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Action front

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF 2/2 AUSTRALIAN FIELD REGIMENT

VOL. V.—No. 1

DECEMBER, 1943

PRICELESS

EDITORIAL

LET US LOOK BACK AND ONWARDS

The occasion is to mark yet one more anniversary in the lives of some of us. The anniversary of the formation of our Regiment, for we have entered into the fifth year of war. It has been a long time these last four years, and when one asks oneself has it been worth it, you know, that deep down what the answer is. Let us look back to the early days of the Showgrounds and the Drill Hall at Chapel Street, where many of us had our first insight of anything military.

It was a sort of picnic adventure when you come to think of it. Lads, mostly in their teens, entered the building as though about to attend some solemn ceremony—a wedding, perhaps. Some of them had difficulty in suppressing their nervousness and excitement as they awaited the anxious moment when their name would be called and they would be given a number, and, after they had received it, they bore themselves with a different manner, content in the knowledge that they were soldiers. It is good to look back, isn't it?

For four years now those self same people, sometimes their ranks thinned when smiling faces we knew disappeared into the great unknown but, at other times, were swollen with new faces, they have done their part—and an excellent part at that—in building something that has risen out of this war, the 2/2 Australian Field Regiment. We have made quite a host of friends. Who amongst us would not welcome the opportunity, together with the 7th Armored Division, of landing once again in Greece; this time as liberators or allied with the 17th Brigade, the grandest brigade in the whole A.I.F., in the recovery of our 8th Division. Yes, it is good indeed to look back. But this war will end one day, New Guinea is ours for the asking, and Rabaul ours for

the taking, and the ultimate defeat of the Japanese is certain, no matter how long it will take.

For more than a century now, our forefathers and fathers fought to establish a nation. They made it into the greatest wool industry in the world and wrenched great wealth from out of the Australian soil. Whilst our nationhood at the present moment stands challenged, it has come to us to stand and fight for it to show others we mean to keep it so that in the peace that must come we will hold unchallenged rights to plan and strive for what we expect in a free country, because we will have earned them at personal discomfort and personal sacrifice.

THE EDITOR.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

By NORLEN.

Yes, where do we go? The following is reprinted from "TIME," of May 16th, 1938. While the Senate was last week passing the £1,156,000,000 Navy Expansion Bill which authorises:—

- 3 Battleships
- 2 Aircraft Carriers
- 9 Light Cruisers
- 23 Destroyers
- 9 Submarines
- 26 Auxiliaries and
- 950 Aircraft,

the Boston Navy Yard was forced to default a rowing race against the U.S. Coast Guard in Boston Harbour. Reason being the Navy had no row-boat. Americans could not possibly believe that, but WE could. At that stage, our armed forces were a few thousand permanent soldiers, the peace-time Militia with its peace-time soldiers, such as Generals Herring, Savige and Brigadiers of the stamp of Cremor and Ramsay. Yes, from 1938 to now we have come a long way. The road has been rough and often hard, and yet we have no regrets. 1938, before Munich, the paper Chamberlain brought back everlasting peace between Germany and Britain, we were civilians you and I. Each one of us going about our normal daily job of clerks, storekeepers, farmers, and such like. Some of us never had a job, but we were not worse men on account of that. Then on that fateful Sunday evening in September

of 1939, "for the second time in the lives of some of us, we are at war." It is a long time ago, isn't it?

Have the last long weary four years clouded your memories? Do you still remember the new grey suit you had, or the super new bag of golf clubs? They don't fit into the picture now somehow, do they? Is your memory clouded of the days when we said hello, to Benghazi, or tasted the bitterness of the withdrawal of Greece, and the bitter experience that was Crete. Just ask yourself, have you forgotten? At the present time, the Regiment is in its fifth year of war and it is nearing the end of 1943. Debarred through circumstances over which we had no control, we have to listen to newspaper reports of the war in Italy. Whilst the Germans are singing, "We have knees that jingle, jangle, jingle, whilst the Eighth Army is not so far from Rome," what about us and where do we fit in?

We have to face up to the Japanese problem. Despite all the assurances from day to day by politicians and such like, it is a real menace and one that cannot be overrated. Sooner or later it will become a personal reality to us, and we have to face up to the prospect of coming to grips with them in the near future. What it holds for us we do not know, but one thing is sure, sure as the sun sets in the West, that it will set on Tokio and we will see it set, and so it behoves us all to fit ourselves in whatever way we can, so that we will be better fitted to appreciate the setting of the sun on these universally despised sons of Nippon. Every minute of every hour counts now, and time is on our side.

If events had been different and Japan had not entered the war, perhaps it would have been over; so we have to treat it as a very personal thing, this extermination of the Japs. We have the men, we have the planes and we have the ships. Above all, we are in the home stretch and our heads are held high, high in the air at that, and that is your answer, where do we go from here?

"HOW TO PLAY SOLDIERS"

By P. (NEWSHOUND) WORTHAM.

I once wrote a set of rules for soldiering that were accepted by the Middle East Command. On returning to Australia I was asked by Tom Blamey and Mac.A. to bring the rules up to the new jungle establishment. I will now deal with how to rejoin your unit. First of all report to a place called G.D.D. To do this properly you must first of all load yourself with gear that would make a camel blush, always remembering never to put it down under any circumstances. If you can carry it all the time you will score very highly. The Opposition will, from time to time, pile more gear on you than you can possibly carry, but never give in, as the game will lose its appeal. If the Opposition are up to the game they will take you to a spot where the sun and the rain can beat on you and leave you there for three or four days. About the fourth or the fifth day they will suddenly appear and with a leer, say, "Come and get it." This is only a trick to try and make you drop your gear, because if you do it will not be there when you come back. The next

step is to lead you at the double around as many corners as possible, in an endeavour to try and lose you. Never give in or you will starve to death, giving the Opposition a total victory. Finally, arriving at the mess hut, you are told to rush it down, as you have only two minutes to catch a train. Their object at this stage is to choke you to death, but be very wary because you find you generally have two or three days to wait for the train.

