

AWM4
Australian Imperial Force unit war diaries,
1914-18 War

Bases & Depots

Item number: 33/3/3

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October 1918



AWM4-33/3/3

CONFIDENTIAL.

ORIGINAL. ORIGINAL
DUPLICATE.
TRIPLICATE.

Australian Imperial Force.

WAR DIARY

OF

HEADQUARTERS. AUSTRALIAN BASE DEPOTS. FRANCE.

FOR

OCTOBER, 1918.

Signature of Officer compiling

[Handwritten signature]
Captain.

Signature of Officer Commanding

[Handwritten signature] Lt. Colonel.

WAR DIARY

Army Form C. 2118.

or

~~INTELLIGENCE~~ SUMMARY.

(Erase heading not required.)

Instructions regarding War Diaries and Intelligence Summaries are contained in F. S. Regs., Part II. and the Staff Manual respectively. Title pages will be prepared in manuscript.

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Place	Date	Hour	Summary of Events and Information	Remarks and references to Appendices
Lezarde Valley, HAVRE.			<p><u>LEAVE.</u> Lieut. L.H. Reynolds, Officer in charge of Camp Police, proceeded to England on special leave. During the period covered by the report, three members of the Headquarters Staff also departed for the U.K. on furlough, and one went to Paris.</p> <p><u>AUSTRALIAN FURLOUGH.</u> The leading feature of the month has been the influx of 1914 men passing through the Depots on their well deserved furlough trip to Australia. Many hundreds, including R.S.M. Dunn and Provost-Sergeant Lewis, of these Headquarters Staff, have already departed, and at the time of writing some 500 are accommodated in this area awaiting transshipment to England.</p> <p><u>AMUSEMENTS.</u> A full account of the amusements for the month will be found in the columns of "The Digger," consequently it is not necessary to give a detailed statement in this report.</p> <p><u>INFLUENZA.</u> Owing to the prevailing epidemic of influenza, it was found necessary during the last week of the month under review temporarily to confine the troops to the camps area. At the time of writing, the embargo has been partially removed and a restricted number of passes are now granted, up to 2% of the strength of the various Depots.</p> <p><u>"THE DIGGER."</u> The Australian Base Depots journal, "The Digger," has grown in popularity, and is now a recognised authority on Base news. The circulation has increased to 3,000 per week. Preparations are well in hand for the production of the Christmas number, in which special features are being introduced, including, among others, lithographed illustrations, reproductions of photographs and sketches, Christmas messages to the troops from the military and political leaders.</p> <p><u>AUSTRALIAN BASE CONCERT PARTY.</u> A matter of considerable importance in these Depots is the entertainment of the men in camp. This becomes increasingly so as the winter draws on and the nights grow longer. Authority has been obtained to form a permanent concert party at this Base. This has been done, and they have been given the name of "The Wattle Birds." The opening performance will be given in the Lismore Hut, A.G.B.D., and in view of the hard work of the members of the party and the continuous rehearsals the show generally should be a good one and greatly appreciated by the troops. The party consists of a full orchestra under the leadership of Sgt. A.L. Edwards; the producer is Pte. M.E. Madden; and the vocal turns have been placed in the hands of Cpl. A.R. Bailey. Entertainments will be given almost nightly, and their efforts will be mainly confined to the giving of shows in the</p>	

4424
PUBLISHED
WITH
AUTHORITY

THE DIGGER

AUSTRALIAN
BASES
FRANCE

WEEKLY EDITION

VOL. 1 No. 10.

SUNDAY 6th OCTOBER 1918

PRICE ONE PENNY

Victories That Shake Thrones

IS THE END APPROACHING ?

In looking back at the tremendous events that have occurred during the past few weeks none can help feeling the deepest thrill of satisfaction. On all fronts, from the lands that are sacred with the dust of ages, ancient with memories of humanity's early struggles, and crowded with events of vital importance to religion, away to the frozen zones of Finland; events have crowded each other in such rapid succession that it is impossible to make reference to them in cold and pedantic terms. For the millions, who have suffered and sacrificed, worked and endured, the dawn of victory glowing on the horizon is their recompense. The warm blood of life leaps for joy, and sings in the veins, that after the night of horrors and tragedy Peace by victory looms near.

Beginning the march of triumph on the battle-scarred heights of Italy, the flame of victory quickly spread to Mesopotamia. With one of the master strokes of the war, General Allenby crumpled the German-led forces of Turkey, and destroyed one fourth of the army in one fell swoop. The blow has staggered Turkey, and rocked the Sultan on his throne. Passing on to the Balkans the torch of Freedom fired the souls of men again, and following the Palestine

triumph came the knockout blow to Bulgaria. This victory will not only shift King Ferdinand, but rock the throne of Czar Carlos, of Austria-Hungary, and even shake the German Kaiser's seat.

Coming to La-Belle-France, what words can adequately express the turn of events, from threatened disaster to triumphant progress. The names of French, British, American, Australian, and other overseas troops, are being scrolled on the roll of fame. From the rugged heights of little Switzerland, to the shores washed by the northern seas the valor of our men enabled the famous dictum, « They shall not pass ! » to become a realised fact.

All these crowded events rejoice the hearts of men on active service, but what a thrill of joy must run. The hope and expectancy of a joyous and victorious home coming conjure visions of pleasure in the far-flung stretches of beloved Australia, in the Great Western Democracy, and Canada, in picturesque New Zealand as well as on the home-wrecked battlefields of Europe.

When we ask « Watchman, what of the night ? », the response can be made with hearts overflowing with joy, « that all is well ».

THE DIGGERS' HOME

How it is furnished

One has to get away from home to appreciate the innumerable comforts and benefits which are taken as a matter of course in the home circle, and I think most of the diggers would have to experience the Y.M.C.A. at the Base closed down for a fortnight before they could realise what the Y.M.C.A. here really means to them.

What would the 5000 men who attend nightly do with their evenings if the three enormous Cinema Halls were not available for their entertainment? That the Australian Y.M.C.A. provides these shows free has not lessened their popularity. Only recently I learned that these shows are also given to the patients in Nos 39 and 40 Hospitals, where they are tremendously appreciated.

Concerts in the Base Camp are attended by thousands, and when one considers the war conditions and difficulties, these concerts are of a very high order. Most of the concert parties are engaged and paid for by the Y.M.C.A.

The average Australian loves music, and we have received an immense amount

of pleasure from the splendid band and orchestra. It was only on enquiry that I learned that most of the instruments used were provided by the Australian Y.M.C.A.

In sport, again the Y.M.C.A. is the centre of activities. With the magnificent gymnasium and equipment at its disposal, and with the foresighted selection of a man like Les Judd as director, they have occupied a strategic point in the matter of sport in the A.I.F. From this gymnasium radiates a number of enthusiasts, who have been instructed in the newer games to most of us of volley ball, basket ball, baseball, etc. Few visitors leave without being impressed with the excellence of the work, and the amount of exercise which will be taken by the digger under the heading of sport. Would it be possible to imagine the sporting enthusiasm of the Convalescent Camp without the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, organisation, and representative.

When one enters the bright and cheerful looking huts provided by the Y.M.C.A. it seems to me that one gets as near to home as is possible under our circumstances. At all hours from morn till night the click of the ball is heard

NAME IT AND IT'S YOURS

The Base Concert Party, which is now being formed, is desirous of having a name compatible with a party of Australian entertainers, « The Digger » invites suggestions from the diggers interested in the formation of the new party. Forward your suggestion to « The Editor, The Digger, Australian Base Depots, France. » and state name and address of sender.

on the numerous billiard and bob tables; draughts and chess games are in evidence, and all is as free to the digger as his own home. All the latest magazines, and papers are provided and what appeals to the homesick man, copies of the weekly paper from his home state so that he can get in touch for an hour or two with the local happenings at home. The Australian Y.M.C.A. supplies the social touch which means so much to the quiet going fellow with a love for home.

A well stocked library is available for use free of charge and Australian ladies are in attendance always anxious to meet the digger's literary tastes, or to advise on any educational reading desired.

Most of the work is in evidence, but there is in addition a large amount of equipment out in various messes and departments such as billiard tables and gramophones. Probably those who have had late supper in the mess huts will be surprised to learn that the cocoa was mostly given by the Y.M.C.A.

Another great convenience which has been established by the assistance of the Y.M.C.A. is the Watchmaker's Shop in the Convalescent Camp. It was seen that facilities to get watches repaired would be a boon but such work could not be started without necessary equipment, so the Y.M.C.A. authorities provided the £25 required for tools and spare parts and the watch repair shop came into existence.

