

Actionfront

2/2 AUSTRALIAN FIELD REGIMENT

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PRICELESS





Action Front

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE 2/7 AUST. FIELD REGIMENT

AFTER five years almost of warfare and separation, the time has arrived when our thoughts should be engaged to a great degree in what will happen after the war. When the war finishes, and finish some day it WILL, then and only then, will come the problems of repatriation, which means for you and me, our re-absorption into Australian peace-time life. What are we going to do then? Politicians with visions limited to votes massed in overgrown cities and doctrinaire economists will all have their pet theories ready, designed either to fit us into their murky political schemes or to make us the subject of mass experimentation in impractical theories.

To date none of them have got much beyond the talk of "public works" — the old device of shifting soil and building unpayable railways. But most of us since the war have learnt what Australia really is and we also know that at long last the stage has been reached where if we don't develop our untapped country some one else will do it for us. Consider the mineral and agricultural wealth scarcely touched in the Kimberleys and the Barkly and Atherton Tablelands. What a prospect for development and for planned, healthy settlements, if these were properly organised.

Here are some suggestions (any politician can steal the ideas and claim them as his own, should he desire) **BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THEM?**

1—There are probably in every A.I.F. unit any number, up to two hundred men, who intend to settle in the country. Why not let them settle together. What a community of interest and mutual life and help you would have. (N.B.—Politicians will not like this idea for, as after the last war, the game must be to divide the soldiery by every political trick known; even sectarianism not being barred).

2—Each group settlement to consist of at least 1000 allotments.

3—Land to be on a 99-year lease so that the soldier has not the weight of a huge mortgage around his neck for a lifetime.

4—Soil analysis for every block before allotment.

5—The intending settlers to be employed clearing the whole area before allotment of blocks. (As was done at Redcliffs, Victoria, after the last war). The mass of mechanical equipment in Australia today will make this comparatively easy.

6—House, fencing and machinery to be provided up to £1500 free, for each settler. All to be available before settler takes up residence. House to be modern and to have all modern conveniences, e.g. frigidaire, built-in

furniture, etc. (Galvanised iron barred).

7—Roads to be laid throughout the community.

8—Each settlement of 1000 blocks to have a communal centre consisting of post office, bank, school, hotel, picture theatre, various shops, etc. (Remember the rather simple "Italian ones through Libya). Incidentally, wouldn't you agree that the hotel be community-owned also the stores? At Renmark, South Australia, the Municipality owns the hotel. What do you think? Should it be a pub or a decent beer-garden cum-cafe where alcohol is taken as a social pleasure and not swirled and swilled as at a trough.

9—An air strip is essential.

10—A number of fellows will not fancy farming but each centre will need a garage, a blacksmith, a baker, a newsagent, etc., etc.

11—So that the wife and the wife to be will find life reasonable and comfortable, electricity and any other modern convenience must be available.

After the last war millions was wasted and many ex-soldiers' lives were ruined on hopeless schemes of settlement. The above scheme certainly envisages the spending of money by the government and there will be no votes in it as there would be in cutting up hopeless areas in Victoria and New South Wales. It would give a happy life to a large number of people who deserve well of Australia and it would of a certainty open up areas hitherto barely touched. It would need proper organising to make it successful. **IS IT WORTH WHILE TRYING?**

A Vision Or Is It Worthwhile?

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

IN this number of "Action Front," goes the thought of everybody that another edition will not be necessary during the progress of this war, and also to pay thanks to the many people that have contributed to the success of our journal over the years. We introduce you to the works of "L. G. Locke" and "Joroke" and hope you en-

joy their sketches and stories. We have not sought contributions from outside sources but we depart from our custom to present some sketches that are the work of Mary Gilbert, wife of Lieut. Charles Gilbert, M.M., and say thank you, Mary.

ANZAC DAY, 1944

ANZAC DAY, a day of memories. What glorious memories indeed of such a day. A day in which to commemorate the landing of Australian troops at Gallipoli in the year of 1915. It is more than that, because on that day was born a race, called Australians, that, in the years after and more so especially the last few years, have given their all, and oft at times more than that, to keep the Southern Cross with a small Union Jack in the corner, fluttering at mastheads on the land and seas, on battlefields embracing all of Kipling's "Outposts of Empire."

Open your book of memories and turn back to some of the early pages. Anzac Day to you was when you doffed your father's medals and wore them with a great amount of pride to the simple school ceremony. Fathers and mothers gazed fondly upon their sons and daughters as they went along the street to school and dad looked at mother and said: "Well, we fought a war to end war and we know don't we, darling, that our Johnny will never be called upon to shoulder arms for us." But what of your mother, you who never knew what it was to have a father's guidance during your adolescent stages, your father, who mother spoke of at times with a tear held bravely back and an ache in her heart, that she will have forever and ever, what were her thoughts as she watched her boy, her Billy, proudly showing off a medal to the kids next door. The Anzac Day marches. The crowds, the bands and the noise, through the years that followed are still impressed very indelibly on your minds, as much as they are on mine. It was something to look forward to, wasn't it? Because we had a holiday from school.

Through the years as we advanced to man's estate, not one of us dreamed in all our wildest dreams, that dad could be wrong, that the war to end war was a joke, that men, grand and glorious men, the cream of a nation, had died in vain, that through the years our destinies were being shaped towards another "Great War," greater and more terrible than any human conflict in nearly 2000 years of civilisation. Civilisation, when men kill men, reaching at times to depths lower than animals. Civilisation, it's funny isn't it? It is great this war, being killed or killing, and now, on Anzac Day of 1944, what are your thoughts and memories?

Harken back in your mind to Anzac Day of 1940, when the 17th Infantry Brigade was on the water between Australia and India, bound for what? To those of us who still have memories, nothing could possibly erase that Anzac Day from our minds. The convoy of troopships forming up in two lines with all the troops at attention on their boatdecks, whilst one of Britain's mightiest battleships steamed in all its majestic grandeur between the rows of the sons of Anzac, playing "Australia Will Be There." Something caught in your throats then and many an old digger turned away from the rail with his eyes misty. The desert and then Greece, in April of 1941. General Sir Thomas Blamey, in his Order-of-the-Day, creating the First Australian and New Zealand Army Corps of this war. That made US Anzacs, but it also gave us more than that, it handed to us something, some inspiration and message from Gallipoli that came from those thoughts and memories and, strengthened in body

and soul were we as we bent to the job in hand that day, and remember this, in your book of memories, that line was never broken, that line formed in Greece of Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. Even in the mist and fog that clouded our Anzac Day of 1941, as we waited on the shores of Greece and waded out to the destroyers off shore, still stood firm in our hearts, that spirit that took our fathers to Gallipoli and we knew that we hadn't failed the Anzacs of 1915.

Anzac Day of 1942 found us once more at battle stations on the island of Ceylon. Ready and waiting were we to repel any Japanese attempt at an invasion of British territory. The parade of the Regiment on the Galle Oval, where in the years of the peace an Australian cricket team had played. But it was a different team there that day, veterans of Greece, whose ranks had been filled with new faces, but all sons of Anzac, as we listened to a very sincere address by our C.O., now Brigadier Cremor. One's thoughts strayed to the sons of the Anzacs who lay in their last long sleep in Libya, Greece and Crete. Sometimes it is good to look back.

Anzac Day of 1944. What were your thoughts then? Were they of Anzac Day of 1945 or 1946? Were you convinced that in the years to come your Johnny or Michael, or your Anne or Mary would have to go to war to ensure peace for you? Were you thinking of the Atlantic Charter, of "freedom from fear," "freedom from want," that this war is destined to give us. Or were you thinking of the Anzacs whose blood stained Mount Olympus, or whose souls still rest at Braillos and Thermopylae? Glorious names indeed in the history of a grand tradition. Or were you thinking of our Prime Minister's statement "that Australian troops would go to Japan to release our Eighth Division". These men, through no fault of their own, are prisoners to the Japanese, subject to all the hatred and humiliation the yellow animals can heap upon them. But we will go to Japan, even to the end of the world, should circumstances warrant, to stamp out this menace to what we like to call our civilisation, so that our sons and daughters will never have to look at us and say, "What a legacy you left us," as we can say to people who were responsible for the peace between 1918 and 1938, "What a legacy you left us."

Anzac Day of 1945 will see us well on the way to Tokio and the release of our Eighth Division, but it will see more than that, it will see the end for all time, the threat and horrors of war, because in us there is the means and the will to do it, and do it we will, so that in after years we can look back through the pages of our book of memories on Anzac Day, and can say that our children will never know another Anzac Day.

—VX 1078.

THE C.O. was playing cards in the Mess one evening and it fell to the inevitable bob-in for a Jacepot. After a few moments, when there was only three shillings in the middle and there were heard mutterings from the others, the C.O. upped and said, "If you are going to haggle all night, I will take my shilling back."

THE FABLE OF THE GREAT PALACE

"Let us build our house upon a rock for it will not then be white-anted or no mated."

—Wortham.

It came to pass that he, who, by his genius, had reached a high place amongst us, must needs set up some edifice to his greatness.