Night time may trouble you a bit, but don't go to sleep as you will be called out at least seven times. The Opposition score very highly during this period as mental fatigue has begun to set in. At any time during your stay there your name may be taken, and during that period you may lose points. Don't despair, however, as your turn soon comes around. Someone will suddenly call out your name. Whatever else you do don't answer it, and you will throw the Opposition into a panic. This is where you score very well. When they fail to trap you in this way, they go away for two days. This is the danger period, so be very wary. You have won a small victory that will cost you dearly. Their next move is to appear out of the blue at any hour of the day or night and ask if there are any men for Melbourne. Of course you come in, boots and all, and make your presence known. This trap gets the Opposition full points and they have got you where they want you. You are then pushed on to the most uncomfortable truck that they can find, an ex-racing driver put at the wheel and his job is to drop you white and shaken at the station. You lose a lot of points here without a chance of a comeback.

The R.T.O. now enters into it and orders you aboard the train. You climb gratefully on to it, glad to be out of their clutches. This is where you meet with disaster. Just as you have settled down to a good sleep along come two Provosts and order you off again. They go right through your gear and ask you for your height, weight, and colour of your eyes. Having answered all these questions, they ask you where your destination is and you tell them Melbourne. They inform you that you are on the wrong train, so you rush back to the train and pull all your gear off. By a cunning move the Opposition has gained more points. Three minutes before the train pulls out, the R.T.O. rushes down and orders you on again. By this time all the seats are gone and you have to stand. Now you are feeling yourself getting beaten. The train starts with a terrific crash and you collapse to the floor with a shaken heart and tears in your eyes. When your normal self re-asserts itself, you notice the train is moving North instead of South as you anticipated. You then ask the nearest chap if this is a Melbourne train, and he replies: "No mate, you are on draft to New Guinea." You then discover the Opposition has won hands down and the fight is useless.

At various stations and staging camps en route, where you expect to be fed you are not, but presented with pamphlets—"Friendly Fruits and Vegetables," "The Malaria Mosquito," and "Getting about in New Guinea." By this time you are only too pleased to go to New Guinea and the Opposition is quite satisfied that they have scored a complete victory.

MY DAY

By MR. CLARKSON.

On a Saturday, some weeks ago, entrusted with the money of some of my friends, I journeyed far to a distant racecourse, entrusted with the commission of doubling and even trebling my pocketsful of money.

Prior to the running of the first event I gained the ear of Master Pat Murphy, who had purchased a neddy for the Easy chaps, one Circus, who, on looks, was the best of good things. I plunged to the extent of thirty shillings at the cramped odds of six to four. Circus threw his rider in the saddling enclosure, which did cause me to doubt and hastened away and invested one pound on Rocky. To my good content Circus did win cleverly, and I doubted my judgment in hastening to save on Rocky. Gunfire, which was very well named and purchased by my friend, Mr. Baron Griffeth, was according to him, something to wager heavily upon and I was tempted to bet heavily. With Master McDonald, of sheep dip fame, we combed the betting enclosure in an endeavour to persuade the layers of odds to give us good odds for our money—and we were successful. In front after the start, the rate of fire decreased and at the judge he was a long third. Which didst vex me greatly. Seeing Master Creed, whose knowledge of horses is renowned, leading Blastmark about, I hastened to him and he assured me that I would be only lending the book boys my money. The commission was placed widely to keep the price up, and at the start, to my annoyance, Blastmark was very slow in finding her feet. Although well handled by jockey boy Prain, she could not quite get there and results were such to cause a feeling of discontent. The Metropolitan was about to be decided, and liking the way Lockie Melville was talking about Moorland, I wagered twenty shillings upon him only to again hear my fancy beaten. Mister Griffeth had assured me that Amana was the greatest of great things and although my judgment shouted Skipton, who was well handicapped, I plunged on Amana and wagered only on Skipton. After Mr. Carroll had told of the results, it did grieve me that my wagers were not reversed. Seeing that my luck was out, together with Mister McDonald we afternoon tead. Hurrying back to the caller of the odds a little grey mare caught my eye and, in an endeavour to recoup my losses, I wagered fifty shillings. I had to have two runs for my money and did cheer greatly in the re-run as six pounds result would have bolstered the holdings up.

Home to a reckoning of accounts to find a loss of four pounds ten and to make it the even money, ten shillings was set aside for alcoholic refreshments.

Boy, how potent that "Bombo" must have been in a seaside town visited by the Battery recently. One budding Romeo just rightly charged—so he says—was doing a nice steady "earbashing" with a beautiful, glamorous young charmer—so he says—when a sweet young lass in her twenties approached and was heard to say, "Come on, Grandma, time for you to come home now." Was your face red, Blue?

THE STEEPLEJACK

Just listen a while to a tale that is true,
Of what happened whilst out on a Battery do,
Of one driver Happy, one Gloomy and one so tall,
And this is what happened to each and to all.

They partook of the brown ale, as quiet as could be,
But some little time later they barely could see.
The gloomy one said that he wasn't drunk,
As he let go his pot with resounding ker-lunk.

The happy one then with his usual grin,
Climbed slowly over the counter towards barmaid so trim,
But she with a contemptuous toss of her curls,
Soon showed him that she wasn't one of those girls.

But showing great footwork he waded and he weaved,
To be soon out of danger, from pretty girls peeved.
All of a sudden a ladder he spied,
In a moment he mounted and the roof was astride.

The brave driver then stood up as straight as a prop,
Disdaining to glance at the long dreadful drop,
Onward and upward he strode to the fore,
En route for a nook where a brave man could snore.

Far, far below stood a horrified crowd,
Women were screaming, men stood with heads bowed,
Grim faced policemen kept them in check,
Yet still the brave Happy kept risking his neck.

With the aid of a sergeant he was brought to the ground,
"At last," the crowd sighed, "he is safe and sound,"
And meanwhile young Lofty, like little Bo Peep,
Sat snug in a "little house," fast asleep.

GIL.

IN RETROSPECT

They are not dead who sleep on Libyan soil, or
Those that slumber 'neath Grecian mountains and olive trees
of Crete;

We that are left stay our thoughts in memory
Thinking we hear still the sound of their marching feet.
They guide us in spirit onward, and by their courage heed
While souls awake, they give us inspiration then bid us,
God speed.

