WITH THE DIGGERS
1914 - 1918
Foreword

Ever since the formation of THE FOURTH DIVISION A.M.C. ASSOCIATION it has been the wish of the Members that we should have some permanent record to the memory of our Fallen Comrades: The following pages are the expression of that wish. They are intended primarily as an acknowledgment by those who Returned of their pride in the brave and faithful Un-returned.

The Rolls of Honor contain the names of One Hundred and Eighteen (116) Members of the FOURTH, TWELFTH, and THIRTEENTH FIELD AMBULANCES, A.I.F., who made the Supreme Sacrifice.

This memento, which though slight in itself, is expressive of boundless sympathy, is also tendered to those whose thoughts inevitably turn with pride mingled with sorrow to the West where the Great Ones are gone, in the hope that they will find in their sorrow a new pride in those whose memories they fondly cherish, and a new link with their never-to-be-forgotten dead.

The compiler desires to extend his thanks to the Digger artists and to a number of other modest helpers for their assistance, helpful suggestions, and practical support.

MELBOURNE, August 9th, 1933.
"Next We Forget"

Perhaps we shall never quite be free of the memory of the sinister shadow of yesterday, nor even move in the light of the new day without some reminder of the sorrow that has come to many a home, but the bitterest hour of our anguish is past and our sorrow is softened by the sacred pride in those "who lie in some foreign field" — a pride we knew not before. That is the heritage they bequeathed to us. They would not have it otherwise. Therefore let us hail the new day gladly; for by their sacrifice we live, by their heroism do we see the glistening fields of peace, through the memory of their endurance and honor shall we solve the problems that confront us. They have given us new worlds for old, new values of life and death; from them we have caught the spirit of high endeavor, and learned that life after all is a great adventure with sacrifice for others.

If they could look at it so, even through the murky veil of tragedy that encompassed them, shall we do less?

(S.J.S.)

The blood of valiant sons was shed
That we might dwell 'neath peaceful skies,
Keep green their memory; they are not dead,
On their ideals our nationhood shall rise.

.... .... ....

They sleep elsewhere in their eternal youth,
With flag o'er them, God's flag of truth.
They live in hearts. To them our homage give
For glorious deeds that we might live.

----Fred Johns.
RETURNED SOLDIERS BADGE

CHRISTMAS 1914

PRINCESS MARY GIFT TIN
CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR.

1914.
June 28 Assassination of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria.
July 28 Austria declares war on Serbia.
Aug. 1 Germany declares war on Russia.
" 3 Germany declares war on France.
" 4 Germany invades and declares war on Belgium.
Great Britain declares war on Germany.
10 Recruiting for A.I.F. opens.
12 H.M.A.S. "Sydney" and Destroyers raid Blanche Bay.
19 A.N. & M.E.F. leaves Sydney.
23 Japan declares war on Germany and blockades Tsingtau.
Battle of Mons begins.
28 Battle of Heligoland Bight.
Sept. 6 Battle of Marnes begins.
6/10 German invasion repelled.
10 German Cruiser "Emden" first raids in the Bay of Bengal.
11 A.N. and M.E.F. lands in New Britain.
14 Battle of Aisne begins.
17 Third Fisher Government takes office.
22 Aboukir, Cressy, and Egoche torpedoed in North Sea.
Oct. 31 Turkey enters the war.
Nov. 1 First Australian Contingent leaves Australia.
Battle of Coronel.
3 Yarmouth bombarded by German cruisers.
7 Japanese capture Tsingtau.
9 "Emden" destroyed by H.M.A.S. "Sydney".
24 Formation of Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.
Dec. 4 First A. & N.Z. Contingent reaches Egypt.
8 Battle of Falkland Islands.
16 Hartlepool bombarded by German Warships.

1915.
Feb. 17 H.M.A.S. "Australia" joins the Grand Fleet.
19 Dardanelles outer forts bombarded by Allied warships.
March 10/13 Battle of Neuve Chapelle.
12 Sir Ian Hamilton commands Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.
18 Allied naval attack on Dardanelles forts repulsed.
Apr. 22 Second Battle of Ypres; poison gas used by Germans.
25 Allies land on Gallipoli Peninsula.
May 6/8 Second Battle of Krithia.
7 "Lusitania" torpedoed on S.W. Coast of Ireland.
23 Italy declares war on Austria.
27 Sir Henry Jackson appointed First Sea Lord.
June 5 Surgeon General Ford assumes entire administrative control of A.A.M.C.
Aug. 6 Launching of August offensive in Gallipoli.
6/10 Battles of Lone Pine, Sari Bair, and Suvla Bay.
21 Italy declares war on Turkey.
25 Germans occupy Brest-Litovsk.
Sept. 25 Battles of Champagne and Loos begin.
28 Capture of Kut-al-Amara by General Townshend.
Oct. 5 Allied troops at Salonica.

(Cont.)
1912.  
Oct. 15  State of war between Bulgaria and Great Britain.

1913.  
Jan.  31  First Hughes Government takes office.

1914.  
Apr. 19  Colonel House replaces General Hillhouse as D.M.O., A.I.J.

1915.  
Oct.  4  Evacuation of Suvla and Anzac completed.

1916.  
Jan.  11  German raider "Moeve" reported in Atlantic.

Feb. 11  Reorganisation of A.I.F. I and II Anzac Corps formed.

Mar. 20  Erzerum taken by Russians.

Mar. 26  Battle of Verdun begins.

Apr.  25  German naval raid on Lowestoft.

May  3  Surrender of General Townshend at Kut.

June  8  Australian Government purchases 15 British steamers.

July  1  First Battle of the Somme begins.

July 9  Surrender of German Forces in S.A. Africa.

Aug.  7  Battle of Pozières Ridge begins.

Aug. 27  Battle of Romani.

Sept. 27  Sortie of German High Sea Fleet.

Sept.  5  Romania enters the war.


Sept. 28  First conscription referendum in Australia.

Nov. 22  Second Hughes Government takes office.

Dec.  8  German naval raid on Lowestoft.

1917.  

Mar. 11  Sir David Beatty takes over the Grand Fleet.

Mar. 25  German raider "Woolf" leaves Kiel.

Mar. 29  German raider "Seeadler" leaves Germany.

Apr.  6  German "unrestricted" submarine campaign renewed.

May  9  Australian National War Government takes office.

May 11  Russian Revolution begins.

June  1  German destroyers shell Ramsgate.

June 22  "Moeve" returns to Germany from her second raid.

Sept.  3  First Battle of Gaza.

Sept.  8  United States America declares War on Germany.

Sept. 11  Battles of Arras, 1917, begin (Australians engaged at Bullecourt).

May  1  American Destroyer flotilla arrives in British waters.

July  8  Battle of Messines.

July 23  Big German aeroplane raid on London in daylight.

Aug.  3  First contingent of American troops arrives in France.

Aug. 31  "Woolf" lays mine-field off Gabo Island.

Sept.  3  Third Battle of Ypres begins.

Sept. 26  Australian Infantry attack in Flanders.

Oct.  4  Battle of Polygon Wood begins.

Oct. 12  First Battle of Passchendaele.
WAR CHRONOLOGY (Cont.) 3

1917.
Oct. 14 Australian destroyers begin patrolling in Adriatic.
Nov. 27 Third Battle of Gaza begins.
Dec. 9 Lenin's coup d'état at Petrograd.
Dec. 20 Capture of Jerusalem.
Dec. 26 Second conscription referendum in Australia.
Sir Rosslyn becomes First Sea Lord.

1918.
Jan. 1 Australian Corps formed.
Jan. 18 "Wolff" returns to Germany.
Mar. 5 Treaty of Brest-Litovsk between Germany and Russia.
Mar. 21 Final German offensive in France begins.
Apr. 23 British Naval Raid on Zeebrugge and Ostend.
July 18 France-American attack north of the Marne.
Aug. 6/11 Battle of Amiens.
Sept. 19 Final British advance in Palestine begins.
Sept. 30 Capture of Damascus.
Oct. 31 Armistice with Turkey comes into force.
Nov. 3 Armistice with Austria Hungary.
Naval mutiny at Kiel.

1918. ARMISTICE WITH GERMANY SIGNED.

1919.
Jan. 18 Peace Conference opens at Versailles.

1921.
May 2 Military occupation of German New Guinea ends.

1926.
Dec. 15/22 International Pacific Health Conference held in Melbourne.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends

PRO REGE ET PATRIA

1914 HONOR ROLL 1919

Aynsley R.
Pleazard, W. J.
Bowman, L. E.
Chisholm W. B.
Connor, A. L.
Curtis, A. X.
Cush, F. V.
Dolman, L. J.
Donald, E.
Dubricick F. M.
Elliott, G.
Esdaile, E. A.
Floyd, L. L.
Gillett, A. S. L.
Gillman, J.
Gordon, J. L.
Hiller, R. G. M.
Hadlow, W. A.
Haley, H. G.
Hanson, R. G.
Hogan, J.
James, J. A.
Jones, E. H.
Kedell, C. M.
Kiehl, A.
Loone, E. G.
Miller, G. V.

Mitchell, J. H.
Murphy, C. J.
McCreedie, R. B.
McGuire, J. E.
McPhee, V.
McQuillan J. F.
O'Brien, J. C.
Olson, A.
Paish, A. W.
Parker, W. C.
Pickard, E. H.
Pritchard, C. M.
Pullen, A.
Rentoul, J. W.
Saunders, W. E.
Smith, C. S.
Smith, J. H. G.
Smith, W. F.
Stirling, L. R.
Stout, H.
Synot, H. W.
Thomas, A. S.
Toulmin, A. D.
Troon, H.
Warrener, G. V.
Woodmatt, F. B. M.
Worden, E. M.
Smart, A. E.

FOURTH FIELD AMBULANCE. A. I. F.

They gave their lives. For that public gift they received a praise which never ages and a tomb most glorious - not so much the tomb in which they lie, but that in which their fame survives, to be remembered for ever when occasion comes for word or deed . . . . . . . . . . . .
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

PRO REGENT PATRIA

1914 - HONOR ROLL - 1919

Agnew, J. W. A.           Murphy, F. P.
Anderson, D. V. K.         MacKenzie, T.
Aston, A. J.               Nancarrow, H.
Chamberlain, F. R.         Parkinson, A. E.
Chapman, A. A.             Parter, G. J.
Daniel, S. N. V.           Power, L.
Dean, S. A.                Sedler, N. H.
Dix, Q. W.                 Sheedy, J.
Francis, A. R.             Stevenson, C. H.
Hanlon, W. F.              Stewart, M. G.
Hoare, R.                  Tampling, N. G.
Ruthwaite, V. R.           Turner, T. S.
Howgate, A. E.             Vermun, J.
James, W. C.               Ward, L. T.
Kilmartin, T. G.           Weir, S.

12TH FIELD AMBULANCE, A.I.F.

They gave their lives. For that public gift they received a praise which never ages and a tomb most glorious - not so much the tomb in which they lie, but that in which their fame survives, to be remembered for ever when occasion comes for word or deed. . . . . . . . . . .
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Pro Rege et Patria

1914-1918 Honor Roll

Adams, A.J. Lougher, W.
Banks, R.O. Lyndon, E.W.
Blennhasset, A.J. Mair, T.H.
Blackwell, C.R. Merritt, S.E.
Brunning, A.L. McDougall, D.M.
Chandler, H.E. McNamara, T.H.
Cheesman, J. Richards, A.E.
Dawes, S.J. Ritchie, J.
Drew, D.G. Roderick, J.E.
Dyson, E.A. Shipley, H.G.
Edgar, W. Tait, S.
Good, F.H. Theaker, N.
Hall, C. Thomas, H.G.
Humphreys, W. Tole, C.
Jones, A.H. Webber, W.S.
Jones, R.W. Williams, G.A.
King, L.W.

13th Field Ambulance, A.I.F.

They gave their lives. For that public gift they received a praise which never ages and a tomb most glorious - not so much the tomb in which they lie, but that in which their fame survives, to be remembered for ever when occasion comes for word or deed.
"OUR ASSOCIATION"

The Fourth Division A.M.C. Association was formed from Members of the A.I.F. who served in the Australian Army Medical Corps of the Fourth Division, i.e. 4th, 12th, and 13th Field Ambulances and A.M.C. Details. These units were formed in Egypt from Sections of older Ambulances of the First and Second Divisions supplemented by Reinforcements. The Ambulances drawn upon to form the nucleus of the 4th, 12th, and 13th Field Ambulances were the 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 7th. Our Association, therefore, comprises members who served from the outset with the A.I.F. and saw service on Gallipoli.

From Egypt our Units proceeded to France when the A.I.F. moved over there, and there served till the end of the War.

Our Association Banner today bears the names of most of the famous A.I.F. Battles, indicating that our Units served therein.

Our Rolls of Honor contain the names of 118 of our Comrades who made the Supreme Sacrifice.

After demobilization need was felt for the means of keeping alive the spirit of the A.I.F., particularly the splendid spirit of brotherhood between men in all walks of life which active service taught us, and for fear that ex-soldiers may, as in pre-war days, again revert to conservatism tinged with class distinctions as a result of mingling only with men in their own sphere of life, and lose the spirit of tolerance which made the A.I.F. so successful, and should reflect the benefit of our Country in our civilian life—Associations of ex-Soldiers were formed.

In our case the men of the 12th Field Ambulance were the first to move, and a meeting of 30 members formed the 12th Field Ambulance Association in July, 1919. The first Social Re-Union took place on 27th September, 1919 in the form of a Dinner at Sargent's Cafe, Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, at which 180 members and visitors were present.

At a Smoke Night held on 4th December, 1919, it was decided to invite the 4th and 13th Field Ambulances to join with the 12th, and as a result the present Association was formed. Since then at least one function has been held each year, and at the present time we hold our principle Re-Union on each Show Holiday Eve, and the General Meeting—which also takes the form of a Get-Together Night—each Anzac Eve.

Apart from Social Re-Unions the Association endeavours to extend financial and moral support to Members in need, and takes an active interest in our incapacitated friends and casual hospital cases. For this and other purposes a strong Committee meets each alternate month.

A similar Association has been formed in South Australia, and with this Association and also Members of the 4th Division A.M.C. in other States, we keep in contact. Individual Members entertain Interstate Visitors and visit members when possible in the other States. This is necessary as our Units were formed by men from every State in the Commonwealth.

(Cont.)
"OUR ASSOCIATION" (Cont).

You are earnestly exhorted to support your Association to keep alive the spirit of the A. I. F. and Old Comradeships for your own pleasure and benefit, likewise that of your Old Pals, and also for the good of our fair Country and our sons and daughters who are to inhabit it. You can best do this by attending all functions and bringing along a few old FOURTH DIVISION A.M.C. FRIENDS.
"WHY THE SOLDIERS SANG"

Delve back into history — even in to the dim distant Ages, and it will be found that Soldiers, whether marching or in Camp or whenever other opportunity offered, gave vent to their feelings in song. This applies not only to British Troops, but to Soldiers of all nationalities. The troops of Alexander the Great, Hannibal’s mercenaries, Caesar’s legions, we are informed by historians, all sang. All their songs have been forgotten and lost to us. Even the songs of the soldiers participating in the South African Campaign are almost forgotten today, and words and music are difficult to secure.

The Soldier Songs of the World War will not readily be forgotten by those who took part in the Campaign. Possibly, to the civilian who was not privileged to share the joys (?) and sorrows, some of them, especially to the thoroughly genteel, will appear vulgar and even coarse. They who have this opinion miss the point and fail to realise that these songs were not sung in any such spirit, and further, such a glamour of memories is woven round them that they have become to the Soldier something akin to what Hymns are to the ardent church-goer. A Digger Re-Union or fellowship meeting without some of the old favorites would be a "dull". Let us illustrate: An association of well meaning ladies have established an "Anzac Fellowship of Women" in London. At their last meeting, April 25th, 1933, the musical programme was excellent — from a musician’s point of view, but drew protests from the "Diggers" invited to enjoy a couple of hours of fellowship. As one put it "We don’t mind a bit of gloom at the Cenotaph and at the Church service. That’s right and proper, but it ain’t fellowship." He then went on to demonstrate their idea of it by singing, in which he was joined by his colleagues, "Pack up your troubles". As an encore "Tipperary" followed. Probably had they sung "Mademoiselle" the listeners would have been shocked, but, contrary to general supposition, only a very small proportion of songs sung by the troops are improper in subject or in language, and then the obscenity was merely technical, because, although gross and foul words were employed, they were used habitually as mere intensives. Ninety-nine times in a hundred there was no thought in the soldier’s mind of the literal and obscene meaning of the word upon his lips.

Soldiers sang in the last War for the same reasons as their counterparts in history — and mainly for the same reason as a bird in healthy condition sings. Probably at no time in their lives were they so physically fit, and they sang to express this physical elation. Some who had never sung before joined in the chorus. Others — gifted with a good singing voice added to a sense of humour — were God-sends in the fact that they lightened many a lagging footstep on the march and chased away the bogie of depression in the cheerless trench and hut.

They sang, too, to express in an indirect way their feelings and sentiments. The open expression of sentiment regarding wives, families, and sweethearts would court trouble. Singing expressed these feelings in an impersonal way. Indeed, there were songs for all occasions. The War with it’s mock heroics, it’s flag-waving and speech making, were the subject of some bitter ditties. The Military System with its "full dress parades", saluting and punctiliousness in trifles came in for its share of humorous banter.

(Cont.)
With these may be coupled songs specially directed at the virtues (?) of Superior Officers — especially Sergeant-Majors.

Cogitation on their civilian life and its blessings compared with their existing condition:

"Dreaming of things they did with balls and bat,
And mocked by hopeless longing to regain
Bank holidays, and picture shows, and spats,
And going to the office in the train."

led the Soldier to sing such songs as "When this blasted War is Over", and "I want to go Home".

Other occasions, such as Celebrations of Drink (of happy memory) brought to life songs suitable to such occasions. Who does not remember such occasions, be you teetotaller or not? Don't you remember "Here's to the Good Old Beer?"

Do you remember, too, when Nonsense and Burlesque were in the air? These were joyous occasions and called for songs and encores. Singing of this class was to the Soldier what the theatre, concert hall and cinema had been to him in his civilian life.

Certainly 1914—1918 days were unique. They will, pray God, never be repeated. The songs of the period were in keeping with the times. Many of the old favorites are here. The compiler offers them to you hoping that they will bring back to you in these piping days of Peace happy recollections of some occasion, pleasant thoughts of cobbers, and help to preserve that fellowship that existed to such a degree in the A. I. F. Cheerio!

(J. K. M.)
THE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE

An everlasting Tribute from the People of Victoria to the Glory of Achievement and the Nobility of Sacrifice.

While this Shrine had its provocation in war, it has its foundations in love. It is being built by the Citizens of Victoria as a time-defying monument to 150,000 men and women who left from this State to serve abroad in the war, and especially to 18,000 who did not return, as well as to unknown thousands more who died at home after years of suffering.

This Shrine is a visible emblem of a nation's prayer that sacrifice, anguish, tears and treasure have not been spent in vain. In granite, in freestone, in marble, in bronze, and on vellum an effort is made to express in austere Grecian art the sentiments more specifically identified in the buttress groups - for which the State School children have paid - Patriotism, Justice, Sacrifice, Peace and Goodwill.

It is a silent memorial. Those who come to pay their tribute at this Shrine will find it hallowed ground where neither song nor music nor weeping disturbs.

In the Crypt Unit Memorials are being provided by the respective Unit Associations consisting of bronze panels set into the walls of the Crypt and bearing the name and number of the Unit, its motto, and its battle honors. Clustered round it are the Union Jack and the Australian Flag. Substantially it is a Memorial to Victorians who served in the Royal Australian Navy and the Australian Imperial Forces. The men who composed these forces and returned to civil life sought a way they might contribute to a noble and heroic memorial without appearing to be subscribing to their own memorial. It occurred to them they could do this by providing the Unit Memorials. Each man's ambition on active service was his Unit. "My Regiment," "My Battalion," "My Battery," "My Ship," express the pride of possession. The Unit did not own the man; the man claimed possession in the most intimate personal sense of the Unit.

Outwardly it is a massive structure in stone, visible from the heart of Melbourne, a sentinel over the host of generations that follow, and visible also from most suburbs and many parts of Port Phillip Bay, the crown of the Memorial rising to a height of 200 feet above sea level. In fact, the site is peculiarly fitted for its exalted purpose, sufficiently near the City to dominate it, and far enough removed from the centre of the city to preserve the sacred character of the Memorial. On the lower terraces beautiful gardens will surround the Shrine.
DIGGER SONGS
"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
DON'T ASK ME, ASK THE BLOOMIN' ORSE.

NEVER MIND 'ERB, PERHAPS THERE'S A POSTCARD IN IT FOR YOU.

Here lies a Fritz who met an Aussie. I don't know his name, but this is his Fossie.
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley Vous?
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley Vous?
Oh Mademoiselle from Armentieres
She hasn't been kissed for forty years,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous.

Two Aussie Officers crossed the Rhine,
Parley Vous,
Two Aussie officers crossed the Rhine,
Parley Vous?
Two Aussie Officers crossed the Rhine,
To meet the ladies and taste the wine,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous?

Oh, landlord have you any good wine,
Parley Vous?
Oh, landlord, have you any good wine,
Parley Vous?
Oh, landlord have you any good wine,
Fit for a digger from the line,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous?

So up the stairs together they went,
Parley Vous,
Two Aussie lads on mischief bent,
Parley Vous?
Their laughter rang as up they went,
And what a magnificent night they spent,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous.

The rest of the tale I can't relate,
Parley Vous,
The drinks were good so they sat up late,
Parley Vous,
The Aussie way of a lively night
Is not for you—you're too polite,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley Vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley Vous;
Who was the girl who lost her sleep
Thro' singing this chorus in her sleep?
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous.

Lass: "How did you win your D.S.O.?
Digger: "I saved the lives of my entire Battalion!"
Lass: "Wonderful. How did you do it?"
Digger: "I shot the Cook!"
Diggers of Infantry meet again,
Parlez Vous.
Singing with vigor the old refrain,
Parlez Nous;
So lift your voices and let it go,
As we did in days of long ago,
Inkey, Pinkey, Parlez Vous;
Memories throng around us yet,
Parlez Nous,
"Absent Comrades" we don't forget,
Parlez Vous;
We like to listen as speakers rise,
And tell their cobbler's the same old lies,
Inkey, Pinkey, Parlez Vous.

Some have grown wealthy, and some grown fat,
Parlez Nous,
And some are "jumping the bluey" yet,
Parlez Vous,
But here tonight we are comrades all,
Distinctions are left outside the hall,
Inkey, Pinkey, Parlez Nous.

Forget your troubles while here tonight,
Parlez Nous,
Support each toast with a keen delight,
Parlez Nous.
The years pass on and our hair grows grey,
But the Diggers' spirit will last always;
Inkey Pinkey, Parlez Nous.

A year from tonight, we parade again,
Parlez Nous,
The orders and dress will be just the same, Parlez Nous.
Remember the fact, don't be a goat,
We'll drink all those who miss the boat,
Inkey Pinkey, Parlez Nous.

ROLLING HOME.
Rolling home,
Rolling home,
Rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moo-o-coo!
Happy is the day
When you draw your buck sawe pay
And you're rolling, rolling, rolling,
Rolling home.

SISTER SUSIE'S SEWING SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS.
Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers,
Such skill at sewing shirts
Our shy young sister Susie shows.
Some soldiers send epistles, say they'd sooner sleep in thistles
Than the saucy, soft, short shirts
For soldiers sister Susie sews.

HERE'S TO THE GOOD OLD BEER.
Here's to the good old beer—
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old beer—
Mop it down.
Here's to the good old beer,
That never leaves you quer,
Here's to the good old beer,
Mop it down.

Here's to the good old whisky,
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old whisky—
Mop it down,
Here's to the good old whisky,
That makes you feel so frisky,
Here's to the good old whisky,
Mop it down.

MY BONNY IS OVER THE OCEAN.
(Diggers' Version)
We've started an old-fashioned gin-shop,
A genuine palace of sin.
The principal girl is my grandma,
My word, how the money rolls in.

My Brother's a Street Missionary,
He saves little girls from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
My word, how the money rolls in.

My Father sells snow to the snowbirds,
My Mother sells synthetic gin,
My Sister sells love to the sailors,
My word, how the money rolls in.

There's all sorts of card games and gambling,
We never let customers win,
Our sharpers are there in their dozens,
My word, how the money rolls in.

We always keep going till morning,
It's midnight before we begin,
Our chorus "All listen to reason",
My word: How the money rolls in.
MADAME FROM ARMENTIERS

(For Re-Union Nights)

We meet tonight for old time's sake,
Parlez-vous,
A good old yarn, a strong hand-shake,
Parlez-vous;
Each ugly mug we're glad to see,
Tonight we're out upon the spree,
Good old friends and new ones, too.

Talk of Anzac and Gyp's Land,
Quies Kateer;
The huts, the Wasir, the heat and sand,
Tel-el-Kebir;
The Suez Canal, all right in it's way,
But give me "The Yarra" any day,
Island Yarra, Itchy Koo.

The Frogsies were very good, we know,
Comprenes-Vous,
To give us a share of the mud and snow,
Till we were blue,
But, if they start another "Guerre",
We'll sing "Australia won't be there",
Civvy now, La Guerre, Napoo."

So fill your glass with Aussie beer,
Have a few;
What's the matter if you get near,
To "Fou-the-noo?"
Tell the wife it's for Auld Lang Syne,
And take a good old Number Nine,
Inky, pinky, Parlez-Vous.

It's a hell of a song that we've just sung,
Parlez-Vous;
It's a hell of a song that we've just sung,
Parlez-Vous;
And the brighter that wrote it
Ought to be hung,
He's nothing else but a great big b----
Inky, pinky, Parlez-Vous.

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"
Scuzzed Digger: "Moseel!"
Sentry: "Advance Moses, and give the Ten Commandments."

AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE.

Really round the banner of your Country,
Take the field with brothers o'er the foam;
On land or sea, wherever you be,
Keep your eye on Liberty;
Put England, Home, and beauty,
Have no cause to fear.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
No, no, no, no, no;
Australia will be there,
Australia will be there.

WE ARE THE RAGTIME ARMY.

We are the ragtime Army,
The A.N.Z.A.C.:
We cannot shoot, we won't salute,
What blanky use are we?
And when we get to Berlin
The Kaiser he will say,
"Hoch, Hoch, mein Gott,
What an awful rotten lot
Are the A. N. Z. A. C."

AT THE HALT.

At the halt on the left, form Platoon,
At the halt on the left, form Platoon;
If the odd numbers don't mark time
two paces,
How the hell can the rest form Platoon?

TIPPERARY.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
Put my heart's right there.

The Digger: "If you were to put the lid
on that dixie'd you wouldn't get so
much dust in the stew."
The Cook: "See here, young fellow your
business is to fight for your Country".
The Digger: "Yes, but not to eat it!"
HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

Here we are, here we are, here we are again,
Tommy and Jack, Jimmy, and Bill and Joe,
When there’s something doing, the Quarter bloke we’re wooing,
Are we downhearted? No, let ‘em all come,
Here we are, here we are, here we are again,
Fit and well and feeling as right as rain.
The Staff look fat and jolly,
We’re ten-a-leaf, by golly;
Hello, Hello, Here we are again.

WHEN THIS BLASTED WAR IS OVER.
(From "Take it to the Lord in prayer")

Only one more marching order, only one more church parade,
Only one more kit inspection and of that I’m not afraid,
When this cruel hell is over,
Oh, how happy I shall be,
When I get my c'vvy clothes on,
No more soldiering for me.

When this blasted war is over,
No more soldiering for me,
When I get my c'vvy clothes on,
Oh, how happy I shall be,
No more church parades on Sunday,
No more asking for a pass.
I shall tell the Sergeant Major,
To stick the passes ---.

When this blasted war is over,
No more soldiering for me,
When I get my c'vvy clothes on,
Oh, how happy I shall be,
I shall soon my own Revally,
I shall make my own Tattoo,
No more N.C.O.'s to curse me,
No more b--- army stew. (Cont).

Pat and Mick in the Trench; gazing up at an aeroplane.
Pat: "I wouldn’t like to be up in the air wind that thing".
Mick: "I wouldn’t like to be up there, it’s too hot out!"

WHEN THIS BLASTED WAR IS OVER. (Cont.)

N.C.O.'s will all be navvies,
Private's ride in motor cars,
N.C.O.'s will smoke their woodbines,
Private's puff their big cigars,
No more standing to in trenches,
Only one more church parade,
No more shivering on the firestep,
No more McConchie's marmalade.

HOW DRY WE ARE.

How dry we are, how dry we are,
Lord only knows how dry we are,
We'll pawn our shoes
To buy some booze,
And swallow all the salty stews.
Lord only knows how dry we are.

How dry we are, how dry we are,
Lord only knows how dry we are,
They taught us how
To drink long beers,
Like thirsty miles and sand but steers,
Lord only knows how dry we are.

THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER.

The more we are together,
Together, together,
The more we are together,
The happier we'll be,
For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends,
So the more we are together,
The happier we'll be.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG, TRAIL.

There's a long, long, trail a winding,
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a pale moon beams,
There's a long, long, night of waiting,
Until my dreams all come true,
To the day when I'll be going down
That long, long, trail with you.
PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, boys, smile;
While you've a lucifer to light your rag,
Smile, boys, that's the style;
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, boys, smile.

THE AUSTRA-LAISE.

(Air) "Onward Christian Soldiers!"

Fellers of Australier, Pikes an' covers an' cots,
Shift yer --- carcasses, Move yer --- boots,
Gird yer --- loins up, Get yer --- gun,
Set the --- enemy, An' watch the --- run.

Chorus

Get a --- move on, Have some --- sense,
Learn the --- art of, Self de-fence.

Have some --- brains be, Neath yer---lids,
An' swing a --- sabre, For the Missus and the kids,
Chuck supportin' --- posts, An' strikin' ---
lights,
Support a --- family an', Strike for yer ---
Chorus.
rights.

'Ow's the --- Nation, Going to expand,
'Lest is---blitzes on' coves, Lond a --- hand,
'Eave yer --- apathy, Down a --- chasm,
'Ump yer --- burden with, Enthusi ---arm.

Chorus

Fellers' of Australier, Cobbors, chaps, 'en mates,
Hear the --- enemy, Kickin' at the gates;
Blow the --- bugle, Beat the --- drum,
Uppercut and out the cow, To Kingdom ---

Chorus.

Get a --- move on, Have some --- sense,
Learn the --- art of, Self de ---fence.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE.

Old soldiers never die,
Never die, Never die,
Old soldiers never die,
They simply fade away.

Old soldiers never die,
Never die, Never die,
Old soldiers never die,
Young ones wish they would.
MOTHER MACHREE.

There's a spot in my heart which no
collie can own,
There's a depth in me soul never
sounded or known,
There's a place in me memory, me life,
that you fill;
No other can take it, no one ever will.
Sure, I love the dear silver that
shines in your hair,
And the love that's all furrowed
and wrinkled with care;
I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn
for me,
Oh, God bless you and keep you,
Mother Machree.

LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST.

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,
And the toil of a long day is o'er,
Though the road may be long, in the
Till of a song
I forget I was weary before.
Far ahead where the blue shadows fall,
I shall come to contentment and rest;
And the toils of the day will be all
charmed away
In my little Grey Home in the West.

There are hands that will welcome me in,
There are lips I am burning to kiss;
There are two eyes that shine just
because they are mine,
And a thousand things other men miss.
It's a corner of Heaven itself
Though it's only a tumble-down nest,
But the love brooding there, why no
place can compare
With my little Grey Home in the West.

WHEN THE GREAT RED DAWN IS SHINING.

When the great red dawn is shining,
When the waiting hours are past,
When the tears of night are ended
And I see the dawn at last,
I shall come down the road of sunshine
To a heart that is fond and true,
When the great Red Dawn is shining,
Back to Home, back to Mother, and you.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME.

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed.
I had a little drink about an hour ago,
And it's gone right to my head.
So wherever I may be, On land or sea or
foam,
You will always hear me singing this song,
Show me the way to go home.
"Wot's the matter with Bluey, paralin' sick?"
"There wuz a bit of a brawl in the two-up school last night and someone stepped on 'is pipe".
"Garn! 'Ow did that make 'im sick?"
"It wuz 'is flamin' wind pipe!"
"All those men intending having dying relatives this week-end must apply for leave at once - The football match starts at three!"
Take me back to dear old Flighty,
Put me on the train for London Town,
Take me over there, take me anywhere,
Liverpool or Manchester, well I don't care,
I just want to see my dainty,
With my best girl she'll be waiting there,
Hi tee, iddle epity, Take me back to Flighty,
Flighty is the place for me.

Take me back to dear old Aussie,
Put me on the best for Melbourne Town,
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, for I don't care,
I just want to see my best girl,
Cuddling up again we soon will be,
Oh, Flighty is a failure,
Take me back to Australia,
Australia is the place for me.

THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND.

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's" Land,
And it's wonderful to see,
'Tho' it's spray'd with tears it will live for years,
In my garden of Memory,
It's the one rose the soldier knows,
It's the work of the Master's hand,
And the war's great curse,
Stands the Red Cross Nurse,
She's the Rose of No Man's Land.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
I don't want to go to the trenches no more,
Where there are whishtangs and Fives-nines galore,
Take me over the sea,
Where the Allermund can't get at me,
Oh my, I don't want to die,
I want to go home.

Marching, marching, marching,
Always bally well marching,
Marching all the morning and marching half the night,
Marching, marching, marching,
Always bally well marching,
Marching till my time is up and I shall march no more.

ROLLING HOME.

Rolling home, Rolling home, Rolling home, Rolling Home,
By the light of the silvery Moon-cobon,
Happy is the day when you draw your buckelne pay,
And you're rolling, rolling, rolling,
Rolling Home.

SWEET ADELINA.

Sweet Adelina, My Adelina,
At night dear heart,
For you I pine,
In all my dreams
Your fair face beams,
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adelina.

TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD.

Till the sands of the desert grow cold,
And their infinite numbers are told,
God gave them to me,
And mine thou shalt be,
For ever to have and to hold,
Till the story of Judgment is told,
And the mysteries of Heaven are told,
I'll turn love to thee,
My shrine thou shalt be,
Till the sands of the Desert grow cold.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye-ee, Good-bye-ee,
Wipe the tear, baby dear from your eye,
Though 'twas hard to part I know,
I'll be tickled to death to go,
Don't sighs -- don't crys --
Theres a silver lining in the skyees.
If a 'nine mint two' Gis's his eye on you,
Nance -- Good-bye-ee -- Good-bye-ee.
THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

How can I bear to leave thee?
One parting kiss I give thee;
And then, whate'er betides me,
I go where honor calls me.

Chorus

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

OLD LANG SYNE.

Should mild acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should mild acquaintance be forgot,
And days of old lang syne?

Chorus

For old lang syne, my dear,
For old lang syne;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For old lang syne.

JUST A WEE DEOCH-AN'-DORIS.

Just a wee deoch-an'-doris,
Just a wee yin, that's a',
Just a wee deoch-an'-doris,
Before we gang awa'.
There's a wee wifie waitin',
In a wee bu'-'en' ben;
If you can say, "it's a braw bricht
moonlight night,"
Ye're alricht, ye ken?

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swannee River,
Far, far away,
Dere's whar my heart is turning eber,
Dere's whar de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sally I room,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus

All de world, am sad and dreary,
Ev'rywhar I room,
Oh, darkies, now my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

OVER THERE.

Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun,
Take it on the run, on the run,
Hear them calling you and me
Ev'ry son of liberty.
Hurry right away, no delay, go to-day,
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad,
Tell your sweetheart no to pine
To be proud her boy's in line.

Chorus

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rumtumming ev'rywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware,
And we won't come back till it's over.

JOHN BROWN'S BABY.

John Brown's baby's got a pimple on
his --- "Sh "ssh",
John Brown's baby's got a pimple on
his --- "Sh "ssh",
John Brown's baby's got a pimple on
his --- "Sh "ssh",
It hurts him marching along.

Chorus

Glory, glory Alleluia,
Ain't that baby boy peculiar,
What a kid he was to fool yer
As we went marching along.

GOODNIGHT, LADIES.

Goodnight, ladies, Goodnight,Ladies,
Goodnight, ladies, We're going to leave
you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along,
roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark
blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies, Sweet dreams,Ladies,
Sweet dreams, ladies, We're going to leave
you now.
Merrily, etc.
ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK.

Oh, there was a little hen and she had a wooden leg,
The best little hen that ever laid an egg,
And she laid more eggs than any on the farm,
And another little drink won't do us any harm.

Chorus

Another little drink, another little drink,
Another little drink won't do us any harm,
Another little drink, another little drink,
Another little drink won't do us any harm.

There was a little girl who went into Revue,
Couldn't act a bit, but a Lady thro'-and-tho',
Cause to everyone around she displayed great form,
And another little drink won't do us any harm.

Chorus

There was a pretty lass, and I grieved to say,
She climbed upon a bus on a windy day.
When the busy little breeze blew an awful storm,
And the pretty little filly showed surprising form.

Chorus

Another little drink etc. etc.

GOODBYE MELBOURNE TOWN.

Goodbye Melbourne Town, Melbourne Town goodbye,
I am leaving you today for a Country far away,
Though just now I'm stony broke without a single brown,
When I make my fortune I'll come back and spend it.
In dear old Melbourne Town.

MARY SHE WAS NITTY.

Mary she was witty,
Mary she was pretty,
Mary from the City—how we used to pull her leg;
A member of the Committee
Thinking to be witty,
Sang to her a ditty of a hard boiled egg,
Singing "Rule Britannia -- The Kaiser killed a cat,
King George never never never would do that.
DO WHAT?
(softly) Sang to her a ditty
Of a hard boiled egg.
NAFOO.

THE FINEST JOB OF ALL. THE AIRMAN.

God made the land for soldier men,
He made the sea for sailors,
And Regent Street for pretty girls,
And Jermyn Street for tailors,
He made the air for other folk (Oh, don't you hear the call?)
He made the air for you and me,
The finest job of all.

God made some men for Parliament,
And some for pious rectors,
He made some men for writing jobs,
And even made "objectors",
But you and me he blessed the most,
(Oh, don't you hear the call?)
He gave us wings to scour the heavens,
The finest job of all.
He gave us wings to scour the heavens,
The finest job of all.

APRES LA GUERRE.

Apres la Guerre fini,
Soldat Australie parti,
Etaminey avec Vin Ordiney,
Apres la Guerre fini.

Apres la Guerre fini,
Soldat Australie parti,
Shall be dreaming of our Chere Marie,
Apres la Guerre fini.
MARCHING SONG. (C Section 12th Field Ambulance A.I.F. ) (J. Lawrence)

(Air) Hear the Piper calling Jennie Mine.

