THE LANDING AT GALLIPOLI

Australian Stunts in France

Good BYE

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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.

Yours faithfully,

E. WELLS.

EGYPT

The troopship "Medic," in which I sailed, formed a part of the largest fleet that has ever been seen in the Indian Ocean. The number and composition of that fleet was not made known at the time, for the German cruiser "Emden" was doing all the damage she could; there were roving squadrons of the German fleet still abroad on the high seas, and secrecy was a necessity. It was during the passage of the fleet that the "Emden" was battered to pieces on Cocos Island. Of course, you know the "Emden" was captured by the "Sydney." The fight lasted about four hours. The "Emden" did not surrender until every gun was out of action, and over a hundred and forty killed and wounded. She was on fire amidships, and was driven on to Cocos Island. The victory was the first wireless we received since leavng Fremantle. The fleet called at Colombo, but the troops were not allowed ashore, nor allowed to trade with the native craft that came to sell things. We knew little or nothing of the progress of the war, only the barest outline of the chief events, and not until we were in the Red Sea were we acquainted with our destination—Egypt. Only one accident marked the journey. Two ships bumped into us, and one man was drowned. Among such a mass of men, living for the most part under entirely new conditions, there is bound to be some sickness; but most of it became pronounced after our arrival at Mena Camp. We lost some 160 since we left Australia, and the hospitals are full of sick. The most prevalent is pneumonia and pleurisy, which seems to attack the strong with greater violence than the weak.

It was a master stroke of German diplomacy to persuade Turkey to go to war then against the Allies. It was thought to give Germany the advantage of co-operation of the whole Mohammedan world, and stretch a broad belt of fanatical enemies right across the centre of the British Empire. From the Atlantic to the Himalayas the nations are Mohammedan, fierce and warlike. Civilisation has more than once stood in danger of being over-run by these nations, and the Sultan of Turkey, their nominal spiritual head. Moreover, the most considerable of these nations had grievances against their European rulers. Algeria and Tunis are French; Tripoli is Italian; Egypt has only of recent years been brought under the rule of England and contained a faction that might at any time try a rebellion; and eastward from the Suez Canal there are immense

fanatical hordes that have never been under any yoke, and might be eager to go on a murdering and wandering expedition. Could all these be persuaded to join in a great holy war Germany reckoned on easily becoming master of the world. That she herself might be swallowed up by the flood she wanted to let loose, that she allied herself with barbarism against civilisation, were items she never considered. Her objective was to rcuse the colored races to arms against the white races; to set East against the West, and whoever lost in that awful turmoil she was bound to gain.

As usual, the German was not as clever and well informed as he thought himself to be, otherwise he might have known that the Mohammedan world did not hang together, that whatever the spiritual power of the Sultan might be, actual ability to control his spiritual subjects was even less in political affairs than that of the Pope of Rome; that many of the Mohammedans know on which side their bread was buttered, and preferred the just British rule to the tyranny of ignorant Moslems.

Meanwhile, Great Britain had to guard against the peril that had been created by the intrusion of the Turk, and the danger was greatest in Egypt, whose geographical position constituted her a vital spot in the Empire. An immense British army was massed around the Pyramids and the Suez Canal, ostensibly to complete their training, really to stamp out instantly any smouldering fires of rebellion that might break out. There were over 100,000 British troops in Egypt when the Turkish rule came to an end, and the land of the Pharohs became a British protectorate.

Under the shadow of the Pyramids, that stand like sentinels betwixt the mysterious Nile and the trackless Lybian desert, did the Australians and New Zealanders pitch their camp. The new-made soldiers of the youngest nation pitching their tents by the battered graves of the oldest historical race! How strangely the two seem to mingle.

The other day, when we marched past Sir G. Reid, we received special mention of the G.O.C. The whole of the Australian forces of Mena Camp were marched past during the afternoon, and my Battalion was the only one, I think, that came in from work and did the ceremonial parade in dirty dusty conditions. All the others had a spell and got themselves up for the occasion. Of course, Sir George made a patriotic speech, and lauded us up to the skies, and in his speech, asking us to be a credit to Australia in the forthcoming struggle as well as