"Arve," he said, to which his minions answered, "Arve, Arve." "Is it not fitting that we mighty ones should have a great place to feast and revel, aye, even unto the partaking of the nut brown ale, and screened from vulgar eyes". And they who marvelled at his wisdom could only mutter "ayewah." But some voices raised up and asked "Who is strong and great amongst us to build such a place?" And his rage did grow exceedingly, this man from the Jungle, and he didst cry out in great voice, this James, "I will build this place for you and you will marvel greatly at the building that arises, for verily, not even Young and Jackson's could conceive such a place, and when it is completed we shall have a feast that far exceeds Pancake Day. And those that doubted were reminded that this man had journeyed far amongst the savages, yea, even the Yanks, and using a mighty system called Bull had sold them many a thing; yea, gun pits and invasion barges, so here truly was a man amongst men. And then he summoned all his men and what he saw pleased him greatly, for his trained eye didst see many trained artisans amongst them.

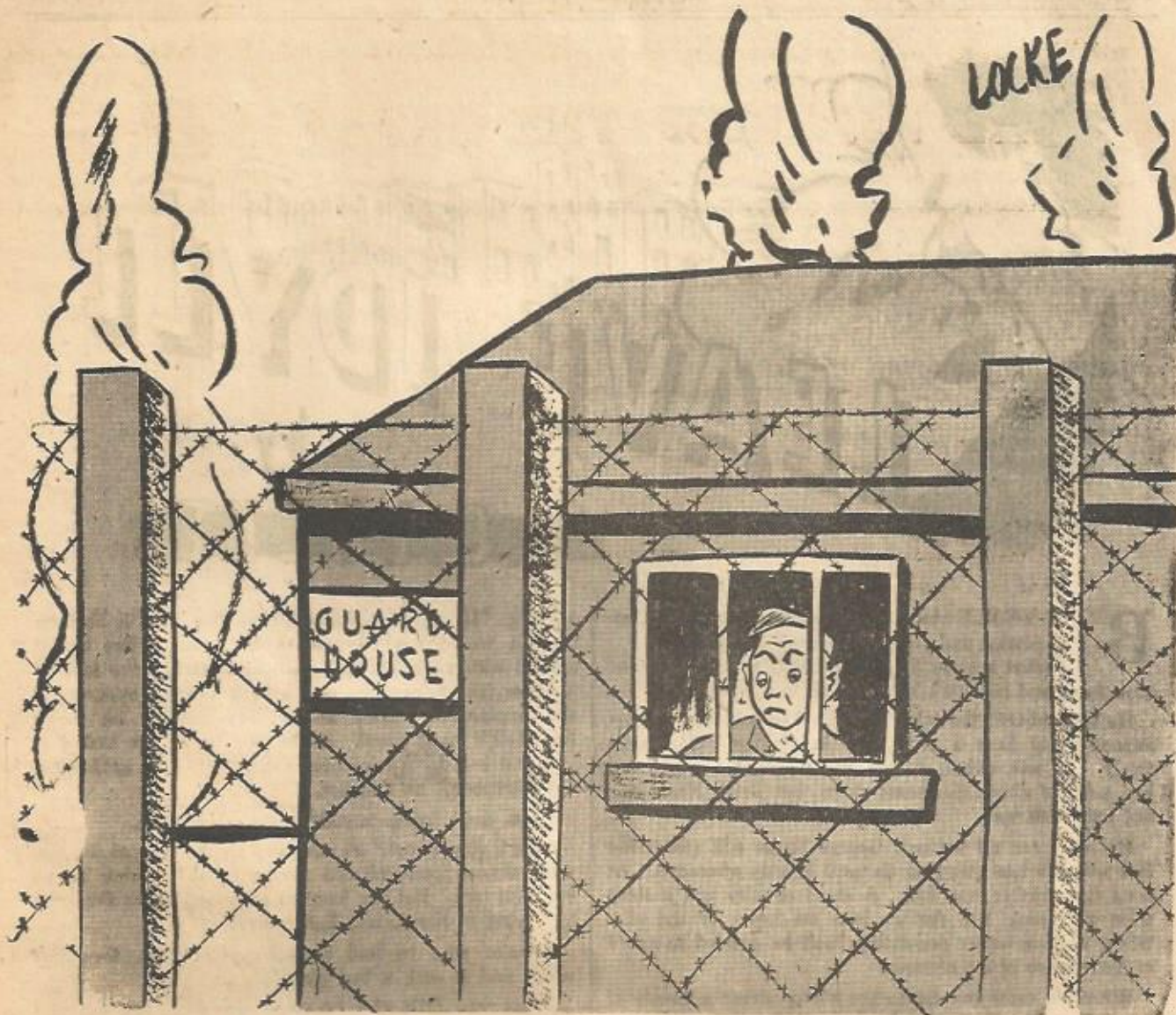
So he drew them apart and whispered low to them,

"You men of skill will work with me and while this place rises, you will not take your place at the guard room or the scullery, but will toil day and night." And he didst turn to one and bid him build a place for drinking vessels, a place that would be the envy of all fellow men. And this craftsman did comply and constructed such a thing, aye, and when all was completed there was awe amongst all men, and those who passed dropped their eyes and spoke in whispers

And on the night of the great feast he didst bring all the mighty men of the land to see, and they were filled with great longing and temptation. And having drank mightily of his ale and partaken of his victuals, they didst conspire together and order he and his men to depart to less hospitable lands. "For," they said, "when he has departed this structure will be ours." And all thought that this would cause him to be stricken with convulsions but they were in error, for he sayeth, "when we journey far this palace shall accompany us, if not as one then as piecemeal and the place for drinking vessels shall be borne carefully to this far place." And he conjured up his men and stealthily removed it all and when the great and cunning ones came there was nothing but desolation and the fireplace.

And in this new land he doth labour industriously, so that the fruits of his genius will produce the structure once more for the benefit of his fellows. And they who watch do marvel greatly





"DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE!"

FROM NEAR AND FAR

IT HAPPENED on one of the days of the last leave that a digger overheard the following conversation. A flyer, from a nation that has excited recent newspaper comment on the subject of awarding decorations, was telling all and sundry, "Yes, sir, when we do an operational flight at 20,000 feet, we get a Silver Star, and for a trip at 10,000 we certainly earn our Gold Medal." Amidst a bit of barracking, the flyer flew on. "At 5,000 feet there is an Oak Leaf Cluster waiting for us, and at 500 feet, boy, oh boy . . ." "Yes," I know, chipped in a lad in blue, "you meet the R.A.A.F."

IT is reported from an L.T.D. en route to the queen city of the south, that two Lieutenants with a "Mer"ry stroke one evening called in the local smith to extricate them from the Inebriates ward of the local hospital.

WE are on good terms with the mob across the road and visit them quite often. Relations were rather strained when our pet wallaby paid a visit to their prize vegetable garden with disastrous results to the garden.

NEW YEAR'S EVE in Brisbane. Two Digs. were wending their way to the L.T.D., when believe it or not, they saw an Australian girl walking along on her own. Does happen I believe. But trailing along was the inevitable Allied soldier. And then it happened: he started to molest her, and uttering cries that have been famous since the Battle of the Berka, the Digs. went into action and a Yank was left on the footpath. Duty nobly done, they knelt to receive the accolade only to have words of scorn heaped upon them. The reason was quite good, it was only her husband. Moral—Keep the neck short.

THE highlight of a recent exercise was the attempt of the Regiment, acting under instructions, to attempt a river crossing with the normal scale war equipment. By virtue of the Queensland Railways, the crossing was done, although it couldn't be called a success, and from it has risen a gem to be added to famous last words, "EVEN A DUTCHMAN WOULD KNOW THAT."



BRIAN NEALE stood at the top of the steps at Central Station and regarded Sydney quizzically. "What a great life," he thought to himself, "four days leave and he didn't know a soul in Sydney."

He remembered the tales the boys had told him of how anyone could have a good time in Sydney. He smiled wryly. It was alright if you knew someone, or if you had a lot of cheek like some chaps, but Brian Neale was not built that way.

He wandered off towards George Street still wondering just what he was going to do until Sunday afternoon. At least the weather was fine. A short enquiry and a short tram ride took him further into the heart of the city, where nothing better presenting itself he decided to spend an hour or so at the pictures.

When he came out on to the sunny street a couple of hours later, the same feeling of frustration was still heavily upon him.

"Oh hell!" he muttered forcibly, as he moved slowly along the pavement crowded with the Friday lunch hour throng, "all these people about and I don't know a single one!"

He was still wondering how to fill in the rest of the afternoon when he noticed a large bookshop across the street, and picking his way between pedestrians and traffic he made towards it. If he could find a good book he could pass the time that way. Not a very exciting prospect, but at least it would fill in the time.

The shop was even larger inside and its darkness contrasted so sharply with the brilliance of the sunshine outside, that, for a moment, Brian was confused when he entered. He headed towards a counter with a large sign denoting "Fiction."

A soft, warm voice asked if it could help him, and he looked up and saw a small vital face smiling at him across the counter. It was so friendly that he found himself explaining how he would like a book.

"Any special kind or any special author?" the same friendly voice asked him. He told her of a couple of his favourites, and she turned and started to take some books down from a shelf behind her. He watched the slim neatness of her figure, the way the fair hair lay in soft curls on the back of her neck, and found himself

wishing, "If only I knew someone like this in Sydney, then it would not be such a bad place." She turned around with an armful of books and startled the look in his eyes. She helped him pick a book, offering suggestions and explanations until finally they decided on Louis Bromfield's latest novel. As he paid for it, she looked at him and asked, "You're here alone?" "Yes, until Monday afternoon," he told her.

