of mining.

During my second year I remember buying a couple of lottery tickets to coincide with the draft. Unsurprisingly, my only success was the drawing of a marble with my birth date on it and so started a significant change in plans. My overwhelming thought was how was it that the same kid who celebrated the end of cadets less than two years earlier, now had to prepare for 2 years of the real thing while those who loved cadets and excelled at it missed out. Such is life.

It was imperative that I finished my course as the risk of losing motivation for study after discharge seemed too high. I successfully applied for two years deferment meaning any failed subject in the final year would mean I would still remain unqualified. With the permission of the Director of the school, I was permitted to tackle all remaining subjects in the third year so that in the event of any failures I would get a second chance in the final year. All turned out ok and the final year was free for the compulsory year of practical experience.

It was the events of that year that I credit for the soft landing I was to experience after discharge. The year was 1966, the time of the infamous nickel boom and Western Mining Corporation (WMC) kindly gave me the opportunity to get my practical experience in a temporary role. One of my postings was at the Kambalda

(6)

Nickel Operations at the time of start-up and prior to the establishment of the township and other amenities. My role was to help set up the laboratory and then shift work in the processing plant. Accommodation was at a premium and at first I shared a caravan with three much older blokes, fine characters as they were, they were all heavy smokers who also enjoyed a can or two. When coming off night shift, I would jump into a bed vacated by the mill foreman's daughter, by then on her way to school in Kalgoorlie. Working hours were long, and as a wages employee I was entitled to overtime and other penalties. The size of my pay packet didn't sit well with management so they put me on permanent staff, a monumental move that reduced my packet but guaranteed me a job post discharge and one for which I would be forever grateful.

By the time of basic training in February 1968, I was already accustomed to living away from home, cooking meals, etc. By far the biggest wrench was leaving the grandfather with whom my brother and I lived during our years at the School of Mines. Advancing in years, there was a possibility of not seeing him again. For many others, the wrench would have been leaving relationships, perhaps even with young children. Others may have even been leaving home for the first time.

Whilst having its challenges, basic training turned out not to be the dreaded experience I had anticipated. Compared to the school camps the food and hygiene standards were incomparably better and living quarters more than acceptable. I particularly enjoyed the concept of everybody being treated equally. After all, as conscripts we came from all different walks of life. From pop star Normie Rowe in the hut across the road, to university graduates, high school dropouts, rich and poor, we all had our heads shaved. I very much liked that. Those who may have hitherto been lauded for particular skills were about to face a new set of challenges that could redefine their status in the pecking order. Suddenly, it was preferable to be physically capable with good coordination skills rather than competent at maths and sciences.

Personally, I was far from the best at anything, but capable enough to meet all requirements. I remember with some admiration, those fit and strong enough to carry their own packs as well as those of others struggling to finish gruelling route marches. I also remember some of the big strong guys who were unable to lift themselves on the chin-up bar. And I also remember the occasional reminder that based on statistics one of us would be unlikely to return, no matter how big and strong.

(7)

Probably the two main things I learned from basic training were the power of laughter and the power of comradery. Despite threats of ripping off arms and getting hit by the soggy end, there was always room for a laugh. Sometimes even the trainers had to laugh as we grappled with some of the drills. I would crack up every time we practiced left or right turns and found myself staring directly into a stunned face, followed by the mad scramble to work out who had turned the wrong way.

As for comradery, I found it at its most powerful as a counter to the power imbalance between recruits and their trainers. I learnt the hard way, having to teach a lamp post how to order arms, that humiliation as a training technique only works if those around you make you feel that way. The power of comradery in such circumstances can change a potentially humiliating experience into simply an unpleasant one. Perhaps the purpose of humiliation is to help build comradery. I particularly felt for the teachers amongst us, accustomed to being in charge and giving orders, now on the other end and not immune from the humiliation tactics used by the trainers. Marching solo around a parade ground saluting lamp posts can be a very humiliating experience. I like to think that my memory serves me well in remembering that fellow recruits simply ignored those in such situation as to not add to their woes.