in Egypt. It was inspiring to see between 20,000 and 30,000 Australians saluting the High Commissioner and Mjr. Gen. Maxwell, the G. O. C. It was absolutely unique in the annals of Egypt. Nothing grows in that desert; it is pure sand, and in that we received our final training. How we all longed for the hard ground at home. We are at present engaged on brigade training, which means that the four battalions work together in all kinds of attack practices, night marches, and night attacks on imaginary trenches, etc. The latter is most cordially detested by all, I think. It means that we move about 7 p.m. to a rendezvous, where we meet the other battalions. From there we move on together with a company on either flank in echelon formation to protect the flanks. We move with broken step, and of course, no light, no talking, and no smoking. So we stumble on in the darkness over sandy desert until we reach the point where the charge is to be made. Nothing is forgotten. We even halt before we reach the trenches, and some creep ahead to cut the wire entanglements. When all is ready, and without any sign that the listener could detect, we form into line. Ten paces between each and charge up some stray and steep hill in silence. After that we usually dig ourselves in and wait for dawn. Can you wonder this sort of thing is not very popular? It is amusing to watch the malingerers parading before the doctor in the morning before a night attack or out-post duty. You see them don their overcoats and cap comforters, and without shaving or even washing, they go down with some purely imaginary yarn. A well-simulated, husky voice, a pathetic woe-begone look, and they are allotted light duties for the day, which absolves them of parades until the following morning. On coming out their friends make sympathetic enquiries, such as "Did you strike a prize, mate?" and then the patient nods if he has been lucky, and with a merry smile scatters the physic to the winds and races for a good breakfast. The sick parade was mostly crowded when heavy work was on the notice board, but on holidays there were scarcely any patients. No wonder, for it was only on leave days that the boys could see the wonderful sights of Cairo and its suburb, Heliopolis, and do their shopping. Right from the start we were popular among the natives; I think it was because we had more money than the rest of the soldiers. The shop-keepers are very obliging and obsequious; they will show you all they have in the shops, but will persistently ignore to get you the thing you want. No use being in a hurry. To give you some idea of the shop one sees so often here, I will try to de-

scribe one where all sorts of scented cigarettes are sold. The floor of the shop is raised about three feet above the level of the street, and the front of the shop is open to the street. The proprietor sits cross-legged on the floor, and can practically reach all his goods without rising. Here he sits all day long and smokes cigarettes, or pulls at his long Turkish pipe, patiently waiting for customers. My friend and I halted here and sat down on the chairs in the street, which were provided for our comfort. We were told that here was the home of the famous "Ambai" cigarettes, and "Ambai" scents. The fame of the goods were world-wide, we were given to understand. All the elite of Egyptian society and hundreds of the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the whole world patronised these cigarettes and scents, and was surrounded by hundreds of testimonials to that effect; whilst in this book, here he produces a huge book, were hundreds of illustrious names; for each of his customers were asked to sign their name in the book. "Would your excellency try a cigarette and please to write in the book." That, of course, meant we were asked to purchase, as only customers wrote in his huge ledger. I read some of the testimonials which were original, and true enough, it showed that a number of English ladies showed a partiality for "Ambai" cigarettes. I suppose it was a taste they acquired while touring in Egypt.

The Landing

On Friday, 23rd April, 1915, we were given three days' rations and two hundred rounds of ammunition. On the next day we embarked on the "London'' at mid-day, left Lemnos at 1.30, and landed on Gallipoli at 4 a.m. on Sunday morning, 25th of April. at a spot which has since become famous as Anzac Cove. Another generation will probably have to pass away before an adequate judgment can be formed of the wisdom of our leaders in attempting to force the passage of the Dardanelles. At the outset it looked impossible; but then it has always been a characteristic of our race to try the impossible. We shake hands with ourselves if we succeed and say in an off-hand manner, that we knew we could do it; and if we fail, we call ourselves fools, which is another of our characteristics. To we Australians fresh from the pastures, wheatfields, mines and workshops, fell one of the hardest tasks that could be given to any kind of troops. We were told to go and we went; those who fell, fell with their faces to the foe; and there was no turning back until we were told to go Anzac is henceforth an historic name; it is the appellation of men who were not bred for war, did not want want, and have gone back to the old job now it is over; but who in the war fought as hard, and with as much courage and skill as the best veteran soldiers that whoever fought on any field. As soon as we touched land we got rid of our packs, fixed bayonets, and straight up the hill after the Turks. But for the most part they did not wait for us near the shore, and we got about a mile inland without many casualties. It was a terrible climb, as the hills were so steep; but Sunday night found us lying on the tableland in one long, thin line, which neither shrapnel, machine gun, or rifle fire could shift. But the casualties were awful; for the first few days we could only dig in during night time when the Turks were not smashing us too hard, while they were entrenched in strong positions and in such great numbers, where they had been waiting for us for weeks. The Monday and Tuesday were worse than Sunday, as the Turks had our range to a nicety with their shrapnel and machine guns. But on Tuesday night the Navy made the trenches of the enemy a picture and relieved us to a great extent. Such an awful lot of ammunition was used by the Turks that it is a wonder we were not annihilated; their fire was continuous; sometimes it seemed to literally rain lead, but their shooting was bad. During the night they would advance in

