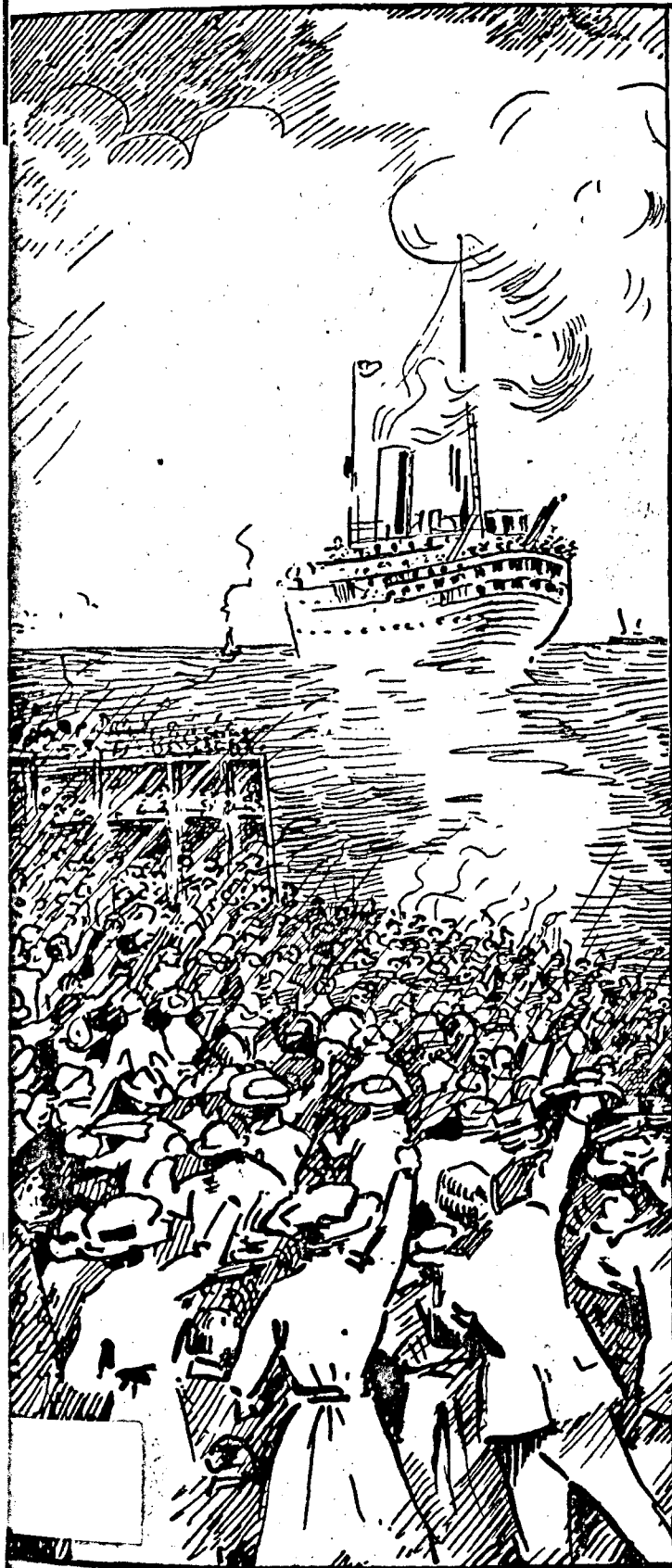


THE LIMBER LOG

1917

NOV 1921
-1, FEB 1921



H.H. CHAPPEL

Editor - Lieut. H. Garland, D.C.M.

Literary Editors - Gunner B. W. Niven
Gunner A. K. Anderson

Art Editor - Gunner H. H. Chappell

Committee - Capt. Beare, Lieut. Garland,
Gunnery E. J. Ashe, E. J.
Coghlan, J. Moir, B. W.
Niven, A. K. Anderson

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer,
Gunner A. K. Anderson

Printed in London by Messrs Cassell & Co.

This is the record of the voyage of the Troopship Fort Sydney, carrying 1200 Field Artillery Reinforcements and about 300 of other units, which sailed from Melbourne Nov. 9, 1917 via Colombo to Suez, arriving Dec. 11. After a week in camp near Suez, the personnel journeyed by train to Alexandria and embarked on the Katoa for Taranto in S. Italy arriving Dec. 21. A week was spent in camp there and then the journey resumed by train on Dec. 28 via Brindisi, Ancona, Ravenna, Faenza, Bologna, Alessandria, Turin, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, Chambéry, Lyons, Bourges, Tours, Le Mans, Caen to Cherbourg, thence to Southampton, arriving Jan. 4, 1918, and to camp at Heytesbury in Wiltshire. The record was heavily censored, especially as regards the journey through Italy and France, which lasted for seven days and nights, and the photographs.

H. Rutherford Turnell

22059



THE LIMBER LOG

1917



LIFE in the A.I.F. is by no means stereotyped. It consists of many different phases, each with its own peculiar characteristics, its own pains, and its own particular pleasures. There is the difference between life in an Australian camp and life in an English camp; there is the radical difference between the routine ashore and afloat; and the actual field of battle, of course, has its distinct brand of diversions. In fact, the chance and change of a soldier's life are such that a description of one aspect of his activities differs entirely from an account of another side. To all, however, memories of the happenings on board one's first transport from Australia remain vivid long after many of the personalities in them have ceased to mingle in the busy bustle of camp and field. The first few months from home are the months to give to the outgoing Australian, fresh from home, pictures of strange life and happy comradeship never to be effaced from the mind. Other more exciting events may crowd upon the

young traveller, but he ever recalls the keen pleasures and disappointments following the last good-byes from the beloved Motherland. It was with the realisation of this that the publication of the *Limber Log* was first mooted. Circumstances worked against the production of a weekly, or even monthly issue, on shipboard, but it was thought that some record should be kept of a very pleasant trip. And truly the trip was worth some literary and artistic chronicles. Smooth seas and pleasant weather, good companionships and good music, sports and concerts made for really memorable days, and, in the stress of other times, some of us may well look back with feelings of regret. Naturally enough the staff worked under difficulties, but the keenness evinced by all ranks was a sufficient encouragement for them to persevere in the work. It was desired to make the book as representative as possible, and nearly all contributions were used in some way or another. The aims for the *Limber Log* were not ambitious. Members of the saloon and of the troop-decks tried to record simple happenings and feelings for the entertainment of themselves and their friends. Names are, perhaps, misplaced where so many have worked hard, but Gunner Chappell (on the art side) and Gunners Niven and Anderson (on the literary side) make up the trio mainly responsible for the publication of this little collection of troopship fun and fancy which speaks from one small portion of the "Aussy" boys engaged in the Great Adventure.

THE EDITOR.

THE VOYAGE

A. K. ANDERSON

"While handkerchiefs wave from the short black pier
As we glide to the grand old sea;
But the song of my heart is for none to hear,
If one of them waves for me."

—HENRY LAWSON.

NOVEMBER THE 9TH, now a day of many tender memories and many vivid associations, dawned gloriously as only an early summer day in Australia can—fresh, bright and smiling, as though even Nature herself had determined to appear at her best for our departure. There, moored to the pier by thousands of brilliantly coloured streamers, was the transport, our home for several weeks to come. Scrambling, leaning figures in khaki smiled from the ship's side to the enormous crowd who smiled back to them from the pier. Outwardly what a gay and brilliant scene it was. Could one but have peeped beneath the surface, what a different scene to witness and to understand! The previous night, with its last prayerful farewells from mothers and wives, kindly advice from fathers, loving tokens from sisters, sweethearts, pals and younger brothers, had brought many a man face to face with himself—perhaps for the first time. Cheery, laughing messages were shouted back and forth. The ship moved off slowly, very slowly. The band played. The crowd and the soldiers smiled, always smiled. Then soon the streamers broke, the pier became a tangled blur, the music of the band became fainter, and soon all became a memory—a memory that will haunt for many a long day.

The next thing was to prepare ourselves for our new home and our new life on the sea, anticipated eagerly by some—the younger and more buoyant among us—dreaded by a few—our inevitable pessimists—and accepted indifferently by others—our blasé globe-trotters. Our happy family (and wasn't it a happy one) consisted of some sixteen hundred troops, chiefly of artillery reinforcements from all States. The New South Welshmen had been farewelled from Liverpool and Manly, and in coming over to Melbourne had time to become accustomed to sea-life, so that they could even afford to smile at the Melbourne chaps.

For the first few days afloat a steely glint in the eye, a forced but sickly grin, and a very

much diminished appetite spoke eloquently for themselves. Circumstances do alter cases, don't they? Some of the most conspicuous of our former Block trippers actually wore a week's growth without a blush.

I will not bore my readers with the details of our daily routine—to those on board it is a thing of the past—to those not on board something not to question too deeply. Roughly, the official routine was as follows: Physical jerks, lectures, serpentine marches, full dress parades and meals. This no doubt in the outline looks very uninteresting, but it really passed the time wonderfully well. Very soon all could pace the deck without any inward forebodings, and could face the mess table with quite keen appetites. After all, life afloat is so healthy that one couldn't help enjoying oneself. During the day we had our parades, but at night, time was our own. And what beautiful nights they were!—brilliant with the moonlight reflected by the endless sea, strangely calm, with a myriad stars shining brightly overhead, or with great big clouds rolling sombrely by. Scattered all over the deck were groups of men, some singing happy rag-time airs, some spinning yarns, some talking together of the good old days, and, here and there, others, who with the pipe and the sea for company dreamed of—well, we all have our dreams.

How we all lovingly clung to dear old Australia. It was not until we had rounded Cape Leeuwin that we had indeed left "Home" behind us. Even the birds, that had wheeled about so carelessly, deserted us, and our most optimistic land sighters ceased to raise wild furrphies of "land to the starboard."

During the voyage we had many things to amuse us. First of all, we had our band, which every evening rendered popular airs, pregnant with memories. By the very hearty applause of all on board the band have already experienced a very sincere appreciation of their efforts. However, I offer them through the medium of this

souvenir what I hope will be a lasting appreciation—the sincere thanks of all the boys for the enjoyment the members of the band so unselfishly gave us throughout the trip. Then we had our concerts, to which I have referred elsewhere. Concerts are a pleasure anywhere, but at sea I think they have a particular charm. A beautiful still night, the steady throbbing of engines, the surging of water, the deck covered with shadowy figures sitting here, there and everywhere, and then a beautiful voice singing “A Perfect Day”—and you have a typical incident from a concert on board, where everything around seemed to echo the spirit of an item. Other important factors that went a long way towards relieving the monotony were the series of exceptionally well organised sports, in which so many took part. The successful management of these sports—boxing contests, tugs-of-war, and other events—reflects great credit on all who worked so hard to make them such a success. We heartily congratulate both the promoters and the winners of the various events.

Then came the mysterious celebration of “Crossing the Line.” Again perfect organisation and unselfish co-operation were responsible for a very entertaining afternoon’s amusement. With what a din and clash of arms did Neptune and his court arrive, and how solemnly were his decrees read out and received! His victims, ranging from “lordly” officer to “humble” privates submitted (well, they had to!) to slight indignities certainly, but they got a little of their own back by splashing the laughing spectators around. Neptune gazed with equal disfavour upon the frantic struggles of chaplains, immaculate sergeants and worthy gunners, and his burly followers took care that his appetite for effect was fully satiated by giving all the victims good splashes of whitewash, very sympathetic shampoos and long “duckings” in the bath. A timely boat alarm call brought a very enjoyable afternoon to a close.

Of course, all this time the boat had been steadily moving, and full well we realised this when Colombo hove in view. Leave always gladdens a soldier’s heart, and, needless to say, we were all looking forward to what promised to be a very pleasant break.

It was a steaming hot day when we pulled in at Colombo. Since as the heat had steadily increased, and our clothing had as steadily decreased, we did not take too kindly to our hot uniforms again. What a picture Colombo was at

first sight! There, in a maze of green palms, with occasional patches of the vivid colouring of native flowers, nestled the quaint red-roofed houses of Colombo. Away to the right the Bluff frowned its protection, while scattered everywhere over the face of a beautifully calm sea were the graceful fishing “calamarans” of the natives. Into a few hours’ leave were crowded all the delights of Colombo—and they were many. Here one saw a group frantically arguing with the natives about money matters, there another group cheerfully attacking a huge bunch of bananas, while passing along in rickshaws were those whose grins—real Australian—rivalled those of their not altogether understanding native steeds. Some rushed around in cars sight-seeing, admiring the beautiful gardens, surveying Buddha in all his glory in the temple, or purchasing numerous novelties. We left Colombo with many impressions, but chiefly of natives who always yelled, of thirst that could never be quenched, and of a coinage that could never be understood. A typically tropical rain came on as the barges steamed slowly back to the boat; but we were all happy, and showed it by lustily singing “Smile, Boys, Smile.” What odds if, when getting back on board, someone discovered that he had paid thirty shillings for an article for whose fellow another had paid two shillings! The fun was worth it.

It was just at this time that the one sad incident of an otherwise very happy voyage occurred. One of our number—a member of the railway unit—passed away after a short illness. At the instigation of the Colonel, the sum of £130 was collected, and has been forwarded to the widow of our late comrade. On behalf of all the boys I extend to the bereaved wife and children the sincerest sympathy. One would almost have thought that the elements understood that death and sorrow were on board, and had stilled themselves accordingly. Not a ripple disturbed the almost perfect calm of the sea, which reflected the beauty of a cloudless blue sky. The engines stopped. The ship just drifted. Every man on parade stood to attention while the band played its beautiful last lament, and then the body was consigned to its last resting-place—the boundless deep. Piercing the stillness rang out the three volleys, and then the inspiring notes of “The Last Post.” The band struck up a lively march, and away we marched to our numerous duties. How peculiarly full of meaning is a military funeral service!

The Limber Log

The next few days were passed in the usual manner, with speculation about our next leave, our next meal, or whatever happened to be the topic of the day. Not a little excitement was caused when the shores of Africa came in sight. The little of Africa that we saw was very interesting, with its quaint native villages on the shore, its long stretches of sand glistening in the sun, and its rugged rocks frowning out to sea. We had all expected exceptionally hot weather when passing through the Red Sea, but strangely enough this was the coldest part of our sea trip, which was rapidly drawing to a close.

Our next stop was at Egypt, where we all said "Good-bye" to the vessel, which we all agreed, especially after later experiences, was a very good home. We found it difficult enough at the outset to get our sea-legs, and it was almost as hard to regain our land-legs. After a short march we found ourselves temporarily encamped in the famous old land of the Pharaohs. Egypt at first sight proved a great disappointment to many. After the fresh green loveliness of Colombo, Egypt, as we first met it, with its utter lack of shady trees and its dirty, plain buildings, looked very uninteresting. Leave was principally confined to a hopeless rush for meals and baths, and then to the interesting features of the place. Driving around in the comfortable "garry" was much in vogue, while some of the horsemen among us endeavoured to look indifferent mounted upon asses, whose profuse decorations jingled merrily as they trotted along. Drives to the edge of the desert or to the seaside; brain tangles over the foreign coinage, and heated arguments with insinuating vendors; visits to native quarters, schools and temples were among the most enjoyable events of our leave in Egypt.

En passant, how beautiful were the Egyptian nights. However dispiriting the day may have been, evening always fell calm and peaceful, with that cool, fascinating atmosphere peculiar alone to the Egyptian night. Everything that had appeared so hideous and sordid by day seemed to be blotted out; all the harsh discordant sounds were stilled, and the night with its shadows and mysteries reigned supreme.

We stayed only a few days at this camp, which was essentially a rest camp. A night's train travelling was the next stage of our journey. Cards, singing, yarning, eating and sleeping in more or less comfortable attitude passed the

night away quickly enough. It was not until early morning that we could see any of the surrounding country at all, but the few glimpses that we did get were very interesting. Dimly silhouetted against the greyness of the morning the noble old cities with their domes and fine old buildings, their numerous canals overhung with trees and the Pyramids away in the distance, presented a very interesting appearance, made all the more so by the element of mystery lent them by the uncertainty of the shadows around.

Once again we found ourselves afloat, but this time under circumstances much less comfortable than previously. . . . [This portion of the voyage deleted by Censor.]

However, we arrived safely in France—la belle France—beautiful even now in its winter dress. Quaint, grey gabled houses perched up on the mountain side, and reached by numerous bridges and rocky paths, with here and there a small church and school and a tiny cemetery formed the typical French village that we first saw. We saw many more old castles as we passed along, and each seemed to look more impregnable than the last. The snow by this time had commenced to become slightly monotonous, so that we were not sorry to find ourselves clear of it once more. We passed through many old towns of historical fame, and also caught glimpses of several famous monuments and buildings.

One little village was very quaint indeed. Many of the houses were built under a hill, so that only the chimneys and iron doors were visible outside. A beautiful old spired church and a castle with numerous turrets stood a little apart, while gazing down on the village beneath from the top of the hill was the Christ on the Crucifix.

Further on we passed through green fields, abounding with hedges, ivy covered trees, small streams, and old ruins. Laughing women were washing clothes in the streams, and right royally did they wave and smile when we cheered them. Often along the route had we noticed young women cleaning down engines, or otherwise doing the work of the men who were away at the war. This brings us to the close of our train journey across; but before going on to our next venture on the sea I will try and give a few brief impressions of the people whom we had met.

First of all, there were the natives of Colombo, scantily clad, with thieving and stupid natures, and with senseless and almost hideous grins. Then we met the Egyptian natives, the lower

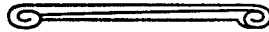
classes of which were dirty and lazy, but generally quiet and uninterfering. The Egyptian women, with their loosely draped robes, veils and beautiful eyes, looked very picturesque. The French women—so many of them wore black—certainly lived up to their reputation. Mademoiselle looked fascinating, materially assisted by high boots, a beautiful complexion, and a bewitching smile, with which she was indeed generous. Most of the Frenchmen whom we saw were in uniform, and we always found them only too willing to oblige us in any direction whatever.

On the whole, we had a very comfortable journey. In each carriage eight men dined, read, played cards, slept, swore, or yawned—whatever their humour. At numerous haltes-repàs by the way we obtained hot tea, and enjoyed a little exercise either by lively snow-fights, or sharp sprints after a train that ran away without us.

Our last sea voyage took place at night, and was such a short one that many awoke to find themselves in Old England without being con-

scious of having crossed the Channel. Another short train journey, and we found ourselves at our journey's end, encamped in the midst of typically English surroundings, with quaint thatched cottages, old gnarled trees, and crumbling moss-covered walls all around. Having steered our way successfully past rupees, piastres, centissimi and francs, we were glad to find ourselves in a land where sixpence was sixpence, and not so many heathen equivalents. Even if that land were a little cold at the beginning, we always had the promise of the spring coming.

And now that I have come to the end of our travels together, when everybody seemed to be pals, all I can do is to express the universal wish that all will continue to have such a happy time, and to enjoy good fortune and good health wherever they may go. If I have proved an unfaithful chronicler, I am sure that "Memory" will not, but will serve to perpetuate many happy incidents which we will live over again when we meet once more in dear old Australia.



GUNNER DOPEY (writing a letter home): "Say, Diggers, how do you spell Fort?"

"Buzzer": "F-o-u-g-h-t!"

"Dopey": "No, that's not what I mean."

"Dingo": "F-o-r-t."

"Dopey": "No, that's not what I want. That's the 'Fort' to keep soldiers in. I want the 'Fort' you fink wiv!"



A.M.C. ORDERLY (to private in Railway Unit who has been sent to hospital): "Have you got pyjamas?"

Private: "I don't know, but the doctor says I've got rheumatics."



NEW HAND (to old soldier shaving on hatch): "Good-day, Digger, do you always shave outside?"

Old Hand: "Lordy! yes. I'm not fur-lined."



SCENE: The main deck. Atmosphere being torn into fragments by the ship's piper.

The Gunner: "Why does the bombardier walk backwards and forwards while he plays?"

The Corporal: "Makes him harder to hit, I suppose."

*

OFFICER (sternly, to gunner on promenade deck): "Where are you going?"

Gunner (meekly): "To my parade ground, sir."

Officer (in rising tones): "What are you doing up here?"

Gunner (more subdued than ever): "I've been to a lecture, sir."

Officer (with increasing vigour): "What in Hades was the lecture about?"

Gunner (in abject humility): "It was on how officers should address men in the ranks, sir."

Exit officer hurriedly.



SCENE: Parade ground—boat deck, starboard side.

Sergeant (after lecturing for half an hour on the parts of the gun): "Now, Gunner, explain to me the parts of the gun."

Gunner (waking up from a reverie and scratching his head): "Well, Sergeant, what is it you are not quite clear on?"

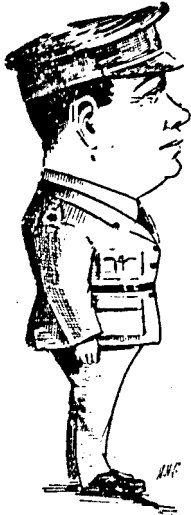


FIRST DIGGER: "Why is an N.C.O. like 'Schrader,' the canine we left at Maribynong?"

Second Digger: "'Cause the more stripes he gets the more he yelps."

PERSONAL

A. K. ANDERSON & B. W. NIVEN



COLONEL F. J. ALDERSON, the C.O. of Troops, had only thirty-five years of dignity and experience to aid him with his strenuous duties. Previously the Colonel had been concerned chiefly with the organisation and training of Senior Cadet Battalions in N.S.W. In 1911 he transferred from the Education Department to the Permanent Military Forces in connection with physical culture work. His favourite pastimes on board were the Serpentine March and Life Belt Alarms.

MEDIUM-SIZED, thickly-built, with a fine head resting on broad shoulders, and two keen blue grey eyes that are continually lapsing into a twinkle of geniality, Captain F. W. Ulyatt represents a type of mercantile sea-captain whose very appearance attracts. He ran away to sea just forty-three years ago from his home in Wakefield, Yorkshire. Then a lad of sixteen years, he shipped as "boy" on the barque *Elizabeth Stevens*, 197 tons, bound for the West Indies. Gradually rising in the service he eventually, in 1892, became master of the ship *Star of France*, a craft of 1,800 tons, in which he sailed the world over, and six years later received his first steamer, the *Star of England* (first), trading to Australia and New Zealand. His present vessel, the second *Star of England*, was immediately commandeered by the Federal Government when war was declared. To Captain Ulyatt belongs the distinction of being the oldest master, in age and service, in the Commonwealth and Dominion line. To him also belongs the distinction of having given two sons to the service of the Empire—one, unhappily, lies under French soil, having played his part in the great world's tragedy. Hats off to Captain Ulyatt!



COLONEL A. T. HOLDEN, the worthy padre, who simply radiated geniality on our transport, is fifty-one years of age and is an old Australian native, both parents being Australians. This is not his first taste of war. During the South African war he acted as chaplain to the Victorian section of the 1st Imperial Regiment, which left Melbourne in May, 1900, and wears the ribbons of both the King's and Queen's medals. Now he is Chaplain-General to the Methodist section of the

A.I.F., and previously visited the forces abroad. His "stunt" on this occasion is the administration of Methodist chaplains in the A.I.F.

A PURE Scottish accent, a lazy smile, an air of confidence and *voilà*, there's the Chief Engineer, Alex. S. Young. Born in Dundee, Forfarshire, fifty-eight years ago, the genial Chief has since wandered everywhere worth mentioning on this small globe. He started engineering work seven years before going to sea, and after serving as an apprentice, he began roving as a third engineer in 1881, gradually winning his certificate, until in 1886 he blossomed forth as Chief Engineer. He has been chiefting it ever since, principally with the C. and D. line. It is unique to know that the Chief was carrying troops to the Soudan War thirty years ago. Something else to think over, the Chief has two sons at the front, one doing transport work as second engineer, two others doing munitions work, and, to use his own words, "the wife at home making socks and drawing spuds for the family." Both the Captain and the Chief have been doing transport work ever since war broke out.





CHIEF OFFICER C. J. JONES looks his part. He has a breath of the briny about him that suggests the old sailor. And his record reveals it. His first venture on "the stormy main" was as apprentice in the four-masted barque, *Cawdor*, which he joined on April 1, 1891. Since then he has been in twenty-two different vessels, occupying jobs from apprentice to master. His seafaring life has not been altogether uneventful. As second mate of the barque *Eurus* he was wrecked on the island of Ishaboe, South-West Africa, in April, 1896, and rescued

thrillingly by a tramp steamer and taken to Cape Town. When war was declared he was chief of the *Hawkes Bay*, and carried New Zealand troops across with the first convoy. In June, 1915, he joined his present vessel as chief officer.



LIKE Colonel Alderson, the Adjutant, Captain J. F. Rogers is thirty-five years of age, and prior to the war was engaged in physical training work, being a member of the Physical Training and Instructional Staff in Queensland and Western Australia. In Western Australia he filled numerous positions, including that of D.A.Q.M.G. He was also Physical Director of the Y.M.C.A. in that State. When Colonel Alderson was selected to take command of troops on the transport he chose Captain Rogers as his adjutant.

