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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

GALLIPOLI
FRANCE AND
FLANDERS



BY A RETURNED SOLDIER

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



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AND
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INTRODUCTION.

Dear Reader,—The following sketches of life in the trenches are a faithful account of a soldier's life as it really is. Stripped of all gloss and glamor, the realities of war are truthfully portrayed; also the brighter and more human side of a soldier's life—the chaff, the comradeship, the arguments—and running through all, the golden thread of love for our native land—the writer hopes that in these few pages you will find something to interest and amuse you and he will not have written in vain.

LEVITT BROS.

IN THE TRENCHES.

A scorching hot day on the Peninsula, seven or eight Australians are sitting together in a sap. The Turks' trench is a bare fifty yards away. Every six or eight yards in our trench an observer stands, watching through his periscope for the slightest movement on the other side. The heat is intense, the trench is like an oven, and the perspiration runs off the men in streams. "Could you stop a long one now, Bill?" said the man on his right. Bill does not answer. Suddenly he stiffens, his trigger finger crooks, and he fires. "Got him, by hell!" he shouts. "Good boy, Bill!" said the man on the left, "I've missed the cow twenty times." "Yes," said one of the crowd in the sap, "Missed him!—and we'll miss the bally Derby and Cup and every other darn thing if we don't soon get a move on." "What do you fancy for the Cup, Jim?" one man asks. "Why, Old Seldom, every time," Jim replies. "Spare me days," said another man, "he hasn't a hope. Why, I'll give you five to one that he don't get a place." "It's a wager," says Jim; "five to one, in quids." "Right oh!" says the layer of odds, "and I'll get a bit back of what I dropped on the cow at Caulfield. "Anyone else want to back him?" "Look here, you blokes!" said a long fellow from outback, "you can have all your Derbys and Cups! What I want is a piece of roast beef and baked potatoes and cauliflower, and plum pudding—and a big pint of ——" "Gor's-truth! What's the matter with a pair of roast ducks and green peas, and a drop of lager," chips in another. "Yer can't beat a nice roast leg of mutton and apple tart," from a little chap. "Tarts!" says Jim, "wait till we blooming well get to Constantinople and the harem, and you'll see me bowling down the street with one on each arm." "Well, I'd sooner be bowling down Big Bourke with my best girl, than any of them Turkey tarts with their trousers on. What do you say, Jack?" "My oath," says Jack, "every time. Australia will do me, I'm not fussy."

AUSTRALIA! A momentary silence falls on the group, as each one's thoughts flash back to the land of their birth, and the loved ones at home; in that fragment of time. Crash! A 9-inch armour-piercing shell has come through 6 feet of solid earth and exploded amongst them. The vagaries of fortune—the only ones

uninjured are two brothers; all the rest are shattered, broken, and torn; and poor Jim will never see either Derby or Cup again, for he sleeps his last long sleep, on the wind-swept hills of Gallipoli.

A NIGHT ALARM.

THE BEACH AT GALLIPOLI.

It is 4 a.m. and a misty morning. The remnant of a battalion had arrived the night before from Cape Helles, where we had lost half our strength. The men are sleeping as only soldiers can sleep, in spite of the increasing war of artillery and the incessant rifle fire. The inlying pickets, in full fighting order, are lying in all sorts of different attitudes, blissfully indifferent to the turmoil in the hills above them.

Suddenly an order comes, quick and sharp: "Stand to!" Recalled to the realities of existence, we stagger to our feet, rubbing our eyes. "What's up?" is the question on each man's lips; but again comes the hoarse voice of command: "Fall in!"—"Quick march!"—"At the double!" And away we go, up a rock-strewn gully, that bears an unenviable reputation. Shrapnel is falling all around us, and occasionally a man is hit and goes down. We do not slacken our pace, but stumble and struggle on up the steep incline, eager to be in before the finish. For the Turks have made a determined attack on our line, and supports have been called for. As we draw nearer, louder grows the din of rapid rifle fire, the ping of the passing bullets mixed with showers of shrapnel. The thunder of our artillery gives us a feeling of security, and we dive into the communication trenches. In a few moments we are in amongst our own men, who have had a hot time. A few Turks managed to reach our trenches, but they never returned.

When the sun came out and the mist cleared away, the Turkish dead could be seen thickly strewn all over No Man's Land. It was estimated that our lads had accounted for fully three thousand of them that night. Abdul was taught a lesson that he never forgot.

Two Tommies were heard criticising the Australian soldier. This is how one described them:—"I, Chum, they be big chaps with wristlet watches and gold in their teeth, and they call their best friends ————"

A VIEW OF FRANCE.

We landed at Marseilles on a fine morning in the early Spring. The Harbour was crowded with shipping of all nationalities. The French people gave we Australians a hearty welcome, and provided us with coffee, cigarettes, etc., at every stopping place. For four long and weary days we passed through smiling fields and well-kept roads, through large towns and small villages. The contrast between Egypt and this fair land was remarked by all. "It's a beautiful country, and well worth fighting for," was the general opinion. Armentieres was our last stopping place, and we settled down to life on French soil—or, rather, sometimes on it, and sometimes under it. We took over the trenches, that we were to occupy, from the Tommies, and set to work to make ourselves at home. The German trenches were not far away, and the first morning after our arrival, Fritz put up a board, with the following words written on it: "Welcome, Australians! Advance if you can." Subsequent events proved that Fritz was a bit too premature with his challenge, for it was not many days after that some of our boys went over and bombed him out of his trenches, and brought a couple of his machine-guns back with them. We have met many times since then, but never again has Fritz displayed any placards inviting us to come over. He knows the slouch hats a bit better now than he did at that time. Champagne was two shillings a bottle when we arrived at Armentieres, but after the first pay (when we were all millionaires) the demand for it was so great that it very soon rose to ten shillings. The boys soon got on good terms with the French population; their free and easy way, and open-handedness and fondness of children, made them great favourites.

WINTER ON THE SOMME.

Rain, mud, ice and snow—all churned up together! In places it is three feet deep, and never less than over our boot tops. We struggle wearily along through the rain, which has never ceased since we started our march, twenty-six hours ago. We are only ten miles from our last camp, and have taken all that time to cover the distance. The road is crowded with traffic of all descriptions, and a wait of two hours is not uncommon when a block occurs. Overturned waggons, dead horses, motor bikes and cars line the road, and amongst these obstacles we drearily pick our way (when we can move at all). At last we leave the "road" and turn off, down a gully, for a mile or so; then we come to a halt

and proceed to camp. It is raining harder than ever; everything is wet—pack wet, overcoat wet, and no blanket; and the wood is wet. It is about 4 a.m., and there is nothing for it but to walk about until morning. An issue of rum was served out, and it warmed us up a bit, but we were very glad to see daylight appearing. All the old trenches and dugouts were full of mud and water, and the boys started to bale them out and dig fresh ones. They soon got things "ship-shape," and made themselves as comfortable as possible. Timber was scarce, but the Australians had such a "taking way" with them that they soon got all they wanted. The Tommies, who were in charge of the timber dumps, had a good deal to put up with from our chaps. Some of the hard cases would put a couple of stripes on their sleeve, write an order out for so many duck boards for "Colonel Jones," or any name that came handy, and march six men up to the dump. "Here, Sergeant! Here's an order from Colonel —, and they are wanted immediately." While the Sergeant was arguing with the Australian, the duck boards would be half-way to our camp—never to return. We stopped at this place for three months and had several brushes with Fritz during that time. We left there for Bapaume, and took that place, and then proceeded on to Bullecourt.