"You don't know anyone?" she asked him.

"Not a single soul," he said, and on the spur of the moment almost found himself asking her to help him. To go out with him. But she laughed gaily and broke the spell, by saying in her former light voice:

"You're sure to find someone you know, then you won't find it such a bad place."

There was little else he could say then, and as more customers were passing in and out all the time, he picked his book up and returning her smile, passed out into the busy street once more.

Next morning as Brian dressed, he looked at the book sitting on top of his pack, and as he looked at it, an idea formed in his mind. Fantastic perhaps, but at least elevating, for by the time he had finished dressing and started downstairs for breakfast, he was whistling softly to himself.

In town, he found himself once more outside the bookshop, and, entering, made for the same counter. He was greeted by the same smile and the same lovely voice saying, "Hello, back for another book?"

"No," he told her. "I've come for something else today, I, I," he stammered, and then because her eyes seemed to encourage him, he blurted out, "Would you think it terribly presumptuous of me if I asked you to go out with me?"

"I don't know," she murmured quietly. "You haven't asked, yet." "Then, then you mean you would?" He seemed amazed at his good fortune. He would have liked to have gone on talking to her, but more customers were about her counter—so he decided not to linger. "I shall wait for you outside," he said, and then, almost as an afterthought, "What time?"

"Twelve thirty," she told him, and as she turned to at-

Leave Idyll

Contd. from Page Six

tend to a woman who had come up to her counter, she called softly, "Goodbye—for now."

"Goodbye," he echoed.

It seemed like ages before he saw her come out just after half past twelve. "I was afraid you mightn't come," he said.

"Afraid, why?" She looked at him as they moved off down the street.

"Afraid that you might think better of it and change your mind."

"Perhaps I should even now," she suggested.

"No, please don't," he pleaded, and then added shyly, "You wouldn't desert a poor lonely soldier now, would you?"

"Mmmm, I don't think so. And by the way just who is this poor lonely soldier?"

"Oh, I forgot," he apologised. "My name is Neale—Brian."

"How do you do Brian Neale?" she said gravely, but with a twinkle in her eyes, then offered, "Mine is Marcia Ward."

"Marcia; that's a nice name," he said. "I like it. Hello Marcia."

Over lunch they told each other a synopsis of their lives, then at Marcia's suggestion went on to the beach at Manly for the afternoon. After that Marcia took Brian home for dinner. She lived with her mother in Belmont, and on being introduced, Brian found himself looking at another edition of Marcia. More like her sister than her mother. Simple to see where she got her laughing eyes and sunny disposition, he thought.

After a merry meal, Brian found himself with two charming women on the way to the pictures.

Supper, then home again. And as Mrs. Ward bid Brian goodnight she added, "Do come again Brian, won't you?"

"Goodnight and thank you; thank you so very much," Brian said, and knew even as he said it, he was not expressing just what he felt and yet he could not find words adequate to show his true appreciation. Alone now, Marcia led Brian to the settee, and as he sat down beside her to speak—to thank her—she placed her finger on his mouth and bid him be silent. He took her slim hand in his and at the physical contact both felt something pass between them, and next moment, she was in his arms, her warm, yielding lips pressed close and willingly to his. The very ecstasy of that first kiss seemed to drain them of their pent up emotions, and they did not speak for fear of breaking the spell.

Marcia lay in his arms, the soft fragrance of her hair brushing his cheek. He moved to look at her and as their eyes met both were startled at what they saw. Brian bent towards her upturned lips and they both surrendered their souls to that passionate embrace.

With her fair head nestled close to his, Brian murmured softly, "You feel as I do, Marcia?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

"Oh my dear," his voice was low, "you know I have to go to-morrow?"

"Yes, Brian, but you won't be gone forever; you'll be back?" she almost pleaded.

"Yes, Marcia dear," he said, "I will be back."

"I can wait darling," she whispered, "I will wait."

"Perhaps it won't be long," Brian tried to reassure her. "But while these usurpers try to overrun our native land, while these worthless and ruthless hordes try to wreck our very lives, to rape and plunder our heritage, then there must be farewells. There must be many Marcia's saying goodbye to many Brian's. It does not make our parting any easier; it does not help the heartbreak we will suffer. But my dear, we must, as others do, sacrifice those personal feelings for the greater effort. Then, and only then, can we hope to find true happiness."

"Oh Brian, darling, I know how right you are, and I will try, try to be brave." Her voice vibrating with emotion broke, and she buried her head on his chest.

Within his arms her young body quivered and then she faced him, her eyes bright with unshed tears.

"I will be brave, and will wait for you," she breathed softly, "and may God spare you and send you back to me."

ROSSI'S LETTER

All Ranks,
Two Bar Two Cannon Company.

Dear Chaps.

Just a few words to say, hello, and to tell of the doings of the 2/2 Aust. Fd. Regt. in exile. The beer, Foster's Export, without the export, is rationed. Nine gallons per man per week and no perhaps. Jim Bullock's W.R.A.N. sister spread favourable propaganda. Romeo Duncan of Easy Troop is leading in the Sex Appeal Stakes with Jim Bullock a close second. W.R.A.N. chasing has become a duty—in the nature of inter-service co-operation. George Eva says "hello" to his old boss, Capt. Houghton. Aye, aye, is quite a common term down here. Steve Jope has recovered from his malaria, Jim Leatham from 4th, Carruthers of 3rd, and Georgie James from 52 are languishing in a Northern port. Lin Hopkins won the raffle and was the one out on the matter of twenty-four days leave down South. A "Swottie" team won the boat race to the consternation of the matelots.

That is all for now,

Rossi,
F.N.D.



"Go easy, ma'am; you know it's the last straw that broke the camel's back!"



THE GAME'S THE THING

By NORLEN

SOME very exciting games were played by the troops in the Inter-Troop competition, and, at the close of the competition, saw Easy, Fox and Don Troops well up at the head of the list. A game with an

CRICKET

Infantry Battalion of a "certain Infantry Brigade," saw the old 2/2's batting and bowling brilliantly, run out easy winners. The Officers played a team of Officers from a neighbouring Battalion, but the visitors took the game too seriously and wanted to play cricket all the day. Should I say, we lost, but boy! oh boy! did we win the third innings?

THERE is a nil return this month on the subject of ring encounters. A few encounters outside the ring showed that there was still plenty of fight left within the Regiment. The postponement of the Brigade

BOXING

tournament has given us a breather to produce our good boys, by that, good in the ring, in "Scudda" (is that correct, Ed.) Cowen, "Slit" Trencher and "King" Cole, and with the return of these lads we are assured of a few Saturday night's entertainment.

STRENUOUS efforts on the part of Gnr. Robinson and Butler to produce a baseball team were hindered to a great extent by the lack of knowledge of the Regiment on baseball and they were not aided

BASEBALL

either by the comic opera turns provided by Lieuts. Griffith and Capper on a Sunday afternoon. Still we have the equipment and we still have our star turn players.

OWING to the fact that the major portion of the Regiment has been on leave during the past few months we have not been able to devote as much time as we would like to the training necessary to hold our place as a

FOOTBALL

"machine" team, and we have been inclined to fall by the wayside in our football achievements and has suffered defeats by teams that in all normal circumstances we would give at least four goals to. But the old hands are now all returning to the fold, although we will be without our centremen, Alec Armstrong, for a while yet. Captain and coach Willisson is now busy at night moulding a team that will be very near our 1942 Khassa standards, so watch out all teams, especially the teams consisting of the refugees from New Guinea. When it comes to a case of "dough in," it will be a case of us just putting in to take out.

WITH the advent of so many exponents of the "knock-on" game in our midst these days, there has blossomed forth a Regimental Rugby team, and, in its first match,

RUGBY

to the amazement of football fans, i.e., Australian Rules, the "knock-ons" won, and no one has been allowed to forget it since. There should be no dearth of matches in this area and, by its display in its first match, our Rugby team should be able to account for more teams than will beat them.

THIS game has apparently come to stay within the Regiment. Starting with a few interested players the Regiment can now boast of sufficient players to provide a

HOCKEY

few teams of more than average standard. Outstanding for good consistent play has been Gnr. Downs in the four competition matches that have been played. All people that have the idea that hockey is a girl's game will have their ideas dispelled for them if they will contact their Battery sports officers

HONOURS AND AWARDS

CAPT. H. L. SUTTON has been presented with a Purple Certificate and the Tablelands Star (Chocolate centre and browned-off edges) for bravery in the face of the enemy. One murky night he attacked the 2 i/c's tent and was heard to scream, "You wanta wake up."

REMEMBER Johnny Bull, ex-Dunkirkian, the little Pommy with the big heart? He attached himself to us in Crete when good men were wanted and then gave up a week's leave in Cairo to visit us in the Jordan Valley. Last heard of was leading the invasion of Italy. There is a big welcome awaiting you in Aussie, Johnny, should you keep to your post-war ideas.

ANY rumours, statements or stories that the Sergeants' Mess are going to present Major MacNaughton with a set of building blocks are totally incorrect.

