



Action front

Journal of the 2/2 Field Regiment

Vol. III. No. 3

DECEMBER, 1942

Priceless!

Review:

● REGIMENT MAKES HOME BASE

After 2½ years abroad, Regiment at last made the home run.

1st Base, Libya—Regiment earned the name "two and tuppenny" suicide gunners, because of the proximity to the enemy to which it had to take the guns. Good scores at Bardia and Tobruk, and few casualties. Won the confidence of the 6th Battalion for its work at Post 11.

2nd Base, Greece—The C.O. told the Regiment he wished them to convert themselves into "mountain artillery, not mountain goats." For three short weeks the war was willing, and Regiment gained the confidence of the Infantry by its work at Verria, Larisa and Braillos. The guns were lost in the evacuation, but they played a strong part in the withdrawal and the Germans showed a marked disinclination to face shells. Special remembrance for the men who died on the forward guns at Braillos, in its own small way an epic of courage and a proud paragraph in the history of artillery.

3rd Base, Crete, where Regiment fought as infantillery. A tribute to the confidence that the infantry have in their artillery when they are prepared to have them fighting next themselves with small arms. The last night in Crete was perhaps the sternest test of discipline Regiment ever had, and the one that it stood up to the best.

A Sneaker to Home Base, Ceylon: Two air raids, an invasion scare, mosquitoes, jungle training and great hospitality—that was Ceylon. But the jungle training there has stood Regiment in good stead for what is yet to come. Many of the Brigade practices in Ceylon are becoming standard jungle tactics.

Home Base—Regiment comes home! Glad to be home and sorry to have left the M.E. at a time when we felt we could usefully have been used there. What experience we have gained we shall endeavor to pass on, for the benefit of units not yet tried in the fire. We have realised that the Pacific war is unlike the desert, and must acquit ourselves anew. This we hope to attain as successfully as we have overcome the past.

Last Base, for the fallen. Regiment remembers proudly those who, by their high courage and sacrifice, have given us strength to go forward and meet the future.

● BIRTHDAY WITH 2 Bs

Regiment celebrated its third foundation anniversary with a Barbecue-and-Beer, in the local hut. The two Bs brought a 60 per cent. Regimental turnout; those who didn't like beef drank beer, and those who didn't like beer didn't count. Regiment hopes to be able to turn on another Barbecue in the future. So do the gunners.

MARCH IN MELBOURNE

Brigade put on its laurels and marched for the public soon after its return. The public gave us a good deal more applause than we ever got elsewhere, but absence has made the heart grow fonder. The ABC announcer credited the Brigade with some inaccurate services, but taken on the whole the broadcast account was correct. Regiment headed the units as the right-of-the-line regiment, and marched well. The bearing of the Battalions was magnificent and we are proud to have marched as a Brigade again.

WESTRALIA

The Westralian members of the unit marched in Perth for a similar occasion, and Maj. Hawkins placed a wreath on the soldiers' epitaph on behalf of the artillery of the Division.

● VALETE: TO BRIGADIER W. E. CREMOR

With deep regret we have to say farewell to the ex-C.O. and wish him success with his new unit—God help them! A letter of farewell, written for Action Front, appears on page 3. The Brigadier's own letter to the officers and men has appeared on the Regimental notice boards already, and a tribute to his work appears inside. The Brigadier visited the camp last month to the Regiment's intense pleasure. The gunners saluted profusely, the drivers dressed correctly, and the cooks are reputed to have kept the coffee boiling for 48 hours "just in case the old b— comes around!"

We trust charge 1, 11, 111, super and watch will be the password to future encounters.

● FOR AULD LANG SYNE

Two years ago this month the Regiment was encamped at Martin Bergoosh, just short of Mersa Matruh, waiting to go into action for the first time and wondering with a queer feeling of elation and apprehension how it would fare. The same deserted wastes has seen much now of the carnality of war and harbors the last memories of many good men.

For the sake of Auld Lang Syne we pay tribute to our sister division of the AIF now fighting on that soil, and to the success it has attained. The desert is, at best, a desolate place, not fit for man or beast—even its myriad stars are little enough help for direction finding. Yet most of us still feel secretly that the desert is our desert and the war there our war. For the desert lays itself open to the purest gunnery of the war; to the gunner it's like cricket on turf. And we pay tribute to the British, Imperial and Allied troops now fighting there and to the success they have achieved. Good luck to them, soldiers all.



WHAT GOES ON

THE LETTER FROM HOME

The letter from the Comforts Fund arrived shortly before going to press, and is published here—under—

November 14, 1942.

Vaughan House,
108 Queen Street,
City.

Dear Editor,

The Regiment has been home and gone again and we are left to carry on as before—very much heartened, and for the time at least without anxiety. We have had another lunch since "The Lunch," this time no obliging sergeants and gunners to put up trestle tables, wash dishes, run messages, etc. The lunch was a success—£14.

We've also had an Australian Tea at Mrs. McWhinney's—£31—and a Garden Party at Mrs. White-law's. This last function was held last Saturday. Beautiful spring day and a delightful setting. £81 was the result.

We are having the Children's Party at the Drill Hall, Commercial Road, on Saturday, December 19th, 2-5. All the children of the Regiment are invited. This time there will not be any toys—they are almost unprocurable; but a very nice party has been planned with Merry-go-round, Conjurer, Sweets, Ice Cream, and, of course, an ultra nice tea. We are sending country children a postal note for 2/-. We sent to each of our POWs a permit parcel each containing cigarettes, pipe, tobacco, cards, games, books. We have work afternoons on Tuesday every week to make goods for a sale which we intend holding at our room on December 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th—Christmas gifts without coupons! The Welfare Committee meets once a month to make and alter clothes for children.

We would like to see many more helpers at these afternoons, so Mothers, Wives, Sisters and Sweethearts who read this, do come in and see us at Vaughan House, 108 Queen Street, 4th Floor.

The following is a letter printed by "Herald," written by one of our workers—

"I went to our club last week; every time the door opened all eyes were turned to it—for in most cases there was a proud Mother with her Soldier boy on her arm. My boy did not return; he is in a German prison camp—but what of the mothers whose boys lie asleep in Greece or Crete for ever. Every one, in our hearts, salutes them. The solution is: Brave Mothers have Brave Sons, and Brave Sons have Brave Mothers.

(Sgd.) E.McP.

"Action Front" is glad to endorse this appeal for greater support. Those of the Regiment who have been overseas cannot over-rate the work done by the 2/2 Comforts Fund for us.

THE BELLS OF LURVE

Regiment has been hit since its return by a surfeit of marriages; no distinction in rank seems to have been preserved by it. The bachelors of the Regiment—both of them—congratulate the newly-weds and wish them good luck.