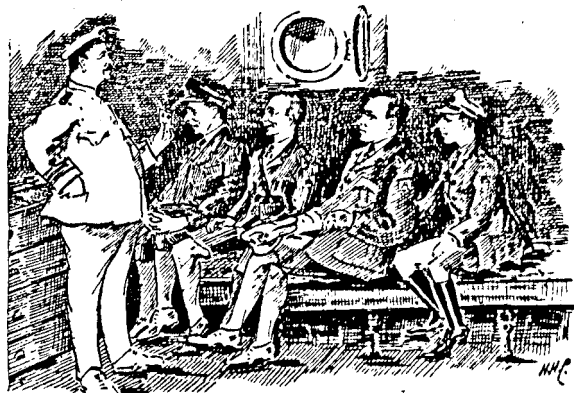
The vessel certainly has something unique to her credit, in that she carries four Anzacs returning to the front as officers. Strange, but there always seems to be a decided atmosphere about anyone "returned." You see the colours, then fall to wondering what the wearer has seen, has been through, and if possibly he knows any of your friends who have gone away. Our Anzacs are Lieutenant H. G. Garland, D.C.M., Second Lieutenants H. Holgate, C. J. Gates, and J. H. F. Lipscombe.

Lieutenant Garland, formerly an Adelaide Pressman, left Australia in 1915 as a sergeant in the eighth reinforcement of the 16th Battalion. Reverting to the ranks on arrival, he was for two months on the Peninsula before the evacuation,

after which he saw service in Egypt and later in France as a company sergeant-major. While in action at Pozières, near the famous Windmill, Lieutenant Garland won the distinction of D.C.M. Wounded, he was invalided to hospital in England, and upon rejoining his battalion received his commission. Lieutenant Garland has but twenty-four year to his credit now.

Second Lieutenant C. J. Gates, popularly known as "Anzac Cecil," is one of Sydney's erstwhile men about town. Possessing but twenty-one years' worth of, shall we say, experience, Lieutenant Gates left Australia in 1914 as a trooper in the 1st Australian Light Horse. He has since smiled his way past a wound at Pope's Hill in August, 1914, hospital treatment at Ghezireh Palace, Egypt, a discharge in October, 1916, re-enlistment, and a subsequent commission in the Australian Field Artillery, 1917, the commission probably causing his largest smile.

Lieutenant H. Holgate confesses to thirty-seven years of worldly knowledge, and incidentally to an unlimited number of lady friends. The evergreen "Holly" went away as a sergeant in the 2nd Field Artillery Brigade, 1st Division, and was "well there" at the landing at the Peninsula as battery sergeant-major. He put up his star in November, 1915, and had the distinction of being in charge of the last two guns at the evacuation. Lieutenant Holgate now sports two gold bars on his sleeve as slight tokens of the wounds he received during his two visits to Gallipoli. Had his smoke-oh in the 1st A.G.H., Egypt, and has since looked grave over the duties of Provost Marshal of 1st Division, Adjutant of 1st F.A. Brigade, return duty to Australia, and O.C. of No. 1 Depot Field Artillery, Maribynong.



Messrs. Jones, Lipscombe, Gates, Garland, and Holgate.

The Chief entertains the four Anzacs.

The Limber Log

Lieutenant J. H. F. Lipscombe, one of Tasmania's recruits, trotted off to the Big Stunt in October, 1914, as a gunner in the 1st D.A.C. After serving in Egypt as a sergeant he voluntarily reverted to the ranks in order to go to the Peninsula, where he was severely wounded in both lungs in August, 1905. Having flirted for a while with the hospital nurses in Egypt he was

invalided to Australia, when he obtained his commission in the A.F.A. Prior to enlisting, Lieutenant Lipscombe headed the Royal Military College as Staff Cadet in 1913, but owing to defective hearing was discharged in 1914. "Lippy" hides behind a cheerful grin pugnacious qualities of no mean order, and only twenty-two years of "innocence abroad."

GREEN FIELDS

E. J. C.

CLOSE to my cottage door
Green fields I see,
So sweetly fragrant with the clover bloom;
Blue skies o'erhead,
And, far away the sea—
All calm and peaceful; here no gathering
gloom. . . .
Close to my breast my little son lies sleeping.

Far from my cottage door
Green fields I see,
Whence all of peace and loveliness has fled;
Dull clouds o'erhead
That lower forebodingly
On him, whose blood slow stains the grass with
red,
Where, fall'n in France, my little son lies
sleeping.

THE TROOP-DECK

"ILLEROY"

WE were bad-tempered about it! For it seemed quite impossible to squeeze ourselves, not to speak of our kit-bags and equipment, into the

'tween decks; but by dint of rearrangement, give and take, and in the end sweet reasonableness, we did it, and—smiled again! Eventually we grew accustomed to burrowing-like rabbits for articles of clothing, eating in semi-darkness like moles, and sleeping like well-packed sardines. To parody Browning—

"We soldiers cross the ocean of this world
Each in his meagre scrap of space,
The boat's not big, the worst yields elbow-
room."

Not much of that, either! And certainly, when hammocks are swung, no room to rotate one of the ship's cats. Take about equal parts of a wardrobe, a restaurant, a drying-yard, a bedroom and parlour, well mix and hydraulically press, and you have our "home" for many weeks.

The bugle blows and the day begins. Late risers step out of their hammocks upon men shaving below on the mess tables, which also bear an assorted mass of clothing, life-belts, scraps of letter paper, photo films, and bread and jam left from the night before. But out of



the tangle and chaos order begins to reign, and for that the mess orderlies—long-suffering but, on the whole, good-tempered mortals—are chiefly responsible. They toil and moil for us, never letting any man go hungry, and only occasionally can they enjoy a cigarette on deck. One other event alone enables them to see the colour of sea and sky—pay-day! They attend about eleven daily ration parades, for the issue of lime-juice and salt at the same time is incompatible with military organisation. Their glory is the morning inspection; character and taste tell in the arrangement of table utensils, and even the ghost of a smile from one of the line of high dignitaries that winds its snaky lengths along (till head almost swallows tail) nerves them to fresh endeavour.

The mess-deck is little else than an eating-place during the day, except when an order for dress-parade converts it into the semblance of a second-hand clothes shop blown up by a Zeppelin bomb.

Real life commences about the time of drawing hammocks. Then the scrambling, shouting mass round the bins—once sprawled in spread-eagled confusion by a bog roll—settles down to the

tables, writing, playing games, reading, or listening to a gramophone. The scribes put up with "Father prepared the parlour," but count out "Home, Sweet Home" on the banjo, or the tune (known as "The Stumpy Tailed Dog") that "re-vallied" us at Liverpool. Oh, those thousands and thousands of letters—how they reveal the man in the writing of them: the far-away look and frequent rapt smile of the husband and lover, the scant page or two of the boy just left school, the careful numbering and recording of the methodical man! Some complain of lack of news, and then mates suggest absurd details; one inquires about the spelling of a word, a fierce argument rages about a grammatical point, and another reads for the approval of a small audience his flowing sentences and rounded periods. But hammocks erected in increasing numbers shut out the light from the tables, the gloom increases, and from a stygian corner there is a bump and a shout of laughter—a slip knot has been pulled, or a swinging form has again demonstrated the laws of statics and dynamics, and silence reigns, only broken by deluged men driven by rain from the upper deck, or the curlew-like cry of the sentry: "All's well."

MY VIOLIN (A Dream at Sea)

A. K. ANDERSON

I SLEEP, lulled by the sobbing of the seas.

Pressed to my breast my soul's incarnate friend,

My fingers twitching at the bow; my breath

Now caught with ecstasy—A living Death

To sordid thoughts—I live again. I bend

And sway to meet the sobbing of thy soul,

My eyes look out beyond, my senses swim,

Drinking thy glorious melody; so dim

Come phantoms from the past; the hours I stole

With my beloved in some old garden place,

Sacred with murmurings of Love. All this

Thy sensuous tones suggest, and oh! what bliss

To drink again from Her pure lips! Life's race

Is all too short. Forever could I dwell

A slave at Love's high court. And now

Thy subtle voice steals to my blood. God!
how

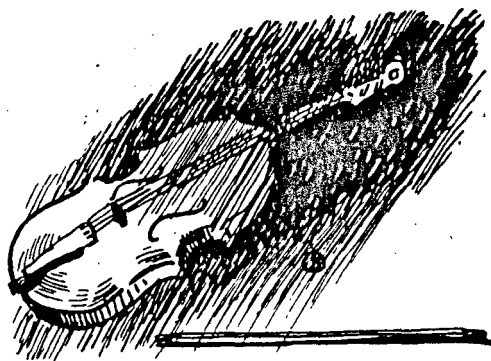
I writhe! 'Tis torture! like a soul in Hell.

Stop! Stop! Beloved, forgive! The violin shrieks!

The passion's gone, and you—are saved from shame.

A wail of blighted faith had served to tame
My base desires. 'Tis past. The violin speaks
Once more in tones of love and purity.

I wake to hear the sobbing of the sea.



CONCERT NOTES

A. K. ANDERSON

A UNIQUE feature of the voyage has been the number, and *incidentally* the quality, of the concerts provided for the entertainment of the troops in general. Thrice weekly representatives from all units volunteered their services, with the result that many excellent programmes, sometimes quite impromptu, were submitted to the enjoyment of all present.

I feel that I voice the general opinion when I say that the most enjoyable items were provided by the Maribynong Band, whose ever-willing and always pleasant efforts have already been referred to in these pages. Under the leadership of Corporal McCaskell, the band's rendition of such items as "Poet and Peasant," "The Pink Lady," and selections from other comic operas, never failed to charm the ear, and, *incidentally*, to awaken memories of the good old days when theatre and café were the essential homes of such popular melodies.

Sufficient to say, that although we were privileged to hear the Maribynong Choral Party only once during the voyage, and then under adverse conditions, they sustained the high re-

putation so deservedly won by them at their many Melbourne concerts given in aid of various patriotic funds.

And then there was Bondy—the inevitable Bondy. If he were not "billed to appear," insistent cries soon brought him, together with his repertoire of skits and parodies.

To the numerous soloists, many of whom were formerly professional singers, the hearty and spontaneous applause which they always received from an enthusiastic audience is a more eloquent appreciation than I can offer. All, and NONE more than those soloists, will readily admit the excellence of the accompaniments provided by Corporal Meugens, W.A., F.A. To accompany is an art in itself, and to say that "Theo" has absolutely mastered this art is but giving fitting tribute to one who was always willing to assist in this direction.

To all artists who so unselfishly and so freely gave their services to entertain others throughout the voyage are extended the heartiest thanks and sincerest appreciation of all on board.

OF NUISANCES

B. W. NIVEN

As the sands of the desert or the co-operative thieves of Colombo so are the nuisances that are encountered on a transport. They are legion. With amazing persistence they obtrude and obtrude; from early (too early) morn they are continually at your elbow. The physical nuisance is paramount; his unpleasant voice is eternally rasping on your ear—do what you may your attempts at avoidance are as hopeless as your attempts at a wash in the morning. Ere yet the last notes of *réveillé* have dwindled inaudibly away his voice is heard. "What's the time?" You tell him. Thankless, disbelieving, he is prepared to argue till Doomsday that you are wrong, that your time is not—could not be—ship's time. You consign him to a bourne from which no traveller returns, and turn over on your side to snooze again. Scarcely have your eyelids met when a muffled voice drones ingratiatingly in

your ear, "Eh, digger, 'op out while I get me 'ammock off yer 'ook." Speech fails you for the nonce—you think of all the horrors of the Inquisition—they seem inadequate. Murmuring things inaudible of his progenitors and of that place not mentioned in the ship's articles, you condescend to extricate yourself from your own resting-place to oblige. Then you, too, decide to dress. Of course, your clothes are not where you left them. That would be too much. Again you try not to repeat yourself. Your shorts peep at you from under the table; your shirt from the kit-rack above your head; shoes you discover balancing precariously on the porthole. You have just gathered them all to your bosom when inspiration strikes four other "dopes" of your sub. to alight. They do so simultaneously—on your bent form. You pick yourself up and run for it. Of course, your shin meets the form

several times in several places; you trip over Gunners X, Y, and Z, who have commenced the search for "clobber," just concluded by yourself; you catch your chin, like the hair of Absalom, in someone's hammock strings, cannon violently against a post, and if Fortune smiles on you, may reach the deck in a quite rational state of mind. Do not, however, imagine your troubles are at an end.

Having attached yourself to the tail of a comet whose head is buried in a tiny compartment labelled "Troops' Wash-houses," etc., you wait patiently for two hours. If by then you have succeeded in gaining a "pozy" opposite a basin, while your feet are automatically washed and counter-washed beneath you, you begin to think yourself lucky. Alas! Fate has yet another set-back in store for the undeserving brave. You turn the tap. Two, perhaps three, drops of *aqua pura* detach themselves reluctantly. "Just turned off!" shouts the sanitary picquet. !!!? . . . You swoon away. The strain has proved too great.

Every man's hand is turned against you when you wish to stroll around the deck. Here, there and everywhere is the arm of authority. "Other way!" sounds so insistently in your ear that you turn giddy with sudden changes of direction. Disconsolate, you seek the rail and gaze pensively into the swirling waters. You almost feel tempted. . . . This is just the opportunity for the Real Nuisance. In your present frame of mind he sees invitations. Up he comes. The play begins. He is prompter, actor, in fact, everything. Home Rule, transubstantiation, the high price of fish, race meetings at Kangaroo Corner or Jumbuk North, seaweed, or the Psalms of David—he is authority on all. You listen, though your thoughts are far away. Presently he will "hum" a cigarette. You bring forth a packet of "Capos," reserved for such occasions, and find secret delight in his fallen visage. He rattles on till, alarmed at your apparent stupidity, he decides to amble away. You muse—of the tall, silent gums, perchance, or again, your thoughts stray out to the barren, cheerless plains that you love so well. . . . Of a sudden an eddying rush of water swirls about your feet. Swaying giddily, you grasp like a drowning man at the nearest hold, and with a set, grim, determined face you make a bold dash for safety.

The fortunate reach their objective without mishap; other less happily favoured by the gods are swept to their doom. Five minutes after-

wards a raucous voice abjures you to keep out of the way.

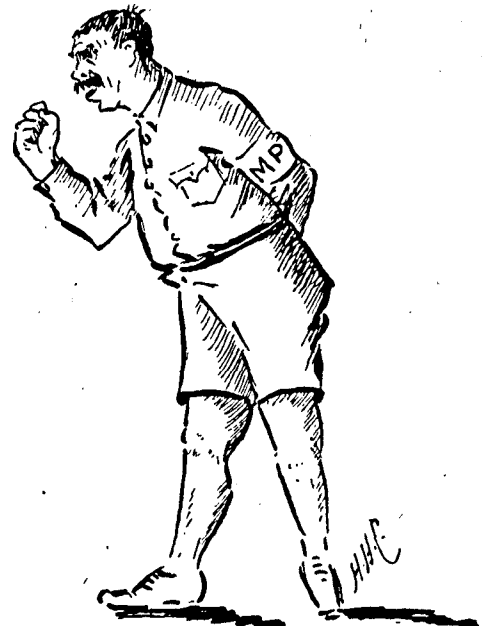
Scarcely have you deposited your dripping frame on the hatch when a lordly potentate, hidden behind an M.P.'s armlet, sweeps you off again. You are as chaff before the wind. Here, there and everywhere the chase goes on, till, panting, dishevelled and rapidly melting away, it is almost with relief that you hear the "Fall In" sounded. Here, at least, you find rest—for another two hours, when the chase begins again.

POOR OLD BILL!

CPL. HAMPSON

"WILLIAM" airs a grievance: "'Get off that 'atch,' an' 'Get that man.' I reckon those there words will 'aunt the boys on Transport —. 'Get off that 'atch!' Struth! they must think a bloke wants to pinch the frozen rabbies down below. Can't sit on the blinkin' deck fer water an' matches; yer can't go below, or the mess orderlies are at yer; yer can't pitch yer 'possey' on the Captain's beat; yer mustn't git too close to the Colonel; yer can't go 'ere, yer can't go there. Blimey, the blokes oughter 'itch up with the Flyin' Corps, grow wings, an' carry on astern as bloomin' gulls."

GET OFF THE 'ATCH.



THE MAXIMS OF ZIFF: LAST OF THE MO-KINGS

A. K. ANDERSON



AND it came to pass that on a certain troopship there dwelt many brave warriors.

These warriors were yclept in divers manners. Selah.

Several there were whom the masses referred to as 'eads, and who, drooping, pale and wan beneath the dignity of stars, bore the label, "officer."

Some, whose numbers were great—aye, multitudinous even—were called Gunners, and others there were who answered when called Private.

Among these meaner gunners and privates dwelt many warriors of great note in the land. On perusing King's Regulations, they are described as N.C.O.'s, used for decorative purposes only; but on consulting Public Opinion we find them described as Nuisances, Noxious yet Necessary. Strange devices these braves bore—upon their arms. Rumour hath it that they are certain lady-killers, can always be relied upon to give wrong information, and possess remarkable lack of military knowledge. Selah.

But Rumour is fickle, and sometimes perverteth the truth.

On my knees I crave pardon of this lordly race in that I made not mention of their facial and physical perfection, the former usually a blank, elongated stare, the latter a pair of beautifully blocked leggings upholstered in khaki, the best obtainable by influence at the sacred temple of the Q.M.S.

And, in sooth, it came to pass that among this noble band arose a passion, aye, an entralling passion, to flaunt before the world weird patches of face fungus, vulgarlarly called "Ziffs."

Yet, list thee, while some did strive to induce the Ziff to appear, others—sombre, sober, seasoned and well ziffed, gazed loftily upon such feeble efforts, and did swelp from their own lips the Ziff of envy, so that at the profusion of the second growth many in Ziffland did despair and tear the hair with envy, and did even gnash the teeth. Believe me.

Marvellous, nay, amazing, were the efforts of the worshippers at the shrine of the great Ziff.

The stripling warriors, to whom had scarce come notions of down upon the cheek, with earnestness and much striving, aye, with coaxing and the usage of oil and sweet-smelling stuffs, did strive mightily to render visible to the naked eye a diminutive Ziff or Zifflet of two or perchance three hairs.

In sooth, I speak in verity when I say that these aspirants to ziffical fame did daily shed their reflection in the glass that lieth not. Of a sooth, it was noised abroad that many did count upon the fingers the number of hairs apparent upon the lip daily, and, by entering the same in the annals of Ziffdom, did mark the growth of the Ziff, together with colour, texture and strength of same.

Also among the host were coxcombs and braggarts, to whom the growing of a Ziff was as child's play. Such braves had but to command, they bragged, and lo! to the lip would spring a Ziff—black, bold and forbidding—lending them indeed a terrible aspect. Selah.

Yet again were there blasé warriors to whom the training, waxing and curling of a Ziff was as the conquest of a maiden, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Sympathy, oh reader, for the modest, retiring Ziffee, who did furtively covet the largeness of other Ziffs, and upon whose cheek arose the crimson blush of modesty when more successful aspirants did chaff him, and did pull his humble sprouts.

Yet still other there were, who, finding it vain to coax forth more than a few ragged hairs, even as an ill-used tooth-brush, or less than half-a-mo,' did roughly hew them off, proclaiming to the world that the wearing of Ziffs smacked of the common herd, and was not seemly in a true warrior. Selah.

But, hearken ye still further, oh reader, while to



thee I unfold the dark and dreadful passage of my tale. Read deeply, aye, even between the lines, for it is good even so to do. Selah.

Deep from out the sea, fresh with foam, and with the delicate aròma of mermaids still clinging to him, aye, even so did Great Neptune of the flowing Ziff arise and vow vengeance upon all who dare attempt to rival his ziffical production.

Such was the direness of his wrath that he commanded his court to capture sundry sinners from Ziffdom and bring them before him.

Among the victims brought to justice were several of the holy order of Officers who, with much bravado, nay bumptiousness even, did jauntily display Ziffs of no mean order.

Thereat the anger of the Great Neptune did wax so warm that, seizing a burning razor smeared with incense of whitewash, he did sweep from these presumptuous Ziffers the Ziffs of their dreams.

Thus did the slaves and worshippers of the great Ziff learn a lesson of dire import, whereat the world wondered. Selah, I have spoken.



P. S. (PROVOST SERGEANT)

E. BRION

IN writing a letter they say it's a fact
 The P.S. requires most attention and tact.
 And lo! on our transport we find it's the same,
 Though here we've a P.S. can boast of a name.
 P.S. stands for sergeant—provost writ before—
 A source of annoyance and grievance full sore.
 To him full attention we all have to pay,
 For fear of detention and days without pay.
 His initials are D. and a T., if you please,
 Sometimes you feel you will catch the disease;
 A crowd of assistants he weekly employs,
 And each a defenceless poor gunner annoys.
 They wear a small badge and are called the
 M.P.s—
 One notices, too, they are thick as—er—bees.

"P" stands for "police," but a number of bets
 Have been laid that, instead, it stands for
 "Mac's Pets."

The life of our Provost, however's, not sweet,
 Tho' he, to be sure, has "nae time to greet";
 He's "hailed o'er the coals," the same as the
 rest,

But this, as it should be, increases his zest.
 A true Scotsman he, conscientious at heart,
 And, a thing we forget, only playing his
 part.

So if, by his orders, we're hunted about,
 More credit to him for their carrying out,
 And tho' as the P.S. he's known upon board,
 No back number he when we go abroad.



The Limber Log

SHADOWLAND

"BILLJIM"

THEY come to me at sunset those shadowy ghosts of a time that is past—at sunset, when Nature is hushed and still, when sea and sky blend together in mourning the death of another day.

Slipping in over the stern of the steamer, they come with noiseless steps, some with smiles, some with faces full of sadness; and as my pipe is quietly put aside, soft, invisible fingers gently close my eyes, while my mind is taken to the land of memories. They carry me back to a golden time when the world seemed ever wrapped in a mellow light, to a time when you and I, sweet-heart, knew no deeper joy than the joy of being together, when forgetfulness of ought else was granted us, when love was everything.

They show me our first meeting at the dance in the old township hall, where the hardwood weatherboards were softened by the yellow glory of the gathered wattle bloom and the dim light of the hanging oil lamp. I can see the picture you then made—you, dainty and slender, with a wondering look in your dark eyes, as though even then they held the fear of some unknown strand Fate was weaving into the threads of your existence.

They bring back to me the first time I sought a favour, when, with boyish shyness, you were told of the two ponies running in the old man's paddock, and a sister's ownership of a side-saddle.

The river road winding out nine miles from the old township, and I live again those days of sunshine when you galloped over log and bracken, until you had galloped straight into a man's heart.

From scene to scene they lead me—scenes that were merry, scenes that were sorrowful: this one depicting you slyly winding a chain of wild boronia round my grim face—that one showing you extending sweet forgiveness to a man bitterly repentant of his wrong-doing.

* * * * *

And then they show me our parting, and I can feel again the warm clasp of your arms, the touch of your passionate kisses; my ears quickly catch the agony in your voice as you reach the breaking-point, till in quiet sympathy they lead me away, the face of each of them sad and pitying, for the pathos of our common grief is on them all.

MEMORIES

A. K. ANDERSON

THE night all hushed in silence
Save for the splash of the foam. . . .
He gazes beyond the darkness,
And dreams sweet dreams of home.

He sees an old world garden,
Whose blossoms sweet scent the air,—
There, 'neath a bower of roses,
Sings softly a maiden fair.

He sees a lonely fireside,
Beside it his mother dear;
Sad thoughts by the dying embers
Make fall full many a tear.

Two faithful hearts are waiting
To greet him, his duty done,—
The maiden, her soldier lover,
The mother, her soldier son.

FAREWELL

J. H. ROBERTSON & R. S. ROBINSON

DEAR little love, don't fret.
'Tis best that I should go
At Empire's call
To stand or fall.
Whate'er betide, you'll know,
Dear heart, I shan't forget.
So, dear little love, don't fret.

Dear little eyes, don't weep.
It fills my soul with pain
To see you cry.
For look! The sky!
A rainbow in the rain!—
And death is—only sleep.
So, dear little eyes, don't weep.

THEY SAY:

THAT "Snowy" Cox is now known as Kewpie, and that he weights nigh on 17 stone.

That to be on the same raft as "Snowy," Charlie Pell and the huge red-haired water nymph, Eric, would assure a watery grave.



That gentlemen usually smoke cigars after meals, and that if that is so, the vessel has many gentlemen aboard since we left Colombo. Two shillings a hundred was the highest price paid.

That no one worries about the engines breaking down, for sails could be used, and we have on board a very lively Gale.

That the Negress has a good knowledge of banking—that he was a draft clerk in a W.A. bank, and in that capacity used to open and shut the doors and windows.

That it's hard to convince the water-piquet at the Sergeants' wash-house that you've left your fatigue coat with three bars on it down below.

That slippery steps are a sure sign of curry and rice for dinner.

That tea is known as the mouse meal on account of its quantity and quality—bread and cheese.

That concerts afford excellent opportunities for getting cramp in the leg and having cigarettes "hummed" off one.

That the atmosphere on the troop deck at 6 A.M. has a personal grudge against everyone.

That réveillé is recognised not from the weird noises emitted by the bugler, but from the fact that it's the only call likely to be heard at the time.

That a waiter in the Sergeants' Mess is retiring from the A.I.F., having made his pile at Crown and Anchor.

That some of the Cingalese maidens are charming, but so far none of the boys are missing.