I can't remember exactly what I nominated as my corps preferences but catering certainly wasn't one of them. Perhaps my cooking experience featured too heavily in preambles, or perhaps metallurgy was considered comparable to cooking. Or maybe it was that psyche tests showed that I would be reluctant to pull a trigger. No matter, it was a relief to escape infantry.

Catering school in Adelaide was a heap of fun. The barracks at Woodside were pleasantly situated and there was plenty of spare time to enjoy Adelaide. There was some semblance of regiment, just enough to remind us we were still in the army, but by enlarge we were free to roam. Reminiscent of the time was an occasion with a group of mates, all on army wages, admiring a Valiant Regal at a local dealership. However, the car that really caught my eye in an Adelaide street was a Fiat 124 Coupe. I thought I will get one of those one day.

Towards the end of catering school, through circumstances I don't remember, I featured in an Adelaide newspaper article titled "Hobby Turns to Job". My mother kept that clipping but currently it is in a place unknown. Mum was also keen for me

(8)

to share some recipes but she lost interest when she saw the ingredients called for 100 kg of meat, 50 kg butter, etc.

School was soon over and we were asked our preferences for posting location and whether we wanted to go to Vietnam. I chose Perth as my preferred location and responded "no" to the Vietnam question. The army obliged by sending me to Brisbane with imminent departure for Vietnam. To be honest, I wasn't displeased. Part of me was saying, like it or not you are in the army and this time would be wasted if you simply stayed in Australia. Further, a lot is said and written about this war so how about finding out for yourself. I was quite comfortable with the prospect of touring Vietnam but much less comfortable when told my first job out of school was to cook in the Officer's Mess.

As it turned out, the offerings must have been acceptable as I don't recall any significant complaints. In the Officer's Mess the cooks had no contact with anyone other than the waiters who served the meals. It was important therefore to spend time in the soldier's mess and get to know the people with whom you were likely to spend the next year or so. I am pleased to recall that the rapport between the troops and the cooks was generally very good and some good friendships were developed. The fear of getting hot mashed potato on the thumb may have helped in keeping order.

Life at Enoggera was pretty good even though hours were long in a never-ending job. Every second weekend was a long weekend and after purchase of a small car, regular trips with mates to Surfers and surrounds kept us amused. Closer to home, the Lands Office Hotel was a regular destination until the scene of a brawl reminiscent of a Wild West movie. It all started when a waiter took a wild swing at one of our group who had been giving him a bit of cheek. The punch missed and hit the big bloke next to him. After it was all over and we stood on the pavement outside, one of our group decided to go back inside and protest the treatment we had received. I vividly remember two burly bouncers on either side of our self-appointed negotiator and advocate for the drunken, being rushed down the long entrance and hurled into the street like a projectile out of a cannon. So ended an eventful and memorable evening.

Memorable incidents specific to training at Enoggera included sharing a kitchen with a large but docile carpet snake when on exercise (Canungra I think) and getting bellowed at by Lieutenant Boyd for wearing a scarf while jumping off a chopper to deliver food. I often wonder if anyone else remembers an incident which is



(9)

ingrained in my memory. It was the day of our farewell parade and the regional Brigadier was to inspect the troops. The cooks who normally didn't participate in parades were required to participate in this one. Come time to present arms with a firm clap against the barrel, my heart sank when a tinkle-tinkle was heard as my bayonet hit the blue metal below. The brigadier walked by, fortunately without tripping and without a word. As we marched off, pretty sure it was WO Forbes who shouted, "Who dropped their bloody bayonet" and in unison the response was "**the cook, sir!**" The fact that there was no retribution and the incident laughed off was not only a relief but a sure sign that time for punishing trivialities was over and the serious stuff was about to begin.

Thus, on the third attempt, we were off to Vietnam. First day at Nui Dat we came under mortar fire. I assume it was mainly us naïve nashos, who, instead of retreating to our bunkers, stood outside and listened to the shells passing overhead. After all who would want to do us harm? After a good bollocking by those that knew better, we never did that again. I often think about that moment and see it as part of human nature that after leaving a peaceful country it takes a fleeting moment for it to actually sink in that suddenly someone wants to kill you.

