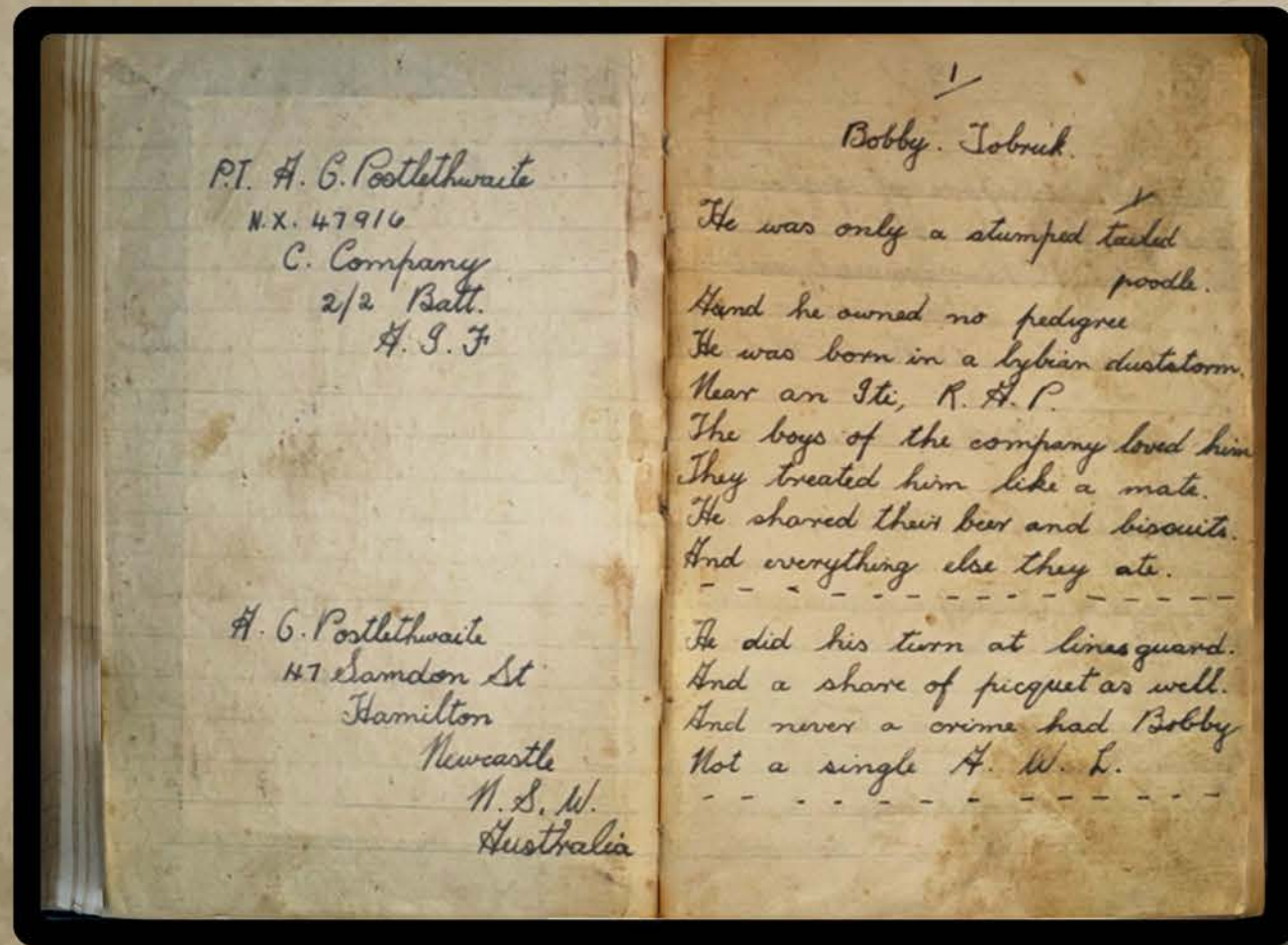




*Albert George Postlethwaite*  
1918 - 1986

Service in the Australian Army (September 1940 – February 1944)

This diary captures entries written during his deployment in the Middle East between 1941 and 1942.



**Inside Cover**

P.T. A.G. Postlethwaite  
 N.X. 47916  
 C. Company  
 2/2 Batt.  
 A.I.F.

A.G. Postlethwaite  
 47 Samdon St  
 Hamilton  
 Newcastle  
 N.S.W.  
 Australia

**Page 1**

**Bobby Tobruk**  
 He was only a stumped tailed  
 And he owned no pedigree  
 He was born in a Lybian duststorm  
 Near an Iti, R.A.P.  
 The boys of the company loved him  
 They treated him like a mate.  
 He shared their beer and biscuits  
 And everything else they ate.

He did his turn at lines guard  
 And a share of picquet as well.  
 And never a crime had Bobby  
 Not a single A.W.L.

**Page 2**

He saw his share of fighting  
 And fought like soldiers too  
 For we taught him concealment and cover  
 In the billets at Mursa Matruk

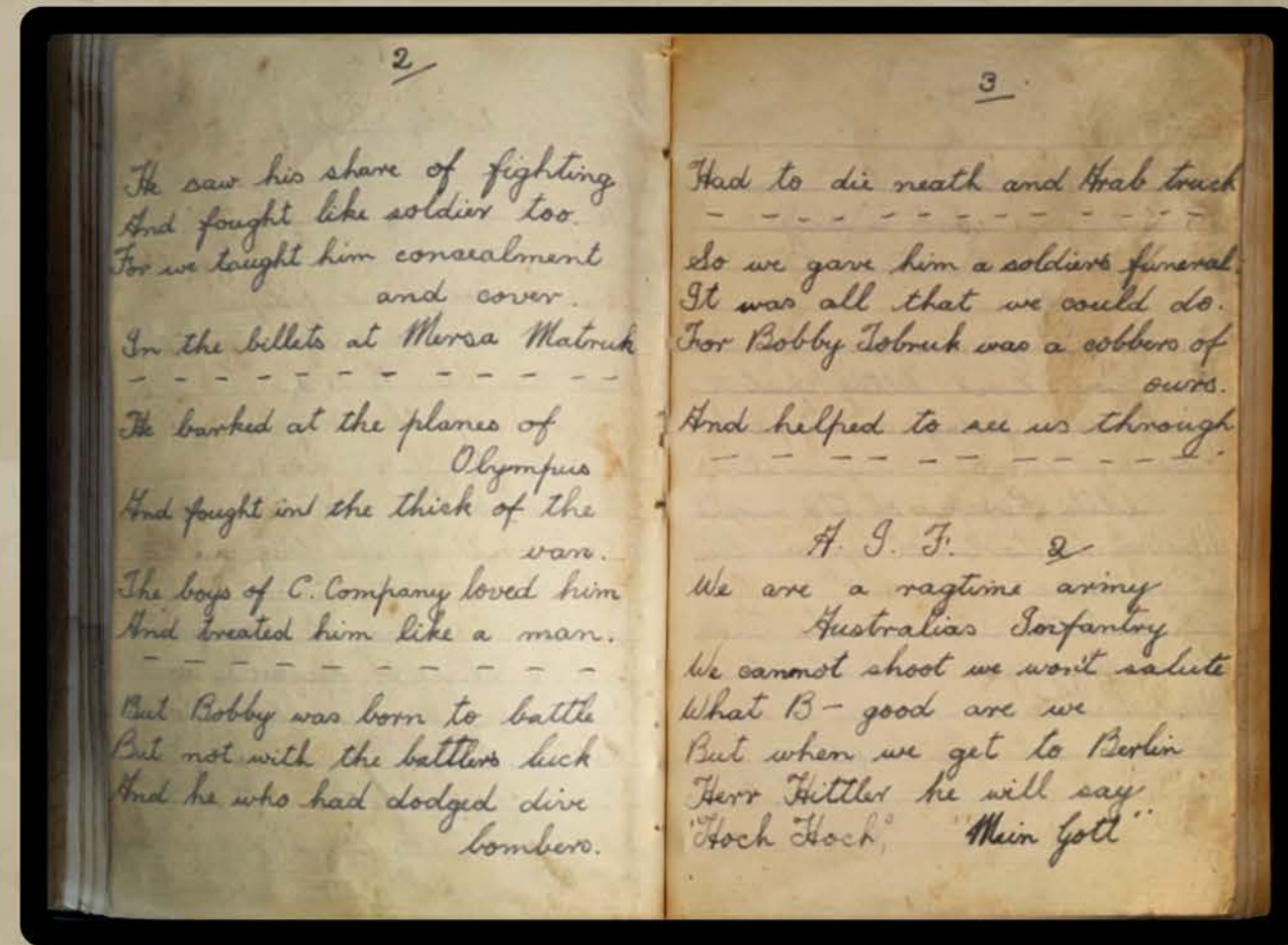
He barked at the planes of Olympus  
 And fought in the thick of the van.  
 The boys of C. Company loved him  
 And treated him like a man.

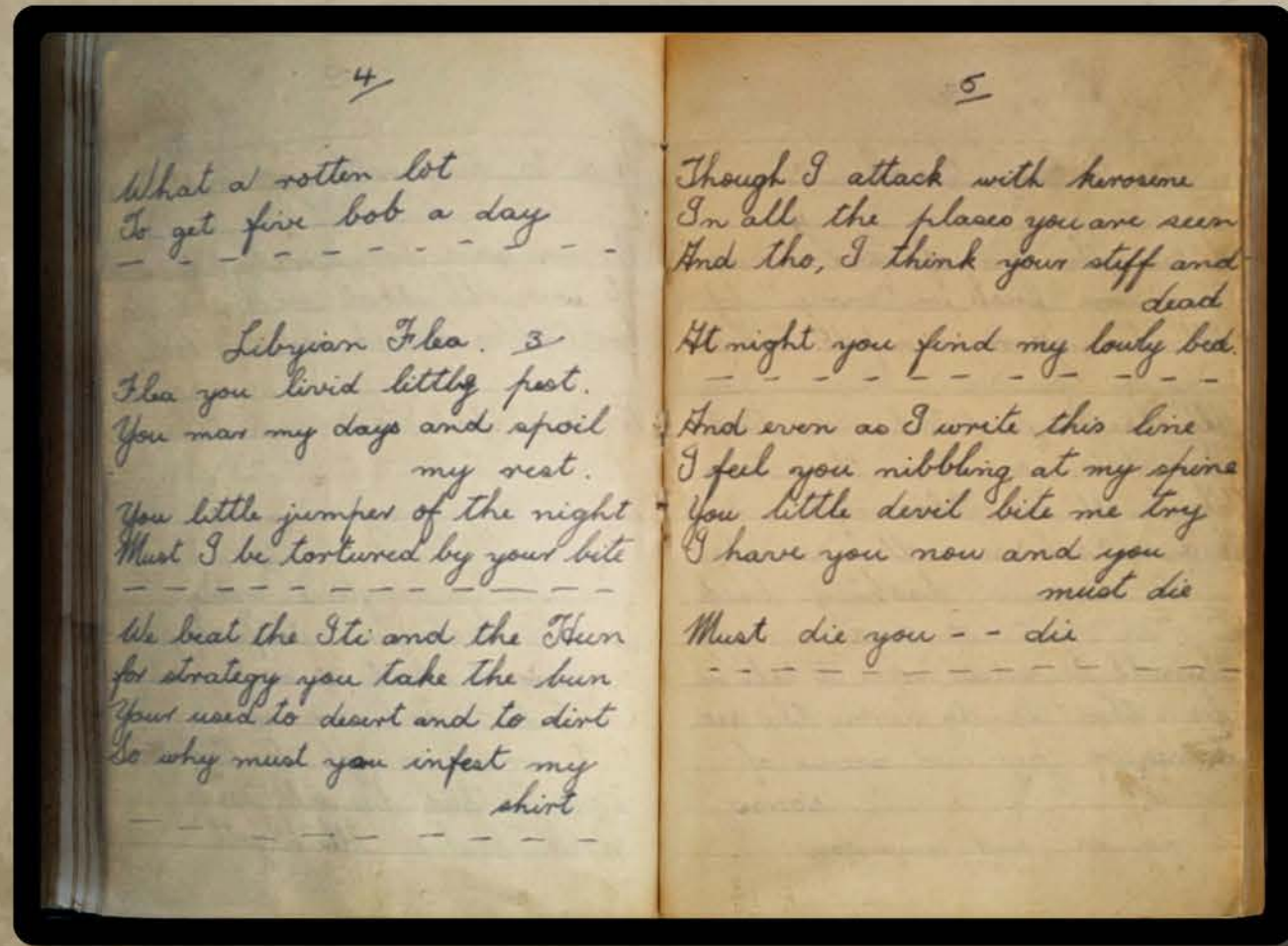
But Bobby was born to battle  
 But not with the battlers luck  
 And he who had dodged dive bombers

**Page 3**

Had to die neath an Arab truck  
 So we gave him a soldier's funeral  
 It was all that we could do.  
 For Bobby Tobruk was a cobbler of ours.  
 And helped to see us through.

**A.I.F.**  
 We are a ragtime army  
 Australia's Infantry  
 We cannot shoot we won't salute  
 What B — good are we  
 But when we get to Berlin  
 Herr Hitler he will say:  
 "Hoch Hoch" "Mein Gott"





**Page 4**

What a rotten lot  
To get five bob a day

**Libyan Flea 3**

Flea you livid little pest  
You mar my days and spoil my rest  
You little jumper of the night  
Must I be tortured by your bite

We beat the Iii and the Hun  
For strategy you take the bun  
You used to desert and to dirt  
So why must you infest my shirt

**Page 5**

Though I attack with kerosene  
In all the places you are seen  
And tho, I think you stiff and dead  
At night you find my lovely bed.

And even as I write this line  
I feel you nibbling at my spine  
You little devil bite me try  
I have you now and you must die

Must die you - - die

**Page 6**

**Looking Back**

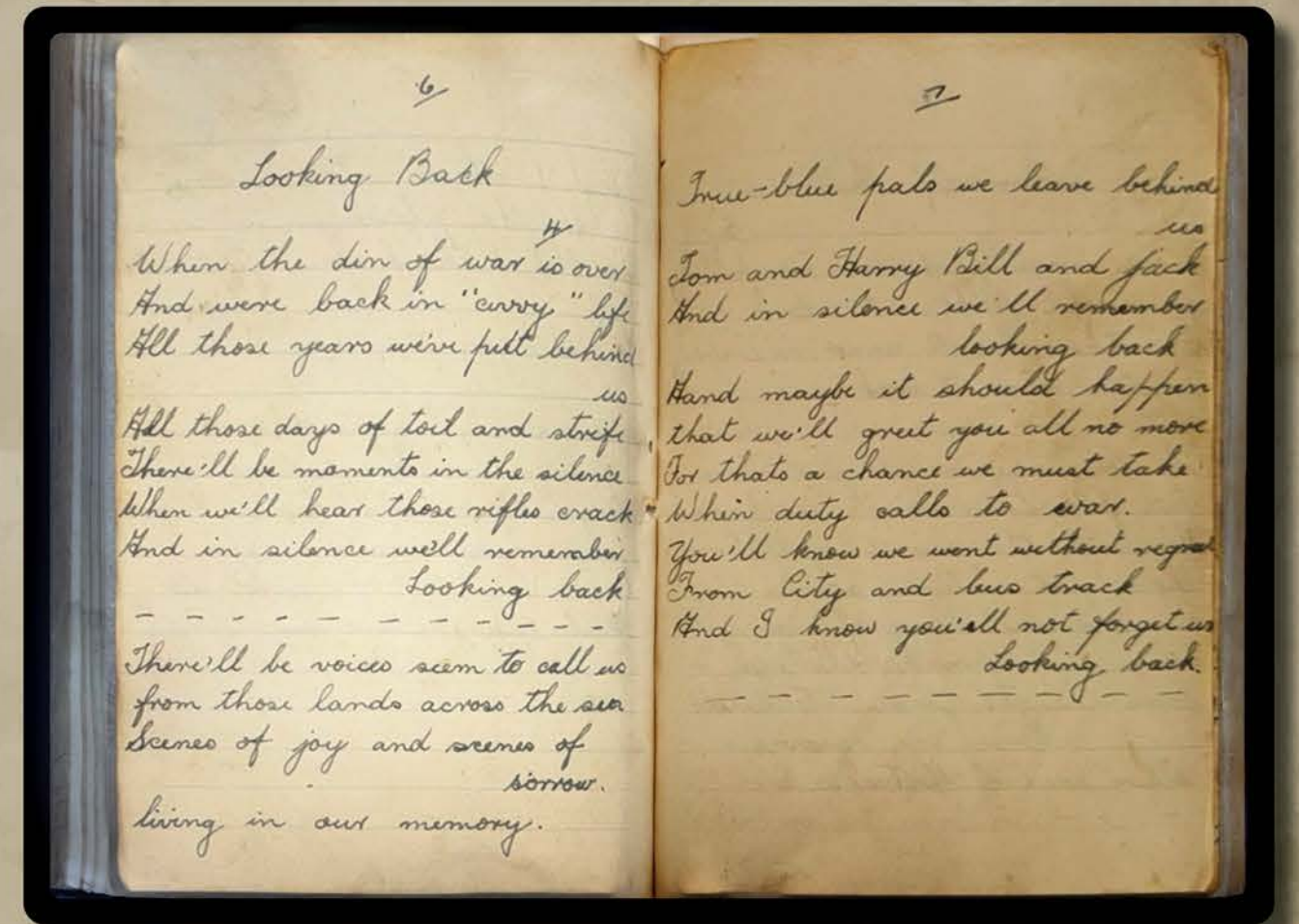
When the din of war is over  
And we're back in "civvy" life  
All those years we've put behind us

All those days of toil and strife  
There'll be moments in the silence  
When we'll hear those rifles crack  
And in silence we'll remember, looking back

There'll be voices seem to call us  
From those lands across the sea  
Scenes of joy and scenes of sorrow  
Living in our memory

**Page 7**

True-blue pals we leave behind us  
Tom and Harry, Bill and Jack  
And in silence we'll remember looking back  
And maybe it should happen  
That we'll greet you all no more  
For that's a chance we must take  
When duty calls to war.  
You'll know we went without regret  
From city and bush track  
And I know you'll not forget us looking back



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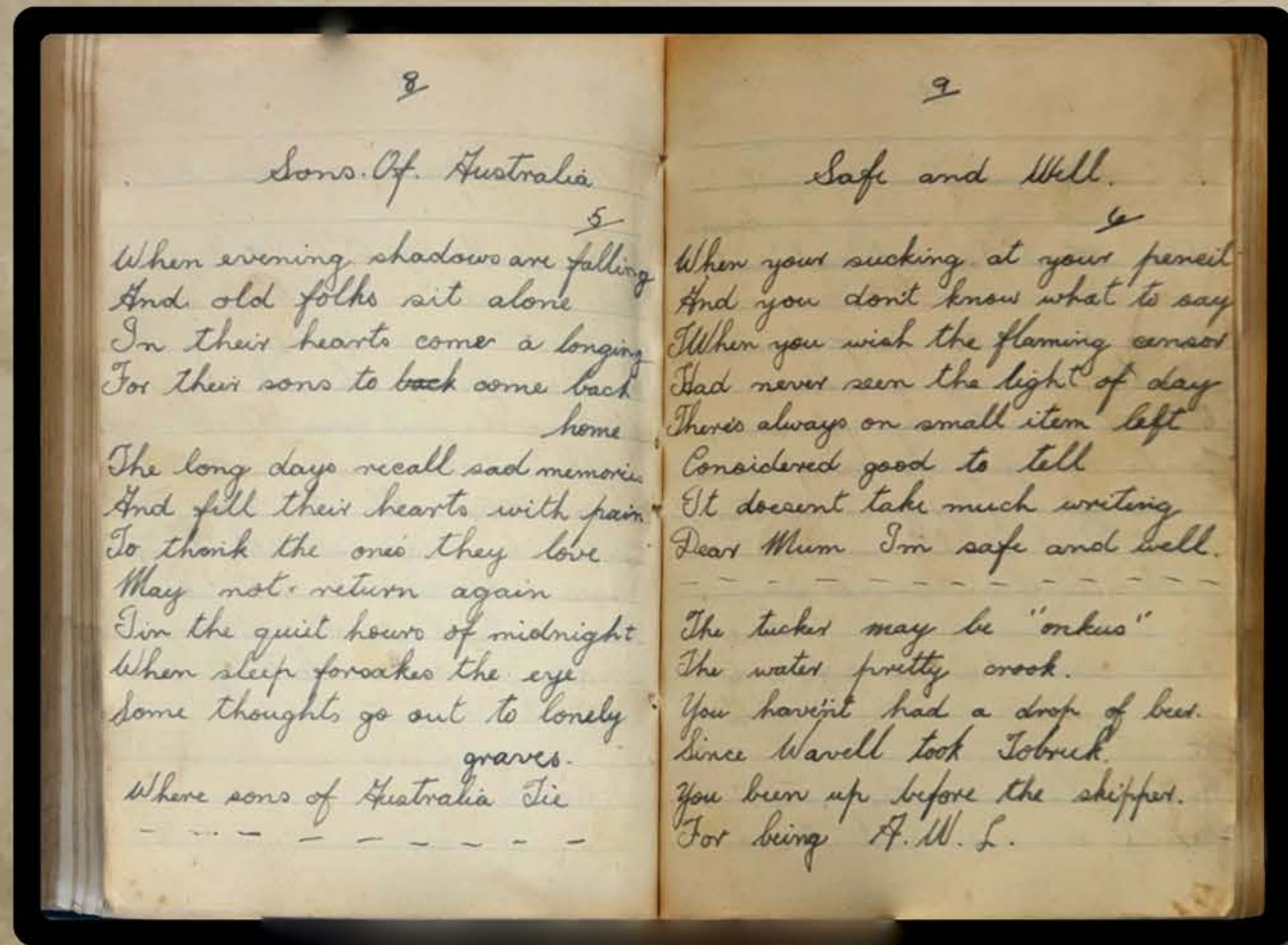
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From city and bush track  
And I know you'll not forget us

looking back.