THE AUSTRALIAN.

BY W. H. O.

"THE BRAVEST THING GOD EVER MADE."

A DISTINGUISHED BRITISH OFFICER'S OPINION.

The skies that arched his land were blue;
 His bush-born winds were warm and sweet;
 And yet from earliest hours he knew
 The tides of victory and defeat.
 From fierce floods thundering at his birth—
 From red droughts ravening while he ploughed—
 He learned to fear no foes on earth—
 "The bravest thing God ever made."

The bugles of the Motherland
 Rang ceaselessly across the sea,
 To call him and his lean brown band
 To shape Imperial destiny.
 He went—by youth's grave purpose willed,
 The goal unknown, the cost unweighed;
 The promise of his blood fulfilled—
 "The bravest thing God ever made"

We know—it is our deathless pride—
 The splendour of his first fierce blows;
 How reckless, glorious, undenied,
 He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we know.
 And none who saw him scale the height,
 Behind his reeking bayonet blade,
 Would rob him of his title right—
 "The bravest thing God ever made"

Bravest, where half a world of men
 Are brave beyond all earth's rewards,
 So stoutly none shall charge again
 Till the last breaking of the swords.
 Wounded or hale, won home from war,
 Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,
 Give him his due for evermore—
 "The bravest thing God ever made."

THE REAL ANZAC.

There are plenty of slouch-hatted soldiers in town,
 Doughty and debonair, stalwart and brown;
 Some are from Weymouth or Salisbury Plain,
 Others have "pushed" in the Western Campaign;
 Call them "Overseas soldiers," or down under men,
 Declare that each one is as daring as ten;
 Call them Cornstalks or Fernleaves, all out for a fight—
 But don't call them Anzacs, for that isn't right.

The Anzacs!—their ranks are but scanty, all told—
 Have a separate record illumined in gold.
 Their blood on Gallipoli's ridges they poured,
 Their souls with the scars of that struggle are scored.
 Not many are left, and not many are sound,
 And thousands lie buried in Turkish ground—
 These are the Anzacs! The others may claim
 Their zeal and their spirit—but never their name.

German sniper (caught in No Man's Land): "Mercy, kamerad, mercy."

Australian: "I'll give yer mercy, yer ————. S'pose it was you who busted me — pipe this morning."

WHEN WE RETURN.

I call to mind the crowd upon the quay,
 A surging crowd that cheered us off to war,
 A girl who waved a farewell hand to me—
 And then the dim receding shore.
 It seems a thousand years of nebulous intent.
 They called across the seas for martial men,
 And, knowing their sore needs, we went.

We flinched not on those fields of riven red,
 Nor called a halt when duty urged us on;
 Content, we did our share. Our honored dead
 Define the fields we have fought and won;
 And now returning—broken, bruised and bent—
 We know we have done our best. We've fought our round,
 And deep within our breast lies that content
 Which comes to men when homeward bound.

But, while we've left behind that seething Hell,
 Where men grow mad for lust of alien blood,
 We know not whether all at home is well,
 Nor if love's tide remains at flood.
 That trusted heart we thought possessed no flaw
 May well revolt at sight of you or me,
 When crippled, maimed, we step upon the shore,
 And seek her eyes upon the quay.

PESSIMIST.

ANZACS.

The children unborn shall acclaim
 The standard the Anzacs unfurled,
 When they made Australasia's fame
 The wonder and pride of the world.

Some of you got the V.C.,
 Some, the Gallipoli trot;
 Some got a grave by the sea,
 And all of you got it damned hot.
 And I see you strolling through town,
 In the faded old hospital blue,
 And driving abroad "lying down,"
 And, my God!—but I wish I were you.

I envy you beggars I met,
 From the dirty old hats on your head
 To the rusty old boots on your feet,
 I envy you, living or dead.
 A Knighthood is fine in its way,
 A Peerage brings splendour and fame;
 But I would rather have tacked any day
 That word to the end of my name.

I count it the greatest reward
 That ever a man could attain,
 I'd rather be Anzac than Lord—
 I'd rather be—Anzac than Thane.
 There's a bar to the medal you'll wear,
 There's a word that will glitter and glow,
 And an honor a KING cannot share,
 When you are back in the Cities, you know.

The children unborn shall acclaim
 The Standard the Anzacs unfurled,
 When they made Australasia's fame
 The wonder and pride of the world.

RAILWAY STATION IN FRANCE.

(Battalion of Australians going from one front to another.
 Australian alighting, to French civilian, on platform):

"Hey! Mushshoor! Where would a bloke get a bottle of
 whisky?"

"Non-compreney!" shrugging his shoulders.

"Whisky! YOU know!" making motions as if drinking.

"Ah! Whisky no bon! no bon, Messieur!"

"Get out, yer cow! I know where there is a pond full of big
 green frogs, and won't tell you where it is."

An Australian, in a bar, somewhere in France. Enter three
 or four Americans. They order beer all round. After a while,
 "Say, Kid, this beer is considerably flat, ain't it?"

"I suppose it is," said Australia. "It has been waiting here
 three years for you to come and drink it."

THE GREAT GAME.

Mud, dusk, and a somewhat limited panorama of Flanders! Flanders and mud we have come to look upon as one, and look on them as an essential to the life of a soldier. Dusk we welcome; it gives us respite and rest for a few brief hours. Out in front, and behind us, a foggy mist rises from the ground, rising in weird, fantastic shapes as it strikes the upper air.

A slight breeze rustles the scanty foliage of a shattered tree to our left. It makes, to our ears, a hideous soul-searching cry for vengeance. When the star shells flare in mid-air it throws the tree out into weird relief, making it cast long, ragged shadows on the ground. We think of the story that tree could tell if it could only speak. How it has seen the ebb and flow of battle; how nobly men fought; how they died; how they still die—defiant, to the end. Pointing with shattered arms to their goal, ever onward, up, Excelsior! as the old tree still points with the remains of its shattered trunk. Then it could tell yet another story; how the little children played beneath its sheltering branches; how they enjoyed the cool, refreshing shade cast by its branches and thick foliage. Instead of deep scars on the ground, poppies and daisies and hundreds of other spring flowers adorned the surrounding landscape. How the nightingale made the night sweet with his hopeful melody. The nightingale still gives voice to his song; but it is more broken than before, and the trills, instead of a light-hearted hopefulness, take on a haunting, mournful sadness, with a touch of infinite longing for his old domain.

