

# 22 Field Battery 2003 Journal



# BC 22 FD BTY JOURNAL ARTICLE

## THE YEAR IN REVIEW- 22 FIELD BATTERY IN 2003

As 2003 draws to a close, I again take the opportunity to review the last 12 months and provide a summary of our achievements. As expected, 2003 has been another busy year with live firing exercises, non-continuous courses and recruiting activities all undertaken. The fact that we have been able to sustain such a high tempo of activity is a reflection on the dedication and enthusiasm of all ranks at 22 Bty. My personal thanks to you all for your efforts and the time you have put in over the year.

January 2003 saw the change over of ARA personnel, and we have welcomed W02 Grundell and CPL French to 22 Fd Bty. As both have previous GRES service, their introduction has been more in the nature of re-acquaintance with life in a part-time unit rather than a complete culture shock. Your efforts this year have been greatly appreciated, and we look forward to more of the same next year!

SGT Casey has also returned to 22 Bty after an extended posting to Recruiting. His experience as 'pronto' has to date been of great benefit to the Bty, and this should stand the Bty in good stead for the future.

Training this year has seen the welcome return of live ammunition after last year's suspension, and it has been beneficial to our collective training to resume live firing. Whilst EX HAMEL in 2002 was good in so far as we benefited from the opportunity to re-visit and hone our all-corp skills, as gunner's, nothing beats 'bombs downrange'. Personally I enjoyed the opportunity to act as FO for the first two LFX's and it was pleasing to see that as a battery our gunner skills had not deteriorated anywhere near the extent feared as a result of the limited live firing during 2002.

Non-continuous courses conducted within the regiment continue to be an effective means of ensuring members can achieve the necessary trade qualifications without the need for extended leave to complete continuous courses at the School. I do recognise that undertaking such courses imposes a significant additional time demand on not just the students, but also instructors and other support staff. Your work in this respect is valuable, and without it the Bty would be in a difficult position in terms of having enough trained personnel to function.

Recruiting has remained a high priority task, and I am pleased that we have been able to build on our efforts from last year and have maintained our recruiting strategy through 2003. At the end of a 2-year cycle we have now identified a series of recurring recruiting activities that have been successful in attracting new members to the Bty. By continuing with these activities in 2004, I believe the Bty can reap the benefit of more new members. I congratulate all personnel who actively assisted with recruiting activities for the professionalism they displayed- you have been the 'face' of 22 Bty to the outside world (a scary concept for some!) but without your commitment to these activities our existing manning shortfalls would be significantly greater.

22 Bty has by far the best depot and facilities within the regiment. (HQ and 38 Bty may wish to argue the toss on that one, but the truth is self-evident.) Our current working environment is a significant enhancement over the old Dandenong Depot, and this has contributed to our success.

The end of 2003 sees the usual round of posting in/out. CPL French will leave 22 Bty for the RQMS role at RHQ, and a replacement Q-Store CPL is expected. This is also the end of my posting in the 'BC's chair', and MAJ Garry Rolfe will assume command of 22 Bty in 2004.

Therefore in parting I would like to express again my thanks to you all for your support. I have derived immense satisfaction from my posting, and count myself lucky having been afforded to opportunity to be BC of what continues to be the professional and dedicated group of men and women that comprise 22 Fd Bty.

To all a safe and enjoyable Christmas break, and I wish you well for your future soldiering.

# BSM's Message

Looking back on 2003 the year has been a very busy one for 22 FD BTY with a number of courses being attended by battery members both full time and non-continuous. The battery attended a number of activities through out the year, a brief run down on how I saw them below:

- ❑ Queens Birthday conducted solely by 22 FD BTY again, LT Thompson even announced it as "22 FD BTY will fire a 21 gun salute" not a bad slip up, it was the only thing the QM did not pick fault with for the day.
- ❑ February Depot weekend consisted of AIRN training and a games night between the SNCO's / Officers versus OR's, all pants were kept on even though the OR's lost again.
- ❑ Young Bull / Old Bull LBDR Lennox and his section came a close second behind the crims from 38 FD BTY, missed out by 2 points.
- ❑ ANZAC day with 22 FD BTY deployed in a number of locations with a final drink at Rye RSL, thanks to the RSL for a good day.
- ❑ Queens Birthday 22 FD BTY provided 3 x Guns with 33 FD BTY supplying 1 x Gun for the activity, you could pick the 38 FD BTY gun they were the one 5 seconds behind the rest.
- ❑ FFX numbered 4 for the year with a combined BTY with 38 FD BTY, best result was in October when 22 FD BTY supplied 3 x Guns & most of the CP.
- ❑ Ex Hammel which was a combined course camp and FFX, a good concept which helped qualify a number of 22 FD BTY personnel, I got to be a Number 1 again (it was great)



- ❑ A number of Recruiting activities, which has helped keep up the local profile of the battery in the area.
- ❑ The new SMIG's passion for darts, drinking beer & talking sh\_t, which has driven the revival of Tuesday night, darts.

The year has been one of consolidation for a number of 22 FD BTY personnel who were posted into new positions at the end of last year; the fruits of their labours are now starting to appear with the standard reached during FFX. Next year we all need to work towards manning 3 Guns and a full CP so 22 FD BTY can deploy as a battery, this can only be achieved with solid recruitment and retention of qualified battery members. I would like to thank all battery members and their families for the effort that has been put into the year; with out this effort my job would be much harder and less rewarding for myself. I look forward to an exciting year in 2004.

# Albert Jacka Memorial

By GNR P.S Grzelak

Albert Jacka was a truly an amazing man. Each year we commemorate his life by providing a catafalque party on the anniversary of his death. But do any of us really know all that much about him? Here are some details of his life that I have found:

“ALBERT JACKA was born on 10 January 1893 at Winchelsea, Victoria, one of seven children of Nathaniel and Elizabeth Jacka. His family moved to Wedderburn when he was five and he went to school there and obtained his standard and merit certificates. His father worked in the timber industry, first supplying sleepers to the Victorian Railways, and later timber to the mines in Bendigo. On leaving school Albert went to work for his father and for a short time was an engine-cleaner at Bendigo. At the age of eighteen he obtained employment with the Victorian State Forests Department and was subsequently stationed at Wedderburn, Cohuna, Koondrook, Lake Charm and Heathcote.

