



# Action front

## Journal of the 2/2 Field Regiment

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Priceless !

### EDITORIAL

#### SEEDS OF DISSENSION

Espionage is whited with the dust of time. It is no new thing. The King of the Syrians, descending upon Moab, called his councillors of war and said, "Which of you is against me?" for he could not contact his enemy.

The fifth column, differently, is a Spanish war legacy, and in Germany is administered in large and recurrent doses by the Ministry for Information and Propaganda. The department has its head in Berlin and its clandestine fingers extend, in many cases by way of the German Embassies and Consulates, across the seven seas, and into the four corners of the Earth. So organized, and with its policy dictated directly from Berlin it grows and chokes, like so many tares in the fertile ground of its enemies. In every case where subversive German propaganda has taken root, growth has nurtured itself upon rumour, and multiplied with dissension. The growth, like some cancer on the body politic and military, has festered always in the same way. It has drugged the body with rumour, gutted it with dissension, and maimed it with mistrust and antagonism within.

The British, who are a broad-bottomed people, generally unperturbed by rumour of any kind, feel complacently and comfortably that their ground is barren of the seeds of fifth column, but it is well not to underestimate the toughness of the seed. Already, half informed persons are laying blame on the fighting men of the Far East, where facts and figures speak differently. Already Australians are feeling keenly the presence of the Americans in Australia, although they are fighting in our cause as well as in their own. The rumour is un-

pleasant and, on the face of it, is too old a gag to get a bite, yet it seems to be multiplying. As the Marx Bros. contend: "the public falls for the old gags, hardest." The Germans used the same gag about the British in France and it worked very well. They circulated rumours among the French that the British were enjoying their women while the Poilus fought. Simultaneously they told the British that their French colleagues were ratting on them.

If we are not going to be deluded by these things the onus is on us to see that such seeds fall, in fact, upon barren ground, and subversive rumours upon truly deaf ears. The Japanese fear the Allied strength of America, Britain, Australia and China, with an unholy fear. They are certain to try their utmost to white-ant such strength by dissension sown amongst our ranks. Their methods follow their German tutors—a method, not of open statement, obviously past belief, but of rumours that can multiply and bear fruit by their own reproduction. Already there is bad feeling between British and Imperial troops and a suspicion exists between Australian and American. These things tend to get explained away, as caused by the inherent differences of our outlook, but the slightest difference between Chinese and British Forces, or between American and Australian, is fertile ground for fifth column activities. The enemy tries to create non-confidence between leaders and the rank and file, as they did in France, or between civilian populations and military bodies. The uncomplimentary rumours circulated subversively in Australia as an explanation for our non-return home is largely enemy-inspired, and if not inspired, nurtured and warded. We have to realise that the fifth column in its role of propagandist is not a blatant, but a subtle and clandestine creature which hides its light under a bushel. Rumour is its agent and



Can this happen to us ?

dissension its objective; outright antagonism within is its ultimate victory. Large bodies of men are a natural breeding ground for such cankers, and complacency within that ground is the fastest track to being chiselled wide apart.



# WHAT GOES ON

## The Letter from Home

This letter arrived from the Secretary of the Regimental Comforts Fund in March.

Dear Editor,

I had intended writing once a month but slipped in December. I'll blame the Japanese. Haven't seen many of our people since the Children's Party, but are commencing activities again on Monday next. We have to rearrange things on account of the blackout, not congregating in the City. By the way, Melbourne is lovely without the Neon signs and advertisements. The Children's Party was a huge success—the weather was perfect. It was held at the Drill Hall, Batman Avenue, and as the day was so beautiful we had the tree, slides and see-saws, outside.

Tea was at long decorated tables inside. All the children had paper caps, sweets, and as much ice-cream as they could eat. One boy is reported as having had 14. I should think he would be a bit off colour next day. Every child got a gift from Father X'mas, and those that live in the country had a gift sent to them. We had a Technicolour Movie Camera, and took about 100 feet of film. It is lovely and we are showing it on Monday at the Shell Theatre, and then sending it over to the Regiment. I saw the film to-day and there is not one bad spot though some of us think we are not so fat or so grey about the head, but the camera cannot lie. Mostly all the Unit Fund members are taken in groups of 5 or 6. Some of the members of the Welfare Committee visited sick members in hospital on Christmas morning. They took a nice Christmas meal for those in public hospitals. On the following Sunday they went to Heidelberg military hospital and saw three 2/2 men. We are arranging to have regular visitors to both civil and military hospitals in the future as in every instance the visits were so appreciated.

We are starting first aid and home-nursing classes in our room, and have offered as an organisation to the Government. We could run canteens with anyone, as we have had a good deal of practice with our uncheons, etc. We generally hold

a luncheon every second month and cater for about 100. Sandwiches and cakes. At the last one we switched on to cold meat and salads, fruit salad—catered for 100 and about 200 people came. After serving tasty meals of meat and salad all that was left for helpers was a piece of sausage. It was a great success financially, and we will get more people to the next one.

Cheerio,  
E.E.M., Hon. Sec.

### GUNNER'S LITANY

*Oh Lord we are failing,  
Lead us back along the paths of sanity:  
Preserve us from the military mind.*

*From the folly of subalterns,  
And the wrath of Sergeants,  
From the gaze of the Colonel  
And the wiles of the Quartermaster  
Good Lord, deliver us.*

*From four-day bivouacs  
And mud that goes with them;  
From water in the petrol  
And leeches and paddy fields  
Good Lord, deliver us.*

*From unsavoury food  
And insanitary living,  
From cheerless mornings  
And sober evenings  
Good Lord, deliver us.*

*From Jews and Arabs  
And pock-marked Egyptians,  
From bargaining natives  
And crooked exchange rates,  
Good Lord, deliver us.*

*Oh Lord, to the land  
Where a man can get Foster's,  
To the arms of our girls  
(If the Yanks haven't got them),  
To all those things  
That a bloke's almost lost to  
Deliver us, good Lord.*

### LIFE AMONG THE GIGS

Captain Cox (Sly-old-silver) is reported to be Brigade Transport Officer, Spencer Street. What a life! What a life!

He is also reputed to be seeking an American Dictionary of Slang.

Captain T. Mathew McCaw is reported to be enjoying one of his frequent and minor maladies.