large numbers, as if to charge with the bayonet, but they always thought better of it before coming to close quarters, and would retire without trying the cold steel. Yes; the landing was a great trial to a lot if untried soldiers, especially as we drew inshore. The bullets were so thick, and in the half-light of the dawn the shore seemed terribly precipitous, and the scrub so dense that one imagined all sorts of dread possibilities in regard to ambush. I did not think that we, being first to land, would last on the beach if the Turks had any go or fight in them at all. But they did not wait for us to close with them when we landed, and we lay for a few minutes on the beach to rid ourselves of our packs, and then, without forming up or waiting for the other boats, we tackled the hill through the dense undergrowth in a straggling line, everyone doing their best to catch the elusive Turk. But it was an awful climb; we had 200 rounds of ammunition, together with three days' rations, water bottle, rifle, and equipment, made a very heavy load. But the sailors on the "London" had looked after us so well, and fed us so often during the few hours we had been with them coming from Lemnos, that we managed to scale them all right, and eventually established ourselves on the third ridge. We then dropped down and just held on, keeping the enemy back, and in our spare time, digging ourselves in. During those first few nights the Turks would come up in large numbers, quite close to our small entrenchments, and with much blare of laughs and shouting of "Allah", would make believe they were going to charge. This they rarely did anywhere; but the noise was awful. You see they brought up machine guns and placed them in good positions, and tried to entice us to charge them. Had we done so they would have mowed us down. They tried all sorts of dodges to outwit us, even to coming into our lines in disguise and passing down false orders; but those ruses failed. During the daytime the firing was incessant and the shrapnel was awful, and reinforcements were coming up fast for the Turks; but we were also extending our line, until it reached right across the point, from shore to shore. This relieved us from the enfilading fire which at first came from both flanks. It is impossible to tell all that happened up till Wednesday, when we were relieved for a few hours, and went down to the beach for a rest. I did not eat much, and slept less during those four days; and we had to be very sparing with our water, as we could not get any more. The string of wounded was going down to the beach night and day during that time, and the stretcher-bearers were wonderful, under heavy fire all

the time. And chaps would dash out into Shrapnel Gully, too, with water bottles, but only odd ones would return; the snipers would pick them out. I don't think we realised the full amount of danger. I knew that after the first few minutes in the boat. Personally, I did not think the bullet was made that would kill me. You know one seldom thinks of the risk, as there is so much to do all around, and you are intent on shooting the other fellow, that it seldom occurs in the heat of the argument that he is shooting at you. It's just a feeling of superiority we seem to have inbred in us over the other fellow. The Turks have been a fighting nation for generations and are led by the greatest military nation in the world, and yet I don't believe you would find one among us who didn't believe our army, which was not a year old, yet is far superior to the Turkish Army. That is the reason for our success on Gallipoli and in France.

My Pals

What means those great white ships at sea,
  Ploughing their Eastward track,
Bearing their mangled freight
  Bringing the spent men back?
They mean that Australia has been there:
  They mean she has played the game;
And her wonderful sons have won their share
  Of everlasting fame.

Battered and worn and war-scared—
  Those who had left their land;
Strong in their glowing manhood,
  By England to take their stand.
Those who had sailed, when the war-cloud burst,
  Out on a distant foam,
To the tune of "Australia Will Be There"—
  Thus they are coming home!

What means those absent numbers,
  The gaps in the stricken line?
You will find the graves which tell you,
  On the trail by the Lonesome Pine.
On the slope of Aki Baba,
  On Kaja Chemen's brow,
They died the death of heroes,
  As Australia's sons know how.

Eager for battle they leapt ashore
  At the Cove where their name was won;
They stormed the cliffs of Sari Bair,
  Where the death-trap gullies run:
In the lead-rent scrub near Krithia,
  On the banks of the Kerenes Dere,
High on the shell-swept ridges—
  Australia has been there.

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 go 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 meet,
  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 splendor 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.

OVER THE TOP

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 giving 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 its hopeful melody. The nightingale still gives voice to his song, but it is more broken than before, and the thrills, instead of a light-hearted hopefulness, taking 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 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 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 the sniper's bullet; sometimes a scream of agony.