**Page 8**

**Sons of Australia**

When evening shadows are falling  
And old folks sit alone  
In their hearts comes a longing  
For their sons to back come back home

The long days recall sad memories  
And fill their hearts with pain  
To think the ones they love  
May not return again  
'Tis the quiet hours of midnight  
When sleep forsakes the eye  
Some thoughts go out to lonely graves  
Where sons of Australia lie.

**Page 9**

**Safe and Well**

When you're sucking at your pencil  
And you don't know what to say  
When you wish the flaming censor  
Had never seen the light of day  
There's always one small item left  
Considered good to tell  
It doesn't take much writing  
Dear Mum, I'm safe and well.

The tucker may be "onkers"  
The water pretty crook  
You haven't had a drop of beer  
Since Wavell took Tobruk.  
You been up before the skipper  
For being A.W.L.

**Page 10**

But take your pen and write it down  
Dear Mum, I'm safe and well.

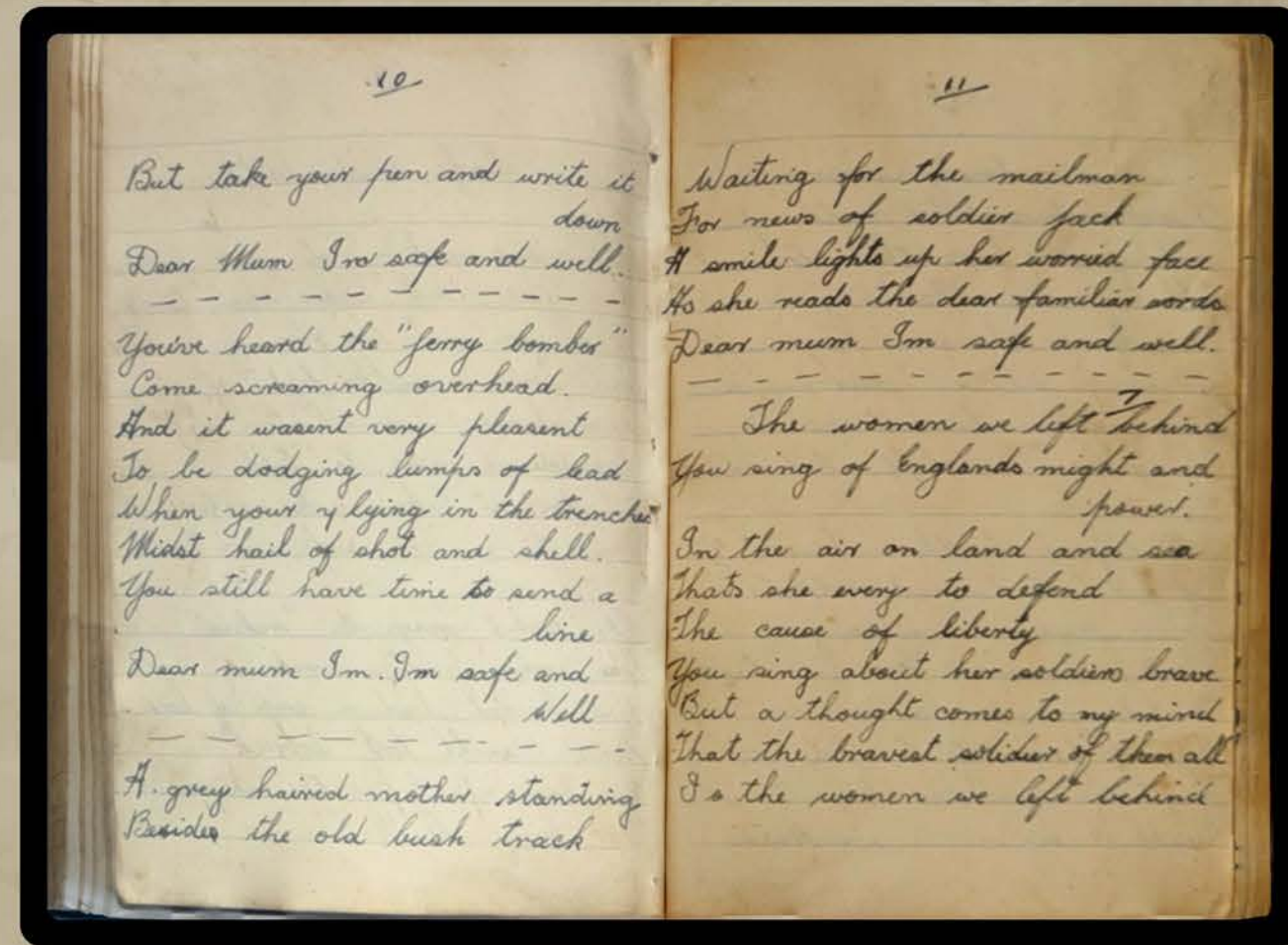
You've heard the "Jerry bombers"  
Come screaming overhead  
And it wasn't very pleasant  
To be dodging lumps of lead  
When you're lying in the trenches  
Midst hail of shot and shell.  
You still have time to send a line  
Dear Mum, I'm safe and well.

A grey-haired mother standing  
Beside the old bush track

**Page 11**

Waiting for the mailman  
For news of soldier Jack  
A smile lights up her worried face  
As she reads the dear familiar words  
Dear Mum, I'm safe and well.

The women we left behind  
You sing of England's might and power  
In the air, on land and sea  
That she every to defend  
The cause of liberty  
You sing about her soldiers brave  
But a thought comes to my mind  
That the bravest soldier of them all  
Is the women we left behind



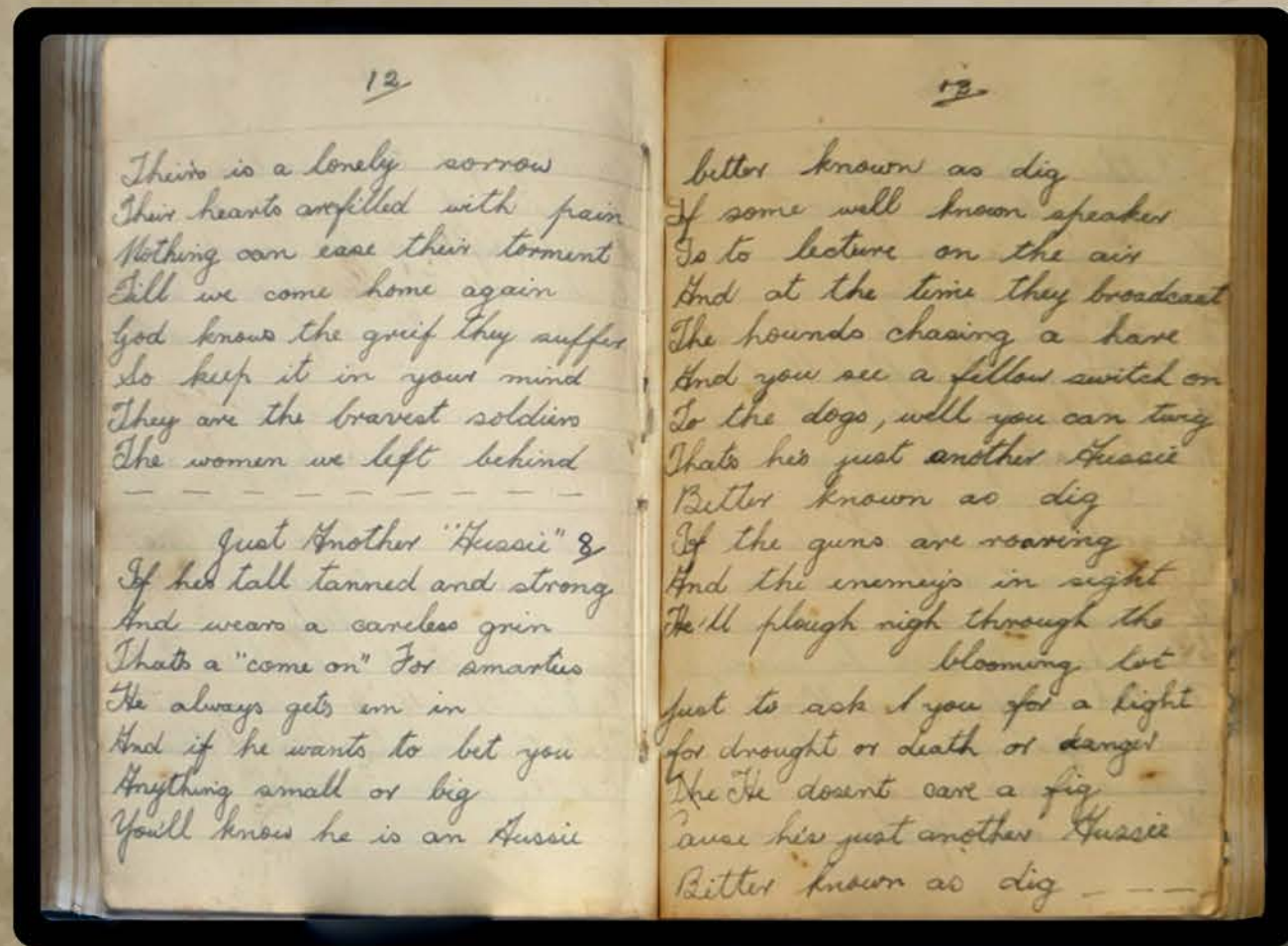
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**Page 12**

There is a lonely sorrow  
Their hearts are filled with pain  
Nothing can ease their torment  
Till we come home again  
God knows the grief they suffer  
So keep it in your mind  
They are the bravest soldiers  
The women we left behind

**Just Another "Aussie"**

If he's tall, tanned, and strong  
And wears a careless grin  
That's a "come on" for smarties  
He always gets 'em in  
And if he wants to bet you  
Anything small or big  
You'll know he is an Aussie

**Page 13**

Better known as dig  
If some well-known speaker  
Is to lecture on the air  
And at the time they broadcast  
The hounds chasing a hare  
And you see a fellow switch on  
To the dogs, well you can twig  
That's he's just another Aussie  
Better known as dig  
If the guns are roaring  
And the enemy's in sight  
He'll plough right through the blooming lot  
Just to ask if you got a light  
For drought or death or danger  
He doesn't care a fig  
'Cause he's just another Aussie  
Better known as dig

**Page 14**

Whether he's in Egypt  
Or any place in Syria  
An Aussie is an Aussie  
With plenty of interior  
He will grin and he will bet you  
With his mouth half full of cig  
And if he loses he will say  
Mah! Lash good on you dig

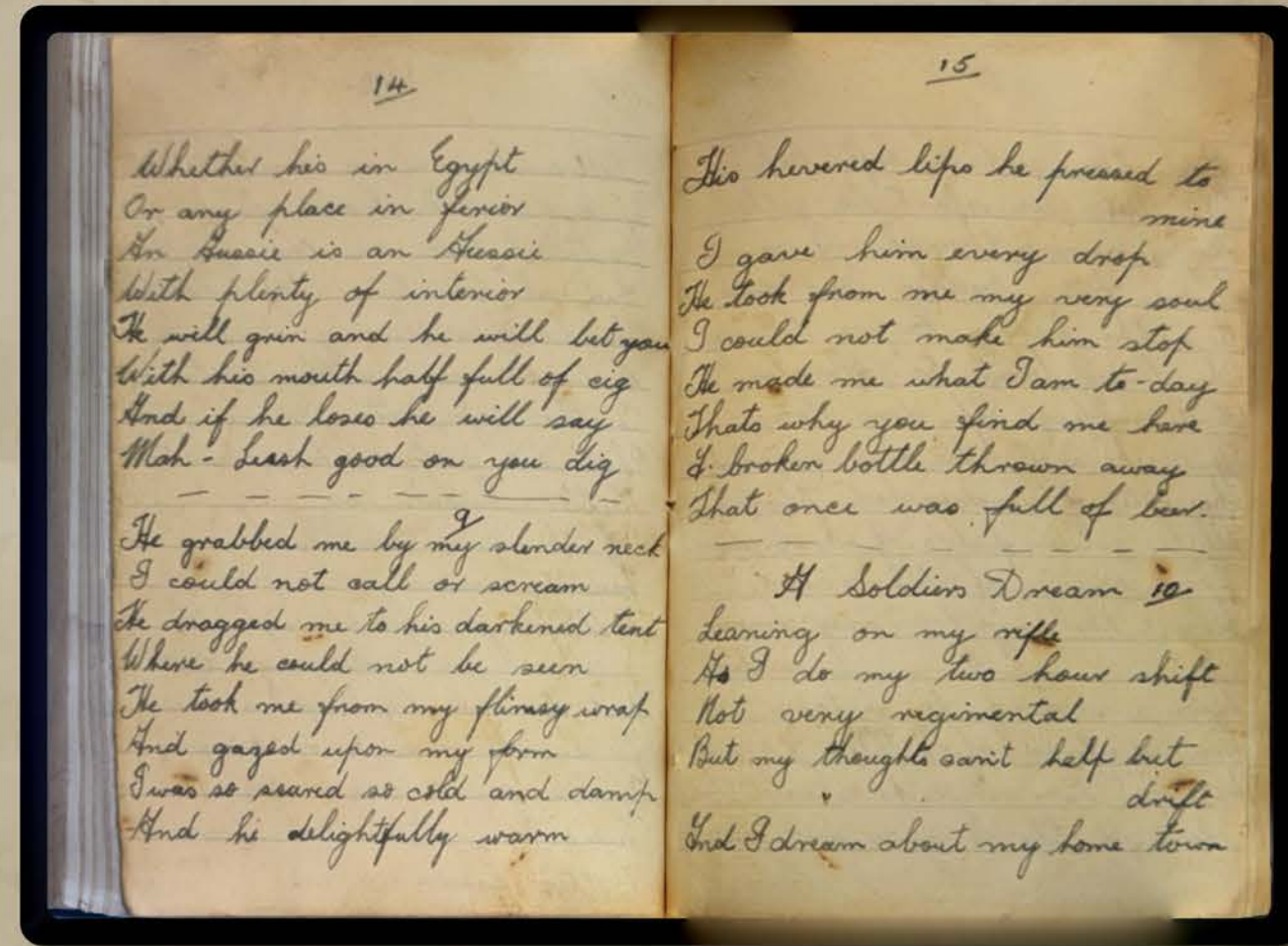
He grabbed me by my slender neck  
I could not call or scream  
He dragged me to his darkened tent  
Where he could not be seen  
He took me from my flimsy wrap  
And gazed upon my form  
I was so scared, so cold and damp  
And he delightfully warm

**Page 15**

His fevered lips he pressed to mine  
I gave him every drop  
He took from me my very soul  
I could not make him stop  
He made me what I am today  
That's why you find me here  
A broken bottle thrown away  
That once was full of beer!

