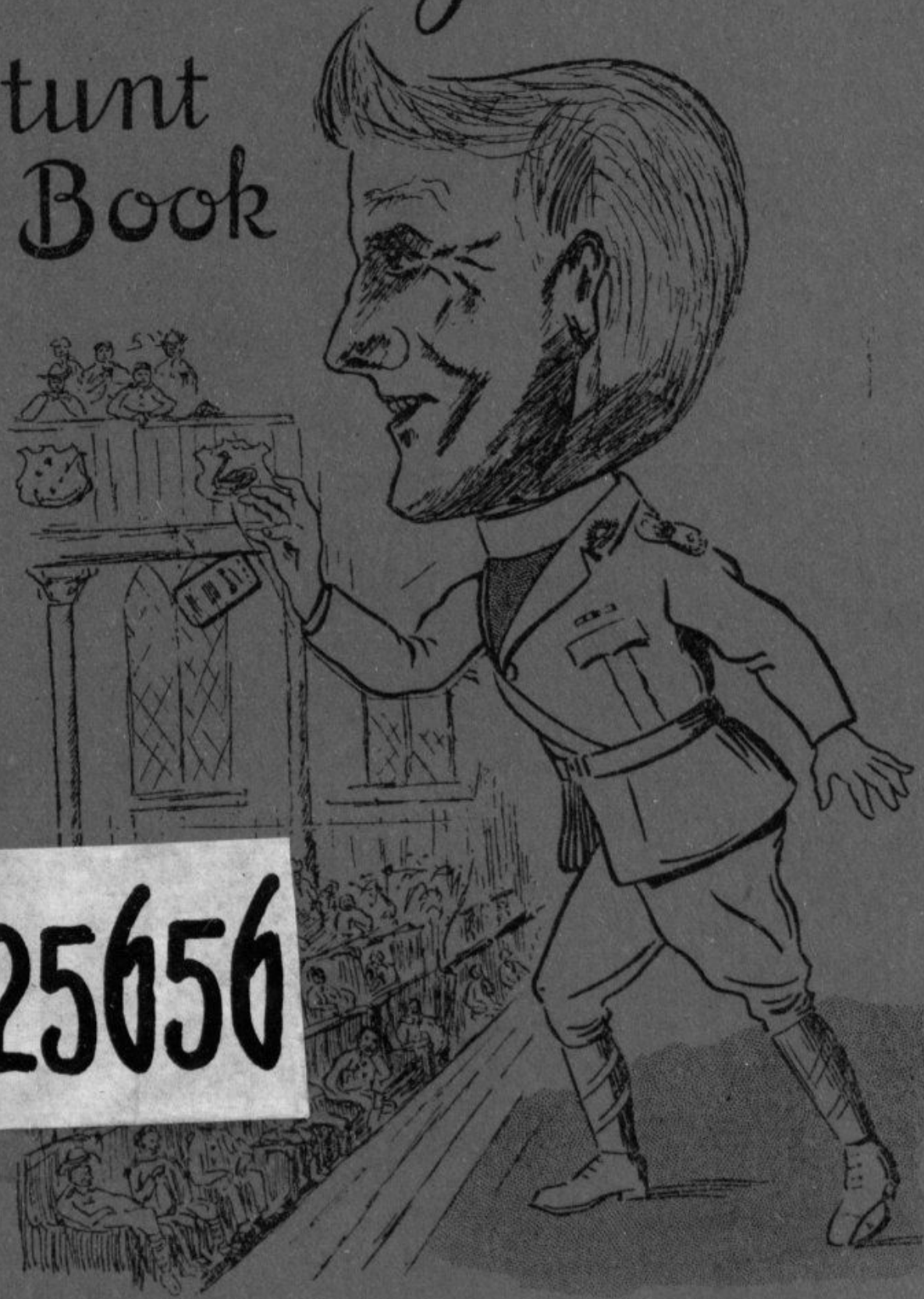
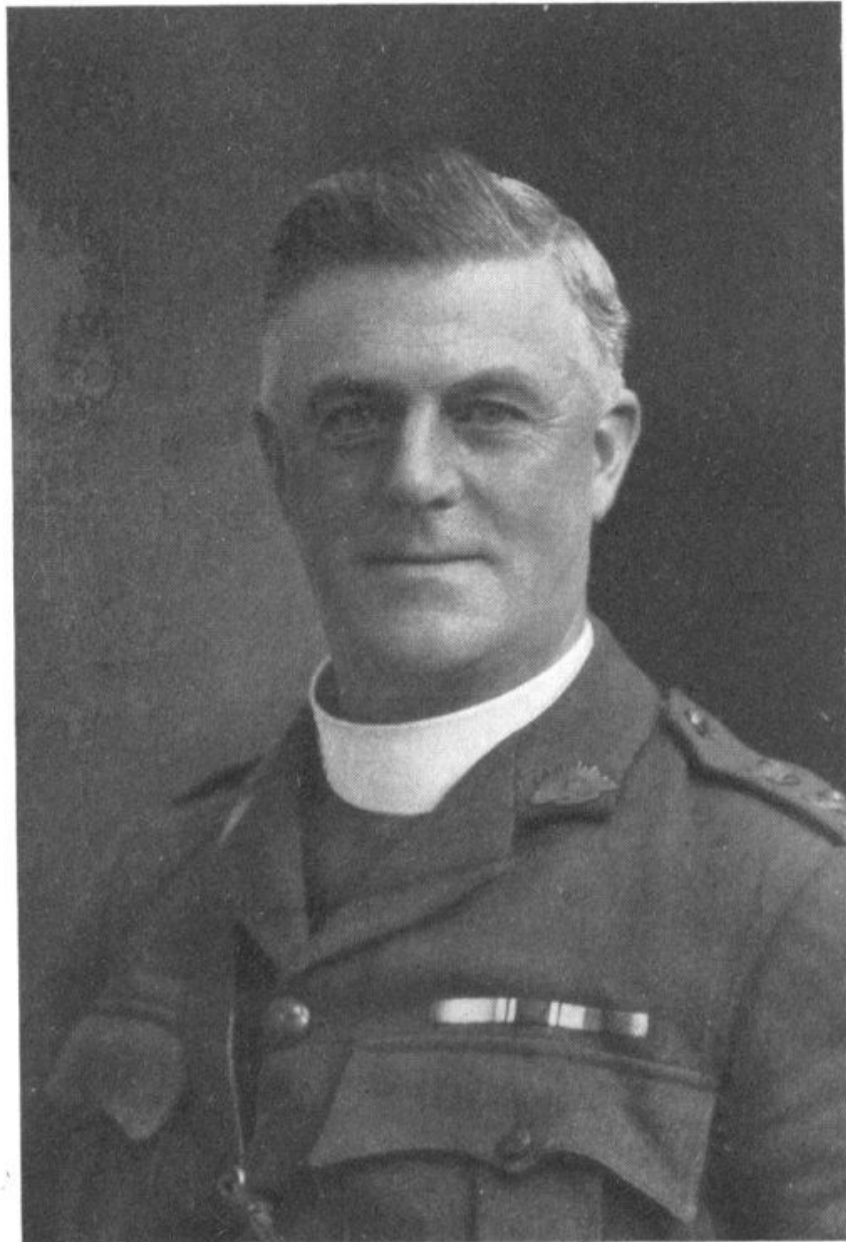


Padre Gault's Stunt Book



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PADRE GAULT

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BY

CHAPLAIN LT.-COL. JAMES A. GAULT,
A. I. F.

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TO MY WIFE
AND THROUGH HER TO ALL
THE BRAVE WOMEN WHO HAVE FOUGHT
THEIR GOOD FIGHT ON THE HOME FRONT
1914—1919
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED





PREFACE

IN a book of College Reminiscences, the author begins by saying, 'Do you remember?' and then follows the description of conversations and incidents that are full of happy memory. I have reason to believe that in the after days, when old comrades meet together and discuss as they smoke the days of Auld Lang Syne; after they have talked of Bullecourt and Posières, Villers Bretonneux and Mont St. Quentin, and the never-to-be-forgotten 'eighth of August Stunt,' I believe that one of them will take his pipe out of his mouth and, pointing its stem at his pal, will say, 'Do you remember the "Old Padre" at the Base, and the Stunts he used to put up?' and they will recall the 'Rocket,' the 'Giant Sneeze,' and the 'Twisted Proverbs,' and will laugh over them once more. It is to revive the memories of these happy hours that these pages have been printed as a 'Souvenir' of them.

If they serve as an aid to memory, to those who have shared their merriment, or give interest to those who were dear to them, or be of help to those who have to provide entertainment for the young life of our land, or give a demonstration of the wonderful versatility of our Australian men

to those who may not have had an opportunity of seeing this side of them, then the purpose of this book will have been accomplished.

I wish to acknowledge with gratitude the kindness of Trooper E. Fisher, 6th Australian Light Horse, Egypt, who prepared for photographic purposes the pencil sketches of our 'Line Drawing' competition, and Miss Ethel Macgeorge for reading the proofs.

JAMES A. GAULT.

Cheltenham, Melbourne.

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INTRODUCTION

The bugles of England were blowing over the sea,
As they had done for a thousand years, calling now to me.
And they woke me from dreaming in the dawning of the day,
The bugles of England! And how could I stay?

'GENTLEMEN!' cries a stentorian voice.

GIn a big mess hut in a Base Camp at Le Havre, six hundred men are partaking of their evening meal. The clatter of knives knocking the tops off bully-beef tins stops for a few seconds and they listen. 'We are having a "Fun Night" at the Y.M.C.A. this evening at 6.30, with heaps of prizes for "Lonely Soldiers." Can you stick it?' The roof is almost rent with a yell of assent. An eager audience in the next hut awaits us, as they wonder what the others were cheering for. Has news of a big victory just arrived? The same announcement, the same response; and again in the third hut, the same process, and the whole camp knows, and most of them will be there.

As the Chaplain goes off to his room to prepare for the evening's fun, he can't help remembering the timid, nervous minister in very new khaki, who with fear and uncertainty, began his work amongst the Australian soldiers on the Transport *Demosthenes* four years before.



Padre Gault's Stunt Book

CHAPTER I

THE TROOP-SHIP

THE engines of the *Demosthenes* have begun to throb, and the ship to move, ere the gates at the Port Melbourne Pier are swung open, and the crowd of thousands of relatives, who have waited for hours, rush down to bid us farewell. It is hard to distinguish faces, but we wave our hats, and stiffen the upper lip.

Again at Freemantle we are most kindly received by the people of Western Australia. The pier is thronged, paper-ribbons are thrown up for us to hold. Again we swing off, and one by one these paper ties break, till there are only three left. How we watch them! Now one breaks, now another, and all eyes are fixed on the soldier who pays it out with such care; at last the wind catches it. It snaps—a murmur arises from us all, 'We're off.'

What a strange composite mass this body of men is!

There is farmers from the Mallee, there is bushmen down
from Bourke,

There's college men wiv letters to their name;

There is grafters, an' there's blokes 'oo never done a
'ard day's work,

Till they tumbled, wiv the rest, into the game—
An' they're drillin' 'ere together, men uv ev'ry creed an'
kind.

It's Australia! Solid! Dinkum!' that 'as left the land
be'ind.

all growing steadily into one another's lives. Some one has said that boarding-schools are valuable in helping to form character, as they represent the accumulated influence of many homes of much the same type. On this ship you get the accumulated influence of hundreds of homes, of types the most diverse, but all inspired with one great ideal, to make the world a safer place for Democracy.

How we look out with wondering eyes as we touch the East at Colombo! For most of us it is the first time. The native police, the tropical vegetation, the botanic gardens, the native fruit, the shops with oriental workmanship, the rides in the picturesque rickshaw, all delight us. Our men sit back in stately ease as though they were the lords of creation. And then we come back to the transport, and watch the patient dusky East, toiling for its pittance. We think of the three hundred and fifty millions huddled together in their endless villages, and then the mind goes back to the great empty spaces in the vast continent we have left behind, and we wonder what will happen if ever this mass of humanity should spill over in our homeland.

Now we are steaming up the blue waters of

the Red Sea, with its bare hills that remind us of pictures of gloomy Mount Sinai, seen in childhood's days. The setting sun turns them into fiery red, and the after-glow paints them the most wonderful of purple, and new sensations of form and colour come into our lives. But when a sunset of magnificent splendour fills the eye, and sea, cloud, sky, all mingle in nature's daring contrasts, we feel as though the fierce duty we have embarked on is half a dream, and we wonder do we wake or sleep!

The anchor drops at Suez. Searchlights play over us. Light-houses have challenged us with questioning eyes as we have passed them. Now from the shore come some final instructions. To-morrow we disembark. A few weeks ago, with wattle in our hats, we left Australia. Now we are in Egypt, with its strange-voiced people, and its hand ever extended for backsheesh. We watch the natives, with backs so strong with centuries of burden-bearing that one man can carry a case that weighs six hundredweight. Again we feel that we are in a world new to us, with problems quite its own; and our great adventure has begun.

Here the Padre's duty as Transport Chaplain ended, and reporting at Cairo for instructions, he found that his lot was cast at Al Hayat, Helouan, fourteen miles from Cairo, a great convalescent hospital for our troops invalided from the Peninsula, with varied forms of sickness, to be nursed back to health again.

CHAPTER II

'AL HAYAT'

Then Sari Bair, O Sari Bair, 'twus you wot seen it done.
The day the transports rode yer bay beneath a smilin' sun.
We boasted much, an' toasted much; but where yer tide
line creeps,
'Twus you, me dainty Sari Bair, that seen us play fer keeps.

TRULY, 'all the world wondered,' as they watched this new untried contingent on the morning of the 25th of April, 1915, receiving its baptism of fire, when they made their first charge.

No one, neither officer nor men, exactly knew how they would 'stick it'; and the answer came for all time.

But there was a price to pay! and in a few days the hospitals at Cairo and Alexandria were overflowing with the wreckage of war. Great famous hotels, where for years the wealth of Europe had spent its winters in high carnival, were commandeered for the reception of these heroes of the battlefield. 'The Palace,' Heliopolis, 'Luna Park,' 'The Sportsman's Club,' and 'The Gezerieh Palace,' all formed most up-to-date hospitals, whose work made new records for the medical profession.

The military authorities, at first a little suspicious of the value of chaplaincy work, now watched three or four padres struggling with this new responsibility—Red Cross representatives, Post Office managers, telegraph dispatch room, writing most urgent letters, doing extensive burial duties, as well as the care of hundreds of 'dangerously ill' men—and they decided to reinforce the number; hence the presence of twelve chaplains on the *Demosthenes*. Six were dispatched at once to Alexandria, and six remained at Cairo. It fell to my lot to be sent to Al Hayat, Helouan.

For hundreds of years Helouan was famous for its sulphur springs. The Romans knew of them, and used them. Near the baths a new town has sprung up, composed of the substantial house of the well-to-do. Amongst them stands this great hotel with its splendid apartments. This was commandeered as a convalescent hospital, particularly for cases of rheumatism, where the baths proved extremely restorative, and for cases of dysentery, which was most prevalent on the Peninsula. These luxurious apartments were stripped of their furnishings, and each bedroom became a dormitory, where anything from eight to twelve men slept on mattresses on the floor. As a rule a month's treatment was sufficient to patch the invalids up, either for further fighting or return to Australia. The Red Cross had shown its thoughtfulness in providing four hundred splendid lounge chairs for the piazza, and here the patients dozed most of the day till evening came; then the Red Cross

provided them with a free cinema performance and often a concert party afterwards.

To break up the *ennui* of the day I was able to arrange for large supplies of Australian and New Zealand papers, which were greatly appreciated, and to procure games and puzzles, cards for euchre tournaments, and bull-boards and quoits for competitions. These made a fine relief in the long mornings and afternoons. It was a delightful sight, two or three afternoons a week to see a hundred men engaged in a euchre tournament, sitting in a glorious colonnade eight hundred feet long made of fine sandstone, where, in the pre-war days, morning tea was served to wealthy guests, and games of chance for high stakes were played. Now for three hours at a time our men would sit at well-arranged tables, slamming down their cards with all the abandon of really happy men, and drinking iced water to cool a very severe thirst.

But the events most memorable to the patients will be the trips to the tombs of Sakkara, and to the Nile Barrage. By the kindness of the Red Cross and Regimental Canteen Funds, paying each one-third of the expense, every fortnight we were able to arrange these excursions.

Sixty or seventy patients were permitted to make an early start at 7-30 a.m., being driven to the Nile in gharries or landaus. Then over the Nile in a dhow, with weird Egyptian companions, a delightful experience. Here our donkeys were waiting for us on the other side to complete a

four-mile journey. Lunching at the house once occupied by one of the famous discoverers of these ancient tombs, we then proceeded on the grand tour, Chaplain Captain Boardman, of N.S. Wales, escorting half the party one way and I the other. By means of special guide-books, we were able to invest the tombs with very considerable interest.

We explored the tomb of Ti with its many chambers all decorated with wonderful relief work on the sandstone, going back thousands of years B.C., and covered for centuries by the sand, which acted as a preservative so effective that the colour and the forms are almost as fresh to-day as when they were first executed. The Egyptians thought that the spirit often returned to visit its body, and lest it should miss the familiar scenes of its old life, they were depicted on the walls of the tomb, in delicately chiselled relief. Ti shooting big game, landing huge fish, playing draughts with his wife, reaping his field, counting his money, and surrounded by all the bird and animal life of the place, portrayed with such vividness on the walls, so many thousand years ago. Then we would walk through the rooms of the tomb of Mera, and feel the spell of that wonderful civilization and religion of the misty past; or, perhaps more impressive still, would pace the corridors of the Mausoleum of the Sacred Bulls (all rifled now) and see the immense sarcophagi weighing so many tons in weight, and speculate as to how they were placed in their

position. We tramped along the corridors with our tapers lit, singing 'Lead kindly Light,' where thousands of years B.C. stately priests had borne, with lamentations, the Sacred Bull to its last resting-place. Then afternoon tea, the donkeys remounted, the boat once more embarked upon, and the waiting carriages conveyed a very happy and tired party home, with their minds enriched for ever with this contact with the learning and wisdom of the Egyptians, obtained at the cost of one and sixpence per head.

Another delightful trip, organized by my successor, was an excursion by boat down the Nile to the Great Barrage near Cairo, returning homewards by train. This also was given almost free to our soldiers by grants from the Red Cross and Canteen Funds.

Here at Al Hayat the Padre learned the appreciation that our men have for good literature. In the library, which was presented and presided over by English residents of Helouan, to whom we are much indebted, it took the form of retaining, when leaving, all the better class of books (for future use, no doubt) to the despair of the librarians. It showed itself also in the interest in the reading aloud of good books. For an hour each morning on the piazza a group of three hundred men would listen with greatest interest. Good poetry was an especial favourite.

Here, too, the Padre began to find the usefulness of parlour games on a big scale. With a crowd of men, the game he called, 'I've got a

thought,' could always be reckoned to go well, given a quantity of cigarettes for prizes. The leader would think of something, and the audience would try to get it, the leader being only able to say 'Yes' or 'No.' 'I've got a thought,' he would announce as he stood on a chair near the piano. 'Animal?' 'No.' 'Mineral?' 'No.' 'Vegetable?' 'Yes.' 'Can you eat it?' 'No.' 'Is it part of a tree?' 'Yes.' 'Is it used in the army?' 'Things like it were.' 'Is it part of a tent?' 'Yes.' 'The tent-pole?' 'Yes.' 'In Egypt?' 'No.' 'In Australia?' 'No.' 'Used by a soldier?' 'No.' 'An explorer?' 'Yes.' 'The tent-pole of Amundsen at the South Pole?' 'Yes.' And the winner would get his packet of 'Capstans' as a prize. Soon they became expert, and could guess thoughts like 'Burke and Wills's Gum-tree,' 'Plymouth Rock,' 'Coronation Stone,' 'A brass screw in General Bridge's coffin at Canberra,' 'The last twinkle of the star Venus.' There was no end to their ingenuity in finding out your thought.

To make the piazza roar, announce that your thought was a girl's name commencing with, say, C. From every quarter cries would come, 'Clara,' 'Constance,' 'Connie,' 'Cathleen!' (with a roar of laughter), 'Cynthia,' 'Christobel,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Cecilia,' 'Clytie,' 'Catherine,' 'Cora.' And, after a lull, 'Her name is celebrated in song.' 'Clementine,' calls out some one, and gets the coveted prize.

The happiest memory of Helouan to the Padre is the opportunity that it gave to go from room to

room, commencing at about nine o'clock, 'tucking the boys in' with a 'good-night thought' for those sleeping there. Often a verse of poetry, such as

Was there ever kindest Shepherd
 Half so gentle, half so sweet,
 As the Saviour who would have us
 Come and gather round His feet?

Sometimes a phrase like 'In Tune with the Infinite,' and very often

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near;
 Oh may no earthborn cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

It took three nights to complete the three stories of the building, and woe betide the chaplain if he missed the first flat on the fourth night. This little ministry proved to be mostly kindly received, and dispelled for ever the statements that the Australian soldier has but little regard for religion. For some presentations of it he has certainly but little respect; still, down in his heart there is a tremendous depth of feeling for and interest in those things that are at the basis of all true religion.

The love and confidence of the soldiers at Helouan, coupled with the voyage to Australia as a typhoid convalescent patient, in the s.s. *Wandilla*, and returning two months later in the s.s. *Orontes* in March 1916, doing transport duty each way, sent the Padre back with a new confidence very different from that with which he started in July 1915 in the transport *Demosthenes*.

CHAPTER III

EGYPT TO FRANCE

G ALLIPOLI finished, very wisely the training camps had been removed to Tel-el-Kebir, only a small percentage of men being granted week-end leave to Cairo. It was nothing less than tragic to plunge our sunny youth, many of them with such little experience of the world, into the boiling maelstrom of life in Cairo. Small wonder it was that many were overwhelmed with its excitement and allurements. The Y.M.C.A., with its bold scheme in taking over the Ezbekieh Gardens in Cairo, made a great bid for our young men by providing for them really first-class entertainment on the broadest possible lines. But this association, like the rest of the army, was only slowly but surely getting into its stride, facing the colossal tasks that lay before it, and finding out how hard it was to be able to fit into the scheme of things as they are. What our life in Egypt would have been without its aid, I shudder to think. Apart from the activities of the three Y.M.C.A. huts at Tel-el-Kebir, for which we can never be too thankful, the padre found in the English cemetery an opportunity for 'stunting.' It was the only place of shade in the whole area. Here trees tended by loving hands, watered by

irrigation, made cooling shelter. On Saturdays, with the *Story of the Egyptian Campaign*, and of *Deeds that won the Empire*, by Dr. W. H. Fitchett, the tale of our heroic past was read aloud. And what a setting for the story! Around us lay the bodies of the men who, under Lord Wolseley, had broken Arabi Pasha's trenches in the campaign of 1882, and who had won for us a settled Egypt. (The Australian head quarters were in the house from which Arabi Pasha fled.) Here were monuments to officers and men of famous British regiments, and here for the first time we saw the cross, with the simple words, 'To one unknown,' that so often since we were to see again, and one began to realize how many unknown heroes every battlefield encloses. Starting with a group of a dozen men, the number would soon grow to hundreds listening to history being read aloud, and the discovery was made there and never forgotten that the thirst for history is a very deep one amongst our men. In more recent days Captain Rev. F. W. Norwood, of the Y.M.C.A., has thrilled at least 200,000 of our Australian soldiers with his historical lectures, 'The Romance of Constantinople,' 'The Land of Silence,' 'Early Discovery of Australia,' 'The Monroe Doctrine of the Pacific,' and other subjects, all of which have an historical basis. On Sundays the same result could be obtained by reading aloud Dr. W. H. Fitchett's *Unrealized Logic of Religion*, and discussions the most frank and delightful would follow.

At last, to our great joy, the orders came for

France. Visions of a land of temperate climate came before us. Embarking from Alexandria by great transports like the *s.s. Transylvania*, and others, we zig-zagged across the Mediterranean Sea till Marseilles and its wonderful harbour and church-crowned hill came into our ken. What a welcome from the French, as, our band playing the 'Marseillaise,' we came up to the quay! But whose pen is equal to describe that three days' journey from Marseilles to Baillieu? That journey will stand out in the memory of thousands of our men as one of the finest they have ever taken. France in June! Coming from Egypt, Tel-el-Kebir, the Canal, the Ferry Post, all so desolate, to be three days in this new land with its Rhone Valley and flashing river and wooded hills, and its old-time castles perched on apparently inaccessible heights. The train passes by large towns with nobly planned cathedrals, and smaller villages in which the beautiful church seems to gather around it the life of the community. But perhaps the feature that remains most indelibly impressed in the memory is that of the wild flowers of France, growing in a riot of colour; fields blooded with poppies, the railway cuttings ablaze with colour, yellow, blue, and white. Here came our first impressions of long, straight, white roads, with their double rows of poplars or beech-trees. Great areas of farming land and never a fence between, though we are told that sometimes twenty people under the French land system have an interest in one comparatively small field. New factories springing up, old

buildings patently converted into new uses for the making of war material. Waving handkerchiefs, telling of greetings from charming French mademoiselles, and kisses—alas, too far to reach—blown to give young Australia 'Welcome.' At every stopping-place a crowd of French country folk to see us eat and to cheer us as we journeyed on. These peasants seemed tremendously touched at the thought of the distance we had travelled to come to their land, and we in our turn felt that, for them at least, it was a land for which it was well worth while to fight.

In perfect weather the troop train rolled leisurely along, morning brightened into warm mid-day, the panorama ever changing, but never losing its exquisite beauty; evening shadows came, the hills caught the glory of the setting sun, the stars came out, and still the eternal sound went on of the wheels grinding along the track that lay between us and humanity's foe, and reinforcements that had not seen Gallipoli felt that at last they were coming 'up against it.' Now comes the journey's end, and disappointment awaited the Padre, for instead of being posted to a battalion, as I had expected, orders came to report at Etaples, to the Base there.

CHAPTER IV

ETAPLES, JUNE 1916—MAY 1917

THE first Australian troops landed at Etaples in a blizzard, in March, and the first days were full of difficulties for those in authority; but under the skilful management of Lt.-Col. P. Vaughan, as C.O., and Major F. Chaffey as Adjutant, order quickly grew out of chaos. Here, owing to the limited area of ground, the Imperial authorities turned down an Australian scheme for a big cinema plant to hold 1,500 men. This threw us for our entertainments, when the Y.M.C.A. hut was too small, on our mess huts, with their low roofs and poor light. These, however, were the scenes of many a happy hour. The previous experience gained on ship-board and at Helouan was to prove its value here.

Concert parties in those days were difficult to obtain. 'Lena Ashwell' Companies came round at stated intervals; their dates became the red-letter dates of the calendar. Local troupes, including our own 'Sundowners,' supplied an occasional night, but there were a number of evenings each week with very little to occupy them. Then was born the Padre's 'Fun Night,' that could be put on at a

moment's notice; all that was needed were pencils and paper, a supply of prizes from our generous friend, 'The Australian Comforts Fund,' who never saw us lack for these events, and if possible the second Divisional Band, which, under its bandmaster, Sergeant Cox, proved of inestimable value to the camp. For those of our home folk who have heard about these 'fun nights,' and have never seen them, I will try to describe one of many, held in the old 'Details' Camp,' that afterwards became the 'General Base,' including such delightful units as the Artillery, Army Medical Corps, and the A.S.C. No promoter of a gathering could wish for more brainy material.

Two names at Etaples will long live in the memory of the Australian soldiers. One, that of Chaplain Col. Harry Millar, of Edinburgh, whose kindness to our men can never be forgotten. Till one of our own chaplains was appointed he took our men under his splendid influence, and his addresses will be long remembered. But, in addition to this, his historical lectures on 'Napoleon,' 'Bismarck,' 'The Powers and Spirit of a Democracy,' 'Home Life in France,' etc., were of immense educational value. On one occasion, so wonderful was the spell of his oratory, that at the end of a long lecture the audience insisted by frequent recalls on a further extension. 'The finest speaker I have ever heard,' was the universal comment as our men went away from his meetings. The other speaker was Mr. Goulburn Lovell, whose war talk in the summer-time attracted audiences

of probably four thousand men. In days of darkest outlook his cheery optimism could always turn a German victory into a British success, and in his sky, no matter how full of clouds, there was always enough blue to make a pair of sailor's trousers.



'TWISTED PROVERBS,' ILLUSTRATED.

(See p. 33.)

CHAPTER V

'A FUN NIGHT': THE PADRE AND THE BAND AT ETAPLES

AT 6 p.m. strains of music coming from the mess hut, where the tables had been packed along the wall, attracted on a cold wet night about five hundred men. Hurricane lamps dimly relieve the darkness at the rear of the building. Acetylene lamps, the gifts of the Comforts Fund, illuminate the players and their music at the front. At six-thirty, standing on a chair, the Padre begins. 'Gentlemen, let's have our "opening exercises."' 'No. 1. *The Parliamentary Speech.*' This gentleman came from America—a politician whose meetings were so deadly dull that he asked his committee if they couldn't put some 'ginger' into them. 'What do you want us to do?' they said. 'Can't you applaud?' he suggested. 'We don't know when to.' 'Then,' said he, 'when I raise my right hand you clap, when I raise my left hand you cheer, and when I raise both hands, clap, cheer, and stamp your feet.' The result was seen at the next meeting, when he quoted those well-known lines, "Mary had a little lamb." 'Now, I'm going to do that. This audience is in two halves, my left and my

right. The side that makes the most noise gets ten packets of cigarettes thrown to them. I'm the judge!

