

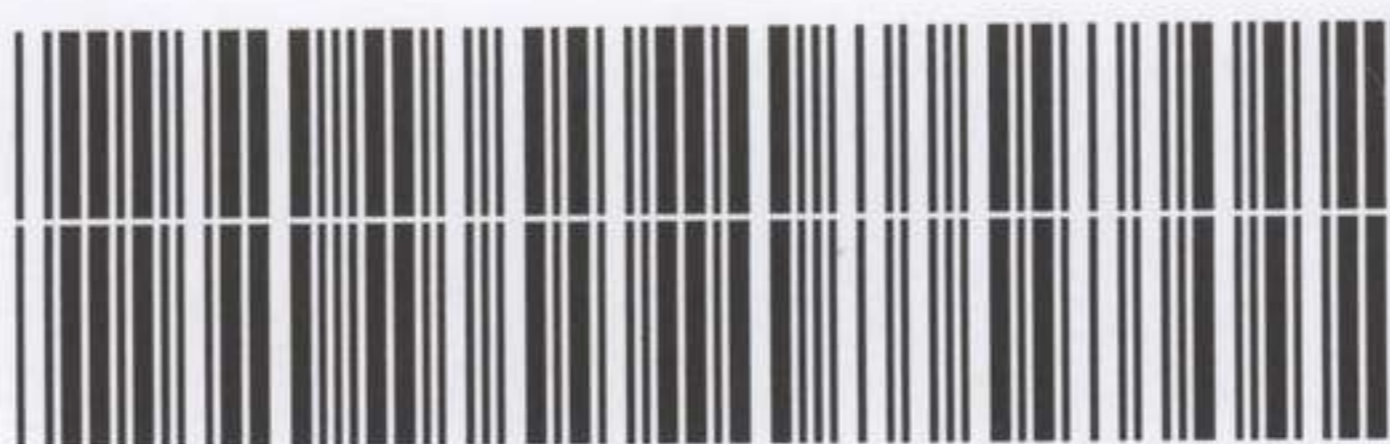
**AWM4**  
**Australian Imperial Force unit war diaries,**  
**1914-18 War**

Chaplains

**Item number:** 6/4/2

**Title:** Senior Chaplain, Other Protestant  
Denominations, Headquarters AIF,  
London

November 1917



AWM4-6/4/2

"O.P.D." Chaplains' Department

WAR DIARY *submitted by*  
 or  
 Rev. F. J. Miles, D.S.O.;  
 INTELLIGENCE SUMMARY. SENIOR CHAPLAIN, O.P.D.,  
 (Erase heading not required.) AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

Army Form C. 2118.

Instructions regarding War Diaries and Intelligence Summaries are contained in F. S. Regs., Part II. and the Staff Manual respectively. Title pages will be prepared in manuscript.

Place	Date	Hour	Summary of Events and Information	Remarks and references to Appendices	
<p><u>UNITED KINGDOM</u></p>					
		NOVEMBER, 1917.			
	1 <sup>st</sup>	Rev. F. J. Miles, Senior Chaplain, stationed at Administrative Headquarters, engaged on Administrative duties, Visitation of Hospitals in London, Western & Southern Command.			
	2 <sup>nd</sup>	The opening days of the month were chiefly devoted to clearing up correspondence that had accumulated during visitation of the Scottish Command, from which I returned on the 31 <sup>st</sup> ult. On the 1 <sup>st</sup> visit Chaplain R. C. Henry (Salvation Army); Rev. S. E. Dorman (Baptist); & J. P. Cuthbert reported at the Office. The first named was sent to hospital with while awaiting overseas transport; the 2 <sup>nd</sup> was sent to Brooklands Cemetery to conduct an Australian military funeral; the latter named was helped in historical matters pertaining to the 3 <sup>rd</sup> Division.			
	5 <sup>th</sup>	The Monthly Conference of Senior Chaplains was attended on the 5 <sup>th</sup> at the instance of the A.I.F. Administrative HQ. I drew up and typed a series of itineraries for the visitation of hospitals within the London Command & the environs of the Metropolis.			
	4 <sup>th</sup> & 21 <sup>st</sup>	to consult	Chaplain the Rev. D. J. Freedman, P.O., Hebrew Chaplain to the A.I.F., called to <sup>arrange his leave</sup> <del>consult</del> on the 4 <sup>th</sup> & 21 <sup>st</sup> concerning his resignation, which he then tendered. This came as the result of long-continued correspondence & cabling, by means of which the Hebrew Chaplain's services had been retained in this Force for many months that would otherwise have been lost time; there being no Hebrew Chaplain in the Commonwealth ready to come out to take Mr. Freedman's place. Lieut. Gallagher called to see me concerning photos, etc. which he wished me to supply for the Aus. War. Museum.		
30 <sup>th</sup>	1-30	During the month many individuals called concerning casualties, and a large number of Australian letters of enquiry were answered. On the 30 <sup>th</sup> visit took part in a Chaplain's Victory Service & I conducted services on Sundays in London & Plymouth which were attended by Australian & British Soldiers.			
		In visiting hospitals, I distributed to Australian Patients copies of the Social Purity Pamphlet, the issue of which to the A.I.F. has been authorized. Hospitals visited by me include the following: - (The number of Australian Patients seen is given within brackets): -		<p>copy of which is attached</p>	