Life for a cook in Vietnam was full on. Breakfast, lunch, tea, and then guard duty at night. Occasionally we were excused from guard duty. Accompanying the gunners to fire support bases was always a highlight and ensured we were an integral part of the action. I remember one support base getting flooded to the extent that the guns had to be left behind until the water subsided. Along with one other, I volunteered to stay behind. It would get me out of the drudgery of the daily routine back at Nui Dat for a couple of days. Sergeant Titmus was not a happy man when I returned.

1969 in Vietnam was just as eventful for things that happened outside the country as well as within. Lying on the bed in a tent shared with Harry Kent, Bob Stoddart and Eddie Farrington, I remember news of the moon landing and reading a letter from home with the exciting news of the birth of my first niece. News of the passing of my grandfather was withheld until my return.

I believe I encountered the true people of Vietnam when given the privilege to accompany a medical team to a small village. In contrast to Vung Tau and the larger cities where possessions had to be guarded with one's life, my camera and tripod were left unattended in the street and remained intact until my return some time later. I chose to believe that the village people represented the true nature of

Vietnamese culture and the city people were merely reacting to the circumstances that engulfed them.

Shortly before Christmas 1969, myself and a few others returned to Sydney under the cover of darkness. Some say because of Qantas scheduling issues and some say to avoid confrontation. Certainly there was no welcoming party but equally, no confrontation. Regardless, it was then off to Perth, a few more weeks at Karrakatta Barracks and then discharge.

My job at WMC was waiting for me and after a year at the Perth laboratory was sent to Norseman as part of a training program. I spent about 30 years at WMC so I won't bore people with the details of my career with the company. However, my time at Norseman had special relevance so it will rate a mention. It was customary in small mining towns, for itinerants such as teachers, nurses and single mining guys to socialise. A new nursing sister had hit town and a combined farewell and welcoming party was arranged. The new nurse had come to Australia from Scotland under a plan called The Emergency Nursing Service designed to provide nurses for regional hospitals. They were required to work one full year doing 3 monthly stints before moving on to the next posting. Norseman was her last posting. To this day, it puzzles me that it took a woman from the other side of the world to recognise a good catch when she saw one. She had a fair bit going for her, access to a TV, rare in Norseman at the time and coincident with The Munich Olympics to boot, access to a table tennis table which I enjoyed playing, and a third attribute which was almost too good to true. Her flat in Perth was adjacent to my football club, the mighty Royals, meaning no more parking issues and long walks to the ground. Further, I knew it wasn't my Fiat 124 Coupe that seduced her as she asked why I hadn't bought a decent car while pointing at an old Holden nearby. The stars were aligning and a few years later we welcomed the birth of our son. A few years after that and the birth of his son. Very proud of them both, and a reminder of the important things in life.

My career outside the army was dominated by nearly 50 years in the mining industry. Suffice to say it was a rewarding career, the first 30 years or so with WMC to whom I am very grateful. We parted company after a change in company ethos introduced by a rampant HR department. Fortunately, the bulk of the mining industry still saw value in older workers and handsomely sustained my private consultancy company for the next 20 years. I have now been retired for three years and struggle to find a spare moment. A keen interest in my grandson's sporting pursuits occupies a large portion of my time, being known for rarely missing a

(11)

training session let alone a game. I chose snooker over golf as my sport of retirement and with the imprimatur of my long-suffering wife bought myself a full-size table for my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday. If I had another 70 years I might get to master this intriguing and technically difficult sport.

So that is my story, clearly not an impressive military story but a human story that has been shaped by a fleeting yet profoundly influential time in the military. 101 Battery was the most enduring part of my service but emblematic of the entire period. I use my attachment to the Battery to represent all who I met along the entire journey while the period in Vietnam has given me the privilege to march on Anzac Day, to always remember on that day the big gentle giant from my basic training platoon who did not return, and to receive the thanks of the young as we march by. I believe we are all connected by shared experiences, fond memories, and comradeship.

Finally, thanks to all the members of the committees, past and present, who have kept the 101 Battery Association afloat. And thanks for the honour of life membership for having done so little.

### **SECRETARY'S REPORT**

I would like to make mention of a new member, Michael de Percy. Welcome Michael and hope to catch up sometime. Michael was in 101 Battery in 1996-1997 and was discharged in 2005.