### TONY

*We were travelling South of Derna  
When I met my Eye-tye mate,  
Dying of thirst in the desert,  
Just a piece of Jackal bait.*

*I gave him a drink and a blanket,  
And lifted him into the 'bus,  
The little coon just looked at me  
Then I knew it would always be us.*

*We shared my grub and water,  
My old blanket every night  
And he'd back me up to the limit  
Even when others were right.*

*"Tony," I used to call him,  
"Tony," you Dago runt  
And true to form in every race,  
"Tony" was well in front.*

*My pal left out near Barca  
But it wasn't his will to go  
A H.Q.—run him down,  
Perhaps it was meant to be so.*

*I buried him there in a lonely grave  
By the Eye-tye military road  
And now I know that a Dago too  
Can have an honest code.*

*I often think of "Tony,"  
How he licked my face at night  
And grunted and growled in his doggy  
dreams,  
A Dago who could fight.*

### HONOURS AND AWARDS

Action Front is pleased to announce that Lt.-Col. Dyke, Major A. E. Arthur, Major R. F. Jaboor, Captain J. C. Tatchell, and L/Sergeant J. Blackley have been mentioned in despatches.

### IN MEMORIAM

VX744 L/Bdr. J. E. Beasley,  
accidentally killed.  
VX63416 Gunner D. Jolly,  
accidentally drowned

Old beds for new  
Old beds for new  
This week only, so don't be  
later than 0930 yesterday at

### HOUGHTON'S STORES.

The Adjutant is reputed to be considering taking leave. About time too.

Lieut. Sutton may be driving again soon.

Lieut. Richardson's memory is said to be returning.

Capt. "Jungle" McNaughton, Regiment's premier chain-talker, is at last in his element.

## MORE GUNNERY

By our Technical Adviser  
He knows his stuff!

The bore is a round hole with steel wrapped around it on all sides except the ends.

The dial sight is a complicated piece of apparatus which no one seems to understand.

The sight clinometer is a field clinometer with a thing on its bottom to enable you to fix it to the gun. It has a glass tube which is completely filled with water except for the bubble which isn't.

Should No. 2 on opening the breech discover a nest of field mice therein, he will hand them to a spare number who will double to the kitchen and place them in the stew.

On the order "Halt, action rear" all numbers in the gun tractor will immediately bumper their cigarettes, double three or four times around the gun, then ask the sergeant what he intends to do about it.

Should it become necessary to dispense with the enemy C.O. No. 1 will place a hand grenade with the pin out in his pocket, double to enemy headquarters and engage the C.O. in conversation. Should the bomb fail to explode it will be necessary for No. 1 to laugh hideously and double smartly back to his own lines.

In the event of the dial sight being blown away as the result of enemy action No. 1 will immediately order a change of underwear for No. 3, and all numbers will double to the nearest gun where they will engage the numbers of the other gun in conversation while a spare number removes the dial sight and doubles with it to his own gun and places it in the cradle clamping gear.

In the event of the gun being set at a too high an elevation No. 1 will take an aiming post in his right hand, place it against each tyre in turn, while No. 3 taps the top of it smartly with a field clinometer.

Should the gun by reason of No. 2 failing to apply the brake, bolt back to a position more than three miles in rear of the firing line, No. 1 will order, "without gun, prepare for action." On receiving this order No. 6 will hand a round to No. 5 who will take it to No. 4 who will hold it firmly with both hands while a spare number strikes the primer with a hammer.

In the event of the muzzle dropping off while the gun is in action No. 6 will double to the field kitchen, borrow a flu pipe and hand

## ROUTE MARCH

Those winding ranks before me, and the  
dusty road, and long,  
Through that Native Village and the  
grinning Native throng,  
The welcome cry of "Smoko," and the  
long-awaited blow,  
Then, on your feet, you b...ds, and once  
more on the go.

And then I fell to thinking and forgot  
my aching feet,

Forgot my clammy shoulders, the dust,  
the flies and heat

For before me rose a picture of my Mel-  
bourne seaside home,

Of St. Kilda's sun-drenched beaches  
and the rainbow-tinted foam.

Of a broad and sweeping sidewalk and  
the Ocean's muffled roar,  
Of sunlit waves cascading upon a shell-  
strewn shore,  
Of gardens, cool and spacious, where  
Sunday's thousands team,  
Of Luna Park at night time with her  
million lights agleam.

Of ancient Young and Jacksons and  
exquisite Chloe,  
And the clocks o'er Flinders Street,  
'neath which she'd wait for me,  
Of our homely sitting room and a log  
fire's cheerful glow,  
Of silken hair and bazy eyes and a  
husky voice and low,  
The times she used to scold me in the  
way that Mothers do,  
My most vivid recollections were those  
eyes of tender blue.

it to a spare number who will hold  
it in position until the order "cease  
fire" is given. No. 6 will then  
return the flu pipe, wheel the gun  
into the nearest ditch and report  
the matter to his superior officer.

Should it become necessary to  
destroy the gun all members of the  
detachment will drink one imperial  
quart of army rum.

If when number 2 opens the  
breech the L.B.M. comes away in  
his hand, he will replace it immedi-  
ately at the same time saying "I  
do not know anything about it."

In the event of the liner flying  
out while the gun is in action No. 4  
will double to the nearest lighthouse  
and remove the spiral staircase.  
Grasping it firmly between the  
thumb and forefinger he will wind  
it tightly and insert it down the  
barrel of the gun.

In the event of dive bombers  
No. 4 will double out to a con-  
venient position ten yards in front  
of the gun. When the plane is at  
a suitable height he will spring off  
the ground and grasp the propeller  
between the thumb and forefinger  
of each hand. The plane will then  
rotate around the propeller at an  
ever-increasing speed until the  
pilot becoming giddy flies out to the  
right or left some ten or twelve  
yards. No. 1 will then double for-  
ward and seize him by the throat,  
place in a warm cell for a few days  
and then serve without custard.

A blue light signifies that troops  
are ready to proceed on leave. So  
long, pal.

## STRANGE BUT TRUE

The Bird is on the wing  
How absurd!  
I thought the wing  
Was on the Bird.

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Action Front urges you to keep  
your back numbers of this paper,  
as we intend to publish and sell  
a completed series, from our in-  
auguration, when the opportunity  
permits.

Action Front has been acknow-  
ledged by Smiths and The Bulletin.



"Quit Stalling, Sister, Where is it?"

### THE WANDERINGS OF AQUARIUS

Now the Lord spoke unto Aquarius saying, "Lo! Though thy spirit has wandered often and far from the tents of the righteous during the many moons since you returned speedily from Crete, now will you girt up your loins and go whereto I send you." And Aquarius was sore amazed and waited anxiously to see into what new folly the war lords would indulge him.