**A Soldier's Dream**

Leaning on my rifle  
As I do my two-hour shift  
Not very regimental  
But my thoughts can't help but drift  
And I dream about my home town

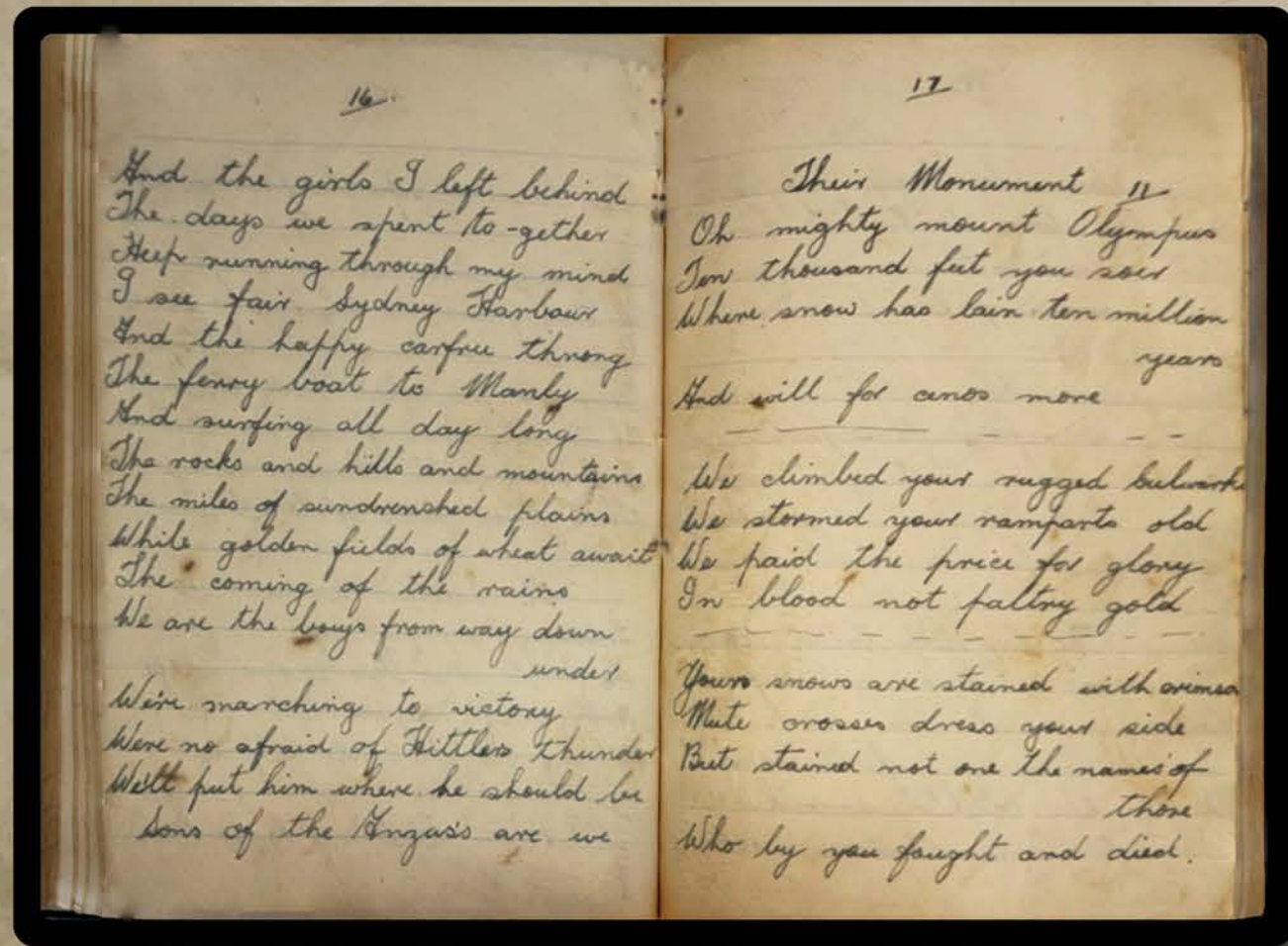


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**Page 16**

And the girls I left behind  
The days we spent together  
Keep running through my mind  
I see fair Sydney Harbour  
And the happy carefree throng  
The ferry boat to Manly  
And surfing all day long  
The rocks and hills and mountains  
The miles of sun-drenched plains  
While golden fields of wheat await  
The coming of the rains  
We are the guys from way down under

We're marching to victory  
We're no afraid of Hitler's thunder  
We'll put him where he should be  
Sons of the Anzacs are we

**Page 17**

**Their Monument**

Oh mighty Mount Olympus  
Ten thousand feet you soar  
Where snow has lain ten million years  
And will for eons more

We climbed your rugged bulwarks  
We stormed your ramparts old  
We paid the price for glory  
In blood, not paltry gold

Your snows are stained with crimson  
Mute crosses dress your side  
But stained not one the names of those  
Who by you fought and died

**Page 18**

A million blood red poppies  
Each flaunting its proud head  
Will bloom with crimson glory  
Above our gallant dead

So guard them Mt. Olympus  
Till we repay the debt  
To the graves that you are guarding  
Of the mates we can't forget

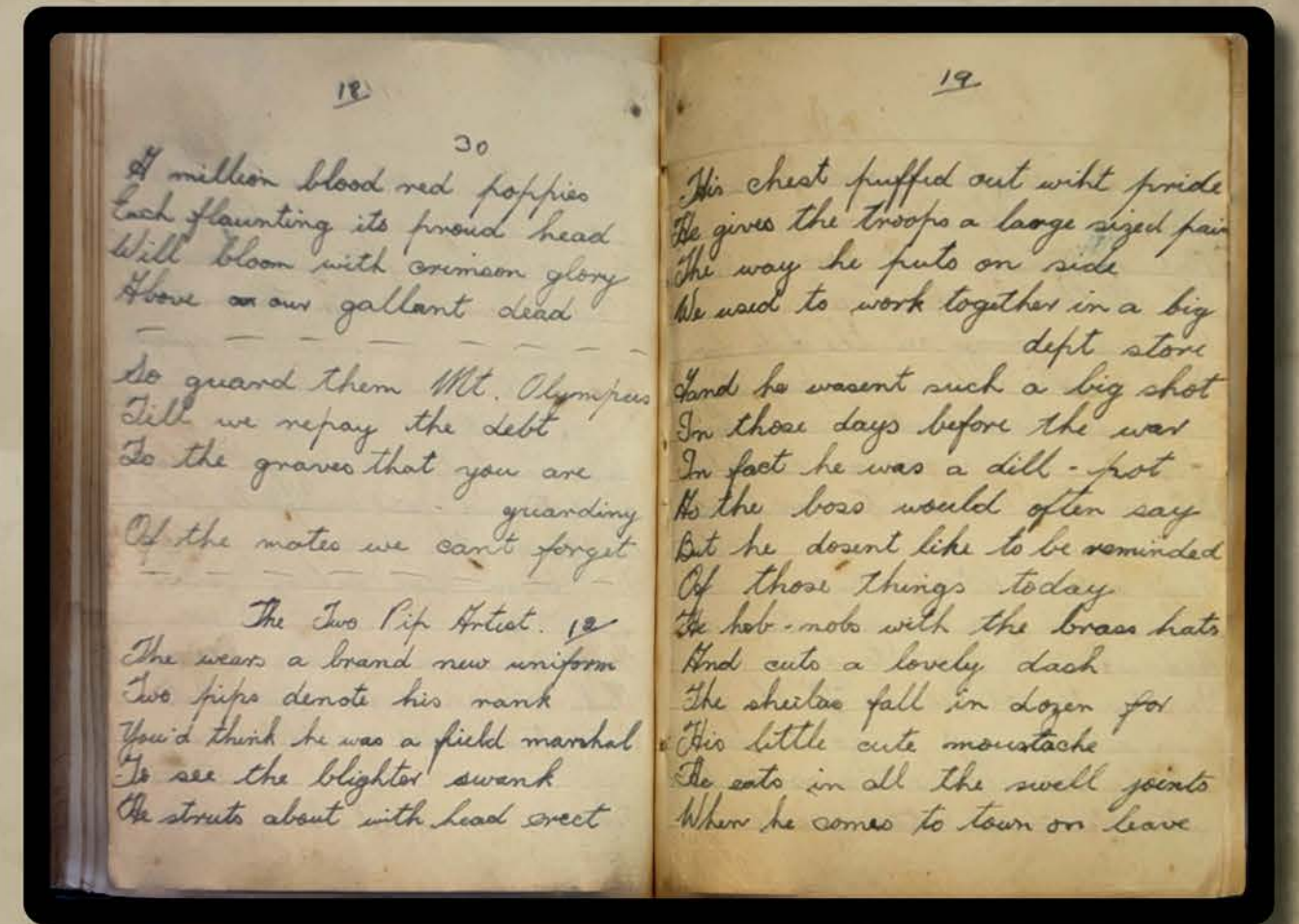
**The Two Pip Artist**

He wears a brand new uniform  
Two pips denote his rank  
You'd think he was a field marshal  
To see the blighter swank  
He struts about with head erect

**Page 19**

His chest puffed out with pride  
He gives the troops a large sized pain  
The way he puts on side  
We used to work together in a big dept store  
And he wasn't such a big shot  
In those days before the war  
In fact he was a dill-pot

As the boss would often say  
But he doesn't like to be reminded  
Of those things today  
He hob-nobs with the brass hats  
And cuts a lovely dash  
The sheilas fall in dozens for  
His little cute moustache  
He eats in all the swell joints  
When he comes to town on leave



**Their Monument**

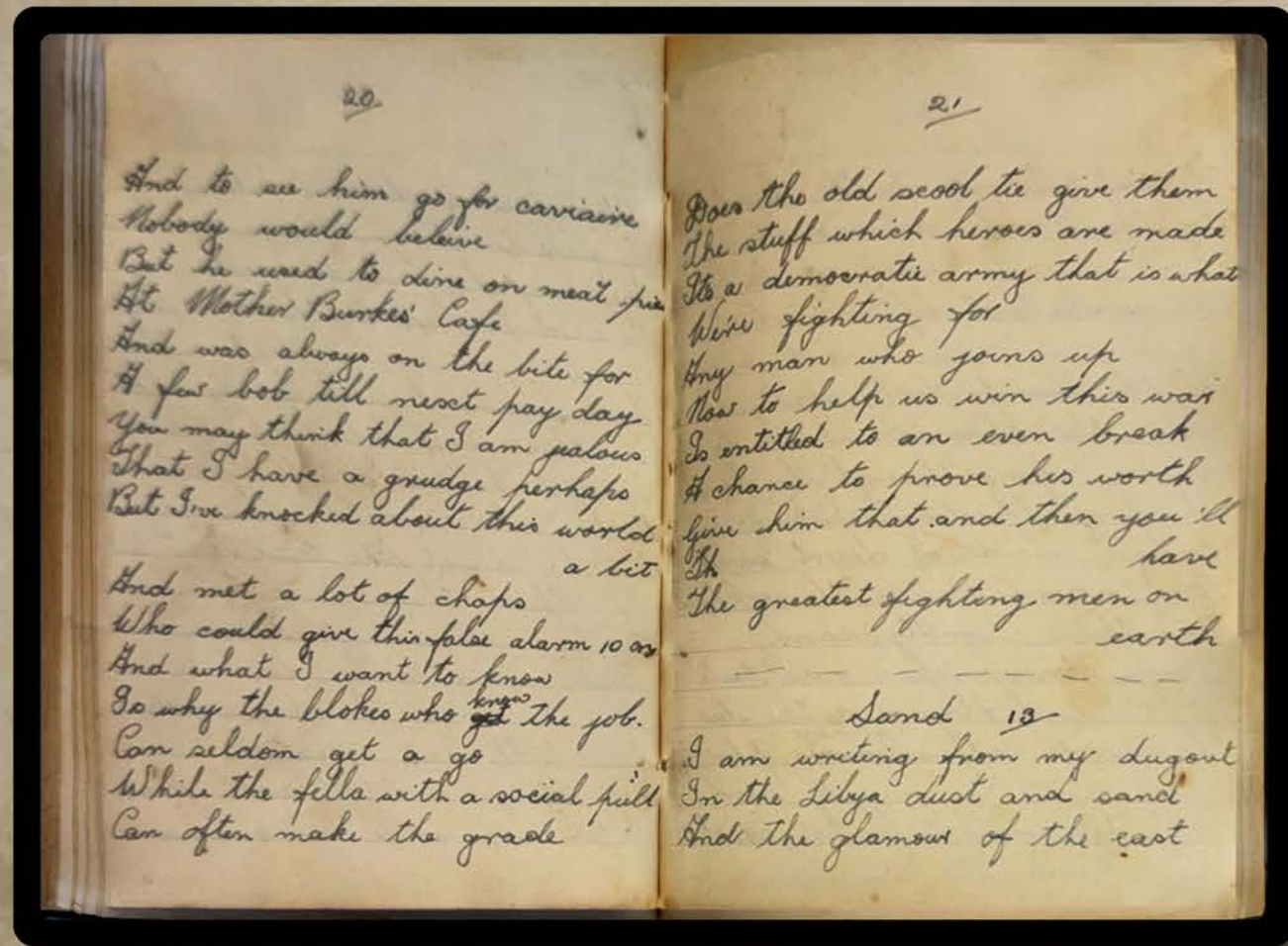
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20

And to see him go for caviare  
Nobody would believe  
But he used to dine on meat pies  
At Mother Burke's Cafe  
And was always on the bite for  
A few bob till next pay day  
You may think that I am jealous  
That I have a grudge perhaps  
But I've knocked about this world  
a bit

And met a lot of chaps  
Who could give this false alarm 10 as  
And what I want to know  
Is why the blokes who <sup>know</sup> the job  
Can seldom get a go  
While the fella with a social pull  
Can often make the grade

21

Does the old school tie give them  
The stuff which heroes are made  
It's a democratic army that is what  
We're fighting for  
Any man who joins up  
Has to help us win this war  
Is entitled to an even break  
A chance to prove his worth  
Give him that and then you'll  
have  
The greatest fighting men on  
earth

Sand 13

I am writing from my dugout  
In the Libya dust and sand  
And the glamour of the east

### Page 20

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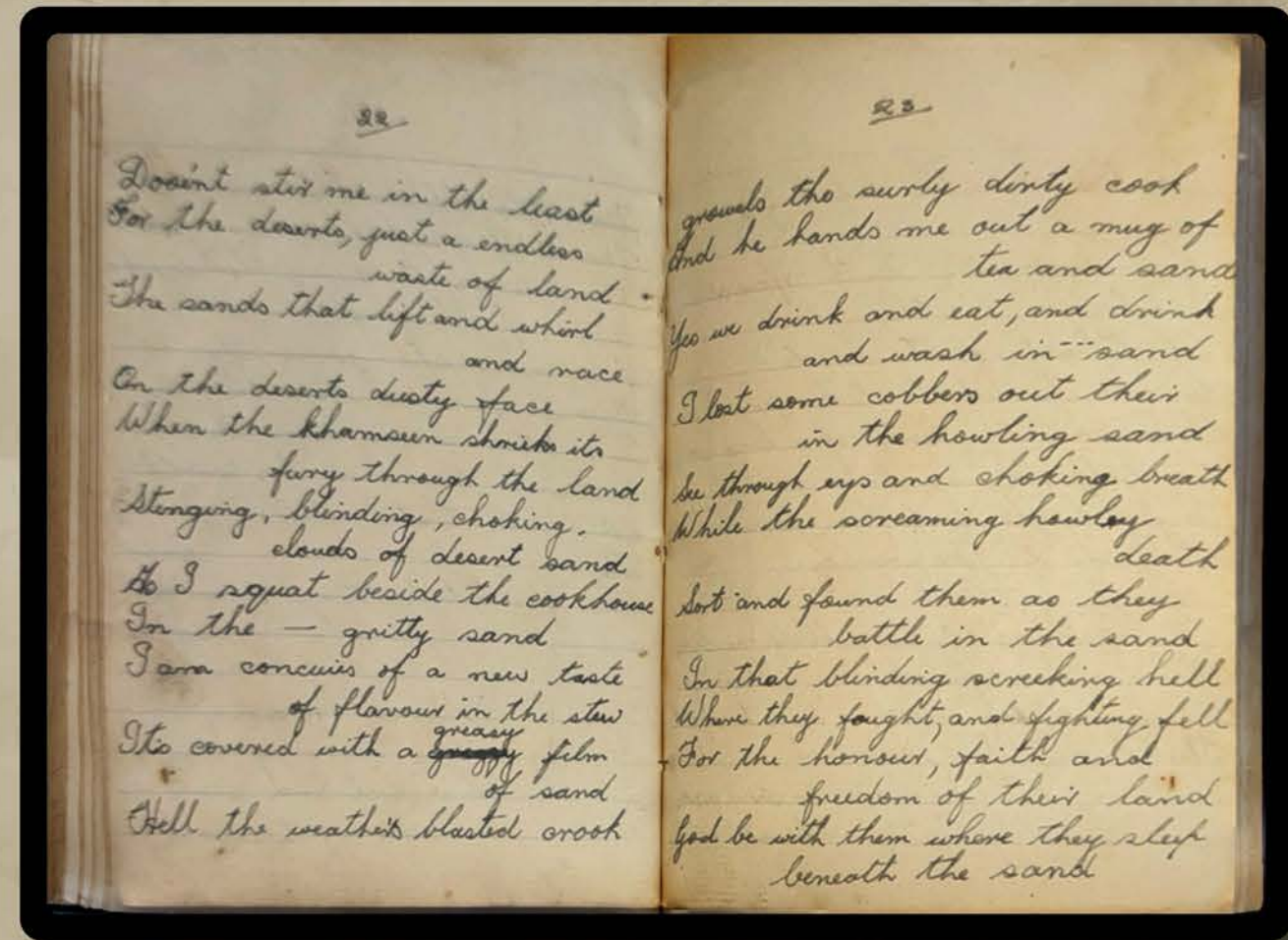
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### Page 22

Doesn't stir me in the least  
For the desert's just an endless waste of land  
The sands that lift and whirl and race  
On the desert's dusty face  
When the khamseen shrieks its  
fury through the land  
Stinging, blinding, choking  
clouds of desert sand  
So I squat beside the cookhouse  
In the gritty sand  
I am conscious of a new taste  
of flavour in the stew  
It's covered with a greasy film of sand  
Still the weather's blasted crook

### Page 23

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film  
of sand  
Still the weather's blasted crook  
Grows the surly dirty cook  
And he hands me out a mug of tea and  
sand  
Yes we drink and eat, and drink and wash in  
sand  
I lost some coppers out their in the howling  
sand  
See through eyes and choking breath  
While the screaming howls death  
Lost and found them as they battle in the  
sand  
In that blinding, screeching hell  
Where they fought and fighting fell  
For the honour, faith, and freedom of their  
land  
God be with them where they sleep beneath  
the sand

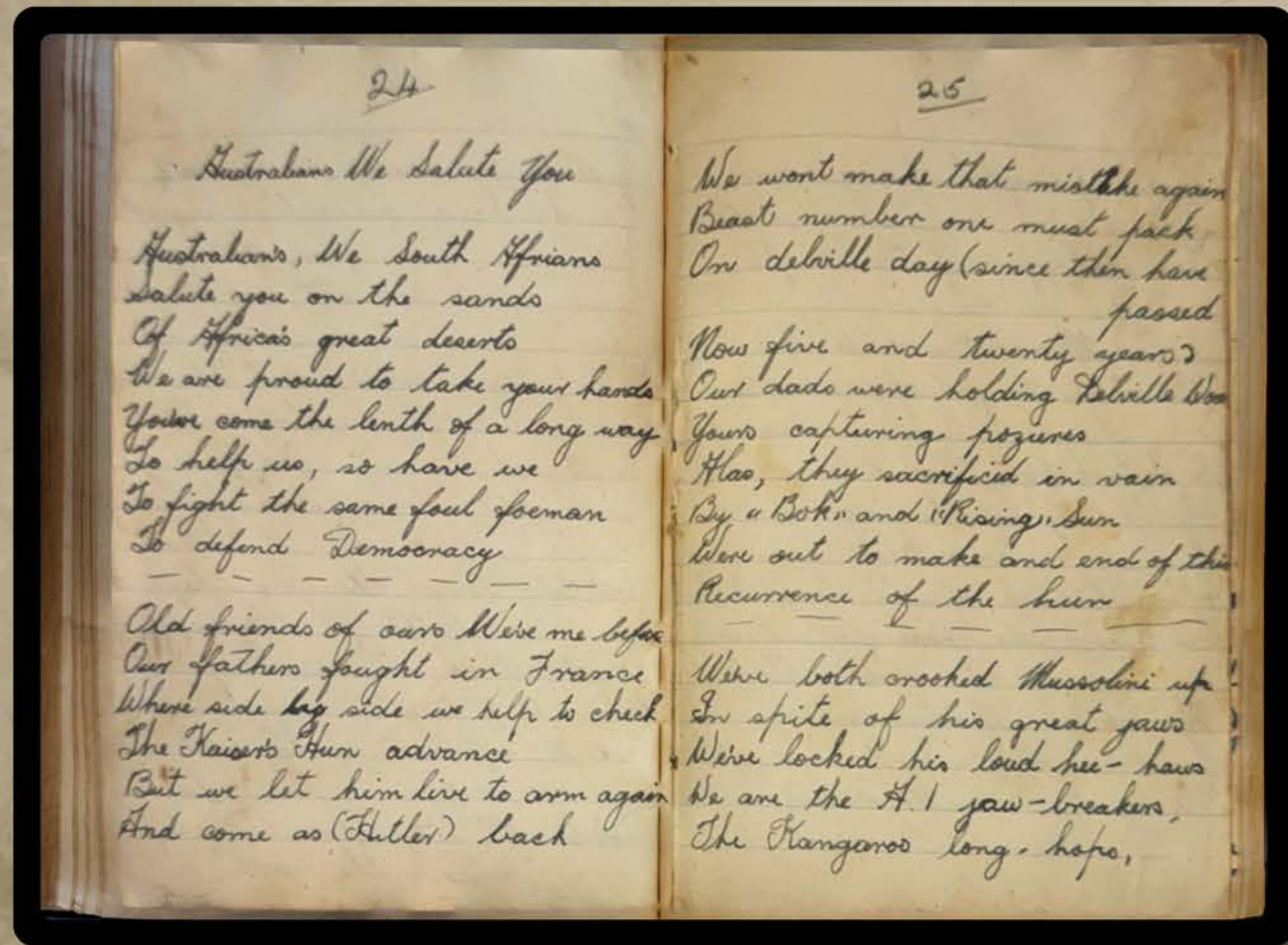


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For the honour, faith and  
freedom of their land  
God be with them where they sleep  
beneath the sand



24

Australians We Salute You

Australians, We South Africans  
salute you on the sands  
Of Africa's great deserts  
We are proud to take your hands  
You've come the length of a long way  
To help us, so have we  
To fight the same foul foe man  
To defend Democracy

Old friends of ours were we before  
Our fathers fought in France  
Where side by side we help to check  
The Kaiser's Hun advance  
But we let him live to arm again  
And come as (Hitler) back

25

We won't make that mistake again  
Beast number one must pack  
On deville day (since then have passed)  
Now five and twenty years?  
Our dads were holding Devil's Wood  
Your capturing figures  
Alas, they sacrificed in vain  
By a "Bok" and Rising Sun  
Were out to make an end of this  
Recurrence of the Hun

We've both crooked Mussolini up  
In spite of his great jaws  
We've locked his loud hee-haws  
We are the A1 jaw-breakers,  
The Kangaroos long hope,

Page 24

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Page 26

And Springbok springers we are both  
The Whoppers of the Wops.