The Crystal Palace means a rendezvous for the digger on leave, and the extent to which it is used shows how much it meets a real need. This concern is run by the Australian Y.M.C.A. in conjunction with the British and American authorities and its activities are too well known to need mentioning here.

The magnificent work done at No 39 General Hospital, where the Australian Y.M.C.A. erected a hall capable of accommodating 2000 men, and recently put in a cinema plant, is also beyond praise.

So it was borne upon me lately that we have only to count the benefits one by one, and many a digger will say « Thank God for the Australian Y.M.C.A. » — hence this article.

« Cognizant »

THE DIGGER

Published weekly by soldiers of Australian Imperial Force stationed at the Bases, Le Havre.

Editorial Staff and Management

PTE W.R.M. DIMOND, PTE E.A. DOYLE,

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Postal address : Editor, «The Digger», A. G. B. D. via Base Post Office, Le Havre, France.

CHRISTMAS "DIGGER"

Story and Joke Competition

In the view of the approach of Christmas arrangements are being made for the publication of an appropriate souvenir edition of « The Digger ». The following open literary competition has been arranged.

For the best Xmas story of 2000 words — prize 20 francs.

Best humorous story of 500 words — 15 francs.

Best original poem — 15 francs.

Best original joke — 10 francs

Contributions must be signed and address plainly shown. Envelope should be endorsed «Christmas Story Competition», and addressed, « The Editor, The Digger, Australian Base Depots, via Base P. O. Le Havre, France. »

Competitors must forward their manuscripts on or before November 15th 1918. Manuscripts will be returned if desired, but no responsibility accepted unless the return is stated. The right to use any of the contributions, in addition, to prize winners, is reserved.

Your interest and co-operation in this competition is solicited.

BASE CONCERT PARTY

The suggestion to form a Base Concert Party has been acted on, but there were difficulties in the way of forming a grand party covering the three sections of the Australian Base Depots, so it was decided to form a new party embracing the A. I. B. D. and A. G. B. D. Lieut. E. P. Dahl, who was officer in charge of the Austral Concert party, has been appointed to carry out the task of forming the new party. The party will have the valuable assistance of the Australian Orchestra, conducted by Sgt A. Edwards. So far the scheme is in the preliminary stages, and it will be a few weeks before the personnel is finally chosen, and the show staged. However good talent is not lacking, and there are several names on the list. Lieut. Dahl, and his staff, are working actively on the job, and extend an invitation to all those desiring to co-operate. The name of the new party is to be selected by popular ballot, and everyone is invited to forward his suggestion to « The Digger ». The Yellow Dandies will remain the concert party of the Con Camp, and it is understood that an orchestra for the party is being formed.

Our Letter Box

O. M. ... When forwarding contributions write distinctly, use ink, if possible, and sign your name. M. K. L. ... Unsuitable. Sorry. D. C. A. The « We Want to Know » column died a natural death, few were interested. J. J. ... Slanderous and foolish. M. O. ... Don't go. It is now resting near the incinerator. L. R. ... Why worry. There are plenty of places « in bounds » much better. A. W. W. ... Overdone. N. R. ... The « Digger » refuses to open a « cookery » column with advice on the various methods of cooking rice. Composer... You gained the victory; our musical critic, despite late nights of study, cannot read the « music ».

AUSTRALIA AND SCOTLAND

To the Editor of « The Digger »
Sir,

Your contention, that it is absurd to compare Australia with Scotland because Scotland by « Act of Union » is part of Great Britain does not alter the facts, viz, that Scotland is a separate nation, and has a population of five million, and that like Australia, she is part of the British Empire.

Yours, etc.

A. F. M.

N° 2 A.G.H.
B.E.F. France.
16-9-18.

(Agreed, but A.F.M. now evades the main contention in the article on Australia published in « The Digger », 11-8-18, that « no nation of five million people engaged in this war has played a part in every sphere of operations » like Australia. Ed. D.).

There was a raid on the Waacs camp last Tuesday night. The Yellow Dandies were to give a show, and the attraction of the ladies camp was so great that by the time the artists reached the camp the sentry stared at the size of the party of entertainers. Each group of new arrivals announced themselves as the Dandies, and when a smaller party arrived and explained that they were the « Hockey Team » the sentry could not withstand the strain any longer, and roared, « Where's the football team? » Many Tommies arrived also, and by the time the show commenced, the girls were outnumbered by about four to one. Then two rows of Aussie officers arrived. An adjutant, noted for his laughing capabilities, also looked in. Many diggers were quite « at home »; they knew were to hang their hats. The show went off successfully, the Waac singers being the principal feature, from the diggers' point of view. The raid ended at 9 p. m. and owing to the numerical superiority of the raiders sentimental farewells at the gate were sadly missed. It is understood that the time and date of the next raid will be kept an absolute secret.

Officer. « And what were you in civy life, Sergeant? »

Old Barrack room Woodbine. (aghast) Me! Sir! In civy life, sir! Me... I was a soldier, sir! »

"BOYCOTT GERMANY"

The World's Outlaw

The Town Hall, Le Havre, was crowded last week when Mr Havelock Wilson gave an important address on the question « trade after the war. » The mayor presided. French and Belgian officers represented their respective armies and navies. There was also a fair sprinkling of ladies. The famous unionist is bent with age, and needs assistance when rising to speak. However he wears a pleasant smile, and does not look the preacher of revenge or hate. The great question this man has raised, and is keeping very much alive, is of international importance. He announces that after the war the seamen of Great Britain will refuse to handle German made-goods in British ports. He invites France and America, to join in the campaign. Speaking deliberately Mr Wilson said,— I do not think there will be much difference between the British and French viewpoint when I have explained my position. This action of the seamen does not mean that I am preaching the gospel of hate born of fear. Seamen know no fear. But when war broke out the British seamen were sorry for the German sailors interned in Great Britain. We did not blame them. For thirty years we worked with them ; they joined our union ; they ate our bread and drank our wine. We treated and trusted them as brothers. We were internationalists. On August 20th 1914 we appealed to the British Government to be allowed to take care of these men in camp, and try and make their internment as easy as possible. We did this, and at the same time knew that Germany interned our seamen four days before war was declared. We thought we knew them. After 30 years experience I thought I understood their mentality and character. On May 8th 1915 we had arranged to give them a great time in camp. Ladies and gentlemen had been announced to sing. Everything was arranged for the finest treatment and banquet we could give, but on May 7th news was received that horrified the christian world. 1150 men, women, and children had been murdered on the Lusitania, among them being 500 sailors belonging to our union. There could be no German entertainment one day after that. I called 1000 of these interned German sailors together and told them « we cannot hold you responsible, but I want to tell you, that 500 of those men so foully sent to their doom belong to the union to which you belong. » What I said was received in absolute silence. I thought I knew Germany and the Germans, but I didn't. Not one man in the whole thousand expressed one word of regret or sorrow, no utterance of disapproval, no sign of disavowal. That convinced me that the German people, apart from the Kaiser, military class, and government, were in the war and approving of its methods. The Pacifists tell me you cannot indict a nation, but I say you can, and the seamen are going to hold the German people responsible, and will refuse to trade with them until they disavow the foul acts which disgrace their name. »

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It is said that an A.I.B.D. Sergeant did a hundred in evens, when a Madame, who was « tres fachee », chased him along the Rue de Paris with a poker held in a convincing attitude.

THE BASE FRONT

After much search the man who had written the monstrous letter was unearthened and paraded before the officer, who had been censoring the mail.

« What do you think of yourself, writing such a letter, and posing as a hero to the people in Australia? » demanded the indignant subaltern.

« What is it you refer to, Sir? » asked the soldier, a man with eyes that rolled with a fine frenzy, in a face somewhat pallid and clammy.

« Why, listen to this », said the officer, reading the letter in his hand.

« Dearest Girlie, Here I am in France, where the struggle is intense, and unceasing. Shells are bursting not far away as I write. Then also the « heavies » and the « minnies » are always on the job, and give one a hot time in the country and city streets, where we look in vain for cover. Even when we are lying in our possies attack succeeds attack, and we get no rest. Single-handed I have refused to go away from my post, and am having my wound dressed on the spot. It is inspiring to see the bearing of our men in the midst of this great game, and to notice their serene concentration when the numbers go up for many of the bravest of the brave. But, dearest, we know that we have the winning number, and await the gains of victory as a compensation for our daily losses.

Love and kisses from this front, etc.

« Now, » continued the officer, « this calls for punishment. You have just come over from Blighty and are at the Base where all is as quiet as a church and you have never seen a battlefield in your life. What have you to say for yourself? »

« I have tried to write the truth like the war correspondents, » meekly suggested the digger.