THE MONGOLS HAD A WORD FOR IT

As late as the last war, Infanteer Major-General Sir Ian Hay described the gunner as "a mysterious and nocturnal bird" in the eyes of the P.B.I. But hark back to the year 1212. This is a short description of the artillery of Ghengis Khan's army—

"Ghengis Khan himself had at his disposal a mysterious type of ordnance manned and operated by Chinese, consisting of iron tubes which, with a loud explosion, would hurl huge balls of unquenchable fire over the walls of the besieged fortress. The Mongol army in general were much in awe of this corps, which to them was something magical or devilish, and these machines were usually known as the "Mangathai," a name given to a class of fiendish devils in Mongol mythology, who fed on human flesh and could slay a thousand men at once."

So that's where we came from, originally . . .

WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF TO:

The gunner who said "Tank alert" over the tannoy when Major Hawkins was around.

The "Muffin" Man.

Lieut. Johnston for catching more dogs than the local lost dogs' home.

The residents of C— and M— who have been so hospitable to the Regiment and who have welcomed us to their social functions so freely.

The AIF in the M/E and New Guinea.

The Regimental wives who spend sleepless nights wondering what new frontier they'll have to jump.

The winners of the Cup sweep.

52 Bty. for their demolition records. Alone they did it!

WE DENY

That Major Hawkins will become next Mayor of Newcastle.

That it was the weight of the megaphone that caused Lieut. Sutton to fall in the water at the swimming carnival.

That the 2i/c learner got the recipe for currant scones from the 3 Bty. cookhouse.

That the ex-C.O. said BATTLE not BOTTLE stations when talking to the troops on his last visit here.

That Brig. Dyke has NOT (yet) been crowned King of the Secessionate State.

That an extra large SKID was made to fit the seat of O.C. KLIFTY POOS.

That Major Macnaughton and his gang have applied for naturalisation papers.

That "Sandy" and "Big Tatch" did apply to "Parky" for a fortnight's course in concrete mixing, before transferring.

That the KLIFFTIES have only one bike, one trailer, and a water-cart left.

That Maj. Macnaughton caught "the one that got away" and gave it to the C.O. for dinner. Some fishing!

INVITATION AND SOCIAL

All Subalterns are invited to the Officers' Mess at 1430 hours today for a monologue by the 2/IC.

Note: If you're late don't pull that gag about your watch being slow. (I know. Ed.)

"Action front"

2/2 AUST. FD. REGIMENT

Editorial -

A toast to Tommy Atkins, the most maligned soldier of the war.

The British, with peculiar self-consciousness, have spent the major part of the war acclaiming the valor of the Imperial and Allied troops and saying nothing about their own. This may be partly good propaganda for the solidarity of the Empire and Allied cause, partly a typical English dislike of English conspicuousness. But the result, both here and in the United States, has been to produce a slur on the character of Private Tommy Atkins, and on his superior officers.

The Returned Soldiers' League issued an appeal and a warning some time ago against the belittlement of the English soldier, and the onus is on the returned AIF to do what it can to stop the barren and indiscriminate criticism that has been laid by many civilians and amateurs at the Tommy's door.

Those of us who fought with the English Armored Division in Libya and the regular artillery and infantry in Greece and Crete know for a fact that the British regular troop, for all his funny ways, is still the greatest soldier in the world. It is well to realise that in any large army, whether it be Russian, American, German or British, there will be a "tail" of conscripted and semi-conscripted troops, who do not acquit themselves bravely under fire. Australia will find that her own conscript troops, when she is forced to put them in the field, will fare no better than the rest.

Secondly, it is well for the arm-chair critics to remember that the British regular units hold a tradition of continued soldiering, both in peace and war, reaching back in many cases, to Marlborough's time. They, therefore, find it difficult to disassociate themselves from a minimum of peace-time pageantry and parade; and have inherited an innate caution from long experience of fighting.

Thirdly, it is well to remember that the English regulars have not been lightly treated in this war. Many units have gone from campaign to campaign without rest, and their total fighting days are treble or more those of the Imperial troops, who have, on the

BRIG. CREMOR'S MESSAGE TO THE REGT.

The following letter is gratefully published:—

As, owing to circumstances, I did not have the opportunity to say "so long" to everyone before I left I do so through "Action Front."

Principally I want to thank you all for the very loyal and unreserved support you have always given me. The last two and a half years have been, as a whole, the happiest period of my life. In our Regt. I met such a number of decent Australians and regained the faith in my fellow men which twenty years of peace had somewhat lessened. One meets a few of the impossible type in all ranks, but one realises also that the majority of men know them for what they are.

I am satisfied that there is—and can be—no happier unit than the 2/2 Regt., and your achievements are part of Australia's history. Bardia, Brallos and Crete will rank with Beersheba and Mont St. Quentin. The Infantry of at least one Brigade want no one but you behind them, and your efficiency in war has been as outstanding as your simple courage and your lack of boastfulness.

Because a number of us have left you to give the benefit of our modern experience to others, less fortunate will not affect the spirit of the Regt. Officers come and officers go, but a Regt. with your spirit goes on for ever.

I again thank you all—officers, N.C.O.'s and men—for what you have been and what you have done, and hope that some day we will have a "noggin" together in remembrance of our association in good times (and in a few "sticky" ones). If we don't have one in Australia we will have one in Val-

whole, seen very little action for their three years of service.

Finally, English training and officership is excellent. The highest tribute ever paid to the — Division was its recognition as an equal, by the English Command in the Middle East.

What other army in the world could have retreated, a disorganised rabble, from Tobruk to El Alamein, and then quite suddenly turned to face the Germans and said, "You come no further." There was never any time when the Germans looked likely to break through the superb English troops at Alamein. Nothing on God's earth could have dislodged them alive, and they were only typical of the English Army as a whole.

halla. Until then remember "There is nothing the 2/2 Fd. Regt. cannot do."

(Sgd.) W. CREMOR.

TRIBUTE TO BRIGADIER CREMOR

After almost three years' active association with the Regiment, and for two and a half years its commanding officer, promotion deprived us of Brigadier W. E. Cremor. His dynamic personality and intense interest in his troops will be long remembered by all.

We miss that well-known stick to urge us on and the cough at 0100 hours denoting a night march; but mostly we miss him. Whilst we regret the parting, we sincerely congratulate him on his new and important command, and know that he will make the same grade with 3 Div. as he made with us.

With our doors wide open and distance no obstacle, we know we will be visited again by our ex-C.O.

THIS VAST LAND

In the country built upon flesh and bone

Men cry in their parliament—

Whither turn?

And the echo dies in the hollow urn

Of silent statecraft; for none will turn.

Yet men must perish and children bleed

For the barren slogan and class-made creed.

Men defiant; who goes free?

Soldier and stevedore; who goes free?

The battlefield's bloody, and bloody the sea,

And men lie sullied that man go free?

Yet they comprehend not, nor understand—

Oh God! have pity on this vast land.



"S'long, Tommy, and if yer want a clobber anytime, I'm your man."