Far up in the sky a silver sheen shows for a moment and disappears. Suddenly the dark clouds are riven asunder and the old moon shines out in all her glory, casting a mellow, tender light over the torn and tortured ground around the trenches. It heartens us. We see, by this sign, something bright and good, after that which is before us. Taking advantage of the light of the moon, we peer towards our enemy. Big things are afoot to-night, and one slight slip may mean that some of our comrades will not answer the next roll call. But all is well. Intense silence; except, at times, the spiteful, moaning hiss of a sniper's bullet; sometimes a scream of agony.

"Everybody ready?" the Corporal questions. "Got the bombs ready, Tommy?" Tommy, a big, hefty giant, answers "Yes!" Then, as an afterthought, he adds, "Corp., guess we'll give 'em the king hit to-night." Hardly are the words out of his mouth than

the answer is given by a swishing roar above our heads. Bang! And what we have been waiting for has come.

The second shell comes from half right, rear. It is an isolated gun "feeling" for the rest of the battery. Another few moments of silence, then guns all along the line take up the cannonade. The air is filled with a hurtling, swishing sound as the first salvo of shells speed on to their destination. We duck our heads with the shock of the first explosion. In and out of the lesser bursting of the small shells we recognise the demoralising roar of the big sixty-pounders. These big shells plough up tons of earth, spreading death and destruction everywhere.

The roar of our shells gives us a feeling of security. We well know, by past experience, that "Fritz" will be keeping low. Perhaps he is even down in his dug-outs, some of them a considerable distance underground. Some of the men, taking a chance, risk a glance over the parapet to enjoy to the full the sight of "Fritz's" discomfort. Those men who have not looked over get a fair inkling of how things go by the talk of the boys at the parapet. As the shells strike the earth sundry ejaculations are heard. "By hell, they are getting it hot now!" "Strike me pink, that was a beaut.!"

Tommy, catching the spirit of the moment, fixes a grenade to his rifle, sardonically salutes it, and releases the trigger. He mounts the fire step in time to see where his bomb lands. "About five yards out," he mutters discontentedly; but, nevertheless, he seems to be highly pleased. As he is getting the next grenade ready, his face creases up into a thousand wrinkles. He breaks into a broad, good-humored grin. He sets his rifle at a more acute angle, kisses the grenade in grim sarcasm, and fires.

Our artillery is working itself into a pitch of fury before undreamed of, but we are used to the shriek and hiss of the shells by this, being more at home in action than silence and inaction. We glory in the red, raw hiss of the big shells as they hurtle on their way to destroy human life. "Out in front" "Fritz" has suddenly thought of something happening. Being too preoccupied gloating on "Fritz's" destruction we forget that he can retaliate. A sudden whiz-bang, thirty yards in front of us, makes us think more of safety and less of gloating.

The Corporal slides down from the fire-step and yells imperiously, "Keep in the parapet, boys; they will get the range next shot." And with a final injunction to our bomber, Tommy, "Tommy, you overgrown cow, cover yourself up, will you?" Tommy expands his broad chest, his lovably wicked face lights up with a wicked, scornful smile, but nevertheless he crouches into the parapet; not for his protection, but, as he says, "Lookin' safer, and being orders, I must."

We all crouch close together. Somehow we feel safe at the thought, and the feel of warm, pulsating, human comradeship beside us, a comradeship before unheard of till the cry of the "War God" brought us together. "Brothers they were who found their brotherhood that night, and found it good."

A swift, sharp hiss, like the letting loose of a giant's pent-up fury, a dull thud, and we knew the shell we have been waiting for has arrived. The second intervening between the thud and the burst cannot be explained. A second when the body is dead; yet every nerve and every thought twitch and become vivid and real; a second when the mind works quickly, turning every thought into a confused chaos of trepidation. It is a second that helps the body to withstand the shock that will follow. A second specially made for those in great danger. To be brief, the second between life and death.

Our small world of parapet, paradox and dug-out suddenly swells like a blister. Then, crash! A stomach-sickening crash, and the tension is broken. Mind reasserts itself over the body, and we are suddenly whisked back to the real.

"Who is hurt?" is the silent question asked in every mind. "Did you get it?" one man questions of a comrade, who is feeling himself all over. "Dunno," he answers, wondering if his answer is true or not. "Give us a look." After looking and seeing no sign of a wound he again asks. "Where do you feel it?" "Here an' here, an' here, an'——." "Hold on, laddie, don't be silly; that was some lumps of dirt 'it yer." Hell! I forgot; thort I was knocked a treat." "Well, I dunno what you'll think when a lump does 'it yer and knocks yer rotten. Guess you'll think all Krupp's iron foundry suddenly 'it yer under the chin," the Good Samaritan mumbles cheerfully, as he moves off to help some less fortunate comrade.

The Corporal, missing Tommy, asks quickly, "Where's that silly cow gone to now?" His words do not speak his innermost thoughts; his face betrays a look of troubled concern. He does not mean anything when he calls Tommy a "silly cow." If anybody had been listening he would have said, "Where's that dear old comrade of mine?" As language such as "dear" and "comrade" do not sound well in our primeval surroundings, a veneer of slang is generally used. The worse the name the better the man.

Tommy is soon found underneath some fallen sand bags, and is none the worse for his imprisonment, and, after a drink of water, curses the Germans for fully five minutes. "What are you swearing at, Tommy? Anyone would think that you had been half killed." "That's what's makin' me swear, to think that I should

get such a 'ell of a fright and not get a wound, so's I could get a trip to 'ospital for awhile. Ain't it rotten?" he asks of anybody in particular. We agree with him. It certainly is a bit hard.

This little excitement over, we start to build up our shattered parapets, preparing for the shrapnel that will follow the high explosives. We know the high explosive shells are meant to dislodge us, and once dislodged, then the shrapnel takes a heavy toll of victims. We build our parapets up, bag for bag, hand over head, and then settle down to waiting. The hardest of the lot. The order: "Fix bayonets; first whistle, mount fire step; second whistle, charge!" is passed along to us from the commanding officer further up the line. "Make no noise!" is the final order.

"Make no noise!" No noise in this fearful din! Unconsciously we speak in whispers. Although the order is funny to an extreme, it has to be obeyed. The order incessantly flits through the brain, "Make no noise!" You feel as if you want to tell it to everybody, with the result, if a shell makes a sound a little bit out of the ordinary you jump unknowingly.

A sudden whipping and crackling in the air above us and we know the shrapnel shells are coming over. The Corporal gives the very unnecessary command. "Down!" But we are down long before the order formed on his lips, for we well know the result of standing up while shrapnel is whizzing through the air. One chap went back to hospital with a piece in his head yesterday.