« The truth! » yelled the officer threatening to tear up « the scrap of paper » before the eyes of its miserable author.

« Yes, the truth, Sir. Shells were bursting not far away when I wrote. They were testing them near the factory! »

« Well, but what of the heavies and the minnies, and no cover in the streets and the country? »

« I don't know what the exact name of the ladies is, Sir, but Minnie is near enough, and most of the military police are « heavies » when they come down on you! »

« But, » gasped the censor, « listen to this tripe about attacks, and your wound after you had repulsed them time after time, also your refusal to go away. »

« That's all true, when you understand it, Sir. Wasps is what I mean,—and here's the bite, » (pointing to a muddy looking spot on his neck, somewhat browned with a well-known chemical substance).

« But you liar, you have a lot of gush about the bearing of the men, in the great game when the numbers go up for the bravest of the brave, and that sort of eyewash, » persisted the officer.

« The game of 'House', Sir, » said the digger.

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ENGLISH SPOKEN

ANY PARCEL CAN BE SENT HOME

« A house of cards ; you dirty dog ! » was all the officer could say for a minute while it looked as if his own case had tumbled down like such a house. Then he added to the Sergeant. « Remanded till he gets a job as war correspondent, » with a closing imprecation which fell like a shadow between twinkling eyes.

E.N. Merrington.

(N.B. This does not apply to A.I.F. war correspondents. E.N.M.)

A Fun Stunt

Sunday's Dark Clouds Silverlined

« It is a wet afternoon, so the troops must be entertained. » says Padre Green of the A. G. B. D.

The assistance of the splendid band of the A. I. B. D. was secured and at 2-30 p. m. on last Sunday afternoon commenced an attractive programme in the Cinema Hall. Two hundred men quickly gathered, but the padre thought there were more lonely soldiers in camp so he let them know the fun was on by sending up a « rocket ». The merriment was noisy and joyous. Big numbers were coming in when the padre gave a « parliamentary speech » which raised the camp. The padre's conundrums are as brilliant as the diggers' wit. Sally and repartee rippled and sparkled. Each brilliant stroke of wit was rewarded with a prize from the padre's lucky bag, which bulges with those comforts that delight the diggers' heart, and which the padre gets from — well, he knows where.

The diggers guessed at hidden Bible names, but many had been at the war too long to remember what they had learned at Sunday school. When he explored their treasures by offering prizes for good trench conundrums the fun reached its height. « Why is the Australian Army like a boil? » was asked. « Because the corps is hard to get out » was the quick retort of the long suffering ones. « Why is the Kaiser's moustache like Shamrock? » « Because it grows on the Sod. » was the impolite reply. And when someone asked « Why the Kaiser was born? » the good padre took refuge and called on the band to reply in music. (Our religious editor will not publish the answer which was drowned in screams of laughter). While the band played the diggers wrote on post-cards « The bravest thing we ever saw. » The wag again had his innings, and here are some replies.

« Saw three Anzac Provo Corps Jacks arresting an infuriated puppy dog for barking at the A. P. M. »

« Saw the Pork fighting a rear-guard action with the Beans. »

« Knew an Australian who told his Blighty girl the Truth. »

« When they called for recruits my mother said, Go! »

The imperative note of the « Cook-house » sounded, and the diggers were surprised to know that they had been entertained for an hour and a half. Who said the padre was a wowsler?

Deep regret has been caused by the news that Lieut. Cecil Healy, an Australian champion swimmer, has been killed in action. The deceased Australian was a well known figure in sporting circles. He was a member of the East Sydney Swimming Club, and various surf clubs situated on Sydney beaches. He was one of the Australian representatives at the world's olympic games held in Athens and later at Stockholm. At the latter city his team won the world's teams race. Cecil Healy was a fine stamp of athlete, and was beloved by all he came in contact with. He held various world's swimming records. It is rumoured that the champion was killed while swimming. He was leading his men across the Somme, when he came within range of a machine gun.

A Pardonable Mistake

The Art Gallery, Cinema, and Waacsworks

Visiting Le Havre one day I inquired the way to the Art Gallery. To my surprise, for a time nobody I met knew of such an institution. Three of whom I inquired looked as if they had never heard of such a place anywhere in the world. « Pictures » I explained. Each, in his turn, said « Oh ! you want the Cinema ? » Then I asked another. « Art Gallery ? » he repeated. « There it is, up there. » I walked « up there », and found that the building was the « Galerie du Havre ». A solitary man was gazing up to the topmost storey. He told me the place was occupied by the Waacs. That, I suppose, was the reason for his heavenly aspect. But I began to wonder whether this man, who had directed me to the place, was not a humorist or, more likely, an ultra admirer of the fair. I have on occasions heard a « lady » say of another « She's not an oil painting », and when in search of objects of art, to be directed to a building occupied by feminine soldiers seems to point to the heights of gal (ant) rie. I suppose there is some excuse for this, when a man has spent a long time in barbarous regions. I could imagine that to such a man the pang of departing to meet the Hun must be awful. I can hear him pouring forth his woe in song,

.....
 Ended are all my dreams !
 You must go back to the Waacsworks ;
 I must go back to the line !

And when I come to think of it, I have heard something like that sung to pianoforte accompaniment, not a hundred miles from the Convalescent Camp, after the doctor had marked a man fit. Yet on that occasion I thought it was better to have loved and lost than, like me, never to have loved at all.

A. B. L.

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REFLECTIONS

At the outset a digger is a person clad in khaki and wearing a slouch hat. He is called a soldier, but « scrapper » is more applicable. He also thinks a whole lot in his strange surroundings. In the trenches the digger is quite at home having been reconciled to underground dwellings during this long period of exile from home, under the indefinite heading, « the duration and four months after. »

While in his sandbag Paradise the digger has time for reflection—time taken for that specific purpose, in spite of the disturbing elements of war; he ponders over the supreme question, When is the war going to end ? He derives a certain amount of satisfaction for his effort of mind, when he gets a letter from a pal, who informs him that such and such a pal of the old days is on the staff. The digger is satisfied that to prophesy the end is now more hopeless than ever.

Some diggers try to draw a distinct line of common sense between the Sgt-Major, who instructs the new guard to « march up and down their beat in a smart soldierlike manner » and the cultivation of rounded backs and shoulders, from a heavy pack and a long march.

Food for reflection was amply provided when two diggers stopped near a field, and watched a gun crew at work. Now this gun was in an open field. It was surrounded by sandbags, and painted with the now famous camouflage striped paint. The crew were as busy as ants on a hot rock shining all the brass work. The Sun beat down, and brilliant rays shot forth from the bright metal. Continuing the journey the diggers reflected on the matter. The conclusion arrived at was, that the idea was to blind observers, flyers, and sundry other Hunnish branches of the service.

Thinking over a surprise visit to the Battalion canteen by the R.S.M. a digger with a kindly feeling in his heart for the dice box, was heard to mutter aloud, « Why did the Major stop the crown and anchor game ? » and went straight up to the B.O.R. verandah, and bought a « house » card ? The harvest of reflection brought the consoling thought to the diggers mind. In a game of « house » the proprietor decides how much profit he will take.

And so it goes on. The digger fights hard and thinks hard, but the tired body and brain are stimulated on the greatest reflection of all—What will civie clothes feel like ? The scrapping digger having steered his course on a sea of conflicting emotions will return to himself, and reflect, in future days, on the great war and experiences.

« In Australia » the popular Australian song written and composed by Captain G. C. Neech, 9th Battalion, A. I. F., which is being sung with great success in France and England, can be obtained by application to « The Editor, 'The Digger' Australian Base Depots, France. » Price 2/- or 2 frs 60 cents. Copies forwarded from this office are specially autographed by Captain Neech.

SPORT (continued)

eye was bleeding a good deal, and when the round ended both men were besmattered. The last round was hotly contested. Pascoe cleverly smothered and evaded Marsh's repeated onslaughts. Marsh scored to the body, but Pascoe replied with a left to the jaw. They fought every second of the contest. Pascoe, the winner, was cheered, and Marsh, whose tenacity and gameness brought him the sympathy of the crowd, was loudly cheered.

Ptes Shickerling and Smart, (lightweights) followed. Shickerling was not in good condition, and in the early round flinched badly, when he stopped one or two solid blows. Smart is a boxer with plenty of strength, and there was a good deal of weight behind his fists. He is also a good sport and stood off, when Shickerling bent over from the effects of a blow to the solar plexus. (Right here it would be judicious to record the remarkable sportsmanship which characterises the contests at the Gym. It is shown frequently. No bitterness is ever seen. It is a splendid display of athletics by men, who enjoy the great sport under ideal conditions). The first round was tame, and a few in the crowd were inclined to jeer. In the subsequent rounds the contest got interesting, although it was evident that Shickerling's condition was bad. He fought gamely. Smart scored repeatedly, and the force of some of his blows sent Shickerling back several feet. There were many good exchanges. Shickerling dodged with effect. Towards the finish Shickerling became the aggressor, and scored several times. Smart the winner.

