

No 10

1916

Jan 26th

April 1st

Owner of this book:—

T. J. Richards
1st Field Ambulance
1st Aust Division

In the event of my send it to:

M^r A. C. Richards
of Hill Bros.
Doffening Chambers
Pitt Street
Sydney
Aust.

J. R. Broadbent
Bank of North Mt Yemina
nearby.
Care address Woomerah Sydney.

Jan 26th to

April 1st

I went into camp Queens Park Sydney Aug 26th 1915
Left Sydney "Euryptides" October 19th 1915
Arrived in Alexandria about Dec. 19th after
staying at Albany, N.S.W. some 14 days.
Remained at Cairo until sailing for Mudros March 2nd
Arrived in Mudros Harbour City of Rhodes April 3rd
Left Yennos Is. and landed at Gallipoli April 25th
Left Gallipoli sick August 14th and went to
hospital Cairo and later Montaza Alexandria
Returned to Anzac November 9th
Evacuated Anzac Dec 12th (final evacuation Dec 19th)
arrived Yennos Is following day.
Left Yennos Jan. 2nd sailed Jan 4th for
Alexandria and entrained for Tel-el-Kebir
on the night of Jan 6th.
12 hours trip to Cairo Feb 1st from Tel-el-Kebir
Left Tel-el-Kebir on Monday Feb. 13th arrived
at the Canal & camped 1 1/2 miles in the Egyptian
Desert.
Prepared for Alexandria March 22nd Wednesday.
Arrived at Alexandria & left by the Simla March 27th
Arrived at Mersa Matruh 8 p.m. March 29th entered
the Harbour March 30th daylight.

Balance in Bank Dec 21st 81-3-0

Deposit by Defence Dept 21-11-6
" " Wellington 18-4-0
" " Self 5-0-0

Withdrawals 13-12-6

Total credit £ 81-3-0

Suez Canal

Tel el Kher.

Jan 26th
1916

Wednesday

To-day was our recognized half holiday and the football match ended victorious against the 5th Field Ambulance by 14 to 0.

We had a full marching order parade to-day and may be moving down towards the Canal at any moment now. This may be to our advantage as it is pretty monotonous here and there may be some interest on the Canal. The firm desert ground around here is fine for drilling or riding on, so much so we value this after our experiences at Mena that I feel a little loath about changing camp after all.

Rumours are afloat that Anthony Henderson is going to pay the expenses of the first Division's fare back to Australia. This I cannot possibly believe at all and have settled myself down here for an indefinite period.

Most particularly so I say indefinite after reading General Hamilton's reports on the Suez landing each morning in the Egyptian Mail. Mistakes absolutely unexcusable took place all around the British Officers were incapable of handling the business and whether or not I see the troops (English) were unfit to get ahead at all, no physique, nothing but dismal failure

Thursday

Jan. 27th.

The fact yesterday was Australia's great national holiday made no difference at Tel-el-Kebir Camp. work went on just the same and those who expected an extra issue of rations were badly disappointed as the grub was practically nil, if the fellows money, & their own was finished there would be object starvation. But money seems to be plentiful as the beer supply at 6 p.m. 1/2 a bottle still goes strong, and our tent has felt the worry and annoyance of it this three nights, with chulick, noisy and damn fool drunks. A good drunk I can always tolerate and some times can entertain but a fool drunk is always an abhorrence.

I have not been out visiting any of the fellows about this camp, and I really should do so, instead of sitting down and trying to write amidst the row and nonsense of the tent, and go to sleep at "lights out" without having more than two pages written.

Friday

Jan. 28th.

Dr. Big Billy can came to hand from Mother in Africa today. It contained a lot of things, sugar, cake (a large one), biscuits and two fine towels also two bottles of salutarina tablets. The postage on it was 8/3 and really at present it was not worth it as we can buy foodstuffs here; but I suppose it pleases Mother to know that I got the parcels, and she like a good Mother wants to do something to show her affection. Mother seemed so broken hearted and ready almost to die some time ago but thankful I am now to know that Bill's arrival has brightened her days considerably.

I have two parcels in hand now one a small biscuit tin in which there is a splendid assortment of tinware goods including cocoa, sultana plum pudding &c. Meggie's parcel of mince pies and Lollie's was a daisy make up and immensely enjoyed by the mess.

My Mother sent me a tin of tobacco is beyond me, had they been cigarettes, alright, but tobacco; just possibly she thinks I smoke a pipe but a cigarette does me still and I fear there are no habits I am likely to contract nowadays.

Y. M. C. A.

CINÉMA

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PARIS.—IMPR VIE IL NOMMENS (S^TE AN)

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Saturday

Jan. 29th.

A parcel from Mother & one from Maggie came in to-day also a bright letter from Mary Roche which I have already answered. Bro Red ^{Wain} wrote a great letter indeed and I am so glad to know all goes well with him.

He should do fairly well one day, as his head seems to be served on the right way and financially he should be strong.

Sunday

Jan 30th.

Nothing much doing, a ride along the trenches & through the camp.

The future show was crowded out to-night so I wandered around the canteen stores & came home.

It is surprising how quickly these canteen shops spring up and the different kinds of goods retailed. The game of 'House' is permitted and attracts a goodly number of players who have to light candles to play by. Crown & anchor is also played, but as the game is not permitted, it is played behind and around the sides of the canteen building and always with a man or two on guard to prevent suspicious attacks from the police.

Monday

Jan. 31st

Visit to Cairo

Just at daylight I got up (6 a.m.) and hurriedly dressed for my visit to Cairo. The morning was cold & foggy, but having in mind the heat of yesterday I put on a singlet only underneath my tunic. A little breakfast and off to the railway station to get the 7 a.m. train, a troop special, a long time is necessary to procure tickets as there are hundreds of men to be attended.

We waited patiently for that much cursed train but also it was after 8 o'clock before it drew into the station.

I met Sargent Major Sid Wade on the station, we sat next to each other as the train moved through the still heavy atmosphere. At Zagazig there were a number of armed English soldiers on the station, we got some oranges & cakes here in the rush.

Zagazig is a large town, the centre of a huge farming community with only a very small European population.

The canal bridges &c. were all guarded along the road to Genah, another fairly large town and the junction at which the Suez Canal railway joins up with the Cairo-Alexandria line. Here again there were a number of small military camps and English guards posted. From the train I saw two

squads of Egyptians drilling and practicing with the rifle. They were prettily dressed all in white from the shoes to the skull cap. Their drilling was very good indeed but yet one day ran foul of the Corporal and as is common in this country the Corporal hit the soldier a whack behind the neck and then then a wallop on each side of the face. This made us laugh heartily and made us imagine what would happen to a corporal in our Army if he buffed a fellow either in or out of the lines parade ground or otherwise.

The country right through to Cairo was the usual rich green rural scenery and does the eye good to gaze upon.

Cairo was reached at 10.45 a.m. Sid Wade & I went to Cooks he showed his black kit bag and I changed some Egyptian notes or rather English notes of £8.0.0 into Egyptian notes receiving 79½ piasters for each English pound.

A hair cut & a shave and we were ready for anything. We got a cab, gany and went to the N. 2 Hospital and fixed up some photograph stuff.

The patients I saw here are very pleased with the place they say it is a real home. Both the Doctors and the large staff of nurses are splendid.

I got the telephone ringing to find two sisters for the afternoon.

but was anything but successful, so Sid & I came into the City and had a glorious lunch at St. James Cafe the omelet was perfect, and the mixed grill that followed stirred my palate & and steamed my appetite to go its best. A bottle of beer went well with the pleasing feeling of a glass against the lip a delightful as well as an uncommon one.

Here I tried to get onto Sister A. M. Wood British Red Cross Giza but the brogue of the English fellows at the other end prevented her from hearing what he had to say so that no satisfaction came of the effort. A gany drove around to the Post Office and on to C. Del Mar Moustaki where I arranged for 37 dozen prints to be done from my Lemnos negatives at 5 piasters per dozen.

I was somewhat disappointed here to find the cook register girl, whom I have taken an interest in on account of her pretty English voice, was not there. I wrote her some days ago but received no answer. And I did not enquire for her, I was afraid it might not do her any good to have a soldier asking after her.

Sid & I now felt that if we could only get a couple of girls to entertain for the afternoon all would be well so we decided to go out to Helioptolis

see Fritz Schwanz and try to pick up a woman or two there.

Fritz was looking splendidly and is quite satisfied here. He gave me an extra shirt to put on and we had a drink before going back disappointed to the city. It was now too late to bother about girls so we had dinner at a 2nd grade house with a good reputation which it failed badly to live up to.

Over to Sauts we had an ice cream and pattered slowly away down to the station to get the return train for Tel-el-Kebir as our passes would not permit us remaining longer and again the penalty for missing a train and overstaying leave if only for a few minutes is very severe now-a-days.

Young Bob Miller was fined 3/- & sent 7 days C.B. for missing a train and as I want time off to visit Kansas & Texas later I must obey.

We had a quiet ride back to camp after a fair day out but by no means as successful as it might have been.

The most striking feature of the day was the number of military police and police that abound at every door in Cairo to look after the rough soldier element.

We passed 12 pairs of mounted men parading the streets also.

It is questionable whether all this

precaution is taken against outbreaks by soldiers, or by the natives themselves. From what I saw made of the position of Egypt it would not take more than a little bit of a start to set the native population in rebellion against the British. The Egyptian reserves were forced from their villages and are now camped in barracks. This measure I understand was taken to prevent any assistance being given from these trained men to a riot or disturbance that would be easy to start judging by the passive feeling of the natives.

Fritz Schwanz's shirt was very welcome indeed going back in the train as the nights are still cold and in the train there was a big draught.

Tuesday

Feb. 1st

Work does not agree with me to day but still we put 4 sets of shoes on and did other jobs as well.

I am getting along well with the horses but as my back is not at all good I don't much care for the game, looking into the fire makes my eyes very tired at night time also; but suppose if I turn this down I will have to go out drilling and do guard duties, so I think I am better off with the horses.

There is no sign of us moving from here at present although things are very uncertain with the Soudanese troops and they are moving down towards the Canal zone slowly.

Good Australian bread easily the best baked bread I've seen since leaving Australia is now being issued to us, other rations seem to be improving a little but yet we have to buy largely from the Boaters at very high prices.

I wrote to John Boden to night and also to the Royal Engineers Alexandria to try and get a head stone for George's grave.

Wednesday

Feb. 2nd

The weather is still very cold at night time but in the day it is good although the wind goes mad at intervals at times but the strongest wind here goes not blow up the dust like we had to suffer in Mena Camp. Here the ground, although all sand & stones is firm even for the horses & waggons to gallop about on. It is also a fairly high district. Most people think that a desert is as smooth as the surface of the ocean, this however is not the case as it rises into small hills and long valleys and is anything but level.

around. I'd like to see the sand and pebbles has settled firmly but and the wind does blow it about but around Cairo on the Pyramids side the country is all of soft sand and it blows the sand about in all directions filling it first in one corner like driven snow and sweeping in circles around the dunes or mounds building up one side at the expense of the other which means these dunes wander all over the desert, the surface of which is continually altering.

Viewed from the top of the Pyramids the surrounding desert looks exactly as a stormy sea suddenly petrified might look. The sand dunes that represent the waves of the desert would stand in my petrified sea as huge rollers and broken waves.