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			<p>:- Reading War, 6 sections, (366); Duches of Cornwall's Canadian War, Taplow, (28); Bath War, (220); Newmarket Military + 4<sup>th</sup> Southern General, Plymouth, seven sections, (259); Exeter War, six sections, (220); 3<sup>rd</sup> Western General, 10 sections at Cardiff + Newport, (211); 2<sup>nd</sup> Southern General, Bristol, (150); Beaufort War, Bristol, (250); nine Auxiliaries at Gloucester + Cheltenham, (230); 3<sup>rd</sup> Southern General, Oxford, (240). The material and spiritual welfare of the Australian patients was enquired into. One or two small adjustments were made. There were no complaints. In all cases our men were receiving every care + attention, + their needs - physical, temporal, intellectual + spiritual - were being supplied.</p>	
	1-18		<p>Rev. D. I. Freedman, B.A., Hebrew Chaplain, spent the first 18 days of the month visiting Jewish troops in the A.F. Camps + Depots in the U.K.; holding Jewish Services + Social gatherings for them; enquiring into their well-being; + finally writing to the next of kin of each of the men he had seen. The number scattered over a wide area a considerable amount of organisation was needed; over a thousand cards + circulars had to be sent out. In this the Hebrew Chaplain was greatly helped by his "accredited representative with the A.F. Depots in the U.K.", Mr Harold Boas, Hebrew Y.M.C.A. Secretary, who called on me with the padre on the 4<sup>th</sup> inst + subsequently sent me a very full report of the tour. The visitation was wisely conceived + well carried out, reflecting great credit on all concerned + bringing great profit to the men visited. Mr Freedman subsequently ret'd to France, to work from 2<sup>nd</sup> Aus. Div's Hdqrs.</p>	
	1-30		<p>Rev. F. V. Dowling (Congregationalist) at No 2 Command Depot, Verne Citadel, Portland. Usual Chaplaincy Service - i.e. Church Parades, Voluntary Service on Sunday + mid week evenings. Mr Dowling is in charge of the amusements, Concert Parties + Recreations of the men in this Camp.</p>	

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			<u>Camps</u>	
	1-30		Rev. J. Robertson, (Baptist), 3rd Training Battalion at Sutton Veney. On reorganisation transferred to Pioneer Training Battalion, 1st Training Brigade, Sutton Veney. Church Parades, Voluntary Services, chiefly in conjunction with the Y.M.C.A.; amusements and recreations arranged for + with the men.	
	1-30		Chaplain A.E. Forbes, (Church of Christ), at No 3 Camp, Park House. Took Church Parades + Service in co-operation with other chaplains. In conjunction with other parades ran sports + visited hospitals in the area.	
	1-30		Rev. H.A. Pyke, (Baptist) - On Convalescent Leave from No 3 L.F. Hospital, after being wounded.	
	1-14		Chaplain R.C. Henry, (Salvation Army). Training overseas headquarters. Under my direction visited 3rd London General (500); 1st, 4th + 5th London General Hospitals (300); reporting to me at intervals on work done, finally leaving for France on relieving Chaplain Wm McKenzie, M.C., of the 1st Brigade (4th Battalion); from whom he "took over" satisfactorily.	
	14th			
	1-3		Rev. S. E. Dorman (Baptist) Conducted Australian Funeral at Brooklands on the 2nd + proceeded overseas on the 3rd where he joined the Staff of the 2nd Australian Casualty Clearing Station. Not able to do much work owing to indisposition. Recovering at close of month.	
	1-30		Chaplain Wm McKenzie, M.C., (Salvation Army) 1st Inf Brigade (4th Battalion). Chaplaincy Services. Managed Pipe Band + Battalion Cantatas. Controlled Sports, Concerts, etc, when out of the front line. Handled over to Mr Henry but stayed on for a few days to initiate him into the many varieties of new work that he was undertaking. Was then	

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O.P.D. Chaplains

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			<p>then "farewelled" with great heartiness by all ranks + was the recipient of the personal thanks of his Brigadier, Divisional General + the G.O.C, A.I.F. He proceeds to U.K. in readiness to embark for Australia, he having been recalled by the Official Head of his own organisation there.</p>	
	1-30		<p>Chaplain J. T. Waldew, M.A., (Church of Christ) 13<sup>th</sup> Inf. Brigade (50<sup>th</sup> Battalion). Chaplaincy Services, Parade + Voluntary when out of the line. Doing all the buying for + management of the Brigade Canteens; a very highly-appreciated piece of work.</p>	
	1-30		<p>Chaplain J. P. Cuttiss (Church of Christ). Third Divisional Troops (3<sup>rd</sup> Pioneer Battalion) Chaplaincy Service. Supervising Battalion Band. Controlling Concerts etc, Managing Pioneer Canteens. Divisional Burials Officer. Preliminary work toward writing 3<sup>rd</sup> Divisional History. Narrowly escaped death twice - blown a dozen feet once by bursting shell. Visited London to consult historical records.</p>	
	1-30		<p>Rev. W. N. Jenson, B.A., (Congregationalist). 5<sup>th</sup> A.D.B.D., Harfleur, Le Havre. Parade + Voluntary Services. Managing Band + other Concerts at his own + the other Base Depots. Distributing Comforts to + holding brief services for men going up to the front. asked to deliver series of lectures on modern Australia in Y.M.C.A. Huts in British Camps at Havre.</p>	
	1-30		<p>Chaplain B. Orames, (Sattrahon Army) 5<sup>th</sup> Divisional Troops. (5<sup>th</sup> Pioneer Battalion) Church Parades + Voluntary Services. Managing the Company Canteens for the Battalion, controlling comforts, arranging amusements etc when Battalion out of the line.</p>	