THE WANDERINGS OF AQUARIUS

Now it came to pass that at the appointed time Aquarius and his fellows were given the old, old order, "Prepare to Move." Hence it was that the mighty ones of Ceylon showed that armies behind the fighting lines were the same the world over. For as Aquarius and his fellows loaded their trucks they were told to empty them and hand them to the mighty ones. And when they were handed over they were told to take them back again and load them again and send others in their place. And even after the trucks had been taken by lighter, and loaded onto ships, the mighty ones had one taken back and another sent in its place. And Aquarius and his fellows marvelled greatly at the difference that numbers could make to the same articles.

At last Aquarius and his fellows were taken clear of the island and the course set for home. And a strange peace settled over them all and their time was spent in idle dreams of their homecoming.

But when at last the ship was moored at their native town the men murmured to themselves in anger as they watched the labourers unload their ship. For in the short time they watched, they saw one crew strike because a man, heavy with strong liquor, was not allowed to handle their powder. And in the two-score minutes and five, eight men unloaded some score boxes of small shot, which the foot soldiers carry on their shoulders for many a weary league.

And when Aquarius and his fellows were hurried into camp



Armistice Day, 1942

The Armistice Day was remembered with the simplest of ceremony this year. For two minutes the Empire remained silent in grave and proud remembrance of the men who gave their lives that others might live.

And we remember especially those of our own unit who have fallen. They have shown us the full measure of their stature and been true to the traditions of Anzac—a tradition worthy of all that is best in Australian manhood. And it is for us to take courage from their high calibre to go forward and meet the future, strong in their loyalty and sacrifice.

far from the city, they were glad because the mighty ones had granted them holidays, wherein they might lay down their arms and return to their homes, every man to his own family. And there was great tumult and feasting, such as they had not seen for many moons: so that many were loath to leave their feasting and return to the camps of war. Thus it was that many were fined great fines, and said: Sorrow followeth joy as surely as night the day.

And the men were called together that they might march through the city, and be honored by the citizens. And as they marched, file upon file, they saw again in their inner hearts, those days when they laboured on Greece and Crete under the noise of incessant bombings, that they

might withstand the enemy. And the bowels of their compassion were opened upon the remembrance of those who had fallen; for they were accounted men, and were brave. And the tumult of the citizens was as nought in their ears, by reason of their compassion.

So also it came to pass that the Mighty One was taken from them, and sorrow befell Aquarius and his companions in that they were losing a Good Fellow. For, despite the terrors which the Mighty One had caused, he was a cunning fellow and skilful at war; and Aquarius and his fellows had trusted him. And others, also, skilled at arms, were taken from them, that the unskilled might profit by their example, both exalted and lowly. And they that had been sergeants at arms be-

SAMMY HALL - -



SOLDIERING ON

By Newshound Wortham, an old soldier.

It seems I'm dreaming beautiful dreams about big schooners, not ones with sails and ropes, but those that have no bottom and a row of froth around the top. Into my dreams comes a voice like a hacksaw cutting through a steel cable. "Wake up, Slug," it rasps; "Don't you know Reveille's gone half an hour ago." "Go away," I says, pained; "can't you leave a man in peace." The blankets are ripped off and I recognise the Sar-Major all of a rush. "Listen, ape," he grates, "on parade in two minutes or you'll be doing about seven cook houses." Now I've been thinking a bit lately and reading about all the famous men, so I just takes my time. "Listen, Moocher," snarls the Sar-Major, "Don't you ever hurry." "No need to now," I says. "Why?" he grates. "Didn't Churchill say time was on our side," I says, bright like. "If I take a bit more time isn't that helping our side,

Wanderings of Aquarius—Contd. came lieutenants and replaced their stripes with stars upon the shoulder and preened themselves like peacocks in the morning. And Aquarius, who putteth on no stripes, smiled unto himself and said: Let them be, for they have been good soldiers, and will learn sense. It is only natural that they should be filled with pride. For in his heart, Aquarius knew that it was the men without stars or stripes that made the Regiment what it was, and he was proud. And Aquarius wondered what new fields the battle would take him to. . . .

after all they've got a big handi-cap, what with you —." After he calms down 20 or 30 degrees I'm well on the way to the parade. Down comes the Captain to look us over. I thinks he looks kinda mean this morning, but I only tells the front rank and half the middle row, just private like. He must have heard somehow, 'cos his neck seems to swell and his face changes colour once or twice. "Shut up," he roars, and does a sort of Big Apple on the spot. Now he and the Sar-Major start chucking their arms up and down like railway signals at each other and when they get tired of that game the Sar-Major turns like a top and barks out, "Open order march." Everybody moves one way or the other, but not me. I stand resolute and grim and not a move. "Well I'll be —," says the Captain; "what the blue blazes do you think you're doing." "Standing still," I says. "Don't you think I can see that," he says. "Why?" "Churchill says we must stand fast and close the ranks," I answered him off pat. "And didn't Curtin say we must cut out unnecessary travel." The ranks seem to waver a bit and the skipper reels back a yard or two. "Ho," he gasps; "Been reading the paper, eh?" "Yes, Cap," I says proudly; "All by myself, too." "Well isn't that ducky," he smiles, but somehow he looks like a hungry cat eyeing off a mouse. "Now I could use a smart lad like you." "Oh, could you, Cap?" I says. "Yes," he says; "You understand all about the papers." "Oh yes," I says. "Good," says he; "Well scoot around the camp and pick up all the loose papers lying around." Everybody laughs a bit,

but a glance from the skip seems to make them into a row of oysters. Well, I beetles off and gets a bucket and starts to gather up papers. An hour later the Cap oozes up and stands looking at me. "Gawd," he says, in a strangled kind of voice, "That bucket's got no bottom in it." "Must be the war news," I says; "It's knocked the bottom out of everything." He leans weakly against a tree and gradually sinks to a sitting position. I can see

that he is interested, so I carry on: "You know, Cap, I've been thinking about this here Austerity in a big way. Now this bloke Curtin is up against some trouble. First he wants to cut down the beer, so what happens. The Opposition cuts up rough. The big noise is Menzies, and he's dead crooked on this no beer, because it'll muck up his pub. Menzies in Melbourne. Then Curtin wants to borrow everyone's money so as he can buy nice gold passes for all his members, so as they can travel everywhere to borrow more money to buy more gold passes to travel everywhere and borrow still more. Then, when they've borrowed everyone's money, nobody's got any money except the members, and then we've got to buy it all back again by cutting down the beer, eating turnips instead of spuds, backing greyhounds instead of horses, going without tea, paying twopence for the newspaper that tells us all about our extravagance and how to lend more money; going on foot marches instead of driving, and only having one sheila instead of two or three. Not to mention Captains instead of Majors, Majors instead of Colonels, Colonels instead of Generals, and MacArthur instead of Wendell Willkie. We got to wear one boot on opposite feet each alternate day so as we think we've got two pairs. I've got to wear your py-jamas, that you left hanging on the line so I can kid myself the laundry's been. You've got to wear suede boots to save leather. A glamour suit to save battle dress. Cloth pips to save metal. False teeth to save ivory. A bright smile to save a dirty temper and a Duty Pass to save bus fares. The boys are using sand paper to save tooth paste, and blow lamps to save razor blades. B.O. to save social engagements, and the Salvation Army to save souls. Churchill's using cigars to save on the cigarettes, and Hitler's using Italy to save the burial fees of the Germans. The Yanks are taking out all our girls to save us money, and the girls are taking all their money to lend to the members to buy gold passes to travel around and borrow more money. So there you are, Cap, that's Austerity." "God," he says, "I'm giving you 28 days in the boob to save footwear, 14 days C.B. to save leave passes, and a discharge out of the Army to save my sanity." Now, fellers, do you think Curtin's right or not?