And the Mighty One heard that the Lord had spoken to Aquarius and others and was sore distressed lest they in their foolishness should discover his intentions. And he had prepared by his scribes plans and charts of countries far from his mind and left them that all might see. But the Mighty One had over-rated the foolishness of his men for they said one to another, "If we should go to these places, why would he leave signs for all to see?" "But friend, do you not see that those are thoughts he expects from us, hence we will not go to these places!"

"No, you are both wrong, for he knew that we would know that he knew our thoughts, hence we will go to these places." And the wise ones, fine upstanding youths, fresh from their studies of Socrates listened, saying nothing. And when their patience was gone they went among their fellow-men saying "Lo, ye try your brains with divers complex things while there are but two. Either we go where the Mighty One hints or we do not. Now sit ye down each to himself and study the signs—see where your star shines the brightest and from where the winds will blow and let each man decide for himself where we will go. And may any man who betrays our secret be called a traitor and die a traitor's death!" And all men knew the wisdom of these words and resolved to cease their chatter which they did for one whole day.



## ANZAC DAY

The Anzac ceremony was this year, as it has been since the outbreak of World War 2, more than a remembrance. It is, in this time, both a tribute to the fallen, who have been true to a tradition worthy of all that is best in Australian manhood, and a taking strength from their high calibre to go forward and meet the future.

War is not only a time of trial and tribulation. It is a time also of great courage, great loyalty, and great sacrifice. Now we see clearly the issue, for on our shoulders lies the mantle of battle, and within us the Bone of Resolution. We shall defend the way of life that we believe in, at whatever the cost; and we shall be true to the tradition of Anzac.

And the Mighty One, because of his years, saw through a glass darkly and called upon the spirits to help him. And the spirits flowed into him till he lay sleepless on his couch catching his breath with the strength of them. And the spirits gave him new life and said unto him, "Why should other men sleep while you lie sleepless—go arouse the camp." So the Mighty One called for his Captains and bade them arouse Aquarius and his fellows and journey with them all night—which they did. And for many nights thereafter the spirits had their way so that when at last the war chariots were taken from them, the men cried aloud at their relief from bondage so that the Mighty One heard them. And he consulted the spirits and they spake unto him. And the next night such men as were not sentinels were roused again from their slumbers and sent out to journey on foot. And Aquarius

and his fellows smiled in patient understanding for without their fiery chariots to control they were able to continue their slumbers as they marched at the Mighty One's will; for were they not veterans of many battles and had they not learned long ago to act as soldiers even in their slumbers? And the next night it was the same and when the men had returned the Mighty One passed among the tents that he might hear their views. And he did. For as he stood in the shadows unseen, one of the newer men, knowing him not, said to Aquarius, "Verily our master being born out of wedlock hath returned to his childhood and understanding us not doth play with us as chocolate soldiers." And Aquarius and the older men of the company smiled in their patient understanding, remembering that they had said the thing many times before but to find their lives spared a score of times by the teaching of the Mighty One.

## Sammy Hall - -



**"INVASIONS AND THINGS"**

By the Current-affairs  
Correspondent

Dear Readers, (or Reader), as invasion talk is in the air, I propose to give you low down on the first invasion attempt on England.

It was in the good old days when men were men and all the women were glad of it and Queen Elizabeth sat astride the throne, and how. The head of the English Navy was Drake, an ancestor of Donald Duck, who gained fame by running Drake's Drum. The villain of the piece was Phillip of Spain, even his best friends and all that sort of thing.

Phillip was a bit snotty because his membership to the Royal Yacht Club had been refused on account of his whites showing signs of tittle-tattle grey, Elizabeth, of course, using Persil.

Phillip summoned all his Generals and Admirals in conference, "Look here, youse lugs," he screamed, breathing garlic all over them "I'm bunging on a blue wit de Poms." After they'd all been coaxed out of their shelters, he told them to buzz off and build an Armada, load their swords and sharpen the old revolvers. Two years after the war started, England found out all about it, and immediately started to talk about it in the House of Commons. After several debates, they decided to repulse the invader. Queen Elizabeth then sent Phillip a rude letter, making some slight reference to his parentage. The Spanish got stuck right into preparations, and even gave up seeing each others wives. The English went on as usual, playing darts and pushing pints across the old back teeth.

On the day of the big do, Phillip went down to the wharf and smashed a bottle of champagne across the Admiral's head, whereupon the old boy set sail and was half way to Palestine before he realised the

seriousness of his error. They then about turned and sailed for Plymouth.

Now Drake was on holidays at Plymouth, and being a bowler of note, was just developing a nasty leg break. Suddenly a messenger from the Queen arrived on a tricycle, and lurching from the saddle, rushed up to Drake, saluted and stood to attention. Drake finished his over before turning to the messenger. "Shoot the works," he rasped, and the runner dipped into his anti-gas wallet and produced the letter. Drake smelt the letter first and, muttering something about "a good sort," tore it open. As he read the contents he ejaculated: "Well, wouldn't it," and walked abruptly away to his lunch.

By now the Armada was only ten miles from England and the gunners were loading their guns, while their officers went down below and locked themselves in their cabins. Now as Drake's ship were outnumbered 10 to 1 he had to think fast. He ran all his ships up along side each other until all their guns were muzzle to breech. This gave him one long gun about half a mile long. He loaded it with all the iron-mongery he could find, and put in a charge of Epsom Salts to make it go through anything. Then they sat down and waited until the Spanish fleet sailed past in line. When they were opposite the English fleet, Drake pulled the trigger and the Spanish fleet disappeared rapidly towards the North of Scotland. The recoil was so great, that Captain Cook, who was on the end of the line, was blown so far south that he discovered Australia, causing the abos to chant in chorus "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, here comes Cookie."

Drake having won the battle buzzed off to Windsor Castle where he found the house-maid having a bath, being Saturday night. Drake was afterwards referred to as a Knight in the Bath, and England was saved.

**THE CENSUS AND SENSES**

By "Newshound" Wortham

The other day a bloke beetles up to me and says, "The Cap. wants to see you." "Yes," I says, "Waffor." "He wants your Census," he says. "How can he want my Senses," I said, "if he had my senses I wouldn't have any senses, would I?" The bloke muttered something about having none anyway and off he goes. Still a bit in the dark I oozes off to the Cap. and presents myself. "Gooday," I says, very respectful, "I'm here on account of you losing your senses." The Cap. looked kind o snotty, and goes a bit red round the collar. "Listen, small change," he grates out, "Who's lost their senses." Of course I'm a bit insulted by his manner, but try not to show it. "Well," I says, "I was plainly told that you wanted my senses." "Oh," he says, his face beaming like a neon light, "You mean your Census. "Well, if you can see the difference I'm blown if can." Still I tried to humour him.