Thursday

Feb. 3rd

I had just had dinner, and after some sweet a cigarette I am sitting in the tent, Tom Gorman is talking of a man named Mc Bride who used to come around delivering milk for a farmer at Harder and now has a commission in the Light Horse. Gorman says he is a decent kind of a fellow, and like all good Australians is always prepared to put his hands up and defend an argument. English born, but he soon came round to the Colonial ways of thinking and acting. This is as much for the Australian's appreciation of a decent fellow, the deservings of a commission in our army.

I did not mention when writing about Monday's visit to Cairo that I saw and had a whiskey & milk with Biggs & Denton. They are two of our "outlaws", Biggs was sentenced to 90 days confinement for gambling and disobeying General Foreright but he escaped from our guard tent and "jumped the ratter" into Cairo. Denton, Armfield and Crocker broke away from Camp and have been enjoying themselves in Cairo for the past 10 days.

Of course they will be confined for some time when they are caught or return when their money is spent. This penalty however, they are prepared to pay, in fact, they weighed the proposition well before leaving Camp and concluded it was worth while.

Friday

Feb. 4th

There are three lads in our tent Nicholson, Swan & Blake, last Tuesday they were on leave and went into Cairo, but failed to return to Camp the same day, but reported in on Wednesday 24 hours late. They were brought up at the Orderly room and received 10 day 2nd Field punishment, this means they are fined 10 days pay do extra fatigue and report every 1/2 hour at the guard tent when not working, or between parade hours; The bugle called them up and a cheer usually follows them out through the tent!

Denton, Crocker & Armfield got 28 day detention for staying in Cairo 11 days but they do not appear to mind it in the least.

To-day was pay day, I thought I could draw a pound but my book only showed a credit of 5/- which is a matter of some importance as I want money now more especially if we go into Cairo to camp which is the latest move rumoured.

I am holding about \$8.0.0 but Yasser must not be lost sight of. To-night I went over to the 3rd Field Ambulance Hospital Mess where a smoke ok was in progress. I had quite a good time so they are fine fellows.

Saturday Feb. 5th.
 It rained heavily to night for some hours. It was easily the heaviest rain I have seen in this country. It flooded out a number of tents and native earthen places. This rain (we have had quite a few storms lately) comes as a surprise to us who thought it rained only once a year in these parts. But evidently the 1 to 4 inches of a rainfall per annum applies chiefly to the Cairo district as it rains plentifully at Alexandria.

In reading "Egyptian Wars" I find that rain hampered one expedition, and also that the water lying in dams and pools along the lines of march saved Hicks Pasha's force from thirst for some time. Reading of these wars, that followed on top of the bombardment of Alexandria, brought about by the religious rising in the Sudan, with the Madhi as leader shows up some terrible slaughters. Like Hicks Pasha's expedition with 11,000 men from Kartoum not one solitary man escaped and the Madhi was able to build a pyramid with the skulls. Then followed the extinction of these expeditions from the Red Sea the first of 400 the 2nd of 700 men and the 3rd of 3,700 men. The latter broke and fled some 700 escaping. These were black forces with a few English officers. The date 1884.

With Drummond's party of three expenses of trip to Luxor & Assuan Jan. 18th

3rd class to Luxor from Cairo (ride 2 nd class)	26	quarters
1st day Luxor Donkeys 20. Guide 60	90	
Ferry fare 15 - Tips 15 Donks 5		
cloak room telegrams Yimonade	31	
Bedrooms for 3) 16 quarters & breakfast	18 1/2	
2nd class (Luxor to Assuan fare each)	22 1/2	
Expenses Assuan, including guide,	13	
Hotel Assuan	15	
Coffee Yimonade oranges etc.	15	
2nd class Assuan to Luxor return (each)	22 1/2	
Admission to Temple 5 each, Guide etc.	45	
Tea 20 Bed 16 Breakfast 20	56	
Admiss Karnak Temple 5 - donkeys 28	43	
Boat fare fruit Yimonade etc	81	
Tips to porters & guide	5	
	<u>483</u>	P.T.

Food was carried in haversacks also a spirit lamp and other things.
 In the expenses all three persons are charged for other than train fares.

Sunday

Feb. 6th

No Church to-day for me. I attended to some horses and then went for a delightful ride over to the Australian Bakery where 9,000 loaves of bread are turned out each day. It is very fine bread too. $\frac{1}{2}$ loaf per man means they provide for 18,000 men each day. The ovens are surprising, being some 60 in line and made of white mud bricks.

I must get some photos of these later.

At the Sergeants Mess, 3rd Field Amb the other night I was called upon to sing. I pleaded that only once had I sung, and that was under remarkable conditions in France when as manager of the Toulouse football team I went to Bayonne.

The white blossom that was brought into the wardroom by a woman and the little patriotic gathering held there and later en-route per motor car for Toulouse the dining room being decorated.

My story, however, was very well received in fact it made a great hit.

Writing to-night is hard, I have finished Andy Prouse's but something new for Beattie Gleadow is difficult.

Monday

Feb. 7th

To-day has been one of much work as usual. ~~Seems to show.~~

Webber Jones of the 8th Brigade called around, he tells me there was nothing going on the Canal when they have been for some months past. Some of the fellows might have seen a Turk but he has his share of scouting work and never saw anyone at all.

He says the British are developing their defenses for miles on the other side of the Bag Canal and that no force on earth would have a chance of getting through the defenses.

I have been told on the quiet to-day that I have been made a full Corporal. This news does not excite me a little bit, in fact it only bothers me and brings home more soundly the fact that I should be in the firing line fighting. Anyhow, it increased my pay 4/- per day, and that something I suppose.

Bill sent along a very pleasing letter to-day from Jaffertown Dec. 22. He says that Mother & Father are getting along splendidly. This news makes me glad as poor Dad has had a rough time and Mother has grieved so.

Bill also sent 2 Saturday Evening Posts which I delight in though I've had but little time to read them lately.

Tuesday

Feb. 8th

During the time the troops were at Anzac & Lemnos or thereabout they were paid occasionally and mostly in notes, although gold was issued, these notes strange though it may now seem had Turkish writing on them, and it is clear these 10- notes were meant for use in Turkey. What a great joke for the Turks and Germans eh?

I had 17 of these notes a few days ago and cashed them for Egyptian money but I must get one of these Turkish issue for a souvenir.

The hard desert country around camp for miles is covered each day with the different sections training. The infantry do a lot of route marching and seem a reasonably contented lot of men. Signalers get busy in small detachments and the artillery men with guns and horses are always out manoeuvring.

A new picture show opened this night and put up a pretty rotten programme "Of Jealous Jones's Revenge" being the favourite item, but the machine broke down, or the lights went bung, at many critical points and made things very laughable. The work to get in was remarkable and to rush to get out equally so. There are now two picture shows in camp.

Wednesday

Feb. 9th

High wind prevailed this morning, but a heavy rain storm, lasting only a few minutes, cleared the atmosphere at dinner time, and it continued ~~open~~ ~~fine~~ fine all the afternoon only for a few short showers of rain ~~drifts~~.

It was our half holiday, I put on my leggings and ~~trousers~~ riding pants and mounted on a big waggon horse I went for a jump or two over from sand mounds. I came back to camp where the officers were practising over a wooden hurdle and a sheep bag hurdle. My horse took a lot of holding on to the hurdle as he would swing around the end of it and nearly unseated me. But on perswading I got him over alright but I fear it was a clumsy exhibition of riding. I then went around for a few miles ride and enjoyed it immensely. At night I got to writing but the result was not at all satisfactory.

A parcel came from Mother yesterday with a set of heavy underwear all wool just the kind the lice love, but whether or not the weather is not cold enough to wear them. The soap & fruit salt were good, the lovely cray is useless and the baking powder turned out to be mustard.

Thursday

Feb 7th.

I good day to-day right enough. The copies I ordered from C. Del Mar 37 dozen some reply to hand and took a whole lot of handling to sort out to the various fellows which I did as follows:

Hurt	24	Sparks	24	Elliott	12
Doyle	12	Thomson	12	Tacey	60
Sgt Johnson	30	McKelvey	36	McNee	36
Johnston	34	Ray	12	Richards	41
Brocardman		Miller	41	Waller	

I paid 3 pistons a dozen and sell them for 6 pistons:

The Herald of Dec. 31st to hand from Cis. Merga. also letter, and one from Hollingsworth.

There is some talk of an examination for the stripes to take place, if this is so I will be out of it I fear, as I have never attempted to learn my drill, it is so distasteful to me. Due chiefly to the fact that I am a red cross man and have to do stretches with drill when I should be digging trenches.

Friday

Feb 11th.

I wish I had the interest or energy to stroll about the camp and find out just how things are going with one & the other, but I seem to be bound up about the camp and never waste a minute or have I a minute to gossip with.

The 8th Brigade came up here from the Aug Canal a week ago while the 5th Brigade & 2nd Brigade moved out to the Canal zone so that all we now have here out of the 1st Division is the 1st Brigade.

Two fine letters to hand from Hollingsworth and Cis. Merga. to-day.

Hollingsworth complains of the films sent him being badly knocked about and underdeveloped. This is a very unfortunate matter and shows that the Kodaks and other people have so much work to do that they don't care a damn.

And again two lots of films were sent by other men Wray & Wharton and I believe these men spoil them in trying to save the money I gave them to pay for proper development.

Saturday Feb. 12th.

We are packing up to leave on Monday next; I wonder if we will leave then.

We get orders to do this, that and the other thing but they mostly turn out to be false alarms, so now I am never ready to accept any word or order as being assured.

This soldier game knocks all the belief and my habit of looking ahead all to blazes. I don't doubt the accuracy of things, but I do not accept them either; just sit tight and go along as usual.

The 30th Battalion put up a good game with the engineers this afternoon but with all the good play by Webber Jones and Dunbar of Newchall they were beaten by the engineers 9 to 5.

I went play to morrow with our side against the 4th Battalion my back won't get properly right, it is so stiff at night time that it seems ready to break when turning over, this has been going on for 9 weeks now, after football or riding much it gets worse.

Sunday Feb. 13th.

To-day makes the third day, I regret to say, that I have not been to Church when there was a chance of so doing. Anyhow the two occasions on which I did go to Church at Del. de-Kabin the service was extremely tame.

First, at the Anglican service the Chaplain was in a very poor mood and then Rev. McKenzie was without an intelligent subject at the Methodist service the following Sunday. So I don't bother going now as there are horses that I can look after.

I seem to be getting more & more critical, or better still, careless regarding religious matters, and any one of the different religions would suit me equally as well as any other, by the manner in which I now feel towards ~~religion~~ religion. They are all fighting towards the one aim & end, so what does it matter if their ^{doctrines} ~~doctrines~~ do differ a little and their ideas of what the Bible said or actually meant in an odd passage or two.

All religions tend to make people live better and more refined, it doubtlessly teaches love and truthfulness (poorly exercised I'll agree to a large extent) therefore what does it matter so long as they tend so to improve the lot of mankind here under.

Bitterness & jealousy is not taught in the Bible, and yet one often finds it wrapped around the religions of some peoples regardless of their mere form of worship.

It's the singing that takes me to Church but my mind is always hoping to hear a reasonable sermon one that is

dealt with in good English and has some connection with our existence hereunder so that we can understand and follow it.