That the M.P.s on board have made themselves as popular as a bottle of castor oil in a nursery.

That cigars don't care who smokes them.

ADDITION TO F.A. TRAINING

B. W. N.

HAVING been kept so long in a camp, the Maribynong boys fondly imagined they had learnt everything there was worth learning about F.A. training. A rude shock, however, awaited them on the transport when the detail of removing the headgear by numbers, to enable the C.O. to satisfy himself you had a "shining morning face" and a nice part in your hair (what was left of it!), was sprung on them one fine sunny morning. The movement consists merely of taking the crown of your-hat by the hand and removing

your headgear, the operation of a moment; but Red Tape cries aloud for vengeance always, and so it had to be made the subject of official detail. There is no hard-and-fast word of command; it really depends on the temperament of the officer detailing the movement. Several amusing happenings of a like nature have occurred on the boat, but there is one problem of troopship life the law-makers will never solve—how to get into your hammock (by numbers).

FASHION NOTES

JACK SHORTS

DEAR COMRADES,—It is a pleasure for me to resume our weekly heart-to-heart chat concerning the latest happenings in the realms of fashion. Of course, the first consideration of a good soldier is to be well groomed. What matters gun-laying if one is the happy possessor, when ashore, of a really smart tailormade tunic, sports threepenny-pieces in one's spurs, and makes one's ki-wi-ed leggings shame the sun for brightness.

It has been most instructive for me during the voyage to study the vagaries of la mode, and, even in the Indian Ocean, my readers will be keen to discuss the ever-important topic of what should be worn. As a matter of fact, a dressy man-about-ship should keep in touch with these subjects.

During the first weeks of the passage very little attention was paid to dress. Perhaps it was the disturbing influence of the Great Australian Bight; perhaps it was a desire to relax after the strenuous efforts of the preceding months to delight the belles of Melbourne and Sydney. However, as the good ship approached the Tropics the question of what the day demanded in the way of clothes claimed attention from all. I had pleasure in noting, early in the trip, the ultra-modern tendency to discard almost all the usual sartorial glories. In fact, anything but the naive simplicity of a Pacific Islander soon became decidedly taboo, except on special and Sabbath occasions, and I have heard it whispered that, after early morning parade, the officers were seen on the promenade deck in the real merman style.

Shorts and singlets became the popular wear, and it was pleasing to observe not a few well-cut, distinctive models in tussore silk, and some singlets of tasteful net-over-nude. The beloved

tunics which had attracted the feminine eyes of Collins Street and George Street—were laid aside for a while, and flannel shirts, dungarees, and white hats became the rage. After a few days out the style of coiffure in vogue underwent a decided alteration, until to be without the cut à la kewpie was to be decidedly dowdy. Head-gear, too, was unique and varied, ranging from the usual cap to the classic felt hat, and including woollen creations of all shades, and one daring shape based on the style affected by a Chinese mandarin. As the heat became more oppressive so did the clarion call of back to Nature become louder.

Some original effects were produced with a towel alone, the charming garb of the Bendi beaches was noticed—only the masculine type, alas!—while shorts, shoes, hat and singlet overlaid with bandolier, with cigarette jauntily behind the ear, became the popular guard costume. Colombo gave quite a distinctive touch to the fashionable thing. Several pith helmets were to be seen immediately after leaving that harbour, and the success of the voyage—reflecting great credit upon the house responsible—was made by several adaptations of the Singalese brightly colonial sareng or loin cloth, which produced a remarkable feminine impression, and caused quite a stir among the sentimental.

In fact, my dear Comrades, my peculiarly æsthetic tastes in regard to men's wearing apparel have been quite satisfied during the trip. Manly beauty was seen at its best; the hairy chest and the mighty leg were not disguised behind deceptive broadcloth, and, for once, the fetters of civilisation were broken. With the hope that you will continue to strike the note of simplicity in your dress.—Yours sincerely.

SEEN AND HEARD

1

WHEN crossing the Australian Bight
A poor dejected soldier wight,
Who, unto each succeeding wave,
A portion of his dinner gave,
And cursed the day that he had been
Enticed upon the —

2

An atmosphere of vivid blue
After a dish of Irish stew—
Borne from the galley carefully,
And handled almost prayerfully—
Has landed on some manly neck
Instead of on the messing deck.

ROSEMARY

B. W. NIVEN

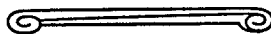


NIGHT, and a garden rare with dewy musk of warm-lipped blooms and scented shrubberies; above, the starry sentinels trooping through the dusk, and from the trees a midnight pæan bursting like a cascade of living joy. "There's rosemary—that's for remembrance." Two slim white hands that held the tiny posy trembled, pressed for a moment the fragrant blooms against a wildly beating heart, then, "These wear in remembrance of me." No sound, only a long, low sob and the whispered orison of sighing trees and leafy undergrowth; even the restless chorister was stilled in the magic of the moment. Just for a moment the white beams caught the gold in the tangled hair; two eyes that swam in a mist of tears were upturned to the dear, dear face above; her red lips reached to his and then, "Farewell." A shadow flitting like a phantom o'er the lawn, again the tumultuous rhapsodie of bird-song from the trees, flooding the air with passionate ecstasy, and in his hand—a bunch of rosemary.

* * * * *

Night, and the field of Pozières. Night, black, bleak and menacing as Hate itself, with Death at hand. Low in the East, like a glowing ember, the sky is riven with deep crimson bands that flare and dim with every fitful gust. They are burning the villages over there. Hoarse, dull shouts in the distance, and the occasional singing whizz of a bullet came on the breeze. . . . The trench seems strangely quiet to-night, only occasional murmurs quickly hushed. A soft breeze whispers through the wires and flutters the little wispy rags that hang thereon. Then all is still again. They once held men, those rags, but now they hold a grim and grisly humour for the dwellers in the trench. Rags on

a wire—scarecrows! Over there, just fifty yards away, they lie still, horribly still. . . . Hark! there it is again, that eerie, awful sound that always ended in a choking sob. Since yesterday he has been lying there, and they could not reach him. The trench is strangely quiet. . . . Out of the murky blackness of the darkened trench a shadow, blacker than the rest, grotesque, takes form. A whispered word to the still figure, carved like a graven image, at the listening post, and the shape is over the parapet. . . . Twenty, thirty minutes and still no sound—the time seems eternity to the hushed group waiting. Thirty-five. God! Can it be. . . . Forty—someone moves in the gloom—impatiently. At last the human sound, the sound of deep and laboured breathing. Nearer, nearer! The darkness, blessed now, hangs like a funeral pall, pressing in, choking, strangling. . . . The wire!—a light metallic tinkle that cracks the tensity. Then silence, Is it—mere rags? A moment more, and out of the blackness grows again the shape, grotesque, confused, but bigger. The shadow splits, the heavy, laboured breathing dies, the sound of whispering voices, and into the arms of those below the smaller shadow falls. "Careful, he's badly hit"—this from the bigger shape. "Take him. I'm going back. I dropped it by the wires." Swiftly the shadow is swallowed up in the all-devouring night. Silence falls again, tense, menacing. . . . A burst of flame two hundred yards away, red and searing, a crack that split the stillness, a gasping, choking sob. . . . "Oh, God! he's hit" . . . and then a swaying mass that tumbled in the trench. "A light—a light—quick!" They bent above the still form that stared at them with shining eyes—fast glazing eyes that looked beyond. The white lips pressed—a bunch of rosemary. "Rosemary, rosemary," they whispered, softer now, "that's for remembrance."



TRIAL OF STRENGTH

OFFICER (to Gunner hanging over the rail): "Weak stomach, Gunner?"

Gunner: "Don't think so, sir. I seem to be throwing it as far as the others."

JOCK FRAE GLESKA

A Scotsman prays on his knees on Sunday and on his friends the rest of the week.—ENGLISH JOKE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WIRELESS

H. RUTHERFORD PURNELL

LIFE on a troopship, although dreaded beforehand by most men, can really prove enjoyable if taken in the right spirit. There is so much to do between the early morning scramble for a wash and the last cigarette before turning in, and so many diversions to distract the attention that the ordinary life of the world left behind seems very far off and therefore of little account. It is nevertheless possible on occasion to find a small group of men engaged in serious discussions and settling in their own minds things that people in the world ashore have spent their lives in striving to accomplish with little comparative result. Where one has been used to devouring two newspapers a day, mostly full of theorisings, it seems a poor change to be subjected to the few lines a day that come through by wireless, containing in very small compass the news of the world. And yet a few words can often convey more real meaning than columns of ordinary print, which often seem to smother the points at issue.

It is not with a verbal record of the scrappy news reaching the ship like mere telegraphed newspaper headings that it is proposed to deal, but with the spirit underlying the news. Where only a few years ago ships were cut off from all connection with the outer world as soon as they left port, the wireless apparatus can not only bridge the gap between the ship and the shore, but can also keep alive an interest in land life that will enable the old life to be resumed almost without any feeling that a break has taken place.

It is one of the wonders of the world that in the middle of the Indian or any other ocean one can hear that the Austro-German advance in Italy has been held up, or that the hero of Mesopotamia has died, or that Prince Bardolph has won the Williamstown Cup. When the troopship sailed from Melbourne the chief centre of interest was in the news from Italy. The latest reports were of the worst description. Where it was expected that the attack could be held up at the chief strategic centre, the River Tagliamento, hopes had been disappointed by the news that the enemy had crossed the river at several points, and had also advanced through important mountain passes in the north, so as to threaten a flanking and encircling movement

across the plains enclosed by the Alps. The next line of defence was along the Piave River, but here again the enemy gained a crossing. After the commencement of the wireless bulletin for several days the news contained details that could only cause feelings of the greatest anxiety. It was even hinted that Venice was to be surrendered to the enemy as the only means of saving its treasures from bombardment.

The thought of the possibility of Venice meeting the fate of Louvain or Namur or Dinant, especially to one who has been there, was sufficient to create a pessimism as great as in the early days of the war when the fate of Paris was in the balance. The question immediately raised, as to whether German barbarism could go so far as the demolition of Venice, was soon answered by inference from the note: "German inquiry whether Venice a fortified city," which has more than once been the prelude to a bombardment.

It is to be hoped that the possibility may never be put to the test. Venice is so absolutely unique among the cities of the world, and contains so many priceless treasures, that any anxiety on account of the German approach to within twenty-three miles of the city is justified. To my mind, after seeing Venice in ideal conditions, St. Mark's Cathedral is the most beautiful building in the world. Almost every building is a work of art, and seen reflected in the innumerable canals spanned everywhere by beautiful bridges, create an impression of something outside real life, and nearer to what one has imagined of fairy cities.

For several days such sentences as "the Germans have crossed the Piave" kept up the tension of anxiety, relieved only by one or two meagre statements of successful Italian counter-attacks, or that "British and French reinforcements were collecting." At last a battle was recorded resulting in the cutting off of the enemy force that had crossed the Piave, and their retreat across the river; and it was possible to breathe more freely as day after day the statements were simply that the enemy had been "unable to make further advances," or that "the Italian line is holding and the front hardening and thickening."

The obscurity surrounding the main facts of

the Italian disaster has still to be left to the imagination to be cleared up. The enemy's success is a further illustration of the tremendous task still confronting the Allies. That they are able to carry on so great an operation when it seemed as if they must be at an extremity may well give strength to the opinion of those who believe in German invincibility. And yet it can surely be only one of the great moves in the war game.

The Germans have made themselves famous for one particular form of strategy. It was successful in France when they made their thrust through Belgium, until they were held up on the Marne. It was successful in Russia in the capture of Warsaw, and again in Serbia and Roumania. The fact of their being able, after their methods had become understood, to break through the Italian front is one more illustration of their prowess in the field added to their underhanded methods of sowing distrust among their opponents. Comfort can be drawn from the statement that in an order issued by the enemy commander, he complains bitterly of "the losses inflicted by the defenders," while "prisoners speak of bad feeling between Prussians and Austrians."

Special interest was sustained in the news from France by its favourable nature. The information was confined to very short paragraphs detailing further advances by the British and French, particularly in the direction of Cambrai to within two or three miles of the city. So close was this assault that it caused a disorganisation of the enemy supplies. It formed a further important break in the famous Hindenburg line, and was signalised by the extensive capture of underground fortifications and considerable supplies. One curious item of news read: "Owing to furious counter-attacks by the enemy, British line has again advanced." A later report stated that "our men were tired out with the effort of killing." Does not this, like the account of the enemy losses in Italy, recall Colonel Repington's statement to the effect that, after all, the main object of the Allies is not to break through the German line in France, nor even to take their fortresses. It is rather to "kill Germans." If in the process of killing Germans opportunities are presented of driving them back without undue loss to ourselves, the object secured is all the more valuable.

Owing to gravity of the news from Italy, the situation in Russia had ceased to occupy the most prominent attention of the papers. But

although the wireless news concerning this front was most scanty, the position was none the less serious. The pre-sailing statement that Russia was unable to take any further active part in the war, though it was disquieting enough, has not led to anything more settled. The fall of Kerensky and his Government, the success of the Leninist movement in forming a coalition of the extreme Socialist and peasant parties, and hints of its instability were all that could be gathered from the brief statements, until the general state of unrest led to a definite peace proposal forwarded through General Bolshevik. Though unacceptable to the greater part of the Russian army, and disavowed by the Peasants' Council and the Constituent Assembly at Petrograd, the Allies were obliged to send a strong note to Russia pointing out the serious consequences to them of a breach of their solemn treaty not to conclude a separate peace.

Such, in brief, is all that we can gather from Russia, and it all points to the same condition of chaos that has existed for many months. One trembles to think what might happen if Russia were to conclude a separate peace; the possibilities are so many. Hopes in Kerensky as being the "strong man" of Russia have not been realised. It has several times been hinted that a military dictatorship might be the best solution of the difficulty, but the man who at one time seemed capable of carrying it out had to give place to the political policy of Kerensky. Korniloff was condemned, and unless history repeats itself in bringing from prison a man strong enough to restore order, it seems as if his opportunity has passed.

Italy, Russia and France were the three main sources of wireless news, but occasional glimpses into minor operations and events caused their own feelings of exhilaration or interest according to their nature. It was appropriate that, on nearing Egypt, the news was received of an advance by our men to within a very few miles of Jerusalem. When we also learned that in East Africa "one of the two remaining German forces had surrendered unconditionally," the interest displayed gave rise to a "furphigram" that at once made its mysterious way through the ship, aided by the discovery that the course on which we were then travelling seemed to be south of west instead of the expected north of west. It made out definitely that we had come by this route in order to be available for clearing up the campaign in East Africa.

Much could be said concerning the silences of the wireless news that may in some cases coincide with a want of information common to land and sea. But our curiosity as to Mesopotamia, Macedonia and things nearer home must remain unsatisfied or content with vague wonderments. As we draw nearer to our destination we are

conscious of an alteration in our outlook. The wireless instruments that used to bring us news of strife in far-off lands will have to keep us in touch with friends at home. Here the silences will be eloquent in reminding us that those left behind are thinking of us and of the purpose for which we have left our homes.

DEFINITIONS

Orderly Corporal.—A seemingly mythical individual whom custom gives a place in troopship orders. The game of "Find the Corporal" is a favourite one on board troopships.

Fresh Water.—A rare liquid rumoured to be stored in secret tanks. One drop per man per day issued. No waste allowed.

Réveillé.—A waste of pure air.

Life-belt Alarm.—Form of annoyance popular with the C.O.

Raft.—Alluring device which will postpone death for an indefinite period if held firmly by a number of drowning men.

Lifebuoy.—Circular-shaped substance which, if taken in water, will prolong life for one or more hours.

Men's Wash House.—Enclosure measuring about 90 by 100 ins., admirably suitable for photographer's dark-room or perspiration producer, but used temporarily for teeth scrubbing, ziff removing and face moistening.

Stew.—Mixture of water, vegetable matter and particles of animal properties and condiments. Suitable particularly for medicinal purposes. Largely used on transports.

Corporal.—Soldier with two distinguishing

marks on the right sleeve of his tunic, denoting that he has the authority to demand that any gunner shall inform him on matters concerning drill with which he himself is not familiar.

Sergeant.—See Corporal. For "two" read "three."

Hammock.—Device whereby a soldier may remain suspended in mid-air for a limited period with considerable discomfort.

Mess Orderly.—Good-natured-looking individual, whose duty it is when carrying the rations from the "manufactory" to the internment area to slide down the gangway without losing his balance. Not always a success, hence the word "mess."—J. B. WHITCOMBE.

Boat Alarm.—A weird mass of humanity bereft of light and rudely awakened at 9.30 g.m.—L. R. T.

Sea Sickness.—A sinking feeling in the "Solar Plexis," useful for skating purposes.—L. R. T.

Ziff.—A malignant growth usually found on young officers living in uncivilised surroundings.—L. R. T.

Amusing Incident.—A dixie of stew precipitated down a flight of steps and accompanied by a mess orderly.—L. R. T.

LIFE-BELT DRILL REVISED

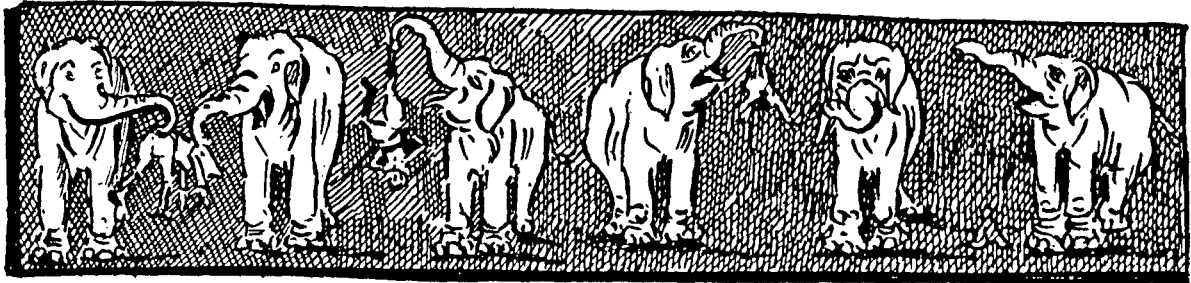
C. G. S.

IN the event of the funnel being knocked over to an angle of 95 degrees by contact with a flying-fish, porpoise or aerial submarine, the sergeant-trumpeter will immediately blow his nose and the men will "fall in" by the starboard whistle, life-belts rolled and rafts on the left shoulder. The colonel will then dive overboard and inspect the damage, and on his report being received by the bombardier in charge of the officer's moustache-raising squad he will report

to the captain, who will at once place a guard round the funnel to prevent it from being used as a cigarette-holder or any other unlawful purpose.

After a period of forty-five years has elapsed, the captain and the chief engineer will replace the funnel in its normal position, each by placing his right foot on the bridge and in the engine-room respectively, and his left foot on the funnel, and pushing all together in the opposite direction.

The parade will then "dismiss."



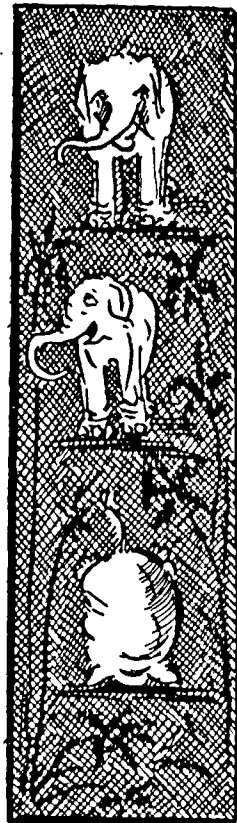
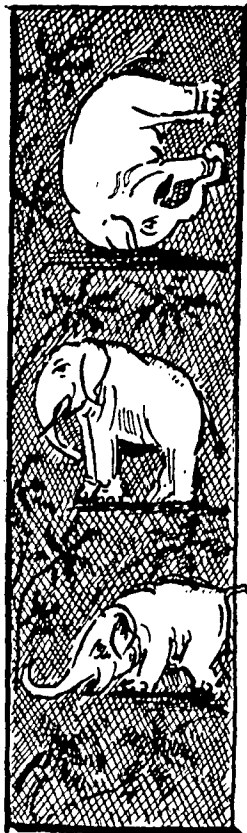
COLOMBO

Just a little hour or two
For to say "Good-day" to you,
Estimate your choicest brew,
Then, alas, to say "Adieu!"

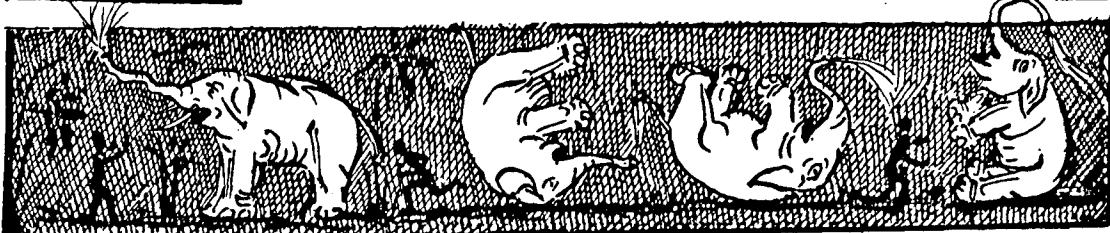
Just a little time to see
Something of the Cingalee,
And, by way of change, to be
Out behind a human "gee."

Time to buy a souvenir—
Elephant, or token queer—
Cable, "We have landed here;
Well, and feeling splendid, dear."

Short as it was, bright and gay;
That was our Colombo day;
Pray to get a longer stay,
Trav'ling in the "civy" way.



PUBLIC LIBRARY OF VICTORIA



H.H.C.

DAILY ROUTINE—S.S. UTOPIA

O.M.D. (Vic.).

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new."

- 5 a.m.—Réveillé for officers and N.C.O.s only.
- 8 a.m.—*Roll Call* optional for privates, who must be checked as they lie asleep in the saloon. They must be gently wakened, and given coffee and biscuits prepared by the officers and N.C.O.s under direction of the ship's bo'suns.
- 8.30 a.m.—Physical jerks for officers and N.C.O.s, who will afterwards wash decks and supply sanitary squad.
- 10 a.m.—Breakfast.
- 10.30 a.m.—Smoke-oh and lounge while officers and N.C.O.s wash up.
- 11 a.m.—Orderly room, conducted by ten privates to deal with breaches of discipline by officers (including chaplains) and N.C.O.s.
- 12 noon.—All privates to draw liqueurs and cigars.
- 12.30 p.m.—Dinner for officers and N.C.O.s.
- 1 p.m.—Luncheon for privates.
- 2 p.m.—Washing parades for officers and N.C.O.s (water to be turned on for ten minutes only).
- 2.10 p.m.—Wet canteen opens for privates only, and remains open until midnight each day.
- 2.30 p.m.—Chief Private, elected by preferential voting, makes inspection and orders all sea-sick officers and N.C.O.s off the hatchways. The C.P. must be courteous to his inferiors.
- 4 to 4.5 p.m.—Smoke-oh for officers (chaplains must not smoke). N.C.O.s must smoke on alternate days only.
- 5 p.m.—Tea for officers.
- 6 p.m.—Physical drill for officers and N.C.O.s, arranged by ship's carpenter.
- 7 p.m.—Dinner for privates (at this function a first-class orchestra must be in attendance and remain until midnight).
- 8 p.m.—Officers' and N.C.O.s' letters censored.
- 8.30 p.m.—Tattoo for officers.
- 8.45 p.m.—Lights out for officers and N.C.O.s. Any officer or N.C.O. found with a light after this hour will have all leave cancelled at the the next port of call.
- Only officers and N.C.O.s attend at drill.
- Privates can keep wet canteen open after midnight if they so desire.
- Officers and N.C.O.s are especially ordered, when acting as "mess orderlies," to leave all silver and plate, and must not repeat furphies overheard during mess-times.
- Any officer or N.C.O. found taking liqueurs, fruit, cream, etc. from, privates' mess will be severely dealt with.
- All routine and fatigue work must be done by Headquarters Staff, who must also make an attempt at civility.

BOXING.

LOVERS of the noble art were particularly well catered for by the splendid sports programme submitted for the amusement of the Troops during the passage homeward of the transport.

A boxing competition, representative of the four leading weight divisions—light, welter, middle and heavy—was commenced soon after leaving Australia, and carried to a successful conclusion on Saturday, December 8th. The numerous entries necessitated the bouts being arranged in heats, semis and finals. In the initial contests the boxing was certainly of a make-haste fashion, few of the contestants travelling the full journey—four rounds.

In the semis a much higher standard was shown, two of the heavy bouts in particular—Gallop (W.A.) v. Cracker (W.A.) and Pen (W.A.) v. Baldwin (Vic.)—giving an exhibition equal to anything in the Australian amateur line.

"KNOCK-OUT"

In the finals the winner of the light weights turned up in Gunner Herb. Cox, not unknown in the fistic arena in N.S.W.; a clean-built, clean-hitting lad, he put it all over his opponent in three rounds.

Honours in the welter and middle weights were secured by Gunner Thompson (W.A.), a good hefty lad—in the writer's opinion, coming champ. An equal knowledge of ring-craft as his is rarely seen outside professional ranks.

Gunner Gallop (W.A.) hung the heavy-weight scalp on his belt, defeating Baldwin (Vic.) in three cleanly fought rounds. The winner possesses a punch in either hand.