GUNNERS LAMENT 52 BTY.

Where does Donald Eddy wander when we are out each
four day do?

Perhaps, he likes forsaking us or chasing Mr. Foo;
We never see his jeep about from morn till late at night,
Maybe he is at the O.Pip, maybe that is not quite right.
Sandy never tells us, such a secret he keeps dark,
It looks you are no mating us or else it is a blooming lark;
So fair go, Don, it is up to you to dispel this haunting myth,
If the C.O. never needs us, why should you or Mr. Smith?

52 BTY. "BRASSHATS"

"Sandy's," a hard boiled Aussie, a regular fair dinkum guy,
"Don" haunts Melbourne and "Happy Harry" gay Bondi,
"Hereford" hails from Melbourne, "Joe" from the same one
horse town,
"Ginger," well he is in harness, Cessnock got him down;
"Tony," a Benteigh-ite, "Bobbie" from Brisbane way,
"Singer" is another Q.X'er, and "Robbie" has seen the Quay,
"Thousands," from the V.X. State, a pain to all maidens
there,
"Mr. Rex," another Vic-ite, women shy, but so debonair,
In any case they are all O.K. Sez you, Oh Yeah.



Roy Luke



THE GAME'S THE THING

By NORLEN

BOXING.

Outstanding were the team of boxers from the Regiment that journeyed to the sea-coast to participate in the A.C.F. Tournament on a Sunday afternoon recently.

"Scutter" Cowan, although outmatched by his opponent, turned in a great performance. Settling down in the first round, "Scutter" was all over his opponent in the second, and boxing brilliantly made all the fight in the third. When the referee crowned "Scutter" the winner, the applause from the crowd was a delight to hear. "Scutter's" opponent was a lad from the R.A.A.F., who had won eight fights in a row. Nice going, Ronnie.

"Slit" Trencher showed that he had improved greatly since his last fight at Newcastle. Matched against a Negro fighter from the States, "Slit" seemed to be slightly awed by this fellow's reputation in the first round, and left himself open and was down. "Slit" stayed there for the count of nine and then up and steadied himself for the remainder of the round. The spell was just what the doctor ordered, and back he came and boxing beautifully completely outpointed his opponent to win handsomely on points.

"King" Cole was the surprise packet of the day. Up to recent months all "King" had was a good right hand and plenty of what it takes. He surprised the critics by putting on a splendid exhibition of good two-handed punching and showed the ring sense of a veteran. He k'oed his opponent in the third round with a right cross and it is doubtful if he is awake as yet.

"Woody" Williamson, who would fight at the drop of a hat, found that his spell in hospital was against him and was outpointed. "Pigeon" Page, the fifth member of the team, was carrying too much around the middle and his condition told, and he also suffered defeat.

Harry Doran, from our sister Regiment across the way, who is very well known in Amateur circles in Victoria, gave a grand exhibition of two-fisted fighting to score hands down from his opponent, a very well-performed lad from the U.S.A.

Full credit must be given for the display of all the lads to Davy Price. He turned them all out in great nick and his advice was always taken. A thorough little gentleman always, inside the ring and out, it was pleasing to see the thrill Davy got from the success of the boys.

FOOTBALL.

We haven't witnessed many games since our sojourn in the Northern State, but were fortunate in securing a couple of games against our sister Regiment of the Rectangular colour patch. The first

saw us getting beaten and it was just the right sort of medicine the "Machine" needed. It toned up the whole system, and, in the return match, the lads turned in a brilliant brand of football to score very handsomely. George Hibberd was well in form and found the big sticks very often. Lin. Willison was impressive in his handling of the team. Joe McGrath was right back to his Palestine form and kept shooting them straight into George Hibberd's safe hands. Les. Coffin was always in the picture, and Jack Spelling was very solid in the defence.

As the weather has been rather unsuitable for football, the stage has been cleared for old man Cricket to come into his own.

CRICKET

After an absence of many months from the realms of the bat and ball, a team was mustered together to play against another Regiment. The lack of training told its story and we were hopelessly outplayed. The only bright spot in a rather dull day was a beautiful 57 by "Slapsie" Hibberd. Hibberd batted all round the wicket and produced many delightful strokes to hit eight boundaries in his score. The remainder of the eleven were all short of a run. As there is every indication of more time being available for practice, the Reg't side should soon be able to hold its own with any team in the area. As in previous times the lads are under the care of the ex-international Harry Alexander, who is carrying more condition than the day Jardine objected to his bowling at the Melbourne Cricket Ground.

BASKETBALL.

Any ideas that Basketball was a game for girls were readily dispelled after the first inter-troop matches played by 52 Bty. 10 No duties and 7 Light duties was the result of the afternoon sport. Fox troop, in a knockout competition, were the winners.

An inter-unit match was arranged with our friends over the road on last Saturday afternoon. Three matches were played and in this new department of sport the Reg't's name was kept right up to standard by winning the first two matches. Outstanding in the first game was Hec. Dummelow, who ran himself into the ground to give off his best for the side. Hedley Backholer always seemed to do the right thing with the ball, and "Cocky" Miller was very bustling in the defence.

Alec Parker was throwing goals from impossible positions in the second match and threw 18 goals. A very creditable performance in any sort of game. Les. Gillham proved to be a tower of strength in the centre and very impressive on the loser's side was Lieut. Frank Adlard. Frank has played quite a lot in good grade matches, and his play lent a touch of polish to the match. The third game gave the visitors a win. The team was handicapped by the lack of a forward, but went down with all guns firing. The only gun that fired consistently in this match was Lieut. Len Creed.

Afternoon tea turned on by Cook Ramsdale and his side-kicks lent a very social atmosphere to the gathering. Let us hope there are many more of them.

