



Action Front

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE 2/2 AUST. FIELD REGIMENT

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Priceless!

REVIEW

• REGT. IS INTERESTED

Brig. Cremor, ex-C.O., is standing for Parliament at the next Federal elections. While this paper, in accordance with Army traditions, is non-political, it wishes this fact to be brought before the notice of all our readers. It goes without saying that men of his calibre are urgently needed in responsible positions in this country to-day, and his political future is of interest and consequence to the unit in particular and the A.I.F. in general. A small scale sketch of the boundaries of the Fawcner Electorate appears within.

The beer was flat. Regimental barbecue and beer was not as well supported as previously. "Action Front" suggests that the "b-and-bs" should always be well attended as a Regimental get-together, and welcomes helpful suggestions for future occasions.

Reds get in for their chop. Recent mass meeting of the Officers' Mess unearthed an unsuspected strength among Red ranks—one fruitful idea at least came from their high hollering. Capt. Denis Moore and his comrades got in for their chop, then complained about getting none! General opinion—better act than Barton's Follies, but needs greater publicity. Despite Red opposition, the conscripted committee hacked their way through former disorganisation and reformed the Mess with the zeal of the holy. Public opinion appears to be behind them.

Decorations Abounding.—Brig. Cremor, O.B.E., D.S.O., E.D., and Brig. Dyke, D.S.O., accompanied by Lt.-Col. Arthur, D.S.O., paid Regiment a flying visit—were warmly welcomed as ex-members. This paper wishes to announce formally that Brig. Cremor has finally relinquished command of the Regiment; his mind has been made up!

Back to the Log Cabin.—All ranks have been busy logging their respective messes against the winter's on-

slaught. With hearths a feature, the camp takes on a backwoods appearance both comfortable and ingenious. Hillbillies will be in their element for once, now.

Identification Is Needed.—Owing to stringent transport restrictions, Regiment proposes formation of a Hitch-Hikers' Club, with correct identification cards to facilitate presentation of credentials to drivers who give soldiers lifts. No soldier will be D.P.1 without his hitch-hiking card. The only alternative to cards is, of course, the supplying of transport on rest days.

A Corner for Alien Soil.—"Action Front" will be glad to receive as many letters from ex-members now residing on alien soil as possible. Regiment is interested in receiving foreign correspondence from the feathers plucked from its plumage, to keep a link with the glorious past. Three Div. and others, please oblige by writing to the Editor every three months or so, saying who you've seen, when and doing what (subject to censorship, naturally).

The Beginning was Right.—Regtl. Officers held a party while last on leave. The idea was right and is a sure and pleasant way to cement esprit de corps. "Action Front" applauds the idea and hopes to see it extended to a Sgts. Night and a Regimental Night, when all can get together with their womenfolk on leave and enjoy themselves.

"Action Front" needs more contributions from the troops. It is becoming the work of the staff, and thus less truly representative. Write in your spare time articles, poems, advts., and send them to the Editor, at any time at all. [being an officer, he is on duty 24 hours a day!—Ed.]

"Action Front" regrets that it cannot produce an all-embracing, bound volume to cover all issues since its inception. This is due to the shortage of paper in this country at present.

Although "Action Front" seldom publishes the true names of its contributors, it wishes to say farewell to Hedley Bryant, "Yobber Mark

II.", "The Biassed Baron" and "Pst", who have left the Regiment. All were regular and successful columnists and we wish them luck.

VOLUNTARISM IN WAR

This is the fitting time to recall Abe Lincoln's famous words on voluntarism:

"Voluntarism is the unprincipled dodge of cowardly politicians. It has ground up the choicest seed-corn of the nation. It has consumed the young and generous, the intelligent and the brave. It has wasted the best moral, social and political elements of the Republic, and left the cowards and the shirkers and the money-makers to stay at home and procreate their kind."

"ACTION FRONT" ADVERTS.

Notice of formation is hereunder given: NEW COMPANY LODGED under name of D.P.1 & COY. Board of Directors: All Bty. Cpts. and Q.M.'s. Chairman: Lieut. Charlie Fox Adam. Colossal staff wanted! PURPOSE: To promote the underground exchange of any article of equipment—toothbrushes, housewives (Army type only), etc. Shareholders require only an P200 (not necessarily their own). Further applications on enquiry at the office.

LOST.—Large set of artificial teeth, last seen clamped in meat pie. Would finder please prise apart with crowbar and return to "Tery", c/o Dental Unit.



"Well—wouldn't it?"



WHAT GOES ON

LETTER FROM HOME

Vaughan House,
108 Queen Street,
Melbourne,
May 17th, 1943.

Our Comforts Fund is now in full working swing after Christmas holidays and the excitement of the last leave.

The Luncheon held on 12th April was a great success financially (£20) as well as being a very happy occasion for the members and, we hope, the visitors, too.

The raffle was won by one of our members—Mrs. Flaxman.

We have heard since that some of the men were disappointed at not being present at our Luncheon, not knowing anything about it. At our last meeting, we wondered how we could advertise better, and the only way we could think of was for men on leave to contact Comforts Fund at our room, Vaughan House, 108 Queen Street, 4th Floor, 2 doors down from Lt. Collins Street.

We are not always there, but we will have a notice on door of any functions arranged, and a couple of 'phone numbers.

Men of the Regiment are always welcome at our room, and those who have been there always come again. This also applies to mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, so do come along.

We meet every Wednesday from 11 a.m.; alternate Thursdays (Military pay day) from 11 a.m.; and have a general meeting once a month at the Railways Institute, 4th Wednesday in month, at 8 p.m.

All Good Wishes and Good Luck,

E. McP.

THE WIZARDS OF "A"

Administrative Masterpieces

by All and Sundry

Quotation from ancient Army lore:

"The object of all training is to make the soldier so fed up that he is willing to go out to the front and get himself shot."

BUTTONS, SHIRT

This is to draw the attention of those concerned to the paltry manner in which buttons are sewn on the shirts issued recently. On the first time of wearing, a button has come off each of two shirts, and the other buttons have all needed attention within three days. On inquiry it has been found that this experience is general.

This, naturally enough, causes a tremendous wastage of man hours. It takes three minutes and 18 inches of thread for the average soldier to sew on one button. Not taking into account the neck button, which is rarely used, there are eight buttons on each shirt, and if each man is D.P.I. standard, he has three shirts. These would require the expenditure of seventy-two minutes and thirty-six feet of thread to make them serviceable.

Considering this on a Regimental basis of 688 men, it will be seen that 826 man hours and 8,256 yards of thread will be expended; whereas for a Division of 16,000 men 19,200 man hours and 192,000 yards of cotton would be used.

Work of this nature is a definite deterrent to the war effort, and in my opinion is equivalent to fifth column activity, which everyone should strive to eliminate as far as possible.

[The above article speaks clearly for the gravity of the situation, and is printed in the hope that this tremendous trifle may be rectified.—Ed.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

From Our Past Plumage to
"Action Front", May, '43.

