

The day draws nigh when the second edition of the "Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts Club Newt" will see the light of day.

Interesting items about the "doings" of our Club back home, an excellent cover sketched especially for The Newt by Lieut Walker, extracts from letters, news of what is to come, and other little tit-bits, are all included.

But there is one little fly in the ointment. Fifty copies only of the issue will be distributed, and it has been decided to place a small (?) charge of piasstros on each copy; all monies to be earmarked for the benefit of the Club. Can you imagine the sales value of the 50 "Original Editions" in the years to come - will be worth fully six "ack-ers" each.

Of course, as stated in the first issue, copies of The Mothers Club Newt will be distributed to all next-of-kin, etc., from the HQ of our Club in Australia.

So order your copy NOW (through your Coy Orderly Room, or direct to the editor, Sgt D.Ahearn, Bn HQ), and save disappointment.

AND HAVE YOU WRITTEN HOME LETTING YOUR FOLKS KNOW ABOUT THE CLUB

"This Place they call Tobruk." The next time I hear these words I'll go 'nerts.' My 'huge fan mail' is choked up with requests for the publication of this poem, written by a relative (son, I believe) of the late 'Banjo' Patterson. So here it is:

THIS PLACE THEY CALL TOBRUK

There's pñacos that I've been in
I didn't like too well
Now England's far too bloomin' cold
And Winton's hot as hell
The Walgett beer is always warm
In each there's something crook
But each and all are perfect to
This place they call TOBRUK

I've seen some duststorms back at home
That made the housewives work
Here there's enough inside our shirts
To smother all of Bourke
Two Diggers cleaned their dugouts
And their blankets out they shook
Two Colonels perished in the dust in
This place they call TOBRUK

There's centipides like pythons
And there's countless herds of fleas
As big as poodle dogs they come
A-snapping round your knees
And scorpions as large as AFV's
Come out and have a look
There's surely lots of livestock in
This place they call TOBRUK

Sometimes we go in swimming
And float about at ease
The water clear as crystal
And a nice clean salty breeze
When down comes blasted Hermann
And we have to sling our hook
We dive clean to the bottom in
This place they call TOBRUK

We reckoned El Agheila
Was none too flash a place
El Abair and Beda Fomm
Weren't in the blinkin' race
At towns this side of Benghazi
We hadn't time to look
But I'll take my oath they're better than
This place they call TOBRUK

There's militant teetotallers
Who abhor all kinds of drink
There's wives who break good bottles
And pour them down the sink
This place would suit them down to the
ground
We've searched in every nook
But booze is rare as hen's teeth in
This place they call TOBRUK

The shelling's nice and frequent
And they whistle overhead
You go into your dugout
And find shrapnel in your bed
And when the Stukas dive on us
We never pause to look
We're down our holes like rabbits in
This place they call TOBRUK

I really do not think this place
Was meant for you and me
Let's return it to the Arab
And he knows what he can do
We'll leave the God-forgotten place
Without one backward look
We've called it lots of other names
This place they call TOBRUK

(NOTE: Read from left to right)

Extract from a letter from Home: "Darling,

having my hair done to-day, I wrote a reply. I loved the poem B.....B.....B..... . Whilst Composed in twenty minutes, so don't expect a masterpiece."

Here we are without our men
Doing the flamin' work of ten
Wish they'd all come home again
Buddya buddy, buddy.
Once a week its V.A.D.'s
Twice a week its A.R.P.
Blackout tests and all you see
Buddy, buddy, buddy.

Shortages of this and that
Almost scared to buy a hat
Life in general's pretty flat
Buddy, buddy, buddy
Wishing wishing with all our might
You'll dodge the buddy bombs tonight
Curse this buddy war! Too right
Buddy, buddy, buddy