L/Cpl Keran, and Pte Brady put up an exhibition contest. Keran is well known to Gym patrons. Brady is a clever boxer, remarkably nimble on his feet, and he scored time and again with straight lefts followed by rights. Keran smothered a great deal. If exhibitions count for much this one certainly showed Brady to have a fine knowledge of ringcraft.

Ptes Moran and Pearce also put up an exhibition contest. Moran is a young lightweight who has done remarkably well in France. He put up a fine exhibition against Pearce, who, by the way, defeated Theiring in the corps championships at Bailleul.

Ptes Cooper and Liversage (welterweights) fought a draw. They were evenly matched and keen. Cooper did a lot of leading. Liversage smothered a lot, but it was not always too effective. Cooper scored with heavy jabs to the body. In the third round there was a veritable whirlwind of blows. Straights, swings, and uppercuts rained. Cooper did most of the leading, but Liversage was equally effective in defence.

Pte Buhl and L/Cpl Cullen put up a remarkable contest, which caused a good deal of merriment. They fought each other to a standstill, and in the second and third rounds they were exhausted, and simply smacked each other where they could. The house roared with laughter. They stood toe to toe and exchanged light ineffective « whacks » to the head. What leading there was Buhl did, and he secured the decision. Lieut Snow was cheered, when he said

that the contest showed « good sportsman ship and courage. »

Heavyweights Sgt Erbacher and Pte Bonnett provided the last contest. The big men fought all round the ring. Bonnett did a lot of leading, and he was quick to score, but in the hot close work Erbacher was effective. There were many lively exchanges. Bonnett scored with left and right, and Erbacher replied with effective jabs. Bonnett was quick in sparring. There was a good deal of open long range fighting. In the clinches both smothered well. There was a little wrestling in the close fighting, but it was a good contest, and the decision, a draw, was applauded.

HOCKEY

On Wednesday, the 2nd inst., the Con Camp team met the 52nd Stationary Hospital at the Base Cricket Ground. The Con Camp was represented by — Wells, Bartlett, Bahen, Erbacher, Pont, Olger, Lambert, Moss, Greig, Murray, and Vawser. Sgt Moody acted as referee. From the outset the bright yellow jerseys of the 52nd were easily distinguished around the vicinity of the Con. « goalie », who was kept very busy as shown by the half time scores, — 52nd, 3 goals, Con. Camp, nil. After the interval the hospital team did not have all the say. The Aussies were the aggressors, and within ten minutes, had scored two goals in brilliant style. The goals were scored by Pont and Bartlett. Occasionally their opponents would break away, but the Con. Camp backs were sound, and operations were quickly transferred. Bartlett scored another goal with a lightning shot. Just before the final bell sounded the 52nd forwards secured and rushed the ball into the Con. territory. A general melee followed in front and the result was the 52nd scored, and won by one goal. The final scores were. — 52nd Stationary Hospital, 4 goals; Con. Camp, 3 goals. The following Con. Camp players are worthy of mention for their fine display; Bartlett, Greig, Bahen, Wells, Erbacher, and Moss.

Cricket

On Thursday 26th Sept., the 1st A. C. D. played the M. F. P. Havre, at Rouelles Sports Ground. The match resulted in a win for the Con Camp by 7 wickets and 84 runs.

Scores: Con Camp, 3 wickets for 130 (Spr. Burt 43, Capt Robertson 40, L/C Davis 13, and Pte Souter 15 not out.) M F P. 46 (Denton 17 not out.)

Bowling: Con Camp: L/c O'Neill 5 for 8, Pte Gray 3 for 8, Pte Souter 1 for 2. M.F.P. Strand 1 for 27. Hooper 1 for 46.

Last Sunday evening the Yellow Dandies concert party visited the headquarters of the British Expeditionary Force Canteens, Havre. The visit was arranged by S/Sgt Churchill, A.G.B.D. Canteen. It was the first time the party showed there. The Australians gave a fine performance, which was greatly appreciated. Speaking of the supper which followed, the Dandies said that « banquet was the more suitable word. » As to the « lady », with her painted face and flowing curls, an officer claimed « her » as his own, but « she » refused the invitation to stay.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN:

By Frank Jarbo

Do you remember — ah! that wistful phrase,
Which evokes the voice, and makes the eye grow dim,
When mother, father, sister, sweetheart, wife
Gather round and softly speak of him;
Do you remember when?

Do you remember — ah! that tender phrase,
Which takes us back again across the seas,
When pal to pal in dugout, camp or billet
Recall the days of pleasure and of ease;
Do you remember when?

Do you remember — ah! that whispered phrase,
Which renders harsh words tender, voices soft,
When 'er we speak of brave things done in battle
Of men, who've done their bit and gone aloft;
Do you remember when?

Do you remember — ah! that magic phrase,
Which visions it will conjure up in after years
When all this wretched war and strife is o'er
And we have flung it with this vale of tears;
Do you remember when?

But what of those, who cannot say, Do you remember?
Who could — but would not join us in the fight;
How they will feel when camp fire yarns are passing,
And they sit strangely silent in the night,
Do you remember when?

Thank God! I came and helped to fight the battle,
And did my little bit with other men
Shared all their hard hips, joys and sorrows,
And learnt to say "Do you remember when?"

During the past week there has been much handshaking in connection with the departure of the 1914 men for Australia. If ever any men deserved a holiday to their native land it is the men, who were the first to enlist, and have been over four years away from their homes. Suffice it is to say that without exception everyone wishes them « good luck », and a safe journey home. C. S. M. J. Harding, and S/Sgt A. Earnshaw, of the A. G. B. D. Staff, were farewelled at a gathering of N. C. O's last week. Both were remarkably popular in the depot, and they were given a great send-off. C. S. M. Tredrea, President of the Sergeants' Mess, presented both N. C. O's, with valuable and useful presents on behalf of the members of the Mess.

All ranks are warned against accepting French 50 centimes, 1 franc and 2 franc pieces, bearing Napoléon III head. These coins have no value as currency, and if sold to a bank would not realise their full value. This warning is again issued in view of the fact that a great number of these coins remain in circulation despite previous warnings.

Austrian Peace Proposals -- Yank Views

Private Doughboy. « I have left all those matters to my lawyer Mr T. W. Wilson, of Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. I refer you to him, and don't bother me. I'm dog-gone busy. »

Private Gloom. « You may tell Charles of Austria that his proposition interests me strangely. »

Corporal Roughneck. « You may quote me as saying that I ain't in no humour to discuss peace with that guy. »

Sergeant Flintblock. « Git! I'm busy. »

The Yellow Dandies have secured a popular entertainer in Joe Hurley, a fine impersonator. Joe has toured Australia with many theatrical parties, and during the last six months has pleased large soldier audiences in England.

AUSTRALIAN BOXERS IN EXCITING CONTESTS

English Athletes defeat Game men

Great interest centred in the series of boxing contests which were decided at the Lozarde Valley Boxing Club's pavilion on Thursday night. A few weeks back when a programme of international events were decided in the Con Camp Gymnasium, the Australians did not suffer defeat; but on this occasion, out of our contests in which they took part, they won one and lost three. The Aussies have no regrets. They were defeated by better men, but they fought with remarkable grit and determination, and gained the cheers of the large audience.

The principal item of the evening was a six round contest between Charley Moran, A.I.F., and Dvr Rossi, R.F.A. These men met on a previous occasion, and after an exciting contest the verdict was a draw. Moran fought cleverly. He was quick and elusive, and smothered well. Rossi was aggressive, and appeared to do most of the work. Both were remarkably quick on their feet. Rossi, who is quite a veteran at the game, kept ahead of the Australian. Moran is a young boxer, who has come to the fore in recent events under the able tuition of Sgt. J. O'Donnell. The latter is enjoying Blighty leave, and Moran missed his trainer and adviser. Moran however did well. With more experience he should be hard to beat. Rossi did a lot of leading. He was all round the ring as nimble as a cat and quick and sure. Moran would wait his opportunity, and uncovering himself from his effective smother, send home heavy upper-

cuts. Rossi gained the verdict on points. Both men were loudly cheered for their clever display.