Editor's Note: Try peddling politics, Newshound; you're in the wrong job.



BLUEGUM AND PERCE**Bluegum And Perce Arrive Home With A Bang!**

"Orf yer feet sawn orf, 'ave yer 'eard wats t'do?"

I opens me eyes, an I sees Perce and Blue.

They're grinnin' like school kids wats learnt of some treat

That's come unexpected, an I'm hauled to me feet.

They're pretty excited, I sees at a glance.

Blue, he grabs Perce an they both do a dance;

In rushes a bloke as I'm gettin' 'em parted.

"Have yer heard wats t'do? Dis-EM Leave as started."

"Set 'em up, Rita," ses Perce wiv a wink;

"It's nigh on a week since we 'ad a real drink."

This Rita's the barmaid, in a big flash 'otel,

An' when she sees Percy she gives out a yell.

"Girls, it's Percy, the darlint, the broth of a bhoj,

"He's joined up in the army, the dinkum McKoy."

They all gather round an' are making a fuss.

"Name yer poison," says Rita, "the drinks is on us."

I can see Bluey's blushin', he ain't 'appy by far,

He ain't used to the ways of a big city bar.

He gulps an he swallows 'an acts like 'es dumb.

In a voice that's arf strangled ses "I'll 'ave a rum."

"Intradooce yer friends, Percy," sweetly trills Schooner Lil,

"Specially the big one. I think 'es a thrill."

Poor blubby Bluegum, I thought 'e would die,

For I've seen the same light in a yearlin colt's eye

That's bin roped down fer brandin' an' don't figure why.

Lil sees 'es embarrassed an' ses with a grin,

"Girls, I bet that 'is kisses ud burn like straight gin."

"Leave 'im be," chips in Rita, "Lil don't be a louse,

Drink 'em up boys, they are still on the house."

We soon settles down neath the spell o' the beer,

Though Blue still gets jumpy if Lil edges near.

I'm feelin' quite mellow, a-quajfin' the suds,

When someone starts talkin', like they're eatin' hot spuds.

"Why Percy, dear fellow, wot is this disgayse;

If it's fancy dress costume I'll grant you first prize."

Blue and me gapes like we was in a trance,

For we see they're civilians an they're wearin' striped pants.

An' I don't like their looks, or the way things is headin',

They are all pretty full, 'avin' come from a weddin'.

Percy turns round, so he shows 'em his back,

On 'is pan's an expression I'd best term as black.

They gang up at the bar, a-whisperin' an' talkin',

An' I knows there'll be trouble if we don't start walkin'.

I hears one of 'em say, "'e must be quite balmy,

Why should 'e have to go an' join up the army.

Imagine "'im joining that mob of wife beaters."

I see what is comin. me eye catches Rita's.

"I knows," bleats one, who is drinkin' a double,

"I'll wager he's got some young girl into trouble."

Percy picks up a syphen, from out of a case,

An' directs it full blast in the last speaker's face.

"Your features offend me, you odious lout,

P'haps this will assist you to wash your mouth out."

I know then it's on and I gulp at me beer,

When a flamin' tin pot hits me fair on the ear,

Bluegum moves in with an 'orrible roar.

Swinging a punch that starts from the floor,

But just who 'e 'its I ain't there to see,

Because as he back swings 'e fairly cops me;

I looks up to see Perce 'ook one to the point

An I know someone's jaw is about out a joint.

I ain't at all 'appy, the rest ain't so grand,

'Cause 'e pivots his punch on the back of me 'and.

A bloke wiv a pint pot swings at Blue's head,

But Lil flung her bar wipe an' pulls 'im up dead.

I'm weavin' a bit, as I gets on me pins;

Some'ow I missed 'im or 'e'd paid for 'is sins.

Bluey's got two of 'em down by the craw,

An' 'es playin' a tune wiv their heads on the floor;

Percy's just grabbed a bloke by 'is slacks,

When I hear Lil screechin', "Run, 'ere come the Jacks,"

She hustles us out by a door at the back,

And Blue picks me up when I trips on a rack.

We're gapin' around to see where we are,

When we spots Percy wavin' from out of a car.

Blue tumbles me in like a sack on me ear

And the car gives a bound as it goes into gear.

I struggles up swearin' from orf of the floor,

When Bluey 'e clouts me, and ses "old your jaw."

I sits up quite 'urt like, till I sees wot I seen,

It's a girl who is drivin' and is she a queen.

Percy, 'es grinnin' and she's laughin', too:

"Boys, may I intradooce my sister Prue."

"ACTION FRONT" ADVT.

Anyone wishing to go on leave from January to December may lodge £5 with "Action Front" and they will handle all correspondence between the Manpower, Allied Works Council, WAAFS and the Bank of New South Wales. No coupons required; poor excuses no objection, but entail higher fees.

Wanted To Exchange

Complete set of Marie Stopes, good as new, for baby's Bassinette. Newlywed.

Will exchange desk and office chair for Bottle of Liniment and Corn Cure.

Capt. Dick Lee,
Ex-Adjt.

Will exchange camp stretchers for Season's Ticket to Maitland, 'bus, train or motor cycle.

Apply Majors Parkinson,
McNaughton and others.

Lost And Found

Lost, 5 Motor Cycles.

V.R.D.

Found 9 Motor Cycles.

V.R.D.

Missing from back of Regtl. Dog Catcher's Utility: One Greyhound Bitch, 66 Pups, 2 Queensland Heelers (of sorts), 6 Dogs Variegated.

Please return to Lieut. "Mano-steel" Johnston.

Fashions

Grey Flannel Shirts are being worn this season by Local Civilians.

Q.M.'s Compliments.



TROOP SCANDAL

R.H.Q. BLURB

(By Hooks)

O'Connell and Leo applaud, "Beer, beer!"

R.A.P. administers Aspros. Advice, Always.

R.H.Q. XVIII—Battered, Bitched, Bewildered.

Hardy's Lament—"Land 'Em," "Lose 'Em."

Drayton's theme song—My Tenner Arrived Yet?

Blackie's war cry—"Bung her on."

Paddy reading his fan mail every day.

Flash! Lester v Lightning. Decision pending.

Talking about A.W.A.S., was it Smoky's college education or his footwear that made Tarzan Hardy beat a hasty retreat from the visions of double harness at the Town Hall on Saturday night. We think it was b—— so, don't worry, Morrie.