THE FABLE OF THE TON OF SUGAR

By P. (NEWSHOUND) WORTHAM

"THOSE WHO LABOUR HARD SHALL NOT TASTE THE SWEET THINGS OF LIFE." Yea, verily an old proverb. It came to pass that the Great Ones who control the destiny of the toilers didst decree that they who call themselves five and two should journey far, yea, verily even unto the sea-coast. All were agog at such a munificence that many a sleepless head tossed on a hard pallette that night. What devilry is this the doubting ones asked, whilst the sage ones didst busy themselves with much scrubbing and cleaning of garments. There was much preparation and bustle, and at last the day of departure drew nigh. Jubilation was high amongst the five and two, whilst amongst their fellows in arms, of three and four, there was much gnashing of teeth and rending of garments. For said they, is it not a fact that if the Dead End Kids, do mingle with the natives there will be a great quaffing of liquor, followed by much slaughter and the natives will not then open their arms and purses to those that follow.

But he that did command the five and two, didst come to hear these things and lo, he called his followers to a great meeting. "Hark, men, and listen well," quoth he, "for there are many who would cast discredit uponst you, whilst on journey in this strange land be you so virtuous that I may say to the wise ones; may there be a great pulling in of heads." At this a mighty cheer rent the air and his followers didst promise, with tears in their eyes, that they wouldst obey his bidding. Thus, having spoken, they mounted upon their caravans and didst proceed down the mountain pass. All went well and their master didst work them hard, for he sayeth that hard work doth honest men make. And so they do arrive at the haven of peace, with virtue shining from their very eyes.

Then didst their master call them once more and sayest these words: "Go ye now and mingle with the natives for they are kindly disposed towards ye, but mark ye well, the Great One has sent his right arm amongst ye, yea, verily the great Parkey, who ye will remember as the man who played God on the Tivoli stage, and who wouldst restrict your festivities," and there was much shaking of heads. So with much rejoicing and gaiety the men of five and two didst mingle with the populace. However, it came to pass that some warriors, Easy men no less, didst chance upon a place where much sweetness issued from. Swiftly to the scene went they, yea, verily like an arrow, their motto to be upheld: "Never be left," and their eyes were opened. For there, before their gaze, was a running stream of sugar and lo, not one coupon didst they possess to satisfy their lust. But they were not dismayed, for at the end of that golden stream they perceived a mountain of sacks that must, but certainly contain those precious grains. So they mutter in their beards and say: "Is it true that Happy Harry, who doth lead the Easies is very much likened to the sweeter things of life, and being so we will surprise him and to his tent will bring no less than one half-ton and will make him shout with joy." Like the very pack mules didst

they labour hard and remove a goodly lump of loot. Thus did they descend uponst Sutton the leader, and cast their gifts in his lap and he was passing pleased, for he visualised many a sweeter thing for his palate. But lo, they reckoned without the mighty Parky, who didst hear this thing and swoop upon them like a very wolf, and they were sore afraid. And Sutton scowled for he could taste the bitter victuals once again. But Parky, the mighty, didst showeth the judgment and didst divide the spoils amongst all the Great One's followers and to Sutton he didst give but one cup, yea, verily one cup which didst Happy Harry vex greatly. So it came that the five and two didst journey back to their fellows in arms and didst grudgingly distribute largesse amongst them. And Sutton, the Malcontent and his followers, Mr. Rex the Pathfinder and Smith, who is permitted to add an E on Sundays, didst rent the sackcloth and pour ashes on their heads. And their fellows praised the mighty one, for he was good to them.

GET OFF MY WIRE

By DRIVER (SANS LICENCE) RICHARDS.

Streaking thru' the jungle as with Satan at the wheel,
Striving conscientiously a moment more to steal,
With thoughts of "Rocky Ned" in despondency
Calling, "Wire, Monkey One," please come up to me.
Place before my longing eyes just one more little mile,
And I'll lay and lay to my content and even give a smile.
The thoughts that ran through the sweating crew,
Gave extra strength and a faster screw,
The winder whirred and screamed in pain,
So that "Rocky Ned" could lay again.
Even though this comes from B.H.Q.,
With regret but no apology to you,
With the equipment that you have so small,
You are the blooming champion of them all.

IT COULD NOT HAPPEN TO ME

By V.X. 1070

To those of you who attended the recent Military race meeting the other Saturday, the scene of this drama from real life, is known to you. As you came up the hill standing quite aloof was the school-house with its two annexes. I was early on the spot and sitting on the roadside was one of our lads, a small fellow still with the bloom of youth in his face. I stopped to pass the time of day with him. At that moment the schoolmistress trooped out with her small charges, intent upon getting them into a vehicle and taking them out for the day upon a picnic. However, she being wise in the ways of the world, children in particular, about turned and marched them into their respective little annexes. Turning around she espied the hero of the piece, the aforementioned lad from the Regiment. "Come along with me," said the schoolmistress. "No, not for me," said the youth. Taking no as a positive answer, she took the protesting youth to the annexe and proceeded to do, as she rightly thought, the correct thing for the lad. "My, oh my," exclaimed the teacher, "won't we have fun at the picnic." "Picnic be —, I am riding Circus in the first race here to-day!"



WHAT THE — !

ROUTINE

Little Henry Trothbottom scuttled into the train, settled himself in a corner seat and opened his evening paper. But, to-night he could not concentrate on the paper, his mind was full of other thoughts—terrible, revolutionary thoughts. All his life had been a routine, at work, at home. Every night, year in and year out, he had done just the same thing, travelled on the 5.15 train, settled into a corner and read his paper till it was time for him to get off at his station. Then at home, Emily took charge, telling him what to do, when to do it, why to do it, as if he had no mind of his own. But then, did he have a mind of his own?

Certainly not where Emily was concerned. Even at the office, his one chance of escape (his life had been dull) was his work routine. He knew they whispered behind his back "Henpecked Henry." Oh, yes, he knew that. He had often thought of breaking free from Emily and his bondage. He could poison her, or creep up on her with a large poker from the sitting room while she was asleep. Oh, yes, he'd thought about it. But he'd also thought of how he would probably be pailed, how Emily would somehow divine what was going on, as in his mind she always seemed to do. He's thought then of the consequences, of how she would be both swift and terrible. And so lacking the necessary courage he had had to be content to go on all these years in the same old way, the same routine.

