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DIGGERS LONG, LONG TRAIL

Ready for the long march across the Blue Mountains of Australia,

Brigadier Murry, Commanding Officer, issues final orders to his Staff.

Off we go, Digger ---and its a long trek. Fighting fit at the start, they will be tougher wtil at the end of 12 days marching. We'll go with them as WALK correspondent.

Goodbye Dolly Gray, and, next time, bring your big sister with you....Here worship! Well, the youngsters haven't got that all on their own. Why, even some of the odd 1914 sweats see the lads on their way. Napoleon said, An Army Marches on its stomach. But the A.I.F. know an army marches on its feet....it feels as if you've got two feet in one boot.

O'oh, has he got ho& dogs?

The regimental mascot. Hey, that's treason, or something! But Boris's stripes help h&m out! On with the march. Westward, ever Westward, with the kiddies wondering what its all about. Eve tempted Adam with an Apple they say, but today "Adam " doesn't need much tempting.

"Spot" just wouldn't be left behind, so he's carried behind! I'll bet the Sergeants pleased.....and, the mighty river of men flows on, a river as irresistible as their own fighting spirit.

Night falls. A welcome respite from the foot-slogging of the day.

Another day and off we jolly well go again! Wherever duty leads them, not one will lose the memory of the grandeur and greatness of the land for which he fights. Nature made it grand, the Diggers can make it great. Hail, the A. I.F.