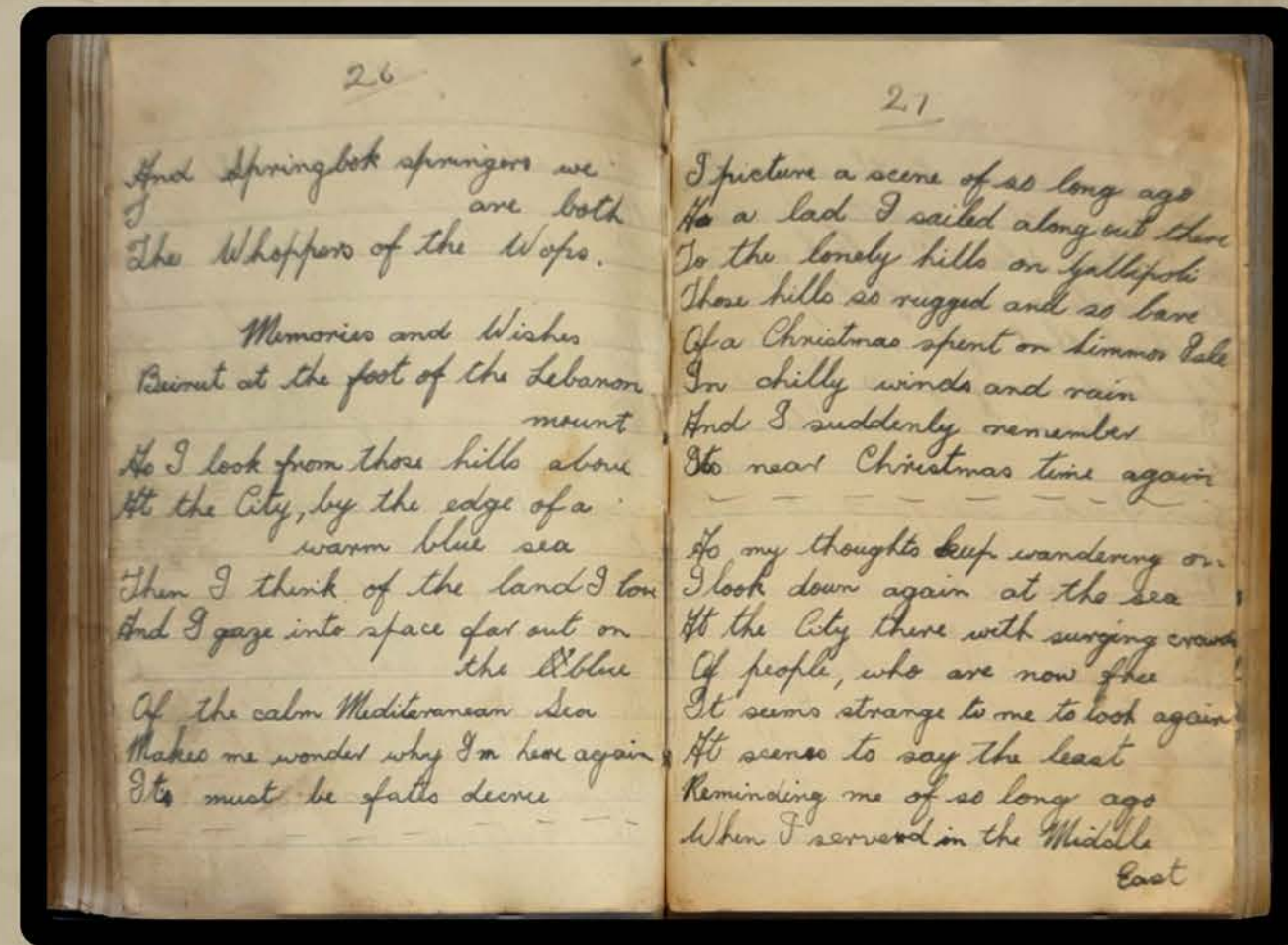
Memories and Wishes

Beirut at the foot of the Lebanon mount  
As I look from those hills above  
At the city, by the edge of a warm blue sea  
Then I think of the land I love  
And I gaze into space far out on the blue  
Of the calm Mediterranean Sea  
Makes me wonder why I'm here again  
It must be fate's decree

Page 27

I picture a scene of so long ago  
As a lad I sailed along out there  
To the lonely hills on Gallipoli  
Those hills so rugged and so bare  
Of a Christmas spent on Limnos Isle  
In chilly winds and rain  
And I suddenly remember  
It's near Christmas time again

So my thoughts keep wandering on  
I look down again at the sea  
At the city there with swinging crowds  
Of people who are now free  
It seems strange to me to look again  
It seems to say the least  
Reminding me of so long ago  
When I served in the Middle East



26

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Memories and Wishes  
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It seems to say the least  
Reminding me of so long ago  
When I served in the Middle  
East

I wander down to the busy street  
Mingling with a jostling crowd  
As a Jessie soldier, I'm back again  
And believe me I feel proud  
To think that after such a space  
Of time, many years have passed  
I'm pleased to see this Lebanon state  
Gain freedom and peace at last

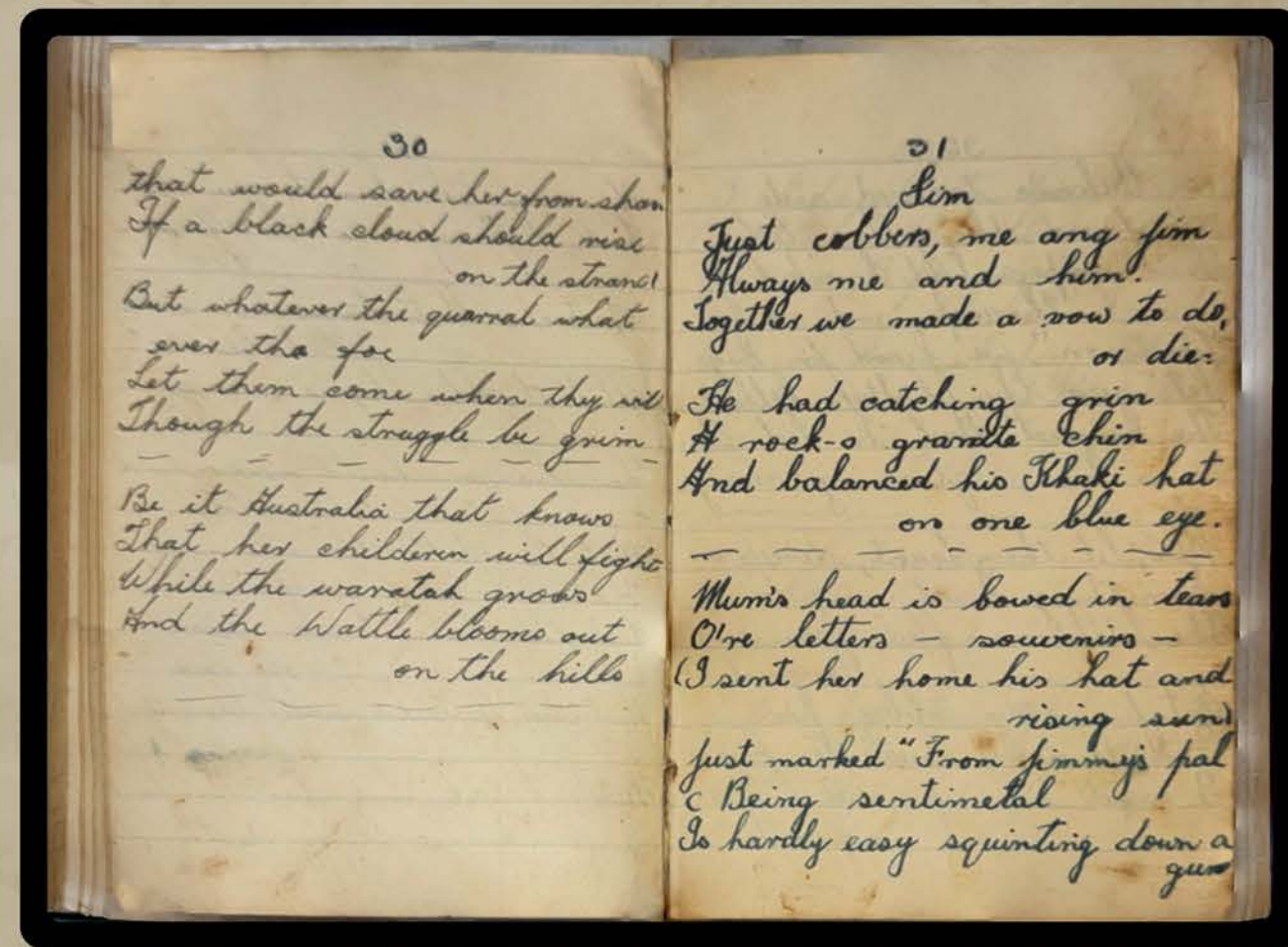
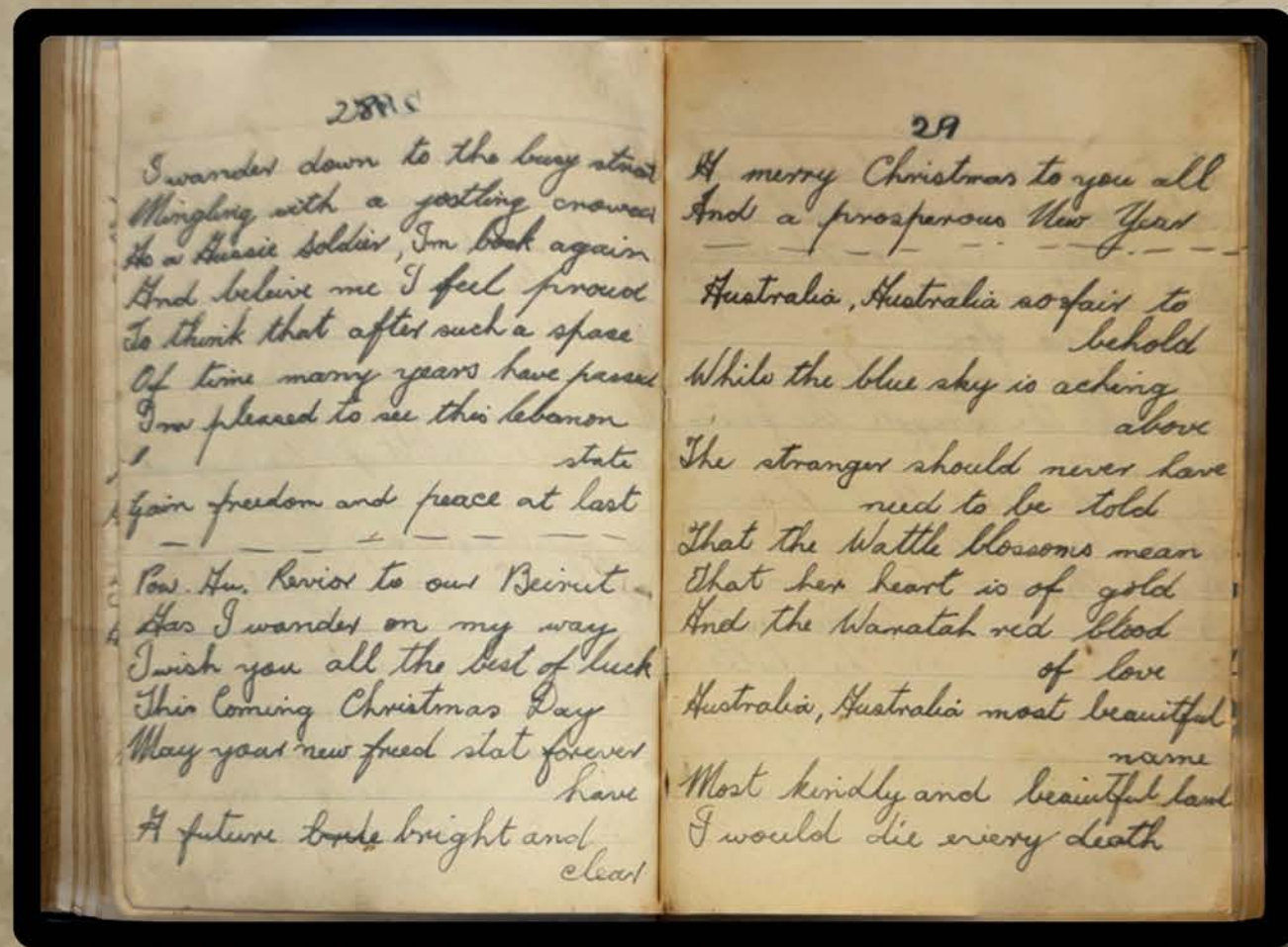
For the Kiwis to our Beirut  
As I wander on my way  
I wish you all the best of luck  
This coming Christmas Day  
May your new freed state forever have  
A future, broad, bright, and clear!

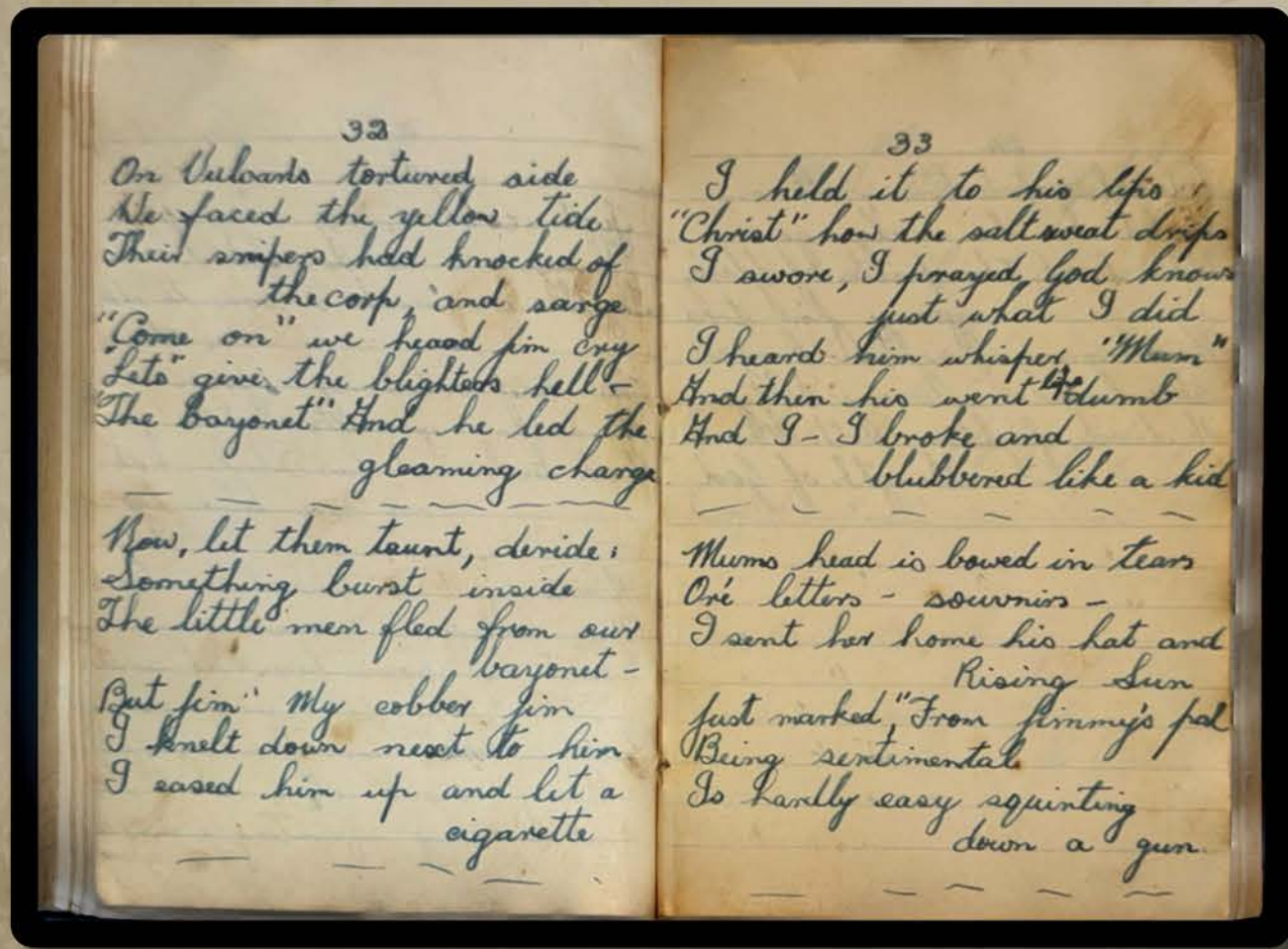
A merry Christmas to you all  
And a prosperous New Year  
Australia, Australia, so fair to behold  
While the blue sky is arching above  
The stranger should never have need to be  
told  
That the Wattle blossoms mean  
That her heart is of gold  
And the Waratah red, blood of love  
Australia, Australia most beautiful  
name  
Most kindly and beautiful land  
I would die every death

That would save her from shame  
If a black cloud should rise on the strand  
But whatever the quarrel, whatever the foe  
Let them come when they will  
Though the struggle be grim

Be it Australia that knows  
That her children will fight  
While the Waratah nods  
And the Wattle blooms out on the hills

**Jim**  
Just cobbors, me and Jim  
Always me and him  
Together we made a vow to do or die  
He had a catching grin  
A rock-o-granite chin  
And balanced his Khaki hat on one blue eye  
  
Mum's head is bowed in tears  
O'er letters—souvenirs—  
(I sent her home his hat and rising sun)  
Just marked "From Jimmy's pal"  
Being sentimental  
Is hardly easy squinting down a gun





**Page 32**

On Vulcan's tortured side  
We faced the yellow tide  
Their snipers had knocked off the corp and  
sarge  
"Come on," we heard Jim cry  
"Let's give the blighters hell—  
The bayonet," and he led the gleaming  
charge