FINAL NOTICE

All back debts to be paid "toot sweet" to Pilot Officer Hutchinson or he and Casitma flies no more. Signed Molotoff.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS

At last that seemingly inseparable clan of Campbells have discovered a rift in their forces; they split on the rock of guzzel or growl. Scores were fairly even with the grog men a nose or two in front, when a fell blow was struck at them; the local pub was put out of bounds. But brilliant generalship on the part of one unnamed brought Plonky Joe into their reeling ranks, reducing the strain on both pocket and legs, and a swift recovery was obvious.

Then international law stepped in and honors again were even. Sunday saw a walkover for the growlers (the grog men lay on their bunks—the light before each and every eye), but the growlers beamed politely, their feet tucked lightly under a heavily-laden homely table—objectives obtained.

EXTRACT FROM GUARD REPORT

A flash of lightning filled the sky, A murky figure passed swiftly by. There was a scuffle, a yelp, and then light disclosed A figure appearing with these clothes—

Gumboots and breeches, whip he had none,

The Regt.'s dog-catcher out for his fun.

With apologies to the 21.C.

Troops seeking advice on camouflage please contact the Padre or Doc., whose cover was marvellous when two damsels saw them on the way back from the showers.

"Cure 'Em All" Allen, of R.A.P. fame, has taken the dancing championship away at last from Prof. Twinkletoes Drayton. But all praise is due to Scatterbrain, that winsome lady, who handles him like a mother-in-law. No charge for lessons.

A vast improvement should be seen in the R.H.Q. XVIII with Highflyer Williams and N-ck 'Em Eason. Let's hope their work doesn't suffer with the amount of training they are doing.

(Ed.'s note: What kind of training?)

Star bargain day at Myers wasn't in the race with the crowd that passed R.H.Q. one Sunday. Bring 'em again, Wal, and don't be shy, Les. We wouldn't dream of taking them away from you.

Worth a handclap. Tarzan Hardy's and Stoker James trapeze act on the box cars coming from Melbourne.

That's all, folk.

NEWS FROM THE BATTLE ACKS

(By Armourer)

Who is the latest "Stoushie" who, when doing compulsory training, "went thro" for 20 months? That is, he didn't exactly "go thro," but did not bother to report back. Not bad, are you, Terry? Speaking of "Stoushies," we welcome to the troop the last four. We could do with a few more blokes like them.

Congrats to Chas. Gilbert on obtaining his "pips" in recent hand-out. Good work, old man!

Our congratulations also go to "Cocko." "Steve" and the great "H.H." on their entry into the pit. I'll bet there is a steady bit of hissing going on there at present.

You want to go quiet with your job these days. Noel, as you know the last "Bom Sig" in the troop got pitched into the A.M.F.

Since last issue we have lost "Snow" Weller to 3rd Div. Best of luck, Snow, and hope you soldier on and don't thrash their ears too much, old boy.

Anyone wanting an argument on any subject whatsoever can have same by reporting to J15 around 8.30 any night of the week.

Tank Weller seems to get around a bit these days. On the gun, then a sig. class, and back to tractors. Maybe he'll be an ack next—yeah, an act!

We knew Davey was going to the dogs, but we didn't know he took to sleeping with them.

Who is the driver who thought a certain tractor was an amphibian, or was it the No. 1 Joe?

Bill Bird went away from the troop for a considerable time, but had to come back to the troop for a rest. (What rest?)

NEWS FLASH

"Steve" meets his Waterloo at Neath. Neath where? Well, you ask Steve.

Yes, Tank, you certainly put on the act. What about the flying trapeze act a few weeks ago? Pretty good, I would say. If you don't believe it, ask J15.

Since "Steve" turned his tractor into an amphibian all our trucks now bear a Plimsoll mark.

We welcome to the troop the following: Mr. Johntson, MK. II., Mr. Dollman and Mr. Merlo. We wonder how long they'll be in the troop before some other change is made.

If anyone wants a truck "built in," see "A" Troop Sigs. They are experts.

Is Fred Hall to carry Alan Hughes's love affair in Greta?

EAR BASHINGS FROM B TROOP

(By Yobber)

John W. has left the contenders for promotion far in the shade; not only has he received his third stripe recently, but has apparently had some successful piratical expeditions in a neighboring town, and is known to many and varied as "Captain Hook," probably due to his experience in pincer movements.

Bill Gray has developed a new routine on the skating rink; he does several fast spins, using his hindquarters as the axis. It really doesn't look very graceful, but it certainly is effective. She was sympathetic, wasn't she, Bill?

Mate and Anzac are really full of theatrical promise. After deciding to go on the waggon and giving their beer tickets away, wore angelic expressions, plus halos, etc. for a few days. To my extreme astonishment, the other night they arrived in with the haloes around their ankles. That was probably the cause of their stumbling, looking as though each had been crowned with a "bomba" bottle. It was really a splendid performance; almost convinced me they had been drinking. A really fine performance with such attention to detail that even hangover was not overlooked with the dawn.

Bob Bene has rather a disproportionate idea of his thirst—either that, or he believes in drinking the river dry and then walking across.

Algie Wright was caught at two-up recently by Choco provosts (two up on his motor bike). Whilst on the subject, often wondered why the motor bikes are fitted with pillion seats. Is it a bait? Or is the Army expecting Siamese twins to take on D.R. work?

Its really extraordinary the devotion to "duty" of some of our A.I.F. returned. One sees them pounding along the roads night after night, in all weathers, presumably practising for their route marches.

Now Thrasher Millis has taken on O.P.A., things at the O.P. will definitely hurry from now on.

Don Watson is still the happiest corpse in the troop as he drives in his b— glass coffin.

The old Dan Committee has developed into an old stick-in-the-mud lately with at least three bogs a day.

'Tis rumored George Ford, on return from leave, has been inquiring the prices of sheep and cows and other farmyard requisites. There appears to be some riddle about it.

Our Troop Commander appears to be a little stooped of late. We don't know whether it's the weight of matrimony or that third pip that arrived recently. Anyway, congratulations on a good double, sir.

To seize on some idea of the enemy, improve it, and then exploit it, has long been the practice of military strategists. But we feel that our drivers should be discouraged from emulating Nippon's tree-climbing snipers whilst in their vehicles. Furthermore, in spite of "Our 'Arbor's" one-man submarine visit, we feel that the quad is hardly the weapon to seek them out in deep water.

Dame Rumor hath it that a

strait jacket will be requisitioned should Col Vidler require another tooth filled.

In these days of austerity (so marked in the cookhouse), Freddie Willet, Dixon, and a few others will mourn the meals they so generously fed the iddle widdle fishes on the way over.

Julia Creek can't be dry after all, the way Browne, R. S., cleaned up in the swimming heats recently.

C TROOP CHAFF

(By "Blarney")

With the return of the 2/2s to their homeland, many changes have come to pass among the personnel of C Troop. To those members who put their Disembarkation Leave to the best advantage and fulfilled their promises, we extend our heartiest and most sincere congratulations, and wish them many happy years of married life.