For "C" Section's going up the line,
Sure they keep us at it all the time.
All the boys areGay and hearty,
Stretcher bearing is sublime.
They will work until the day is done,
True Australians every son of a gun,
And the Heels all know C Section do
their duty,
Dinkums, every one.

Now our boys they always play the game,
Good old 'Crinko' sings us "Woodland Jane."
Con Lawless says I'll make you want me
back again some day.
Cock Masnir's donkey songs are ever new,
Billy Peters always cooks the stew,
But Charlie Boys does nothing else but
argue,
He'd talk you blue.

Now our little story's nearly sung,
Billy's Grey's elocution causes fun,
And our song will always be remembered
Till our lives are done.
We'll be glad when this blinkin' war is o'er,
And we see Australia's sunny shore,
Then we'll give three hearty cheers for old "C" Section,
Always to the fore.

JUST BLOWN ACROSS FROM THE WEST. (Blue Readon)

(Air) Little Grey Home of the West

Well, we've just blown across from the West,
And we're all forty-two round the chest,
Fremantle and Perth are the best towns on earth,
And we don't care a hang for the rest.
We'll take off our coats and our vests,
Whenever we're put to the test,
And we've all got good throttles for emptying bottles,
And Evan Baker's the best beer of all.

Madelon.

I know an inn where the Soldiers love to rest,
And take a drink by the corner of the road;
The stuff they sell there is always of the best,
And there's a girl that is every bit as good.
This Innkeeper's daughter is divine,
Light as a summer butterfly,
Dark eyes that sparkle like wine.
For Madelon we all would die.
We dream of her by night, we dream of her by day.
It's pretty Madelon makes our hearts feel gay.

(Out).
When Madelon pours out the wine or ale,
Under the trees as gentle as a dove,
All the boys are there to tell the tale,
It's the old, old tale of love,
Dear Madelon is never cross with us,
Doesn't refuse our knees to sit upon,
She just laughs, that's all the harm
she does,
CARRY ON, Madelon, CARRY ON:

THE AIRMEN.

Oh, Dilly was the greatest chap in
all our little lot,
Oh, Dilly had a hundred tricks, but
Dilly boasted not.
He flew to France upon a dud to see
what it could do,
And after landing like a bird, said
"This a crown to you"

CHORUS

Oh, Dilly, Dilly, how we miss you now
you've gone away;
Your spines, your loops, your merry
laugh we talk of still today.
'Twas great to watch you climbing up
and planing down old fellow,
And see your happy smiling face behind
your old propeller.

Young Dilly got surrounded once by
four bad Soche machines,
They one and all let fly at him with
all their magazines;
But Dilly, he fell half a mile
pretending to be shot,
Then straightened out and went for
them and downed the bloomin' lot.

CHORUS.

Come, Q.M. fill the rum bowl up,
Until it doth flow over,
For tonight, we'll merry merry be,
For tonight, we'll merry merry be,
For tonight, we'll merry merry be,
Tomorrow, we'll be sober.

In my little dug-out on the hill,
I sleep when the Turks' guns are still.
But sometimes I wake and can feel the
earth shake,
When one of our guns fires a shell.
Then with the searchlight's bright glare
I can see the Turks fly in the air.
But it's all in the play, for it happens
each day,
Near my little dug-out on the hill.

For breakfast we've bacon and tea,
For dinner we've stew, don't you see,
We have plenty of fags, and we don't
sleep on bags,
And a beautiful view of the sea.
So we live like the rats in the ground,
Where the bullets come whizzing around,
But when wrapped in my rug, fine as
smug as a bug,
In my little dug-out on the hill.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL.

It's good to greet the "Fals" we knew,
The best pals of all,
To meet and spend an hour or two,
And good old times recall;
Though fortune's smiled or frowned on us,
Don't let it spoil our show,
But raise your voice in tune with us,
And make this old song go.

The years pass on relentlessly,
Our comrades pass on too,
Some valued pals have gone "beyond";
Our numbers now are few;
But absent ones we don't forget,
We'll keep their memory green,
And honor them each time we meet,
Till we too cross the stream.

The days of war we used to know,
The days of shot and shell,
They seem so far beyond us now,
Our youth's beyond as well;
Our steps grow short and steadier,
Our eye more keen and clear;
But our friendship lingers no warmth in it,
Our comradeship lives still.
We parted on the shore,
Yes, we parted on the shore
I said "Goodbye my love, I'm off
to Baltimore."
And I kissed her on the ship and the
crew began to roar,
"Nessie", and we parted on the shore.

**Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond.**

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon
bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch
Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever
want to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond.

**Chorus.**
Oh ye'll take the high road and I'll
take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
And me and my true love will never
meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond.

**Every Ship will Find a Harbor.**

Ev'ry ship will find a harbour,
Ev'ry bird a nest,
Don't be sighing, don't be crying,
All is for the best.
I just want to see you smiling,
I'd do anything for you.
Ev'ry ship will find a harbor,
And our Barque will find one too.

**God Save the King.**

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.
BACK HOME IN TENNESSEE.
I'm so happy, Oh so happy,
Don't you envy me,
I leave today at three
For Sunny Tennessee.
Dad and mother, sis, and brother,
Waiting for me there,
And at the table next to Mabel
There's an extra chair.

Chorus
Back home in Tennessee,
Just try and picture me,
Right on my Mother's knee,
She thinks the world of me.
All I can think of tonight
Is a field of snowy white;
Benzos ringing, Darkies singing,
All the world seems bright.
The roses round the door
Make me love Mother more.
I'll see my sweetheart Flo,
And friends I used to know,
Why they'll be right there to meet me,
Just imagine how they'll greet me,
When I get back, When I get back,
To my home in Tennessee.

I'LL MAKE A MAN OF YOU.

Sunday I walk out with a soldier,
On Monday I'm taken by a Ter,
On Tuesday I'm out with a baby Boy Scout,
On Wednesday a Hussar;
On Thursday I gang out wi' a Scottie,
On Friday the Captain of the crew;
But on Saturday I'm willing
To make a man of any one of you.

Sunday I walk out with a Bo'sun,
On Monday a Rifleman in green,
On Tuesday I choose a "sub" in the "Blues",
On Wednesday, a Marine.
On Thursday a Terrier from Tooting,
On Friday a Midshipman or two.
But on Saturday I'm willing
If you'll only take a shilling,
To make a man of any one of you.

BACK HOME IN TENNESSEE. (Parody)
Bigger's version.

Way down in the old Front Line,
Oh, that will do for mine.
Amidst the rain and snow,
Gone are the pomp and show.
All I can think of tonight
Is the parapet of white;
Bombs are dropping, Sells are popping,
No relief in sight.
The rum we ought to get
Has not been sighted yet.
I'm sure we'll get trench feet
With nothing hot to eat.
We've used the bombs they gave us,
And there's no dug-out to save us.
Till we get back, Till we get back,
To our old Estaminet.

In nineteen thirty-three,
Just try and picture me,
In Aussie o'er the sea,
That's where I'd like to be;
All I can think of tonight
Are the fields of snowy white;
Freezing, snowing, Machine guns going,
Berlin out of sight.
The Fritzies in the trench,
Behind them leave a stench,
I'd like to see my wench,
Not the one who parleys French,
She'll be right there to greet me,
If she's not too old to greet me,
When I get back, When I get back,
In nineteen Thirty-three.

WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE KAISER.

We haven't seen the Kaiser for a
terrible time,
We haven't seen the Kaiser for a
terrible time,
We came to France to see what he was
doing,
The A.I.F. will be his bloody ruin,
We haven't seen the Kaiser for a
terrible time,
He must have been blown up by a mine
(we hope so)
He was the leader of the German Band,
So hang him—he's no cousin of mine.
ORDERED OVERSEAS.

You've had your bit of training and
you've had your steady job,
You've never seen the country where
a bob's not worth a bob.
And now they've gone and told you soon
you'll taste the foreign airs,
Go write a letter home, my boy, and
learn a few more prayers.

Chorus.

Ordered overseas, just the same old
wheeze,
Ordered off the France with no warning,
Say goodbye to Blighty boy, wishing
you the greatest joy,
We're ordered overseas in the morning.
Ordered overseas, just the same old
wheeze,
Ordered off the France with no warning,
Say goodbye to Blighty boy, wishing
you the greatest joy,
We're ordered overseas in the morning.

Up into the morning when the mists
lie thick below,
Say farewell to London, Piccadilly and
the Row,
And then the white cliffs shining and
the dots upon the sea,
And half a dozen gas-bags far below
upon the Spree.

Chorus.

GOODBYE GENERAL ORDERS.

Goodbye general orders and farewell
routine too,
Ever since we left Australia we've
been bumping around by you;
Squad-drill was a failure and Strethcher
Drill a farce,
If you won't give us our Blighty leave,
You can turn us out to grass.

DON'T WE JUST KNOW.

The Brigadier, he gets Turkey,
The Colonel has his duck,
The Officers have poultry,
They always were in luck.
The Sergeants, they get bread and cheese,
And mop up all they can,
But all the poor old privates get
Is bread and — jam.

I WANT TO SEE THE COLONEL.

If you want to see the Colonel, I
know where he is; I know where he is,
I know where he is;
If you want to see the Colonel, I know
where he is;
He's down in the deep dug-out,
I saw him, I saw him down in the deep
dugout, I saw him,
Down in the deep dug-out.

If you want to see the Quartermaster,
I know where he he, I know where he is,
I know where he is,
He's mopping up the Diggers' rum,
I saw him, I saw him mopping up the
Diggers' rum etc.

If you want to find the Digger etc.,
He's up to his neck in slush. I saw him
etc.

If you want to find old Trotzie,
I know where HE is etc.
He's hanging in the old barracks,
I saw him etc.

LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the
free,
How can we extol thee, who are born
of thee,
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds
be set;
They who made thee mighty, make thee
mightier yet;
They who made the mighty, make thee
mightier yet.

ALONG THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI.

There's a track winding back to an
old-fashioned shack,
Along the road to Gundagai,
Where the blue-gums are growing, and
the Murrumbidgee's flowing,
Beneath that sunny sky.
Where my daddy and mother are waiting
for me,
And the pals of my childhood once more
I will see.
Then no more will I roam where I'm
heading right for home
Along the road to Gundagai.
THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.

The moon shines bright—on Charlie Chaplin,
His boots are cracking
For want of blacking,
And his khaki trousers
They want mending,
Before we send him
To the Dardanelles.

RAINING (Air Holy, Holy, Holy)

Raining, raining, raining,
Always ballywell raining,
Raining all the morning,
And raining all the night.

Grousing, grousing, grousing,
Always ballywell grousing,
Grousing at the rations,
And grousing at the pay.

Marching, marching, marching,
Always ballywell marching,
Marching in the morning,
And marching in the night.

Marching, marching, marching,
Always ballywell marching;
When the war is over
We'll ballywell march no more.

I WORE A TUNIC (Air "I wore a Tulip")

I wore a tunic,
A dirty khaki tunic,
And you wore civilian clothes.
We fought and bled at Loos
While you were on the boose,
The boose that no one here knows.
Oh, you were with the wenches
While we were in the trenches
Facing our German foe.
Oh, you were a-slacking
While we were attacking
Down on the Menin Road.

HUSH, HERE COMES A WHIZZ BANG.
(Air: "Hush, here comes the Dream Man")

Hush! Here comes a whizz-bang,
Hush! Here comes a whizz-bang,
Now you soldiers, get down those stairs,
Down in your dug-outs and say your prayers.
Hush, here comes a whizz-bang,
And it's making straight for you.
And you'll see all the wonders of
No-Man's Land,
If a whizz-bang (bump!) hits you.

I DON'T WANT TO DIE.

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
I don't want to go in the trenches no more,
Where whiz-bangs and shrapnel they whistle and roar.
Take me over the sea
Where the Allyman can't get at me.
Oh my, I don't want to die,
I want to go home.

IF THE SERGEANT STEALS YOUR RUM.
(Air "Never Mind")

If the sergeant steals your rum,
Never mind,
If the sergeant steals your rum,
Never mind.
Though he's just a b---- sot,
You can let him take the lot.
If the sergeant steals your rum,
Never mind.

If old Jerry shells the trench,
Never mind.
If old Jerry shells the trench,
Never mind.
Though the blasted sandbags fly
You have only once to die.
If old Jerry shells the trench,
Never mind.

If you get stuck on the wire,
Never mind.
If you get stuck on the wire,
Never mind.
Though the light's as broad as day
When you die they stop your pay,
If you get stuck on the wire,
Never mind.

WHEN THE STEW IS ON THE TABLE.
(Air: "When the roll is called up yonder")

When the stew is on the table,
When the stew is on the table,
When the stew is on the table, there,
When the stew is on the table, I'll be.

When the beer is in the tankard,
When the beer is in the tankard,
When the beer is in the tankard,
When the beer is in the tankard, I'll be there.
SEND OUT THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Send out the Army and Navy,
Send out the rank and file,
Send out the brave Territorials,
They'll face the danger with a smile,
(I don't think).
Send out my mother,
Send out my sister and brother,
But for God's sake don't send me!

Far, Far From Ypres.

(As 'Bout me to sleep)

Far, far from Ypres, I long to be,
Where German snipers can't snipe at me.
Damp is my dug-out,
Cold are my feet,
Waiting for whizz-bangs
To send me to sleep.
(Note. Pronounce "Ypres"—"Zepres".)

MY NELLY.

(All: "Three Blind Mice".)

My Nelly's a goer,
My Nelly's a goer!
She's got such wonderful eyes of blue,
She has such wonderful language too,
Her favourite expression is,—to you.
My Nelly's a goer.

I'VE LOST MY RIFLE AND BAYONET.

(As: Since I lost you.)

I've lost my rifle and bayonet,
I've lost my pull-through too,
I've lost my disc and my puttees,
I've lost my four-by-two,
I've lost my housewife and hold-all,
I've lost my button-stick too,
I've lost my rations and greatcoat—
Sergeant, what shall I do?

I've lost my rifle and bayonet,
I've lost my pull-through too,
I've lost the socks that you sent me—
They lasted the whole winter through.
I've lost the razor that shaved me,
I've lost my four-by-two,
I've lost my hold-all, so now I've got

Since I've lost you.

DOWN IN THE OLD FRONT LINE.

(As: My Home in Tennessee)

Down in the old front line,
Oh, that won't do for me.
Amidst the mud and slime,
All I can think of tonight

Is the parapet so white:
Bombs are popping, shells are dropping,
No relief in sight.
The rum we ought to get,
We see no signs of yet.
You bet we'll get trench feet,
With nothing hot to eat.
There's tons of shells to chase us
And no dug-outs to save us.
Till we get back, till we get back,
Where there's wine and cheer for us.

NEVER MIND. (R. Q. M. S. E. Clarke)

3rd Batt.

If your sleeping place is damp,
Never mind!
If you wake up with the creep,
Never mind.
If your trench should fall in some,
Fill your ears and make you dumb.
While the sergeant drinks your rum,
Never mind!

If you have to rise at four, Never mind!
If the morning's dark and raw, Never mind.
If a duck-board should slope,
And your container has no rope,
And you have to make a grope,

Never mind!

If the cock's a trifle new, Never mind!
If you get your tea and stew all combined,
And you find your pint of rise
Has a coat of muddy ice,
Try to think it blankly nice.

Never mind!

Keep a steady upper lip, and you'll find,
Every cloud you like to rip, silver lined.
Though the skies are looking grey,
It is ten to one there may

Be a parcel on the way,

Never mind!
THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND.

(With apologies to Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather).

FRANCE, 11.30 p.m. "I wonder if the same dear old Moon is shining through her bedroom window."

BLIGHTY, 11.30 p.m. The Girl: "How annoying this beastly old Moon is!"
DIGGER (cranking lorry): Stop that — row. The ———— brasshats 'ill think I'm grindin' a ——— barrel organ.

THE CLUTCHING HAND.
IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSE.

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse,
And the master had brought in the duft,
Up spoke a sturdy pauper, with a face so bold as brass,
"We don't want your Christmas puddin',
You can stick it ————":

It was Christmas Day in the harem
And the eunuchs were standing around,
In strode the bold, bad Sultan, and geed
On his marble halls,
"What would you like for Christmas, boys?"
And the eunuchs answered "________":

A YOUNG AVIATOR LAY DYING.

A young aviator lay dying,
And as neath the wreckage he lay,
To the soldiers assembled around him,
These last parting words he did say—
"Take the cylinder cut of my kidney,
"The connecting rod out of my brain,
"From the small of my back take the crankshaft,
"And assemble the engine again."

ONE STAFF OFFICER.

One Staff Officer jumped upon
another Staff Officer's back,
One Staff Officer jumped upon another
Staff Officer's back,
Another Staff Officer jumped upon another
Staff Officer's back,
And we all went marching on,
They were only playing leap-frog,
They were only playing leap-frog,
They were only playing leap-frog,
As one Staff Officer jumped upon
another Staff Officer's back.

RE-UNION NIGHT. (Air "Mother Machree")

There's a spot in my heart that's the
A.I.F.'s own,
And it's peopled with places and cobsers
I've known,
There's a space in my memory I'll ever keep bright,
To shine in each April on Re-Union Night.
Oh! we meet here each year once again
to renew,
All the friendships so valued and ever found
May we long be together our thoughts to enjoy,

And may God bless our meeting, Digger, my
JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

JOLLY GOOD COMPANY.

Here we are again, Happy as can be,
All good pals and jolly good company.
Strolling round the town, out upon the spree,
All good pals and jolly good company.
Never mind the weather, never mind the rain,
Now we're all together, whoop she goes again,
La-di-di-di-la, La-di-da-di-dee,
All good pals and jolly good company.

ONLY ONE MORE MARCHING ORDER.

Only one more marching order,
Only one more church parade,
Only one more kit inspection,
And of that we're not afraid.
When this cruel war is over,
Oh, how happy we shall be,
When we get our civvy clothes on,
No more soldiering for me.

SOME HEARTS WILL BE JOYFUL.

Have you seen the picture of "The Waiting" of the boys coming home from war?
And in this lovely picture I'm relating,
Those who fell midst the battle roar.
Mothers, wives, and sweethearts all are waiting
Anxiously as the train is due.
Each one anticipates a loving greeting,
Of the one that they love so true.

Chorus

Some hearts will be joyful,
Some hearts will be sad.
Though they all gave a grand ovation
As the train comes steaming into the railway station.

YOUR KING AND COUNTRY WANT YOU.

We've watched you playing cricket;
And every kind of game.
At football, golf, and polo,
You men have made your name.
But now your Country calls you
To play your part in war.
And no matter what befalls you,
We shall love you all the more.
So come and join the forces
As your fathers did before.

Chorus

Oh! we don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go,
For your King and your Country, both need you so,
We shall want you and miss you,
But with all our might and main,
We shall cheer you, thank you, bless you,
When you come back again.

BOYS OF THE DARDANELLES.

Old England needs the men she breeds,
There's fighting to be done.
Australians heard, and were prepared,
To help her every son.
From out the Bay they sailed awry,
Our pride, Australia's own,
And so today they're far away,
And some in the Great Unknown.

Chorus

Boys of the Dardanelles,
They faced the shot and shells.
Down in history their name will go,
Our children's children their daring deeds will know.
Australian lads in khaki and in blue
Have shown the world what they can do.
How they fought and fell,
The cables daily tell,
Boys of the Dardanelles.

BATTLESONG

The Fourteenth Boys are merry,
The Fourteenth Boys are gay.
The Fourteenth Boys are happy
When they are on the spree.
They never, never, quarrel! (7)
They never disagree.
And the password of the Fourteenth Boys is
"Come-un-leave a drink with me!"
I'll go one, said Rusle.
I'll go two, said France.
I'll go three, said Belgium.
If I only get the chance.
I'll go four, said Germany,
And wipe you off the map;
But they all dropped dead
When John Bull said,
"Dill go MAP."

KITTIE, KITTIE.

Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a pity
In the city you work so hard.
With your one, two, three, four, five,
And your six, seven, eight, Gerhard.
Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a pity
That you're wasting so much time,
With your tips close to the telephone,
When they might be close to mine.

Kitty she was pretty,
Kitty she was witty,
She went to the City
Where they tried to pull her leg.
One of the committee
Thinking to be witty,
Hit her on the titty
With a hard boiled egg.

Singing "Rule Brittania,
The Kaiser killed the cat,
King George never, never, never
Would do that.

Guard! to the Guard Room — "Dismiss!"

CHU CHIN CHOW.

I'me Chu Chin Chow, of China,
No blood finer as mine in China.
At night when lights are low
He wanders to and fro.
He's a rooster of the Orient
And he's filled with Chinese sentiment.
At night when lights are low
He wanders to and fro.
He's a master of the art
He can steal the ladies' heart;
Love he'll plunder, he's a wonder,
Oh, Chin, Chin, Chow.

SHINING SARAH

SHINING SARAH sitting in a china shop,
And when she sits she shines.
And when she shines she sits,
SHINING SARAH sitting in a china shop,
She sits and shines and shines and sits all day.

SONS OF THE SEA.

Sons of the Sea! All British born!
Sailing every ocean, laughing faces to scorn;
They may build their ships of steel,
and think they know the game,
But they can't build boys of the
bull-dog breed,
Who made old England's name.

THE RUDDY PLATOON (Pat Hanna)
(Air) Ri toor-al-li-oral-li-aye

When we left old Melbourne
We all looked a treat,
We looked pretty boys marching down
Swanston Street;
But with the minnies and shrapnel and crumps,
Shelling the trenches and strafing the dumps.
We started with fifty odd non-coms and men,
We started with fifty and got back with ten,
And if this blinkin' depression don't end very soon,
Ther'll be nobody left in the Ruddy Platoon.

Ri toor al li oral li, aye.
The last ridge is still in front of us today,
We've beaten this last damned depression and soon
Ther'll be a spell—oh for the Ruddy Platoon.

WHEN YOU COME HOME.

When you come home, dear, All will be fair,
Home is not home When you are not there.
You in my heart dear, You by my side.
When you come home at eventide,
God will protect you, God will provide,
When you come home at eventide.
The minstrel sung of the war is o'er,
In the ranks, no duty, you'll find her.
His wet equipment is girded on,
And the old pack hangs behind him.
"Sing a song," said the warrior's mate,
And the martial, prompt, obeyed him;
But the words I cannot here relate—
They are dregs of all "harried" him.

The minstrel sang, and the loud refrain
Was caught by the fighters round him;
He lifted his voice in proud disdain,
They soon kindly wound him.
He sang his song with its chorus bold,
Right there in the first aid post;
A bit too bold were the words, I'm told,
For a journal such as America.

WASH ME IN THE WATER.

Wash me in the water
That you washed your dirty laughter
And I shall be whitened
That the whitewash be the wall.

WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

When you come to the end of a perfect day
And sit alone with your thoughts,
While the chimes sing out with solemn sighs,
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have come to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day
Near the end of a journey too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For memory has painted this perfect day
With colours that never fade,
And we find, at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE.

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Where the love in your eyes I could see.
When the voice that I heard, made the song of a bird,
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
I could hear the full buzz of the bee
In the blossoms as you said to me,
With a heart that is true
I'll be waiting for you
In the shade of the old apple tree.

DAISY DEAR.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true:
I'm half crazy all for the love of you;
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage.
But you'll look sweet on the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.
"What: Last another five years?"

Extract from Intelligence Report:
"Yesterday two of our pigeons failed to return."
"Ere! Keep yer 'ead down! — I don't want splinters splashed over me."
DIGGER'S

HYMNS
LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on,
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will, remember not past years.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
Even so, it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to Thee:
Thou, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee:

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joy grows dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem,
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone.
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Faint not, nor fear; His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear.
Only believe, and thou shalt see:
That Christ is all in all to thee.
Onward, Christian Soldiers,—
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go:

Chorus
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Happy foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.  (Chorus)

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;  Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod.
We are not divided
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.  (Chorus)

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingships rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise
And that cannot fail.  (Chorus)

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.  (Chorus)

Amen.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Those o'er the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedest on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage did sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour!
From rock and tempest, fire and ice,
Protect them wheresoever they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

THROUGH THE NIGHT OF DOUBT AND SORROW.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band;
Singing songs of expectation;
Marching to the Promised Land,
Clear before us through the darkness;
Gleams and burns the guiding light,
Brother clasps the hand of brother;
Stepping fearless through the night.

Oul the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bears its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade;
Soon shall come the great awakening,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

Amen.
AT EVEN, ERE THE SUN WAS SET.

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay.
Oh, in what diverse pains they met,
Oh, with what joy they went away.

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Depressed with various ills, draw near,
What if thy form we cannot see:
We know and feel that thou are here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make,
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep, He doth us take.

O, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest,
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island,
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.

From victory unto victory,
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Chorus

Stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not, it must not, It must not suffer loss.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

Hark: hark: my soul, angelic songs are swelling,
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave beat shore;
How sweet the truths those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Refrain

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDERFUL CROSS.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast.
Save in the death of Christ my Lord,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
Art thou weary? art thou languid?  
Art thou sore distress?  
"Come to Me" saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest".

Mark the marks to lead me to Him,  
I know my Guide,  
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side.

Is there dullest as Monarch  
That His crown adorns?  
"Yea, He crown in very surety,  
Pul'd of thorns".

**ROCK OF AGES.**

Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee,  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy dear side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands,  
Can fulfill Thy laws demands,  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

**JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.**

Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hile,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safely to the haven guide,  
O, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
None in helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave me not, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

**GOD BE WITH YOU:**

God be with you till we meet again,  
By His counsel's guide, uphold you;  
With His sheep securely fold you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.

**O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED.**

O Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee  
To the end,  
Be Thou for ever near me, my Master and my friend,  
I shall not fear the battle, if Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway, if Thou wilt be my Guide.

**PEACE: PERFECT PEACE.**

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin,  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace; with sorrows surging round,  
On Jesus' beacon wagg'd but calm is found.
H. M. King GEORGE V.

GEN. W. R. BIRDWOOD, G.C.C. A.I.F.
LIEUT. GEN. Sir JOHN MONASH, G.C.C. AUSTRALIAN CORPS.
LIEUT. GEN. Sir H. G. CHAUVEL, G.O.C. DESERT MOUNTED CORPS.
LIEUT. GEN. Sir C. B. B. WHITE, CHIEF STAFF OFFICER, A.I.F.

FIRST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION.

MAJ. GEN. SIR T. W. GLASGOW, G.O.C.

Divisional Headquarters.

FIRST BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

1st Battalion Infantry.

2nd Battalion Infantry.

3rd Battalion Infantry.

4th Battalion Infantry.

SECOND BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

5th Battalion Infantry.

6th Battalion Infantry.

7th Battalion Infantry.

8th Battalion Infantry.

THIRD BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

9th Infantry Battalion.

10th Infantry Battalion.

11th Infantry Battalion.

12th Infantry Battalion.

Sup. Col.

Pioneers.

Pay Corps.

Ordnance Corps.

Artillery.

Army Service Corps.

Engineers.

Veterinary Section.

A. S. Fk.

C. Goy.

A. M. C.

M. G. Bn.

(Cont.)

(Cont.)
FIRST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION. (Cont.)

PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS:

Anzac Landing, Helles, Lone Pine, Pozieres, Moquet Farm, Guedecourt, Thilloy, Launicourt, Bullecourt, Menin Road, Broodseinde, Morris, Lilien, Chignes, Haricourt.

Killed in action .... 10,477
Died of Wounds .... 3,553
Died other causes .... 1,133
Prisoners of War .... 500
Wounded (approx.) .... 35,984

TOTAL ... 51,647

SECOND AUSTRALIAN DIVISION.

MAJ. GEN. SIR CHAS. ROSENTHAL. G.O.C.

Divisional Headquarters.

FIFTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

17th Infantry Battalion.
18th Infantry Battalion.
19th Infantry Battalion.
20th Infantry Battalion.

SIXTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

21st Infantry Battalion.
22nd Infantry Battalion.
23rd Infantry Battalion.
24th Infantry Battalion.

SEVENTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

25th Infantry Battalion.
26th Infantry Battalion.
27th Infantry Battalion.
28th Infantry Battalion.

Sup. Col.
Pioneers.
Pay Corps.
Ordinance.
Artillery.
Army Service Corps.

(Cont.)

Hill 60 (Anzac) Pozieres, Moquet Farm, Flers, Launicourt, Bullecourt, Menin Road, Broodseinde, Fessines, Ville-sur-Selle, Hamel (6th Bde). Framerville, Mont St. Quentin, Beaurevoir, Montauban.

Killed in action .... 2,837
Died of wounds .... 2,242
Died other causes .... 956
Prisoners of War .... 277
Wounded (approx.) .... 37,936

TOTAL ... 51,928

THIRD AUSTRALIAN DIVISION.

MAJ. GEN. SIR JOHN CULLIFORD. G.O.C.

Divisional Headquarters.

NINTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

33rd Infantry Battalion.
34th Infantry Battalion.
35th Infantry Battalion.
36th Infantry Battalion.

TENTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

37th Infantry Battalion.
38th Infantry Battalion.
39th Infantry Battalion.
40th Infantry Battalion.

ELEVENTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

41st Infantry Battalion.
42nd Infantry Battalion.
43rd Infantry Battalion.
44th Infantry Battalion.

(Cont.)
THIRD AUSTRALIAN DIVISION. (Cont.)

R.A.E.M.C.
Sup. Cpl.
Pioneers.
Pay Corps.
Ordnance.
Artillery.
Army Service Corps.
Engineers.
Vetinary Section.
A. S. Tk.
A.M.C.
M. G. Bn.

PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Masnieres, Windmill, Broodseinde,
Passchendaele, Morlaixcourt, Villers-
Bretonneux, Hamel (11th Div.),
Mericourt, Bray, Froyart, Clery,
Doups-Verneuil, Bois.

Killed in action ... ...... 4,542
Died of wounds ...... 1,678
Died other causes ...... 554
Prisoners of War ...... 161
Wounded (Approx.) ...... 24,188

TOTAL 31,123

FOURTH AUSTRALIAN DIVISION.

C.O. C. COLONEL G. SINCLAIR MACLEAN O.C.C.

Divisional Headquarters.
FOURTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.
Headquarters.
Machine Gunners.
13th Infantry Battalion.
14th Infantry Battalion.
15th Infantry Battalion.
16th Infantry Battalion.

THIRTEENTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.
Headquarters.
Machine Gunners.
49th Infantry Battalion.
50th Infantry Battalion.
51st Infantry Battalion.
52nd Infantry Battalion.

PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Anzac Landing, Sari Bair (Anzac),
Pozieres, Moquet Farm, Flers, Noyon,
Bullecourt, Messines, Zonnebeke,
Passchendaele, Helpeux, Delebecque, Villers-Bretonneux, Hamel, Morlancourt,
Etinchem, Froyart, Le Vurgoule,
Jeancourt.

Killed in action ... ...... 8,360
Died of wounds ...... 2,613
Died other causes ...... 1,678
Prisoners of War ...... 21,016
Wounded (approx.) ...... 32,127

TOTAL 41,345

FIFTH AUSTRALIAN DIVISION.


Divisional Headquarters.
EIGHTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.
Headquarters.
Machine Gunners.
29th Infantry Battalion.
30th Infantry Battalion.
31st Infantry Battalion.
32nd Infantry Battalion.

(Cont)
FRONT AUSTRALIAN DIVISION (Cont.)

FOURTEENTH BRIGADE,
Trench Mortars.
Headquarters.
Machine Gunners.
53rd Infantry Battalion.
44th Infantry Battalion.
55th Infantry Battalion.
56th Infantry Battalion.

FIFTEENTH BRIGADE.
Trench Mortars.
Headquarters.
Machine Gunners.
57th Infantry Battalion.
58th Infantry Battalion.
59th Infantry Battalion.
60th Infantry Battalion.
Sup. Col.
Pioneers.
Pay Corps.
Ordinance.
Artillery.
Army Service Corps.
Engineers.
Vetinary Section.
A. S. Pl.
R. Coy.
A. M. G.
M. G. En.

PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS.
Fromelles, Gueudecourt, Grevillers,
Bazentin, Bullecourt, Polygon Wood,
Bellewaarde, Villers-Bretonneux,
Vauvillers, Barleux, Peronne, Nauroy,
Le Catelet Line.

Killed in action ........ 5,716
Died of wounds ........... 1,375
Died of other causes ...... 664
Prisoners of war ........... 574
Wounded (approx.) ... 23,331

TOTAL ... 32,180
Operating in Palestine.

Principal engagements.


Mesopotamia.

Amark, Basiriyah, Ctesiphon, Kut, Kirkuk, Mosul.

Killed in action ... 1,168
Died of wounds ... 566
Died of other causes ... 998
Prisoners of War ... 83
Wounded (approx.) ... 7,520

Total ... 10,005

Corps Troops and miscellaneous.

Headquarters.
H.T.M. Det.
C Sig Coy.
H.Q.M.T.
M.T. Coys.
Jet Hosp.
Tele Sec.
A.T.C.
A.T.S.C.
1st A.C.C.S.
2nd A.C.C.S.
3rd A.C.C.S.
1st Supt. Dr.
S.O.T. Ser.
S.S.S.A.
Spec Det.
1st Anz. M.R.
Transport.
A.M.M.I.C.
H.Q. K.S.C.
3rd A.F.A.
6th A.F.A.
12th A.F.A.
S.S.A.A.
50th K.A.G.
2nd Anz. M.R.
A.A.C.C.
Rtn. Coy.
(A.A.C.C. (Cont.

Corps Troops and miscellaneous (Cont.)

A.A.C.C.
A.T.S.C.
A.T.S.C.
Admin. H.Q.
No. 1 A.G.H.
No. 2 A.G.H.
No. 3 A.G.H.
Nurs. Inf.
Nurs. Sal.
No. 1 A.A.H.
No. 2 A.A.H.
No. 3 A.A.H.
Ad H.Q. Med.
Den. Cps.
No. 1 H.B.
No. 2 H.B.
No. 1 A.D.H.
No. 1 S.T.
No. 4 S.
A.A.N.S.
A.F.
A.B.
P.S.'s.
S.B.A.G.
C.A. Pk.
1st Anz. C.A.B.
2nd Anz. C.A.B.
A.N.M.E. Med.
H.O.M.W.

Principal engagements.

In addition to Divisional engagements:—

Vimy, Loos, Miraumont Nicourt, Dicimu, Cambrai, Robecques, Lens, Flanders, 1918.

Killed in action ... 808
Died of wounds ... 474
Died of other causes ... 1,055
Prisoners of War ... 286
Wounded (approx.) ... 10,663

Total ... 13,186
STATISTICS OF THE CASUALTIES IN THE GREAT WAR.

"An authoritative statement was made in the House of Commons in May, 1921, as follows:"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BRITISH EMPIRE</th>
<th>DEAD</th>
<th>WOUNDED</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GREAT BRITAIN</td>
<td>743,702</td>
<td>1,693,263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CANADA</td>
<td>56,625</td>
<td>149,732</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW ZEALAND</td>
<td>16,136</td>
<td>40,729</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AUSTRALIA</td>
<td>59,330</td>
<td>152,171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOUTH AFRICA and NEW</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOUNDLAND</td>
<td>8,832</td>
<td>15,153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INDIA</td>
<td>61,398</td>
<td>70,859</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| ALLIED AND ASSOCIATED COUNTRIES | | |
| FRANCE                      | 1,385,300 | No record |
| BELGIUM                     | 33,172    | 44,686    |
| ITALY                       | 460,000   | 947,000   |
| PORTUGAL                    | 7,222     | 13,751    |
| ROUMANIA                    | 335,706   | No record |
| SERBIA                      | 127,535   | 133,148   |
| U.S. AMERICA                | 115,060   | 205,690   |

| ENEMY COUNTRIES            | | |
| GERMANY                    | 2,050,466 | 4,202,028 |
| AUSTRIA                    | 1,200,000 | 3,620,000 |
| BULGARIA                   | 101,224   | 152,400   |
| TURKEY                     | 300,000   | 570,000   |

(Hammerton's Encyclopedia)
AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE IN THE GREAT WAR 1914 — 1919

STATISTICS OF AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE.

2,054 AUSTRALIAN NURSES WENT OVERSEAS DURING THE WAR.
OF WHOM 13 NEVER RETURNED HAVING PASSED AWAY IN SERVICE.

THEY SERVED ON THE FOLLOWING FRONTS:
EGYPT, LESvos ISLAND, INDIA, PERSIA, FRANCE, ENGLAND,
MEDITERRANEAN TRANSPORT SERVICE, TRANSPORT DUTY, AND ON THE HOSPITAL SHIPS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

49 OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE Sailed WITH THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE. THEY WENT TO EGYPT.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE No. 1 AND No. 2 AUSTRALIAN GENERAL HOSPITALS SAILED FROM MELBOURNE ON 8TH DECEMBER, 1914, ON THE "AYRRI." 110 NURSES WERE LENT TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT. THESE NURSES RETURNED TO THE MATRON IN CHIEF IN LONDON AND WERE ATTACHED TO THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA MILITARY (IMPERIAL) NURSING SERVICE (RESERVE), AND A NUMBER WERE SENT ON TRANSPORT DUTY.

A NUMBER OF THE RETURNED NURSES ARE STILL TENDING RETURNED SOLDIERS IN THE MILITARY HOSPITALS ALL OVER AUSTRALIA.
NURSE CAVELL'S LAST MESSAGE TO THE WORLD.

"But this I would say, standing as I do and in view of God and Eternity. I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness to anyone."
MURPHY AT ANZAC.

(EO, COLVILLE)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Award</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Victoria Cross (V.C.)</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Order of the Bath—Knights Com. (K.C.B.)</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Companion (C.B.)</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Order of St. Michael and St. George, K.B. (K.C.M.G.)</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K.C.M.G.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Companions (C.M.G.)</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Order of the Brit. Emp.—K.B. (K.G.)</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commanders (C.B.E.)</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Officers (C.B.E.)</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Members (M.B.E.)</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dist. Ser. Order (D.S.O.)</td>
<td>619</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bar, 2 Bars 1</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal Air Force (R.A.F.)</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bar</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Military Cross (M.C.)</td>
<td>2,368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bar, 2 Bars 4</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.S.O.</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bar, 2 Bars 2</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Air Force Cross (A.F.C.)</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bar</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.S. Com., Med. (D.C.M.)</td>
<td>1,767</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bar</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Military Medal (M.M.)</td>
<td>9,396</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bar, 2 Bars 15</td>
<td>496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Bars</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cross, Ser. Med. (M.S.M.)</td>
<td>1,220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bar</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Total Casualties**

- Killed in Action: 33,983
- Died of Wounds: 7,132
- Died of Other Causes: 2,821
- Prisoners of War: 4,057
- Wounded: 163,819
- Total Sick and Injured: 38,170
- Gassed: 9,087
- Died in Camp Prior to Embarkation: 936

**Total Cost of the War to Australia**: £464,000,000

Details of Members of the A.I.F. who were wounded more than twice:

- Wounded 7 times: 1
- Wounded 6 times: 10
- Wounded 5 times: 105
- Wounded 4 times: 807
- Wounded 3 times: 5,588

64,000 ex members of the A.I.F. have died since the war. It is impossible to arrive at the correct details owing to the difficulties of tracing.