The arrangements for the boxing were in the capable hands of Lieutenants Lipscombe and Holdgate, the referee being Gunner J. G. Wall (Tas.).

FROM THE LETTER BAG

SIGHING writes: "Are you in favour of women policemen on a transport?"—The ballot is not yet counted, but to date there is an overwhelming majority for the affirmative.

INTERESTED makes a suggestion: "In a certain Colombo newspaper such painfully ordinary things as births and deaths are labelled with the colourless headline 'Domestic Occurrences.' Judging by the enormous black progeny of the place, births greatly exceed deaths, and I suggest the former be given a separate column under the heading 'Daily Doings.'"

TROUBLED asks the best way of finding an article in his kit-bag.—Take each article out singly, and hold it up in your hand, then deposit it on deck, till the whole bag is emptied.

C. J. S. (—st Vic.) wants details "As we have been charged for missing electric light bulbs, is it true that a levy is to be made for wear and tear of ship's engines during the voyage?"—Legal advice given if 6s. 8d. enclosed with query.—ED.

ONE WHO KNOWS asks: "Do the letters S.M.O. stand for Senior Mess Orderly?"—No. They represent an allegedly superior class of accidentally elevated beings known as the Select Malingerers' Order.

H. H. P. asks for a cure for sleeplessness, stating that he hasn't closed his eyes since leaving Colombo.—Try a box on with Tommy.

EX-MESS ORDERLY writes suggesting that, in view of the unhappy lot of the inexperienced mess orderly, schools of instruction for same should be conducted in training camps in Australia. He suggests the following syllabus of training:

- (1) How to make hot tea with cold water.
- (2) How to perform miracles similar to that of the loaves and fishes on the rations issued.
- (3) How to prevent the misappropriation of mess utensils by other mess orderlies.
- (4) How to make a small tin of jam last sixteen hungry men for three days.

HEART OF MINE

B. W. NIVEN

WHERE are you gone, little heart o' mine?
 You of the laughing eye!—
 With the rippling gleams of sunshine sweet,
 As it kisses a weaving field of wheat,
 In the magic of your hair.
 Where are you gone, little heart o' mine?
 So gay and debonair!
 Where are you gone, little heart o' mine?
 Child of the sun and wind!—
 Passion and fire of the torrid South
 In the liquid accents of thy mouth,
 Whispering of love.
 Where are you gone, little heart o' mine?
 Whose heart is a velvet glove!
 Where are you gone, little heart o' mine?
 O for the vanished years!—
 O the cup of life again to sip,
 When breast to breast and lip to lip
 Our senses swayed in bliss!
 Where are you gone, little heart o' mine?
 The world for—just—one—kiss!

THE LADY OF MY DREAMS

To D. W. A. K. ANDERSON

SHE comes to me at even,
 The Lady of my Dreams.
 Just like a breath from heaven,
 The Lady of my Dreams.
 She talks to me of old days,
 Of scenes remembered always,
 She sings to me the old lays,
 The Lady of my Dreams.
 She rises like a sea-sprite,
 The Lady of my Dreams.
 Soft swathed in shaded light,
 The Lady of my Dreams.
 Light lifted on the wave,
 Her beauteous eyes so grave.
 She smiles—I am her slave,
 The Lady of my Dreams.
 She croons me in her arms,
 The Lady of my Dreams.
 Like incense are her charms,
 The Lady of my Dreams.
 Tired—she'll gently soothe me;
 Gay—she'll fondly tease me;
 Alone—she'll never leave me,
 Dear Lady of my Dreams.

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE

THE Colonel running a sly game of Crown and Anchor for the benefit of the officers.

Holly with his Pink Lady.

A wet canteen.

The officers doing "Arms—forward, upwards and sideways—stretch."

Pay day every day.

Réveillé at 8.30 A.M. and hot coffee and sandwiches before rising.

A steam laundry on board, free to troops.

Sgt. Myers minus his megaphone voice and "Ziff."

The submarine guard trying to "pick off" a periscope at 500 yards.

The Provost-Sergeant being arrested by a padre.

Certain mess orderlies giving the cutlery a rub on the knife-board.

The Garrison Institute run for the convenience of the troops.

The 29th Orderly Corporal conducting a C.E.M.S. meeting.

Tim P. eating peas with his fork instead of his knife.

A notice on hatches, "Please sit down."

The Colonel at a Promenade Concert singing "Had I the Wings of a Little Dove."

Kaiser Bill and Little Willie suddenly dropped on board.

More land and less sea.

An explanation for the need of guard duty.

Some of the promising young "Ziffs" under a magnifying glass in three months' time.

Full dress parade every day at 2 P.M.—I don't think.

Mess-orderlies muzzled between meals.

All officers turn out at réveillé.

A N.C.O. who is able to give five minutes' good physical jerks to his squad.

No parades between meals.

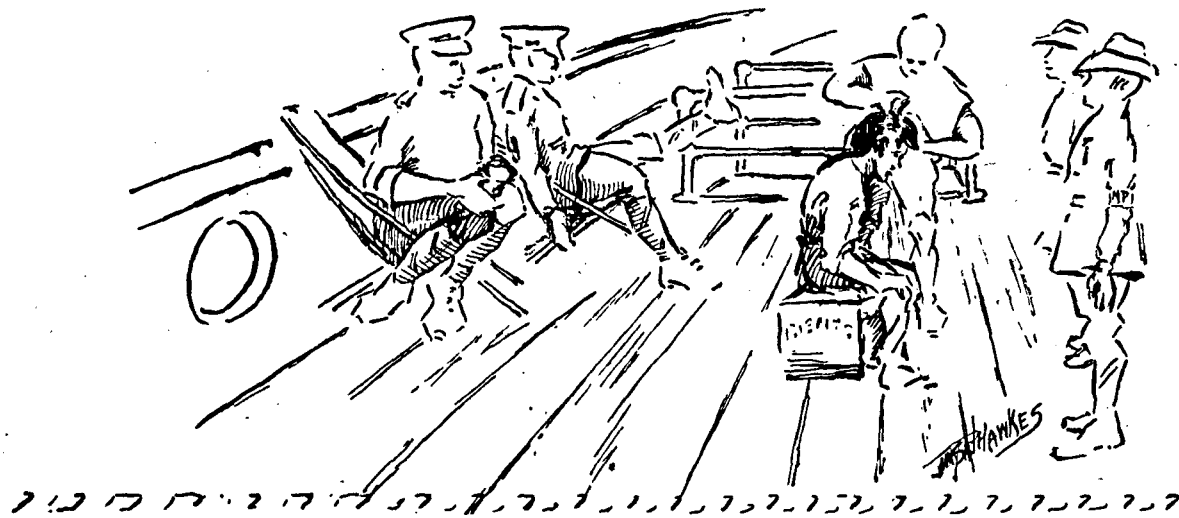
A decent stock of requirements in the canteen.

A postman every morning with letters from home.

A continual stream of passing ships during parade.

An obliging and civil Orderly Rooms Staff.

Ourselves on the home voyage.



Shearing

The Ship's Crimes Act

"To make the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment fit the crime."

1. That this Act may be cited as "The Ship's Crimes Act, 1917."
2. In the construction of this Act: (a) "The Court" means the Court; (b) Every other term means what it seems to mean, provided that it shall never mean the same thing twice.
3. Whosoever, being a sergeant, shall be induced by love of his own beauty to wear flowing tresses of that length approved by his female admirers on his native heath, shall suffer the forcible removal of the said tresses by his comrades, and the harder the offender under this section shall struggle, the shorter shall the said tresses be clipped.
4. Whosoever shall sleep at night on the troop deck shall suffer death by suffocation.
5. Whosoever shall sleep at night on any other deck than the troop deck shall suffer death by drowning.
6. Whosoever shall, under the influence of Neptune, lean his body sadly over the ship's railing and reject with loathing the nourishment previously provided for his body by a fatherly Government, shall be allowed to go scot-free, inasmuch as it is written that *mal de mer*, like virtue, is its own punishment.
7. Whosoever shall be guilty of the abominable crime of being a troop-deck corporal shall suffer spiritual torment from his brothers in arms, who shall say, "Go up, thou two-striped Bombardier," and shall also cry many times in mimicry: "Now, then, you fellows."
8. Whosoever shall, during the hours of darkness, whether alone or in conspiracy with other lunatics, infants or idiots, endeavour with a loud voice to imitate the noise commonly made by any of the following animals, namely, a sheep (baa-baa), a dog (woof-woof), a rooster (cock-a-doodle-doo), a member of the A.I.F. (blank-blank-blank, you blanks), or a Cingalee (di-di-di-di, aw-rrri, aw-rrri), shall, on conviction thereof, be bound and gagged, and delivered into the hands of the A.M.C., or shall suffer such worse fate, if any, as the ingenuity of the Court may be able to devise.
9. Whosoever shall play in secret for a money stake at the unlawful game called Crown and Anchor shall merely forfeit many shekels into the Banker, but if, in addition, he be observed therein by a Red Hat, he shall suffer Heaven-Knows-What, inasmuch as the Essence of Any Crime is Getting Caught.
10. Whosoever is guilty of playing the game known as The Devil's Game or Quoits, thereby obstructing the free passage, bruising the shins and trampling on the feet of hundreds of the King's subjects, causing a maximum of inconvenience and ill-feeling and evil language, with a minimum of personal exertion, shall be seized by four strong men and hurled on to a bayonet held three yards away, in order that he may understand the feelings of a quoit and repent of his sins.

W. K. F.

DRESSING FOR PARADE

R. W. NIVEN, Vic., A.F.A.

EVERYTHING goes wrong when you're dressing for parade. Nothing, it seems, is right. It is an inviolable rule (some say in King's Regns.) that under no circumstances are orders for a marching-order parade to be issued more than fifteen minutes prior to that parade falling in. Result—chaos. Then order follows order with lightning-like rapidity. Here is the ordinary time-table of the very ordinary gunners on a still more ordinary occasion when Rumour whispers of a marching-order parade.

9.15.—Orders issued for marching-order parade.

Bombshell!

9.16.—Do. countermanded—drill order only—no boots.

9.16½.—Boots to be worn—no laces—leggings to be carried over forearm—mess-tins on head—false teeth in hand.

9.17.—Parade in bare feet—bandoliers in haversack—greatcoats rolled or unrolled, just as gunner pleases—water-bottle in mouth—uniform need not be worn—blankets (2) over shoulder (*à la toga*).

9.18.—Greatcoats rolled—no bandoliers, but haversacks inside mess-tins—shoes to be worn.

9.19.—Swimming costume essential—medical in-

spection—eyebrows carefully groomed—shorts—leggings—bandolier over left ear, water-bottle on right—greatcoats unrolled—caps up sleeve.

9.20-9.25.—Five minutes of glorious life—confirmation and cancellation—a chaotic conglomeration of consistently continuous contradiction. Phew!

9.26.—The agony of uncertainty—you vaguely wonder if you're likely to be a grease spot at the half-hour.

9.27.—Rumours that parade is cancelled.

9.28-9.29.—Ayes {
3 bombardiers.
1 corporal.
1 serjeant.
1 bty. sergt-major.

Noes {
2 bombardiers.
3 corporals.
2 mess orderlies.
Sundry gunners.
Stray N.C.O.s.

Pairs {
Cockroaches and other small domestics.

9.29½.—Parade cancelled, owing to demise of ship's cat.

9.30.—Sick parade.

C.E.M.S. BRANCH

A BRANCH of the Church of England Men's Society was formed during the second week of the voyage. The motto of the society is "Pray to God every day and forward the work of His Church." At the inaugural meeting over one hundred enthusiastic and intending members were present. The initiation service was held on Sunday evening, December 2nd, on the troop deck for'ard, when about fifty new members

were enrolled. The society has numerous hostels both in England and France, and they should prove a boon to C.E.M.S. men when on leave. The following were the officers of the branch society: President—Captain Chaplain Tigwell; vice-president, Lieutenant L. Dean; secretary, Gunner Ridley Reed; treasurer, Bombr. F. Nott. The general committee consisted of one representative from each unit on board.

FREEMASONRY

THERE are 122 Freemasons on board, which we believe is the largest number that has been on any one troopship. This probably constitutes a world's record. There were two meetings held on board—one on November 16th, 1917, at which 97 attended, and the other on November 22nd, 1917, at which 110 attended. The following

Grand Lodges were represented: England, Scotland, Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania, also District Grand Lodges of England and Scotland in Queensland, and an English Constitution Lodge in Fiji. A special souvenir is being printed for those who attended.

CONCERNING GLOBES

"WEARY" writes, suggesting that a concert held to defray the cost of electric-light globes alleged to have disappeared previous to the embarkation of the Field Artillery (who "do do outlandish things"), and also encloses a possible programme.

CONCERT.

PART I.

1. OPENING CHORUS—
"I wouldn't leave my little Canvas Hut for You"
MEMBERS OF POLICE AND BAND.
2. SONG "Keep off the Hatchway"
PROVOST SERGEANT—(with chorus of M.P.s).
3. DUET ... "Where, oh, where can my little Globes be"
CAPTAIN AND C.O. OF SHIP.
4. SONG "Everybody Works in our Sub"
SERGEANT MYERS—(without chorus).
5. RECITATION "Absent"
CORPORAL CHALMERS.
6. SONG ... "I never Knew (what the Boys would do)"
C.O. TROOPS.
7. ECCENTRIC DANCE—
MESS ORDERLIES—(with assistance of Sausages).
8. RECITATION "He never Smiled again"
LT. JOYCELYN TRAFALGAR VERNON DE SMITH.

(Interval of ten minutes. Warning bells ring at canteen five minutes before curtain rises.)

PART II.

9. PART SONG "Civility—what We Lack?"
ORDERLY ROOM STAFF.
10. SONG "Whisper, and I shall Hear"
SERGEANT GWYNNE.
11. COMIC RECITATION "Get your Hair Cut"
SERGEANT R. ROBINSON.
12. SONG "Meet me on the Promenade"
GUNNER GALLOP.
13. SONG "Let me like a Soldier Fall"
PAN MATOOREKOS.
14. MONOLOGUE— (a) "How to be a General Nuisance"
(b) "Who'll save the Ship?"
(c) "Now then, you Fellows!"
BOMBARDIER NED STIRLING.
15. WHISTLING SOLO "Dinkum Oil"
S. M. ODGERS—(It's Hughie, just Hughie . . .)
16. SONG "The Padre came too late"
CHARLES L. ALLEN—th (Vic.)
17. PART SONG "Keep your eyes on Germany"
SUBMARINE SQUAD.
18. GRAND FINALE "Loose Moments"
THE PADRES
(With Hawaiian costume by COL. HOLDEN.)

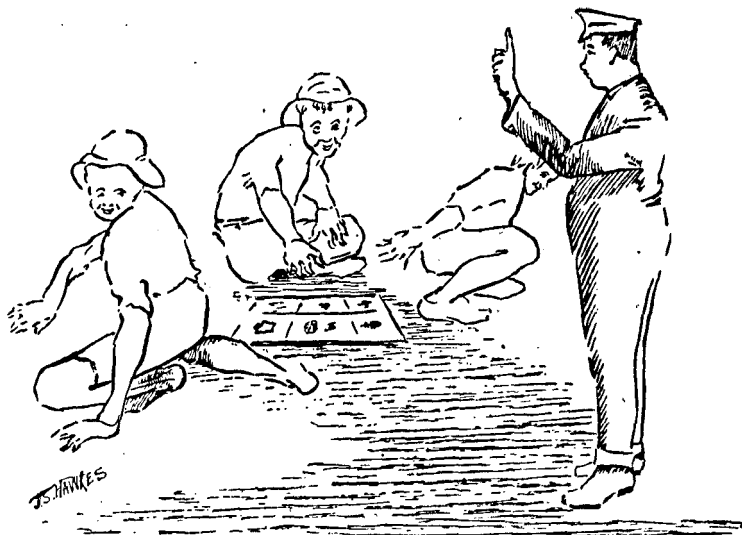
Admission 2d. Compulsory attendance of all troops on board. Dress—Overcoats rolled. Life-belts to be worn. Bring mugs in case fresh water is turned on. Hand trucks, 11 P.M.

AN INCOMPLETE DIARY

E. J. C.

- 5.11.17. Left wharf. Big crowd to see us off.
- 8.11.17. Sea-sick.
- 12.11.17. Sick of the sea.
- 15.11.17. Nothing to see.
- 18.11.17. Sea-gulls.
- 19.11.17. The sea.
- 20.11.17. More sea.
- 22.11.17. The sea again.
- 24.11.17. Again the sea.

[See obituary column.]



"Naughty!" "Naughty!"

OF ARMY SIGNIFICANCE

D. J. W. Qla.

THE man who thinks he knows it all has not even begun to learn, for the more a man knows, the more he knows that he does not know.

FUN IN THE —TH

"ARISTON"

OF course everybody knows that aboard ships travelling folk who have nothing to do play games. Merely a way of filling in time, I suppose, but our subsection games have the same idea. You see, it is like this. We have work to do, but we don't do it, so that puts us on the same footing as your globe-trotter. All in our subsection play these games except one or two old fogeys like Ack. W. Pip. They are serious old chaps with ridiculous notions, like standing still on parade or obeying an M.P.

In the early morning we start our first stunt which is called "Now then, you fellows!" Any number of men can take part, but you must have a troop-deck corporal with a "frog-in-the-throat" voice. Everybody stays in his hammock twenty minutes after réveillé. Laziness? Not a bit of it—just pretending that he is asleep. Then the corporal comes in and gurgles, "Now then, you fellows!" And everyone repeats it and swears, and somebody says, "Lie down, Ned!" This simple little game lets off steam and give the air around a pretty blue colour.

"Hounds and Wolves" is a noisy game played at meal-times. Those at a mess-table divide into two parties called "Hounds" and "Wolves" respectively. Both sides must scoff the food down at twenty knots per minute, and the jam and butter must be used only in lumps. Meanwhile, all players must call the other side "Hounds" or "Wolves," and on no account allow anyone to get his fair share. Those who

do not play are called "Hyenas," and get nothing to eat.

One of the best games is styled "Pick a Winner," and really there's nothing like it for shaking up a squad of men, especially if the O.C. wants them to stand steady. One chap starts off by tapping a pal on the shoulder when he is not looking—of course the best time is when he is standing at attention. Then the fun begins. The man who is touched at once wheels round and strikes someone, always the wrong man if he can, and everyone scores a point and grins except the man struck. He must call out "Pick a Winner" and hit back, but as someone else pushes him or taps him he misses and "don't know where he are." As the ranks are now disarranged, a fresh start must be made. The umpire, usually a corporal, shouts, "Steady up, rear rank!" Then the game goes on again. This sport is well patronised among the rank and file, but is viewed with prejudice in official circles.

"Ammicks" is a great game, and begins at 6.30 P.M. When played according to the rules, it combines the pleasure of an "early doors gallery" crowd with the joy of "ha'penny dip" at a bazaar. The electric lights must be turned off and half the "ammicks" (called "hammocks" by the pedantic) have names on them and half have not. Each man takes a dip and grabs a hammock. If it is not his own he scores a pair of pyjamas, but if his own he gives a howl of anguish, for he has lost a blanket.

SMILE

G. W.

We long when we are lonely
For deep abiding rest,
And think to find it only
In Earth's forgetful breast,
Where never winds are blowing,
Nor restless waters flowing,
Nor gorgeous sunsets glowing
Far in the golden West.

Yet there are blossoms sweeter
Than poppies of the gloom;
To laugh, be gay is meeter
Than thinking of the tomb.
Then pluck Life's sweetest flowers,
Dance through her sunny bowers,
Enjoy her smiling hours,
Smile for the world—there's room.

TO THE "JOCKS" ON BOARD

MAQUE, Vic.

"SANDY lad," his faither said,
"Siller mak's the mare to go.
Poverty's a crime these days;
Owe nae man, tae lend be slow.
"Remember when ye gang tae kirk
The unco guid ye strive tae please;

Sing loud the psalms an' tak' ye care
Ye pray fu' weel upon yer knees.
"Demand yer dues the Sabbath bye,
Nae doot the end is worth yer means;
E'en let folks say sax days a week
Ye prey fu' weel upon yer freens."



The 6.30. Rush for a possib. on deck H.H.C

REINFORCEMENT JOTTINGS

VICTORIAN F.A.

THE —th are carrying on in their usual "breezy" style; their condition can in no respect be called "dicky," but they are modest, and nobody "crows here" about it. Having had the temerity to bring a special "Gale" of their own to sea with them, they were naturally glad to arrive under the lee of the African coast. The —th have a claim to special distinction in that to them belongs the honour (!) of possessing the most elongated corporal on the boat. The No. 1 of C. Sub. was appointed to the job of unit sergeant-major, vice Hughie Odgers, who ruled the boat in a similar capacity (an additional honour). In order to make his presence felt the former has grown a "ziff," and buys a packet of chewing gum every week, which makes a heavy demand on his extra pay. His chief amusement is the blowing of his whistle (he always blows his own).

Simple sons of the soil whose heart's longing is "down on the farm," the men of the —th (Vic.) break the bounds of Time and Space when "Lights out" sounds. They go back to Michigan all right. Aroused by the plaintive bleat of a Puddy met lamb—I mean muddy pet lamb—the farmyard awakes to life. Hughes baa and cattle low, while Cox's crow and Scotchie yelp add to the din. Some Fawcett and Pitch their voices too high, more noise comes from the West

than North, some Harris their fellow Mann Till the Latta go Looney.

THEY TELL ME IN C. SUB—

Our Sergeant will not stand any Hantkepanky now we are on "Active Service."

They are not having corporals any longer. Hard luck for Tim with his six feet five.

Bdr. Puddy has given up talking. A hae ma doots.

Cigarettes were distributed indiscriminately among the —th.

Roger P.'s library was appreciated by the boys, but his vocal talents were not.

Bill does not drink, swear, smoke, spit, gamble, or eat stew.

Ack W. Pip is the sub's "Reference Point."

Carlyon's now have a few vacant tables.

Owing to the inability of most to raise respectable "ziffs," the original genial "Ziff" still stands at the head of the pole. But a ziff is not enough alone to make a man a soldier; a pipe also is necessary, and the young "Bucks" did not hesitate; most of them are wearing pipes now with an almost unconcerned air.

F Subsection has several eccentricities. Charlie hunts mysterious foxes by night and day, Chris wears a portmanteau always round his waist, and the whole sub is "thwiving gweatly on vice."

—TH VICTORIAN F.A.

THIS regiment possesses some rare material, but modesty prevents us from singling out anyone for particular mention. Suffice to say each and everyone of us has the profoundest respect for all and every other of us. Our curiosity has once been keenly aroused, to wit, the remarkable discovery that an order was once issued allowing certain "troops" to have leave at the before-mentioned town of Colombo until midnight on a certain day. None of us, despite diligent inquiries, has ever been able to find out whence that order emanated. It is enough to say that certain troops, accompanied by those three Christian gentlemen we all admire, or did admire, furtively wended their way up the ship's side well after the hour of 12 midnight. No record has so far appeared in Troopship Standing Orders, Part 2, relative to the occurrence.

Life on board has given us a splendid opportunity of indulging in the certain ultra-civilised customs, chiefly due to the fact that we are im-mured from the lofty gaze and critical eye of

our late friends. Even men in the full bloom of life and in the presence of all their faculties have sported their naked forms on the promenade deck. Others not less educated and not a whit less civilised have allowed the influence of a few to overtake them in their otherwise firm resolve not to allow the upper lip to become disfigured by a monstrous growth. So much for an indulgent C.O.

We draw near to the Land of the Pharaohs, and the first signs of a possible disruption of our happy family. The sands of the desert cannot hope to divide us, or even the pitfalls of the land, ancient in tradition, but intensely modern in custom. We learnt as far back as August, 1917, that there existed several arms of the Service, and into each of those a certain number of us may be ruthlessly thrown. Who knows but that the —th, turned into Egypt as a Field Artillery refit, may emerge in France as a Field Artillery Battery. At least, we pray that it may be so.

TEN LITTLE GUNNERS

A SUB, F.A.

TEN little gunners standing in a line;
One came on parade late, and then there were nine.

Nine little gunners of A Sub 28—
Their No. 1 roared one up, and then there were eight.

Eight little gunners gazing up to heaven—
The O.C. saw and crimed one, and then there were seven.

Seven little gunners riding in the ricks—
One returned an hour late, and then there were six.

Six little gunners watching coolies dive—
One fell down the hatchway, and then there were five.

Five little gunners didn't know the law—

They sent one up to Orderly Room, and then there were four.

Four little gunners on the hatch and filled with glee—

The Provost Marshal caught one, and then there were three.

Three little gunners looking glum and blue—
They made one Mess Orderly, and then there were two.

Two little gunners sleeping in the sun—
The Bos'n trampled one to death, and then there was one.

One little gunner to the washing place had come—

They killed him in the mad-dog rush, and then there were none.

WHY is the —st Vic. the most religious unit on board?—Because it has a rigid Creed! Next comes the —th Vic. with an Ussher and a Christian, and the —th Vic. with a Chappell. GUNNER.

What is the reason for the leather shortage in Australia?—A large quantity has been commandeered to serve as meat on the troopship. WEARIED.