But now he started to dream anew. This time he could not fail. He chuckled silently to himself. To-morrow he would be a free man. He would go out into the world with no worries, no regrets. Nothing could happen to his scheme, but—but suppose something did happen, suppose Emily suspected, found out? For a moment he knew panic. Then with a shrug of his rounded shoulders, he reassured himself and fell to dreaming once more.

He was jolted out of his reverie by the realisation that he had reached his station. He left the train and out on the platform the chattering crowd bustled him through the gates. As he wandered along the familiar street to his home, he took notice of its individual features for the first time for years. The houses, each one typically suburban, yet striving to attain a personality of its own, the lawns in front of the houses each on telling its own tale. Some trim, some green, some worn by the padding of children's feet, where the tiny ones played and tumbled all day. Strange, he mused how you could tell a house with children. For despite the legendary theory of untidiness they were supposed to create, somehow or other all such homes looked amazingly neat and attractive. Was it that the parents in their desire to impress or teach their beloved little ones, took extra pains, or was it because of a desire to make everything in their little lives so beautiful and wholesome that they succeeded where others failed. Perhaps, Henry thought to himself that he had failed in that regard. Maybe, if Emily had wanted children, she may have been different. But now he was glad, maybe they

would have grown up like Emily—he shuddered at the thought.

As he neared home he realised he would miss all this, all this quiet suburban life, but there was no backing out now, and if, as to reassure himself once more, he let his hand wander to his pocket. Yes, it was still there, the thing that was to set him free. Yes, free at last, what a wonderful thought. He walked with a new springiness in his step now and fell to congratulating himself even. No, Emily would never suspect.

But he kept his hand in his pocket, on the letter, notifying him to report to the Showgrounds ready to be drafted into the Army the following morning.

R.H.Q. NOTES

In the absence of the Pathfinder, "Ja mit" is heard loud and often in the land.

Cliff ("Keep-it-dark") Brown has retired from the sport of mid-night swimming.

"Yukon" Craig has built up a reputation as an erector of tents. Is that right, Lofty?

Battling Girvan, the Q-Store Killer, has made a spectacular re-appearance. His victory leads his friends to believe that, after over thirty years' absence from the ring, he may be persuaded to make a come-back.

Alpine-Climber Yates has returned to the Queen's Own after a stay in hospital. An interesting feature is that, although apparently fully recovered, he is still undergoing an unorthodox course of night treatment. A new idea of A.G.H. Or is it?

Norm Jackson's many friends will be glad to know that his lopsided smile is not the result of a deformity. It's just that he hasn't had a gold tooth before.

Nobody has yet "come and got" the Bull (except at Liverpool). Never mind, he did get up three times.

Tumbarumba and Mick wish to deny that there are no pickpockets in King's Cross. A bit crook for a Great Lover, wasn't it, Mick?

Friends and supporters of Blue-Orchid Foifar are already backing him for the standing wood-chop at the next Royal Show.

Holy Joe is becoming a cynic on the subject of baccarat. So are his friends who have to keep him in tobacco. You'll come good one night, Herb.

Jack Dare wishes to deny that he has been picked up by U.S. Provosts.

Sutton for stew. That'll teach 'em, Jim.

SOCIAL NOTES.

A notorious film star is spending an extended holiday with R.H.Q., or anyone else who has a comfortable bed. Take note, 3 Bty.

Lothario Lewtas, the Darkroom Don Juan, has changed his residence.

3 B.H.Q. BLATHER

By SAR.

Has anyone heard what Fred Hall's good-looking blonde said to him in a cafe? 'Tis whispered, don't ask by whom, that she not only said it but repeated it for the benefit of all within earshot. Canned, eh, Freddie.

We take this opportunity of extending the hand of welcome to all the fellows who have swelled our ranks since the last issue.

That they say, their hand is also extended to our new ear basher "Dinga" and our harrassing T.S.M.

If anyone wants a definition of "Earbashing" enquire from Victor W. Geddes, as to why he hasn't been for a swim lately. I hear Rum and Turps is good for earache. Have you tried it yet, Pete?

Two of our dashing D.R's. (Dasher and Ray, not Despatch Riders) have been advised to take up football, seeing as they are always kicking into the centre.

Overheard near our water cart. "Listen, mug, I know your memory isn't so good, but can't you remember that that isn't a hose?" "Well, why don't you keep it out of sight, Baggy?"

Who is the bonny, bully beef king of B.H.Q. seen chatting the Commandos as to the art of eating it without opening the tin. What about it, Laurie?

We would consider it a personal favour if anyone would enlighten Captain Lee as to the Mike George procedure. He will insist that it means, More Grog.

'Tis said that Old Mick "McInslush" was responsible for a very childish performance. Dirty boy, Mick.

Would Sergeant Rose kindly refrain from getting his fun from the "Red Terroi." Whilst on the subject of Rose, can anyone say they have seen him without a "Butt"?

Is it true that Mick "Churchhill" Sweeney has a girl in every country. A League of Nations on his own. The latest, Italian by birth, but she is cute, isn't she, Mick?

Would Sergeant Millis refrain from singing. It keeps our Donk awake. Not you, Dave.

The Great Lover was noticed tripping the light fantastic on the coast. Better return to Cessnock, Alf. By the way, what's this about two birds in the one nest?

"Tusky Wuskie" has been nominated for a Primus school. Ask the Q group. He certainly can fix them.

A TROOP CHATTER

By COVERER.

The past month has produced many changes in the old "Ack" troop. To those new bloods we extend a hearty welcome.

Talking of sore heads, after a recent "do" on the coast, we tab them as "Sarokos" Tony, Jimmy McNan, Toosa and Coy. They certainly thrashed the amber fluid and put on some real Middle East acts.

To "Sarokos": We, the troop, offer on one hand our very deep sympathy on your family troubles, and on the other wish you the very best of everything, and here is hoping you get a civvy suit to fit you, Dave.

What's to do. Re a certain Sergeant sitting right slap bang in the middle of a frying pan. Bad judgment, Harry.