News from the Battle Zones—the
4 Aust. Fd. Regt.

Latest addition to the "Chocos" is Capt. John Crawford, who joined us in February—doing a splendid job as T.C. Easy Troop.

12 Baty. was sorry to lose Tony Clark to L.A.D. Nevertheless, the latter are reaping the benefit of his services. He was G.P.O.-ing in Fox Troop before that. "Snow" Weller

has this job now, and is going over in a big way. Maybe his presence in the Troop accounts for the fact that F Troop supplies the preponderance of players for 4th's Regimental team, which, by the way, won the premiership.

"Old Bill" shows a remarkable lack of bias in football performances.

Harold Adeney at the moment is C.P.O. 11 Bty. while the regular C.P.O. is away. He's doing well and has recently returned from Holdsworthly.

The 2 I/C is making his presence felt—John Tatchell arrived to swell the ranks of ex 2/2 blokes in the Div.

Leon Bestel is in the same battery as Hal Adeney. Former has been everything from T.L. and Sig. Officer to B.C.—a touchy, versatile lad. His latest effort was O.C. personnel at the Motor Pool. Now he is back in his battery as Sig. Officer.

Ned Spark is C.P.O. 12 Battery.

Lots of luck from ex 2/2 now
4 Aust. Fd. Regt.

SOCIAL

52 Bty. Dance at B——. Under auspices of Maj. Henderson and Capt. Fetherstonhaugh, 52 Bty. go dancing on manoeuvres. Battery's thanks are extended to the local girls for turning on a good evening.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC

A set of football rules, on the "toot", has been recently drafted by well-known sportsman, Bob Powell.

It appears that you wait for an opponent to grasp the ball and then fling yourself headlong at him, Savage his knee with the top of your head, then slowly allow the head to slide down the leg until the eye makes close contact with his foot. This causes him to stumble and leaves him no alternative but to twist his ankle—in your face. This will succeed in slowing him up and will have a colourful result to yourself. If in doubt, Bob will show you his own testimony.

AWARDS TO

Bob Powell's "shiner", for being worth ten days' leave.

Wal. Walpole for saying in the third quarter against "Assault", "Quote me as saying, 'I yam confident'."

THE WANDERINGS OF AQUARIUS

THE LESSON OF THE SEVEN PINEAPPLES

"Share and shareth alike, yea, even unto the one seventh that shall go unto R.H.Q." — A Writing from Ancient Ceylon.

And it came to pass that a Batteryman one day, whilst doing what he wantst, chanced upon a Village — where he procured Seven Pineapples — given him, perhaps, by the village folk, greatly wondering at this stranger, and not being versed in the native learnings of Colombo.

The Batteryman took all seven, and being ever-mindful of Regiment, staggered with his burden to R.H.Q., saying, "Lo and behold, whilst in the Jungle I have come by Seven Pineapples. Take and distribute as ye will; yea, even unto the one-seventh as ye teach."

R.H.Q. marvelled mightily and said one unto another, "Verily, our teachings beareth fruit; yea, even literally", "One is born every minute", "Will we be slow on the take up", and other strange sayings; which grieved and mystified the Batteryman completely.

The Second Headman, seeking to please, said unto the Commander of all the Regiment, "The troops have come by some Pineapples. Of these, one have I put in thy tent, which ye can share with others as is becoming." "Huh!" replied the Mighty One, "thou art still not going unto Colombo come Saturday", whereupon the Second Headman muttered unto himself, "A little kindness getteth one nowhere"; and turning his mind once more unto the Pineapples had one put even in his own tent.

He further distributed the Seven Pineapples thus:

Unto the section of R.H.Q. Signalmen, worshippers of sweet Fanny Adams — for doing just that — one Pineapple — "For are not the



Anzac Day, 1943

When the men of the first A.I.F. returned home in 1919, they stepped off the gangways of their ships and into Australian history. The legend which they had built around themselves was hard-earned at a dear cost in life and misery. It was earned because their loyalty and courage and sacrifice, and the mantle of their heritage lay firmly about their shoulders as an unquenchable fire.

The men who are fighting for their heritage to-day, in the battle zones north of Australia, have not been found wanting in the Spirit of Anzac. Their endurance and sacrifice, too, is earning them an equal place in the Australian legend.

We of this Regiment, particularly, remember with pride those whom we have fought beside, and who are now fighting so gallantly in the north, unconscious as they are of their true worth.

communications already laid to the far-flung Batteries (by civilians); and are they the Batteries not nearer and more versed in Jungle lore to do each unto their own their wire running." One Pineapple is not enough, but share each alike and it will suffice.

Unto the L.A.D. one Pineapple — is it not certain that if they had not lost but one-half their repair equipment, they would have striven mightily to do all the repairs, that all might be gratified (if surprised); but things being as they are, small wonder that they, too, should pay great attention to the sweet Fanny Adams.

At this time a thought passeth through the mind of the Second Headman and he ponders, "Are these of they that may be eaten? Are these fit food for my soldiers? Man of Medicine, test, eat and deliver judgment."

And so the M.O. cut, tested and gazed Heavenwards. He that he

callesth his friend, yea, even the Padre, took, tested and gazed Heavenwards. The Second Headman, much mystified, took, tested and looked Heavenward.

"Verily, it seemeth all right," said the Man of Medicine.

"I'll make sure," said the Padre, testing a second slice.

"Must be correctus," said the Second Headman. Yea, great was his relief, and hailing two passing men who bat, said, "Get ye outside of these remains." Which they did.

And so it came to pass that the disposition of the two Pineapples remaining was as thus:

Thought the Second Headman: "How am I to share that which remains between the Batteries? To the procurer, one Pineapple. The remainder is two small to share. Send it to the R.A.P. for the comfort of those who are sick (perhaps). Bring the Batteryman unto me."

(Continued on Page 10)

SAMMY HALL . . .



CAPTAINS AND KINGS

(Short Story by "Agat", written specially for "Action Front")

Lieut. Forestall was concerned about the state of his troop. His consternation went deeper than the usual run, consequent upon the Colonel's inspection. The Colonel had found the usual faults upon his rounds of the day previous, but this time Lieut. Forestall had taken umbrage. This in itself was of little consequence, for a more experienced officer would have known that the wrath of Colonels is as much to be expected as sharpness with cheese, and would have overlooked the matter. For Colonels are prone to the spasmodic saving of subalterns from the folly of their own designs, much as Society occasionally takes upon itself the role of saving fallen women; it is the prerogative of each, and Lieut. Forestall should have accepted it as such.

Actually, therefore, to the un-biassed spectator, there was nothing unusual about the mild disturbance upon normally tranquil waters. But Lieut. Forestall was not an experienced officer, and it set him upon a course of analysis of the groove his troop was at present in, and a contemplation of upon the relative virtue of moving out of it and into another. From his decision to enact the latter, the statistical table hereunder was born. It is by now, of course, notorious, but to those who do not know it the story is interesting.