That Man's War Cry

Send me one dozen trucks with their drivers beside them, And drive them straight to R.H.Q.,

I will be glad to receive them and I know you'll relieve them,

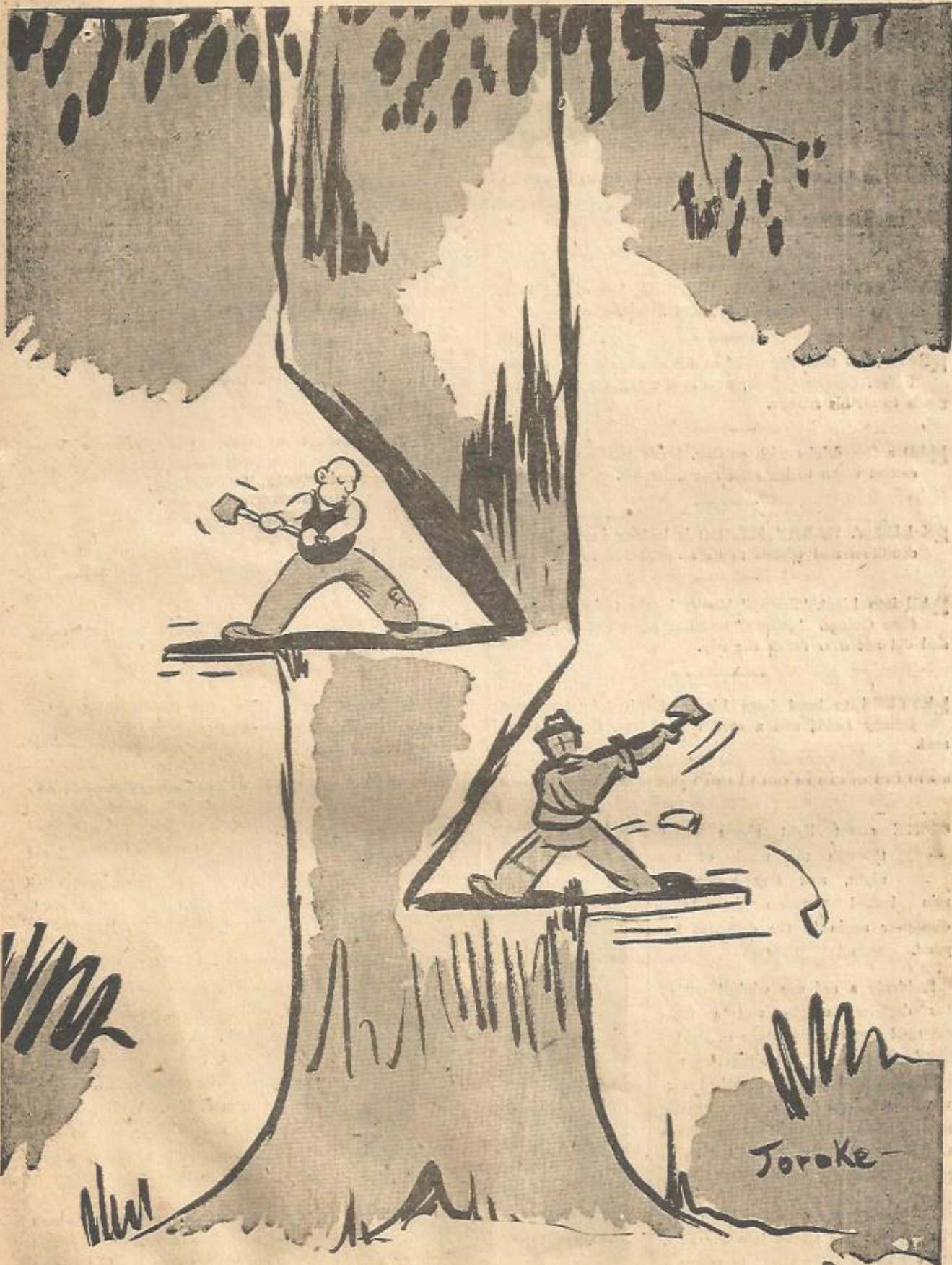
That's what I am hoping for.

They will be busy carting gravel, all the sigs and gunners, too.

You are making me quite happy, Cos, I am making quite a do.

Now the job it has floundered, all the trucks are grounded.

So we'll send them to the L.A.D.



Alan

Joroke

"RECKON I SHOULDA MET BILL BY THIS!"

OUR BOVINE REPORTER

SAW whilst down South Captain John Hannington looking fit and well.

GANG out "Hello" to Gnr. Reg. Kirk, late of the R.Q. Store, one morning in Flinders Street.

RECEIVED the "right oil" at Flemington one day from S/Sgt. Charlie Colson, who sent along the best of regards to all his friends.

HAD a few drinks with ex-Gnr. Davy Hodson, who has settled down to his milk run quite o.k.

EX-LIEUT. HARRY MERLO is looking in the best of condition and wishes to be remembered to all.

RAN into Lieut. "Snowy" Weller in the train bound for New Guinea. "Snowy" had just come out of hospital and did not over relish the trip.

LETTERS to hand from Lieuts. Keith Johnstone and Johnny Lobb, and a card from Lieut. George Hansted.

A MOST glamorous personage indeed was Pilot-Officer Laurie Peck, with a super de luxe moustache, standing on the steps of the "Australia." Rumour has it that Mrs. Peck's little boy is Canada bound. Good shooting, old man, and drop a few for us.

EX-BDR. TUCKER R. R., looking well in Air Force blue, at Lieut. Voutier's wedding.

HAD a few words with Doug. Lennie, recently home from Germany. All the old hands send you the very best of good wishes for the future, Doug.

GNR. "BUTCH" LEAR, sporting a colour patch reminiscent of a well-known song of the last war.

MANAGED to sneak in a few drinks but not many words with Lieut. "Yobba" McLeod.

PULLED in one day out Doncaster way to sneak a few apples from Jack Handasyde, who reckons there is nothing like being a civilian again.

THE street light shone dimly through the murk of the night, and tiny spears of rain lanced through its beam disappear again in the darkness beyond.

Suddenly a red eye winked out of the darkness nearby and a form emerged into the dim stage of light—SHE was thin and not altogether unbecoming, and as she slouched forward one could see the heavily painted face and tight fitting dress which was so much part of her as to tell of her calling.

Turning up the collar of her cheap shabby coat she stared into the rain, and then across the street to where a lone coffee stall shed its light on the glistening road. How she would like

NIGHT VIGIL

By "JOROKE"



to go in out of the weather and get something warm to eat. "Gosh, it's a long time since I had that sandwich."

She turned expectantly as squelching footsteps came to her ears, and then another form materialised out of the murk. A resigned shrug and another quick look at the inviting atmosphere of the coffee stall, she stepped out to meet him. With a sinuous movement she sidled up to the stranger, and with a smile, asked "Got a light, dearie?"

Then she noticed with quick alarm his stern look and realised she had stopped a "D." As he reached out to grasp her arm she exclaimed, "My son, that you should ever find out."

WITHIN THE REGIMENT.

ON THE RECORD

WE try not to be conceited. With the C.O.'s we have had we do not get much of a chance, but here it is. Since 1st April, 1940, 145 men from our ranks have received commissions. We have produced 1 Major-General,

2 C.C.R.A.'s and 12 Lieut.-Colonels and in all of the Regiments of the Royal Australian Artillery there are only two that are not graced by ex-members of this Regiment. We also have a few gunners left.

R.H.Q. NOTES

THE latest edition of how to conquer, by Sgt. Eddy Roberts, is now on sale.

THE disappearance of Sig. Wiltshire, following his wedding, is arousing conjecture as to the reason

SIG. COWELL must have married a "flighty lass." 'Tis said that Mrs. Cowell flew from Sydney for the big event.

IF Sgt. Avery will contact the Editor, he will learn where he can obtain pram, pusher and high chair. This offer will not be withdrawn until the next issue.

CONGRATS. to L/Bdr. Norm. Jackson on obtaining his release. Lucky cow.

BEER and Baccarat in R.H.Q. Saloon Bar on Saturday nights. Beer for R.H.Q. only, Baccarat for the mob.

WELCOME to R.H.Q. Lieut. Offner to the "Scurvy" Party and Lieut. Boland to the Sigs.

BEHIND us we have the kaleidoscope of a glorious leave spent meeting friends, attending weddings, parties and shows, the making and breaking of engagements, fields conquered and fields lost, but we are back to reality now, with the voice of Sgt. Simon Legree Lewtas.

3 B.H.Q.

OUR congratulations to our A.B.C. Islander Bob Mahoney on his latest venture. Yes, you have guessed it "Matrimahoney." Also to our new B.S.M. All the best, Stan.

SEEN on leave recently was the spectacle of a bronzed Libyan digger reeling on one foot behind the bar of the local pub muttering to himself: "Goodness, a man would get himself loosed in this joint." Loosed in more ways than one, eh Stan.

WHO is this new Casanova we have in B.H.Q.? Ask "Happy," for if you ever go on leave to a town down South, he will be able to put you on to a "Pomeranian" down there.

BY the way I believe "Slumber" would like to know the whereabouts of a certain Yank named Jimmie.

GASSY says that he has been out with every "Girl Guide show" in the A.I.F. He would now like a trip with the A.W.A.S.

THEY tell me the Sig. storeman won at 500 for the first time the other night. You must have had a good partner, old boy.

IT was heard that Jack Cain's protege has lost one of his brunettes because she doesn't work at the Queen's any more. Never mind, you still have the belle of the ball, old boy.

WHY don't you get off those stilts and come down and see us some time, Tom.