Talk about "Boby Happy," did you hear about C.C. slapping a tree stump heartily when he thought he was conversing with his mates? "But Maleesh."

"Mopsy," the cherry red head croons a wicked tune at ——. He sang an Allied Serviceman into the tune of four bottles.

Needless to say his friends helped him to dispose of them.

"I am sorry, young man, you must leave my establishment. You have too many friends." Bad luck, Mac. Was your money O.K.?

The Realism brought into our last do was simply amazing. "Aircraft, Aircraft," screamed the G.P.O. "Are they ours or theirs?" screamed the boys. But don't tear your hair, Mr. M. Humour is a good cure for most ailments.

Without a doubt the best trio on our social exercise was the T.C., "Snowy" Thomson and Nan, last seen at the chemist's shop looking for a "snort."

We welcome back to the fold Vic. Leach, and heartiest congratulations on receiving his second stripe.

The troop lost one of its most dynamic personalities when the old "Yehudi" went to Baker troop. Never mind, kid, they thrash a good ear there also.

As an orator, Winston Churchill is good, and his gesticulations are something of a classic; but boy, oh boy, our T.S.M. takes some beating.

Darling Street has nothing on Doug. Allis's tent. When he and Coy. start on Capitalism versus Labour it is best to go. But at least Wankle favours increasing the birth rate. Congratulations, Doug.

Dame Rumour hath it that H. H. Alexander is to be permanent curator at the M.C.G. You build a solid pitch, Harry, and still able to pitch a solid ball, too.



ROY FLUKE - A3

The moral of the troop was at his lowest ebb when Betty Grable was recently married. Bad luck, "Tubby."

The once famous personality of "A" Troop, C. B. Wilby, known as the "ship without a rudder," has drifted again. Good luck in your new mob, Charlie.

After a lengthy tour of the Southern States, our banned motor cyclist "Tiger" Taunt has returned to the fold.

B TROOP

Since "Action Front" last went to press, B Troop has suffered an invasion. However, we welcome our newest arrivals to the happy home. Mr. Meredith, of the Pepsodent smile and those simply beautiful brown eyes is with us now.

Ceylon was the home of the tree climbers and many of the boys became proficient in the art. Not so "Cooky," who seems to be able to climb but unable to come down.

Two and two make four, but it is a clever man three in half an hour. "Munger" seems to think he can fit it in, but personally we doubt it.

Sweetening goes well with some dishes, but not with soup as George Ford discovered.

All that glitters is not gold; as Morrie Etsall discovered on eating the chocolate sent him by his wife.

To the credit of "Bill" Caldow goes the honour of killing the largest snake found in this area. The fact that Tim Woods had already dropped a tree on it, doesn't detract from Bill's glory.

It is said that the influx of visitors to the R.A.P. last month had its origin in "Uncle Norm's" water bag.

According to "Joe" Dorman possession is nine points of the law. This belief was borne out when he was indulging in a little hat painting, for a remonstrating Officer was completely neglected; and anyway, whose hat was it?

"Jerry Colonna" has a definite rival in "Flukey," whose moustache is getting more like a hair broom every day.

Among boys bird nesting is a common pastime, but we were rather surprised to see Donkey Dave walking home, over a distance of eight miles, after a mid-night nesting expedition.

Even though it means thinking back a long way to many, most of us can recall those good old days in short pants when, armed with a worm, a piece of string and a bent pin, we ambled down to the nearby water hole to match our wits with the giant tiddlers there. It is a far cry from that to this or then to now, but 'tis rumoured that one of our biggest and huskiest two pipers was seen recently in exactly the same circumstances, worm—string—bent pin and all . . . makes one wonder, doesn't it?

4 B.H.Q. BLATHER

Since our last issue B.H.Q. has suffered many changes. Our Troop Commander was changed so frequently at one stage, that we were almost bewildered, with the result that we have in this issue both to welcome and farewell Mr. Freeman, who was with us for a few days only.

Present C.P.O., Mr. Adam, has been with us for quite awhile now, and we hope he is permanent (he doesn't harass us). We also welcome his assistant, Lieut. Witney, S/Sgt. Beecher, Dick Osborne, Bdr. Shepherd, Barron Griffiths, Sgt. Little, Bdr. Bishop, and the new men who came in just recently.

Very little of note has happened of recent months, although the upheaval in the B.C.'s party was probably the most important; Bernie has only his trumpet now between him and parades, a very precarious state of affairs, and his job, after many trials, has finally gone to Tom Bleakley.

Among those who have gone from the Troop were old identities, Bill Downey, "H.O." Williams. They both seem to be happy in their new surroundings, Bill's job is being carried out efficiently and energetically by "Cope."

Command Post staff was rather amazed recently on a "do" at the spectacle of a B.C. sitting on a plate of Steak and Eggs while conversing on the phone with the C.O.

The only ones who were not amused were the B.C. himself and "Flan," who owned the cats.

Since we came to our new homes we had a few ups and downs in football. However, after a couple of defeats, we retrieved our honour and quite a lot of money in a stirring match against Don (Pardon) Dog Troop.

Congratulations to our Sgt. Flannery on his promotion; Harry Bastian, our new T.S.M.; and our new "one strippers" Melaney, Wilson and Blackham.

"Hoppy" looked in on us the other day; he has been away on a job up north and doesn't seem to be any of the worse for it; in fact, he looked particularly well. George Eva is still doing O.K., and "Curly" Byrnes, we are told, has settled down with another Regiment and is still up there.

Who is it that rolls the empty barrels down into "D" Troop lines after each beer night?

"Tich" Carr came back from his school full of knowledge, he even learned to make tea, or so he says. Result so far has not been apparent.

"Stumpy" was so upset at the passing of his friend and mentor that he broke out in a rash and had to be removed to hospital. Have not yet heard how he is progressing.

"C" TROOP NOTES

By BLARNEY.

After having been off the front page for several weeks, Hawkeye Hunt has recaptured his public in a new role, as "Hawkeye the Terrible Toreador."

Yes, sir, about mid-night, whilst on a recent exercise he was seen in the act of throwing a large Jersey bull, which had roused him from his dreams.