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or  
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			<p><i>line.</i></p> <p>1-30 <i>Rev. H. S. Rexhins, Congregationalist) With 4<sup>th</sup> Aus. Field Artillery Brigade (11<sup>th</sup> Battery)</i></p> <p><i>Few services conducted. Batteries in front line all the month. Chiefly personal work. Has charge of all sports &amp; amusements when possible to "carry on".</i></p>	
			<p>1-30 <i>Chaplain. H. A. Procter, M.A., (Church of Christ) 4<sup>th</sup> A.D. B. D., Hawflour, Harie</i></p> <p><i>Do "training man" to take place of any O.P.D. chaplaincy casualty at the front. Have arranged that he moves up automatically &amp; immediately without awaiting the regular delays of "orders". Church &amp; social work for men at the Depots in co-operation with chaplains permanently stationed there.</i></p>	
<i>EGYPT</i>			<p>1-30 <i>Rev. R. Turner, (Congregationalist) With the 2<sup>nd</sup> Australian Stationary Hospital. Spiritual &amp; Social Service for Staff &amp; Patients.</i></p>	

*Amiles*  
 SENIOR CHAPLAIN, O.P.D.,  
 AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.

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TO THE  
A. I. F.

6.

AN ADDRESS

BY THE

VEN. ARCHDEACON WARD,  
*Chaplain to the Forces,*

With a Foreword by

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR W. R. BIRDWOOD,  
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O.,  
Commanding Australian Imperial Force.

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6.

## FOREWORD

BY

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR W. R. BIRDWOOD,  
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O.

ARCHDEACON WARD has asked me to write a few words in connection with the series of addresses which he is giving to the Australian troops, and which will, I hope, be of the greatest value to our men. The subject on which he is lecturing is a most difficult and distasteful one, but has, nevertheless, if not perhaps all the more, got to be tackled, and that manfully.

It always seems to me that there are three great factors which every man born into the world may well claim as his birthright—Peace, Freedom and Health. We probably none of us ever put a proper value on any one of these until we have lost it. Peace! we have lost it—but through no fault of our own. Having lost it, however, we now realise all that it meant, and I am sure that all long for it again. We have lost Peace, however, in our right and just cause, fighting so that we should not lose Freedom.

Freedom we have not lost, and are not going to lose, because we mean to win through, and by victory to regain Peace.

Then comes Health. I think we may take it that all members of the A.I.F. have been born into the world healthy, otherwise they would not have been accepted for recruitment. For this they have to thank their fathers and their grandfathers before them, and, surely, the very least any one of us can do is to ensure that we will pass on health to our children. That, after all, is the duty of every citizen in civil and military life. Having joined the A.I.F., however, we have undertaken a solemn contract with the Commonwealth Government to do our best—each to take his own part in ensuring victory for the cause for which we are fighting. We can none of us expect always to have health, as wounds and sickness must be the lot of many. We can, however, do our best to keep ourselves healthy, and that is the bounden duty of every officer and man in the Australian Imperial Force. If the words of Archdeacon Ward can help in this respect—and I am sure they can—he will have done work of inestimable value to the Force.

W. R. BIRDWOOD.

France, 1st September, 1917.

## AN ADDRESS

BY

THE VEN. ARCHDEACON WARD.

*—*

THE Australian Military Authorities some time ago undertook another campaign against venereal disease amongst the troops. Lectures, dealing with the National, moral and physical aspects of the matter have been delivered by various medical men in conjunction with Archdeacon Ward throughout the camps in England and France.

The following address was delivered recently by Archdeacon Ward, and taken down at the time in shorthand, and is now printed by the Army Authorities for the further consideration of the troops.

The A.D.M.S. of one of the Divisions having delivered his lecture on the physical side, the Archdeacon spoke as follows:—

Well, men, I am glad the Colonel has made it quite clear to you why I have come here at all, to talk about venereal disease. I was most anxious

that you should understand this clearly, because two Staff officers were discussing the matter at a certain Divisional Headquarters the other day. Said one to the other, "Why have they got Arch-deacon Ward on this game, lecturing on venereal disease? Where did he gain his experience?" (Laughter). So you will quite understand why I want you to be clear upon this point. I am here talking about this subject because I have been commissioned by General Birdwood for the job.

Now in the first place I want to emphasise what the Colonel has said to you with regard to the preventive measures that are countenanced by the Military Authorities. I am deputed to make it perfectly clear to every one of you that these preventive measures are not meant for the encouragement of womanising; nor are they intended as an insult to decent, straight-going, clean-living, healthy-minded Australians. They are meant, in the first place, for the protection of straight-going men, in order that they may not be contaminated by contact with other men who have picked up these contagious diseases. And they are meant, in the second place, for the future welfare of the Australian race, and for the preservation, as far as possible, of the healthiness and sturdiness of the generations that are to succeed us.