"Everything 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 the 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 dugouts, 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 to the fire-step in time to see where the 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-humoured grin. He sets his rifle at a more acute angle, kisses the grenade in grin 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 pre-occupied gloating on "Fritz's" destruction, we forget that he can retaliate. A sudden whiz, bang! thirty yards in from of us makes us think more of shelter and less of gloating.

The Corporal slides down from the fire-step and yells, imperiously, "Keep in the parapet, boy; 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 lovable 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 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 know 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 livid 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 such language as "dear" and "comrade" does 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 making 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 a while. Ain't it rotten?" he asks of nobody in particular. We agree with him. It is certainly a bit hard.

The 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 up the line. "Make no noise!" is the final order.

"Make no noise!" No noise in this fearful din. Unconsciously we speak in mere whispers. Although the order is funny to an extreme, it had 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 cracking 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 report, 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 woodwork of the rifle. It is a true friend! The shells are coming over in hundreds, and we know that every field-piece, from the largest to the smallest, 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 that 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 not 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 scarring 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 be——"

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 would 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 din of the shells suddenly abate. 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 ring 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, my! 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 a comrade, "'Ave you said 'Good-bye, good luck,' 'laddies?" The answer comes brief and to the point: "N'ope! Ain't going to be 'sloughed' ter day." "How der yer know?" "Dunno. Something seems ter tell me my luck's in." Then, as if not quite certain: "Hope so, anyway." "That's right; crack hardy. Why yer might get 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 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 falsely been called "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. Each man keeps as though on parade. For a mile on 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 barbed wire than we are seen. A sudden. sharp signal from the enemy's trench, and then, "Swish, swish, swish!" Two men go down to the first stream of lead. Luckily 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, "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 underpart 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 antiaircraft shells make a musical sound soaring towards the heavens—like a deep bass and a shrill treble intermingled with a musical one.

The 'plane dives, rises, slides over, and rights itself. We marvel how it escapes, but steady nerves are guiding it on its way. We are not the only ones in danger, and that fact, some-

how, 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 round 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 usddenly 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, expect you to produce something better, even if it be a cigarette. What can money buy? Fame?—with 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 the fire-step Tommy lounges to 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 worse torture than shellfire. 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 you think I'm after blood money, boy? Stick that half-quid in yer kick, and have a go at this. Give 'm 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 the next "stunt.''

* * *

The artillery have suddenly got tired of what they have been doing—destroying human life. We sit back for a while. Some are drowsy. After the strenuous work of the last few days everybody is more or less 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, mother. Somebody 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 home, our hopes, our ambitions.

A young farmer begins to tell us his story—a story of a greater silent battle than the one we are now in; a story of hardships, work, and privation. He carries our mind 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 was a drought. He shows the skeleton of his animals. Now, when it is too late, as if in mockery, long sprouts of grass grow around them. "Even the rabbit died last year,'' he tells us. We see old Dobbin, the horse, who was 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 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 sightseeing for the time being,

we move back to the homestead for tea. As if, in reality, we partake of the good things—brown bread, cream, cake and butter. After tea we sit round 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 mantlepiece 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 hill lie rest. . . A cock crows from the henroost; the fowls preen their wings. . . Morning is breaking—a calm, peaceful morn, heralded in by the musical lay of the magpie.

The Ghurka

He's clean, and short, and sturdy,
  This little Ghurka man,
No higher than your shoulder—
  He's complexioned darkest tan.

He's a smile upon his phizog,
  You will see it night and day,
And nothing damn well shifts it—
  It seems a kind of Ghurka way.

In a charge or on a stretcher
  You will find him just the same;
He's smiling—always smiling,
  When you ask him for his name.

His shorts were like the Aussie,
  His hat turned up at the side;
He's a nightmare to the snipers—
  Just ask him how they died!

He's smiling in the trenches,
  He laughs at whistling lead;
Field of death or field of fame,
  He's smiling when he's dead.

He's not afraid of danger,
  At nought he values life;
And where the fighting's thickest,
  You will find him with his knife.

And all the Diggers like him—
  This man who laughs and kills—
Our little friend the Ghurka,
  From India's lofty hills.

War

Shrieking, swirling, stricken grandeur;
  Big shells hurtle overhead;
Moaning wails of funereal 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.

Ghost Lights

We were unanimous, it had to be done, and as quickly and decently as possible. A good mate, like good old Bill, deserved at least a decent interment.

All night the Hun bombardment had roared and pounded the Gehenna of brick and stone where somwhere lay the mortal remains of Bill aforesaid. It was only in that weird dark hour before dawn, when the inferno had dwindled to an intermittent dribble of fire, that it was possible to attempt the burial. Even the eternal star shells from Fritz's trenches were infrequent, as the little party, bearing picks and shovels, and led by Sergeant Dan, stumbled wearily across the shell-tortured wilderness. In that desolation the special head of broken bricks, beside which old Bill had passed out, was hard to find. Many and dreadful were the things the small electric torch revealed to the searchers.