IS it a fact that Slumber entertains the baby by taking off his shirt

A TROOP CHATTER

WE have just heard that the original armourer is now a Q.M. It is rumoured he has his third "pip" also. Congrats. to you "Daddy" MacGregor.

BUNNY broke "Blue's" bludge with broken foot, by staying away nearly seven months. How about another try, "Blue?"

WE are glad to see our T.C. back. Is Ointment Gas No. 2 a good thing for dermititus?

W. HEAD looks like paying the 3/6 a day matrimonial stake fee. Not so long ago a crow said goodnight to him.

THE all round sport, Bob Moore, has entered another sport, the matrimonial stakes. We hope he shines in it as much as other sports.

FOR instructions on how to keep a baby quiet, apply "Cockle," "Wankle," and "Firpo." They are said to be expert shots with the dummy.

THE Troop comedian was responsible for a late breakfast the other morn. He lit the fire in the ash tray of the copper instead of the grate. A very Head-y man.

L/BDR. NANCARROW denies that he had anything to do with any statement with reference to Gnr. Head in this paper.

TENTS wrecked by experts. Let George do it. It's a pity that the tree was in the wrong place.

WILLIAM HENRY HEAD'S knee will not do the right thing since arriving back from leave. He plays football near all sorts of holes in hope, but the old complaint will not return.

SGT. SHERRINGTON did the usual "Snakes" act on his first beer night with the Regiment. Keep it up, Sherry, but watch your eye the next time.

A.W.A.S. in Arabic means yes, but A.A.M.W.S. in Australia may not mean the same thing. Ask Junior, who we believe is not so innocent as he looks.

OVERHEARD on a Queensland railway station when a party of real old digs. were proceeding back from leave. On the other platform on the way down South, was a party of Militiamen. Amidst much barracking, one sentence seemed to stick right out. The south bound train

B TROOP BASHINGS

A. NEW disease discovered whilst some of the lads were on leave was "Leasonmalnutrition."

B TROOP antics. "MORT" . . . "SCOUT" . . . "HOFFMIRE"

WE offer our congrats to Poppa Willett. He is now confined to an A.G.H. It must be tough, Fred.

Knives, Forks and Spoons

BY general opinion within the Regiment there are between 627 knives, 576 forks and 222 spoons all branded with O.M., abbreviated for Officers' Mess, and in an endeavour to restore the abovementioned to their rightful owners, i.e., the Officers' Mess, the 2 /c will be present in his office any day from 1100 hrs. to 1300 to receive them.

HORSEHEAD has gone back to his protected industry. All the best, Bert, from the boys of B Troop.

COL. BRYCE is thinking of returning to school. Catch them young is his motto.

Laurie	Leason
Leers	Lovely
Lonely	Lanes
Looking	Lousy

IT is believed that a certain Gnr. Etchell got quite a surprise to find on arrival home that a snake had his feet under the table. Good luck, George, we wish you the best.

WE extend a hearty welcome to our newly acquired Lieut. and also send our congratulations on turning out a Hoffmire junior.

IT is with a great deal of genuine regret that B Troop farewell two of our real old hands, Captain Kater and Sgt. Norm McLean. To "Rocky Ned" and "Uncle Norm," we bid a very fond adieu and trust that your return to civilian life will not cloud your memories of . . .

IT has been brought to our notice that Bookie has achieved his lifelong ambition. It must have been a bit of a shock, Jack. You cannot beat those spine bashing jobs.

MAURY ETCHELL quite impressed the locals with his simply magnificent rendering of the "Green Eyed Dragon" at a recent barbecue.

let out the roar, content in their knowledge that the digs. were bound for New Guinea. "A bit late, aren't you sport?" To three figure V.X.ers, that was about the last straw, and the South bound train pulled out and the North bound train also pulled out.

4 B.H.Q. BLATHER

IN the few new arrivals around the place pride of place goes to the dashing, debonair Donald Eddy. Not because he is our Battery Commander but by virtue of the luscious growth on the lip.

A NEW C.P.O. in Splinter pardon, Lieut. Frank Williams. After he has sojourned with us for a while he will probably lose that remarkable svelte figure.

We have lost Lieut. Charlie Fox Adams, who is now the reigning monarch on the admin. side of R.H.Q. The "Acks" of the Battery will miss his suave smile and his "Well Gentlemen," which was usually the prelude to a spot of harrassing.

BOB MORRIS earns a pat on the back for getting himself a job in the wilds of Flinders. Another deflection from our ranks is "Blucy" McColvan with his characteristic "How are you"

ALTHOUGH it is autumn and not the right season, when "young men's fancy" is wont to indulge itself, we had a few engagements and near misses. In the first place were Capt. Young and Stan. Wilson, and in the second, "Beau" Melaney, "Curly" Byrnes and "Slapsie" Hibberd.

WHO is the old Yorkshireman who dashed to the help of a fellow countryman while on leave, and put himself on light duties ever since?

FRED STEWARD has a steady job now and is developing corns in rather awkward places.

WHO is the one man army???? The sig., driver, ack., who has invaded H.Q. If the establishment is reduced much more he will be the only one left.

ASK Alan Campbell what made him laugh so much at the Tiv.

SEEING that he was once our B.C., we feel proud to be able to share at least to some small degree, in the glory of our 2 i/c and chief entomologist.

Notes from Charlie Troop

WELCOME to all new members of the Troop. We are thinking of renaming Mark II Sober-sideds for recognition.

BREWSTER is busy on Pleasure Dome Number 2. I hear there's scarcely any difference between convex and concave bars. Just ludicrous. Glop?

VENN will "Zanadus" decree be effected, Bob?

TALKING of messes special mention goes to Joe for his excellent job in and around Baron's Boozer.

WHAT happened to the highchair, Wozman?

GROG HOWARD has been issued with special night fighter glasses for combating the dangers of soak-age pits and slit trenches.

DON'T you like Yanks, Fred?

WHEN you are passing this way again Stanley, drop in for a few days.

TO Norm Dorahy we extend praise for his recent good game in THE game of football. Scored three tries. (I wonder if that is the same sort of tries I have in mind -Ed.).

CONGRATS to Cadet Willcox on wresting the title from Allison at the O.C.T.U., at Holsworthy. Good on you, Cyril

THE "scarlet pimpernel" is blooming again after a sojourn at Mildura. Don't be like the absent-minded professor and mix up the chains again, I?

CONGRATS. to Nick and Hoffy on producing a Gunner and A.W.A.S. respectively, Bill Kenny and Stan Li on getting their licences and Tom Le Maire on securing two of them.

OUR COMFORTS FUND

DURING the past few years the 2/2 Aust Field Regiment Comforts Fund has been the backbone of our Regimental Funds. Our Comforts Fund, with its headquarters in Melbourne, at Vaughan House, 108 Queen Street, have provided us with Christmas dinners and hosts of other amenities including luncheons for all the lads on leave, but it is doubtful whether there has been a better function than the night at the Assembly Hall, for the lads

on their last leave. Only one word could describe it, and we chose it from our current dictionary, "crackerjack."

To all the wives, mothers and sweethearts of our lads who read this little tribute to your work, we say would you kindly accept our thanks, and for those whose faces are still strange to Vaughan House, we say go along and become a member of our women's auxiliary, and you lads on leave, also, just poo in and say, Hello. There is always someone there.

DON TROOP DASHINGS

PRIORITY List, the Matrimonial Stakes. The first to leave the barrier was T.C., Capt. Jack Anderson, closely followed by Sgt. Russ Walker, Laurie Fry, Dickie Griffiths, Laurie Smithett and Jimmy Black. It is believed that starters in the next race will include that grim soldier Handsome Win Vail and "Bulldozer" Cameron, also Sol. Pisarevsky.

WE are wondering how much longer Ralph Pizar is going to "swing the lead" on that crook foot.

MARRIED life must be hard work to Dickie; he came back with "housemaid's kneec."

"BALDY" NOLAN'S nocturnal ramblings are said to keep the boys awake at night. Something RUM somewhere.

COME along and see the death defying act. Harry Redfern in his somersaulting speed car. No charge for passengers.

RUBBERFACE GOODMAN is now located amongst the big shots. We expect to see him with Tom Blamey next.

HARRY FREEMAN and "Sunshine" Everitt have been seen carving away at miniature seats. Well, they both look like it anyway.

"LONG SHOT" PITTS has got quite a nautical roll since being back.

LAURIE SMITHETT is entering into a contest with Bing Crosby. He even gets up at 2 a.m. to practice, much to "Gum Nut" Derrick's disgust.

TOMMY DWYER is developing into a famous journalist. He will be the best bite in the Troop soon.

PETER DUNCAN was seen at Flemington leading in two winners recently. He may be the Bowler Hat man.

"RU" DORR always seems to be coning and going these days. He wonders who he really belongs to.

PHIL WORTHAM has finished his tenancy as Pay Sergeant. Would all creditors please note.

LEAVE

This suspense is ruddy awful, not a damn thing we can do.

We're sick and tired of waiting, as with M. & V. in stew. Why doesn't SOMEONE DO SOMETHING, can't our Officers break the spell,

What about contacting Divvy, for a signal all is well.

It's this blasted leave we are waiting for, Second Front news is hell.

Let's on, it's on, 'tis leave for us. Hip, hip, hurray.

52 BTY. H.Q.

Prattles and Wails

GINGER heard singing "I love my wife," on first day back from leave.