Lieut. Forestall decided to embark upon a piercing and intimate analysis of each man's defects and virtues, with a view to proving conclusively to the world at large, and to himself in particular, whether some re-arrangement of the mental and spiritual at his disposal might not be both necessary and beneficial.

So, with the aid of his Sar-Major, who pried and poked vigorously into every nook and cranny of his sub-

ordinates' lives, and when no avenue remained even faintly unexplored, the notorious table was compiled. To the Sar-Major, this sudden burst of inquisitive energy was merely a reflection upon his Troop Commander's temper, while to the troops it was merely another routine which occasioned drawing upon their good humor and considerable store of mental reserve. In this way, their sanity was little damaged.

The table compiled was interesting but its results surprisingly perverse. Each man was marked, with a maximum of ten, according to his Sobriety, Virtue and Usefulness, and the results recorded. To save space, a section only of the table is recorded hereunder:

	Sobriety.	Virtue.	Usefulness
"Basher"	0	5	10
"Bluey"	0	0	10
Ernie	0 minus 10	10	10
Clarence	10	10	0

The conclusions were perverse, though the observations are interesting. There was conclusive evidence, for example, that although the bulk of the troop scored little for their virtue or sobriety, they scored the maximum for utility; while the ilk of Clarence, though perfectly sober and perfectly virtuous, were also perfectly useless.

Then, again, Ernie had to be awarded minus ten for virtue because he — unlike "Bluey" who was merely bad — influenced others and therefore deserved a greater penalty.

On the other hand, "Basher", sober, could not lay a gun; while "Basher", sozzled, could lay like a trooper — and the apparent contradiction between his marks for sobriety and usefulness were thus explained.

The results of the table were at first confusing, but finally sufficiently clear to convince the Troop Commander that change was, perhaps, after all, folly, and the troop sank back into its groove with a sigh of relief and without much drain upon

its mental reserve. This story has no moral, but it demonstrates the manifold decreasing tremors that Captains and Kings can set in motion before they depart, and the unsung consequences that can prevail. For by such small disturbances is the face of the world changed, and it was well to heed them.

TO E T - GAS

(By Our Unpaid Expert)

Submitted by "Action Front" for Army approval.

1. Q.: Who is the Chemical Warfare Officer?
A.: Too easy.
2. Q.: Why will this unit never go into a gas area?
A.: Because the officers haven't passed their T O E T.
3. Q.: What does C O E C D O stand for?
A.: C O u l d O u r E f f o r t s C l a i m D i s t i n c t i o n O v e r s e a s ?
4. Q.: Describe Clara Pickron.
A.: Blonde, swell dancer, good looker (good at other things, too), lovely legs and good cook.
5. Q.: What does A.B.C. smell like?
A.: Ask anyone appreciative of good programmes.
6. Q.: If a bucket was filled with mustard, chlorine, B.B.C., C.A.P., phosgene and lewisite, what would it smell like?
A.: The C.O.'s pipe, "Splinter's" hair oil, wash-up water outside the men's mess.
7. Q.: Lewisite works quickly on the human body and corrodes metals. Do you know anything more deadly?
A.: Yes, "Bombo". It works very quickly, eats through floor-boards, kills grass, rats, the consumer's comic-cuts, cleans military boots better than Kiwi (free advert.), and burns brighter than our Q.M.'s kero.
8. Q.: How you treat a blister gas patient?
A.: See if his respirator is better than your own. If so, make a quick swap, making sure not to get a belly full of gas, pinch the Great White Master's staff van and drive like hell to a gas-clear area, i.e., Melbourne. On the way, rat the patient for smokes, eats, ammunition and sorts' addresses. Inspect his boots and if they are in better condition than your own, take action as for respirator.
9. Q.: What purpose does the haversack serve other than protecting and carrying the respirator?
A.: Good hiding place for



matches, smokes and "Bombo"; also makes a swell pillow when on guard if container is removed and dirty washing substituted.

10. Q.: What would result if a Lewisite gas bomb landed in the Circus one night?

A.: The then late Murray, "Mac" and "Brownie" would make the way clear for "Chappie" to retrieve his Victory plaque from the Snake Pit. The rest of the clan could sing "Meet me, O Lord, with a rifle" in case any of the runners had arrived first.

11. Q.: What is Decontamination?

A.: Ask the 2 I/C and "Happy Harry".

"Action Front" presents "STRUTH"

(By P. "Newshound" Wortham)

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THEY WHO HAVE EYES

At recent demonstration, knowing war strategist approached well-known Sgt. Walker, who had just executed masterly camouflage of gun pit. His indignant tones called said Sgt. to order for using a piece of tree for cover which he said did not look natural. Sgt. Walker with tears in eyes explained to Denis that tree was growing there and he had thought it better not to move it. Hasty withdrawal of Denis followed.

WAR FRONT

Mussolini and Hitler meet on Brenner Pass to discuss war situation. It is understood they discussed transport problem of "Ities" during recent desert retreat. Tooter's correspondent present reports meeting:

"Hitler looked pale and nervous during the interview, absentmindedly drew his revolver and shot three or four Italian Aides who had come to help Mussolini. Goering, who was also there, has thinned down a lot; in fact, dropped down to 23 stone 4 lira and has had to leave off four or five dozen medals. Mussolini was there as usual to sign the cheques and appeal for more food for Italian people. It appears that they are get-

ting tired of the barnacles which are periodically scraped off the bottom of the Italian fleet. After the meeting, Hitler shook Musso's right hand and shook his watch with the left hand, using the old German proverb, "Never let the old B— know what the left hand's doing." Hitler then sent three (?) doubles off by plane, car and horse, and departed on a special armoured train to personally conduct the Grand Retreat from Russia which is his largest troop movement to date. Mussolini will stay here till war is over."

ITALIAN COMMUNIQUE

Here issa figures from a Tunisia— de Pritish Army killed a 20,000 troops, wounded a 20,000, missink a none. Da Glorious Cherman Army killed a 5,000, wounded a 10,000, missing a none. Da mosta beautiful Italiano Army killed a none, wounded a none, missink a the whole bloody army.

R.A.F. Slogan — "See Naples and Bomb."

HOME FRONT

Political. — The Minister for the Army, Mr. Maude, said in Parliament last week that all Australian soldiers serving at home and overseas would receive £1 a day rise. He then stressed that elections were near and promoted himself to Brigadier. His election slogan was, "A soldier's vote for a pound note."

A question was asked of the Prime Minister if it were true that Bardia Cognac was being used in Army trucks to relieve the petrol situation. Mr. Flirtin said that this was so.

The Amalgamated Mouse Trap Makers' Union supported a strike by Cheese Workers on the grounds that with cheese off the market their industry was threatened. Minister for Labour, Mr. Gord, said he would not be bunged about by a thing like cheese.