At last we hear the short, sharp bark of our trench mortars, followed by a rumbling snarl as they strike the wind. Men clutch their rifles closer to them. It is a little comfort to feel the sleek, smooth wood-work of the rifle. It is a true friend! The shells are coming over in hundreds, and we know that every field-piece, from the smallest to the largest, is working overtime.

Again we get the order, "Fix bayonets!" This order is the height of a soldier's ambition. What we have all been trained up to is to take this order, "Fix bayonets!" calmly and as a matter of course. This is the moment men have waited for since first enlisting. How many men have tried to picture this moment when training on the sands of Egypt. It could be fittingly described as the climax of a soldier's life. What will follow in the next half-hour is what the soldier has been trained up to; and that, in a nutshell, is to kill, as quickly as possible, and, at the same time, to be careful of his own life. Is it any wonder men's hands tremble and shake as they fix the bayonets to their rifles? Soldiers have been described in the doing of that act as bloodthirsty but it is hardly so. Is a prospector, who, after searching for gold for twelve months, finds his heart's desire, greedy? Is a soldier to be

described as bloodthirsty when he cries for vengeance for helpless women and babes, who have been foully murdered? No! So we fix bayonets and get slightly hot in the head in the doing of it. The heat in the head gradually develops into an all-consuming flame, scorching and searing refinement, until we emerge different men. Supermen! with the lust to kill; the lust to kill those who have killed without cause; they who have murdered women, outraged children, and slaughtered old men, for lust only—not for any military achievement.

The crashing and banging of the shells make us half delirious and incapable of thinking properly. Someone tries to raise a laugh, but fails miserably. Every man is listening to the hissing, moaning wail of the shells, interspersed with demoralising crashes. It pulsates and throbs through the brain till it takes on an unearthly scream that seems to say, "Kill or be killed! Kill or be killed!! Kill or——"

A cry of "Ten men, stretcher-bearers! Ten men, stretcher-bearers!" helps us to gain control over our wandering thoughts. Still the cry goes on—"Ten men, stretcher-bearers! Ten men, stretcher——" A sharp hiss, a crash, and we find ourselves repeating the sentence that will never be finished in this world—"Ten men, stretcher-bearers! Ten men, stretcher-bearers!"

A shell whizzes just over our heads and fails to explode. "A dud," the Corporal jerks out, his voice sounding odd and out of place. We laugh—a shrill, mirthless laugh that in ordinary times could never come from men; a laugh full of ironical satire, sounding unearthly and unreal.

Again the order comes, "Five minutes; no noise! Section commanders, keep the men in proper alignment!"

The roar and the din of the shells suddenly abates. From far behind our lines we hear the sweet music of the church bells, calling the very old and the very young to early morning mass. What memories those bells bring back! The time when we went to church; when we were classed as "good" by the people of the town; how we used to say our prayers. But all is well; we are still all right. Instead of prayer we fight—fight for religion! Prayers are useless when not backed up by a firm resolve. Two strong arms and spirit are worth a thousand prayers when the War God is stalking through the land feeding on men's blood. Thousands of such thoughts flit and pass through our minds like so many shadows. At the consoling sound of the bells Tommy begins to hum a sarcastic ditty—

"Take me over the sea, where the Germans can't snipe at me; Oh, mv! I don't want to die, I want to go home——"

The Corporal is putting the final words to a much-begrimed letter of farewell to his loved ones. It has been in his pocket for months awaiting this moment. "Good-bye, good luck, don't worry!" he unconsciously murmurs as he writes. "Good-bye, good luck, don't worry!" It keeps repeating in our minds. The Corporal looks strangely wan and worried as he replaces the letter in his pocket.

Tommy asks of a comrade, "'Ave you said 'Good-bye, good luck, laddie?'" The answer comes brief and to the point. "Nope; ain't goin' to be 'sloughed' ter-day." "How der yer know?" "Dunno; something seems to tell me my luck's in." Then, as if not quite certain, "Hope so, anyway." "That's right, crack hardy. Why, yer might git flowers on yer grave if yer luck's in. Yer might. Luck's a fortune!" "Yes; luck's a fortune all right," answers the man, his face twisting up into a devil-may-care grin.

From a little to our left a signal is given. "Pheet!"—the signal for us to mount the fire-step. Another minute and we will be out in that strip of land which has been falsely named "No Man's Land!" Another minute before we know our fate! What a long time it seems—hours, days, years. "Pheet!" We crawl and slide over the parapet, the Corporal taking the lead and giving us our pace. "Keep back!" he hisses, through wire.

We advance stealthily, silently, truly; grim men with a grim duty. Every man keeps in line as though on parade. For a mile each side of us our comrades are doing the same. Men stumble into old shell holes, recover themselves and press steadily on with never a sound. Much depends on our silence. If we are heard approaching, before we get anywhere near them—well, the game is up! The Germans, knowing full well our trenches will be packed to overflowing, waiting for the moment when we will need reinforcements, will deal with us, and then turn their field-pieces on to the trenches we have just vacated. We have to be careful!

Hardly are we on to his barb wire, than we are seen. A sudden, sharp signal from the enemy's trench, and then "Swish, swish, swish!" Two men go down with the first stream of lead. Lucky they are firing high! The next man to go down is our Corporal. He slaps his hand to his head, half turns in his stride, and drops. We know he is mortally wounded, but cannot stop to help him.

Tommy darts ahead into the Corporal's place, yelling as he does. "By hell, boys, we want the first dozen we come across for that!" As if for answer bayonets are lowered, gleaming wicked and sinister in the early morning light. All caution is thrown to the winds now we know we are seen.

"Right!" Tommy yells, as he breaks into a run. A long line of evil-looking men, with bodies crouched as if for a spring and with bayonets lowered sweeps after him.

What follows is hidden by a red mist before the eyes. All you know is that you are amongst the Germans—amongst the enemy; to kill him; if not to kill him, to be killed yourself. Ten minutes, maybe an hour, before you regain your normal senses. No enmity is felt for the dead Germans in the trench. They fought well; we fought better. A badly wounded German asks for a drink of water, or something to that effect. He is given a drink, and then disarmed.

High up in the heavens we hear the droning buzz of an aeroplane. We look up to see if it is one of ours or "Fritz's." At last we catch a glimpse of it outlined against the morning sun.

Away up there it looks a mere speck. It is behind our lines, making towards us, so we surmise it is ours. It is nearly overhead before we see the red, white and blue emblem on the under part of its wings.

It is cheering to see it sail along so calmly, sedately. It may also give our artillery some targets to fire at. We hope so. It will give us a little respite. The enemy are sure to answer our guns if they begin to "feel" for his batteries. It will relieve the strain on the trenches and may even develop into an artillery duel.

The 'plane is barely half way over "No Man's Land" before the enemy's "Archies" are flinging shells at it. The light anti-aircraft shells make a musical sound soaring towards the heavens—like a deep bass and a shrill treble intermingled into a musical one.