Among other things we have been smitten with several new Sgts. and Bdrs., whom, custom has it, are to be congratulated also; why, we are not quite sure, because as far as we can see we are to suffer; simply amounts to putting more tools into the hands of our officers to increase our misery. One compensation, though, is the fact that there are several Sgts. among us awaiting pips, before they are inflicted upon other unfortunate units. Hearty congratulations to these men.

Perhaps the most painful change of all is our introduction to intense training. Yes, we are learning to become good soldiers all over again. Admittedly necessary tho', because of the many new men with us and, of course, we must bear up and set the example and give them the benefit of our experience.

Several men have transferred to other units, and we have had officers popping in and out of the troop these last few months. From this angle the greatest misfortune to befall the troop is the loss of Capt. Tatchell, who, we might say, really grew up with the troop, as he was with us for such a long time. Things could have been worse, tho', if 3rd Battery had kept him for good, but fortunately we have snared him for Batty Capt., so we are still in touch with him and are aware of his favorite troop.

Why is the Count so happy lately? Bdr. Cowie was heard telling Gnr. Rawles that he was going to "SHELVE" his troubles and start a car exchange business. He has had ample experience exchanging and fitting out trucks, so should

go a long way in his venture, if he can only keep his hair out of a "Jungle"—pardon, a tangle.

Noted in passing.—Budding young tiffie Charlie Harris, squirting oil on his face, and "Appy Jack" standing over him, teaching him to swear. Elementary training, says Anzac.

Greater Love Hath No Man—than Ramon Novaro Richardson. It takes Mick almost every night of the week, and most of his friends' pay, to fulfil his obligations in M— and C—. Purely platonic obligations, we're told.

Where does Mr. Anderson get that twinkle in his eyes? 'Tis hearsay that he is in with the natives and always has a "S-Whale" of a time when he visits M—.

Who said there were no fireworks available for 5 Nov? Noticed in Greta by your star reporter—none other than Bertie Frazer leading Bill Downey astray—mean Bill leading Bert. Oh, dammit! we might as well say that they were both making a headlong rush for "It." When last seen, both were listing badly to starboard, overburdened with bottled fireworks.

There are no mates in the Army, or are there? Gnr. Rawles thinks there are. It appears that Alfie fell down a cellar in Maitland recently; later caught a bus for home, and, upon arrival, bless his little soul, if he wasn't astonished to find half a dozen bottles of the very best on his person. Next morning, of course, his friends very considerably helped him to put it out of reach of the officers.

Too numerous are the acts turned on in J19 for all to receive mention. Anyway, for a nominal fee C Troop will put on an act for anyone anywhere in Greta Camp. Altho' we have lost Bill Downey, we still have any amount of talent in Wangy. Vic Kidman, Bill Cruitt, Arch Milne, and Anzac, not forgetting the Dreadful "Shadder." It will be many moons before we forget the spectacle of "Uppy Juck" doubled up with laughter, while Arch and Bill threw his palliasses and blankets on top of him.

Bill Quitt's dressing problems are at an end. He has his second hook for good and all now, and does not have to keep his shirts sorted in two lots. 'Tis rumored his two stripes are mating.

Music hath charms, we're told. And it seems Lieut. Meate's voice has also. Ask Blarney about a certain gas lecture a few days ago, when he was lulled off to sleep by Mr. Meate's soothing tones.

DON TROOP DITHERINGS

(By P. "Newshound" Wortham)

The Dons made an auspicious start in the old homeland when several staunch members lined up at the altar. Amongst those who thought "two can live as cheap as one" was Lieut. Farrell, Lieut. Alf Bicknell, Bob Anderson, S/Sgt. Bill Trewaine, Peter Akins, and P. "Newshound" Wortham. The last-named is open to accept late presents.

Also, "Whisky" Bowins got hitched.

Congrats to two Donners, Alf Bickell and Jack Lobb, who received their commissions during the week. Jack is one of the foundation Dons.

New additions to Snake Pit were Craig Reid, since transferred to Charlies, Vic Taylor making a welcome reappearance from hospital, and Phil Wortham.

Whisky Bowins once went rowing in a baot. You'll die laughing. Ask him about it.

Jack Flannery, now full-blown bomber, had to be rescued from the Civvy Cops. Of course, Gumnut Derrick was in it, too.

Graham "Flagpole" Pitts has returned from an extended holiday. Melbourne papers please copy.

Ron Savage tried self-strangulation with a steel cable. Oh, boy! what a whack.

Congrats to Frank Nixon on attaining his pips, and also to Ralph Lowe, Russ Walker and Alan Stewart.

Stop that man! Who is Harasser Mark 1? See if you can pick this night, Von.

Strange cries have been heard from Ernie Moon's bed during the night. Guess what?

And what a spree attended the three-year celebration for some of the boys. Conspicuous among the celebrants was "Oyster Vung" Flannery, "Old Man" Walker, "Gumnut" Derrick, "Dickie" Griffiths and about a dozen others. Not one Don collected a shiner, so it looks like we're still on top.

Special! Dons' slashing victory over H.Q. in fast, dynamic football game. Showing some real form at last.

Who missed the last bus? Did someone say a certain Ralph Lowe, walked home from a local town.

Special! Sergt. Alan Stewart, alias The Red Head Hunter, establishes all-round town record of local towns. Shugsie is certainly going places.

"Oh You Handsome Man" Lady-killer Bergan is back on the job with a brand new face. Good going, Sandy.

Gumnut Derrick and "Loop" Pisarevsky are always seen heading into the scrub on the Infernal Machine.

"They Fall For His Winsome Ways." Yes, boys, who slays them all, big and small, none other than God's Great Gift To Women, Win Vail.

Cheerio to Arthur Cowan, a good fellow, who has been transferred to another unit. The best wishes of all the boys go with you, Arthur.

Sandy Bergin wishes to convey his thanks to the boys for their little appreciation of his services in Ceylon. And thanks, too, Sandy, we are always pleased to have you with us.

Salute to—

Alan Stewart, who likes his Kurri Red Heads. Togo "Pud" Evitt and his Panzer Div. Ralph Lowe, who walked home the long way, and Ned Kelly, who took the wrong turn at the end of the walk home. Frank Nixon and his Waterloo Cup winner. George Wild and Dumbo, Graham Pitt, ardent supporter of Smoky Joe. Win Vail and the gay young ladies. Russ Walker, of table tennis fame. Jimmie Black and a pair of scanties. Gumnut and Stalingrad and the Infernal Machine. Chiang Coone and his muzzle catching. Boof Nansen, who couldn't see it up the spout. Darby Munro, who pulled the trigger too soon. Frank Wilson, the champ. dog catcher. Laurie Fry and his painted dial. Bill Farrell and the rabbit catching. Ned Monk. 21, and his fall down the big hole. Whisky Bowins champion letter writer. And the man who strangled the shark.