He digs out a white card and sits over it with a pen. "Unit," he says. "Not me," I says, "I can sew on a button or two, but as for knitting no, George." "Don't call me George," he snarls. "What I mean is, What particular branch of the army do you infest." "Oh," I says, "Sanitary Section." This seems to tickle him, and he laughs. "Date of birth?" he says. "I dunno," I says, "I was too young to read the date." He gets a bit white but writes something. "Now army number?" he grates. "Two" I says, "Two says he, "Yes," I says, "Tob big for that line." He asked me for my paybook and digs up a number from there. "Now Brainbox," he snarls, "What did you do in civil life." "Everybody" I flashed back. "No," he grunts. "How did you make money?" "I never made money," I says. "On account of my brother once made some money and the police gave

(Continued on page 11)

**AUSTRALIA**

Breathes there a bloke with soul so dull  
Who never, in the battle's lull,  
Hath said: "Life now for me is drear."  
Take heart, Australians: have no fear.  
Though many leagues across the foam  
The Yanks have overrun our home,  
And pinched our girls from there and  
here,  
There'll still be kegs of Foster's Beer.  
Once more Australia'll see her kin  
And men cry: "Fill 'em up agin."

## BLUEGUM AND PERCE

This is the second instalment of these two pungent characters.

I'm still 'arkin back quite a year or two  
When folks said of us "They have  
little to do

And the army's for blokes who've gotta  
go through."

I was tellin' the tale of Bluegum and  
Perce,

'Ow they both fought like 'ell, neither  
askin' for mercy.

It was better than any fight you ever  
saw

An' finished with both of 'em flat on  
the floor.

Well they're as thick as two thieves  
when they are back on their feet,  
What they see in each other 'as fair  
got me beat,

This Perce, when first sighted, would  
give you a pain

For in civvie clothin' he carries a cane.  
An' Bluegum—dorg bite me—you know  
'im of old

You'll see 'im in dozens where cattle  
are sold,

But this one, this Bluegum 'e's tough as  
they come—

'E aint actin' natural till 'arf full of  
rum!

Now these two was close as two bats  
outa hell

An' just what they'd do yer never could  
tell. P'll mention one instance,—a  
Tommy Canteen—

Now, the ruddy foundations can't even  
be seen!!

Well I'm down at the booser wet-nursin'  
a thirst

When Bluegum, 'e enters and I fears for  
the worst.

I ses "Hi there, Bluegum wat is to do?"  
He ses "On yer feet sawnoff, we're  
gonna go through."

I gets back me breath in the back of a  
van,

And me mind's paintin' pictures of me  
in the can.

I ses to 'im "Bluegum, wot about Perce"  
"They're gonna make 'im a "bomber,  
or Sargint—wot's worse."

Wot 'appens in Melbourne I sees  
through an 'aze,

(It's amazin' at times wot a thirst yer  
can raise!)

When we gets back to camp I'm still  
tight as a clam

And the Jacks 'oldin' Blue, 'ave been  
hit by a tram.

The Corp of the Provosts 'ands us to  
the guard,

"If I can get my way they'll do six  
months 'ard."

But the orderly Lieut. just smiles, then  
'e cracks

"It appears that a 'full' has beaten  
three Jacks."

Me mind's strugglin' out of an  
'arribla bog,

Me inside is 'owlin' for the 'air of the dog,  
Blue looks like a corpse from whom life  
'as just gorn.

An' I know what 'ed give for that one  
for the morn.

'Ave you seen a stunned gurnet dragged  
outa the sea?

Well, that was 'ow Blue looked as 'e  
looked at me,

'Is eyes glazes over—then they lights  
like a fire

For Perce has shoved two bottles under  
the wire.

Later that morning I am still feelin' ill  
When they drag me before a bloke  
known as "Bill."

"I see that you're charged as A.W—L.  
Creatin' disturbance, and both drunk  
as well."

"What's this!" 'e ses as the table  
he cracks

"While resistin' arrest you flattened  
five Jacks!"

As 'e reads,—did I dream it,—'e giv a  
large wink.

"That'll cost yer five bob, and a fort-  
night in klink."

The R.S.M. gave us a smart turn about  
'An a "Leftrightleftturnalt," and 'e  
bungus us out.

'E shows us a spade and a pick an' a  
'ole,

"P'll make youse blokes wish you wns  
back on the dole."

Now we're up near the office, adiggin'  
a drain,

I dunno what fer, cos it don't look like  
rain;

'Tis the way of the army and do it yer  
must—

I guess in the rain we'll be layin' the  
dust.

Blue aint sayin' much for we've just got  
the word,

Perce 'as is two stripes an 's in line  
for a third.

I s'pose to the layman you'd think 'ed  
be glad

An' yer can't sort a figger why Blue  
takes it bad.

But the Army is different to Civvie—  
Street life

A bloke 'oo 's a sargint must keep outa  
strife.

Now war ain't a party an' we ain't  
joined for fun

An you've 'card of born leaders—well  
Perce, 'e's one.

Well we're up near the office adiggin'  
this day

When I see Percy comin', an' eadin'  
our way.

I ses "Ar, there Percy" from outa  
the drain

But Perce looks at me like I give 'im  
a pain.

I sees the two stripes that 'e as on 'is  
shirt,

By the look that 'e gives us you'd figger  
we're dirt.

"Gunner Bluegum," 'e says, "Get  
outa that trench."

'Is voice ud do credit to a beak on the  
bench.

"Stan' to attention when you're talkin'  
to me,

You're a bloody poor soldier, that's easy  
to see."

"Now gunner," 'e ses, "Get back in  
that drain"

Poor Bluegum 'es sufferin' a 'orrible  
pain.

Blue goes to get back like a sick dog 'ud  
crawl

When Percy, 'e kicks 'im, an' sends  
'im asprawl.

Before I can even let out a roar  
The adjutant's flown from out of a door.

"Strikin' a man is an 'einous crime  
The old man'll see you in ten minutes  
time."

So we're all up again before this bloke  
Bill

An 'es lookin' at us like we make 'im  
feel ill.

"Revert to the ranks" 'e is sayin' to  
Perce

An you can thank J—S it aint nothin'  
worse."

'E then turned to Bluegum wb se still  
flushed and red

"I think that I'll giv' you the two stripes  
instead."

But Bluegum—'e acts as quick as a  
glance

'E ups and socks Perce for that kick  
in the pants!

.....

Envoi: That the whole ruddy thing was a  
stunt I can see

But I ain't feelin' 'appy—I'm crook as  
can be

For the Colonel,—e's shove! t' e two  
stripes on ME.