I am getting rather tired of the pessimists! I had an idea that we Australians were all optimists, but here and there I find, sometimes in places where

one would least expect it, a very pessimistic attitude with regard to us. It has been suggested that it is useless to appeal to soldiers on any other grounds than the fear of disease or of loss of pay. (Laughter). Some have actually had the audacity to suggest that it is impossible to appeal to soldiers on grounds of chivalry and honour and common decency and faithfulness; and I think it is our duty—your's and mine—whenever we come across this attitude, to protest, and protest most emphatically, against any such insulting insinuations. (Hear, hear).

A man recently—poor chap, he was looking very sad and down in the mouth about something—perhaps it was my presence there talking of venereal disease—(laughter)—but we were having a bit of a discussion in mess and, as far as I can remember, it started about the inevitable topic of the war. (Laughter). I remember we first of all discussed the British Tommy, and he said, "You know these British Tommies are splendid chaps." Of course I said "Yes" to that, because none of us who has come in contact with the British Tommy and has had an opportunity of judging of his true worth and splendid qualities, could fail to appreciate him. (Hear, hear). Then he went on to talk of the Canadian, and at last he got on to the Australian—(laughter). He said, "You know, our chaps are splendid fighters." I said "Yes" to that; it is just as well to pat ourselves on the back when we get the chance. (Laughter). He went on to say,

looking unutterable things, "But our chaps are awfully free with women." Well, I did not say anything to that—(laughter); but I was getting a little irritated and impatient, and, perhaps, a bit ill-tempered at the sweeping criticisms that had been launched against us, and I thought it was up to someone to raise a voice of protest. So I said, "Well, look here; on my own behalf, as well as on behalf of all the decent, straight-going, clean-living Australians who, I maintain, represent the bulk of our army, in spite of what you may say with regard to percentages in connection with venereal disease, I venture, on their behalf as well as my own, to maintain that we Australians are not a pack of dirty dogs, always seeking to gratify an uncontrolled lust. (Hear, hear).

I thought it was good enough to leave him with that—(laughter). And yet, when I got down to the hospital that I was making for that day, the Colonel in charge who had just received his letters, handed me one. He said, "Look here, Archdeacon. This will interest you. Read it." It was from a dear old lady who ought to have known us better, because she had lived in Australia for a few years, who wrote to say she would much like to take two or three Australians as soon as they were fit to come out of hospital in order that she might give them a good time. But, she said, "I hope you will see that they are intelligent." (Laughter). Then she added, "I hope you will see that they are all right because I have three

domestic servants and a governess in the house." (Roars of laughter).

Well, I don't know what you chaps feel with regard to that sort of thing, but I am sure most of us, behind our enjoyment of the joke, are conscious of resentment and irritation at the insinuation. (Hear, hear).

Yes, that is all very well—(laughter)—but things are not right yet, and that is just the reason why the authorities are thinking fit to take into their confidence every single, solitary officer and man in the Australian Army to solicit his co-operation and his sympathy and his *influence*, as well as his splendid example, to help us to put things right where they are so radically wrong; because just at this moment, when we want every man that we can put our hands upon to help with the job that brought us over here, just when every man is required to fill the depleted ranks of our army and carry on the glorious traditions that some of you have helped to establish, just when there is such an excellent chance of striking a tremendous blow for the freedom and splendid institutions of our country, just when so much could be done to prevent for all time the possibility that Australia should ever be a German province, just when men are needed most, we have frankly to confess among ourselves (although we do not say much about it outside) that there are so many of our men—I would not care to give you the figures: in fact I am

not allowed to do so, but they would shock you if I did—so many of our men who are rendered ineffective and incapable and useless, and a drain and a drag and a burden upon our resources, owing to these rotten venereal diseases. Things are very far from being what they ought to be. That is why every single solitary one of you is asked to exert his influence and example, for the sake of our country as well as for other considerations, to help us all you know to put down this illicit sexual intercourse.

Then, men, you must remember that there is a splendid reputation up to which we have to live, we Australians. There is nothing more inspiring in going through France and coming into contact with the French soldier than to hear it said, as one remarked to me recently, "We have no hesitation in leaving our women-folk in these little villages and townships where your chaps are, because we are confident that the average Australian is far too straight and honourable a man to take advantage of our women-folk while we Frenchmen are away fighting in the trenches for the liberty of our country." And a similar opinion is held by English people, although a small minority of our men go perilously near to jeopardising this splendid opinion that English people have of us. Therefore, men, for the honour of your country as well as for your own credit, we appeal to you to help us in this matter.

First of all, I want you to face with me, quite

squarely and frankly, two of the most abominable lies that can be found upon the lips of any man; insidious lies they are, very popular in certain quarters, and often propagated by men to cover up their own wrong doing.

The first is, that it is *natural* for us *men*, after a time of stress and strain such as some of you have been through recently, to look for a little relaxation. They want us to believe that it is *natural* for us *men* that the relaxation should take the shape of having a woman. Now, what does this mean? They want us to believe that it is *natural* for us *men*—Of course I emphasise the word *men*. I am not discussing the individual who has abdicated his manhood and allowed his physical structure to take control of him; I am not discussing the man who has given up that one principle which gives him his supreme claim to the title of a man—his self-control—in order that he may gratify his uncontrolled animalism. But they want us to believe that it is *natural* for us *men* to share in the pollution of a woman's life; *natural* for us *men* to prostitute our generative organs; *natural* for us *men* to cast away our honour and common decency in order to gratify a transitory animal passion; *natural*, in other words, to be dirty dogs! *Natural* to give up our self-control in order that we may gratify our lust!