The Bible I know was written for a people the meaning of who's language has, in the years that divide, fast or change its meaning in many senses. So if we are going to continue paying professional men/pastors to deal out our ~~old~~ religion for us they should be expected to keep it up to date and not have the congregation trying to throw its reasoning faculties back to a dead era to grasp the sense of the sermon.

It often seems to me that the wrong type of man is engaged in Church preaching, the weakling, a man who does not know the world in all its stages. To be in a position to talk on a subject, the person must study his subject from all points & ~~rights~~ rights before being able to deal intelligently with it, yet how seldom does a person get into the veins of our life to study human nature from all of its depths and deal with it accordingly in his sermons.

To-day the 1st Field Ambulance suffered its first defeat at football, they went down to the Engineers by 9 to 6. It was a good game, and although the refereeing was extremely poor, the best team of the day one.

Monday Feb 14th.
Leave Tel-el-Kebir for the Canal.

Last night about 7 p'clock an order came through that we had to be at the railway station by 8 o'clock in the morning, so all hands were at once got busy pulling down tents and packing up generally. It was a busy night for all of us, the lucky few getting 3 or 4 sleep. Breakfast was ready at 6 a.m. before daylight a lot, and then we got to the station by 7 o'clock, getting the horses aboard but not take long and soon we were moving in open waggons along the fresh water canal towards the Suez Canal over the sandy stretches broken here and there by soakages which were being closely cultivated by the Egyptian fellah. On arriving close to Ismailia town the railway turned off and lunched us 9 miles along the Canal, the name of the district I have not yet ~~ascertained~~ ascertained. After unloading from the train we were compelled to wait until 5 p.m. before the pontoon bridge was swung across the Canal for us to pass over to the Asia-Minor side. While waiting on the Canal bank a lot of little vessels passed along, then came a very large ship full of British troops bound as they stated for Bombay. It was a pretty sight, but rather galling for the Jemmys I think because their cheering of the Australians did not rise any demonstr-

at all from our men. Why I really don't know, but believe that our men think so little of the English soldier that they have actually seen that they did not consider this boatload worthy of a demonstration of any kind. It seems to show up plainly the Australian value of an Englishman as a soldier. Had this boatload been Indians, and more particularly Ghurkas, I feel certain there would have been a whole lot of cheering going on.

The canal was a very busy sight on both banks. The main minor side being lined with sailing boats their masts looking very striking standing up some 60 to 80 ft into the air. Egyptians labour were chanting their chorus (the same old monotonous thing I heard passing through the Suez in 1908.) and struggling up the sides with water pipes, looking like a huge centipede there was so many of them around the boat.

Across the other side as we marched along like a mob of drought stricken stragglers so loaded up with goods were we. We made anything but an imposing spectacle, with blankets, billys and panniers hanging & jingling around them. Three hundred yards from the bank we passed an old line of trenches with tons of barbed wire entanglements 50 yards in front, are disused of course. A little further on was a network of trenches over

a few hundred yards only and I did not think trenches could be done up so handsomely. The work was done entirely with sand bags and I think purely as a demonstration. I must go back there one day and have a good look at the system on which they are constructed. 1/4 miles along a built road and post some tents & tents we stopped and camped for the night with a rumour of float that we go 9 miles further on to-morrow.

There are two railway lines and a 9 in. water pipe tract passing the camp which is of firm sand but so open that I fear the sun and wind will give us fair hell as time goes on. But of course that a matter for the future.

While waiting on the Egyptian side of the Canal the 7th Brigade, or portion thereof, they were doing attacking stunts in line formation, running 60 yards at a time and falling down flat, then the 2nd line would rise and fall, some of them in fact ~~did~~ dived onto the ground so keen on their work did they seem. On parade a Company together their movements were good and clean; the only fault I found was their marching; their pace was too quick on short for keeping time so the rear of each column was very ragged indeed. At Mina camp the 1st Division struck a lovely step and pace over the sand and always went out with a full kit on their back. Today they were no pits etc.

Tuesday Feb. 15th
Last night Reynolds, Gorman & I
slept outside, and although a few drops of
rain set us thinking at one period,
we each declared it the best night sleep
for months. I never remember sleeping
so well. At daybreak our first
day on the sands plains of Asid Minor
commenced, and was gone through
fixing and arranging the camp which
for the whole ambulance takes up 200
yards by 120 yards. The horse cleaning
department, which Sergeant Winger
and myself represent, lost all of the
janier tools so that we could not
do anything in the direction of work.

The day proved to be a showery
one right along but yet at no
time did sufficient rain fall to wet
a fellows coat. There was
hours of discussion amongst the officers
regarding the laying out of the camp
and the situation of the different
sections, but by night fall the
whole thing was pretty right. Big
tents, morgues and bell tents as
well as the horse lines were
completed and well arranged.

The trains ran pass regularly
carrying mostly water pipes & food
stuff. The line is splendidly
laid down by Egyptians and the
motor driven cows put up good time.

Wednesday Feb. 16th.
Things we so well in
hand to day that the men got the
usual half day holiday. This they spent
on looking around down towards the
canal. But passes were necessary
to get down to the water edge as
there was a line of barb wire to keep
them back. They found to interest them
mostly a Turk cemetery where those
who fell in the attack last year were
buried so shallow that boots and
heads were protruding through the sand,
and the men hunting around for
souvenirs.

I set to work to get the forge
under weigh and made some tools
so that we might be able to start
on the horses to morrow. But
also; to morrow there is to be an
examination for Corporals 2 or 3 are
wanted out of some of lance jacks.
I am not at all prepared for it
but to night some 18 men volunteered
to come out and let me practice on
them for a little while. I wish I
knew my drill book better but then
again, what does it matter to me
I should have plenty of confidence
and cheek to pull through alright.

Thursday

Feb 17th.

Naturally the most important feature of to-day was the examination of Corporals. There were five competitors and I was much surprised at the efficient manner in which all of them went through their work. Personally I surprised myself at the work I put in as I have never studied my drill book, in fact I always held it as a bore and a necessary evil, and went through my drill like a man in a trance.

The results are yet to be made known.

The first Brigades are being sent up and I believe the whole of the 1st Division will be broken up, the "old hands" being put into Battalions as high up as 55th. Naturally this hurts the fellows immensely as they want to stay with the old comrades, and in good Australian style the fellows have petitions out for everybody to sign so that the order might be countermanded and they be allowed to remain just where they are. But I can imagine the hearing the petition will get by the gods who control our military destiny.

Friday

Feb. 18th.

A high wind was blowing mostly yesterday and filling everything & everybody up with dust, but today has been lovely. As I write the moon is shining in all its glory and the stars are gleaming in the brightest and softest beauty. Venus has overtaken Jupiter in her upward flight while Jupiter continued his downward or Western course.

To-day I got a parcel of Stationery and a card from Josie Bruce, and I am damn pleased with the youngster.

In R. B. Hill's letter I find that the wool & wheat yields of Australia are good & a prosperous 1916 is assured. He included also two letters from California one Dorothy Gregory & Mrs. & Miss. Johns.

I am pleased to receive both of them as they were good friends to me.

I recollect Dorothy the night I went to her home at Oaklands (with some 8 couples) and had a splendid night. Dorothy looked so charming in her blue frock. It seemed to make her auburn hair, blue eyes and strong face stand out a picture that haunted me for a long long time but I did not want to see her again nor did I do so either.

I got from Harry and Sydney also to hand from Ralph Hill & his sponge.

I am now camping alone with a coat cover over me to keep the dew away, it is good sleeping though in the open

Saturday. Feb. 19th
Camels & trains pass by here loaded up, for the spring line all day long. The camels make an impressive and strange sight.

To day has been a windy devil of a day.

I have checked off the Balance Sheet from my bank and find that on Dec 4th all was correct and my credit stood at \$81.30

I have now made up how it should stand on Feb. 29th. \$35.13.6.
with probably another \$15 from the press.

Anyhow my total wealth at present will probably be \$48.0.0.

To day has been very windy and dusty. Winzar & I stuck it all the morning but in the afternoon I could stick the coal smoke and horses pulling back frightened at every bit of paper that happened along so we tried at the quarters to get some timber and failed badly but protection from the wind had to come so we went down the road and got a pipe a 8 in. water main and then a 24 feet steel rail, this we cut into, and then, with a broken waggon pole and a couple of waggon covers the shelter on the windy side was completed. Conditions will now be a little better for the horse sheds and also for my sleeping out apartment.

Sunday Feb. 20th.
After the dusty day yesterday I expected something recent to-day but it was just as bad particularly in the afternoon, when it also tried to rain a little bit. Strange the wind subsides at nightfall. To night like last night it is calm, and with a full moon shining brilliantly and yet not hard or harsh like but with a saintly, defused, mystic air; the light effects are glorious in this land.

This morning I went on horse back down toward Port Said some three miles. I passed a number of Juko that were buried 12 months ago after the fighting here but have by the wind, or some curious hunter been unearthed and the bones are now scattered broadcast. It is a ghastly gruesome sight to see skulls lying about one of which, though detached from the body, still had the felt jigg cap on its head. I passed the plain cross of "Major Von Dem Bagan" a German who fell leading the Juko in this attack that I know took place last February but have never heard the particulars of the siege.

This grave is opposite the Canal station of Jousourou 47 miles from Port Said I presume, or maybe Suiz.

My day on Orient mail boat passed through at 4 o'clock to-day. This annoyed me as I would have so loved to see a ship home.

Monday. Feb. 21st
Pay Day, drew £1.0.0.

To-day has been a lovely day, after drawing pay I got a horse and with Say. Winger went down to the Canal and had a swim. I got across the Canal with ease, although the water was jolly cold. I enjoyed the swim immensely. This recalls the thought that I often cherished when swimming long distances at Anzac.

I wanted to swim the Hellespont, immortalised by many poets, it is at the Narrows, only 5 miles from Anzac. But also, I never got a chance though god knows we reserved this.

Winger & I went along the firm wet sand on the water's edge of the Canal, we had a race for a few hundred yards up past the Garb de Joursoum at a canteen here I got some candles and figs. Here a steamer passed and although there were only a few people aboard, our men were extremely enthusiastic waving cheering & whooping, there was some noise I can tell you and it was fine.

I got a photo of Major Von Dem Haggen and a couple of Canal scenes.

Loads of matting & pine timber have been going by here out to the rail head the trenches is a few miles further on.

Tuesday Feb. 22nd
In the orders this morning great stress was laid on the necessity for better discipline before the Australian Army could be sent to any civilized country. And no thought would be given to sending the troops to France until their manner and disciplinary methods were improved.

This stuff makes our men think that we are sure to go to France during the next few months. This, of course, may be so, but yet I fear that there

is too much valuable work to be done done this way and around the Mediterranean Sea, and our men are more suited to this kind of climate & style of warfare than any other troops, besides Indian, naturally. Our

Australian camel corps are miles out in front of our trenches doing patrol work but we do not learn anything about what is going on. In fact there are no Turks within miles & miles of our front, but the fact that we are still strengthening our defensive lines shows that they may yet come down the corner they do the better and get the thing over. By god won't our men fight this time eh? It will be a regular Roman holiday for them.

We do not seem to have much artillery out, or about, some 18 pounders or so a lot of small arms ammunition is going out on the train.