The 'plane dives, rises, slides over, and rights itself. We marvel how it escapes, but steady eyes and steady nerves are guiding it on its way. We are not the only ones in danger, and that fact, somehow, seems to give us a feeling of security. At last we see one, two, three smoke balls drop from the aeroplane. The men up there watching have discovered an enemy battery and are giving its position away to our gunners.

Tommy hands around his water bottle. We drink sparingly by wetting our lips and tongues, and passing it on. We have not got too much water, and if the enemy keeps up the barrage much longer somebody will have to attempt to get back to our second line and get some, and that will mean almost certain death. After replacing his water bottle, Tommy begins to feel through his pockets. After a lot of hunting and turning out of pockets, he reveals the object of his search—a cigarette butt and some matches. He

lights the precious portion of cigarette. Every man, as if obeying an order, puts down his rifle and watches the owner of the "butt." We watch him greedily, our mouths moist with anticipation. He takes a long draw, gulping the soothing smoke well back into his lungs, holding it there as if loth to part with it.

One of the hungry ones begins to ransack his tunic pockets. He knows full well there are no cigarettes there, but it is some consolation to search for one. He goes through his pockets slowly, methodically; his hands trembling. He may find a "butt"; one never knows. His face suddenly lights up like a man who has made a startling discovery. We hold our breath as he disengages his hand from his pocket. At last we see what he has found—a ten shilling note. He looks at it in his hand, this note; this sign of wealth.

Our faces drop. What can money buy here? What is the use of money when duty, expectant comrades, expects you to produce something better, even if it be a cigarette? What can money buy? Fame? with the loss of honor. Is money to be a substitute for a cigarette? Is it any wonder one man sneers with scorn, and yet cannot tell why it has affected him so?

Up on the fire-step, Tommy lounges his feet, moving lazily to and fro, his eyes half closed. We could kill him for his idle content. "Here, Tommy, I'll give you this half quid for a draw." Tom closes his eyes and leans back, opening his eyes again to expel a cloud of smoke from his lungs.

This is a worse torture than shell fire. We smell the faint, haunting fragrance of the precious weed; it bites deep into our vitals. "Tommy, I'll give yer this half quid for a draw," in piteous tones from the "moneyed man."

Tommy takes another draw, then, taking the cigarette lovingly from between his teeth, straightens up and asks quietly, "Do yer think I'm after blood money, boy? Stick that half quid in yer kick, and have a go at this. Give 'em all a go at it, it's theirs as much as mine." And Tommy—big, wicked-looking, white-hearted Tommy—begins to oil his rifle in preparation for his next "stunt."

The artillery have suddenly got tired of what they have been doing—destroying human life. We sit back for awhile. Some are drowsing. After the strenuous work of the last few days everybody is more or less a little fanciful. One man mentions Australia! Several men get up and move about aimlessly. We do not want to awake the old longing for our native land. But we have lost our Corporal, and we feel a little bit sentimental, so we gather together and talk.

One man takes us back to Australia by his talk of the last walk he had with his sweetheart. Nobody laughs. We have all been through the same, if not with a sweetheart, a mother. Someone asks, "Is she a dinkum tart?" The answer comes, dreary and far away, "Yes, dinkum." We let it go at that. We talk of our homes, our hopes, our ambitions.

A young farmer begins to tell us his story. A story of a greater, silent battle than one we are now in. A story of hardships, work and privation. He carries our minds vividly back to Australia by his talk of the great Australian bush. He takes our minds away from the blood-soaked trenches and transplants them on a hill overlooking his homestead.

He musters his sheep for our inspection; shows us his cattle, his ploughed land. He points out where the great bush fire swept through his land. The next year a drought. He shows us the skeletons of his animals. Now, when it is too late, as if in mockery, long sprouts of grass grow around them. "Even the rabbits died that year," he tells us. We see old Dobbin, the horse who is getting lazy fat for want of work.

We go to the gully at the back of the house. The sun is sinking. As it sinks still lower it turns the green of the trees to darker green, from darker green to a thousand and one shades of amber. The highest peaks of this, Nature's own castle, stand out in vivid relief as the sun dips behind them. A little way up the gully, a little brown rabbit peeps timidly out of its burrow. The silence, giving it courage, it comes out to feed on the fresh young undergrowth. From away up on the hill comes the voice of the lyre bird as he parades himself, full of vanity and love-making.

As we have had enough of sight-seeing for the time being we move back to the homestead to tea. As if in reality, we partake of the good things—brown bread, cream, cakes and butter. After tea we sit around the fire. Two little children come to kiss their father good-night. "Good-night! Nanny; Jack." "Good-night, dad, and 'Dawd' bless you!"

The clock on the mantelpiece strikes the hour of eleven. Everything is at rest outside. In the big gum by the side of the house, a native bear cries out. A human, pathetic cry, full of sympathy and sorrow. A mopoke's call rings out, dull and monotonous. A moth batters its wings against the lamp glass. The attractive things are always dangerous. Soon the place is in darkness. A mischievous 'possum scampers over the stable roof; the horses stop their contented munching for a moment and then continue.

Away out here on the hills lies rest . . . A cock crows from the hen roost; the fowls preen their wings. . . . Morning is breaking, a calm, peaceful morn, heralded in by the musical lay of the magpie.

FOUR AUSTRALIANS.

"Johnnie, Johnnie! Hi, Johnnie!"

The speaker is a tall, bronzed Australian soldier, fully six foot high—a typical remnant of an original battalion.

He is dressed much the same as any Australian soldier was in the early days of the Gallipoli campaign. His feet are encased in a pair of heavy military boots, looking none the better for wear; the riding breeches, that, by all appearances, have seen as much wear as his boots. His left knee protrudes through a ragged tear, and gives him the appearance of an overgrown schoolboy who is dressed ready for a run with his mates. The upper part of his body is covered with something that by close scrutiny suggests to us as being a tunic—or closely resembling one. His head is adorned with the famous slouch hat of the Australian soldier; the sort of hat that the enemy hates to see; a hat that amongst a London crowd attracts more attention than the wearer does. It is jammed on his head at a rakish angle and seems to say to all the world, "I am a hat—a good hat; I have got a master." The big soldier takes a gulp of air, drawing it as far back into his lungs to emit it again in the form of "Johnnie! Hi, Johnnie, come here!"

Down the hill a little way, a small, wiry Indian soldier suddenly stops short and looks around. Then, as if not quite catching the meaning of the English words, saunters slowly down the hill. "Hi, Johnnie! Come here, will you?" The little soldier stops again, and, looking up, sees the issuer of the half entreaty, half command; who by this time is beckoning with both head and hands. His manner has become almost imperious with his excitement. The solution of the problem, "Hi, Johnnie," slowly forming in the Indian's brain, he solemnly starts to cross himself, putting a special, distinct emphasis as his fingers touch his head, left shoulder, right shoulder, then chest. This finished, he starts to wend his way uphill, his whole appearance smartened up, in his face the look of a humble, adroing spirit.