79,000 ex members of the A.I.F. are under repatriation, and are suffering from war disabilities.

52,000 ex members of the A.I.F. are suffering from war disabilities, not sufficiently extensive to obtain pensions, leaving 15,968 men who have either not applied for repatriation or their health is not sufficiently impaired for them to apply for it.
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY & R.A.N.B.

IN THE

GREAT WAR

1914 - 1918

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM H. GRESWELL, FIRST NAVAL MEMBER

OF THE AUSTRALIAN NAVAL FORCES, 1911 - 1912.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE H. PATEY, COMMANDER OF THE

AUSTRALIAN FLEET, 1913 - 1914.

PERSONNEL SERVING IN OR WITH THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY DURING THE WAR.

PERMANENT PERSONNEL.

At outbreak of war.

1915 1916 1917 1918 June, 1919.

TOTAL OFFICERS & MEN 3800 4400 4450 4700 5050 5250

PERSONNEL OF ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL BRIGADE.

At outbreak of war.

1915 1916 1917 1918 June, 1919.

FORCED TRAINING 1153 1558 1578 1951 2367 2582

OTHERS 493 473 418 285 303 231

CADETS IN TRAINING UNDER THE COMPULSORY SERVICE SCHEME.

3632 3166 3222 3724 3790 3834

NUMBERS OF R.A.N. BRIGADE EMPLOYED IN SEVERAL SERVICES DURING THE WAR.

SHORE SERVICE (examination etc.) 53 Officers 2444 men

IN AUSTRALIAN WATERS (Minesweeping or patrolling) 18 170

BEYOND AUSTRALIAN STATIONS (gun crews on Transports etc.) 19 250
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL RADIO SERVICE.

IN AUSTRALIAN SHORE STATIONS 37 Officers 53 men.

IN ISLAND SHORE STATIONS 7 12.

IN TRANSPORTS & MERCHANTS VESSELS 115 Operators.

(Operators in Transports and Merchant Vessels were not members of the R.A.N. but served under Mercantile Marine Articles.)

STATISTICS OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY AT THE OUTBREAK OF WAR.

"AUSTRALIA" Battle Cruiser. "PARRAMATTA" Torpedo Boat Destroyer.
"BRISBANE" Light Cruiser. "PIONEER" Light Cruiser.
"CHILDERS" 1st class Torpedo Boat. "PROTECTOR" Gunboat.
"COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN" Torpedo Boat Destroyer.
"ENCOUNTER" Light Cruiser. "SYDNEY" Light Cruiser.
"HUON" Light Cruiser. "TORRENS" Torpedo Destroyer.
"MELBOURNE" Torpedo Boat Destroyer. "WARREGO" Torpedo Destroyer.
"PANAMA" Light Cruiser. "YARRA" Gunboat.


TOTAL 19 ships.

STRENGTH OF AUSTRALIAN NAVY, 1914, WAS 37 ships.

ENEMY VESSELS CAPTURED IN AUSTRALIAN PORTS AT OUTBREAK OF WAR 11.

ENEMY VESSELS REACHED AUSTRALIAN PORTS AFTER OUTBREAK OF WAR 9.

26 ENEMY MINES WERE DISCOVERED IN AUSTRALIAN WATERS.

The German warships in the PACIFIC in JULY, 1914, were "Scharnhorst", "Gneisenau", "Leipzig", "Nurnberg", "Emden", and "Cormoran".

SAILING-ORDER OF THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN CONVOY:

"Minotaur" (Warship)

"Sydney" (Warship) A18 A3 A14 "Ibuki" (Warship)
A7 A27 A8
A11 A44 A9
A15 A26 A19
A2 A12 A24
A17 A13 A22
A10 A1 A16
A21 A23 A20
A6 A25 A5
A28
NZ10 NZ3
NZ11 NZ9
NZ8 NZ8
NZ25 NZ7
NZ12 NZ4

"Melbourne" (Warship)
**Extract from "Melbourne's" Log of Sailing of First Australian Convoy.**

1st November, 1914.

6.25 a.m. "Mintaro" and "Sydney" sailed.
6.45 a.m. First Australian Division sailed.
7.15 a.m. Second Australian Division sailed.
7.55 a.m. Third Australian Division sailed.
8.20 a.m. New Zealand Division sailed.
8.53 a.m. All transports clear of sound.

**Transports requisitioned by the Australian Government:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number and Name</th>
<th>Gross Tonnage</th>
<th>Officers</th>
<th>Other Ranks</th>
<th>Horses</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A1 BHMOTTUS</td>
<td>4606</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>758</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A2 GEBLONI</td>
<td>7351</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>1585</td>
<td>1-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A3 ORILETO</td>
<td>12130</td>
<td>209</td>
<td>1425</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A4 PERIA</td>
<td>7635</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>448</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A5 CIMA</td>
<td>8130</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>1316</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A6 AUCKLAND MACCORQUODALE</td>
<td>5121</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>129</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A7 BORAC</td>
<td>12032</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>1076</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A8 SHERIDIA</td>
<td>10592</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A9 SHERIDIA</td>
<td>11911</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>878</td>
<td>451</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A10 KARROO</td>
<td>6127</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>390</td>
<td>448</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A11 ASPANUS</td>
<td>10048</td>
<td>69</td>
<td>1750</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A13 SARDANHA</td>
<td>4594</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>396</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A13 LAVINA</td>
<td>4641</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A14 EULALIDE</td>
<td>15050</td>
<td>136</td>
<td>2204</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A15 SIST OF ENGLAND later</td>
<td>9136</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>499</td>
<td>476</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A16 SIST OF VICTORIA later</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fitted for transport of:
- 9136 troops
- 29 officers
- 499 other ranks
- 476 horses

**Fleet of Port Sydney**

- 9152 ts BHC-GORDON
- 7643 ts BHMOTTUS
- 10590 ts BHMOTTUS
- 11999 ts ARMY
- 9400 ts HOBART
- 6443 ts DAK
- 8948 ts KANGARO
- 7573 ts SUFFOLK
- 11118 ts EMMA
- 7379 ts ANGO EGYPTIAN
- 6153 ts ARMAGH
- 4769 ts SOUTHERN
- 7614 ts MONTADES
- 1253 ts SUEVIC
- 11136 ts SUEVIC
- 7758 ts JUANA
- 11231 ts HERMISTOLES
- 7763 ts AYSHIRE
- 12042 ts PERSIC
- 11137 ts BEULIMA
- 586 ts BOOMAH (ox enemy Melbourne)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Gross Tonnage</th>
<th>Officers</th>
<th>Other Ranks</th>
<th>Horses</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A37</td>
<td>BARABAR (ex enemy)</td>
<td>7223</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>498</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A38</td>
<td>ULYSSES</td>
<td>14499</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>2000</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A39</td>
<td>PORT MACQUARIE</td>
<td>7235</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>371</td>
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<tr>
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<td>6616</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>982</td>
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<td>A74</td>
<td>MARATHON</td>
<td>7082</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>1262</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Fleet of Transports which the Commonwealth had accumulated were in the end thus disposed of:

- Handover to the Admiralty ... 52
- Handover to owners ... 7
- Handover to the Government of India ... 1
- Converted into Hospital Ships (With Line) ... 7
- Sunk while employed under Naval Board ... 6
The First Lord of the Admiralty, speaking in America on October 12th, 1918, stated that the BRITISH NAVY had lost 230 WARSHIPS OF ALL CLASSES — more than twice as many as the rest of the Allies — and in addition 455 AUXILIARY VESSELS of the MINE-SWEEPER and TRAWLER TYPES.

ENEMY LOSSES.

Any attempt to detail the enemy's losses would be hopeless, but it may be added that well OVER A HUNDRED OF THE ENEMY SMALL CRAFT came to grief in the British Minefields surrounding the Bight of Heligoland.

DETAILS OF MERCANTILE MARINE LOSSES DURING THE WAR.

In the war 1914 — 1918, there were lost through enemy action 2,774 MERCHANT VESSELS of 2,538,918 GROSS TONNAGE.

Of this Total: 2197 (7,638,020 tons) were BRITISH.

238 (96,845 tons) " FRENCH.

230 (742,365 tons) " ITALIAN.

29 (120,176 tons) " JAPANESE.

80 (341,512 tons) " UNITED STATES AMERICAN.

DETAILS OF AIRSHIP AND AEROPLANE RAIDS IN ENGLAND DURING WAR TIME.

Total casualties Civilian and Military AIR SHIP RAIDS 556 killed 1357 injured.

AEROPLANE RAIDS 857 killed 2050 injured.

The total casualties sustained by civilian and military by enemy raids over— ENGLAND DURING THE WAR WERE 1413 KILLED and 3407 INJURED.
Billjim: "'Ow do yer git into the bloomin' bath, digger?"
Orderly (thoughtfully): "Do yer see that tap? Well, crawl up through it."
WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR, DADDY?

TWO 'UNDRED !!! !!XX
QUID AT TWO-UP
SOUTH AFRICAN WAR SONGS
STATISTICS OF AUSTRALIANS WHO SERVED THEIR COUNTRY

IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR 1899 — 1902.

ENLISTMENTS FROM THE VARIOUS STATES AS UNDER:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State</th>
<th>Enlistments</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>NEW SOUTH WALES</td>
<td>6,327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VICTORIA</td>
<td>3,592</td>
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<tr>
<td>QUEENSLAND</td>
<td>2,910</td>
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<tr>
<td>SOUTH AUSTRALIA</td>
<td>1,534</td>
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<tr>
<td>WESTERN AUSTRALIA</td>
<td>1,237</td>
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<tr>
<td>TASMANIA</td>
<td>860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td><strong>16,460</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CASUALTIES AMONGST AUSTRALIANS:

- 31 OFFICERS, 359 RANK AND FILE, TOTAL 390.

DECORATIONS AWARDED TO AUSTRALIANS.

- Victoria Cross (V.C.) ... ... 8
- Companion of the Order of the Bath (C.B.) ... ... 17
- Companion of the Order of St. Michael & St. George (C.M.G.) 5
- Distinguished Service Order (D.S.O.) ... 44

There were 78 Victoria Crosses awarded in the South African War, 8 of which were to Australians.

PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS.

- BELFAST. DIAMOND HILL. WITTEBERGEN.
- LAINGS NEX. JOHANNESBURG. TRANSVAAL.
- DEFENCE OF MAFIKING. WEPENER. DRIEFONTein.
- RELIEF OF LADYSMITH. PAARDEBURG. ORANGE FREE STATE.
- RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY. TUGELA HEIGHTS. MODDER RIVER.
- BELMONT. DEFENCE OF LADYSMITH. ELANDS LAAGTE.
- TALANA. DEFENCE OF KIMBERLEY. RELIEF OF MAFIKING.
- RHODESIA. NATAL. CAPE COLONY and ELANDS RIVER.
When you've shot the "Nellie Britannia,"
when you've sung "Our Sunny Queen,"
when you've finished killing the Kaiser with
your mouth—
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my
little-tambourine
For a gentleman in khaki ordered South?
He's an absent-minded beggar, and his
sandshoes are great—but we all must take him as we find him—
He's out on active service wipin' somethin' off a slate,
And he's left a lot of little things behind him!

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)
Each of 'em doing his country's work—
(and who's to look after their things?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake; and pay—pay!

There are girls he married secret,
askin' no permission to,
For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did;
There's sand and coals and vittles, and the house-rent falling due;
And it's more than rather likely there's

There are girls he walked with casual,
There's a worry now he's gone,
For an absent-minded beggar they will

But it ain't the time for sermons, with
the winter coming on—
We must have the girl that Tommy's
left behind him!

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a
belted Earl—
Son of a Sazobah publican, it's all
to-morrow today!
Each of 'em doing his country's work—
(and who's to look after the girl?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake; and
pay—pay—pay!
Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys.
Comrades, when manhood was dawning,
Faithful whatever betide.
And when danger threatened, my darling old comrade was there by my side.

BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE.

Steadily, shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily blade by blade,
Steady and strong, marching along,
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.

(Retire).

NOT A RAIL ISSUE.

Beer, beer, glorious beer, fill your
screens, light up to here,
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it,
Stick to your old-fashioned beer.
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it,
Now altogether a cheer,
Up with the sale of it, down with a pail of it.
Glorious, glorious beer!

ANOTHER ISSUE.

Come, come, come and make eyes at me,
Down at the old Bull and Bush,
Come, come, and drink some port wine with me,
Down at the Old Bull and Bush,
Hear the little German band—ta-ra-ra-ra.
Just let me hold your hand dearer—
Come, come, come and have a drink or two,
Down at the old Bull and Bush—Bush—Bush—Bush.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

I want to go home, I want to go home,
Where the pop-poms and maxims and mausers don't roar.
I don't want to go on the trek any more,
I want to go back to Aussie,
Where Johnny Beer won't catch me.
Oh, my, I don't want to die,
I want to go home.

Goodbye, my Blue Bell, farewell to you,
One last fond look into your eyes of blue.
Midst camp-fires gleaming, midst shot and shell,
I will be dreaming of my own Blue Bell.

SONS OF THE SEA.

Sons of the Sea! All British born,
Sailing every ocean, laughing foes to scorn;
They may build their ships my lads, and think they know the game,
But they can't build boys of the bull-dog breed, who made old England's name.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

Britons once did loyally declaim,
About the way we ruled the waves;
E'ry Briton's song was just the same:
When singing of our soldier brave;
All the world had heard it, wonder'd why we sang,
And some have learn'd the reason why,
But we're forgetting it, and we're letting it,
Fade away and gradually die;
Fade away and gradually die;
So when we say that England's weaker,
Remember who has made her so.

Chorus

It's the Soldiers of the Queen, my lads;
Who've been my lads, who've seen my lads,
In the fight for England's glory, lads,
When we've had to show them what we mean.
And when we say we've always won,
And when they ask us how it's done;
We'll proudly point to ev'ryone
Of England's Soldiers of the Queen! It's the Queen.

DOLLY GRAY.

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Tho' it breaks my heart to go;
Something tells me I am needed,
At the front to fight the foe.
See the soldier boys are marching,
And I can no longer stay,
Hark! I hear the bugle calling,
Good-bye, Dolly Gray!
BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER.

Just break the news to Mother,
She knows how dear I love her,
And tell her not to wait for me,
For I'm not coming home;
Just say there is no other
Can take the place of Mother,
Then kiss her dear sweet lips for me,
And break the news to her.

DOLLY GRAY.

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Tho' it breaks my heart to go,
Something tells me I am needed,
At the front to fight the foe.
See the soldier boys are marching,
And I can no longer stay,
Hark! I hear the bugle calling,
Goodbye, Dolly Gray.

SISTER.

Sister, my little sister, whisper a fond goodbye,
Soon I'll be returning, so, little girl, you must not cry;
Fighting for home and beauty I will for glory try;
Kiss me, darling sister, and for the last time say "Goodbye."

THE OLD FLAG.

'Tis not with tears down trodden,
Nor yet with craven slaves,
That the foe must acquaint who dares give affront,
To the flag that o'er us waves.
But with men, free, bold and fearless,
United heart in hand,
To guard the honour and the fame
Of the flag of the Motherland.

Chorus

Of the brave old British flag, my boys,
The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart, we are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the Grand Old Flag.

SONS OF THE SEA.

Have you heard the talk of foreign powers,
Building ships increasingly,
Do you know they watch this Isle of ours?
Watch their chance unceasingly?
Have you heard the millions they will spend
Strengthening their fleets, and why?
They imagine they can break or bend
The nation that has often made them fly.
But one thing we possess they forget, they forget,
The lads in blue they've met, often met, often met.

Chorus.

Sons of the Sea, all British born,
Sailing ev'ry ocean, laughing foes to scorn.
They may build their ships and lads, and think they know the game,
But they can't build the boys of the bull-dog breed,
Who made Old England's name.

Do you know they threaten to combine
Three to one's their bravery?
Do you know they'd like to sweep the brine,
Bind us lads in slavery?
Have you heard they think that plates of steel,
Plates of steel and guns will do?
But we know 'twas British hearts of oak
In every battle pulled us safely through;
For one thing we possess, they forget, they forget,
The lads in blue they've met, often met, often met.

Chorus. Sons of the Sea.

If they'd know why Britons rule the waves,
If they'd solve the mystery,
If they'd know the deeds of Britain's braves,
Let them read their history.
Let them search the bottom of the seas
Where their battered palms now lie,
Let them build their puny ships of war
We build men prepared to do or die.
There's one thing we possess, they forget, they forget,
The lads in blue they've met, often met, often met.

Chorus.

Sons of the Sea, etc.
In these hard times 'tis good to meet and talk about the Veldt,
Real good to hear old cobbers ask each other how they felt,
'Tis true, the friendly smile and the hearty grip
Of pals you've not seen for a while, not since you left the ship.
To talk about the good old times you had with Johnny Deor,
And skits about the many ways you stoushed him on the jaw.

And how about those "Dinkum Kangas" feathers in your hats?
I'm sure you all feel crummy when you think about the chats,
Somehow it makes you young again; it helps to give you pep,
'Tis something like a marching strain, you want to keep the step.
And then again you cast a thought back to a lonely plain,
You sing and think of cobbers you will never see again.

As their pals, you should remember, it has been Australia's loss,
They are not there in the silence, on the Veldt we rode across.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.
Oh, Britannia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of brave and free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

Chorus
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

RING DOWN THE CURTAIN, I CAN'T SING TONIGHT.
Ring down the curtain, I can't sing tonight,
My heart is breaking amid all this light;
My little ones are going my pride and delight,
So ring down the curtain, I can't sing tonight.
Motherland! Motherland! You have called
Our sons. They rush to man your guns;
Staunch and true, staunch and true, has
Australia ever been.
We will fight for our dear old Motherland,
And our dear Mother-Queen.

Chorus.

Let the old ensign out free to the last,
Britons strike home though that may be the last.

At our approach the oppressor shall flee,
Slaves are unfettered and are all set free.
Though the black cannon shall flash in our face,
Dealing out slaughter, fear naught but disgrace.

Britons we are when oppression shall come,
Britons strike heavy, and Britons strike home.

Britannia in arms shall rise in her might,
Cower, ye tyrants, for freedom we fight.
Foes tremble all when the lion shall roar,
Soon shall his mane be all dabbled with gore.

Britannia triumphant o'er all shall become,
Britons strike heavy, and Britons strike home.

Britannia, queen of the land and the sea,
Fear of the tyrant and boast of the free,
Ready her sons when the cannon shall blow,
Loyal all prove when beset by the foe.

Here from Australia borne o'er the white foam,
Come we to aid, so like Britons strike home.

Britons strike home, Britons strike home,
Britons strike heavy, and Britons strike home.

OLD ENGLAND AND THE NEW. (Chorus)

If we have to go to war, then cheerfully we'll go.
No matter what the number or how strong the foe,
Let them try their best to beat us,
They'll have to try their best to do,
We'll show the world 'twill have to fight
Old England and the New.
For four long months the Boer hordes
Besieged the little town;
For four long months the cannon
roared—

The flag would not come down.
The flag would not come down at all,
But flouted in the air;
The battle flag—Imperial—
Would not surrender there.

They played the game in manner grand,
In days of dearth and dule;
They burned on half a biscuit and
They dined on roasted mule.
These gaunt, gay heroes played their
parts,
With spade and rifle wrought,
And, when grim hunger gnawed their
hearts,
Drew in their belts—and fought!

ELEANDS RIVER.

It was on the fourth of August, as five
hundred of us lay
In the camp at Elands River, came a shell
from De la Rey.
We were dreaming of home faces,
Of the old familiar places,
And the big trees, and the sunny plains
five thousand miles away.
But the challenge woke and found us,
With four thousand rifles round us,
And Death stood laughing at us, at the
breaking of the day.

We sent the Maxim going, and the field
run into place,
She stifled the growling of a Krupp
upon our southern face;
Round the crimson ring of battle
Swiftly rang the deadly rattle
As our rifles searched the fore lines
with a desperate menace.
We would wish himself away;
Fighting in our ranks that day,
For the glory of Australia and the
honour of the race?

ANZAC-DORP WAR.

When England with the Boers war waged,
And news was flashed to Austral's shores;
At Ladysmith, where battle raged,
The British had to yield to Boers.
Oft and again had Buller failed
The place to succour or relieve;
Then squadrons from old England fell'd
The nation's honour to retrieve.
'Twas then Australian blood got warm
With Empire's cause they'd cast their lot;
They'd go the Tugela's heights to storm,
From British shield wipe out the blot.

"LAST POST!"

May their rest be never failing;
For their hearts were ever true;
And, perchance, their spirits hover as
we sing;
May their name be golden written,
Keep their memory staunch with you,
As man, as friend, as brother, each
was king.
Officer:— (After an early morning run at the invitation of the Officer)
    "Well, Digger! How did you enjoy the run?"
Digger:—
    "Run? Gor' strike me, I thought you said RUM!"
"What's the little gold bar on your sleeve for?"
"So's people won't ask silly questions!"
WAR VERSES
YOU  AUSTRALIAN  MOTHERS.

(Richard Lindo's great poetical tribute to you Australian Mothers).

He went without a murmur —
You did not bid him stay;
Although you knew the price that you
And he might have to pay.
Now he has gone for ever
You would not have it said
An Australian Mother whimpered
Because her son was dead.

He won his Cross in Flanders—
How proud you were that day;
your eyes were bright as though the light
Of Heaven shed its ray.
There's another cross in Flanders
Where he is laid to rest,
But only tears can tarnish
His Cross upon your breast.

Not yours the joy of battle,—
Only the griefs and fears;
But the hero's grave of the son you gave
Is wet by a Nation's tears.
Ye afflicted Women of Australia.
No more misunderstood—
Your sacrifice shall ever be
As a crown of Motherhood.

(The above was kindly supplied by E. E. Ford)

The Australian Sunbonnet and must not be
given in theatres or music halls without
written permission).
THE TRAGEDY

The cow stood on the tramway track,
The driver rang the bell
But the silly creature turned her back,
And heeded not his yell.

The driver strove to stop the tram,
But the brakes went wrong somehow,
There came a crash, an awful smash,
And the air was full of cow.

The bones and hoofs and horns and hair
Were scattered in a flash;
Some here, some there, some everywhere,
It was an awful smash.

One teat fell on an old maid's lap,
The sight her bosom thrilled;
She cried aloud to all the crowd,
"Good God: the guard is killed."
The skies that arched his land were blue,
his bush-born wins were warm and sweet,
And yet from earliest hours he knew
The tides of victory and defeat;
From fierce floods thundering at his birth,
From red droughts ravening while he played,
He learned to fear no foes on earth—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

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

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

Bravest, where half a world of men
Are brave beyond all earth's rewards,
So stoutly none shall charge again
Till the last breaking of the sword;
Wounded or hale, won home from war,
Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,
Give him his due for evermore—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"
It's the spell that courts the feet
When marching rolls,
It's the charm that covers league on
Muddy league,
It's the trimming that we wear with
Overalls,
When we're slopping with the bucket at
Fatigue;
It's the prayer that makes the soldier's
Spirit strong,
And the emulet he wears upon his breast—
Just to scoff at dull endeavour with a
Song.
For in song the soldier's soul is manifest.

It was "Desert Sands" we sang when we
Wore green
(Oh, Java, sands were anything but cold!)
When the Bedouin and staff of Cairo
Were nine with miles of ages manifold;
We sang and swore andaimed with such
As these,
Till we encountered other ways and other men
On one small neck of land between the seas
(We taught the world the songs we chanted
Then).

The words are mostly shaped by limping
chance,
And the jangling tune may rattle like a 'bus,
But it trumpets scorn of Time and
Circumstance,
As we tramp the greasy road with Orpheus;
It links the breaking squadron under fire,
It pulls the cursing column from the rut,
It voices scorn of Death and vain desire,
To the Colonel or the regimental slut.

And it's "Take me back to Dixie" here
In France.
(Oh, there never was a Dixie like the South):
And the music is the ghost of old Romance,
And the memory of kisses on the mouth;
It is loss and gain and torment, it is truth,
It is wine unto the flesh and spirit spent,
The rear whose counsel stands forever sooth,
And the whip whose thong can drive
The environment.

We've stuck with tune the tepid
Turkish night.
Rouen has echoed back "Australia Fair,"
We've yelled the songs of Brisbane
And the Eight
Along the pitted streets of Pozieres;
Their voice is wrath and mirth and
Cleanly hate,
Forgetfulness and keen remembrance both,
They are bombs we lift and fling at
Foward fate!
(And we fuse them with a hot
Australian oath:
And it's "Boys of Anzac" whom we keep
The bag
(Oh, that's their barrage-fire that
Drops behind),
Akvart the gaps their flattened wire
Sage,
The shouting charge spills forward,
Battle-bliss,
And when to blackened vines and
Ragged rails,
We win through splintered steel and
Shrinking flesh,
The swaddles drop to breathe, the
Trumpet calls,
And we sing them up to dig the line
Afresh.

They are tunes that know no "harmonic rule,
And their ancestry concerns us not at all,
For we've conned them in a kindergarden-
School,
And we've hummed them in a Sydney
Music-hall,
They've the loneliness that draws the
Soul apart,
And the shame that bids the husky
Laughter rise
With a jest for something tightened
Round the heart,
And a blasphemy for tears within the
Eyes.

(Cont.)
THE SINGING ARMY
(Continued)

And it's "Break the News to Mother" when we drop
(Oh, gently in the jumble where you tread!)

When Earth and Heaven roar and reel
And the dirty khaki blots with cleaner red;
Though the bugles blare their grieving to the sky,
And the sulsonic ink of sorrow choke the pen,
The song we taught you shall you know us by,
Who were singers of the Melody of Men:

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.
(William Gay)

From all division let our land be free,
For God has made her one: complete she lies
Within the unbroken circle of the skies,
And round her, indivisible, the sea breaks on her single shore; while only we,
Her foster children, bound with sacred ties
Of one dear blood, one storied enterprise,
Are negligent of her integrity.

Her seamless garment, at great Mannon's nod,
With bonds unphilial we have basely rent,
With petty variance our souls are spent,
And ancient kinship under foot is trod:
0 let us rise, united, penitent,
And be one people—mighty, serving God:

TO MY DIGGER PAL.

Does anyone know, does anyone care?
Where you go or how you fare?
Whether you smile or whether you sigh?
Whether you laugh or whether you cry?
Glad when you're happy?
Sad when you're blue?
Does anyone care what becomes of you?
I do, old Digger Pal, I'll say I do.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHERS.
(Tom King)

Mothers, you who wait in anguish,
Vatch with dread for news each day,
White-faced mothers, worn with weeping,
Think of one thing when you pray.

God has known your boy since childhood,
Guarded, loved, him day by day,
Would he leave him just when duty
Called him from his home away?

He who knows his country needs him,
He your boy, who longed to fight
For the sake of those who suffer
Will be precious in God's sight.

Living, wounded, dead, or missing,
True the words—one must be true;
Through your prayers be very certain
God is with him—and with you.

EIGHTEEN YEARS TODAY.
(Gwenda Davies)

"Tell me why you're dreaming, Daddy,"
Said my little son to me,
So I told him all about it,
As he set upon my knee.
I told him of that Sunday morn,
'Twas eighteen years today,
When the men of Australasia,
Joined the mighty fray.

How they landed on that Foreign shore,
And fought that gallant fight,
Of how they nobly won the day,
And put the Turks to flight.
We saw the cliffs before us,
To be scaled 'mid shot and shell,
And our comrades fell around us—
I remember it—so well.

There are some who'll sleep forever
On a hill that's called Lone Pine,
And the twenty-fifth of April
Will be famous for all time.
And so to keep their memory green,
We march each Anzac Day,
To pay tribute to those Heroes
Who gave their lives that day.
"Everywhere these Australian soldiers are known by their characteristic hats."

Oh, it wasn't got no roller-brim, it shone no shiny nap,
An' it don't sport fancy ribbon—just a weather-beaten scrap;
It never swayed around the block to give the girls a treat;
It ain't the kind of nifty lid they'd stand in Collins Street;
It's nothing like the jumpin'-jack you wear with evenin' dress;
It was never fooled by Vogue, an' it never 'eard of Trees;
You wouldn't call it just the juicy onion for the play.

For the thing to lock a clue with on the bridge on Unley Day:
It'd be a spiffy compliment to call it 'cross brown,
But it's one side's cocked up 'andsome, when it isn't 'nain' down.

It's served through forty climates up from Collingwood to Leith,
An' it's the frosty dial that is digital underneath;
It's stopped a brace of bullets (it's as good as missed a few)—-
It's my dinkum Holden (for I've never liked 'em 'ole:)
So cut it out, an' never think a block is cut a rot.

Then he says, "I love you" like I do the old brown cat:

We was all and all in Cairo, where our notions of the law
Was mostly wrote with knuckles on the population's jaw;
An' jumpin' up one evenin'—there was three of us, an' gay—-
I formed a dirty nigger in a dirty alleyway.

Stung opinions round 'im with a shookin' lack of tone,
So I landed him a 'fty one across the dirty-bone;
'Im pulled a knife, an' yelled, an' then with twenty seconds gone,
The father and the mother of a bloomin' mix was on.

Was was back to tell an' dicky, till some cobbers took a share—-
An' the sight of our old 'hat-brims was the thing that brought 'em there—
An', only for me twistin' as the blow come 'unrin' down,
For this scar upon my shoulder I'd a wore a angel's crown.
I was 'alf an inch from 'evenin'-wall, the cut upon the brim—-
So I'll keep it a moment, till I sing my partin' hymn:

Till the left of Time 'as feinted an' this right 'as biffed me flat.
An' for a 'litl afterwards—
No old brown cat:

I took it out to Anzac, which I docx bumped it from,
An' I wore it for a dinkum when flittin' to the farms.
We found a front-line sector—an' we 'ain't 'ardly come
When Fritz 'e shoved a sign which read;
"Australians welcome 'ome:"
We wasn't cut to disappoint, we 'at a sense of fair.

We was grateful for the welcome—an' we 'ended back our share:
Oh, we dealt 'im good an' plenty an' I think 'e understands
There's other uses for your dinkum apart from shakin' 'ands;
For we served Australian cocktail (an' the cocktail 'ad a kick)—-
They was cut for dingo, an' Dickson, but they didn't get a stick.
Oh, the papers called us Titans (an' it's crook to hear the same).

But the strange, disreputable hats we wore, 'twas them that made the name—
An' I'm jumpin' Fritz! TALANT till the settin' of the sun,
Will recall our frothy lemons, and the nasty things we done
When we 'opened 'em on the ear'ole, an' we sucked 'em in the old—

(Cont.)
THE KA (Continued)

It ain't a chie confection, or a flamin' photograph,
Its 'ang would send you pippy, an' its shape would make you sore,
There's a 'ole or two about it (which I've 'inted at before);
But it kept the sun at Mena off my dainty little 'end,
It 'as 'eard my prayers for guidance (an' the other things I've said);
It 'as stood me for a piller when I laid me down to sleep,
When the earth was mostly water, an' the mud was four-foot deep;
An' I think perhaps this reason makes us like them as we do—
They are what blokes pick us out by an' they breathe of 'ome an' you;
Oh, 'ome that makes me love you an' my heart go pitter-pat,
'Ow you'll greet me when you meet me
In the old brown 'at:

Oh, they won't forget their intro to:

When a bloke 'as 'ad a Flightly, an' it's fit to get about,
An' a 'int of London sunshine brings the London titters out,
The first thing that 'e'll notice— an' the second, too, perhaps—
Is the way the glad-eyes 'overs on us
Blind-clobbled chaps.

For they've 'scan it in the paper' (which its name ain't Truthful James:)
That we're Gala'ads an' 'eros, an' a 'undred other names;
An' it ain't no use disclaimin', for the paper-blokes in town
They have made our reputation, an' we'll have to live it down.
Oh, a Yorkshire or a 'ampshire or a
Baggy boy in blue
They're good an' all to catch a skirt (an' most of 'em 'as two);
But the thing that smears the optic of the gushin' feminine
It ain't the 'aughty Guardman with a picket-up 'is spine,
Or it ain't the 'uddin' captain with 'is little tooth-brush mo—
For I've wondered 'ard an' after—you can search me if I know
If the thing that bowls 'em gentle, an' that takes 'em off the bat,
Is the lanky brown Australian, or
'I's old brown 'at:

Oh, the service cap is 'andy when a
bloke is goin' flash,
An' the 'elmet's most convenient when
'Se's scoffin' soup or 'ash;
But my dinkum shady-brimmer, you can
take your bloomin' oath,
Is worth a ton of either or a paddock-full of both.
Its tint may strike you silly, an' its outline make you laugh.
As I stood smokin', a peaceful out,
Tactin' the sunset glow
Down in the South at Bloemfontein,
Seventeen year ago;
Dreamin' of all the ins an' outs that
Worry our 'uman clay.

An' ciuin' a thought to the 'Arbor-side
That was 'elf a world away;
A English officer passed me by with
His thin-bone-high in the air,
Passin' an' turned an' turned about,
Smokin' the 'auty star,
Lookin' me over from head to boots, an';
"What's your name, my man?"

"I says, an' I says, "Bill: what's yours?"
An' the bloomin' show begun.

"You'll 'shun an' salute when I'm doin' round," he wonds me last, "because I'm General Blank." an' "Strike me dead"
I says, but I thought you was;" Now there's various generals good an'
Bad, an' some that is 'elf-an-'elf,
Whether you take 'em at mess or rounds,
Or leavin' a bloomin' strafe;
There's some of them ought to be wearin'-

cloaks, an' some of them wholly man-
Eat the tick of the field at the highest rail is the true Australi-an.

Not that he'll tell you the same 'imself, but that he'll let you talk
About his doin's, or blason 'em on his tug-out-door with chalk.
But the blokes they've let with never a
Inspector, fink or funk or fuss
Can give you the oil about them all—an' the self-same blokes is us.

For the general brad by the Eight or
Strafe, the Bay or the 'Arbor blue,
"E's something more than a general: 'e's a bloke the same as you;"

I've watched them here on the Flanker;
From they never 'ang their sign
On a chateau ten or a dozen miles
Behind the fight-in'-line.
Yet show you the error in 'elf-a-tick
If you called them "dug-out-kins;"
For they find their mark in the sweat an'
muck in the very 'art of things;
Willin' to nose around an' learn, ready
An' quick to teach.

The things 'e's learned to another bloke—
That is the pride of each.
They are the ones 'oo plan the job; they are the men that DO; 
But you'd never know they was Bonapartes—
they're blokes the same as you.

(From "The Everlastin' Ballad").

"Some people calls a Mirage a Miracle!", said the Potato-Feeler loftily; 'but it ain't, for I've seen both.

"The Mirage was in the Egyptian desert—it was only a new name for the "Jim-Jams," and the "Miracle" was in the Records Office—'twas a dead man lookin' for work;

"The only man wit ever performed a genuine miracle in recent years was the greatest general the world 'as ever known."

"Greater than Nero? Greater than Napoleon?"

"You bet 'e was! They destroyed but e built up.

"His name was General Booth, and 'e made millions wear hats twenty years behind the times—and love 'em! it.

"A Great General with a Great Religion wots earned the respect of every decent man. When the rest of the Padres fall in behind 'im, there'll be a crush on the Narrow Way."

"A Great General with a Great Religion wots earned the respect of every decent man!"
THE CALL. (A.W. Service)
(From The Sketch First 1914)
Far and near, high and low,
Hark to the call of War!
Over the gorse and the golden dells,
Hanging and swinging of poisonous bells,
Praying and saying of wild farewells.
War! War! War!

Rich and poor, lord and bore,
Hark to the call of War!
Across the harvest yield,
A saber instead of a scythe to wield.
War! War! War!

France and Flanders, set and sate,
Hark to the roar of War!
Poet, professor and circus clown,
Chimney sweep and top of the town,
Into the pot and be melted down.
War! War! War!

Women all, hear the call,
The witless call of War!
Love your last on your dearest ones,
Brothers and husbands, fathers, sons.
War! War! War!

And the guns, the guns of War,
The guns, the guns of War,
War! War! War!

Rip up the hills that the billets had been on sick parade threw away.
Sez I: My Country calls? Well, let it call.
I pass peremptorily and decline with thanks.
Go, let 'em plaster every blinded wall,
'Fore's one they don't stampede into the ranks.
Them politicians with their gentry ways;
Them empire-grabbers—fight for 'em! No fear!
I've seen this mess a-comin' from the days
Of the Life and Agony:
I've felt me passion rise and swell,
But... what the 'ell Bill? What the 'ell?

Me mad—bespattered by the cars they drive,
Nutmeg my Nexus thirty bob a week,
And sweats red blood to keep myself alive!
Fight for the right to slave that they may spend,
Them in their mansions, mo in my slum?
No, let 'em fight with something to defend:
But me, I've nothin'—let the Kaiser come.
And so I cusses 'erd and wall
But... what the 'ell Bill? What the 'ell?

Sez I: If they would do the decent thing,
And end the missis and the little 'uns,
Why, even I might shout God save the King,
And face the chances of them 'ungry gams.
But we've got three, another on the way;
It's they not makes me snarl and let me jor:
The wife and nippers not of 'em I say,
If I gets knocked out in this blasted war?
Gets proper busted by a shell,
But... what the 'ell Bill? What the 'ell?

Ay, what the 'ell's the use of all this talk?
Today some boys in blue was passin' me,
And some of 'em they 'ad no legs to walk,
And some of 'em they 'ad no eyes to see.
And—well I couldn't look 'em in the face,
And so I'm goin' to declare
I'm under Forty-one and take me place
To face the music with the bunch out there:
A fool you say! Maybe you're right.
I'll have no peace unless I fight.
I've ceased to think; I only know
I've gotta go Bill, gotta go!

Tommy: "Ay, choom, have you seen any
of the fellows of the West Riding about
here?"

Ansiet: "No, but I've seen a 'all of
of Anzacs walking".