"He should be about here,'' whispered Dan at last, turning the little light into a slight hollow of the ruins. And surely enough it was he—sprawling in the grim caricature of humanity that some forms of death make of man. It was not the all-too-familiar sight of carnage that made the little party gasp and scatter. Alone and around the poor, torn form of old Bill numerous small phosphorescent discs of light shone and shifted. The tattered nerves of the party, strained to snapping point by the accumulated horrors and emotions of the night, snapped and twisted into abject and superstitious terror.

"Corpse lights!'' chattered Dan. "Poor old Bill! But, Heaven help me, I can't face them things!"

It was a kindly Quartermaster-Sergeant who ten minutes later braced the shattered nerves of the party with a few stiff tots of rum. Under the inspiring influence the fear of the ghostly glimmerings sensibly abated, and the party, now resolutely braced for the ordeal, again set out upon its way.

"We'll bury poor old Bill, ghostlights and all,'' bragged the now valiant torchbearers. "Creep up dead quiet, and see if we can get the real strength of them lights.''

Again the white ray streamed upon the twisted heap of clothes. The ghostlights glimmered and glared for a moment, and several grey and white forms slid out of the light area across the darkness.

"Well, I'm damned!'' said Sergeant Dan, "if it wasn't only blooming cats' eyes after all.''

And it was, indeed, only those waifs of the battlefield, who, hunger-driven, had provided poor Bill's supernatural illuminations.

Lord Kitchener

Had God given the command, put Lord Kitchener on the warship Hampshire, and carry him to the Orkneys; for I will there take him from you. It is doubtful whether our Empire would have obeyed. Lord Kitchener seemed so indispensible. The news of his death sent a thrill through the nation, and produced evidence of mourning not often seen. Women burst into tears as they opened the special editions of the papers; soldiers, hearing the news, came to attention, saluted, walked away in silence; school children gave us a little bit of black ribbon, and though the sun shone brilliantly, there was a feeling of gloom and depression like the day England declared war. We cannot realise how much this wonderful soldier did for the world, for his services are of world-wide significance. By his strong work in Palestine he has brought the land and the rock together in a way that the Christian Church will be grateful for ever. He raised Egypt from barbarism to civilisation; that is, that his conquest of the Soudan made Egyptian progress a possibility. He finished the Boer war and laid the foundation for a lasting union between Africander and Englishman; he re-organised the Indian Army; told Australia how to be saved in a military way, and created that magnificent army of ours. He is gone, but his work will follow him; for though by calling a warrior, his work was construction. Those that are overcome hate the man that subdues them. They do not love him, and it is seldom they will serve him with a good heart. Lord Kitchener achieved the impossible, and had no stouter and abler opponent that General Botha. That was hardly a dozen years ago; yet to-day South Africa is as safe in Botha's hands as it would be in Kitchener's. Like Oliver Cromwell, Kitchener was solicitous for the good character of his men. He wanted good men, and loyal. Men with ideals, reverence, and chivalry, and the most anxious mother could not have furnished her sons with better advice than Kitchener placed in the hands of every member of the Expeditionary Force.

Lemnos

This Island in the northern portion of the Aegean Sea is classic ground. It is half way between the coast of Asia Minor and Mount Athos, on the European mainland. Paul passed it when the man from Macedonia beckoned to "Come over and help us''; and of late years Macedonia has cried and cried again to be delivered from the tyranny of the Turk. This time it seemed as if the day of deliverance was near at hand. Lemnos became the gathering place of the Allied fleet and forces before entering the Gallipoli campaign. The attempt to force the Dardanelles was being made; warships with specially constructed guns were bombarding the Turkish ports; destroyers were hunting down enemy submarines, and mine-sweepers were clearing the waters of dangerous obstacles. Lemnos was being used as a base of operations, and the various crafts thus employed made their appearance periodically together in the harbor. with the prizes they captured, and troopships, cargo tramps, oil and coal steamers coming there in even greater numbers, with the soldiers and sailors from many nations, made a very animating picture. We were kept at work in dead earnest. There were trial embarkations, instructions in discipline in the field, physical and visual training, route marches, with an occasional day of guard on shore with Cingalese and Algerian troops and Bluejackets, varied with loading and unloading materials for the campaign, for which the armies were gathering. We knew but the barest outlines of what took place within a few miles of us; but had ocular demonstrations of the ravages of war in the battered ships coming into port. There are two German cruisers cornered in the Adriatic, and will have to surrender. We got news of German submarines having been sunk in the Channel.

