



WE MEET THE IMMOVABLE OBJECT

BEFORE A TERRIFIC CROWD INCLUDING THE G.O.C. AND SOME 200 OF THE BATTALION WHO HAD ENDURED A LONG BUSSET RIDE, THE 29TH BATTALION RUGBY TEAM POWERED TO DEFEAT FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE SEVENFOLD OF THE BARROO GROUP OUR PLAYED ON SATURDAY.

The game was close and the keen interest which preceded the contest and resulted in exceptional backing was not allowed to flag. Maroon played steady football and won by 11 points to 6.

Red, the Battalion side, appeared to be static, and their usual combination was lacking. The Maroon forwards packed better and won the majority of the scrums - a fact which hampered the efforts of their more speedy opponents in the back division.

The score was opened by Maroon shortly after the commencement, when they crossed to score from a forward scramble. This was converted.

Barlow then kicked a penalty, which brought the score to 5 - 3.

Further success came to the 29th and shortly after this Thurston crossed following a concerted back movement to score wide out. The kick failed.

Maroon attacked strongly and from a penalty brought themselves into the lead again, the score remaining 8 - 6 at the half time whistle.

Following close on the change over, Maroon again scored from a penalty kick. In spite of valiant efforts by Red, this was the last score of the match, and the game ended: Maroon, 11; Red, 6.

The 29th of the 29th Bn.

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Main Ramp

Now, surely, we have build- ed some buildings such as you have never seen. And holes have we digged, and canals like unto pythons graves. In everywhere we behold sand from the sea and rocks from the hills - and time from old Chicago.

These weeks and weeks shall- tens of strange structures have risen giant beneath the tropic moon. And when we ask- ed when all would be done, ye builder replied: Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow... Now it is still!

Ye chow house of ye offic- ers lacks but somewhat of alacoli bark for a roof. Ye gathering place of ye common folk bleats out the morning sun.

And B.B.W. with its danc- ing floor, no more serves ye arriant-John but in a but- box.

Is, and about the Companies west offices to the latter.

And the lesser roads the ye and the old showers and all run baths.

Surely, our camp is a most sweet place after the weeks - the long days of labour and night sweat of each. Shall it.

Goodbye

All denunciations and ranks (Call na Dick) gather- ed on a recent evening to farewell Horrie (W.O.II) Jones - long thanks for a hardened, quartermastering ability to say "No." On this occasion, however, he found it very hard to say even "No."

Fresh from his triumph in having a Battalion parade of L.D. men (some brought on stretchers) Horrie, at his concert effort to shone. When presented by W.O.II O'Brien with a pipe, he is reported to have replied in tones over 100 per cent hum- ility.

In our turn, wish him good hunting, and no change in roads.

Loud cries and the glister- ing of an extraordinary room attracted our attention; and we investigated. Sure enough, it was Apollo Strong up to his old tricks again. Another "Mentha" sweep.