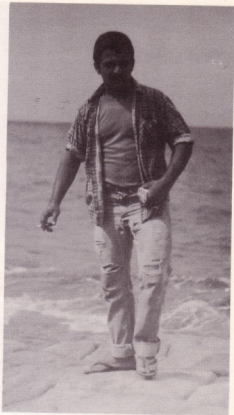


*Come here mate.*



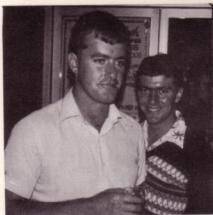
*Pergoletto Beach Bum.*



*Cpl. Clarke "New Issue"*



*"Jock Strap" Pudge Martin  
Part Time Officer Full Time Footballer*



*Blue Relaxing*



*No it's not a specimen jar sir!*



*Murder Ball Hawaii.*



*The Gang.*

## STAND TO

By Pte. D.F. Nicholl

The choppers fly high  
in the cool dusk breeze,  
Over the quiet hills  
and the fire scarred trees.  
In the bush below  
hide the men in green,  
Forever watchful  
their senses so keen.  
The long hot day  
comes to a cool, still end,  
And the night comes forth  
concealing both foe and friend.  
A voice in the dark,  
a challenge is spoken,  
Crack of a rifle  
and the silence is broken.

Each soldier stands to  
in his deep dug pit,  
And with eyes alert  
behind their rifles sit.  
The enemy attacks  
while the moon is high,  
The gun speaks its song  
and many will die.  
The eastern sky lightens  
with the coming dawn,  
And the enemy withdraws  
with their dead to mourn.



WHO TOOK MY VEHICLE



IF ANYONE CAN IDENTIFY THIS DRIVER — PLEASE FORWARD INFORMATION TO HARRY.