A hearty welcome is extended to all new men in the troop. It's good to see you settling down so quickly, and we're sure you'll be happy with us.

All Troopers wish Sgt. Albie Willcox (with two L's) the best of luck and good fortune in his quest for "pips."

It's been a long, arduous road, Boiger, but you've got the game tossed now. Don't forget your favourite Bdr., will you?

Congratulations go to Bull Coatsworth, Mick Richardson, Davie Wynne, Tom Wynne, Bill Quitt, Geoff Reece, Jack Winstanley, Don Gowanlock, and numerous others, on their recent promotions and appointments.

"Why doesn't somebody tap me on the back when our infantry goes through?" says Dinny. Maybe, that's the reason why Lieut. Doran was taken prisoner by Hon. Aussies, or more likely, the billy took such a long time to boil. After all, an Englishman must have his cup of tea you know, no matter what —.

Once more the Troop has proved itself beyond all doubt the best sports combination in the Battery.

In all football matches played, the games developed into little better than walk-overs.

Special hand-claps to Tom Le Maire, Freddie Young, Tom Thornton, Spud Taylor, Kev. Taylor and Freddie Falkingham for consistently good performances; also Jack Spelling, who retained a position in the Regimental side.

In the first Battery cricket match against R.H.Q. "C" Troop's members proved themselves the backbone of the team; Jack Dight and Tom Le Maire playing sterling hands with the willow, 64 and 57 not out, respectively. Much is expected from a new man, Bluey Lyons, who shows exceptional promise with both bat and ball.

Jack (Anzac) Walsh wishes to be remembered to all the lads. Cheerio, Anzac, glad to hear you and yours are well. No doubt you are just sweating off on the time when you'll be able to pound junior's ear about your victories at Five Hundred, a la Ceylon.

A welcome back from hospital to Sgt. Quittenton and Bdr. Col. Cowie.

While Bill Quittenton wishes it made clear that he is not the most recent reo., we are all very happy in congratulating the Count upon becoming the proud father of a bonny boy.

It seems there's not a busier man on exercise than Steamboat Craig, what with his driving, signalling and attending to all Tac I coming over the wire by night.

Gnr. Bill Kenny (Song bird of the North) wishes to announce his concert season commences on the 1st December, 1943.

A musical treat is assured all those who appreciate good singing . . . Early booking is advised.

Members of the Troop Command Post Staff take this opportunity to warn Bdr. Wally Sutherland that if he does not forget his misguided battery teachings and see more politically eye to eye with the Troop men, he will find himself thrust out upon the cold, cold world . . . or the "Road Gang."

Sgt. Stan Parker hereby challenges all comers to a manhandling contest in which guns must be hauled over a course of five miles.

Only conditions are that the detachments must be bound hand and foot, and there is to be no crowding on corners.

It is generally known that Capt. Young is spending his leisure hours as Battery Captain in writing a book, "Short Cuts and Cunning Creek Crossings."

The Captain is a man well versed in his subject and was seen at his best recently on exercise-tour.

Why is Alan Fleet so happy lately? No doubt it's because he is a motor-cycle enthusiast, and as he is acting T.S.M. he finds he is able to take many carefree jaunts about the countryside.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

LECTURES

At Officers' Mess

1. *How I Ran the Mess at Khassa*
2. *How my Brother was Wounded*

For other numbers, consult Catalogue in Mess

Date: Any Night

Time: Any Opportunity



DON TROOP DITHERINGS

P. "NEWSHOUND" WORTHAM.

The Dons refused to be Dogged.

Bring 'em back Alive? George Merriman and Peter Akins return to the fold.

"Spitfire" Walker and "Hurricane" Derrick are engaged on a mystery job. R.A.A.F., beware!

They shake a wicked foot, they do? Horrie Goodman and Win Vail, of ballroom fame, trip the light fantastic on Battery do.

"Tosser" O'Sullivan is airing his blankets after big night.

"One Round" Smithett lets them go pronto.

Nils Overson is no tenor, but he knows all about a certain fiver.

Who collected a cup of water after a certain dance? Ask Horrie.

B Sub got all burnt up about something? It took some camouflaging.

Welcome home with open arms, the one and only "Baron."

"Little Atlas" Savage has the worries of the world on his shoulders. No wonder, with "Switch Off" Robertson to look after.

The "Beetle" has qualified as a Gap I. When Alec Cameron is lit up we're going to use him as a night picket.

"Growling Bill" Setters didn't like the view on the bottom of the river. We don't know whether he saw the gates of Hell or Heaven.

Don't waste money on a Punch and Judy show: Just listen to "Screaming Mac" and "Bluey."

Troop's greyhound, Bill Imlach, turns on the heat to win 100 yards. Robbie fell by the wayside.

"Whiskey Bowins" is trying to outdo the Eiffel Tower.

Craig Reid and Les Beardsell send regards to all, both are doing well.

"Never has so many been knocked back by so few," says Graham Pitts.

Laurie Fry is up amongst the big bangs. That's better than the Infernal Machine.

"Dickie" Griffiths is said to have a train ticket in his bag. I wonder where to?

Who is that dashing importation from Hollywood, Alan Whitney, who leaves a trail of broken hearts behind in A—

Did you hear the story of the provosts and the Baron and the way he wore his hat?

Congratulations to T.C. Capt. Anderson on taking the first step in marital engagement. We hear the knocks over a one to eight page letter every night.

Ru Dorr is said to like Chablis.

Baldy Nolan is back to the fold after a short stay in B.H.Q.

Bob Anderson copped a beaut. shiner at a footer match.

PRATTLE AND WAILS 52 BTY. H.Q.

The B.C's. luck in "Little Tatts" is getting a bit monotonous. The month's score a "Tenner" and a "Fiddley."

Everyone wants to know whose "Batman" it was that got a kick in the pants one dark night? Actually, he was mistaken for the Bty. Captain. Good judgment, Don.

Troop gunners are crook on the B.S.M. working them overtime too often. Knock off time is 16.00 hours, "John B."

Ammunition causing strife amongst Gunners. Cut it out "Chappie," we're not camels, you know. Leave it stay put, we will work like hell when Tojo is on the receiving end of it.