EDWARD TROOP 'ERE

(By "Ring In")

"Welcome" to our new bunch of "Reos." We are glad to have you with us lads.

Congrats to Harold Adeney and the other lads in the troop who have just received a step up.

Who is this beautiful young thing that now holds the reins of E Troop? We have twopence to lend and twopence to spend and twopence for you, sir—that's if you will be nice to us.

Tom Wiley has "wiped" his two coppers after their drunken orgy the other night. They dropped him when they were carrying him home. The dirty drunks!

Has anyone seen or heard of Harry Floyd's letter?

"Shurrt" Shanley has seen the light—yeah, through the bottom of a beer glass.

The lads send a cheerio to "Slit" Trencher, who is now up on A.G.H. after parachuting from the top of

a mountain. Hope to see you back soon, "Slit." "Who was it" that pushed you in the back?

Wanted to Buy.—One gas pro-doo-er. Send particulars to Shurrt Shanley.

Rissey's wrist watch—any price, see Mick Domaille.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of "No Blue Napier" please communicate with this office. No reward offered.

Noisy has been at it again. They tell me he fitted a couple of blokes the other week.

They tell us that Jack Harbor has worn the seat out of his pants since he has taken on dancing.

"Playboy" Thompson—male nurse—thought he had caught the measles from one of his patients; but, no, it was only "luv."

Snowy Russell (Towhead) went brunette last week when he entertained a couple of friends in the orderly room.

Lag Bunbury is out again—on the straight, too. Reports indicate that he intends to breed frogs for the snakes at the zoo.

Toss Touzel has put everything behind him—yeah, but he can't shake it off.

"Oh, Clarry, you do look nice in your brown shirt," said the barmaid.

Harry Floyd doesn't want to be a layer—no, he's mad for the driving and the small square "registered" package.

"Hi" Dick, do you always leave your stomach beside your bed when you turn in of a night?

And listen 'ere, Maj. Parky, if Freddy Troop can have Animal, why can't King Cole keep his dog?

F TROOP FANTASIES

(By "Zac")

Hello, Gono 4-4 calling. I have a message for 5. Hello, 4-4 answering. Watch your procedure. Pass your message.

Promotions and weddings have reached the headlines since last going to Press. Heartiest congratulations from the troop and best wishes to all concerned.

FLASH

Bludger McKay and Sid Raggett win doubles on marriage and promotion.

All the best, Mac and Sid.

Gil is looking after his third.

De rank trick was played on Peter Geddes. Hard luck, Pete, the guns have gained by it.

Wanted.—Sound detector in good order. Cheap. Scudder Cowan wants to find out whether flies cough when sprayed with Flit.

F TROOP TO THE FRONT

Freddy Troop has risen above the 50 per cent. mark. Admittedly, only second in tabloid sports, but what an effort! Their efforts in the Bombo competition have proved them to be second to none.

Since when has Ted Evans been travelling under nom de plume of Gunner Groper? Ask Lieut. Richardson.

LEASE-LEND POLICY FROWNED ON

Borrowing of mate's slacks causes inspection of gear by high authorities as check on ownership.

ORDERS

Blankets will be aired. Personal opinions will not.

PARADE

A parade of F Troop Glamour Boys will be held at 0000 hours nightly. They put the GI in "amour" all right.

Welcome home from hospital, Toohey. Nurse McDonald will tuck you in nightly and supply hot water bottle if required.

And if anyone has a match, the G.P.O. will be glad to borrow it.

Finally, our congrats to the T.C. on his third pip. How they grow!

3 B.H.Q. BLATHER

(By "Sonny Cole")

"School Marm" POWELL believes in efficiency, they tell us. His poor, unfortunate pupils know what it is now to burn the candle at both ends. They ought to put an end to this rot. What say you, "Acks"?

If your friends or enemies would like a recipe or two on Austerity Meals, just send a ten shilling Postal Note (or a Bottle of Bombo) to "Tobruch" Stevens; he is quite an expert of both the above-mentioned.

We are glad to see our new A/B.C. can take it. After all, a 17-mile cross-country route march after being so long with the elite of the Regiment is no easy matter. Good on you, Dick. By the way, I don't think that we as a Bty. have seen you on the next morning 20 minute "loosening-up" parade that you had mentioned at the end of the march. Another person of note during the picnic was the one and only fly-swallowing Bty. Capt. Pity that you lost it, wasn't it.

Here is a piece of news for a few sober-eyed snakes. It may even surprise you to know that there is a "Red" Hairy Gorilla waiting in the snakes' pit, so don't be thinking that you were imagining things.

Hearty congratulations to US (B.H.Q. the Bty.) on winning the Tabloid Sports. It would seem that there must be something in this "Barrack Square" discipline, as put over by our one and only "HAR-ASSER." We are also wondering if their performance would have improved if he had NOT started the day with a corker "hangover."

We were sorry to hear about "Doc" Pallamountagne going to hospital. In fact, I believe that a few bets were made to what sex that it (or they) would be, but alas! after making a few inquiries we found out it turned out to be Appendicitis. But on the whole we are sorry to have heard of your misfortune. So you want to hurry up and get back, or might miss out on leave.

A welcome to our new W.L.O., John Pring, as long as you don't try any trainee stuff, John.

4 B.H.Q.**In The Grips Of The Grog**

(By "Ding Dong" Gyngell)

It was with deep regret that we had to farewell Lieut. Dollman from our ranks. We take this opportunity of wishing him all the best in his new post.

The welcome mat is put out for Lieut. Donovan and we feel sure he will prove as worthy of the post as his predecessor. Lieut. Bickell is also welcomed into our midst.

Kennel your dog in Hut 17! Gnr. James will give up his bed for it.

Quiet nights are being experienced. Have the boys seen the light or can't they take it?

Bomb Head thinks Mr. Forde is the best politician Australia's had, but only because he gives the chocos a rough spin.

A wonderful sight was seen recently. The Bergmaster was seen to walk without a limp. Look out Bergie, the M.O. might see.

The troops are a bundle of nerves. Mr. Hannington's orders are terrifying.

Skating taught! Ding Dong and Fang guarantee to teach tail spins, nose dives and back flips on rollers. No! no nurses.

There's a thief in our midst filching the petrol out of our cigarette lighters.

Spine Basher Jimmie will take on allcomers. He won't even get up for his meals.

How in the Hell does Gather fit on one Latrine pan.

Our yodelling Gnr., Stan Wilson will yodel for 4 pots. Beware anyone who gives him the pots.

How can a person collect a packet and yet miss out. Ask Ollie Glover.

Thank Goodness there is such a thing as Austerity. The gramophone must run out of needles soon.

If you find a stranger in your bed, don't worry, it's only Paddy.

Our BC stated that he had already put on 14 turns. Evidently he can't count any further.

First it was "Arak," then "Toddy," now it is "Bombo." Grog on, chaps we're proud of you.