17

Wednesday

Feb. 23rd

A whole lot of breaking up rumours are going about now, and we are likely to lose two of our three sections. They go to form a new field ambulance, and a reinforcement crowd will build up a 2nd section with our A. section. The fellows are growling some too, at being split up and pushed in with strangers.

After tea I went for a walk down to the Canal and saw two vessels steam by going towards Port Said.

The head lights used are very powerful and light up the banks for 1/2 miles up the canal.

On our side Asia Minor were a lot of 2nd Brigade men while on the other side was a crowd of the 8th Brigade and our side commenced calling them sold fools & — and telling them across the Canal that they were driven away from ~~Asia~~ by shame. The lot arrived resenting this very much and the insults and bad language that passed across the water was terrible.

When the feeling is so strong I think the best plan is to break up the old Brigades and stop this sickening cry. Wipe old hands and done our bit at Gallipoli. The only excuse I have for the old hands is that they are all dopy and weak minded owing to the effect of Anger life.

Thursday

Feb. 24th

What I consider a most remarkable thing happen yesterday afternoon. Some 5 of our boys from the tent went across to see the dead Turks lying about over near the Canal.

They found a Turkish officer, identifying the clothing, and to get a decent view of the corpse one of them turned it over and noticing a bulging pocket and a gold chain they at once commenced a search and found the officer was a Doctor with French sovereigns 20 franc franc piece and splendid gold watch and some Turkish notes.

The whole I should say would be valued at £50 — This man was probably buried by Indians after the battle on Feb. 4th 1915, and has been uncovered by the wind & weather since. It seems strange that his pockets were not felt then, and more so during the period that the body has been lying on the surface and viewed by a whole lot of Australians and Englishmen. I've heard also that an Engineer man got a good haul from the body of a Turk. I went over to the Bitter Yaka this afternoon on horseback and had a very fine ride of perhaps 10 miles chiefly over sand some of which was

quick sand and alarmed both myself and the horse. The Gare de Deversoir 52 miles from Port Said is at the end of the canal leading into the Suez Lake and with its narrow strip of land grown over with scrubby shade trees made a pretty picture.

I waited here some time admiring the low colouring of the low hills across the Lake and the small steamers coming and going up through the course marked out with buoys and then thread their simple way up the canal. I took the saddle off my horse to give him a good roll in the sand, and he enjoyed it immensely. I then went around the lake edge on the hard sand, and although there can hardly be a tide, it seemed by the sand and the thick row of shells back up the beach that the tide had receded some three feet. I gathered some shells, though there was a poor variety, but a plentiful supply was available. Some big birds standing along the beach, flew as I approached.

In getting back to camp I again came over the open desert and felt wrapped in its mystery. Mounds of sand stood up to a fair height all around. It seems as if the wind in circling around a bit of desert growth and built up and up until it assumed a fair hump of a hill. Looking over this

desert all seems as flat as water, but what a surprise it is to ride over the indentations and irregular mounds & hollows. It is all so interesting, and if trying to the eyes, it makes food for the mind and one only knows we want it badly enough as a man seems to go back very badly mentally in the midst of this military environment.

Desert life I would not like, but yet there is such a lot to learn about it and its strange behaviour that I can plainly see the wandering Arabs, or Bedouins must have their instincts strongly developed in a particularly direction to pick out an existence of any kind on such an apparently stretch of waste country.

The charm of the desert one often needs about does not come to the new comers very readily, I mean needs to be born and reared brought up amongst the desert. I would love a long desert excursion with an experienced Bedouin in charge but I ban the thought of living there.

A section of our unit left for Id el Kebir to form the body of the 14th Brigade field ambulance. It is hard on the men to part so.

I went down onto the canal again this evening to see the ships go by. There were three at there passed. The passengers on one were chined and seemed excited but our boys were very usual.

Friday

Feb 25th.

A report came through to night that the Juko was sighted. This was considerable reasonable owing to a river monitor racing along the Canal at full speed to-day. I remain non-committal and will await the appearance of the Juko before believing it. I am of the opinion by the work that is going on here that the Juko is not even expected to come down at all. I think he has missed the only chance he had when the cold weather and water was available some 4 weeks ago. John Juko tried to cross the canal on Feb 4th last year. The German is much too sensible to dream of getting the Jung Canal from over the Siberian Desert. I think there are too many difficulties.

Three letters came to hand to-day one from Father some two months overdue. It was marked "not for 1st South African Field Ambulance." One from Jim Crawford was very flattering and full of kindness. Maurice Hunter sent the other also overdue.

Saturday

Feb. 26th.

Some of our boys went fishing to-day on the Better Juko and in the Canal, and although the fish could be seen they would not bite at all.

I have printed off and fixed some prints now and will send away my letters of thanks some 8 in number and all extensive by written.

It is Saturday to-day and my thought run back to the Australian Saturday night when the streets are crowded with men & women strolling aimlessly about. It is a weeks form of recreation to many. Even in Glenuray & Mount Elliott the practice is well carried out, and the men all get well boozed before the Pub close. They never close at Glenuray or Mount Elliott! But they are not like the American Saloons, there have no lock or chains on and cannot close. It is such towns as Glenuray that breed a remarkable type of man, a man uncomparable with any other man on account of the strange environment.

Sunday

Feb. 27th

The farmers do no work to-day. Perhaps I should have gone to Church, if only in keeping with Father's views on the subject. By not doing I missed a good address to the men by Gen Bidwood. In which he stated that it was the opinion of those in high circles at home that the Australians although glorious fighting men were too ragged and undisciplined to be taken to France.

Our Colonel in addressing the A.C.O. of this unit on the necessity for tightening up the discipline of the men said that the Home authorities considering that the Australian was too fond of beer & women to be allowed near the big centres of the French trench lines. This was all that prevented us from going there at once.

So at present the training of the troops is more of a ceremonial nature, such as saluting. Great stress is laid on saluting and it seems that it is going to be hammered into the men this time.

I fancy the Home authorities have hit it pretty right too when they say the Australian is so hard to control that he is likely to become a danger in France. It is this same high spirited don't care a damn temperament that makes them such glorious fighters and naturally that if they lose the former ^{reckless} they will also lose the latter virtue. The Australian is a queer bird right enough.

Monday

Feb. 28th

Steve McKelvey left on his return to Australia to-day. Naturally he was glad to get away from this waste of time life. Mac is a medical student and returns to study. I gave him a number of letters to post and a packet containing about 60 negatives & some Turk bullets for Hollingsworth.

Some of our boys have been fishing in the Canal with usually no results at all but yet someone bumped them yesterday and we had fried fish for breakfast this morning & my word, mine was only a little one, but it was delicious. I done the cooking on the forge and wrapped each fish in a piece of paper before frying and the whole thing was a great success. There are plenty of fish to be seen in the Bitter Lakes & in the Canal but they wont bite at our bate bombs as we used at Anger should be used & I fancy we would get plenty fish then. Fish are grand now too as our menu is a damn poor one & short measure also.

Tuesday Feb. 29th.

The Russian victories in Northern Turkey are going to do us a wonderful amount of good in the Mesopotamia district where we have been getting it badly for some months past.

It seems that two Russian Armies are striking; one down through Persia onto Bagdad and the other coming down from the Caucasus Mountains, what object the latter has in view seems difficult to follow. Of course, Appelo, the railway junction of the Bagdad and the Damascus Meua lines would be a great hit but it is 470 miles South West of the Russians, and this is a long way for an army to travel in these days of extravagant ammunition and general munition supplies so that I doubt whether the Russians on any other army can be really effective with such a long line of communication to keep open without rivers or railway to do the transportation work. I don't know the country or the position of the Russian army coming down through Persia, but it seems to me they will have a rough time also when fighting near Bagdad as the Turks can get supplies along the railway which I fear the Russians like the British will have difficulty in handling large stocks of shells and ammunition.

If the Russians are successful in getting the Turk under it will be wonderful work, as the Army is a terrible long way away from supplies and in rough mountainous country where the roads cannot be good ones.

Japan must be aiding Russia immensely although the long railway connection between them must be very slow work.

Colonel Shaw gave the A.C.O.s a lecture to-night on "Maps & Map reading." He was very interesting as far as he went. The describing of a contour map was of much interest to me and taught me quite a lot about the meanings of all these circles & circles. The map a map a perplexing spectacle. These willy-willy lines show the heights above sea level and are absolutely necessary for military work.

Nearly every afternoon the fellows go swimming & fishing. To-day I went down also & had a lovely swim over to the Egyptian side and back again, over there I picked up a lot of shrapnel pellets, these must have been fired at the Turks when they got down onto the Canal last year.

Wednesday March 1st

I had a great day today we shot one of our own horses and then an Egyptian horse for which we charged him 10 piastres. In the afternoon I went down to the Canal again and after a good swim, it was a jolly hot day, gathered up a whole lot of oysters and opening them put them into a billy-can and will stew them up with tomato sauce (dried) and curry. The fishermen were very unfortunate one did get 6 small ones but the others got nothing at all. Bill Poole & I had quite a good time gathering mussels or oysters or anything else one cares to call them. The day was very hot indeed, and I was very happy down at the water's edge.

At night I wrote to Brother Bent so papa. Bent seems to be doing excellently and his idea of running a country paper I like immensely. I fancy I could push this paper business by a few months canvassing and organizing.

Poor Bill failed badly through having more generosity than business ability. Bent I think is more smart, and should make the thing go.

Thursday

March 2nd

This has been the dustiest and most miserable day I have spent out of some. But once here in Egypt.

The wind commenced blowing at 9 a.m. it increased its velocity to a gale by 11 a.m. and continued right up till now 10 p.m. And even now the walls and roof of my camp are flapping and plugging like the sails of a battered sailing boat.

As I write it really does remind me of the noises one hears about during a wild night at sea.

Dust has been pouring along with the wind and everything is deep in dust. Work was impossible. Everybody's eyes are bloodshot and sore. It is unusual for the wind to keep up all night I have noticed it fall with the sun and the night turn out clear & still.

Rain of a few drops is usually the end to these damnable wind storms.

They seem to run in circles the next 2 or 3 days may be unpleasant then comes 3 or 4 lovely hot days followed as usual by the wind storms.

Today has been bad enough to make a fellow undo in ten minutes all the good it took our Sunday School teacher years to instill into us.

Friday

March 3rd.

Now that the 1st Brigade are camped nearby the stillness is broken by the pleasant harmony of the brass and pipe bands.

They are dead rough at the game right enough, but in a few weeks they will get the novelty & tunes off fairly good and give us three five times a day over & over again. I sometimes wonder what good music would sound like and I wonder more so as to whether we could follow and appreciate it after having our ears blunted by our rough regimental bands. One band could not play a march for the men to march past the saluting base at the big parade at M-d-Kelber.

The men gave up changing steps & battled on, without taking any notice of it at all. It was truly a trying proposition.

A letter to day from Geo. George. He is good to me slight but oh how impossible...???

Papers from Bill.

There was no work doing to-day again the wind was blowing a hurricane all day and night too. It has been blowing for a full 48 hours and is still going strong; all last night the camp was like a ship in a storm.

I wrote George Neil 10 pages but I fancy it will need rewriting when I read it over.

Saturday

March 4th

The wind has been as bad as ever to-day. The dust so annoying that we simply could not work at all.

In the afternoon I went down to the Canal for a swim and paddle across with ease. I wanted to get some "oysters" but it was so awfully dusty I did not bother.