Jacka enlisted in the AIF at Heathcote on 8 September 1914 but as his papers were lost he had to do so again in Melbourne ten days later. His unit embarked on 22 December and spent two months training before landing at ANZAC Cove, Gallipoli, on 26 April 1915.

On 19 May, the Turks launched a general attack to push the Australians into the sea. They seized ten metres of trench at Courtney's Post, but Australians at either end stopped them from continuing to advance. At the northern end Jacka, with several others, tried to evict the Turks, but was beaten back. It was then decided that while a feint was made from the same end, Jacka would attack from the rear. The party waited long enough for Jacka to circle to the rear and then threw two bombs and gave covering fire. Jacka leapt over the parapet, shot five Turks with his rifle, bayoneted two others and forced the rest to flee the captured trench. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for this action and received it from King George V at Windsor Castle on 29 September 1916. It was the first Victoria Cross to be awarded to the AIF in the 1914-18 war.

Jacka was appointed lance corporal on 27 August 1915, the following day was promoted to corporal, and on 12 September to sergeant. On 14 November he became a company sergeant major and second lieutenant on 29 April 1916. He was promoted to lieutenant on 18 August and his final promotion, to captain, came on 15 March 1917.

At Pozieres, on 7 August 1916, the Germans overran a portion of the line which included Jacka's dug-out. He charged a large number of enemy who were rounding up prisoners and a furious close quarter fight ensued in which he was wounded three times, once through the neck. Inspired by Jacka, the captured men turned on their captors: many Germans were taken prisoner and the line was retaken. For his actions Jacka received the Military Cross. C.E.W. Bean wrote of this day that Jacka's counter-attack 'stands as the most dramatic and effective act of individual audacity in the history of the AIF'. At Bullecourt, on 8 April 1917, when the 4th Division was preparing to attack the Hindenburg line, Jacka, then intelligence officer of the 14th, made a dangerous night reconnaissance of the wire in front of the objective. He got through the wire in two places, brought back a report, and then went out to lay tapes on the assault line. As he was doing so, two Germans approached. He attempted to fire his revolver as they came at him, but nothing happened. Jacka rushed them, seizing the officer first, and eventually brought both in as prisoners. The attacking Australian troops then assembled unseen on the tapes and Jacka's action undoubtedly saved them from bombardment and heavy fire. For this he received a bar to the Military Cross. There has been speculation as to whether Jacka merited two bars to his Victoria Cross. C.E.W. Bean wrote: 'Everyone who knows the facts, knows that Jacka earned the Victoria Cross three times'.

On other occasions Jacka exhibited considerable military skill. At Messines he

made a valuable reconnaissance and led his company in taking 800 metres of territory and capturing a field gun. At Polygon Wood, just after Jacka had returned from Britain where he was sent to recover from a wound he had received in July 1917, he was virtually responsible for controlling the 14th, which had for some time been known as 'Jacka's Mob'.

At the end of May 1918 Jacka was badly gassed and a missile passed through his trachea. He was evacuated to No. 20 Casualty Clearing Station at Vignacourt and it was thought for a time that he would not recover. When he did he was sent to Britain for two operations and a long recuperative period. He returned to Australia on 6 September 1919 and his AIF appointment ended on 10 January 1920 when he returned to Melbourne to a hero's welcome.



Jacka entered business with two former members of the 14th Battalion and helped establish a merchant and importing firm, but the business collapsed during the depression. He married Veronica Carey in 1929, and was elected to the St Kilda Council. He later became mayor, and displayed great concern for the welfare of the unemployed in his municipality.

His war wounds, business pressures and the worries of office all contributed to his breakdown in health. On 18 December 1931 he entered Caulfield Repatriation Hospital and a month later, on 17 January 1932, died of chronic nephritis. He was buried with full military honours in St Kilda cemetery on the 19th. He had eight Victoria Cross winners as pallbearers. A memorial stone, with a bas-relief portrait of Jacka by sculptor Wallace Anderson, was erected over his grave on 15

May and a house was purchased for his widow from public subscription.

He was survived by his wife and his adopted daughter, Betty, and predeceased his parents.

His name is commemorated on a plaque at the Victorian Garden of Remembrance, Springvale war cemetery, and by a number of streets in Melbourne and Canberra. In 1982 the St Kilda City Council renamed parts of the busy Lower Esplanade and Marine Parade as Jacka Boulevard. For many years the 14th Battalion commemorated the anniversary of his death with a memorial service at his grave and this is being continued by the St Kilda Council and the St Kilda Historical Society. A

portrait by George Coates is displayed in the Hall of Valour at the Australian War Memorial. “

I hope that gives you an insight into Albert's life and some meaning towards why we do the Albert Jacka Memorial.

# AUSTRALIA DAY '03



Australia Day '03 went off with quite a BANG! As usual 22 FD Bty put on quite a show on the 26<sup>th</sup> of Jan. All the prep work went smoothly, apart from a misunderstanding on the command 'STAND BY'. It was definitely an added bonus to be able to use the facilities of the new depot and depart from Dandenong straight to the shrine bypassing HQ. We arrived in plenty of time and it was the same old case of hurry up and wait. Waiting to get on parade is always the longest wait...especially when no one knows the time. Finally the time was ours and we were marched out awaiting further orders and that's when GNR Lawrence decided he'd change the Artillery doctrine for the command of "FIRE" to "STAND BY". As a precautionary LT Thompson gave the command "Stand by" and GNR Lawrence thought it was an appropriate time to pull the lanyard...."BANG" approximately 2minutes early. You could feel everyone cringe on parade not knowing what was going on. Being No. 2 on Bravo I could see the scene behind me and it didn't look pretty, it would've been interesting to see the look on BDR Mormile's (No. 1 Alpha Gun) face. At this time it also went through my mind what was I going to do.....pull the lanyard 10 seconds later? Luckily it wasn't over anticipated and the rest of the parade went quite smoothly in typical Australia Day weather. The bus ride home there was only thought of one thing....the same thing we always think of on the bus trip home that ice cold drink in the boozier, and there was a few to be had.



## Supporting RCM – Enemy Party 2003

Ze nights are cold, and me and my friends have been walking at least 10 miles to a part of the woods, where ve know, there are ozzy soldier. It is a Sunday night, about 11:30pm, and zis is mein story.