Now, let them taunt, divide;  
Something burst inside  
The little men fled from our bayonet  
But Jim, my cobber Jim  
I knelt down next to him  
I eased him up and lit a cigarette

**Page 33**

I held it to his lips  
"Christ," how the salt sweat drips  
I swore, I prayed, God knows just what I did  
I heard him whisper, "Mum"  
And then his went numb  
And I—I broke and blubbered like a kid

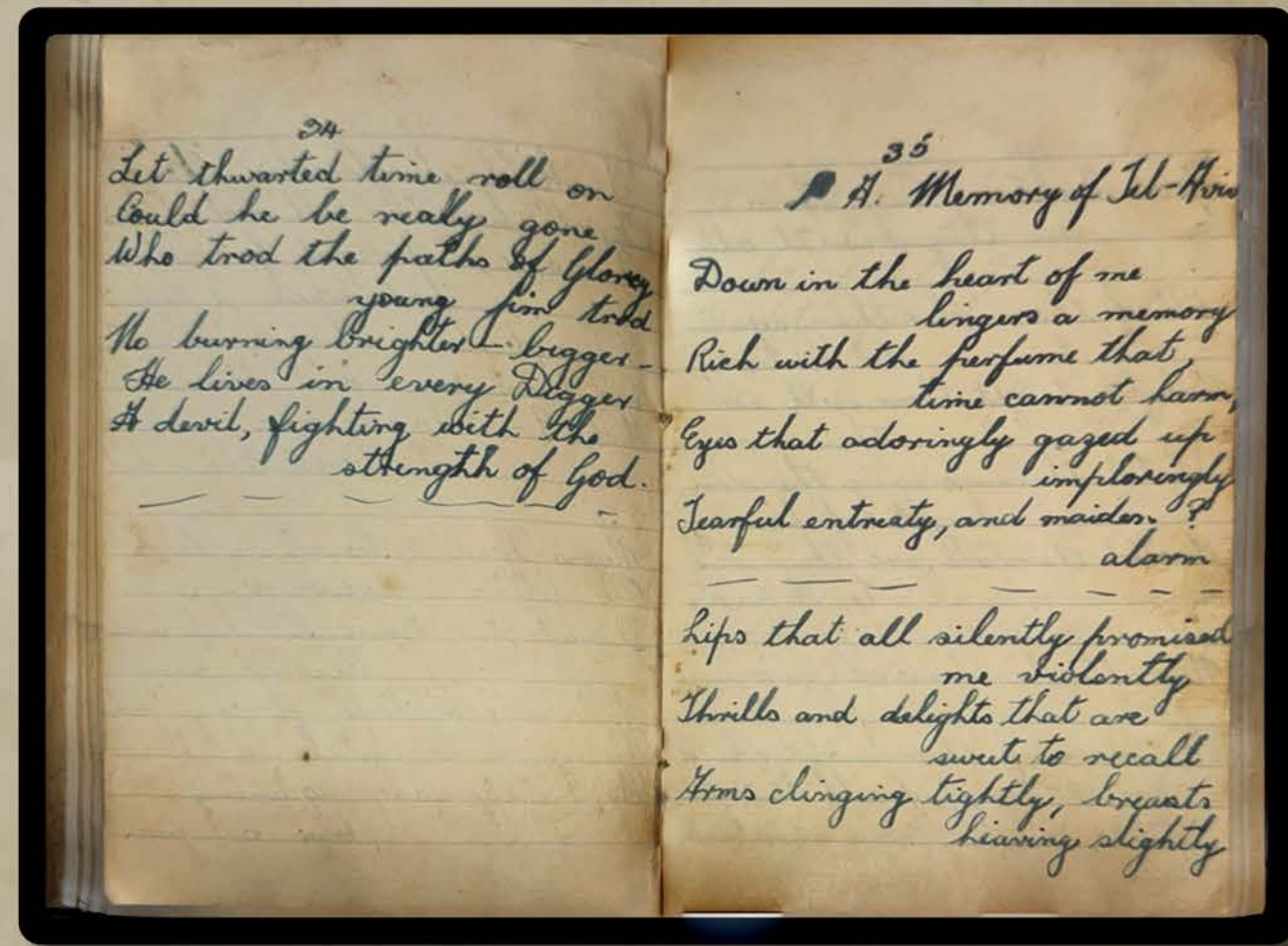
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O'er letters—souvenirs—  
I sent her home his hat and rising sun  
Just marked "From Jimmy's pal"  
Being sentimental  
Is hardly easy squinting down a gun

**Page 34**

Let thwarted time roll on  
Could he be really gone  
Who trod the paths of glory  
Young Jim trod  
No burning brighter—bigger  
He lives in every Digger  
A devil, fighting with the strength of God

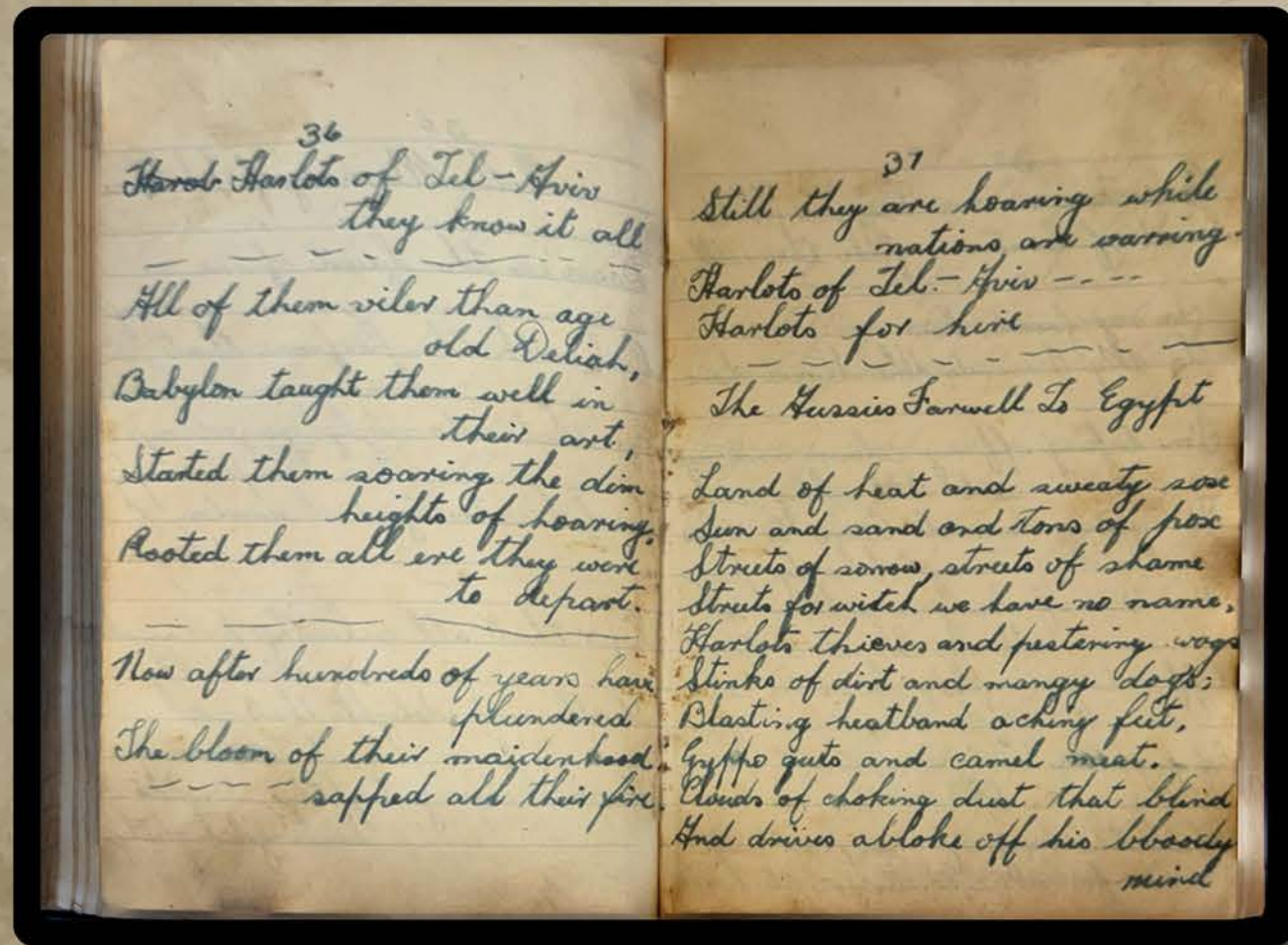
**Page 35**

**A Memory of Tel-Aviv**  
Down in the heart of me lingers a memory  
Rich with the perfume that time cannot harm  
Eyes that adoringly gazed up imploringly  
Tearful entreaty, and maiden's alarm  
  
Lips that all silently promised me silently  
Thrills and delights that are sweet to recall  
Arms clinging tightly, breasts heaving slightly



<sup>34</sup>  
Let thwarted time roll on  
Could he be really gone  
Who trod the paths of glory  
No burning brighter—bigger—  
He lives in every Digger  
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<sup>35</sup>  
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Eyes that adoringly gazed up  
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lips that all silently promised  
Thrills and delights that are  
Arms clinging tightly, breasts



**Page 36**

Harlot Harlots of Tel-Aviv they know it all

All of them viler than age-old Delilah,  
Babylon taught them well in their art.  
Started them soaring the dim heights of  
learning,  
Rooted them all ere they went to depart.

Now after hundreds of years have  
plundered,  
The bloom of their maidenhood sapped all  
their fire

**Page 37**

Still they are soaring while nations are  
warring,  
Harlots of Tel-Aviv  
Harlots for hire

**The Aussies Farewell to Egypt**

Land of heat and sweaty rose,  
Sun and sand and tons of foes,  
Streets of sorrow, streets of shame,  
Streets for which we have no name,  
Harlots, thieves, and pestering ways,  
Stinks of dirt and mangy dogs,  
Blasting heat and aching feet,  
Gyppo guts and camel meat,  
Clouds of choking dust that blind  
And drives a bloke off his blessed mind.

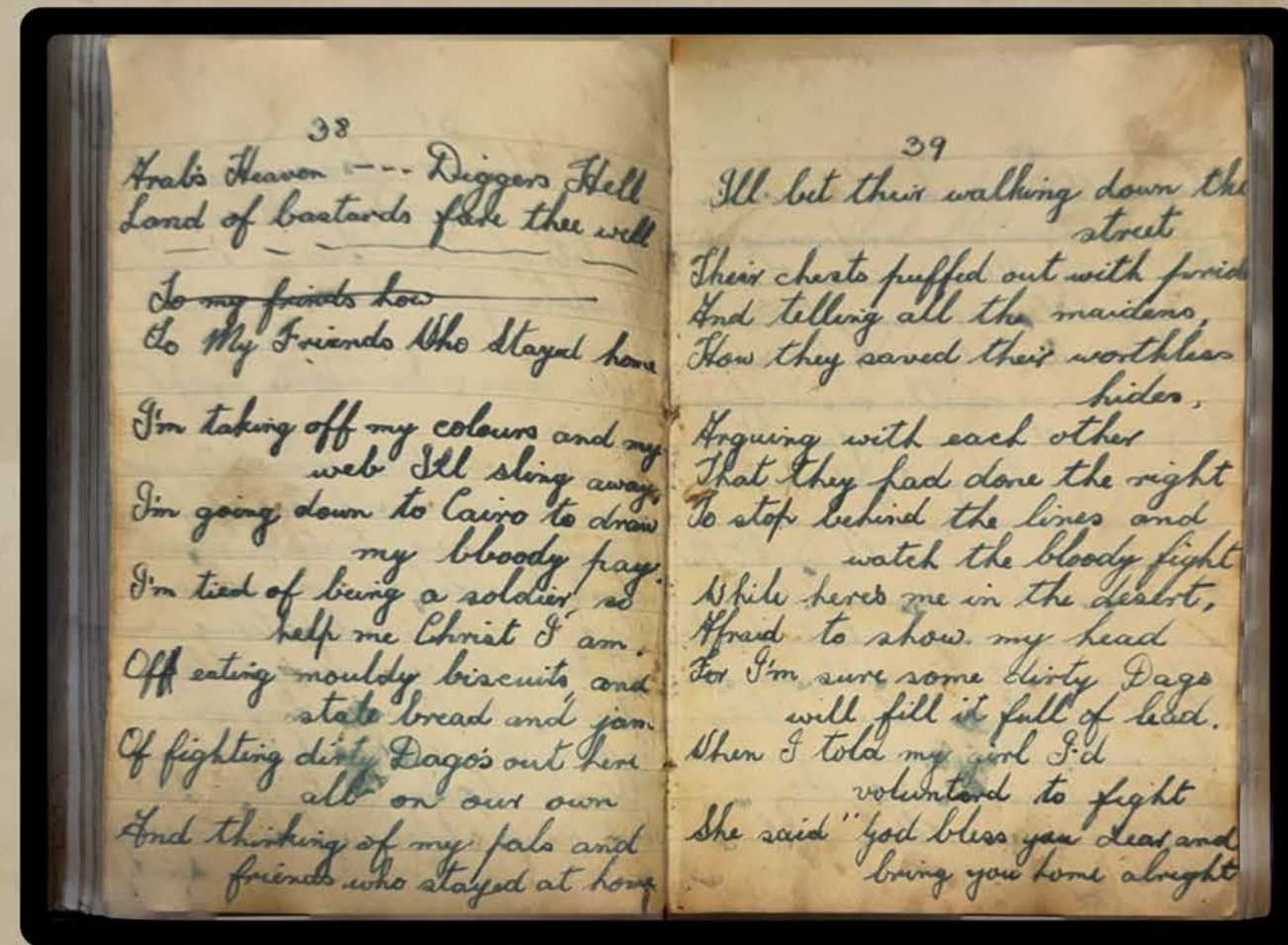
**Page 38**

**Arab's Heaven – Diggers Hell**

Land of bastards, felt thee well  
To my friends too,  
To My Friends Who Stayed Home  
I'm taking off my colours and my web I'll sling  
away,  
I'm going down to Cairo to draw my bloody  
pay.  
I'm tired of being a soldier, so help me Christ  
I am,  
Off eating mouldy biscuits and stale bread  
and jam,  
Of fighting dirty Dagos out here all on our  
own,  
And thinking of my pals and friends who  
stayed at home.

**Page 39**

I'll bet they're walking down the street,  
Their chests puffed out with pride,  
And telling all the maidens  
How they saved their worthless hides.  
Arguing with each other  
That they had done the right  
To stop behind the lines and watch the  
bloody fight.  
While here's me in the desert,  
Afraid to show my head,  
For I'm sure some dirty Dago  
Will fill it full of lead.  
When I told my girl I'd volunteered to fight,  
She said, "God bless you, dear, and bring  
you home alright."



<sup>38</sup>  
Arab's Heaven --- Diggers Hell  
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To My Friends Who Stayed Home