H. V. B.

## COMPETITION CORNER

ACTION FRONT'S grand offer!

Send in your solution: De Luxe  
Prizes.

1st Prize: Free trip to St.  
Andrew's (Excl. pleasure). Rules  
are simple. All you have to do is  
give a plausible answer to the  
following question:

WHY WEREN'T YOU  
BACK, YESTERDAY?"

We quote the replies below, for  
guidance only:

1. "Well, the road was crook, and  
the main cylinder of the brakes  
broke, so of course it was safer  
to go back and be delayed a  
day."

2. "Well, Mr. S———fell flat  
on his face after escorting a  
lady home, and didn't feel so  
good next day."  
(Did she fall, or was she pushed,  
Bill?—Ed.)

BEAT THOSE AND YOUR  
PRIZE IS A MORAL.



# TROOP SCANDAL

## R.H.Q. BLURB

By "Hooks"

Regret is felt in all ranks (barring those in the tent in which it lived or Ivanoe's monk;) this charming little waif had the misfortune to flavour Gunboats tea, and was last seen sailing for the jungle 30 feet off the ground.

As we now have a draught board, chaps are requested to lay off playing on concrete Col' Purbles Patches.—How much to buy a germ, Col—

It is noted:

Two gunners were both to leave a certain Golf Club in the hills, when discovering how welcome they were made by the old English gentlemen, and as the night grew on the ear-bashings were only interrupted by the signing of chits. (Apologies to Blair and Hutch).

R.H.Q. officers, please note: If the name of Sylvia appears in the troop letters—it is only wishful thinking—please rub out and substitute fiancée's name. Thanks a lot.

Advt.—Cars of all makes tested and run in. Apply L.A.D. D.K.W. our speciality.

Complaint from Posties.—Too many people buying stamps at the rate of 25 cents and 1 cig. for two stamps.—(That's right, Al).

What with Yanks in Australia and Battery and L.A.D. over here a club will be formed composed of love-lorn. Foundation members: Happy, Micky, Wally.

There is nothing to be frightened of, when those rumblings are to be heard in the region of R.H.Q. cook-house. It is only "Hunda the Hunda" Blackie blowing them out.

Who is this man?

R.H.Q. can safely claim to have a real bushman-explorer-commando in the guise of one Bill Bright, who will enroll intending members in this art, after he conducts his Persil Hour. Kit to be brought along: 1 coil of rope, bayonet, 1 waterproof match, Cowie knife and sundry packets of Victory V's. Last articles to be used as peace offerings in the interim

Wanted known:

A dancing class will be held in the drivers' hut. All ranks and Survey Sergeants invited.

Teacher: Prof. Twinkle Toes Drayton, outright winner of 3 St. Andrew's Championships—(All 3 sober.)

How to be entertaining on leave! Apply Ear-basher Molotoff.

How to be happy and still a cook. See Darwin's Evergreen 1866 Paddy.

We hope it is only the good food and not the company at a certain cafe, that keeps our worthy D.R.'s from coming back on time.

A warning to all card-players: Reckless McSwiness is on the warpath again.—Look-out, Cammy.

Snowy Taylor's song at a certain guest house is known to have brought tears to the eyes of all who heard it, but oh boy! was it worth it when he was surrounded by the girls after we had all collapsed.

Experts are working on the design of a new car with rubber sides; it is said that "Breathe-Again-Keith" will be the driver.—We don't say which Keith.

The Intelligence Officer was seen assisting a young lady to pick the flowers, but what occurred behind the rose-bushes is still a military secret.

News from

### "THE BATTLE—ACKS"

By "Bottle Buster"

#### The Dinkum Oil

Many and varied have been the rumours flying round of late and we wish to take this opportunity of informing our readers that we accept no responsibility whatever in this direction. As a matter of fact they're all up the "shoot," and if you want to know the truth refer to us when we reach Madagascar. The Army will not let us publish the date we sail.

Of course the C.O. is still with us. He can be seen at any football match.

We do not think the "Dough-boys" have pinched all our girls. We know two anyhow who won't let anyone pinch them. They say

it would spoil their chance of winning a Beauty Contest if they bruised.

Church Parade will be held next Sunday at 0900 hours at 78649872. (Apply to Army H.Q. for a map and take a cut lunch and compass.—Ed.)

LOST in or about "Elscourt" Manor either the day he came home or the day before—he doesn't know—1 haversack. Finder please return the contents—one bottle of hair restorer to Bdr. Ross—Urgent—Reward.

## WARNING

Ack Troop Nos. 1 hereby issue solemn warning to Nos. 1 of all other Troops to fight to the last man against the employment of the devil-devil instrument known as the Tanney. This is a Woeful Gadget which is guaranteed to take first prize in any "Harassing Contest." It requires to be guarded day and night and is liable at any time to bleat out such things as "Nos. 1 will ascertain and report to the Command Post immediately how many of their men have a full set of winter underclothing. Articles issued later than December, 1940, not to be included. Sizes required. Separate Loss Reports required for each missing article. It's up the shoot.

Good luck to our recent Troop Commander Capt. Barnden, in his new job. He has gone to play with the "Horseferry Road" boys. Hope he's not too rough for them. We're wondering who our new Harasser Mk. 1 will be. In the meantime our Mk. 11 Uncle Ned, is carrying on. At the moment of writing he is at a lovely Euchre Party at the Waggon Lines conducted by our popular ex-harasser Mr. Powell. It won't be any good Uncle Ned winning the prize because he'll probably forget to bring it home!

Sgt.-Major Doyle walks with his head in shame now. Something to do with a "duck," they tell me.

Once again the Sigs carry the show. Ack Tp. Sigs now guard the guns and keep communications through. (Ed's Note: What communications?)

"The Little Colonel" has gone to another school—or is it still a continuation of the one he went to in Aussie.

Does Bdr. Weller know anything about telegraph poles?—Do they need much of a bump to knock 'em Snow?

'Lewis and Taunt—Big Game Hunters. Snakes shot by torch light—speciality."

Who said the Japs could invade Aussie? We'll show 'em! We'll fight to the last Yank!

**EDWARD TROOP 'ERE**

By "Ring-in"

Much as we hate to los: Capt. "Sandy" Mair to 3 Bty. we must congratulate him on his new appointment and wish him lots of luck for the future.

We all feel sure that the foundations laid for this Troop by him will hold us firm through any storm.

Cheerio, Sandy, and good ulck.

We trust all Brigade personnel are quite comfortable in their new quarters—incidentally we now have a new latrine we could let them have.