Why, you have only got to look it squarely and frankly in the face to see what a damnable insult it is to human nature. You have only to face it to

see the necessity of exposing and flooring such a lie for all time. Natural!! For a man!!! To share in damning a poor girl's life!!!

Then that other lie. What is it? Something about its being *necessary* for your physical and mental health. The Colonel referred to it just now. So that when you feel a bit off colour and you don't quite know what is wrong with you, a chap will come along and say, "Come on, old boy; what you want is a woman!" (Laughter.) I have heard men say that if you don't get a little practice now and then you will lose the art! (Laughter.) *Necessary!* For your physical and mental vigour! Why, there is no man who knows his own physical frame, there is no doctor who knows his job and is prepared to tell you the truth, there is no man who knows anything about this wonderful mechanism which we call the body, who is not fully aware of the fact that in times of special stress and strain, when, to use our own phrase, we are up against it, and all our physical resources as well as our mental alertness are required in order to carry us through the job on which we are engaged, who is not fully aware of the fact that, even though he is a married man and has his wife with him and intercourse is legitimate, in such times as these it is up to a man even to abstain from legitimate intercourse in order that all his nerve and physical reserve forces may be available to carry him through the work that he has in hand. So far, then, from its being *necessary* in order to *maintain* physical and mental vigour, it is more

necessary to abstain even from legitimate intercourse in order that all the physical and mental resources may be available to us.

1. *First of all, then, we appeal to you for the sake of your country.* I love Australia. I think the sooner we get this job over, and get it over properly, and get back home, the better for the lot of us! (Hear, hear.) Yes, but men, you want to see that the Army is not going to be the channel of conveyance of a further instalment of these rotten venereal diseases back to our dear country, to pollute and spoil it and jeopardise the future. We want to see that these cesspools of London, Amiens, and other such cities, to say nothing about the little villages—(laughter)—men, we want to see to it that these cesspools of disease are not going to be transplanted back to our country to ruin it. Australia is reputed to be the cleanest country in the world. All those men who are best competent to express an opinion with regard to this subject, those who have made a study of this problem and are prepared to give us the result of their investigations, tell us that in the whole civilised world there is no cleaner country than Australia—(applause)—and we ought to be proud of it.

We know well enough that there are plague spots in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane and other such cities. We know these diseases are there; but, if you get a chance of reading the Report of the Royal Commission which has been sitting in

recent months in Australia you will see that by hook or by crook, by every possible manner of means, political or otherwise, we are determined to stamp out these diseases in Australia and keep that country a clean country. What, in the name of everything sane and sensible, is the good of fighting for the freedom and glorious institutions of our country, what is the good of preserving it from becoming a German province, if, through the very men who are establishing its liberty, it is to be polluted and the future generation befouled?

Men, for the sake of your country, as you love your country, if you have any regard for its future or any vision of its splendid possibilities, it is for you to go straight and play the game, and to use all your influence as well as your example to encourage other men as well to do the same.

For you need to remember that you represent the best we have: the 360,000 men who have volunteered to fight for the liberty of Australia represent the best of Australia's manhood, the soundest physically and the sanest mentally of the younger generation. You are amongst those men who by your deeds, if not by your words, have expressed the opinion that no man has a right to enjoy the privileges of a country who is not prepared to fight for it. (Applause.) No man has a right to accept from his country all that she has to give him of privilege and blessing and benefit unless he is prepared to do his level best to establish and protect what she gives. (Hear, hear.)

So you will understand why the authorities in Australia, as well as the authorities here, are keenly anxious and eager to know what the Army is going to do with regard to the future of our country. For it depends very largely upon what you are as to what that future will be, for, unless I am mighty mistaken, the Army is going to have a very great say in the future of our country. (Hear, hear.) For who else have a better right than the men who have shown by their splendid willingness, their readiness if need be to die for the liberty of their country? (Applause.)

2. *Then, for the love of your womenfolk.* Now, some of you are married men. There is one. (Laughter.) You can always tell a married man; he looks so happy and contented. (Laughter.) Well, I am a married man, and I tell you it meant for me what it meant for some of you chaps when it came to saying good-bye to the woman I love with all my heart and to a dear little kiddie. Now, you who are married men, you expect your wife to be faithful and loyal and true to you and to carry on as best she can till you get back. But I don't know what has happened to the mental machinery of some married men. They seem to think that there are two moral codes—the one for the woman and the other for the man.

Mind you, that is coming from *Australia*—Australia, where the very fundamental principle of political and social life is that glorious principle of sex equality. Politically, we place the woman

alongside the man, and we say she has equal capacity and capability and intelligence and interest to share with us in the government of our country. Socially, we put her on our level and we treat her as our equal. But when it comes to morality there are some married men who seem to think that the *woman* has got to be faithful and true, but the *man*, well, to use a phrase I have heard in connection with it, the man can do as he jolly well pleases. (Laughter.)