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War bread suggests a new version for
a popular song—"'Mis But a Little
Failed Flour."
Tubby ain't no blooming angel,
Bless you, sir, I know he ain't.
And I don't suppose he'd like it
If you said he was a saint.
But he's British, is old Tubby,
Mince of British beef and beer,
And I bet 'e thinks in 'Ev'n.
Oh the pals wot's left dan' 'ere.
'El was killed last week, was Tubby,
Knocked out sudden-like and flat.
Lord, he was a champion bouncer,
There ain't any doubt on that:
Them there bums, gave 'em their laces,
Blew up 'em with their whoppin' gun
An' one chaps 'opped in the crater,
Lumme, but they 'opped it fine.
Tubby went along wiv 'em; there,
Throw 'is bombs and never missed;
When 'e'd throw 'em all 'e 'ollered,
Cuss 'is very life, and shook 'is fist.
Back 'e goes wiv 'is shells all round 'im,
But Tubby didn't care.
Said 'e wants more bombs and sick-like,
An' go get 'em ther and there.
Back 'e goes, we cheered 'im 'oarsly,
Tubby seemed to think it fun
Lumme, it was fine to watch 'im
Sweep 'is fingers at the 'un.
But 'e didn't get much service,
Dropped 'is bombs 'e did, and than,
Then 'e heard 'im shout 'is loudest,
"Boys, we done," 'e shouts, "an' when—"
'Ef you writes to the Missus,
Tell Tubby want 'ome again."
An' e didn't like that, did Tubby,
Shouting out 'is Missus' name.

Yer, 'e bet, 'e thinks in 'Ev'n,
Or 'is pals wot's left dan' 'ere.
Good ole Tubby, 'on we loved yer,
We shan't fail yer, never fear.

STEAFAST FRIEND

It's good to have wealth,
It's good to have health.
They serve a useful end,
But in need or woe, the best
thing I know,
is a true and steadfast friend.

Oh, love them while they're here, not when
And you will never have a yesterday.
That you regret, no moment you recall
When you, who had so much, gave not at all.

Speak kindly when the loved are here to hear,
And you will never look down some lost year
Or year of years, and wish that you had said
The words that might have cheered or comforted.

Do little deeds, and learn to do them now,
And you will never wish you had, so soon,
When yours the chance, for nothing ever brings
As great a grief as life's neglected things.

Encourage them, their battle just begun,
And you will never think they might have won
Had you not spoken, when your gentle touch,
That seemed so little, might have meant so much.

Yes, love them now, and never let love wait,
And you need never sigh "It is too late."
Do little deeds, say what you have to say—
Oh, love them while they're here, not when away.

THE COMMONPLACE

Here's to the friend with the kind eye
Who adds some spice to the commonplace
Who polishes up the dull old house
Who plucks the thistles and plants the flowers.

Just the Everyday Friend with the
Everyday Smile,
Who makes the commonplace tasks
Not worth while.

"A Tommy officer walking through Villers-Bretonneux pulled up a digger and sniggered in a haw-haw tone, 'Ha, my man, where are you, what?' The digger shifted his leg and drawled, 'It's one of those—who call this place Villars-Bretonneux!'"
As I came southward from burned Bapaume,  
over the meadow grass,  
A chap with a note-book 'pped aside,  
waitin' to let me pass.  
"'Day to you, Sydney" he says to me, an'  
I says to 'im short, "Good-day:  
I'm doin' a bit of a job 'for 'Alig, in the  
old Australian way."  
"'Urryin' like:" he says again; an' I says  
to 'im, "Struck it, Steve:  
I'll sooner walk than I'll talk! I says, an'  
I saw the bars on my sleev;  
An' over my shoulder, as on I swung, takin'  
a final look,  
I see 'im suckin' his pencil soft, an'  
'makin' notes in his book;  
An' mixin' in with the C.O.'s. message,  
stowed in my brain away,  
A jingle joined with my trampin' feet, in  
a tune that 'ad come to stay:  
"Carry on, cobber."  
(It says to me)  
"In the old Australian way:"  

There's some of us come from the cattle-lands,  
an' some from the 'arrow's tail,  
an' some 'ave served in a dry-goods shop,  
an' others 'ave served in jail:  
There's raco'orse owners an' pigeon-shots,  
an' blokes from the Mist-'Ave-Been,  
Grinnin' or serious, slim or stout (but the  
most of 'em's long and lean).  
'Andy as most to a job, perhaps, but death  
on the after-fuss——  
An' the name of the land that fathered us  
is the name that will do for us:  
Oh, many (an' crook:) are the roads we  
tread, yet all roads lead to Rome,  
An' we're doin' our job in the way we did  
the jobs that we 'ad at 'ome:  
Though quite a number 'as bank accounts  
(an' some 'ave never a tray),  
Don't fancy you're comin' to pat our 'eads,  
or 'and us a small boquet.  
We're finishin' up,  
As we started out,  
In the old Australian way:"  

We've dared the dark an' the rippin' wire  
for joy of the raidin'-rush,  
We've cracked it 'arty, beddin' down in  
the thigh-deep frozen slush,  
An' the paper-bloke 'e 'as touched it off  
as "an incident of patrol"  
When we chivied the German rabbit out from  
'is burrow an' funkin' ole.  
We're evenin' up (an' we're doin' it quick)  
the gaps in our reckonings,  
But we'd rather you choked before you said  
we walked like ancient kings.  
We're sick to death of "the Anzac touch"  
an' the blitherin' "hearts of oak,"  
Which is settin' the standard much too high  
for the plain Australian bloke:  
For the 'And that sends us the jumpy night  
an' the most un'olesome day,  
'E made us no bloomin' bric-a-brac --  
shaped us of workin'--clay,  
To carry on  
(You'd 'ave us so)  
In the old Australian way:  

Oh, whether we're schoolin' the shell-  
scared teams, waitin' the word to go  
(An' it ain't like steerin' a timber-team  
on the flank of the Dorrigo),  
Or whether we're racin' an' floppin' to  
shoot ahead of the whipped advance  
(Oh, I've shot breakers at Marly-too, but  
they wasn't a circumstance),  
Or tryin' to read your family name on  
one o' their blasted shells  
(Oh, the buryin'-party'll dig in your disc,  
if they can't find nothin' else),  
Or wallowin' belly-down in the mud, with  
the cutters set to the wire,  
Or floggin' a Army Service cart through  
the zone of their scourgin' fire,  
Or bumpin' back with the broken stuff in  
a stretcher or motor-dray,  
There's never a squeak, though you listen  
'ard, or a premature "Owray:"  
For we'll carry it through  
(As we used to do)  
In the old Australian way:  

(Cont.)
THE AUSTRALIAN WAY, (Continued)

'Ill, an' valley, an' roofless 'ouse, 'ouse, an' valley, and 'ill,
We've hunted them over there an' back (an' we'll do some 'untin' still);
But it isn't the yell of the eight-inch shell,
or the scream of the five-point-nine.
That's speadin' the feet in our service boots,
that's warmin' our 'earts like wine;
For the joy of ploddin' will never stale,
or the beer of life go flat.
While we 'ang to the tail of their long
retreat as a terrier 'angs to a rat,
So for them that dropped on the beach at
dawn, for them we left by the coast,
Sleepin' at Surfa an' Lonely Pine, Chumak,
an' Courtney's Post,
An' for them that lift, in the 'oly dark,
their quererin' 'ands to pray
(Not meanin' us, for we 'ave no time, an' we've got no prayers to say).
Just for the pride of the job on 'and (an' it carries no place or pay)
We're worryin' through.
As you've seen us do—
Just as you said that you knew we'd do: Just as you guessed it was true we'd do.
In the old Australian Way.

THE TWO KNITTERS, (Continued).
Dancing in the City streets, the
golden gleam shines bright,
Flashing on the steeples and the tram
rails in delight.
Lighting up dark, dusky rooms, amid the
city's din,
Cheering with its brilliance tired souls
who live within;
And sometimes God will leave it, as it flashes here and there,
A message from His Heaven written in a
woman's hair.

Knit-knit-knit-knit-knitting:
In the evening's gentle glow,
Rouge and paint and powder
In the midst of tawdry show;
Someone's fallen sister,
Yet—the flashing needles bring
The tribute of an outcast
To her Country and her King.

RAIDING. (J. Alex Allan).
Halt: Who's there? Sergeant to report?
Low: Keep low, till the last star sets;
Muster in the fire-bay, nearest to the port,
Near a score of blackened faces, hands
and bayonets.
Pray the little gods that watch make the
gunners blind,
Guide their traverses away, strike their
sinews slack:
Shed your badges, drop your kit, leave
your discs behind—
Something for a keepsake if you don't come back:
Duck along the duckboards: Steady, or
you'll slip:
Where the mud comes up between, watch
the going first.
Keep your blooming mouth shut: Think
you're on a trip.
Out to Lizzie's ragtime-shop, back in
Darlinghurst?

Knit-knit-knit-knit-knitting:
In the evening's gentle glow,
"Dead!" the white lips murmur;
"Oh, my God! I loved him so,
But the hands they never falter
As the slender needles bring
Their tribute from an aching heart
To Country, and to King.

THE TWO KNITTERS. (Harold Maell)
All around the valley you will find the
golden gleam,
Waving thro' the ripening corn, and
rippling in the stream,
Spread across the sunset clouds, an on
the scented gums,
Right athwart the heavens as the peaceful
twilight comes,
And sometimes God will place it far from
these scenes apart,
In the throbbing sacred keeping of a
faithful woman's heart.

(all around the valley you will find the)
RAIDING (Continued).

Back: Strike back: Mad and fighting—blind:....
Home, turn home—and chance your way across:
Many a gunner and his gun lie in smash behind—
Many an empty funk-hole beneath the parados:
Scatter for the lines again, dodge and run and stop,
Crawl, and thread the welcome grass, till the trench you win;
Press the wound and struggle on, and if you should drop,
Find a friendly shell-hole—and we'll bring you in:

Ducking to the duck-boards through the sally port,
Near a score of us went out—ten are overdue.
Nine of us with aught to lose (time and joy are short)—
Call again and call for men, we'll be here for you.

Trained? Yes, fine—like racers for the Cup:
Yonder lies the winning post, still as death as yet—
Fritz and his machine-gun (pup-pup-pup—pull-up!)

Soon enough you'll hear 'em sweep down the parapet.
Toss aside the sandbags that smother up the sap;
Coming back—if we come back—we'll pack 'em snug again:
Past the gate to No-Man's Land, pouring through the gap,
Charge and scream like forty fiends, yelling through the rain.

Ducking past the duckboards, stakes and rusty wire,
Common swab, and officer, men as good as you;
Sooner have our slippers on, sitting by the fire;
Rather be at home in bed—but there's work to do:

Holes: 'Tare holes: Look and leap and pass—Quick: Stride quick where the rotting bodies lie,
Crashing through the ribs of men in the hip-high grass.
Cursing, sweating, stumbling—hear their lines reply:

Hear the scary gunfire break: See the Very lights:
Race and squatter through the mud (is it mud or glue?)
Fritz, you're where we'd like to be on these winter nights;
Shame to drag you out at all—but we're wanting you:

Rip and fumble through their wire, swing and tear and shift,
Fall and lie or find your feet (some are lying still)....
Foot and fist and butt drive home, club and side-arm lift—
Ho, the hounds of war are out, smelling for the kill:
THE RECORD

(Harold Hansell)

If you can spare a minit, Boss:
(Thanks: Mine's a glass of ale),
I'd just like you to listen to
A simple soldier's tale —
A tale o' King and Country,
Of cannon, shot and shell,
And a gallant Khaki soldier
Who served his Country well.

When the call came from the 'Omeland
I saw me duty clear,
I left me loggin's and me Pals,
Horse-racin', work and beer;
I did me duty noble,
The Huns was on the go,
When the Kaiser heard about me,
And a sniper laid me low.

Me left arm hung quite helpless,
So they passed me out "unfit,"
And I came back to Orsetrail yer
Feelin' proud I'd done me "Bit,"
And the crowd had heard about me,
For they cheered and cheered like mad;
There was whisky and refreshments,
And the whole darn world felt glad.

But the gladness didn't linger,
When I started out next day,
To touch Defence Pay-Office
For me little bit of pay;
The clerks was port and cheeky,
With Pomatum on their 'air,
And swore, by holy Dinkum;
That my money wasn't there.

They said they couldn't trace me,
Though I called and called again,
Till, at last, one clean-shaved Johnny
With a little bit o' brain,
And a great big round-faced dial
Lookin' like a risin' moon,
Says: "You was 'killed in action
On the twenty-eighth of June!"

"You silly moon-faced poley cow,
I'm standin' here," I said;
Says he: "I 'ave your 'record,"
And they've passed you out as 'dead!'
And 'dead! you'll darn well have to be,
Our 'records' all is true,
And we ain't a-goin' to change 'em
For a Khaki brute like you."

You bet: I raised a 'oly row,
And gave 'em all "what for;"
You bet: I fussed until I see
The Minister o' War.
Says he: "Send for his 'Record;"
And when it come he said:
'My friend; you 'ave my sympathy;
Brave 'ero—you are dead."

That's how they treat a soldier, Boss:
Who donned their darned Khaki,
And fought well for his Country
In them lands across the Sea,
Where he poked the Hun by thousands,
To say nothing of the Turk:
Then tell 'im: "Died in Action;
Better go and look for work."

So I'm sorter "gone to Glory;"
And a sorter left behind;
I'm striving 'ard for Justice,
And the Publick's very kind;
They shout me meals and licker,
And a 'bob or two a day;
They're sorry for me 'orful Fate——
A man wot's "Passed away."

Records Corporal:—"You was killed in action on the twenty-eighth of June"
GOOD OLD NO. 9. (J.M. Harkins)

If your head is aching and your toes are very sore,
A cough tears your chest like a blunt cross-cut saw,
Or if your back feels if 'twere going to break,
And with the shivers you tremble and shake,
Perhaps it's bronchitis, consumption, or gout,
Lumbago, neuritis—you're ill without doubt;
It may be the stomach, liver or "flue",
The kidneys, digestion, heart trouble, too,
A chill or a cold may have you in tight grip,
A touch of asthma or just the plain "pig".
A corn or bunion may cause you much pain,
It may be toothache or neuralgia again,
Rheumatism, anaemia or appendicitis,
Or just common or garden tiredness;
What are your complaint, pray don't lose your head,
He won't cure that, or a limb you have shed,
But if you've one of the afore-mentioned ills,
Our M.O. will cure you with No. 9 pills.

A NEW VERSION (Joke Arroll)

Old Madam d'Otsox
Went to the grub-box.
Chips for the Diggers to cut, sir!
But when she got there
Fini pommes de terre,
So the poor Digs kummagutzer.

Uprose the suffering Warriors
In awful, righteous wrath,
They slew him there, with dismal air,
And cast his carcass forth.
Then quoth the oldest soldier,
"So there's an end to that;
Thus perish they who—liars—say
They haven't got one chat."

"Your troops are full of spirit!
"Said the Frenchman, "Oui, tres bon!"
"Too right," the Q.M. said, "they've pinched the plunty Esks. Don't!"

THE CHAT'S PARADE. (J.M. Harkins)

When the soldier, fagged and weary,
In surroundings that are dreary,
Aside lays his rifle and grenade,
Seeks solace in forgetful slumber,
From shell-crash and battle's thunder,
'Tis then the "chats" are mustered for parade.

At the double about his back
In a most irregular track
They make for the parade-ground on his spine.
When there they will never keep still
Undisciplined they: stamp at will,
And up and down they march in ragged line.

Round his ribs they do manoeuvre,
Curses issue from the soldier,
There's divisions by the score, he declares,
Doing artillery formation
Without his approbation,
He wriggles and he twists and loudly swears.

Through long, dark night they carry on,
At the charges they become tres bien,
The soldier to disperse them madly tears
With savage fingers at his skin,
As he prays for the morning grim,
In darkness, though, the victory is theirs.

The morn at last breaks good and clear,
Light is this "Army's" one great fear,
They retire to warm flannel trenches,
But not too long there they linger,
For the soldier's thumb and finger,
Routs them out with unregretful wrenches.

But no victory is there won,
For again reinforcements come,
And in darkness of night again attack;
So on the fight goes—on and on,
They are almost like the Hun,
Their foul deeds are performed behind the back.

OVER THE FENCE.

"How's Dave?"
"No good! He's in hospital, and they're going to remove his septum!"
"Well, if the silly cow 'ad got it made out in his wife's name they couldn't touch it!"
THE LONG PINE CHARGE. (E.R.H.)

(One of the special values attached to this poem is the fact that it was written in the captured trenches immediately after the engagement.)

The boys of the First Brigade stood to their arms;
From the lines of the foe the man rang out the alarms.
We crouched as we waited the shrill whistle blast,
Each knew that the effort might well be his last.
The signal rang out, and we sprang to the work,
With bayonets in line, and each face to the Turk;
And we thought every gun in the universe talked,
As the reaper, grim death, took his toll as he stalked.
The wounded fell prone, ne'er again would they rise;
For the shrapnell caused death as it rained from the skies;
But the remnant pushed on, and came up with the Turk,
Great gaps in their ranks, but in stern mood for work.
Some Turks stood their ground—there were some who had fled,
But we harried them well, and the trenches ran red.
They plied us with shot and the dread hand grenade,
Yet slowly, but surely, our progress we made.
For six days and nights raged the battle space,
And each showed the other the dash of his race.
But a silence crept over the trenches one night,
And we knew, when it deepened, that we owned the fight.
Not a hand grenade thrown—not a shot from a gun,
We breathed for a space—Lone Pine had been won.

She was only a shoemaker's daughter, but she gave him a frightful Welt.

GETTING BACK. (E.R.H.)

I've heard men say, when in the camp,
Or on the sea, or on the tramp,
The tales they'll tell to folk at home
If they win through, and cross the foam,
And get safe back.

Some carry with them day and night,
A souvenir of some big fight,
To show to friends where they have fought—
On fields where victory's dearly bought—
If they get back.

While thunderous cannon rend the skies,
They face the foe with steady eyes;
Though some get through, there's some must go,
Who try conclusions with the foe,
All can't get back.

Our boys who fell have left a name
Upon the priceless lists of fame;
The memory of those brave hearts dear,
Is all I ask as souvenir,
If I get back.

THINGS WE CAN'T FIND IN THE OFFICIAL HISTORY.

The name of the last ridge we took for Birdy.
Did they get the "spirit of Anzac" out of the S.O.B. bottle?
Has the King arrived yet for that inspection of the Australian Army Corps in France?
What has become of the old squire's ten thousand francs?
If the Diggers still have a chat?
Where does the A.P.C. fall in on Anzac Day?
What were the names of the last 5000 men to leave Gallipoli?

THE SOPHISTICATES.

On a visit to the Zoo a young mother, taking her two sons to have a look at the various animals, eventually arrived at the Storks. She took great pains to explain that this was the bird that brought the babies. Then she walked on, and her youngest son, aged six, said to his eight year old Brother, "Hey, Bill, don't you think we had better wake mum up to it?"
A for Australia, the land of our dreams,  
—The more you think of her the farther she seems.
B for Battalion, of which you've all heard,  
It wears brown and green, and it's number's the Third.
C for Canteen—always right for a drink,  
Free beer by the gallon for all—I don't think!
D for our Doctor—so artless and kind,  
If you don't like your route march, he'll leave you behind.
E is for Empire we've boasted so much,  
Perhaps we could do with a Hindenburg touch.
F is for France—famed for sunshine and song,  
In winter she's hell, but in summer "tres bon".
G is for girls, whom we miss so out here,  
They ought to be issued with "baccy" and beer.
H is the place where you've often heard tell,  
We were driving old Fritz, but he took us as well.
I is for Instructor, who taught us our Drill,  
He taught all he knew, and we know nothing still.
J is for Jerry, whom we know as Fritz,  
We sneak on his posts. He imbibes in fits.
K is for Koshan—our Jiu-Jitsu king,  
At tossing the "Bowyang" he's
tirely the thing.
L is for Leslie, our bold Brigadier,  
He chases our heads—they be.
M is for our Colonel, you never heard roar,  
Although we're not greedy, we always like Moore.
N is for "Nobby"—who made a brave stand,  
And worked message carriers right into the sand.
O is for orders, that put your wind-up,  
You tell a good tale and get sold a good pup.
P's for our Padre—a thorough good sport,  
If a man's to be honored then, Gee-whiz, he ought!
Q is for Q.M. who supplies us with rum,  
And works a good yarn when the issue don't come.

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END BATTALION ALPHABET (Cont.)

R is for rations, the issue so free,  
With ten to a loaf—well, the life will do me.
S is for Staff—who in No-Man's-Land room—
But wake up in time for their breakfast at home.
T is for Third and it's trombones renowned.
That sliding in time to the music were found.
U is for Us—which the Fraggies call "oui"  
Ho! La-lal! Toute de suite! Kia-ora!" Compris?
V is for Vin Blanc—which is poison to drink,  
It first knocks you rotten, then lands you in "clink".
W is for WAAAF who've been slandered so much,  
We find them good sports, and treat them as such.
X is sacred letter on beer barrel read,  
If you drink of it's contents you lose your YZ (wisehead).

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COLD COMFORT, (9,2)
I was wending my way o'er the duckboards  
While Jerry was staring the same;  
I was playing at ducking and dodging  
And my mind was intent on the game.

When a sound near at hand gave me warning,  
I dived down to earth like a flash,  
And clean out of sight in a mud-hole,  
I went, with a horrible splash.

And as I emerged wet and dripping,  
And looking a pitiable sight  
A voice from near-by gave me comfort—  
"Cold comfort" for one in my plight.

For it said in a voice that was cheering—  
"Why in 'ell did you dive in the mud?  
You'd a bin just as safe if you'd stood up  
For the damned thing was only a dud!"

Officer:" Now, tell me your idea of strategy".

Digger: "It is when you don't let the  
enemy know you're out of ammunition, but keep on firing".
TEN LITTLE AUSSIES.
(Stf.Sgt L.C.Hall)

Ten little Aussies for the fighting line,
One hit the Wairattle,
Then there were nine.

Nine little Aussies sorely tempting fate,
One went across to Anzac,
Then there were eight.

Eight little Aussies flying straight for heaven,
One struck Serapeum,
Then there were seven.

Seven little Aussies came to France with mix,
One started a two-up school,
Then there were six.

Six little Aussies on the West arrive,
One had a strafe with Fritz,
Then there were five.

Five little Aussies on Friday leave,
I'm sure,
One met a girl in Glasgow,
Then there were four.

Four little Aussies visiting Paris,
One found a Demosselle,
Then there were three.

Three little Aussies with souvenirs but few,
One found a fuse at Bray,
Then there were two.

Two little Aussies on the spree for fun,
One was stopped at Plymouth,
Then there was one.

One little Aussie, half the voyage done,
Went ashore at Cape Town,
Then there were none.

Ten little Aussies in nice Sunday frocks,
Waiting on a Melbourne pier,
Won't there be some shocks!!

It is unofficially denied that, whilst crossing some barbed wire entanglements, the Kaiser was caught by the Allies.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

"How did you get on?" "Gave a gutzer!"

"Are we downhearted?" "No! Then you—soon will be."

"Thank Gawd, we've got a Navy!"

"What did you do in the Great War Daddy?"

Some say "Good old Sergeant!" Others say "—the old Sergeant!"

"Kiss me Sergeant!"

"Dear Mother, I'm sending you herewith ten shillings, but not this week."

A soldier's farewell: "Goodbye, and—you."

"That's the stuff to give 'em."

"Ah! Ah!, no b—shave this morning."

"Ah! Ah!, no b—razor."

The cats held a sports meeting on my back last night.

"Today's my daughter's wedding day, ten thousand pounds I'll give away" (three cheers).

"On second thoughts I think it best, to put it away in the old oak chest."

"You mingy——, chuck him out!"

WAR NEWS FROM THE PRESS.

Some of the war news is very perplexing, and only that I am most trustful and never doubt anything that I read in the "Baptist Banner" I should look upon the following news items as suspiciously as a crow does at a man with a gun:

The Germans have taken Cascara on the Dutch frontier, and are likely to soon rush the Dykes in Holland.

Latest: The War Office admit the taking of Cascara, but doubt the ability of the Germans to hold it for long.

Latest: The Germans are evacuating everywhere.

Later still: The strain on the German rear is something terrible. The Germans have invested Namur. Later on the Allies will invest the war indemnity they will take from Germany.
SONG OF THE DARDANELLES.

(Henry Lawson).

The wireless tells and the cable tells
How our boys behaved by the Dardanelles.
Some thought in their hearts "Will our
boys make good?"
We knew them of old and we knew they would!
Knew they would—
Knew they would;
We were mates of old and we knew they would.

They laughed and they larked and they
loved likewise;
For blood is warm under Southern skies;
They knew not Pharaoh (‘tis understood),
And they got into scrapes, as we knew they would.
Knew they would—
Knew they would;
And they got into scrapes, as we knew they would.

They chafed in the dust of an old decayed
land
At the long months’ drill in the
scorching sand;
But they knew in their hearts it was for their good,
And they saw it through as we knew they would.
Knew they would—
Knew they would;
And they saw it through as we knew they would.

The Coo-ee called through the Mena Camp,
And an army roared like the Ocean’s tramp
On a gale-swept beach in her wildest mood,
Till the Pyramids shook as we knew they would.
Knew they would—
Knew they would.
(And the Sphinx woke up as we knew she would.)

They were shipped like sheep when the
dawn was grey;
(But their officers knew that no lambs were they).
They squatted and perched where’er they could,
And they "blanket-ed" for joy as we knew they would.
Knew they would—
Knew they would;
They "blanket-ed" for joy as we knew they would.

SONG OF THE DARDANELLES (Cont.)

The sea was hell and the shore was hell,
With mine, entanglement, shrapnel and shell;
But they stormed the heights as Australians should,
And they fought and they died as we knew they would.
Knew they would—
Knew they would;
They fought and they died as we knew they would.

From the southern hills and the city
lanes;
From the sandwaste lone and the
Blacksoil Plains;
The youngest and strongest of England’s
brood!—
They’ll win for the South as we knew they would.
Knew they would—
Knew they would;
They’ll win for the South as we knew they would.

FIGHTING HARD. (Henry Lawson).

"The Australians are fighting hard in
Gallipoli."—Cable.

Rolling out to fight for England,
singing songs across the sea;
Rolling North to fight for England, and
to fight for you and me.
Fighting hard for France and England,
where the storms of Death are hurled;
Fighting hard for Australasia and the
honour of the World!
Fighting hard.

Fighting hard for Sunny Queensland—
fighting for Banamaland,
Fighting hard for West Australia, and
the mulga and the sand;
Fighting hard for Plain and Wool-Track,
and the haze of western heat—
Fighting hard for South Australia and
the bronze of Barrar’s Wheat!
Fighting hard.
FIGHTING HARD. (Cont.)

Fighting hard for fair Victoria, and
  the mountain and the glen;
(And the Memory of Eureka—there were
other tyrants then)
For the glorious Gippsland forests and
the World's great Singing Star—
For the irrigation channels where the
  cabbage gardens are—
  Fighting hard,
Fighting hard for gale and earthquake,
  and the wind-swept ports between;
For the wild flax and manuka and the
  terraced hills of green.
Fighting hard for wooden homesteads,
  where the mighty kauris stand—
Fighting hard for fern and tussock—
  fighting hard for Macriland!
Fighting hard.

Fighting hard for little Tassy, where
  the apple orchards grow;
(And the Northern Territory just to give
  the place a show),
Fighting hard for Home and Empire, while
  the Commonwealth prevails—
And, in spite of all her blunders, dying
  hard for New South Wales.
  Dying hard.

Fighting for the Pride of Old Folk, and
  the people that you know;
And the girl you left behind you—(ah!
  the time is passing slow).
For the proud tears of a sister; come
  you back, or never come!
And the weary Elder Brother, looking
  after things at home—
Fighting Hard! You Lucky Devils!
  Fighting hard.

M.O. "Well, what's your trouble?"

Private Dad: "I've got web feet, sir,
  from walking on the duckboards too
  long."

"Look 'ere, Bill, when you use my rifle
  to smash up firewood, don't leave it
layin' in the mud all night. You know
what a careful bloke I am with a rifle!"

UP AND DOWN THE DUCKBOARDS. (J.R.S.)

Up and down the duckboards,
  Up and down again,
Blinking at the star-shells
  Falling in the rain.

Thinking of the ration,
  If they're getting wet,
Thinking, if there's any rum,
  How much will we get.

Thinking if a bullet hurts—
  If there's any pain.
Yow! Here comes a blanky bomb!
  Up and down again!

Up and down the duckboards,
  Screwing at the moon,
Musing on the belly strafe
  We got this afternoon.

Thinking how explosives
  Make you jump and shake and sweat,
Thinking how you duck and run,
  And hug the parapet.

Thinking of the next one—
  If it's joy or pain.
Hell! It's getting hotter!
  Up and down again!

Up and down the duckboards,
  Good and bad and worn,
From "stand-to" in the evening
  Till "carry-on" a morn.

Thinking all the blooming things
  You never thought before,
Thinking of the stunt last night,
  And feeling pretty sore.

Thinking you'll chuck thinking up.
  Before you go insane—
Two whizz-bangs! A nine-two-eight!
  Up and down again!

"THE AIRMEN!"

"The heavens are their battlefields.
They are the cavalry of the clouds.
High above the squalor and the mud... their struggles there by day and night are like a Miltonic conflict between the winged hosts."

(Lloyd George).
A Full Corp.

The Censor.

No Man's Land.
The Lady: "And where is your home?"

The Other: "'Ome! Why I'm 'Ome when I've got my 'at on."
SCOTS OF THE RIVERINA. (Henry Lawson)

The boy cleared out to the city from his home at the harvest time—
They were Scots of the Riverina, and to run from home was a crime.
The old man turned his letters, the first and last he burned,
And he scratched his name from the Bible when the old wife's back was turned.

A year went past, and another. There were calls from the firing-line;
They heard the boy had enlisted, but the old man made no sign.
His name must never be mentioned on the farm by Gundagai—
They were Scots of the Riverina with ever the kirk hard by.

The boy came home on his "final," and the town-ship's bonfire burned.
His mother's arms were about him, but the old man's back was turned.
The daughters begged for pardon till the old man raised his hand—
A Scot of the Riverina who was hard to understand.

The boy was killed in Flanders, where the best and bravest die.
There were tears at the Graham homestead, and grief in Gundagai;
But the old man ploughed at daybreak and the old man ploughed till the morn—
There were furrows of pain in the orchard while his household went to the kirk.

The hurricane lamp in the rafters dimly burned;
And the old man died at the table when the old wife's back was turned.
Face down on his bare arms foiled he sank with his wild grey hair
Outspread o'er the open Bible and a name ré-written there.

UNLUCKY.
"Cripes! there's stiffness fer yer! We've just finished building this bonzer possie, stove and all, ready for the Winter, and now they go and make an Armistice!"

THE AFTERMATH. (Pioneer)

Seek now thy heart and question which shall be,
The deeper Hell of two which offer thee,
The Hell of War that honour could not shun,
Or that which goes with duty left undone.

Hell, though it be of fury, fire and pain;
The Hell of War thou suff'rest not in vain.
The dead shall live by memory through the years;
Their resting place bedewed by Angel's tears.
And they that live, returning to their land,
Shall through the years to come, in honour stand.

And of the joys of Peace in full partake,
As those who suffered much for duty's sake.
But—they who stayed behind to count the cost,
To argue 'this is gained' or 'that is lost,'
And holding back, bethought them of some gain,
At cost of those who suffered fire and pain,
Shall not in future years in council stand
To legislate the future of their land—
Nor still in blissful peace their ways pursue
Because, while others died, this peace they knew.

And they shall live forever in that state
Of Hell, whose terrors never shall abate.
Tormented conscience and a tortured mind
That through eternity no peace shall find.

FOUR WORDS. (Louie Samuels)

There are four words, the sweetest words
In all of human speech,
More sweet than all the songs of birds,
Or Lyric poets teach.
This life may be a vale of tears,
A sad and dreary thing—
Four words, and trouble disappears
And birds begin to sing.

Four words, and all the roses bloom,
The sun begins to shine;
Four words, will dissipate the gloom,
And water turn to wine.
Four words, will hush the maddest row,
And cause you not to grieve—
Ah, well, here goes, you've got them now!
"You're next for leave,"
AUSTRALIA IS WAITING. (Harold Hamsell).

When cannon are silent, when Peace spreads her wings,
And the cheers of the victors ebb slowly,
When foeman and comrade alike lie at rest
On the fields which their valor made holy,
With the links in the chain of the "Life—
that-you-lived"
Snapped apart—and you stand hesitating,
Remember the Empire spreads over the Seas
In the sunshine—
Australia
is
Waiting!

Ye heroes! from office, and workshop,
and farm,
Who streamed to the Front at the calling,
To stand undismayed 'midst the mud of the trench,
With the hail of a hell ever falling;
To charge thro' the shrapnel where bright bayonets gleam
With a laugh!—yet you stand hesitating;
There are fortunes to glean for one half
that you've done
In the sunshine—
Australia
is
Waiting!

Ye, Women! who mourn for the loved ones
who lie
'Neath the deep, or the red field of battle;
Whose heads are bent low when the soldiers pass by
On the march, whilst their bright bayonets rattle;
Come! sore wounded hearts that the good
God alone
Can heal—do not stand hesitating;
No wider our land than our wide sympathy;
In the sunshine—
Australia
is
Waiting!

Wide is this England that welcomes you—
all,
Where the gold of the wattle is gleaming;
Join in the throng, spread across the
broad sea,
To the land of new life ever streaming;
Come with your sorrows and sadness—but come;
Stand not in doubt hesitating;
Hope walks abroad. Come! make a new Home
In the sunshine—
Australia
is
Waiting!

See! the sun sets, and the clouds gather round,
Shadows of night slowly falling;
Darkness surrounds—but away o'er the Seas
Sunrise—and Hope to you calling.
Live the new Life, for the "Life—that—
you-lived"
Lies dead—do not stand hesitating;
Reach out a hand to your kinsmen's
strong grasp
In the sunshine—
Australia
is
Waiting!

Brady; (Philosopher.)

If your luck is out with women; if you've
looked too long on wine,
Do not sit and nurse the anger of your
anguish, brother mine,
For the sun will rise tomorrow, and the
skies be just as blue,
And you'll find that other fellows have
their troubles—same as you.

Though your aching heart be empty, and
your pockets much the same,
Though the dice of Fate are loaded, be a
man and play the game!
There is something left to live for—to
your own strong soul be true,
And we'll take your hand and grip it,
who have battled same as you.

There are two ways of missing the
Joys of Army life—one is by not joining,
and the other by not being born.
"The Mark".
HIS MATE

There's a broken battered village
Somewhere up behind the line,
There's a dug-out and a bunk there,
That I used to say were mine.

I remember how I reached them,
Dripping wet and all forlorn,
In the dim and dreary twilight
Of a weeping summer morn.

All that week I'd buried brothers,
In one bitter battle slain,
In one grave I laid two hundred:
God! What sorrow and what rain!

And that night I'd been in trenches,
Seeking out the sudden dead,
And just dropping them in shell-holes,
With a service swiftly said.

For the bullets rattled round me,
But I couldn't leave them there,
Water-soaked in flooded shell-holes
Reft of common Christian prayer.

So I crawled round on my belly,
And I listened to the roar
Of the guns that hammered Thiepval,
Like big breakers on the shore.

Then there spoke a dripping sergeant,
When the time was growing late,
"Would you please to bury this one,
'Cause he used to be my mate?"

So we groped our way in darkness
To a body lying there,
Just a blacker lump of blackness,
With a red blotch on his hair.

Though we turned him gently over,
Yet I still can hear the thud,
As the body fell face forward,
And then settled in the mud.

We went down upon our faces,
And I said the service through,
From "I am the Resurrection"
To the last, the great "adieu".

"I hope the next war is fought with
the right spirit."

"It will be if the rum issue's not
cut out!" (Cont.)

HIS MATE (Cont).

We stood up to give the Blessing,
And commend him to the Lord
When a sudden light shot soaring
Silver swift and like a sword.

At a stroke it slew the darkness,
Flashed its glory on the mud,
And I saw the sergeant staring
At a crimson clot of blood.

There are many kinds of sorrow
In this world of Love and Hate,
But there is no sterner sorrow
Than a Soldier's for his Mate.

PRAYER BEFORE AN ATTACK

It ain't as I 'opes 'E'll keep me safe
While the other blokes goes down,
It ain't as I wants to leave this world
And wear an 'ero's crown.
It ain't for that as I says my prayers
When I goes to the attack,
But I pray that whatever comes my way
I may never turn me back.
I leaves the matter o' life and death,
To the Father who knows what's best,
And I prays that I still may play the man
Whether I turns east or west.
I'd sooner that it were east, ye know,
To Blighty and my gal Sue:
I'd sooner be there, wi' the cold in 'er'air
And the skies be'ind all blue,
But still I pray I may do my bit,
And then, if I must turn west,
I'll be unashamed when my name is named,
And I'll find a Soldier's rest.

ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR.

Ah, wear not sorrow's garb, and dry those tears,
Hide your deep pain, and proudly lift your head,
Say "Twas for England, great through all the years,
That our Beloved on the field lay dead,
Guarding her very life, he nobly fell,
And though our hearts may break—
"It is well."
WASTE

Waste of Muscle, waist of Brain,
Waste of Patience, waste of Pain,
Waste of Manhood, waste of Health,
Waste of Beauty, waste of Wealth,
Waste of Blood, and waste of Tears,
Waste of Youth's most precious years,
Waste of ways the Saints have trod,
Waste of Glory, waste of God —
War:

CHEER-I-O.

Here's to you and here's to me,
Here's to gals on land and sea,
Here's to Peace that is to be,

Cheer-i-o:

Here's to those who live and fight,
Here's to those gone out of sight,
Who have fought and died for Right,

Cheer-i-o:

On we'll go through weal or woe,
On through any blinkin' show,

Cheer-i-o:

It's the battle-cry of God,
As he works in star and sod,
Beating Satan with His rod;

Cheer-i-o:

It's the cry that made the earth,
Gave the rolling spheres their birth,
Wrought a world of wondrous worth,

Cheer-i-o:

If it comes my turn to die,
To be cut out and put by,
May I peg out with this cry,

Cheer-i-o:

THINGS WE NEVER HEARD IN THE ARMY.

"Now, I don't want to bustle you boys,
But Reveille's been blown over half-an-hour ago!"

"Well, man, perhaps you don't want it,
But I think another noggin of rum will make you sleep well!"

"Boys, you've dug quite enough! We and the corporal will finish it for you."

"Don't hurry back from London if you're enjoying yourself. Seven or eight days extra s'neither here nor there!"