Who said Wiley Post was dead? The papers tell me that he did some blind flying last week.

Does Parker know a dead cobra when he sees one—does he?

Have you heard that Harry Hanton makes his tea with kerosene? Yeah, but the tea leaves won't sink. Jim Wright also washes in it but the soap won't lather—funny stuff.

Harry Rammage cut his way through forty thrashing bodies and eventually reached the door—but "they" were nowhere in sight. There were no casualties and no damage was caused.

Picnic with EDWARD TROOP on Sundays—bring your own overalls for Richardson's Seventh day specials.

S. M. MacDonald is back from hospital—eigh more men on ration strength. Cancel last order, he's in hospital again.

Where was the sheriff when "No Blue Napier" and "Lightning Parker" drew their irons in a certain town whilst on three days' leave.

Too bad "Cowboy" Wake had to leave us when he got the "slip up." Cheers and good luck, Geoff.

We are told that the cook-house personnel forgot to howl when the snake turned up for an early lunch.

STOP PRESS: Aloha to Capt. "Sandy" Henderson on his arrival. The name's familiar.

**DON TROOP DITHERINGS**By P. "Newshound"  
Wortham

The Dons take the sea air—and how. Stay at Capt. "Sandy" Henderson's seaside boarding house, all mod. cons, beautiful palm-lined beach. Excel'en cuisine, Sandy Burgun head chef. Rent free.

For good results, see Craig Reid before you buy elsewhere. Buyer in chief, pineapples a speciality.

For better results, consult Graham Pitts, the human flag-pole; will guarantee all sorts of drinks, arrack a speciality.

"He runs, he jumps, he flies." C me and see "Tonto." Drinkall, the one man circus, climbing the coconut trees, or handling wild animals, definitely the greatest show on earth.

Sgt. Trewarne is temporarily off the visiting list on account of putting his jaw in the path of a flying drag-rop. No comments.

Sar-maj. Bickell is always getting off his bike, and everyone else is getting on it.

Frank Nixon is back on top. Congrats, Frank.

Jack Flannery has lost his brilliant smile for some time until the dentist returns the old champers.

Capt. Henderson can be termed as a "gate-crasher."

Bill Honeyman has left Saturday out of his weekly calculations. No log for the wog.

"Tommy Gun" Pitts would be quite at home with a watering can. He certainly scatters 'em.

"Brainstorm" Simmon: is studying the cooking book very closely. Fried fish a speciality.

"Arrack" Aikins can put on a good act any old time.

Sandy Blair, the tank-tamer, is on the job again. Watch your forests mugs, cos he's on the way, and he just ain't swerving for no "god-damned gar."

"The wrecker" starring that all-time champ Harry Coone. Tractors no object, pulled apart like nobody's business, and to cap the act, he'll drop a full bottle of beer any time—Gord Struth!

The "Newshound" is b—— at an M.T. school, so please forward all complimentary telegrams and money orders forthwith. No debts paid until further notice.

Bdr. Pisarwesky is no longer interested in generators. The monkey trucks have given up and he is devoting his time to a Gentlemen's Hairdressing Saloon.

**4 B. H. Q. IN THE GRIP OF THE GROG**

By "Ding-Dong" Gyngell

We would like to take this opportunity to express our regrets at losing Capt. Eddy and wish him every success at his new appointment.

The welcome mat is put out to Lieut. Dollman, and we hope that he shall prove as able and popular as his predecessor.

Overheard.—Was this type of country named after our Bty. Capt.?

The signallers have discovered that the breaking strain of D.III wire is one coconut palm frond.

Gnr. Kaspers, our "Universary" man, became very "tropable" when told he was on "screwity" guard.

Who attempted sabotage on the B.S.M. by placing a scorpion in his pants? Try, try, try again.

Congratulations to our former B.S.M. on obtaining his pips. Good luck, Hoffmeyer.

It is rumoured that Gnr. Blackley has gone over on to the guns because he disliked taxi-driving??

Mr. Von Bertough could be seen looking up his Ancestry after having taken the boys out training in the rain.

Flash! Acc Guard, "Spine Drill" Roadnight, stops male and female 5 C's with bullet. Was he abused by the chap who ordered the girl to be brought, or was he?

Who put an extra figure on Bowey's 6-figured regimental number?

**Conversation Piece:**

"Alt? Who goes there?"

"Friend."

"Advance and give the password."

"Don't know it. What is it?"

"Ow the flamin' 'ell do I know if no b——d I 'alts can tell me?"

Alley Cook pounds fever out of his patients with excellent results. Doesn't he, Laurie?

Bdr. Gyngell states that if hell is as hot as Bren Carriers, he is all for the straight and narrow in the future.

\* Perhaps "Cooky" can tell us why Gnr. Spensley becomes annoyed when anyone mentions "NUTS."

Volunteers required to cut down the trees which threaten our "Swy" players.

## CHARLIE TP. CHAFF

By "Blarney"

Congrats go to Bill Quit and Joe Clif on obtaining their second. Keep up the good work and practice a little hissing now and then.

It seems that this joint does something to you—or perhaps Hopalong Eddie Harris was just plain drunk when he bought his two "bonser" cowboy records in town. It'll be a long time before he's given leave again.

They bring 'em up tough where I come from! Such was the impression given by Gunner Guymer when the lads were receiving grenade and bomb instruction at Khassa.

Taking up a bomb, Sid calmly removed the pin and, holding it until it became quite hot, carelessly threw it from him. Then with a contemptuous glance at the cowering mob he quietly retired. Though badly shocked, all are on the road to recovery.

Why is Anzac so suspicious of everyone? He even sleeps with his mess gear in his bed.

Another thing, we are all guessing as to why he spends so much time in M——. Ask him and he'll tell you. He visits a doctor but he doesn't say whether the M.D. is male or female.

We are rapidly coming to the conclusion that cupid has claimed another victim as Anzac has been smiling lately. Love has found a way it seems.

We welcome to the Troop Gnr. Hall and L/Bdr. Barnden from D. Tp. and H.Q. respectively. Also Bert Fraser from 52 Bty. We are looking forward to some interesting articles from you, Bert, for our paper, which of course will go to the credit of C. Tp.

Everyone was very pleased to note Gnr. Bill Downey at his top form on both occasions the Bty. produced 50 gallon keg. Bill is perhaps the best jug man in the Troop, and we are willing to back him against the best of the other troops.

"B'arney" would like to make it clear once and for all that the condition of his right eye was due to a game of cricket.