Now, men, there is something absolutely wrong with such a conception. It is all very well to say that the sex passions of a man are stronger than those of a woman. So they are. No one denies it. But a man is given stronger powers with which to control them, and that is why he is called the stronger element in human life; and I say it is only playing the game, it is only what a married man ought to do—as the woman, the wife, is to be faithful and true, then it is up to the man, the husband, the stronger of the two, to be equally faithful and equally loyal and equally true. Don't you agree with me? (Cries of "Yes.")

Well, if you haven't got a wife as a sweetheart, you have got a sweetheart that you mean to make your wife. You smile (Laughter). (Pointing to one of the men)—Well, good luck to you, old boy. All I have got to say to you fellows who haven't got a sweetheart is, then the sooner you get one the better, for there is nothing like the pure love of a decent girl to keep a man straight. (Applause.)

But I just timidly and rather hesitatingly suggest—I know I am on rather uncertain ground—to you chaps who are *always* getting leave to England—(laughter)—well, to you who *may* get leave to England—if you are looking for a sweetheart, I venture to suggest that if she can be an Australian I think they are the best. (Applause.)

Judging by those letters that you men send out, I think there is no doubt about the sweetheart business. You know it is the duty of the Padre to help to censor some of those letters, and I tell you I don't care much for the game; but when I come across a letter that is obviously a love letter from a boy to his best girl I think it is good enough to treat it as sacred and not to read it but to seal it down. (Applause.)

Well, you expect that girl of yours to keep herself clean and pure and to go straight and to wait patiently until you get back to marry her. Of course you do. You are not going to marry another man's cast-off and live with her for the rest of your life. You expect the woman who is going to be your wife and the mother of your children to be a straight-going, decent, good girl; and what you demand, and *rightly* demand, of the girl, she has an equal right to expect of you—you, the stronger partner in the bargain. If *she* is to be straight and clean and pure, then it is only playing the man's part for you to keep yourself equally clean and pure and straight, and to wait with equal patience until you get back to marry her.



The other day, after one of these parades, a man said to me, "You are quite right, sir. I have got a sweetheart, one of the best. I write to her every week, and for the last two years, although I sometimes have to wait a very long time for my letters, she has not failed to write to me every week. She is one of the best, and I never have done, and I never will do, anything that would bring a blush of shame to her dear old cheeks, because my sweetheart is my mother." (Applause.)

Men, for the love of these women of ours, the wives, the sweethearts, the mothers, let us go straight and play the game and seek to help others to do the same.

Talk about our troubles and hardships! Why, I sometimes think that in the excitement of actual warfare and the strangeness of our surroundings, we have become so absorbed that we forget at times what the women of Australia are going through at this time, separated as they are from us by 12,000 miles, worrying about us from morning to night, some of them far into the night, eagerly anxious for news of us, doing what they can to carry on while we are away, and writing as cheerfully as they can in order not to depress us. I say when I think of what these women of ours are going through I maintain that there is no body of people in the whole world more richly deserving of our appreciation and our thought and regard and affection than the brave and splendid women of Australia! (Applause.) And, men, you want to remember

that the honour of our womenfolk is very largely wrapped up in our honour.

Then, *for the sake of the prostitute herself we appeal to you.* I am mighty sorry for some of those poor women! If you chaps had to see the real meaning of a prostitute's life, as we Padres sometimes have to see it, you would understand what I am getting at.

Some time back I was called to go in to one of those Lock Hospitals—you know those places where these women go when they are too diseased to carry on, and where they really go to die. There was a woman dangerously ill, and the Padre whose business it was to minister there was away, and they wanted to know if I would go, and of course I went. When I got there they told me what astonished me. They said that the average life in prostitution of these poor girls is only 3½ years! Just think what that means! It only takes 3½ years to wear out the average prostitute. And they told me that very few of them live beyond the age of 30.

When I got into the ward to see this girl—she was only a bit of a kid about 18—I found I had taken on one of the most difficult jobs I had ever tackled in my life. It was the hardest thing imaginable to bring any help or consolation or hope to that poor girl; and I could not help wishing that I could have got hold of the last six men who had had connection with her, and could have planked them down alongside her bed and asked *them* to do what I was trying to do; and I guarantee that not one of them would

have left that room without swearing off whoring for the rest of his life. Poor kid! I had to get part of her story out of her in order to know how best to try and help her, and it was the same old story. She told me she was in love with the first man who seduced her, really loved him and thought he was going to marry her; and he—the dog that he was!—when he had got what he wanted, under the guise of love and affection, when he had seduced that poor girl and “got her into trouble” (as they say), and spoiled her life, when he had gratified his uncontrolled desires and had satisfied his lust—cleared out, and the only thing that seemed open to her was what, apparently, is the only thing open to so many of these poor girls—the streets.

Now, I don't know what you chaps feel with regard to that kind of thing, but, unless I am much mistaken, as I look into your faces I can see that you will endorse every single solitary word that I am going to say, and agree with the opinion that I am about to express, and forgive the rather unclerical language with which I clothe it, for I feel very strongly with regard to these things. I say that the man who deliberately takes a young girl, and, under the guise of love and affection, simply seeks to use her for the gratification of his uncontrolled beastliness, the man who will take a young girl and spoil her life and rob her of a woman's best physical possession—her purity—I say that man is a damned skunk! (Applause.)