B.S.M., J.B., back from A.R.L., some gunners reckon that he should be sent on extended leave.

DAVE BULL holds the Troop record of female fanmail. A very consistent letter writer is she.

SGT. William Walter McKay, who sometimes hides his identity under another name, was celebrating his birthday with great style.

THERE will be NO BELLS RINGING for "Staff"

WALLY SPEARS is worried about the mail—no fem "mail" this time.

ANOTHER L/Bdr—most constant correspondent—we all want to know, Ewan.

NEWS FLASH from a certain L.T.D: One L/Bdr has arm trouble at the eleventh hour, taken off draft, gets extra days leave. What's her name, Tjo?

AT least one good gunner persuaded his lady fair to say yes. He bought the ring also. Nice work, Austen.

KING COLE'S theme song at reveille. "Now all together lads, one, two, three." That's all.

BOMBO days are here again. "Home brew" has kick like the proverbial mule. For recipe and personal advice ask for Fred Smith.

EIGHTEEN days credit in their ABLE ABLE BAKERS awarded several personnel 24 days' leave. Good going, chaps.

THE Battery representation in the Regimental football team is simply "crackerjack."

"THE SCREAMER" was seen wandering around with his teeth painted a weird colour. Who was he trying to frighten?

It's twenty odd days' freedom, with twenty odd days' pay;
There sure a bunch of "crackerjacks," those Brasshats,
Divvy blokes,
Think of all the grog we'll have, food, girls and plenty of smokes.

Let us forget about jungle Doo's, Action Front, Guns and ammo, too.

We're off to see the wizard, everything including Mr Foo. When all return to camp again, fresh from leave our loves, our spell,

What-ho, to Togo's woes, . . . Bring on Fritz as well!

—W.X. 1677.

EASY TROOP JOTTINGS

DOUG CRAIG certainly knows his work when it comes to mixing Fruit Gup. What's that recipe again, Doug. Take two apricots and a quart of ?

"**TARZAN**," J. Phillips, was up to monkey business in Brisbane recently. It was quite an intelligent conversation for a while but "Tarzan" arrived home without his puggaree.

JACK and Tom are true friends, always together and sharing everything. If you don't believe them, ask Sally.

WE all have smouldering thoughts in our hearts what we like to be the thoughts regarding L. of C. provosts, but up to date "Slit" Trencher is the only one to realise his ambition.

WE suppose Jack Shanley to be the best pontoon player in the Regiment but it is only in baccarat that 10's do not count.

CLIFF TIPPETT put up a grand exhibition in the manly art. A great try, Cliff. You certainly were not "feet"ed.

MR. REX, of Riseborough and Riseborough, was temporarily off the scene with a bit of toe trouble. The "cure" he was taking out for an afternoon stroll would have prolonged my stay in the A.G.H. for a bit longer.

IN the recent reshuffle, Easy Troop lost its erstwhile commander, Lieut. Donovan, but now have Capt. Chas. Dollman at the head of affairs. We say welcome to Easy Troop and can assure you that when the pressure is applied we readily belie our name.

TOM HENNESSY and "Murph" certainly enjoyed themselves on a visit to a salubrious suburb of Melbourne to see the bright lights. Anyway, it was a cheap ride home.

CONGRATULATIONS to "Granny" Smith and his wife on their recent entry into nuptial bliss. Nice going, Frank.

OVERHEARD in a Melbourne shopperty during the Regimental stay down South. A gunner raced into the hotel and asked of the barmaid, "Say, how much did I spend in here yesterday?" The barmaid replied: "Oh, I would say about four or five pounds." "That's alright," replied the dig, "I thought that I had lost it."

FOX TROOP NOTES

WELCOME to "Scout" Capper and farewell Lieut. Martin.

GUNNER "Gropet" groped successfully on the banks of the Swan to his goal, we hope.

"**SWI**" addicts have battered Maxie Young. Ho rang is a double-header.

IN MEMORIAM

WITH the passing of Gnr. Ernest Piffero, the Regiment suffered a very sudden and sad loss. Although he had not been amongst us for long, he had quickly endeared himself to all members of 52 Battery. To his people we offer our sympathy and ask you to take pride in the knowledge that your son could not have died in a nobler cause—that of his country.

IT isn't often that a Regiment can boast of an honorary Sergeant, but that was the case with "Ma" Kelly who used to dispense liquor in the bar of the Town Hall. "Ma" welcomed us all back to Australia's shores in a way that a mother would and there was genuine pride in her voice when she spoke of her boys. "Ma" has been called away from us, but it is a safe bet that when the time comes for us to go to Our Maker, she will be there waiting for us as she did in 1942.

WHO was the gunner who gave the provosts his girl's photo instead of his leave pass? Must have been a powerful brew, Curly.

McGRATH joins the spoilers and opens account with herrings.

PANIC on eve of important match, "Animal" takes dozen potent pills. (Normal dose, one). Expects early collapse. Pills found to be harmless, no collapse. Regains strength, rejoins team, perfect performance, convenient complete collapse.

POOR L/BDR. Various L.T.D.'s named him everything from Dumfellow to Dummelon. Never mind, Hec, we will stick to Dummellow.

CUMMINS Capers. Bashing beds, biting boys, breaking Blamey's.

THE Deacon's urge to reform found expression in short sermon to queue in Brisbane red light area.

PRE-BREAKFAST musicals have ended. Handsome says Mk. 1 gramophone has a broken spring. Sabotage suspected.

COMMISERATION to the Troop members for copping extra guards when returning from the town of sugar and plonk. Maybe they would prefer a driver from their own Troop in future. (There will be no future.—Ed.).

GUNNER FLUKE from 3 Battery is very anxious to start a class for beginners in the sketching business. As an assistant he has Gunner Panlock, and anyone interested in the vagaries of the pencil for black and white drawings should drop in and see one of the sponsors.



By

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THE pale moonlight filtering through the trees lit up the expectant face of a young girl as she paused on the steps of the verandah. It outlined the fine forehead, the quivering lips, the delicate curve of her soft white throat. Her golden hair reflected myriads of sparkling lights. For a moment she hesitated, then with a straightening of her shapely shoulders, she mounted the remaining steps and reached to ring the door bell.

In answer to its shrill summons the door opened and a tall suntanned young man looked out inquiringly. That he recognised his visitor was apparent by his exclamation:

"Why Pamela . . . I . . ."

"Please don't be angry with me, John," she pleaded. "I had to come. I couldn't bear it any longer!"

"Does your mother know you are here?" he asked.

"No," she told him, "I didn't tell her. You said . . ."

"Yes, I know my dear," he answered as he assisted her off with her coat.

She made her way down the passage and then into a room on the right. It was noticeable that she knew her way about the house. He hesitated for a moment in the doorway and then came over to where she was seated. His

arm rested behind her slim shoulders and she let her head rest back, the golden curls tumbling back in ordered confusion.

"Lay right back, Pamela," he said.

She obeyed quietly and without question. For a while they were both silent. Words seemed hardly necessary between them. He moved sideways and looked at her. Her young breasts were rising and falling as though stirred by some great emotion, her soft lips were parted invitingly, her eyes were closed, the long lashes sweeping her delicately flushed cheeks. She was so beautiful, so desirable, he thought to himself.

She stirred and he said softly, "Lay back, right back, dear," and she did as he bid her without comment.

"Comfortable," he asked.

"Mmmm . . ." she murmured.

"You're not to be afraid now," he told her. "You're to trust me." Her eyes shining in the light, looked frightened for a minute, then she said, her voice barely a whisper, "I'm not afraid, and I do trust you."

He took her hand in his as if to reassure her. And . . . and . . . did she imagine it, or did his hand tremble just a little?

She looked at him once again, and his eyes met hers. What she saw there made her pulses race and her heart beat madly in her breast. "No," she told herself, "I am not afraid!" Then his voice which was so low, so soothing, broke her reverie. "Just relax and lay back quietly," he said.

"Mmmm . . ." she breathed.

He moved noiselessly and her parted lips quivered at his touch. Then a deft flick of his wrist and he stepped back, his forceps held up for her to see . . .

"There," he said, "that tooth will never trouble you again!"

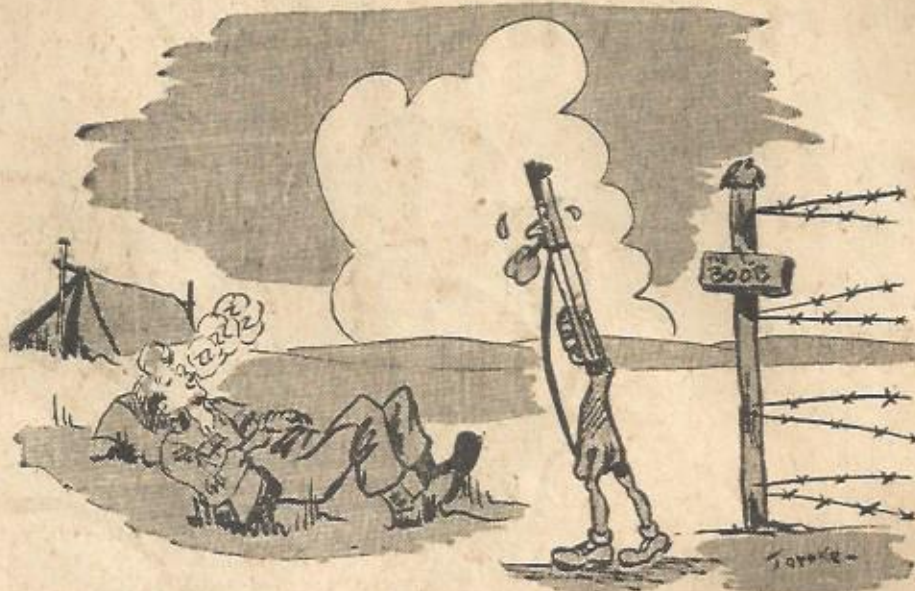
WE have heard that lots and lots of funny things happen to people who have the habit of scrawling their names on hotel doors and such like, but it was far from a pleasant experience that befell Lieut. Donovan on his recent leave.