CITA ET CERTA**SIGS. ON THE JOB**

At a recent meeting of the Parents and Guardians' Association, a resolution was passed, requesting the authorities to open the local kindergarten at night!

One speaker said that, in her opinion, her young daughter would be safer there! Appears that the "Debonair Casonover" is turning his attentions to the Younger, Younger Set.

Our performance in the recent Regimental Sports Comp. may appear to be a negation of the motto of the Royal boys, "Swift and Sure," but our boys are real triers. Ask the C.O.!

The "dark horse" of the team was Drewie. Despite greying hair, and, as some thought, the first signs of senile decay, Ron put up a show reminiscent of a retired champ. Probably the result of his recent and lamented diet of G.L. MK 2!

Swimming honors, in lieu of first place, went to "Plugger" McKay. Mac had not been in the aqua for 12 months or more, but ploughed through the Cessnock baths like a Liberty ship—and came back for more!

The main fault with our swimmers is that they cannot count over 50 metres. Most stopped at the half-way mark. Still, as we said, they are triers!

Perhaps it was only a coincidence that "Tom Lurich" Marshall developed eye trouble immediately after his recent marriage! Many a man has received a shock on his honeymoon, and, as one bloke said, we can't all marry a "jewel."

We would like to take the opportunity to welcome the six recent arrivals to F Section; but, while we want them to feel at home, we would warn one of them that it is considered bad form to oversleep in trains.



By "Biassed Baron"

"The Machine" On The Shelf

The Machine has played only one game in Australia; local lambs for slaughtering are hard to come by, so "Action Front" shelves the Machine temporarily for a well-earned rest.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

This Australia is the danciest place, not one night goes past but there is a dance in one or other of the local towns. I suggested to the Editor that we might fill the sporting page with advertisements for forthcoming functions. No doubt this would prove enormously popular, as one could then weigh one dance against another, carefully weighing the attractions of each before making a selection.

SOCIAL AND SPORTING

Some of 4 Battery's "39" men recently celebrated their third anniversary of joining the A.I.F. A delightful dinner was served by the proprietor of the Paragon (Free Ad.), and the party then adjourned to the house of the Queen's Arms. Here, as the evening wore on, speeches were made by practically every member of the party. Mel Melaney was magnificent in an impassioned speech to the gathering, and his toast to our former C.O., Brigadier Cremor, was vociferously applauded. Charles Llewellyn Jones obliged with a splendid rendition of his old favourite, "Old Sundowner." Phil "Newshound" Wortham was difficult to suppress and the chair was finally snatched from under him. Later one of the more spirited of the party engaged in an old fashioned "donnybrook" and amassed great speculation throughout the Regt. next day because of the number of men wearing dark glasses.

BREVITIES TABLOID SPORTS

"They run, ride, jump, fight,
Wheel a barrow, ride a bike."

Yes, Sir, 2/2 holds big sports meeting. Contenders, all troops, ranging from 16-and-never-been-kissed, to "not too old at 40."

THE GAME'S THE THING

3rd Battery H.Q. turned out ultimate winners after close tussles with F Troop and E. Troop, both 52 Bty. stalwarts.

"And even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear a cheer."

After a thrilling struggle, in which "Sky High Robins put up colossal performance for the winners, which was only equalled by Les Gillham, of 52, famous all-round sportsman and sports commentator, the winners just managed to scrape in.

Thrilling climax was 1500 yards relay race, which was accompanied by cheers of spectators, three fox terriers, two greyhounds, and 15 assorted dogs, a fusillade of stones and many dropped batons.

Good Performances: Throughout the afternoon good performances were witnessed. Maj. Hawkins led the field, with Tank Proof fly net. The C.O. came out, took points like a stock broker. Several well-known athletes retained their old form, though some lesser lights couldn't make grade A1; but all competitors were triers.

Captain John Tatchell said "never again," and Lieut. Hale justified the title of "Kanga." The shot putting event proved that guns are now no longer necessary to disable tanks, while manpower is available. Throwing the medicine ball proved a tough obstacle, and the three jumps backward proved the 2/2's were definitely trained to advance.

The C.O. thanked the boys for the use of the ground and everyone was given Sunday off, with exception of 4th Battery and the R.O.S.

PERSONALITIES

Don Troop beat 4B H.Q. Hollow in Ball Game. The ball was the best player.

Hal Alexander, Test cricketer, wins Derby sweep.

Craig Reid, cox of winning Geelong College, head of river crew, loses tooth in brush with dentist.

Jack Egan, former Brighton footballer, breaks arm in slight accident.

"Speed" MacCarthy, Stawell Gift placegetter, looks after diet of 52.

Phil Trencher, coming boxer, receives injuries in fall over cliff. Tough luck, Phil, tough cliff.

Lieut. Mick Richardson, Oxford cross country runner, edits this paper.

Jack Bleckley, famous racing commentator, is still finishing, like some of his tips.

Maj. "Choc" MacNaughton, Australian representative at Squash, attains majority and command of 4th Battery.

"Ru" Dorr, International Rugby player and champion sprint winner, trains before breakfast.

Ted Harle, former carnival footballer, has collected his pips. Congrats, "Kanga."

And also Frank Nixon, star footballer, and Lieut. Dick Feathershough, sprinter, move up one.

Lieut. Jack Anderson, Old Wesley miler, returns to 4 Battery.

P. F. Wortham, former Vic. sprint title champion, hangs up shoes in favour of the open.

"Swi" is still dead and buried deep below the ground.

Watch for this column in your next issue.

REGIMENTAL SWIM CARNIVAL

Regiment borrowed the public baths in C— to hold a regimental swim carnival. The carnival was highly successful and several fine performances were recorded.

Water laurels to—

Sgt. J. B. Hogan, for winning both the 50 and 100 metres backstroke.

Lieut. Pring and Gnr. Ellis, for being first and second, respectively, in the 50-metre freestyle.

Lieut. Sutton, for winning the 100-metre freestyle. (We suspect it cost him a good deal to keep Lieut. Pring out of the event.)

52 Bty. for a clear-cut relay win.

The person unknown who pushed Lieut. Harry Sutton in.

The people of C— who made the baths available to us.

CUP DAY CELEBRATED

The Cup was broadcast, and followed with customary interest. The tipsters went mostly astray and many a good man lost his pay, as usual.

The Grand Sweep was worth £8 to the winner, and Lieut. Johnston collected the money. Conscience bade him contribute a quarter to Battery funds. Gnr. McPherson won the little sweep, and the Padre won the officers'.

To those whose horses are still finishing, we offer sincere commiseration.

BOMB HAPPY — By 'Pst'



"Me dad wore it at the Crimea, but it's all I've got till they give us more coupons."



"The marching hasn't been the same since we got that Private Boogley-Woogley!"



"I don't want to set the world on fire."



"Ow many times d'yer 'ave to be told: gunners always double?"



"And remember, Sar.-Major, he's not to be bossed about!"



"Four thousand be blown! I tell yer, you're looking through the wrong end!"