And mark my words, for this is the point. I am

not at all sure whether the men who continue to use that poor girl and to shove her further out into the stream ought not to be similarly described. I notice you are very quiet, but I speak to you as reasonable men, and I ask you to put your thinking caps on, and although you may not give it articulate expression or even show in your faces what you think, I *know* that there is not a decent-minded, healthy-souled man here who, deep down in his inner consciousness, does not endorse every single word that I have said. (Applause.)

I am mighty sorry for these poor women! There are thousands upon thousands of them in England as well as in France. Never in the history of England has she been in the condition that she is in to-day. You may call it war hysteria, or hero worship, or anything else you like; but this we know that in times of great national excitement there are hundreds and thousands of girls of a certain type who lose their balance and sense of proportion and sense of decency, and are prepared to place their bodies at the disposal of those who will so far demean their manhood as to use them.

I am mighty sorry for these prostitutes! Poor girls! They say that between 80 and 90 per cent. of them are already diseased, and many of them do not know it. But of this you may be perfectly certain, that it is unnatural for a woman to go man-hunting. The natural desire of a man may be for the woman, but a woman's natural desire is for children. She is the responsive not the aggressive element in

the sexual act. So you may be perfectly certain of one thing, that the girl who is ever ready to be taken advantage of by you, always responsive to your advances, or even solicits sexual intercourse, you may be perfectly certain of one thing—that already an abnormal sex condition, an unnatural and unhealthy state of affairs exists, which in the vast proportion of cases pre-supposes disease. For they tell us that in certain stages of these diseases, one of them, at any rate, sets up such a state of inflammation and irritation in the woman's body that she actually craves sexual intercourse because of the temporary relief that it affords her.

Men, I say that it is for us, for us *men*, for us who are the stronger, to protect these young girls against themselves rather than to use and abuse them.

When I was going down Victoria Street, London, recently, I saw one of these girls soliciting a chap in uniform. It was too dark to see who or what he was, but I heard a bit of an argument going on, and when I heard the nature of the argument, I tell you I slowed down and pulled up. I thought that man was worth waiting for. I heard him say to the girl, "You are a silly fool to go in for this rotten game. Why don't you give it up and get a job and earn a respectable living? If you want a little money, well, I haven't got much, but I will give you some; and if you want a job I will help you to get one. But take my tip and give up this rotten game. It is not worth the candle."

Now I thought that man was worth waiting for.

and when he came along I said, "Look here, old boy; give me your hand." And I tell you I was proud to find that he was an Australian. (Applause). And yet there are some who have the impudence to suggest that we Australians cannot be appealed to on grounds of chivalry and honour and common decency! *There* was a man, playing a real man's part, seeking to help and to protect that young girl even against herself rather than merely take advantage of her, and use her, a man of whom we Australians may well be proud, a man, by the by, whom we, individually, may well seek to imitate. (Hear, hear).

I have got a sister, and a jolly nice girl she is too, a pretty, decent-looking girl, that any man might be proud to be seen about with. She is living in London just now, and when I get a chance of taking her out and giving her a decent time, I tell you I do it. But when I see the way some men look at that girl, and you can catch it in the eyes of some men, when I see the way *some* men look at her, I say to myself, "I'd wring the cursed neck of the man who sought to take advantage of her!" And you chaps who have got sisters of your own and care twopence for them, would you blame me? (Loud shouts of "No.") Then how is it that some men will do to other men's sisters what they wouldn't let other men do to their own? (Cheers).

It is all very well to say that the solution of this venereal trouble is the regulation of prostitution, the segregation and regular examination of women

to ensure against disease. I have heard so-called "educated" men talk in this way, but it is obvious that they know nothing about the subject they discuss. Why, we tried it in England for 20 years and it was an abject and absolute failure. Venereal disease increased more in those 20 years than ever before in England. It is the law in France, Italy, Germany, Belgium and other European countries, to say nothing about America and Japan, and it is the unanimous opinion of all the authorities in all these countries that, as a solution of the venereal trouble, the regulation of prostitution is a complete failure. And the reason is obvious. It is not only amongst the professional prostitutes that the danger arises, but it is amongst the unrecognised, occasional or amateur prostitutes, the girls who, for love or cash, are prepared to place their bodies at our disposal. *There* is the real danger, and for the honour and credit of our country, as well as for other considerations, you and I have got to see that we have no part or share in the ruining of these poor girls' lives.

3. *And for the sake of the little kiddies of whom you are to be the fathers.* You who are not already married men, well, you hope to be—at least, I suppose you do. I cannot understand these bachelors. (Laughter). Why, it is one of the most glorious privileges, as well as the bounden duty of every healthy man, to aspire to be the father of children. It is one of the highest privileges that

we men possess that, through these very generative organs of ours, these organs of procreation which so many men are ready to misuse and abuse, through these organs and those of the women, we can give existence to dear little children, who not merely bear our features, but who reproduce our characters, and are capable of carrying on the traditions for which we struggle. It is also the bounden duty of every healthy man, not merely a duty to himself but a duty to his country, to look forward to the time when he will have his own home and his own wife and his own dear little children, and, in the meantime, to do nothing to jeopardise the sturdiness and the healthiness and the vigour of the coming race which, under God, we are to call into existence.

