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16.

SOLDIER'S LETTER.

(Continued from last issue).

That evening we continued on our march, and I was unlucky with several of my troop being on camel escort. The ground was boggy and they couldn't get along too well. We had a devil of a time with them; the niggers were half dead with cold, and every time they stopped they would go to sleep, and when the column again started we had to go and wake them up. Will I ever forget that night ride. Two men out of the Brigade died from exposure, so you can imagine what the cold was like, and now and again we would get a shower of rain to make things worse. We kept going till about 9 a.m., and then camped all day. Luckily, it didn't rain and we were able to dry our blankets a little during the day. We also took the saddles off the horses. They hadn't been off for 63 hours, and I guess it was a great relief for them to be free. Next morning we started for the fray, and about mid-day the lead was flying about pretty freely. Our objective was to blow up the Hedjaz railway and several bridges. We met with pretty strong resistance, and suffered a good many casualties—the most our Brigade has ever had. The 6th Regiment suffered heaviest, a good many paying the supreme penalty. Amongst the killed is Sid Crozier, from Henty; and Jim Saunders was again wounded, but not serious. After three days we gained our objective, blowing up a long stretch of line and several culverts. We left on the morning of the 31st March, and travelled all day, and that night camped about two miles north of Es Salt. All the time we were engaging the enemy, it was showery and intensely cold. We had very little sleep all the time, it being too cold, and the only blanket we were carrying was wet. We had plenty of tucker to keep us going, and we boiled our quarts at every opportunity. We had a good sleep where we camped that night, and next morning 20 of us were sent back with horses to bring in some wounded, who had been left behind. The camels they were on knocked up, and had to camp. When we retired, the Turks followed us up, and when we got to the wounded, the Turks were on their heels. We handed the horses over to those who could ride, and went on to check the Turks' advance long enough to let the wounded get away; also the camels, which had wounded on them. There were only a few of us, but the Turks hesitated long enough to let all but three get away; we ourselves were cut off on the road back, and had to take to the hills. I didn't think we had much chance of getting away, but after an exciting few hours in the rain, and being followed by the Turks over a track I wouldn't like to travel over again, we eventually got back on to the road, and caught up to the Brigade, which had started back late that afternoon when we went for the wounded; and about night-fall we came out of the hills again and camped at the foot of them. We enjoyed the night's sleep. We were up again early in the morning, and before we could have breakfast, were on our way again; and before mid-day crossed the Jordan, and continued on our journey, camping about a mile S.E. of Jericho. We have been here over a week, and have made up for lost sleep. Here in the Valley of the Jordan the weather is just the opposite to what it is in the hills, and the heat in the middle of the day is awful. I have been told that it is the hottest place in the world during the summer. There's nothing to be seen in Jericho. From here we can see the Rock of Temptation, where the Devil tempted Christ in the wilderness, and where the Dead Sea is now. Once upon a time the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah flourished in all their glory. There it was that Lot's wife was turned to salt. (So much for the stunt. I hope you haven't been bored too much). I expect ere this reaches you the ploughing season will be in full swing, and half of another year gone. There has been quite a number of deaths in the district just lately, and I feel very sorry for Mrs ——. She seems to be having over her share of troubles lately. I heard Alec was being invalided home, also Ernie Fugger. The day is exceptionally hot to-day, and I believe that in the summer this Valley approaches the hot place. I have come to the end of my tether, and must ring off, with best of luck."

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FROM OUR SOLDIERS.

Mr T. Crozier, of Culcairn, has had a letter from his son, Trooper Syd. Crozier, relating to another son Dick, who was killed in Egypt. He says:— You will have the bad news before this. Do not take it too bad Dad. I was with Dick to the last. He did not know what happened him, and only lasted a little while after he was hit. We were getting it pretty hot all the morning and had to retire. We were riding over a little hill and a machine gun got on to us. He just said he was hit and rode a few yards and fell off his horse. He was hit through the heart. I know he would give his life for the cause again if it was wanted. We would all give our lives before we would let the Germans get the canal. All that was left of them have gone back. We had them here for three weeks. I captured a German, but I could not shoot as he would only put up his hands. Do not let Stan cut up. It will do no good. Dick had no pain at all. He died on the battlefield—a good soldier and a good man.

Mr and Mrs Barrie have received letter from their son Walter, stating that he had arrived at Salisb... After relating his experience and giving

Johnson

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May be seen
 till 6 p.m.

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Howlong cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM.

CROZIER.—In loving memory of our dear son and brother, Trooper S. J. Crozier (Syd.), killed at Ammon 29th March, 1918, aged 23 years, after 3 years' service; also his beloved brother, Trooper R. W. Crozier (Dick), killed at Romani 4th August, 1916, 24 years, both of 6th Light Horse Regiment, loving sons of Thomas and the late Hannah Crozier, brothers of May (Mrs. Ehlers) and Stan (all of Culcairn, N.S.W.).

Our Anzac Heroes.

Forth to the battle they hastened
With many a comrade brave,
Who, eager and strong like our loved ones,
Now sleep in a soldier's grave.

Wanted.

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FOR HIGHER

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brother,
our grief is just as
—Inserted by his loving
brother-in-law, L. and A. Parsons.

CROZIER.—In loving memory of our dear
son and brother, Trooper R. W. (Dick)
Crozier, of the 6th Light Horse Regi-
ment, age 24 years. Killed in action at
Romani, Egypt, 4th August, 1916, after
20 months' service side by side with his
brother, who is still on active service.
Loving son of Thomas and the late Han-
nah Crozier, brother of May (Mrs.
Ehlers) and Stan (all of Culcairn) and
Syd. (on active service).

Forth to the battle he hastened,
With many a comrade brave,
Who, eager and strong like our loved one,
Now sleeps in a soldier's grave.

—Inserted by his father, sisters, and
brothers.

SMILES.—In loving memory of Ernest
Pearce (Anzac), died of wounds August
6th, 1916, in France. Son of T. and B.
Smiles, "Dalrye," Wilson-st., Albury.

Somewhere in France our brave boy lies
In far-off lands, 'neath alien skies.
No stone is raised above his head,
No words inscribed: "Here lies one dead,
Whose history will go down to fame,
As one who nobly played the game."

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suffered losses. About 60
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line were also destroyed.

FROM OUR SOLDIERS.

Mr Crozier of Round Hill, has received the following letter from his son Dick, who was at Malta Hospital:—I suppose you will have heard before you get this that I have stopped one. Well, it is getting on splendid. I have been in bed just a week, but they let me up and I can get around well. My neck is very stiff, but (that is to be expected. It is a queer experience to get hit, it was shrapnel from a shell about four and a half inches long that hit me. I heard it coming, but I was feeling a bit off that day and never made much of an attempt to get away. The next thing that I know was that I had one. It was the hardest hit ever I had by odds. It seemed about half a ton coming up against me, but I got up straight away and walked into shelter, got a dressing on it, and was then taken to the doctor and got it properly dressed. Then I had to wait until next day when I was taken aboard a hospital ship and am still on it. We expect to get off to-morrow at Malta. We have had a good trip on this boat. Most of the fellows are doing well, and are taking their wounds well. They have them from the toes up to the top of the head. There are about a half dozen hit in the head. I saw my brother Syd before I left. He brought my kit down to the field hospital where I was putting in the night. We heard that our last mail went down. If it did it will be a long time since you have heard from me. Tell Stan I will keep him the bullet out of the right side of my neck. I am about played out so will close now.

Evacuation of Anzac

Private letters received in London give accounts of the evacuation of Gallipoli. An army medical officer, in describing the operation, says:—"When the men were told of the plans they ..."

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