My name is Boris Ronckomolosivich, and I am a hungry farmer, from ze town of Hungrie, in Kapricornia. Its about our tird week wit no food, or vater. I am travelling vis my friends, Victor, Dolph, Boris, and Boris Discoball. Vat ve are dooving out so late on a Sunday night? Looking for food for our starving families. Ve walk all night, and eventually we can here, some noise, near us. This is the virst, sign of ozzy soldier so far, ve could only hope it vas zem.

It vas them, ve simply came to them asking for help, for food and vater. They did not understand vat ve needed. It vas so clear vot ve needed, only some basic supplies, for ourselves and for our families. I guess ve had a vittle trouble communicating to zeez people. Do zeez ignorant ozzy, not understand food, and vater? The next thing ve know ve have rifles and machine gun pointed at us, yet I don't know how ze did it, wis does things on their heads, deez big black zings on zeer heads. Then almost with no time dey try to arrest us. Of all my years in Hungrie, and all my time in Kapricornia, I have never had such aggression put on me and my friends. It vas horrible to say zee least. But now zat I look back on it, I think im used to it now. We didn't get any food out of ozzy soldier, but zis time atleast we did get some productivity out fo zem, ve got zem on ze radio, to call for help. They didn't

A couple of hours later ve decided to try again, Dolph was getting very hungry, and it vvas because of him, zat we decided to go again, ve vere nearby anyway so it wouldn't take long to check. In the same area ve had ozzy soldier again. Zis time it vas early morning and most of zem vere asleep. Now you vould zink zat trained military organization vould have motivated employees, vuns, who vake up when threatened, but no, zees ppl just sleep while you walk right near zem. I know I vake up ven people try and be quiet around me, but instead we simply stomped around, and nothing, seez people ver dead to ze vorld. Certainly not an army, I vould ask to help me, but ve vere anyway, besides ve vere hungry. I walked right past machine gun, vich vas loaded, I could have killed all soldier, but I saw no point, ve need food, not trouble. After much trying, we got zis group on radio again, and zey came back vis same message, of food coming in 10 days, or walk 48 km to closet food. But atleast we got vater out of zem.

By now it vas later afternoon, we had schpent all day zirsty, schweaty and hot, ze air vas mid zirties, and ve vere tired, after all ze sleep ve had to get out of ze sun. I looked around at the faces, zer faces said it all. Dolph vas ze vorst. After 18 hours in zis area, he was beginning to get impatient, he vas hungry, he vas tired, he vas also stressed at ze lack of progress, with soldiers. Dolph is a veird von! Barely speaks a vord of Kapricornian, vers a beanie in the heat, and as Yankees say, 'fries like ze bacon in the sun'. vell dat is better den victor, who simply sleeps all day, and eats de flies. Ve decided to head off again to check to see if it vas vorth trying to get food from seez ppl. Now for some reason zis government of ozzy soldier, does not give zem food or vater, but to people like dolph, it has no matter. I knew I should not have let dolph take that knife, because of him, zat schtoopid idiot, took boris hostage. Now zink of vat I had to go through, schpeaking two languages trying to negotiate food, and save someones life. But I think I got ze hang of calming dolph down over zat veek, up until the point vere ve couldn't take dolph out anymore wis us. But after saving boris, and talking with no respect to soldier, we got same message, food will not arrive for long time! But atleast zis soldiers, vas better zan other one.

Anozer, eighteen hours pass, and zimply more of ze zame. No food from UN, or ozzy soldier. Eventually it got to ze point vere I zink zat dolph tried to take boris hostage so many times zat I zink ve vere all getting used to his ramblings, also deschpite ze fact I vas ze only von who could underschtand him. As I schaid, he is a veird von. And because of his antics, I zink zey zort he vould not kill him, even I zort he vouldn't kill boris. After twenty four hours one group of pzy vere so hostile to us, ve zort ve vould all die, so ve did vat any sane farmer vould do, ve ran away, like farmer. Ve are schtoopid people, ve grow food for useful people, but no food for us. No food for government employee eizer, but no food for us.

Zis next morning vas particularly hard. Dolph was looking vorse zan anyvon, and victor vas sleeping more zan usual. We tried again, zey seemed to be zer every 6 hours, so ve tried again. As I said, zis morning, vas hard. Ve got vater out of ignorant commander too. His 'mate' gave him vater alzo he told us zey didn't have any. He gave us some, so we drank it all. Zis vas all ve got. In a desperate attempt for food, victor lunged at soldier. He vas shot 6 times. But soldier being schtoopid people, shot zemselves, and zer radio operator. Vis zree less soldier, ve asked if we could have zer food, for the body. Ze refused to give us anyzing. But ve let zem keep ze body. I vas tired of negotiating, and I didn't vant to carry, victor's carcass home to helga.

It was an overcast day, we had dealt with ignorant soldier, lost Victor, and we went back for more. Dolph that Schtoopid idiot, took Boris hostage yet again, and this time I snatched. I told him I didn't think he would do it, I told him he didn't have what it took to kill someone. It turns out he didn't have the chance. Zey shot Dolph, and zey shot Boris, despite the fact he said zey would miss, and kill him too. I didn't know what to do, zee of my friend had been shot by Ozzy soldier, and I was asking zem for help still. What kind of world is this? The people you need to help, are killing your friends.

Now with only zee people left we hoped that we would get some help, besides zere were less of us now. However we were not zee for very long. Dolph, Boris and Victor from the next farmhouse had come to join us, zey to were looking for food. We were impatient, and we wanted help from soldier, and we were determined to get it. This time zey offered us twenty litres of water, and a medkit, for Boris' sister who was very sick. Later the next day, we did not know, but she die. Ozzy soldier did not help us. But at least soldier this time round help us more than other Ozzy. However we still have no food.

After negotiating with nyne groups of Ozzy soldier, we had, had enough of this play time, it was now time for all or nothing. Whatever we were doing it was working. The last groups of soldier, we had gotten water out of zem, it was time to get food out of soldier now. We have nothing, zey have something, which is more than us. And what happens? This time zey actually offer us food. However we could not get it, because we had a small problem. That Schtoopid idiot Boris, from across the river, ran off with soldier's pack, and we could not find him, so we got no food, but we did get some nice toys, including warm clothing. But as close as we got to food, mein Gott in Himmel, we did not get it, for we could not get it. As I was saying, Boris that idiot.