'Mary had a little lamb,' (right hand goes up and both sides clap),

Its fleece as white as snow, (left hand raised and they cheer),

And everywhere that Mary went,

That lamb was sure to go. (Both hands raised, and clapping, cheering, and stamping their feet, a wonderful amount of noise is made).

Newcomers who haven't heard it before come rushing in from their tents to see what the latest news is; by the time the fourth verse is reached there are nine hundred men in the hut—and there for the night. As the verses proceed it is not hard to detect the side that is leading in noise, and the packets of cigarettes are thrown out so that they fall fairly well distributed over the winning side. 'What have we done?' chorus the losers. 'Well, you buck up for the next stunt.'

'Now for our second opening exercise, "A Rocket." We all do it together, and the side that makes the most noise gets ten packets of cigarettes. Let me do it first. 'Sh!—sh!—sh!—sh!—sh! . . . that's the rocket going up. Clap hard—that's the rocket breaking. Oh! oh! oh! oh! . . . that's the rocket coming down—now she's GREEN. Now she's RED. Now she's YELLOW. Ain't she a bonzer? Watch the stick!'

'Now then! All together! Send her up! Sh!—sh!—sh!—sh! Now then, clap—Oh—oh—oh—oh

—now she's GREEN, RED, YELLOW—watch the stick,' and amid roars of laughter, the other side wins, for they want the cigarettes and have put their weight into it.

'The third opening exercise is a "Giant Sneeze." I'm making you into three companies, left, middle, right. Left will say "Russia," middle say "Prussia," right say "Asia," three times, as I crack my handkerchief'; and a tremendous sneeze rose up. 'Now try it to "Hisher," "Hasher," and "Hosher," three times. Now do it to "Hish," "Hash," "Hosh."' And the section whose uproar most impresses itself on my ear gets some cigarettes.

'The last opening exercise is called "The Duet." I want a leader for each side to conduct (these are obtained); now (to leader of the left), "Your side to sing 'Tipperary,' whilst the other side sings 'Good-bye,' and then we reverse it, and your side sings 'Good-bye,' whilst his side sings 'Tipperary.' It has to be won by the same side twice.'" Words fail to describe the uproar when four hundred and fifty men on each side sing their verse simultaneously. Should it happen to be a tie, each side winning one of the events, then we introduce 'Pack up your troubles,' and 'Take me home to dear old Blighty,' as a final. I'll guarantee these opening exercises to fill a hut better than most announcements, and to create an atmosphere of abandon and fellowship which makes all that follows very easy.

'Now, before the band plays again I'm giving you ten minutes to do some "Line Drawing."

On the pieces of paper that are being handed around make a curly line like a corkscrew, and use it as a basis for making a picture.' (Sometimes we use the figure 2 or 6, or the letter Z or S.) Below (see also pp. 81 and 129) are some results, all done while the band gives a selection.



THE WINNING SKETCH IN CORKSCREW LINE.

A small committee judges the entries, and reduces them to the twenty best, which are shown to the audience, who vote on them. Our method of voting is, 'Good, say aye,' 'Very good, say

aye'; 'Excellent, say aye'; or 'Bucket (which means out), say aye.' The prize-winners are found in the 'excellent,' which are voted on again, and placed in the order of merit. A tin of peaches makes the first prize-winner happy.



Jones
unwinds his
puttee.

ANOTHER CORKSCREW DESIGN.

Whilst fresh pieces of paper are being handed out the band plays once again. 'Now I want you to do three stunts on one piece of paper, folded in half, please. Now for three minutes write down

on the one side all the girls' names you can think of commencing with the letter "B." Pet names, fancy names, the same names spelt in different ways. Time's up. Has any one got forty? Thirty? Twenty? Nineteen? Eighteen? Seventeen? Sixteen? Yes! Fifteen? Fourteen? Thirteen? Yes!' And then these two have to read out their list to get them checked by the audience. Great laughter as "Blue-Eyes," "Babs," "Baby," "Beauty," "Blossom," are produced. Now, on the other side of the crease please write down for three minutes all the places in geography—bays, rivers, gulfs, continents, cities, and suburbs of cities commencing with the letter "A." Once more the pencils fly, and frequently in the time thirty places have been written down. It needs a quick, alert mind to rally itself to produce ten names a minute. Again the man with the greatest number, and the second, read out their lists.

'Now I want you, if you will, on the other side of the paper to write a "Twisted Proverb." It must have something of a proverb in it, but a bit of a twist to make it humorous.' Whilst the audience are doing this we have a cornet solo, and at the end the twisted proverbs are collected. A small committee rapidly culls out the obvious commonplace ones, and then the Padre is handed up the best, which are judged in the same way. 'Good,' 'Very Good,' 'Excellent,' and 'Bucket,' and the excellents are placed, first, second, third, and fourth. It's a delightful sight seeing a crowd of our men infallibly sensing out the best, and if it

is an old one, or in some way misses the taste of the crowd, a roar goes up, 'Bucket,' and out it goes.

These are some of the words of wisdom from this stunt:

'A new broom never sweeps the same tent twice.'

'Absence makes the heart grow fonder—but not the C.O.'s heart.'

'When Greek meets Greek, they start a fish-shop.'

'He that fights and runs away, lives to collect his deferred pay.'

'Never judge a sergeant by his stripes. (He may be a good fellow.)'

'Never put off to-day what you must put on to-morrow—sleep in 'em.'

'In the midst of life we are in debt.'

'The hand that writes advertisements fools the world.'

'Seek and ye shall find—in your shirts.'

'All is not gold that burns in the incinerator.'

'Familiarity breeds co-respondents.'

'Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of apple pie and cream.'

'Every dog has its day, but the dog with a short tail has two days, for he has a week-end.'

'It's a long lane that has no M.P. in it.'

'Union is strength, but does water strengthen whisky?'

'Onions make the breath grow stronger.'

'Good wine needs no bush, and a forest would not hide Vin Blanc from a digger.'

'To borrow is human—to pay back divine.'

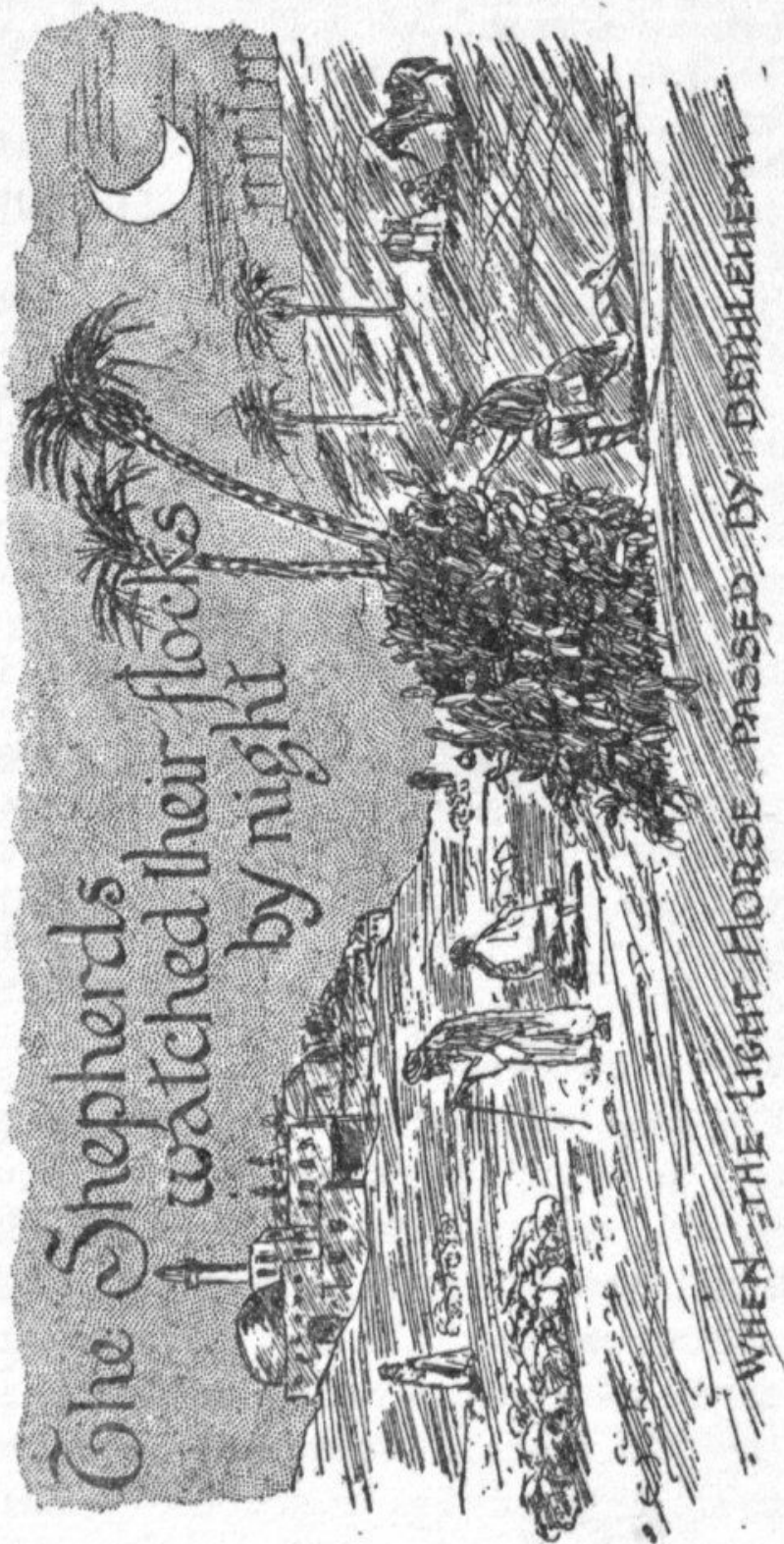
The proverb that the two-up school swears by:—

'Two heads are better than one.'

- 'Do right, and fear no man; don't write, and fear no woman.'
- 'Tis better to have loved and lost than risk a family boat.'
- 'The wages of Gin is breath.'
- 'Verily the cock croweth, but the hen delivereth the goods.'
- 'It's an ill-wind that blows through a hole in your breeches.'
- 'A man is known by the company he promotes.'
- 'Every dog has his day, and every cat has his night.'
- 'Many a man can change his mind, but he can't change his shirt.'
- 'Beware of the woman that speaks to you in the Strand, for she will surely pinch your Rising Sun.'
- 'A hair on the head is worth two on the brush.'
- 'It's the little things that tell, especially little brothers.'
- 'Too many cooks, short rations for the troops.'
- 'Once more the shepherds watched their flocks by night—when the Australian Light Horse went by' (see next page).

In the final judgements of the competition the audience is often almost equally divided as to whether the quotation is worthy of the first or second prize, and it has to be asked over and over again, 'First say aye,' 'Second say aye'—it is so hard to discriminate as to the volume of sound, and place the winner. Frequently an extraordinarily merry half-hour has been spent on this stunt alone.

In the next competition the audience is asked to judge 'How long a minute is,' without looking



at watches or feeling the pulse. The word of command is, 'All stand,' and when you think it is a minute, sit down, raising your hand and saying, 'NOW.' Start counting, and it is wonderful to see how few are able to guess within thirty seconds of the right time; by twenty seconds many will have resumed their seats with their shout of 'NOW.' A tin of sardines makes the prize.

At every stunt night we have a guessing competition on some list or other, such as 'Kate.' (All these words end in Kate.)

Kate is frail and dainty—Delicate.

Kate is difficult and perplexing—Intricate.

Kate gets highly excited—Intoxicate.

Kate never tells the exact truth—Prevaricate.

Kate becomes a special pleader—Sophisticate.

Kate foretells events—Prognosticate.

Kate deals out stoush—Spiflicate.

The winner of each single question gets a peanut to keep as a tally, and the one who wins the most receives a tin of peaches as a prize, and is envied by comrades all around. A number of these lists will be found in the chapter called 'STUNTS,' and it has amazed many of our visitors to see the lightning rapidity of answer following question.

One more stunt before we come to the closing item of the evening.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

This is a discussion of Mr. Stockton's famous story. I take the liberty of giving a brief synopsis of it as told to the boys.

'Once upon a time there lived a semi-barbaric

king who had an unique method of dispensing justice. In certain important cases the whole community would be summoned to the amphitheatre. At a given signal the accused would emerge from the door underneath the king's throne, make a bow to the monarch, and then walk to the other side of the arena, where there were two doors, both exactly alike, heavily draped with skins, no sound could emerge. He must open one of these two doors. The rooms of one of these contained a lady, chosen with regard to his position in life, education, and culture; a priest was there, and they were married on the spot. Wedding bells would ring out their cheery chime, and children strewed their path with rose-leaves, as he took his bride to her new home. But if, on the other other hand, he chose the alternative door, then out sprang a ferocious tiger that had not been fed for three days. Then a heavy bell would toll its sonorous note, and the audience would depart home, sad that one so young should die so soon. Thus justice was done. What could be fairer? The man was his own executioner. Sometimes the lady was in one room, and sometimes in the other. No one knew but the jailors. Into this country, however, came a young gallant, noble in feature and character, but of obscure birth, who fell in most violent love with the king's daughter, and his affection was returned with all the ardour of an eastern maiden. However, the king did not approve of the marriage, and so bethought him of the 'amphitheatre' test, as in either case he would be rid of the young man. Needless to say, the amphitheatre was crowded. This 'affair of the heart' touched every lady, and the people came, not knowing whether they would witness a wedding or a funeral. At the appointed hour the

door beneath the throne sprang open, and the young man emerged. A low murmur of sympathy ran through the building; many did not know that one so fair dwelt in their midst. All pitied him in the ordeal he must face. He made his bow to the king, and then cast a swift questioning glance at the princess, who he judged would have found out the secret of the doors. Indeed, she had. Heavy gold had bribed the jailors. She knew which door contained the tiger, and which the lady. And she knew WHO THE LADY WAS. She was one of the maidens of the court, whom she believed she had detected trying to give the glad-eye to *her* lover; and she hated her with all the fury of an oriental despot. She had expected that challenging look from her lover, and spent many sleepless nights as to which door she should send him—to that of the lady, or to that of the tiger. Could she bear to see that hussy carry off her lover? But, on the other hand, those screams, that blood, that mangled corpse! However, she had made up her mind, and as he looked at her, she raised one hand, and turning on his heel, he went to the door she indicated, and out came the——'

The men are now asked to suggest the one to which she sent him, and the reason why.

From all over the hut men rise with theories of the story's ending. There is a slight majority in favour of his being sent to the lady. Here are some of the theories suggested by both partisans.

'She sent him to the lady because she thought that the lady might die.'

We will call that the Deceased Wife Theory.

'To the lady, because she could get a divorce.'

We will call that the Judge Darling Theory.

'To the lady, because she could get rid of her.'
The Murder Theory.

'To the tiger, for jealousy is stronger than love.'
The Green-Eyed Monster Theory.

'To the tiger, for it was his meatless day.'
The Humane Society Theory.

'To the tiger, because if she could not have him, nobody else would.'
The Dog-in-the-Manger Theory.

'To the lady, because she preferred (w)ringing to mangling.'
The Laundry Theory.

'To the lady, because she preferred him (to remain a simple private and not be mixed up with stripes).'
The N.C.O. Theory.

'To the lady, but he knew she was sacrificing herself, so he took the other door and the tiger, because he was a good sport.'
The Chivalrous Theory.

All these theories have been taken down on a piece of paper and given names. Now they are read out, the audience judging the one they consider best, and the suggester of it goes off happy with an eight-pound plum pudding.

Frequently we have had an impromptu debate on the relative power of love as against jealousy.

Three hours has slipped quickly by, but before we close there is always the reciting of some verses of poetry. It may be part of Thomas Bracken's 'Not Understood':

Not understood! We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years. We marvel, and we wonder
Why life is life—and then we fall asleep:
Not understood!

The next verse is wonderfully true for those who have had to conduct their courtship by correspondence for three years, in which misunderstanding is so easy to occur.

Not understood! How trifles often change us,
 The thoughtless sentence, or the fancied slight,
 Destroy long years of friendship, and estrange us,
 And on our souls there falls a freezing blight.
 Not understood!

Or perhaps that poem that Mel B. Spurr used to recite to such effect, 'The Game of Life':

THE GAME OF LIFE.

This life is like a game of cards,
 Which mortals have to learn,
 Each shuffles, deals, and cuts the pack,
 And each a trump doth turn.
 Some bring a high card to the top,
 And some will bring a low,
 Some hold a hand quite full of trumps,
 Whilst others few can show.

.

When hearts are trumps we play for love,
 And pleasure rules the hour,
 No thought of sorrow checks our joy
 In beauty's rosy bow'r.
 We laugh, we sing, sweet verses write,
 Our cards at random play,
 And whilst the heart remains on top
 Our life's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to rule the pack,
 Then players stake their gold,
 And heavy sums are lost and won
 By players young and old.
 Each one intent upon the game,
 Both watch with eager eye
 That he may see his neighbour's cards,
 And cheat him—on the sly.

When clubs are trumps, look out for war,
 On ocean or on land,
 For awful deeds of blood are done,
 When clubs are held in hand.
 Then lives are staked instead of gold,
 The dogs of war are freed,
 And sad it is for any land
 Where clubs once get the lead.

Last game of all, is when the spade
 Is turned by the hand of time,
 He waits for the end of the players' game,
 In ev'ry age and clime;
 No matter how much each one wins,
 Or how much each one saves,
 The spade will finish up the game,
 And dig the players' graves.

Sometimes we use the poem of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, 'The Smell of the Wattle at Lichtenburg,' written for the New South Wales Contingent at South Africa:

Smells are surer than sounds or sights
 To make your heart-strings crack;
 They start those awful voices o' nights
 That whisper, 'Old man, come back.'
 That must be why the big things pass
 And the little things remain,
 Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
 Riding in, in the rain.

It is worthy of note that this part of the evening is frequently the most enjoyed.

This has led naturally to the closing item of the stunt.

'Look, boys: I know your packs make pretty hard pillows, but I think I can soften them for you with a "Good-night" thought if you care to stay. Those who want to leave are free to do

so, whilst we sing "Abide with me." Generally two-thirds will remain, and a ten minutes' talk on 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' with prayer for our dear ones far away, closes the evening on a top note.

With many variations this is the outline of an evening of simple, clean fun, drawn from the men themselves, whose magnificent mental resources make it an easy task for the leader to sustain the programme. It is literally true that this type of evening has helped tens of thousands to pass the time in the early days of a Base Camp before the era of magnificently appointed Y.M.C.A. cinema huts and gymnasiums had begun, and which was so successful that one boy said, 'Padre, I have laughed more at your Fun Stunts than at any theatre in London.'



Seek and ye shall find.
(IN YOUR SHIRTS.-)

'TWISTED PROVERBS,' ILLUSTRATED.

(See p. 34.)

CHAPTER VI

GOOD-BYE SERVICES

ETAPLES will always be associated in my mind with the departure of our men, now thoroughly trained at the famous 'Bull-ring' for the firing-line. At the station all day long there were the troop trains, a quarter of a mile in length, consisting of horse-boxes, labelled '8 Chevaux, 40 Hommes,' where, with equipment that made them look like miniature Christmas-trees, so overladen were they with gear, soldiers from all parts of the Empire faced a journey sometimes of three days ere they found their destination.

Our detachments went up in the early morning. Those on draft slept by themselves in a mess hut so as not to disturb the rest of the camp in the 'wee sma' hours,' and night by night it was an unspeakable privilege to be able, with the Anglican Padre, Chaplain Major F. de M. Tubmann, to hold an informal service of farewell. The only light an electric torch, four hundred men covering every inch of floor-space, a verse or two of 'Abide with me,' a good-bye message telling of the shepherd care of God, some collects that so exquisitely expressed our need, 'Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord,' and the Benediction. To many a man it was his last service. Earlier in the day an opportunity had been given for these

men, if they desired it, to attend a service of Holy Communion. Then, next morning on the station platform, at six a.m., with cigarettes from the 'Comforts Fund,' and newspapers and magazines, generously supplied by the 'Camps Library,' under the magnificent management of the Hon. Dame Eva Anstruther, to whom all troops are eternally indebted. With cocoa and a bun from the Y.M.C.A., off they went, singing as though they hadn't a single care on their minds.

THE ETAPLES CEMETERY.

As some who read these pages may have their loved ones buried there, I insert a letter written to those with whom I was brought into contact whilst doing 'Funeral Duty.'

No one who was present can ever forget the ceremony on August 4, 1916, in which honour was paid to the memory of those whose bodies were resting in its shelter. After a brief religious service, touching in its simplicity, the Mayor of Boulogne, who had come twenty-five miles especially for the ceremony, with grace and eloquence brought the tribute of France to lay at the graves of our heroes. Comrades of battle with reverence placed wreaths upon their graves, and the pipers of the Scotch regiment played 'The Flowers of the Forest.' It seemed as if they were calling, calling, calling to their old comrades, with that music which has such compelling witchery that it would scarcely have surprised us if the graves had opened and the dear dead had come

forth in response to this appeal of love and tenderness.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY.

To my Mother, 1916,

By S. Donald Cox (L. R. Brigade).

If I should fall, grieve not that one so weak
And poor as I
Should die.

Nay! though thy heart should break,
Think only this: that when at dusk they speak
Of sons and brothers of another one,
Then thou canst say: 'I too had a son:
He died for England's sake!'

DEAR FRIEND—UNKNOWN TO ME,

—And yet well known, in that you have entered this ever-widening circle of those whose sons have not counted their lives dear to them, and have made us and the civilized world their debtor. It has been my task this week to be the Cemetery Chaplain for the 'Free Church' funerals, and I thought you might like to know where your dear loved one rests. It is in Section 17, B.E.F., Etaples, France, in a very beautiful God's Acre. Two lighthouses are near, and so at night it is not dark there; the beams flashing out into the infinite blackness seem to tell of the soul's adventure—through the darkness and mystery of this world, with its tragedy, pain, sin, and death, right through into the eternal light beyond. The road to the Training Ground passes by where their heads lie. Others have taken their places. At their feet the lumbering trains convey to the various 'Fronts' the brave comrades fully trained, who are going to sustain the conflict till it ends in final victory. In spring and summer time the ground is ablaze with cornflower and poppy, and all the wonder and beauty of the wild flowers of

France. To-day there is the scream of the sea-fowl over their graves. In a few months the lark and thrush by day, and the nightingale by night, will sing their hymns of love and hope. With most loving care, comrades tend the graves, and plant them with the flowers of England. And at the head of each grave there is a simple wooden cross, with the name and the unit of the soldier, and the wish that he may 'Rest in Peace.' May your hearts be filled with a great consolation and a great pride.

CHAPTER VII

LE HAVRE

FOR the convenience of transport the authorities decided that the Canadian Base at Havre should change places with ours at Etaples. For us it was a promotion. Few places could have been chosen that, from the camp point of view, would have suited us better. Arriving at the end of May we found the trees in leaf, whereas at Etaples they had not broken their buds. In a winding valley, surrounded by rolling hills, which were crowned by beech forests, planted with the symmetry of an orchard, our camp was set. Not far away lay the historic town of Harfleur; and close at hand the picturesque village of Montivilliers. Well-kept farms added to the charm of the landscape, and the exploring temper of the Australians found full employment in discovering quiet paths to Havre, unfrequented by the Military Police. I think the most successful stunt I ever had was held four days after our arrival. During the lunch hour I announced that a first prize of fifteen shillings for the best and five shillings for the second best 'Limerick' would be given. The competitors were required to send in their efforts before 6 p.m. One hundred and fifty entries arrived. The theme proved most popular, 'The Military Policeman,' or the M.P., as he is called. At 6.30

two thousand men were lying on the grass near the parade ground prepared to act as judges. For an hour and a half they shouted their opinion of each limerick till the final stage was reached, and the last six were to be classified. The rival shouts of sometimes a thousand voices brought every soldier, Tommy or Australian, that was within half a mile to the spot to hear what this repeated 'Aye,' 'No,' meant. The officers hurried over their mess and had their own judgement as to which would be the winner. Finally, after a great struggle, they were placed in the following order.

The first prize was won on being a 'Local hit.' One of four M.P.'s had been showing excessive hospitality to some French maidens, and the authorities thought it wisest to send him 'up the line.'

An over-conceited M.P.
Took forty French tabbies to tea.
But he nearly went daft
When they warned him for draft,
What a glorious 'gutzer' came he!

.

A party of M.P.'s one night
Met a few Aussies half-tight,
They said 'We shall clink 'em,'
But those Aussies were dinkum,
And they scattered those M.P.s in flight.

.

There was an M.P. of Harfleur,
Who thought himself a hard-doer,
But he once got a crack
And he fell on his back
And rolled to his home down a sewer.

.

The Padre of our A.B.D.
 Asked for Limericks about an M.P.,
 I'm sure I should shock
 The Padree and his flock
 If I let my opinions run free.

Said a maiden, 'Oh Aussie! I see
 By your armlet—how brave you must be;
 Tell me how did you win?'
 Then he did a grin,
 'Twas at Perham*—I won the M.P.'

THE CATHEDRAL AISLE

A few days after our arrival at Havre I made the discovery of a most beautiful avenue in a beech forest, twenty-five minutes from our camp, that at once we named 'The Cathedral Aisle.' It was just emerging from its winter sleep, and was full of shimmering green. After consultation with the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. P. Vaughan, he very kindly gave permission allowing us to take parties of soldiers, under the command of combatant officers, for Sunday stunts. These proved from the first to be an unqualified joy and success. Often a company of four hundred men would march out of the camp in column of route, past the military police at the railway gate, and have the pleasure of the sensation of 'being out of bounds.' In a few minutes the beech forest was in sight, and on a warm day in June would be as cool as in an Australian fern gully. Now the party swings round a bend, and the aisle, eight hundred feet long and sixty feet wide, is in sight. The boughs meet at the top by a special treatment of cutting the in-

*Perham Downs was a base camp in England.

growing branches, making it veritably one of nature's gothic arches. Here the men are halted and classified according to the State they came from. 'Queenslanders this way, and at the extreme left they stand amid cries of 'Bananaland!' 'New South Wales next,' and a mass of men move forward to the shouts of 'Our 'Arbour.' 'Now Victoria,' and the 'Yarra-ites' would join the semi-circle. 'South Australia here,' and the 'Crow-eaters' would take their place. 'West Australia on the right,' and the 'Gropers' would move together. 'Now then, Tasmania'; but the crowd cries, 'It's been torpedoed off the map.' Notwithstanding the banter, they complete the semi-circle. 'Sit down!' And as the Padres point their sticks at you, call out the name of the town you come from. Assisted by Chaplain Captain H. Green, Chaplain Captain J. Robertson, Chaplain Captain R. C. Racklyft, Chaplain Major C. J. Perry, and other visiting clergy, each group would be called over in this way. And again and again men who did not know of each other's presence in that great camp, would find each other out, and be supremely happy. Sometimes schoolfellows who had not seen each other for years would meet in this way, and have endless reminiscences to discuss.

Then the 'Sunday Stunts' would begin. One never-failing source of enjoyment was to write names of Bible places, and Bible characters, in the air with a walking-stick. Also books of the Bible, and the one who guessed aright would receive a stick of chocolate as a prize. In days when chocs

were scarce this made a most popular form of stunt. It also gave an opportunity of working in some good Bible stories. The name 'Benaiah' would be written, and perhaps not easily guessed, as the writing was, of course, back to front, and then when ascertained no one would know who he was. And so the opportunity came to tell the story of the man who 'went down and slew a lion in a pit in the time of snow.' Amongst the books of the Bible the 'Song of Solomon' was frequently used, and very few knew much about it, and there was the opening to give the exquisite story in dramatic form as Dr. Driver has arranged it, telling of the Shulamite who preferred to remain faithful to her simple shepherd lover rather than be a Queen in Solomon's court. I called it 'The great Renunciation,' and it provided the opening to slip in a word about being true to our absent lovers; and most of all true to the Christ, our Shepherd Lover, amid the distractions and allurements of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Here, amidst nature's wondrous charms, the brown leaves of last autumn formed the soft carpet we sit on. The fretted arch of the branches met overhead. Faintly through the trunks of the trees that, like mighty pillars, upheld the vaulted roof, we could see the blue sky. The cawing of the rooks amongst the branches alone struck a discordant note in the scene of beauty. Here we would ask for short descriptions written on half a sheet of note-paper of one of the most beautiful places these men had seen, allowing them about ten

minutes, whilst the band was playing one of their special pieces. I could fill a book with these cameos of nature, in her moods of beauty. The thought generally underlying it was to allow nature to lead us to up God. Frequently, before the men began their writing I would read the chapter from Dr. W. H. Fitchett's *Unrealized Logic of Religion* called 'The Logic of a Sunset,' in which the point is stressed that nature in her loveliness fulfils quite a distinctively religious purpose. Again and again I have asked our groups of men to do this, and I have been struck by the charm and felicity of their literary style, and the catholicity of their appreciation of nature; for their selection was by no means mainly of Australian types of beauty. Scotland and Capetown, Panama Canal and the South of France, Britain and Italy, all came in for their share of appreciation.

Sometimes at least one third of the contributions would be worthy of a place as a paragraph in one of our daily papers. It was here that I learned what a splendid result Australia has reaped from its modern system of State education, a system that sends to the remote bush, as well as to the crowded city, teachers trained and enthusiastic in their profession. I have 'stunted' with the English Tommies a great deal in the Y.M.C.A. huts in Havre, and with the Americans and Canadians too, but I have never found the equal of our men in mental alertness, felicity of expression, and power to visualize a subject. From hundreds of these descriptions of beauty I transcribe a few, all

of them written in ten minutes, and mostly whilst the band was playing.