An African letter came to hand marked "1st First South African Field Ambulance". Now the address on the letter is type written so there is no excuse. 1st Field Amb, 1st Australian Division, England. I find this remarkable fancy so plain a letter going astray. It was 8 weeks overdue when I got it.

The Colonel did not lecture on maps & map making to-night. I am not sorry as he is very busy, still he has taught me much about maps in his previous lectures.

The whole of the 1st Brigade are camped near here. I will have to look up some of the fellows.

Sunday

March 5th.

To-day is the 5th day of this continuous dust storm. It started in the South and worked around East to North, from which quarter it has been blowing all day long. But glory to the powers that be it stopped blowing with the rising of the sun this evening and the night has been suspiciously calm. In fact the quietness makes me feel quite strange, after the flapping and jerking of my canvas home.

A whole lot of Light Horse are camped here now. I saw some baggage train of camels going towards Immediata into the desert to-day. The move seemed to be getting them there on the quiet. As they could have got to their post much easier from Immediata.

This morning some 1,000 camels came in from the outpost for water. They drink once in four days, and it was so remarkable sight to see the different kinks and the queer shapes of these camels. On the return every camel was filled out as light as a drum a strange transformation to the lean hollow camels that passed by $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour before.

Monday

March 6th

To-day has been a lovely day. A little on the hot side perhaps. Oh but in the Canal swimming it was just lovely.

The hundreds of nude Australians that lined the bank and peeped about in the water made a glorious picture.

While working on a guano pit and building a cookhouse to-day 10 out of the 14 men working on the job were doing so without any shirt on at all.

You can't get up to an Australian for dressing himself according to climatic conditions.

I thought last evening when the wind got around to the North that after the sun had gone down all would be well, and that is just what did happen.

Last night and all day to day it has been lovely. There is a new moon about now and I wonder whether or not it has had something to do with the wind state of affairs.

I swallowed enough dust during the four dirty days to satisfy a cement mixer.

Tuesday

March 7th.

Another splendid day and a most enjoyable swim. There are thousands of men there every afternoon and they enjoy it immensely.

We had some 40 reinforcements arrive to-day. To me they seem very poor men indeed. Their physique does not seem good enough to carry an empty stretcher up and down the Angai hills & dales.

6 months hard training is wanted to develop them, poor devils.

Jack Cado, a ~~sargeant~~ ^{sargeant} in the A. M. E. but resigned to go into the 4th Battalion as a private, was in to tea with us last evening. He told rather humourously of several Australians he had met in England. One case of a man getting married before he had quite recovered from a drunk. In fact the fellow was not sure he was married until the wife claim was entered for an allowance of 4/- per day.

Lots of fellows are getting married over there, so he tells me some of them after only a few days acquaintance. If this is so these fellows will find things a bit muddled after the war. Yet to some of the conscientious fellows it might be the best thing that could happen.

Wednesday

March 8th.

The 9th Battalion came in from the trenches this evening, a distance of about 10 miles; there was a whole lot of band playing and some cheering as they passed the 1st Brigade and pitched camp 600 yards from the beach. They are very glad to get in near the water again after their 6 weekless weeks in the sandy waste.

No actual doubt now seems to exist as to where our next move will be, and that it will be very soon.

The infantry are being withdrawn from the front and Light Horse are taking their places. Which should leave the Infantry free to embark for France at any time.

I have been flogging away for some time past at letter writing and now have things pretty well squared up. Although George Hill is still to be got through.

The Colonel would not pass one of my cards to Ellie Gifford, is contained too much military evidence I expect. I will keep the thing as a curiosity. I feel a little grained as I have been over cautions in my writing at all times.

Fritz Schwarz was here to-day he carries 2 stripes in the 7th Light Horse having transferred from the N. & Hospital.

Thursday

March 9th.

The 10th Battalion came in to-day and came past singing and merry. The idea of going to France is like a new doll to a child.

This afternoon I went over to Serapeum on horseback and enjoyed and saw a whole lot of fellows in the Light Horse camps there. They are getting ready to move over to the Arabian side. Where the Light Horse will no doubt be kept for some considerable time protecting the lines.

I had to wait for the ferry to go over in horse and all. But coming back the pontoon bridge was swung across, and the coming back caused no delay. The length of the bridge is 100 yards. This also represents the length of the Canal at this point.

There are patches of green cultivation around the fresh water canal at Serapeum but still all around is sand, sand and more sand.

Friday.

March, 10th.

Another lovely day and also a lovely moonlight night. The sunsets are not so delightful perhaps here as they were in Cairo last year, or is it that we are getting used to them? I hardly think so, as I am very keen on sky effects. The moon ^{casts} ~~makes~~ a particularly mystifying spell over the desert. It does not seem to shine so brightly as in Australia and though bright, it wears a strange veiled appearance.

We must be nearing the date of our departure from the Suez Canal zone; but where we are going to is yet shrouded in mystery. Of course it has been long hinted at that we go to France but there is nothing definite about this even now.

The Russians appear to have the Turks badly knocked about, and we are informed that the Turks are seeking for peace, while Enver Pasha has been shot. It is hard for us to accept this information as we have been told so much of this kind of stuff that we cannot put faith into anything at all. It is miserable to be so disbelieving but how can anybody expect else after the way we have been "bulled" and twisted.

Anyhow, if Turkey decides to have peace with Russia it will give the Allied Nations a great pull over the enemy & no doubt bring about an early conclusion.

Saturday.

March 11th.

2^o day has passed rather dreamily away without anything of special note. The Light Horsemen go passed to relieve one another on patrol out ahead of the trenches and look jolly well in passing.

Camels still go by to water and never fail to rouse my curiosity; the ungainly looking creatures. I often wonder what these weird animals could possibly have evolved from at all, they seem so entirely unlike another animal or bird I am acquainted with.

News of Manly's great carnival comes to hand by this mail. I do hope to see a carnival there one day.

News that Bert is holidaying pleases me more especially as I hear he is looking very well.

Munsey's by Henry Kemp

War-Facts

To think that we dwell on a star
And poise in the infinite sky
While all about us, afar,
Systems and sun-drifts fly!

That we balance aloft in space,
Like an irised bubble in air,
Where comets flock and race
With thunder in their hair.

Sunday

March 12th.

I got out of bed at my usual time which is $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour after the early parade. After breakfast I cleaned up around the forge and dressed several horses. Since then I have been hanging around all day reading, chatting and writing. A regularly lazy day of it right along. I should like to have gone to Church, the brass band played very well, and its strains were so pleasing. As the parade was breaking up the band rather spoilt its good effect by playing, "Everybody's Doing it now."

To-night with Tom Gioman's I went around, and over to the 1st Brigade lines, behind which a Monte Carlo was going strong. Probably there was 14 crown & anchor boards in full swing, and two "two up" schools also. We hardly had time to look around thoroughly when Jimmy saw a number of mounted men draw up some 150 yards away, and drew my attention to it when there was a "hurray" rush with Tom & I going across the sand for dear life over to the rows of tent. 200 yards away finding all was safe we came back to the scene of destruction and even then the fellows were scratching in the sand for lost money. The names of some 20 men caught in the coils

by the mounted men were taken
and by this time a fair crowd
had collected round again and
very nasty names were called out
to the policemen. So a charge was
made to disperse the mob while a
couple of fellows were taken away
to the guard tent. One refused to
go without being carried, and in
receiving his ankle to make him
walk it was broken. A couple
of men were chased in and around
the tent, and bottles were thrown
a few moments later.

In 20 minutes all was peace &
quietness again. This is the
second raid during the past week.
It may have an effect of steadying
the gamblers but will not stop
them, as the men have a gamblers
instinct or they never would make
such fine soldiers so the playing will
surely go on somehow or other!

I came straight back to my
humble abode and when I finish
this paragraph I am going to read the
history of Turkey with maps & illustrations
from Munsey's Magazine. It
promises well.

Monday

March 13th

I have ordered five Angus books
to be posted one each to Cousin Maggie,
Williams, Jim Miller. Uncle Ned. and one
home to Mother.

We done a lot of work to-day as all
the horses are supposed to be shod up before
they go aboard ship. Bob Johnson had
dinner with me and at 3-30 we went
for a ride over to where the uncovered
Turks lay, but we were a little
disappointed as the bodies have all been
buried again. A boat went past and
I got a wave of the hand from several men
and a woman. It done me good too
I think. Rumour makes us go to
Harve in France now, and that motor
ambulances will be attached, I want to
drive one of these cars as the experience
will be valuable on my return to Spary.
While

Tuesday.

March 14th

The infantry men are working heavily at present. All these hot afternoons the plains are covered with groups of men drilling. It's hardly fair in a way, but still some of the ~~new~~ men are very crude and take a lot of looking into shape, yet it's very trying out drilling in the afternoon sun particularly when a lot of fellows stroll past for their swim.

It is again decided that inoculation is necessary, and our boys went through the mill one more. The infantry men are lined out and taking their turns with all sorts of rough and humorous remarks. It is likely to do any good, then, fair away. Is the general feeling.

Wednesday

March 15th

To-day has been a day of sore arms and a whole lot of grumbling. The inoculation of yesterday causing a whole lot of high temperatures as well as sore arms. But I have felt really nothing, as is usual. The inoculation is the latest discovery coming a prevention for most diseases here to soldiers.

General Chavel in having his command of the 1st Division met the whole Division this morning to speak to them. All of the three Brigades squared up splendidly and in rode the General. He got under ^{weight} at once, and dealt with the much worn necessary for better discipline. Saluting was so strongly expressed in the European theatres of war that by neglecting the same we would appear a rabble, and so shoddy a soldier that very little decent work, or any responsible position would be assigned to Australian.

An English General seeing the troops wandering so haplessly and undisciplined about Alexandria & Cairo reported to the English authorities that the Australian were unfit to go to France and mix with the villagers and soldiers there. General Birdwood, Chavel & others worked hard to overcome this idea, and now, said General Chavel now that you have got your chance of testing your mettle beside the continental troops, it is up to you to stand by us, and play the game

"The most disgraceful thing that has come under my notice, continued the, is the digging up and the tampering with the dead Turks that lay buried over there on the desert by the canal side. It is a curse and a crime that Australia will never live down, and to try and divert the blame from the whole Division & the blot from Australia the men who know the guilty persons should come forward and expose.

We wrote to Turkey asking that the graves on Gallipoli Peninsula be respected, and in no way molested; They, the Turks gave us this assurance, and now we find you men digging up Turkish graves how can you expect the Turks to be honest with you and look after the graves of your brothers and comrades.

I think that General Cheneb must take a whole lot of blame for not burying these bodies months ago. I have been here 8 weeks and bodies lay about up till a few days ago when they were buried.

The rumoured finds that were being made on the corpses, no doubt, encouraged the men to interfere somewhat with the half buried Turks. The General however should have seen that these men were properly buried and fixed off months ago.

"Inst. Shmank." at the Belle Vue.
Punkas working, March 16th.

Thursday

I found out to day that leave had at last been granted and that myself amongst seven had 48 hours of freedom.

Six of them went to Cairo, and I to Alexandria bent on arranging George Bell's headstone. The train left Sersapeum at 7-30 p.m. for Imailia, here we changed onto the Port Said train bound for Cairo at 8-10. Many of the men travelled 2nd class but mostly 3rd class & myself amongst them. The 3rd class carriages are fairly hard but as the whole of the carriage is open the ventilation is better and then we men are now well seasoned and a hard, or even no seat at all, does not much matter.