Why did not the Railway Unit run a train to

Kandy during the stay at Colombo?—Because the "oil" supply ran out.

Why is one of our troopship M.P.s like a the Federal Parliament House?—Because representatives of all States meet there daily.

PTE. C. LANGHAM, Railway Unit.

Why is one of our troopship M.P.s like a broody hen?—Because he keeps everyone away from the hatch.

—TH VICTORIAN F.A.

WE perceive with great pleasure that the officers are receiving much-needed tuition in physical jerks by the professor. Great strides have already been made, judging by the number of medicine balls thrown overboard every day. It is rumoured that we shall be met close to Aden by a ship carrying a fresh supply; but should these not come to hand the officers will find that inflated bagpipes are most suitable, and will not be missed as much as the medicine balls.

Several well-known trenchermen were not unselfish when crossing the Bight, and insisted upon sharing their store of good things with the denizens of the deep. They have, however, since reappeared in their true colours, and regularly partake of Thoup, Joinths, Picklths, Sthew, Thauthages. "Ith that pineapple iththue?"

One damned thing after another. Life, women, ship's orders. One word for all—"Contradiction."

When the ship's mail was sorted prior to reaching Colombo it was discovered that one man had written seventy letters. Could this have been a certain acting sergeant-major, who spends day after day writing page after page after page after page? If he is not responsible for the above letters, but is writing a History of the Voyage, we shall be pleased to submit estimates for a private cabin for the trip, and also quotations for binding his works in real morocco, guaranteed to last a life-time, and stand the wear and tear of the Australian climate.

The —th Vic. are well to the fore with their champion boxer. There was talk at one time of the O.C. challenging his title, but this has not yet crystallised. So, although contrary to F.A.T. teaching, our champion gets home at the Gallop.

May we suggest that a certain well-built, handsome corporal, usually attired in the sarong of a Cingalese native, should apply, after the war, for a position on the staff of Scotland Yard, or in the London Metropolitan Police, where his efforts to arrest law-breakers will not be hampered by scarcity of motor-cars, or the nerve-racking duty of making himself understood.

We think that a certain bombardier, whose name appears as the author of a world-famed dictionary, should certainly be prevented from spouting Socialism to a poor inoffensive native policeman.

(Will the bombardier above-mentioned kindly note?—ED.)

We are glad to see that a certain sergeant who limped badly when coming on board has now quite recovered. May we suggest that he be careful which wheeler's horse he takes in future.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"Why have we not a fire picquet on board, so that a certain sergeant would be able to amuse himself as in days of yore? Furneaux reason.

How have the mighty fallen!!!! Even Mus. Bac.'s have been known to tumble from the lofty seat of a huge pipe organ to the stool of a tinpot harmonium.

You —————!!!!

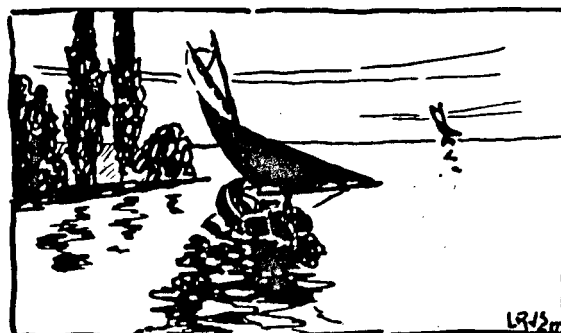
Robbie (see last Cordite guard).

Social Note.—Miss Fernhooks will be presented at Court on arrival of the transport in Blighty, and will be chaperoned by Lady Mavis Marshall.

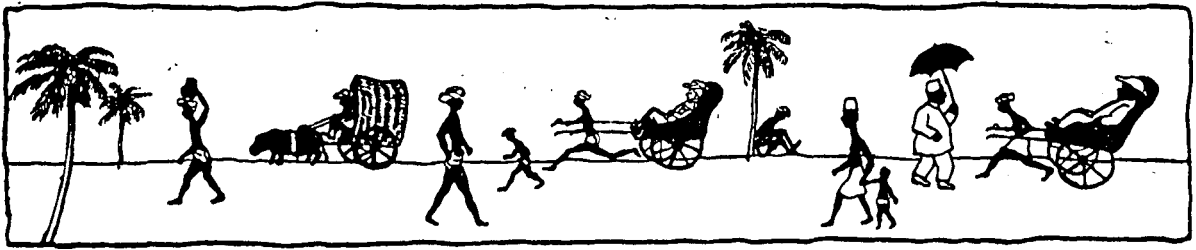
Births and Marriages.—To Mr. and Mrs. Gillispie, late of Maribynong on the Bosphorus, a new recruit (Owen James).

TO LET

SEVERAL excellent sleeping "possies" around ship's gun. Convenient to rails. Grand view. splendidly ventilated (especially the tarpaulin), particularly comfortable on wet nights. Rent exceptionally moderate.—Apply Gun Crew.



1912



COLOMBO

H. G. G.

THREE hours was the average stay on land at Colombo for most of us. Even for that, however, much thanks to the C.O., who fought a good fight—verbally, of course—with the commandant ashore.

It is fitting that some record of Colombo should figure in this little book. To many thousands of hefty young Australians that pretty Ceylon seaport has served as an introduction to the mysteries of travel in foreign lands. The transport leaves Australia with hundreds of hitherto home-staying youths. A short trip across the Indian Ocean, hints of a near-by port in a fleet of catamarans, and then, steaming through the harbour gate, one sees, for the first time, a shore beyond Australia, and realises that one's travels have begun. Red-roofed, amid the green palm trees, Colombo sits and dreams of trade and traffic, tea and rubber—a peaceful outpost of a great Empire at grips with a ruthless foe. It is hard, in a few phrases, to record a young man's thoughts on such an occasion. He may journey far and experience much, but the impression of this, his

first visit to a foreign port, will remain with him for ever. He will remember the cries of the niggers who dived for pennies, his amazement at the grinning faces and nude forms of the natives, and his disgust at their whining supplications. He will recall how he realised in a flash the truth of Kipling's words that "East is east, and west is west, And never the twain shall meet." And then will come the thought of his first trip ashore—a trip by motor, perhaps, along the ochre-coloured, palm-lined roads, a merry dash in a rickshaw, a bout of bartering with a group of eager Cingalese, and a return to the steamer, tired but happy, laden with coco-nuts or bananas. A man may grow old and blasé and think the world has no keen pleasures, but he will surely recant if by chance he sees a group of clean-limbed, perspiring Australians fresh from home, trooping through the streets of Colombo arguing, buying, laughing, joking, munching bananas and "guying" natives. One's first introduction to the East and all its ways of cussedness makes a mind-picture never to be effaced.

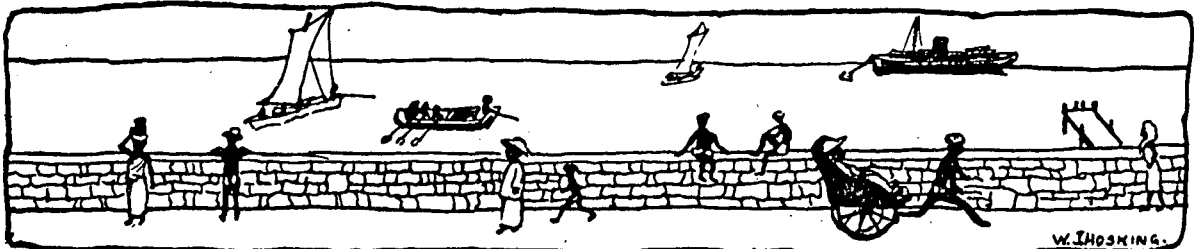
RACING NOTES: THE OFFICERS' CUP(S)

Started at 1.15 a.m.

ONLY two teams faced the starter for this classic event—Mahomed Ali, Lippy up, and Hoosein Gunga Din, Jonah up. The weather was beautiful, and the course in perfect order. The start was well timed, and Hoosein Gunga Din jumped off, keeping a slight lead for the first three furlongs. Mahomed Ali then drew level, and thus they ran till coming into the straight, when Jonah took his chariot into the lead. It was at this juncture that Lippy's knowledge of battery tactics served him in good stead; by an artful

move he managed to get to close interval with his opponent, and succeeded in inserting his rocking-bar into Jonah's near wheel. The difference between the level of wheels became suddenly so great that Jonah was unable to allow for the necessary deflection, with the result that not only the driver, but his steed and chariot became a tangled mass on the roadway, and Lippy pulled up at the entrance to the Grand Oriental Hotel an easy winner by twelve lengths.

Betting—Dividend for R.5. . . . Two drinks.



—TH VICTORIAN F.A.

If it comes to forming a battery, the —th have specialists of all kinds—butchers, bakers, batmen, bandsmen, and others.

Our advanced signalling squad, under the instruction of Norman O'B., is now doing 17 words per minute.

Rabbi . Sergeant Garcia will conduct proceedings at the church parade on Sunday next. Subject: "M a n y are called, but few are chosen."

The aforesaid Norman O'B. is some "runnist." On running mornings at dear old Maribynong he had usually disappeared over the sky-line towards Keilor before the squad had reached the "white house in front of battery."

Bombardier Stokoe, our war-worn veteran, does not indulge in horse-play." This "old soldier" has come through several actions — the last he survived was when we had the battery out at Buckley Park.

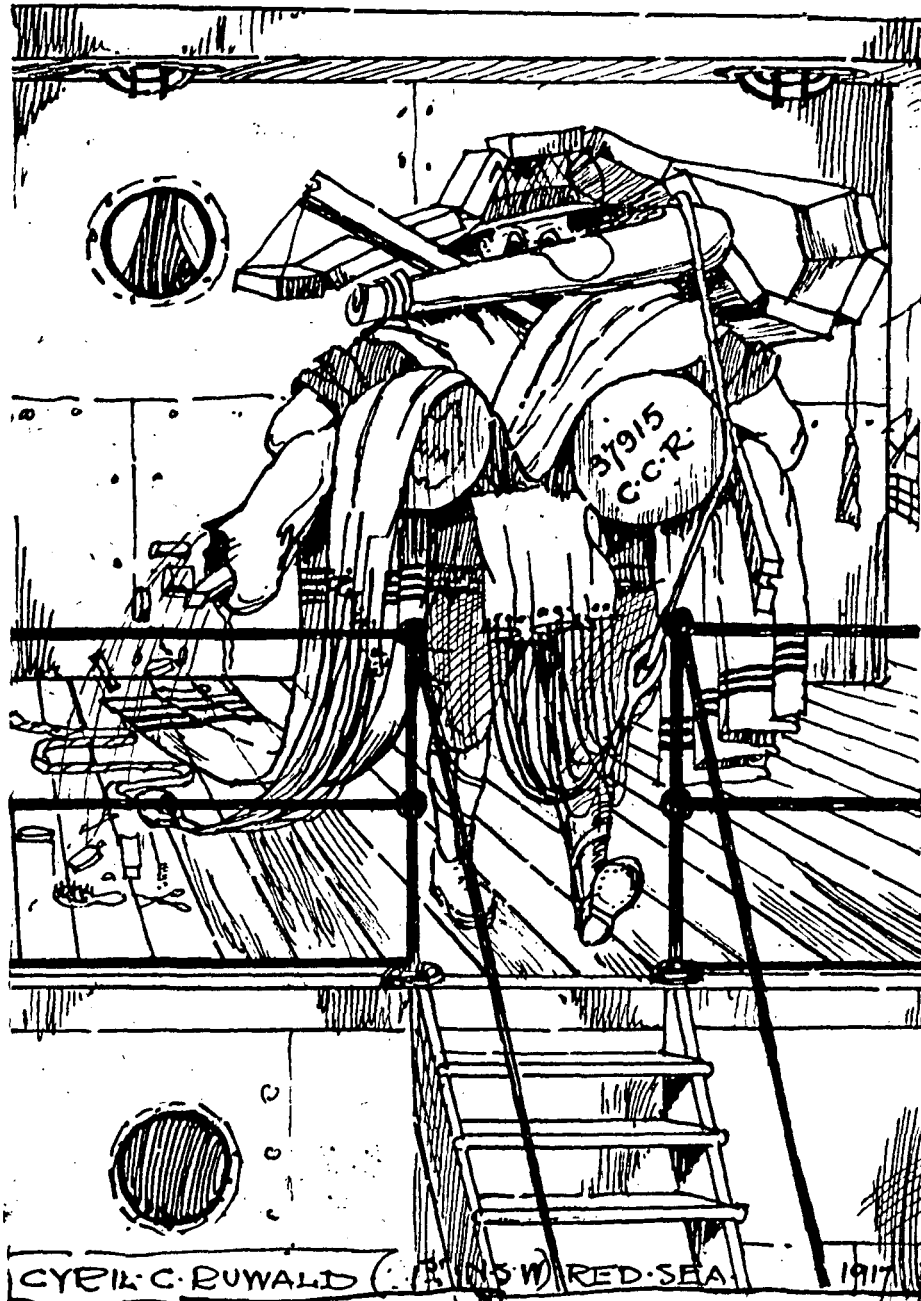
Ah! W e e W. considers the wear wank don't dwess wightly.

One of our sergeants side - tracked the Governor-General when asked how long he had been in camp. Without disclosing his identity we might mention that

the rear section is now receiving the benefit of his long experience.

It is reported that our medicine ball, lost overboard near the Equatorial line, has been sighted off St. Kilda pier.

Anyone requiring a tonic, consult the O.C.



Kit Inspection

B.B.B.B.'s. We have a remedy worth a "guinea a box." What is it? Why, Beecham's, stocked by the fat boy from Pickwick.

The Canteen did a great trade in the cool drinks' department till the Bing Boys got sufficient bottle-tops—for the school. Matches became far too precious. The Bing Boys also commandeered all the dominoes, and would be

seen playing fives at all hours of the day. 'Nuff sed.

The No. 1 of C Sub of the B.B.B.B. will be pleased to see former patrons, and welcome any new ones on arrival in England. Clean dixies, tins of jams, bread, soap, always in stock. Boots repaired while you wait. Candles a speciality. Your patronage solicited.

—TH VICTORIAN F.A.

Motto: "Hearts bold, Greatcoats rolled."

This Reinforcement of Maribynong Field Artillery has a unique history and personnel, inasmuch as it never suffered by transference to No. 1 Depot. Our training was so complete, and our work so perfect, owing to our leaders' precepts and to the wisdom of Willie, that it was considered quite unnecessary to move us on from No. 2 Depot, having nothing further to learn in the art of malingering.

We are a united family, are most religious, and, in fact, are all of the one breed. We are proverbially lucky, for our number is the reverse of 13. This is well borne out, for are we not always the first on parade and the last to be dismissed?

(1) That a fair-haired sergeant of the leading section need not worry about promotion, as we predict that he will return home a Marshall.

(2) That Sergeant Williams is not to be confused with his namesake Kaiser William,

although by the rapid growth of his moustache this error might easily be made.

(3) That it is important that Corporal Findlay's ankle should mend soon, as otherwise his corpulence will so increase through lack of exercise that he might become known as "Kewpie" Findlay.

(4) That Corporal Fulton always welcomes the sound of the "Alarm," as it recalls the happy occasion when he was saved a lathering and bath at the hands of Father Neptune.

The —st wish to tender their sincere thanks to those Melbourne people responsible for the provision of comforts for the voyage, both external and internal. Smokes and delicacies were supplied for the approaching Christmas season, and the unit is looking forward to its hundredweight of cake. Our friends did not think it necessary to give us any Yuletide decorations, as they were doubtless aware that we have our own Holly, never known to fail us.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE —TH N.S.W.

Bombardier Benjamin.—The swathy sweeper and terror of the Colombo delinquents, whose soul soars above the vulgar occupation of sweeping, but who nevertheless conscientiously carries out his duties.

Gunner Hunter, J.—The chosen of Apollo, whose silvery tenor wafts us into the realms of dreamland, and brings to us forgetfulness of the mundane.

Gunner Platkin.—A veritable lion in languages, and whose colossal knowledge on all subjects renders the affix denoting the diminutive quite superfluous.

Gunner Thomson (Tommy).—A literary light and man of integrity, whose generosity has given much pleasure to many.

Gunner Wyer (Joe).—A signaller of repute, whose appropriate name has given him a great pull over others in the same branch, so that he has become to be called the "Wyer puller."

Sergeant Mercer, R.—Our reputable senior sergeant, of Scottish origin, whose command "Stand at ease" is not the signal for the quota to commence an animated conversation. To him, "Remove head gear."

Sergeant Hardy, R.—A worshipper at the shrine of Morpheus, which has produced for him the appellation of "Tardy Hardy," but who has doubtless a great future on his awakening from his Rip Van Winkleian slumbers.

Sergeant Inglis (Squire-kid).—The Complete Angler, who in stentorian tones discloses the mysteries of the "radian" and "wash-outs," with much pleasure to himself and his audience. Of him the words of Joseph Addison seem fitting:

"Pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind and directs the
storm."

Corporal Colman.—No relation to the man of starch, but nevertheless has a stiffening effect on a squad of which he may be in charge.

Corporal Morris, J.—A seasoned vertebra, permeating his speech, which is considerable, with terms of the Middle Ages.

Corporal Rose, A. B. (Bilious Attack).—A skittish kipper, combining business with pleasure while causing no material harm to the gunner. Acts as a gentle aperient.

Bombardier Moir, Jack.—A magician of renown, who with unequalled skill produces from a vapoury matter innumerable eatables.

Bombardier Pain (Grandpa).—A hoary Fijian, who indulges in puerile frivolities and eagerly imbibes the vulgar vapourings of the troop deck.

Bombardier Castleman, W. C.—The tonsorial artist who, unlike the barber of Bagdad, performs equally on the most lowly as the most high.

Bombardier Martyn, G. C.—Whose supple fingers rippling on the keys enhance the beauty of Chopin and extract from Gounod strains he never thought of.

WANTED TO KNOW

WHY we all get dressed up when there is nowhere to go.

What "oil" Fat Williams (—th N.S.W. F.A.) used to get one of the Colonel's hats last Sunday?

Where we could sit down if we do not sit where forbidden by the C.O.?

LOST

AN Inter-State Tug-of-war—by Victoria.

Between three o'clock and the Hospital aft, a Pillow Fight—by Captain Tugwell.

By —th N.S.W. F.A., a Scottish Bombardier, supposed to be masquerading as a member of the Criminal Investigation Department. Suggest the said Department examine saloon, sergeants' mess and all hatches for missing Bombardier. Liberal reward; no questions asked.

Time is golden and a watch is a necessity. Lost by Lieutenant C. J. Gates a golden necessity. (Finder will be excused from shaving for two days.)

THE anchor has always represented hope, while a crown is popularly regarded as being the reward gained in the next world. The same belief prevails on the vessel, for those patronising the "Crown and Anchor" schools find plenty of room for hope, and can look for their reward

in heaven. They certainly don't get it on earth or sea.

THOSE who interrupt the singing on the troop deck by howling and other hideous noises are recommended to study that part of the *Merchant of Venice*, reading:

"The man that hath no music in himself
Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dark as night,
And his affections dull as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

CASTLEMAN'S RENOWNED MOUSTACHE PRODUCER.
—Guaranteed to produce hair on the most refractory upper lip. Read the testimonial below of one who has made a personal test of this wonderful drug. Convincing to the most sceptical.

Transport —

SIR,—For years I had tried all manner of hair lotions and moustache producers, but without effect. A friend of mine told me of your wonderful moustache producer, and I decided to purchase a bottle. After using two bottles I noticed an appreciable difference in the appearance of my upper lip. A rich, healthy down began to grow luxuriantly, and I am now happy to say in the course of a year or two I feel certain I will have grown a large, flowing moustache. You may use this letter as you think fit.

(Signed) Yours, etc.,

TOM STREET,

Sgt. —th Rfts. F.A., N.S.W.

This marvellous hair restorer obtainable at all chemists, also at the Ship's Dispensary, or personally from Bombardier Castleman (—th Rfts. F.A., N.S.W.). Price, 3s. 6d. large bottle; 1s. 6d. small bottle.

The Castleman Moustache Producing Company, Limited, Transport —.

TIME, 6.25 A.M. Two minutes after the last cup of cocoa, and all the biscuits gone, when in the distance a semi-darkness on the troop deck. A tall form looms up with a look of "gore" in his eyes, who has tarried not "too long" but too late to be in the early morning "snack" provided by the Comforts Fund, and so dearly loved by all the ordinary "ruck"—of late our supplies have been a little less and our sergeant a little long.

W. C.

THE —th extend the Compliments of the Season to all transport comrades.

THE —TH N.S.W. COMMANDMENTS

J. L. M.

1. Thou shalt honour and obey thy superior officers. Remember the duties of a soldier are: firstly, obedience; secondly, obedience; and thirdly, obedience and your own initiative. (The padre told us so, and he knows!)

2. Thou shalt train five and a half days per week, attend divine service once on Sundays. Thou shalt not go on the boat deck, and not climb on the awnings, nor go on the promenade deck, nor sit on the hatchways, but get off the boat generally and enjoy week-end leave morally.

3. Thou shalt not disgrace His Majesty's uniform (shorts and braces and discs), but be clean and tidy.

4. Thou shalt not drink the water in the salt-water showers, and shall use the pint of fresh water supplied thee for washing as extensively as possible.

5. Thou shalt study thyself. Use not thy neighbour's towel, nor his razor, nor use (or ill-use) his mug, nor his cigarettes or matches.

6. Thou shalt bear and sympathise with the pipers. Knowest thou that their lot is a hard one?

7. Thou shalt not steal thy neighbour's hammock, nor his life-belt, nor his "poss," nor his salt-water soap, nor his lime juice, nor the potatoes out of his stew. Neither shalt thou put thy foot into thy neighbour's tea bucket.



8. Thou shalt not exceed the leave granted thee ashore, but play the game. Remember thy brother's leave depends on thee.

9. Thou shalt be punctual on the raft parade, and shalt observe the Yankee rules of traffic. Thou shalt have on thine own life-belt, and shalt not call out, "Oright! Oright! Oright! I ai! I ai! 3d., 6d.! Oright!" lest thy name be taken to guard the silent watches of the night.

10. Thou shalt not push on the hammock parade. Neither shalt thou tamper with the electric lights lest the troops all be levied for 6d. each. Neither shalt thou fall overboard at night lest the sentry may be asleep. Thou shalt report everything sighted lest thou disturb the peace of mind of "Fatty Arbuckle."

BE A SOLDIER AND A MAN.

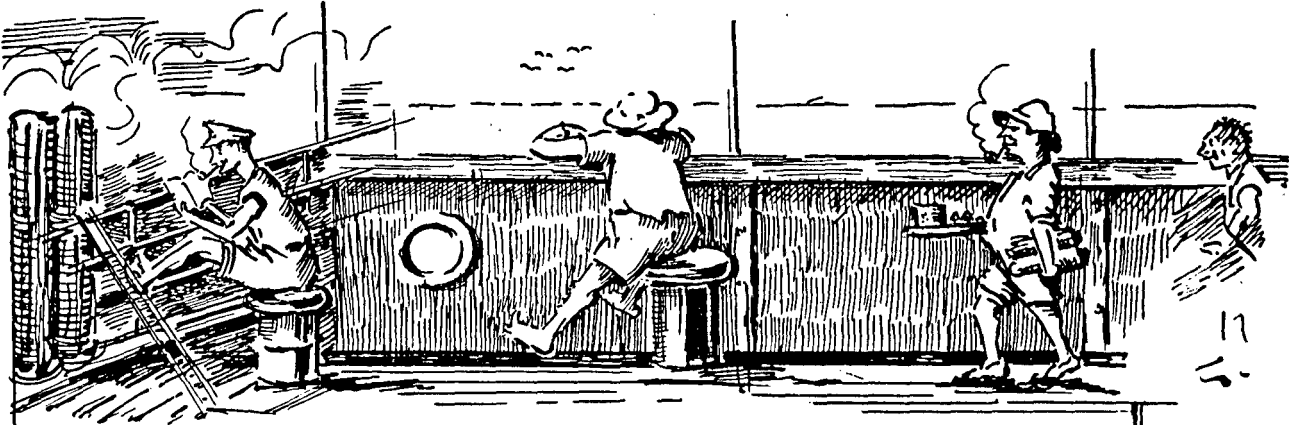
COMFORTS FUND

MANY moons ago someone conceived the idea of establishing a Comforts Fund for the then June, now —th N.S.W. Reinforcements, Field Artillery.

Born in an atmosphere of goodwill, and fostered with the milk of human kindness, the idea flourished like a tropical plant, maturing prior to embarkation, and bearing wholesome fruit during the voyage. If ever any of the girls who worked the fund up smile in their sleep, it's a ten to one chance that a blessing from one of the —th boys has found its way in her direction, and a resting-place in her mind. Reaching within the neighbourhood of £150, the fund was able to provide comforts the boys never dreamt of—coffee and biscuits, fresh fruit when procurable, tinned fruit always, pickles or sauces, tobacco, cigarettes, cards, socks, games of sundry kinds, hammock stretchers, and a host of other good and useful things. What we wish most to emphasise is that the efforts of those unselfish workers, who gave freely of their cash and time to render the life of the "—th" less irksome during the voyage, have been appreciated to an extent they perhaps never expected.