TO STRETCHER-BEARERS

Easy does it — bit o' trench 'ere,
Mind the blinkin' bit o' wire,
There's a shell 'ole on your left there,
Lift 'im up a little 'igher,
Stick it, lad, ye'll soon be there now,
Want to rest 'ere for a while,
But 'im down then — gently, gently,
There ye are, lad. That's the style.
Want a drink, mate? 'Ere's my bottle,
Lift 'is head up for 'im, Jack,
Put my tunic underneath 'im,
"On's that, chummy? That's the tack;
Guess we'd better make a start now,
Ready for another spell?
Best bo goin', we won't hurt ye,
But 'o might just start to shell,
Are ye right, mate? Off we goes then,
That's well over on the right;
Gad Almighty, that's a near 'un:
'Old yer end up good and tight,
Never mind, lad, you're for Blighty,
Mind this rotten bit o' board.
We'll soon 'ave ye tucked in bed, lad,
Opens ye gets to my old ward.
No more war for you, my 'ertey,
This'll get ye well away.
Twelve good months in dear old Blighty,
Twelve good months if you're a day.
M.O.'s got a bit o' something
What'll stop that blasted pain.
'Ere's a rotten bit o' ground, mate,
Lift up 'igher — up again,
'Wish 'e'd stop is blasted shellin'
Makes it rotten for the lad.
When a feller's been and got it,
It affects 'im twice as bad.
'Orr is it goin' now tresn, sonny?
'Ere's that narrow bit o' trench,
Careful, mate, there's some dead Jerrys.
Gad Almighty, what a stench!
'Ere we are now, stretcher-case, boys,
Bring 'im on a cup o' tea:
Inasmuch as we have done it,
Ye have done it unto Me.

Ordinary Officer: "I don't see what you've got to complain of regarding your Company cook."

Company Digger: "Quite right, sir! His pepper and salt are the best I've ever tasted."
"There are you going, Young Fellow My Lad,  
On this glittering morn of May?"

"I'm going to join the Colours, Dad;  
They're looking for men, they say."

"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad;  
You aren't obliged to go."

"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad,  
And ever so strong, you know."

"So you're off to France, Young Fellow My Lad,  
you're looking so fit and bright."

"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Dad,  
But I feel that I'm doing right."

"God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow My Lad;  
You're all of my life, you know."

"Don't worry. I'll soon be back, dear Dad,  
And I'm awfully proud to go."

"Why don't you write, Young Fellow My Lad?  
I watch for the post each day;  
And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad,  
And it's months since you went away.  
And I've had a fire in the parlour lit,  
And I'm keeping it burning bright  
Till my boy comes home; and here I sit  
Into the quiet night."

"What is the matter Young Fellow My Lad?  
No letter again today,  
Why did the postman look so sad,  
And sigh as he turned away?  
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,  
But a terrible price we've paid:  
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound;  
But Oh I'm afraid, afraid."

"They've told me the truth, Young Fellow My Lad;  
You'll never come back again.  
(Oh God! the dreams and the dreams I've had,  
And the hopes I've nursed in vain!)  
For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My Lad,  
And you proved in the cruel test  
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell  
That my boy was one of the best."

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My Lad,  
In the gleam of the evening star,  
In the wood note wild and the laugh of the child,  
In all sweet things that are.  
And you'll never die my wonderful boy,  
While life is noble and true;  
For all our beauty and hope and joy  
We will owe to our lads like you."

---

"What is meant by active service  
'Ere where sin is leakin' loose,  
'N' the oldest 'n's as nervis  
As a dog-bedeved goose,  
Has bin writ be every poet  
What can rhyme it worth a dam,  
But the 'ror as we know it  
is just jam, jam, JAM!  
Oh, the hymn of fate we owe it—  
Sticky, spledgy, seepy, soaky,  
sanguinary jam!

There's the "fearful roar of battle,"  
What gets underneath yer 'at,  
Mooin' like a million cattle  
Each as big as Ararat;  
There's the red field green 'n' slippery  
(And I'm cleaner where I am),  
But the thing that's got me nippy  
It is jam, jam, JAM!  
Draw us sour it has, 'n' dippy,  
Sticky, sicky, slimy, sloppy,  
stummick-strainin' jam!

Of the mud that's in the trenches  
Writers make a solemn fuss;  
For the vermin 'n' the stenches  
Little ladies pity us;  
But the yarn that's honest dinkum,  
"'N' the prayer what ain't a sham  
Is that Fritz may bust 'n' sink 'em  
Ships of jam, jam, JAM!  
For we bolt 'em, chew 'em, drink 'em,  
Million billion bar's of beastly  
cloyin', clamy jam!

We are sorry—sick of peaches,  
'N' we're full right up of plum,  
'N' our innards fairly screeches  
When the tins of apple come.  
Back of mightly piled in cases,  
Jist as close as they can cram,  
Fillin' all the open spaces,  
Is the jam, jam, JAM!  
Oh, the woe the soldiers face is,  
Monday, Sunday, ruddy, muddy,  
boundless bogs of jam."
Here in the flamin' thick of things,
With Death across the way, 'N' traps
What little Fritz the German flings
Explodin' in yer lunch parlaps,
It ain't all glory for a bloke,
It ain't all coffee 'ot and stoo,
Nor wavin' banners in the smoke,
Or practisin' the bay'net stroke——
We has our little troubles, too!

Here's Trigger Ribb bin seein' red
'N' raisin' Cain because he had
Jack in the caverns in his 'ead,
A 'oller tooth run ravin' mad.
Fore Trigger up 'n' down the trench
Was jiggin' like a blithered loon,
'N' every time she give a wrench
You orter seen the beggar blech,
You orter 'eard him play a toon.

The sullen shells was pawin' blind,
A-feelin' for us grim as sin,
While now 'n' then we'd likely find
A dizzy bomb come limpin' in.
But Trigger simply let 'er sizz,
He 'ardly begged to be excused.
This was no damn concern of his.
He twined a muffler round his phiz,
'N' fearful was the words he used.

Last we be gettin' cock-a-whoope
Cle 'Ans tries out his box of tricks.
His bullets all around the coop
Is peckin' like a million chicks.
But Trigger when he banks his amout
Don't sniff at it. He won't confess
They're on the earth——ignores the clout,
'N' makes the same old song about
His brimmin' mug of bitterness.

They raised us there in the mud
One day afore the dead sun rose.
Me oath, the mess of stuff and blood
Would give a slaughterman the joes!
And when the scrap is past and done,
Where's Trigger Ribb? The noble youth
Has got his bay'net in a bun,
While down his cheeks the salt tears run.
Sez he to me: "Gordil!——this tooth!"

A shell hoist Trigger in a tree.
We found him motherin' jis jor.
"If this ache's goin' on," sez he,
"So 'elp me, it'll spoil the war!"
Five collared Trigger on his perch,
They wired his molar to a bough,
Then give the anguished one a lurch,
'N' down he pitches. From that birch
His riddled tooth is hangin' now.

This afternoon it's merry 'all;
Grenades is comin' by the peck;
A big gun times us true 'n' well,
And, oh! we gets it in the neck.
They lick out flames what reach a mile,
The ripo of lead will never cease.
But Trigger's pottin' all the while;
He sports a fowl 'n' foolish smile——
"Thank Gord," he sez, "a bit of peace!"

MUD AND DUST. (H.Bokhoff)

An Aussie tramped the mudy road,
'Mid snow and rain and sleet,
The rain was running down his back,
And oozing from his feet.

He carried sack and rifle
And ammunition, too.
He wore his helmet "at alert"
As all good Aussies do.

With rations in a haversack
And tucker sodden through,
He used some dinkum lingo,
As all good Aussies do.

At last he turned a corner,
Saw a notice on a tree,
And waded to his neck in mud
To see what it could be.

I cannot now remember
Exactly what it said,
It didn't seem to please him,
For this is how it read:

As on you plod your weary way,
Consider our desire,
For if you kick up too much dust,
You'll draw artillery fire.
THE WOUND.

(Harold Hansell).

'Twas four years later that I struck the Homestead,
And God! the good old "Aussie" sun shone great,
As hidden by the bushes at the roadside,
I watched her standin' there beside the gate,
With Sunshine, Love, and Happiness about her,
And "Home," all round the tidy little farm,
With her husband—lucky Digger—close beside her,
And a laughin', crowin' baby on her arm.

And this is why one "Digger" ever wanders
From the city to the Bush, across the plain,
For I know her answer,—had I only "spoken,"
And the wound that I think healed, bursts out again,
And the River with its Voice is callin',
while I listen to its quiet sympathy,
As it winds amid the blue-gums and the wattles,
And this is what the river sez to me:—

She come from "over West," near Black Swan River,
And she "stood beside" when things were—
A little Nurse, with drinks to soothe yer liver,
And Lord! her hands were coolin' on yer brow,
The music of her footsteps was beguin',
She had mercy for the very boards she trod,
When she kissed 'em, Diggers "goin' West" went smilin',
To speak her name before the Throne o' God.

I might have "spoken," over there in "Blighty,"
But pals were "goin' West," most every day,
So I merely said:—"Well! So long! Little Sister,
I'll call in at your farm in W.A."
And she looked at me with eyes a kind o' misty,
Just give a little sigh and clasped my hand,
And I got work again across the channel,
Transferrin' Bosch's to the Better Land.
I oft go out at night-time.
When all the sky's a-flare
And little lights of battle
Are dancing in the air.

I use my pick and shovel
To dig a little hole,
And there I sit till morning—
A listening-patrol.

A silly little sickle
Of moon is hung above;
Within a pond beside me
The frogs are making love:

I see the German sap-head;
A cow is lying there,
Its belly like a barrel,
Its legs are in the air.

The big guns rip like thunder,
The bullets whizz o'erhead,
But o'er the sea in England
Good people lie abed.

And over there in England
May every honest soul
Sleep sound while we sit watching
On listening patrol.

THE TOMMY'S LAMENT.

I fancy it's not 'arf my chance
To go on plodding 'neath my pack,
Parading like a snail through France,
My house upon my bloomin' back.

My wants are few, but what I need
Ain't not so much of bully stew,
Nor biscuits, that's a mongrel's feed,
But, matey, just 'twixt me and you—

When winks the early evening star,
And shadows o'er the trenches come—
I wish the sergeants brought a jar,
And issued double tots of rum.

BEFORE THE CHARGE.

The night is still and the air is keen,
Tense with menace the time crawls by,
In front is the town and its homes are seen,
Blurred in outline against the sky.

The dead leaves float in the sighing air,
The darkness moves like a curtain drawn,
A veil which the morning sun will tear
From the face of death.—We charge at dawn.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

For the bloke on Active Service, when
're goes across the sea,
'E's sure to stand in terror of the
things 'e doesn't see,
A 'and grenade or mortar as it leaves
the other side
You can see an' 'ear it comin', so you
simply steps aside.
The aeroplane above you may go droppin'
bombs a bit,
But lyin' in your dug-out you're unlucky
if you're 'it.
When the breezes fills your trenches
with hasfixatin' gas,
You puts on your respirator an' allows
the stuff to pass.
When you're up against a feller with a
bayonet long an' keen,
Just 'ave purchase of your weapon an'
you'll drill the beggar clean.
When man and 'oss is chargin' you, upon
your knees you kneel,
An' catch the 'oss's breastbone with
an inch of two of steel.
It's sure to end its canter, an' as the
creature stops
The rider pitches forward an' you catch
'im as 'e drops.
It's when 'e sees 'is danger, an' 'e
knows 'is way about
That a bloke is damned unlucky if 'is
knocked completely out.
But out on Active Service there are
 dangers everywhere—
The shrapnel shell and bullet that comes
on you unaware,

The saucy little rifle is a perky little
An' when you've got 'er 'ase you 'ave
done your last parade.

(P.T.O.)
ON ACTIVE SERVICE (Cont).

The four-point-five will seek you
from some distant leafy wood,
An' taps you on the napper an' you're
out of step for good.
From the gun within the spinney to
the sniper up a tree.
There are terrors waitin' Tommy in the
things 'e doesn't see.

LETTERS. (Patrick Macgill)

When stand-to hour is over we leave
the parapet,
And scamper to our dug-out to smoke
a cigarette;
The post has brought in parcels and
letters for us all,
And now we'll light a candle, a little
pony candle;
A tiny tallow candle, and stick it
to the wall.

Dark shadows cringe and cower on
roof and wall and floor,
And little roving breezes come
rustling through the door;
We open up the letters of friends
across the foam,
And thoughts go back to London, again
we dream of London—
We see the lights of London, of
London end of home.

We've parcels small and parcels of a
quite gigantic size,
We've Devon cream and butter and
apples baked in pies,
We'll make a night of feasting and
all will have their fill—
See, cot-mate Bill has dainties,
such dandy, dinky dainties;
She's one to choose the dainties, the
maid that's gone on Bill.

Oh: Kensington for neatness; it packs
its parcels well,
Though Bow is always bulky it isn't
quite as swell,
But here there's no distinction 'twixt
Kensington and Bow,
We're comrades in the dug-out, all
equals in the dug-out,
We're comrades in the dug-out and
fight a common foe. (Cont).

LETTERS (Cont).

Here comes the ration party with tins
of bully stew—
"Clear off your ration party, we have
no need of you;
"Maccie for breakfast? It ain't no
bloomin' use,
We're faring far, far better, our gifts
from home are better,
Look here, we've something better than
bully after Loos."

The post comes trenchward nightly; we
hail the post with glee,
Though now we're not as many as once
we used to be,
For some have done their fighting,
packed up and gone away,
And many boys are sleeping; no sound
will break their sleeping,
Brave lusty comrades sleeping in
little homes of clay.

We all have read our letters, but one's
untouched so far,
An English maiden's letter to her
sweetheart at the War,
And when we write in answer to tell her
how he fell,
What can we say to cheer her? Oh, what
is now to cheer her?
There's nothing left to cheer her
except the news to tell.

We'll write to her to-morrow and this
is what we'll say,
He breathed her name in dying; in peace
he passed away—
No words about his moaning, his anguish
and his pain,
When slowly, slowly dying. God: Fifteen
hours in dying:
He lay a maimed thing dying, alone upon
the plain.

We often write to mothers, to sweethearts
and to wives,
And tell how those who loved them have
given up their lives;
If we're not always truthful, our lies
are always kind,
Our letters lie to cheer them, to solace
and to cheer them,
Oh: anything to cheer them,—the women
left behind.
KITCHENER OF KHARTUM.
(M.H. Cannan)

To such as in the Newspapers or elsewhere have blamed him.

You who fought fear since you had him to lead
In the cold anguish of your first distress,
And took the labour of his life to make
A bulwark for your years of illness;
Clung to his name, sheltered behind
his strength,
How dare you judge him failure or success?

You who were each an Empire went your ways,
Shuddered at death and laughed at thought of war,
And when it came, knew nothing; called to him
To keep the Terror from your flimsy door;
You who had tied his hands through strength withheld
And knowledge flouted; years and years before.

You—you took all he gave; he who took up
Burden of Empire that was yours to bear,
And walked through hells you'll never know to find
The hard-won wisdom of a soldier there;
And went out into silence on the sea,
And left his memory to your keeping here.

You that are each this England, you who live
As England lives, by such great travelling,
Have you at this high hour no better gift
Than your safe snug disarrangement can bring?
He that died, died for England; England lives,
And you are England; that's the bitter thing.

AFTER THE WAR'

After the war perhaps I'll sit again
Out on the terrace where I sat with you,
And see the changeless sky and hills beat blue
And live an afternoon of summer through.

I shall remember then, and sad at heart
For the lost day of happiness we knew,
Wish only that some other man were you
And spoke my name as once you used to do.

TO MY COMRADES: (of the Australian LIGHT HORSE)
(Trooper Geraridy)

Though days were bloody and dread nights were long
On mountain trails beyond the Jordan Valley,
The skylark's joyous burst of morning-song
Was ever your reveille.

Now crimson poppies nod beside the road
You followed, when Damascus was a treasure;
Before you cast aside your shoulder-load
For days of life and leisure.

Your tracks through Sinai are overblown,
And scars of strife in Palestine are
hidden;
In Lebanon the grass has overgrown
The magic miles you've ridden.

PREMONITION
(Robert S. Laskaer)
"If I should fall, do not grieve for me,
I shall be one with the sun and the wind
and the flowers," (Leslie Coulson).

If I should fall, my presence may be
sought
In all the teeming beauty of the earth.
With every lovely thing that God has
wrought
I shall be one, and find it in new birth.
Therefore, within the shadow of the wind
Upon green meadows, or in April grass
And flowers, who sees my presence
still might find.

Time pass.
Seek in the gold and purple of the west,
Seek in the sunshine of a summer's day,
Seek in the ocean's silence and unrest
If you would find me; and, while seeking,
say:
"He loved all these—he loved all
lovely things;
And from them now his living spirit
sings."
THE DESTROYER.

(Will Lawson)

She raced away down the sunset track,
Beyond the mines and the boom;
The spray flashed red on her turtle-back
To the whirr of her engine room,
Her funnels spouted their smoke-plumes black—
She looked the Spirit of Doom.

Along her sides the wavelets hissed,
As she opened out her speed,
They fell astern to snarl and twist,
And writhe in her wake and bleed.
Her was a force none resist,
And she gave them little heed.

Away in the west the red sun sunk:
To drown in the heaving flood;
And fast— with never a noisy crank
Or piston rod a-thud,
Her stern set low in the high wave-bank—
She swam on a sea of blood.

Into the night, when the sun had gone,
The fast destroyer flew,
And never a side-light gleamed or shone,
As the pale stars grew and grew.
What errand grim did she speed upon?
Only her captain knew.

Through the sweeping seas she clove a track
Into the blinding gloom—
Stumpy-funnelled, sinister, black—
She was the Spirit of Doom.
And the keen spray hailed on her turtle-back,
To the throb of her engine-room.

... ... ... ... ...

Back to our forts the destroyer crept,
As the dawn rushed in aflame;
Her stacks were blistered, her decks sea-swept,
But she licked her lips as she came;
And she took her place where her comrades slept,
Like a hound that had killed its game.
MISSING -- BELIEVED KILLED

(OFF READING A MOTHER'S LETTER)

'Twere heaven enough to fill my heart
If only one would stay,
Just one of all the million joys
God gives to take away.

If I could keep one golden dawn,
The splendour of one star,
One silver gleam of yon bird's wing
That flashes from afar;

If I could keep the least of things
That make me catch my breath
To gaze with wonder at God's world
And hold it back from death,

It were enough; but death forbids,
The sunset flames to fade,
The velvet petals of this rose
Fall withered -- brown -- decayed.

She only asked to keep one thing,
The joy-light in his eyes;
God has not even let her know
Where his dead body lies.

O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory is ev'rywhere,
Thy sting's in ev'rything.

THE SNIPER

There's a Jerry over there, Sarge:
Can't you see 'is big square lead?
If 'e bobs it up again there,
I'll soon nail 'im--nail 'im dead.
Gimme up that pair 'o glasses,
And just fix that blinkin' sight.
Gawd: that nearly almost got 'im,
There 'e is now--see? 'Arf right.
If 'e moves again I'll get 'im,
Take those glasses 'ere and see,
What's that? Got 'im through the 'ead, Sarge?
Where's my blarsted cup o' tea?

(Contd)

THE SECRET

You were askin' 'ow we sticks it,
Sticks this blarsted rain and mud,
'Oh it is we keeps on smilin'
When the place runs red wi' blood.
Since you're askin', I can tell ye,
And I thinks I tells ye true,
But it ain't official, mind ye,
It's a tip 'twixt me and you.
For the General thinks it's tactics,
And the bloomin' plans 'e makes:
And the C.O. thinks it's trainin',
And the trouble as he takes.
Sargint-Major says it's drillin',
And 'is straffin' on parade;
Doctor swears it's sanitation,
And some patent stinks 'o a made.
Padre tells us it's religion,
And the spirit of the Lord;
But I ain't got much religion,
And I sticks it still, by Gawd.
Quarters kids us it's the rations,
And the dinners we gets;
But I know what keeps us smilin',
It's the Woodbine Cigarettes.
For the daytime seems more dreary,
And the night-time seems to drag
To eternity of darkness,
When ye 'aven't got a fag.
Then the rain seems some'ow wetter,
And the cold cuts twice as keen,
And ye keeps on seein' Boches,
What the Sargint 'asn't seen.
If ole Fritz 'as been and got ye,
And ye 'ave to stick the pain,
If ye 'even't got a fag on,
Why, it 'urts as bad again.
When there ain't no fags to pull at,
Then there's terror in the ranks.
That's the secret -- (yes, I'll 'ave one)
Just a fag -- and many Tanks.

"The officers dine in most glorious state
On victuals that are costly and rare,
The sergeants feed from a white china plate
And of dainties they too get their share,
The Diggers get duff—at least now and then—and,
And are healthy 'tis plain to be seen,
But all ranks agree, they hope ne'er again
To caze on a Haricot Bean."
'E blundered down the blighted trench,
The great big-footed clod,
Fell on me, an' knocked me down,
Then on me pipe 1 trot;
Trod on, an' broke me bloomin' pipe,
The only one, I 'ad,
Snapped it off just near the bowl.
Gawd! I weren't arf mad.

An 'e's the bloke as Seved the Guns,
That blunderin' awkward blighter,
For since we "called upon" the 'Uns
'E's been a nasty-fighter.
But me, I'me invalided 'ome,
For I copped a chunk of shell
Right upon me blinkin' 'ip,
Oh, ain't it puffic 'ell!

An' as I limped along the street
Outside the Pallis Gates,
Who'd ye think that I should meet
But Mr. blusin' Bates;
"I's arm slung up; yes, there he sat
Be'ind some swanky 'osses,
Been to call upon the King
For one of them there crosses.

The crowd they yelled themselves all 'orse,
Which they some'ow can't be blamed,
"An 'oss the man as got "The Crossa"?"
Some nearby gent exclaimed.
"Gent", I says, "I know the bloke,
I does, so 'elp me swipe---
"E's Privit Bates, the swab who broke
Me favrit bloomin' pipe."

GALLIPOLI

Upon the margin of a rugged shore
There is a spot now barren, desolate,
A place of graves, sodden with human gore
That Time will hallow, Memory consecrate.
There lie the ashes of the mighty dead,
The youth who lit with flame Obscurity,
Fought true for Freedom, won through rain of lead
Undying fame, their immortality over,
The stranger wand'ring when the war is
The ploughman there driving his coulter deep,
The husbandmen who golden harvests reap---
From hill and ravine, from each plain and cover,

Will hear a shout, see phantoms on the marge,
See me again making a deathless charge.

"COUNTED FOR"

Five-and-fifty sprightly lads
Are standing on parade,
The Section's Roll is quickly called
And not a man has strayed.
Then five-and-fifty pairs of heels
Together smartly click,
'Mid murmurs from admiring throngs
"Phew! Section Five is slick!"

Fall in upon your N.C.O.!
The order is obeyed.
(But not armed, though fallen on)
He never needs First Aid.
But he, good man, whoever he be,
Assigns us each a task,
And some got light and easy jobs,
Others—more than they ask.

Six men in deep humility,
Before 'tis seven o'clock,
Go down on hands and knees to scrub
The 'Administrative Block;
For seven successive morns they writhe
In anguish sore to see,
But on the eighth each man falls sick
With chronic Housemaid's Knee.

A score of men are marched "two deep"
Towards the Com'ny's mess,
And what they find awaiting there
Appalls them, I confess,
For while the bitter wintry air
Congeals their blood,
They peel the epidermis
From the soil-beladen "spud."

But five and fifty hungry lads
Complete their tasks at length,
And swiftly glide to breakfast
To recover wasted strength.
Their bully beef and bacon
They attack with frantic glee,
Or stab the sulky "submarine,"
And wash it down with tea.

Many a wife in days to come,
When strife at length is o'er,
Complacently will sit and watch
Her hubby scrub the floor.
And as he slices carrots
And removes potato eyes,
She'll murmur, "War is, after all,
A blessing in disguise."
THE PENSIONER

'Im and me was kids together,
Played together, went to school,
Where Miss Jenkins used to rap us
On our knuckles wi' a rule.

When we left we worked together,
At the Factory, makin' jer,
Gawd 'ave mercy on us women.

I'm full up today — I am.
Well I minds the August Monday,
When 'e said 'e loved me true,
Underneath the copper beech tree,
With the moonbeams shining through.

Then we walked down by the river,
Silent-like an' I in 'eard,
Till we came there by the Ketch Inn,
Where there 'e two big willows stand.

There 'e caught me roughly to 'im,
And 'is voice was 'arse and wild,
As 'e whispered through 'is kisses,
"Will ye mother me my child?"

An' I took 'and kissed and kissed 'im,
Sweet as love and long as life,
Yowed while breath was in my body
I would be 'is faithful wife.

An' I seemed to see 'is baby,
Smiling as 'e lay at rest,
With 'is tiny 'and a-clutching
At the softness of my breast.

Gawd above, 'em days was 'eaven
I can see the river shine
Like a band of silver ribbon:
I can feel 'is 'and in mine,
I can feel 'em red 'ot kisses
On my lips or on my fair,
I can feel 'is arm tight round me,
Gawd! 'I tell ye it ain't fair.

Look ye what the war's done at 'im,
Lying there as still as death.

See 'is mouth all screwed and twisted,
With the pain of drawing breath:

But of course I 'ave a pension,
Comin' reg'lar every week.
So I ain't got much to grouse at—
I suppose it's like my cheek,
Grousin' when a grateful country
Buys my food and pays my rent.

I should be mostumble grateful
That my John was one as went,
Went to fight for King and Country,
Like a 'ero and a man,
I should be mostumble grateful,
And just do as best I can.

But my pension won't buy kisses,
An' 'e'll never kiss again,
'Is ain't got no kissin' in 'im,
Ain't got nothin' new—but pain.
Not as I would ever change 'im
For the strongest men alive.

While the breath is in my body
Still I'll mother 'im—and strive
That I keep my face still smiling,
Though my 'eart is fit to break;
As I lives a married widow,
So I'll live on for 'is sake.

But I says — let them as makes 'em
Fight their wars and mourn their dead,
Let their women sleep for ever
In a loveless, childless bed.

No—I know — it ain't right talkin',
But there's times as I am wild,
Gawd! you dinnor! or I wants it —
' Ow I wants—a child—'is child.

THE SPIRIT.

When there ain't no gal to kiss you,
And the postman seems to miss you,
And the faces have missed an issue,
Carry on.

When ye've got an empty belly,
And the "bully's" rotten smell,
And you're shivering like a jelly,
Carry on.

When the Boche has done your chum in,
And the sargent's done the rum in,
And there isn't no rations comin',
Carry on.

When the world is red and reeking,
And the shrapnel shells are shrieking,
And your blood is slowly leaking,
Carry on.

When the broken, battered trenches
Are like bloody butchers' benches,
And the air is thick with stench,
Carry on.

Carry on, Though your pals are pale and
And the hope of life is gone, Carry on:
For to do more than you can
Is to be a British man,
Not a rotten "also ran"—
CARRY ON.
From a Christmas Letter.

"I was eatin' Christmas puddin' in the mud,
When a whizzbang 'it me collar wiv a thud,
An' I honestly expected that me bits 'ul be collected,
But my luck was in—the beggar was a dud."

"I say, cobber, got 'my room in there for me an' another bloke?"

"When we had to thaw our boots before we could put them on our remarks were not pleasant to hear."
MEDICAL OFFICER:  "Well, my man, what are you back here for?

DIGGER:          "Well Sir, the Sergeant told me to go to Hell, so I come back here."
THE COURT MARTIAL.

"Court Martial?" said the Potato-Feeler. "It's something like the Military Cross spelt backwards, 'Taint quite so great a homner—and twice as easy to get."

Old Dad is fairly off his head
Out at Bulgandora Flat;
He's roaming all around the town
In Sunday coat and hat.
He's had a letter from the Front,
From his young son, Big Ben—
"I'm goin' to be Court-Martialed, Dad:
On Saturday at ten."

"Great snakes:" cries Dad; "now that will show
The grit that's in our race;
He's only been a fortnight there
And yet he's took his place
Among the might of the land,
Ain't they quick-sighted men?
They're goin' to make Court Martial
Of my own son, young Big Ben.

"I knew that Ben would make his mark
When he got to the war;
I guess he took commnd o' things
And give the foe 'what for;'
Or else took charge of the canteen,
And wouldn't quit it when
They gave the order to retreat—
My hero son, Big Ben.

"The parson read the letter,
And he looked quite pleased, you bet:
He said 'Whatever Ben deserved
That same he'd surely get;
And that the sword came, after all,
Quite second to the pen,'
Which brought such comfort to my heart
From my own son, Big Ben.

"There is an old Trooper called Durham,
Whose pace is like that of a wor-um,
But the day is in sight
When we'll enter the fight,
Then to hell with the ship and the fi-um."

"I guess he'll chew up 'The Nobs,'
And shake hands with the King—
Perhaps he'll have to stay to lunch
And then be asked to sing;
And if he is, By Holy Smoke:
They will hear something when
He's had a glass of beer or two—
My only son, Big Ben.

"When Ben comes to Bulgandora Flat,
With all the foe passed out,
The Concertinas will tune up,
The Band of Hope will shout:
'All Ale: All Ale: Court Martial:::
My: we'll turn some corkscrews when
He comes back to Bulgandora Flat——
My hero son, Big Ben."

THE JESTER IN THE TRENCH.

(Leon Gellert)

That just reminds me of a yarn;
And everybody turned to hear his tale.
He had a thousand yarns inside his head.
They waited for him, ready with their mirth
And creeping smiles——then suddenly turned pale,
Grew still, and gazed upon the earth.
They heard no tale. No further word was said.
And with his untold fun,
Half leaning on his gun,
They left him — dead.

During the freeze in France in 1916, a Tommy officer slipped on the duckboards. He got up, turned to a grinning Aussie, and exclaimed, "I suppose that is what you Australians would call a gutsah?"
"My—oath, that was a — snifter," said the Aussie.
THE JESTER IN THE TRENCH.  
(Leon Gellert)

'That reminds me of a yarn,' he said;  
And everybody turned to hear his tale.  
He had a thousand yarns inside his head.  
They waited for him, ready with their mirth  
And creeping smiles,—then suddenly  
turned pale,  
Grew still, and gazed upon the earth.  
They heard no tale. No further word  
was said.  
And with his untold fun,  
Half leaning on his gun,  
They left him—dead.

THE CRIPPLE.  (Leon Gellert)

He totters round and dangles those  
odd shapes  
That were his legs. His eyes are never dim.  
He brags about his fame between the tapes,  
And laughs the loudest when they laugh at  
him.

Amid the sights of snow he takes a hand;  
Accepts his small defects, and with a smile  
He rises from the ground, and makes his stand  
With clumsiness, but battles hard the while.  
So quick to see the pain in fellow men,  
He chides them; yea,—and laughs them into  
youth:

And yet, when death was near to one,  
'Twas then  
About his kindly heart we learnt the truth.  
Since nowadays of cheer there is dearth,  
'Twas smiles or tears, and so he chose the  
mirth.

A NIGHT ATTACK.  (Leon Gellert)

Be still. The bleeding night is in  
suspense  
Of watchful agony and coloured thought,  
And every beating vein and trembling  
sense,  
Long tired with time, is pitched and  
overwrought,  
And for the eye, the darkness holds  
strange forms,  
Soft movements in the leaves, and  
nicked glows  
That wait and peer. The whole black  
landscape swarms  
With shapes of white and grey that no  
one knows:  
And for the ear, a sound, a pause,  
a breath,  
A distant hurried footstep moving fast.  
The hand has touched the slinky face of  
death.  
The mind is raking at the ragged past.  
......... A sound of rifles rattles  
from the south,  
And startled orders move from mouth  
to mouth.

THE ATTACK AT DAWN.  (Leon Gellert)

'At every cost,' they said, 'it must  
be done.'  
They told us in the early afternoon.

We sit and wait the coming of the sun.

We sit in groups,—grey groups that  
watch the moon.

We stretch our legs and murmur half in  
sleep,  
And touch the tips of bayonets and  
wear.  
Our hands are cold. They strangely grope  
and creep,  
Tugging at ends of strands. We wait the  
dawn.  
Some men come stumbling past in single  
file,  
And scrape the trench's side and scatter  
sand.  
They trip and curse and go. Perhaps we  
smile.

We wait the dawn:......The dawn is close  
at hand.  
(P.T.O.)
THE ATTACK AT DAWN. (Cont.)

A gentle rustling runs along the line.
'At every cost,' they said, 'It must be done.'
A hundred eyes are staring for the sign.
It's coming; Look:....Our God's own
laughing sun:

THE DEATH (Leon Gellert)

I'm hit. It's come at last. I feel a smart
Of needles in...My God....I'm hit again;
No pain this time:...no pain...and yet...
my heart:.....
Where is my heart? 'Tis strange I feel no pain.
The night is still, the night is very still.
I feel the April rain upon my hair.
I see the lights upon the yonder hill
Agleam and shining in the silent air.
Glow soft the grasses seem—how soft and cool:
How long the valley looks—how long and deep:
How warm the rain: I feel a little pool
Beside my hand, I feel.....Can this be sleep?
Can this be sleep....this buzzing in my head:
Good God: A light: A light:
The pool: I'm xxx.

THE NAVY'S SOUL (Harold Hansell)

Ships and cannon, steam and coal
Cannot make a Navy's soul;
It's the Men who make her go
Ripping th' the Ages so.

Let her go:
Let her go through thick and thin.
Danger: Facing it we win.
If we lose, 'tis Fate's decree;
But, so far, it's been Victory.
Let her go:

Stor'ry seas of leaden grey,
Hidden dangers: What are they?
Over all the watch-dogs dance,
Face the odds and take the chance.

Let her go:
Let her go in all her might,
Big guns speak for truth and right;
Shells call shrill for Peace at sea,
The Peace that comes from Victory.
Let her go:

England's Navy still doth roam
Proudly o'er the white-Flecked foam;
Heroes sail — and Heroes sleep
With their God beneath the deep.

Let her go:
Let her go: Full steam ahead.
Living will avenge the Dead.
England: Mistress of the Sea,
For Honor, King and Victory;
Let her go:
THE THOUSANDTH MAN.

(Rudyard Kipling)

One man in a thousand, Solomon says, Will stick more close than a brother, And it's worth while seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world again you.
'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show Will settle the finding for 'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine 'em go By your looks or your acts or your glory.

GUNGA DIN.

(Rudyard Kipling)

You may talk o' gin and beer When you're quartered safe out 'ere, An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter You will do your work on water, An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime, Where I used to spend my time A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen, Of all them blackfaced crew The finest man I knew Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was "Din: Din: Din:
You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din:
Hi: sloppy hithero:
Water, get it! Panee Lao:
You squidy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"
The uniform 'e wore Was nothin' much before, An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind, For a piece o' twisty rag An' a goatskin water-bag Was all the field-equipment 'e could find. When the sweatin' troop-train lay In a sidin' through the day, Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,

GUNGA DIN. (Cont.)

We shouted "Harry By!" Till out throats were brickly-dry, Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e could.int serve us all.
It was "Din: Din: Din:
You 'eather, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some judgin' in it Or I'll narrow you this minute If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'Er would dot an' carry one Till the longest day was done; An' 'e didn't seem to know the use of fear. If we charged or broke or cut, You could bet your bloomin' nut, 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is musick on 'is back, 'E would skip with our attack, An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire," An' for all 'is dirty 'ide 'E was white, clear white, inside When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire.
It was "Din: Din: Din:
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out, You could hear the front-rank shout, "Hi: Ammunition-mules and Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night When I dropped behind the fight With a bullet where my belt-plate should've been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst, An' the man that spied me first Was our good old grinmin', gruntin' Gunga Din.

'Er lifted up my 'ead, An' he plugged me where I bled, An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green It was crumlin' and it stunk, But of all the drinks I've drunk, I'm gratefullist to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din: Din: Din:
'Er's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'Er's chawin' up the ground, An' 'e's kickin' all around; For Gawni's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"
THE FLY.

(Patrick MacGill.)

Buzz-fly and gad-fly, dragon-fly and blue,
When you're in the trenches come and visit you,
They revel in your butter-dish and tiot on your ham,
Drill upon the army cheese and loot the army jam.
They're with you in the dusk and the dawning and the noon,
They come in close formation, in column and platoon.
There's never zest like Tommy's zest when these have got to die:
For Tommy takes his puttees off and strafs the blooming fly.

STRAF! THAT FLY.

(Bully-Grenay.)

There's the butter, gad, and horse-fly,
The blow-fly, and the blue;
The fines' fly and the course fly,
But never flew a worse fly
Of all the flies that flew

Than the little sneaky black fly
That gobbles up our ham,
The beggar's not a slack fly,
He really is a crack fly,
And wields the soldiers' jam.

So straf! that fly: our motto
Is "Straf him when you can,"
He'll die because he ought to,
He'll go because he's got to,
So at him, every man!
Recessional (Rudyard Kipling)

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet.
Let us forget—lest we forget:

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet.
Let us forget—lest we forget:

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre:
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Let us forget—lest we forget:

If, drunk with sight of power, we lose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Let us forget—lest we forget:

For heathen heart thatputs her trust
In recking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guards, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord:
Amen.

Before Action (Leon Gellert)

We always had to do our work at night,
I wondered why we had to be so sly,
I wondered why we couldn’t have our fight
Under the open sky.

I wondered why I always felt so cold,
I wondered why the orders seemed so slow,
So slow to come, so whisperingly told,
So whisperingly low.

I wondered if my packing-straps were tight,
And wondered why I wondered...sound went wild.....
An order came...I ran into the night,
Wondering why I smiled.

The Burial (Leon Gellert)

What task is this that so unnerves me now?
When pity should be dead, and has been dead.
Unloose that sheet from round the pierced brow;
What matter, blood is seen, for blood is red,
And red’s the colour of the clammy earth.
Be not so solemn—there’s no need to pray;
But rather smile—yea, laugh: if pure, thy mirth
Is right. He laughed himself but yesterday.
That pay-book? Take it from him; ours a debt
No gold can ever pay. That cross of wood
About his neck? That must remain, and yet
He needs it not, because his heart was good.
We’ll house him ‘neath these broken shrubs;
dig deep.
He’s tired, God knows, and needs a little sleep.

The Diggers (Leon Gellert)

The diggers are digging, and digging deep,
They’re digging and singing,
And I’m asleep.
They’re digging and singing, and swiftly
they’re swinging
The flying earth as it falls in a heap.
And some of it scatters and falls on my head;
But the diggers dig on. They can only dig.
They can only sing, and their eyes are big.
Their eyes are big and heavy as lead.
They dig and they sing and they think
I’m dead.

The diggers are digging, and filling the hole.
They’re sighing and sighing.
They pray for my soul.
I hear what they say, and from where I am lying,
I hear a new corporal calling the roll.
But the diggers dig on and fill in my bed.
The diggers dig on, and they sweat and
they sweat.
They sigh and they sigh, and their eyes are wet.
The brown earth clatters and covers my head;
Then I laugh and I laugh, for they think
I’m dead.
"Aeroplanes—the army's eyes that see, and its beaks that peck!"