As it turns out, Dolph was actually the brother of the Dolph who was shot earlier in the day, and he too, is as Yankees say "psycho." This time tonight however we were desperate for food. Dolph was edgy over the loss of his brother, and no less hungry than his twin. As I said he is psycho. But tonight we planned our ambush. There would be no negotiation, no hostages, no talk, we would walk in and take what we wanted. It was night, it was cold, and we were getting used to weapons being pointed at us, so after zee days of no shooting, we knew zey would not shoot tonight. We knew Ozzy were always more tired every time we saw zem, and we were more hungry. Tonight we would take. And tonight we took, zey were sleeping like Victor himself, and we walked in like we planned. We took what we wanted. Some of the Ozzy, fight back, they hold us, zey strangle us, and some try to almost kill us where we stand. But in the end, we got away with, what zey call "sleeping bag and liner" we got a Rocket launcher, zee packs, and we even got a map, with all sorts of markings and numbers on it. Some of these numbers include sketches of 6 numbers in a row, and a code, which if I remember correctly, said "HQ", and another 6 figure number beside it, I think it might have been location where food was.

We ran that night, zey chased us, but we got away, even with all zere stuff. In the morning when it was safe, we checked what we took. NO FOOD. Zey actually did not have anything. Zey were not lying, Ozzy was not lying, zey had nothing. At this point after zee and a half days, we decided to leave for our village. We would travel zee 10 miles during the day and return to our wives and families, with nothing. They would be disappointed in us. On zey way back we ran into another group of Ozzy soldier, zey to had nothing, to give us, we were tired, zey had nothing to eat, we did not have zey energy to argue with von another. We left zem quietly, and just went home, to nothing. We went home to wait to see if help would arrive.

It is six days later, I am still waiting!

Boris Ronckomolosivich



# EX BAKRI

The first training weekend for the year!! A mandatory training weekend covering such things as mandatory training?

0700h Saturday morning, first parade – on the bus headed for Watsonia for a WETTS session, LF3/LF6.

That done, back on the bus for Dandy and the start of stocktake. Always a fun time as there always seems to be a lost list, to many chiefs and lots of running around.

Thrown in the middle was lunch. A novel experience as it was cooked by a real cook, as was dinner, breakfast and lunch the following day. Well-done cookie – food with taste, thanks.

With Saturday drawing to a close there was only a few more things to do, namely reelect the committee and open the bar so the games night could begin.

Par for the course SNCO and officers won the night. Ors really need to address that issue.

Sunday morning, BFA enough said.

20 minutes to shower and be in pollies for inspection they said. 2a or 2c, I am not sure I was confused, as was every one else.

As the day rolled on so did the mandatory training, ohs, equity, security and I am sure there was something else but I was sleeping.

Our first weekend back for the year after Christmas standdown, a hard one sometimes to fire up for, but I think every one had a good weekend.

LBDR Collocott.

**02 MARCH 03 - MAYORS PICNIC AT FRANKSTON BOTANIC GARDENS.**

**RECRUITING ACTIVITY**

22 Field Battery were tasked to do a recruiting activity at Frankston Botanical gardens another extra activity for the year. It seemed we wouldn't have a large turn out due to the poor weather conditions but with some effort from Bombardiers under the command of Lieutenant McNaught the stand we put in place looked promising. At first we had a slow turn out of people but with the right attitudes of all persons concerned we were able to bring attention to the fact that you can have "the part time of your life". Mixing with people of all ages and giving facts about all factors within the army not only gave a better understand of how the army works but different views on it. Maintain leadership and the rewards will pay off.



**BDR Mormile hard at work.....**

Questions were asked about various issues concerning the army and even with the least experience, the OR's were able to answer questions calmly and without hesitation.

**GNR Lucas keeping his cool during recruiting**



We worked in unison with the cadets who were able to capture the younger audiences attention and due to the time/weather conditions and date we guessed that the audience we thought we could appeal to would be still in bed. But we were wrong .....

We pushed through the day with little hassle and much enthusiasm and high morale trying to get those numbers our Battery needed. By the end of the day we where certain that we had shown Bravo up on there last recruiting activity and not only left our mark in Frankston but in the hearts of the people who were there that day. With skill from all levels doing there part to make this activity a worthwhile experience and contending with the unlikely odds of people not turning out I think we did a great job.

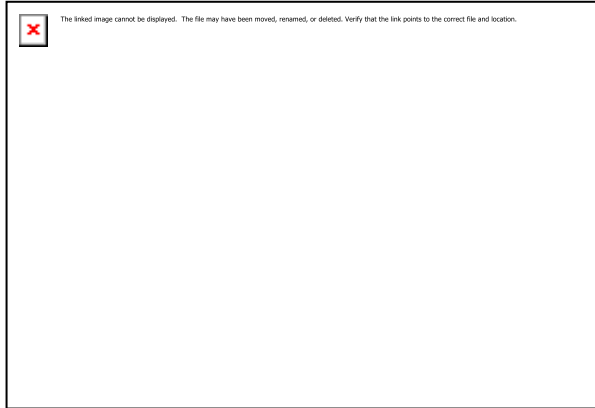


At the end of the day Alpha and the rest of the people who attended the activity thought it was a worthwhile event and cant wait for next years. Thank you everyone who attended and hope to see you next year. As the number 1's always say "Work Hard Play Hard".



**GNR Lawrence**

# Herald Sun



**On his way home:** a soldier stands at arms by the casket yesterday. Picture: Ian Currie

Mysterious skull on its way to Gallipoli  
By NADIA MIRAUDO  
08mar03

THE mummified skull of a unknown Turkish soldier, found in the belongings of a World War I Digger, has finally begun the long journey home.

A service conducted at the Victoria Barracks yesterday honoured the soldier, whose remains were handed to Echuca police last May.

A coronial inquiry confirmed the skull belonged to a Turkish soldier who died after being shot in the head at Gallipoli. But the controversy surrounding the discovery of the head is set to follow the soldier home.

RSL Turkish sub-branch president Ramazan Altintas said the ceremony, which was not attended by Veterans Affairs Minister Danna Vale, fell below expectations. Mr. Altintas said the soldier deserved a better ceremony attended by more people.

He said thousands of people would have paid their respects had they been given more notice.

Mr. Altintas said while he was relieved the remains were on their way home, a more thorough investigation into its discovery should have been completed.