It was the Transport —
That sailed the stormy sea,
And the skipper had taken the A.F.A.
To Bear him company.

NUFF SAID (P. G. M.).



“CHEER- OH”

A. K. ANDERSON

Heave-ho! Heave-ho! out on the rolling sea,
 Heave-ho! Heave-ho! none so happy as we.
 The winds are keen, the skies are blue,
 The waves are prancing and dancing too.
 Heave-ho! Heave-ho! ready to do and dare.
 We're off to the fight,
 But, sure, we'll keep bright,
 For what do we sea-dogs care?

Heave-ho! Heave-ho! we're at our journey's end.
 Heave-ho! Heave-ho! we're leaving a jolly good friend.
 The boys are singing a farewell song,
 The captain's waving us all, "So-long!"
 Heave-ho! Heave-ho! now for the bugles' blare.
 We'll be well in the ruck,
 But we'll all chance our luck,
 For what do we sea-dogs care?



H. H. Chappell.
 21/17.

—ST NEW SOUTH WALES F.A.

LIEUTENANT DANIEL swallowed a gallon of water at Neptune's sports. Fellow officers say this is the only water he has taken internally since childhood. Latest bulletin from A.M.C.: "Severe shock, but progressing slowly, 'spirits' reviving."

BOMBARDIER KELLY (giving evidence re a —st deserter): "After the twenty-fifth drink I lost sight of him."

President of Court: "Naturally."

LIEUTENANT MIDDLETON (to someone shuffling in rear): "Who is that man?"

"Trix" R—n (anxious to remove impression that perhaps it might be a stranger): "Sir, *that's not a man, that's Broinowski.*"

IF Sanitary. Sergeant Eric Absalom Loney's mother hears of the job he is now holding, she will probably echo David's lament: "Absalom, my son, Absalom!"

McMASTER, FERGUS

McPHERSON, ALEC

McGREGOR, ATHOE

} The —st "Irish Trio."

LIEUTENANT DANIEL had get to off at Melbourne "to arrange about Comforts." Did *she* require much "*comforting*," Dan?

GUNNER BROWN is justly indignant. "If the boat deck is reserved for N.C.O.s, if no one is allowed on the promenade deck after parade, if the bo'sun clears him off the main deck with the water hose, if no one but mess orderlies are allowed on troop deck till 5 P.M., and the hatchways are out of bounds, then where the h—l is a common gunner to go?"

GUNNERS WHITEHILL and Gray cannot quite understand it yet. They used influence to secure a certain permanent fatigue, reckoning it the best job on the ship. They have now been relieved to make room for two Colombo holidaymakers, who have been given this "job"—as a punishment.

SERGEANT CHAMBERS (displaying his nautical knowledge acquired between Sydney and Melbourne) to Pretty Girl: "Yes, I always carry my pipe in my PORTside pocket."

Pretty Girl: "Oh, they allow sergeants to take portmanteaux with them, do they?"

WE often wonder how Sergt. Willis came to be christened the unusual name of "Cherry." Apparently he couldn't have been the *apple* of his mother's eye.

—st require anchor man for tug-of-war team. Will Mr. Middleton-apply?

"CHESS-FIEND" Webb surprised the sergeant, when asked the best mode of attack, by replying, "Queen pawn 4 gambit, decline."

WE noticed Corporal McDonnell and Driver Till in heated discussion on relative merits of their Christian names. Personally, we can't decide whether Cecil Clarence is superior to Clarence Sydney or vice versa. We suggest, however, that the quieter these things are kept the better.

SERGEANT GANDY proves his Irish blood. Speaking on "Compass Firing," he observed: "If this line were a *straight circle*, it would be equal to 360 degrees.

THE —st extend the Compliments of the Season to all transport comrades.

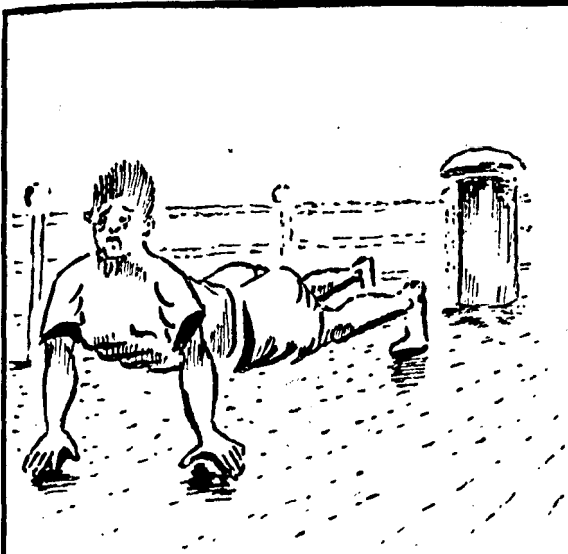
THE RAILWAY UNIT'S WHISTLE

WHO was it broke the heart of all the drill instructors at Broadmeadows and elsewhere in three weeks? Again I ask, who was it accepted their pay without a murmur, and paid tuppence for electric light globes with a smile? Why, the Railway Unit.

If there be money or goods for a Comforts Fund we get it. To demonstrate this to a mathematical nicety, we received a shilling box of chocolates from a good little girl at St. Kilda and a box of washing soap from Adelaide. All the prizes come our way. It isn't that we're lucky. It is simply a Divine Right and a survival of the fittest.

We are the envy and admiration of the ship, the crew and the bo'sun. No mention must be made of the transport that does not include the bo'sun. He is It. He smells of salt. He must have been born in a pickle barrel. Even the bo'sun stands aghast, one might say petrified, with our efficiency on parade. It stops the deck hose.

Where in all the vast silence of the night, when the diamond-tinted stars are keeping watch o'er all, where in all the vast space of Time are there two sergeants who can drill us like Ramsay and Tasker? "Liefert oop yer feet there, 'Olland," has become a classic.



SOME ARE VERY ENERGETIC AT JERKS



THE ONLY ATTEMPT MADE BY OTHERS



THE MESS ORDERLIES HAVE A PECULIAR FASHION OF THEIR OWN



A.G. HOSKIN
BAND

THE FAVORITE METHOD

A.M.C. JOTTINGS

O. K.

A NOTED officer is reported to have addressed his troops thus: "Men of the Infantry, gentlemen of the artillery, and ladies of the A.M.C." "Well, I was going to say to Heaven with his impertinence, but since coming on board I have heard such delightfully pleasant names as Staff sisters, nurses and even matrons. I have also heard Dolly addressing Millie, Polly reprimanding Pansy and Lil; Beryl and Sarah debating the relative merits of No. 9's and iodine. Dear little Gertie Grig rushed to get her powder because she was the only one with a shiny face when our ship entered Colombo. Ethel, a bright but delicate lassie from New South Wales, who has improved her beauty with a suspicion of a

ziff, appeared at orderly rooms to explain why she loitered near a hatchway. Millie says she was terribly annoyed because a Scottish M.P. took her scent and smelling salts. She was cautioned. Everybody knew she did not have Buckley's chance of getting out of it.

* * * * *

We are continually denying the assertion that the A.M.C. is composed of medical students and young men aspiring to become quacks. Apart from a Bishop and an Abbott, to whom we must pay the respect befitting such dignitaries, we have the usual complement of stonemasons, undertakers, barbers, "bottle ohs," broken-down actors, unpopular dentists, worn-out Pressmen, pernicious politicians, and great "I ams." The bush lawyer and politician from New South Wales are always holding up the dispensary walls, while a Victorian of that ilk can be found every evening wading through "Progress and Poverty," I might add both are regarded as sane.

* * * * *

THE judge in Madame X rose from his hammock after the miserable réveillé had gone one tired morning and addressed the jury—no, the other hammock dwellers—thus: "Girls. One consolation of this most enjoyable and pleasurable trip is that it will be ending in a few days." J. C. Williamson's patrons find it difficult to distinguish the popular actor among the motley-dressed crowd on board.

* * * * *

THE N.S.W section of the A.M.C. greatly appreciate the generosity of the —th N.S.W. artillery in sharing their comforts with them.

* * * * *



The Shorn Lambs
My, if the Colonel could only see her!

BLEATINGS FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS

"O wad the power some giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

ON DIT

THAT on conclusion of the big stoush, Ship's Sergeant-Major Odgers intends taking over the Four Courts Hotel. His vast experience in Australia, and latterly in the East, should enable him to cater for all-comers. Present staff will be retained under the supervision of Miss Victoria Bitters. High-class cuisine (chef, Stimson). Loose boxes for Angoras a speciality.

That Captain Amundsen has given up all idea of further Polar exploration, and has parted with the dogs which crossed the Weddel Sea, and has entered the ring. He has gone through a course of hard training amongst the "Billies" on the boat deck. A brilliant career is anticipated.

That Ivy Shilling is expecting—a hamper at Christmas from the Four Courts.

That Herr Robinson is drinking a well-known brand of hair restorer. Results not yet known.

That the Ancient and Accepted Order of Angoras hold a nightly meeting on the boat deck for the initiation of all "Billies" and other "Butters." Buckland's Station in the Never-Never regions of Victoria have produced a suitable type for admission to the above society.

The O.C. Naturalists obtained a new specimen at Colombo—a similar species to Miss Abbott, thought to have become extinct on November 9, 1917.

That Sergt. Atkinson, food connoisseur, and Sergts. Shilling and Amundsen have regard for the health of their fellow sergeants by sampling the food daily before the others are permitted to partake thereof. They usually cover the "course" three times before the remainder of the mess have successfully negotiated the first obstacle.

That Sergt. Hawke has several times narrowly escaped death by drowning owing to the frequent floods down south, and when not swimming for his life has often been attacked in the rear by Frank with his instrument of torture—a hot teapot.

That Sergt. Fatty Arbuckle now spans 60 around the girth, and that his bracelet will shortly require enlarging.

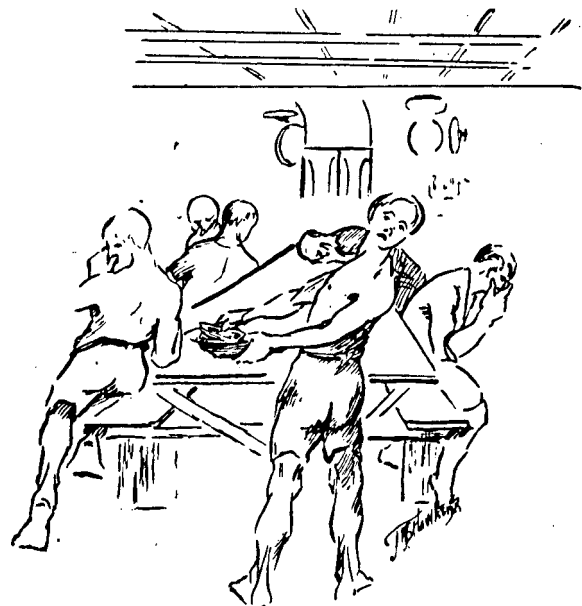
That "Rhino" Anderson, the purveyor of the cash tray, only works on pay days, but owing to the cheer which he doles out on these occasions nobody disturbs him from the state of torpor into which he relaxes at other times.

That immediately on arrival in Egypt, Submarine Sergeant Trist's periscope will be knocked down to the highest bidder.

That Sergt. Holker has been recommended for another bar in consideration of his prompt attention to orders in the mess during meal times. No doubt this addition will grace his right cuff.

That Miss Gwynne's "bark" is worse than her "bite."

That the dis-Orderly Room Sergeant is like a policeman—a never present help in time of trouble. Like the elusive Pimpernel he can never be found when wanted, but he always "turns up" in a mysterious way at 8 A.M., noon, and 5 P.M. (meal times). Please note business hours for future reference.



Beef à la Red Sea

FLYING CORPS

DEAR EDITOR,—My pal Oscar is terribly queer. He asked me the other day whether the Adjutant would accept two lemonade bottles as payment for his share of the gas bill. This just by the way to show you the peculiar mind he has. Well, Oscar is in the A.F.C., and while we were attending a lecture on "Saluting and its Relation to Winning the War," I could see by the glow of my cigarette on his port bow that he'd been struck with an idea. I said, "Hullo, Oscar, you look as if you're threatened with intelligence." And Oscar, clothing his thoughts in words, put this on me: "Say you and I were up scouting in a Bristol and an Albatross attacked us. If, following the traditions of our corps,

I, with my Webley in my right hand, jumped out of my machine to shoot the German pilot, and lower down passed Colonel Alderson in a captive balloon looking for Crown and Anchor men, should I have to salute him with my left hand?" Well, it stung me, and so I pass it on to you. If it's beyond you, ask Mac.

MISTER FLYING CORPS.

WHEN "Stiffy" Wilson was singing one night at one of the concerts, a gunner said to one of the "birds": "What air is that?" And the "bird," with one of those flashes of repartee which distinguish, said, "Oh, that's Air-Mechanic Wilson."

LINES OF A SKYLARK

Battle Song of the Aviators (A.F.C.)

FAT HUNT

WE'RE so happy, oh so happy, only look and see,
Soon no more we'll be at Point Cook by the Sea.
No more workshops, no more log chops, no more
liberty.
Now we're going where they're showing war-
time pictures free.

Refrain—

We'll leave Port Melbourne Pier, and when our
boat is clear
We'll give a drowsy cheer or drop a manly tear.
For all the friends that we knew, and the maidens
not a few,
We'll be sighing, almost crying, for our Lil and
Sue.

We'll have no C.F.S. to cause us great distress,
There'll be no barber's car and no more "Guid-
ing Star."

So let us sing while we're able, and when we
can't sing we'll cable,
Till we get back, till we get back, to the good
old A.F.C.

We'll be happy, oh so happy, when we cross the
sea

In an aeroplane, we'll be right over Germany.
No more Furphies, no more water, no more
cooks' fatigues;

We'll fly our 'plane in wind or rain and give
Fritz all he needs.

A PADRE'S NOTES

THE probity of our Padre censors has been very much doubted by some of our correspondents on board. Several comments of a derogatory nature were passed, but perhaps the climax was reached when the following appeared:

"DEAR MARY,—In my former letter to you I enclosed two postal notes of £1 each. I am doubtful, however, if ever you will receive them. The letters are being censored by the Padres. . . ."

As Padres, we have been trying to encourage

truthfulness amongst the troops, and have been flattering ourselves on achieving some degree of success. But judge of our dismay when on censoring the letters the following article was detailed:

Letter No. 1.—From Claude Kewjie. "On Friday morning we passed a dead whale and 500 birds were seen feeding on the carcass."

Letter No. 2.—From Col. System. "Yesterday we saw a dead whale and thousands of birds were perched upon it."

Letter No. 3.—From Cec. Anzac. “A few days ago a dead whale passed the ship, and you couldn’t see the whale for birds.”

We are crestfallen; we are disappointed. Shall we ever reach the age when all men are not liars?

The various Romeos on board have been trying hard to tell their whereabouts to their little Juliets. One love-sick youth tried hard to bluff the censor with some rhyme:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er — Isle,
And every prospect pleases
And only man is vile?

The effort might have been quite successful if Holly or Teddy Bear had struck the letter, but, unfortunately for poor little Juliet, a Padre got the job and recognised a well-known hymn. Dash went the erasing pencil, and the vileness of of man and the soft balmy breezes were no more.

Another Romeo, but of a more mushy nature, wrote of sweetmeats, cake, etc. But once more even the guileless Padre was too much for the innocent young lover. He, too, in the good old frolicking days had given candy to *his* little Juliet, and so dash went the pencil again.

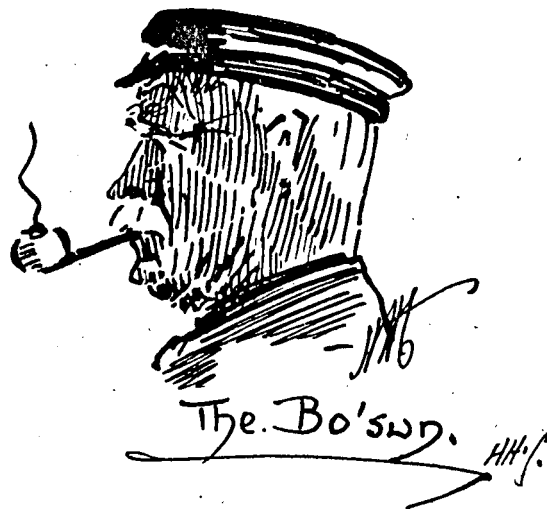
The following letter, found crushed in the hand of the unconscious chief censor by R. G. R., —st (W.A.) Rfcts., also throws some light on the rapid ageing of that unfortunate individual:

“MY DEAR RUTH,—Clarified Honey and Oil of Citron! White Loaf-Sugar of my Heart and Molasses of my Expectations!

“You have been absent from me three days, the moon and stars are black when you are absent. Your step is the music of the spheres, and the wind of your dress when you pass is as a zephyr from the garden of Paradise in the springtime of early flowers. I kissed you when we parted, while you scratched my back and my whole frame was filled with sweetness.

“O Spice of the spices, garden of delight, send me a lock of your hair, send me anything your blessed fingers have touched, and I will go raving with ecstasy. One look from you would translate me to the third Heavens. Your words are as molten pearls dropping from your mouth. My heart blazes at thought of you, and my brain is everlasting fire. . . .”

(So is that of the overworked censor.)



ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED

A LARGE quantity of gramophone exterminator.

A DRY spot on the upper deck when it rains.

CAPABLE MAN, with *special* qualifications, wishes to obtain position in Australian Army; would be satisfied with commission and *good* rations; civil occupation, *bullock driver*.

GUNNER, to run a "house" school. One who can see the O.C. coming around corners preferred.—Apply Samuel Sweet, this Office.

HAMMOCK that does not lose the blankets during night.—Bill B.

HOUSEKEEPER, age 19-26; must be pretty, musical, squeezable, to manage mess, darn and mend, make beds and tuck us in. Use of drawing-room, car and launch. Can entertain own friends any afternoon, provided they correspond with above. No children. State own terms.—Apply Mess 40B.

LIFEBELT that no one else will grab when the alarm goes.—Hopeless, this Office.

MESS ORDERLY who does not eat the butter, drink all the lime juice, nor play poker in his spare time.—Apply Mess 996B.

MORE PAY.—Apply everybody.

SMALL piece of Australia. Sydney would do.—Apply Seasick.

POSITION as lady's companion. Lady preferred young, fair hair, blue eyes. Applicant cannot knit socks, but can spin yarns.—Apply "C. G. S.," this Office.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE

COMPANY receiving regular supplies of Jam and Stew desire to arrange contract with Firm handling Bacon, Eggs, Fish and Chips; view above.—"Generous," this Office.

SOLDIER in possession of khaki uniform, in good order, wishes to exchange position with civilian gentleman with a new suit.—"Anxious," this Office.

TRAVELLER, who is under agreement with Australian Government to represent it in France (principal lines being Gas-helmets, Bombs, Rifles, Ammunition), having had two years' experience there, would be pleased to hear of someone in good position in Australia willing to confer; view above.—"Wearied," this Office.

WANTED TO KNOW—

HAS Holly a smudge on his *labium oris superioris*, or does our imagination deceive us?

PESSIMISTIC asks: "What would happen if there really were a life-belt alarm?"

PUZZLED asks: "Does the canteen exist for the benefit of the troops, or the troops for the benefit of the canteen?"

WHO trained the cheese to jump and the meat to hum? Was it the Quartermaster?

WHY the sudden outbreak of Stripitis among our N.C.O.s?

IN MEMORIAM

DOGGIE.—In loving memory of our poor little dog, smuggled on board by the Railway Unit. Our only mascot. Stiffened by the doctor. Inserted by N.C.O.s and men of the Whistles and Signals Brigade.

TENDERS

TENDERS are invited for the purchase, as a going concern, of a well-known canteen, conducted by the same firm for over three weeks.

Stock-in-trade.—Nil.

Goodwill.—D— little.

Civility.—Unknown.

FALSE TEETH, probably stuck in piece of plum-duff, but not sure.—Finder apply Clickety Click.

THE way not to lose at Crown and Anchor—don't play.

(a) MORE blankey bread and jam. (b) It's true that absence makes the heart grow fonder. (c) A piece of meat in the stew yesterday.

A CASH prize will be paid to the mess orderly who *walks* down the stairs most times.

It is not true that a mechanic of the Flying Corps posted his mail in a ventilator on the upper deck the first day out.

THERE is at present a vacancy in the

FIELD ARTILLERY

for the man who will eventually earn the right to the following inscription on his tombstone:

He was . . .

But words can not tell what.

Think what a good man should be,

And he was that.

Apply early, as there are sure to be many candidates.

ROLL OF HONOUR

VICTORIA REINFORCEMENTS

LIEUT. CROZIER, W. C. M.
LIEUT. GALE, F. R. B.
LIEUT. LEE, C. D.

Sergeant Tumbler, W. H.
Corporal Nicholson, J.
Bombardier Bayles, H. J.
Bombardier Thomas, A. J. S.
Gunner Brady, C. B.
Gunner Butler, A. H.
Gunner Catliff, T. W.
Gunner Chenery, A.
Gunner Cleaver, L. E.
Gunner Cole, L. H.
Gunner Cook, A. C.
Gunner Dalton, G. E.
Gunner Gillespie, J. C.
Gunner Gwilliam, C.
Gunner Hardy, I. E.
Gunner Hayes, W. H.
Gunner Hayles, N. C.
Gunner Hedington, J.
Gunner Iles, B. J.
Gunner Leigh, W. H.
Gunner Lethborg, E. A.
Gunner Mansfield, K. L.
Gunner McGhee, T. H.
Gunner Mollison, R.
Gunner Scott, W. S.
Gunner Scurrah, H. N.
Gunner Street, A. J.
Gunner Stubs, C. J. S.
Gunner Walton, L. G.
Gunner Westaway, E.

Sergeant Robinson, G. R.
Corporal Meugens, T. H.
Bombardier O'Grady, J.
Bombardier Stirling, E. H. A.
Gunner Adair, H. M.
Gunner Bayliff, J. G.
Gunner Bayliff, J. W.
Gunner Blake, G. O. M.
Gunner Brewer, G. W.
Gunner Brierley, E. C.
Gunner Chester, F.
Gunner Crossley, D. J.
Gunner Fawcett, C. V.
Gunner Gemmell, R. T. H.
Gunner Holmes, H. B.
Gunner Iles, G. H.
Gunner Liddelow, J. S.
Gunner Mann, G. L. C.
Gunner McGregor, D.
Gunner Meyer, T. E.
Gunner Mills, S.
Gunner Partridge, W. S.
Gunner Prunster, C. J.
Gunner Roberts, E.
Gunner Rowles, W. A.
Gunner Taylor, D. J. I.

Gunner Thompson, G. R.
Gunner Till, G. P.
Gunner Wilson, G.
Gunner Wilson, K. G.

Sergeant Hantke, S.
Corporal Meaney, P. F. L.
Corporal Timcke, E. W.
Bombardier Pitt, A. W.
Bombardier Puddy, I. H. C.
Bombardier Purnell, H. R.
Gunner Boyd, E. K.
Gunner Bruce, W. P.
Gunner Butler, J. S.
Gunner Griffiths, T. L.
Gunner Hannaford, P. G.
Gunner Healy, K. J.
Gunner Healy, L. G.
Gunner Ikin, H. D.
Gunner Kennedy, R. L.
Gunner Kitson, W. H.
Gunner Latta, W. K.
Gunner Macfarlane, H.
Gunner Wilcox, A. J.
Gunner Millhouse, S. W. J.
Gunner Morphett, H. R. S.
Gunner North, C. F. R.
Gunner Norton, R. D.
Gunner Hughes, L.
Gunner Pearce, L. J.
Gunner Poole, L. R.
Gunner Siebert, J. A.
Gunner Shiedow, G. P.
Gunner West, O. H.
Gunner Scattergood, H. T.
Gunner Batson, W. N.
Gunner Davidson, J. L.
Gunner Ford, A. G. B.
Gunner Fraser, J.
Gunner Hennessy, C. V.
Gunner Hosking, W. J. A.
Gunner Jones, V. H.
Gunner Linklater, H. M.
Gunner McDonald, R. H.
Gunner McKenzie, A.
Gunner Mulvihill, P. A.
Gunner Phillips, N. T.
Gunner Reed, A. R.
Gunner Thomas, G. K.
Gunner Bartley, J. I.
Gunner Fuller, A. M.
Gunner Whittam, K. D.
Gunner Williams, M. C.

Sergeant Edmondson, J. W.
Corporal Minn, J. R.
Corporal Stockdale, H.
Bombardier Bloch, F. L.
Gunner Loosli, C. C.
Gunner Hunt, R. H.
Gunner Bird, G. C.
Gunner Brown, E. H.

Gunner Eddy, F. H. K.
Gunner Galtry, C.
Gunner Hollway, E. T.
Gunner Kennedy, C. F. J.
Gunner Clarke, E. V.
Gunner London, A. D.
Gunner Morris, J. E.
Gunner Muir, A. A.
Gunner Purves, O.
Gunner Robertson, A. V.
Gunner Willmott, M. T.
Gunner Clarkson, H. C.
Gunner Clark, J. E.
Gunner Davies, C. K.
Gunner Doddrell, A. W.
Gunner Dooly, J. H.
Gunner Enticott, W. J.
Gunner Gribble, W. C.
Gunner Halse, D. R.
Gunner Howarth, F.
Gunner Narracott, V. G.
Gunner Davey, A. W.
Gunner Rouget, C. V.
Gunner Stenning, A.
Gunner Wagener, W. G.
Gunner Leitch, W. S.
Gunner Matheson, K. G.
Gunner Minchinton, W. C.