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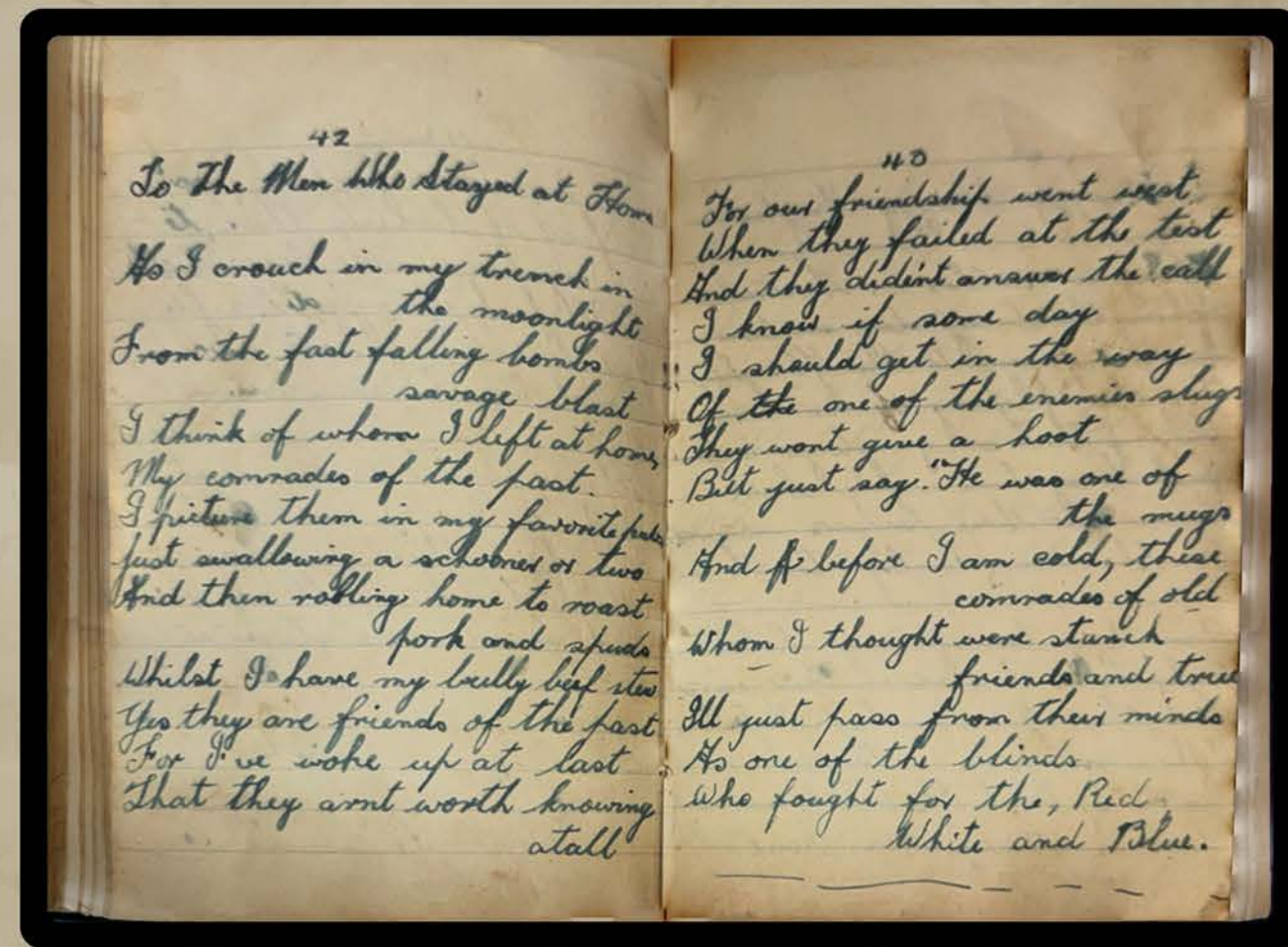
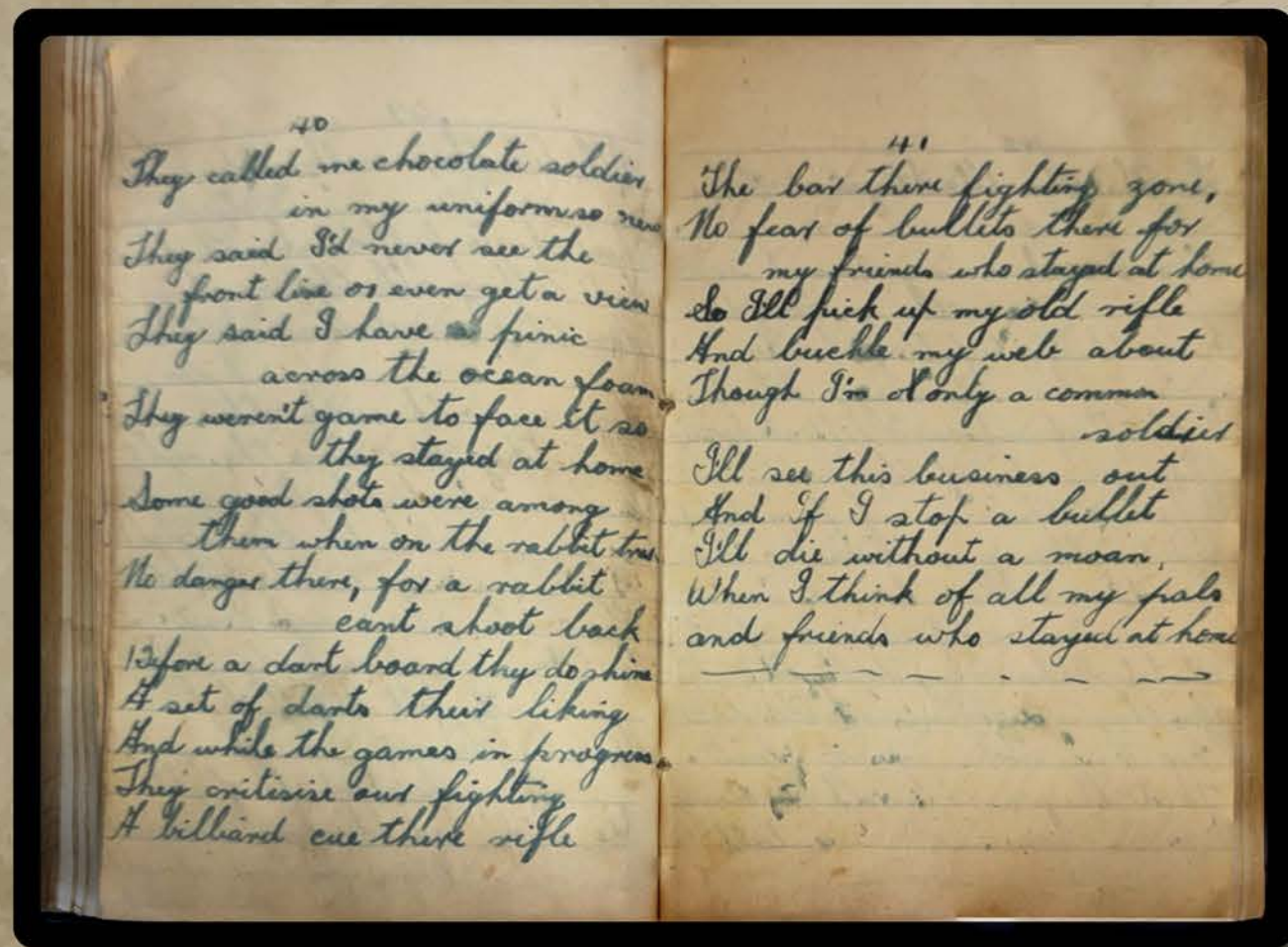
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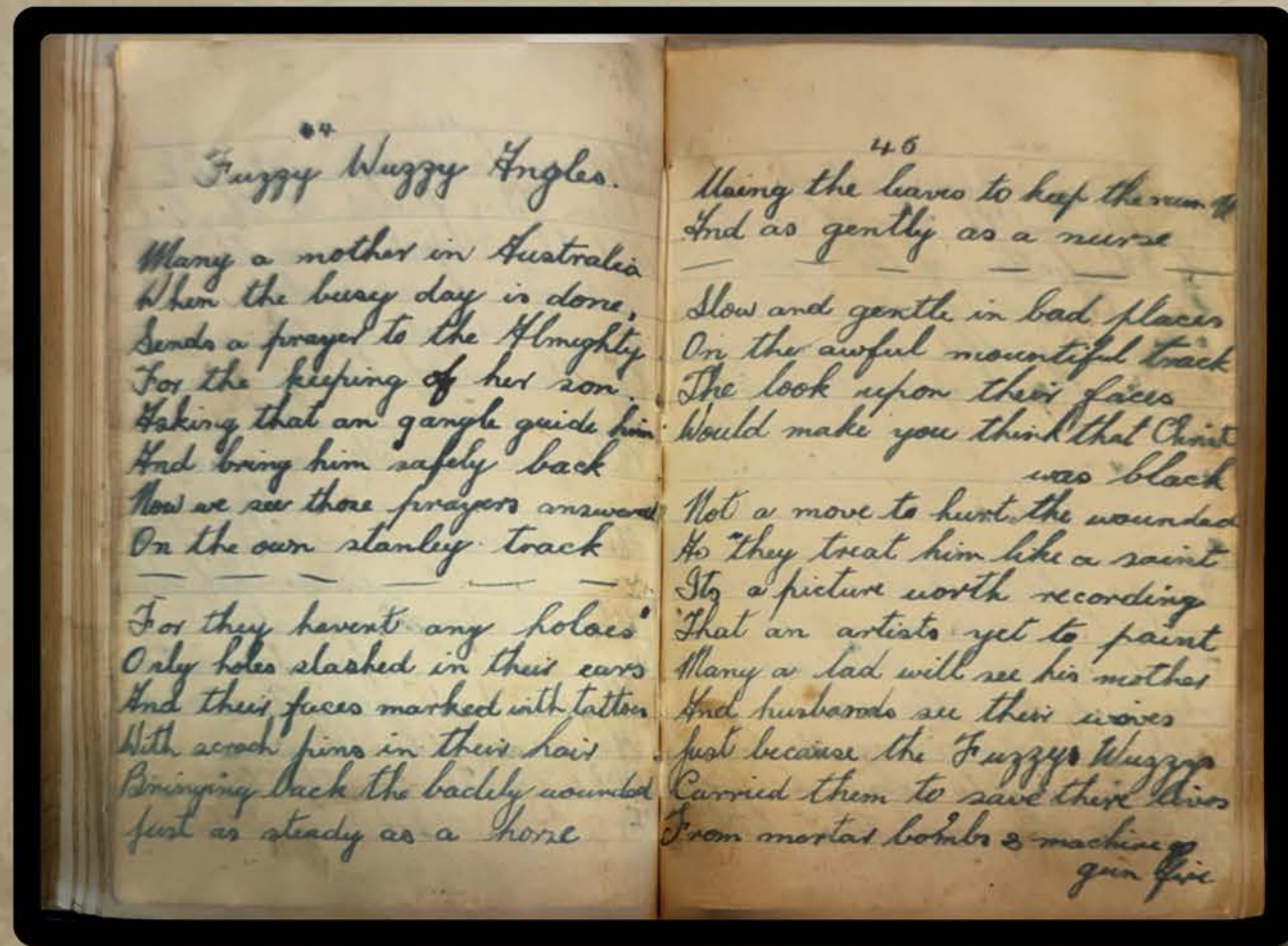
They called me chocolate soldier in my uniform new.  
 They said I'd never see the front line or even get a view.  
 They said I have a picnic across the ocean foam.  
 They weren't game to face it so they stayed at home.  
 Some good shots were among them, shun on the rabbit tree.  
 No danger there, for a rabbit can't shoot back.  
 Before a dartboard they do shine,  
 A set of darts their liking,  
 And while the game's in progress,  
 They criticize our fighting,  
 A billiard cue their rifle.

The bar, there fighting's gone,  
 No fear of bullets there for my friends who stayed at home.  
 So I'll pick up my old rifle  
 And buckle my web about,  
 Though I'm only a common soldier,  
 I'll see this business out.  
 And if I stop a bullet,  
 I'll die without a moan,  
 When I think of all my pals and friends who stayed at home.

**To The Men Who Stayed at Home**  
 As I crouch in my trench in the moonlight,  
 From the fast-falling bombs' savage blast,  
 I think of whom I left at home,  
 My comrades of the past.  
 I picture them in my favorite pub,  
 Just swallowing a schooner or two  
 And then rolling home to roast pork and spuds.  
 Whilst I have my bully beef stew,  
 Yes, they are friends of the past,  
 For I've woke up at last,  
 That they ain't worth knowing at all.

For our friendship went west  
 When they failed at the test,  
 And they didn't answer the call.  
 I know if someday  
 I should get in the way  
 Of the one of the enemy's slugs,  
 They won't give a hoot,  
 But just say, "He was one of the mugs."  
 And if before I am cold,  
 These comrades of old,  
 Whom I thought were staunch friends and true,  
 I'll just pass from their minds  
 As one of the blinds  
 Who fought for the Red, White, and Blue.





**Page 44**

**Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels**

Many a mother in Australia  
When the busy day is done,  
Sends a prayer to the Almighty  
For the keeping of her son,  
Asking that an angel guide him  
And bring him safely back.  
Now we see those prayers answered  
On the Owen Stanley track.

For they haven't any halos,  
Only holes slashed in their ears,  
And their faces marked with tattoo,  
With scratch pins in their hair.  
Bringing back the badly wounded,  
Just as steady as a horse,

**Page 45**

Using the leaves to keep them cool  
And as gently as a nurse.  
  
Slow and gentle in bad places  
On the awful mountain track,  
The look upon their faces  
Would make you think Christ was black.

Not a move to hurt the wounded,  
As they treat him like a saint.  
It's a picture worth recording  
That an artist's yet to paint.  
Many a lad will see his mother,  
And husbands see their wives,  
Just because the "Fuzzy Wuzzies"  
Carried them to save their lives  
From mortal bombs & machine gun fire.

**Page 46**

On chance, surprise attack  
To safety and the care of doctors  
At the bottom of the track  
May the mothers of Australia,  
When they offer up a prayer,  
Mention those impromptu angels  
With the Fuzzy Wuzzy hair

**Suda Bay**

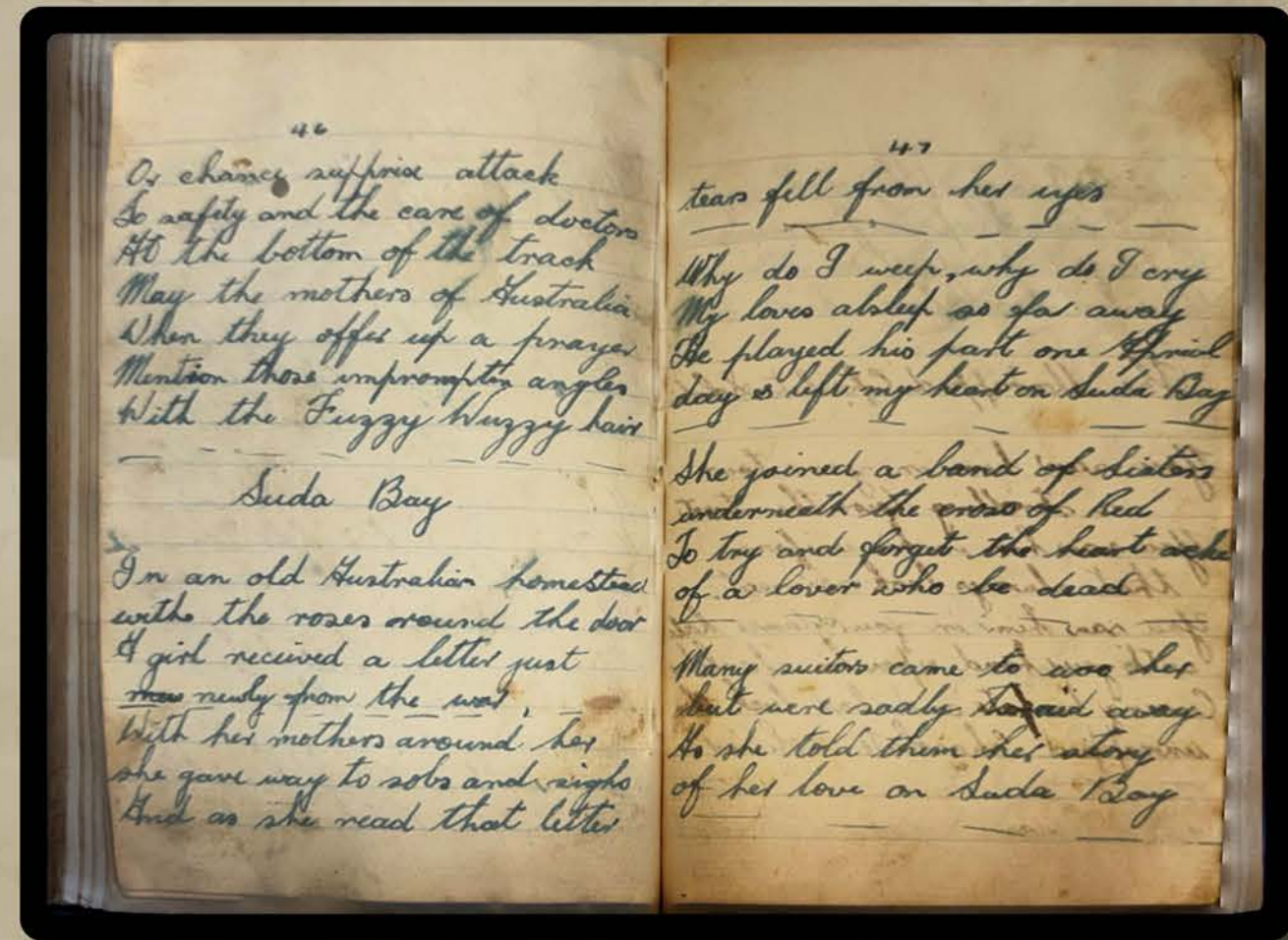
In an old Australian homestead  
With the roses around the door  
A girl received a letter just  
Now newly from the war  
With her mother around her,  
She gave way to sobs and sighs  
And as she read that letter

**Page 47**

Tears fell from her eyes  
  
Why do I weep, why do I cry  
My love's asleep so far away  
He played his part one April day  
I left my heart on Suda Bay

She joined a band of sisters  
Underneath the cross of Red  
To try and forget the heartache  
Of a lover who is dead

Many suitors came to woo her,  
But were sadly turned away  
As she told them the story  
Of her love on Suda Bay



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To safety and the care of doctors  
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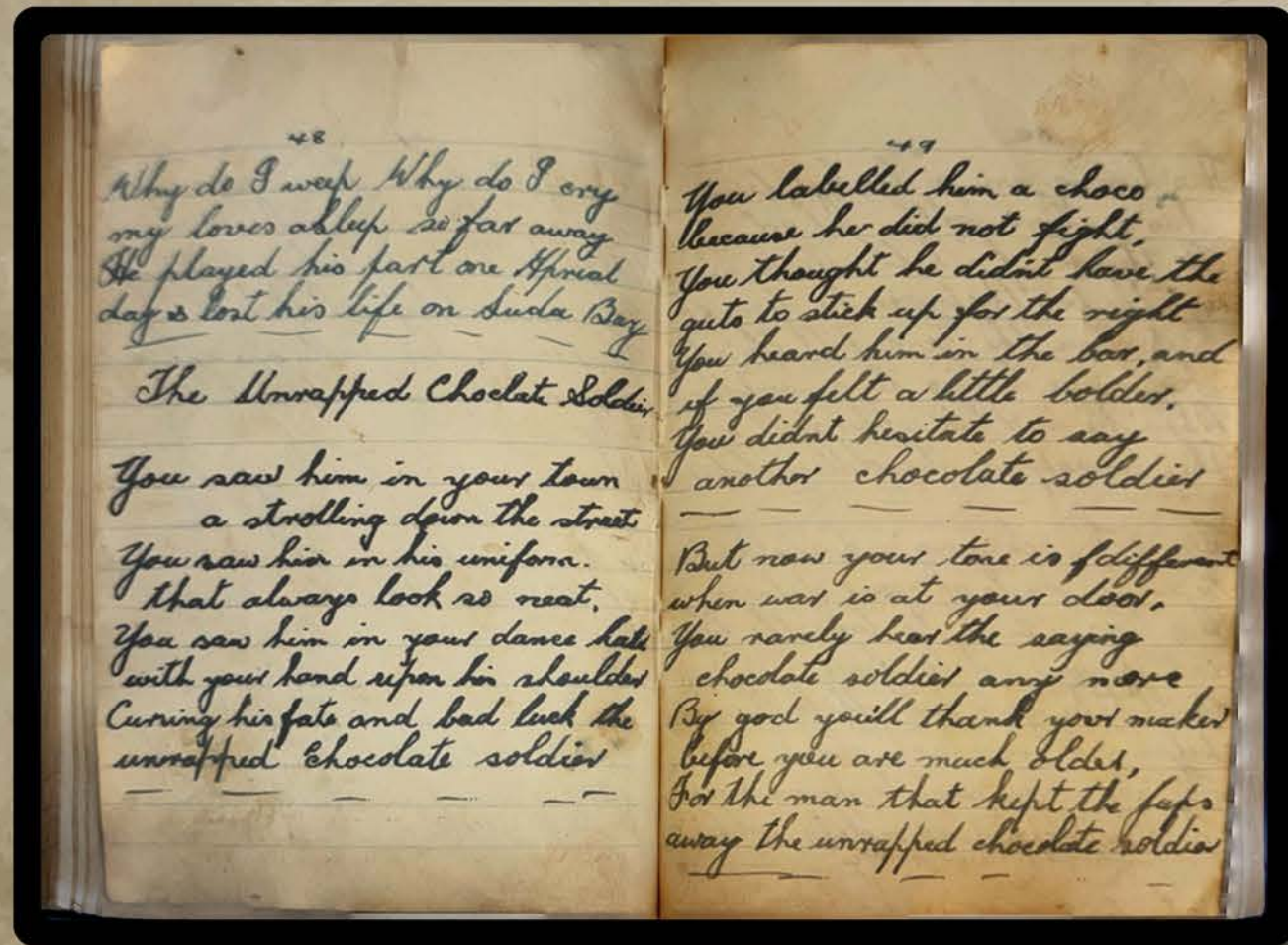
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To try and forget the heartache  
Of a lover who is dead

Many suitors came to woo her  
But were sadly turned away  
As she told them the story  
Of her love on Suda Bay



## Page 48

Why do I weep, why do I cry  
My love's asleep so far away  
He played his part one April day  
& lost his life on Suda Bay

### The Unwrapped Chocolate Soldier

You saw him in your town a strolling down  
the street

You saw him in his uniform  
That always looked so neat  
You saw him in your dance hall  
With your hand upon his shoulder  
Cursing his fate and bad luck  
The unwrapped chocolate soldier

## Page 49

You labelled him a choco  
Because he did not fight  
You thought he didn't have the guts  
To stick up for the right  
You heard him in the bar, and if you felt a  
little bolder,  
You didn't hesitate to say  
Another chocolate soldier

But now your tone is different  
When war is at your door  
You rarely hear the saying  
"Chocolate soldier" anymore  
By God, you'll thank your maker  
Before you are much older  
For the man that kept the foe  
Away the unwrapped chocolate soldier

## Page 50

He's living in a leaky tent  
His rations often short  
He thinks of all the attacks and eggs  
The box that once he bought  
But when the zeros fill the sky  
His rage begins to smoulder  
When he sees his cobber fall & die  
The unwrapped chocolate soldier