We ran smoothly over the level road past Tel el Kebir, Zagazig to Benha, here I had to change over expecting a train from Cairo for Alexandria any minute to take me on; But alas; I waited from 10-45 until 2-15 a.m. for a train, and then it was a miserably slow one and did not land me in Alexandria until 8-20 a.m. During the night it was rather cold, as I only put on a singlet under my tunic, trying to sleep either on the train or on a seat at Benha, was the devil of a job, as I was cold and could not sleep a wink. I bought some boiled eggs a roll and coffee at

Bench and lay out ^{on} the seat. The
Tommy guard would not allow me off
the station, but as Bench is a purely
native population nothing was missed
but various smells and the noises
that go with hawkers and Egyptians.

On the train I took a 2nd
class carriage & tried to sleep with
up like a monkey. We passed
through Demansurah at daylight, and
there I was surprised to see a whole
lot of native women at the cemetery.

In Alexandria I got onto
a hair cut, shave, boots & leggings
cleaned, and then set out to find
Mrs Cadell at the Bombay Hospital
by Julek then I went onto Mustapha
to fix up George Hill's grave, and
come down to Shatty Cemetery and
No. 19 Hospital where I took many
photos returning to the Windsor Hotel
where I had lunch with Mrs. Cadell,
who is in trouble with the
people about the house and is
I regret hard up for money. I remained
until 3 p.m. talking with Mr. Davies &
Mrs. Scott. I then went off to St. Mark's
Church for Rev. Fry missed him and
went onto the monumental makers
and got prices for a headstone.
I came back for a wander about
the street and had dinner in a
Cafe on oysters, mutton & beans
omelet bread butter & wine. I finished

Friday

March 17th.

off a good meal with a 5 paster 1/2
cigar. I then went up to
the Belle Vue Casino and enjoyed
the performance immensely.
The Kennedy girls were great with
their Irish songs being as it was
St. Patrick's night. I was jolly
pleased with these girls they brightened
me up splendidly. The pictures that
followed of an elephant in Jeddah
and a Yankee love story were
fine. I had a delightful cup
of coffee and was at ease with
the world. I sat down to wait
for the 2nd show but as I had
but little sleep or rest the previous
night I got tired and went out
to a ice cream & coffee shop
where I enjoyed a big ice. Then
I had to find a place to sleep
so I got a gassy and drove up
near the railway station to the
Hotel Egypt where for 12 paster 2/2
I got a good room and as the
bed was fairly hard I slept
fine until 7 a.m. when I got out
and had a shower bath and
bathed off to do some shopping and
see the Rev. Fry. I did so,
and he came with me to see
about a headstone. At 12 o'clock
I had chosen one and given him
£12.10.0 to pay for it. I had
a hurried lunch and got the films

Saturday March 18th
of the hospital and more
shopping down. At 4 p.m. I
caught my train and making
the connection from Paris at Paris
got to Scraper at 10-25
a long walk and a journey over
the Canal got me home about
12 o'clock.

Before leaving Alexandria
I put 150 pistons and a note
into an envelope and sent it to
Mrs Casell. I wouldn't afford more
and as she is a kindly person
though I believe utterly read over
the death of her son, I just had to
offer her my mile.

It rained heavily during the
night than I have yet know it seen
on the desert, after one of the worst
rusty & windy days.

I opened the parcel from Ed. Downer
and got a pair of socks & gloves knitted.
This is the 2nd lot from Ed. Gifford.

I posted two Angus dairies yesterday
at Alexandria. I do hope they will
get safely through.

Sunday March 19th
I have had a bit of a
stomach ache to-day. The result of
eating all sort of rubbish in Alexandria.
But as the Prince of Wales came
around our camp with a whole
crowd of "big guns" I forgot my
trouble and bustled around getting
photographs.

The Prince seemed very
young, not more than 17 years, with
a soft nose & white colour and
sat his horse very well indeed.

The men were surprised to see
the Prince they thought it was
General Buller only as they
ran around to get another look
at him and cheered lustily all
the time. There was no
ceremony at all and the visit
was all over in 25 minutes.
It was real weather. The rain laid the dust.

I feel a little envious to-day
The name of H.W. Stout appears amongst
the honours and as I was there on
the 28th June with him & Harry Bledin
and was the only one to be
recommended by Staff Captain Pollock
I know that this honour should
have been mine. Stout had his
leg broken by shrapnel and I suppose
sentimental reasons won the honour
for him. Our unit officers must have
pouched him. But the honours are mine.

Monday

March 20th.

is day has been one of the usual work & worry attached to moving camp. At 11 o'clock the transports were ready to leave, the blacksmith shop and attached house demolished. Why I have not been allowed to move off with the transport I don't know at all. as I remain for the beaver section.

I have written to Rev. Fry and Arthur Hale about George Hill's affair and I now have that matter running well in hand.

Our destination is not clear as yet but the fellows, particularly the older hands, are jumping with joy at the probability of Europe and the lovely trees & green fields as well as civilisation.

Jim Randall called to-day he is looking well. He says it has been a big holiday for him since leaving Sydney.

I intended writing up my trip to Alexandria in detail but in the bustle and lack of writing sense I have badly failed. But I think it is worth quite a lot of attention.

We are allowed only one blanket and a ground sheet, from here.

Tuesday

March 21st.

A lovely morning. I went down to see Jim Randall of the 1st Battalion taking a tin of coffee & milk. They have their tents down and their kits all packed ready to move off. For days past the infantry have had kit inspections and their personal belongings reduced to almost nothing. These poor fellows are the most bullied and worst treated section in the army. In actions matters they always fare badly. At Angas for instance it was shameful to notice how the food stuff diminished before reaching the trenches. "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost" is the motto of the army.

At 4 p.m. the 1st, 2nd & 3rd Battalions marched out of camp with full marching order and bands playing. This 1st Brigade is 80% new men, men mostly who were never at Angas. Yet they looked very well indeed, a number of short men spoilt the uniformity of the ranks; but they will do well as a fighting force, even now. I watched them go by in column and although I liked their appearance, the men of the original 1st Brigade as at Mena Camp 12 months ago were infinitely a better set of men better physique & harder & more determined looking.

Leave Suez & Alexandria
Wednesday + Thursday March 22nd

I have read the book "The Kangaroo Marines" and feel almost annoyed to think that the author did not portray the Australian more distinctly, yet I am sure this book will make reasonable reading for English people and do the Australian a whole lot of good in their eyes. Post reading on an Arab sailing boat and after a swim returned to camp at dinner time. Learning that our unit were to leave for Alexandria in the afternoon.

Sure enough, at 4 o'clock we were packed up and ready to move off.

At 5 o'clock we were walking down the metal road for Suez railway station. Here we waited until about 12.30 that night, then on a open truck train we made for Alexandria.

20 men in a low sided truck does not give one much protection from the wind or does it give sufficient room for the men to lay down with straight legs.

At daylight we were at Bahig, here we again filled our billy cans & made coffee from the engine, and from here to Alexandria (ship side) 11 o'clock, the Nile Valley was at its very best, spring time, and the sight of the continuous green fields done my eye good after the weeks on the Desert Canal Zone with its awful sand and dust.

We went straight aboard the "Simla"

not a particularly inviting looking craft, but she is said to have done 18 knots, and has reasonable accommodation, so it should be alright.

It was remarkable to see the number of Egyptian hawkers that assailed our train on arrival at the wharf. There must have been 400 of them & had for ~~sale~~ sale all manner of goods, even packs of cards and a crown & anchor as well as eatables of all kinds with dozens of money changes. All this lot shouting their wares made a terrible din.

On board, I with 7 others fell in with the storeman and commenced issuing mess tins & pans. These were all in a very dirty condition, and would not anything like go around the number of messes. We then issued butter sugar & jam to a line of 115 mess orderlies. A trying sort of a business.

At 7 o'clock Bill Drummond told me that Tom Yeomans, who had gone into Alexandria without a pass, had been taken prisoner by a Johnny picket. At once I got a note from the Colonel asking for his relief and as a escort Sergeant Clifton & myself went into town to have him released, but those mean and stubborn Englishmen would not hand Tom over as the note should have come from the O.C.

of the ship. Yeomeno is a splendid lad neither smoking drinking or even swearing and to get caught like this was damn hard luck indeed.

Elyton on failing to get him released raced in the garry back to the ship, quite 3 miles away, thinking to get another order written out and go back again. But also when we got to the ship's side it was pulling out. Fear ran through both of us and we thought all was lost, the gangway being drawn up full beyond our reach. From on board my attention was directed to a fender rope hanging over the side. The police advised me not to attempt to climb, but there was nothing else for it, so I set off up the rope, and with but little trouble got aboard. Elyton had some trouble and I had to reach over and help him up.

The Colonel and a whole lot of others were watching, and of course I was jolly tired as well as annoyed and disappointed and slept in the only available space, viz on the greasy floor under a table in the mess room.

Thursday

Friday March 24th
The whistle to get out of bed blew at 6 o'clock. 15 minutes later our party were busy handing out rations. A hurried breakfast and then to work pulling up stores from the hold. 18 bags of flour 12 cases of milk 2 barrels of sugar 2 of peas 12 cases of mineral water (of which we bagged a couple each) and sundry other stores. This was jolly hard work and knocked us all about considerably. The store room is low down and working hard there makes one sweat wholesale in the smelly atmosphere. Not one very pronounced. Making the outback of things at present I rather fancy we made a bit mistake taking on this job. Yet we get extra rations, and as much as we want.

The first day may of course be a little harder than usual. Yet no life as I'm jolly tired to-night.

The weather is cool & calm and as we have a waachip on our left side there is a sense of security from sub. marines at least. The sub marines have been doing a lot of damage about these parts but its only with the younger men that there is at present any worry at all.

Saturday. March 25th
It is astounding what news one hears from time to time that Peter Flanagan was in financial trouble and was thrown out of the Opera House Hotel was told me for certain. Now I am told that Paddy McQue is a whiskey & gin trader in Sydney and has gone to the dogs entirely. I doubt both of these facts and I mention them here to show myself one day just the atmosphere of lies, doubt and ignorance that I now live in.

It is surprising the number of men who are missing from this ship. Also the number of men aboard that previously missed their ship and are now hoping to get through and join up with their own unit when we get to France.

We all expected to be hanging about on board ship at Alexandria for some days at least, but instead, all of the merry ships leaving of late, leave immediately the men come aboard, and so the fellows who take a sporting chance by going up town have been unfortunately left behind.

I fear they will be dealt severely with as our "heads" are very

particularly at present about the breaking of regulations etc. We have a guard of 70 men doing duty aboard as well as a number of machine gun men. I saw a Lewis machine gun to-day for the first time. It seems a fine little weapon, so easy to handle and to carry about. In fact it is a one man gun to all intent and purpose. The circular magazine holds 47 cartridges. The gun can be held up to the shoulder and fired and sighted like any other rifle. The weather is remarkably calm, but somewhat wet & cloudy at present.

Our fatigue party is still working hard although to-day it was not so bad as before. Yesterday the stowman got a bottle of beer each for us but to-day none was obtainable.