But Tansu Okandan, Turkish Ambassador to Australia, disagreed, saying further investigations were not warranted. Mr. Okandan said it was important both countries did not dwell on the mystery.

He labelled the person who handed the skull to police as thoughtful and said the situation had had no impact on the strong relationship between Turkey and Australia.

"It was a thoughtful gesture for the grandson to deliver the remains to the police," he said.

"He made good the mistake made by his grandfather."

Mr. Okandan said he was pleased the skull was on its way home.

"It is a tradition of all nations that martyrs are put to rest in the territory they defended," Mr. Okandan said. "I would not have accepted any other situation and that is a view endorsed by my Government."

In a letter read out at the ceremony, Ms Vale said she offered her condolences. "The Turkish Government has been most gracious and understanding in addressing this matter ... we now respectfully return the remains of this soldier to his homeland, to honour his memory and the spirit of all those fine Turkish soldiers who sacrificed their lives and who now lie at rest with the Anzacs at Gallipoli," she wrote.

RSL president Major-General David McLachlan said the ceremony was a fitting tribute.

"The Australian soldier reveres all soldiers, both his friends and foes, and I think this was just an aberration," he said.

The coffin, which is being escorted to Istanbul by an Australian Defence Force officer, will be laid to rest at the Gallipoli Peninsula on March 18 -- the anniversary of the Dardanelles naval battle in 1915.

# Exercise Young Bull Old Bull

After un-cramming backpacks and other gear off the bus, assembling into sections, setting up hoochies and listening to orders, just about every one had hit the sack by about 2230 hrs on Friday night.

Reveille was at 0530 on Saturday: morning routine, then straight into it. The first half of the day consisted of various stands to test each section's knowledge and proficiency in various situations or predicaments like getting caught in a mine field, setting up an ambush with an LSW, scaling a high wall or being ambushed while patrolling. Each stand was scored, with points being deducted for unsatisfactory moves or decisions made.

Mid afternoon was time to play in some mud, so after a quick run through of which way to go, safety and do's and don'ts, each section took their turn at the rather wet and slippery starting point of the obstacle course. Once this was navigated successfully, webbing and rifles were discarded for the mud run. This consisted of a track through the scrub alternating with trenches that had very sticky mud in the bottom of them. The middle section of the run was easiest to cope with at the track was dry and mostly downhill. The last part of track weaved in and out of the muddy tidal channels and mangroves, which dominated the shores of Western Port Bay; luckily the tide was in everyone's favor and the channels were not too deep. After everyone was hosed off and had a hot shower, weapons were cleaned, pizza was eaten and then it was a well-deserved goodnight.

Sunday morning was a turn in the sinking ship simulator, with everyone enjoying beings drowned. This rather ungainly looking building simulates a sinking ship with water gushing through holes of different shape and sizes. The idea is to "save" the ship by slowing down the rate of water entering the cabins. Not easy, as it is wet, noisy, crowded, and for some part very dark as the lights are deliberately turned off and curtains over the portholes block out the daylight. This is heaps of fun, with some volunteering to do it again! A fantastic lunch was provided before the presentation of the award with a section from 38 Bty taking home the trophy.

- PTE D. Richardson

## Unit Celebrates Birthday

2/10 FD Regiment celebrated its birthday on a Sunday once again this year in an exciting way. A family day was held at headquarters, which is at Chapel St. and it was enjoyed by all. The day consisted of a few games which were touch rugby, and some other games for little kids (parents children). Lunch was made by the army cooks and drinks were at bar prices. Some awards were given out to some members of the unit and a raffle was also held. There was also a "cutting of the cake" (which was quite big) to finish the days events.

Overall the day was a success and the day gave you a good insight into the unit's long history and how it became what it is now.

By Gunner Hutchinson

# Exercise Chau Pha

The youngest having finally established his lot in life left me pondering – what to do now.

I had toyed with the idea of joining the Army Reserve for many years but the age limit of 35 had well and truly passed – or so I thought. I visited a recruiting display at the Red Hill country music festival early 2002 to express my view that the age limit should be increased. To my surprise it had - it was now 50.

I had better be quick.

Things progressed quickly, then slowly, then quickly. Finally there I was marching out of Kapooka, February 2003.

I had taken advice from Sergeant Dobay (who shall remain nameless) to join transport as he felt working as a gun number in Artillery might be too strenuous for someone my age. He also suggested a higher intellect was required in transport - this clinched the deal.

Why was I then trained and assigned as No. 4 on alpha gun for my first ever live fire exercise.....

Was this an initiation or a way to get rid of the old boys?

Full of apprehension and a high level of nervous tension I alighted the bus for the trip to Pucka.

I had no idea what to expect nor what to do when we arrived. I quickly learnt to shut up, do what you are told and help with whatever was required to get the job done.

Cold and wet we finally got to bed around 1.00 a.m.

Suddenly, I was awakened by thundering tanks surging past within what seemed like inches of us. I scrambled for my weapon. Running through my mind was the challenge procedure – HALT WHO GOES THERE? What will I do if they don't stop!!? I was relieved when LBDR Chapman bleated some obscenity, which ended any further speculation I had about challenging this force.

Away early Saturday morning began the move to what I understood was the first development position. I quickly realised there was a way drivers could provide any level of payback warranted to passengers. Richo must have had it in for someone on board.

The rush to set up position was subsiding and I was beginning to relax a little.

This was short lived when fire mission battery was heard. It only seemed like seconds.

Following this, the command No. 4 – LOAD was clearly audible.

This was my cue - the adrenaline kicked in. The round felt a lot lighter than 15kg. All was ready – but was I?

You have all heard the expression – 'Jump' – 'Yes Sir. How High'. Despite no command to do so the first round fired saw this expression take on a new meaning for me.

Had I not been totally focused on catching the spent cartridge? I'm sure I would have landed on the back of the truck.

Mid life crisis be buggered, this was exciting stuff. Quick lets do it again.

Land a cart case on its end provides a 6 can reward – I'm still waiting Lawry.

Saturday night after all duties are complete there seems to be some sort of tradition. Pull out the goodies for some well-earned food. What's wrong with the rats? Well I must confess the King Island Brie, Kabana, Sun Dried Tomatoes, Oysters and so on were a little more enjoyable. A good Chablis and a bottle of Galway Pipe were the only things missing.

Cleaning up back at the barracks was the only downer.