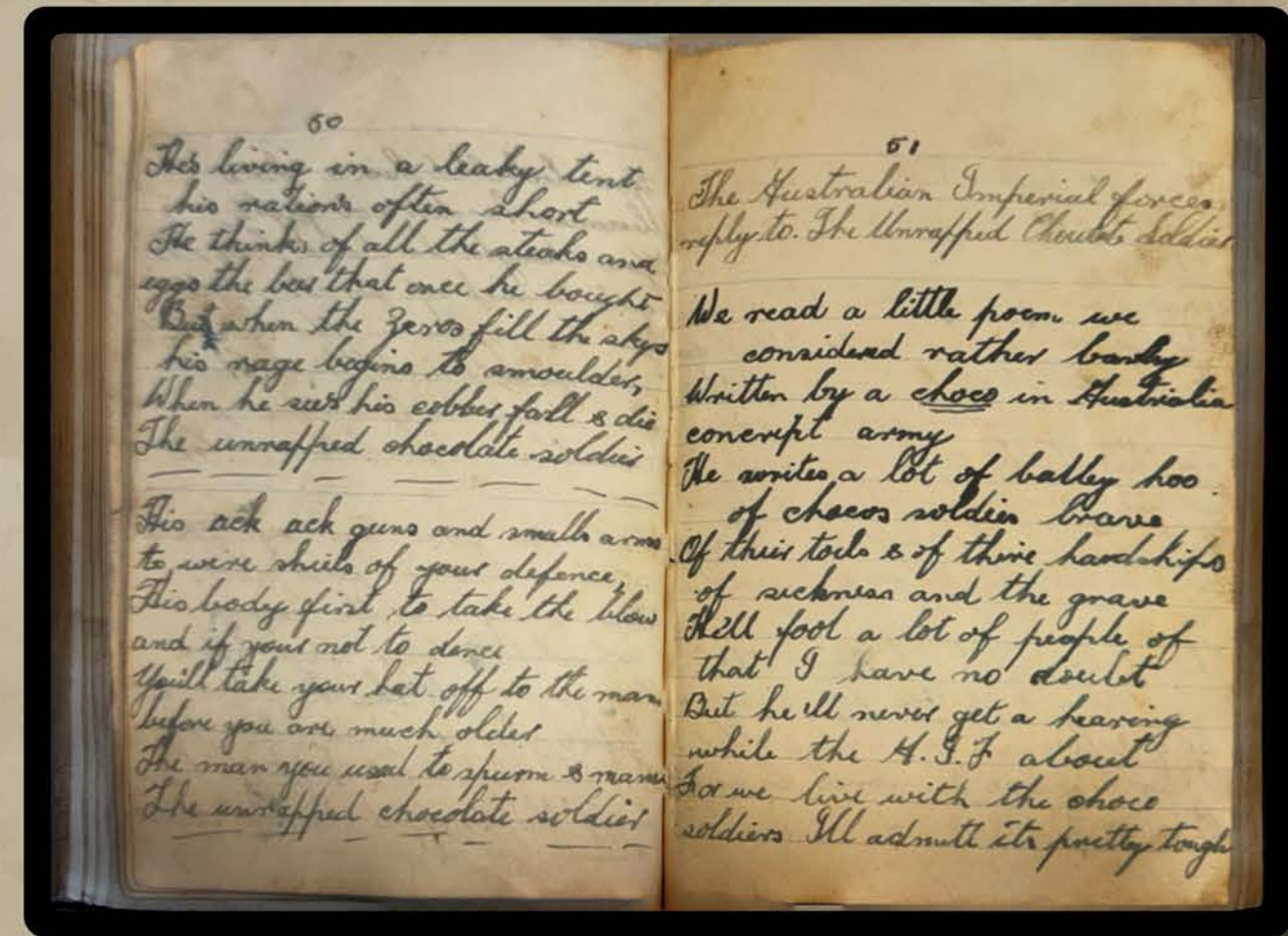
His ack ack guns and small arms  
To were shields of your defence  
His body first to take the blow  
And if you're not too dense  
You'll take your hat off to the man  
Before you are much older  
The man you used to spurn & name  
The unwrapped chocolate soldier

## Page 51

### The Australian Imperial Forces reply to The Unwrapped Chocolate Soldier

We read a little poem we considered rather  
badly  
Written by a choco in Australia's conscript  
army  
He writes a lot of ballyhoo of choco soldiers  
brave

Of their toils & of their hardships  
Of sickness and the grave  
He'll fool a lot of people  
That I have no doubt  
But he'll never get a hearing  
While the A.I.F. is about  
For we live with the choco soldiers  
I'll admit it's pretty tough



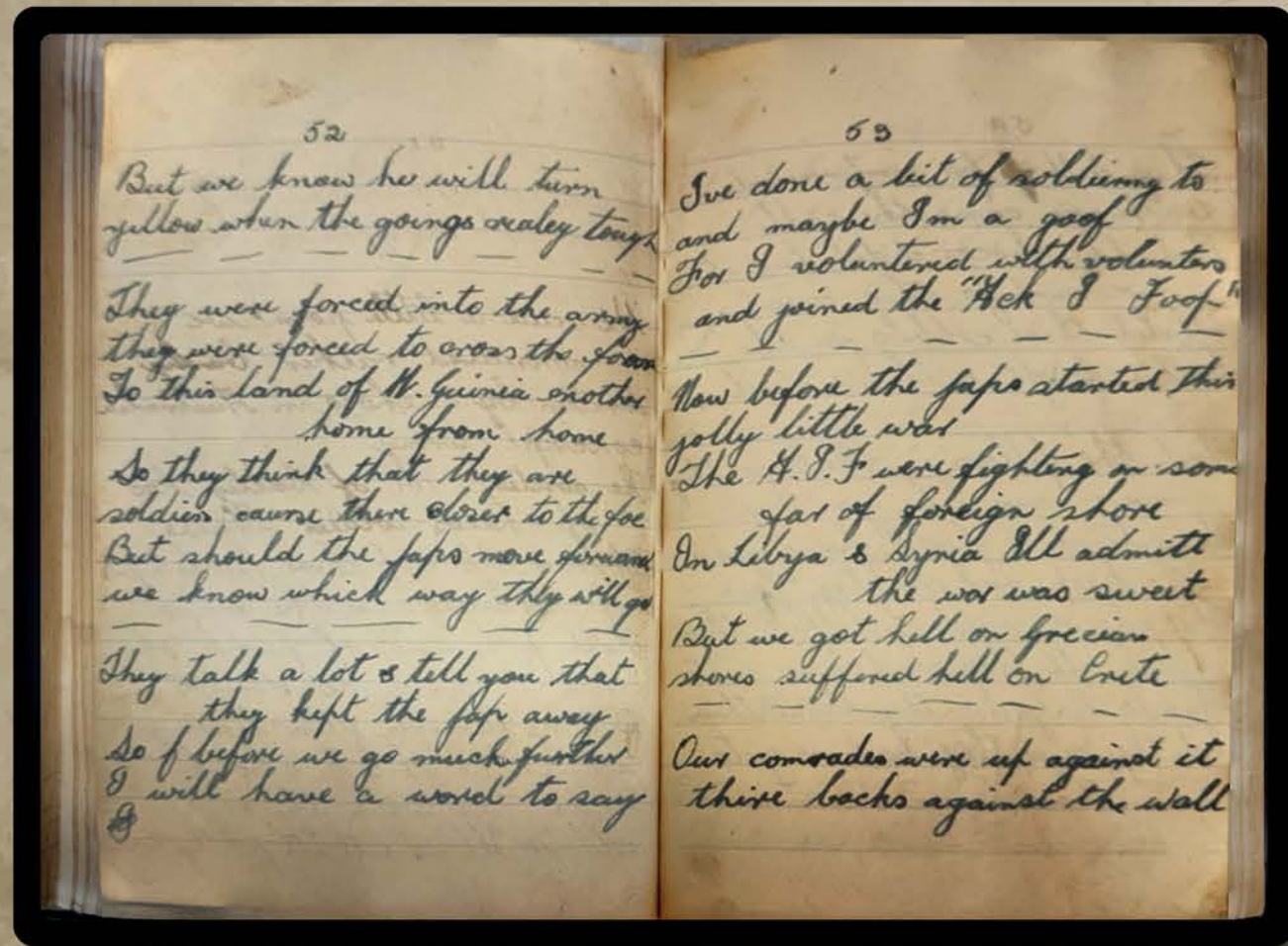
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written by a choco in Australia's  
conscript army

He writes a lot of ballyhoo  
of choco soldier brave  
Of their toils & of their hardships  
of sickness and the grave  
He'll fool a lot of people of  
that I have no doubt  
But he'll never get a hearing  
while the A.I.F. is about  
For we live with the choco  
soldiers I'll admit it's pretty tough



**Page 52**

But we know he will turn  
yellow when the going's really tough

They were forced into the army  
they were forced to cross the foam  
To this land of N. Guinea, another home  
from home

So they think that they are  
soldiers 'cause they're close to the foe  
But should the Japs move German  
we know which way they will go

They talk a lot & tell you that they kept the  
Jap away  
So before we go much further  
I will have a word to say

**Page 54**

They call for reinforcements to Aussie came  
the call

But the chocos didn't heed it "we can't go,"  
they cried  
Whilst their cobbors in the battle fought &  
bled & died

And the fellows in Malaya, they were men  
like you & me

Volunteered to fight for Aussie to keep our  
country free

The chocos could've helped them but all they  
said was "nuts"

Then to N. Guinea they sent them but they  
knew they had no guts

**Page 53**

I've done a bit of soldiering too and maybe  
I'm a goof

For I volunteered with volunteers and joined  
the "Heck I Fought"

Now before the Japs started this jolly little  
war

The A.I.F. were fighting on some far-off  
foreign shore

In Libya & Syria, I'll admit the war was sweet  
But we got hell on Grecian shores, suffered  
hell on Crete

Our comrades were up against it their backs  
against the wall

**Page 55**

The A.I.F. are home again but left on foreign  
sod their

For a lot of little crosses signs of souls who  
rest with God

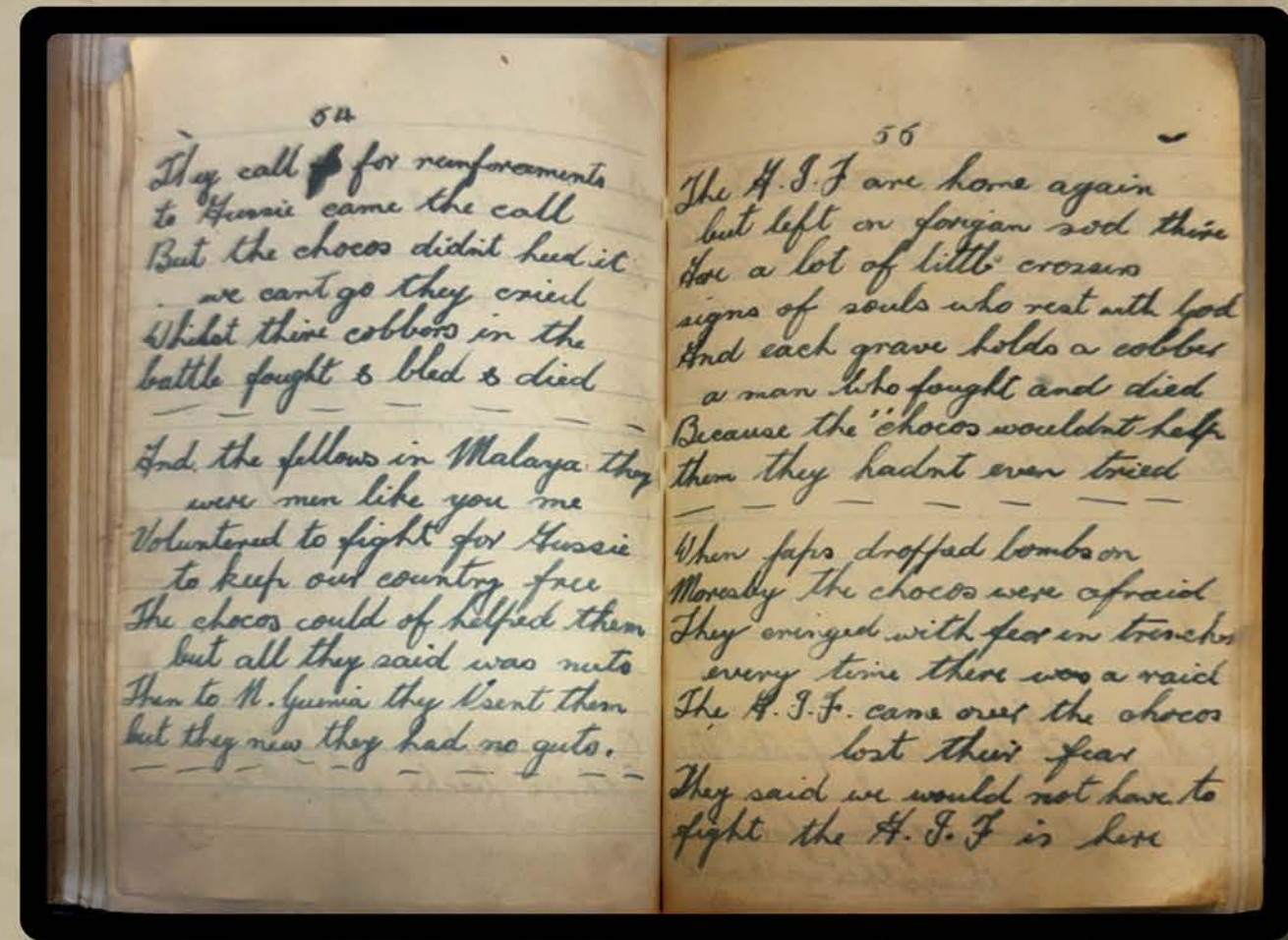
And each grave holds a cobber, a man who  
fought and died

Because the chocos wouldn't help them, they  
hadn't even tried

When Japs dropped bombs on Moresby, the  
chocos were afraid

They cringed with fear in trenches every time  
there was a raid

The A.I.F. came over, the chocos lost their fear  
They said we would not have to fight—the  
A.I.F. is here



I've done a bit of soldiering too and maybe  
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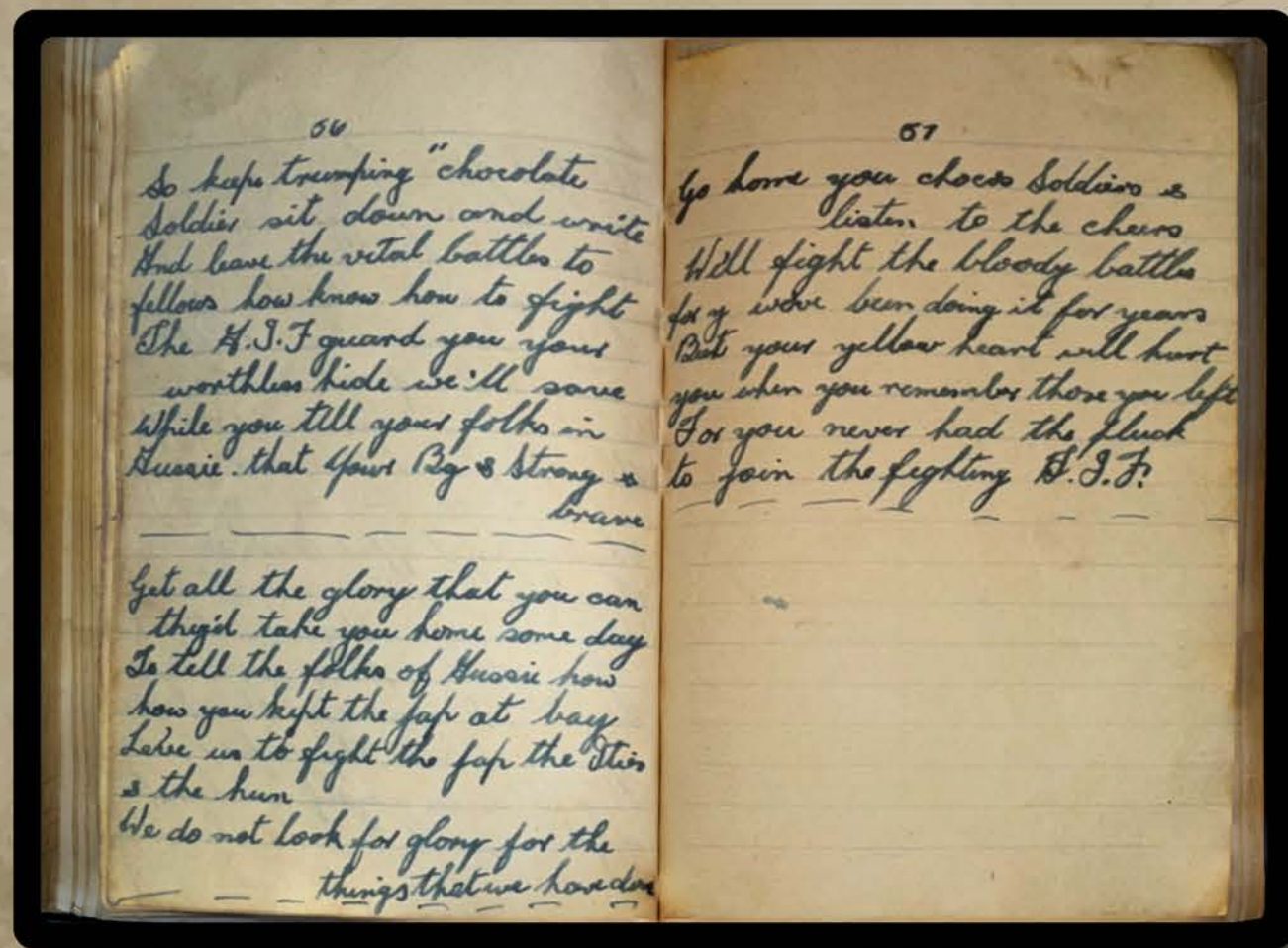
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They said we would not have to fight—the  
A.I.F. is here



## Page 56

So keep trumping "chocolate soldier," sit down and write  
And leave the vital battles to fellows who know how to fight  
The A.I.F. guard you, your worthless hide we'll save  
While you tell your folks in Aussie that you're big & strong & brave

Get all the glory that you can they'll take you home some day  
To tell the folks of Aussie how you kept the Jap at bay  
Leave us to fight the Jap, the Turks, & the Hun  
We do not look for glory for the things that we've done

## Page 57

Go home, you choco soldiers & listen to the cheers  
We'll fight the bloody battles for you, we've been doing it for years  
But your yellow heart will hurt you when you remember those you left  
For you never had the pluck to join the fighting A.I.F.