'There, in a hollow, surrounded by little hills and wooded slopes, lay my native city. In shadows cast by the sun, almost on the horizon, stood out the old cathedral, the one prominent feature in a mass of buildings. Its tall towers stood, speaking of the visibility and permanence of the Name in which they were raised, and which shall endure when they have crumbled into dust.'

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'Standing on Table Mountain, Capetown, surrounded by mist, one seems as if lost to everything. Suddenly the mist lifts, and the setting sun lights up the sea and the town at the foot of the mountain. It made one feel as though he had been asleep, and was waking to the dreams of his childhood's days.'

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'To gaze upon Karnak, the most magnificent ruin in the world, and to walk amid the remains of a city "that is half as old as time," is a wonderful and expressive experience. The vision of mighty Pylons, towering obelisks, colonnades of massive pillars, gigantic statues, all carved with mysterious hieroglyphics, and on a scale of bewildering vastness, stir the mind to dwell on the mighty civilization of the past. Then sailing back as the sun sinks behind the hills in a blaze of glory, the magic of the after-glow on the Nile lifts the mind to things eternal.'

.
'Picture a moonlight scene. A bay surrounded by wooded hills and dotted with small islands. A big troop-ship has just dropped anchor. From far up towards the head of the bay a search-light

flashes, throwing into relief the troop-ship and the wooded hills beyond. Away on the far shore the lights of a city are plainly discernible, while from the heights above a signal lamp flashes its message across the bay. My thoughts go back to the land of my birth, which I left behind a few weeks before, and I think of the land to which I am now going, and of what will befall me there. The scene before me is one of beauty and peace. The moon looks down on a world at rest; our ship at last has ceased its throbbing, the very sea is still, and man's thoughts go out to the far beyond. For a brief space he stands still to enjoy the beauty of the Bay of Panama, intensified by the moon's reflections, and he cries out, "How wonderful are Thy works, O God."

.

'I think that one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen was Colombo. Whether it was the fact that this was the first country that I had seen apart from my own, or because the actual beauty touched me, I do not know. But the fact remains this place impressed me more than any other I have yet seen. The red road running under an archery of beautiful and luxuriant tropical vegetation, the rubber-tired rickshaw gliding on and on, with cheerful friends singing alongside of you. Oh, what a memory! On again through the thickening groves; what brilliant foliage, a brighter green than I have ever seen in Australia. And what peoples! The Europeans, dressed in white and silks, the natives in nothing at all. Now the landscape passes us like a film in kinema colours—beautiful greens and reds. We got back to the wharf at last with a feeling of sadness in leaving such a place of charm. What was it that intoxicated us with the scene? Some of

those who stopped on board said that it was the "Lager"; but I knew. It was the great feeling that now the sadness of parting from home was over, we were on the threshold of a glorious adventure and a great experience.'

.

'Fifteen months ago I was deeply impressed by the view from my dug-out, on the hill just above Mericourt l'Abbe, where Nature endeavoured to remind me of God amid the desolation wrought by man. Looking across the valley, on a low hill were ripening fields of golden corn, alternating with grassy meadows, the yellow-golden hue being dotted with red poppies, whilst marguerites and exquisite blue cornflowers were everywhere; the whole trellised with several systems of white, chalky trenches. Between us, at the foot of the hill, the river Ancre wended its way, almost hidden by the deep foliage on either banks. But the contrast lay in those glories of nature as against the glimpses of the wreckage of war; desolate, ruined houses were to be seen just here and there through openings in the wooded valley. The beauty was intensified by the desolation.'

.

'In a few sentences I wish to describe a place, not beautiful in daylight, but symbolical of the words:

When the evening shadows fall,
Heart of love enfolding all.

One day, as I was riding through some very swampy country, the impression on me was, "What a desolate place!" That same evening I made my return journey through the same swamp. The change was glorious. The moonlight danced up the waters, and every gum-tree looked down on its own reflection. A water-fowl would skim along

the surface of the water, and leave a trail of a rippling reflection of moonlight behind it. What a change the evening made!

‘The most beautiful sunset I ever saw was in England. I was standing on a hill looking across a wheatfield, watching the beautiful red glow which seemed to come from under the earth, showing up the wheat. A farmer’s cart and two horses, a girl, and a few men who were working there at the time, completed the picture. The whole scene against a perfect, cloudless sky, made such an impression on my mind that it will never be forgotten.’

This one touches another note:

‘I shall always remember a scene at Loch Lomond on a perfectly still day, where the most wonderful reflection was seen. Everything above the water was depicted with equal clearness, reversed in the glassy sheet below. I think the reason that this so impressed me was that I could see it double and still be sober.’

Rio de Janeiro.

‘Being a lover of the rugged, mountainous side of nature, my choice is given to the above place, as the nearest approach to my ideal of natural grandeur. The huge cliffs on either side of the harbour were covered by a mass of foliage. A riot of colour, yet so harmoniously blended as to form a picture of nature calculated to impress the most sceptical of the wonder work of the Supreme Being.’

P. H.

‘After crossing over the French border from Italy, our troop-train by happy chance gave us a

magnificent view of a small placid lake nestling at the foot of precipitous hills. Not a breath of air disturbed the pale blue waters as they reflected the rugged outline of the hills behind in all the detail imaginable. Here was a spot undefiled by man, which seemed the very symbol of peace and of contentment, and one recalled Byron's thoughts:

I love not man the less but Nature more
From these our interviews.

.

'In a life crowded with the materialistic rather than the aesthetic, the vastness and the solitude of the Australian bush appealed to me more forcibly or with an impressiveness that I had hitherto never realized. This at the age of thirty-eight, after having seen much of the world's beauty and charm. Maybe it was the loneliness and self-communion that overwhelmed one; but the smallness and insignificance of man impressed me with a force that I could not forget then, nor can I now, when thinking of nature and its impressions.'

7474.

.
Memories of Wattleland.

'Early morning in one of our majestic Australian forests with its mighty trees and twining vines and green carpet, with the breaking day peeping through the leaves, dispelling the shadows of the darkness of night, has held me spell-bound in admiration. Here I have felt nearer to the great Maker of all these glories, than in any place built by mortal man. Here is such a place; one is reminded of the lines, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away." We of Australia, that wonderland of many such majestic forests teeming

with bird-life, have indeed a heritage for which we should be thankful to our great and generous Maker. Sermons in trees, in stones, in the life of the wilds, are but the whispering voices toward God, who has made all things beautiful.

G. A. L. B.

‘On one occasion I and my pal were very drunk, and to see what it was like, walked into the Roman Catholic Church at Heliopolis, Egypt, and the effects of the interior were so great, that we both walked out of it after about fifteen minutes perfectly sober. I think that church was the most beautiful place I was ever in. (And I have kept off the booze ever since.)’

‘A small, one-horse town in Central Australia, situated in the heart of the Macdonald Ranges. Here a man’s soul was brought very near to his God by the solemn grandeur of Nature. My heart is there, and, God willing, my life’s work will be in helping to develop that Great Unknown.

No. 3083.

It is impossible to have a crowd of Australians doing a stunt like this without some ‘Wags’ putting in some clever, irrelevant matter. These are always kept apart and judged by themselves as ‘humorous.’ The ones below give a few specimens of these, and they always save the afternoon from being

Too bright and good
For human nature’s daily food.

‘The prettiest spot on earth is our Base Camp at Rouelles Valley. It is surrounded by forests of

trees and M.P.'s. The home of "leadswingers" and "C.O.'s." Where your time is all your own if you don't play "two-up" (or, rather, don't get caught), and if you can dodge parades. If you can find a better home from home, tell me and I'll go on Home Service.'

'Weary Willie.'

.
'The Orderly Room on Pay Day. Reason, understood.'

'Hardup.'

.
'My selection of a beautiful sight goes to a hospital boat lying off Anzac shore at sunset, while we were in the line and couldn't get aboard her.'

'Jonah.'

.
'The most beautiful sight I have ever seen is Sierra Leone. Its beauty appealed to me, mainly because I was kept a mile from shore in a sweltering heat, during which time the inspiring sight of the sharks around the boat waiting for someone to slip overboard was one of the most thrilling ever witnessed. The passage from Nature to God was a very fast one if you struck that road.'

.
'The most beautiful place I think I've seen is "No Man's Land," which lies, or used to lie, between the Allies and Fritz. The sights to be seen of a night are beyond the belief of those who have not been there. Such fireworks would not be seen even in Australia, where things STRIKE one frequently—but not so frequently as in NO MAN'S LAND. Then the glorious and beautiful sight of thousands of Fritzie's with their hands up makes a sight worth going miles to

witness. And I think there is no place on earth or in heaven where Nature is closer to God, especially if you happen to stop a 9.2 . . .'

M. R. M.

.
 'At the A.I.B.D. a crowd of Aussies forming a ring. One Aussie in the centre. The pennies are lying on the ground, "heads" facing towards the heavens. He has just done a "trot" of ten pairs. If that is not a beautiful sight for the "head-backers," I've never seen one.'

Two Micks.

.
 'The most beautiful sight for a "Dinkum Digger" is the funeral of a "Military Jack." The well-trained and well-groomed horses, the sorrowful (?) followers, the lively (?) music, are things to be well remembered.'

.
 Slightly varying the 'stunt' on another Sunday, the theme was, 'Thoughts suggested by the Stars at Night.' The ones below are typical of many sent in.

'When one gazes into the illimitable depths of of the heavens, thinking of the innumerable worlds there, one is always brought to think of the Star that never sets.'

'The Roo-star.'

.
 "'A wondrous clear, starry night," to quote a favourite saying of R. L. Stevenson, always recalls for me "Banjo" Paterson's lines describing the drover's life:

He sees the vision splendid
 Of the sunlit plains extended,
 And at night the wondrous glory
 Of the everlasting stars.

Think of it! The mob camping quietly after the day's stage, the pleasant smoke by the cook's fire, a pale yellow moon, an indigo blue sky, like a panoply overhead, and a myriad of stars like little pinholes through which one might peep into heaven could only one apply an eye to them.'

A. P.

.....

'The predominant emotions a contemplation of the stars excites are those of awe at the immeasurable vastness of the universe and an assurance of there being a Providence behind it all. To those who study the fascinating science of astronomy comes a calmness of mind and a curious indifference to death.'

E. P.

.....

Place: Tabilk, Victoria.

Time: 8.45 p.m.

Date: July, 1915.

On Final Leave.

'I had been "rabbitting" all day, and struck a great time. Due to go back to camp next day, and then to leave for the Front.

After tea I went out and, taking my little fox-terrier with me, strolled quietly along, thinking of the morrow and what it meant to me. It meant leaving home, and this beautiful country, and my old pal "Tiny," the dog. We sat down together, and the poor old dog kept looking up at me as if he understood that was my last "starry night" in the old home.'

J. M.

.....

This theme provided the 'Wags' with their opportunity:

““Stars” put the “wind up” me when I’m “out of bounds.” As regards emotions, well, it all depends on what I’ve got “on board.””

L. H. R.

‘Whenever I see stars I always think of the time my wife’s husband came home from France unexpectedly.’

‘The sight of the stars at night fills me with disgust at the action of man in side-tracking nature by bringing in the “Day-light Saving Scheme.”’

‘Naturally this is the mating season, but to avoid scandal one has to return his mate-elect to her home as soon as the “stars” appear.’

C. S. L.

Now it is four o’clock. The two hours since we started have passed like magic, and once more ‘forming fours,’ and sorted into the companionship of kindred States, we swing into our stride and get back in time for tea. From May to November, for two years, we hardly ever missed a Sunday like this through the inclemency of the weather. When the winter set in, we were able to have audiences frequently running up to seven hundred men, in our splendid Y.M.C.A. cinema hut; where with the aid of the band, similar ‘Pleasant Sunday Afternoons’ were spent. So successful were these Sunday afternoon rambles, that the C.O. frequently permitted the route march during the week to be made into this aisle of beauty; and the men sat and smoked whilst *Deeds that Won the Empire*, by Dr. W. H. Fitchett, and patriotic poetry by some of the newer

war poets, were read aloud, and the officers and men greatly appreciated the novelty of this kind of route march, instead of tramping the dusty roads, and felt that it had a fine effect on the morale of the men.

Frequently at these Sunday afternoon rambles we could occupy almost the whole afternoon in reading selections of poetry from the note-books which every one of our soldiers had in his pocket, and we would come away feeling that we had been privileged to bathe our minds in high thoughts nobly expressed.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

During May 1917, I heard for the first time the music of the nightingale in a wood, a little distance away. Once more our kindly Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. Vaughan, showed his interest in the men by allowing me to take, for the three weeks whilst the song lasted, little parties of a dozen men, lovers of bird music, and it was no trouble to collect them. At 11 p.m. we would walk along a country road in the silence of the evening, the stars in the clear sky giving us ample light. Suddenly the challenging voice of a sentry, accompanied by the lowering of a rifle and bayonet. 'Halt! Who goes there?' 'Chaplain on Nightingale duty,' was the reply. (On one occasion I thought I heard him say, 'Pass, Charlie Chaplin.') We reach the favoured spot. A little rill tinkles as it falls into a gully near by. The bird has not yet begun, and so *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* (that mine of exquisite songs and lyrics) is produced.

We sit on a mossy bank only a few feet away from where our songster is, and by the aid of an electric torch, we let Keats tell us what we are soon to experience.

... But here there is no light
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

... Was it a vision, or a waking-dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

Just now we heard a chirp. 'He is there,' we whisper. Then come six successive notes. Cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep—like the tuning up of an orchestra in preparation for the concert. Again silence. Again the plaintive notes. And now he starts. It seems as though his mate had

had a disagreement with him, and he wants to make it up. Coaxing, calling, declaiming, arguing, pleading, the song goes on, combining in its notes the abandon of the lark, the more conventional trill of the canary, with the sweetness of the thrush. Again and again he comes back to those first six notes, and then off once more in this impassioned declaration of unchanging love, even though it is misunderstood. We wait an hour, spell-bound. There is no response from his partner sitting silent there. All this wealth of emotion leaves her apparently unmoved; but now we must tear ourselves away, and with Wordsworth:

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,
but, ere we go, we listen to Matthew Arnold's interpretation of the song:

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?

How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!

A SUMMER EVENING'S WALK.

Early in that first summer at Havre I heard of the charm of a wonderful wood in the grounds of which was an eleventh-century chateau, four miles away. I came back enraptured after my first visit. Everybody must see this. Again the kindness of the C.O. made it possible; and for two

summers it was a wonderful joy to conduct parties sometimes five hundred in number, for this eight-mile ramble after tea. Our men are passionate lovers of natural beauty, and probably twenty thousand of them have done this walk at the end of a day's work in camp. In the springtime the wood is covered with hyacinths and primroses, and in the autumn the coloured leaves make a scene of rare splendour. Once or twice we had the fortune to see the sun set exactly at the end of a long avenue of trees. A more glorious stained-glass window I have never seen. The interleaved branches of the trees formed the leadlights. The blue of the sky, the pink and gold of the clouds, the blazing crimson of the sun, seen through the mist, and all in a setting of flambouyant Gothic tracery of nature's own making, filled eye and heart with its loveliness. To revive the memory of those who were sharers with us in the sight of this place of beauty, I will try to picture it.

Sirrah, will you walk with me?

It was a perfect evening, and soon our party of four hundred men leaving the camp at five o'clock had marched into old Harfleur, where, in days gone by, our fighting Harry urged our forefathers to go 'once more into the breach.' Here we halted at the statue of Jean de Grouchy, who, twenty years after Henry V had come through Gravelle, with the aid of his brother (who came through Montivilliers) had captured Harfleur and organized a revolt. Inside Harfleur there were a hundred and four loyal Frenchmen who kept

their love of country above mere commercial value. On November 4, 1435, these men, by arrangement, set fire to the town and opened the gates. De Grouchy, with his force of 10,000 peasants, at 4 a.m., rushed the gates. The garrison was busy putting out the fire, and was completely surprised. After an heroic resistance it was overpowered, but not before they had killed in the trenches the fine old patriot de Grouchy, who, at eighty-six years of age, had organized the sortie. At this statue on the fourth of November each year an anniversary meeting is held, and the bell of the cathedral is tolled one hundred and four times in memory of the loyal Frenchmen who opened the gates. In 1917 the Australian 2nd Divisional Band played the Marseillaise at the foot of the statue of the man who had turned the British out in 1435, on the occasion of this anniversary. Such are the revenges of time.

Passing by the old wall of Harfleur, we ascended the hill, leaving Schneider's Model Village, with its wide streets, semi-detached houses, fine depths of land for each house for flower and vegetable garden use, and ornamental trees planted down its thoroughfares. If France in the days of reconstruction can rebuild her villages on the lines of this one, there will be great hope for future years. On the top of the hill a commanding view of the Seine is obtained, and we are reminded of the time when Admiral Sidney Smith, after capturing a French frigate at its mouth, was becalmed and carried with his prize by the tide into the enemy's

port. Across the river the old town of Honfleur is plainly seen, whilst Trouville is hidden behind a jutting point.

Here a stop is made for some Comforts Fund cigarettes. Whilst we are burning incense to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, I tell the romantic story of William the Conqueror's love affairs.

The last bit of walking was through a little village, and then we reached the Chateau gate. What a sight rewarded our eyes! An avenue of beech-trees, nearly half a mile long, with branches trained in the early part like a cathedral aisle, and at the far end like a Norman arch. When we reached the end of the avenue there was a terrace almost a mile long with a splendid panorama of river and quiet countryside. The canal with its slow-moving barges, and the hay-cocks on the river flats, added much to the beauty of the peaceful landscape. But the scenes that impressed us most were the long avenues of beeches, some of them nearly a mile long, most of them narrow and sharply pointed, like some gothic aisle, others of them broad and stately, like the great nave of a cathedral. In the centre of the wood there were some very cunning 'lovers' walks,' eight of them meeting in a common centre, and many a lonely boy said in his heart, 'Ah! If She were only here.' We looked at the outside of the chateau belonging to the Harcourt family, with its Norman tower going back to the eleventh century, and we tried to repicture all that happened in it since those stirring years.

It was now almost eight o'clock, and the setting sun turned the leaves beneath our feet into golden brown. To look down a dark avenue with the bright light at the far end making the green leaves a vivid emerald, and the pathway of rich gold, was a sight that will live in the mind for years. Then the order was given to form up, and with a rhythmic tread in the mysterious evening light as the dew was beginning to fall, we sang our way home to the tune of 'A long, long trail,' and 'Australia will be there.'

On one of our summer evening walks to a nearer wood, where we are going to enjoy the reading aloud of some of our English classics, we happened to be met by the Base Commandant, who, seeing this large party in light fatigue dress, marching along a side road, asked me where we were going. When I replied, 'Sir, these are two hundred and fifty Australian soldiers who are lovers of beauty, and are going into the woods to read some good English literature,' he looked at me rather questioningly, as though he questioned my veracity.

THE VALUE OF STUNTS.

The value of stunts as a means of cheering up a crowd of men was clearly shown at Havre. There was a huge hospital five miles away for men undergoing special treatment, and for a long time the resources of the Y.M.C.A. hut, under British management were not equal to the needs of the place. When the Australian Y.M.C.A. took over, they at once erected a cinema hall, to hold two

thousand four hundred men, making it serve the purpose of a gymnasium as well. It did untold good in saving men from inertia and despondency, and gave us for Sunday, and for one week-night service, a huge audience for a religious meeting. But in the early days every Thursday we visited the hospital, and with the aid of the band, reproduced in the open air as many as possible of the 'Fun stunts' of the previous night in camp. We would entertain with healthy, clean fun a crowd of 1,500 men, and when I could come on a Sunday night and have a service with them, it was seen what a handmaid to religion this healthy form of happiness had been.

At Etaples, in a large camp of contacts of measles and mumps, where no hut could be erected for fear of spreading contagion, the same method worked wonders. 'Fun Stunts' require no elaborate preparation, can be put up at a moment's notice, and can be made as long or as short as the occasion requires. The day of the visit of the Padre and the band was certainly the 'red-letter' day of the week to a very fed-up crowd of a few thousand men.

THE DELL.

A great feature of the summer work at Havre was the use of the 'Dell.' Right alongside of our camp was a perfectly natural amphitheatre, grass covered. Here on Sunday nights the band would play from 5.30 to 6.30, and in between their items the chaplain would reproduce some of his Sunday 'Stunts.' Huge crowds would gather in the mystic

twilight, with a fringe of French people on the outskirts. The influence of this great gathering travelled far into the English camps further down the valley. There are no listeners for a preacher like a crowd of soldiers, if he has in his heart a message for them. Here on week-nights, after the cinema was over at 7 p.m., we frequently had 'fun stunts' that kept great crowds of men entertained till the summons to bed came.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

Our Christmases, both at Etaples and Havre, were full of that overflowing expression of goodwill and extra kindness that the season brings with it. Wherever there were hospitals the sisters and nurses worked overtime, and spent much money of their own to make the day as bright as could be, and no one can ever forget the Christmas of 1918 in Havre. The Australian Y.M.C.A. excelled even previous efforts to make this an unique occasion, and for ten days everything that could be made free was free. The programme below will give some idea of the activities of this period, and if we add to this the work of the Red Cross in the Convalescent Camp, and the extra Comforts provided by the Regimental Funds, under Quartermaster Captain G. McK. Williamson (who has made an Australian record for his solicitude and care of the men), it will be seen what a really royal time the men had. I do not think that any of us ever had such sustained Christmas cheer at any other period of our lives.

AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY BASE DEPOT.

XMAS PROGRAMME, 1918.

Mildura Group { *Hamilton Hut.*
Mildura Hut.
W. A. Civil Servants' Hut.
El Dorado Hut.
Geralton Cinema.

- Saturday,* Sports Day.
Dec. 21. Pictures. 5.30 p.m.
 Wattle-Birds Concert Party. 7 p.m.
-
- Sunday,* Morning. Church Parades.
Dec. 22. Afternoon. A. I. B. D. Band Performance
 and Sunday Stunts, by Padre GAULT.
 Evening. Service. Chaplain Rev. J.
 GAULT.
-
- Monday,* 2.30 p.m. Flying Billiard Tournaments HUTS.
Dec. 23. to Bobs Tournaments "
- 9 p.m. Indoor Games "
- 5.30 p.m. Pictures CINEMA.
- 7 p.m. Australian Dandies "
-
- Tuesday,* 2.30 p.m. Xmas Tree and A. I. B. D.
Dec. 24. Band CINEMA.
- 5 p.m. Lena Ashwell Concert Party .. "
- 7 p.m. Pictures "
- 2.30 p.m. Games, etc., to 9 p.m.... HUTS.
-
- Xmas Day,* Morning. Church Parades.
Dec. 25. Afternoon. A. I. B. D. Band Performance. CINEMA.
 Distribution of Y. M. C. A. Presents.
- 5.30 p.m. Pictures CINEMA.
- 7 p.m. Wattle-Birds Concert Party... .. "
- 5 p.m. Games, etc., to 9 p.m.... HUTS.
-
- Thursday,* 2.30 p.m. Tournaments, etc., to 9 p.m.... HUTS.
Dec. 26. 5.30 p.m. Pictures... .. CINEMA.
 7 p.m. Singing Competition "
 followed by Concert and Band Program.

<i>Friday,</i>	2.30 p.m.	Indoor Games, etc., to 9 p.m.	HUTS.
<i>Dec. 27.</i>	5.30 p.m.	Pictures	CINEMA.
	7 p.m.	Australian Dandies	"
<i>Saturday,</i>	2.30 p.m.	Tournaments, etc., to 9 p.m....	HUTS.
<i>Dec. 28.</i>	5.50 p.m.	Central Concert Party ..	CINEMA.
	7 p.m.	Pictures	"
<i>Monday,</i>		Wattle-Birds	7 o'clock. CINEMA.
<i>Dec. 30.</i>			
<i>Tuesday,</i>		Havre Repertory Company	" "
<i>Dec. 31.</i>			
<i>Wednesday,</i>		Australian Dandies	" "
<i>Jan. 1.</i>			

Pictures Daily, 5.30.

THE WORD IN SEASON.

Every day ten per cent. of our men in camp got leave to go to Havre, from 1.30 to 9 p.m. With its system of licensed brothels, and all the flotsam and jetsam that gathers in a big sea-port, this permission had its perils. And so, as the men were lined up to receive their passes, it was an opportunity for the chaplain to have a word with them. I used to advertise the splendid 'Crystal Palace' in Havre, that the Y.M.C.A. had turned from a Casino to a most up-to-date café and capital concert hall, paying a rental of £30 per week for the lease of it. And then by means of a story I would put the claims for loyalty to home and loved ones. 'An English Captain received a pair of socks knitted by his fiancée. In acknowledging the receipt of them, he said, "The highest honour I can pay these socks is never to go in them to any place you would not approve of." You are going to Havre on leave to-day, boys—WATCH YOUR SOCKS!' A

hearty laugh showed that the men had grasped the point, and there was reason to know that the appeal was not in vain.

A very happy ministry to the men at the Base was made possible by the kindness of the Australian Comforts Fund. It often happened that the troops were forty-eight hours in the train before they reached their destination, and through the kindness of this fund we were able to provide reading matter and smokes for the journey, and often something tasty in tinned goods to supplement the army rations. The outgoing draft would be paraded in the cinema, these gifts would be distributed, and some hearty words of good-bye spoken. Tens of thousands going from the Base up the line, and again as demobilization set in, as they returned to England, were grateful for the kindness shown them by the people of Australia through what the boys called 'the good old Comforts Fund.'

One can shut his eyes and see the old Base still: the wooded hills, the winding valley, the gleaming tents, the less romantic but more comfortable Nissen Huts, the men's huts, the stores, the Orderly Room and the Officers' quarters up on the hillside, the gardens around the camps, the splendid huts of the Y.M.C.A., and their cinemas where so many happy hours were spent, the fine buildings of the Church Army, the gymnasium in the Convalescent Camp, the sports, the dell, the stunts. And then he wonders was it ever really there, or *was it all a dream?*

CHAPTER VIII

'STUNTS'

FOR many years I have kept a record of parlour games that could be used with large companies of people, and I have found them immensely useful with our groups of soldiers, frequently numbering a thousand men. Many of these will be recognized as old favourites, but some of them may be new, or at least the method of working them may be different. I think they may be called 'Tested Recipes.'

FOUR 'OPENING EXERCISES.'

1. *The Parliamentary Speech* (see Chapter V).
Recite 'Mary had a little Lamb,' 'Excelsior,' or 'The Psalm of Life,' or 'Once more into the breach, dear friends,' or 'Tobacco.'

Tobacco is a hateful weed,
I like it.
It satisfies no normal need,
I like it.
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair all off your bean,
It's the worst dashed stuff I've ever seen,
I like it.

2. *The Rocket*.
3. *The Giant Sneeze*.
4. *Competition Duet*. 'Tipperary' and 'Good-bye.'

(These have all been explained in the chapter on 'A Fun Night,' Chapter V.)

PAPER AND PENCIL STUNTS.

5. *A 'Riddle' Competition.* A prize for the best, the audience being the judges.
6. *Twisted Proverbs.* Judged in the same way as in Chapter V.
7. *Telegrams.* Announce sixteen letters, such as
 (a) To Constantinople, (b) Advance Australia,
 (c) Australia for Ever, or letters like these:
 A B C D E F G H I L M N O R S T.
 These letters form the initial letter for words to be made of them. The first two letters must be used for the person's name to whom the telegram is sent, the third letter the address, the last letter the sender's name, and the other twelve letters form the body of the telegram. These are illustrations:
- (a) Telegram: To Constantinople.
 Thomas Owen, Camberwell.
 Our noble star transatlantic aviator now
 tells interesting narrative of 'plane
 leakages. Ellis.
- (b) Advance Australia.
 Alfred Deacon, Victoria.
 Allies never conquered every Australian
 undertakes stand true rest assured liberty
 imperative. Alex.
- (b1) Advance Australia.
 All Dear-Ones, Victoria.
 A number comforts etc. arrived under-
 signed send thanks respects and love
 immeasurable. Andrew.
- (c) Australia for ever.
 America, United States.
 The reins are lying in Asquith's fists on
 revenge England very eager. Rex.

(d) ABCDEFGHILMNORST.

Annie Beaumont, Christchurch.

Dearest even French girls here impose
little modesty near our religious soldiers.

Teddy.

(These were all done in ten minutes.)

8. *Words Jig-saw.* Words of six letters and over made out of Constantinople, using the same letter only once in the same word unless it is used more often than that in Constantinople, when it may be used as often as it occurs. We have had as many as thirty-five words in this way in ten minutes.
9. Any English word (except proper nouns) of six letters and over, commencing with B, or any other letter. (This stunt was suggested by a professor of literature at Oxford to some of our officers.) Time, five minutes.
10. *Lists of* Girls' Names, commencing with, say,
Boys' " " " [B.
Men Authors.
Women Authors.
Australian Birds.
Australian Rivers.

The following are some record ones done in three minutes:

Men Authors:

Sir W. Scott	Blatchford	Le Queux
Dickens	J. Burrows	N. Gould
Haggard	J. London	Omar Khayyam
Pemberton	Shakespeare	Belloc
Marriott	Wordsworth	F. Cooper
Paterson	Elia	Lubbock
L. Gordon	J. J. Stevens	Burns
Zangwill	Churchill	Lamb
R. Connor	Henley	Keats

Whittier	Quinn	Heine
Southey	Jules Verne	Hood
Kipling	M. Twain	Henty
Ballantyne	Selbourne	Jerome
Bracken	Thackeray	B. Shaw
Hocking	Garvice	Caine
Spencer	Stevenson	

(Not a bad list to be compiled in the time.)