Sunday, March 26th
Another Sunday and no
church service for me. It is quite
a long time since I have been
to church now and I miss
it very much, not perhaps for
the good it might have done,
but for the break in the awful
routine of a soldier's life. Singing
does one heart a whole lot of good
too. It takes him back to his
youthful days, ~~and~~ calls up
recollections of civilisation and the
peace of the past. Most times with
out even our own knowledge of
the good work that is going on
within, as we sing the songs of our
earliest recollection.

The "Stoeman's fatigue party" is
going along more pleasantly just
now. We are getting quite used to
the heat and mustiness of the fore-
ward hold. Our party is now 10
strong also and the barrels of
rice sugar & peas 2½ cwt. do
not seem so heavy to haul up to
the main deck.

This scrambling about in the very
foreward inside of a ship gives
a new chum quite a lot of knowledge
regarding the packing of these great
vessels so as to keep them balanced
and also to prevent the goods from
moving about if the ship rolls.

Rats overrun this 24 year old
craft, but other vermin I have
not yet seen. A cook set his
traps each day done in one hold
and catches as many as 15 in
4 traps; he saves the tails for
which the shipping companies give
us 1¢ a tail.

I get busy serving out the sugar
and jam. Sugar 2 ozs a man per
day and jam 1½ ozs a man a day.
Butter 2 ozs a day. This ration is
not enough for the men and of
course their remarks come back at
ourselves, but we can do no better.

21 tins of jam must go around &
so we can't do any better for them.

Our party live a little better
than the other fellows naturally as
everything is at hand for us to
take and as there is Golden Syrup
in the store all goes well as far
as I am concerned.

I have finished "Japho" a
French story. This book is classed
as one not to be recommended to girls
and "proper" people. But really a quite
enjoyed it more so as it seems to
get such a clear realistic view of life
as it is commonly lived in Paris.

I will not condemn the book as I
consider the moral of it will do me
more good than if it were a book
of devils, without the real life grip about
it.

Monday March 27th.
I have been sleeping on a narrow table in the mess room for two nights but last night I got passed the guard and slept on the lower hatchway, and in consequence of having better air and not so many hundreds of men all around hanging to the roof in hammocks and all over the decks and floors, I woke up fresh and went on deck before sunrise; where to my surprise I found we were steaming into the Harbour at Malta. I was delighted at the probability of having a look at a place that is considered so pretty as is the town at Malta. But alas we only hung off for orders and by 8 a.m. were well away to sea again, bound, so I believe, for Marseilles. I really wish now that I had taken a greater interest in the French language when I had an opportunity some 3 years ago, and then of course I would have missed many of the little episodes that I am now so proud of.

Tuesday March 28th.
We don't know yet when Easter really is. Some say it is Easter Monday to-day, but nobody is sure of that either! I am more interested in Easter than at other holidays as my birthday falls about that period. I don't think that I ever did look with any great enthusiasm towards my birthday; it seems altogether too convenient a matter for me to take a whole lot of notice of, and to advertise it as is so commonly done always savoured of arrogance to me. But for some time now Easter seems to remind me so harshly, and almost cruelly, that I am another year older and still wandering on and on, no nearer to any settled project, or a future home. I have often noticed the grave respect that sailors have for cats aboard ship but I did not quite understand how kindly, how lovingly they could be towards the cats of which there are a number until I have seen them fondling and caressing them down here in the aft hold and storeroom. It is indeed pretty to see them. Then a canary on the main deck sings charmingly most of the day. Never have I had the time, or is it the inclination, I know not to give time to a canary before. Of

Of course like most other people I have heard them hundreds of times but yet I only took a casual listen to them and took their singing as a matter of course. But at the moment I am delighted with the bird I can now hear, the hold of a ship may soften the voice and carrying it sweetly and singly down to us.

It seems strange, now that my thoughts are opened by the beautiful bird, that I have taken only a very ordinary interest in pets of any kind considering my rough bringing up and amongst nature's good graces. I fancy the love for animals usually comes with one from early infancy, that is if there are domestic animals in the home and there are few homes without a dog, cat or birds of some kind, more particularly in North Queensland homes. My home, however, was an exception, we had nothing but poultry and a garden. This probably is why I have not taken more notice of so well known a song as a good canary can so pleasingly sing.

The weather throughout to-day has been magnificent. It recalls plainly the soft radiant sunshine that I was so enamoured with on touring the Mediterranean Sea coast 3 years ago.

It is early spring of course and I think it is going to be a glorious experience for me here in Europe. Many times I long to see what a spring time was really like in Autumn. I know well and thrill with enthusiasm when my thoughts run over the charming English Autumn. Sub-marine stories are plentiful enough aboard with the seamy frightened fellows but the light, careless way in which the ship's crew pass over the thought of danger from torpedos is good enough for me to feel secure and not to even think of sub-marines.

I handed out the jam to-day. It is done up in 7 lbs. tins and as a man is allowed only $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. a day, and messes vary from 10 to 22 men, which makes 112 messes all told, you can see it is difficult work to get down to 21 tins! I used up 23 to-day, and still the fellows growl and say nasty things about the small quantity they get.

This afternoon my little party had to undergo inoculation again and as most of the men have suffered severely from same we are expecting a whole lot of trouble to-morrow.

We have been passing along the coast of Sardinia all day and should arrive at Marsailles, or Toulon where ever we are going, some time to-morrow.

Wednesday

March 29th.

To-day is a rather dull day and I have held back my washing to hang out, my bad luck I suppose. I wanted some pictures also of the Lewis machine gun which are mounted around the ship.

Then again yesterday's inoculation makes me very dopy and I am easily the best man, or should I say, the least sufferer of our party of 8 men. Even

I have been following my maps the worst by far of my momentary troubles is the creepy, horrid feeling that comes over one after finding a couple of lice on their clothing, as I did on turning up the sleeves of my cardigan this morning the woollen jacket goes to the dup you can bet your socks on that.

I have been following my maps closely to locate the different towns mentioned as being the likely place for which we are now destined. First

Rouen, then Amiens and now Abbeville.

As these three places are close together right up in the North Western corner of France, I fancy that we are in for a very long ride in the train at any rate and that we must pass right through

Paris in transit. If they don't jam us into those dark enclosed carriages the journey will be fine. The open timber waggons with only

a few inches of side ^{like Egyptian} carriage would do us splendidly. and travel as much as possible in the day time. I am sure that if our men could get a real good look at the land en-route with its almost continuous villages and closely cultivated fields it would do them a whole lot of good, and possibly bring home to them more plainly than anything else possibly could the fact that people brought up in such a closely settled and ^{well} gardened country must necessarily be a different class of people in their manners and grooves of thought than we Australians are.

The Australian is an awfully arrogant individual, this naturally follows with his isolation from the rest of the world, when I say "arrogant" I mean it in the light of judgement as will be, and is passed upon us by people who are not in themselves conversant with Australia and the peculiarities under which we are brought up. Yet to be considered impudent and small minded by the folk we come into contact with is bad and we Australian should change our ways to meet the ideas of those people we find ourselves there amongst. And there is no better way than to first study the country in which we

people are born and brought up.

Our men have heard such stories of Paris high life, commonly called French life, that they must think the Frenchmen live only for wine and sensuality. This may apply to Paris but it certainly does not apply to France proper. So, as our men are labouring, I feel sure, under the impression that morality is unknown in France and that a fellow is at liberty to accost any woman and invite her to wine and then sleep with her.

Therefore, I expect quite a lot of trouble to come about with our men over here. Then, surely our men cannot be altogether to blame, it will be due to want of enlightenment. The weakness of our educational over & over again.

The British are the only people who have any honour, or high morals, so we are always taught, but alas! this theory got a severe shock and our men a sad awakening on their return from England just recently. One man was so impressed by the number of prostitutes he saw, and the amount of venereal disease that he concluded there was hardly a virtuous woman in Great Britain and that 70%.

of Britains soldiers have the pose. Soldiers returning from the trenches to their own homes have been diseased by their own wives, who, during the husbands absence had, to find money to make the household expenses meet, go onto the streets, and in many cases take their daughters with them. I don't for a moment think this story to be correct, but still it comes with a man finding out that the British people, to whom we have been taught to look are no, or at any rate, little better than other nations and most certainly not so clean, either in their manner of living or in their morals as we Australians ourselves actually are. When a man leads the life for himself, his early threading friarings gets such a severe knock that he is badly staggered and will. I am delighted to think return to Australia a better Australian and a more useful citizen.

All this morning we were out of sight of land in fact there was not a ship to be seen, but then our vision was obscured by rain squalls, when for practice our 4-7 gun on the stern deck fired a shot at a box. This caused considerable consternation amongst the unwary below deck, and some

amusing incidents happened. One officer was in the bath room at the stern end of the ship when the gun fired, thinking a torpedo had struck the vessel, raised in his undress along the passage way and took quite a lot of convincing that nothing serious had really happened.

A few moments after the shot a French torpedo boat came racing along side to enquire what was wrong.

In the evening land loomed ahead, we seemed to then follow the coast line until harbour lights, and search lights flashed in all directions here we anchored for the night.

The men aboard seemed very pleased to night that the voyage was ended. Rev. John Mackenzie's Vespers after tea service was attentively listened to.

Mackenzie has done wonders with the 4th Battalion. I am still of the opinion that he is a big Salvation Army adventurer, yet I like him and nobody dare say a word against him even amongst the toughest of the 4th Battalion men.

The youngest and new men amongst us behaved as children would on the eve of a holiday at bedtime. The older men take matters just as they come, good or bad nothing startling and went either until the coast of Australia confronts them. Then:

Marseilles arrived & leave.

Thursday

March 30th.

The weather is damp, though not raining, this morning as we lay long side No. 8 wharf. We weighed anchor at daylight and entered the harbour at once.

Marseilles is almost an artificial harbour, at the same time it is well protected by a curve in the mainland and the Islands of Monte Cristo.

The bluffs and high land about seem very bare and desolate, there is nothing pretty or attractive to be seen; even though the history of the surroundings is exciting.

The one great satisfaction now is that a man can walk about without having to take a life belt around with him.

Since leaving Alexandria nobody was allowed to move about without a lifebelt. It is good rule, no doubt but a awful bally nuisance.

This precaution has just been borne out too by the news that the "Minneapolis" was torpedoed and sunk near Malta within a few minutes of our passing them. I remember seeing the "Minneapolis" myself, and can see that we had a very narrow escape indeed.

This news is official given out this morning; it must have been picked up at the time but was held back from us, and just as well too, or it would have caused much fear.

amongst the men, land - rubbers
that we Australians are.

The boat ^{1850 about all left} threw up to the wharf about
7 a.m. at 10 o'clock, all hands were ashore,
a march of 1 mile brought us to the
railway station where we were soon ushered
into 3rd class carriages & to a compartment
and made off for our still unknown destination.

When marching to the station, the 4th Battalion
leading then the A.M.C. and Engineers,
the Frenchmen stood interestedly but unmoved
along the route; they were for the most part
a very poor looking people, ill clad and
slenderly particularly the women folk, of
course this is an inferior quarter of even an
inferior town like Marouilles. One woman
of excellent appearance stood on the roadside
watching the march pass when she seemed
suddenly moved and taking a bunch of
panais from the belt walked unhesitatingly
across holding out the flowers towards
myself, I stepped out of the column took
the bouquet saluted and picked up my
place again, which the lady was saying
"Good luck Englishmen" and something in
French I could not follow. It was very
pretty little incident and pleased me
very much. Poor so as she came forward
so earnestly and with such a glorious
expression of sympathy and good wishes.

