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AUSTRALIAN SURFMEN IN PALESTINE.

1939 - The rumble of war is low. Sydney's playground indulges in its favourite pastime. Australians never lose their love for the Surf. When war took them to a foreign strand, for one glorious day they paused in the ugly business of battle and turned Palestine's beach at Gaza into a second Bondi. Laid aside for the moment are the trappings of war, as suntanned Diggers - the flower of Australia's manhood - become life savers again. Those who, like myself, have known the exhilarating sight of perfectly trained teams parading in the hot salt-laden air; watched the well-drilled ~~xxxx~~ men of the Surf marching like Guardsmen on a golden shore, can best imagine the pleasure these fighting men are getting from their one day of homely relaxation.

Australian nurses are home again in imagination. General Sir Thomas Blamey, a firm believer in sport for his troops, applauds his men, as they answer the starting signal with a charge into the surf. The number one of each team with the line around his body heads into the cresting waves. Behind him are the linesmen paying out the cable hand over hand - Yes, it's Bondi ~~xxx~~ all over again. And for the folk's at home, the Australian Broadcasting Commission's mobile unit, transmits the scene to homes listening-in thousands of miles away.

Goebells spoke of them as "deluded, undernourished farm boys"; what we see are magnificent specimens of sterling manhood. Australia answered the Empire's call; now the Empire must answer hers.