As high from the sweep of the cloud-
line as the clouds than the cities
are higher,
We leave in the wake of our winging a
trail that is fretted with fire:
Unseen from the greyness below us, where
the cannonades challenge and roar,
We ride on the the stream of the sunlight,
on the breast of the cloud-wrack we bear,
Through the folds of the fog in the lower,
through the glare of the uppermost spaces,
We drive with the blindness about us and the
buffeting wind on our faces.
The stave that the singing propeller, that
the wind in the wires is humming,
Chants death to the junctions below us, the
camp that lies dark to our coming,
The threat that we bring shall you wake to,
the doom of your fattest dominions
With the beat of our engines! approaching,
the slant of the silk in our pinions—
Fate's falcons that watch you cower,
down-swooping, reversing and checking—
The eyes of the army for seeing, the beaks
of the army for pecking:

Far down on the white of the roadways, the
green of the meadowland grasses,
A serpent winds laboring onward—the brown
of the column that passes:
A thrust on the plowing-handle, the rush
that descends, and decreases,
The joy of the hawk o'er the quarry, the
click of the bomb that releases,
Your vapor-balls ringing me harmless, my
answering gunner's derision,
burst limbers and screaming of horses, the
shreds of the shattered division,
Torn fragments thatumber the roadway, rude
panic unloosed and unknowing,
Blind fear that goes hotfoot for safety, nor
stands on its order of going:
Swift spies of your camouflaged cannon, your
bough-woven screens that dissemble,
Keen hunters we haunt your reserve-lines, your
convoy and troops that assemble:
Small respite or rest shall we grant you,
poor leisure for ruing or recking—
The eyes of the army for seeing, the beaks
of the army for pecking.

A speck on the rim of the ether, a mote
on the distant blue showing,
A formlessness merging and forming, a
shapelessness shaping and growing:
Drag back on the lever; short mercy on
him who shall daily delaying,
Scant shrift to the one who waits under
while the foes may stoop to the
slaying:
The palm unto him who shall bear it—
the race to the speediest runner;
Fate compass the course lest they ram us—
God steady the gun and the gunner:
Gone past! And a bare yard between us?
Cross-fire that still rattles and
dwindles?

Hard down to the right, lest we lose him
where his rocking plane circles and
spindles;
A shot through the tank—and to earthward,
in smoke and smother of fire,
Goes reeling a crumble of fabric, a
swatch of metal and wire:
Winged prophets are we of disaster, red
bringers of ruin and wrecking—
The eyes of the army for seeing, the
beaks of the army for pecking.
Right as vengeance, thank ye kindly,
There are many worse than me,
I'd be fit to fight to-morrow
If my bloomin' eyes could see.
But they can't, sir, that's the noosense,
I'm as blind as forty bates,
And I've to work by feel, sir,
Like ye does at night for chaps.
'Ow it 'appened!—well it 'appened
On a bloomin' night patrol.
When I got a blin'gin' whizzbang
To myself and got it whole,
Yes, the last thing as I seed, sir,
Were a burst of silver light,
And it went and left the darkness,
'Cause it took away my sight.
There was me and old Bill Drury
And he got one through the 'ead;
We tried 'ard to fetch 'im back, sir,
But it weren't no ben—'e's dead.
And it's when I thinks of 'im, sir,
Us' kids is and 'is wife,
That I thanks the One above, sir,
That I still 'ave got my life.
There are times I wants to see, sir,
Like a beggar wants a meal,
But when I remember Billie,
Then I ain't disposed to squeal.
For I've got my legs and arms, sir,
And these hands is willing still,
I can do my job of work yet;
I can do it—and I will.
There's just one thing I'm afraid on,
Will they find me work to do?
That's the thing as makes me worry,
Same as it would worry you.
When this blasted war is over,
And we settle down again
To the melin' of the money,
Will they still remember then?
Yes, I know they've been and promised,
But it's easy to forget.
When the shoutin's done and over,
There's accounts to settle yet.
There'll be thousands same as me, sir,
Out to do what work they can,
Not disabled, but like me, sir,
Not just everybody's mam.
Will they find us jobs to work at
Where two hands can earn their pay,
For a wage enough to keep us
Free from debt, and pay our way.

That's the only thing as worries
When I sits me down to think,
Will I get my chance of 'one, sir,
And enough to eat and drink?

OLD AND NEW YEARS.
(Fred John's)

Gone the old years, sorrow laden,
Bearing with them streams of tears
Shattered hopes for many thousands,
Untold griefs, years filled with fears.
Gone old years with memories
Of the bitterness of strife,
Of suffering and miseries,
And the infamy of life.
Come the new years, richly laden
With the choicest gifts of heaven,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men,—
Fruits of noble service given.
Come new years with remembrance
Of those who paid tremendous price;
Our resolve's to prove worthy
Of all who made their sacrifice.

A MOTHER UNDERSTANDS
(G.A. Studdart Kennedy)

Dear Lord, I hold my hand to take
Thy body, broken here for me,
Accept the sacrifice I make,
My body broken, there, for Thee.

His was my body, born of me,
Born of my bitter travail pain,
And it lies broken on the field,
Swept by the wind and the rain.

Surely a Mother understands Thy thorn-crowned head,
The mystery of Thy pierced hands—the
Broken Bread.

"The best definition of a 'Gutz' requires a knowledge of modern German to
be understood. For further information apply to the All-Highest."
THE LISTENERS.

(Being the wail of the Recruiting Sergeant)

Gord, wont anything move yer?
Some old faces 'ere
Day after day, an' week after week.
All through the bloomin' year;
Some that are stolid, an' grinnin' some,
'Urryin', driftin', you go and come,
Listen, an' clap me, an' shout "Cor'zy!"
That was a bonzer speech, y' say.
'Itch up your shoulders, an' walk away!
Dinkum, you sicken me, standin' there—
Me that's been puttin' it straight am' fair,
Praps there's a way to reach yer—
Don't seem to be my way:
You! Wont anything move yer,
Anything shift yer—
Eh?

'I'llan't because I feller
Blokes with the Oxford bleat—
Them that can frame, with 'oneyed words,
Bait for your frozen feet,
Blokes that can limber a "sitch" or "g"
On to the spot where it mighter be;
For their 'ot words an' their kiddin' fine,
An' the speeches they 'url at your waitin' line
Can't get yer movin', no more'n mine:
Seems to me only on chi ng yer'll do—
You're flamin' good listeners, through an' through
You that are suckin' your gobsticks
There by the kerbstone, say,
S'posin I lobbed yer a bomb or two,
Think that'd shift yer,
Eh?

Think there's a thing that'd budge yer
Out of your attitud—
Make yer pull faces or interrupt,
Swear, or do something rude?
Orderly dials an' nice black 'ats
Collars an' waistite an' fags an' spats—
Struth, if your listenin' 'elped us win
You'd be the Kings, as I'll give yer in:
Gord, but I'ma sick of your listenin;
Waggin' my flippers an' wastin' skite—
Why won't yer scrap, are yer too polite?
S'posin' a Zep came over,
What do you think you'd say,
Dodgin' a dray load of gelignite?
Think it'd start yer—
Eh?

You with the willin' ear'oles
Use them for something else:
Come to a place that I know, an' ear
The squealin' of eight inch shells:
Cuddle the dugout, an' under cover,
'Bark to the "Minnie" screamin' over.
Go where the blokes 'oo 'ave learned to do
'Anker to teach yer a thing or two
More than the things that yer thought yer kno;
Me, 'oo am 'urt an' 'ave got the sack
(An' bluffin' the doctor to let me back—
I am the bloke 'oo would move yer,
Get yer to sign an 'go:
Only—there's nothing I'll do the trick
Nothin' 'll kid yer—
No.

(This Recruiting Sergeant stood each lunch hour in 1917 at the Melbourne Town Hall corner speaking from a rostrum inscribed "Presented by John Wren Esq.")
A PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

"A pipe! It is a great comforter, a pleasant soother! Blue devils fly before its honest breath! It ripens the brain, it opens the heart, and the man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan."
—Bulwer's "Night and Morning."

"The pungent, nose refreshing weed, Which, whether pulverised, it gain A speedy passage to the brain; Or, whether, touched with fire, it rise In circling eddies to the skies, Does thought more quicken and refine Than all the breath of all the Nine."
—Cooper—

Tobacco is
A lone man's companion,
A bachelor's friend,
A hungry man's food,
A sailor's cordial,
A wakeful man's sleep, and
A chilly man's fire.
—Charles Kingsley—

"The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher—it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, than any other blessed thing on this universal earth". Sam Slick:—The Clock-maker.—

THE LAST BARRAGE. (PIE).

When the last barrage has lifted,
And the dawn of Right breaks thro',
And back we trail to our Bushland—
We will drink, dear friends, to you.
We will drink a toast to our comrades,
Who fought with us side by side,
And fell ere the barrage lifted,
And the dust of battle died.

"THE COMFORTS" (Cont.)
How they helped us like a cobber w'en we came out from the line,
All the lads of Aussie's Army say,
"Our Comforts Fund is fine!"

THE COMFORTS (J.S.B.)
There's a little Sandbagged possie,'tis just behind the front,
Where we gets a cup of cocoa when we comes out from a stunt,
And I tell yer it's bonzer e'en we're feeling cold and stunned
And we trudges fer our issue ter the little "Comforts Fund."
Now I ain't no bally poet, or I'd write its praises high,
But the pongoos will remember in the good old bye-and-bye (Cont)
We can tarry awhile, who were ever used
To waiting till hope in the heart grew sick;
Yet power that is laggard is power abused—
And the clouds in the northern sky hung thick.

A wine that we knew not has poured, and passed
To fire in the blood of the world of men—
A strangeness and newness that waxes fast
Nor ever will wane or be stilled again.
'Twere better, perchance, to recall today
The pledges we bore away.

Was there a meaning upon your tongue
More than the clamor of hawk-scared birds—
Fruit in the tree of your promise hung,
Dawn in the heart of your cloud of words?
There is a lesson, writ in fire,
The school of our warring and working showed—
A way to the goal of a man's desire,
A shorter, a sterner, a truer road;
Read it, an then, for your own sweet sake,
Cling to your word—or break.

We have walked in the darkness where Terror lives;
The ranks of our muster are gapped and thin;
Fling us (we earned it) what honor gives
For the worth of your word and our trust therein.

There is never a need for a man to crave
Who has learned of a way that a man may take;
Yet pay, for the faith that a day may save,
For your pride and our own, and the land's fair sake:
Was it, my masters, but sham and show
You mouthed, four years ago?
A SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS WEATHER.
(R.V. Service)

It isn't the foe that we fear;
It isn't the bullets that whine;
It isn't the business career;
Of a shell, or the burst of a mine;
It isn't the snipers who seek
To nip our young hopes in the bud.
No it isn't the guns,
And it isn't the Huns——
It's the MUD, MUD, MUD.

It isn't thelíe we mind,
That often is rather good fun,
It isn't the shrapnel we find,
Obtrusive when rained by the ton;
It isn't the bounce of the bombs
That gives us a positive pain;
It's the strafing we get,
When the weather is wet——
It's the RAIN, RAIN, RAIN.

It isn't because we lack grit
We shrink from the horrors of war.
We don't mind the battle a bit;
In fact, that is what we are for;
It isn't the rum-jars and things
That make us wish we were back in the fold.
It's the fingers that freeze,
In the boreal breeze,
It's the COLD, COLD, COLD.

Oh, the rain, the mud, and the cold,
The cold, the mud, and the rain;
With weather at zero, it's hard for
A hero;
From language that's rude to refrain;
With porridge muck to the knees,
With sky that's a-pouring a flood.
Sure the worst of our foes,
Are the pains and the woes,
Of the RAIN, the COLD, and the MUD.

To AUSTRALIAN "DIGGERS" AND NURSES
To BRAVE MEN AND NOBLE WOMEN
This little Australian tribute.

"And none shall pay a nobler, sweeter
tribute to their name,
Than: The Voice of Duty called them
and their eager footsteps came."
(From "The Everlasting Ballads")

FLANNAGAN'S ROLL CALL.
(Richard Morton)

"Sergeant Flannagan call the roll" The officer said to Pat,
And in salute the sergeant's hand
Flew upward to his hat;
He called the roll, and counted all
The men he'd get in line,
Then said "There should be forty, sor——
There's only thirty-nine."

Sergeant Flannagan scratched his head,
And counted all again,
He murmured "Forty can't be made
From thirty-nine, that's plain;
One rascal is an absentee,
Some scum not worth his salt!"
"Find out," the captain sternly said,
"And tell me who's in fault".

Sergeant Flannagan in two twos,
All smiling in delight,
Came running to his officer,
"If ye please, sir, it's all right;
There's no one missing, not at all,
And no one break the rules,
But I forgot to call myself——
It's me and you're the fools!"

GOD'S BUSINESS.

We ask too much the help of skies
In some unholy enterprise,
And solve our conscience with the thought,
When we have won, that God has wrought.
So we have prayed for aid divine,
Both sides of every battle-line.
And yet the clash of fighting clans
Is not God's business, War is man's;

I doubt if God has ever stood
On bloody ground and thought it good.
If cannon ever made him glad,
Exultant o'er one fallen lad.
No matter which battalions win,
I know God thinks that war is sin,
Concerned alone the thing shall cease.
War is man's business, God's is PEACE.
SONG OF THE PADRES.

(My. Alex. Allen)

My mother 'eld by Greenfield's faith—
my father 'eld it too--
An' I bred close to my mother's side, as
a decent bloke should do;
An' Baptist, Greek or Methodist, mowser
or Pharisee,
Scotty or Saint or Plymouth Rock, they
was always one to me;
I 'ave loved the smell of trees an' grass, the river slidin' by,
The chatterin' birds among the leaves, the streaky sunset sky,
The shine of seas beneath the moon, the tracks of 'ill an' wood,
An' all of Nature's 'andimorks I've sought an' found 'em good.
I've took no stock in 'ymns or sects, Bibles or bickerin',
For I never leaned to the nosey side, an' I done no buttin' in;
I've riddled the Ten Commandments through, I've reckoned life a joke,
Yet I think 'E'll see it the same as me, looking out for the decent bloke.
But what a straight-cut 'ead like me can never figure out,
Is what these 'ot prayer-merchants 'ere are raisin' Cain about.
They're workin' by the text-book, an' the text-book's just the same,
No matter what's their creed or lurk or Bible-punchin' name.
It's got me rattled there an' back, for it's most exceedin' old,
An' I 'ate to think 'ow the 'ole thing looks to a God like the swaddies! God!
Oh, our sportin', fightin' Padres, fledged from Oxford, 'ere or Rome--
I can 'ear them goin' crook about the padres back at 'ome;

They've chewed the bully-cud with us, they've bore the battle's brunt
With Tom an' Dick an' 'Arry, 'ave our padres at the front.
Oh, they wear no linen overcoat with lily docks to match,
But you'll know 'em by their 'arty grin an' little shoulder-patch.
They will kid you, p'raps, an' chack, but they never rub it in
About the brimstone waitin' for a bloke in mortal sin,
They'll sing you 'ymns an' comic songs, an' now an' then will shove
A fist well 'id (an' just as well:) inside a boxin' glove,
For a swad, don't 'old with prayin', but I've stacked against a few
That would swing a 'salty knuckle for the padres that we knoo.
They 'ave been with us through mud an' dust an' trench an' trampled wire,
When the ground was spittin' earthquakes an' the sky was beltin' fire;
They 'ave listened to our tales of 'ome an' tarts an' wounds an' grief;
They 'ave dined on ration-rabbit, while we scoffed their ration-beef;
They 'ave rigged impromptu concerts, where they knocked the flamin' soul
From a grand pianer collarred from some German bunny-'ole;
They never flashed the frozen stare, or gave the icy eye--
They was cobbler to the colonel an' the regimental cook.
They was thoroughbreds, though sometimes short of brush or currycomb--
But I'll bet their ears are burnin' for the padres back at 'ome;

I've come from the West to my father's 'ouse, an' I find the landscape thick
With, "You're the son of a Calathump!", an' "You're a bloomin' Mick!"
I 'ave struck the row that never dies, the yap that will not cease,
Which is 'ard, an' a little more than 'ard, on the broodin' Dove of Peace.
I'm safe at last in my father's 'ouse, an' my spirit's goin' sore
For the 'omely priests of the creedless creed! I knoo in times before--
The chapel where never an altar showed, that never a pillar decked;
The creed of the church that 'ad no walls, the sect that 'ad no sect;
An' I reckon that if there's any creed a bloke should 'ang to--well,
It's the one that the padres peddle there in the livin' Flanders 'ell;

(Cont.)
SONG OF THE PADRES. (Continued)

If any faith is the only faith, you
can take the oil from me
It's the dinkum one that the padres
deal in the fiddle overseas;
For I've seen the 'end of a Salvo. tend
ea dyin' Dublin men,
An' a wowser spod by a Brisbane priest
co's name was Sullivan;
An' a Rabbi liftin' a Gentile up to
murmur of hope, an' mix.
The name of 'one with the name of
Christ, an' show 'im the Crucifix.
An' once or twice to myself I've said,
as I'll say it there again,
That the padres 'ere are padres, but
the padres there are men;
Oh, they ain't no kings at the guvver
spun from pamphlet, text an' tome;
But I'd like to 'ear what they're
sevin' now of the padres back at 'one:

IF
(RUDYARD KIPLING)

If you can keep your head when all
about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on to
you;
If you can trust yourself when all men
baut about you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by
waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk
too wise,
If you can dream— and not make dreams
your master;
If you can think— and not make thoughts
your sin;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've
spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life
to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out
tools.

MOTHER O'MINE.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother O'mine:
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine.
"CREDO" (M.Bright)

I believe in the spirit of Anzac,
And may it for ever abide,
Till it flows through the whole of creation
Like a terrible, wonderful tide.
Till it floods every heart with its beauty,
Till it fills every soul with its song,
For that is the only true Credo
For which an Australian need long.

I believe in the spirit of Anzac,
The spirit that ever inspires
All those who are willing to suffer,
The spirit which lighted the fires
That blazed on the hot sands of Egypt,
France, Belgium, Gallipoli's heights,
The spirit of him who is willing
To turn down his own little lights.

I believe in the spirit of Anzac,
The spirit of do and dare,
The spirit of him who is striving Himself with all others to share,
That is a creed worth defending,
Worth loving, and living for, aye,
A creed no man need be ashamed of,
A creed for which all men might die.

THE LADIES OF HELL.
(A German title for the Highland Regiments)

There's a tos of the Sporran,
A swing of the kilt,
And a screech free the pipers in blood-stirring lilt;
They step out together,
As the pipers notes swell—
Oh, they're bonnie, braw fighters,
The Ladies of Hell.

They are free the heather
And far free the moor;
As the rack of their hillsides
Their faces are dour.
Oh, "The Campbells are coming"
Free corrie and fell—
What thrill is their slogan,
These Ladies of Hell. (Cont.)

THE LADIES OF HELL (Cont.)

As they charged at Culloden
Like fire o'er the brae,
Their brothers are charging
In Flanders today.
And one lesson in manners
The Bosch has learned well;
It's "Make way for the Ladies!"—
The Ladies of Hell.

THE DINKUM OIL ABOUT "DIGGER". (C.Douglas)

I ain't a bloke for writin' much about the things out here,
As all spare time I have got is took for drinkin' beer.
But when I reads the Aussie bloke, it always makes me larf,
An' near forget there is a War. Oh, strike me, yes, not larf!
The things as some blokes writes about is real good dinkum mirth,
An' I just take it into me just like for all I'm worth.
But one thing that I don't just like is 'bout a name we've got
An' how we got it hitched to us. It's simply blanky rot.

It was a bloke named Smith, I heard, who got us this 'ere name.
He was warm known up Queensland way. I'll tell yer of 'is fame.
He usta grow these big, sweet bucks, 'ad um weigh a ton,
An' when 'e started diggin' these ('e prized 'em every one),
It took up all his bally time, so we called him "Digger."
Each usta take 'im near three weeks—an' they kept getting bigger.
Well, as was only natural, his kids got called it too,
An', as yer know, the Smith family has grew and grew and grew.

Now these kids grew up to be men, an' then there 'come this war,
An' lots 'as come away, yer know, like us blokes did—for sore.
Now someone knew these Smiths at 'ome, so...
they just carried on
An' give them this 'ere monicker, which fitted 'em "Tayy Bob". (Cont.)
So if they write ar' ars yar now that
you 'ave got the oil,
Just tell 'um that it grew from Smiths,
as Smiths did from our soil,
An' if they wants to argue much, you send
him up to me,
I know the real square dinkum oil. So there
yer are! Comprehend?

---

STRETCHER-BEARERS. (9.2.)

Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers!
Seeking in the rain
Out amongst the flying death
For those who lie in pain,
Bringing in the wounded men—
Then out to seek again.

Out amongst the tangled wire
(Where they thickest fell)
Snatching back the threads of life
From out the jaws of Hell;
Out amongst machine-gun sweep
And blasts of shattering shell.

For you—no mad, exciting charge,
No swift, exultant flight,
But just an endless plodding on
Through the shuddering night;
Making ('neath a star-shell's gleam)
Where ere a face shines white.

Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers!
To you all praise be due,
Who never shirked the issue yet
When there was work to do;
We who have seen and know your worth
All touch our hats to you.

---

THE DINGBAT. (Fip)

He's not a bally Batman, he's a Dingbat
now you know,
We've changed his blessed monicker for keeps.
We do not call him Orderly or Servant near
the foe—
And he shines well 'mid polish tins in heaps.

Blokes that do not know him say: "Them 'oots—
Oh, not for mine!"
But things have changed a lot here at the front;
For he does his bit when strafing with his
cobbers in the line,
And he shines well 'mid whizzbangs in a stunt.

---

THE DUD. (Mac).

A Dud lies here, disturb him not
But let him rest in peace,
He resteth from the weary world,
His work at last doth cease.
Condemned unto a violent death
Far from his place of birth,
But to our great and glad surprise,
He now lies deep in earth.

He put the wind up all of us
When first we heard him scream.
We woke in fright; we shrivelled up;
'Twas like an awful dream.
But there he lies, in calm content,
His work on earth is done,
Disturb him not, but let him rest,
The blunky, rotten Hun!

---

WHERE WE'VE DOSSED. (Fizim)

We've dossed in some queer places
Since we came to stoush the Hun,
In fact we've dossed most everywhere—
In Egypt we began
Upon the desert sand, 'midst flies
And fleas, and heat, and dust.
We lived on good old marmalade,
Hard biscuit and some crust.
We've dossed upon the railroads,
In the carriages de Luxe
And done a trip through Egypt
In some open cattle trucks.
In waterproof and blanket
With bad weather and a sigh
We muddled up together
Each prepared to sleep or die.
We've dossed upon the troopships
That sail the mighty foam,
Thinking of our loved ones,
And dreaming we were home.
We've struggled for positions
Among cargo, oil and coal,
And for a decent rock-a-bye
One would have panned his soul.

---

TO THE PEACE CRANKS. (W.G.B.)

Price?
You—who are you who cry for Peace at any
How many of you fought, are scarred, and
realise?
Though this be Hell itself,
Before we list to you we'd have it thrice—
And we are in the line.
CONSENT PARTY.
(Egyptian Base Camp)

They are gathering round...
Out of the twilight; over the grey-blue sand,
Shoals of low-jargonizing men drift inward
to the sound,—
The jangle and thrum of a piano...
tum-ti-tum...
Drawn by the lamp, they come
Out of the glimmering lines of their
tents, over the shuffling sand.

O sing us the songs, the songs of our
own land,
You warbling lads in white,
Dimness conceals the hunger in our faces,
This wall of faces risen out of the night,
Those eyes that keep their memories of the
places
So long beyond their sight.

Jaded and gay, the ladies sing; and the
chap in brown
Tilts his grey hat; jaunty and lean
and pale,
He rattles the keys...some actor-bloke
from town,...
"God send you home"; and then "A long,
long trail";
"I hear you calling me"; and "Bixieland"...
Sing slowly...now the chorus...one by one
We hear them, drink them; till the
concert's done.
Silent, I watch the shadowy mass of
soldiers stand.
Silent, they drift away, over the
glimmering sand.

"COMING OVER" (James M. Ryan)
Watchin', waitin', watchin'—though the
dreary hours pass—
Wearin' web equipment holdin' fifty
rounds o' ball—
Gazin' out upon the sea,
Searchin' for the enemy—
Waitin', watchin', waitin'—ever ready
for the call.
Watchin', waitin', watchin'—on the
transport A Sixteen—
Safety catches forward and the rifles
mighty clean—
Livin', full o' happy hope,
Lookin' for a periscope—
Waitin', watchin', waitin'—for a
German submarine.
GOING UP THE LINE. (J.M.Ryan)

Are yer going up the line?
Well, that distant cloud's a sign
That the cavalry's in action, and I
guess the fight's fine—
But ye're white—yer hands are shaking—
Ah, ye're young—yer heart is breaking—
Try to keep yerself from thinking—
Get yer rum—yer should be drinking—
For it's human flesh that's stinking,
As yer going up the line.

Are yer going up the line?
Well, that heap O' dead's a sign
That we're moving feeling forward to
the German River Rhine.
Have yer rifle trained and ready
And yer trigger finger steady—
It's a risky game ye're playing—
Yes, I know the words ye're saying,
For to Gawi above ye're praying
As ye're going up the line.

THE CORPORAL'S STORY. (H.T.P.)

I was Corporal in the A.I.F. for years
and years and years,
And I did it bit on the Western Front
with the Aussie Pioneers,
And I sometimes think that the roughest job
as ever we 'ad in the war
Was when they sent us up the line, to
build a camp for Corps.
My oath, that job was a beauty; Parade
at 'arf-past nine,
And then we'd work for the rest of the day,
and—mind you—in the line!
Of course, we 'ad a few smokes, and
lunch—time an hour or more,
But we'd start again in the afternoon,
and never get 'one till four.
We could 'ear our 'eavies firin'; and
then on a good, clear day
We could very near see our own balloons,
not 'ardly two miles away:
The Torbs would come over now and again,
and often, on starry nights,
I've laid in me bed in me dug-out, and
seen his Verey lights.
My oath, that camp was a roughie; a
terrible windy job:
We 'ad casualties every day—I was
lookin' me bloomin' knack. (Cont.)
IN THE FIELD DRESSING STATION.

The Padre: "Are you an R.C., my lad?"

The Hard Case: "No, I'm a machine-gunner."
This is only B4 trying to steal our Gramaphone.
(By a patient in B3).
THE CORPLATE'S STORY. (Cont.)

Don't plunk 'em down in Abbeville, or Corbie; no bloomin' chance!
But take 'em away to Cannes or Nice, away in the South of France.

Or very likely old Marseilles would do the boys quite well;
But cut the drill and parades right out, and give 'em a real good spell.
And don't forget, I says, "the boys have been havin' a dam rough spin,
And they wouldn't say 'No' to a dinkum feed, or a bottle or two of Vin.

And when you get 'em away on leave,
in thirties instead of threes,
You'll get the homies right up to the mark, as easy as shellin' peas."
"Well, Corporal," the General says, "it's really been very nice
To have this bit of a yarn with you,
and I'm grateful for your advice.
I'll think the matter over tonight, and
let the Colonel know,
Meanwhile, perhaps you'll join me in a snifter, before you go." ....
So I measure out four fingers, neat;
and was forcin' me lips apart,
When a five-point-nine drops into the camp—and I woke with a bloomin' start.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN IN THE ARMY.

A.F.M. "It's after hours, but some and have a drink, Digger."
Digger: "No thanks, old sport, not between meals."

The C.O. endeavours to persuade Privates Hardcase to accept slighty leave.

C.O. "Go and dig up Private Mulga and tell him that I have to make several promotions and I want his advice."

Staff Officer: "Oh! Brown, old man, we want you, and as many of your cobbers as will be good enough to accompany you, to come and dine with us at "A" Officers' Mess tonight."

M.O. "I know you're swinging the lead, poor boy, but I'll send you to Dighty!"
Poor Boy: "Thanks, Digger, I may be able to do as much for you some day."

Officer: "Have a good time on Paris leave, Digger?"
Digger: "Bonzer! And I've still got five hundred francs left!"

A Dingbat goes on leave with an Officer to carry his kit etc.

A Digger (mounted on charger) takes the Officers for a little Route March.

FOR THE FALLEN.

( Laurence Binyon )

Grow old:
They shall not grow old, as we that are left
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam,

But where our desires are and our hopes pro-
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they
are known.

As the stars are known to the Night;
As the stars shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of
our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.
There's a whisper that was borne upon the breeze,
Which the same was just a fancy kind of fable.
As a fact the message went across the seas
By that unpoeitic agency the cable.
All the same it sent a sympathetic thrill
Through the Anglo-Saxon folk of other lands;
If you're in for stormy weather
Kindly count us altogether,
And be good enough to call all hands.

We hear the bugle calling on the British Grenadiers,
We hearken to the marching of the Irish Fusiliers;
The piping of the Highlanders is ringing in our ears,
So be good enough to call all hands.

We mean to take a place among the nations of the earth;
We'll found a new Britannia, or we'll try with all our worth,
But we don't forget the country where our Empire had its birth,
And we're ready when you call all hands.

They talk of your decadence, if you please,
But the beggars never seem to have a notion
That the Britain who is mistress of the seas
Has a growing group of Britains o'er the ocean.

We prefer a reign of quietness and peace,
But now trouble's come, we'll show them how it stands
That ten thousand miles of water makes the British all the taunter
When you pass the word and call all hands.

We're as English as you English, though the water lies between;
We're as Irish as you Irish, who are soldiers of the King;
We're as Scotch as any Scotchman in the town of Aberdeen;
And we're Britons now you've called all hands.

Faced by a murderous fire of Hellish mowed down in hundreds by a cruel cross fire,
Boldly they dashed to meet a glorious fate,
Generations later, will their deeds inspire;
In earnest grim they came to slay or die,
Heedless of shrapnel, fierce or belching gun,
Bayoneting the Turks like sheaves of hay on high,
Heroes to the backbone, they were, every one.

Oh, what a glorious sight to see them charge
Up those grim hills, in face of fearful odds,
No power on earth could stay that mighty rush
Of grim Australians and New Zealand's sons,
Fresh from the cities, and from out the Bush,
They surely proved their worth that day to doubting ones.

Down through the coming age their names will ring,
As children worthy of our Empire's name,
True Britons, that embraces everything,
Their worth and might emblazoned on the scroll of fame.

Anzac, the place where they first won the right,
By noble deeds, to have the true right to aspire
To be all worthy sons of England's might,
A firmly welded unit of a vast Empire.

So will they now, and ever take their stand,
Crowned by their deeds—a glorious regalia,
Most worthy sons of our dear Motherland,
Bravo New Zealand, and Australia.
"APRES LA GUERRE".

(Lealie T. Crossley)

"Yus I've got me loomin' civvies
I've wished 'em all good-bye.
"The Colonel said "So long old mate"
"Wiv a tear drop in 'is eye.
"The H'adjutant salutes me
"'I'ves 'is" and 'an says "Good-day".
"The Quartermaster drunk me beer
"An give me ten years pay,(I don't 'fink).

"An Revoir" the Sergeant-major means
"'Wiv 'is hand upon 'is 'eart,
"I never swore till I met you
"But it's 'orrible to part".
"The Canteen bloke sticks me a pint
"The Cook says I look grand;
"Abide 'wiv me" an! "Rest in peace"
"They strikes up on the band.

"So it's no more burned "Reveille"
"An! "come to the cook-house door",
"Fall in" Dicko's to do C.B.
"For duration of the war.
"It's fare thee well to Church Parade
"To mess fatigue as well,
"I've finished killing nasty 'Uns
"An.irving 'em to 'Ell.

"Yuss I've got me blinkin' ticket
"An me little silver badge
"Me suit it's 'arly Bond Street style
"But it's trey bon camouflage:
"I've done with putte-itus
"An all the M.C.'s number nine
"An all the brass I've got is 'ere,
"So it's 'bon-soiree' rise an' shine.

"I guess I've done my dug-outs,
"An wiv "hitchy-coe" what ho!
"I've got some 'Umish' souvenirs
"But those I cannot show.
"An when it comes to gas attacks
"I'm 'parley vooing' what?
"Cause all the gas I'll cotton to
"Is penny in the slot.

"An when I goes out for a walk
"Wiv out a pack what cheer
"At forming fours I'll say 'napoo'
"An so will my old dean.
"The lodger bloke will 'ave to go
"He's been wearing me Sunday vest.
"If he don't "retreat" when I get 'one
"Over the top, wiv the best.

"That's the stuff to give 'em boys;
"Do yer "compree" 'Treay box' briefs?
"It's better than the 'all-night pass
"Or the 'buck-shoe week-end leaf.
"'Bon soiree' 'so long' an! 'au revoir'
"My old gall waits for me.
"At between ourselves for this afternoon
"The kids are out for tea.

THE AUSTRALIAN GIRL.

(Ethel Castilla)

"She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

—Sir John Suckling.

She has a beauty of her own——
A beauty of a paler tone
Than English belles;
Yet Southern sun and Southern air
Have kissed her cheeks, until they wear
The dainty tints that oft appear
On rosy shells.

Her frank, clear eyes bespeak a mind
Old-world traditions fail to bind.
She is not say
Or bold, but simply self-possessed,
Her independence aids a rest
Unto her speech, her piquant jest,
Her quaint reply.

Of classic volumes she will pore
With joy, and true scholastic lore
Will often gain.
In sports she bears away the bell,
Nor under music's siren spell,
To dance divinely, flirt as well,
Does she disdain.
It's easy to fight when everything's right,
and you're mad with the thrill and the glory;
It's easy to cheer when victory's near,
and wallow in fields that are gay;
It's a different song when everything's wrong,
when you're feeling informally mortal;
When it's ten against one, and hope there is none
Buck up, little soldier, and shrill:

Carry on! Carry on!

Things never were looking so black;
But show that you haven't a cowardly streak,
And though you're unlucky you never are weak.

Carry on! Carry on! Brace up for another attack,
It's looking like hell, but you never can tell;

Carry on, old man! Carry on!

And so in the strife of the battle of life
It's easy to fight when you're winning;
It's easy to slave, and starve, and be brave,
When the dawn of success is beginning.

But the man who can meet despair and defeat
With a cheer, there's the man of God's choosing:
The man who can fight to Heaven's own height,
Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

There are some who drift out in the deserts of doubt,
And some who in brutishness wallow;
There are others, I know, who in piety go,
Because of a Heaven to follow.

But to labour with zest, and to give of your best,
For the sweetness and joy of the giving;
To help folks along with a hand and a song,
Why, there's the real sunshine of living.

Carry on! Carry on! Fight the good fight
And true,
Believe in your mission, great life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you are here,

Carry on! Carry on! Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry,

Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

Billy Green. (The actor Soldier)

When we got upon the train, we cheered
with might and main,
For we wanted to give "gippo" to the 'Un.

An' come fat 'an' thin to Bill, "Mister
Actor, ain't you ill?
Ain't ye frightened, now there's a fightin'
to be done?"

It was "Green—Billy Green!"
Won't ye tremble, won't ye feel a
trifle mean?"

Then 'said, 'esitate a minute, An' reply,
"There's nothing in it. Better—perfect
in my part," sez Billy Green.

When the trenches we got to, Billy turned
a trifle blue.

"Stage-fright!" 'o comes an' whispers in my
ear,
In' with whizz-bangs droppin' fast, and the
shrapnel flyin' past,
It was natural that 'e should be feelin'
queer.

(Cont.)
BILLY GREEN (Cont.)

But 'e soon forgot all that, an' 'is bit
'eft off put,
An' the Germans only 'anded 'im a laugh.
"I don't mind their poisonous gas, if some
blacks 'd buy a Bass!"
"Wot would say, an' all that bloomin' kind
of chaff."

It was "Green—Billy Green!
Don't ye wish that you could get to the
canteen?"
"I'll reply, "Oh, lead me, please, to the
old Oakey cheese!"
An' we'd laugh like blinkin' 'oll at
Billy Green.

One night I shan't forget, 'I'd made a
little bet,
It was when our lot was in the mess at
wipers,
That 'I'd creep out with a gun, an' 'I'd kill
some bloomin' 'un.
When the stinkin' crew was least expectin'
snipers.
So 'I on my belly crawls to their rotten
barbed-wire walls,
An' with my nippers does a bit o' cuttin',
When some Fritz, the bloomin' Bosch, cops my
napper, such a slosh!
An' I fell down, lookin' just as dead as
mutton!

Sez Green, Billy Green, "There's old Alf
been outed near the barbed-wire screen!"
An' then 'e shouts, "Well, blimey! If ye're
wartin' 'elp, just try me;
This is where you puts the limes on Billy
Green!"

"Le jumped me on 'is back, while the Mausers
gave a crack,
An' 'e started to the trenches like the
devil.
The race was almost run, an' 'e'd very nearly
won,
When a German blighter caught 'im on the level.
'He dropped me safely in to the trench as weak
as sin,
An' 'e crawled inside 'isself, an' lay there
bleedin'.
"Missed my entrance then," 'e said, "I shall
very soon be dead,
My 'ope now is that I shall be needin'."

BILLY GREEN. (Cont.)

That was Green—Billy Green.
(I'd come to, feelin' cheap as
margarine)
"I spoke once—
"Good-bye, old pal! My last turn—
please tell the gal."
The play was finished.
Exit Billy Green.

(Above kindly supplied by

"Here's to good fellows in this world
and the next."

I'll drink to you: toast tonight—"Good
fellowship,"—that's my text;
Not to the fellow who takes your hand in
an idling hour, you know.—
Not to the fellow who slaps your back as
long as the whisky flows;
But to the fellow that speaks a kindly word
when the world is running wrong,
The fellow that grips your hand like hell
and says "Life, old pal, is a song."
What if you know the border lies?
What if he knows it, too?
There are times in life when the friend
that lies is the only friend that's true.
Cavil and cant, ye prudes who call, of the
evils of wine and gin;
But somehow the real truth, we feel, leaks
out when the wine leaks in.
The fool is a fool; the cad is a cad;
Whoever God means him to be;
But the man, that's a man, don't forget
he's a man,
Though he's out on a jolly good spree.
So drink to this toast from your hearts,
my friends—
From heart to heart let it run—
"Here's to good fellows all over the
world,
their health, and God bless every one."

(The above must not be given in theatres
or music halls, or printed, without
written permission of Ed. E. Ford)
AIN'T THERE A DUCK BOARD TRACK SOMEWHERE ROUND HERE?
YES, OVER THERE.
POTTED WISDOM

&

HAPPY THOUGHTS
POTTED WISDOM AND HAPPY THOUGHTS.

It is a fine thing to have a friend you can trust; but a finer thing to have a friend who will trust you.

"Look trouble in the face and laugh at it".
(P.S.) Forget this advice if the trouble happens to be your wife.

Few men or women travel the road to success without an occasional puncture.

The World would be a paradise if everyone were half as good as he expects his neighbour to be.

By doing good turns no one ever made himself dizzy.