A beer at the end of it although was reward enough. I had a great time at ..... and would like to thank all the crew..... who made me feel welcome and part of the team.

Particular thanks to BDR Mormile and LBDR Chapman for their support and patience.

I learn'd heaps and can't wait for the next one!



# Exercise Binh Ba

This year's Binh Ba differed from the standard annual small arms shoot. 03's Binh Ba saw a Basic Communications course begin for a number of people from through out the regiment on the Friday night with the course introduction followed by some lessons.

The morning saw the majority of the Regiment moving to the rifle range to begin the shoot. The actual shoot was delayed due to fog, but this dissipated with time and the shoot could start.

Saturday morning also saw the beginning of a Detachment Commanders course, and as a result 22 battery's SMIG lost all of his instructors. Those on the Det Com course went to the rifle range where they were instructed in winching and manhandling.

Following those lessons, the instructors for the comms course returned to give a few more lessons before going and sitting some tests on the winching and manhandling they had learnt in the morning.

After every one had returned from the rifle range that evening, the Det Com course utilised the man power of the gunners that were firing to complete the testing of what they had learnt that day; supervising the winching and or manhandling of the M2A2 in and around site 6.

Saturday night saw the cleaning of all small arms, which were then returned to the Q-store.

Lessons for every one on the MVMA (with the exception of the Comms course) were conducted at the school of artillery, which enabled us to stay out of the rain that had begun the fall on the dawning of Sunday.

With the MVMA lessons and the Comms course completed for the weekend site 6 was cleaned up and every one headed back to their respective depots.

The highlight of the weekend for myself was being able to see a Rapier up close for the first time.

- BDR Johnson

# EX LONG TAN 11-13 July 2003

Friday evening saw the start of exercise Long Tan at the depot. BSM, BDR Mormile, Lawrence and LBDR's Lennox, Collocott, Diakoumis all started their weekend by re-constructing the paved area outside the mess.

Friday night's weather was, uninspiring to say the least, gale force winds and driving rain, are not the best motivators for a BFA.

Saturday morning came, and with the new day came fair weather. 0800, most of the battery gathered around the new paving huddled around a fireplace, which had died hours earlier. The guys that stayed over Friday night were looking a little seedy, but none the less ready to have a crack at the BFA.

After smashing out a few pushups and a couple of sit-ups the Battery moved to the new start/finish line for the 2.4Km run. 10 minutes or so later the run was over and the BFA complete. The general vibe was good; most people preferred the new track to the old.

After a great morning tea, a thorough non-tech followed. It was then off to the WTSS for a few shots. Highlights of the trip include 'eye candy' for the gunners in the hi-ace, just about anything that drove past seemed to be drooled at, but especially blondes driving small cars brandishing 'P' plates.

1800 saw the end of Saturday's activities and the Battery dismissed until Sunday morning, except for the remaining few who stayed to support the mess.

Sunday was a day for learning, down at the gun line; lessons included lightweight antenna setup (always amusing), Director stuff, CP demo, AGLS setup, Gun action drill and my personal favorite Clark mast setup. Well the best bit was when GNR Hutchison demonstrated what happens if BDR Kennedy thinks you have been a 'jack....' Needless to say 'Hutcho' amused every one on the gun line with his broom antics.

At days end it was back to the boozier for a few quite ones, and for the SNCO's to show their prowess at darts. Ex Long Tan, complete.

PS: A special thanks goes to all the people who arranged and assisted with the morno's and lunch over the weekend. Cheers.

GNR. O'Dempsey

## Ex Hamel 2003 Mod 3 Gun Course

This year on Ex Hamel, GNR O'Dempsey and myself attended the Mod 3 gun course and are now both gun qualified. It was conducted over the first week and a bit of the two week exercise, and concluded with a field phase.

The course was really good, and it was only made possible because of the great instructors we had, which included Sgt. Wainwright, Sgt. Mcelholum, Sgt. Munford and Warrant Officer Shreurs.



We learnt heaps in a really good atmosphere and had a great time. We met some great people on the course, had a lot of laughs, and even had a few beers on a couple of occasions, which was really good.

All in all, I'm sure OD would agree with me, we learnt heaps and had a really good time as well. As a final note, OD was awarded the student of merit for the course, which deserves a big well done.

- GNR Watson



### Module 3, gun course Puckapunyal military area September 2003.

*Unlike the regular course run by the school of artillery, the Mod 3. M2A2 run by 2/10 field regiment, has an added section on vehicle recovery.*

An important lesson learned, is that "Mog's on tow just won't go!" well that is, when they are up to the axles in mud. The first incident occurred whilst attempting a brief excursion across the fairway. LCPL Watkins managed to skirt tactfully round the edge of the rough, then with little warning the mog was bogged. Wheels churning as smirking diggers pointed at the rutted fairway. But all wasn't lost, driver/gunner Braham sprang into action, quickly putting his driver recover skills to use (much to the amusement of onlookers!) Before too long the mog was recovered, with Tanky skull dragging the beast in reverse all the way to the road.

At the mess that night GNR Leveret (Phil) was a little premature in his taunts and laughter at the drivers and gunners who had got bogged. For Phil his luck was about to change.

#### **Dig, Dig, Dig...**

"Bugger". A word well suited to the next day's recovery lesson. Phil managed to bog Bravo gun tractor to the axles, both of them. A few hours later, after furiously digging down to at least stage 2, we managed to free the mog. Everyone pitched in to dig away dirt, steel, rubbish, concrete and what every else was in the dump site. At least no one was likely to hit a golf ball into the mess we made at this de-bogging. At dinner that night Phil was auspiciously quiet, except to defend his pride when taunts came his way.

#### **Once more for good measure...**

LCPL Watkins wasn't about to be out done by Phil. A few days later whilst out bush, Alpha gun was bombing up at the DP. After a successful departure gun Sgt. McElhoum instructed the driver to follow the illuminated dots across a dark paddock. Slowly momentum was lost, the diggers in the back laughed, until the mog was bogged, again.

Their laughter turned to sighs as they scrambled for the shovels, drag ropes, torches and moral. This bog was most efficient. Not only was the truck stuck fast, so was the gun. All games were off. White lights were in use, even the DP getting brassed up couldn't interfere with this recovery. A few hours later, the bombs were unloaded, the truck escaped from the clutches of the evil mud. TST pitched in with their rover pulling the gun back to firm ground, also the No.1 assisted single handedly managing the trails as the rover pulled away. The muddied bombs were carried across the soft ground, to the truck where the loading up of ammo continued for the second time. After a 5 minute breather we were back on the track plan and back in the game.