Before I left Australia I had a rather unpleasant job to do. I had to go to hospital and see the wife of one of our chaps who was supposed to be fighting at the front. I happened to know where he was, though I would not have cared to tell his wife. She, poor girl, was very ill. She had just had a baby, and when I got into the ward where she was I found her in a flood of tears. I said, "You know, dear girl, you must not upset yourself in this way. You will probably be very dangerously ill if you distress yourself like this." "Ah!" she said, "you don't know. They tell me that the little one is going to die, and all these months I have been looking forward so much to having that child to give to my boy when he comes back from the war." When I had talked to her for a bit I went out to

the matron to enquire for the child, and she said, "Look here; if you have any regard for that little woman and any love for children, the best thing you can do is to pray that the child may die, for it is a mass of disease. That blackguard must have picked up syphilis round one of the camps before he left. He has given it to his wife and now to his child." ("Shame"). Men, no matter what it may cost in the way of self-control and self-discipline, we must not have such crimes as that marked up against us—crimes against our wives, and against our children and against our race!

4. *And for the sake of the younger men.* You know there are quite a number of young men in our army, boys of 14, 15, 16 and 17, of course their official age is 19, 20, 21 and 22. (Laughter). Now I am sorry to tell you that by far the larger proportion of the patients in our venereal hospitals are these very young men, and they tell us that it is largely due to the filthy and disgusting and suggestive sex talk that goes on in some of the billets and huts and encampments; they tell us that it is largely due to what has come from the lips of some of the older men that they have taken on the game and fallen in. I say it is the bounden duty of us older men, to do all in our power, both by influence and by example, to help and not to hinder these lads, mere boys some of them, who have never been away from their homes before.

I was looking for one of these boys the other day.

He had come over in the ship with me, one of the nicest lads I have met. I lost touch with him and failed to discover where he was although I wrote and enquired. At last I met his brother, one of the officers on Salisbury Plain, and I said, "What has become of So-and-So? I cannot find him." "Oh!" he said. "Haven't you heard about my brother? I will tell you and you can use it if you like. He was one of the nicest lads that joined up. He was only a boy of 17, the pride of his mother and his sisters who thought no end of him because he had had the pluck to come away and wish to do his bit. He was led away by the talk and the example of some older men, and he took on a woman and got a dose of syphilis. Then, poor lad, he was so appalled and so filled with consternation and apprehension for fear his mother and sisters might get to know of it and cease to think of him with honour and with respect, that first of all he was misguided enough to conceal the fact that he had the disease, and then got over into the trenches, and in a moment of insanity, thinking that that was the only solution of his difficulties, he put his head above the parapet, and passed out."

Poor lad! And are you and I, we older men, are we going to have any part or share in the damning and spoiling of these young boys' lives?

5. *And lastly, for the sake of your own happiness.* You cannot be happy when you are womanising. You chaps who have tried the game will endorse every

word that I say. You cannot be happy when you are indulging in illicit sexual intercourse. You may get a passing pleasure out of the act, but it doesn't last; and when the washing out business starts and the cleaning up, and the smearing off—(laughter)—then you begin to see what a dirty dog you have been.

I met a friend of mine at one of these venereal hospitals recently. I was amazed to find him there. Poor chap! He was in a bad way when he saw me, but as soon as he was able to talk he said, "You know this could not have happened if I had not been drunk. I and a few chums of mine got away on the spree, and this is the result. Now, what am I to do to keep it from my wife and my friends." (By the by, if you chaps will take a tip from me in passing—if you cannot take a drink without wanting more than is good for you, it is better to chuck the whole thing, for over 75 per cent. of our venereal cases are due to alcohol. Alcohol is to venereal disease what manure is to a rose tree. It is the man who fills up his system with alcohol who is most susceptible to sexual passions, and there is nothing like an alcoholic system for the growth of venereal disease). My friend said to me, "How about my letters? Will you post them for me if I send them to you? I don't want them to go out bearing any trace of this place." I said, "That is easy enough." Then he said, "What about my pay book? It shows in my pay book, and if when I get back to the trenches, I should lose

the number of my mess, when my people come to examine my personal effects they will discover from my pay book what has been going on, and they will cease to think of me with honour and respect. What am I to do about my paybook?" I said, "Lose your pay book." (Loud laughter.)

Now, men, I have discovered since that this was very bad advice, for I am told that, if a man does lose the number of his mess, his paybook is not returned with his other personal effects. But, whether this is so or not, the point is that that man was intensely unhappy.

Now when we get back to Australia—and I hope it won't be long—we want to take back with us the very breath of happiness; we want that country to be a happy country as well as a clean country. We want every man's home to be a little heaven instead of a miniature hell. And so we appeal to you—and now I speak on behalf of the authorities in Australia as well as the authorities here, and on behalf of all those who care for you, we appeal to you for the sake of your own happiness as well as for the sake of the happiness of those near and dear to you, for the sake of the children of whom you are to be the fathers, as well as for the sake of the younger men whom you can so considerably influence, for the love of your women-folk as well as out of consideration for those poor women who are prepared to be used by you, for the honour and credit of our country—and surely that counts for something to the Australian—

6.

as well as for the efficiency of the army—we appeal to you to help us to put things right where they are wrong.

Will you do it? What is your answer? ("Yes.")—A very tepid sort of "Yes!" Men, we appeal to every one of you, for the sake of everything that you hold dear in life, for that is what it means, for the sake of everything that makes life truly worth living, we appeal to you to help us put things right where they are wrong. Will you do it? What is your answer? (Loud cries of "Yes.") Well, for God's sake do! (Continuous Applause).