As he comes closer to us we see a small, hard-visaged face; a fact that at times betrays a conflict of emotions. Sometimes it is as if a dark shadow was hiding the finer points of features giving it a dog-like, inscrutable expression that could never be fathomed.

His eyes seem to say, "I have got heavy burdens that I will never rid myself of." His mouth twists into a curious grimace as he briskly salutes.

The Australian soldier, whom we call "Digger" (because "Digger" happens to be any Australian soldier) returns the salute, and greets the Indian with, "Salaam, Johnnie!" "Salaam, Johnnie!" the Indian mumbles in naughty boy fashion. This conventional greeting over, the two soldiers, vastly different in aspect and build, stand and survey each other. The two standing together give an impression of strength and endurance beyond description. The Australian, big-boned, with unknown strength lurking behind his bronzed, healthy skin, and eyes that speak of hate and love, and the mouth that seems to work in conjunction with the mind; the mouth and jaw that give a sudden, sharp click when the brain speaks and says, "Do it!" The Indian, small, almost undersized, but not at all badly built, with small, wiry limbs, that, when moved, show a sea of muscle, working in perfect unison. His every action betray a certain determination of character. The precise movement of the head seems to say, "I will try to do the best of my ability."

The Australian, breaking the silence, asks abruptly, "Johnnie!—you got curry?" The Indian slowly raises his eyes to Digger's face, and wags his head as if not quite clear of his question. To make his meaning more clear, Digger goes through the action of passing food to the mouth, ejaculating now and then, "Curry; you know, curry, Johnnie! Jerry?" Digger's actions and his earnest appeals have conveyed to the Indian the thought of something important. His face wrinkles and breaks into a smile—an honest smile—one good to see. He mumbles, "Johnnie, Johnnie!" this being the full extent of his English.

Digger, taking it for granted that "Johnnie, Johnnie!" means "yes," and not being far wrong, leads the way down the hill. They pick their way carefully, slowly, down the hill, wending and stepping reverently over a little patch of brown earth that is slightly higher than the surrounding earth. Some of the mounds are adorned with rough wooden crosses. Just simple little things, branches off some shrub, tied in the form of a cross with pieces of boot laces or string. A simple little token to the dead. Digger's dead; Johnnie's dead. Just comrades who have passed out. In British "Tommy" language, "Gone West." As the Indian passes these little mounds he makes the sign of the cross on his body. To him they are dead men—something to be regarded with superstition. To Digger they are mates still; mates although dead; mates that are more sacred and honored in death than ever in life.

They half walk, half slide, down the last steep incline. Straight before them a dark, forbidding hill hides from their view the Indian encampment. Before ascending the hill Digger motions to

the indian to stop. He points to the crest of the hill, and, speaking in a veranacular that life in a foreign country has helped to cultivate, soliloquised, "Well, well, and jest to think old 'Aller' was there waitin'; he's a shrewd ole cow, though." He utters the last few words with a finality that does not need questioning. "Johnnie, Johnnie!" Digger smiles; he knows Johnnie wants to say, "Quite right! Quite right; he is shrewd." They start to ascend the hill; the very same hill that made the Australian soldier famous; the hill that children yet to come will try and picture in their minds. When within fifty yards of the crest they start to crawl on hands and knees for fear of being spied by some wary-eyed sniper, snugly ensconced in his layer on some adjoining hill. Once over the hill they are safe, and they will straighten up to the normal state of walking. It does not take them long to traverse the slope, and they are soon on the beach where the Indian encampment is situated. It is not the sort of military encampment that the reader will conjure up. In fact, there is no sign of human habitation whatever.

Johnnie now takes the lead, and makes for a sheltered portion of the hill. After walking for five minutes or so Johnnie turns to Digger and exclaims, "Johnnie!" breaking off into his own dialect. He points with his hand, as much as to say, "That is where I live." Digger unconsciously brushes pieces of dried furze and earth from off his tunic, showing plainly his nervous excitement at the thought of the meal of curry that will soon be his. Johnnie claps his hands and calls out something that Digger does not understand. A strip of sacking that is painted green and brown to correspond with the surrounding landscape is moved aside by an invisible hand. From the darkness of the dug-out another Indian appears and regards his comrade's visitor with displeasure. His eyes rest for a moment on Digger's hat, then his face lights up with a smile of delight. He has recognised the Australian hat, and is not this their dream of the "White Gurkha?" Digger, knowing he has been judged and not found wanting, gives the greeting. "Salaam, Johnnie!" "Salaam, Johnnie!" the Indian murmurs with ever evidence of pleasure "Got curry, Johnnie?" Digger jerks out. For answer the Indian beckons him inside and procures an empty bully beef box for him to sit on. This is the seat of honor. When a "White Gurkha" is not sitting on it, it is used for keeping foodstuffs in.

The interior of the dug-out is snug and homely, more for comfort than style. Arranged on each side of the walls are sets of four bunks, with odds and ends of equipment, bags and blankets strewn pell mell on them. Digger sits down contentedly to wait and gloat on the meal that will soon be ready. A meal that, to a man who has had nothing but salty bully beef and biscuits for weeks, takes the form of a banquet. The two Indians, working in

conjunction, soon get the stew ready. Rice, a little goat's flesh, and curry powder is what they use. While it is stewing the Indians range themselves one on each side of Digger.

The three gabble away at each other as if they understood what the other was saying. The first word is always Johnnie! It is a little distinction conferred by the Australian soldier on their dark-skinned comrades. It is a word specially reserved for speech amongst the two sets of brothers. Johnnie, as the Indian says it, can mean anything. The Australian version is "cobber, laddie, mate." Digger talks, his words interspersed with sundry nods and grimaces. One of the Indians starts to tell a story. By the woe-begone expression, and the dull glow far back in his eyes, it is something that affects him very much. From what can be gleaned by his actions a comrade has been killed lately. He points to the trenches, and goes through the motion of loading a rifle, then he hits himself sharply on the forehead with his finger. His actions are ludicrous as he tries to imitate how the last breath was drawn. Digger understands, and remains silent. They have all lost good comrades. It does not need words to explain; it needs action to revenge. The silence is broken by the sizzling sound from the direction of the curry pot.

Digger grunts his approval at the looked-for sound; it's suspiciously like "Oh, hell!" The pot is brought over and placed at Digger's feet, and a spoon is produced and handed to him. The two Indians arm themselves with flat pieces of wood, roughly cut into the shape of a spoon. The three of them start to eat out of one pot, having dip for dip. O mores! All class and convention is dropped over that steaming pot. The black Johnnie is on a level with the white Johnnie. This is why the Indian claims the Australian for his friend. The Indian is not made to feel that he is the under dog; he is met on level terms with a hail fellow, well met, and appreciates it accordingly, treating the Australian soldier with an almost childish adoration. It is embarrassing to a certain extent, but nevertheless they cannot be made to act differently towards us.