Sergeant Buckland, G. V.
Corporal McGuigar, H. I. J.
Corporal Wright, L. H.
Bombardier Miller, H. de B.
Bombardier Salter, A. S.
Bombardier Shelmerdine, E.
Gunner Adams, L. L.
Gunner Close, L. G.
Gunner Cox, H.
Gunner Dawborn, N. L.
Gunner Detbridge, J. B.
Gunner Evans, L. T.
Gunner Green, A. H.
Gunner McCarthy, J. D.
Gunner Oram, E.
Gunner Fraser, T. V. L.
Gunner Shelmerdine, S.
Gunner Tweedie, H. F.
Gunner Carkeek, A. S.
Gunner Cox, R. L.
Gunner Douglas, F. N.
Gunner Furner, H. J.
Gunner Gellion, T. J.
Gunner Jennings, A. E.
Gunner Kirkland, W. B.
Gunner Manning, W. B.
Gunner McPhillamy, J. W.
Gunner Saxton, R. C.
Gunner Williamson, C.
Gunner Anderson, R. J.
Gunner Wright-Smith, R. J.
Sergeant Odgers, H. F.
Corporal Carter, E.

Corporal Looney, J. F.
 Bombardier Fullagar, W. K.
 Bombardier Law, H.
 Gunner Allan, C. L.
 Gunner Cornell, J. L.
 Gunner Beale, H.
 Gunner St. Pinnock, J. D.
 Gunner Bolton, G. R.
 Gunner Condie, A. S.
 Gunner Murray, J. S.
 Gunner McKean, R.
 Gunner Murray, W.
 Gunner Norton, J. G.
 Gunner Punch, L. G.
 Gunner Robinson, S. C.
 Gunner Archer, H. V.
 Gunner Baker, W.
 Gunner White, H. A.
 Gunner Densley, H. P.
 Gunner Hodgson, C.
 Gunner Linton, C. A.
 Gunner McCrindle, A. K.
 Gunner Moller, C. C.
 Gunner Nicholas, E. J.
 Gunner Perry, H.
 Gunner Taylor, V. B.
 Gunner Ward, O. T.
 Gunner Webster, W. H.
 Gunner Gilbert, G. J.

Sergeant Trist, H. J.
 Corporal Harris, J. M.
 Corporal Neelands, W. S.
 Bombardier Mitchell, G. McL.
 Bombardier Barrett, E. H. G.
 Gunner Brown, F. B.
 Gunner Drowley, W. G.
 Gunner Evans, J. A.
 Gunner Marshall, M.
 Gunner McIvor, A.
 Gunner McLennan, A. R. R.
 Gunner Niven, B. W.
 Gunner Anderson, A. K.
 Gunner Scott, G. D.
 Gunner Thomas, C. R. T.
 Gunner Wighton, J.
 Gunner Williams, G. H.
 Gunner Adams, G. H.
 Gunner Baker, P.
 Gunner Baldwin, T. G.
 Gunner Bamber, W. R.
 Gunner Wolfe, R. M.
 Gunner Copley, W.
 Gunner Hurley, H. L.
 Gunner Hopgood, L.
 Gunner Robertson, J. C.
 Gunner Robertson, J. A.
 Gunner Tallent, S. H.
 Gunner Watt, J. E.
 Gunner Bennett, T. H.

Sergeant Crozier, R. H.
 Corporal Higginson, H. P.
 Bombardier Hodge, H. S. R.
 Bombardier Samson, F. H.
 Gunner Callender, R. M.

Gunner Lumley, W. B.
 Gunner Garnham, R. K.
 Gunner Graham, A.
 Gunner Hall, J.
 Gunner Hutchinson, W. T.
 Gunner Mummery, W. A.
 Gunner Moon, A. R.
 Gunner Pethybridge, R.
 Gunner Pretty, J. A.
 Gunner Robin, E. de J.
 Gunner Robin, T. M.
 Gunner Wallace, J. A.
 Gunner Weldon, F. J.
 Gunner Schmidt, E. L.
 Gunner Chambers, N. E.
 Gunner Barnett, W. D.
 Gunner Chestnut, H.
 Gunner Escott, L.
 Gunner Farlow, S. R.
 Gunner Field, H. W.
 Gunner Lyon, A. E.
 Gunner May, W. G. B.
 Gunner Stimson, G. J.
 Gunner Ward, H. A. J.
 Gunner Ford, C. H.

2ND LIEUT. SMITH, J. T. V.
 2ND LIEUT. TURNER, L. R.

Sergeant Gillespie, J. G.
 Sergeant Liebert, H. V. G.
 Sergeant Roberts, G. L.
 Sergeant Usher, O.
 Sergeant White, R. L.
 Corporal Aird, J. A.
 Corporal Broadwith, W.
 Corporal Chamberlain, E. J.
 Corporal Christian, W. K.
 Corporal Ellis, R. N.
 Corporal Fairbairn, E. G.
 Corporal French, R. R.
 Bombardier Bastow, W. R. A.
 Bombardier Bathurst, H. L.
 Bombardier Burrowes, N. F.
 Bombardier Chapman, C. C.
 Bombardier Egan, F. H.
 Bombardier Machin, G. C.
 Bombardier Moore, F.
 Bombardier Nicholson, A. D.
 Bombardier Smith, J. A.
 Bombardier Wordley, S. W.
 Bombardier Wyly, E. J.
 Gunner Aburrow, F.
 Gunner Allen, C. E.
 Gunner Barker, D. T.
 Gunner Bentley, J. E. P.
 Gunner Bodycomb, J. R.
 Gunner Bown, H. J.
 Gunner Braddock, G.
 Gunner Brock, C. D.
 Gunner Brock, G. L.
 Gunner Bridge, W.
 Gunner Cameron, A. M.
 Gunner Clarke, K. S. K.
 Gunner Collison, R. N.
 Gunner Condely, A.
 Gunner Cross, J. R. P.

Gunner Cunningham, J.
 Gunner Debnam, F. A.
 Gunner De Rose, P. N.
 Gunner Devlin, W. C.
 Gunner Dick, K. E.
 Gunner Dinon, E. J.
 Gunner Dinon, P.
 Gunner Diver, H. A.
 Gunner English, N. R.
 Gunner Evans, W. L.
 Gunner Fewster, J. H.
 Gunner Fiddes, R. C.
 Gunner Fitzgerald, E.
 Gunner Flanagan, J. E.
 Gunner Flanagan, J. P.
 Gunner Fletcher, L. W.
 Gunner Flight, F. R.
 Gunner Geddes, W. A.
 Gunner Gibson, A. E. R.
 Gunner Gillespie, C. O.
 Gunner Graham, J.
 Gunner Greenhill, J. D.
 Gunner Hall, W. B.
 Gunner Hallam, J. L.
 Gunner Hallowes, H. F. C.
 Gunner Hamilton, C. W.
 Gunner Hamilton, W. L.
 Gunner Harbard, C. S.
 Gunner Harmon, W.
 Gunner Hauser, O.
 Gunner Hay, N. H.
 Gunner Hayes, M. M.
 Gunner Head, E. A.
 Gunner Hiddleston, F. A.
 Gunner Hodgman, H. H.
 Gunner Holliday, G.
 Gunner Howells, J. W.
 Gunner Hunt, S.
 Gunner Huon, R. E.
 Gunner Jacobs, G.
 Gunner Johnstone, J. P.
 Gunner Keogh, G. B. V.
 Gunner King, R.
 Gunner King, S. J.
 Gunner Kohlman, J. C.
 Gunner Krakoner, H. J.
 Gunner Layton, H. J.
 Gunner Leaver, A. G.
 Gunner Loftus, T. J. N.
 Gunner Lunney, N. E.
 Gunner Luscombe, T. G.
 Gunner Luxton, J. C.
 Gunner Lycett, R.
 Gunner Macdougall, M.
 Gunner McDonald, R. A.
 Gunner McLean, K. B.
 Gunner McNabb, F.
 Gunner May, J. K. L.
 Gunner Middleton, P. J.
 Gunner Mitchell, A. L.
 Gunner Muller, W.
 Gunner Negus, J. M.
 Gunner Newton, J. H.
 Gunner Nicol, L. R.
 Gunner Nixon, C. F.
 Gunner Nobes, K.

Gunner Norman, S. H. L.
 Gunner Novell, J.
 Gunner Palethorpe, W. F.
 Gunner Parker, M. J.
 Gunner Pearce, E. E.
 Gunner Pell, C. J.
 Gunner Petty, T. H.
 Gunner Pittard, A. W. D.
 Gunner Redden, J. J.
 Gunner Robinson, C. C.
 Gunner Rose, C. H.
 Gunner Scott, S.
 Gunner Seaton, F. R.
 Gunner Seidel, B. F.
 Gunner Shaw, W. B.
 Gunner Shugg, L. M.
 Gunner Simondson, H. W.
 Gunner Sorensen, I. E. G.
 Gunner Spiller, P. C.
 Gunner Stredwick, R. E.
 Gunner Symington, P.
 Gunner Thompson, W. J.
 Gunner Trend, K. H.
 Gunner Turner, S. G.
 Gunner Twist, H. H.
 Gunner Virgo, C. L.
 Gunner Wall, J. G.
 Gunner Wallace, R. K.
 Gunner Whitcombe, J. J. B.
 Gunner White, W. T.
 Gunner Whitt, J. W.
 Gunner Wickins, L.
 Gunner Wilson, A. B.
 Gunner Woodyatt, A. E.
 Gunner Yencken, W. D.
 Gunner Young, J. McC.

VICTORIA REINFORCEMENTS

2ND LIEUT. JONES, F. E.
 2ND LIEUT. LIPSCOMBE, J. H. F.
 Sergeant Furneaux, F. A.
 Sergeant Gwynne, A. F.
 Sergeant Myers, R. A.
 Sergeant Willing, D. E.
 Corporal Abbs, J. H.
 Corporal Breaker, G. R.
 Corporal Cox, J. O.
 Corporal Mackie, C. M.
 Corporal Magennis, R. R.
 Corporal Renshaw, A.
 Corporal Roberts, H. A.
 Bombardier Davie, J. M.
 Bombardier Dickson, J. D. M.
 Bombardier Halton, E. J.
 Bombardier Lewis, H. G.
 Bombardier Lister, W. H.
 Bombardier Marvin, F. W.
 Bombardier Nicholas, C. L.
 Bombardier Nott, F. J.
 Bombardier Swan, E. T.
 Bombardier Webster, W. W.
 Bombardier Yarra, T. H.
 Gunner Anderson, G. A.
 Gunner Aumann, R.
 Gunner Baker, R. N.

Gunner Barwick, A. M.
 Gunner Berthon, E.
 Gunner Body, W.
 Gunner Boucaut, G. L. P.
 Gunner Boyd, H. S.
 Gunner Bradley, M.
 Gunner Brindley, J. H.
 Gunner Brindley, W. K.
 Gunner Brookman, N.
 Gunner Brown, A. W. A.
 Gunner Carmichael, A.
 Gunner Carmichael, J. A.
 Gunner Carnegie, A. D.
 Gunner Carrison, F. W.
 Gunner Cavanagh, H.
 Gunner Cavanagh, J. H.
 Gunner Chappell, H. H.
 Gunner Charlesworth, F.
 Gunner Chidlow, O. M.
 Gunner Clark, I.
 Gunner Coles, N. MacL.
 Gunner Cooper, A. D.
 Gunner Davis, R. L.
 Gunner Davison, A. H.
 Gunner Dethridge, A. B.
 Gunner Donaldson, R. B.
 Gunner D'ombrain, E. C.
 Gunner Downie, K. G.
 Gunner Dowding, A. D.
 Gunner Dowding, R. A.
 Gunner Ducas, P. T.
 Gunner Dunnet, W. G.
 Gunner Eakins, G. A.
 Gunner Eanie-Brown, K. E.
 Gunner Ellis, E. E.
 Gunner Ellis, J.
 Gunner Fergusson, C.
 Gunner Fiske, T.
 Gunner Flood, C. F.
 Gunner French, F.
 Gunner Gallop, D.
 Gunner Géard, A. S. J.
 Gunner Gillespie, G. A.
 Gunner Govett, L. J. P.
 Gunner Govett, R. E.
 Gunner Harnesworth, A. J.
 Gunner Hay, J. M.
 Gunner Henderson, D. B.
 Gunner Heriot, G. C.
 Gunner Hill, A. B.
 Gunner Holland, W. J.
 Gunner Hood, A. T. E.
 Gunner Hunt, H. A.
 Gunner Ingram, A. L.
 Gunner Ireland, F. T.
 Gunner James, L. A.
 Gunner Jenkins, E. H.
 Gunner Jones, R.
 Gunner Joyce, D. E.
 Gunner Kelly, H. R.
 Gunner Knight, R. D.
 Gunner Lane, S. M.
 Gunner Lane, T. E. M.
 Gunner Langford, R.
 Gunner Lawrie, W. A.
 Gunner Lee-Stere, A. W.

Gunner Little, A. A.
 Gunner Lundgren, J. R.
 Gunner Malin, H. C.
 Gunner Meiklejohn, R. G.
 Gunner Melrose, G. S.
 Gunner Moss, W. L.
 Gunner Murray, L. A.
 Gunner Mynard, W. F.
 Gunner McDonald, A. V.
 Gunner McIntosh, W.
 Gunner Neary, R.
 Gunner Nicholas, M. W.
 Gunner Nicholas, P. J.
 Gunner North, A. H.
 Gunner Paltridge, T. C.
 Gunner Parkinson, H. R.
 Gunner Patterson, H. C.
 Gunner Phyland, C. J.
 Gunner Powell, J. W.
 Gunner Raby, C. H.
 Gunner Randell, J. L.
 Gunner Reid, W.
 Gunner Robertson, H. A.
 Gunner Robinson, J. R. A.
 Gunner Richards, A. H. C.
 Gunner Sandford, N. B. C. F.
 Gunner Sharp, H. H.
 Gunner Simpson, C. M.
 Gunner Sims, W. S.
 Gunner Sinclair, P. S.
 Gunner Skemp, L. C.
 Gunner Smith, C. V.
 Gunner Snook, C. F.
 Gunner Snowball, F. G.
 Gunner Stoner, H. J.
 Gunner Taylor, R. M.
 Gunner Thompson, F. F.
 Gunner Trasler, H.
 Gunner Trethewey, T. W.
 Gunner Verco, C. M.
 Gunner Ward, P. E.
 Gunner White, K. C.
 Gunner Whitehead, E. W.
 Gunner Whiting, H. T.
 Gunner Williams, S. G.
 Gunner Woodberry, V. A.
 Gunner Wright, A. C.
 Gunner Zanker, J. L.
 Gunner Zanker, R. T.

VICTORIA F.A.

LIEUT. DEAN, L. B.
 LIEUT. O'BRYAN, N.
 Co.-Sergeant-Major Anderson, P. W.
 Sergeant Atkinson, S. J.
 Sergeant Beacham, J. F.
 Sergeant Garcia, G. M.
 Sergeant Holker, J. R.
 Corporal Green, T. F.
 Corporal Impey, E. S.
 Corporal Kaye, A.
 Corporal Pogue, W. G.
 Corporal Ritter, G. L.
 Corporal Wainwright, S.
 Corporal Williams, R. E.

The Limber Log

Bombardier Beggs, N. F. H.
 Bombardier Gray, H. C.
 Bombardier Knuckey, A. E.
 Bombardier Mills, J. S.
 Bombardier Patterson, D. A.
 Bombardier Prescott, H. H.
 Bombardier Rowe, C. C.
 Bombardier Sherlock, G. A.
 Bombardier Stokoe, R.
 Bombardier Tardiff, H. N.
 Bombardier Wallace, E. P.
 Gunner Abfalter, J. W.
 Gunner Alexander, J. L.
 Gunner Aley, T. C.
 Gunner Allen, R. J. A.
 Gunner Angove, J. H.
 Gunner Armstrong, J. T.
 Gunner Baldwin, A.
 Gunner Barklamb, W. R.
 Gunner Bauer, G. W.
 Gunner Bayard, H. G.
 Gunner Black, J.
 Gunner Brisco, H. W. C.
 Gunner Brown, A. N.
 Gunner Byrne, J.
 Gunner Caldwell, H. J.
 Gunner Carlew, W. J.
 Gunner Carse, J.
 Gunner Chennell, E. F.
 Gunner Clark, J. A.
 Gunner Code, E. K.
 Gunner Connaughton, W. J.
 Gunner Cowan, R. M.
 Gunner Craig, A. R. W.
 Gunner Crane, A. M.
 Gunner Crawford, J. S.
 Gunner Cumming, P.
 Gunner Curwen-Walker, R. G.
 Gunner Cussen, J. A.
 Gunner Delaney, J.
 Gunner Deveson, R. F.
 Gunner Draper, W. A.
 Gunner Duncan, C. G.
 Gunner East, V. L.
 Gunner Fitzgerald, D. W.
 Gunner Fitzpatrick, R. C.
 Gunner Foster, F. H.
 Gunner Fowler, A. D.
 Gunner Franklyn, R. N.
 Gunner Gale, L. G.
 Gunner Gillard, H. V.
 Gunner Gray, A. C.
 Gunner Gurner, E. P.
 Gunner Guthridge, A. W.
 Gunner Hale, J. S.
 Gunner Halstead, J. H.
 Gunner Hanlin, H. F.
 Gunner Harley, J. P.
 Gunner Hill, J. M.
 Gunner Hinson, A. E.
 Gunner Hoskin, A. G.
 Gunner Hulls, G. C.
 Gunner Hurst, F. R.
 Gunner Huttley, W. J. H.
 Gunner Ingham, H. S.
 Gunner Irminger, O. G.

Gunner Jacques, G. C.
 Gunner Jordan, W. H.
 Gunner Keegan, R. M.
 Gunner King, N. T.
 Gunner Lawlor, J. F.
 Gunner Leader, P. T.
 Gunner Legge, G.
 Gunner Leslie, F. W.
 Gunner Line, H.
 Gunner Lock, R. N.
 Gunner McBrearty, J.
 Gunner McBrearty, R.
 Gunner McCaskill, R. J.
 Gunner McCulloch, J. H.
 Gunner McGlew, R. H.
 Gunner McInnes, J. A.
 Gunner McNeilage, W. J.
 Gunner McSweeney, F. G.
 Gunner Miller, A. A.
 Gunner Milton, A. W. I.
 Gunner Miners, T. R.
 Gunner Moir, J. A.
 Gunner Muirden, H. R.
 Gunner Mussared, C. R.
 Gunner Newman, C. V.
 Gunner Nicholls, R. C.
 Gunner O'Brien, J. D.
 Gunner O'Brien, W. H.
 Gunner Paranthoime, J. J.
 Gunner Parratt, P. T.
 Gunner Parsey, W. O.
 Gunner Pearson, A. C.,
 Gunner Pike, T.
 Gunner Plumridge, E. W.
 Gunner Rainey, H. W.
 Gunner Roche, E. P.
 Gunner Rothque, W.
 Gunner Rowell, A. W.
 Gunner Sainsbury, J. L.
 Gunner Sampson, W. H.
 Gunner Sangster, F. R.
 Gunner Scott, R.
 Gunner Scott, V. G.
 Gunner Shea, J. P.
 Gunner Sheehan, R. A.
 Gunner Simmons, F. W.
 Gunner Smith, W.
 Gunner Spence, A. G.
 Gunner Stanley, J. I.
 Gunner Stephens, L. H.
 Gunner Stephenson, J. L.
 Gunner Studeman, B. C.
 Gunner Taylor, C. J.
 Gunner Terrell, E. D.
 Gunner Turnbull, D.
 Gunner Vivash, A. E.
 Gunner Wallis, F. R.
 Gunner Watt, W. J.
 Gunner Weller, E. D.
 Gunner Wells, M. L.
 Gunner Whitehand, W.
 Gunner Woodward, V. H.

Company-Sergeant-Major Grace.
 Company-Sergeant-Major Smith.
 Sergeant Affleck, J. A. de L.
 Sergeant Coates, H.
 Sergeant Marshall, P. G.
 Sergeant Williams, H. E.
 Corporal Cockayne, F.
 Corporal Findlay, G. H.
 Corporal Frederick, O. A.
 Corporal Fulton, J.
 Corporal Holden, N.
 Corporal Howells, E.
 Corporal Hunt, B. A.
 Corporal Langford, A. J.
 Corporal Williams, M. H.
 Bombardier Alloway, A.
 Bombardier Asche, E. T.
 Bombardier Atkinson, W. L.
 Bombardier Blair, D. E.
 Bombardier Buchanan, H. D.
 Bombardier Darby, J. E.
 Bombardier Haining, H. R.
 Bombardier Harry, R. H.
 Bombardier Hivett, D.
 Bombardier Mackenzie, J. K. D.
 Bombardier Miller, J. A.
 Bombardier Rowley, G. D.
 Gunner Alyward, A. J.
 Gunner Ashby, R. L. K.
 Gunner Bokford, W. A.
 Gunner Blair, A.
 Gunner Bond, C.
 Gunner Bushell, H. T. J.
 Gunner Barber, J.
 Gunner Benn, P. C.
 Gunner Bodiner, C.
 Gunner Crichton, C. P.
 Gunner Connolly, L. A'B.
 Gunner Clarke, T.
 Gunner Coates, J. R. C.
 Gunner Cordon, L. G.
 Gunner Chepnell, C. H. D.
 Gunner Darling, G. J.
 Gunner Davies, R. W.
 Gunner Davis, D. V.
 Gunner Denholm, H. J.
 Gunner Diprose, O. W.
 Gunner Davenport, A.
 Gunner Driscoll, P. A.
 Gunner Elliott, C. L. G.
 Gunner Fagan, C.
 Gunner Farrington, H. W.
 Gunner Findlay, R. W.
 Gunner Forrestall, L. G.
 Gunner Fry, E. S. G.
 Gunner Gibbins, W. E.
 Gunner Gleeson, H. J.
 Gunner Golder, T.
 Gunner Golder, T. O.
 Gunner Gibbs, C.
 Gunner Gibson, E. M.
 Gunner Hawes, H. S.
 Gunner Hickinbotham, A. R.
 Gunner Hannah, J.
 Gunner Ham, A. T.
 Gunner Heath, R. O.
 Gunner Howie, B. W.

**VICTORIA REINFORCEMENTS—
FIELD ARTILLERY**

LIEUT. CREED.
 LIEUT. HOGGATE.

Gunner Hutton, A. A.
 Gunner Hodges, J. A.
 Gunner Irving, L. A.
 Gunner Jones, D.
 Gunner Joske, J.
 Gunner King, A. V.
 Gunner Knedle, J. T.
 Gunner Knight, I. W.
 Gunner Lemon, H. McD.
 Gunner Lee, G. J.
 Gunner Lay, N. I.
 Gunner Ladd, F.
 Gunner Lynch, P.
 Gunner Lowe, J.
 Gunner Matoorekos, P.
 Gunner Madill, A. J.
 Gunner Mitchell, J. S.
 Gunner Marsh, J. O.
 Gunner Muir, W.
 Gunner Muecke, E. W. L.
 Gunner Mortimer, R. W.
 Gunner Murray, N. K.
 Gunner Meek, A. W.
 Gunner Major, B.
 Gunner McInnes, A. T. B.
 Gunner McCague, H. A.
 Gunner McAlister, R. F.
 Gunner McCarthy, J. B.
 Gunner Nicholls, G. S.
 Gunner Officer, W. R. G.
 Gunner O'Grady, F. A.
 Gunner Oswald, J.
 Gunner Paine, D. W.
 Gunner Pennycook, R.
 Gunner Pearse, A. H.
 Gunner Parlato, E. T.
 Gunner Puckridge, G. W.
 Gunner Rattray, G. K.
 Gunner Rasmussen, A.
 Gunner Rogerson, S. W.
 Gunner Runnalls, R.
 Gunner Robinson, H. J.
 Gunner Ross, A.
 Gunner Rendall, W.
 Gunner Rees, R. C.
 Gunner Reilly, H. C.
 Gunner Rannard, D.
 Gunner Rose, J. B.
 Gunner Ryan, A.
 Gunner Syle, C.
 Gunner Spencer, L. R. V.
 Gunner Scott, A. H.
 Gunner Swanston, H.
 Gunner Salter, A. J.
 Gunner Snow, H.
 Gunner Sands, G.
 Gunner Saw, H. T.
 Gunner Spaulding, G. T.
 Gunner Tudor, F. G.
 Gunner Taylor, N. G.
 Gunner Taylor, E. J.
 Gunner Tomsett, F. W.
 Gunner Tonkin, E. R.
 Gunner Valentine, A.
 Gunner Weatherley, E. J.
 Gunner Wilson, E. G.

Gunner Wright, S.
 Gunner Walker, C. E.
 Gunner White, P. F.