All in all the course was made more exciting and more realistic with the added bonus module of mog/gun recovery. I'd like to thank everyone for their efforts in bogging the equipment, and also their tireless efforts in recovering them, 3 times!

Cheers.

GNR O'Dempsey.





# Who's Who of 22

**Battery Commander**  
Major Pigdon



**Battery Captain**  
Captain Van Tilberg



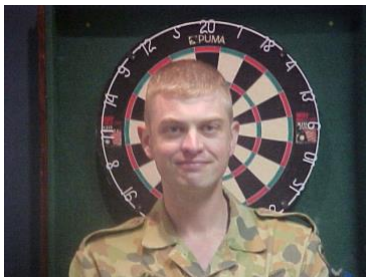
**BSM**  
SGT Wainwright



**SMIG**  
WO2 Grundell



**BG 1**  
SGT Moodie



**BG 2**  
SGT Mcelholum



# The Gun Troop

**Gun Troop Commander  
LT Powney**



**No. 1 Alpha Gun  
BDR Mormile**



**No. 7 Alpha Gun  
LBDR Chapman**



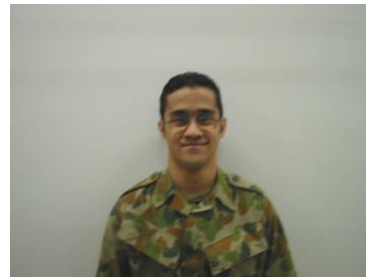
**Gun No. Alpha Gun  
GNR Lucas**



**Gun No. Alpha Gun  
GNR Warwick**



**Gun No. Alpha Gun  
GNR Rogrigues**



**No. 1 Bravo Gun  
BDR Kennedy**



**No. 7 Bravo Gun  
LBDR Lennox**



**Gun No. Bravo Gun  
GNR Hutchinson**



**Gun No. Bravo Gun  
GNR Grzelak**



**Gun No. Bravo Gun  
GNR O'Dempsey**



**Gun No. Bravo Gun  
GNR Watson**





# Command Troop

**Command Troop Commander**  
**Lt. Nogic**



**Sig SGT**  
**SGT Casey**



**Sig BDR**  
**BDR Johnson**



**Sig**  
**LBDR Diakoumis**



**ARTY SEAL**  
**GNR Ronc**



**Sig**  
**GNR Edwards**



**GPO**  
Lt. Kitsiou



**CP SGT**  
LBDR Trainer



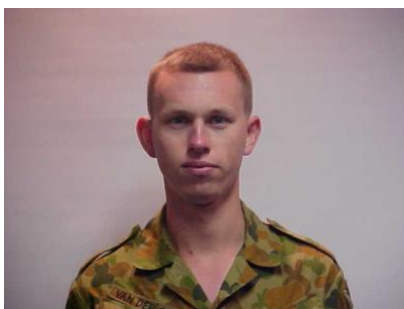
**OPCP BDR**  
LBDR Collocot



**OPCP**  
GNR Burd



**OPCP**  
GNR Van Der Geer



**FO Ack**  
BDR Haysom



**Transport NCO**  
BDR Lawrence



**Driver**  
CPL Treloar



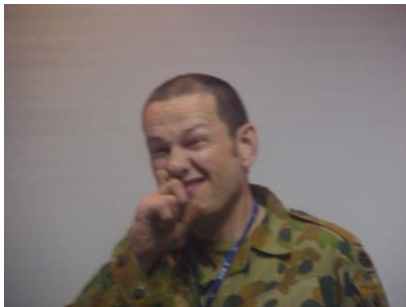
**Driver**  
PTE Young



**Driver**  
PTE Luck



**Driver**  
PTE Braham



**Driver**  
PTE Wiseman



**Driver**  
PTE Marks



**Driver**  
PTE Richardson D



**Driver**  
PTE Ree-Simpson



**Orderly Room**  
PTE Richardson T.



**Q-Store**  
LCPL Taylor



**Recruiting**  
SGT Dobay



**Recruit Kirk**



**Recruit Aldham**



# Obituary – Members no longer with us

**CPL Simmons**



**LBDR Goldsmith**



**GNR Johnston**



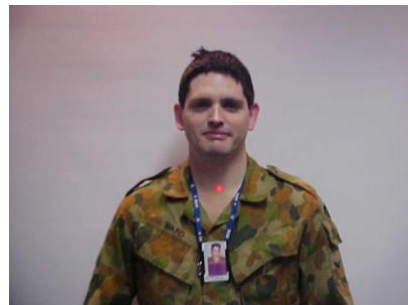
**GNR Falconer**



**GNR Lawrence**



**LBDR Ward**  
(posted to HQ)



**GNR Austin**



**Lt. Thompson**  
inactive



**CPL Simmons**  
(Male Type)



## 2003 Journal Competition

This picture was taken a few years ago at the old depot when the MPs came down to instruct on prisoner handling.

The person that comes up with the funniest caption to go with the picture will win a beer from the PMC\*



\* Offer only redeemable on the night the 2003 journal is handed out.