Australian Birds:

Leatherhead	Bell-bird	Peewee
Sparrow	Mudlark	Albatross
Jackass	Plover	Dove
Bull-finch	Starling	Turkey
Pelican	Hawk	Honey-sucker
Shag	Robin-red	Galah
Lyre-bird	White-eye	Gold-finch
Snipe	Mallee-hen	Swan
Minah	Curlew	Native-Companion
Butcher-bird	Water-hen	Coach-whip
Wag-tail	Cockatoo	Ground lark
Corilla	Canary	Mutton bird
Goose	Duck	Wattle-bird
Tomtit	Stork	Crow
Yellow-belly	Bower-bird	Parrakeet
Magpie	Gull	Eagle
Mopoke	Quail	Skylark
Wren	Parrot	Pigeon
Ibis	Raven	

(These fifty-six were compiled in five minutes.)

Australian Rivers:

Murrumbidgee	Manning	Curdie
Tweed	Shoalhaven	Goulbourn
Clarence	Darling	Roper
Hastings	Barwon	Snowy
George's	Loddon	Diamantina
Murray	Condamine	Evans
Namoi	Yarra	Macleay

Ovens	Mitta-Mitta	Como
Johnstone	Richmond	Bega
Swan	Bellinger	Macquarie
Parramatta	Hunter	Barcoo
Brunswick	Neuringa	Brisbane
Nambucea	Lachlan	Murchison

(These were done in five minutes.)

11. *Geography Game.* The longest list of places, rivers, bays, gulfs, towns, suburbs of cities, commencing with, say, the letter 'A.' Time, five minutes.
12. *Line Drawing.* As illustrated in the Etaples chapter.
13. *The Syllable Game.* Taking the word 'Adelaide,' and spelling it letter below letter on the left hand side, and spelling it letter above letter on the right hand side of the page, like an acrostic, and the prize to go to the man who can fill words in with the largest number of syllables, beginning and ending with the letters. This is one of our prizes, done in ten minutes.

A	dministrativ	E	(5)
D	ifferentiate	D	(6)
E	ucalypt	I	(4)
L	eucoesetheni	A	(6)
A	ntediluvia	L	(6)
I	ndefatigabl	E	(6)
D	uodecimate	D	(6)
E	ncyclopaedi	A	(6)
Total ...			45

Scotland makes a good word, also various combinations of letters such as B.E., C.D., D.N., F.E., etc., putting in, say, two difficult combinations to the eight words.

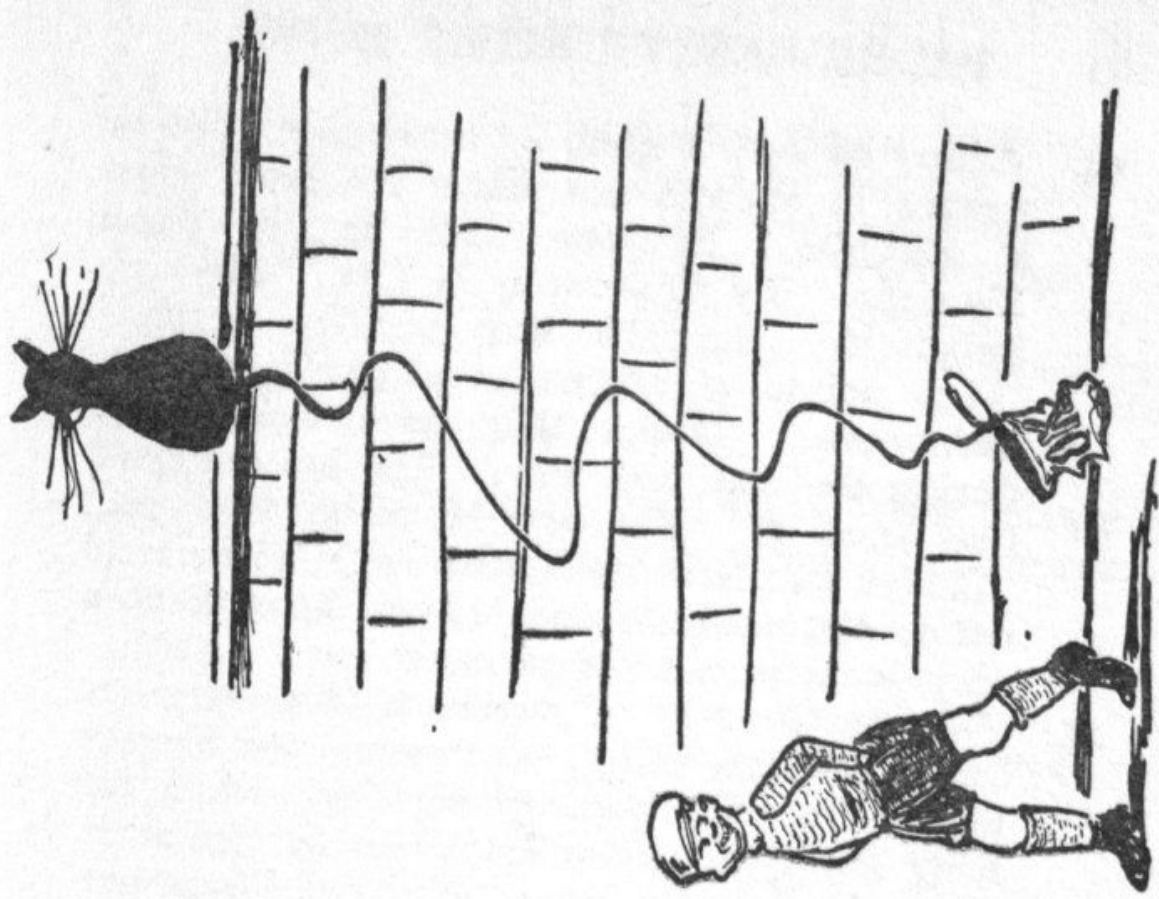
MOVING **F**ROM
ONE **B**ILLET
TO **A**NOTHER **I**N
THE **A**·**I**·**F**·

81



6

TREATMENT OF WAVY LINE IN DRAWING COMPETITION.
 (See p. 31.)



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF CORKSCREW DESIGN.

14. *Essays on half a sheet of note-paper.* To be written in ten minutes whilst the band gives a selection. Subjects such as 'A great Thought,' 'My Philosophy of Life,' 'Shall we Sub-divide Australia into smaller States?' 'Five points of advice to a young man of twenty-one,' 'Books that have helped me during the war, and why,' 'The bravest deed I've heard of,' 'The best bit of wit I've met,' 'Things that have influenced me.' These read out to the audience and judged, have given a very great amount of pleasure (see p. 120).
15. *Patriotic Poetry.* Compose a fifth verse to 'God Save the King,' expressing the Empire idea. On the Thanksgiving Day, when the King and Queen attended divine service at St. Paul's, two verses were, with the Royal permission, tentatively added to the National Anthem.

One realm of races four	Kinsfolk in love and birth
Blest more and ever more,	From utmost ends of earth,
God save our land.	God save us all.
Home of the brave and free,	Bid strife and hatred cease,
Set in the silver sea,	Bid hope and joy increase,
True nurse of chivalry,	Spread universal peace,
God save our land.	God save us all.

These seemed so feeble that we asked our men if they could compose something better. These are some of ours.

O God, whose mighty hand	Lord, we an Empire stand,
Made us by sea and land	Guardian by sea and land
So strong and free,	Of liberty.
Keep us, we humbly pray,	So by Thy grace may we
That in the coming day	Mighty in realm so free
Our Empire's grandest lay	Hold fast to Right and Thee
May rise to thee.	Eternally.

A. A. L.

F. M. R.

Thou didst our Empire bless	Spirit of Hawke and Drake
In years of deadly stress	Sailing for England's sake,
And gave us power;	The world's wide ring;
Keep us both brave and free,	Daring the tempest's rage,
That in the years to be	Yours is our heritage,
No shame nor tyranny	Empire from age to age,
May us o'erpower.	God save the King.

A. A. L.

63808.

Of course, this gave the 'Wags' their chance, and the following parodies gave much amusement:

The oft repeated cry,	Far from his native land,
'Britain, too, should be dry,	You'll see him on the Strand
Loud protests bring.	With rubber shoes;
And we have cause to fear	He stands for Empire's trade,
That if they stop our beer	He never was afraid,
We'll be too parched to cheer	He lives on lemonade,
Our friend the King.	God save our Hughes.

God send me home again,	God save our precious skins
Never to roam again,	When the Hun strafe begins,
God send me home!	God save our skins.
Kate, Mum, and Dad I'll see	Though the rains pour on us,
Waving like mad to me	And S.M.'s roar on us,
As I draw near the quay,	No—No more war for us,
God send me home.	God save our skins.

A. B.

W. M. D.

16. *A poem of fourteen lines, or less, on Australia.* With just a few hours' notice these verses were produced; they show the proud spirit of our men, and what they think of their native land.

'ALF A MILLION FIGHTIN' MEN.

'Alf a million fightin' men, fightin' in the war,
From the downs and from the stations, from the sea-girt
 shore.
'Alf a million fightin' men building up a name,
That will live throughout the ages as Australia's fame.

'Alf a million fightin' men, fightin' now in France,
 Up against the German bully—leadin' 'im a dance.
 'Alf a million fightin' men—best in all the world,
 Following where'er it leads, Australia's flag unfurled.

F. R. J.

Land of fairest women, those of saintly birth,
 And of greatest great men, toilers of the earth.
 Youths of finest physique, maidens bright and free,
 Dreamland of our best dreams, none so fair as thee.
 Memories of happy times spent on whitest sand,
 Memories of the Great Bush and thy rivers grand.
 Far across the white foam, land of hope and rest,
 In our fancies wandering Home with thee is best.
 When at last the long trail leads us to thy shore,
 Sunny land, Australia, we shall part no more.

S. T.

Far away I love thee more, O land that gave me birth,
 Peerless in thy many charms, thou rarest place on earth.
 Land of plenty, land of love, land of my heart's desire,
 I love thee from thy deepest caves, Kosciusko's tallest spire.
 Land of light, whose ramparts ever face the dawn,
 Whose heaving breasts are heavy with the ripening corn:
 Her autumn seas are decked with pearls to grace a diadem,
 And deep within Australia's heart dwells many a precious
 gem.

Her treasures are overfilled from nature's brimming store,
 And hidden in the matrix, dwells the golden ore.
 Australia my motherland, for thee I kiss the rod,
 Prize we our goodly heritage, and give our thanks to God.

F. C.

They may talk about their Blighty,
 And their Edinburgh toon,
 Or their Lancashire and Wales,
 And the hills of Bonny Doon.
 But tho' I'm miles away from home
 And the wattle-scented shore,
 I pray that I may soon return
 To Australia fair once more.

S. E.

And in an *Empire* competition this was placed first:

A force that has for generations past
 Impelled men on to deeds that live for ever,
 A force that ne'er will die while true men last,
 That ne'er will fade, but in some high endeavour
 Unites brave men of every creed and caste.
 A love that knows no question, but through fire
 Through water and through hell if be the need,
 Will drive men onward to a goal much higher
 Than that attained by thought of gain or greed,
 A love—a force—all powerful, all supreme.
 The love of Empire.

R. H. H.

15. *Why is the Australian like a Kangaroo?* This question brought a number of interesting articles.

'Because he hops in for his "cut."'

'Because he likes his "hops," and many a one is a "bounder."'

'Because he likes the doe ("dough").'

'Because he is on his hind legs at the least provocation.'

'It is imperative, in both cases, to have "heads up" before doing a "trot."'

'It is natural for both to be propped up whilst standing.'

'Because he will not "crawl," and has a good hide.'

'He pitches a good "tail," can give a close squeeze, he is good at a "hop-over," and goes forward by leaps and bounds.'

'A big pouch, a few hops, and then plenty of box.'

'When he is not solely dependent on his legs to do a "hop," he always has the resource of a powerful tale (tail).'

16. *How to express an Australian town by a short sentence.* (These were produced by the audience on the spur of the moment.)
- 'A girl slipping in front of a London 'bus.—Darling Down.'
 - 'A town that we all hope to reach.—Diggers Rest.'
 - 'A very springy town.—Bend-i-go.'
 - 'A town that reminds you of mother-in-law.—Tung-a-man.'
 - 'A town with an unhappy destiny.—In-ver-'ell.'
 - 'In Blighty, what the Aussie does.—Leeds.'
 - 'A town never free from colds.—E-chu-ca.'
 - 'The London "birds."—Wy-catch-em.'
 - 'A girl sitting on a wasps' nest.—Alice-Springs.'
 - 'A favourite seat for a girl.—Syd-ney.'
 - 'A hop, step, and jump.—Three Springs.'
 - 'A farmer hitting up his nag.—Gee-long.'
 - 'A town that will never go dry.—Ba(r)thurst.'
 - 'A town that reminds you of last month.—Ultimo.'
17. '*I've got a thought.*' (After the style of Clumps.) As described in the chapter 'Al Hayat,' p. 19.
18. *Stick-Writing.* This has been the source of a great deal of amusement. To write in the air with a cane the names of places, or persons, or authors, etc. Small prizes to be given to the winner of single items. A box of chocolates to the winner of the greatest number.
19. *The Match Box Stunt.* Get teams of four, each representing one of the six States. Give each captain of the team an empty lid of a match-box. At the word 'Present Match-boxes,' he puts it on his nose, and it is passed from nose to nose without being touched by

the hand to the fourth member of his team. Then it passes back to the leader, who again sends it down to the last man. Three times in all. If it falls off it must start again from the beginning. The winning team to be suitably rewarded. (Members of each team standing shoulder to shoulder.)

20. *Counting the length of a minute.* All standing up, the company has to count a minute by guessing it, not using watch or pulse. When it is thought that the minute is up, the hand is raised and he shouts 'Now,' as he sits down.
21. *Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.* For a small company of, say, a hundred. Divide the company into left and right. The leader says, 'I want a bird, beast, or fish beginning with "A," first from my left hand side and then from my right hand, before I count ten.' Then the left and right are appealed to alternately till one side cannot produce the necessary subject with 'A.' If the opposite side can, it gains the point. If neither side wins, it goes to 'Jack.' If one side gives two at once, the opposite side can take one of them. Try it with 'A,' 'B,' and 'C.' (This can also be done with the names of boys and girls, and the names of towns.)
22. *Singing Proverbs.* Two are sent out. The rest of the circle have a proverb given to them, each one receiving a word. (The proverb may have to be repeated three or four times to make it go right round.) Then altogether each one sings his word to the tune, 'John Brown's Body.' The two come in, walk round the circle, and try to find it out. The singers they discover it from go out next time.
23. *Finding something or doing something to*

music. One is sent out. Something is selected by the audience, and the one who has gone out has to find it out by the singing of the company. When loud, it means that it is far away, when soft that he is very near.

For breaking up stiffness at the beginning of a social evening, the next four stunts have been found most useful.

24. (a) *Collecting Autographs.* Provide each person with a long strip of paper (printer's off-cuts do well). Write your own name on the top and underline it. Then at the word 'go,' collect autographs from as many people as possible, for five minutes. It does make a room boil.

(b) *Passing Pennies.* Form the company into two sides facing each other, a passage-way of about six feet dividing them. Give the top person of each side five pennies. At the word 'go,' they're to be passed from hand to hand to the bottom of the row. When the one at the bottom has received the five, and not till then, the pennies are to be sent back one by one from hand to hand, the side who wins two out of three gets the prize. (If possible call each side by the name of a popular football club.)

(c) *'I know you.'* Give some one in the room half-a-crown, and tell the audience that when that unknown person has shaken hands with fifty persons, saying 'I know you,' the fiftieth person will receive the coin.

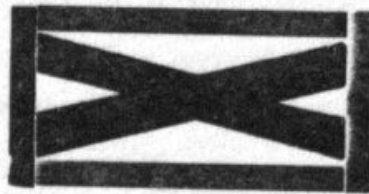
(d) *Word-Guessing.* If about 250 persons are to be present, have prepared, in twenty-five envelopes, marked 1 to 25, a word of, say, ten letters, like Demobilize, with a card for the leader. All the letters are written on small

pieces of cardboard, each letter in No. 1 envelope would be marked 1, and the leader's card marked 1. The same with No. 2, mark all the letters and leader's card with the figure 2, and so on to 25. Distribute the letters well all over the room, making sure that there are some ladies in each of the groups. At the word 'go,' the leaders stand on chairs, call their section round them from all over the room, and, placing the letters on the chair, try to spell out the word. The first group that guess it gets rewarded, and see to it that as they retire to their seats, no two ladies sit together.

25. *The Barber's Shop.* Send, say, six gentlemen out of the room. Three young ladies stand behind three chairs, with towels on them. Each gentleman is asked as he comes in by the first lady, 'Will you have a shave?' by the second, 'Will you have a hair-cut?' and by the third, 'Will you have a shampoo?' He makes his selection and sits down. Then he is blindfolded. Then a bare-faced youth lightly kisses him on the cheek. He is then asked by the other ladies, won't he have their attention too. Thinking it is a genuine affair, he says, 'Oh yes, I will have a full issue,' and takes the three chairs. His amazement when he sees the next victim is generally very great.
26. *'What did I purchase?'* The audience have to guess what you purchased in the various departments of a big Emporium, by the initials you give. In the hosiery department H.S. (Hot Socks), in the Fancy Department T.C. (Toilet Combs), &c.
27. *Boots without shoes.* Send six out of the room to come in one by one. You tell the incoming

one that this is an elocutionary and dramatic performance. He stands behind one chair and the leader behind the other. The rules of the game are two, he says; (1) You must do as I do; (2) You must say what I ASK you to say. The victim repeats the two rules to see that he has got them clearly. The leader then does a variety of striking attitudes, which are repeated by his vis-a-vis. Then he is asked to say in a deep base voice, 'Boots without shoes,' which he generally does. (Of course, to say boots without shoes is simply to say 'Boots.') Then he is asked to say it in a tenor voice, then in a whisper, then interrogatively, then imperatively; all the while he is missing the idea that he is not to say what you *say*, but what you *ask* him to say. Often he cannot see the point, even when you urge him to say 'Boots—and leave the shoes alone,' or even when you say it plainly, 'Say boots, and don't say shoes.' At last he sees it, and meekly says 'Boots.' It gives great fun to the audience, if not to the actor.

28. *Drawing whilst looking in a mirror.* Have a mirror and a piece of paper. Try to draw a flag, looking only in the mirror, with the hand



that is drawing it hidden from the eye by a piece of paper so that only the hand and pencil is seen in the mirror. Some weird effects follow this stunt.

29. *'Word-Building.'* (For a group of about twelve.) Someone in the circle starts a word with a letter; the next person adds a letter to

it, that will help to make a word. The third adds another letter, and so on till a word is made. The game is not to FINISH a word. If your letter makes a word, even though it is a small one, it is a miss to you, and two misses are out. Words of two letters, such as 'is,' 'to,' 'in,' &c., do not count as words. Suppose that the one next to you puts in what you consider an impossible letter, you have the right to challenge him. If he has not a word in his mind, it is a miss to him; if he has it is a miss to you.

Numbers of other games, too well known to be described here, have been used, but these have been our real stand-bys for our 'Fun Nights.'

GUESSING COMPETITIONS

(As explained on p. 37.)

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PUZZLING RHYMLETS.

Each Question must be answered by a word rhyming with WIGHT.

Questions.	Answers.
1 The extreme opposite of error	Right
2 Military rank in feudal days	Knight
3 To beat	Smite
4 An early Spring blossom	Aconite
5 Shining and glossy	Bright
6 A tiny atom	Mite
7 A disease fatal to plant life	Blight
8 A young sailor	Midshipmite
9 A sad condition	Plight
10 When garments are too small	Tight
11 One who is newly converted	Proselyte
12 One who is skilled in making things	Wright
13 The evil genius of revenge	Spite
14 The Vision	Sight
15 A beautiful icicle seen in caverns	Stalactite
16 Hangers-on to their friends' houses and tables	Parasite
17 One who is versed in the nautical trade	Shipwright

Questions.	Answers.
18 A ravenous bird of prey	Kite
19 A hermit of by-gone days	Anchorite
20 A lover of luxury in Ancient Greece	Sybarite
21 Denotes strength and power	Might
22 A religious ceremony	Rite
23 A rare gem	Chrysolite
24 An ecclesiastical attendant	Acolyte
25 A little elf	Sprite
26 Colourless colour	White
27 A struggle or combat	Fight
28 An explosive of great power	Dynamite
29 A plot of ground	Site
30 An omission	Oversight
31 A craving	Appetite
32 Rapid departure	Flight
33 A convert	Neophyte
34 12 a.m.	Midnight
35 Used for explosive purposes	Lyddite
36 Thin and slim	Slight
37 The altitude of any object	Height
38 Obtained from the Sun	Light
36 An order of begging Friars	Carmelite
40 A scare	Fright
41 A tribe that troubled Israel	Amalekite

MOST SINGULAR—PLURALS.

Each question must be answered by two words, the first beginning with the letter S. This S must be taken from the first word and placed at the end of the second word, thus making it plural. Example: SHOE—HOES.

Questions.	Answers.
1 A workman's tool and Irish cabins	Shovel—Hovels
2 Found in swamps and the plural can cut	Sedge—Edges
3 A wise man changed into long centuries	Sage—Ages
4 A cylinder becomes small puddles of water	Spool—Pools
5 Only a pace, but it turns into domestic favourites	Step—Pets
6 A stem changes into confidential chats	Stalk—Talks
7 A heavenly body becomes rodent animals	Star—Rats
8 A foot-rest turns into workmen's instruments	Stool—Tools
9 The human back-bone changes into fragrant trees	Spine—Pines
10 A fall becomes medicinal little balls	Spill—Pills
11 A gay beau changes into the lungs of large cities	Spark—Parks

Questions.	Answers.
12 A hard mineral becomes varied shades of colour	Stone—Tones
13 A distance turns into striding measures	Space—Paces Speak—Peaks
14 Vocal utterance changes to points	
15 A worthless fellow becomes the military grounds for tents ...	Scamp—Camps
16 A terrific fright turns into anxieties and responsibilities	Scare—Cares
17 An imitation changes to the best parts of a pig	Sham—Hams
18 A nautical vessel merges into parts of the human body	Ship—Hips
19 A 'Masher' becomes springs of water	Swell—Wells
20 Part of a horse's leg chances into skeins of cotton	Shank—Hanks
21 Pigs turn into the juice of grapes...	Swine—Wines
22 A soldier's weapon turns into juicy fruit	Spear—Pears
23 A dust remover becomes miserable people	Sweeper—Weepers
24 A musical note changes to musical instruments	Sharp—Harps
25 A labourer turns into wagons ...	Swain—Wains
26 One who mocks merges into angles	Scorner—Corners
27 An injury becomes the railway conveyances	Strain—Trains
28 A blot merges into cooking utensils	Spot—Pots
29 A broad piece of leather changes to the dread of mice	Straps—Traps
30 A scabbard turns into pleasant moors	Sheath—Heaths
31 An apparatus becomes money safety-drawers	Still—Tills
32 A pause changes to boys' toys ...	Stop—Tops
33 Starch merges into small quarrels	Stiff—Tiffs
34 An untidy writing turns to the action of going on all-fours ...	Scrawl—Crawls
35 Foot-gear becomes the gardener's tools	Shoe—Hoes
36 A sudden jump changes to pastry	Start—Tarts
37 An animal turns into a luggage appendage	Stag—Tags
38 A little twig merges into conceited persons	Sprig—Prigs
39 A state of revolving changes to pointed instruments	Spin—Pins
40 A building for buying and selling merges into plants used in the brewing trade	Shop—Hops

A 'TEN' COMPETITION.

Each question to be answered by a word which has the word TEN in the middle.

Questions.					Answers.
1	Application	Attention
2	Strife	Contention
3	Food	Sustenance
4	Ominous	Portentous
5	Prince Charlie	Pretender
6	Support	Maintenance
7	Swank	Pretensions
8	Rules	Potentate
9	Purpose	Intention
10	Restraint	Detention
11	Reformatory	Penitentiary
12	Satisfaction	Contentment
13	A Town	Cheltenham
14	Wide	Distended
15	To retain	Retentive
16	Waiter	Attendant
17	Enlarged	Extensive
18	A hundred years	Centenary
19	Belongings	Appurtenances
20	Holding off	Abstention
21	One in charge	Intendant
22	Earnestly	Intensely
23	Slender	Attenuate
24	Enlargement	Extension

THE LIBRARY.

Answers: Well-known Books of well-known Authors.

- 1 Cromwell—Fancy bread (Dickens).—Oliver Twist.
- 2 You and I (Edna Lyall).—We Two.
- 3 Bread and a Yorkshire town (Mrs. Henry Wood).—Roland Yorke.
- 4 The girl you love (Rider Haggard).—She.
- 5 In our childhood (Edna Lyall).—In the Golden Days.
- 6 1912 (Kingsley).—Two Years Ago.
- 7 Two brothers and their friend on the river (Jerome).—Three Men in a Boat.
- 8 A small piece of very old cheese (Corelli).—The Mighty Atom.
- 9 A collection of Antiques (Dickens).—The Old Curiosity Shop.
- 10 Towards the setting sun—An exclamation (Kingsley).—Westward Ho!
- 11 The author's best friend—A boy's name (Thackeray).—Pendennis.
- 12 An Ecclesiastic of Yorkshire (Goldsmith).—The Vicar of Wakefield.

- 13 Wood, paper and coal (Ellen Thornycroft Fowler).—
Fuel of Fire.
- 14 A Saxon King (Lytton).—Harold.
- 15 Experience of workers during a strike (Dickens).—Hard
Times.
- 16 An east wind—A habitation (Dickens).—Bleak House.
- 17 Brave men (Kingsley).—Heroes.
- 18 A Church lost in the Great Fire (Harrison Ainsworth).—
Old St. Paul's.
- 19 Our Ancestor—An ornament (George Eliot).—Adam
Bede.
- 20 A very common surname—a famous tenor (Defoe).—
Robinson Crusoe.
- 21 A youthful bride in her wedding dress (Wilkie Collins).—
The Woman in White.
- 22 A spider (Oxenham).—A Weaver of Webs.
- 23 Little sea bathers (Kingsley).—Water Babies.
- 24 The two hemispheres (E. Wetherell).—The Wide Wide
World.
- 25 The man whose duty takes him out at dusk (Cummings).
—The Lamplighter.
- 26 A common little wild flower (Orczy).—The Scarlet
Pimpernel.
- 27 A bird—A plantation (Harrison Ainsworth).—Rookwood.
- 28 A hermit—Of weak intellect (Marryat).—Peter Simple.
- 29 A Patriarch—Trusty (Marryat).—Jacob Faithful.
- 30 A story of London and Paris (Dickens).—A Tale of Two
Cities.
- 31 A beautiful girl of a Scotch town (Scott).—Fair Maid
of Perth.
- 32 One of Henry VIII's wives—One of the elements (C.
Brontë).—Jane Eyre.
- 33 An Outlaw (Kingsley).—Hereward the Wake.
- 34 A sea robber (Scott).—The Pirate.
- 35 A charm or mascot (Scott).—The Talisman.
- 36 Artists of our own time (Ruskin).—Modern Painters.
- 37 A match-making mamma (Isaac Walton).—The Complete
Angler.
- 38 A collector of curios (Scott).—The Antiquary.
- 39 A monastery and the fireside (C. Reade).—The Cloister
and the Hearth.
- 40 A mountain guide (Cooper).—The Pathfinder.
- 41 A hunter of stags (Cooper).—The Deerslayer.

GATES OR A GATE TEA.

Answers: Words and Places ending in Gate.

Part I.—Words.

Questions	Answers.
1 This rides full-armed the waters of the globe	Frigate
2 With care in things to search, to probe	Investigate

Questions.	Answers.
3 To alleviate—perchance—a pain, a grief	Mitigate
4 With skill to thirsty ground to bring relief	Irrigate
5 A dignitary from the Papal See... ..	Legate
6 And this another kind of deputy ...	Delegate
7 To crowd together in a given spot ...	Congregate
8 To increase make upon the garden plot	Propagate
9 To stretch what you desire to longer be	Elongate
10 To use with skill the rule of road at sea	Navigate
11 Somewhat presumptuously a part to claim	Arrogate
12 To lessen value—say—of name or fame	Derogate

Part II.—Places.

'Gate' is taken in the old-world sense of 'way or road.'

Questions.	Answers.
13 This way, near sea is made of tiny grains	Sandgate
14 That hilly way near London Town obtains	Highgate
15 This way runs beneath a chilky hill ...	Reigate
16 That's a famed resort when one is ill ...	Harrogate
17 The prefix proves this once a wooded space	Forest Gate
18 That way was trod by priests of Scottish race	Canongate
19 Through this way passed a mythic King of yore	Ludgate
20 That way in London prisoners tread no more	Newgate
21 We think that this was once a beastie's way	Ramsgate
22 And near at hand we find a sister gay	Margate
23 We call this West-end of that town by sea	Westgate
24 To pass through this you have to pay a fee	Toll Gate

WATERWAYS

The answers to be RIVERS.

