

at Duntroon, near Canberra, the Dominion capital. Thirty years ago Duntroon was modelled not on Sandhurst or Woolwich, the British military colleges, but on West Point. It was decided then that Australia would rely on a citizen army with citizen officers, except for a relatively small corps of professionals, who would make up in quality what they lacked in numbers. Consequently Duntroon was designed to give each professional officer a four-year course as at West Point, not an eighteen months' course as at Sandhurst or Woolwich; and to train him in all arms—infantry, artillery, engineers, &c. Most engineer specialists also go through a university degree in engineering after the military course is over, and a big percentage of Duntroon graduates go to England or India for a two-year course at one of the staff colleges after they have served in the Army for some years.

To-day graduates of Duntroon—the most senior of them are now in their middle forties—lace the Australian Army from top to bottom. A dozen of them are Generals, and half of these are in command of fighting divisions—Clowes, who pushed the Japanese marines out of Milne Bay in Papua, is one of them; Berryman, General Blamey's deputy chief of staff, is another; Vasey, who was the field commander during a vital phrase in New Guinea, is another; Robertson, Australia's senior armoured force commander, is a fourth. With them work professional soldiers of an earlier generation, of whom Blamey is one, and citizen soldiers such as Morshead, Allen, and Herring, who have managed to see so much fighting in this war and the last that some of them have won every step in promotion, from platoon commander to divisional commander, in action.

You cannot turn a few tens of thousands of civilians into an army in a week-end; and when the first instalments of the Australian Imperial Force embarked for the Middle East early in 1940 there were a good many men in its ranks who shared Yank's idea of an Aussie, "with

a rifle in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other." There had been little money to spend on the Army in the years between the wars and, except for the small corps of professional officers and sergeant instructors, and the part-time militia officers who had made soldiering their week-end and evening hobby, there was only a handful of trained soldiers in the country.

It was a good thing that Australia sent its Imperial Force overseas almost as soon as it was formed, because that made a break between civilian life in Australia and the soldiers' life in the big camps in southern Palestine and in the Egyptian Desert. Over there the commanders of the raw force worked on the fairly accurate assumption that the hodge-podge collection of volunteers had everything to learn and mighty little time to learn it in. Officers, from top to bottom, and sergeants were sent off in batches to British Army schools in the Middle East for courses that lasted up to four



**Australians in Papua.** A forward section post less than 30 yards from Japanese positions. These Australians lived and fought in mud and water. The photographer who took this picture could hear Japanese talking, but couldn't see them.