ON a recent exercise, one G.P.O. arose at an early hour and disturbed the most peaceful night with a cry that went something like this: "Easy Troop, the time is now Zero Three Zero Zero hours," but the Troop slept on. For further information ask Mr. Rex.

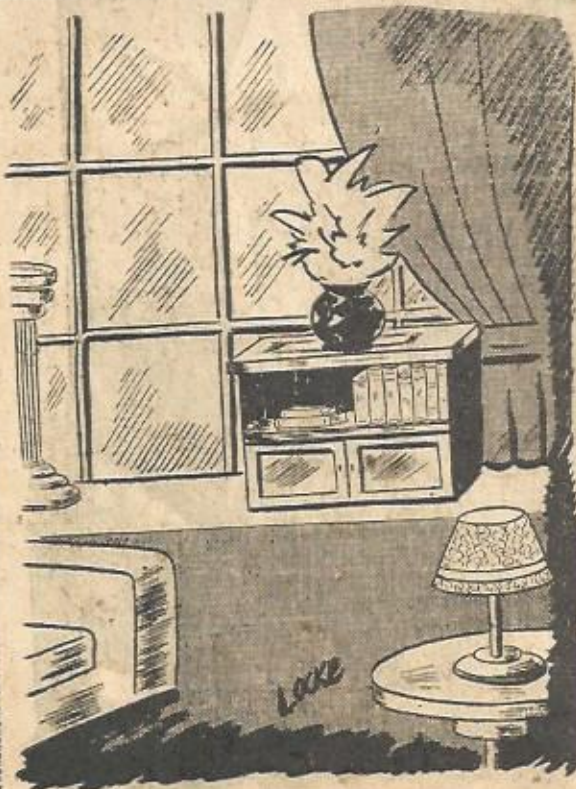
"HOW'D SHE GO
IN A SWEATER?"



SOLITUDE



A SOLDIERS' DREAM



"BUT, DARLING, TO-DAY IS MY REST DAY!"

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STORY

No. 24—How My Brother Received His Job
at the L.T.D.

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Apply
CAPTAIN (You Want to Wake Up)
SUTTON

Ask Nancy Nix—

I AM A SOLDIER serving in New Guinea, and each week I receive letters from three women who all say they love me. I want leave to visit them. Could you advise me please?—Forlorn Soldier.

Firstly, thank your Postal Sergeant, and then stay where you are. You are at least safe there.—Nancy Nix

I HAVE been keeping company with a lass now for nigh on twenty years, and on my next leave we were thinking of getting engaged. Do you think I am doing the right thing?—Heartbroken.

Do you think you know the girl well enough to marry her?—Nancy Nix.

SIX MONTHS ago I sent one of my men to the Canteen to buy a packet of cigarettes. He has not turned up yet. What should I do?—Worried Sergeant.

Send for another packet.—Nancy Nix

I AM a soldier serving in the wilds of Australia. My wife who is a tall gaunt woman, has only one failing and that is, that she talks from daylight until dark. I now miss her talking. What should I do?—Speechless.

Get yourself the job of the 2 i/c's batman.—Nancy Nix.

ON my last leave I met a girl who promised to be true to me and now I learn that she is married and the mother of twins. Do you think that she is being untrue to me?—Perplexed.

There is always the probability in cases like this. Of course, you could make sure by writing to her.—Nancy Nix.

UNTIL recently the Sergeant has always been right on my back and now suddenly he has become my best mate. No guards, no duties. Do you think it could be because my sister, who used to be ballet girl at the Tivoli, is now a sister at the A.G.H.?—Mystified.

Never trust a Sergeant.—Nancy Nix.

DEAR NANCY NIX.—I am a very worried soldier. Upon my return from the Middle East my wife was all that a man could desire in women, but since being back I find that she has been keeping company with an Allied soldier, and now find she is the mother of a child that I cannot claim my son. As I love the girl, what should I do?—Worried Father.

Give the child to him and tell him to keep the kid under the Lease and Lend Act.—Nancy Nix

I HAVE been serving in New Guinea now for sixteen months and find that I am in love with the daughter of the local chief. My prospective father-in-law is a headhunter. What would you advise me to do?—Old Dig.

Keep out of the old man's way if you want somewhere to hang your hat after the war.—Nancy Nix.

FROM the "Green Hell," that was New Guinea, I send you this urgent plea, to ask you for your advice in a very personal matter. For some time past I have been engaged to an A.W.A.S., who now wants to get married. I have fallen for a W.R.A.N. up here and I am writing to you, so you can tell me who to marry.—Toss Up.

Not knowing the girls, I would suggest that you marry the A.W.A.S., and let the other girl be an also WRAN. — Nancy Nix.

MY WIFE has written to me to tell me that my children, since my return to my unit, have gotten completely out of hand. When I am home they are model children and I was thinking of applying for compassionate leave. What do you think?—Harrassed Dad.

Children should be seen and not had.—Nancy Nix.

I HAVE a problem that has caused me many sleepless nights of late. On my last leave I met a girl with whom I fell deeply in love. She is a country girl and works on her father's dairy farm. She has admitted to me that I am not the first love she has had. As I think deeply of the girl would you advise me what to do?—What's to Do.

Have nothing to do with her and let her keep her feelings for udders. — Nancy Nix.



(Mary Gilbert)

"But mother, the A.R.P. man, said it was artificial respiration!"

OUR Social Jottings— by Margaret—

APRIL the third was the date and the rendezvous for the socially inclined was the Oddfellows' Hall, where the 2/2 Women's Auxiliary turned on a simply sumpshus nite.

Mesdames Ramsay and MacPherson were in attendance to welcome the lads, escorted by their spouses and spouses to be, as the foot passed over the threshold.

Gillie Smith, from the Smith's you know, was suitably attired in a deep dawn shading of what a well-dressed officer should wear on leave.

Glissanding gracefully around the floor were the Pisarevsky boys of Pisarevsky and Pisarevsky.

The off-shading of emerald green worn by Jackie Blackley was simply over-awed by the luvverly russet khaki of Dickie Lee and Ginger Swatwell.

Cherubic Babs Ford obviously was relishing his role as confidante and attendant for all the missus's of us up here. Thanks George.

The Arnie World's were generally snuck in a corner somewhere.

We never were girls to cherish malice or to act like fang-toothed jaguars but we were put out by the swiftie that the Maxie Young's put across in their stork parcel

of twin boys. The twin toddlers were good for a few extra days' leave but you cannot produce in this infanticipating business twins every day.

The general impression of liveliness that wakened Melbourne in March was the return to the big smoke of Mrs. Griffeth's little lad Lansing. The "Baron" was off to be seen trying to succour some sheffy from suspecting suppliers of the stuff.

The hookup of the Voutiers Phillip, to a most gorgus eyeiful of brunettity called Rae, may have escaped our eye had we not bumped into the first bridesmaid, who carted us along to witness the tying of the knot before Phillip Henry, minus missus of four weeks, headed back to his chosen wartime job in the North. The sheer durned excitement of the occasion was lightened by the presence of such Artillery Bulldozers as Lieut-Colonel Jaboor and the Major Macpherson's; he was suitably A.D.C'd by her.

We tripped along one evening to a spot of "fun and beer" to a rather rummy joint called the Pit, which was inhabited by a rather motley crowd, all Snakes. The high light of the "fun" was an endeavour by Lesley Gillham to outdo Gipsy Rose Lee, in a strip tease act. He certainly has something she hasn't got.

IT ALL BEGAN IN EDEN

Dedicated with apologies to Lieut. P. H. (Bardia) Voutier and L/Bdr. Smith, F. H.

It all began in Eden, one lovely summer's day,
Two women winked their eyes and led them both astray,
They gave them "a come hither look," the silly fellows
fell;

Yes, it all began in Eden, and ended up in Hell.

Marital bliss has downed them, as an anchor holds a ship,
It happened down in Melbourne, on leave they made their
slip.

So when you kiss your sweetie next, remember Eden's fun,
A kiss may land you in the net, either cut it out or run.

It all began in Eden and has lasted down the years,
And still today in every way quite often it appears.

Some women give a guy THE LOOK, he then begins to
fall,

If Eve had first behaved herself, it wouldn't be at all.

To both V.X-er's we extend best wishes, good luck and
such stuff,

We envy your "bill and coo-ing," what's happened is plenty
enough,

But harken ye others that tarry, beware of Eve's gilded pill,
Phil and Frank are both now life sentenced, 'tis folly to
say, I WILL.