Questions.	Answers.
1 A frolic	Spree
2 Crossed by Julius Cæsar	Rubicon
3 Wine	Rhine
4 Let fly	Dart
5 A battle in Nelson's time	Nile
6 On a beer barrel	Exe
7 A title in Spain	Don
8 A masculine woman	Amazon
9 A guide	Murray
10 What do people hope to keep? ...	Seine
11 A Free State	Congo
12 Unpleasant to fall in	Ouse
13 A tunnel	Severn
14 A question often asked by children	Wye
15 A bridge	Tay
16 A council	Trent

Questions.	Answers.
17 Some tyres	Humber
18 A Saint	St. Lawrence
19 Where did William III defeat James II?	Boyne
20 What do people buy clothes for? ...	Wear
21 A dark river	Blackwater
22 Heard of during the Boer War ...	Tugela
23 Best way to get money	Erne
24 A sacred river	Ganges
25 A celebrated Indian General	Clyde
26 Quoted in 'weather forecasts'	Valencia
27 Some kind of suit	Tweed
28 Colour of a horse	Rhone

CONCEALED SMALL LIVING CREATURES.

Each sentence contains the name of a well-known Fish, Insect, or Living Creature, the letters following in order.

Questions.	Answers.
1 He is the worst of rogues and villains ...	Frog
2 I am now going to add up these figures ...	Toad
3 My new doll is naked	Snake
4 I like Midget photos very much	Midge
5 It is lovely to bathe in the warm Ouse ...	Mouse
6 There is no original or new thought in the book	Newt
7 Hannah, are you coming? if so, do hurry	Hare
8 The Railway Companies offer return tickets at cheap fares	Ferret
9 It is a cold, colourless, drab bit of carpet	Rabbit
10 The local rates get higher and higher ...	Rat
11 Bob is studying nature and botany ...	Gnat
12 I am going for a walk with Mother soon	Moth
13 Mary's nails are well kept	Snail
14 If lying is wrong, give it up	Fly
15 Do try and be extra good to-day	Bee
16 We start lessons to-morrow or Monday ...	Worm
17 This is a warm pleasant house	Ant
18 I like beet less than other vegetables ...	Beetle
19 A huntsman's horn eternally blowing is tiresome	Hornet
20 The new code of signalling is difficult ...	Cod
21 You do your best, so leave the rest	Sole
22 Grimsby had dock large enough for fishing vessels	Haddock
23 I like asparagus immensely	Asp
24 Put the drag on fly-wheels, when slow action is necessary	Dragon-Fly
25 The sun's rays melt the snow quickly ...	Smelt
26 I cannot add Ernest's figures, they are all crooked	Adder

Questions.	Answers.
27 The influence of a good home elevates the inmates	Eel
28 I will go to-morrow as Peter will be here	Wasp
29 I shall skip perfectly soon	Kipper
30 The fever has abated, she is better again ...	Bat
31 Her rings were set with diamonds	Herrings
32 There would not be such a noise if we had one cock less	Cockles
33 Love of luxury and ease always leads to selfishness	Seal
34 Where the climate is warm, oleanders will flourish	Mole
35 I tell you, Philip, raw night air is bad for you	Prawn
36 The drone-pipe sounds like the bag-pipes	Drone
37 I believe, Liz, ardent souls attract others	Lizard

AN ANT'S NEST.

All the answers end in ANT. If you are an aspirant for the prize set your wits to work.

Questions.	Answers.
1 Green as grass	Verdant
2 A vulgar, noisy ant	Blatant
3 Roses—Violets—Honeysuckles	Fragrant
4 A very large ant	Elephant
5 Influenza is often this	Rampant
6 All that is left	Remnant
7 A very hard ant	Adamant
8 'Bid me discourse, and I will _____ thine ear'	Enchant
9 An ant good in puddings and cakes ...	Currant
10 Haughty and proud	Arrogant
11 '_____ but not ostentatious'	Elegant
12 Stimulating and lively	Piquant
13 A very learned ant	Savant
14 The _____ Adventurers lived in stirring times	Merchant
15 Some people are _____ with the Suffragettes	Indignant
16 Australia is this	Distant
17 This is an ant who entreats	Suppliant
18 A refractory ant	Recalcitrant
19 A very light ant	Buoyant
20 '_____ Cavaliers followed in her train'	Attendant
21 Consequential, also momentous	Important
22 A _____ Knight was he	Gallant
23 A sleeping ant	Dormant
24 May your star be always this	Ascendant
25 Do not go this _____	Instant
26 If you have found the game _____	Pleasant
27 And if you have given _____ proof ...	Abundant

	Questions.		Answers.
28	Of your ——— intellectual abilities,	Brilliant
29	You may be ———	Triumphant
30	In which case you will win a prize and go home ———	Jubilant

WHAT ARE YOU?

Each answer must be a word ending in AR.

	Questions.		Answers.
1	Are you round?	Circular
2	Are you one of a religious order?	Friar
3	Are you a piece of money?	Dollar
4	Are you straight up and down?	Perpendicular
5	Are you very precise or exact?	Particular
6	Are you worn on the neck?	Collar
7	Are you a support?	Pillar
8	Are you a place of worship?	Altar
9	Are you an almanack?	Calendar
10	Are you something very sweet?	Sugar
11	Are you an underground place?	Cellar
12	Are you rude and unrefined?	Vulgar
13	Are you the science of language?	Grammar
14	Are you an insect which becomes a moth?	...	Caterpillar
15	Are you used in making salad?	Vinegar
16	Are you a short, curved sword?	Scimitar
17	Are you strong and active?	Muscular
18	Are you a vessel in which things are pounded?	Mortar
19	Are you surrounded by water?	Insular
20	Are you seen in the sky at night?	Star
21	Are you like a tiger?	Jaguar
22	Are you a kind of fruit?	Medlar
23	Are you a place with goods for sale?	Bazaar
24	Are you asking for money?	Beggar
25	Are you an ideal model?	Exemplar
26	Are you well acquainted?	Familiar
27	Are you a person with a keen temper?	...	Tartar
28	Are you a mark left by a wound?	Scar
29	Are you a travelling hawker?	Pedlar
30	If these answers you've supplied, then you are a ———	Scholar

FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

Answers: Familiar Popular Sayings.

- 1 A great fuss about nothing.—All cry and little wool.
- 2 Constant mishaps in a household.—No luck about the house.
- 3 An embarrassing position.—Between devil and sea.
- 4 Cold mutton.—Pot luck.
- 5 Often your favourite son.—A ne'er-do-well.

- 6 Strained relations.—Not on speaking terms.
- 7 A quarrelsome existence.—A cat and dog life.
- 8 Out of his element.—A fish out of water.
- 9 A happy couple.—Darby and Joan.
- 10 Futile labour.—Ploughing the sands.
- 11 Coveted fruit.—Sour grapes.
- 12 A little more stimulant.—A hair of the dog that bit.
- 13 A rare phenomenon.—A Blue Moon.
- 14 A selfish creature.—A dog in the manger.
- 15 A great surprise.—A bolt from the blue.
- 16 Not quite sane.—A bee in his bonnet.
- 17 A smart rebuke.—A slap in the face.
- 18 To reveal a secret.—Let the cat out of the bag.
- 19 A strong resemblance.—As like as two peas.
- 20 A reverie.—A brown study.
- 21 A great risk.—Neck or nothing.
- 22 A free and easy man.—Hail fellow well met.
- 23 To reverse the order of things.—Cart before horse.
- 24 To attack any one.—To open fire.
- 25 In a dilemma.—Between two stools; Scylla and Charybdis.
- 26 True hospitality.—To keep open house.
- 27 To sulk.—To ride the black donkey.
- 28 To snub any one.—Give the cold shoulder.
- 29 Very quickly.—Like a shot.
- 30 To be jealous.—To wear green spectacles.
- 31 An heroic remedy.—Kill or cure.
- 32 A hint.—A wrinkle.
- 33 To take advantage.—To steal a march.
- 34 A domestic catastrophe.—A kettle of fish.
- 35 At an indefinite period.—Once upon a time.
- 36 A hot situation.—The fat's in the fire.
- 37 To damp one's ardour.—Throw cold water.
- 38 To chaperon lovers.—To pick gooseberries.
- 39 To pacify.—Oil on troubled waters.
- 40 Gross extravagance.—Burn candle both ends.

MY GAME.

Each answer either begins or ends with the letters MY.

Questions.	Answers.
1 An aromatic gum	Myrrh
2 The science of the bodily structure ...	Anatomy
3 What days are those of prosperity ...	Palmy
4 A fable	Myth
5 Something one does not care to make	Enemy
6 Descriptive of sea-weed	Slimy
7 Something unrevealed	Mystery
8 Face study	Physiognomy
9 The fifth book of Moses	Deuteronomy
10 A large number	Myriad
11 An inmate of the British Museum ...	Mummy

Questions.	Answers.
12 A size of paper	Demy
13 The only place where a man likes to be hung	Academy
14 A member of a ruffianly band	Myrmidon
15 Public disgrace	Infamy
16 Part of the name of Mother Carey's chicken	Stormy (Petrel)
17 The science of heavenly bodies	Astronomy
18 Self-Government	Autonomy
19 A little flower	Myosotis
20 Careful management	Economy
21 Describes a perfect complexion	Creamy
22 An evergreen shrub	Myrtle
23 The art of good eating	Gastronomy
24 Descriptive of a sublimely happy small boy	Grimy
25 A dwarf	Pigmy
26 Jack's rival in popularity	Tommy
27 Fragrant, also a slang word	Balmy
28 A national safeguard	Army
29 Forerunner of the science of substances	Alchemy
30 How a frog feels to the touch	Clammy
31 The art of vein-opening	Phlebotomy
32 Singularly applicable to lovers	Dreamy
33 An effigy	Dummy
34 Describes a depressing outlook	Gloomy
35 Not permitted in civilized countries	Polygamy
36 How a mansion strikes the cottage-dweller	Roomy

A 'RING' OF QUESTIONS.

Each answer to end in 'Ring.'

Questions.	Answers.
1 A Ring heard mostly at night	Snoring
2 " " which is unselfish	Sharing
3 " " which turns round	Veering
4 " " which does not forget	Remembering
5 " " which is a favourite pursuit	Motoring
6 " " which is too bright	Glaring
7 " " which provides food	Catering
8 " " which makes a hole	Boring
9 " " which can't make up its mind	Wavering
10 " " which has a lot to say	Chattering
11 " " which rides fast	Cantering
12 " " to walk upon	Flooring
13 " " of pain	Suffering
14 " " which breaks in pieces	Shattering
15 " " which makes our Xmas Puddings	Stirring
16 " " which gives up hope	Despairing
17 " " which feels the heat	Perspiring

Questions.				Answers.
18	A	Ring for dry weather	Watering
19	"	" which fades	Withering
20	"	" of applause	Cheering
21	"	" that cleans	Scouring
22	"	" used by laundresses	Goffering
23	"	" used by carpenters	Hammering
24	"	" which disperses	Scattering
25	"	" which gives back	Restoring
26	"	" which does not hurry	Loitering
27	"	" which gazes intently	Peering
28	"	" which knows no fear	Daring
29	"	" which happens again	Recurring
30	"	" which makes mistakes	Erring
31	"	" which obstructs	Hampering
32	"	" which is quarrelsome	Bickering
33	"	" which makes a noise	Clattering

OTHER SPECIAL GAMES.

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'GERANIUM.'

All the answers are found in the letters of the word
'Geranium.'

Questions.				Answers.
1	What ladies dislike divulging	Age	
2	What the King does every day	Reign	
3	Some have it for music	Ear	
4	Belonging to me	Mine	
5	All kinds of corn	Grain	
6	A kind of fever	Ague	
7	A receptacle for ashes	Urn	
8	The road to which is easy	Ruin	
9	Generally narrow	Margin	
10	What you should never get into	Rage	
11	A European nation	German	
12	Essential to life	Air	
13	A riddle	Enigma	
14	What girls want to change	Name	
15	An idol	Image	
16	A precious stone	Gem	
17	Resentment	Anger	
18	What a wife should never do	Nag	
19	An obsolete coin	Guinea	
20	Woman's greatest worry	Man	
21	Often found on small boy's faces	Grime	
22	To discuss	Argue	

NURSERY RHYMES.

- 1 One guest had an accident.—Humpty Dumpty.
- 2 One guest didn't know how to eat.—Jack Horner.
- 3 One guest didn't know how to behave.—Georgy Porgy.
- 4 A forlorn shepherdess afterwards comforted.—Bo-peep.
- 5 Sightless things that barely got home with their lives.—
Three blind mice.
- 6 A youthful astronomer's thoughts.—Twinkle, twinkle,
little star.
- 7 A mercantile musical melody.—Sing a song of sixpence.
- 8 How he missed a good dinner.—Three little pigs.
- 9 A hilarious monarch.—Good King Cole.
- 10 A real dishonest Briton.—Taffy was a Welshman.
- 11 A monogram and a confectioner.—Pat-a-cake.
- 12 A country yokel who thought he knew more than he
did.—Simple Simon.
- 13 A lady scared by natural history.—Little Miss Muffet.
- 14 A disappointed hound.—Mother Hubbard.
- 15 All dressed in dark clothes for the winter.—Baa Baa
Black Sheep.
- 16 Some guests who found what they had mislaid.—Three
little kittens.
- 17 A lady over fond of pastry.—Queen of hearts.
- 18 A little girl who had an up and down life.—See-saw
Marjory Daw.
- 19 A good old-fashioned parent.—Old Mother Hubbard.
- 20 A water fatigue fatality.—Jack and Jill.
- 21 How a broomstick heard music.—Ride a cock horse.
- 22 How the children of Ham diminished.—Ten little nigger
boys.
- 23 An automatic hammock.—Hush-a-bye baby.
24. Landscape gardening by a suffragette.—Mary, Mary,
quite contrary.
- 25 Good exercise for a cold day.—Nuts and May.
- 26 Movement but not progress.—Here we go round the
mulberry bush.
- 27.—A bedroom inspection by an official with tan boots and
leggings.—Goosy Gander.
- 28 A rich man happy though unmarried.—The jolly miller.
- 29 Sweet and bitter within sound of music.—Oranges and
lemons.
- 30 The difference that a change of wind made.—A little
ship.
- 31 The clanging bell of time and what it did.—Dickerty,
dickerty dock.
- 32 An aviator's inquest.—Who killed Cock Robin?
- 33 A diminutive Bisley competitor.—There was a little man.
- 34 An invitation not always disinterested.—Spider and the fly.
- 35 An alarm raised because of a feline domesticated animal.
—Ding dong bell.

- 36 Things alike have a knack of coming together.—A crooked man.
 37 A struggle for supremacy.—The lion and the unicorn.

ROMANCE OF SHAKESPEARE.

- Who were the lovers?—Romeo and Juliet.
 What was the courtship like?—Midsummer Night's Dream.
 What was her answer to his proposal?—As You Like It.
 Of whom did he buy the ring?—Merchant of Venice.
 What time of the month were they married?—Twelfth Night.
 Who were the ushers?—Two Gentlemen of Verona.
 Who were best man and maid of honour?—Antony and Cleopatra.
 Who gave the reception?—Merry Wives of Windsor.
 In what kind of place did they live?—Hamlet.
 What caused their first quarrel?—Much Ado About Nothing.
 What was her disposition like?—The Tempest.
 What was his chief occupation after marriage?—Taming of the Shrew.
 What did they quarrel over—when quarrelling?—Measure for Measure.
 What did their friendship prove to be?—Love's Labour Lost.
 What did their friends say?—All's Well That End's Well.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Christian name (male or female) must be prefixed to each Surname.

Mr. and Mrs. Dante gave a party for their daughter Andante, and the following guests were present.

Mr. & Mrs. Vere and their son	...	Percy-Vere
" " Mum and their daughter	...	Minnie-Mum
" " Down and their daughter	...	Ida-Down
" " Warm and their son	...	Luke-Warm
" " Coddle and their daughter	...	Molly-Coddle
" " Fer and their daughter	...	Lucy-Fer
" " Et and their son	...	Mark-Et
" " Tine and their daughter	...	Phyllis-Tine
" " Donna and their daughter	...	Bella-Donna
" " Ato and their son	...	Tom-Ato
" " Ful and their daughter	...	Grace-Ful.
" " Incense and their son	...	Frank-Incense
" " Con and their daughter	...	Ruby-Con
" " Pole and their daughter	...	May-Pole
" " Boots and their son	...	Jack-Boots
" " Ning and their daughter	...	Eve-Ning
" " On and their daughter	...	Milli-On
" " Water and their daughter	...	Rose-Water
" " Tong and their son	...	Bill-Tong
" " Anthus and their daughter	...	Poly-Anthus
" " Quil and their son	...	John-Quil

Mr. & Mrs. Sticate and their daughter	...	Sophi-Sticate
" " Cen and their daughter	...	Sara-Cen
" " Cund and their son	... "	Jo-Cund
" " Chovy and their daughter	...	An-Chovy
" " Ant and their son	... "	Adam-Ant

LUCK AND UNLUCK.

The first two lines in each verse refer to luck, the second two to unluck.

A vagrant creature, softly clothed,
Be sure you keep him if you can.
To keep a stray black cat.

An article in daily use,
Ne'er scatter aught from dish or pan.
To spill salt.

If, in ascending, you should slip
You'll hear the bells ring by-and-by;
Tumbling upstairs predicts a wedding.

Be swift to put these in their place
If on the table they should lie.
Boots on the table.

This multi-coloured prancer see,
And presto! formulate a thought;
To wish on seeing a piebald horse.

If host, of guests, this number bid,
'Tis not a number that he ought.
Thirteen at table.

A stranger comes upon this morn,
Oh! all important is his hue!
A dark man to cross the threshold on New
Year's morning.

If paste or cake you mix with me
For certain, trouble you will brew.
Stir with a knife, stir up strife.

An entity, bald-pated, see,
Make haste to catch his single hair;
To catch the little god chance by the
single hair on his bald head.

The one day of the week on which
'Tis wise to make beginnings rare.
To begin anything on a Friday.

I'm old and worn, but sure to find
A glad reception with the bride;
Old shoe at a wedding.

A few steps further—that is all,
'Tis worth your while to turn aside.
Stepping under ladder.

To changeful queen, when first she comes,
Duly, each month, your homage pay;
To bow to the new moon.

Be careful that no crystal stands
Betwixt you on that night or day.
To see the new moon through glass.

Whene'er you find me, do not fail
To take me home, and keep in view;
To find a horse shoe.

Beware lest we should overlap
At breakfast, dinner, supper too!
Crossed knives.

If you a welcome face would see
Put this at night beneath your head;
To sleep with wedding cake under the pillow.
Thirty-one days the wise man shuns,
And chooses other time to wed.
To marry in May.

Confection rich; 'tis well that all
Should in the mixing lend a hand;
To stir the Christmas pudding.
You, if ofttimes you lose this game
May be the happiest in the land.
Unlucky at cards, lucky at finding a
husband or wife.

THE GAME OF THE PERPLEXING ASS.

Each answer must be a word beginning with ASS, or
AS pronounced as ASS.

An approving ass	Assent
An ass that speaks positively	Assertion
An arrogant ass	Assuming
A ready, helping ass	Assistant
An ass that is a companion	Associate
A variety of asses	Assortment
A bankrupt ass	Assets
An ass used by the Kaffirs	Assegai
An ass that is a native of an Eastern country	Assyrian
An ass that attacks another	Assault
An ass that tries criminals	Assizes
An ass that takes life	Assassin
A society of asses	Association
An ass that values property	Assessor
An ass that mitigates pain	Assuage
An attentive, diligent ass	Assiduous
An ass that provides good tea	Assam
An ass with a murderous intent	Assailant
An ass that has wool like a lamb	Astrakhan

An ass that studies the stars	Astronomy
An ass with a chronic cough	Asthma
A shrewd, cunning ass	Astute
A surprised ass	Astonished
An ass like a little star	Asterisk
A strengthening ass	Astringent
An ass cut in halves	Asunder
A superior ass of high rank	Ascendant
An ambitious ass	Aspirant
An ass offering a place of security	Asylum
An ass on one side	Aslant

SHORT AND SWEET.

Express in one or more letters of the alphabet the following:

Extreme cold	...	I.C.	To be in debt	...	O.
To waste away	...	D.K.	A boy's Welsh name	...	O.N.
Comfort	...	E.E.'s	Famous Gardens	...	Q.
A tax	...	X.I.I.'s	A part of the body	...	I.
A county of England	...	S.X.	An insect	...	B.
A favourite beverage	...	T.	A title for those in high	...	
A climbing plant	...	I.V.	office	...	X.L.N.C.
A condiment	...	K.N.	Three rivers of England	...	
A town in Austria	...	V.N.R.		...	Y.X.D.
Fitness, Desirableness	...		A funeral song	...	L.E.G.
	...	X.P.D.N.C.	A great body of water	...	C.
Power	...	N.R.G.	Myself	...	I.
To dispense with	...	X.QQ's	To surpass	...	X.L.
Void	...	M.T.	A likeness or figure	...	F.E.G.
To lay hold of	...	C.C.'s	A tree	...	U.
Out of sorts	...	C.D.	A girl's name	...	L.C.
A prophet	...	C.R.	A trial	...	S.A.
A river in Scotland	...	D.	A malted liquor	...	B.R.
A bird	...	J.	Dutifulness	...	O.B.D.N.'s
Too much	...	X.S.	Fat	...	O.B.B.'s
Yourself	...	U.	A song of triumph	...	P.N.
A question	...	Y.	A measure	...	L.
A vegetable	...	P.		...	

HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.

Questions.	Answers.
Carol Singers	Weights
A dog's name	Tray
Part of a bicycle	Bell
Species of fancy work	Poker
An outdoor game	Bowls
An instrument of torture	Rack
The quickest means of obtaining news	Wire
Something used by photographers	Plates
The name of a bonnet	Scuttle

Questions.	Answers.
A flat surface	Level
A coin	Copper
What burglars do	Steel
A slang term for a plain person ...	Mug
A round piece of wood	Rolling pin
A town in Italy	Turin (Tureen)
A harsh sound	Grate
A member of a theatrical company ...	Dresser
A child's plaything	Dolly
Harmonic sounds	Scales
A carpenter's tool	Saw
The God of Shepherds	Pan
The roar of an animal	Bellows
A gentle blow	Tap
What wrecked vessels do	Sink
Another name for swell	Masher
Name of a vessel	Steamer
A purifier	Filter
A clerical hat	Shovel
A winner's trophy	Cup
A slang term for lovers	Spoons

A FICTITIOUS ROMANCE.

- 1 A boy and girl did near each other dwell,
Beside a place by name 'St. Ronan's Well.' Sir W. Scott.
- 2 When school was o'er with fun and childish glee
They romped and played 'Under the Greenwood
Tree.' T. Hardy.
- 3 And always at the end of every week
They had the well-known game of 'Hide and Seek.'
Wilkie Collins.
- 4 In time at last their games become more few.
'Tis but the way of life 'If Youth but Knew.' A. & E.
Castle.
-
- 5 The lad now put away all childish things,
And as a sailor went on board 'White Wings.' Wm.
Black.
- 6 For thus, thought he 'I'll go before the breeze,
To see the world I'd sail o'er "Seven Seas."' R. Kipling.
- 7 I now may say, without the least regret,
Fortune had smiled on our most fair 'Villette.' Charlotte
Brontë.
- 8 To all who knew her well, this charming miss
Was quite devoid of 'Pride and Prejudice.' Jane Austen.
- 9 Ere long, a suitor asked her for his bride.
But no! She would not live in 'Aldersyde.' Annie Swan.
- 10 With him she liked to have a game of Whist
But nothing more with one 'The Egoist.' Geo. Meredith.
- 11 His creditors he had to keep at bay

- I'll wed for gold, and then 'I Will Repay.' Baroness Orczy.
- 12 So ran his thoughts, which in the end proved rash,
A man should never stoop to wed 'Hard Cash.' Chas. Reade.
- 13 'From now,' said he, 'I'll make another start,
And thus forget such "Idols in the Heart."' A.L.O.E.
- 14 The news that next is going all around
Is that our sailor lad is 'Homeward Bound.' J. F. Cooper.
- 15 He often wondered, when the sky looked black,
If those at home remembered their 'Poor Jack.' Capt. Marryat.
- 16 He hoped to see his friend of long ago
So pondered he, when sailing 'Westward Ho!' Chas. Kingsley.
- 17 He met her once, as bright as any lark,
As she had left her home at 'Mansfield Park.' Jane Austen.
- 18 Said he 'I'm glad that we have met so soon.'
She blushed as red as any 'Rose in June.' Mrs. Oliphant.
- 19 They spoke, and love within their eyes did shine
As they recalled the 'Days of Auld Lang Syne.' Ian Maclaren.
- 20 He told her stories true, and how that he
And all his men were nearly 'Sunk at Sea.' R. M. Ballantyne.
- 21 Adventures bold and brave did him befall
But now he was at home 'In Spite of All.' Edna Lyall.
- 22 His mind made up—whatever might betide
He wooed and won her for 'A Sailor's Bride.' Guy Boothby.
- 23 But who was then to make them man and wife?
At first they thought their friend 'A Monk of Fife.' Andrew Lang.
- 24 They fixed at last upon their parson dear,
The very reverend 'Robert Elsmere.' Mrs. Humphry Ward.
- 25 The wedding went as well as you'd desire
The bride looked very sweet 'In Silk Attire.' Wm. Black.
- 26 Said she, when they were wed, 'Tis not a truth
The "Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth."' Chas. Reade.
- 27 The happy bridegroom with his bride most fair
Set out at once to have a 'Change of Air.' Anthony Hope.
- 28 They missed the boat to France—to their chagrin
They had to spend the night up at 'The Castle Inn.' Stanley Weyman.
- 29 The morrow saw them leave the rocky crags
And sail to foreign lands 'Under Two Flags.' Ouida.
- 30 So here we'll leave the blissful pair at home
In that delightful place 'The Heart of Rome.' F. Marion Crawford.

'HELIOTROPE.'

All the answers are found in the letters of the word 'Heliotrope.'

1	Looked for North and South	Pole
2	A lively fish	Eel
3	A kitchen utensil	Pot
4	The fate of most	Toil
5	Necessary on steamers	Hooter
6	To marry romantically	Elope
7	To drive back	Repel
8	A well-known wine	Port
9	A lady's chief delight	Toilet
10	Used for motor cars	Petrol
11	Part of a sword	Hilt
12	What the errand boy does	Loiter
13	Good for machinery	Oil
14	Common during strikes	Riot
15	The soldier's delight	Loot
16	What it costs little to be	Polite
17	A boy's toy	Top
18	Useful when busy	Helper
19	A necessary evil	Tip
20	A creeping animal	Reptile
21	What keeps us from despair	Hope
22	Good with onions	Tripe

THE HIVE OF BUSY BEES.

Each answer must be a word beginning with BE.

1	A bee that is a church official	Beadle
2	A perplexed bee	Bewildered
3	A crawling bee, disliked by all	Beetle
4	An unpunctual bee	Belated
5	A graceful, beautiful bee	Becoming
6	A hunting bee	Beagle
7	A most popular bee	Beloved
8	A fascinating, charming bee	Bewitching
9	A very backward bee	Behindhand
10	A bee with soiled drooping wings	Bedraggled
11	A bee that warns mariners	Beacon
12	An affianced bee	Betrothed
13	A treacherous bee	Betrayer
14	A sad, sorrowful bee	Bemoaning
15	An old-fashioned valuable silver bee	Beaker
16	A kind, charitable bee	Befriend
17	A sporting bee that disturbs the birds	Beater
18	A commanding bee	Behest
19	A bee that cautions	Beware
20	A decapitating bee	Beheading
21	A lovely coloured bee in a conservatory	Begonia
22	A bee with a creed	Believer

23	A bee that can sweep	Besom
24	An oriental bee	Benares
25	A bee in an elementary stage	Beginner
26	A generous-hearted bee	Benevolent
27	A bee in love	Becharmed
28	A gaudy bee	Bedizen
29	An imploring bee	Beseeking
30	A warrior bee	Besieger
31	A bee that has fought and lost	Beaten
32	A bee with a beautiful skin	Beaver

'ROSE LEAVES.'

The answers are found in the letters of the words 'Rose Leaves.'

1	Written by poets	Verses
2	Used by artists	Easel
3	Popular with ladies in July	Sales
4	Eaten all over the world	Loaves
5	Part of a house	Eaves
6	Trade nearly extinct	Slave
7	Name of a Pope	Leo
8	A term used in cricket	Over
9	For moving heavy weights	Lever
10	Floats on the water	Vessel
11	A lively dance	Reel
12	What a weathercock does	Veer
13	By word of mouth	Oral
14	Sometimes seen around a waist	Sleeve
15	Very nice on toast	Roe
16	Well known at Kennington	Oval
17	Name of a berry	Sloe
18	Most popular precious stones	Real
19	A Royal Reception	Levee
20	Likewise	Also
21	A feminine young person	Lass
22	Something like beer	Ale

EITHER ONE OR THE OTHER.

Fill in the blanks with two words of the same sound but different spelling and meaning.

1	Useless, empty. A weathercock	...	Vain—Vane
2	State of the atmosphere. A sheep	...	Weather—Wether
3	To grow less. A waggon	...	Wane—Wain
4	To be unwell. A drink	...	Ail—Ale
5	In a church. An island	...	Aisle—Isle
6	A female relative. An insect	...	Aunt—Ant
7	Unemployed. An image	...	Idle—Idol
8	An organ of the body. A stag	...	Heart—Hart
9	A flat piece of country. A tool	...	Plain—Plane

10	A dried grape.	A stream	Currant—Current
11	A tree.	A sheep	Yew—Ewe
12	Unbaked bread.	A female deer	Dough—Doe
13	A sign.	A young swan	Signet—Cygnet
14	Ground wheat.	A blossom	Flour—Flower
15	Part of a door.	Preserved fruit	Jamb—Jam
16	Manner of walking.	An entrance	Gait—Gate
17	To cut.	A man's name	Hew—Hugh
18	Part of a church.	A rascal	Nave—Knave
19	A weight for gold.	A vegetable	Carat—Carrot
20	A church dignitary.	A large gun	Canon—Cannon
21	Beautiful.	Food	Fair—Fare
22	To strain liquids.	A love-charm	Filter—Philtre
23	The front.	A number	Fore—Four
24	Strength.	A small insect	Might—Mite
25	Indian corn.	A labyrinth	Maize—Maze
26	Gain.	A foreteller	Profit—Prophet
27	A ceremony.	A name	Rite—Wright
28	A small light oar.	The head	Scull—Skull
29	Period of duration.	A scented herb	Time—Thyme
30	A word of denial.	A tie	Not—Knot

'ALL ABOUT TOWN.'