SOCIAL

Mrs. T. P. J. St. K. Pilkington gave a Garden Party to welcome home her son L/Bdr. "Snots" Pilkington, who has returned from a one-day bivouac in the Botanical Gardens. Amongst those present was Capt. Fitzdiddle, of the Upper Yarra Ferry Boat, Miss "Tootsie" Blobs, of the Garbage Carters' Union, and three members of the Opposition. A free meal was enjoyed by all.

EDUCATION

During recent parade by a crack Field Regiment, it was noticed that Bde. Movietone was well represented. It is believed that any mis-

takes will be revealed on the screen and a reticipation made. Owing to the number of W.O.'s present, the Minister for the Army would not allow a sound track to be made.

BRAINS VERSUS BRAWN

Disproving the Old Theory

Midnight on the P— River flats. Fitful moonbeams penetrating the cloudy curtain throw scant light on a group clustered together to witness a spectacle never before seen in Australia—the nation's first bull-fight.

Peering anxiously through the darkness, eager to catch first glimpse of the mighty animal, the nervous spectators mumble predictions for the event. The stage is now set with the crowd pressing against the fence whilst the matadors, picadors and hard-doers sit nonchalantly on the top rail as if this were an every night happening. A sudden break in the clouds and brilliant moonlight floods the arena, revealing a monstrous red bull impatiently pawing the earth. Silence hits the crowd like death. What man of flesh and blood dare pit himself against this brute? Surely it is death to enter into combat here.

As if in answer to these weaklings, the gallant Toreador springs lightly into the ring and, unarmed save a cloak (army issue), boldly approaches the bull. Here now the picadors do their work bravely and right well. The lack of decorated lances daunts them not as one stoutly belabours the beast with a young tree, while the other with fascinating footwork delivers an Army boot in the approved place.

Shrewdly, but not without decorum, these gallants withdraw to safer stands, leaving their master with a now thoroughly rampant bull. The fight is on. Like lightning the toreador makes a pass which leaves the bull cold. Like greased lightning the bull makes a pass, engages and tosses his opponent, and leaves him cold. As the toreador sails thru the air the gambling picador wagers his last "Two bob on the heads", while those watching fall from the fence in excitement as the kindly clouds veil the sad scene and a dull thud registers an OUT for the matador.

Caste:

- Toreador Bdr. Emond
Picadors Lieut. Merlo
Bdr. McLaren
Hard-doers Gur. Cloomey
Lieut. Tatchell



TROOP SCANDAL

RHQ BLURB

(By "Hooks" & "Mac")

For catering—all functions—all hours—see "Chappie".

2 I/C's theme song—"Tell it not in Gath."

The Voice that breathed o'er Eden. Has everyone, ay, got three singlets and a towel and a knife clasp, ay.

And so there descends upon the Tivoli that great peace that passeth all understanding—The Great White Master is out of camp.

One of those faux pas—the bombardier who returned from his honeymoon complaining about sore eyes.

The "Sheik of S——" is sticking close to camp these days. Just another of those platonic friendships that ran out of conversation, Cy?

The Tivoli is once again up to full strength with the return of the vociferous I.O., now rather Yankified. And he's a mighty man with the censor's scissors.

The "Dog Peter Wun Man" is welcomed to the cast. You'll have to make more noise through Col. before you get your harlequin costume.

What do the Survey say about "Holdout" Jackson refusing to share his parcel with his mates? Could they have eaten it, Norm?

What is the arch-harasser of the Regt.? No, 3, 4, and 52, it is not our friend Cy. It is a combination of canteen beer and rest days.

The "Dog Rogers" are advised to consult "Romeo Andy" of Sig. fame—he'll get them eggs or fowls, and won't get chased, either.

For lingerie, see "Speed" Lester, specialist in dainty underwear. Fancy trying to work that old one about the handkerchief.

Sympathy to 3 Bty. for wishing on to us Col. Beecher, the Happy Turf Adviser. His always smiling face and sunny disposition keep the Q. staff in a constant welter of merriment. Incidentally, if you ask Col. for a selection for Saturday, it's the only time he doesn't say, "Haven't got any".

Maybe we won't back R.H.Q. for the football finals, but we'll back them as the best-fed mob in the competition. Keep it up, Jim.

3 B.H.Q. BLATHER

(By "Howzat")

Little man, you've had a busy day. Don Christie, driving a W.O.T.8.

Who was the L/Bdr. clerk, adept at typing charge sheets, who had to type his own? Too bad, "Scheiffy"!

To kick a superior officer is a serious charge. What will happen to the Sgt. who put Mr. Powell's eye in a sling? Nice work, Tommie.

The smiling Major poses for "Truth". No; it's not for what "Truth" usually prints. Congrats, "Scotch", from 3 B.H.Q.

With deep regret we say farewell to Old Faithful "Arty" Rose, who is now a "Choco" attached for rations and discipline. By the way, "Rosie," Reveille is still at 6.30 a.m.

The Sgts. tent have a request to send to Mick's friend in Geelong. More shortbreads, etc., or else.

With deep regret we say farewell to Staff Beecher, gone to join the "Bludgers' Paradise", and welcome Tommie Campbell as our B.Q.M.S. Funny thing about these two, they both have the same idea about things. If you need anything, "I haven't got it" or "No".

Is it right that Sgt. McLean is allowed eight blankets to have on his bed? It's going to be cold when Tommie returns, Norm.

Is it true that our B.S.M. had to send £1 to his wife? Sort of squaring off. She does write sometimes, doesn't she, Alf?

Who called the stooge a "Bdr. Gropher? Was it the ex-book-maker's cockatoo? Maybe he didn't know what a Gropher was, Tommie.

Anyone requiring "Gas Producers" apply to Lieut. Barwick. Model D.P. Mkt. I.

It is right, Jack, that you use the showers for skating purposes? Also toes are "barred" as breaks for the use of.

On a certain moonless night a certain "Choco attached" was sent for chocolates. At 2300 hrs. a rustling noise was heard trying to get into the tent under the flaps and under Mick's bed. After all, Arthur, there is a right way to come in the tent without crawling in.

Anyone knowing Edwin Holland's address communicate with Sgt. Ford, R. A.

Is it true that Sgt. Rose really filled the truck with sand or his stomach with beer during the Sgts.' working bee on Monday last.

For all types of fish see Sandy and Co. What's the biggest that got away, Eric?

Trucks at all hours—see Uncle Norm.

"Lucky Bob" they call him. Perhaps "Argumentative" would be more appropriate. Facial injuries seem to be his long suit—first a cricket ball, then a football. Tough luck, Bob; mind the wife next leave.

The cooks are asking if the Bty. Capt. really likes their company, likes pastry, or is just a natural harasser. The absence of our pastry-cook seems to have lessened his visits to the cookhouse.

Gee, "Happy" can be stiff. He won't be able to spend his one and twopence on a Monday. Perhaps if we bought a brewery horse for him he would be satisfied.