We reached the town of Arles by
nightfall and saw the splendid Rhone River
Up to Arles the scenery was very
interesting but of a somewhat poor
quality producing chiefly olives

and early spring flowers. The flowers
are now done; the spring is in its
brightest mood, and the blooms of the
Yuzge bushes through a golden
shade over the patches of poor country.

From Arles to Tricastin (a clean
Military Hospital town) the country
opened out to one of extreme beauty.

Rich in colour and productivity of
all manner of fruit and vegetables.

Along the Rhone there were some
very tall elm & poplar trees just
breaking into leaf and making
charming little features.

Over this
last stretch, the soft lights of the
lowering, and then setting, sun, as
well as the twilight glow before
darkness set in was distinctly
different to the evening shades of

8th of Angou or Auvergne. There
was a greater charm of soft shades
and lingering reflections.

At 6-30, almost dark, we came
onto more olive country, it seemed
poor land, unsuited for anything but
olive trees.

The wild flowers seen during
the afternoon were very nice indeed,
but they lacked variety and grew
on the better class of land only.

excepting, perhaps, the Yuzge bush.
The white ribbon like roads
were pretty and so attractive.
German prisoners worked about in large
numbers & seemed quite happy.

Friday

March 31st

Sunrise at 5.40 a.m.

after passing a very awkward night's rest. There was no possible chance of lying down, so daylight was welcome. Lyons was passed early here again the Rhone River was running wide and so very pretty. Lyons is a big industrial centre, but of course we saw nothing of it. The German prisoners working here also looked well and waved to us: in answer to our men I suppose who waved wildly to everybody they saw. The country opened the eyes of our men right along, many of them saying they did not think it possible that land could be so closely tilled.

Dijon at 1.45 p.m. Our train

is running very slowly indeed but as it is so interesting the men do not mind a bit. Grapes seem to be the chief production around here and the way steep hill sides are cultivated is astounding.

I recall passing through Dijon 7 years ago from Switzerland; and on going into the buffet for something to drink the train went back down the yard. How I know that the train did not leave for Paris for 20 minutes yet, but as I was eating my train mad off down the yard and as my belongings were aboard I set out looking for it. I walked a long way and stumbled over the usual impediments that lay around a railway yard. I was

getting disoriented and in disgust I went back to the station only to find that the train I was looking for drawn up to another platform.

From Dijon to Versailles there was a variation in the style of country, more than there were bigger trees, elms & poplars and some large flowering patches. The farm houses were very much the same, two or more stories, tiled red roofs some overgrown with moss. I was surprised or so few shingles and no thatch roofs.

At Les Lauriers we had a big break in the afternoon. Immediately the train stopped I got out over the fence to a hotel across the way and after purchasing bread. I looked around

and saw amongst a number of French people two soldiers wearing steel ^{Ypres} helmets. I made them have a bottle of beer with me and with pencil & paper found they were artillery men from the front.

I tilted on the helmet and found it heavy and uncomfortable although it was well lined and the Frenchmen said they were ^{got} comfortable after a little while.

My party of four old hands have a big billy can and from the locomotives we get hot water for coffee & cocoa. The 2nd night was again uncomfortable.

Saturday April 1st
This morning about 8 a'clock
we drew into Versailles where bread &
tea was served up by Red Cross
sisters (French). The excitement
was now high as to whether we
were to go through Paris or not.
Fate was against us ~~and~~ after a
whole of slow traveling, in fact we
have had nothing else but slow
travelling since leaving Marseilles,
but this we are pleased with as the
scenery is so cheerful after Egypt and
we get more time to admire it.
we found we had missed the
Harve line and were making
north towards Amiens. Now was
Amiens or Abbeville to be our
destination?

The sun again shone gloriously,
but I fear they have not had much
sunshine around here as the spring
leaves have not appeared as yet.

The Ivy of course stands out strongly
on the walls and fences and there
were vines growing around the trees
in the woods. Frost was in evidence
judging by the preparations in the way
of straw and glass covering used
to protect the vegetation.

It was fortunate for us that the
train ran slowly out of Versailles,
as we got a fairly good view of

the beautiful, as well as historic
Palace. The woods however
were bare of foliage. This of course
gave us a better look at the
handsome structure with its
rows of fountains in the foreground.
We breakfasted a few minutes
after passing the Seine river on tea
bread butter, jam & bully beef.

By 10.30 we were moving along
through ^{rural} pretty eye soothing country.
Since starting our journey we
have seen very few men at all.
A few very young ones and some
very old ones, yes; but still there
were very few men of any kind
and I took a lot of women working
in the fields.

The engines we have passed
at the various railways stations
show a surprising number of
different forms of constructions.
Mostly these engines are very
powerful ones; and differ very
much from the English engine
in the amount of gear being around
them, which in the British engines has
inside or under cover. The driving
wheels are enormous and the
whole thing stands out very
powerful and formidable to the
eye of the uninitiated.
The country gradually changed

until it drifted from close cultivation around Paris and the south to open wheat lands thinly populated until on passing Amiens it was grazing land and fenced off with posts & wire these being the first fences of any kind that we have seen a line of closely pruned trees usually serves as a dividing line; These lines of trees make a big change in the appearance of the country to that of the Egyptian Delta where no boundary lines exist other than an occasional water drain.

Then again there is in Egypt no soft variation of shadows and light, just a hard sun shining burning down on the sands, or the irrigated areas which are more or less all the same colour, a hard kind of a green, all very pleasing in its desert setting but in comparison to the Rhone Valley, for instance, the Egyptian Delta lacks charm and variety as well as changing shades and flung effects, so much so, that the 60 hours we spent on the train passed all too soon, nobody tired of the journey at all;

Many of the young folks confessed that they could scarcely believe that land could be so closely cultivated and settled. Where we were

ordered out of the carriage at 3.30 on Sunday morning the fellows regretted it very much. Our walk of 8 miles over the stone cobbles road in the lovely light of dawn gave some of the men sore feet. We have not walked on a hard road for some 12 months and on a firm road but very little since leaving Genoa.

From Marseilles
Poor country with shabby like roads,
fuzzy bush and olive trees.
Around Arles & Tassinon (a clean
and pretty town with military hospital)
the land is beautiful - Elms, Willow
Poplars and Ash. The evening shades
and sunset are soft and soothing.
The country then for some miles is
indeed poor, on which Olives are
grown. At Avignon 7-15. dark.
The country has improved.
Our journey is reported to take 50 hours.

Brasserie

Elephants, ears flapping
and walking like camels

At water and then camping it
remarkable how these nigger Indians
sit those elephants when they are shaking
their bodies off and climbing those hill sides
and make a camp for the night in thick
jungle.

A splendid Malay Puckish film, in
which her father refuses to consent to
her marriage being a bush whacker &
the intended a well dressed artist.
They dupe the old man and all goes
well. A great picture full of American
dash & go.

We intended ^{we intended} for the second show
but it was so long in coming that
we got away. The Pubs were closed
so we had a ice cream and 2 9 a.m.
small cakes.

Booked a bed 12 piastres

Réglement de "L'EGYPT-HOTEL"
in Greek Arabic & French.

March 16th.
Money collected for Geo Hills Headstone.

Sgt	Clifton	150	piastres
Sgt	Worster	250	piastres
Sgt	Button	10/-	shillings
	Reynolds	100	"
	Geomono	100	
	Canty	100	
	Miller	100	
	Sommerville	100	
	Green	100	
	Total	1,000	10/-
	Brennan	100	
	Sgt Poole	100	

Rev Yucius C. P. Fry
Acting Chaplain, St Mark's
Church, Alexandria

Paid 1250 piastres to Rev. Fry, March 18th.
I have asked Arthur Hale to send £2.10.0
for the grave fund & 1.10.0 for refugee
fund. 6 dozen post cards.

P. C. Costopoulos
Box 366. Alexandria.

Woko Boulevard Souttan Hussien Kamel.
(Rue Amin Pacha Fikry)

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The Civilization of China 1/-

The Opening up of Africa 1/-

Oscar Wilde (all editions) 1/-

10.8.71

4.9.71

Photo Humphrey Wilmet Watson.



Messrs C. Del Mar, Mash, Cairo
On credit account 300 pounds

Feb 5 th	193-5	goods delivered
Feb 8 th	11-5	by post
Feb 22 nd	45-0	—

The Charalambidis
Office & Depot, Egyptian Hospital Street
Alexandria. Del. 23.79
P.O. Box 1178.

Headstone of Capt G. G. M. Mathison
No 2 Field Ambulance
Chetty
Cost complete £10-10-0

Photos ordered from Hollingworth - March 9th
Hunter 16. Eloy 12. Miller 14.
Evans 12. Richards 15. Sponza 15.
Mackay 14

Miss A. Mc Cowan, Greif
Stevenson W. New. Melbourne.
(Plum Pudding dinner)

Pyjamas & Good Wishes Mrs. H. G. Phillips
54 Campbell St. Jamington
Halgoorie, W. Ct.

Dear gives with greetings Miss J. Bolton
Marlow Old Pitt Road
Norman.

Billy Can. Mrs H. W. Westwood
Arcadia 249 New Street
Brighton. Melbourne.

(Good Luck) F. B. Dunn,
May 29th 1915.
Wentworth N.S.W.

Tobacco Miss B. Mc Gloskey, N.B.

Xmas cards: Ferguson, Miller, Robinson, Greenfell & Walter
Miller (Bellevue) Price, Gifford, Photography
Eva's Harry Peck, Guy W. Easton W.S.W.
C. G. M. Ltd Lead Reg Darby Rd
Parramatta.

Zabbari, Montrose Convalescent Hospital.
Ghezira Palace. Thunke.

Victorine Warschafsky, Chev. C. Del Mar, Mount
Kedron, May Bannister, Col. M. Woods
Majorie Luff
Mrs. Abernombie, ^{Chas} Roads of Australia
Cokeby Queensland

Mell Luder, Millie Doris 12 Peake St.
Mary, Alice, Eileen Peake, 117 Windemere St.
City Ballarat.

Maud Darling, Joden
Dave Christie, Star Newspaper, Roma.
Marston, Awaba St. Marmans Kennard.

Margaret Valentine, Broadbent, Jan. 16th.
W. M. Early, Wizard Fighting Co. 59 Cuba St. Wellington
wrote Oct. 1st sister Mollie Early.
Miss B. M. C. Boskey, Apr. 1st, 1919, General
Life Hill G. J. Chatty Cemetery No 1180, June 16th
Warant Office A. C. Kilders, Government Printing
Works, Rabaul

K.M. Carroll, "Gloria", Game St. ^{New Britain} Aust
No 2 General Hospital, Abbassia, M. D. Josen

Mrs. Hardy Ballance, 1000 Union St.
Southampton Apartments

Douglas Caslake
Mrs. R. P. Thompson, G. H. W. Tracy.

434 Albert St. Eastern Hill
Phillips John, Geo. Hill, Milt.

Bakakush

you greet him
For the bush path friends to meet him & their kindly
In the murmur of the breezes & the river on its bank
And he sees the vision splendour of the sunlit
plain extended
And at night the wondrous glory of the
ever lasting stars.

From, Ralph Hill

The book was purchased for 2/6
at Melbourne on 24th.