Each answer is the name of a town in the British Isles.

1	What Town does a dirty boy want?	Bath
2	What Town is part of a candle?	Wick
3	What Town safeguards a door?	Bolton
4	What Town should thirsty people visit?	Wells
5	What Town is an overcoat?	Inverness
6	What Town is a small stream?	Rhyl
7	What Town is part of a ship?	Hull
8	What Town is used by joiners?	Deal
9	What Town is a game of football?	Rugby
10	What Town do wives love, and husbands abhor?	Sale
11	What Town will never sink?	Cork
12	What Town do we need most in time of war?	Fleet
13	What Town is found in a farm-yard?	Cowes
14	What Town is a pond?	Poole
15	What Town would a brick thrown at a window make?	Glasgow
16	What Town do costers use?	Barrow
17	What Town do builders use?	Stone
18	What Town is a pot-herb?	Leek
19	What Town is necessary aboard ship?	Crewe
20	What Town is needful to sustain life?	Ayr
21	What Town is an old-fashioned seat?	Settle
22	What Town is a variety of grain?	Rye
23	What Town is necessary to a tanner?	Hyde
24	What Town do farmers use?	Harrow

- 25 What Town is necessary to students? ... Reading
 26 What Town always goes before? Leeds
 27 What Town marks a churchyard boundary Kirkwall

'BIRD'S NESTS.'

Not difficult to find where they are, and the game will prove amusing.

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------|
| 1 | A wanderer through the greenwood fair,
Or else another—called 'Adair.' | Robin. |
| 2 | A slangy word, and means a joke,
Not always loved by graver folk. | Lark. |
| 3 | I'm out of breath, so old, you see,
You have the word, just clip the 'g.' | Puffin. |
| 4 | Great architect of wond'rous pile,
A monument to last all while. | Wren. |
| 5 | A coarse white cloth, will make a coat,
Or rig a sail upon your boat. | Duck. |
| 6 | 'Neath Sultan's rule, an Eastern land,
Bright rays illumine its golden sand. | Turkey. |
| 7 | A letter here, it's number ten,
You know? then count them through again. | Jay. |
| 8 | With gentle step, through sleeping camp,
She treads, 'The Lady of the Lamp.' | Nightingale. |
| 9 | An admiral 'neath good Queen Bess,
And knighted, too, now can you guess? | Drake. |
| 10 | A strong machine, a weight to raise,
To help in many useful ways. | Crane. |
| 11 | Atlantic Isle, a climate fine,
Grain comes from there and sparkling wine. | Canary. |
| 12 | A naughty trick, or to deceive,
You'll try it on! I quite believe. | Gull. |
| 13 | So quickly move, be rapid, fleet.
No grass can grow beneath your feet. | Swift. |
| 14 | A London shop, well known to fame,
Just think, then write the foremost name. | Swan. |
| 15 | This means 'engulf,' put out of sight,
I think you guess, or do you—quite? | Swallow. |
| 16 | Part of a flower, holds up its head,
Of slender grace, how often said. | Stork. |
| 17 | To carry wares, to try to sell,
Is weary work, we know full well. | Hawk. |
| 18 | To terrify—or to subdue,
I think this hardly kind, do you? | Quail. |

WORD—CHANGES.

The answer to each question must consist of two distinct words formed by changing the place or order of the letters: 'ETON'—'TONE.'

- | | | |
|---|---|-------------|
| 1 | A soldier's weapon becomes vocal
sounds | Sword—Words |
| 2 | Our traditional ancestor turns
into a vegetable | Ape—Pea |

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 3 Some conceited men are changed into a twig | Prigs—Sprig |
| 4 A sweet perfume becomes French coins | Scent—Cents |
| 5 The fair sex are changed into fine conceptions | Ladies—Ideals |
| 6 A passion turns into part of a machine | Rage—Gear |
| 7 An electric vehicle becomes a place for selling | Tram—Mart |
| 8 The soldier's tramp is turned to delight | March—Charm |
| 9 A part of a story becomes one who mends | Chapter—Patcher |
| 10 Designed to give light but becomes part of a hand | Lamp—Palm
Lemon—Melon |
| 11 An acid fruit becomes a sweet one | |
| 12 A ticket for direction is turned into a girl's name | Label—Bella |
| 13 A good comrade changes to two or more working animals ... | Mate—Team |
| 14 A workman's tool is found in miserable abodes | Shovel—Hovels |
| 15 An unearthly being becomes a corner | Angel—Angle |
| 16 The end of a face is seen in a measure | Chin—Inch |
| 17 A juicy summer fruit becomes a low price | Peach—Cheap |
| 18 A semi-circle turns into daily labour | Arch—Char |
| 19 Our means of sustenance becomes a man | Meal—Male |
| 20 A den for wild beasts is changed into an untruthful person ... | Lair—Liar |
| 21 A measure of distance turns into a disinfectant | Mile—Lime
Reward—Warder |
| 22 A prize changes into a caretaker | |
| 23 A shooting star becomes a far distance | Meteor—Remote |
| 24 A great sorrow changes into a scout's track | Trial—Trail |
| 25 A sacred song transposed becomes fruit-bearing oriental trees | Psalm—Palms
Stain—Saint |
| 26 A blot is turned into a holy person | |
| 27 A young horse contains the staff of life | Foal—Loaf
Horse—Shore |
| 28 An animal is found near the sea | |
| 29 A foot gear becomes necessary clothing for the legs | Shoe—Hose |
| 30 Several links are found in fine pottery | Chain—China |

31	A silken texture contains a mark of grease or paint	Satin—Stain
32	Parts of a tied bow hold a weaver's winder	Loops—Spool
33	The weathercock is seen in the longest part of a church ...	Vane—Nave
34	The suffrage contains the power to forbid injustice	Vote—Veto
35	The end or aim of a journey may be found in a prison ...	Goal—Gaol
36	Plunder is turned into a workman's instrument	Loot—Tool
37	Seen in the streets during a hot summer, but becomes a fastener	Dust—Stud
38	A rodent is turned into a black resinous substance	Rat—Tar
39	An Egyptian river turns into a fine stroke	Nile—Line
40	An ancient right of a noble becomes a citizen of Rome ...	Manor—Roman

TROUBLESOME IMPS.

Each answer must be a word beginning with IMP.

1	A fretful imp	Impatient
2	A poverty-stricken imp	Impecunious
3	An imp that obstructs	Impediment
4	An excited, fervent imp	Impassioned
5	An unbecoming imp	Improper
6	An imp that entangles others ...	Implicate
7	An ostentatious, showy imp	Imposing
8	An imp with little caution	Imprudent
9	An imp with many faults	Imperfect
10	An imp that cannot be taken	Impregnable
11	An imp in grave danger	Imperil
12	An imp not easily agitated	Imperturbable
13	A just unprejudiced imp	Impartial
14	A saucy imp	Impertinent
15	A fraudulent imp	Imposter
16	An irreverent imp	Impious
17	An everlasting imp	Imperishable
18	A passionate imp	Impetuous
19	A haughty, overbearing imp	Imperious
20	An insolent imp	Impudent
21	A thriftless imp	Improvident
22	A beseeching imp	Implore
23	An unmannerly imp	Impolite
24	A pompous imp	Important
25	An indiscernible imp	Imperceptible
26	A hardened imp	Impenitent
27	A troublesome begging imp	Importunate
28	An imp that does things off-hand	Impromptu

29	A stubborn unmanageable imp	...	Impracticable
30	A rash, hasty imp	Impulsive
31	An imp in custody	Imprisoned
32	An imp that is easily touched	Impressionable
33	An imp that judges others	Impute
34	An imp that manages an opera company		Impressario

STUNTS FOR A WET DAY.

(Suggested by Lt. G. Lockington, Y.M.C.A.)

1. *Balloon Race* (either men or women). Required: about a dozen penny balloons, blown up. On the word 'Go,' the competitors must hit balloon into the air, and continue keeping it in the air until the winning post is past. Balloons must not rest on the hands. If they hit the ground the competitor must stop and start off again from where it fell.

2. *Boat Race* (men). Teams of five; required, three or four broom-handles. Four men stand astride broom-sticks, the fifth man acts as cox at end of stick, facing them. They must run backwards, the cox guiding them round the mark at the end of the course, and back again.

3. *Fore and Aft Race* (men, teams of two). The two men stand back to back, and are tied together arm to arm, and leg to leg. They must complete the course in this fashion.

4. *Eat, Whistle, and Guess It Race* (teams of two—man and woman). Required: a supply of buns. The man stands at one end of the course, his partner at the other. Before the start each man is given a different popular tune. On the word 'Go,' he runs half way, eats a bun, then runs to his partner, and whistles his tune. Directly his partner discovers his tune, she runs to the judge at the starting-point. First correct lady to reach judge, first team wins. Judges required to see that men do not tell their partner what the tune is instead of whistling it.

5. *Kangaroo Hop* (men). Each man's legs are tied both above and below the knees, and he must complete the course in this fashion, in a series of jumps.

6. *Crab Crawl* (men). Competitors must crawl or run on hands and feet with their backs to the ground; for the first half of the course they must crawl feet first, and for the second half with the head first.

7. *Obstacle Blow Pond* (men). Required: a number of Ping-pong balls, and obstacles such as books or weights. The obstacles are placed about four feet apart, say six obstacles to each man. Each competitor must blow his ping-pong ball in and out of each obstacle up and down the course.

8. *Pea-Nut Push* (men or women). Each competitor has to push a pea-nut the length of the course with the end of a match-stick.

9. *The Cavalry Charge* (men). Required: a number of extra strong chairs. Each competitor has to complete the course sitting astride the chair. It is done by a series of jumping movements, all four legs of the chair must touch the floor after each jump. Competitor must be seated on the chair the whole time, no standing up allowed.

10. *Putting the Weight*. The 'weight' being a feather. The winner is the man who can 'put' the feather the greatest distance.

11. *The Backward Jump*. Competitors heel the mark, not toe it, and jump backwards. The length of the jump is taken from where their toes land.

12. *The Tea-Tray Race*. Required: three or four tin tea-trays. Competitors sit on trays, and with their hands must push themselves the length of the course; the feet must not be used.

13. *Standing Broad Grin*. On the word 'Go,'

the competitors must put on their broadest grin, and *hold* it until the judge decides the winner.

14. *Long Distance Grouch.* Similar to above, only instead of a grin, competitors must put on their most woe-begone expression.

15. *Pick-a-back Wrestling.*

16. *The Pea-Nut Race.* Rows of eight pea-nuts four feet apart. The game is to pick up the pea-nuts, one by one, with the blade of a knife, and deposit them in a cup on the platform.

17. *Ride in a Clothes Basket.* Put a broom-handle through the handles of a clothes basket, resting the broom-handle on two wooden chairs. Place a penny on each corner of each chair. Competitor steps into clothes basket, and sits astride broom-stick with no other support than a walking-stick. With the walking-stick he pushes off (if he can) the two pennies in front and behind him.

DECK GAMES.

1. *Jumping the Swinging Rope.* Required: six men; one to swing the rope, the other five to jump it as it comes to them. Any one who stops the rope takes the place of the swinger.

2. *Blindfold Boxing.*

3. *Blindfold Pillow-Fighting.*

4. *Blanket Struggle.* Two men hold the opposite ends of blanket, and try to put their end over the opponent's head.

5. *Sitting on a Vinegar Bottle.* Sit on bottle, with left heel resting on right toe, and light a candle with the left hand from a lighted one on the right; or else thread a needle.

6. *Japanese Fight.* Make two batons of newspaper (rolled). The two competitors lie down, hold each other's left hands, and after asking 'Are

you there, brother?' and getting the reply, hit where they think the opponent's head is, alternately. The competitors are blindfolded.

7. Move round a walking-stick three times, with your forehead on it, and then try to walk in a straight line.



A FURTHER EXAMPLE OF CORKSCREW DESIGN.

(See p. 31.)

CHAPTER IX

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

A FEATURE of our stunts has been to get the opinions of our men on many subjects, in condensed form. On these occasions the men write their contributions on half sheets of paper, which are then collected, read out, and judged.

'In the Scales of the World, have the Gains of the War exceeded the Losses?'

No. 1.

'In the Scales of the World, the Gains of the War have exceeded the losses.'

Losses. Loss of life. These are more than compensated by (1) The development in character, world experience, enterprise, comradeship of those who have survived, and (2) Assured liberty.

Destruction of Material. This is outweighed by the development of all branches of science, that will make possible much greater things in the future.

Disability of Soldiers. This is counter-balanced by the growth of the policy of prevention rather than cure in all diseases.

V. T.

No. 2.

The gains of the war have exceeded the losses by the triumph of Right over Might. The creation of the League of Nations as a safeguard against future wars. The impetus given to science and chemistry. The broadening of millions of men's minds. The educational advantages of travel in lands other than in one's own country. Strengthening the bonds of Empire. Breaking down all previous misunderstandings between the peoples of allied countries, and better commercial treaties between our Allies.

N. M.

No. 3.

I consider the gains of the war to be the following:

- (1) Moral right over Man power.
- (2) Chivalry over brutishness.
- (3) A broader view of the world in general and those who are in it.
- (4) Peculiar friendships which have been formed under war conditions.
- (5) A new sense of value of those who are near and dear to us.

6285.

(It was noticeable in all the entries that in the minds of the soldiers the gains did exceed the losses.)

Will the League of Nations Abolish War?

1. The League of Nations will abolish war if they make it the law in every country. The only thing to alter this law will be the majority of the people, viz. the working-class, who have had their brains developed by the experience of this war.

2. The League of Nations, as at present out-

lined, will not prevent future war. Reason: the cussedness of man generally.

.

3. The League of Nations, no matter how constituted, cannot abolish war. But it should be able to prevent a war of such dimensions as the one we have just gone through. While nations are allowed to produce munitions of war there is always a possibility of war, no matter how many treaties are signed.

.

4. The League of Nations will ensure peace. All the principal powers are included in this, and will be signatories. The terms will be so framed as to prevent one power going to war without having to face all the rest, and no power will be strong enough to do that.

.

5. I think not. Firstly, because of the Yellow Peril, as they are not proportionately represented; and as they're becoming more enlightened they will not abide by the laws in which they have not any fair representations in the making of. National aspirations on the part of these different nations will cause argument, and argument means war. The Arbitration Court for settling labour disputes, which has failed, is proof of the second reason.

L. P. G.

.

6. No. On account of the Conference being held in France, and during the winter it is liable to be a 'frost.' The League of Nations will not prevent war, but President Wilson's proposition is a great step in the required direction. Competition is the great drawback to the League, and whilst there is competition there will always be the spirit of trying to over-reach. The evolution of time

has not found the ways and means to bring about a peaceful world; and I don't think we are yet advanced enough to set aside competition and gain, to bring about a world with Peace everlasting. Still, Wilson is the greatest idealist, and I consider his step as one in the right direction.

.

'Things that have Influenced me.'

Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Light of the World,' because it is a portrayal in picture form of an eternal truth.

.

Whilst watching the play called 'Damaged Goods,' I was greatly influenced by the different moods.

F. W. H.

.

The book *Why Britain went to War*. How did it influence me? I took up a rifle to help to bring peace on earth and goodwill towards mankind.

.

The Man who Rose Again, by Joseph Hocking. It showed me how a young man who had fallen can be made (by the love of a good girl) to make an effort and finally become a great man.

.

'Christ's Sermon on the Mount.' It seems to be that the principles which are enunciated in this sermon, though at first sight they seemed impracticable, are the only principles by which can be built a world Empire, which will be free from the present world disorders, both national and individual. To me, they seem to afford a basis on which men can work to root out the present unjust

social order, and establish a lasting feeling of goodwill.

.

A film picture entitled 'Life of Christ.' It showed clearly how little room man has to grumble at to compare with the sufferings of Christ, and it taught me patience.

.

The views of our men on '*The Sinking of the German Fleet.*'

1. The glories of the Navy, the traditions of the sea, are not in the ships—but in the men who man them. Superior British seamanship had already humbled the enemy. Their ships mattered not, for they have gone to the resting-place that would have been theirs had they come out years ago. The ships afloat would have been a source of disagreement amongst the Allies. The sequel is, Germany's sea-power is ended, and no further action on our part is desirable. The great result has been achieved.

.

2. I would order all the 'lard-heads' back to their ships, and make them keep permanent guard over the fires. I would also suggest all the Anzac Jacks be sent down with the Fritzie's to guard them. Anyhow, the Germans had a good idea of the value and destination of their navy, and saved the Allies a ton of argument. What is wrong in using a few hospital ships as magnets to draw them to the surface again?

.

3. (a) As the fleet was merely interned, and no British crews were on board, probably International Law may be unable to deal with the case.

(b) It clearly shows the unrepentant and bitter spirit of the Huns, and the utter impossibility of dealing gently with them. No doubt the order to sink the ships came from the German Government, and may be taken as an expression of the true German character.

(c) Suggest to the Allies to harden the Peace Terms, and carry them out to the letter, besides increasing the Indemnity, and let Fritz clearly understand that any further exhibition of Kultur will be similarly dealt with.

.
'A Limerick on the Kaiser.'

(These are placed in the order of merit.)

'Said the Kaiser, who sat by the Rhine,
"Mein Gott! the whole world shall be mine."

A surprise for this Hun
Was the "Old Rising Sun,"

That smashed up his Hindenburg Line.'

E. A. B.

.
'To an Aussie, who should have been wiser,
Spoke a Colonel, who was his adviser:

"You have more mischief made
Than a Tommy Brigade,"

Said the Aussie, "And so thinks the Kaiser."

G. W.

.
"A word of advice to you, Kaiser,
Be a sport, or at least have a try, sir;
To bomb open places

A perfect disgrace is—

Look out for reprisals; good-bye, sir."

A. H. G.

“Who’s bigger ’n me?” said the Kaiser;
 The urchin who lacked an adviser
 Thought hard for a space,
 Then out with a race,
 Came his answer, “I know, the Allies are.”’

‘Says Bill, “It’s decidedly odd,
 When I give my Imperial Nod,
 Those Allies stand fast,
 They won’t let my men past—
 I must write a stiff letter to God!”’ R. J. H.

‘Books that have helped me during the War.’

It is not a book in the strict sense of the word, but I plunk my marble for the *Sydney Bulletin*, as the literary work which helped me most during ‘la guerre,’ and judging by the number which reached me, I guess the members of the A. Postal Corps, at Headquarters, also derived much pleasure and profit from its contents. This journal breathes a good Australian spirit. It comments freely, humorously, and forcefully on all subjects, and in whatever frame of mind a man might be, some article would be sure to rouse his interest or touch his humour. It gave him the gastronomic workings of everything doing in Australia, and kept him well in touch. It may not have been the literary pabulum of a Sir Galahad, but it did me, a ‘Digger.’

The Sentimental Bloke, by C. J. Dennis. Rough, clean, and Australian; with ‘Doreen’ as a comparison against the Continental trash, ‘and the ideal bit of skirt’ to remember back home.

H. L., 7901.

I feel very safe in saying that *no* book has

done more for me than my old PAYBOOK, in spite of the fact that the figures on the credit side were always much lower than those on the debit side. In what way did the book help me? Speaking financially, this piece of literature was of unspeakable assistance to me during the war.

‘Dug-Out Dan.’

.

1. Army Book 64 (Pay, Soldiers, for the use of). Reasons: Always a good pal (except when overdrawn), and one never tires of reading the credit side. It brought me through many an anxious moment whilst on leave.

2. *Sydney Bulletin*. Always full of good humour, and contained a good stock of jokes, etc., which could be told to the less fortunate diggers who had not seen it.

3. Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, when in proper reading trim, could be appreciated, being able to study the environments which he dwelt in, and one could understand the plight of this peasant people more readily. The best book ever written.

.

The book which has assisted me mostly during the war is *The Manual of Military Law*—a little knowledge of which has enabled me to keep clear of crime.

.

In my opinion, Bruce Bairnsfather's books, ‘Fragments from France,’ helped more men than any other books during the war. They, by keeping the troops in a joyful spirit, helped to sustain the moral of our armies. Many a smile has come to our lips even during the darkest days when we came across some humorous drawing depicting ‘Alf and Bert’ (which were only ourselves) in some ludicrous position.

*Advice you would give to a young man just
twenty-one.*

1. Honour your father and mother; they deserve it.

2. All creeds start from different points, but have the same end. Pick out one, and try to live up to its teachings.

3. Learn the value of loyalty to (a) Your God; (b) Your boss; (c) Your body.

4. Be decent to all men and women.

5. Pay your debts promptly.

.

1. Remain single. 2. Be thrifty. 3. 'Quick thy censure, but reserve thy judgement.' 4. 'Give thy thoughts no tongue.' 5. Be temperate in all things.

.

1. Don't argue with a woman; for one thing, she can't argue dispassionately, and in any case she is always sure she is right. You may reason, but She Knows.

2. Don't invest money with a man who offers you something for nothing. If you do, you are one of the mugs who finds out in the finish he has something (your cash), and you have nothing.

3. Don't swank. Flash clothes, flash cigars, and flash talk blind people's eyes for a little while, but when they get accustomed to the light they see things as they are.

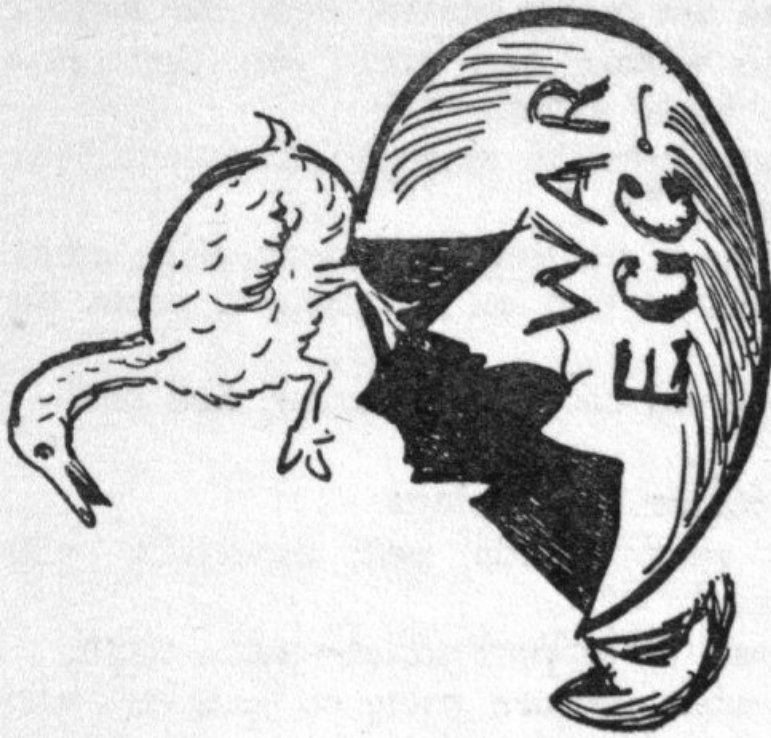
4. Don't forget your mother was a woman. Honour her as such. Low ideals of womanhood will play the devil with you and the nation to which you belong.

5. Don't be narrow-minded. Other people have as much brains as you have, and as much perception. Don't get angry, but agree to differ.

6th
City of
LONDON
FOOT



THE WINNING 'FIGURE 6' DESIGN.



DEMObILISED.

LINE DRAWING ILLUSTRATING 'FIGURE 3.'

(See p. 31.)

1. Whatever you go in for, fight hard to a finish; if you are being beaten, fight the harder.

2. Trust no woman that trusts you (there is a disadvantage both ways).

3. See your Padre on matters matrimonial (he has a library).

4. Always leave the key in the lock when going out; it is easier to find on returning (I mean the hole).

5. What you do not already know, find out.

1. Be temperate in all things.

2. Choose your friends well, especially your women friends.

3. Don't wait for opportunities—make them.

4. Decide what you are going to be in life, and then become so consumed with the desire of achieving it that nothing else will matter until you attain it.

5. If you marry, be sure it is to a woman who will help you. Otherwise, the ambitious should remember that 'he travels fastest who travels alone.' So be careful of women; they only do two things for you—make or break you.

Progressive Words. List of words starting with 'Potato,' each one suggested by the one previous.

Potato	Potato	Potato	Potato
Irish-Stew	Eyes	Garden	Digging
Sinn Feiner	Second Violin	Australia	Flanders
De Valera	in Orchestra	Billy Hughes	Mud
Parliament	Music	Peace Conf'ce.	Disgrace
Demobilization	Opera	Paris	Poverty
Unemployment	Sentimentality	Gaiety	Thefts
Crime	Courtship	'Girls'	Imprisonment
Black Maria	Marriage	Chocolates	Discipline
Police	Cottage	Factory	Depression
Strike	Furniture	Smokes	Escape
Agitators	Perambulator	Tobacco	Freedom
Rebellion	Family	Sir. W. Raleigh	Bird

Anarchy	Divorce Court	The sea	Aeroplanes
Bolshevism	Legal Advice	Ships	Air-Raid
Atrocity	Bankruptcy	Sea-sickness	Destruction
Barbarians	Thames	Home	Hun
Missionary	Embankm't	Civvy Suit	Devil
Cannibal	Workhouse	More Beer	Heat
Pacific Ocean	Starvation	2 EE's Brewery	Australia
Australia	Death		

(These lists were compiled in five minutes.)

My account with the Army: What I've gained and what I've lost.

I. LOST	GAINED
The company of my wife.	A great deal of experience.
The comforts of a home.	To be able to sleep anywhere.
A lot of money in wages.	To know what home is.
My desire for strong drink.	To appreciate good cooking.
My kit-bag and contents.	To be able to go without a meal and not feel it.
My hat on several occasions.	To know men as they are.
The comforts of fresh fruit.	Good hearing.
The desire for sugar.	Good sight at night.
A dear brother.	To know the good work of the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A.
A good pal.	
Dearest of all — my mother.	
Several parcels sent from Australia.	
Money lent on more than one occasion.	

A. E. M.

2. LOST	GAINED
Cold Feet.	More friends.
Shyness.	More initiative.
Small appetite.	More confidence.
All feeling for a Hun, dead or alive.	Big appetite.
	Greater love for music.

The taste of Aussie Beer. Great respect for the
 Y.M.C.A.
 Greater love for those
 I've left behind.
 Greater Imperial ideas.
 58892.

3.	LOST	GAINED
The chats and scabies, but not the thirst. My girl. The inclination to work. All my Oscar Asche. All my respect for any- body who doesn't love Red Cross, Comforts, &c.		Sore feet. Very big thirst. Several scabies and some chats. Knowledge of how to dodge the end of table in dining hall. Appetite for plum pud- ding and pineapple (these were the prizes). A very great respect for the judges of this con- test.

4.	LOST	GAINED
Two years of happy life in Aussie. Loss of touch with Australian affairs. A brother and many good friends. Two years' experience in my profession.		A broader outlook on men and affairs. Education acquired in my two years' travel. Many good and true friends. A love for Australia as I never before had. A greater faith in men of my own race. A greater knowledge of myself, and with in- creased self-control.

R. Z. M.

5.	LOST	GAINED
	My horror of bad language.	An astounding habit of lying.
	My horror of a bathless day.	A little tidiness. A good deal of health.
	My idea that I was a trifle better than the other fellow.	A faith in men who don't <i>look</i> very much. Faith in myself. Knowledge what Human Nature is capable of in its best moments.

6.	LOST	GAINED
	All faith in militarism as a career for chaps with brains and initiative.	A slight knowledge of the refinements of War in France and Belgium, and the horrors of Peace in England, with the tubes on strike and margarine at 10d. a lb.
	The formula for saluting.	A slight gain of faith in human nature, except in the case of quarter-masters and M.P.'s.
	All inclination for serious work, and all power for concentration for anything except the Padre's stunts.	A solution of the problem of living on 6s. per day subsistence. The answer is: Horseferry Road Y.M.C.A.

7.	LOST	GAINED
	A certain amount of health.	The best little girl in the world.
	A certain amount of self-esteem.	Experience in love. An improvement in geographical knowledge.
	A good position in civil life.	£400 (sterling).

The friendship (?) of a (Avoirdupois).
 number of Australian Working knowledge of
 girls (I'm engaged to Christianity.
 an English one). Some of the most happy
 as well as some of the
 most terrible moments
 of my life.

W. J. S.

8. LOST GAINED
 Quite a lot of blood, A true knowledge of the
 extracted by chats. meaning of 'Comrade-
 A number of parcels ship.'
 sent from Aussie. An insight into all the
 My love for the Army. gambling games.

9. LOST GAINED
 One girl in Aussie. About umpteen in Eng-
 land.

10. LOST GAINED
 Seeing my mother alive Greater insight into the
 (died June 1918). life of men.
 My brother (drowned, Dependence on Provi-
 1915, Jutland). dence.
 My fiancée (killed in Broad-mindedness.
 Buda-Pesth, '16). Comrades.
 My career in the Church New friends.
 (1914). Spirit of faith.
 My self-pride.