A Story of the Peninsula

"Say, Bert, fill my water-bottle, too, when you go down, will you? And look out for 'Beachy Bill.' " This was the name ot the gun upon which all the efficiency of the Turkish gunnery seemed to be concentrated, and swept the beach of Anzac Cove every few minutes, always adding to the heavy list of casualties.

No water could be obtained locally. It had to be brought in barges as near to the shore as possible, and then pumped into tanks, from whence we drew our scanty supply. Bert took my bottle, and then, dragging his weary limbs out of the rest trench, disappeared from view.

What a fine chap he was, I thought. Always well-doing, always wanting to help somebody. He never seemed to consider himself at all. How many times had he volunteered to cross No Man's Land to bring back to safety a wounded comrade! They will never forget Bert's strength; aye, a strength of soul, too, as well as body.

He was not a religious sort of chap, though, but he seemed to have a love for truth, and worshipped, not the God of church systems, but the God of his beautiful world. He used to say that "the Bible was the philosophy of philosophies; it was so good, so wise, so vitally truthful.'' We used to have a lot of talks together, and what he said I listened to very eagerly. He seemed to raise a thirst for learning and study.

But here he comes.

"Well, what's doing, Bert?"

"You know, Ern. Sad story again. About nine chaps wounded and two killed by 'Beachy' while they were having a swim. Chanak Fort is firing more stuff at us, too. Just before I reached here I went into Jimmy's dugout, and was having a yarn when a 5.3 came through the roof and went right between us, ending our little talk suddenly. The most wonderful part of it was that it never exploded, but buried itself just near us. But here I am.'' And with that smile of his that nothing could erase he handed me my water-bottle.

Half an hour later we go into the front line again. "Come on, Ern, we'll have something to eat.'' We started on some rashers of bacon we had left from the morning, and then Bert—I often used to laugh at him—started pounding away with his entrenching tool handle at a biscuit in the bottom of a mess tin. I'll admit they were hard, tough, and I'm afraid if you were hit with one it would put you out of action for a time. We

finished our a la carte, and then were ready to go and take our number eight possie. We put on our equipment, grabbed our rifles, and filed down into the front line.

"Right-o, Harry, give me the periscope," and Bert started observing. All was quiet along the line—so quiet that even a skylark could be heard pouring out his evening song as if there were no sad hearts, no bloodshed, no war. At ten o'clock that night the enemy started their "swish, swish," traversing with their machine guns, and we replied with a few rifles. But the noise ever increased, until it was so great that I couldn't hear what Bert was saying. He stood looking over the top eagerly watching No Man's Land, as there was danger of an attack when—Bert had fallen in a heap to the bottom of the trench. Gone beyond earthly aid, for there, when a torch was lit, ran a trickle of blood towards his eyebrow. My heart shone fire, and I seemed to hear my soul calling upon God and weeping its bitter tears. A lump came in my throat when they carried him away.

But he wasn't dead. No! Bert's soul shall never die, for he was my pal and my "pattern life," and all the thoughts he gave me shall never die, even from generation to generation. And his character I shall make my character; his God my God. Bert, if I am spared here below, I will scatter your seeds broadcast, and they shall again bear fruit, "some forty, some sixty, and some one hundredfold."

The Ne'er-do-well

I've lived the life of a thoughtless fool,
  In my Land of Devil-May-Care,
And drained the dregs of a bitter cup—
  A cup that's seldom rare.
I've tasted bitterness, dearly bought,
  That mocked at the man in me,
But bitterness fled when I buckled my web
  To fight with the men 'cross sea.

I tossed my bitterness far aside
  When I splashed through Anzac Cove,
And firm resolution took its place,
  While I fought with the men who strove—
Men who leapt to their sudden death
  With the laugh of men born free;
And I juggled with Hell, minus funeral bell,
  When I fought with the men 'cross sea.

I'm back home again in my native land,
  The Land of Devil-Knows-What;
Where strikers, slackers, and Sunday sports
  Are making my land a blot
On an Empire fighting a ghastly fight
  To hold my country free,
And my heart goes out in a blessing
  To the men who fight 'cross sea.

But the men at home keep bitterness
  Forever close at hand,
While they giggle, and ogle, and try to shout
  To the march of a soldier's band.
So bitterness clings with a miser's grip,
  And it's hard to shake it free,
While a ne'er-do-well's thoughts wander
  To his mates, who fight 'cross sea.