What gent from the cookhouse got tangled up in the rifles not long ago? They tell me Lou is a good jigsaw puzzle man.

Talking of hats and things, there are one or two who would willingly hand their hats around.

Red roses were the order of the day recently at the C.U.S.A. The "Great Lover" moves in those circles, we learn. Also brought to notice that he visits the florists quite frequently these days. You also know that song, "Give Me One Dozen Roses" (Able Troop take note).

Heard during a gas lecture: "Gnr. ——— report to the dentist." "What for, sir?" "To have your teeth made D.P.1." "They're O.K.; I've got 'em here in my pocket." (Producing same). Then from a very tiny batman, "Send them down by runner, Dave."

Two of our best footballers are itching to meet B Troop, provided Lieuts. Tatchell and Morley play.

Quite a few marriages since last issue of "Action Front", too numerous to mention, but congrats. to all and may all their troubles be little ones.

Extract R.O.'s: "Canteen Sgt.—Sgt. Rose." Loud cheers. One and your old girl back, "Rosie". Must have played cherrybobs at some time, eh?

NEWS FROM THE BATTLE ACKS

(Per N.R.)

What a night for the snakes before their latest leave—Bunny as all bunnies should be; Harry waiting for a night drive; "Bluey" playing babes in the wood and "Mac" playing babes in bed; and "Donk" sleeping peacefully through it all. Now they're all on the square. Ask the R.S.M.

C. C. McC's unarmed combat schools weren't much good to him, although he still insists that it was a car accident.

We wonder if one Mr. Gilbert, M.M. (you know), realised what he was doing when he tied the knot. Was told that he was so nervous that he asked for a drink of water.

Have all Kelly's wives received an allotment from the Govt. yet or have they caught up with him?

It's just as well McCusker is back from leave, as violins are too darned hard to buy. Could that great tonorial artist give us a few hints on rugger tackles or are his ribs too sore?

Congratulations to newly-weds Dollman, Gilbert and Cottom. Best of luck from the single men and sympathy from those not so single.

Which hint will "Bluey" take? He was asked by one gunner if he was a new Sgt., and by another, when he was going away again.

Advert.—H. H. Alexander for all those intending matrimony. Professional best man. With or without uniform. Fees moderate.

Are Richards and P.P. intending to apply as instructors to the A.W.A.S.?

This is dinkum. The great Victor John Conrad tried so hard to answer all the letters received from his better half that he has had to send in his fountain pen for repairs.

It is rumoured that "Toozer" has taken up the Sport of Kings. No doubt under the tutelage of Claude King and "Saracos" Hodgson he'll become a real ring-wrecker.

What happened to a certain red-headed Sgt. on his first trial at riding a motor cycle? After all, "Blue", you can't expect a bike to steer itself and the bushes were not the right place to take a bike into. Many a person has fallen in the bushes.

Who was the bright Bombardier who went to the B.Q. Store thinking he was getting a hand out and finished up with a rifle? It's better than a pencil and paper, "Mac".

Great must have been the distress of a certain well-known A Troop Sgt. who on waking up in the early hours of a certain March morning, found himself shivering and naked in the no one's seat of his quad. After discreet questioning it was learnt that a pink and white snake with

green spots had been responsible for drawing this leading light of Snake Pit Society into such an unenviable position. Obviously, this snake was the Sgt's conscience and considered that he should spend more time working than playing. He had not noticed the frogs and little fishes playing in the numerous idly piddly little pools rapidly forming on the floor of his truck. He really should be congratulated on getting half way across, though.

Charlie Gilbert has tied a lot of knots in the past, but this one is sure a permanent joint.

What a prize, gentlemen, WAAF a prize. For tickets in this great raffle, apply to L/Bdr. Hughes.

In the recent football match between Able and Baker Troops, Frank Toogood beat Col. Marriott by four goals. The rest of the teams played hard but not so fast. We all think, anyway, that B needs some encouragement, "but here's to us" next time we play.

Dedicated to "Civvy"—
"Wish that God the gift did gie him
To see himself as the C.O. saw him."
Social Notes.—"Smoky Joe" called in to visit his old troop while awaiting a train to take him to Melbourne on his winter vacation.

EAR BASHINGS FROM BEER TROOP

(By "GIP")

Apart from the somewhat unexpected gift of a fortnight's leave in Melbourne, the life of B Troop has on the whole been rather uneventful over the past two or three months.

However, we have been undergoing an enlightening series of lectures of late, under the capable management of Bdr. Taunt. He sure can Gas.

We take this opportunity to congratulate all ranks who have achieved recent promotion.

"Lost at Sea"—Steve Gunter's teeth.

Reward.—Free advice on the merits (or otherwise) of various hair restorers.

One husky driver has set himself in opposition to the Padre's Library. His books, of a highly enlightening nature, have been released at a small charge. He denies the allegations that he is coaching some of our younger bachelors.

'Tis said an empty vessel makes the most noise. Reference, "Daisy" Waters.

All things worthy require a strong incentive, and we take it that "Wocker" found the paratroops a strong enough incentive to dive headlong from the tall timber in an attempt to master the landing under certain conditions.

One of our longer-haired sigs. denies rumours that he has at last won a decoration.

Our own "Mannie Lyons" of the strident voice is NOT, as some would have it, the "Sport" who figured so largely in "Truth" some little time ago.

A certain square-jawed sig. needs only a plaited chinstrap to complete his striking resemblance to the "Plainsman". 'Tis said he has given a practical demonstration of a tough hombre. Tut-tut, Dick.

Two B Troop Sgts. are affecting anaemic-looking "mo's". Suggest they be called honeymoon "mo's".

A pet saying of one Lance-Bombardier is, "Yes, my dear". Why not "Yes, my darling daughter"?

Did "Pappy's" roar cause a panic in a certain pub.? Ask "Pappy".

Our T.S.M. is conspicuous by his absence from our early morning football efforts. It's rumoured that one rather sudden contact with Mother Earth has made him wary of his flock.

(Continued on Page 11)

FORMIDABLE 4 B.H.Q.

("Ciremas")

It was definitely a bad show losing "Ding Dong," "The Baron" and Arch. Clarke, not forgetting the one and only "Scout". However, we congratulate them and are sorry they could not stay with us. We wish "Jinks" all the best in his new sphere. Hope to see something of Ken. Stewart and "Sport" if ever they are within visiting distance.

Farewell and good luck to one of the most popular officers ever in the Battery—good sleeping, Tatch.

Taking "Shiny" with him, the "Newshound" has gone to the dogs again, and left it to "Pisa" and "Tubby" alternately.

We welcome Nick, "Nose" Flannery and Bob Stewart, also Hugh, but poor old Joe 'as gone to rest with the "Chirping Charlies". How we miss the smiling face of "Almighty" Walsh, who was seen dancing bootless at a social gathering that induced us to go on a bivouac recently. Social notes remind me that among those noticed staying at a fashionable watering place was one Bdr. B.C.A. Hordern. Fair go, Bernie, give the R.A.A.F. a chance.