11. LOST GAINED
 Comforts of home. More experience and con-
 Feather bed. fidence.
 All my shyness. More friends, and more
 My small appetite. weight.

Cold feet.	More knowledge, roving
Selfishness.	disposition.
Bookwormism.	Increased love for those
	I've left behind.
	Deeper Imperial ideas.
	Alertness. Initiative.
	Stronger character.
	Personal magnetism.

12.	LOST	GAINED
My fortnight's pay regu-	larly for 12 months	I have found the way of
in two-up.		men.
My backwardness in	coming forward.	I have learned to be
Sense of money value	weight.	punctual.
since we have been	paid in francs.	Gained two stone in
		More self-reliant.

13. Australia gained over 6,000 brides. England lost them.

14. The greatest gain of the world during the war was that Europe and the U.S.A. learned to play the Australian national game: Two-up.

RIDDLES.

These are a few of our riddles:

When were French trains mentioned in the Bible?

In Genesis: The Lord made all creeping things.

In what way does Lloyd George differ from Lord Derby?

One gives you 30s. to come into the world, and the other 2s. 9d. to go out.

Why is the Kaiser like Holland?

Because he is low-lying, and d—d all round.

Why is a Policeman like a South African Battle-field?

Because he is a Spion (spying) Cop.

Why is the Aussie who came to the war like a large cup?

Because he is a big 'Mug.'

Why is the staff at Horseferry Road like Carlton Ale?

Both are seldom on draft.

What is the difference between a gardener, a billiard-marker, a school-teacher, and a church-warden?

A gardener minds his P's;

A billiard-marker minds his Q's;

A school-teacher minds his P's and Q's;

And a church-warden minds his pews and keys.

Why is the Kaiser like a female cat?

Because all the Tommies are after him.

How do we know that slates were not used by the Children of Israel when they were coming from Egypt?

They were told to multiply upon the face of the earth.

How can a man become his own grandfather?

I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter.

My father fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her, and thus became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, she being my father's wife.

My wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother.

My father's wife had a son; he was my brother, and my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter.

My wife was my grandmother, for she was my mother's mother; I was my wife's husband, and grandchild; and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I am my own grandfather.

My Philosophy of Life.

"Give to the other chap always a dinkum square deal," and like the boomerang that returns, you will some day reap a little of what you have given, usually when you least expect it.'

'The narrow duck-board track is considerably safer than the wide corduroy road.'

'In the race of life, whether you are among the top weights or the light weights, carry it like a thoroughbred.'

R. T. P.

'The Dinkum Philosophy of a "Dopey Digger": Remember the thin red line, and keep it out of your pay-book.'

'Life consists, not in holding all the trump cards, but in playing a poor hand well.'

'Look before you leap—in Hyde Park.'

'No working between meals.'

'Always consider our own faults before we criticise those of others; in other words, people who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds. Let the key-note of your life be, "B Natural," and remember that superiority to circumstances is a prominent characteristic of all great men. When

I shuffle off this mortal coil, I look forward to the future with confidence, as I have friends in both places. I would sooner sizzle in harmony on the hob-stones of hell with a true friend, than get the frozen stare in heaven.

.

Shall we sub-divide Australia into smaller States, with Climatic and Commercial boundaries, and lesser Sovereign Rights?

1. I am for the carving-out process. There is too much centralization in Australia. The present system is cumbrous and unwieldy, and tends to promote lobbying in the legislature and corruption. There are whole districts in all the States whose interests are absolutely ignored by the Central Government, through sheer ignorance. Take the case of the Northern River District of New South Wales. It has nothing in common with any other part of the State. The Northern District of Queensland is another notorious incidence. Carve 'em out, I say again.

.

2. To answer this question one would require about a month of time, and the resources of *The Daily Mail* to publish it in weekly instalments. Briefly, however, I should say that Australia would be better as one harmonious whole, with but one Government. This system would save much money, and also the constant bickerings between New South Wales and Victoria; and poor little Perth could claim as much ownership of 'Our 'Arbour' as, say, Lismore.

.

3. Yes, especially as the tendency is to crowd the smaller States. Such a wealthy State as Victoria should have a greater area for expansion.

Some of her wealth judiciously spent in the Riverina would make it a veritable garden. Take the case of Western Australia: a new state in the north should be created; Nor' Western Australia has been starved for the past fifty years so that the south could flourish. The present area of Western Australia is too big for effective administration and development. No extra expense would be incurred if State Governors and other expensive ornaments were demobilized. Centralization is, at present, the curse of Australia. New ports should be encouraged, and decentralization should be energetically preached. Smaller states would make for greater strength and unity, but State Rights against the Right of the whole of the people should be discouraged. Finally, what about handing Our 'Arbour over to Tassy?

B. W. G.

.

4. Australia certainly needs a big and drastic policy to alter the present conditions. One whole State would be an idealist's dream, too intricate for practice. The continent is so vast, that experience has, over and over again, shown me that the real city man is totally ignorant of the trials of bush life, and inclined to undervalue these 'fighters of the elements.' Thus, I fear, remote parts would get unfavourable treatment under one big state. I certainly suggest smaller states. For instance, in Western Australia, the Kimberly District would perhaps go ahead better if it could legislate for its own peculiar needs. There is the danger that, if sparsely populated tracts of country had their own powers of legislation, a few large owners would stop an enterprise for their own personal ends. I suggest that a sound Commonwealth Parliament should at all time be available for disputes as to

the best course of action. Australia appears to need some unselfish statesmen after Billy's heart.

S. R. C.

5. Australia, as it now stands, is divided into states by imaginary boundaries, which do not enhance the prosperity of the country. The whole area should be re-divided into smaller states according to climatic and physical conditions, but with one Parliament to exercise administration. Each sub-division could be run practically on Local Government lines, to deal with matters of only local importance, and the Federal Parliament, consisting of two houses as it now stands, representative of the whole. Australia wants decentralization, and this will be the best way to bring it about.

6. Ideal state boundaries would certainly be those which would give each area, under State control, the quickest and cheapest outlet to a port. Such a boundary would necessitate alterations in those existing. The Riverina would thus naturally go to Victoria, the belt of the Northern River country from the Clarence north would go to Queensland; and no areas could be given in compensation for such jewels in New South Wales' diadem. That is, not under present rail and port facilities; but with decentralization, and opening up of new ports and railways, present boundaries would be greatly improved. I do not favour abolition of boundaries, and formation of one state, as this would tend towards centralization—Australia's curse.

In the vigorous discussion that followed the reading of these opinions, the views unanimously expressed were along the line of sub-division.

'Great Thoughts.' (Produced at a Sunday afternoon stunt.)

As the steadfast valour, tenacity of purpose, and a belief in their leader, enabled the Allies to win this war, so steadfastness of character, tenacity of purpose, and the brave heart with faith in the Leader of Mankind will enable a young man to reach the ultimate goal of his desire.

5991.

.
 '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, Digger mine.
 For the sun will shine to-morrow,
 And the skies be just as blue—
 And you'll find some other digger
 Has his troubles—just like you.'

D. R. S.

.
 'Let me to-day look back across the span
 Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say:
 "Because of some good act to beast or man
 The world is better that I lived to-day."'

2593 H. P. H.

.
 'Play a straight bat.'

4231.

.
 If the Australian soldier could attain a moral standard equivalent to his fighting abilities, it would approach closely to ideal manhood.

'Digger,' 17th Bn.

.
 'Who can expect a harvest of thought who has not had a seed-time of character?'

G. H. H.

'Tho' Fortune clip my wings, I will not take
half views of men and things.'

H. B.

When the hour of death comes, it is not what
we have done for ourselves, but what we have
done for others we think about most pleasantly.—
(*The Heart of Midlothian.*)

H. F.

'Success is naught—endeavour's all.'
'Every man's task is his life preserver.'

S. H. R.

'No star is ever lost we once have seen. We
always may be what we might have been.'

'I shall pass through this world but once; if,
therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or
any good thing I can do, let me do it now; let
me not defer it, nor neglect it, for I shall not
pass this way again.'

'There is no love, *no* fate, no destiny,
Can conquer, hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.'

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind—
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

'Men have come to look on revelation as some-
thing long ago given and done; as if God were
dead. The office of a true teacher is to show us
that God *is*—not *was*; that He *speaketh*—not

spoke.'—(Emerson, in an address to students at Cambridge.)

Below are two of the 'Wags':

When I did my first 'hop-over' the bags I thought that every hair on my head was a brass band, and every one of them was playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'

Why don't they keep the moon for a dark night?

'What My Experience of the War has Taught Me.'

My experience of the War has taught me that it is well to lift up your eyes to the far horizons. That all men are diamonds in the rough. That the Sergeant-Major and his military rule are not worth a jot. That war is waste. That being alive, and whole of life and limb, I must use my future life for the best, for God, for home, and empire. That the sooner I get out of khaki the better for me.

My experience of War has taught me to look upon life with a broader view. It has also brought me into closer touch with my brother soldier. I have learned as never before the love the women have for us soldiers, as shown by their wonderful work. Last, but not least, the respect and love one has for the dear ones left at home. T. F.

That Australia is not the only country in the world. That to travel is the best education—it broadens one's mind and it enables one to form opinions on things in general. It has given me self-confidence, and developed also an ambition to

become somebody. That woman, when termed the weaker sex is not correctly described, for every one appreciates the great part she has played in this greatest of wars.

A. G.

This is a large question to answer in such a small space as this; but I think the biggest lesson learned has been adaptability. To one used for many years to be one's own master, and to find suddenly one's doings, large and small, are ordered by some one else, this, taken together with a life totally strange, has made every fellow, and most particularly myself, realize that Army life, to be livable, must be lived mostly as the other fellow lives it. Hence adaptability is the most important gain.

G. L.

Again the 'Wags' found this their opportunity.

1. How to live without working.
2. How to eat pork and beans.
3. How to wait for dinner.
4. How to keep clean without washing.

J. K.

1. How to look for a 'possy' in the Q.M. store next war.
2. That the best men are seldom on top.
3. That position and comradeship don't go together.
4. That leadswingers prosper.
5. That there's no place like home.

It has given me an inherent dread of troopships, mud, and French trains; 5.9's, whizz-bangs, 'buck-shee' Sergeant-Majors, and 'Jacks.' Also an un-

quenched thirst for 'Two-up' and good 'booze,'
vin blanc, and bush lawyer stunts, in the rooms of
the good old estaminets.

'Why I enlisted.'

I could not help myself. I was compelled by
some unseen power.

Crow-Eater.

Conscience for the right. At first I tried to
throw it aside, but I am not sorry it overpowered.

7032.

I enlisted to protect the women and children
from the hands of the brutal Huns, also for the
old Flag of England.

7244.

To keep AUSTRALIA AUSTRALIAN.

3378.

Any old failure can live, but it takes a Man to
fight, smile, and die. I did not hold my manhood
cheap, therefore I donned the uniform of the A.I.F.

4141.

I enlisted to show a good example to young
men, and also to do my bit. I am fifty years old.

Pte. P.

Appended are a few of the 'Wags.'

The reason why I enlisted? Can't say. Was
unconscious at the time!

A moment's indiscretion.

E. A. K.

To stop Billy Hughes sending my sister.

10

Because my wife would not.

'Leg-swinger.'

To see if the Froggies really ate frogs.

I was pushed off the quay with an umbrella.

R. J. P.

'One of the bravest deeds I've heard of.'

An artilleryman who was cut off from his battery saw in the distance one of his horses lying mortally wounded. Regardless of his own life, he crawled to his horse, through a heavy barrage of artillery and machine-gun fire, and kissed his horse farewell.

G. H.

He was an M.O. attached to an English regiment, who remained at his post for three days and nights. During the first portion of that time he was wounded in the head, but refused to evacuate while men were lying wounded. At night he crawled out and managed to rescue twenty-six men. Twenty of their lives were saved. The last night he stayed in the dug-out with his men. About 5 a.m. a shell exploded in the entrance wounding all. This M.O. was severely wounded, but crawled nearly half-a-mile for assistance. This exertion caused his death. His name was Captain Noel Chavasse, V.C. and bar, M.C., King's Liverpool.

One of the most appealing of brave deeds that has come under my notice was the act of a young lady ambulance driver who was driving her car with wounded soldiers to the dressing-station, and had the misfortune to have her am-

bulance blown up by a long-range shell, thus herself becoming a casualty. Notwithstanding this, the girl, though severely wounded, found her way to where she could send on information to the dressing-station for assistance. She then fainted from loss of blood. After being picked up and conveyed with her wounded charge to hospital it was found that an immediate operation was necessary for her. But she declined, saying that she would consent after the wounded in her charge had been attended to. This is, I think, a very brave deed.

.

A sergeant in the A.I.F., although badly wounded in the abdomen, when approached by stretcher bearers, told them to attend to fellows that had a better chance for life, as he had some ammunition to get rid of; and then taking hold of part of his entrails, placed them back in his body, and fired about ten shots before falling unconscious.

Pte. W.

.

This stunt did not produce a very great response. Our men do not readily talk much about these things. Most of the entries were waggish, of which the following is an illustration:

A digger coming at the Army again—after he had been discharged.

.

THE BEST GAME OF FOOTBALL—RUGBY, SOCCER, OR AUSTRALIAN RULES?

(This competition gave rise to a very animated debate.)

1. After War there is nothing to compare with Rugby in its appeal to healthy, vigorous men.

Why, I remember a game that was so keenly contested that, when a misguided referee took the ball from us, we did not miss it for a quarter of an hour. What other game on earth can work its players up to such a pitch of enthusiasm!

PS.—That referee has ever since been drawing the invalid pension.

.

'Have a game of footer?' 'Yes, alright; what shall it be?' 'Why, there's only one sort of footer, and that's Aussie Rules. I saw some chaps playing Soccer the other day, and all they seemed to be trying to do was to kick each other's shins and trip the other bloke up. Soccer football! Why, there's as much skill in Soccer as there is in 'Hop-sotch.' Why, even the Tommies reckon they can play Soccer!' 'Well, what about Rugger?' 'What! Do you think I am looking for a broken neck? The only pleasure one could get out of Rugby would be if you were playing a team of Fritzie's, and then I bet the boys would beat the barrage and be off-side most of the time. The fact that Aussie Rules is the chief game in Melbourne ought to be enough, anyhow.'

.

2. *Australian Rules.*

1. Because it is Australian.
2. Its rules are based on the idea of justice to both sides, and prevention of injury to players. In Soccer and Rugby, the man who breaks the rule often gets rewarded by the umpire; in Australian Rules he is penalized.
3. It has no 'on-side' and 'off-side,' and thus it ranks with the games that are truly great—i.e. boxing, cricket, baseball.
4. It is faster and gives opportunity for all factors

of the body to play their proper parts, i.e. the head to think with, not to biff the ball with.

.

3. There is only one kind of *football*—Soccer. It is the only game where the hands are not used, and is more skilful, though not as good to watch. I think that when a man starts handling a ball, he ought to give up his so-called 'footer,' and play two-up, marbles, or poker.

Dinkum.

.

4. There has only been one game of football invented, and that was on the day that Australian Rules were printed. Rugby, which has its origin from the twelfth century, so I've been led to believe, is a game certainly; but I'll leave it to this audience whether it is up to the Aussie game. (I hope the city of Our 'Arbour is not well represented here to-night!) Our own game compares favourably with Soccer, the latter positively makes me dribble whenever I have the misfortune to witness a game. There is the American (I was nearly going to call it game) 'Hop-over.' 'Nuff sed' about that stunt. I won't inflict any more of my opinions on this already suffering audience, but will advise those who wish to do penance for their past life to witness a game of either Soccer or Rugby—and for preference, the latter.

'Percy Brunton.'

.

5. My favourite game of football is Rugby, because it is the fastest game on earth. It needs the most science, and quickness, and therefore more broken limbs. Soccer is too tame, and Australian Rules is a woman's game, and is only played by the Yarra-ites and a few of the Burke Street roughs. Rugby is a good clean game, and it

is played by men, whilst Soccer and Australian Rules are only played by the weaklings and the harriers. I would rather play one game of Rugby and have my neck broken, than play a hundred games of Soccer or Australian Rules and get a bruised shin.

'Our 'Arbour.'

Soccer.

You only require to be bald, and have a wooden head.

D. S.

Dear Padre,

Know nothing of football. Have you been stung lately? I'm broke; what about a dollar?

Yours, &c.,

'Down for the Count.'

A PLEBISCITE AS TO THE BEST TEAM OF CRICKETERS, FROM PAST AND PRESENT PLAYERS.

The *Evening Star* produced a team of four batsmen, five all-round players, one fast bowler, one wicket-keeper. We asked our men to send in voting papers on the same lines. Forty papers were returned. I show the two lists side by side, with the number of votes each player received.

Our List.

Evening Star List.

Votes.

Batsman:

40 V. Trumper.

V. Trumper.

31 J. Hobbs.

A. Shrewsbury.

19 K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

19 C. Hill.

A. G. Steel.

All-round:

39	W. G. Grace.	W. G. Grace.
36	M. A. Noble.	G. A. Lohmann.
30	W. W. Armstrong	G. H. Hirst.
20	G. Giffen.	G. Giffen.
19	W. Rhodes.	C. T. Studd.

Fast Bowler:

17	F. R. Spofforth.	F. R. Spofforth.
----	------------------	------------------

Wicket Keeper:

27	J. M. Blackham.	J. M. Blackham.
----	-----------------	-----------------

The following were also placed:

	Votes.		Votes.
Batsman:			
Fry 17	MacLaren ...	10
Haywood	... 4	Murdoch ...	2

All-round Players:

Hirst 10	Jackson ...	10
Falkner	... 8	Forster ...	7
Macartney,	... 8	Barnes ...	5
Trumble	... 4	Trott ...	4
Jessop 3	Woolley ...	3

Fast Bowler:

Richardson	... 14	Cotter ...	8
------------	--------	------------	---

Wicket Keeper:

Lilley 9
------------	-------

One of our men produced a rather interesting team of players, all of whose names commenced with 'H':

Batsmen: Harding, Hardstaff, Hallows, and Hendren; All-round men: Hirst, Hobbs, Hitch, Heren, J. W., Harrison; Fast bowler: Heath; Wicket-keeper: Hubble.

C. T. E. H.

One of our 'Wags' suggested a team to challenge the 'Ideal Team':

Batsmen: Chidley, Charley Chaplin, Johnny Walker, Chunderloo; All-round men: John Bunny, Horatio Bottomley, Bairnsfather, 'Ole Bill,' Ned Kelly, Percy Brunton; Fast bowler: Henry VIII; Wicket-keeper: Little Tich.

.

ANSWERS TO 'THE UMBRELLA STORY.'

At one of our stunts this 'Umbrella Story' was told, and the audience was asked for a suitable answer.

'Mrs. Smith is journeying to town by omnibus to get her own and her daughter's umbrellas that were being repaired. On leaving the 'bus, by mistake she takes the umbrella of the lady next her, who says, "Excuse me, please, that is my umbrella." Mrs. Smith apologizes. Later in the afternoon, returning home, she meets the same lady once more, who, seeing her with two umbrellas, sweetly smiled and said, "You seem to have had a successful afternoon."' Suggest a suitable reply for Mrs. Smith.

Answers:

'Well, you see, dear, owing to the scarcity of men, a spare bundle of ribs always comes in handy.'—R.

'Yes, I have a taking way with me.'—E. K.

'Not that you would notice.'

'I've been in two 'buses since I last saw you.'

'Struck two blind people.'

'Oh, yes, but I slipped in the attempt to collar yours.'—Mc.

'As she was a woman, there's not enough room on this piece of paper to write the reply.'

MY WITTIEST STORY.

Digger entertaining his girl, decides to air knowledge gained in France. Hence, at a certain café in Melbourne, after having done justice to the menu, he called out, 'Here, garcon, bring us some "café au lait" without milk.' The waiter said, 'Will you have it without coffee, too, sir?'

F. G. S.

During the Villers Bretonneux stunt, our unit 'dope' got hold of a rig-out consisting of a belt, top hat, stiff shirt and collar, and a red bow tie. Together with this attire and shorts, he was getting about the village next day when he was accosted by the Town Major, who asked him what and who he was. The digger, who looked a freak of nature at any time, but who was not as silly as he looked, unhesitatingly replied, 'I'm chatty, sir.' It is said that the Town Major 'stood him a vin blong.'

A quiet way to get a loan.—As an Australian soldier was passing a hospital one day in London, he stopped to look at a big placard on which was printed, 'Only £20,000 wanted.' And as he was gazing on this, an elderly gentleman stepped up and asked, 'Well, Australia, what has taken your attention there?' The reply was, 'They say they only want £20,000, and here am I only wanting ten shillings, and can't get it.' So, with that, that kindly old gentleman thrust his hand in his pocket and gave the digger one pound, and the digger went on his way smiling.

20066 H. S.

A digger in France was brought up for stealing wood to use in his billets. The O.C. asked him, 'Do you know what the charge is against you?' The digger forgot himself in the presence of his

O.C., and answered, 'Ah, Wee.' The O.C. looked at the man, and then thundered out, 'Seven days No. 2, COMPREE?'

My Captain was the man who thought a lot of the *Educational Scheme*, and thinking he would influence me, sent me away as a cycle mechanic. I had a good time, no doubt, but never saw a bicycle; but I was put in charge of twenty-two burly Huns, and thus learned my trade. I don't think!

A Broken-Hearted Digger.

We were discussing dreams, and some one mentioned 'Dreaming of a return to Aussie.' At this mention, George commenced, 'I dreamed last night that I was back on my way to Aussie, and I fell overboard.' He stopped there, and I inquired, 'How did you get out?' 'Oh,' he drawled, 'I was picked up by wireless.'

(A dinkum occurrence.)

2353 A. H. D.

War Story. Scene: Square, Ypres.—A regiment of Tommies going up the line encountered a digger on traffic duty, guarding a road that was out of bounds to all troops. On trying to go up the road, they were knocked back by the digger. The English officer said, 'Don't you know who we are?' The digger said, 'No.' 'Well, we're the Guards,' exclaimed the officer. 'Well, I don't care if you're the engine-driver, you're not going up there.'

2245.

Witnessed on the battlefield.—Our digger burial-party was burying some dead Huns. The grave

was ready, and we were putting the dead Huns in, when one jumped up and cried, 'Kamerad! me no dead.' A digger cried, 'Push him in, Bill, you can't believe a word he says.'

My best War Story.—A digger the other day dived his hand into his shirt, and pulling out a handful of chats, asked them which one bit him. On getting no reply, he put them back and remanded them for a week.

3847.

A digger going before the M.O. Classification, bad eye-sight. M.O., testing sight: 'What do you see, my lad?' Digger: 'Something floating, sir.' M.O.: 'Yes, but you're not going on it.'

A MUSICAL PLEBISCITE.

The lady leader of our orchestra, whose music has delighted us for the past six months at Horseferry Road, offered a gold medal for the competitor who could place most successfully the twelve most popular songs, the six most popular orchestral pieces, and the six most popular pianoforte pieces. Twenty competitors entered, the following is the result of the plebiscite.

Orchestral Pieces.

Votes.				
7	Poet and Peasant <i>Suppé</i>
7	William Tell <i>Rossini</i>
6	Salut d'Amour <i>Elgar</i>
4	Cavalleria Rusticana <i>Mascagni</i>
4	Faust Selections <i>Gounod</i>
3	Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffman) <i>Offenbach</i>

Pianoforte Pieces.

10	The Prelude	<i>Rachmaninoff</i>
8	Melody in 'F'	<i>Rubinstein</i>
7	Spring Song	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
5	Humouresque <i>Dvorák</i>
3	Missouri Waltz.			
3	Destiny Waltz.			

Twelve most popular Songs.

Votes.		Votes.	
10	'The Rosary'	6	'Home Sweet Home'
9	'Because'	6	'I'll sing Thee Songs of Araby'
8	'I hear you calling me'	6	'Mary of Argyll'
7	'Land of Hope and Glory'	6	'Mother Machree'
6	'Annie Laurie'	6	'Old-fashioned Town'
6	'Good-bye' (Tosti)	5	'Two Eyes of Grey'
		5	'Roses of Picardy'

CHAPTER X

COMRADES IN THE GREAT WAR

THE RED CROSS.

NEVER in the history of war were soldiers so well cared for. Not only by the Army Authorities, but by the organizations that grew out of the generosity of the folk who had to stay behind.

I have had great opportunities of coming into very close contact with all these funds, and can bear testimony to the skill and earnestness that was shown in their administration.

At Helouan, in Egypt, we were indebted to them for many kindnesses. Later on, as a typhoid patient at Heliopolis, I saw their hospital work. To every Australian, twice a week, lady visitors came along with a list of about thirty articles, that, if needed, were supplied in an hour's time. You looked down the list, saw the thing you fancied, and sure enough it came. Australian papers were supplied, books to read, and all administered with a grace that doubly enhanced the value of a gift. And what was done at the Palace, Heliopolis, was done in every hospital in Egypt. At Etaples, France, in the large hospitals, again our men received special attention, and many gifts

brightened their stay. And in the camp for the 'contacts' of measles and mumps, that at times numbered 2,500 men, with hardly anything to occupy their time, the Australian Red Cross, by its gifts for competitions and prizes, its games and music, and extra comforts, contributed most largely to the beguiling of weary hours. At Havre, France, the society came fully into its own. When our men were convalescing at Trouville, just across the Seine, continual visits were paid from week to week, and the Commanding Officers were loud in their praises of the really efficient help given by the Red Cross workers. And what convalescent soldier can ever forget the warmth and comfort of their Rest Hut in the Convalescent Camp at Harfleur? The bi-weekly dance, the billiards, the books, the cinema, the supplementary gifts of clothing that came from the loving hearts of Australian women—the Christmas cheer, in which, with broad sympathies, the inmates of our V.D. Hospital also shared—all made the work absolutely unforgettable. Colonel E. W. Haywood, and Colonel A. Hordern, and their workers, have won an enduring place in the hearts of Australia's wounded soldiers, and those who contributed so generously to the funds would have felt fully rewarded if they could have seen their gifts distributed by this gracious ministry.

THE COMFORTS FUND.

Here, again, plain prose is inadequate to express the appreciation that the management of this Fund deserved. Commissioner H. Budden, in Egypt,

laid the foundations of the policy there in 1915 at Cairo, and 1916 at Tel-el-Kebir. Here we saw it just getting into its stride, that at last was to be so swift. By insisting on the Commissioner having executive power, and not being hampered by a committee, rapid decisions could be arrived at, and a policy decided in as many hours as it would otherwise have taken days. Whilst the care of the men in the Forward Areas was always its first charge, yet it included the men travelling up and down through the Base. With dreary hours of slow French trains before them, where they were packed in horse boxes, filled to their utmost capacity, these men have reason to bless the Comforts Fund for the enjoyment of many a smoke, and home papers to while away the time. Their gift of an acetylene gas lighting plant made concert parties, euchre tournaments, and fun nights possible in the winter time. Commissioner Lt.-Col. T. C. Woodburn carried on and developed the policy of his predecessor; and surely no big organization of these dimensions was ever run with such flexibility and absence of red-tape.

Free cocoa for suppers in the mess huts warmed the soldier ere he went to bed. Tinned goods made his rations going up to the line a little more tasty. Footballs and cricket materials, playing-cards for our tournaments, prizes to make them more attractive, and, in the early days, books for libraries—there was no reasonable request ever made by us that was ungranted, providing that it did not interfere with the main purpose of the

Fund: to stand by the man in the front line. Others will speak of its splendid work there, but as a Base Chaplain, I can say with authority that the fact of its standing behind all endeavours to make the soldier's life more bright contributed in an enormous degree to keep up his fighting spirit. And in the closing period, that of re-embarking the troops to Australia, every transport will bring its living witnesses to the generosity of its gifts, and its thorough right to have earned from soldiers' wives and children, as well as from the men themselves, that most happy of inspired names, 'The Australian Comforts Fund.'

Lt.-Col. T. C. Woodburn has sent me the figures from June 1916, to June 1919, showing the total cash received from Australia to have been £302,793. The total amount of goods bought represents £256,654, including such items as coffee and cocoa and milk, £101,693. Tobacco £37,252. Tommy 'cookers,' £23,803. Plum-puddings and Christmas-boxes were £11,429. Gramophones £7,994. The Citizens' War Chest Fund made a grant of £14,628 for the purpose of establishing the A.I.F. and War Chest Club, that for years meant so much to our men in London, providing them with meals and beds and social life. In addition to this, 141,242 cases came from Australia, and the value of these was estimated at £847,452. The total value received from all sources equalled £1,227,284, and the cost of administration for this huge amount is only £9,032, including rents, salaries of the office staff, rent of stores at Havre

and other places in London, and sustaining five divisions at the Front. This works out at a cost of .73 per cent, or about $1\frac{1}{4}$ of a penny in the £. That is to say, that out of every pound subscribed by the public, the Fund has been able to place actually over 19s. 10d. in the hands of the soldier. Was there ever such a record in the history of the world?

THE Y.M.C.A.

Already many times in these pages tribute has been paid to this magnificent organization. I would like, in a few words, to sum up my impressions. Apart from six weeks touring in the billets of a Rest Area, I cannot speak of its work up the line. There, in that Longpré district, the impossibility of getting transport—owing to the big push—made its work far less efficient, for, anticipating this period of rest, vast stores had been accumulated at Havre to meet the need; and then unfortunately, through inability to secure trucks, there was no chance of getting them delivered till half the time of resting was over. But I am on familiar ground as I speak of the work done by this association in the camps of Tel-el-Kebir, Etaples, and Havre.