The meal over, Digger produces some cigarettes and hands them around. The three comrades then sit back and smoke. Digger's eyes are half-closed; what with a full stomach and the mellowing influences of the fragrant weed, he does not feel disposed to talk. Talk is needless, as it happens. The friendship between the three is unexplainable; neither understands a word the other is saying; yet they are friends. The smell of the strong curry and tobacco gradually fills the close interior of the dug-out and filters outside. The smell has evidently disturbed the occupants of an adjoining dug-out. A big, bony figure makes it way into the dug-out, and then, as if surprised to see his friends have a visitor, turns to go. He is stopped by Digger's "Salaam, Johnnie! Come in!"

The big Indian turns around and murmurs in labored but very good English, "Yass, alright; how are you?" as he grasps Digger's hand. "Oh, pretty good," Digger gasps in surprised tones. Not being too sure that the Indian can speak English well, he starts to question him, speaking simply and omitting words likely to make his meaning less clear. "You speak English talk, Johnnie?" "Me I learn India. I work one year, two year, three year, English officer. He good man; very good man." "Oh, you work for English officer, and he learn you to talk English? Where you live in India, Johnnie?" "I live Rampur. R-A-M-P-U-R," the Indian spells for Digger's benefit. Digger, not being well versed in the geography of India, and not having ever heard anything about it to single it out in his mind, goes on with his questioning. "You married man, Johnnie?" The Indian looks at Digger as if not comprehending Digger's large vocabulary of words, and remains silent. "You know, Johnnie, got a 'tabby'—er—I mean a girl. You know, missus, Johnnie, jerry?" Johnnie still not understanding Digger's large vocabulary of words, remains silent. "You know, Johnnie, woman?" Digger goes through a series of actions that are supposed to convey to the Indian the lovable actions of a wife towards her husband. "You know," Digger goes on, and goes through the action of putting his arm around an imaginary waist and pursing his lips as if about to receive a kiss.

Digger's actions have been so ludicrous that the three Indians by this time are enjoying a hearty laugh at Digger's expense. His actions have seemingly put his words to shame. The big Indian seems suddenly to understand what Digger means. His face gradually becomes serious, as if making preparation for the words yet to come. "Yass, I got woman. What you call woman?" "Ah—er, tabbie, girl, tart." The three broke off into another fit of laughing. Between the gusts of laughter the big Indian asks if there are different sorts of women in Australia. Digger tries to explain that they are all the same sort, only they are given different names. "Why you call some 'tatt,' some 'tuppie?'" splutters the Indian, trying to hold his laugh. "Oh, I don't know; some are young and some, er—er old," Digger explains, groping around in the hope of turning the subjects into safer channels. "What you call old women?—old tarts?" came thoughtlessly from Digger.

Something has evidently tickled the Indians again. They jab each other, and the tears literally roll down their cheeks. Digger still groping around for some means of escape, asks, "Johnnie, you got any kids?" The Indians sober down again, and their interpreter speaks. "Yass, I got ten, twenty kids. My uncle what you call farmer; he got nearly hundred kids this year; before war no good, no kids." Digger's eyes open wide in astonishment. He voices the answer to his question. "He got nearly hundred kids!"

Then, as an afterthought he asks, "Gawd, Johnnie, he go broke; er—got any money?" "Yass, plenty. He sell ar—ar fifty goats this year. Plenty money." Digger, not quite realising for the moment that the Indian had been speaking of the offspring of the goat, remains silent. At last, after pondering it over in his mind for a moment, he chuckles himself purple in the face at the unconscious joke. Digger, recovering himself, expostulates, "No, no, Johnnie; you don't jerry; I mean kids—er—er children; you know, nippers, picaninnies?" The word "picaninnies" and Digger's description of "so high," conjures up in the Indian's mind little children. "Ah, yass, yass; one, two leetle wan. Leetle wan, so big," raising his hand about two feet from the ground. "Big wan, he clean boots, Meerut, he send what you call my ar—ar old 'tatt' plenty money. He big gentleman. You got any leetle wan?" "Yes, a couple—er—two er—youngsters." "What you call youngsters?" Digger, suddenly remembering that if he uses anything but strict English, answers, "Children."

The next thing to attract Digger's attention is a potato laying near the fire. Thinking this a good opportunity of taking their minds off the subject of women and children, he asks Johnnie, "What you call this?" picking up the potato. Johnnie answers something that sounds like "Mallella." "What English call it?" Digger questions. "Pertater," is the answer. "What you call it?" Johnnie queries. "Oh—er—a—spud." "Why English give two names?" Digger's answer is, "Oh, I dunno."

The conversation slackens now. Outside they hear the roar of a bursting shell warning them of night. Digger gets up and stretches his limbs luxuriously. "Well, I'll have to go," he remarks, regretfully. "Be down again some day. Salaam, Johnnie!" "Salaam, Johnnie!"

Digger strides out so as to be in his accustomed place in the trenches before darkness falls. Digger had an enjoyable afternoon, but it was his last. That night the first stages of the Lone Pine battle were fought, and Digger is peacefully resting underneath a dark mound of earth now.

Sergeant (instructing squad of Tommies):

"Now, boys, there is one thing I wish to impress on you. Be very careful not to get into any arguments with civilians. For instance, if you are in a public-house and a civilian gets quarrelsome and starts arguing, each man should finish his beer and walk out and leave him. Now, Brown, what would you do if a civilian came in and insulted you?"

Brown: "Why, I'd drink up his beer and hook it."

DISCIPLINE.

Sergeant-Major, to a Private who has missed eleven shots out of twelve:

"What, eleven misses; good heavens, man, go around the corner and shoot yourself."

Hearing a shot around the corner, the Sergeant-Major rushes around, to be confronted by the bad shot—

"Sorry, sir, another miss," the Private murmurs.

An Australian, Scotchman, and an Irishman were walking along a street in Boulogne.

A pretty French girl passed them.

"Oh," said the Scotchman, "I wish 't wa's wee Mary."

"I wish it was Bridget," said the Irishman.

"Um," said the Australian, "I wish it was dark."

Frenchman to British soldier, as they are parting:

"Tommy: "Au Reservoir! Au Reservoir! Mon cher."

Frenchman: "Tanks! Tanks! Frendt."

Old lady, on her first visit to a military hospital: "Well, my good man, and where did you get wounded?"

Australian: "In Gallipoli, mum."

Old Lady "But, my good man, how did you get wounded?"

Exasperated Australian: "'Ar stung in the foot be a camel."

Officer, inspecting first line of resistance: "What soldiers are in this trench, my man?"

"First Sussex Regiment, sir."

After going along a little further, he questions again: "What soldiers are in this trench, my man?"

"What the ———— 'as it got to do with you?"

"Oh, is this the Australian trench?" the officer said, quite surprised.

SUNDRY VERSE.

WAR.