## 80's Karaoke Night



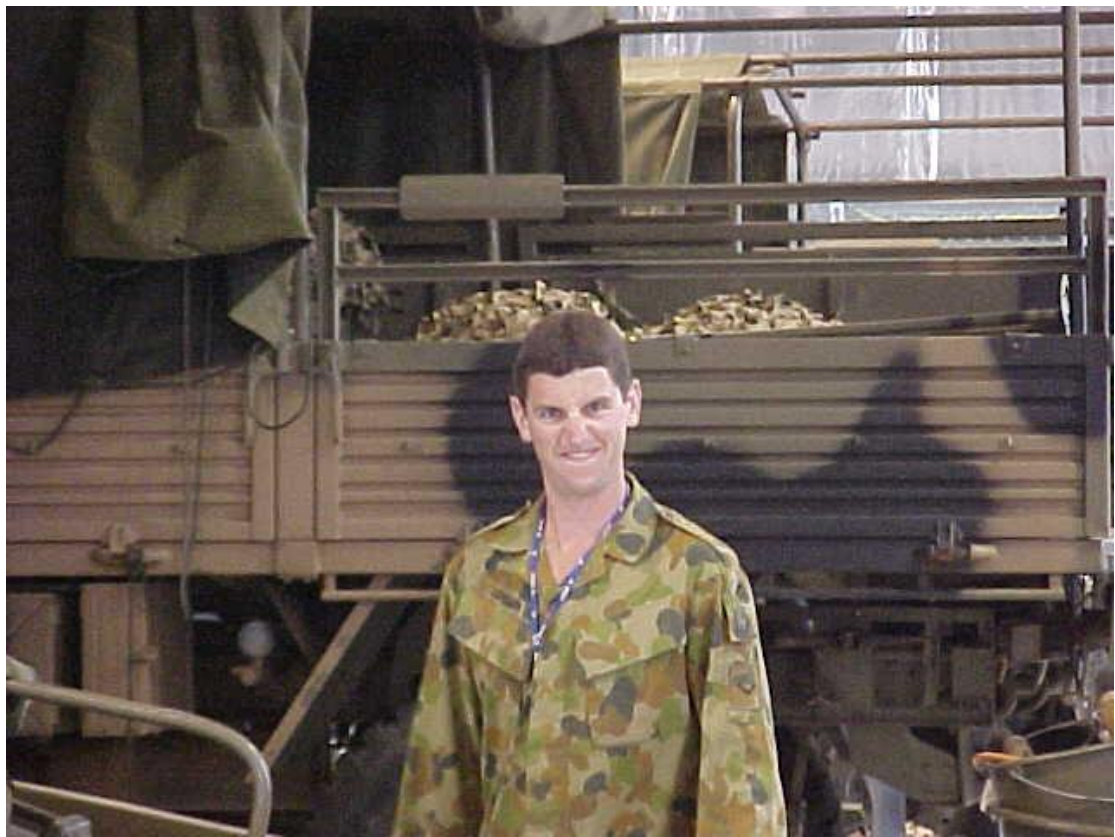
This was the first social event for the Battery in the new depot and a good night was had those that attended. Next year there should be more events, only this time with out the singing (unless someone feels the need to).





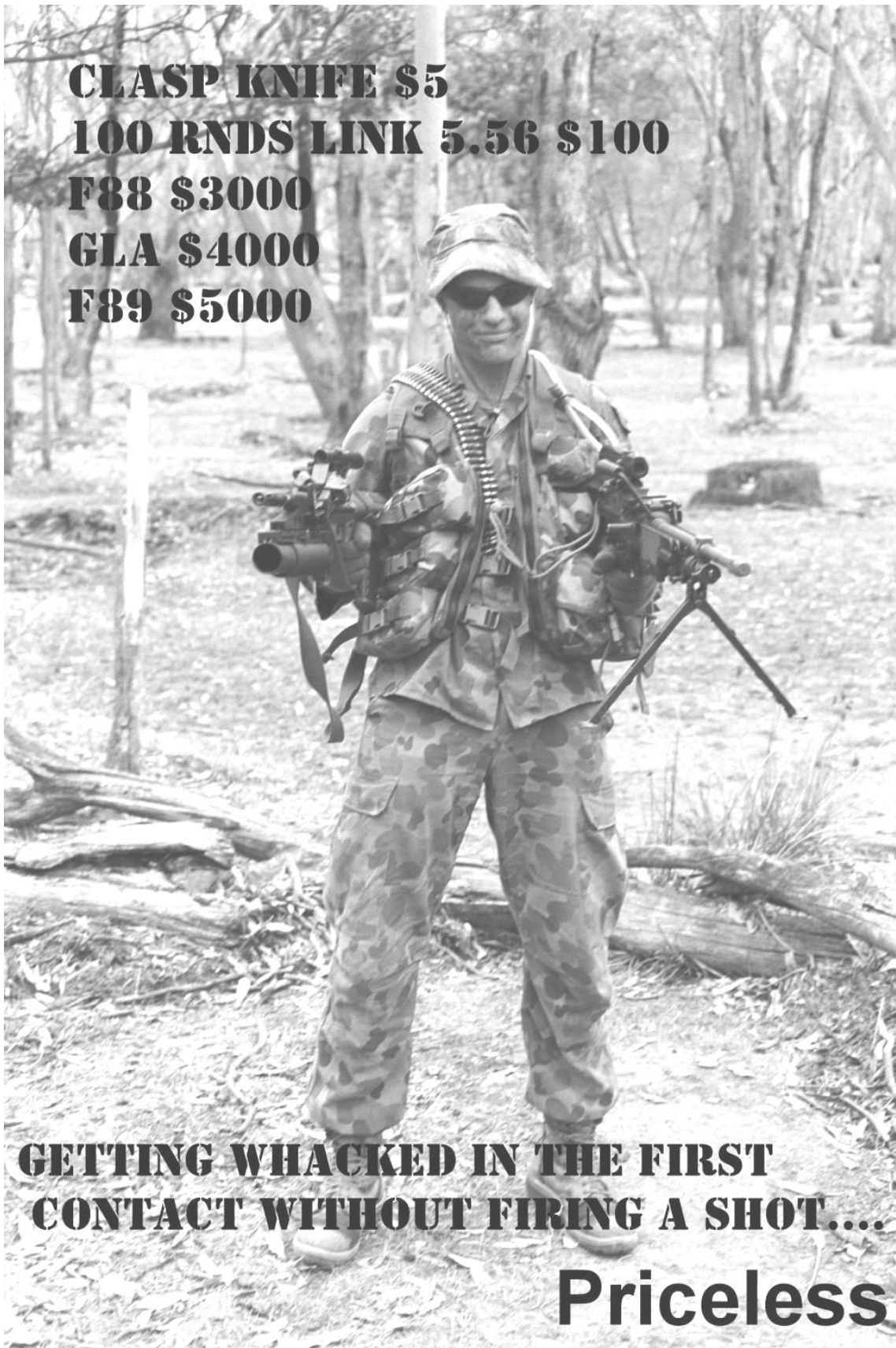
## Pictures from the year just gone







**CLASP KNIFE \$5**  
**100 RND S LINK 5.56 \$100**  
**F88 \$3000**  
**GLA \$4000**  
**F89 \$5000**



**GETTING WHACKED IN THE FIRST  
CONTACT WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT....**

**Priceless**