Gnr. Angus has admitted he is friendly with a nurse. Purely platonic, of course. He was seen buying two cakes of chocolate, shaving before 16.00, polishing boots before sunset and disappearing till mid-night. Watch him, Don.

Welcome to the new faces. Likely looking bunch of colts amongst them.

"Babyface" Kelly is a wizard on the mouth organ. His pals say he was a pupil of Larry Adler. As for mine, feed him beer and he will recite "Old Sam" stories for ever.

The two Jacks, Egan and Harbor, under the Army Educational scheme, are preparing for the post-war life. The early lessons in Bookmaking have been profitable up to date.

Congratulations to Lance Bombardier Rowan. Nice work, Ewan.

EASY TROOP JOTTINGS

If you want a really good night go out with Handsome Jack Phillips. 'Tis just a case of hang the expense.

Did you see Thos. Wiley's brilliant dash down the wing in the game on Saturday last? Jack Shanley will be only too pleased to tell you about it.

We extend a sincere welcome to all the new faces in the troop these days. Whilst it won't take you long to discover the easy way to do things and get abreast of all the lurks, please remember all our officers are old gunners and original "digs."

Cliff Tippett had a bit of bad luck in the middle of the night recently. Never mind, Cliff, there is sure to be more if only they would own up.

The smiling face of Harry Hanton was around the other Sunday. We have lived in the memory of the Middle East for two years now, Harry, tell us about N.G.

Bookmakers, Egan and Harbor, badly left in the draw for stands at the local race meeting, had the laugh at the end of the day. Didn't know that they had made A.R.P. Warden into a Saint.

That Leviathan owner, Mr. Pat Murphy, was well on the mark with the lads' money on Circus. Remember the announcer Pat, "this owner came out of a P.O.W. Camp on Crete." You were too wrapped up in Circus, to hear the exclamation of a love-longing female.

Never have so many been lost so confidently, so often by one man. Have they, Mr. Rex?

We have lost the one and only "Smoky Dawson," but, for how long? "Smoky" was at the peak of his form during the last elections and his face is surely missed. Still we have our "Smoky." Ali to you.

Easy troop would like to know if all the Reg't. appreciated to the full the gift of eight bags of sugar to the R.Q.M. Just because all the old dears of a local town clubbed together and gave us all their sugar coupons, our T.C. should have received more than a cupful.

Have you met our new Lance Bombardier, Parker, E.A.V.? Just another three-figure man.

It is rumoured that amendments 5 for Gun Drill is on the press. "Gunfire" is to be deleted and "Creedfire" inserted.

Jockey Prain was very unlucky with his mounts at the meeting. Three thirds was a very tough trot. Still there is bound to be another meeting, Colin.

A new order has crept in: "Stop, Halt, Don't Fire," Sorry Chaps!

FOX TROOP NOTES

By ZAC.

Foxes have wandered far from home since the last issue of "Action Front." Many and varied have the expressions of feeling been since they arrived in new fields, but two feelings prevail, Action or Leave.

The monster consultation, Little Tatts, Housey Housey, and Basketball have met with great success. Hughie Quirk and Tony Hogarth's pockets have been lined whilst basketball provided "Never Again" Page with a fortnight's No Duties.

The betting in the production stakes at present is evens. Gnr. Len Dixon and Bdr. Hughie McDonald have bonny bouncing boys, while Gnrs. Isaacs and Grath have a daughter apiece. Congratulations fellas, and stick to the money boxes, Solomon.

With all the A.W.A.S. and Gnrs. that have seen the light in the past six months the Reg't. is surely doing its bit in the post-war reconstruction.

Curly Hanley, has had his nose forced back to the grindstone after his month's "bludge," due to a football accident. Too bad, Curly.

Bdr. Jack Nolan has recovered from his fall into the vehicle inspection pit. It's strange how accidents befall sober men.

Trapper Cox has revolutionised Gun Drill. Target Records will, in future, be written on the palm of the left hand.

Wanted.—Dimensions for a cage for our animal.

Preventative of flea bites other than sleeping on Parade Ground. Apply to "Cocky" Miller.

Who was the Sergeant who mistook the back of a lady's dress for a toothbrush?

The animal instincts of the Foxes came to the fore during our visit to a local seaside town. It is understood that one of our lads issued his mating call from outside the local Council Chambers.

It is rumoured that the local authorities are going to rename one of their garden plots "Needham's Folly."

OUR ROVING REPORTER

Heard at Random

That ex-Lance Sergeant Norm (Tarzan) Barker was in the Lae and Salamaua landings. Hiding his face behind a growth, that one day may be called a beard, Norm is now in the Senior Service. He looks a ball of muscle and sends along his regards to the old unit.

That Lieut. Sid. Raggett, who is upholding the prestige of the unit on 6th Div. H.Q., R.A.A., was hastily rushed to hospital the other evening, and the outcome is he will have to battle on without his appendix. See you soon, Ragg.

That Lieut. Cocky Yates is a good three inches above any Sister at the 2/6th A.G.H.—especially in the fitting of electric light globes.

That Birdwood of Gallipoli had nothing on Barwick of Bardia when it comes to the matter of dress. Mort. is willing to measure anybody for a decent knee-length model of shorts.

That Capt. "Dickie" Fetherston-haugh and Lieut. "Bill" Farrell were right in it up to their necks around Lae, Salamaua, Finschhafen. Sgt. Ford, together with Bds. Jope, Hanton, Rossi and Hopkins were right to the fore as the unit's representatives with the 9th Division.

That Captain Lee was once on the dry for twenty-eight days. On his own sayso he never had to undergo twenty-eight harder days. Capt. Sutton and Lieut. Tatchell tried to emulate the above feat but gave it up after 13 days.

That our representative in the consular service, Mr. "Mick" Richardson, can be found in the Lounge of the "Australia," Sydney, at any old time of the day.

That our ex-C.O., Brig. W.E.C., has gone up one step further in the ladder. Nice going, Sir. (That is the opinion of the Regiment, not the Editor.)