Prosperity depends on the man, not the man on prosperity.

The trouble with most people who act the fool is that they're not acting.

The only real failure is to give up trying.

You won't push yourself forward by putting yourself on the back.

Many a girl who looks terribly simple is really simply terrible.

Don't worry if the world seems hard; think of the man who works in a stone quarry.

A man can give his wife a fur coat to keep her warm—or to keep her quiet.

A smile is the one greeting that all the people of the world understand.

One of the things that enable a man to be self-satisfied is a poor memory.

Some men impose upon themselves when they lose their memories.

It isn't always the loud speaker who attracts the largest audience.

Quite a lot of women go to the Sales and buy nothing—that they really need.

The best way to get to the top of the tree is by getting down to the root of things.

It is easier to provide for the inner man than the outer woman.

If you want your dreams to come true, don't oversleep.

In the game of life it is better to score by honours than by tricks.

Energy is life's petrol, and tact is its lubricating oil.

The only thing that comes to him who waits is trouble.

The average man is proof that a woman can take a joke.

To get through married life without a cross-word would be a puzzle.

He who loses wealth loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he who loses his faith loses all.

I believe that today is better than yesterday, and that tomorrow will be better than today. (G.F.Hear)
"FLYING KATE"

Now, it makes us old 'ands sick and tired
To 'ear 'em talk of their champceens to-day
Their "Heroics" and "Phar Laps" --Yes I'll have a beer
They're only fair 'acks in their way.

Now it 'appened out West- before records was took-
And it's not to be found in the"Guide"
But it's honest -Gawd's truth - and it can't be mistook
For it 'appens that I had the ride.

'Twas the 'ummers Creek Cup - and our mare "Flying Kate"
Was allotted eleven stone tw o
The race was three miles - you'll agree with me mate
It was asking her something to do.

She was 'eavy in foal, but the ow ner and me
We decided to give her a spin,
We were out on the rocks - at the end of a spree-
And we needed a bit of a win.

So I saddles 'er up and goes down with the rest
'er "movements" wree bulgy and slow
The starter to get us in line did his best
Then flashing his flag he said "GO"

The field got away but old Kate seemed to slip
And I said to myself "we've been sold"
I felt something queer and when I looked round
It d-----d if old Kate hadn't foaled.
FLYING KATE (contd.)

The field by this time 'ad gorn 'arf a mile
But to show what the old mare could do
I gave 'er a crack of the whip - you can smile-
But the game little beast simply flew.

It was then that she showed 'er wonderful speed
AS she cut down the field one by one
With a furlong to go we out in the lead
Prepared for the last final run.

When something came at us - right on the outside
And just as we scraped past the pole
When I looked round We'll - I thought I'd a died
I'm d------d if it wasn't the foal.

|Two MS sheets folded in half. I thought it best to scan these in place|
POTTED WISDOM AND HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Reflect on your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

The foundation of that steadfastness and constancy which we seek in friendship is Sincerity. For nothing is steadfast which is insincere.

God never gave a man a greater gift than the power to make others laugh. We honour, revere, and admire our great Soldiers, Sailors, and Statesmen, but we love the man who makes us laugh. The laugh-maker is a public benefactor, for laughter is the salt of life and keeps the whole dish sweet.

Don't be afraid to apologize—to a man if you're in the wrong, and to a woman if you're in the right.

Consider the Postage Stamp my boy. It's usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.

Some men are naturally good listeners. Others get married and have to be.

Perhaps we would be more tolerant with our enemies if we only knew the troubles they had of their own.

Bad temper is not strength of character. People won't take you for a lion if you behave like a bear.

A man is far better occupied in the sight of High Heaven in picking the weeds out of his lawn than in picking holes in his neighbour, even though the Church bells are ringing.

Mary a man nowadays is so hard up that the only thing he can raise is his hat.

That Country is not fighting for right which accepts the utter sacrifice of its defenders and refuses the small sacrifices of personal habit and comfort which fall to its share.

A miss in the car is worth two in the engine.

It may be that two can live as cheaply as one, but no so quietly.

True friends come to you in your prosperity only when invited, but in your adversity you will find them knocking at your door.

A Dentist is the only man who can tell a woman to shut her mouth—and get away with it.

Many a business preliminary is arranged over a bottle of whisky, but a cold, stern, hard business contract is settled with a bottle of ink.

A pessimist only grins when he cleans his teeth.

Trials must and will befal;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me. (Wm. Cowper)

These talkin' pictures arn't so bad after all. Yer can't 'ear yerself crunchin' peanuts.

O love that passeth knowledge, thee I need;
Four in the heavenly sunshine; fill my heart;
Scatter the clouds, the doubting, and the dread,—
The joy to me unspeakable to me impart. (H. Bonar)
Things are moving so rapidly just at present, that the man who says "It can't be done" is being interrupted by someone doing it.

What others say of me matters little;
What I myself say and do matters much.

When members of a family quarrel a lot of home-truths leak out.

Better a word in season than an hour's lecture out of season.

The average man opens an account with you when he does you a favor.

Never bear more than one trouble at a time.

Some people bear three—
All they ever had,
All they have now,
And all they expect to have.

Honey is sweet—but the bee stings!

What we cannot help is our misfortune—
not our fault.

Kind words do not cost much; They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good natured. They also produce their own image on man's souls.

A warning from a Country Pub.

Paying guests taken by the day, week, or month. Those who don't pay taken by the neck.

THE HELPFUL FRIEND.

(Charles Kingsley)

The friend whom we have chosen for his own worth, will be the one who will be worth most to us. The friend whom we loved for his own sake, will be the one who will do most to raise our character; to teach us, to help us in time of doubt and trouble.

Don't grudge. Work like Helen B. Merry.

Nothing matters half so much as you think it does.

Poker philosophy.— A flush in the hand is worth two in the cheek.

A woman's maiden aim is to change her maiden name.

A man's house is his castle—unless it is in his wife's name.

TALK HAPPINESS. The world is sad enough without your woes. No path is wholly rough—Look for the places that are smooth and speak of these to rest the weary of earth, so hurt by one continuous ear strain of human discontent and pain.

GOOD ADVICE.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day—say your prayers—be courteous to your creditors—keep your digestion good—exercise, go slow and go easy.

Maybe there are some other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift.

COURAGE.

Let me not pray to be sheltered from dangers, but to be fearless in facing them. Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain, but for the heart to conquer it. Let me not look for allies in life's battlefield, but to my own strength. Let me not crave in anxious fear to be saved, but hope for the patience to win my freedom. Grant me that I may not be a coward, feeling your mercy in any success also; but let me find the grasp of your hand in my failure.

(Sir Rabindranath Tagore)

Do what thy manhood bids thee do,
From none but self expect applause;
He nobler lives and noblest dies
Who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

(Sir Richard Burton)
Pay as you go—

If you can't pay, don't go.

We can't always expect to hold a good hand, but we can play a bad hand well.

Of what shall a man be proud if he is not proud of his friends?

A little thing is a little thing—but faithfulness in little things is a great thing.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know are long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Instalment paying makes the month shorter and the years longer.

It is said that motoring opens up a new life. It certainly closes many an old one.

Some men don't leave their wives so much when they die as when they are alive.

When a hen cackles—the question is whether it is laying or lying.

Some people think that girls are growing taller just because they stick out of their dresses more at both ends.

If some folks tried to swallow their pride, they'd choke to death.

Dead men tell no tales—but their tombstones do.

If it were not for the optimist, the pessimist would never know how happy he is not.

The best thing to take when one is run down is the number of the car.

All men are not homeless, but some are home less than others.

Some people believe in heredity because that is how they got their money.

Marriage is supposed to broaden a man. It certainly does make him short.

The best thing about distant relations is the distance.

Most girls prefer a supper-man to a super-man.

All men speak the same language when they stumble over a chair in the dark.

A lot of us are cultivating motorcar habits on tramcar incomes.

An egotist is a man who gives you no chance to talk about yourself.

Keeping a husband in hot water doesn't make him more tender.

Lawyers get much more for divorcing people than clergymen get for marrying them.

A Member of Parliament expects to stand—he wants to sit—and he is expected to lie.

There are no free scholarships in the school of experience.

A man was said to have been married three times—twice in America and once in earnest.

Necessity is also the mother of economy.

Some people who come from good families have been a good time coming.

Any fool can go to bed, but it takes a man to get up.

What is the difference between a glass of water and a glass of beer?—about sixpence.

Beauty used to be skin deep—now it's knee high.

He who laughs last is the one who intended to tell the tale himself.

In playing cards, a good deal depends upon a good deal.

Optimism in business is the yeast that raises the dough.
The best lessons a man can learn are from his own mistakes.

Give to the world the best that you have and the best will come back to you.

Let us be of good cheer remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. (Howell)

The rent is always due with the man whose pants are thin in the rear.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, but nowadays it's easier to get into a young woman's apartment than into an old man's home.

No good thing is failure, and no evil thing is success.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

Write your name with love, mercy, and kindness on the hearts of those about you, and you will never be forgotten.

Drop the subject when you cannot agree; there is no need to be bitter because you know you are right.

You'll find a lot of satisfaction in looking cheerfully on the dark side of life.

Success in life is not so much a matter of talent or opportunity, as of concentration and perseverance.

Receive your thoughts as guests, but treat your desires as children.

An acre of performance is worth a whole world of promises.

He profits most who serves best.

He who gives cheerfully gives twice.

A little word in kindness spoken, has often healed a heart that's broken.

A WELL SPENT DAY.

Take a dash of cold water
And a little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air;
Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in:
And spice it all with the essence of love
And a little waft of play:
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete a well spent day.

DO YOUR DUTY.

Folded hands are very weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties,
Active be, then, while you may.
Be strong to hope, 0 heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night,
Be strong, 0 heart of mine;
Look towards the light.

THOUGHT BEFORE SLEEPING.

Each daisy on it's little sod
Is made and known and loved by God.
So I may rest and fold my hands,
For all my thoughts God understands.
And I may be in perfect peace,
For sleep shall be my soul's release.
And like the sun my heart must shine,
For all the love of God is mine.

(Pamela Grey)

Choose your friend wisely,
Test your friend well.
True friends, like rare gems,
Prove hard to tell.
Winter him, Summer him,
Know your friend well!

To the tired soldier, an empty pack
is better than a full retreat.
POTTED WISDOM AND HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Nine out of ten men who reached the
top of the ladder had someone holding
it for them.

About the only thing a man gets free
in this world is criticism.

People are like fish—neither would get
into trouble if they only kept their
mouths shut.

Never be too old to learn, even a rope
can be taut.

Telling lies makes almost as much
trouble in this world as telling the
truth.

Earth is a solid substance usually
longed for by the seasick.

Hayfever is an affection of the heart,
caused through falling in love with a
grass widow.

It is a speculation when you lose;
investment when you win.

After a man gets rich his next ambition
is to get richer.

The man who marries in haste usually
doesn't have any leisure.

No memory is short enough to forget a
fancied wrong.

A woman should understand just enough
of business to keep out of it.

A cat's eyes are said to be the largest
at midnight; we know its voice is.

An epitaph is a statement that usually
lies above about the one who lies
beneath.

The way to lose a friend is to have him
get rich while you stay poor.

Look before you leap—especially at
the seaside.

Silence sometimes covers a magnitude
of ignorance.

Dolls are made for girls to play with,
not for men to marry.

When a man flatters himself that he knows
a woman, he—flatters himself.

The fashions change in everything,
except babies.

Women are like facts—they are stubborn
things and speak for themselves.

A lie is a poor substitute for the truth,
but the only one discovered for the
present.

A stitch in time saves embarrassing
exposure.

Be content to be ignorant of many things.

Some women agree with their husbands—
in name only.

A man may be a believer in spirits, but
it doesn't say he is superstitious.

People who live in glass houses should
pull down the blinds.

A friend in need is a friend—we usually
shun.

Widows know enough not to know too much.

Love is blind, so long as there's no
money in sight.

There is no way to make sour milk sweet,
or an old maid either.

Flies are like near sighted men, they
leave their specs behind them.

A word to the wise is—superfluous.

The child who cried for a hour didn't
get it.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There
may be nothing in it, but it eases the
jolts considerably.

One of the best things to have up your
sleeve is a funny bone.
"He may wear last year's hat, his vest may hang a little loose, his nails may need manicuring, his pants may bag at the knees, and he may need a shave, but don't call him 'The Old Man'.

He is your father.

"For years he has been rushing around to get things together; never once has he failed to do the right thing by you; he thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though you plaster your hair back, smoke cigarettes, or fail to bring home a cent.

"He is the man who won the love of the greatest woman yet—your Mother. He is SOME man, not 'the old man'. If you win as good a wife as he did, and if you do as well by your boy, as he did, you'll have to go some".

Remember that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. (Ruskin)

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart; and days lengthened, not by the crowding of emotions, but the economy of them. (Ruskin)

So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend. (R.L.S.)

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven; (From a Wayside Pulpit).

Live richly while your life days last and let your heart keep young. God will remember the generous hand before the praying tongue. (Víctor Daley)

What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and the grace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge—grand as knowledge is—but just the laughter of children and the friendship of friends, and the cozy talk by the fire, and the sight of flowers and the sound of music. (Anon) W.J.

Anyone—a fool or an idiot can be exclusive. It comes easy. It takes a large nature to be universal—to be inclusive. (Ralph Waldo Trine).

To speak wisely may not always be easy, but not to speak ill requires only silence.

A TASK.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less. To make upon the whole a family happier for his presence—to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation; above all on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself, here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. (Robert Louis Stevenson).

A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a great thing.

BE PROMPT.

Unfaithfulness in the keeping of an appointment is an act of clear dishonesty. You may as well borrow a person's money as his time. (Horace Mann)

I never let an idea escape me, but write it on a piece of paper and put it in a drawer. In that way I sometimes save my best thoughts on a subject. (Abraham Lincoln)
POTTED WISDOM AND HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Trying to fool others is a good way to fool yourself.

Many a man is discontented with his lot because he hasn’t got a lot.

Half the world doesn’t know how the other half knows what the other half does.

We all quieten down as we grow older, perhaps because we all have more to be quiet about.

It is hard to lose a good friend, and even harder to lose a bad one.

Some people don’t have to turn out the light to be in the dark.

Many a man sees things from a different wrangle once he’s married.

If you can’t be a star—you needn’t be a cloud.

Take things as they come—but mind no one is looking.

All men are not homeless—but some are home less than others.

It may be no disgrace to be defeated, but it is a disgrace to stay defeated.

Never say dye—unless your hair is turning grey.

There’s something wrong about a man who is always right.

The habit of looking on the best side of everything is worth more than a thousand pounds a year.

It’s a great thing to have confidence in your ability—and a greater to have the ability.

The disappointed in love are not always those who have been rejected.

The average woman wears better than the average man—but not so much.

It may sometimes be wise to pretend to be foolish, but it is always foolish to pretend to be wise.

Give up easily and you’ll be given up.

It is better to be short of cash than short of character.

Marriage is the only lottery that has not been declared illegal.

It is sometimes necessary to strain a point to make it clear.

Always put off till tomorrow what you might rue today.

Trying to fool others is a good way to fool yourself.

Patience and determination will win for most of us nine battles out of ten.

It may be neither justice nor sense, but it may be Law.

A wise man knows that his wife knows that he doesn’t know so much.

Through good times, through bad times, through all time, HOPE.
Every man has three characters: that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

If we had no defects, we should not take so much pleasure in discovering those of others.

Superstitions, errors, and prejudices are cobwebs continually woven in shallow brains.

Great men undertake great things because they are great, and fools because they think them easy.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.

Women, cats, and birds are the creatures that waste the most time on their toilets.

One is very near being ungrateful when one weighs a service.

Misery is everywhere, and so is happiness.

We all have in our hearts a secret place where we keep, free from the contact of the world, our sweetest remembrances.

Many a man who has never been able to manage his own fortune, nor his wife, nor his children, has the stupidity to imagine himself capable of managing the affairs of a nation.

Good actions are the invisible hinges of the doors of heaven.

A man without patience is a lamp without oil.

Love without esteem can not reach far, nor rise very high; it is an angel with but one wing.

A woman who plays with the love of a loyal man is a curse; she may close his heart for ever against all confidence in her sex.

None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.

We often console ourselves for being unhappy by a certain pleasure that we find in appearing so.

He who has no character is not a man: he is a thing.

All that is enviable is not bought: love, genius, beauty, are divine gifts that the richest can not acquire.

In jealousy there is usually more self-love than love.

We easily hate those whom we have given cause to hate us.

Politeness costs little and yields much.

I admire her who resists; I pity her who succumbs; I hate her who condemns.

Vanity is the only intellectual enjoyment of many people.

He who thinks himself good for everything is often good for nothing.

There are several ways to speak; to speak well, to speak easily, to speak justly, and to speak at the right moment.

An honorable name or a good reputation is an excellent protection against wrongdoing; we fear to compromise it more through vanity than virtue.

We have been thrust into the world—we know not why; and we must die to become—we know not what.

The remembrance of the good done those we have loved, is the only consolation left us when we have lost them.

Who has not what he loves, must love what he has.

The way to make friendships that will last long is to be long in making them.

Comedies acted on life’s stage, behind the scenes, are much more spirited than those acted in sight of the audience.
Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

The moment past is no longer; the future may never be; the present is all of which man is the master.

Beauty and ugliness disappear equally under the wrinkles of age; one is lost in them, the other hidden.

Women should be careful of their conduct, for appearances sometimes injure them as much as faults.

Love makes time pass, and time makes love pass.

The greatest of all pleasures is to give pleasure to one we love.

All joys do not cause laughter; great pleasures are serious; pleasures of love do not make us laugh.

In all companies there are more fools than wise men, and the greater number always get the better of the wiser.

The virtuous action, done for virtue's sake alone, is truly laudable.

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.

The surest way to please is to forget one's self, and to think only of others.

A man should never blush in confessing his errors, for he proves by his avowal that he is wiser today than yesterday.

He who has neither friend, nor enemy, is without talents, powers, or energy.

Woman is the sweetest present that God has given to man.

Women like brave men exceedingly, but audacious men still more.

When one has a good day in the year, one is not wholly unfortunate.

It is better to sacrifice one's love of sarcasm than to indulge it at the expense of a friend.

To profess one thing and to do another occurs very often, especially with those who continually boast of their virtue.

There are beautiful flowers that are scentless, and beautiful women that are unlovable.

We can not always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

We are easily persuaded of what pleases us.

Wrinkles disfigure a woman less than ill nature.

A short absence quickens love, a long absence kills it.

We know the value of a fortune when we have gained it, and that of a friend when we have lost it.

It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret; and I know more than one man who is a woman.

Marriage often unites for life two people who scarcely know each other.

It is God himself who speaks to us, when noble thoughts inspire us.

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.

The error of certain women is to imagine that, to acquire distinction, they must imitate the manners of men.

To envy anybody is to confess ourselves his inferior.

No one is happy unless he respects himself.

There is pleasure in meeting the eyes of those to whom we have done good.

Enjoy what you have; hope for what you lack.
They called the baby "Fish-hooks"—it was such a catchy name.

At the North Pole a Scotchman would get half cold with the kilt, and an Irishman would get half kilt with the cold.

It's the little things that worry us. We can dodge an elephant, but not a flea.

It is reported that a single oyster lays from one to eight million eggs a year. Gee! Just think of the married ones.

A man is immortal because her son never sits.

We suppose that an advocate of birth control might be said to be evading the issue.

Some people say that dark-haired women marry first. We differ; it is the light-headed ones.

"Surely there are men who appreciate a woman for what she is worth," writes "Just a Woman! in a picture paper. So much depends, of course, on how much she is worth.

A Scotsman swallowed a sixpence but the doctors recovered the coin, so it is possible to get money out of a Scotsman after all.

"I saw a Scot stand several rounds." "What, a millionaire?" "No, a boxer!"

A Digger has insured his legs and arms. A joint policy.

An old Greek adage says 'you can judge a man by his wife'. But Heaven help the man who's judged by his wife.

Extract from an advertisement of a Melbourne laundry: "Do you kill your wife? Let us do the dirty work!"

"A fellow who can't be trusted is one who always wants to take things in his own hands, especially the things that don't belong to him!"

Some women are like billiard balls. They kiss without any feeling and are never square.

Women prefer us to say a little evil of them, rather than say nothing of them at all.

Men say of women what pleases them; Women do with men what pleases them.

Although it is dangerous to have too much knowledge of certain subjects, it is still more dangerous to be totally ignorant of them.

How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves, and evil of others!

To remain virtuous, a man has only to combat his own desires; a woman must resist her own inclinations, and the continual attack of man.

He who is never guilty of follies is not so wise as he imagines.

One must tell women only what one wants to be known.

He is the happiest who renders the greatest number happy.

Partake of love as a temperate man; partakes of wine; do not become intoxicated.

Beware of him who meets you with a friendly mien, and, in the midst of a cordial salutation, seeks to avoid your glance.

An idle man is like stagnant water: he corrupts himself.

Whoever has loved knows all that life contains of sorrow and joy.
Fear stands in the way of accomplishment. Make it step aside and go on.

Clothes may not make the man—but they go a long way toward a favorable first impression.

Bad habits prevent good records. Why handicap yourself?

Courtesy pays dividends. It gets the orders. Cultivate it.

Rainy days are good selling days. Cash in on them.

The law of averages protects the man who exposes himself to business.

Enthusiasm is the magnet that attracts orders. Use it.

Smiles are order getters. Turn on the sunshine.

Sit tight. The fellow who dismounts when the going gets rough should stay out of the saddle. Stick.

Undependability—a self imposed handicap. A good reputation is priceless.

It isn't territory it's talent that counts. Think right—work right—and you'll get the business.

Self confidence gets the business. Believe in yourself.

Temper claims many orders. Self-control means interview-control.

It's not the hours you put in—but what you put in the hours that counts. Dig in.

Planned work puts you ahead.

Today is the tomorrow you talked about yesterday. Do it now.

Slumps are just a state of mind. You can lick them. Let's go.

Throwing mud is a poor way to fight competition. Sell quality, service, and merit.

Wisdom is the art of being a good listener. Use the other fellow's head as well as your own.

Success in selling is the ability to stand the gaff—nothing worth while is easy.

Sales plans are based on proven experiences. Follow them and you'll get the business.

Self-pity destroys your chances. Give yourself a square deal. Snap out of it.

It's not the size of the dog in the fight—it's the size of the fight in the dog that counts.

Be prepared. It's the difference between winning and losing. Know your business.

Time, your most valuable asset. Make each hour pay.

Confidence wins confidence. "There's no substitute for Sincerity."

Pull on both ears or you'll travel in circles.

Marshall the facts. Don't guess. Know!

Exaggeration loses customers. Stick to the facts—it pays in the long run.

Objections are easily overcome when you know your business. Be an expert.

Facades make take no one's dust. Let's go.

Viewing troubles the better way. The worst never happens.

Wasted energy. There is no goal on a circular track. Get organized.

Guessing where you'll get an order is like betting on the turn of a wheel—you're wrong more times than you're right.
NON-WAR

VERSES
When 'Omer smote 'is-bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'Il went an' took—the same as me:

The market-girls an' fisherman,
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—same as you:

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed. 
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us:

(Rudyard Kipling)
THE SUM OF THINGS.

"Leibnael Dare."

This is the sum of things—that we
A moment live, a little see,
Do somewhat, and are gone: for so
The eternal currents ebb and flow.

This is the sum of work—that man
Does, while he may, the best he can;
Nor greatly cares, when all is done,
What praise or blame his toils have won.

This is the sum of sight—to find
The links of kin with all our kind,
And know the beauty Nature folds
Even in the simplest form she moulds.

This is the sum of life—to feel
Our hand-grip on the hilted steel.
To fight beside our mates, and prove
The test of comradeship and love.

This is the sum of things—that we
A lifetime live gheatheartedly,
See the whole best that life has meant,
Do out our work, and go content.

IF WE ONLY COULD. (Mary Gilmore).

Ah! if we could
Biot out the bitter thought,
Make life the thing we should,
And shape it as we ought.

Turn back the brooding eyes
From things long, long gone by;
And, looking upward, rise
Toward a clearer sky;

Hold fast each other’s hands—
Nor loosely let them go—
Until each understands,
And, loving, learns to know.
MAN'S COMMISSION
(Robert Browing)

We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted,
things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—
better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given
for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

SOLITUDE.
(Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air,
The echoes bound to a joyous sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your
pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectar'd
wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

ACHIEVEMENTS.
(Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

Trust in thine own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God himself.
Thy soul
Is but an emanation from the whole.
Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea.
Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll,
Go seek them—but let pilot will control
Those passions which thy favouring winds
can be.

No man shall place a limit in thy strength;
Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained
May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe
In the Creator and thyself. At length
Some feet will tread all heights now
unattained—
Why not thine own? Press on: achieve:
achieve:

GENUINE JOY.
(Algar A Guest)

What sorrows has a man to tell
If those at home say all is well?
If those he loves report in glee
That health is theirs, what can there be
Of grave anxiety and doubt
For him to sit and fret about?

For what are pain and hurt and care
And all the burdens men must bear
If when the dreamy day is o'er
A smiling child is at the door
And at the table where they sit
Is heard the mirth of youthful wit?

Is life a thing to be compressed
Into man's utmost and his best,
Or may it drift along or run
Like summer brooks beneath the sun,
Loving the shore line's flowers and trees
Before they join the mightier seas?

What matters loss of place or pride
Or glory on life's selfish side
If those at home are undismayed
By any petty failure made?
If those we love are pale and strong,
Then nothing can be very wrong.

FORGET IT. (A. Hawkins)

Don't pigeon hole your worries and so
mind them. But put them where you'll
have a job to find them.
WORTH YOUR WHILE. (Mollie Mackay)

Sure, you're feet won't find the way long
If you sing a little gay song,
And there'll never be a day wrong
While you keep this thought in mind:
When you're passing through a sad time
Or you're living in a bad clime,
If you read my little glad rhyme
Consolation you will find!

If you want to gain a high place
(That, at least, I've found in my case),
You must never show a sly face,
For there's conquest in a smile;
Learn the joy that from a jest springs,
Find the beauty of the best things,
Know the peace that well–earned rest brings,
And make living worth your while!

TRY. (Paul Preston)

Try to make your life today,
Every act, each word you say;
Tasks you do, and thoughts you pen,
Helpful to your fellow men;
Act and word, endowed with wings,
Make or mar so many things.

Try to show to every man
All the courtesy you can;
In the office, workshop, street,
Be polite to all you meet,
Of all bitterness and scorn
Let your character be stern.

Try to bring by kindly grace,
Happiness to every place
Where'er your lot is cast—
For the moments fleet so fast
That the time in which to bless
Every hour grows less and less.

TOASTS.

"Real pain to my sham friends; and
champagne to my real friends!"

"A friend and a bottle of wine to
give him."

"A full purse, a fresh bottle, and a
pretty face."

"May good fellows be found in every
port and all bad ones obliged to sherry
out."

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

What's the use to argue,
You and me?
Can't we leave our difference—
Let it be?
Put away the quarrel
Just once more,
Love is sure to conquer
As before.

Let's forget to wonder
Who's to blame!
Wish we didn't wrangle
All the same.
Foolish? Are, on that we
Both agree.
Kiss and make it up, dear—
You and Me.

A MATE CAN DO NO WRONG. (Henry Lawson)

We learnt the creed at Hungerford,
We learnt the creed at Bursars;
We learnt it in the good times,
And learnt it out of work.
We learnt it by the harbour–side
And on the billabong:
"No matter what a mate may do,
A mate can do no wrong!"

He's like a king in this respect
(No matter what they do);
And, king–like, shares in storm and shine
The Throne of Life with you.
We learnt it when we wore in gaol,
And put it in a song:
"No matter what a mate may do,
A mate can do no wrong!"

They'll say he said a bitter word
When he's away or dead.
We're loyal to his memory,
No matter what he said.
And we should never hesitate,
But strike out good and strong,
And jolt the slanderer on the jaw—
A mate can do no wrong!

"Sweethearts and wives; may the sweet–heart become the wife; may the wife always remain the sweetheart."
"Woman! she requires no eulogy, she
speaks for herself."
**BIRD OF PARADISE.**
(a. Glays Kermot).

Perhaps they could not bear to see
A thing so exquisite go free;
They took my life and posited me
Upon a wanton's hat.

And when the hand of man betrayed
The loveliest thing that God had made,
Was the Creator, then,lmayol
Or—just prepared for that?

Down streets where only shame should be
I trail God's plundered mystery;
A piece of broken ecstasy
Pinned to a harlot's hat.

**NINE MILES FROM GUNDAGAI.**

I've done my share of shearing sheep,
Of droving, and all that,
And bogged a bullock team as well
On a Marrumbidgee flat.

I've seen the bullock stretch and strain,
And blink his bleary eye,
And the dog sit on the tucker box,
Nine miles from Gundagai.

I've been jilted, jarred, and crossed
In love,
And sand-bagged in the dark,
And if a mountain fell on me
I'd treat it as a lark.

It's when you've got your bullocks bogged,
That's the time you flog and cry;
And the dog sits on the tucker box,
Nine miles from Gundagai.

We've all got our little troubles
In life's hard, thorny way;
Some strike them in a motor-car
And others in a dray.
But when your dog and bullocks strike
It ain't no apple-pie,
And the dog sits on the tucker box,
Nine miles from Gundagai.

But that's all past and dead and gone,
And I've sold the term for meat;
And perhaps some day where I was bogged
There'll be an asphalt street.
The dog—ah well, he got a bait,
And thought he'd like to die,
So I buried him—in the tucker box
Nine miles from Gundagai.

**TREE LOVER'S SONG.**

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,
A tree whose hungry heart is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow hath lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

**THE CAGGER.**

Like fleas that feed on human flesh,
You'll find him here, there, everywhere;
He'll stick to you whilst you've the coin,
In weather fair or weather fair.

He always wants a match—a fag,
A bob or two—'tis a disease,
He ever comes alert and swift,
Upon mankind to pounce and freeze.

But then, again, should you run short,
And tap him in a friendly tone,
For matches or a pipe of weed,
He'll cry, outraged "No! Buy your own!"

He knows no fear, with hand outstretched
He'll take your last, and what is worse,
If you have nought to give to him,
'Tis ten to one you'll hear him curse.

Methinks that when we go above
To play the harp, some angel brings;
He still will cudge our toilet tools,
To currycomb his shining wings.

So any cagger that you know,
Be his name Jack, or Bill, or Jim;
Just hand him this small slab of verse—
A lesson it might prove to him.

**LEAD A HAND.**

"Look up and not down
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a hand!"
WEARY.
(C.J. Dennis)

Oh, I'm sick of the whole damned human race;
And I'm sick of this earthly ball;
I'm sick of the sight of my brother's face,
And his works and talk and all;
I'm sick of the silly sounds I hear,
I'm sick of the sights I see;
Omar Khayyam he knew good cheer,
And it's much the same with me.

Give me a bit of a bough to sit Beneath, and a book of rhyme,
And a culdlesome girl that sings a bit,
But don't sing all the time;
That's all I ask, and it's only just;
For it's all that I hold dear—
A bough and a book and a girl and a crust;
That, and a jug of beer.

Then I'll cuddle my girl and I'll quaiff my ale
As we sit on the leafy floor;
And when the book and the beer jug fail;
I'll cuddle my girl some more.
For jugs give out and books get slow,
But you take my tip for square—
Though the bough and the book and the beer jug go;
The girl, she's always there.

I'm sick of the sound of my fellows' voice;
I'm sick of their schemes and shams;
Of trying to choose when there ain't no choice,
And of damning several dams;
So, give me a girl that ain't too slow,
You can keep your book of rhyme
And your bough and bread and your beer.
Wot O:
And I'll cuddle her all the time.

ENGLAND YET.
(Henry Lawson)

She's England yet: The nations never knew her;
Or, if they knew, were ready to forget.
She made new worlds that paid no homage to her,
Because she called for none as for a debt.
The bullying Power that deemed all nations craven,
And thought her star of destiny had set,
Was sure that she would seek a coward's haven——
And tempted her, and found her England yet:

We learn our England, and we soon forget,
To learn again that she is England yet.
They watched Britannia ever looking forward,
But could not see the things her children saw.
They watched in Southern seas her boats pull shoreward,
But only marked the cryglass, heard the "Haw!"
In tents and bungalows, and outpost stations,
Thin white men ruled for her, unseen, unheard,
Ten millions of strange races and far nations
Were ready to obey her at a word.

We learn our England, and in peace forget,
To learn in storm that she is England yet.
She's England yet; and men shall doubt no longer;
And mourn no longer for what she has been.
She'll be a greater England and a stronger——
A better England than the world has seen.
Our own, who rock not of a king's regalia,
Tinsel of crowns, and courts that fume and fret,
Are fighting for her——fighting for Australia——
And blasphemously hail her "England Yet!"

She's England yet, with little to regret——
Ay, more than ever, she'll be England yet:

ENTHUSIASM.

Great designs are not accomplished without great enthusiasm. It is the inspiration of everything great; without it no man is to be feared, and with it none despised. (Bruce)
LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.
Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low, but love may lift his head,
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.
No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.
And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

(James W. Riley)

SOMETHING EACH DAY.

Something each day—a smile,
It is not much to give;
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed—
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay—
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy;
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause my gladness to cloy—
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

(ROBERT T. HARDY)

TO A MOTHER.

Mother dear, your boy's grown up,
And from you gone away,
And yet you never were more dear
Than on this Christmas Day:
God guard and bless you, mother mine;
Great joy be yours, I pray.

TO A FATHER.

Dear old Dad, I give you greeting
On this joyous Day of Days,
You have been the best of fathers,
And deserve no end of praise.
May your life be always happy;
Carking care flit far away;
Dear old Dad, I give you greeting
On this joyous Christmas Day.

'TIS USELESS TO REGRET.

There's many a plan that comes to naught,
There's many a light gone out;
And disappointments, griefs, and cares,
Have hedged us round about;
And many a sad mistake we've made
Throughout our lives, and yet
We've done the very best we could;
'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come.
And out of darkness light;
And all wrong-doings in this world,
Some day will be set right;
And though we have not reached the height
Attained by others, yet
We've done the best we could, my lad;
'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks,
To do our duty well,
Gainst evil things to take our stand,
In goodness to excel,
O judge yourself not harshly, lad,
Nor at misfortune fret;
We've done the best we could, and so
'Tis useless to regret.
WHAT IS SUCCESS?

What is success? To gain a share of gold?
To have one's wealth in envious accents told?
To see one's picture flaunted in the Press?
Ah, there be those who label this success.

What is success? To win a little fame?
To hear a fickle world applaud your name?
To be accounted as a genius? Yes,
And there be those who label this success.

But have we not another standard still
To judge a man of character and will?
Are gold and fame the only measures tried?
In all the world is there no test beside?

Ah, yes. The man who meets, with courage grim
The daily duties that devolve on him,
The petty, mean, heart-breaking cares that tire
The patient soul that never may aspire—

Home'er so cramped the field wherein he works,
He has not failed—the man who never shirks,
The man who toils for years without a break,
And treads the path of pain for others' sake.

There is a myriad of such men today,
Who, all unnoticed, walk the weary way—
Upon their shoulders still the cross may press,
But who will say they have not won success?

A HOME SONG.

We read within a poet's book
A word that starred the page,
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;"

Yes, that is true, and something more:
You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.

But every house where love abides
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely Home, and Home sweet Home,
For there the heart can rest.

(Henry)

BEAUTY.

Beautiful hands are those that weave
Bright threads of joy in lives that grieve;
Beautiful feet are those that run
On errands of mercy from sun to sun;
Beautiful lips are those that speak
To comfort the mourner and hearten the weak;
Beautiful eyes are those that glow
With the light of a spirit pure as snow;
Beautiful faces are those that seem
With a love like God's own love to beam;
Beautiful forms are those that grace
With gentle service the lowliest place;
Beautiful lives are those that bear
For other lives their burden of care;
Beautiful souls are those that show
The spirit of Christ wherever they go

(Rev. Dudley C. Abbott).
HOW?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful? Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ten, or a trouble's an ounce,
A trouble is what you make it:
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt
That counts,
But only — how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face:
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there — that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye,
It isn't the fact that you're licked
That counts,
It's how did you fight — and why?

EVERY DAY

Every day we move and live
Is a time to get and give,
Get whatever we can earn,
Any lesson we can learn,
Give unstintingly our best —
Labour, knowledge, service, rest.

Every day which comes and goes
Opportunity bestows
For the working of some plan
For the betterment of men.
And whoever shirks his share,
Of life's bliss is unaware.

Every day of gloom or shine
Is a day to make divine,
Not to use for selfish ends,
But for all that moves or tends
Towards mankind's undoubted goal,
Universal self-control.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

The reason why men who mind
Their own business succeed is because
They have so little competition.

EXPERIENCE

They told me over and over again:
The things that I had to learn,
They struggled to save me the needless pain
Of many a sting and burn,
But I was young, and I would find out
The truth of the dangers they talked about.

And now I know what they knew, and I
Have children of my own,
And the day will come when they'll want to try
Their strength in the danger zone,
For the way seems level and straight and fair
And they can't believe there are briars there.

But should they take what I wouldn't
Take,
In spite of the needless tears?
Should age regret that it cannot make
A short cut through the years?
How sad were youth if it really knew
As much as the worn-out oldsters do:

In spite of the truths which the
Grown-ups know
And the thick books on the shelves,
It is well that the youngsters still must go,
Some lessons to learn themselves.
For a horrible sight would a young man be
Weighed down by the wisdom of seventy-three.

DIE

Never say die, say Darn
It isn't classic. It may be profane,
But we mortals have need of it
Time and again.
And you'll find you'll recover
From fates hardest slam
If you never say Die, say Darn.

So long as there is work to do
There will be interruptions — breaks in
Its progress — and it is part of one's
decer growth to bear these timely
And intimate interruptions without any
break in good temper or courtesy.
There isn't any happiness in happiness itself.
There isn't any knowledge in the books upon the shelf;
You may buy them by the dozen, but unless you read them through,
All the wisdom of their pages will be just dry rot to you.
For the only lasting lesson is the one you work to learn,
And the only worth-while pleasures are the ones you have to earn.
If never care disturbed us none would value peace of mind.
Gold became a precious metal just because it's hard to find.
If it weren't for storm old duty we should never value play.
It takes long months of labour to make sweet a holiday.
So be patient through your trials and be brave in times of doubt.
You will reap new fields of gladness when you've worked your problems out.
"Twas an Irishman I'm certain who this quaint assertion dropped.
"I'm glad my tooth is aching, 'Twill be grand when it is stopped!"
There's philosophy for trials. It's the cold and driving rain
That sets us all rejoicing when the sun comes out again.
For if hearts were never troubled and if none a burden knew,
We should all go round complaining there was nothing left to do.