Cpl Bonnett, A.I.F., put up a game contest against Gnr Feathers, R.G.A. Both fought strongly, but in the second round Feathers scored with a decisive blow to the head. Bonnett became groggy, but he fought with remarkable pluck. Feathers' blows fell heavily, although Bonnett scored as often, but with less effect. It was a stirring fight, and the boxers received an ovation. Bonnett was in a bad way towards the end of the fourth round, and the towel was thrown.

Pte Pascoe, A.I.F. made short work of Rfn Bradsha, Rifle Bde.

The Australian never gave his man a rest. He fought with remarkable tenacity, scoring with both hands. The fight was stopped in the second round; Pascoe an easy winner.

Pte Lee, A.I.F. was knocked out by Pte Robson, R.G.A. in the second round. Lee was outmatched by a much bigger man. He fought gamely, but was not equal to his opponent.

Pte J. Monaghan, A.I.F., at the close of an exhibition by Bandsman Rice, the noted English boxer, who fought many contests in Australia, accepted the Englishman's challenge for a contest.

The following were successful in the other contests, Pte Banks, A.O.C. Pte Brady, Royal Innis. Fus., and Pte Roberts, London Regt.

STIRRING NOVICE CONTESTS

The Con Camp Gymnasium was again crowded last Monday evening to witness a big programme of boxing and wrestling contests. Three exhibition bouts had been arranged, but interest centred in the meeting of eager novices. There were many fine contests — some humorous, others keenly fought with a deep knowledge of the manly art. The more exciting boxing contests usually absorb more interest than wrestling, that is, from the spectators standpoint, but the eager athletic interest taken in scientific wrestling at the Gym, has been the feature of recent contests. The Con Camp is fortunate in having such a versatile and champion instructor in Billy Meeske. Big men create a high standard in all branches of the athletic world, and are an example to the ambitious novice. In ordinary times it is easy to get in touch with the big men in any game, but in the extraordinary war conditions Australian soldier athletes are fortunate in having a wrestler like Meeske to instruct them.

Lieut. Snow, who has just returned from a brief visit to Blighty, was in his old position as M. C., Captain Chaplain Robertson, and Sgt Billy Meeske acted as referees for the boxing and wrestling respectively.

WRESTLING

Lightweights, Ptes Mook and Jones were the first to enter the ring. There was very little preliminary sparring. Both were keen and were soon on the mat, with Jones underneath. Mook tried the half nelson, but by a quick movement Jones secured a strong body grip, and swinging Mook right over nearly secured a fall. Jones secured a crutch hold, and after twisting Mook round on his head, forced him to his shoulders thus securing first fall in one minute. On resuming Mook made a great effort, and rushed Jones against the ropes striving eagerly for an effective body grip. Jones quickly evaded the onslaught, and again securing a crutch hold had Mook in difficulties. He also secured an extended arm hold, and by sheer force nearly made both shoulders meet the mat, but the gong saved Mook. In the last bout events moved rapidly. Jones secured a waist hold, and in twelve seconds had secured second fall.

Pte Williams and Spr McIntosh, (middleweights) put up a fine contest. McIntosh failed with a neck hold. It was evident that while McIntosh was remarkably quick and elusive, he did not possess the great strength of his opponent. On the mat Williams tried a waist and arm hold, but McIntosh quickly freed himself. They were up in a second. Williams was the aggressor, but McIntosh

FIXTURES

Y. M. C. A. Fixtures for the week are as follows:
LISMORE-CINEMA. — A. G. B. D. and Con Camp.

TUESDAY. — Sgt. Hayes. Lecture, Egypt

WEDNESDAY. — Service.

THURSDAY. — Mr Berry, Lecture.

FRIDAY. — Mr. Shirey's Party.

SATURDAY. — Yellow Dandies.

A. I. B. D.

TUESDAY. — Miss West's Party.

WEDNESDAY. — Service.

THURSDAY. — R. G. A. Concert Party.

FRIDAY. — Yellow Dandies.

Con. Camp. Gym

MONDAY. — Boxing and Wrestling

Geelong Library Club, Club meets every Tuesday from 5 to 6 p. m.

again tricked his man who attempted a throw with a strong waist hold. They both put in quick exciting work. In the second round, McIntosh got Williams under, but he was too strong to move. McIntosh moved with remarkable alacrity. He was cheered for his quick work when on the defensive, but it was only a question of time. Williams secured a cross buttock hold, and in a flash secured a fall. The time was 2 min 12 secs. In the last round both men wrestled eagerly, and McIntosh was in difficulties when the contest ended.

Then followed an exhibition bout between Sgt J. Harper, and Sgt Billy Meeske. Harper was a leading light-weight wrestler in Australia before the war. He was not in the best of condition owing to strenuous times (in another place), but he gave a fine exhibition. The crowd cheered the clever work of both men. In the few minutes contest practically every hold was displayed to its greatest effect.

BOXING

Ptes Pascoe and Marsh put up one of the best contests of the evening. Marsh is a dogged aggressive fighter with plenty of determination and strength. He knows no fear, and can take punishment without flinching. He put up a game contest, but was cleverly outpointed. There was no sparring, both men going eagerly into the contest. Pascoe scored with a straight left to the face. Marsh was as tenacious as a bulldog, and forced Pascoe round the ring. Pascoe was clever. He smothered and dodged with effect, and like lightning scored with both hands. Marsh found his mark with heavy jabs. Pascoe was continually on the defense. Marsh's forceful tactics repeatedly brought him trouble, and he received a nasty cut over the left eye from a well directed straight right. When the second round opened Marsh was again into it. Round the ring they went, Pascoe backing away from a determined onslaught, but he cleverly fought it down. Marsh scored to the body with solid punches, but there were many noticeable misses. Both bled from the nose, Marsh's left cheek near the

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PRICE ONE PENNY

FIGHTING AUSTRALIANS IN FRANCE

Do they undervalue their Comrades

Sir Arthur CONAN DOYLE Answered

To praise and, at the same time, deliver a reprimand, is about as futile and absurd as any scheme, by which flattery is used to shield admonition. Both do more harm than good. Any man is entitled to form his own opinion, and if necessary, give expression to it, but there are some matters on which depends the national morale and stability, and it is in this connection, that the keen susceptibilities of the race should be diplomatically dealt with. There is no greater strength in diplomacy than discretion, and the peculiar vicissitudes of life are studies for the great men, who speak and decide on grave problems directly concerning the people.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a well-known novelist in all English speaking countries. He recently visited the Australian battle front, and in describing his impressions in the London «Times» (republished in the «Daily Mail») said,—«They are great soldiers, these Australians. There is a reckless daredevilry, combined with a spice of cunning, which gives them a place of their own in the Imperial ranks. They have a great advantage, too, in having a permanent organisation, the same five divisions always in the same corps, under the same chief. None the less, they must not undervalue their British comrades or lose their sense of proportion. I had a chance of addressing some 1,200 of them upon our return that evening, and while telling them all that I thought of their splendid deeds, I ventured to remind them that 72 per cent of the men, and 76 per cent, of the casualties, were Englishmen.» To the outsider reading such an impression, it would be reasonable to imagine, that Sir Arthur had some grave reason for saying that the Australians must not undervalue their British comrades, or lose their sense of proportion. Had he lived with the Australians, and understood thoroughly the many circumstances which had evidently prompted him to speak, he would have appreciated the position more clearly, and recognised that it would have been discreet to say nothing.

No right thinking Australian forgets his relatively small proportion in France. To have suggested anything to the contrary now, would be as futile as if an Australian had praised and then lectured an English army for inevitable idle talk caused by an unfortunate circumstance.

It is interesting to quote the dispatch of our Commander-in-chief, Sir Douglas Haig, on April 22, 1918, when the position in France gave rise to grave

doubts. He said,—«The whole behavior of the Australians in these battles since they first came in to help to hold the German advance at the end of March has been superb.» Sir Douglas Haig detailed the wonderful successes gained by the Australians at this critical period. Referring to the share of the Australians in the recapture of Villers-Bretonneaux on April 24 and 25 he said,—«It was an admirably planned coup, and most vigorously executed, resulting, besides the recapture of ground, in the taking of a large number of prisoners and the killing of a great number of the enemy. In the fighting in the north he said,—«there was never a moment in this fighting when, to use the slang phrase, the Australians were not «all over» the enemy. This dispatch is quoted to show the great compliment paid, by Britain's greatest soldier and leader during these critical times, to the men from the South. It is sufficient to say that they had fought fiercely, when the call for fierce fighting came. However, that is past. Great work has been done by every army in the field regardless of proportion. Each in its turn has fought to the limit. There may be some who forget the justice of proportion, but idle talkers and effeminate caddlers can be left by the wayside. They are not the nation, or the soul of the people. Australians do not underestimate the valor or strength of their comrades in arms. They are 12,000 miles from home, fighting as keenly as any human being can for an ideal, and from an Australian point of view, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was guilty of a grave indiscretion in «reminding them» on subjects which they are fully aware of, being always prepared to give the greatest credit and admiration to their comrades. Australians have a fine sense of fairplay, and in their proportion will always do their damndest for their Empire, and the compliments of military chiefs must be justified. Idle talkers in all countries can be left to their own fate, and impressionists like Sir Arthur should remember that such men do not represent the soul of a nation.