N.S.W. REINFORCEMENTS

LIEUT. CHAPMAN, F. E.
 LIEUT. STANWIX, C. H.
 Sergeant Bradstreet, E. J.
 Sergeant Pike, F.
 Sergeant Smith, C. W.
 Sergeant Treatt, V. H.
 Corporal Angus, W. D.
 Corporal Connell, R.
 Corporal Dutton, W. A.
 Corporal Loram, A. V.
 Corporal Macdonald, P. S. G.
 Corporal Pain, H. C.
 Corporal Small, B. H.
 Bombardier Adam, G. R.
 Bombardier Berchdolt, A.
 Bombardier Byrne, J. E.
 Bombardier Connah, F.
 Bombardier Evans, A. P.
 Bombardier Frost, A. J. S.
 Bombardier Innes, A. C.
 Bombardier Kingham, H. W.
 Bombardier Loveband, H. B.
 Bombardier Maloney, F.
 Bombardier O'Reilly, W. C.
 Bombardier Rodgers, H. T.
 Gunner Aston, A. S.
 Gunner Balfe, N. V.
 Gunner Bannister, H. K.
 Gunner Bardon, J. H.
 Gunner Barkla, V. T.
 Gunner Beedham, A.
 Gunner Bingham, M.
 Gunner Boddington, A.
 Gunner Bourke, A. V.
 Gunner Bowly, N.
 Gunner Boyce, J. M.
 Gunner Bray, L. S.
 Gunner Buchanan, A.
 Gunner Buchham, F. W.
 Gunner Burton, W. H.
 Gunner Chambers, P. N.
 Gunner Chase, C.
 Gunner Cooper, R. A.
 Gunner Copp, A. C.
 Gunner Cotterill, G. F.
 Gunner Coulon, F. P.
 Gunner Cox, C. H.
 Gunner Craig, T. H.
 Gunner Daniel, L. W.
 Gunner Daniels, W. W. S.
 Gunner Davies, H. E.
 Gunner Denford, C. R.
 Gunner Dorph, C. G. A.
 Gunner Druce, W. L. R.
 Gunner Duffy, J. F.
 Gunner Elliott, R. S.
 Gunner Eldershaw, J. St. E.
 Gunner Farmer, W.
 Gunner Fenton, V. J. E.
 Gunner Fouracre, T.

Gunner Frost, W. E. T.
 Gunner Geddes, H. T. F.
 Gunner Gibbons, F. F.
 Gunner Gibson, F. L.
 Gunner Graham, W. L.
 Gunner Gray, H. D.
 Gunner Gray, R. E.
 Gunner Greene, A. G.
 Gunner Gunn, K. W.
 Gunner Hamilton, G. G.
 Gunner Hamilton, R. G.
 Gunner Hamilton, E. G.
 Gunner Harden, E. D.
 Gunner Hatten, T. L.
 Gunner Hawley, H. A.
 Gunner Haydon, R. H.
 Gunner Henry-Macdonald, C.
 Gunner Hickson, R. J. L.
 Gunner Hogg, D. J.
 Gunner Hood, W. C.
 Gunner Howell, A. P.
 Gunner Ireland, C. R. N.
 Gunner Jamison, L. G.
 Gunner Johnson, H. W.
 Gunner Johnston, G. A.
 Gunner Kidston, R.
 Gunner King, J.
 Gunner Kingsbury, H. S.
 Gunner Landy, J. H.
 Gunner Lawrence, R. E.
 Gunner Lindsay, J. B.
 Gunner Ling, H. H.
 Gunner Lord, K. S.
 Gunner Lynch, B.
 Gunner Lyons, W. C.
 Gunner Mackay, C. G.
 Gunner Maiden, R. G.
 Gunner Mathison, G.
 Gunner Milne, A.
 Gunner Miller, K. G.
 Gunner McAlpine, W. F.
 Gunner McDonell, J. D.
 Gunner McLachlan, A. S.
 Gunner McLaughlin, J. G.
 Gunner McLaughlin, T. W.
 Gunner Nash, L. M.
 Gunner Parkin, R.
 Gunner Phelps, H. E.
 Gunner Phelps, K.
 Gunner Phillips, E. H.
 Gunner Poulter, T. G.
 Gunner Pring, S.
 Gunner Purss, W. E.
 Gunner Rae, C. J.
 Gunner Ramsey, V. J.
 Gunner Richards, P. J.
 Gunner Robertson, C. S.
 Gunner Robertson, W. F.
 Gunner Robson, P. H.
 Gunner Samuel, T. H.
 Gunner Sephton, A.
 Gunner Sheridan, C.
 Gunner Shirley, G. A.
 Gunner Skinner, E. J.
 Gunner Solling, P. F.
 Gunner Stevenson, M. V.

The Limber Log

Gunner Stockman, F. G.
 Gunner Stones, S.
 Gunner Stutchbury, T. T.
 Gunner Thacker, A. H.
 Gunner Thomas, L. N.
 Gunner Thorpe, E. C.
 Gunner Vance, J. E. H.
 Gunner Wadie, H.
 Gunner Walker, P.
 Gunner Walters, H. V.
 Gunner Webb, U. B.
 Gunner Wells, T. A.
 Gunner Whatmuff, C.
 Gunner Whitley, C. E.

**N.S.W. REINFORCEMENTS—
 FIELD ARTILLERY**

LIEUT. BEGG, C. E.
 LIEUT. GATES, C. J.
 Acting Sergeant Gore, R. T.
 Acting Sergeant Hardy, R. J.
 Acting Sergeant Inglis, R. C.
 Acting Sergeant Mercer, R. S.
 Acting Sergeant Street, T. R.
 Acting Corporal Arnott, W. H.
 Acting Corporal Campbell, H. G.
 Acting Corporal Churton, C. H.
 Acting Corporal Colman, L. C.
 Acting Corporal Morris, J. F.
 Acting Corporal Rofe, A. B. T.
 Acting Corporal Rossborough, J. A.
 Bombardier Benjamin, J. J.
 Bombardier Castleman, W. C.
 Bombardier Dakin, A. W.
 Bombardier Elliott, H. E.
 Bombardier Leggo, E. N. C.
 Bombardier Martyn, G. C.
 Bombardier Malligan, W.
 Bombardier Moir, J. L.
 Bombardier McCormick, D. T.
 Bombardier Pain, A. C.
 Gunner Armitage, A. E.
 Gunner Armitage, A. S.
 Gunner Armour, R. L.
 Gunner Adams, A. A.
 Gunner Ainsworth, D. N. H.
 Gunner Andrews, R. H.
 Gunner Annen, S. O.
 Gunner Baldwin, C. D.
 Gunner Bennett, H. I.
 Gunner Bretherton, S. E.
 Gunner Bruggy, H.
 Gunner Burnell, W. J.
 Gunner Barrett, O. S.
 Gunner Bennison, P. S.
 Gunner Beveridge, E. H.
 Gunner Boyd, G. L.
 Gunner Bretherton, J.
 Gunner Black, F. C.
 Gunner Chamberlin, P. J.
 Gunner Close, S. P.
 Gunner Cross, W. H.
 Gunner Caddy, L. J.
 Gunner Cains, W. G.
 Gunner Cook, B. R.

Gunner Chalmers, W. J.
 Gunner Christiansen, M.
 Gunner Chalmers, J.
 Gunner Campbell, P. C.
 Gunner Chamberlin, V. J.
 Gunner Chapman, A. L.
 Gunner Claremont, L. F.
 Gunner Clark, R. H.
 Gunner Clark, R. M.
 Gunner Clarke, C. W.
 Gunner Colley, R. A.
 Gunner Connor, E. A.
 Gunner Cox, R. E.
 Gunner Crofts, H.
 Gunner Crowley, C. R.
 Gunner Dalton, G. A.
 Gunner Dalton, W.
 Gunner Dennis, C. A.
 Gunner Downes, H. E.
 Gunner Drower, A. C.
 Gunner De Saxe, H. B.
 Gunner Downes, G. B.
 Gunner Dunk, E. A. R.
 Gunner Durham, W. G.
 Gunner Ferguson, C. J.
 Gunner Fortey, R.
 Gunner Graham, G. D.
 Gunner Greaser, W. P.
 Gunner Green, E. C.
 Gunner Gillard, G. E.
 Gunner Gillies, N.
 Gunner Gow, R. B.
 Gunner Harrison, R. B.
 Gunner Henderson, A.
 Gunner Howard, J. P. J.
 Gunner Hunter, J. W. C.
 Gunner Hannam, W. G.
 Gunner Harnett, S. H.
 Gunner Harper, J. M. R.
 Gunner Harrison, W. J.
 Gunner Hill, S. B.
 Gunner Horne, H. H.
 Gunner Hovenden, V. A. J.
 Gunner James, J. A.
 Gunner Johnston, J. N.
 Gunner Jones, J. P.
 Gunner Kittle, A. W.
 Gunner Kearney, T.
 Gunner Knight, H. M.
 Gunner Leggett, R. A.
 Gunner Lester, J. H.
 Gunner Mathias, R.
 Gunner Murdoch, A.
 Gunner MacFarlane, H.
 Gunner McFarland, R. B.
 Gunner McPherson, H. K.
 Gunner McCormick, W. C.
 Gunner McLean, F. S.
 Gunner Martin, G. S.
 Gunner O'Connor, H. W.
 Gunner Oliver, W. J.
 Gunner O'Neil, F.
 Gunner Phillips, A. T.
 Gunner Patterson, W. R.
 Gunner Platkin-Haim, S.
 Gunner Ross, A. H.

Gunner Rabbitts, S. K.
 Gunner Riches, W.
 Gunner Roberts, M. H.
 Gunner Roberts, J. H.
 Gunner Ritches, C.
 Gunner Simpson, A. E.
 Gunner Sargeant, A. G.
 Gunner Scott, L. B.
 Gunner Shepherd, F.
 Gunner Smith, H. D.
 Gunner Singleton, E. C.
 Gunner Stephenson, W. D.
 Gunner Stuart, L. A.
 Gunner Stuart-Russell, H.
 Gunner Thomson, J.
 Gunner Thomas, H. M.
 Gunner Thompson, P.
 Gunner Vyner, H. P. C.
 Gunner Whitpain, R. S.
 Gunner Williams, D. J.
 Gunner Wyer, J.
 Gunner White, R. E.
 Gunner Williams, B. J.
 Gunner Waterson, C. R.
 Gunner Wright, C. V.

N.S.W. REINFORCEMENTS

LIEUT. DANIEL, A. C.
 LIEUT. MIDDLETON, A. G.
 Sergeant Chambers, E. R.
 Sergeant Gandy, A. H.
 Sergeant Trooper O'Hara, R.
 Sergeant Loney, E. A.
 Sergeant Willis, L. C.
 Corporal Butler, S. W. B.
 Corporal Glover, E. R.
 Corporal Gresham, H. S.
 Corporal Hanlon, L. A.
 Corporal McConnell, C. C.
 Corporal McFadden, D. H.
 Corporal Shaw, J. B. F. G.
 Corporal Webb, L. B.
 Bombardier Cameron, D. J.
 Bombardier Coghlan, E. J.
 Bombardier Dowling, K. S. S.
 Bombardier Gillespie, A. G.
 Bombardier Kelly, F. P.
 Bombardier McAuley, D. T.
 Bombardier Morris, F. S. G.
 Bombardier Reah, A.
 Gunner Archer, F. E.
 Gunner Avery, L. E.
 Gunner Beardmore, E. B.
 Gunner Bellamy, K. E. C.
 Gunner Berry, J. H.
 Gunner Bethune, C. C.
 Gunner Black, R.
 Gunner Bolton, P. T.
 Gunner Broinowski, S.
 Gunner Brown, K. C. W.
 Gunner Burley, J.
 Gunner Callaghan, O. G.
 Gunner Cary, W. H.
 Gunner Cavenagh, A. W.
 Gunner Chapple, R. A.

Gunner Crane, L. G.
 Gunner Crawford, R.
 Gunner Clifton, D. V.
 Gunner Corbett, F. A.
 Gunner Couch, A. B.
 Gunner Cox, H.
 Gunner Cropley, R. T.
 Gunner Cunningham, C. M.
 Gunner Dale, G.
 Gunner Davies, C. N.
 Gunner Dean, P. R.
 Gunner Dinning, G. A.
 Gunner Doust, C. B.
 Gunner Dymock, W. D. L.
 Gunner Dyson, E.
 Gunner Ewing, A. A.
 Gunner Farmer, C. H. R.
 Gunner Farnhill, E.
 Gunner Ferris, R. B.
 Gunner Fleming, B. J.
 Gunner Flood, H. J. G.
 Gunner Flower, K. A.
 Gunner Fuller, A. J.
 Gunner Gallagher, A.
 Gunner Georgeson, T. L.
 Gunner Gray, C. P.
 Gunner Goode, W. H.
 Gunner Hain, L. T.
 Gunner Hall, G. R.
 Gunner Hamilton, R. S.
 Gunner Hart, J. S.
 Gunner Henderson, A. S.
 Gunner Hoe, W. H.
 Gunner Honey, S.
 Gunner Horder, R. J.
 Gunner Horne, A. T.
 Gunner Houston, W. R.
 Gunner Howse, B. O.
 Gunner Humberta, J. H.
 Gunner Ingham, F.
 Gunner Irvine, T. A.
 Gunner Jago, T. C.
 Gunner King, R. R.
 Gunner Lake, E. C.
 Gunner Leng, E. E.
 Gunner Lock, H.
 Gunner Lothian, W. W.
 Gunner Louden, W. D.
 Gunner MacGregor, A. G.
 Gunner MacInnes, M. C.
 Gunner McCallum, C. J.
 Gunner McCully, S. R.
 Gunner McDougall, A. K.
 Gunner McDougall, L. C.
 Gunner McDougall, D. W.
 Gunner McIntyre, W.
 Gunner McKenzie, J. R.
 Gunner McMaster, F.
 Gunner McPherson, R.
 Gunner Nash, D. H.
 Gunner Newton, A. H.
 Gunner Norman, A.
 Gunner Norris, H.
 Gunner North, A. J.
 Gunner Parker, T. V.
 Gunner Paull, F. E.

Gunner Pederson, F. L.
 Gunner Pinkerton, A. R.
 Gunner Pollock, J. E.
 Gunner Porter, T.
 Gunner Probert, R.
 Gunner Ralston, D. K.
 Gunner Ralston, G. A.
 Gunner Ralston, W. A.
 Gunner Robertson, J. M.
 Gunner Robinson, R. T.
 Gunner Ruwald, C. C.
 Gunner Searle, E. A.
 Gunner Smith, C. S.
 Gunner Stanford, R. F.
 Gunner Stirling, J. T.
 Gunner Stitt, H. R.
 Trooper Tierney, N. V.
 Gunner Till, C. S.
 Gunner Thompson, A. J.
 Gunner Thompson, F. W. F.
 Gunner True, J. E.
 Gunner Valentine, H. R.
 Gunner Vardy, L. St. J.
 Gunner Walker, H. L.
 Gunner Walsh, C. H. M.
 Gunner Walters, A. G.
 Gunner Watson, D.
 Gunner Whipp, R. B.
 Gunner Whitehill, W. C.
 Gunner Williams, I. W.
 Gunner Willis, C. W.
 Gunner Wilson, A.
 Gunner Wilson, G. R.
 Gunner Wilson, L.
 Gunner Wood, W. G.

A.A.M.C. JUNE REINFORCEMENTS

CAPT. BEARE, F. H.
 CAPT. CAIRNS, H. W. B.
 CAPT. LONDON, G. S.
 CAPT. THOMPSON, C. G. (S.M.O.).

VICTORIA.

Sergeant Lloyd, F. A.
 Lance-Corporal Doyle, E. A.
 Lance-Corporal Trompf, H. L.
 Private Abbott, T.
 Private Bell, W.
 Private Bett, G.
 Private Bishop, A. H.
 Private Cohen, V. J.
 Private Coney, G. V.
 Private Crystal, P. H.
 Private Dunand, C. E.
 Private Grigsby, G. H.
 Private Harris, M.
 Private Holland, H.
 Private Hurst, E. S.
 Private Ing, A. J.
 Private Jones, J. R.
 Private Lane, N. H.
 Private Largeveldt, W.
 Private McDonald, S. L.
 Private Morris, F.
 Private Nicholls, A. V.

Private Northfield, F. W.
 Private Odgers, V. E.
 Private Parker, W. H.
 Private Phillips, V. J.
 Private Prowse, W. L.
 Private Shaw, A. J.
 Private Shaw, J. W.
 Private Smith, G. A.
 Private Small, C. G.
 Private Stafford, R. C.
 Private Waite, H. J.
 Private Watts, C. H.
 Private White, A. J.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Staff Sergeant Cooke, J. W.
 Lance-Sergeant Corker, G. W.
 Corporal Jones, S. H. J.
 Lance-Corporal Venn, W.
 Private Bayliss, J. G.
 Private Baxter, C. A.
 Private Brotherton, E.
 Private Brown, R. A.
 Private Buckley, E. J.
 Private Campbell, C. R.
 Private Cotton, C. E.
 Private Craig, B. W.
 Private Donneson, J.
 Private Flynn, M. J.
 Private Hannon, W. J.
 Private Hanson, C. H.
 Private Harrod, M.
 Private Hunt, H. C.
 Private Keirle, N. H. D.
 Private Mason, W. A.
 Private Mills, T. H.
 Private Mumford, H.
 Private Newman, J. W.
 Private O'Halloran, M. C.
 Private Oliphant, P. E.
 Private Powrie, F. J.
 Private Ross, D. H.
 Private Skinner, J. J.
 Private Worsfold, A. G.
 Private Worsnop, F.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Lance-Sergeant Clarke, W. C.
 Corporal Theel, P. E.
 Private Burgess, L. P.
 Private Conway, N. R. C.
 Private Curtis, R.
 Private Glover, R.
 Private Harris, H.
 Private Herlihy, J.
 Private Kilmartin, J. J. P.
 Private Lewis, H.
 Private Lloyd, H. R.
 Private Miller, K. G.
 Private Miller, W. C.
 Private Nairne, E. R.
 Private Neighbour, L.
 Private Neighbour, L. R.
 Private Oliver, H.
 Private Penhall, W. G. L.
 Private Piercy, E. R.
 Private Renfrey, C. J. P.

The Limber Log

Private Sands, G. J.
Private Simpson, A. B.
Private Spencer, W.
Private Wilson, C. C.

RAILWAY SECTION

Warrant Officer Fleming, J. G.
Company-Sergeant-Major Moyon, V. A.
Company-Sergeant-Major Page, A. J.
Sergeant Payne, T.
Sergeant Ramsay, W. H.
Sergeant Tasker, R. J.
Sergeant Whiteford, D.
Sergeant Wilkinson, A. A.
Corporal Anderson, H. E.
Corporal Bedford, A. W.
Corporal Davies, A. H. C.
Corporal Forsyth, J.
Corporal Slade, W. T.
Corporal Thomas, D. A.
2nd Corporal Boddington, N. W.
2nd Corporal Butterworth, D.
2nd Corporal Craven, C. E.
2nd Corporal Duffy, C. H.
2nd Corporal Gardiner, D.
2nd Corporal Grainger, H. J.
2nd Corporal Hamilton, A.
2nd Corporal Hampson, A. J.
2nd Corporal Holland, W.
2nd Corporal Joyce, H.
2nd Corporal Kunkel, D. J.
2nd Corporal Loton, A. E.
2nd Corporal McKenzie, J. R. L.
2nd Corporal Ryan, J. S.
2nd Corporal Walker, C. G.
2nd Corporal Ward, A.
Private Abell, R. D. P.
Private Alexander, J. G.
Private Allen, M. W. R.
Private Allen, G. W.
Private Allen, J. H.
Private Arnott, G. H. G.
Private Ashby, M. J. C.
Private Axford, H. J.
Private Bagley, L.
Private Bamford, H.
Private Bates, L. G.
Private Benjamin, M.
Private Booth, L. W.
Private Bremner, T. C.
Private Brook, S. H.
Private Brown, W. P.
Private Bruce, H. R.
Private Burnett, J. C.
Private Burns, G. H.
Private Calley, G. J.
Private Cameron, W. M.
Private Carty, R. C.
Private Cole, A. E.
Private Collins, H. E.
Private Davison, R. W.

Private Dietman, H. W.
Private Drewitt, W. H.
Private Erikson, E. J.
Private Elliott, J. W.
Private Finch, E. J.
Private Fulwood, A.
Private Gilchrist, E.
Private Harris, E. C.
Private Harrison, G.
Private Harry, T. H.
Private Hills, J. H.
Private Hodges, G. J.
Private Hogan, V. P.
Private Holl, A. W. M.
Private Hughes, H. W.
Private Inder, G. F.
Private Johnson, W.
Private Jones, F. W.
Private Judd, C. E.
Private Kelly, A.
Private Langham, T.
Private Laver, J.
Private Lines, N. J. H.
Private Mason, R. G.
Private Marshall, F. L.
Private May, T. H.
Private Moodie, J. H.
Private Mullins, D. R.
Private Munford, F.
Private McDonald, C. G.
Private McInnes, J.
Private McVilly, O. R. S.
Private Newson, H. T.
Private Nichols, A. J.
Private Nicholls, R. H.
Private Parkinson, F.
Private Paterson, C. F. A.
Private Quayle, T. E.
Private Rees, C. B.
Private Riddel, W.
Private Rigby, A. E.
Private Rippingale, A. E.
Private Savage, H.
Private Scott, A. J.
Private Simpson, F. B.
Private Smith, J. E.
Private Snadden, J.
Private Snadden, P.
Private Sparks, W. J.
Private Stuart, W.
Private Stephens, V. B.
Private Steventon, E. O.
Private Swain, L. C. N.
Private Taylor, G.
Private Trapp, W. C.
Private Underhill, T.
Private Viney, A. L.
Private Waldron, E.
Private Wennerbom, W. E.
Private Widmer, R.
Private Williams, G. J.
Private Whiteford, E. J.

Private Wilkinson, G. A.
Private Winfield, E. A.

Signallers

Sapper Brook, B. A.
Sapper Brooks, C. B.
Sapper Beneke, W.
Sapper Duncan, J. R.
Sapper O'Born, A. D.
Sapper Parker, W. T.
Sapper Roberts, E. I.
Sapper Waterhouse, G. E.

FLYING CORPS

15th Sept. Reinforcements

Sergeant Cameron, J.
Corporal Wagstaff, R.
Corporal Matthews, G. P.
Lance-Corporal Benville, W. R.
Lance-Corporal Broomhall, E. B.
Lance-Corporal Cox, G. W.
Lance-Corporal Duffy, L. J.
Lance-Corporal Hanson, T.
Lance-Corporal Hoare, C.
Lance-Corporal Ponsonby, J. B.
Air Mechanic Altman, C. C.
Air Mechanic Arthur-McDonald, C. A.
Air Mechanic Bell, F. L.
Air Mechanic Broomhall, G.
Air Mechanic Craig, A. E.
Air Mechanic Dewar, E. T.
Air Mechanic Elliott, W.
Air Mechanic Gadd, A. H.
Air Mechanic Gilson, D. D.
Air Mechanic Hall, F. L.
Air Mechanic Hanly, J. K.
Air Mechanic Harris, A. S.
Air Mechanic Harrison, B.
Air Mechanic Hawkes, J. S.
Air Mechanic Hedley, C. H.
Air Mechanic Hobday, H.
Air Mechanic Jeffcoat, C. L.
Air Mechanic Kightly, A.
Air Mechanic Le Maistre, V.
Air Mechanic Mayall, C. H.
Air Mechanic Milne, J. S.
Air Mechanic Munro, J. L.
Air Mechanic McCook, C. S.
Air Mechanic McLennan, G.
Air Mechanic Newell, A. A.
Air Mechanic Sands, J. C.
Air Mechanic Sinclair, C. E.
Air Mechanic Simpson, E. E.
Air Mechanic Taylor, R. G.
Air Mechanic Thompson, W. J.
Air Mechanic Tolland, D. A.
Air Mechanic Varley, A.
Air Mechanic Walker, H. W.
Air Mechanic Waters, W. P.
Air Mechanic Whitting, J.
Air Mechanic Wilson, S. H. C.
Air Mechanic Williams, R.

AN APPRECIATION.

On behalf of the men for whose benefit the Limber Log has been published, I wish to sincerely thank the Committee who have worked so hard towards its production. A special word, we all agree, is due to Gunner A. K. Anderson, who, starting out as Secretary for this Souvenir, found himself eventually as Editor, Business Manager, and General Information Bureau all in one, owing to the different destinations of the various members of the Committee.

The perpetual question, "When is the book coming down, Andy?" still found him cheerful, where many others would have lost considerable patience. In the days to come, when many of those whose doings the Limber Log records will be but a memory, we will realise only too well the real work of the Committee.

J. H. MACPHERSON.

As Secretary of the Limber Log, which has, after many ups and downs, finally materialised, I wish to thank all those who have so willingly assisted in various ways towards its production. The "diggers"—and I use the term with its Army significance—have loyally supported the production of this Souvenir all through, and their support has not been without appreciation. I wish especially to thank Gunner "Olly" Cox, whose assistance was indeed vital, and without which this Souvenir would probably have never seen publication.

A. K. ANDERSON,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMORANDA

MEMORANDA

MEMORANDA.

Printed by Cassell & Co., Ltd., London.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF VICTORIA