At Cairo, in 1915, the Australian Y.M.C.A. was overshadowed by the English organization, with its splendid work. Any institution that could equip and staff and carry on its work in the Esbekieh Gardens, handed over to it by the Cairo Civil Authorities, with the success that attended their

efforts, is worthy of unstinted praise. And this was only one of their many other schemes for the benefit of the soldier, and made an oasis in Cairo, especially to the clean-minded men of our camps.

A few months later, at Tel-el-Kebir, one could see how quickly the association was overtaking its work. Three large huts ministered in a very generous and broad-minded way to the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of the men. Libraries were provided for hungry minds, and what it meant there in the desert to have a book and a nook, only a book-lover knows.

Concert parties were beginning to make their appearance, and cool drinks—a priceless gift for the men with a long thirst—were on tap. Sunday services were held in their buildings, with the use of piano and seats, and crowds of men to speak to. For this opportunity chaplains can never be too grateful. Still the organization was but feeling its feet, and gathering confidence and experience.

It was in France, in 1916, at the great Base Camp at Etaples, that I saw the part this organization was going to play in our soldiers' lives. Still looked at by the English Base Authorities with some suspicion, and its big schemes turned down, yet planning entertainments, providing canteens, lending-libraries, and developing its scheme of 'Star Lecturers' and concert parties of a very high order. But at the Havre Base, reinforced by the most generous contributions from Australia, this great association for the first time was granted an absolutely free hand. It was an entirely new

camp, and with the approval of our Commanding Officers, and with the accumulated experiences of the past two years, a scheme of buildings was erected—canteens, cinema halls, gymnasium—with such completeness that no alteration was afterwards necessary. Camps that have numbered 10,000 men have been ministered to in every way. The work of the gymnasium, under Lt. Les. Judd, in the convalescent camp, won the warmest commendation from our medical officers, as by a scientific use of games, both indoor and outdoor, of baseball, basketball, hockey, football, boxing, dancing, men were got fit for further fighting. 'Quiet rooms' gave thoughtful men the opportunity for devotion that was impossible in a tent, with twelve other men around. Educational classes for French, English, and history provided food that kept the mind alert; and libraries that would not have disgraced some large Mechanics' Institute gave the very breath of heaven to starving clever brains, under the direction of Miss Ethel Macgeorge. No praise can be too high for the voluntary lady workers whose presence in our midst was one strong call to all that was best in men who were living amid the temptations of a French town. These ladies were an ever-present reminder of the true women-folk of our beloved homeland, to whom we were so dear.

The highest praise must be given to the work of the Association in the great hospital for Venereal Diseases. Till the advent of the Australian Y.M.C.A. this camp was not much better than a

prison. But when the cinema, holding 2,400 men, was built, and filled night after night with a programme of splendid moving pictures, from five to seven, and a first-class concert afterwards, and used as a gymnasium during the day, it can be seen what a change came over the hospital. To have taken the Y.M.C.A. out of our Havre Camp would have been like removing the top and lower sets of teeth from a person's mouth, and leaving only the bony gums.

For two years at Horseferry Road, London, under the capable management of Mrs. Workman and Miss Williams, a restaurant was conducted with much ability in the basement of the church adjoining head quarters. Here, for a small amount, a most satisfying and daintily served meal was provided, and the soldier on the large Headquarters Staff, faced with the problem of living on six shillings a day subsistence allowance, found his difficulty solved here.

As soon as the trustees gave their consent to hand over the church itself, the Association spent a sum of £1,500 in converting it into one of the most comfortable lounges in London. A further expense of £2,000 had been incurred to house the local congregation elsewhere for the time being. All the attractions of a first-class club have been provided here free. A paid orchestra gives delightful recitals three times a day. The best vocalists that can be obtained are asked for their services. Lectures on the most varied of topics are provided, and animated discussions follow; but best of all,

the most delightful of home touches is given by a large staff of English ladies as voluntary workers. This scheme was beset with difficulty, as



1914.



1919.

Memories —

in all, the consent of twenty-nine 'Governing Bodies'—Religious, Municipal, and Military—had to be obtained. It was only the undaunted en-

thusiasm of Major H. Wheeler, of the Y.M.C.A., and Senr.-Chaplain Col. A. T. Holden (Meth.) that engineered the scheme through. The opinion of the thousands of men who have enjoyed its hospitality is, that it is the last word in efficiency and suitability.

I do not speak of the Y.M.C.A. work up the line, nor in Palestine, of which I have only heard; but I can state frankly, after the experience of three and a half years' work in base camps, in Egypt, France, and Horseferry Road, that the Australian Y.M.C.A. has been

The sick man's comfort,
The intellectual man's food,
The lonely man's friend,
The religious man's sympathizer,
And the Chaplain's joy.

This I say with gratitude and admiration.

CHAPTER XI

FISHING FOR MEN

THE work of the chaplain on Active Service is not like ordinary ministerial life. Within three weeks of the *ss. Demosthenes* landing her men at Suez, numbers of them had died of wounds. And as in the great Base Camps at Etaples and Havre, we saw them marching off the parade ground, with a cheery song, waving their hand to me as I wished them 'God speed,' and saying, 'Good-bye, Padre, just going up for my mail,' the feeling would come back, 'Did I do my very best for them whilst they were here?'

It was at Helouan that I first made the discovery of the deep springs of emotion and will that lie in the hearts of our men, with their strong faces and apparently 'devil may care' ways. These men have faced life's grimest realities of horror, sickness, and death. The boisterous fellow passenger of three months before was quietened down and prepared to take the 'Eternity view of life'; and scarcely a Sunday-night, or the week-night service on the piazza ended without inquirers anxious to make a definite religious decision.

Again at Tel-el-Kebir, in the open air, with an

acetylene lamp and baby organ, with Chaplain Captain T. C. Rentoul and Major F. Rolland, it was not hard to get an audience of five hundred men. And here again, in the sight of their comrades, men would boldly signify their desire to enlist in the service of God.

The Army Chaplain has been given the privilege in these years (owing to morning parades being compulsory), of having the 'Man in the Street' at church, and the unique privilege of stating the message of the kingdom to him. These days can never come back. A good deal of the attitude of the returned soldier to Organized Christianity will have been determined by the way in which we have used this priceless opportunity. Where the parades have been conducted with dignified simplicity and broad-minded enthusiasm on the part of the Chaplain, instead of being a 'thorn in the flesh,' they have met with hearty appreciation. Meetings that consist of 'men only' have an influence all their own. The absence of women makes the men far less self-conscious, and the common uniform wipes out all social differences.

What chaplain can forget an early morning parade in a big open-air cinema in Egypt, before the heat of the day has begun? He stands before a thousand men, who give him the most wonderful hearing if he has a real message for them. Certainly no speaker could desire a more responsive audience. And then, the tender grace of the after-service for Holy Communion, closing with

each one present reciting some verse of Scripture dear to his own heart, will long abide in the memory of the chaplain.

Visiting evangelists, like Mr. Sherwood Eddy and Gipsy Smith, left their mark for good on the vast audiences that gathered to hear them. Speakers with the gift of teaching high truths, like Dr. Fosdick and Miss Ruth Rouse, gave our men new view-points. Able apologists like Prof. McIntosh of Edinburgh and Dr. Paul of Ireland, holding discussion classes, where the big problems of religion could be looked at from a variety of standpoints, did remarkably fine work. Chief amongst those who came to visit us, was Captain Fred Norwood, of South Australia. Probably he has addressed 200,000 of our men, and at his meetings he has held them spell-bound for two hours at a time, as he has eloquently pleaded for a manhood that will make a great nation. Still, when these have gone the work devolves again on the local chaplains, and in my judgement the longer a chaplain works with one unit or base, the better for him, and those for whose care he is responsible. Short-term chaplaincies are not much good to any one, either the Padre or the Battalion.

A SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.

This is a picture of a typical winter Sunday evening service in our base. In the morning there has been a parade. At two o'clock there has been a huge Pleasant Sunday Afternoon in the cinema; at 4.30 the Padre announces his services in the two

or three mess huts where the men are having tea. At 5.30 the band lends its cheerful aid in the Y.M.C.A. cinema, which soon fills up with nine hundred men; frequently some gifted singer will sing two or three solos. Our men have an immense appreciation for the best in music. In between the items, while the musicians are getting ready for the next piece, the chaplain has what he calls 'Sunday stunts'—guessing books of the Bible written in the air with a stick—with a small prize for the winner, then telling somewhat unfamiliar Bible stories in the way of a mental picture, with fairly elaborate embroidery, and again rewarding the discoverer of the story. Frequently between the music he will read poems, 'Rough Rhymes of a Padre,' by Chaplain Studdart Kennedy, and a great hush comes as 'The Sermon in the Hospital,' 'Saint or Sinner,' or 'Well,' is read. Thus the hour speeds quickly by. We found this a much better preparation for our great service than the ordinary Sing-Song, and at 6.30, with an audience thoroughly at home with its leader, we would stand to sing the opening hymn.

Up till now there has been a good deal of happy humour and freedom in the conducting of these preliminaries; but now there is a fight for the citadel of men's souls. The service deepens in feeling, hymns are sung with the greatest earnestness, prayers for men tempted and tried, for their loved ones far away, find a response in many hearts, and during the half-hour of the address the feeling is running swift and tense. A gospel

message, warm and sympathetic, is given, holding out to men who have failed the opportunity of 'a second innings'; and to those who have never yet chosen their side an appeal is made to do so now. 'Are there those here to-night who will make the great decision? If so, would you say it out aloud, "I WILL"?' A moment's pause; will the verdict be won? And then, to our joy, from throats in various parts of the building the cry goes up, 'I will.' These, and others, are pressed to remain for an after-meeting of instruction; difficulties are met, the Way is made plain, and after each having expressed his clear and willing assent to this act of enlistment, a card of decision is signed that links each man to the fostering care of the Y.M.C.A. War Roll, with its kindly personal interest, sustained by letters and books. It is now 8.30. Most have been in the hall for three hours without a break. This is a sufficient commentary on the soldier's attitude to religious meetings, if they are of the type that meet his own particular tastes.

For two and a half years at Havre this was the atmosphere in which we lived; and whilst the army life has meant the downfall of many, yet hundreds of men have found that this life has compelled them to be either one thing or the other, and they have chosen the cause 'Whose service is perfect freedom.'

Some of the services held in French villages in the Rest Area during an Evangelistic Tour in 1918 will never be forgotten. One at Bourges, near

Longpré, with a battalion of the Third Division, stands out particularly. The pulpit was the flat stone raised over the village pump. A bright moonlight night, balmy, soft air, beautiful singing led by the band, the trees a wonderful blend of all the warm colours of the fading year, a group of three hundred strong-faced, big Australian men, set in a circle of French peasants, mostly women and children, who looked on with interest and sympathy, though they could not understand. It was a strange setting for our men. It was like a geological fault, to see this slab of Australia in this quaint, quiet village of France.

An important part of our work in the Base Camp was to give to all troops belonging to us going up the line, the chance of a Farewell Service, with an opportunity to stay for Holy Communion. The chaplains of other denominations did the same with those under their care. And this privilege of saying a final word to our men as they faced the front, was much valued by us all.

The soldier is in the happiest relationship with his chaplain. He is able to approach him at all times, without any difficulty or ceremony. He soon learns that there are some services that a chaplain can render him, when there are complications in his life; and he is quick to give him his confidence and let him into the deep secrets of his heart. The social side of the chaplain's life is of immense value in breaking down all reserve and opening the way for a spiritual work that becomes its crown and seal.

Quietly, in the background, making our work easy for us, planning for each man the place where he can be most useful, inspiring every Padre and every minister, home missionary, and theological student of our denomination, who has entered the ranks, towers the form of our beloved Senior Methodist Chaplain, Colonel A. T. Holden, C.B.E., V.D., B.A., a prince of administrators, and a reservoir of sympathetic affection.

THE RELIGION OF THE SOLDIER: WHAT THE WAR HAS TAUGHT THE PADRE.

Now the War is over, some of us are returning to our home work, wiser and surely happier men. When first we began this work of speaking to 'Men only,' we felt that our old outlook would not quite fit. These men, many of whom had not been to church for years, and who would not have been at our parades if they could have dodged it, didn't care tuppence what the church said, nor want to know much about its doctrines. As he looks back, what are the impressions that the chaplain has gathered about the soldier's religion?

1. That he has a firm belief in prayer. The sense of God's presence in the critical times of life has been to thousands the hushing of the fears that had possessed them.

2. A very real belief in the life after death. That companion who, a minute ago, was talking to him, and is now blown to a thousand pieces, is not dead, but gone 'West'; and in that sunset land he

feels that though he has not thought very much about God, there may be for him and his friend a 'School for Additional Training,' that will fit them for their new surroundings.

3. His views of sin are not church views. He does not think that to get elevated on Pay Night, even to use tall swear words to express his meaning, or to try his luck at 'Crown and Anchor,' or the national game of 'Two-up'—these and other sins of the body he does not consider sins. He asks himself, 'Does it hurt anybody but myself?' And if he thinks it does not, then it is not wrong for him. But what he does think of as sin of a very dark stain, is to let his battalion or his pals 'down'; to steal from a mate in the line; to go absent without leave before a big push; to shirk a fatigue party and allow another man to do double duty: this is sin. Quite unconsciously he has taken sides with Jesus, in being kind to the prodigal son with his sins of the body, and very severe on the Elder Brother, with his sins of the disposition.

4. A tremendous admiration for all the qualities of unselfishness, courage, and sacrifice, that finds amongst men their best expression in the life of Christ. Though, strange to say, they do not often associate these qualities with Him. At a large town in France, a visiting chaplain speaking of the courage of Christ—always with His back against the wall—in His fight for the others, so swept them off their feet, that they rose to cheer. Suddenly they saw it. Here is one who gathers in Himself all that men esteem in men, and if

religion is companionship with Him, then they will think it over.

5. An utter disregard of denominational distinctions. If the Nonconformist parade is a mile nearer on a wet day, a number of Anglicans will change their church preference, and *vice versa*. All shades of Free Churchmen blend in happy unity. In thousands of instances the soldier has not the least idea of what stands behind our Church names, and furthermore, he doesn't want to know.

6. He has taught the Padre to see the greatness of what President Wilson calls 'The Common Man,' where he hadn't sometimes expected to see it before. It is not always on the surface; but if you wait you will see glimpse of the gold in the quartz. Perfect courtesy, finest feelings, noblest unselfishness, sublime self-sacrifice, happiest humour.

Tommy! Digger! I salute you—

No; I stand bareheaded as you pass.

CHAPTER XII

SOME GOOD-BYE TALKS ¹

'THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.'

Shepherd. When David took the word 'Shepherd' to describe the relationship of God to him, he took the strongest and tenderest word that could be imagined. In the East the shepherd was the guardian, provider, friend of every one in his flock, and if needs be, in their defence he was willing to give his life. The term 'shepherd' implied intimate acquaintance, personal affection, dauntless courage, ample resources, and tremendous patience. (Sheep were silly things.) Many a man to-day is bewildered by the vastness of the universe, and thinks somewhere in his heart, 'I am too small and insignificant for God to be concerned about me.' I remember when I was twelve years old, the family subscribed and gave me a ten and sixpenny telescope. I could hardly wait for the sun to go down, I was so eager to see the moon and stars. When I did see them, my little glass didn't make much difference. But some one told me that by micro-photography they had discovered

¹Given to soldiers at the service just before leaving for the front.

100,000,000 worlds. I remember to this day the cold chill that came over me. One hundred million worlds! And I was one small boy in this world, and even here there were 1,500,000,000, in the universe of a hundred million worlds. I said to myself, 'God can't know anything about me.' But a little later a friend permitted me to see through his microscope; and there I saw a tiny grain of sand, that under its high power showed thirty exquisite shells, and every one of them as beautiful as a baby's ear. 'Hurrah!' I said, 'God is the God of the small, as well as the God of the infinitely great,' and I could trust Him to care for me.

Shepherd. It means that He does know your utmost need, when your heart is lonely, and your way is difficult, and you're torn with anxiety. He knows, and He knows how to help and sustain.

My Shepherd. It is not enough to know that God was David's shepherd. I must know that He is mine. In a Scotch valley a minister, after preaching to a number of shepherds, was asked to visit a small boy of ten years, who was very ill. The minister found that the lad had no very clear consciousness of God's presence. So he asked him to say, 'The Lord is *my* Shepherd,' laying the emphasis on the word *my*. To impress it more he suggested that he should take the forefinger of his left hand between the thumb and forefinger of the right, and say it over and over again, 'My Shepherd.' 'My Shepherd.' Next week he called again to see him, and asked the father, 'How is the boy?' 'He's fine, come and see him.' He had

died the night before, and they had not altered his position. He had died clasping the forefinger of his left hand, saying, 'My shepherd.' Men, it's good to die on, and it's grand to live on. *My Shepherd!*

Is my Shepherd. A present tense. A continual present tense. When to-morrow comes, it will still be, *IS* my shepherd. One of my ministerial friends, to whom I owe my place in the ministry, the late Rev. Samuel Knight, used to tell of an open-air service, where at its close a man came to him and said, 'I've been praying for twelve years for forgiveness and peace, but nothing has ever come to me.' My friend, with swift intuition, said, 'I know why; you have been using the wrong word.' 'Oh, what wrong word have I been using?' 'You have been saying *GIVE* instead of saying *TAKE*. He that asketh, receiveth. Not give me pardon; you've been saying that for twelve years. Say this, "Lord, I *take* pardon." Do you know any hymns?' 'Oh yes, I know "Rock of ages."' 'Well, will you say "Rock of Ages" after me, altering one or two words?' 'Certainly I will.' 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—and the man repeated it—'not, let me hide myself in Thee, but, *NOW* I hide myself in Thee; and when you hide, you're hidden, aren't you?' said he to the man. 'I suppose so,' said the man rather doubtfully. 'Not, Let the water and the blood, but *NOW* the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flowed.' 'Not, *be* of sin, but *IS* of sin the double cure, Saves from wrath, and makes me

pure.' The light and peace he had been looking for came instantly, and smiling radiantly, he said, 'I never saw it like that before,' and went on his way rejoicing. *IS* my shepherd. Say it till it becomes a working factor in your life.

The Lord is my Shepherd. That great word, 'Jehovah.' It tells that all the resources of God are at our disposal, and that we can draw on them. Jehovah and Want are mutually exclusive terms, and so the psalm goes on, as Dr. Mott points out, in a series of supplied needs. Not want Rest (lie down), Refreshment (still waters), Guidance (He leadeth me), Repentance (He restoreth my soul), Companionship (Thou art with me), Comfort (Thy rod and staff), Sustenance (preparedst a table), Joy (Anointest my head with oil), Anything (my cup runneth over), Anything in this life (Goodness and mercy shall follow me), Anything in Eternity (I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever).

I call this my 'Five-Finger Exercise'; checking each word off on the fingers of the left hand, with the index finger of the right. When you learnt music years ago out of Czerny's book, you had exercises for strengthening the muscles of the left and right hand. This five-finger exercise will wonderfully strengthen the muscles of the heart. And would you do one thing for me before you go? 'Will you put a dot of indelible pencil in the palm of your left hand and keep it there day by day, and every time you see it, smile and say, "The Lord is my Shepherd!"' The first

man who can show me the dot on the palm of his hand will get a bar of chocolate. Right! I see it—here you are.'

GOD'S CURE FOR FEAR.

Very few of us care to say, 'I'm afraid.' But none of us mind saying, 'I've got the "wind up!"' I expect it means much the same thing, but it doesn't sound so bad. God knew that men would fear, and His Book abounds with the words, 'Fear not.' In Isaiah xliii., verses 1 and 2, we have God's cure for fear:

Fear past: 'I have redeemed thee.'

Fear present: 'Thou art Mine.'

Fear future: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'

'When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned.'

Fear Past.—Sometimes a man has forgotten his past, and so does not fear it. A young fellow the other day said, 'Padre, I've never done anything I'm ashamed of.' I said, 'How old are you?' He said, 'Twenty-seven.' I said, 'Shake hands, I wish I had your record.' I think he had forgotten a lot. That past of yours and mine goes on. 'Boys flying kites, haul in their white-winged toys,' but our past goes on, working its own way for good or ill. That past will be revealed, if not forgiven. If Johnny Norton, by a poster in *Truth*, can strike fear into some high official for some misconduct, what will men say when, 'The Books are opened'?

God wants to hush that sense of past fear. 'I

have redeemed thee,' He says. The Jubilee Singers years ago sang in Melbourne. Every one of them had been born in slavery, but they sang, 'I've been redeemed.' What redeemed them? The blood of men. North and South America fought on that issue, and the North won, and the slaves were set free, redeemed by the blood of men. Belgium has been redeemed by precious blood, and I can take my guilty conscience to the Cross of Calvary, and see the price paid for my redemption. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' When John Bunyan's pilgrim came to the Cross, the burden of guilt, that was well-nigh crushing him, that could not be shaken off nor removed before, fell off of its own accord, and he was free. As a small boy I heard Madame Christian, Melbourne's gifted contralto of forty years ago, sing 'O Rest in the Lord,' and her emphasis was, 'And He shall give *THEE* thy heart's desire.' It seemed as though I was the only one in that vast audience, and she sang it into my heart. Give *THEE*, give *THEE*. Oh, that I could say it with that emphasis, so that every man could hear it now for himself. I have redeemed *THEE*—*THEE*, as though *you* were the only one in all the world.

Fear Present.—'Thou *ART* Mine.' How you lose your fear if in a difficult situation you can trust some one who says that he can pull you through! Is it a big operation? The doctor says, 'I've never lost a case,' and you are reassured.

Is it some legal difficulty? The lawyer says, 'I'm sure I can win this verdict,' and you feel a load gone from your mind. Are you hopelessly lost in the bush? And you meet a local inhabitant and tell him your plight, and he says, 'Oh, yes, I know the way, I'll see you home.' Once more rest comes to us. In each case, as we surrender our life to another whom we can trust, we lose our fear.

God says to us, 'Thou *Art* Mine.' 'Ah,' but you say, 'I can see the guide. I can touch the doctor. I can hear the lawyer. How can I trust God whom I cannot see?' That was the reason for the Incarnation. Jesus came, that in Him men might see, hear, and touch God. That was one reason for the institution of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Jesus knew that men would crave for something tangible to touch and handle. And so He left the bread and wine as symbols of His body and blood. But tell me, how do you hold your mother, your wife, beyond the seas, whom now you cannot see? Surely it is by thinking of them, by letters sent and received, by gifts from time to time, and by doing the things that you think will please them. That is how you hold your wife beyond the seas, and that is how you hold God beyond the stars. You hear Him say, 'Thou *art* Mine.' Your thoughts go out continually to Him; we will do the things that will please Him; the things out of harmony with Him we will refuse. We hold communion with Him through the letters He has sent to us. And in the surrender of our lives fully to Him, we lose our fear.

Future Fear.—In the Bible, rivers and fire stand for trials. Trials that all must go through, but God says, 'When the time comes, I will be there.' A little boy having a tooth filled, said, 'Mother, you're coming with me?' 'Of course,' she replied. She sat by him and held his hand. He didn't cry, but every time the drill came near the nerve he winced, and she said, 'Poor boy,' feeling it as much through her sympathy as he did. And when it was all over he said, 'I couldn't have stuck it if you had not been there.' It will make all the difference in our future life if we can hear Him say, 'I will be with thee.'

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

In an English jail a prisoner dreaded that the punishment of the dark cell might come to him. One day, for a breach of discipline, the sentence was inflicted; his face blanched as he entered the cell, and in half an hour he was hysterical. 'Good God,' he said, 'twenty-four hours of this and I'll go mad.' Presently he heard some one knocking at the walls. It was the prison chaplain, who knew his man, and how fearful of this he was. The chaplain said, 'I'm going to stay here till you go to sleep. Give a knock at the wall every now and again, and I will know when you don't knock, that you are asleep.' By and by the knocking ceased. Fear had gone. There was some one near, some one who knew and loved, and quiet restful sleep came; and when he came out he fell on the chaplain's neck, and said, 'Sir, if it had not

been for you, I should have lost my reason.' There is no front-line trench, no dark shell-hole, no place of danger ahead of you, but if you will listen you will hear Him say, 'Fear not; when thou passest through the water, when thou walkest through the fire, I will be with thee,' and you will boldly say, 'The Lord is my Helper.'

Speak to Him, for He heareth,
 And Spirit with spirit may meet:
 Closer is He than breathing,
 And nearer than hands and feet.

THE GAS HELMET.

In 366 young Augustine, tired of all that the world had given him, when sitting in a garden, heard a voice saying, 'Take and read.' It seemed like a voice from the skies. He opened his Testament, and his eye fell on these words (Rom. xiii. 14): 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.' He saw it in a flash—that the presence of Christ could envelope a man, and temptation could only reach him through that protective screen. In our day he would have seen how our gas chamber and helmet illustrated the same idea.

1. Many approach the gas chamber with fear. Like Belshazzar, with something wrong in their past life, 'their thoughts troubled them.'

2. The power of companionship was seen. The comrades coming out cheered those going in, saying, 'It's all right, your helmet will pull you through.'

3. The eternal difference between temptation and trial. This is a trial, done by friends to fit us for worse things up the line. The German gas is from an enemy to destroy.

4. The different kinds of gas.

(a) *Tear Gas*. Makes you weep. Moses had that for forty years with his irritating Israelites on trek for the Promised Land.

(b) *Deadly Gas*. But for this there was instantaneously found a remedy.

5. The Law of the Helmet.

(a) *Fact*. A helmet guaranteed by the best scientists in England.

(b) *Faith in that fact*. As we committed ourselves to it.

(c) *Feeling*. As we successfully emerged from the testing-chamber.

The same order is found in 'putting on Christ.' *Fact*: 'He is able to save.' *Faith*: 'I will give myself to Him.' *Feeling*: 'We have peace with God.'

Points taken from the Standing Orders.

1. Officers will train men so that the movements become automatic.

Like Brother Lawrence, we will 'practise the presence of God.'

2. Gas Attacks are launched in a favourable wind.

Beware the days when you are lonely and depressed.

3. Helmets must be inspected regularly.

'Let a man examine himself.'

4. An alarm will always be given.

'Quench not the spirit.'

5. Let there be the utmost calm.

Yes, with this Helmet of Salvation on we
can have Peace, Perfect Peace.

THE CHURCH THE ARMY WANTS.

By 'Woodbine Willie'

(The Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy.)

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'THERE is no Church on earth at present for which the average soldier has any use.' Some one said that at the National Free Church Council the other day.

I wonder. I never met an average soldier. Real soldiers will not be averaged. They are hopelessly and gloriously individual, when one really gets to know them. Each one is so very much himself, and not his next-door neighbour, that an average is very hard to strike. Besides, each one has so many selves, apparently. There are so many soldiers in every soldier, and it is a puzzle to find the real one. I shut my eyes and try to see him, and I can't—he keeps on dodging capture in a wilderness of pictures.

'Soldier—mostly mud and oaths and laughter, stumbling up a communication trench with rations in the rain, fed up and weary—have you much use for a Church?

'No, I want some tea, with rum in it.' (But then, I am a parson, and am devoted to my Church, and those were exactly my sentiments when I was on

that job. No, I did not leave out the rum; it was prominent in my mind. Church seemed another world.)

'Soldier—rather white about the gills and wild about the eyes, standing by to go over the top—have you any use for a Church?'

'Yes, I think so. Some.' It is vague. Any Church, it may be. It will be the one you were brought up in. There is a something deep down which finds home in a Church.

'Soldier—during a brief and well-earned rest, with battle behind and a battle in front, in an estaminet with a crowd of mates and some very watery beer—how about you?'

'Not much doing, Parson. Try again.'

'Soldier—during the same rest, going up tomorrow; writing home now, sitting on your straw bed, with your body in France and your mind in Blighty—have you any use for a Church?'

'Yes, a little. She goes! Here is her photograph. I had a letter from our parson the other day.' The Church of his childhood means good living women, and the children go to Sunday school.

'Soldier—very white and wan, in bed, with a pain, a big pain—what about Church?'

'It has a place, but not such a big one, because the pain takes up such a lot of room.' It takes a big man to pray with a pain in his innards. Still, there is a place—ask a thousand Hospital Chaplains.

'Soldier—demobilized, with new civvies on; no

flying flags and beating drums, no triumphal entry; just a fizzling out; rather tired, and feeling at a loose end, with an idea that you should be gay and happy, and not sure how to begin—how about Church for you?’

‘Rather dull, sir; dull as ditch water; no use at present. Don’t know what I want, but it isn’t Church.’

‘Soldier, which you is you?’ What’s the good of silly questions? I don’t even know which me is me.

Some of the you’s in you have some use for a Church, like some of the me’s in me. You do not understand or care for what divides the Churches. That business only puzzles you. There is no such thing as a Theological Soldier, but there is a religious one. You are often bitterly angry with your Church because it is so imperfect. Can one be angry about a thing one has no use for? I doubt it.

You have some use for your Church, I believe—the Church of your childhood. You have none for the divided, squabbling Churches. Nor have I. You would have much use for one simple, earnest, Christian Church, out to make white men.

Soldier, help to make it!

EPILOGUE.

I HEAR the bugle blowing the 'Last Post.' We must bring our Stunt to a close. It will be 'Lights Out' in a few minutes. Good-night, boys! you wonderful boys! You bundle of contradictions, with feelings that run so deep, and yet that you so carefully conceal. Once more: Good-night! Sweet dreams!

'And in some brighter clime' may we bid each other, GOOD-MORNING!

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