There are 22 nations at war with Germany, and her Allies. They are,—Great Britain, France, America, Brazil, China, Cuba, Czecho-Slovak, Greece, Guatemala, Hayiti, Honduras, Japan, Liberia, Montenegro, Italy, Nicaragua, Panama, Portugal, Russia, Serbia, and Siam.

AUSTRALIA AND AMERICA

The Starry Emblems

The Stars and Stripes, the Southern Cross,
Stand side by side for liberty;
The battle breeze the twain unfurl
To mingle in fraternity.
We both have sailed the deepest seas,
And mocked the prey infesting them;
We both have trod the fields of France
In unity contesting them.

We both have tramped the long white road
That leads to Glory or to Death.
Or, resting 'neath the skies of France,
We both, in spirit, feel the breath
That daily our Creator sends
Instilling courage into us,
With love of freedom, country, home
And honor oft provoking us.

«Fight on!» The motto stands for both,
But «Smite on!» in the midst of it,
And while our banners float on high,
The foe may well beware of it.
The Stars and Stripes, the Southern Cross,
Stand side by side for liberty—
Hats off! Grip hands and raise your glass,
Then shake and pledge fraternity.

VISITORS TO BASE

Consult Order Boards



New Annual. When are the best places to go to in France?
Old Hand. Here's a list of 'em dupper in Routing Orders.

The American Food Controller figures on sending to feed the Yanks, and the Allies 17,550,000 tons of meats, fats, breadstuffs, sugar, and grain feeds for the year ending June 30th 1919.

5000 members of the W.O.C. are leaving America for France to take up the work of typing and keeping records. The uniform will be simple, the women will be billeted in hotels, not march in formation or observe the salute.

There are indications in England of an early winter. The cuckoo left early. The coal situation is grave too!

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BASE CONCERT PARTY

ENERGETIC PREPARATION

Rehearsing Begun

Keen interest is being taken in the formation of the Base Concert Party, embracing the A.I.B.D. and A.G.B.D. under the personal supervision of Staff Captain R.M. Marks. During the past week a good deal of talent was « tried out » with success.

The formation of this party, which is to have the assistance the Australian Orchestra, was only recently begun, but events have moved so rapidly, that it is quite on the cards that the opening performance will take place in about a fortnight's time.

Martin Keith, who, in civil life, was producer to George Willoughby, is acting in a similar capacity for the new party. Alan Bailey, late of the Australs, is stage manager. The name of the party is being selected by popular ballot amongst the diggers. A good many suggestions were received during the week, but the competition will end, Wednesday, October 16th. All suggestions are to be forwarded to the « Editor, « The Digger » Australian Base Depots, France. »

The new party will be semi-pierrot. It is intended to depart from the beaten track in every way. In every programme, it is proposed to have a distinct change in scenery and costumes. The headquarters of the party will be at the A.I.B.D. Cinema. Professional and amateur artists are invited to call at the Cinema any morning after 9 a.m. A splendid scenic artist has been obtained, and the new party will have elaborate costumes and setting.

The Commonwealth treasurer announces that it has been decided to pass legislation compelling everyone to subscribe to Australia's new war loan of £ 40,000,000. The Bill provides for a fine equally twice the amount of a man's income tax, while enforcement of the penalty fails to absolve him from the obligation to subscribe the amount demanded.

Referring to the furlough granted to the original Anzacs the Minister for Defence, Senator, G. F. Pearce, said that in connection with the policy of returning men, it should be clearly understood that in the selection of the men to be so treated, no pressure could be exercised from Australia. The matter was entirely in the hands of the authorities abroad.

Our Letter Box

Farrier... Pas bon. Swivel.. Overdone. Good in places, but cannot pass. J. M.... Not original. E.T.P. (Miss) Tooting. Eng. We agree that no race in the world can control the heart,
 « For fleecy locks, and dark complexion
 Cannot alter natures claim ;
 Skies may differ, but affection
 Dwells in white, and black the same. »

That certainly solves the Anzac Bride problem. B.A.M... The rumour, that 1915 men are to be the next to go home, is as usual a rumour, and very much so. G.A.... Unsuitable. A.D.... There was much giggling in our social room, when your skit was read, but this paper is published under Australian conditions not French. We are not competing against the Melbourne « Truth ». Private... Verse on Waacs and glowworms cannot pass.

CHRISTMAS STORY COMPETITION

Write Yours Now

The following open literary competition has been arranged in connection with the Christmas « Digger ».

- For the best Xmas story of 2000 words 20 fr.
- Best humorous story of 500 words 15 fr.
- Best original poem..... 15 fr.
- Best original joke..... 10 fr.

The closing date for manuscripts is November 15th.

Seal, sign, and deliver or post your contribution to « The Editor, 'The Digger', Australian Base Depots, France.

Endorse envelopes « Christmas Story Competition. » Also state clearly if you desire manuscripts to be returned.

The right to use any contribution other than prize winners is reserved.

General PAU

Eulogy of Australians

General Pau, the noted French General, who is visiting Australia with the French Mission says.—I am going to visit the homes of the brave lads of Australia, who, united with the Mother Country, are defending the cause of the just independence of the nation. I will be able to see the mothers, sisters, and wives of the boys who are fighting in France ; feeling sure that the hearts of the Australian people are in full sympathy with the cause. I admire the Australians firm attitude, manly faces, physique, and confidence, which are daily displayed on the fields of the Aisne and the Somme. The French will never forget the help the Australians have given in saving the crops and chapels which would otherwise have fallen into enemy hands. They cannot overthank General Monash. The Australian flag has floated by ours for three years, and will be honored and loved by everyone in France. »

VIA SOUTH AFRICA

Aussies en route to England

The following is a fine description of the visit of Australian soldiers to Capetown, en route to England.

The « south-easter » is raging in the city. Great masses of white cloud obscure the face of the mountain. The trees groan and shake and fling their green-covered boughs about, locking and interlacing. Papers and odd bits of rubbish blow down the streets towards the pier, where the flags flutter madly. Men cling to their hats. Women endeavor vainly to keep their skirts down. Along the Dock Road the sand and dust of the road are mingled with the soot and coal from the trains. The banner, bearing a message of welcome, flaps against grey walls of the rather unprepossessing building to which I am hurrying, and which is to provide rest, entertainment and refreshment for weary men, far from home, going to the grimest and most deadly of games. Inside, the very bare ugly building has been transformed by flags until it bears quite a cheerful aspect. The last orange has just been placed in position; the last plate of buns carried to its appointed place, and the tea just ready for serving, when the strains of martial music herald the approach of our visitors. From the Dock Road they come, a continuous mass of khaki-clad men, wearing the now familiar emblem on their hats, and the loosely fitting uniform. Nearer and nearer they come, the standards fluttering in the wind. We go to the windows and wave our dishcloths at them, our jugs, our handkerchiefs, and they wave their hands in return. In they march, a never ending stream of khaki-clad men, a bewildering number, dusty, weary and thirsty, with deep rings of dust and soot under their eyes. The heavy tramp of their feet echoes and re-echoes as they march company by company to their seats. With big jugs of tea we hurry round the tables filling their cups and refilling them again and again. They have had a long route march, and the tea, the only decent tea, they say they have tasted since leaving home, is much appreciated. The men smile and are cheery, and are communicative, and only too eager to tell us all about themselves, their homes, their families. They show us photos of their camps, their homes, their people; they beg a ribbon or flower as a souvenir. The men are eager to give and gather information. The evening concert follows. When the concert is over the officers blow their whistles, a few curt orders are given, and the men file out company by company. Into the wind-swept dust-laden streets we go, our tongues quiet, our hearts heavy. The khaki-clad mass is marching along the road to the ship which is to carry them to the far distant shores of a strange country.

M.B. (Capetown).

The racing fixtures for the various States have been decided on by the Board of Control for the limitation of racing as follows.—New South Wales 716 ; Victoria 284 ; Queensland 477 ; South Australia 82.