After several days with his coppers in the bush, Dick Horne, whom we miss from the team, came back, but has gone away clicking over on all six.

How do you like life within four walls, Jack?

In addition to new members in Gnsr. "Casca" Thorne, Hayne, Denes, Blacker, McLean and "Cherub" Eva, we have one Montgomerie whose extent of silent stalking is equalled only by the noise of a battery salvo or a mob of cattle at a sale.

Now working hard at a School (?), the "Yank", alias "Beinit", alias "Bowie", alias "Bombhead" or "Mel", does not care about sailors or JOO—I mean hospital patients, but he sure can load Bren magazines and with what speed! We'll give you a soapbox for the Domain after the war, "Bowie".

The now departed "Pills" Cooke was very handy in mending "Guy Fawkes" Langford's back when he went out with "Dr." Eddy before the Corroborree.

The crop of weddings simply astounds us. Recent batch includes the "Wizard", the "Wolo" and the "Tizzum", and "Grog" James. Congrats., all!

How far did the "Menace", accompanied by the ever-busy "Quitt" walk on Sunday, 2 May, '43? Saw "Shorty" working the gas out of his system on the football boundary when H.Q. played "Charlies", and scored such a brilliant (?) victory. Prominent in the match was a newcomer to H.Q. in the person of "Slap" and even Chas. Jones took a mark (no kidding). Also on the boundary keeping a discreet silence was ex-H.Q. man "Gundrill" Tucker, whom marriage has evidently taught to be diplomatic.

Among old H.Q. men who have left us since last issue, we must mention Jim Smith and "Lara" Beardsell, both to the Air Force. Best of luck to them; they should do well.

During patrol activity, H.Q. became quite adept at capturing Troop Commanders, and made an all-time record by capturing one Acting O.P.O. twice in one hour.

What did "Fang" Downey throw out of the train on the way back from recreational leave?

C TROOP CHAFF

(By "Blarney")

Hearty congrats. are extended to Capt. Young and Capt. Anderson on becoming "three pipers". Whilst we gladly welcome Capt. Young to the Troop, we must admit regret at losing "Cherrybob" to D Troop, and wish him well with his new litter.

We also take this opportunity to lay out the welcome mat to Lieuts. Farrell and Godfrey. 'Tis gratifying, no doubt, to have made the grade to the premier Troop, and we're sure you will be happy with us.

Charlie's to the fore again. Due to the excellent performance of Jack Dight and the rest of the team, we proved ourselves beyond shadow of doubt the best swimmers in 4 Bty. A special mention must be given Dick Osborne, who so ably led the team and so ruthlessly promoted and deranked members of B.H.Q. in

the inter-troop debate. There, again, we proved supreme, although the opposition brought along its own adjudicator, who cut our winning margin to only one point.

Members of "Blarney's" tent wish to express their appreciation for Mrs. Bone's excellent baking, and promise the good lady that Frank shall be well cared for as long as the cookies roll in. No wonder Frank is so much in evidence.

Who was the gunner who on the night of the barbecue threatened to punch upon the bugle a certain officer if he would not consent to play ball? We're thinking that the certain officer would like to know, too.

Old "Scout" Capper wishes to be remembered to all troopers, along with Myrtle the Turtle. Congratulations and best wishes on your recent marriage, "Scout"—when'll you be back with us again?

We put our hands together for Fred Falkingham and Jack Spelling for making their way into the Regimental football team. Freddie's also joined the ranks of those who have decided that two can live cheaper than one. Good luck to you and yours in your new venture!

Strange as it may seem: Sgt. Willcox (spelt with two "I's") was heard to say that he is going to buy a packet of cigarettes—surely only a rumor. He has a parcel on the way, too? Good Lor', Albie's done it, too—finish cigs. Hearty congrats. to you and yours, also, Charlie.

Tales of "Hawkeye" Hunt and his exploits are told far and wide, but perhaps his best so far deals with the mystery of the "Hunted Bed." Returning from one of his nocturnal crusades to the "trough", the doughty lad accused his tent-mates in no uncertain terms of doing away with his bed. He then sat down where his bed wasn't and swore black and blue that his cot had been sawn in halves. We lost track of the story at this juncture, becoming too complicated. You'd better ask Frank for the rest.

Inspired by stories of Zane Grey, our big game fishermen trip lightly to the beach each evening to lure unsuspecting denizens of the deep. But, as usual, they plod their weary way homewards with nothing but a wet — and no fish.

"Ah! The sea breeze does things to me", says Gnr. Kidman. We'll say it does. Young Vic. was seen in the local swim-pool, training for the 4 Bty. Carnival one dark night, clothes and all. Luckily, he was retrieved from the depths with no ill affects.

It's good to see "Spud" Taylor looking so fit after his long holiday with friends in the country. Right off the grog, cigarettes, etc., but a marvellous time, declares "Spud".

It was surprising the number of

"big munition workers" going the rounds at the Port Phillip a few weeks ago. Many of C Troop notables among them, helping to hold up the trough.

Noticed by the Selectors—the "Dreadful Shadder" striking with deadly effect and pounding the leather in no uncertain manner. "Steamboat" Craig—wrong, I say again—"Flagship" Craig chasing the leather with zeal and displaying reckless abandon for broken bones. We might add here that Sid, since he has become a sig. specialist, has been elevated to "Flagship". We expect big things from these two this season.

"Business before pleasure" Kenny. Although Bill had a date with his sweetie a few nights ago, he was seen arm in arm with two big mates wearing red armbands, who pressed him to stay the night with them. No doubt some big betting deal, but he'll sure have some explaining to do.

A few nights ago members of C Troop were awakened and rudely disturbed to find "Two Gun Hopalong" Clarke recklessly charging down the main street on one of the neighbours' geegees. Fattie's answer to the find your own transport problem.

Advt.—Regimental personnel requiring all types of stationery—wet weather book covers, rulers, etc., apply Charlie Troop. Results guaranteed from our special indelible pencils—in all weathers.

DON TROOP'S DITHERINGS

(By P. "Newshound" Wortham)

Don's take over Capt. Anderson as T.C. Welcome, Capt. Anderson, you're in a real troop, now.

"See that plane", says "Boof" Nansen, Don's expert aircraft recog. man.

"Oh, what a surprise!" Ben Travers sings refrain of well-known song while sporting a beaut shiner.

"Tosser" O'Sullivan proves speed by chasing horses around in his spare time. Wears a respirator, too, just to give the horses a chance.

"Bluey" Wilkinson returns from Gas School. He knows how to get the shillings out of the meters, now.

"Gum Nut" Derrick is much bandaged up these days. He rode a good race on the "Newshound's" back the other night.

"Hoots" Arneill is the troop's most successful fisherman. I wonder how he does it?