**Reunion Coffs Harbour 13/14 May 2022**

(12)



(Standing L to R) **Ross Coggan, John Pollock, Brian Flewell-Smith, Les White, Dave Richard-Preston, Brian Collins, Jim Booth, Rod Urquhart, John Pepperdine, Ross Teschendorff, Neil Bradley, Harry Hughes.**

(Sitting L to R) **Trevor Plant, Jim King, John Kokoschko, Bill Telfer, Trevor Madeley, Ron Woodforde.**

### **Members & Partners**



(Standing L-R) **Brian Flewell-Smith, Ross Coggan, Heather Coggan, John Pollock, John Kokoschko, Chris Telfer, Jim Booth, Dave Richard-Preston, Chris Richard-Preston, Ross Teschendorff, John Pepperdine, Brian Collins, Harry Hughes, Neil Bradley, Les White, Trevor Madeley, Ron Woodforde,**

(13)

**Rod Urquhart, Jim King, Trevor Plant, Bill Telfer.**

**(Sitting L-R) Robyn Flewell-Smith, Hongye Pollock, Margaret Plant, Carlie Oravsky, Florie Schatkowski, Sandra Pepperdine, Jane Collins, Maureen White, Pamela Hughes.**

Well the Reunion was a tremendous success, everybody mixed and had a great time. The President and myself have already made our report in the AGM. Dave Richard – Preston said Grace at the dinner and it is worthwhile repeating here.

“A prayer of Grace and Thanksgiving:

Lord, we give thanks for this time of fellowship and camaraderie. As noted in the Roll of Honour call at the AGM this afternoon, we remember those who have passed-away since we last gathered as a reunion.

We uphold those otherwise unable to join us this weekend, particularly due to ill-health.

We give thanks for the work of the Association’s Executives, both past and present.

We give thanks for the food and drink we enjoy this evening.

And we pray for travelling mercies, whether persons have travelled a little way or a long distance to participate.

We ask these things in the Lord’s name. Amen.

**Still at the Reunion** - Who would have guessed, the picture tells a thousand words!



(14)

## In Memorium Garden

The following photo and information was found on Facebook by President John of our own Brigadier Jim Ryan 1966/67 tour.

### Royal Regiment of Australian Artillery “In Memoriam Garden”

The “In Memoriam Garden” is a living memorial to mark and commemorate the service of fellow Gunners who have departed this world to parade with their colleagues in the permanent Gun Park. The Garden provides a means for individuals, associations and/or organizations to create a permanent record recognising the service of fellow Gunners who were friends and colleagues.



### In Memoriam Garden Roll Call

Life donations made in memory of these deceased Gunners:

**Brigadier JW (Jim) Ryan, AM. (donor anonymous).** Jim was a distinguished gunner, having among other things been awarded a Mentioned In Despatches (MID) for his part as forward observer with Bravo Company, 6th Battalion Royal Australian Regiment during the battle referred to as ‘Operation Bribie’ in South Vietnam in February 1967. He was both an Instructor-in-Gunnery and Senior Instructor Gunnery Wing at the School of Artillery, and Commanding Officer of 4th Field Regiment.

#### How to Enter a Name on the Roll

The cost of having the memory of a fellow Gunner recorded on the Roll is a life donation to the Regimental (Gunners’) Fund. The current cost of a life donation is \$260 and the payment details are as follows:

**Cheque:** Cheque payable to “RAA Regimental Fund” and send to MAJ Gary Down, 171 Bennetts Road, Longlea, VIC 3551

**Direct Debit:** The account details of the RAA Regimental Fund are:

**Financial Institution:** Australian Military Bank      **Account Name:** RAA Regt Fund      **BSB:** 642 170

**Account Number:** 100026037

**Reference:** Include Your name

#### Name and Details of Gunner Nominated for Entry in the Roll

In addition to your payment, please forward an email to both SO2 HOR ([gary.down@defence.gov.au](mailto:gary.down@defence.gov.au)) & SO to HOR ([terry.brennan@defence.gov.au](mailto:terry.brennan@defence.gov.au)) with the details of the person nominated including rank, full name (including preferred), post nominals and a paragraph to be included with their name. State if the nomination is anonymous or provide the details of the name to be recorded as the donor.