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The Horse at War
With the Canadians
 Every arm of the service has its d-vete. The navy with its varied forms of activity from submarine diving to trawling all appeal to special sections. In the army, whether it be artillery, infantry, machine gunners, bomb throwers, trench mortar batteries, engineers, transport, railway tractor drivers, red cross, or A.M.C., all gain distinction and public appreciation. The flying men get their share of due admiration; but man's faithful friend, uncomplainingly does his « bit » just for the grub that is given. His mule-headed half-brother is his companion in arms. A Canadian Horse Hospital somewhere in France is delightfully situated on an eminence where the sea is visible in the distance. The place covers about 20 acres of land. In this Canadian hospital from 1000 to 2000 horses and mules are continually under treatment. Every horse and mule is dealt with systematically. He has a medical sheet and on it is recorded the age, size, color, ailments, and treatment, and to what division he belongs. The new comer who is usually a casualty from the forward area is kept apart from the old « lead-swingers ». Then the new hand, after being duly recorded at the orderly room, is run through a shallow race to wash his legs; then enticed further along with a whip behind, to make him take a plunge bath in a narrow excavation three feet wide and seven feet deep. The horse is urged on until his fore-legs rest on an iron plate and then when the weight of the body is added, down drops this trap with the suddenness of a hangman's door, and the horse is precipitated into a mixture of disinfectant. The horse is lost to view for a moment or two, then emerges snorting and scrambling up the incline, shaking the liquid off his frame with a bit of vigorous exercise and presumably cursing the Kaiser, while getting rid of the chats.

Refractory Mules and Horses
 Mules and horses that are refractory are put in the clink. These « bad boys » get their four legs hobbled together. One Jack gets him by the ear, and keeps his head down with the weight of a horse-policeman's body. Another John holds the tail in an upward and extended position. Then the blacksmith and his satellites put on the shoes. What damage can a mule do under such undignified circumstances? The Isolation Hospital was next visited. This is for horses and mules suffering from contagious diseases, such as ringworm, etc. The next are those suffering from cattarrh or one might say « horse pneumonia ». The next division is the casualty ward. This is where the surgeon finds ample scope for his skill. The variety of wounds among the transport and artillery horses is as great as those among the men. Bullet wounds from rifle, machine guns, shell cases, shrapnel, and bombs all come here. The vagaries of erratic bullets and flying shell splinters are infinite and the operations performed are wonderful.

Operating Theatre
 At the operating theatre a mule was getting the nerves of his fore-legs removed to cure his lameness. The room is scrupulously clean and spotlessly white. It is lighted by fourteen windows, and on the floor is a padded canvas bed upon which the mule is placed in a prone position for operation. The animal is gradually thrown down by drawing the hobbles on the fore and hind legs together and upsetting his equilibrium. The animal is then chloroformed. With three attendants and a large outfit of surgical implements the Captain lances the leg on both sides just above the joint over the hoof, severs the nerves, and in less than a hour the mule is unconscious of having bad legs which cause him pain, because the « telegraph » wire to the brain have been severed. The medical sheet showed that the animal's age was 9 years, height 15 hands, and he belonged to the 3rd Machine Gun Battery A.I.F. Thus one gets a view of animal life behind the lines. In this well kept camp 500 men are engaged. Every man has had experience in the forward area, and know the actualities of war. The horses are clipped with Wolsley electric clippers. They make a first class job in 20 minutes. The modern horse hospital is an example of the present scientific times.

It is said that an R.Q.M.S. of the A.G.B.D. took a Waac's coat in mistake for his own from a certain tea shop in town. A lady writes, « Is this the latest kind of souvenir or camouflage, or does the dear boy fancy himself in a high waist line. »

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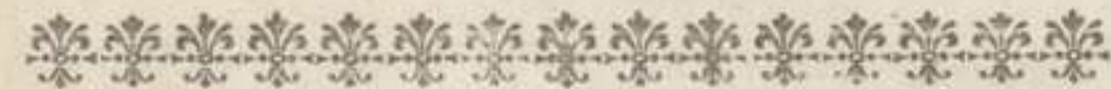
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Le Havre

The Diggers' Wit

The average digger may not pose on the stage as a humorist, but whenever you find him in his native condition, he has his funny side. The « stunts » held by padres to amuse his idle hours never fail to produce specimens of his wit, as well as his wisdom. A prize of a tinned plum pudding was recently placed under « Direct Observation » as the reward for the best description of « Australia », written on half a post-card. The audience is both judge and jury, voting is by shouting « good », or « wash-out »; and then « good » or « excellent », or even « super-excellent ! » The cards come to the padre's hand, and are read aloud. One is a direct hit on the target :

« Australia for mine is a good 'un;
I wish you would hand me that puddin. »
Another has an eye to the main chance:—
« Aussie is a bonnie place,
So is Blighty too;
That pudding makes me hungry;
Say, Dig, its up to you ! »

Roars of laughter greet these « wags; » but the prize for the funny bits went to the author of this sentence, which was voted best :—

« When this cruel war is over, I will return unto my father in Australia and say unto him — « Stand at ease ! » »

Here are some more; which gained lesser prizes.

« Too many bosses in the army,
Drive the diggers balmy;
The only place we had no boss
Was in the land of the Southern Cross. »

Pithy is this word, — « Australia, the 1914 man's next objective ! » While a man, evidently not wearing a red chevron, writes:—

« Land of Sunshine and blossom ;
Out of Bounds to all Australian Troops. »

The following more serious effort gained the chief prize. It is an acrostic on the letters of Australia:—

« Awakened to fame
Understanding Kultur's aim,
Sent her brave sons
To stem the rush of Huns;
Right well she stood the test,
« Anzac » has claimed her best;
Loving liberty and life,
Instantly she joined the strife -
Australia shall be free ! »

A week later, a competition was announced on the following subject, « What terms of Peace would I dictate to Germany. » The funny man's prize went to the author of this :— « Hand the Kaiser over to the diggers in the Bulford Hospital ! » The sentence which the diggers pronounced on Germany by their vote was this :—

« Treat Germany as she would have treated us if the positions were reversed — unconditional surrender ! »

E. N. Merrington.

A little Tommy was riding a mule that had got out of control. The half-bred was careering along with his ears back, a look of devilry in his eye, and his rickety uneven gait was aggravated by the rough road. « Hallo, Choom ! » shouted a digger, « where are you going ? » As the mule galloped by the Woodbine yelled, « I'm ---- if I know; but it ain't the way I want to go ».

« SOME » TANKS

In a letter to his fiancée a digger gave the following description of tanks.

They can do up prisoners in bundles like straw-binders, and, in addition, have an adaption of a printers machine which enables them to catch the Huns, fold, count, and deliver them in quires; every thirteenth man being thrown out a little further than the others. The tanks can truss refractory prisoners like fowls prepared for cooking, while their equipment renders it possible for them to charge into a crowd of Huns, and by shooting out spokes like porcupine quills carry off an opponent on each. Though « stuck up » the prisoners are, needless to say, by no means proud of their position. They can chew up barbed wire, and turn it into munitions. As they run they slash their tails, and clear away trees, houses, howitzers, and anything else in the vicinity. They turn over on their backs, and catch live shells in their caterpillar feet, and they can easily be adapted as submarines ; in fact, most of them crossed the channel in this guise. They loop the loop, travel forwards, sideways, and backwards, not only with equal speed, but all at the same time. They spin round like a top only far more quickly, dig themselves in, bury themselves, scoop out a tunnel, and come out again ten miles away in half an hour. »

ORDERLY ROOM SCENE

C.O. What's this mans name

Sub. *Gunn*, sir.,

C.O. What's he been doing

Sub. Tried to *blow up* the Q.M. sir.

C.O. O ! did he ! I wondered what all

the noise was about.

Sub. What will we *charge* him with

C.O. Better charge him with *dynamite*

Sub. What have you to say *Gunn*.

Gunn. I think the chaps who caught me were a bit *premature*, sir.

C.O. What is this man like in his company ?

Sub. A bit of a *dud*, sir.

C.O. I think we had better *let him off*. *Gunn* you are discharged. Mr. Brown will you see that *the report* goes through to No 14.