WANT NOT SMILE

What's the use of grumbling?
It doesn't pay the bills.
It doesn't cure our aches and pains
For help our other ills.

We can grumble every morning
And go grumbling on till night,
But if we just start smiling
It helps to set things right.

NEVER EXPLAIN.

Never explain—Your friends do not need it, and your enemies will not believe you anyway.

Take home your joy, but leave outside.
The looks that scorn and words that chide,
And let your children hear you say
Your’re glad to cast your cares away
And in this peaceful haven find
A resting-place for heart and mind.

Take home a cheerful smiling face
Which plainly says "I love this place!",
For none can tell, for no one knows,
How far such commendation goes.
To brighten life, and make it run
As glad as ripples in the sun.

And when the children brought up there
Are scattered here and everywhere
Across the world or o'er the way,
Lenses tribute they will surely pay—
For to that home their thoughts shall wing
Like birds that hear the call of Spring.

THE KIND THING

Do the kind thing, though you be
Tempted to severity.
Make allowance when you can,
Mindful you, too, are a man,
And that you one day may need
Such another kindly deed.

Say the kind thing, though full oft
You be dubbed "Unduly soft;"
Any fool can spoil and break;
Be your choice to heal and make,
And soft answers, wise men say,
Rage and wrath will turn away.

Think the kind thing, though things may
Seem to point the other way;
Give the benefit of doubt,
Though your mercy some may flout.
Too much kindness can there be?
Too much love and charity?

"How little it costs, If we give it a thought,
To gladden some heart each day;
Just one kind word — or a tender smile
As we go on our daily way."
The song has sounded, you take your stand
In the midst of the ring of Life,
"Box on" is your first and your last command
As you enter the worldly strife.

"Box on." Be careful, keep off the ropes,
Encouraging words from your seconds—your friends,
In the fight on which all depends.

"Box on." Lend a hand to the man who's down,
Strike not, assist him to rise.
'Tis as easy to smile as it is to frown—
The smile brings you nearer the prize.

"Box on." Play fair, though the fight be long,
And the punishment be severe,
If your cause be just and your heart be strong,
The verdict you need not fear.

MAKING TIME WORTH WHILE.

What a lot of time we spend saying
that we haven't time.

Haven't time to see a friend, haven't time to write a rhyme,
read a book, sing a song, help another chap along,
knock a nail, mend a dress—haven't time—of, come, confess!

Let's confess it once for all, time we spend in vain regrets, if applied,
however small, would reduce our many debts. Write a letter, take a minute,
though much love and joy goes in it. Read a bit, bound to find a second's value to your mind.

Often noticed, haven't you? those who have the most to do, always have,
the time to lend helping hand to needy friend. Time to say a word that cheers,
time to dispel grim fears, time to sing, time to smile, time to make the world worth-while.

(Wilhelmina Stitch)
I want to ask a question—
Will some one tell me why
Men can sin and sin again,
Keep sinning till they die?
And no one seems to question,
And no one seems to care;
But still we call them gentlemen,
Deny this none would dare.

But woman, gentle woman,
Should she but chance to stray,
No matter, oh, how little,
From the straight and narrow way.
For her there's no returning,
Still downward she must go;
There's none to save or pity,
There's naught for her but woe.

Men may drink and sport and gamble,
Raise the devil night and day,
Till they're known all o'er the country
By the wrecks that strew their way;
Still they're welcomed and they're courted,
If they've money all the more—
And the mothers o'er all the land
Open wide to them their door.

He's your son and she's your daughter,
Surely he's as much to blame,
What's sin for man is sin for woman—
They should suffer just the same.
Why, oh why, will some one tell me,
Should the woman stand it all?
If you analyze the subject
You can bet man caused the fault;
That's the thing that mystifies me,
Won't some person kindly tell
Why the men are all forgiven
And the women go to Hell?

The Frenchman likes his native wine;
The German likes his beer;
The Englishman likes his half-and-half
Because it brings good cheer.

The Scotchman likes his whisky;
The Irishman likes it hot;
The Australian has no national drink
So he drinks the whole—lot.

"Beer is mostly froth and bubble,
Whisky makes you moan,
Wine's another word for trouble,
Pinky's or its own.

Teach me that sixty minutes make an hour,
Sixteen ounces make a pound,
And two hundred and forty pennies make a pound.
Help me to so love that I can lie down at night
With a clear conscience, without a
Gun underneath my pillow, and undaunted by
The faces of those to whom I have brought pain.
Grant that I may earn my meal ticket
On the square and that in earning it, I
May do unto others as I would have them
do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of
Tainted money and the rustle of unholy
skirts. Blind me to the faults of other
People but reveal to me my own. Guide me
So that each night when I look across the
Dining table at my mother, who has been a
Blessing to me, that I may have nothing
to conceal from her. Keep me young enough
to laugh with little children and sympathet-
ic enough to be considerate of old age,
And when comes the day of darkened shades
And the smell of flowers, the tread of
Soft footsteps and the crumbling of wheels
In the yard, make the ceremony short and
The epitaph simple—

Here lies a man.

HE'S A SPORT. (Coralie Stanley)

Who gives his word and keeps it.
Whom dogs and little children instinctively
Love.
Whom the toughest chaps call a white man.
Whom never hits below the belt.
Whom never lies to women.
Whom never kicks when he loses.
Whom guards his own wigwam, and doesn't
Prowl.
Who sees the other chap's point of view.
Who never crawls to anyone.
Whom the other men's wives are safe with.
Who doesn't steal children in doorways.
Who loves football, racing, poker, cricket,
Bowls, gardening, swimming, walking, flirting.
Who never takes money he knows another
Chap can't afford to lose.
Who pays his tailor sometimes.
Who realizes that his wife isn't a house-
keeper, or a plumbing expert, or a laundress.
Who looks you in the eye and doesn't dodge.
Whom you want other chaps to know.
Whom pulls out at the home corner and lets
Another fellow have the inside running
On the straight.

DOES ANYONE KNOW ONE?
AN AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL SONG.

(George W. L. Marshall-Hall).

Australia, Australia, thou land of Sun and sea,
We love thee, we thy free-born sons, as we love liberty.
We link our hands from shore to shore, and swear to stand by thee
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, one glorious destiny.
We link our hands from shore to shore, and swear to stand by thee
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, One glorious destiny.

Australia, Australia, thou land of the golden fleece,
To thee our fathers boldly steered their fearless Argosies.
Our fathers cast their lot for thee, by thee they lived and died,
And left to us their handiwork, a heritance of pride.
Our fathers cast their lot for thee, by thee they lived and died,
And left to us their handiwork, a heritance of pride.

Australia, Australia, thou land of liberty,
Where each man is himself a king, each home a monarchy.
Though here and there, as best they might our fathers founded thee,
We'll hand thee down one land, by God, to all posterity.
Though here and there, as best they might our fathers founded thee,
We'll hand thee down one land, by God, to all posterity.

Australia, Australia, thou child of sun and sea,
We love thee, every father's son that loveth liberty.
We lift our hands to God on high, and swear to stand by thee.
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, one glorious destiny.
We lift our hands to God on high, and swear to stand by thee.
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, one glorious destiny.

WHAT IS LOYALTY?

LOYALTY is a creed, a duty, and a sentiment.

IT IS A CREED because the loyal person says: "I believe in my organization, what it is, what it stands for, and what it does". The implication is that he will do his best to make it and keep it in the path of its life.

LOYALTY IS A DUTY because it implies allegiance.
LOYALTY IS A SENTIMENT. It implies affection, love, and enthusiasm. These are not fully expressed in shouting or rooting.

LOYALTY TO YOUR ORGANIZATION MUST BE LIVED.
WHAT IS A BOY?

What is a boy?
He is the person who is going to carry on what you have started.
He is to sit right where you are sitting and attend to those things you think so important when you are gone.
You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will be carried on depends on him.
Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.
He is going to sit in your seat in Parliament and occupy your place on the Supreme Court Bench.
He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, universities, counting houses and corporations.
When you have done, all your work is going to be judged and praised or condemned by him.
Your reputation and your fortune are in his hands.
He will read the books you write or sell them to the secondhand man.
He will assume control of your cities.
Just now the future Prime Minister is playing marbles, and the most famous actor of his day is complaining because he does not want to go to bed.
Not your contemporaries and fellow citizens, but the boys out there in the school yard, are going to say whether after all you were a grand and noble hero or a blatherskite.
It is the boy who will amend your rules, alter your creeds, laugh at your mistakes.
He may think kindly of you, and say you did the best you could, or he may not. Watch your step!
All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands.
So it might be as well to pay him some attention.
—Dr. Frank Crane in the Photo-Engravers Bulletin.
OPPORTUNITY. (Walter Malone)

They do no wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise and fight to win.

Wait not for precious chances pass away;
Weep not for "golden ages" on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
And sunrise every soul is born again.

Though deep in mire wring not your hands
and weep,
... lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shamsfaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow,
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? House thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives the wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven.

A THING OF BEAUTY. (John Keats)

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
quiet breathing,
Therefore, on every morrow, are we
wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-dark-
ened ways
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the
pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun,
the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a
shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are
daffodils,
With the green world they live in;
and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest
brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-
rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the
dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard
or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's
brink.

CHARACTER. (Othello)

Good name, in man and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash;
'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been
slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good
name,
Robes me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
DO ALL THE GOOD YOU CAN.
(John Wesley)
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

YOU SUIT ME.
(Bert Bailey)
It may be your smile, or your class,
or your style,
You sure are a winner, and how:
You can prove it be me, you suit
to a T,
And you might as well know it
Right Now.

THE SUM OF THINGS.
"Ishmael Dare"
This is the sum of things -- that we
A lifetime live greateartedly,
See the whole best that life has meant,
Do our work, and go content.

MOTHER
As long as love shall be the crown
Of all life's blessings true,
So long shall I be grateful
Mother dear, for YOU.

PROFESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.
(Longfellow)
Let us, then, be what we are, and
speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and
the sacred professions of friendship.

PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.
(George Heyer)
That friendship only is genuine when
two friends, without speaking a word
to each other, can, nevertheless,
find happiness in being together.
What it feels like without a Pass when on leave.

The Clean Page—When?
BRINGING UP THE RUM ISSUE.
PLAYING THE GAME

We can't all play a winning game
Someone is sure to lose.
Yet we can play, so that our name
No one may dare accuse.
That when the Master Referee
Scores against our name,
It won't be whether we've won or lost,
But how we've played the game.

DON'T WORRY.

Today is the Tomorrow we worried about
Yesterday—
And it NEVER happened.

SURE:

The World's all right, You bet it is:
While there are helping hands,
And songs to sing, and smiles to wear,
And a friend who understands.

PAL O' MINE

That Pal o' mine makes earth to me
A very pleasant place to be.
Each little joy we always share
Likewise each little woe and care.
The joys we enter with a will,
The woes but draw us closer still.
Now what's the use of asking who?
You know that Pal o' Mine is YOU.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by.
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorners' seat
or hear the cynics' ban,
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

YOU, MY FRIEND

I could sail the waters of all the world,
Bitter and wild and blue,
And never I'd find a friend to love,
Like the friend I've found in you.
I could walk down all the roads of the world,
And knock on the doors for ever,
And never I'd find a friend like you,
Never: Never: Never.

SUCCESS IN THE WORLD

We may not meet with great success,
Carve for ourselves a name.
Yet, maybe that true greatness lies,
In striving all the same.

BE CHEERFUL

Forget all your sorrow,
Forget all your woe,
To start spreading sunshine,
And smile as you go.

Life calls us to service,
In many strange ways,
But a smile and a song,
Cheer the stormiest days.

NEVER MIND IT

For every ill beneath the sun,
There is some remedy or none.
Should there be one, resolve to find it,
If not, submit, and never mind it.

WELL DOING

Let us not be weary in well doing,
for in due season we shall reap
if we faint not,
As we have therefore opportunity
Let us do good unto all.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Look on that man as Happy who,
when there is a Question of Success,
looks into his work for a reply;not
into the market, not into opinion,
not into Patronage, (Emerson).
ADVICE TO WIVES.

Although he is the best of men,
Your husband will be hurt
If you forget each day to sew
The buttons on his shirt.
He'll be content with simple meals,
If he is not a glutton,
But please remember that his love
Depends but on a button.

Although in every other way
You are a perfect wife,
Yet, if in this respect you err,
There'll be domestic strife.
Oh, he can swallow with a smile
Stale bread or twice-cooked mutton,
If you remember only this—
To sew but on a button.

HOW DID YOU TAKE IT?

Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt
That counts,
But only, how did you take it.

TAKE REED.

There is so much good in the worst
Of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it behoves any of us
To find fault with the rest of us.

JUST THINK.

Wouldn't life be a lot more happy
If the good that is in us all
Were the only things about us
Folks bothered to recall.

A TRUE FRIEND.

A friend is not a fellow
Taken in by sham;
A friend is one
Who knows our faults
And doesn't give a Damn.

HOME, SWEET, HOME.

Oh, give me my chair, an' a jolly old blaze,
With someone around 'rot is used to my ways.
An' willing to listen to triumphs or woes,
An' give me m' slippers, m' book, an' m' doze;
Then anyone wantin' the sights for to see,
An' gay, giddy, rounds—Can just have'em for me.

A SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellow men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom
And coax the sun again;
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With manly kindness blended,
It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

BE BRIGHT.

Laugh a little if you can;
Everyone has loads of care,
And so many thorns are pricking,
And so many pips are sticking,
All around us everywhere:
Wear a face that's like the sun,
Let it shine wherever you are;
Other weary hearts will lighten,
Other weary ways will brighten
Like the passing of a star.

Laugh a little while you may;
If you'd do mankind a good;
Do not of your smiles be chary,
Be a laughing missionary
To your suffering brotherhood.
MOTHER, MY DEAR

Hoping that blessings may brighten your way,
Wishing you happiness day after day,
Trusting your heart will be filled with good cheer,
And loving you tenderly,
Mother, My Dear:

THE OLD OWL

A wise old owl sat in a tree,
It seldom spoke, because, you see
The less it said, the more it heard,
Why can't we all be like that Bird?

LIFE

Life would not be worth living if
the man who did things talked
half as much as the men who know
how things "ought to be done".

FRIENDSHIP

There's a little cosy corner in my heart all tucked away.
Warmed by the light of friendship's smile, and song, and laughter gay.
A little sacred nook I keep — Just for a favored few,
But there is always "Open House" within that place for YOU.

EVERYDAY FRIENDS

There are friends who love us whatever we do,
Who remain close beside us with all we go through,
Who are loyal no matter what Providence sends,
And we love them—God bless them—Our Everyday Friends.

FRIENDSHIPS ROAD

Friendship is a chain of gold,
Shaped in God's all perfect mould.
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,
A grip of the hand, a word of cheer.
As steadfast as the ages roll,
Binding closer soul to soul.
No matter how far, or heavy the load,
Sweet is the journey on Friendship's road.

RARE

How rare it is to find a soul
Perfected in self control,
Whose words are fruit of gentle thought
And no'ter with spite or venom fraught,
Whose deeds are such as can be seen
The benediction of high heaven.

How rare it is to find a man
Who day by day does all he can,
At home, in business, in the streets,
To cheer and succour folk he meets,
And who would rather suffer loss
Than fail to share another's cross.

How rare it is to hear a word
Which cheers one like a singing bird,
To feel the clasp of hands that we
Are sure from selfish ends are free:
And yet, though rare as winter flowers,
Thank God these virtues can be ours.

CHEER UP

What's the use of feelin' blue?
When the world seems upside down—
What's the use of me and you
Wearin' the same darkstown?
'Tis better to cheer up and know
That altho' the sky be grey—
There is someone in this dear old World
Who'd be glad of your smile today.

DO AN ACT

Do an act and you make a habit.
Make a habit and you form a character.
Form character and you reap a destiny.
FIRST IMPRESSIONS
OF THE TIN HAT.

BEFORE GOING
INTO ACTION

IN ACTION
HUMOROUS

VERSES
FARMER BILL'S BLUNDER.

Bere Farmer Bill to London went,
He called upon his future bride;
"Say, lass, what shall I bring thee back?"
The dear, good-hearted fellow cried.

The maiden smiled. Full well she loved
Herself with pretty things to deck.
"Oh, thank thee kindly, Bill," she said;
"Well, bring me something for my neck."

The match has now been broken off;
Of reconciliation there's no hope.
The maiden can't forgive poor Bill
For bringing her a cake of soap.

(Charles Vivian)

A ROMANCE IN A TUNNEL.

The train clanked on, and the sun was high,
I mused and smoked and read,
I envied the cattle fleeting by, dry,
For I'd naught to drink; and was more than
And swelled and sore my head.

We reached the tunnel, the lights were out,
A lady's voice I heard,
"Oh, Charlie, dear, now stop—get out,
You'll drive me mad, without a doubt—
You're too bold, upon my word."

I tried to peer through the hole the lamp
Was meant to occupy,
But the car was dark, and the wicked scamp,
Who was plainly one of the forward stamp,
Still made the lady cry;
"Oh, leave my skirts alone, you scamp,"
Was still the lady's cry.

But the broad daylight, it came to light,
It floored me, I confess,
For a maid of fifty met my sight,
Her dog was tugging with all his might
At the hem of his owner's dress.
The scene I'd pictured turned out right,
Which relieved me, I confess.

There was a young Hein of Berlin
Who picked up a bomb with the pin;
When he took the pin out he was rent
With a cloud
To the place all Huns should be in.

MARCHING SONG.

Oh, when I die
Don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol,
Put a bottle of booze
At my head and my feet,
And then I know my bones will keep.

IF DREAMS WERE ONLY TRUE.
(A.N. Shuttleworth.)

Last night I had a funny dream, and
Dreamed to my delight,
I had ten thousand blankets to keep me
Warm at night;
I dreamt there wasn't any snow, or rain,
or sleet, or mist,
And saw a German shell descend that
Proved to be a "dud."

I dreamt I saw a big C.M. who didn't
Drink the run,
And a great big Gotha overhead whose
Engines didn't hum;
I thought I saw Old Bill himself, digging
In a trench,
And heard our own interpreter really
Speaking French;
I dreamt I played the Good Old Game,
Won five bob on the crown,
And saw our anti-aircraft guns bring a
Run 'plane down;
And I thought I saw a driver who really
Couldn't swear,
And got a shirt from "Divvy" baths clean
Enough to wear,
I dreamt I had some money, fully twenty
Pounds,
And came across a village that wasn't "Out of bounds."
I dreamt I saw a real M.P. who hopped
The bags with dash
And a soldier on a base-job who wasn't very flash;
I dreamt we'd really won the war and
Finished Bertha Krupp,
And my blankets weren't inhabited.
"Reveille" woke me up.

There was an old Fritz of Strashein,
Who was blown to bits by a mine,
As the Kaiser's last hope he was turned
Into soap,
And returned once again to the line.
There was a young lady named Nella,
Who went for a stroll with a fella;
But the silly ass thought
She was one of that sort,
So he copped a right hook to the snella.

The stork has brought a little peach,
The nurse said with an air,
"I'm mighty glad", the old man said,
"He did not bring a pair".

Oh, Lulu's tall and slender,
She's the prettiest girl in town.
But the boys don't take her out much
Till after the sun goes down.

There was a young lady named Furdell,
Whose audacity makes your blood curdle.
You would never guess
She was wearing a dress,
You would think it was merely a girdle.

There was a young girl of Clovelly,
Who remarked that oysters were shelly,
But for all that she ate
Everyone she could get,
Till she got a bad pain in her elbow.

Mary had a little pain, but this may seem contrary,
The pain that little Mary had
Was not in little Mary,
It was in her left ear.

King Solomon and King David; they both led naughty lives;
Each had four hundred concubines
And each one hundred wives,
When they arrived at ripen age
They both were seized with qualms,
So one he wrote the Proverbs
And the other wrote the Psalms.

I need no radiant laughing sun
To tell me Spring is here,
No buds that open one by one,
No brand-new thirst for beer;
I need no savage yowser cheer
At blouses indiscreet,
I know too well that Spring is here—
A blowfly blew my meat.

**THE GIRL WOT GITS THE BLOKES.**

With powder 'half way down 'er chest,
An 'eels nine inches 'igh;
With skirts that lets yer guess the rest,
An' blouse that plays "I spy";
An' scarf of imitation lace,
The stuck-up painted 'oak,
I wonder 'ow she 'as the face—
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes!

Wat, jealous? Me? Excuse yourself!
I don't compete with such.
A parcel off a pop-shop shelf—
A twopence-ha'penny touch.
Miss Clancy (in the Bindin!) swears
It's true 'er father seeks.
No wonder! Precious lot she cares—
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes!

I've seen 'er at the picture-show,
An' down the Avenue—
There's not a place a girl could go,
But she gets taken to,
The loveliest boys in Swanston-street
(Not common factory-folks),
Would miss fried fish an' chips to meet
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes!

There's not a one but she's got beat,
The poor deluded wair!
She's nothin' but a joint 'o meat
Inside a muslin safe.
No lady would wear things like that,
An' yet—they seem to coax
The johns. She's never on 'er pat,
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes.

She doesn't seem to try to win—
She cops them every time,
As if she was a fairy in
A Christmas pantomime;
But if she thinks my Mick's 'er mark,
I'll stop 'er funny jokes;
She'll strike a lady that can mark
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes!

(Footscray Flo).
HUMOROUS VERSES.

SURLY HILLS PASTORAL.

"Now, you children," said the teacher,
Tell me what does 'greeting' mean?"
But an answer didn't reach her;
Seemed the question bowed 'em clean.
Then she tried again. "Now, laddie,
You're the one that's always bright;
What does Mummy say to Daddy
When he reaches home at night?"
That's where Laddie got a notion,
That he understood her now.
He replied, without emotion:
"'Drunk again, yer rotten cow!"

TRAGEDY OF THE EGG.

"Eating more than he was able;
Willie died at breakfast table.
'If you please!', said sister Meg;
'May I have his other egg?'!"

Willie in the best of sashes
Fell in the fire, was burnt to ashes.
Bye and bye the room grew chilly,
But no one cared to stir up Willie.

BASIC ENIGMA.

Sisters and Brothers have I none;
Father's wage will support but one.

REVISED VERSION.

Mary's little nanny-goat
Ate "Osh-Kosh" from the walls,
And when the little kids came
They all wore overalls.

PATCH OF NUT BROWN HUE.

Two girls gay met a boy one day;
His legs were briar-scratched,
His clothes were of blue, but a nut brown hue!
Marked the place his pants were patched,
They laughed with joy at the blue-clad boy
And his patch of nut-brown hue.

"Why don't you patch with colour to match?"
They said: "Why not with blue?"
Don't be coy, my blue-clad boy,
"Speak up!" and they laughed with glee.
When he hung his head, as he bashfully said:
"That ain't no patch, that's ME."

JAKE'S PROPOSAL.

Jake was a very wordy chap,
Who always spoke right out,
And yet no matter what he said,
His talk was round-about.
Therefore when he proposed,
He drawled: "Grace, I'd be glad,
If, when you start your family,
You'll let me be their dad!"

MARY'S CAT.

Mary had a Tommy cat,
It warbled like Caruso,
A fellow swung a bat,
And now it doesn't do so.

NURSERY RHYMES.

The bashful chap, held in his lap
A babe, that laughed in glee;
He longed to die—his mouth was dry—
But, oh, how damp his knee!

Mary wears a lovely skirt;
Short and bright and airy.
It never shows a speck of dirt—
But it shows a lot of Mary.

I love little Flossie,
Her fur-coat's so warm,
If he knew all about it
Her father would storm.

DEAD EARNEST.

I asked a young lady if she would wed,
With a smile in her bright roguish eyes, she said:
"Go, ask father."
Now she knew that I knew
That her father was dead;
And she knew that I knew
Of the life he had led, 
So she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said,
"Go, ask father."

LOST ON VOYAGE.

Memoriam verse, Vic. country paper:—
I left my home in Ballarat
By the seven-thirty train,
But before I got to Ararat
Dear mother was out of pain.

(Those Railway Commissioners again X).
Adam was the first man, he led a
lonely-life,
He took a slat and dressed it up and
had it for a wife;
Eve was fond of apple-sass, and had
to have a bite,
So the angel with fiery sword chased
them out of sight.

Old folks, young folks, all you
darkes come,
Come to the Sunday school and make
yourselves at home;
Please to check your chewing-gum and
razors at the door,
And you'll hear some Bible stories
like you never heard before.

Adam was the first man, Eve was his
spouse,
They quit eatin' fruit one day and
got to keepin' house;
Now Adam's life was happy and
peaceful in the main,
Till Eve she had a little son, and
went to raising Cain.

Jonah was a sailor, so runs the
Bible tale,
He shipped in the stourage of a
trans-Atlantic whale;
He did not like his quarters, they
were not the very best,
So Jonah pressed the button and the
whale he did the rest.

Samson was a strong man of the
John L. Sullivan school,
He slew the bold Philistines with
the fragments of a mule;
A gal named Delilah filled him full of
gin,
Then she cropped his whiskors, and
the coppers ran him in.

David was a fighter, a sassy little
cuss,
Along came Goliath a-looking for a
fuss;
David saw he'd have to fight or else
he'd have to quit,
So he shed a rock at Golly, and
busted in his crust.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego,
In the fiery furnace, standing in a row;
Belshazzar thought that he had put those
chillum on the blink,
But one by one they all came out and
hollered for a drink.

Esau was a farmer, a wild and woolly rake,
His father sold him half a farm and half
to brother Jake;
When Esau saw the title to his farm land
wasn't clear,
He sold it to his brother for a sandwich
and a beer.

Noah was a sailor of great and wide
renown,
He used to sail the ocean till a mountain
ran him down;
He never had a compass and he never had
a sail,
So I think it's mighty lucky that he
lived to tell the tale.

Daniel was a fellow with a cast-iron hide,
Lions tried to eat him, but they couldn't
get inside;
When Darius came around and looked into
the ring,
"I fooled you once," said Daniel, and
the drinks were on the king.

Solomon was a wise man, he had a lot of cash,
Queen of Sheba came along, and Solly made
a mash;
Solly thought that royalty was greatly
underpaid,
So he took to writing proverbs, though he
was a king by trade.

Elijah was a prophet, who visited country
fairs,
To advertise his business with a troop of
dancing bears;
He sold a king a prophecy, and every
afternoon
He went up in a parachute and a painted
fire balloon.
"VISITERS".

I never find a word to say To VISITERS, But still I'm glad To see 'em drop in any day, Mos' times th' wife is wild or sad, An' does 'er 'air up anyway, An' asks 'ow many drinks I've 'ad. It's different—
For VISITERS.

She does 'er 'air, Puts on 'er best, An' never tells the kids 'er clear. She finds my Sunday coat an' vest An' smiles as soon as they draw near. I gets me tea jus' like a guest, An', till they're gone, she calls me "dear".

My oath she does—
For VISITERS.

THE TRAGEDY.

The cow stood on the tramway track, The driver rang the bell: But the silly creature turned her back, And needed not his yell.

The driver strove to stop the tram, But the brakes went wrong somehow, There came a crash, an awful smash, And the air was full of cow.

The bones and hoofs and horns and hair Were scattered in a flash; Some here, some there, some everywhere— It was an awful smash.

One neat fell on an old maid's lap, The sight her bosom thrilled; She cried aloud to all the crowd: "Good God! the guard is killed".

IF
If you can see a pretty calf and never get a thrill, If you can go to work each day and never kid you're ill, If you can pay your income tax and pay it with a grin, And never go to dancing halls or other dens of sin, If you can keep teetotal and you never even smoke, If you can shun wild women and can spurn a naughty joke, You'll be a man some day, my lad, But not, I fear, like your old dad.

ABRAHAM SAMUELSTEIN IS GRATEFUL.

Who introduced me to my wife? My friend Levy.
And who had known me all my life? My friend Levy.
Who made me glad when things looked bad, And cheered my wife when she was sad? My friend Levy.

And showed me speculations sweet? My friend Levy.
And when I went, on business bent To other towns, who paid the rent? My friend Levy.

Who was best—man when I was wed? My friend Levy.
Who nursed my wife when ill in bed? My friend Levy.
When my son Ike first saw the light, Who do you think that he was like? His father.

THE POOR LITTLE FLY.

A poor little fly flew by the door And flew right into a grocery store, He sat on the cheese and sat on the ham, Then he wiped his feet on the grocery man.

When the grocery man saw what he had done He loaded up his Gatling gun, And chased the fly all over the place And tried to shoot him in the face.

But the little fly was far too slick For he showed the grocery man a trick; He flew around the room, and then Went over and sat on the ham again.

And when he had finished his dirty work, He flew over and lit on the lady clerk, Then he started to stroll across her knee, It tickled her so much she laughed with glee.

His rapid motion made her sigh, And then she said "Oh, me! Oh, my!" She slapped her leg, and held her breath, And the poor little fly was crushed to death.

If you rest, you rust. If you thrust—you bust. No rest — no rust. No thrust — no bust.
DEPRESSION.

If all the seas were made of Beer; and
all the land was Choosing,
And Crawfish grew already cooked like
leaves upon the trees;
If Banknotes fell instead of rain, and
all the grass was Gold,
If Summer days were not too hot, nor
winter ones too cold.
If houses sprouted in the night, and
motor cars cost nil,
And everyone was full of Vim and no one
ever ill.
If fowls laid ninety eggs a day, and
work was just a crime,
And everyone lived three thousand years
and nine.
If every man had thirty wives and all
of them were dumb,
And diamonds grew like hazel nuts and
cows provided rum.
If cigarettes were three feet long and
politics were barred,
And loaves of bread were thick as logs
and measured by the yard.
Ah well! 'Twould be a merry world
But some perverted owl
Says pessimistic b—— fool,
Would find some cause to growl.

(Anon)

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her a big drink of gin.
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And the old man was wiping his chin.

Where was an old woman who lived in
a shoe,
Who had so many children she didn't
know what to do.
And she often thought, as she called
the roll,
"Why wasn't I wise to that birth
control?"

Rose's are red;
Pearl's are white,
I seen 'em on the clothes line;
Just the other night.

A MUG'S MAXIMS.

Don't shout cigarettes, burn them.
When out of cigars, come forth Loche's
begging for mercy, show them points.
Don't turn down a double run issue;
turn it in.
When your cobber talks strush, talk sense.
He that draweth his morning bacon shall
surely get fat.
It is a lucky soldier that never loses
his head, or his arm, or his leg, or
anything that is his.

There was a young man at the War Office;
Whose brain was an absolute store office.
Each warning severe.
Went in at one ear,
And out at the opposite orifice.

There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
I know a sad story concerning 'em.
They stuck needles and pins
in the right-reverend skin's
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

There was a young curate of Hants,
Who suddenly took off his pants.
When asked why he did,
He replied, "To get rid
Of this regular army of ants!"

There was a young lady of Cheadle,
Who sat down in church on a needle;
Though deeply imbedded.
Twas luckily threaded,
So she had it removed by the beadle.

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher
Called a hen a most elegant creature.
The hen, pleased with that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the hen regard Beecher!
There was a faith-healer of Deal
Who said, "Although pain isn't real,
If I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel."

There was a young man who said, "Hobbs
Should never be tempted with lobes;
He would knock them about
Till the bowlers gave out
And watered the pitch with their soles".

There was a young lady of Ryde,
Who was longing to be someone's bride,
So she walked out of doors
Gaily clad in "Tius Fours."
And her wishes were soon gratified.

There was a young fellow of Ennis,
Who was very effective at tennis,
The way he said "Love!"
Made each turtle-dove
Think he was a more mighty than pen is.

There was a young lady of Munich,
Whose appetite simply was unshackled;
"There's nothing like food,
She contentedly coddled,
As she let out a tuck in her turban.

Here lies a poor gluttonous sinner,
Than in life considerably thinner,
He's gone, so they tell,
Without doubt to — well —
To the place where they cook the best dinner.

There was an old man of Blackheath,
Who sat on his set of false teeth,
Said he, with a start,
"O Lord, bless my heart!
I've bitten myself underneath!"

There was a young lady of Malta,
Who strangled her aunt with a halter,
She said, "I won't bury her,
She'll do for my terror;" —
She'll keep for a month if I salt her.

A thrifty young fellow of Shoreham
Made brown paper trousers and wore them,
He looked nice and neat,
Till he bent in the street
To pick up a pin, then he tore them.

There was a young lady of Glasgow,
Whose party proved quite a fiasco,
At nine-thirty, about
The lights all went out,
Through a lapse on the part of the Gas Co.

There was a young tenor of Tring,
Whose nickname was, "God save the King.
For the kindliest-hearted
Of people departed
Whenever he started to sing.

There was an old man of Tralee
Who was bothered to death by a flea,
So he put out the light,
Saying, "Now he can't bite.
For he'll never be able to see."

There was an old man of the Nore,
The same shape behind as before,
They did not know where
To offer a chair,
So he had to sit down on the floor.

There was an old fellow of Cosham,
Who took out his false teeth to wash 'em.
But his wife said, "Now Jack,
If you don't put them back,
I'll jump on the — things and squash 'em".

When Tommy first saw Colonel Desk
(Now, Tommy is five and can speak!)
He said, "Auntie Rose,
Does he paint his nose
With the same stuff you paint your cheek?"

There was a young lady named Wemyss,
Who, it semm'd, was troubled with drery's,
She would wake in the night;
And, in terrible fright,
Shake the bemyss of the house with her
scremyss.

A writer who worshipped Nijinski
Was prepared to think ill of Plasszynsky.
But with pleasure he cried
When her tights he spied:
"By jove! she is quite in the pinesky!"

A motorist, out on the spree,
Said "Speed limits don't trouble me."
So, during a trip
He let the car rip—
And a 'full stop' made up "R.I.P.!!"
HUMOROUS VERSE.

An indolent vicar of Bray,
His roses allowed to decay;
His wife, more alert,
Bought a powerful squirt,
And said to her spouse, "Let us spray."

There was a young lady of Kent,
Who said that she knew what it meant
When men asked her to dance,
Gave her cocktails and wine,
She knew what it meant—but she went!

An athletic young lady of Clewer
Once incited a bull to pursue her;
But she vaulted the gate
Just a fraction too late,
Now when she sits down she says, "oo-er!"

There was a young lady of Joppa,
Who came a society cropper.
She went to Ostend
With a gentleman friend;
The rest of the story's improper.

There was a young girl of Australia,
Who went to a dance as a dahlia.
When the petals uncurled,
It revealed to the world
That the dress, as a dress, was a fail-dial.

There was a young girl named Diana,
Who retired while the ship was at anchor;
But awoke with dismay,
When she heard the mate say:
"We must pull up the top sheet and spanker!"

There was a lady of Erskine,
Who had a remarkably fair skin.
When I said to her, "Mabel,
You look well in your saddle,"
She replied, "I look best in my bearskin."

There was a young man of Montrose,
Who had pockets in none of his clothes.
When asked by his lass
Where he carried his brass,
He said "Darling, I pay through the nose."

A rapid young couple, named Gri
Went 'scorching' one day, in a Ford.
But a spill in a dell,
Transferred them to—well—
Where 'scorches' in millions are stored.

As a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome, by far.
But my face—I don't mind it
For I am behind it.
It's the people in front get the jear!

A rare old bird is the Pelican,
His beak holds more than his pelican.
He can take in his beak
Enough food for a week.
I'm darned if I know how the pelican!

Said a constable stern, on his beat,
To a couple more fond than discreet,
"Though a kiss miss a kiss,
Give the next kiss a 'miss'.
For a kiss is amiss in the street."

The bottle of perfume that Willie sent
Was highly disapproving to Millicent;
Her thanks were so cold.
They quarrelled, I'm told,
Through that silly scent Willie sent
Millicent.

A fly and a flea in a flute
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
Said the flea, "Let us fly!"
So they flew through a flaw in the flute.

A tutor who taught on the flute
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it hard to toot, or
To toot two tooters to toot?"

Said a man to his wife, down in Sydenham,
"My best trousers—where have you lyndenham?"
It is perfectly true
That they wasn't very new,
But I foolishly left half—a—quidenham!"

There was an old man of Tobago,
Whose Limerick jokes did too far go;
Till a kick on the seat
Made him much more discreet;
He wonders now, "When will the scar go?"

There was a young lady of Malta,
When young was oft seen with a psalter,
But she's real Marie Stopes,
And now she just hopes
And prays to be took to the altar.
THE LITTLE QUAKER.

There once was a quaint little Quaker
named Jane,
In her taffeta gown she looked perfectly sweet.
Although not a beauty, she was not at
all plain,
When she passed she attracted all eyes
in the street.

THE OLD FAVOURITE.

It's a pity she'll never be fancied again,
She's old and she's slow, and does nothing
but eat.
When she moves you can notice a terrible strain,
She's putting on weight and she's gone
in the feet.

MY CAR.

Her body was painted all purple and white,
She started off finely but when she reversed,
Her bonnet blew off and vanished from sight,
It looked as if something was going to burst.

MY YACHT.

She was known in the town as the sailor's
delight,
I could see she was broad in the beam
from the first.
I knew we were in for a terrible night,
So I slackened her stays and prepared
for the worst.

There was a young lady of Higa,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

There's a certain young girl of the East,
Whose extravagant ways have increased.
She's perfectly reckless,
Her latest new necklace—
Well, it must have cost fourpence, at least.

There was a young girl of West Ham,
Who hastily jumped on a tram.
When she had embarked,
The conductor remarked,
"Your fare, miss". She answered, "I am!"

SHE WAS ONLY A ???????

She was only a Bootmaker's daughter—but she said "Shoo" to all the men.
She was only a Traveller's daughter—but she gave all the chaps the raspberry.
She was only a Photographer's daughter—but her answer was in the negative.
She was only a Policeman's daughter—but she had all the fellows beat.
She was only a Hiker's daughter—but she kept to a straight and narrow path.
She was only a Tram-Conductor's daughter—but she never knew when to stop.
She was only a Bookie's daughter—but she always came home at 5 to 4.
She was only a Greengrocer's daughter—but she knew her onions.
She was only an Asphalter's daughter—but she loved her tar.
She was only an Electrician's daughter—but she lit up all the town.
She was only a Grocer's daughter and she said "No"—but Marmite.
She was only a Baker's daughter—but she kneaded the dough.

There was an old fellow of Spain,
Whose legs were cut off by a train.
When his friends said, "How sad!"
He replied, "I am glad,
For I've now lost my varicose vein."

A giddy young fellow of Sparta,
To headaches had long been a martyr.
Till his wife, so they say,
Took his latchkey away,
He was smart, but the lady was smarter.

There was an old man of Madrid,
Who ate sixty-five eggs for a guld.
When they asked, "Are you faint?"
He replied, "No, I ain't,
But I don't feel as well as I did."
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Cheer up Comrades! The next War will be better than the last. All we ex-Diggers will be much too old to go!