(15)

### **This New American Suicide Drone Shocked Russia**

The following interesting article was forwarded by Jim King. Just click on the link below, it goes for just over 10 minutes:

This may be the end of the Russian armour and as their range is increased these suicide drones will hit the self-propelled heavy arty which in the Ukraine is sitting back out of range and along with the Russian missiles is pulverizing Ukraine into submission.

A new type of war. We now have to develop and deploy anti-drone measures. I understand that we have a drone group as part of Arty Corps?

The video has two interruptions of ads, just go through them as there is a lot to see.

Subject: Fwd.: This New American Suicide Drone Shocked Russia

<https://youtu.be/4BQs5o6ND0k>

### **Commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of Australian involvement in the Vietnam War**

The following information was a media release from the Minister of Veteran Affairs:

#### **The Hon Andrew Gee MP**

Minister for Veterans' Affairs

Minister for Defence Personnel

Planning is underway for a range of significant events around the country to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of Australia's involvement in the Vietnam War in 2023.

Minister for Veterans' Affairs and Defence Personnel, Andrew Gee, announced that the Australian Government has committed \$6 million to ensure this important milestone is marked with appropriate respect and appreciation for all those who served and those who gave their lives in Vietnam.

“Australia owes our Vietnam veterans an enormous debt of gratitude,” Minister Gee said.

(16)

“Almost 60,000 Australians served in the Vietnam War, 521 lost their lives and more than 3,000 were wounded.

We honour and remember the service and sacrifice of each and every one of them.

“At places like Long Tan, Nui Lei, Binh Ba, Coral and Balmoral, Ap My An and many others, Australians served with distinction, in the finest traditions of our armed forces. Our country should be very proud of all they achieved.

“Commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of Australia’s involvement in the Vietnam conflict will be an important opportunity for Australians to express the pride, gratitude and respect of the nation.

“The Vietnam War and its aftermath exacted a heavy toll on all those who served and their families. The treatment of our diggers upon their return home by some of their fellow Australians remains a source of hurt and pain for many. The 50 year commemoration is another important step in helping to heal the wounds that were inflicted back in Australia.

“I will be working closely with the Vietnam veteran community to ensure the funding announced today delivers a program of events that honours all Australians who served in the Vietnam conflict.

“The centrepiece will be a national commemorative service at the Australian Vietnam Forces National Memorial on Anzac Parade in Canberra.

“We owe the men and women who served in Vietnam nothing less than a commemorative program that reflects their extraordinary service and sacrifice. Our country will always be grateful for it and we will never, ever, forget it,” Minister Gee said.

Further announcements on the details of specific commemorations and the consultation process will be made on the Department of Veterans’ Affairs website in due course.



(17)



### **Army authorises new ball cap – for limited use**

This article was forwarded by Allan Baldwin:

A new AMCU baseball-style cap will roll out across Army this year, as an alternative to the bush hat.

This style of field headdress will allow soldiers and commanders an alternative headdress when operating in different environments, such as in vehicles and on boats.

ADF Clothing Manager Sandy McInerney said it was also an alternative form of headdress for soldiers conducting domestic operations as directed by unit commanders.

The new cap is to be worn with field dress, but individual units will have the final say on which headdress is worn out field.

The caps, which will have a hook-and-pile patch at the front to support the wearing of ANF patches, will roll out in two phases, with personnel in north and south Queensland, Darwin, South Australia and Sydney metropolitan areas receiving issues between now and May.

Sydney regional areas, Western Australia, Victoria, Tasmania and the ACT units will receive caps from May to August.

“The baseball cap has been an item that’s been desired by personnel for a long time. Army is in a position where it can make these smaller modernisations happen,” Ms McInerney said.

Navy and Air Force will also adopt the AMCU baseball cap when the AMCU uniform is worn by their respective personnel.

(18)

**The Association would like to thank the office of Terry Young MP, Federal Member for Longman for the printing of this Newsletter.**