"Horry" Goodman is allergic to pork.

Most tents are now removing Ned Monk's death traps.

Congrats. to Peter Duncan, who joined the newlyweds. We hear that Jim Black did the honours.

Big hand for Lieuts. Von Bertouch and Witney, who sponsored best night do ever held by troop. We hope you're with us a long time yet; and, Johnny, you ought to leave a light in your tent at night.

"Submarines beware!" says Graham Pitts as he prepares for swim off the old steam boat. (Flash)

"He's tall and dark and handsome" is our Win Vail, the heart-throb of the troop. He says his boots are all worn out dancing.

Received letter from Craig Reid, doing a good job in his new Regt. Nice going, Craig, we're all behind you.

Old Don Troopers Laurie Hall, Ian McVilly and Morrie Parsons return home safely with 9th Div. Hope to see you soon, boys.

"Dickie" Griffiths, Junior, still tops letter receiving department.

"We dips the lid" to—Harry Coone, of poker fame. Bill Hassell, champ. chook farmer. Laurie Fry and the discarded Infernal Machine.

Darby Munro, of football fame. Ron. Savage, back again with us. Ru. Dorr, of athletic prowess. "Hoots" and the cold steel.

Von and the fair sex of Tea Gardens. To Aaron Griffiths and the big spit. To the Don's big footy win over 3 B.H.Q.

CAYENNE CLIPPINGS

They're Hot Stuff!

NOTICE TO R.A.N.—Any rating needing a "facial" can have same on application to "Do-em" Domaille. Only biggest and best need apply.

It's good to see the re-appearance of our T.C.'s visage after so many months in its hirsute seclusion.

Talking of moustachios. Royalty is no denouncer of facial fixtures, as the faint but unmistakable evidence on the upper lip of a well-known E Troop personality goes to show.

Are foul-smelling, smoke-emitting contrivances to be seen jutting from the three meditative male mouths legal? We don't think so, but they may be dangerous. Don't go too close.

No wonder 52 Bty. office personnel have taken on that jaded, long-suffering look. A Sub's star crooner has taken up temporary residence.

Pyjamas are coming into their own. Who was the silk-clad officer who appointed himself traffic constable for the home-coming fire-fighters? And that design! Wow!

If any have wandered from the straight and narrow, ask the "Pathfinder." He will set you on the right track. That is, if you don't try to take a rise out of him.

EASY TROOP 'ERE

(From Tip & P.'s News Service)

Madam Muscles made her debut at the barbecue the other night and

looked very smart in a green ensemble. She was escorted by Handsome John Phillips.

Muldoon has been seen to miss out twice of late in the rush for returns at mess.

We are wondering whether a bee or a dove bit King Cole in the eye.

Who comes home drunk and wants to cut his mate's throat? Wouldn't be "Cutthroat Murph" by any chance?

"Shifty" picks 'em all—from seven stone to fourteen.

By the way, King and "Slit" are doing their bit for the boys in khaki. Washing done every Monday (for a small fee).

Of an evening "Shirt" Shanley can be seen practising his parachute jumps off the barrels at the canteen.

Overheard in a certain tent: "What's the 'scratch, scratch'?" "It's only "Whitey" Parker writing to his wife again.

"Darkie" Domaille's war cry: "Trot out your best Martello; I'll fix him." "Darkie" is still with us—no one answered the call.

What Bombardier earned the name of the "Great Lover"? We hear it all started over some blonde in a fish or a cake shop.

Why does "Lamp-post" Clancy drink pick-me-up sauce in cafes? Is it because he's dry or because he is too wet?

F TROOP FANTASY

(By "Zac")

What's happened to the Bondi icebergs? Perhaps they're scared of sharks. Witnessed a race against death t'other day when one of the 'bergs covered the distance between himself and the shore at breathtaking speed. Don't you know a porpoise when you see one, Rod?

Recommendation: That pliers be issued to all fishermen. They make good sinkers. Ask Mr. Voutier.

Who is the "cocky" young fellow who writes long, amorous epistles to a certain young lady when under the "affluence of incohol"?

Say! Who is the sig. with the pyramidal head? It's a phrenologist's dream come true.

Hitler's secret weapon has at last been revealed. It's a He—a motor bike wrecker, in fact. Never mounts a mangle without something happening to it. Who cares, anyhow?

Fighting Freddie's now Foxes, but retain their fighting instincts and have developed tribal instincts. Verification in dictums of Chick Little and Col. Boyd respectively: "Take Woody, take me", and "You can't do that to Cummins". Much to the regret of both, they did—but how? Ask Col.

Sgt. McPhee recovering from severe attack of gastritis. Troops also recovering.

Newcomer to Foxes shows dash in

Regtl. football team. Good work, Hedley Backholer.

Thanks to the Foxes who upheld our fifty per cent. reputation in Regtl. cricket team—50 per cent. Foxes, 50 per cent. remainder of Regt.

Wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of ours. Lieut. "Mick" Richardson, Gunners Len. Dixon, Jack Daniels and Jack Gallagher have succumbed to the fairer sex. All the best, blokes. Don't go down the mine, Len.

"Arty" Stewart is now a proud "poppa". Congrats., "Arty".

"Poop Deck" Crawford will in future be known as "Mess Deck" Crawford. Meetings will be held regularly at the Mess, and remember to "Pay your b—y dues".

Hairdressing Salon now open. Under capable management of Bill ("Sweeney") Hughes.

For big game fishing consult Trapper Bill Cox. Specialist under local conditions.

Tenakoe Pakeha—Welcome to New Zealander Lieut. Wright. Foxes hope you come up to their expectations. [Goodbye; and you did.—Ed.]

(Continued from Page 4)

Said he when he was brought unto him, "Well done, Gunner; where gottest thou these Pineapples? Can we send for them in large quantities, that all may partake? In the distribution I find your share, yea, even one Pineapple (slightly over-ripe). Goest thou and share it with the good fellows who have entertained thee during your waiting."

"Who?" saith the Batteryman, much surprised. But the same by now chanceth to get slightest understanding as to which way bloweth the wind, and remains as one dumb and seemeth not to remember—neither the Place of the Pineapples nor where to find it.

At this kindness shewn him by the Second Headman, he saluted and turned about and went into his Battery lines, where he related the happenings and his doings to his fellow soldiers.

Profound was the silence and thought that greeted his narrative. He who was his particular friend thought, "Verily, will I have to watch over my comrade more closely in future." Another: "How many other things has he done thus unbeknownst to us?" Another: "The dangers of Colombo are too great for him to face alone."

And the Commander of his Tent, yea, verily, a Bombardier, anon reporting on his men to his Troop officer said, "Gunner Batteryman is a good, conscientious soldier but, I am afeared, slow on the take up. It is doubtful he will merit the rank thou hast in mind for him, yea, the bearer of two stripes—verily, a Bombardier."



FOOTBALL

(By "Matman")

THE MACHINE ROLLS ON

Emulating its deeds of the Middle East, the Regimental Football Team has won its only three games since returning to Australia.

In the first, against a Naval team, they finished in characteristic style to win by eight points. Several of the "Old Contemptibles" played with all their old dash. "Kanga" Hale's long driving kicks and Wally Walpole's good goal sense proved a telling factor in a torrid last quarter, which, incidentally, was played in the dusk, where Mick Richardson always seemed to come out of the pack with the ball. Others to shine were Backholer, Willison, Spelling, McDonald and Gillham. Result: Regt. 6.17.53, Navy, 6.9.45. Goals, Walpole 3, McDonald 2, Backholer.

The return match with the Navy proved as exciting as the initial game, with the Regiment again in front, the winning margin being three points. This game marked the return of Frank Nixon, Evan Hopkins and Charlie Avery to the team. Play was fairly even on the day, with the "Mosquito Fleet" having slightly the better of the exchanges. Best were Willison, Armstrong, Saber, Backholer and McDonald. Scores: Regt. 7.19.61, Navy, 8.10.58. Goal-kickers, Avery 3, Walpole 2, Richardson, Toogood.

Regiment versus an Engineers' team was won very easily by the Regiment, the scores being Regt. 15.15.105 to Engineers 5.2.32. The Armstrong - Backholer - Willison - Hibberd combination was outstanding. Goals: Hibberd 8, Hutchins 2, Spelling 2, Avery, McDonald, McGrath.

FIRST ROUND OF TROOP MATCHES

F Tp. d. E Tp.
52 B.H.Q. d. C Tp.
4 B.H.Q. d. R.H.Q.
B Tp. d. A Tp.
D Tp. d. 3 B.H.Q.

SPORTS PERSONALITIES

"Kanga" Hale continues to electrify spectators with football of the premiership brand. Nice flying, "Kanga".

Bob Powell missed address and appears to have turned up at football ground instead of stadium.

THE GAME'S THE THING

Max Robertson, star sprinter, is located in Don Troop.

"Scudder" Cowan makes successful come-back with victories in four-rounder and six-rounder. Keep "kayoing", "Scudder".

Maj. Macnaughtan shows great resource in underwater plate diving. 'Tis said that this was his longest silent period.

The "Animal" is still up with the lions and the "snakes".

"Broncho" Dowling and "Slim" Somerville are the best doubles pair we've seen for many a long day. We may be able to match them soon.

Capt. Denis Moore finished half a length in front of the field in the D.P.I stakes.

Leading footballer Frank Nixon has entered the state of matrimony.

"Sliit" Trencher scored a victory in the first round of his match. Nice going, "Sliit".

The R.S.M. takes daily walking exercise. Must be training for something.

Ru. Dorr and Dick Fetherstonhaugh seem to be cooking something for the Rugby men.

"Tarzan" Godfrey will be matched with "Hoots" Arneill in an unarmed combat match. Watch these columns for the date.

Fox Troop seem to be favoured in the footer comp., but several surprises are promised. 4 Bty. may produce the answer.

WRIGGLES FROM THE PIT

["And the three nice, little snakes wriggled out of their pits and across to the nasty snakes' pit—and they hissed all over it." (Ancient Fable)—Ed.]

Hudson and Donaldson, Builders and Contractors. Special estimates include provision of all materials. Danger money extra to estimates if Q.M. in vicinity.

A vote of censure to the miniature artillery who after winning our red-headed pest in a raffle, forgot to take him with them.

Have you met Jerry, the man who never suffers—much!

Any kind friend in possession of unsolved crossword puzzles please deliver same to 52 B.S.M.

Has anyone seen Eric in the lines since the fireplace was finished?

R.S.M. ("Trailblazer") Murray is requested to refrain from the fatherly custom of seeing snakes to

their tents. We'd rather go home without making new tracks through all the thickest scrub, Cy.

Did you hear about the attached troop who prefers guy ropes to a palliasso?

Or the large attached snake who has fallen into every hole in the area? Don't do it while it's wet, "Murph".

On dark nights, see Shorty. Compass bearings given free of charge.

STOP PRESS.—Up to time of going to press, 52 have NOT found a captain.

One and eightpence plus twopence equals one and sixpence. For mathematical troubles, consult Murray, Murphy & Brown, Accountants.

(Continued from Page 8)

There is many a good tune played on an old fiddle, and the "Warry" job has proved this by taking unto himself a wife. Congrats, Harry!

It must have been a proud day for "Mother Hook" when his fledgelings showed their desire to take flight from the home roost by applying for the Paratroops.

What certain officer, in what certain truck, drove headlong through heavy enemy fire on a recent raiding stunt? And against the umpire's orders, too.

B Troop bids farewell to its ex-"Action Front" columnist in "Yobber", and wishes him all the best in whatever unit he may be. So it's Good-bye and Good Luck, "Yobber"!

"When men are but mice." Our T.C. discovered this when he planned to have a very quite "picnic lunch" and an afternoon at the races with his wife. But the Army foiled these well-made plans. Better luck next time, Sir.

A certain L.M.G. in B Troop is very indignant about an officer. Yeah, what do you know—the officer didn't offer him a tailor-made cigarette during a lecture. Boys, is that democracy!

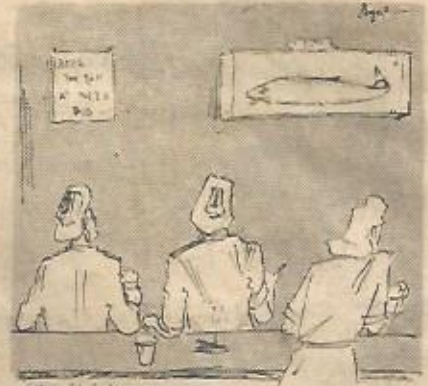
Anticipating great publicity from a few of my "pals", I wish to make a statement. Some men like beauty in a woman, other like various other things. Being a man of varied experiences, I like a woman of independent means. While not admitting anything, I want the fact known to all that she DID have a bit of dough and was allergic to a big Libyan digger—a B Troop Bdr.

If any married man would like a few pointers on how to behave and carry through the sanctity of marriage, ask McMahon—he should know.

A certain Geelong wool man (now a L/Bdr.) spent a very long evening in N——— last week. Whether it was a platonic evening or a very enjoyable one we don't know. The L/Bdr. answers to the name of "Borer", so I leave it to you.



"There's a man outside, sir, says he's D.P.I, his mother's in perfect health, he saw his brother last week, he's not attending a function, and can he have extended leave?"



"The bloke who caught that must have been a liar!"



"An' ter think a man could get 21 Quid a week for this — if he'd only joined Packer's mob!"

*vx903.
4/20/43. L.S.P.
H. J. Wood. F.H. Ross.*



"Here's a man who's D.P.I, Sir!"
"Where's his flamin' rifle?"