## Events Page 1

Left Australia  
7th April 1941

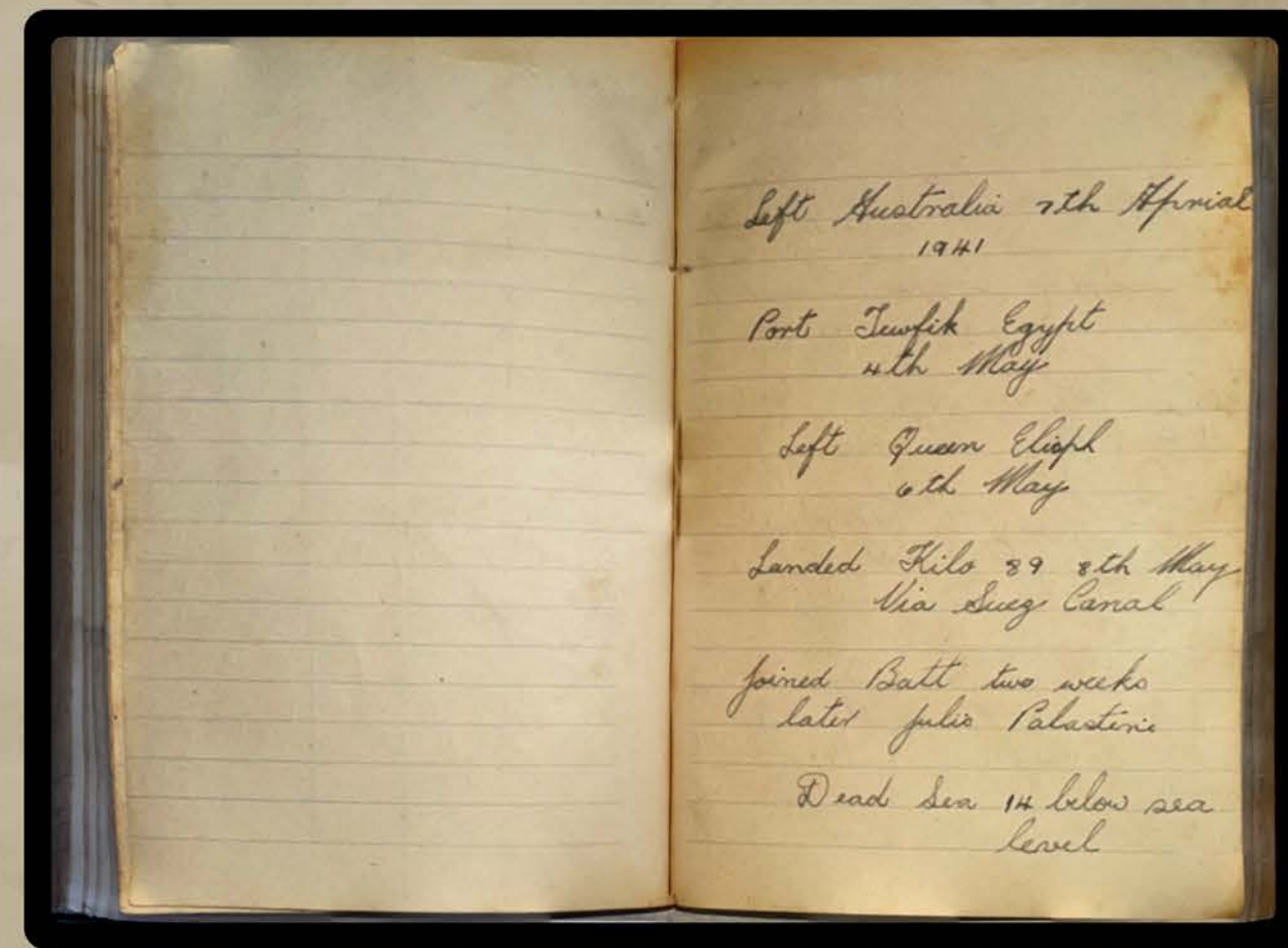
Port Tewfik Egypt  
4th May

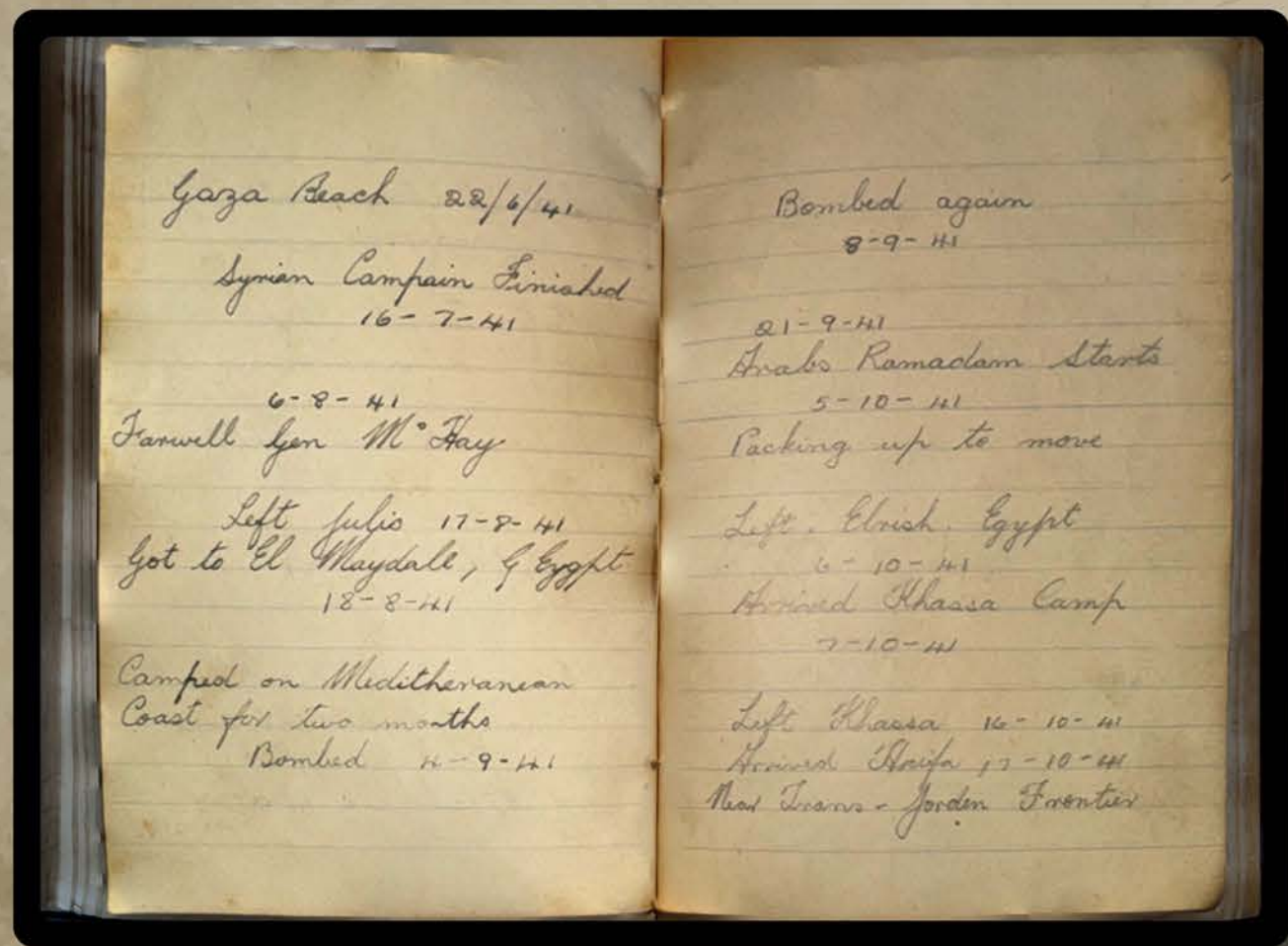
Left Queen Elizabeth  
6th May

Landed Kilo 89  
8th May via Suez Canal

Joined Batt two weeks later Julis Palestine

Dead Sea 14 below sea level





### Events Page 3

Gaza Beach 22/6/41  
Syrian Campaign Finished  
16-7-41  
6-8-41  
Farewell Gen. McHay  
Left Julis 17-8-41  
Got to El Maydale, S. Egypt  
18-8-41  
Camped on Mediterranean  
Coast for two months  
Bombed 4-9-41

### Events Page 4

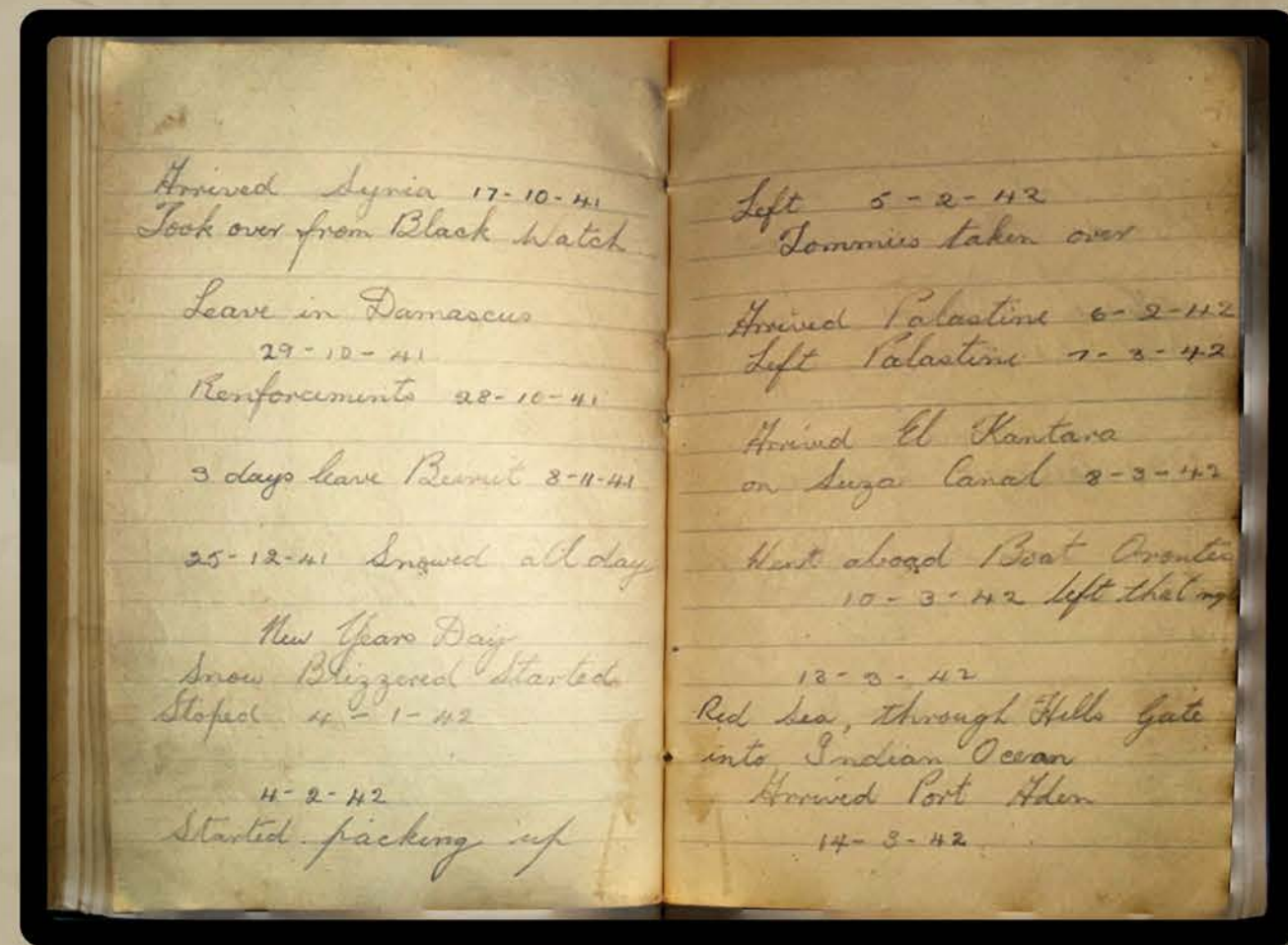
Bombed again  
8-9-41  
21-9-41  
Arabs Ramadan Starts  
5-10-41  
Packing up to move  
Left El Arish, Egypt  
6-10-41  
Arrived Khassa Camp  
7-10-41  
Left Khassa 16-10-41  
Arrived Haifa 17-10-41  
Near Trans - Jordan Frontier

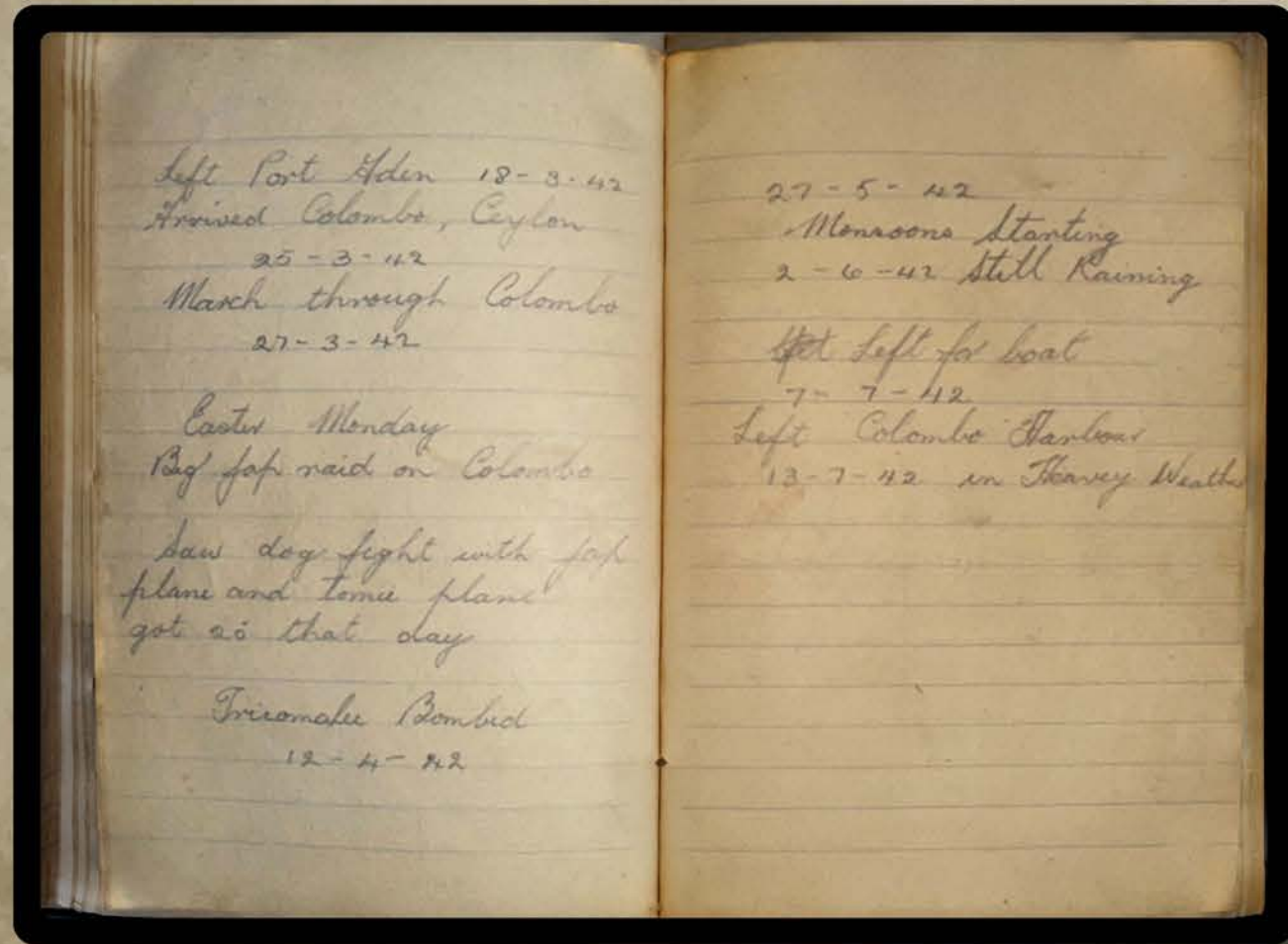
### Events Page 5

Arrived Syria 17-10-41  
Took over from Black Watch  
Leave in Damascus  
29-10-41  
Reinforcements 28-10-41  
3 days leave Beirut 8-11-41  
25-12-41 Snowed all day  
New Years Day  
Snow Blizzard Started  
Stopped 4-1-42  
4-2-42  
Started packing up

### Events Page 6

Left 6-2-42  
Tommies taken over  
Arrived Palestine 6-2-42  
Left Palestine 7-3-42  
Arrived El Kantara  
on Suez Canal 8-3-42  
Went aboard Boat "Orontes"  
10-3-42 Left that night  
12-3-42  
Red Sea, through Hell's Gate into Indian  
Ocean  
Arrived Port Aden  
14-3-42





### Events Page 7

Left Port Aden 18-3-42  
 Arrived Colombo, Ceylon  
 25-3-42  
 March through Colombo  
 27-3-42

Easter Monday  
 Big Jap raid on Colombo

Saw dog fight with Jap plane and Tomie  
 plane! Got 20 that day

Trincomalee Bombed  
 12-4-42

### Events Page 8


27-5-42  
 Monsoons Starting  
 2-6-42 Still Raining

Left Left for boat  
 7-7-42

Left Colombo Harbour  
 13-7-42 in Heavy Weather

CHECKED	DATE	INITIALS
D. 1	1-10-42	AM
Mob. 2		
Mob. 3	1-10-42	AM
B 103	1-10-42	AM
B 103 Copy	1-10-42	AM
Index Card	1-10-42	AM

A.A. Form A 200.

AUSTRALIAN  MILITARY FORCES

### ATTESTATION FORM

FOR SPECIAL FORCES RAISED FOR SERVICE IN AUSTRALIA OR ABROAD.

Army No. MX47916  
 Surname POSTLETHWAITE Other Names Albert George  
 Unit 4th R.R. Bn.  
 Enlisted for service at Marston Place Sydney (Place)  
North South Wales (State) 23 July 1940 (Date)

**A**

Questions to be put to persons called out or presenting themselves for voluntary enlistment.\*

- What is your name? ... POSTLETHWAITE  
 Other names Albert George
- Where were you born? ... Cootamundra  
 in the state or country of NSW
- Are you a natural born or a naturalized British Subject? ... Natural born
- What is your age and date of birth? ... 21  
 Date of Birth 24 Aug 1918
- What is your trade or occupation? ... Labourer
- Are you married, single or widower? ... Single
- A.M.F. No. Rank Unit
- Give details of previous military service—  
 No. Rank Unit
- If now serving, give particulars—  
 No. Rank Unit
- Who is your actual next of kin? (Order of relationship:—wife, eldest son, eldest daughter, father, mother, eldest brother, eldest sister, eldest half-brother, eldest half-sister) ... Elsie Postlethwaite  
24 Sandon St  
Hamilton - Newcastle NSW  
 Relationship Mother
- What is your permanent address? ... 24 Sandon St  
Hamilton, Newcastle NSW
- What is your religious denomination? (This question need not be answered if the man has a conscientious objection to doing so) ... C of E

I, Albert George Postlethwaite do solemnly declare that the above answers made by me to the above questions are true and that I am willing to serve in the Australian Military Forces within or beyond the limits of the Commonwealth.

Witnessed by C. W. Colare Lieut. (Signature of Attesting or Witnessing Officer). A. G. Postlethwaite (Signature of Enlistee)

\*The person will be warned that should he give false answers to any of these questions he will be liable to heavy penalties under the Defence Act.

Defence Print, Sydney.

### B MEDICAL EXAMINATION

I have made full and careful examination of the abovenamed person in accordance with the instructions contained in the Standing Orders for Australian Army Medical Services. In my opinion he is—

1. Fit for Class I. Class 1  
 2. Temporarily unfit for Class I+ Class 1  
 3. Unfit for military service†

Place TOWN HALL SYDNEY Date 28 JUL 40  
 Signature of Examining Medical Officer Austin Collier

**C  
OATH OF ENLISTMENT**

I, Albert George Postlethwaite swear that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord, the King, in the Military Forces of the Commonwealth of Australia until the cessation of the present time of war and twelve months thereafter or until sooner lawfully discharged, dismissed or removed, and that I will resist His Majesty's enemies and cause His Majesty's peace to be kept and maintained, and that I will in all matters appertaining to my service faithfully discharge my duty according to law.

So Help Me God.

Signature of Person Enlisted Albert George Postlethwaite  
 Subscribed at Newcastle in the State of N.S.W.  
 this 5th day of September 1940

Before me—  
 Signature of Attesting Officer C. W. Colare Lieut.

(Persons who object to take an oath may make an affirmation in accordance with the Third Schedule of the Defence Act. In such case the above form will be amended accordingly and initialed by the Attesting Officer.)