Lieut. Meates has no doubts as to the efficiency of our barbed wire defence. He says he was badly mauled by same while strolling about the gun position and has the scratches to prove it. But was it barbed wire that scratched him? We know of other things that scratch, especially when annoyed.

In search of bigger fish. In the past few weeks we have definitely proved ourselves the outstanding troop in 4 Bty. when it comes to sport. Playing 4. B. H. Q. at cricket, we were not at all extended, and passed their miserable total of 78 runs with 5 wickets to spare. Then again, playing the Dons at football, we defeated them by a couple of points, taking the game very easily.

*Last we forget—*

*Thou man of moods and many parts,*

*Our loss dear Sa-am, doth break  
our hearts,*

*The thoughts of other days may  
serve us well,*

*We'll fill our jugs and drink a  
toast in H——*

While we miss your cherubic dial about the Troop, Sam, and especially your daily turn, we all congratulate you on your good fortune and want to see you kick on.

Was Harry Wayne surprised? I'll say he was. While we must congratulate Gnr. Hunt on his cooking, it would only be fair to give Cpl. Cooke of the B.A.P. a special mention for pulling us through during Harry's fling in C——. Good show, Frank.

"All that glitters is not gold." We hope the same applies to the application of red paint on the body, as Killer Arneil has the appearance of a savage in war paint at the moment. Apart from the fact that he carries a very nasty little dagger, he doesn't seem at all happy lately—so beware.

A kingdom for a nose—that is, a nose like Gnr. Frazer's. Oft-told tales of the feats of Bert's nose for locating fire-water were brought back to us again a few days ago.

While doing a spot of house cleaning at our alternative position, there was Bert chasing snakes about the yard. Maybe it was a snake for a change, but he's complained of snakes so often before.



S.—M. *If I was ter come at yer with me bayonet fixed, wot 'ud you 'ave ter do, Gnr. Vggins?*

Gnr. *Wipe me bayonet clean!*

## F. TROOP FANTASIES

Wally Walpole has lately been telling a very sad little story about the bloke who got 15 years—biggin' wasn't it, Wal?

Curly Hanley and Dick Rogers introduced a natty line of headgear at G——. Pity about that sandstorm, Curly.

John Kirkbride has the good oil—his mood has been very changeable, but lately that contented beam has shown upon his face.

Lieut. Phil Vautier has been recommended for the job as an A.B.C. Announcer—heard passing Task I through the Tanney system a few days ago in a manner Eric Welsh could not have bettered.

Col. Morley is training in his spare time for pro. bike riding—seen riding along the main road on 1912 pushbike. Arnold World, on the other hand, is learning to ride a motorbike.

"Tarzan of the Apes" wasn't in the race when the Freddy's hand finished their jungle training.

Then there was the sad story of the Joowels. Det. Inspector Sutton had quite a headache while on the track of the master criminals.

Fishing is becoming a very popular pastime. Woody and Barney have got very decided ideas about the subject. Gearbox Bentley took a holiday recently and went on a visit to a pub.

A few wet——and no fish on the last do—looks as if the rain and not the Indians infiltrated through.

Flash. A Ryeback is not a wheat cake. Looks as though the 28th wasn't baked long enough.

### 3 B.H.Q. BLATHER

By "Sonny"

It is rather intriguing to know that on several recent Jungle do' our 'Acks' were the only ones who succeeded in getting themselves gloriously lost.

#### B.C.s and Bty. Capts. Training School

There are 2 vacancies for the next term of 2 months duration at the above school. Prospective pupils apply 3 Bty.

We are sorry to lose Sid. Walton who has now become a "Yes Man" on an exchange, but he denies, he says "Good Morning. V for Victory.

Herman Jope and Guerilla Searle have left us to go to B Trp. Our best wishes go with them.

It is officially denied that our "Target and boat builders" have been offered an Admiralty contract for delivery of a new class of submarine.

While the local Arrack is essentially different to the old brand the effect is still the same, at least that is what the experts at Waggon Lines tell us.

According to Lock it is no longer necessary to go through these business of peeling and beheading prawns. Merely pull off one whisker and wash down with "Plonk."

Result of big fight in Jaffa Ring:—Black Bomber V. Nipper. Nipper's nose nipped.

Gorilla Lock no longer needs slit trenches. He knows every hole in the district and he does not keep his knowledge to himself. Ask Ray.

#### Over There. The Yanks Are Coming. Lucky So And So's

Regret, to announce the loss of one Wood (recently crowned) to A.I.F.H.Q. complete with Anastashia

Mrs. Donovan's favourite son Ray will be only too pleased to demonstrate the art of evicting strange animals which crawl over one's birthday suit clad body in the early hours of the morning.

#### Yanks To Be Billeted in Private Homes

(Headline in recent Melbourne daily). And we have a bloke here whose "Devoted" lives alone with her aged mother in a 9-roomed house!

#### Wanted

Particulars from Lock for the "Stud Book." There is no truth at all in the A. Trp. Furphy that the Regt. is going to Madagascar. It is reported semi-officially that the next move is to Hollywood.

#### We Would Like To Know

Has Gil Smith found something to take the place of his Palestine headache yet?

Why the coves at the devil-devil dance recently left when the Arrack was all consumed. Did they think that was the end of the evil "Spirit?"

#### Our Thanks To

The persons who so kindly went to the trouble of obtaining beer right off the wood last week.

One of our officers for his untiring efforts to make our sleepless nights more comfortable by arranging for the purchase of beds. Some of the fellows still say there is something lacking.

The N.C.O.s who have so kindly contributed to Reg'tal Funds of late.

### EAR-BASHINGS FROM BEER TROOP

By "Yobber"

Lofty Hanson has crashed at last! His cupid has been shot up by the R.A.A.F., rather effectively, but after a few noggins and test, we expect a complete recovery.

After a convivial evening with one of his gun crews, "Pringy" appeared to go "t" Arrack and ruin."

Bill Smethhurst is now a full bombardier, and it has nothing to do with noggins, either! Congrats, Bill.

It's too bad Frank Toogood is not Toogood (Ha! Ha! See it?) and personally, I think he is fretting but never mind, Frankie, here's hopin'.

Who was that glamorous creature parading at the G.O.H. in a gorgeous saree, lately? It's hard luck, Peckie, after such a dull dress rehearsal that the "Australia" is out of bounds.

Poor "Daddy" is very much in love, but I daresay he will be "Yanked" out of that before long.

Young B.V.B. has learnt that the monkey act is not amongst his many accomplishments, hence a period in hospital feeling a bit cut-up.

Believe it or not—An army boot is not exactly a slipper, but I saw one with 101 feet in it—it's a fact—mine and a centipede's.