Shrieking, swirling, stricken grandeur;
Big shells hurtle overhead;
Moaning wails of fun'ral sadness,
Crying vengeance for the dead.

Sneaking, crawling, creeping gases,
Nauseating God's good air;
Like Satan's ghouls at midnight
Creeping—leaping out their lair.

Whizzing hiss of half-spent bullets:
Bombs explode with hellish crash.
All around the wounded lying
Wrecks of manhood . . . glorified.

Weird sights and strange enchantments;
Stately trees sigh overhead;
Weeping wails of mournful sadness—
Wailing, for heroic dead.

Clinging, sodden, mud-soaked trenches;
Poppies, daisies, growing there;
Cursing, shrieking, maddened manhood;
Yes, my God! they all were there.

Silent, now the battle over;
Silent also are the dead;
Silent breaks the dawn of morrow,
Hark! . . . a thrush sings overhead.

CAPE HELLES.

On the 6th of May we left Gallipoli and landed at the Cape in good heart and in the pink of condition. The "heads" had seen to that while we were in Egypt, rather too much so, as many a man thought after marching a few miles with all his equipment up. But our old Colonel (a white man if ever there was one) used to say, "I will have you boys fit. You did very well that time, but you can do better." And so it continued on, day after day, until even he was satisfied with us. Now, an Australian soldier's equipment is a fairly solid proposition to hump. It weighs, when put on the scales, about sixty pounds, and it kicks the beam hard at that. It is very interesting to watch it weighed, but when it is all distributed about the person the interest seems to fade and an intense desire to be back in civvies again takes its place. However, as we left Australia to do our "bit" the equipment is a matter of course and all in the game, likewise the training. We disembarked and landed at a small pier the Engineers had run out for that purpose. A few shells were falling here and there as we drew up on the beach and joined our mates who had already landed. We were glad to feel a bit of something solid under our feet again, and pipes were produced, "fags" lit, and the usual talk and chaff went round. Some reinforcements and details that belonged to the first division who had been left behind in Egypt were just landing from the transport, and as these came up the pier on to the beach the greetings were loud and hearty. Many old comrades who had been temporarily separated were now reunited, and the talk was loud, lurid, and disjointed. Amid the babel of voices fragments of conversation, of which the following is a sample, could be heard on all sides:—"Hello, Jack! How's Cairo?" "Bet your life." "Never saw him since the landing." "Give us a 'fag'." "Stiff luck." "Still going strong." "I wrote to you twice, you cow!" "Show us the photo." "Bli'me, 150 quid!" "Leading by a street when my 'donk' came a 'gutser'." "Never saw him since that night." "Spare me days, I'd like!" "Seven days C.B." "Dropped a fiver on the boat." "What price a pint now?" "They got him on the run." "What flaming luck." "Beat him in three rounds." "Saw her just before we left Cairo," etc., etc. We were enjoying ourselves im-

mensely, everything in the garden was lovely, when down the line came the order: "Fall in. March!" Little did we think as we fell in that it would be five long days and nights before we would have a chance to take off our clothes or get a decent wink of sleep. But away we went, up a big lump of a gully. Achi Baba loomed up massive and forbidding in front of us, and as we opened out in extended order, every gun on the mount opened fire. The French were on our right flank and the New Zealanders on the left. The whistle sounded the charge at about four in the afternoon, and at it we went. As soon as we moved off hundreds of machine-guns on the slopes and at the foot of the hills spoke up, and a murderous fire was opened on us. The air was thick with shrapnel and bullets, and, unfortunately, many of them found their mark. It did not take us long to reach the first trench held by the Indians who were in support of the firing line, and into their trenches we tumbled, glad of the chance to rest awhile under cover. In a few minutes the whistle sounded again, and a few rushes carried us up to the firing line, held by some of the Regulars of the old British Army. A few moments' respite, a word or two with the Tommies, when we had got our wind, and then the whistle again. As we went over the top the fire increased in volume until it was a seething hell. If a man had stood upright and held his hand up it would have been riddled like a sieve. Many and many a good lad went down in that inferno, some only wounded, and some never to rise again, who only a short hour ago were laughing and joking on the beach, brimful of health and spirits. But such is war. No one stopped as his mate dropped beside him, but pressed forward in short rushes, taking advantage of any slight inequality in the ground when signalled to take cover. A few short, very short, moments' rest, and then that accursed whistle. We kept going until we had gained fully a thousand yards, and then started to dig in. The ground varied a great deal, in some places it was inclined to be sandy; and the digging, or, rather, scratching, was fairly easy, in others it was hard enough, and no man dare raise his head above the level of his pack. If he did it was a thousand to one he would lose all further interest in the proceedings, and a fatigue party would do all the digging for him that he would ever want. We had our trench dug fairly deep before next morning, and for five days we hung on, though Abdul tried all he knew to shift us. The night we were going to leave he must have thought we were going to have another cut at him, as he started shelling

very heavily and kept it up all night. It had been raining constantly for twenty-four hours, and the Tommies (some of Kitchen-er's new army) who were to relieve us got lost coming up, and it was breaking day before they took the line over. "I, choom, it's pretty wet," said a fat Tommy as he squeezed past. "By hell!" said the Australian addressed, "if you get as little to drink as we did you'll be b—— well dry enough." We lined up for roll call, and then it was plain to be seen what terrible havoc had been caused in our ranks. Our old Colonel, whose heart was as big as a bucket, fairly broke down as name after name was called and no reply was forthcoming. While the tears coursed unashamed down his weather-beaten cheeks he could only ejaculate, "My poor boys; oh, my poor boys!" No father could have mourned for his sons more sincerely and unaffectedly than did our good old man for the lads under his command. All honor to him. May his shadow never grow less. Although he has now moved to another scene of usefulness in life, he carries the sincere respect, and, what is far better, the love and affection of every man that served in his battalion. I am no officer. I wore neither stars nor stripes. I was, as Mul-vaney said, "Only a privut," and as a private I am voicing the sentiments of the whole rank and file that had the honor to serve under him in the Gallipoli campaign.

We camped on the beach for a few days' rest, and then embarked for Gallipoli, where we were used as reserves supporting the firing line, and thus ended our share in the memorable battle of Cape Helles.

GRIM SARCASM.

Bill: "Give us a 'fag'."

Horace: "Garn, yer bot, yer'll want flowers on yer grave, yer will."

Tommy (to Australian): "That was a rare plucky thing you did this morning, to bring your mate in under that heavy fire."

Australian: "Yairs, the blasted cow, he had all me b— tobacco with him."

Billjim, in a Tommy Hospital in Blighty.

Doctor, adjusting eye-glass: "Haw, my man. Lost your eye, I see?"

"Oh, no! I've left it in France to watch my kit till I get back."

Billjim, with a couple of German prisoners, to Corporal:

"Hey! These silly cows are dopey. This one says he comes from Brunswick, and he don't know where the Sydney Road is; and this coot says he comes from Heidelberg, and never heard of the Yarra."

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