My Last Gift

When I first enlisted I was given, among other things, a small metal tag, upon which was stamped all the information the authorities considered necessary to establish me as a "stiff 'un," as the vernacular of the Digger has it. I had been asked my religion, name, and age, and had my description taken at great length that often that I thought it was up to the heads to give me some concrete record of myself that would stand the ravages of time, use, and weather—hence the metal disc with the necessary information cut into the surface. It reminded me of the bloke in the Scriptures who took a chisel and carved the words, "The child's name is John," on a tablet of wax.

When I took it home to my proud father he looked at it with derision. I told him all about it, and explained at great length what it was for. This caused him to sniff and grow purple beneath his healthy, outdoor coat of tan.

"D'you mean to tell me, boy, that that bit of tin is to be worn around your neck for the purpose of identification in the event of your being killed on the field of battle?" he bawled. with wide-eyed incredulity.

"You've guessed it right first go, dad," I said. "Good idea, isn't it?"

"Good idea be damned!" he shrieked. "What does the Government mean by giving a kid a bit of tin by which to know him when he is a fallen hero? Preposterous!"

The next time I came home for the purpose of kissing the mater, shaking the old man's hand, and giving a final squeeze. After it was all over, and I had put my old felt hat on, the governor came with me to the front gate. There was a catch in his voice as he handed me a small parcel, and said: "Au revoir, young 'un, and good luck. Chuck that piece of tin away and wear this."

I took the small parcel, and, after another handshake, swallowed the ridiculous lump that was rising in my throat, and bolted.

Sovereigns must have been fairly plentiful in those days, for upon opening the package I found that the old man had got the head smoothed off one side, and the information set out on my tin tag faithfully inscribed on it. The reverse side still bore the relief of St. George in the throes of victory, with his glorified gaff hook stuck through the gizzard of a prehistoric lizard. Whether the governor ever expected me to consider I was the

horseman of the picture and would deal it out to the Huns in the same manner as the dragon got it, I don't know; nevertheless, the patron saint of old Blighty was always hiding just round the corner from my name, number, and religion.

This flash dead meat ticket was worn by me on a fine gold chain, supplied for the purpose, around my skinny neck for quite a time. One night in Cairo somebody spoke out of his turn, and in no time I was mixed up in my best drawing-room style in one of the finest brawls the sinful old city had ever witnessed. The way strong men, maddened with Gypo booze, whirled marble-topped tables round their heads, and let them go, was such that very soon the authorities would be using that nice disc of mine to see who the stiff 'un was, and transfer his name to the killed in action list. However, the worst didn't eventuate. I was merely knocked unconscious, and, coming to, I discovered what I thought was an orphan quid on the kerb outside. I dived on it, and, though dazed, immediately recognised my meal ticket without its chain. The chain was gone, and another article, which a wild Australian had promised to faithfully keep and cherish, had come to a bad end in that wicked city.

I put the gold tag in my money belt, and forgot that it ever existed. There are times when, if I had but remembered its presence, I would gladly have kissed it good-bye and traded it, along with my religion, name, and number, for something substantial in the way of tucker. For a quid's a quid to a hungry soldier, even if it had my monnicker where George's face ought to be. For a long time after that the Intelligence Department would have had to rely for information concerning my mangled corpse upon an ordinary tin tag, fastened around my neck with a sweaty bootlace.

Once, when in London on furlough, I noticed many of the dear young Imperial subalterns—and sweet old generals, too—wearing nice, highly-brushed tags of silver attached to one wrist in counterbalance to the watch on the other by a neat chain of the same metal. I thought that the dear old governor's feelings had been sufficiently outraged by my wearing the nasty tin thing, so I accordingly bought one of these pretty things for a mere song—12/6—and had my history scratched all over it, together with the name of my native State, New South Wales (I was in a W.A. unit at the time), for a whole choir of another 12/6. This affair lasted me many months, but eventually it took the rocky road.

I chummed up with a Scotchman in a village where we happened to be billeted after the Pozieres stunt, and one night,

after much refreshment, he suggested we should become blood-relations by exchanging that which we held most dear to ourselves. Personally, I think he wanted my pocket wallet, but I drew the line at that, and swore the thing I hated to part with most was my identification disc. He still favored the wallet. but I pointed out the disc was the thing. It was so important to a soldier in action. Anybody could take my wallet and get killed, but the fact that my property was found on the body would not establish him as me, whereas every man must wear his own meal ticket. Much to his disgust, I persuaded him to forget my wallet and its contents, and on leaving that night I found I had a beastly bit of fibrous stuff attached to a filthy bit of string in lieu of my nice silver tag—another outrage upon my governor's feelings. So far I have not ascertained if I had ever been reported killed in the Scotch army.