I really couldn't believe it was skipper Easdowne who put the "hic" in H.....a.

In our little garden of Eden, we have the reptiles, but no Eves, though we've got our Adams. Welcome, Sire.

The moon comes over the mountain, murmured one of the boys, thinking of Yankstralia. This romantic dream was shattered when informed it was only Alfie Wright tying his boot 'aces.

Elmo's fallen in love again! A Holland Gin this time. Cheese it, Elmo, cheese it.

Just because you can scream, pound your chest, and look like it, does not necessarily mean you have mastered the guerrilla tactics, Laurie.

It is understood the war will be in our favour chemically, while we have "Thrasher" Mill is with us. Sure can "gas."

I am led to believe Anzac Boxshall is an authority on Gilbert and Sullivan operas; any queries will be forwarded to him.

Herr Jager is in Dutch again, and the glasses were fair dinkum too, what a sad spectacle.

Who was the "donkey" that thought a certain cure could be brought about by hailing hails? It doesn't work, does it Jesse.

Although Ron Bels is doing his share of Spine drill, it's not true he is suffering from bed sores.



I think I'll have good news for you men later. Wot! You gettin' a incurable disease or somethin'!



# THE GAME'S THE THING

By Biassed Baron

Sweat, Green Fields, and  
Cheering Crowds

## Machine In The Tropics

A land of eternal sunshine, green foliage, wild animals, crowded cities and magnificent playing fields. Falling on these playing fields, the sweat of mad gladiators (toiling in a heat approaching 90 degrees), cheered on by hundreds of spectators (black and white, but all reasonably cool). "A football game in Invasia," by Ceville Nardus, 1942.

## MACHINE RETURNS

### Great Return Game with 5th

Only a narrow winning margin (2 goals), but the display of the team this time was excellent. They were tried to the limit from the first bell by an enormously improved 5th side, which played a great last quarter but just could not see the game right out. The 1st term saw the 5th slightly up or everywhere and was maintained throughout the second to give them a handy lead at half time. We felt that it was a "machine day," however, the seeming lassitude and over-confidence which had marred the recent displays was almost non-existent. We were right for the team started off the 3rd term in a devastatingly match-winning mood. Overwhelming the bewildered 5th they piled on goals to take the lead. Every man was now playing splendidly but Don Hutchins in the forward pocket and roving was their match-winner. He booted 4 lovely goals. Alex Armstrong, omnipotent in the centre, was magnificent, initiating attack after attack to the time of a 6-goal lead at the long change. The game seemed safe but 5th were not at all beaten and roused their supporters to a frenzy when they whittled the lead to 2 goals. Play see-sawed furiously. Neither side could break through till Hopkins booted one through off the ground. Back came the Battalion dying hard and 2 goals crowned their efforts to almost rattle the Machine. They were checked at this stage by the appearance on the field of Frank Toogood who came on at the last minute, replacing Anderson and

tearing forward were equal to a dazzling goal. The Machine had finally shaken off its tropical lithurgy. Seriously challenged in the last quarter they had rallied in the last minute to win decisively.

Best players: Clark, The Animal, Hutchins, Armstrong, Weller, Walpole.

### Did You See

Frank Toogood and Wally Walpole (twice) miss critical running shots in the last term at M———.

Frank Toogood sustain another injury to his shoulder against the 5th. Bad luck coach.

A brilliant mark by Alex Armstrong in the last quarter against 6th when he snatched the ball from between two opposing players and they collided heavily.

A certain supporter telling a half-forward to mind his man. And the anger of that half-forward.

The Animals great hitting out in the ruck after half time and his grandiose confident exhibition against the fifth. Two great efforts, "Gill." What a showman.

Don Hutchins' magnificent display in the team's great 3rd quarter revival.

The soaring to great heights of "Arch" Clarke and "Angel" Walpole. A supporter saw Clarke and said, "Good Gawd, they've rung Bob Pratt in."

### Missing

Will the gunner who had the rabbit-farm in Australia and visited Rosie's, Tel-Aviv, communicate with the following:

Lil, Effie, Lulu, Fatima, Rachel, immediately.

(Suggest the gunner stick to the farm and tend the rabbits.—Ed.)

## ACTION FRONT ADS.

### Wanted to Exchange

Pair binoculars, revolver, map case and compass for Dictionary of Modern American Slang or "How to eliminate rivals" (3 easy vols.).

Capt. Des-Cox, Australia.

### Census and Senses

(Contd. from page 5)

him ten years for making it, looked like the real thing, too." "No, No," he cries in a whisper, "What was your employment." Now I see what he has been getting around to, "I used to follow horses," I says, "Oh," he says, polite like "A Book-maker." "No," I says "With a shovel and broom." He sags a bit at the shoulders, but struggles on. "Now" he asks, "Did you ever do anything brilliant at school?" "Fifteen heads," I replied quickly. He puts down a cross. He looks at me sort of crosswise and asks, "Do you know any languages?" "Yes," I says "Two," "What Two," he asks. "Bad and worse," I says, soft like. "Gawd," he mutters, "What's your army experience?" "Well, there was a beaut sheila down in Alex"—I began. "Cut it," he groans. "Have you attended any courses." "Yes, plenty," I says brightly, "What courses," he says, interested like. "Wal there's Ascot, and Caulfield and Flem—." "Listen, Bonthead," he shrieks. "Confine yourself to the Military, will you." I tell him this is easy on account of me now being in the middle of seven days C.B. He smiles slyly and says, get it. "Any driving qualifications?" "Yes Cap," says me. "I uster drive the machine that puts the hole in Life-Savers." The Cap. calls for a glass of water and seems to be having trouble with his breathing. After a while he asks if I have any sporting achievements. "Yes," I replies. "The record shooting score." "Where," he says, surprised like. "On the pin machine in MacSweeny's pub," I answers.

The Cap, isn't looking too well by this time. "Now my boy," he coaxes, "This is the last question, try and think and answer me nicely." He pauses, "What are you going to do when the war is over?" Then he smiles helpfully like. I look at him, scratch my head, shake it, and then a great thought hits me like yesterday's salmon dinner. "Why Cap?" I smiles. "I think I'll work for you."

Two orderlies come in and carry the Captain away, so I knows what losing your senses does, see.

# BOMB HAPPY— By 'Pst'

Pst



"Well, it's on your side."



"So our friendship wasn't platonic, after all . . ."



Pridie's idea of W. C. Fields



"Strish! What does she mean, 'gone for padre, back in ten minutes'!!!"



"Well, fancy meeting YOU here."