—W.X. 1677

THOUGHTS OF NOT SO LONG AGO

"I CONSIDER the feat of "Walker's Mob" and "Wrigley's (he is the centre number) withdrawing as they did and travelling approximately one hundred miles, ranks as the greatest feat of this A.I.F., and other observers say of the old A.I.F., too."

AS it is May, the thoughts of some of us will always turn to Greece and Crete. The memory of those days will always live in every month of May, and for our thoughts of this May, we delve into a letter written by Lt.-General S. G. Savige, then Brigadier commanding the 17th Australian Infantry Brigade, written in Palestine, and dated 12th June, 1941.

"Brigade Headquarters, Wrigley's mob and an Arty. Regiment were sitting pretty, but alas, the fortune of war intervened and those who were first were last."

"Every man took his rifle and complete ammunition aboard. Every Bren gun and anti-tank rifle was dragged aboard by our men almost too weary to walk. HERE IS THE TEST OF DISCIPLINE. A plane came out of the sun, with engines cut off, and dropped a bomb near the stern of the "Costa Rica." Plates were sprung and she began to list and settle at the stern. We watched and saw Walker's mob and others fall in on the decks. Boats and destroyers came alongside. Walker took post along-

side the Captain. Members of the crew threw rafts overboard and called "every man for himself." Some of the others accepted the invitation but none of Walker's mob. The behaviour of the troops was magnificent. They fell in and never moved until ordered to march.

"Young Capt. Nelson advised that he had a bayonet charge teed-up. Walker went forward and ordered Nelson's company to attack. Major Miller led his company with splendid dash and the boys were on his heels, cheering like hell. Nelson led his men and was bowled over with a bullet through the shoulder. They chased the Germans for a mile, and in front of one company over 150 dead Germans lay.

"The greatest glory of all was that Walker's mob never moved except in threes or battle formation. Not only did every unit on Crete hear of this but it spread to Egypt. They were a proud Battalion and their C.O. was always an inspiration."

"HOW's your luck? Twenty-four days special leave. How do you do it, Bert?"

"Personality and good looks help."

"Yeah, we know all about that! But, oh to be in Melbourne for the Grand National."

"How would it be? Are you going out Bert?"

"Well, I don't quite know. Of course I may be up at the pub with a few of the locals and not be able to get away."

"I can just see you tearing yourself away from the bar, Bert."

"Have a couple at Young and Jackson's for me"

"Give Cloe my love, Bert."

"Mine too."

"Say Bert, how about ringing my girl friend up for me . . . tell her . . ."

"Tell her about the young A.A.M.W.S., the blonde one, down at the A.G.H.?"

"Hey, cut that out; that's just a platonic friendship."

"Yeah, all play, but not much tonic."

"They tell me there's plenty of grog in the town now too, Bert."

"I'll say, my brother has five dozen bottles he's been saving for a party."

"A party. Oh, sweet memories of wine, women and song."

"And the women in Melbourne nowadays. No Yanks, no soldiers; a man will have to beat them off with a stick!"

"Don't Bert, don't, you're breaking my heart."

HOME LEAVE

By L. G. LOCKE

recreation."

"And Bert, how about going out to the Sarah Sands and having one for me . . . mention my name."

"Yeah, and get thrown out on my neck."

"No, no, I'm just like that out there, fair dinkum."

"Melbourne . . . women . . . beer . . . oh, how's a man's luck . . . I'll . . ."

"Gunner Jones . . . Gunner Jones."

"In here, mate . . . what is it?"

"Message from R.H.Q. . . . you, Gunner Jones?"

"Yes . . . thanks . . ."

"Hey, look fellas . . . Bert's passed out!"

"What's wrong . . . say, here it is . . . look, LEAVE CANCELLED!"

HEADLINES of all the sensation seeking papers of recent weeks was the trial of Woolcott Forbes. Sob sisters especially seemed to delight in having special interviews with his wife, and she is reported to have said, "That my love for John will stay as it always has." Not that he can do much wrong for the next five years, but wives of veteran A.I.F.ers who could have, still prefer to hide their light under a bushel.



Joroke



STAND EASY!



(Mary Gilbert)

"LIKE A LIFT? NO MISTER, I'VE JUST HAD ONE!"

IN the recent Divisional Boxing Championships that lacked the colour of Regimental representation, there were some very interesting bouts. The winners were Ptes. Beames, Brenner, Trewilkin, O'Connor, Trooper Good and Sapper Hurst. We would like to add our congratulations, chaps, and say thanks for many an interesting Saturday night.

In Idle Moments

My little used leave pass, on you I fondly gaze,
For you didst give me nigh thirty odd days,
Home with my sweetie, home every night,
Used little leave pass, once shiny and bright.

Crinkled old leave pass, time hath gone by,
L.T.D.'s called me, backwards I fly;
Back to Reveille, Gun Shells and Foo,
Oh! how I wish you were shiny and new.

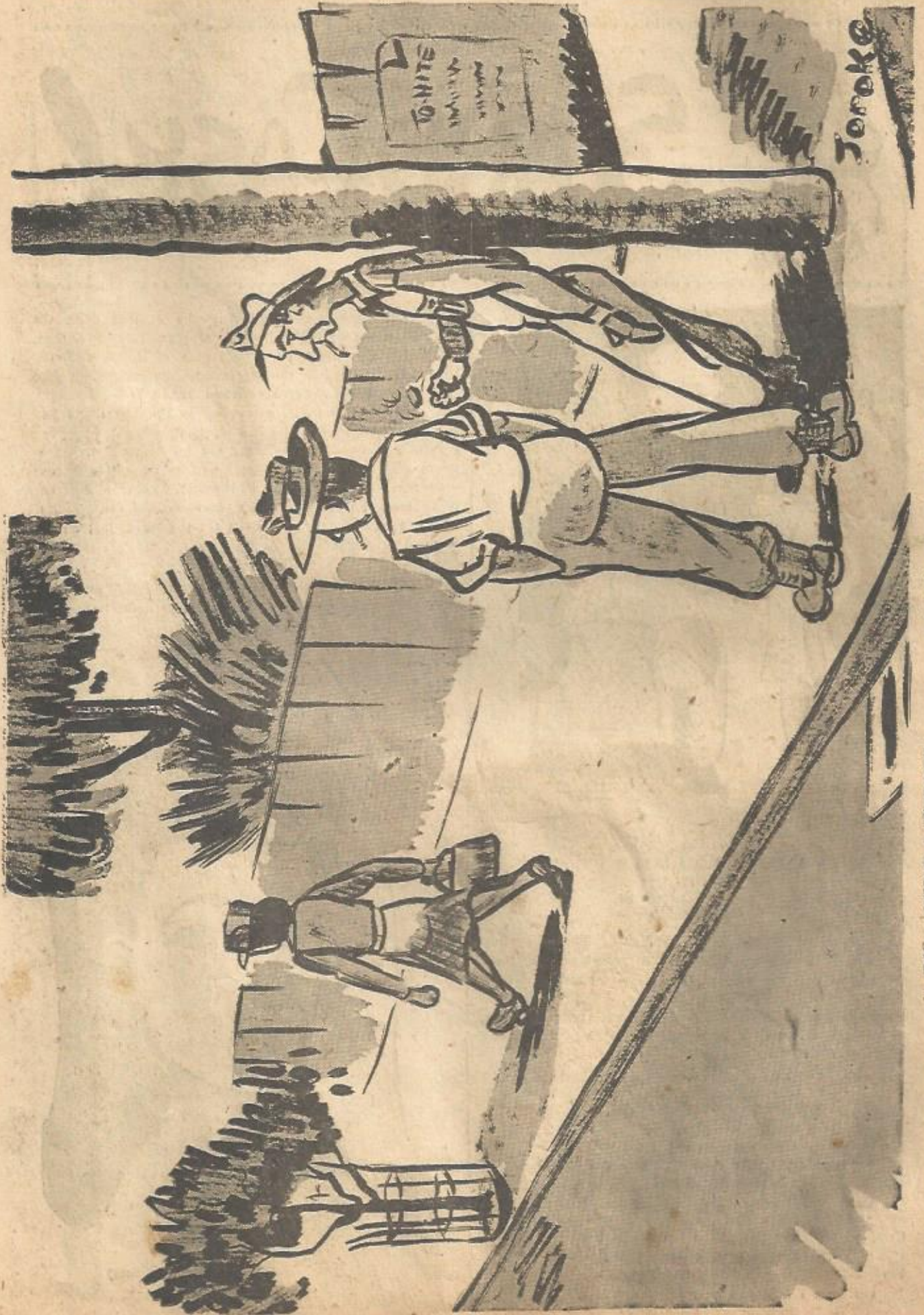
WITH the interest of all Australia centred upon the "Pyjama Girl Case" it was only natural that in time, we within the Regiment, would hear of it. A dramatic turn was provided in the Regimental discussions by who "did it," when L/Bdr. McKernan announced that many years ago he had found a revolver in the Yarra and had sold it to some fellow he had worked with. A European sort of a bloke. It all seemed set for "Junior" to travel down South with an open leave pass when it was discovered that the revolver he had found was of a different make than the one the police were looking for. Still it wasn't a bad try. Should have got the leave, just on the basis of originality.

A FLAPPER is a girl who sows her wild oats on a Saturday night and then goes to Church on Sunday to pray for the failure of the crop.



(Mary Gilbert)

"OH—HROP"



MR DIG., "WHAT A PICTURE," 2nd DIG., "TAIR, BUT WHAT A FRAME."