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REPATRIATION

Padre Merrington's Address

A very large crowd of diggers was present in the A. I. B. D. Cinema on Sunday evening last when Padre Merrington gave an address on Repatriation. In view of the news regarding the surrender of Bulgaria his remarks were of special interest to those present. Colonel Merrington is ex-President of the Queensland branch of the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia, and has been authorised to speak for the League on this side. He pointed out that as the nation was preparing for peace, soldiers should also prepare for repatriation. It should mean, not merely « as you were » before the war, but « a step » upwards after doing one's duty during the struggle. Australia was fully alive to the importance of this great problem, and had raised large sums to give partial effect to the re-establishment of her soldiers in civil life. The Commonwealth Government had given Cabinet rank to this department, Senator Millen being the Minister for Repatriation. A fine scheme had been drafted, and the Minister was always eager to receive suggestions for improving the proposals that had been made. Prior to official steps being taken, the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia, which was the official body of discharged soldiers, had been very active in advocating preference for returned men in all forms of employment. They knew how much surgery was doing to remove the reproach that had existed after past wars whereby a degraded and dissipated individual was permitted to stand as the type of the man « home from the war », and who with his wooden leg, was caricatured in common speech by « dot and carry one ». But God helped those who helped themselves; and this principle applied to repatriation. A slice of land was no use to a man who was ignorant of farming; and a position was no use to a man who could not fill it. That was where the A. I. F. Education scheme came in, to train men for future usefulness. But still more was required. The greatest asset of the man, and of the nation, was character. The standing of Australians in regard to character needed no defence; but there were dangers ahead during the transition stage from khaki to mufti. The true repatriation for those who had stood the strain and shocks of army life at the front and elsewhere was spiritual and moral repatriation. The returned men in Australia had found that alcohol was one of the greatest hindrances to efficiency in civil life, especially in view of the mistaken hospitality which was offered to the men from the front; and which was not infrequently so much camouflage by a man who had stayed at home, and who, instead of doing his duty overseas, now made a great show of patriotism by shouting drinks to returned soldiers. He urged all soldiers to join the League on their return to Australia, to stand together for their common interests, and for the true development of Australia as a nation within the Empire. After the American civil war public life was led for a gene-

ration by the men who had fought in the war; and in Australia the soldiers of today should be the leaders of tomorrow, for they represented the real Australia at the present time.

Having shown that no external help could set a man up after the war unless he had the spiritual and moral strength to repatriate himself he urged the men present to hear the call of home and of God with those thoughts in mind, and to remember that the soul of all repatriation was the repatriation of the soul.

“ DIGGER ” FRENCH

« Lofty » in our unit was a marvel. He was a travelling encyclopaedia of useless information stretched into 6 feet 3 in of humanity. He could run, jump, box, sing, recite and play indifferently. We all looked up to - Lofty. » A bunch of us got leave, and went down to gay « Poree » on a soldiers « express ». « Lofty » was in his element. He knew the route we were going, where we would stop, what time we would get there, how to get grub, and who had the best and cheapest « vin blanc ». « Lofty » knew the latest from the war quicker than the « Daily Mail ». The « long un » hadn't been on old Gallip or Lemnos, but knew more about those historic spots than the whole Anzac Provost Corps. It was not knowledge. It was inspiration. When « Lofty » spoke all of us small fry held our breath. We landed in the Capitol, and the mademoiselles were dazzling. Our eyes wandered from the camouflaged cheeks, and our thoughts drifted from the sweet scent of Araby down to the pavement, and the dainty feet. It is a relief to the mind to have a change from gazing at boots 9/5's army issue, to little pinch-toed, high-heeled steppers. As we were raptuously gazing « the wind blew the dust in the bad man's eye. »

« Lofty » breasted up to a beautiful, butterfly Parisienne, and said in his best French, « Voulez vous Mam'moiselle, Parley voo Armantieres, cofferah donnah, bong swore, san-fairy-ann, toot sweet, tray-b-hanged, mercy, bon sauntie; can you tell us the way allée same to the Noter Dam ? » We all started with open mouthed wonderment at « Lofty's » marvellous flow of liquid French, when the dainty little lady, with a sweet smile, replied in perfect English, « Pardon me ! If Monsieur would just speak English, I would understand him much better ! » That settled « Lofty ». It knocked the halo off his topmast, and now he says he is « fed up » with the blanky place, and wants to go home.

“ AMOUR ”

A thought, a smile, a word — and love grew.
It is a little deed that has the power
To change a life's smooth course; grey skies no blue;
The misty morn to sunlit hills; a dying flower
To softly scented life. The music of the sea,
And wafted perfumes of a summer night
All turn to love, and love that tells of thee.
It needs no draught of rich enchanted wine
To fill the world with gladness, kill despair;
Instead, a tender look, a pair of eyes that shine,
A tear of joy, a love kiss and a prayer,
Two soft red lips, a strong and loving arm.
If all the world were dead, what would they care?
Love lives for love — and love alone fills all with peace and calm.



Here lies the remains of a « full issue » testifying of the love of his unit and devotion to duty of a quartermaster. May this dump be an example to all responsible persons who pass by, and be it known that this is the resting place of a tried and true friend — an ever present help in time of trouble.

AUSTRALIA - THE BIRTH OF A NATION

After the War

To the Editor of « The Digger ».

Sir,

Your leader of the 29th ultimo, on the realisation of national ideals gives much room for thought. With us to day in the present chaotic state of affairs « democracy », « political economy », and « national ideals » are dangerous and I opine previous; security first must be every mans motto. « Young Australia » is very young. He does not worry his elastic mind with such principles of nationalism except where they touch his pocket, and so party claws have gained a hearty grip. We must have none of this subterfuge, and gold may win transient power, but power transient only. Take these poor props away and-chaos.

No ! the power behind the throne, behind good government is the party that thinks for itself—that wonderful—because it is not known publically—secret reserve, the « floating vote ». These are the men who form the best in Auslian political life. The men who think, and to them and them alone can we look to deal fairly by us in the days « after the war. » But we must also help ourselves and strongly. Strong men are respected; weak men go to the wall. The wide seas of national politics are everywhere strewn with the wreckage of broken vows and promises. There is no need to labor this; it is known only too well. Do not think for one moment that Australians at home are one whit less selfish commercially than the people of England. The Mother Country—the greatest of all—has proved herself in her wars of history unable, and even unwilling, to bear the just financial burden of her promises. Her workhouses have been full of broken heroes. I do not say England has not charged for the better, but public greed is none the less, and forewarned is to be forearmed!

We may yet see again a resuscitation of the « cold shoulder » from men well in at home well in, perhaps, in your job, or my job; men who waited for you to go, and then quickly married, or remained single, but took your place. It is necessary to think on these things—a possibility of selfishness over-riding justice.

Parliamentary highbrows make high sounding promises; flags are waved, and hurrahs echo from earth to Heaven, but when the glamor has worn off, what have we? Nothing but the hard cold fact of existence to be faced. It is well to lay aside big ideals of national progress, and to face facts. There are many amongst us, who can afford to « smile », but there are thousands more to whom the question of repatriation presents grave doubts. These are the men I appeal to. A firm attitude based on solid foundation of united purpose. In fact one thing only—votes, and thousands of them may win over a wavering government. Political parties sell their souls daily for your vote and mine, and therein is your power. Remain an army after the war an army of voters; a solid wall of determination to get fair play. This cursed strife may terminate at any time, and then we shall have to return one day or other to pick up the thread of that vocation in life which the clarion of war bade us break. One of the greatest storm centres in Australian politics will be the readjustment of commerce. In this rush to outbid other worlds than ours, the little women of you and me, and your child and mine, broken fragments from France, may easily fall unnoticed by the wayside. As it occurred before, so it may occur again. Therefore with your name and fame and numbers are you going to leave your destiny in the hands of these who stayed at home, or are you going to help yourselves? Look to your own security; be wise and study conditions.

You may have other aspirations, but if you accept an ideal for your own security stick to it as truly as you have to the cause of France. Take time by the forelock and learn to think for yourselves. It is only by effort, strong united effort when we return that we can make ourselves felt. Let us prepare then. Cut out flamboyant ideals of national greatness. That will come in due course, but make the foundation—you gallant comrades all are the foundation. So cut our mademoiselle for a while, drop booze for one night a week, and talk it over; but, above all, think hard.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

Ex-Democrat.

AN AUSSIE BAND

To the Editor of « The Digger »

Sir,

After reading the article « Australia—the Birth of a Nation » in « The Digger », and realising the need for all Australians to advertise the Commonwealth, I would suggest that a first class military band be formed to tour the British Isles after the war. The Commonwealth Government could provide leaflets, giving particulars of opportunities offered in Australia to settlers. A good speaker

could be sent with the outfit to explain what Australia was doing, and what advantages she offered.

Yours, etc.,

H.M.

SPORT

Our complete boxing and wrestling report of last Monday's contests was lost by the printer. It is regrettable, but the sensational war news is enough to make a Frenchman lose anything. C'est la Guerre!

HOCKEY

Sunday, October 6th, again saw the Con Camp Hockey Team in action. Their opponents were the M.F. Ordnance. A large crowd witnessed one of the finest displays of combination and skill that has taken place in the district. The Con Camp was represented by:—goal, Alger; backs, Watson and Jarbo; half-backs, Grant, Moody, and Erbacher; forwards, