

LAZIEST MAN IN EUROPE

DEFENDS WHOLE VILLAGE UNAIDED

AMUSING STORY

WAR IN SILK SOCKS

"Never again will I judge a man by his appearance," said a wounded sergeant to an American correspondent when asked for his most thrilling battle experience. "When we started for the front we had in our company a man whom I simply could not stand."

"On the moment of his arrival in our midst we named him 'his lordship,' and bets were made that he would succumb after the first day's march. Not a bit of it. It is true he looked tired at the start, but he looked no more so at the finish. But when we reached the place where we were to rest for the night, he

'lordship' did everything ungrudgingly, but he could not sleep without a pillow, so he paid four packets of cigarettes a day to a fat fellow, and rested his head on the latter's stomach. But we began to respect him from the day when he laid low 16 Germans with 18 cartridges. It was 'some shooting,' and he did it as nonchalantly as if he were in a rifle gallery; but he was so lazy that he would not brush the perspiration off his forehead. Instead, he asked his neighbor to do it for him.

Well, we left the trenches—that is, some of us did, and some did not—and then one day we were ordered to take by assault a village occupied by a Bavarian regiment.

"To give added courage to the men, our captain said: 'You see these houses? There are beds in them, and these beds are for your use if we take the village.' Take my word for it, we did not lose any time, and if I did not hustle then, I never hustled in all my life. I was among the first to reach the nearest house—at least, I thought I was, but when I dashed in I found 'his lordship' calmly stretched out on a bed previously occupied by a German officer, whom he had thrown out of the window."

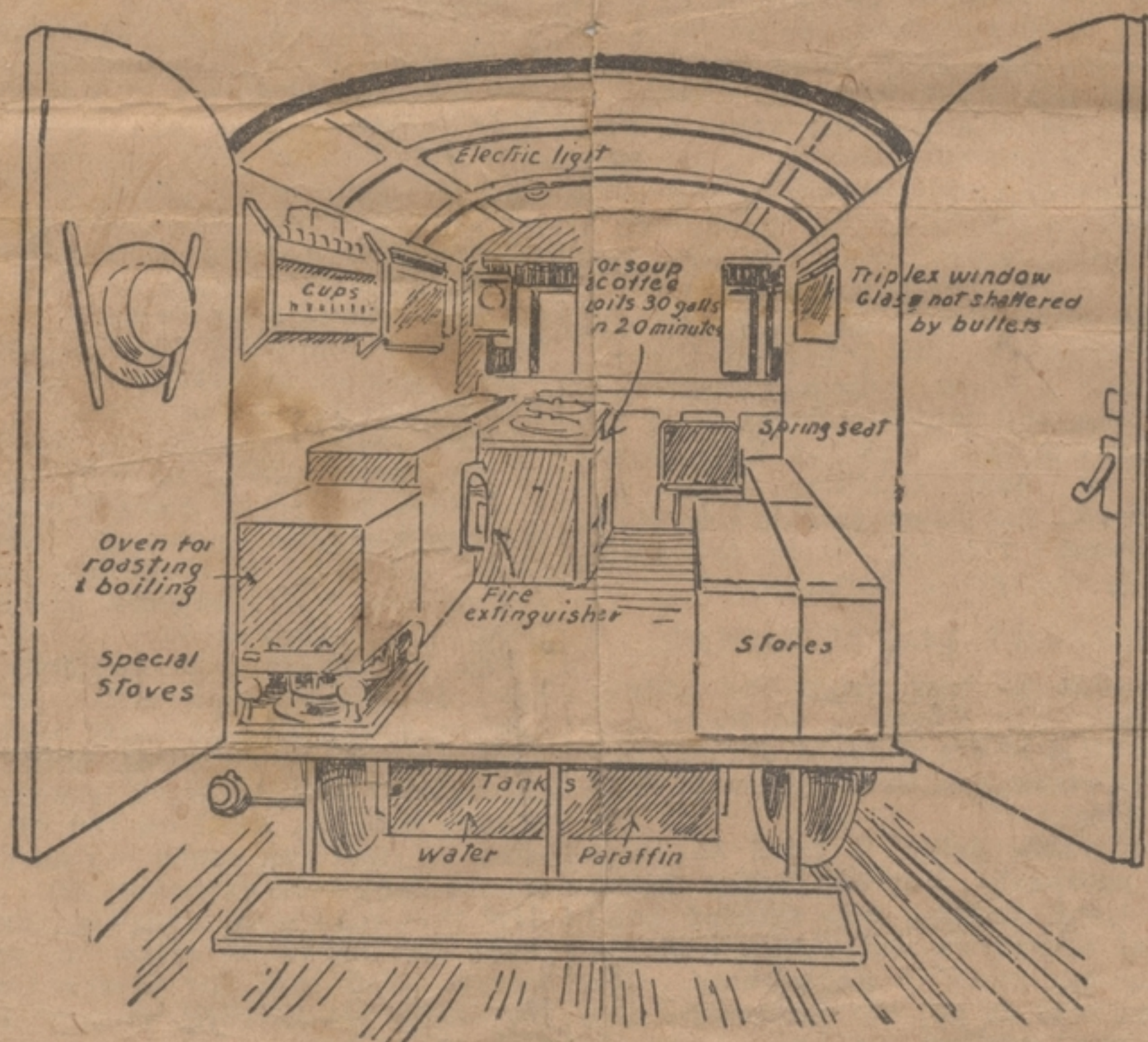
"Get up!" I shouted.

He opened one eye, looked at me, and said, "Not on your life."

"What do you mean?" I was choking with anger. "We must retreat; a whole German regiment is about to attack us."

"If it is the whole German army, I will not get up my bed to them," he answered, with some heat—the first time I saw him get hot about anything at all.

"I order you!"—I started to say, but he shut one eye, turned on the other side, and slept. I added eight days to his 'solitary,' and,



The interior of the field kitchen gives an idea of the manner in which the special needs of the wounded are catered for. Freshly cooked food can be supplied under any circumstances.

calmly unwound his putties, underneath which he wore real red silk socks. We felt a bit upset. Silk socks for a soldier are clearly against the Army regulations.

"But this was nothing to what followed. He got out a nice leather box, opened it, extracted some sort of instrument and proceeded to manicure his nails. The beggar did it as coolly as if he had been in his own Mayfair flat.

"All the boys gathered round him to watch the performance; but I put an end to it by promising him four days of the 'ordinary,' where he was to undergo after the taking of Berlin, for, you see, we could not very well spare the men just then.

"We were finally placed in the trenches. 'His

as I could not very well carry him out on my shoulders, I left him to his fate.

"We retired upon an adjoining hill, within about a mile of the village, to await reinforcements. At dawn our captain, who was watching the enemy through field-glasses, exclaimed with surprise: 'This is curious! They have not entered the village yet. They content themselves with shooting at the houses.'

"I looked in turn. It was true; the Germans were held back by somebody, and every now and then one of them fell. And then I saw at one of the windows a white apparition. It was 'his lordship,' rifle in hand, defending his bed.

"Our reinforcements arrived, we took back the village, and—can you imagine where I found 'his lordship'? He was fast asleep in the bed. I shook him; he opened an eye and

FIELD MEDICAL CARD.

(N.B.—USE LEAD PENCIL.)

NUMBER 453 RANK Cpl

NAME Kelly J. R. C. UNIT 30 Bn

Wound or Disease G.S.W./Shoulder Back

Condition (if any) requiring
special attention }

Medical Unit from
which transferred }

Date

The red edged envelope will be used for cases dangerously or severely wounded and who require immediate attention.

If a more detailed history is necessary, a Medical Certificate (A.B.172) or Medical Case Sheet (A.F.I.1237), or other statements of case may accompany.

The reverse is to be used for notes on special cases (history, operations, special treatment, or other necessary information); also on cases requiring or receiving special treatment during evacuation.

4298

Fragment removed

Certificate No. 134

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PR25/324
Australian
War Memorial

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JULY 18, 1918

THE BATTLE OF THE WAZZIR.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

Brigadier-General ANDERSON, giving evidence before a Select Committee of the Federal Senate last week said: "A leading citizen of the Empire told me when I was in London that it would have been better if we had let the Waza in Cairo burn, for we would have done more good in 24 hours than the British Government had done in 24 years."

IF ole PHARAOH, King uv Egyp', 'ad been gazin' on the scene

'E'd 'ave give the A.I.F. a narsty name

When they done their little best to scrub 'is dirty kingdom clean,

An' to shift 'is ancient 'eap uv sin and shame.

An' I'm tippin' they'd 'ave phenyled 'im, an' rubbed it in 'is 'ead.

But ole PHARAOH, King uv Egyp', 'e is dead.

So yeh don't 'ear much about it, an' it isn't meant yeh should,

Since 'is Kingship wusn't there to go orf pop;

An' this mishunery effort fer to make the 'eathen good

Wus a contract that the fellers 'ad to drop.

There wus other pressin' matters, so they 'ad to chuck the fun.

But the Battle of the Wazzir took the bun.

Now, GINGER MICK 'e writes to me a long

ixcited note;

An' 'e writes it in a whisper, so to speak;

Fer I guess the Censor's shadder was across

'im as 'e wrote,

An' 'e 'ad to bottle things that mustn't leak.

So I ain't got orl the strength uv it; but

sich as GINGER sends

I rejoyce to decent English fer me friends.

It wus part their native carelessness, an' part

their native skite;

For they kid themselves they know the Devil

well.

'Avin met 'im, kind uv cash'ul, on some wild

Orstralian night—

Wine an' women at a secon'-rate 'otel.

But the Devil uv Orstralia 'e's a little more

sheep

To the devils wot the desert children keep.

So they mooches 'round the drink-shops, an'

the Wazzir took their eye.

An' they found ole PHARAOH's daughters

pleasing JANES;

An' they wouldn't be Orstralian lest they

give the game a fly....

An' Egyp' smiled, an' totted up 'is gains.

'E doped their drinks, an' breathed on them

'is aged, evil breath....

An' more than one woke up to long fer death.

When they wandered frum the newest an'

the cleanest land on earth,

An' the filth uv ages met 'em, it wus 'ard.

For there may be sin an' sorrer in the

country uv their birth;

But the dirt uv cenchuries ain't in the yard.

They wus children, playin' wiv an asp, an'

never fearin' it.

An' they took it very sore when they wus bit.

First, they took the tales fer furphys when

they got around the camp.

Uv a cove done in fer life wiv one night's

jag;

But when the yarns grew 'ot an' strong an'

bore the 'all-mark stamp

Uv dinkum oil, they waved the danger flag.

An' the shudder that a clean man feels when

'e's su'prised wiv dirt

Gripped orl the camp reel solid; an' it 'urt.

Young BILL wus only one uv 'em to fall to

Eastern sin:

Ev'ry comp'ny 'ad a rotten tale to tell.

An' there must be somethin' doin' when the

strength uv it sunk in

To a crowd that ain't afraid to clean up 'ell.

They wus game to take a gamble; but this

dirt dealt to a mate.

Well, it riled 'em; an' they didn't 'esitate.

'Ave yeh seen a crowd uv fellers takin'

chances on a game.

Crackin' 'ardy while they thought it on the

square?

'Ave yeh 'eard their 'owl of anguish when

they tumbled to the same,

'Avin' found they wus the victims uv a

snare?

It wus jist that sort uv anger when they

fell to Egyp's stunt.

An', remember, they wus trainin' fer the

front.

I 'ave notions uv the Wazzir. It's as old

as PHARAOH's tomb;

It's as cunnin' as the oldest imp in 'ell;

An' the game it plays uv lurin' blokes, wiv

love-songs, to their doom

Wus begun when first a tart 'ad smiles to

sell.

An' it stood there thro' the ages; an' it

might be standin' still,

If it 'adn't bumped a clean cove name o'

BILL.

An' they done it like they done it when a

word went to the push

That a nark 'oo'd crooled a pal wus run to

ground.

They done it like they done it when the blokes

out in the bush

Passed a telegraft that cops wus nosin'

round.

There wus no one rung a fire-bell; but the

tip wus passed about;

An' they fixed a night to clean the Wazzir

out.

Yes, I've notions uv the Wazzir. It's been

pillin' up it's dirt

Since it mated wiv the Devil in year One;

An', spawned a brood uv evil things to do a

man a 'urt

Since the lurk uv snarin' innercents begun.