Many months later I had the good luck to be admitted to a topping V.A.D. hospital in dear old Richmond, on the Thames. This place was crammed with beautiful creatures, whom I used to think of by day and dream of by night. Being mother's only child, it was natural her boy would be wayward; but here, in this haven of rest, where there were divine beings who caused me to sit up and take notice as well as nourishment, how could a tender lad go wrong with these angels always eager to comfort and soothe?

Why weren't there a dozen or so V.A.D.'s in our family to look after me when I was young? I would never have grown up.

The other fellows all had trophies and spoils of war to show them and talk over. I had nothing with which to claim their attention but my wallet, and, though I don't doubt that it would have proved interesting and caused them much giggling amusement, I wasn't for showing them that. I chafed daily at liars showing them pieces of pipe four inches long and more square, and swearing they were the very pieces of H.E. shell which had at some time or other torn the tin hat from their brow. Most of them had never worn a tin lid in their lives.

At last, when someone referred to the scarcity of gold pieces in circulation, I remembered the governor's dead meat ticket.

"Ah, Sister," I said to a fine fascinating wench, who radiated an atmosphere of eau-de-cologne, mingled with the fragrance of violets and the aroma of Reszke cigarettes, "I've got a dead meat ticket here which I can't wear, as I haven't a piece of ribbon to threadle it with."

"A what!" she cried in amazement. She hadn't even heard of the ordinary meat tickets then. Food rationing was just being thought of in those days.

"A dead meat ticket," I replied. "An identity disc." I noticed then there was an enticing end of the pale blue fascination with which their camisole was threaded peeping coyly through the low V at her white throat.

"Oh, Sister, surely you can spare that pretty and dainty bit of pale blue," I pleaded, fumbling in my money belt for the half disc, half quid.

She hummed and hawed, but on production of the golden ticket she fell for it. The pretty darling turned away for a fleeting moment, and when she faced about again she was holding out the delicate piece of blue fascination to me. On receiving it, I promptly took my pen and marked her initials on the end—brute!

Before I tore myself away from that hospital—at the request of the Australian authorities—there were no fewer than twenty-two delicately-hued ribbons attached to the disc, and from different young creatures, too! I might be a brute, and a double brute—I was always wayward—but I'll bet there wasn't a gayer dead meat ticket in all the world than mine.

Why We Went

In August, 1914, Germany, in defiance of her promised word, invaded Belgium. England had pledged herself to stand beside this little country, and had no option but to declare war on Germany. In the awful catastrophe that has overtaken the world, the cause of the war is almost forgotten, but whoever is to blame for lifting the lid of Hell, England was bound to fight or forever be dishonored among the nations. Germany had prepared for this war, and thought the opportune moment had fully come. England, she imagined, had too many troubles of her own to enter the list. Home Rule in Ireland, discontent in India, South Africa thirsting for revenge, Canada and Australia desirous of cutting the painter and ready to cast themselves adrift from the Empire. In this her diplomacy was

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hopelessly wrong. No sooner was war declared than Ireland sprang to arms and forgot her quarrels. India sent her choicest troops and gifts; South Africa girded herself to resist the German invader; Canada equipped an expeditionary force that covered itself with glory at the battles of Loos and Ypres, and as soon as Australia knew that England was at war, her sons came from near and far to enrol themselves for service. A constant stream of soldiers moved from Australia to the various fronts; their coo-ee is heard across the Nile and the deserts of Arabia; they have proved their worth at the barren hills of Gallipoli, and have made a name for themselves in trenches in France and Flanders; and in days to come their doings will form an interesting volume among the historic records of the war. Australia is large, her sons are many, and no history that can be written, will do more than deal with them in the mass, singling out for individual notice only those that happened to catch the observing eye. However inevitable this may be, none of them should be forgotten who left friends and home to serve their country; and it is the duty of the particular locality from which they came to construct a memorial to them to the best of their ability, so that we may be able to show to the generations that are to come what their fathers did in the days of old. Honor rolls and monuments are efforts to accomplish that purpose. They are testimonials of our appreciation and become the historic relics of the country. They should be supplemented, otherwise they become mere relics of names which in course of time lose their meaning. The boys of Egypt have camped under the shadow of monuments almost everlasting in their character; and yet we do not know what most of them were for, because there is no word of explanation about them. So perhaps this little effort of mine will help to keep their memory alive.

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