But it's sweeter an' it's cleaner since one

wild and woolly night

When the little A.I.F. put up a fight.

Now, it started wiv some 'orseplay. If the

'eads 'ad seen the look,

Dead in earnest, that wus underneath the

fun,

They'd 'ave tumbled there wus somethin'

that wus more than commin' crook,

An' 'ave stopped the game before it 'arf

begun.

But the fellers laughed like schoolboys,

though they orl wus more than narked.

An' they 'ad the houses well an' truly

marked.

Frum a little crazy balkiney, that clawed

agen a wall,

A chair come crashin' down into the street;

Then a woman's frightened screamin' give

the sign to bounce the ball.

An' there come a sudden rush uv soldiers'

feet.

There's a glimpse uv frightened faces, as a

door caved in an' fell;

An' the Wazzir wus a 'owlin', screamin' 'ell.

Frum a winder 'igh above 'em there's a bloke,

near seven feet.

Waves a bit uv naked Egyp' in the air.

An' there's squealin' an' there's shriekin'

as they chased 'em down the street,

When they dug 'em out like rabbits from

their lair.

Then down into the roadway gaudy 'ouse'old

gods comes fast,

An' the Wazzir's Great Spring-cleanin' starts

at last.

Frum the winders come planners an' some

giddy duchess pairs;

An' they piled 'em on the roadway in the

mire,

An' 'eaped 'em 'igh wiv fal-de-rals an' pretty

parlor chairs.

Which they started in to purify wiv fire.

Then the Redcaps come to argue; but they

jist amused the mob;

Fer the scavengers wus warmin' to their job.

When the fire-reels come to quell 'em—

'strooth!—they 'ad no bloomin' 'ope;

Fer they cut the 'ose to ribbons in a jiff.

An' they called upon the drink-shops, and

poured out their rotten dope,

While the nigs 'oo didn't run wus frightened

stiff.

An' when orl wus done an' over, an' they

wearied uv the strife,

That ole Wazzir 'ad the scourin' uv its life.

Now, ole GINGER ain't quite candid; 'e don't

say where 'e came in;

But 'e mentions that 'e don't get no C.B.

An' 'e's 'ad some pretty practice dodgin'

punishment fer sin

Down in Spadgers since 'is early infancy.

So I guess, if they went after 'im, they found

'im snug in bed;

Fer ole GINGER 'as a reel tactician's 'ead.

An' 'e sez that when e' wandered down the

Wazzir later on,

It wus like a 'ome where 'oliness reposed;

Fer it's sinfulness wus 'idden, an' it's

brazenness wus gone,

An' its doors, wiv proper modesty, wus closed.

If a 'ead looked out a winder as they passed,

it quick drew in;

Fer the Wazzir wus a wowser, scared frum

sin.

If ole PHARAOH, King uv Egyp', 'e 'ad lived

to see the day

When they tidied up 'is 'eap uv shame and

sin,

Well, 'e mighter took it narsty, fer our fellers

'ave a way

Uv completin' any job that they begin.

An' they might 'ave left 'is Kingship nursin'

gravel-rash in bed....

But ole PHARAOH, King uv Egyp', 'e is dead.

VICTORIA. THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE.

Embarkation Staff Office,
ARCHANGEL. 14-6-1919

From The MILITARY LANDING OFFICER.

To The Master.

H. M. Transport

Pretorian

Rank

Serqk.

Name

Kelly

M.C.

Regiment, Corps
or Appointment.

Australian Infantry

The above person has permission to travel by the
,, S. S. Pretorian to UK.

W. J. B. P. - Col.
Military Landing Officer,
ARCHANGEL. A.E.C.

Embarkation Office
Archangel.

No.

Date

N. R. E. F.

R.M.S. "PRETORIAN."

40

CANADA TO ENGLAND.

HOLDING

Room

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Berth

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NOTE.—

*Passengers are requested to carefully keep this
Card until again Collected.*

NAME Sgt. Kelly

REGT AUST. INFANTRY

CABIN 33

BERTH 1

Embarkation Office
Archangel.
No
Date
N. R. E. F.

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War Memorial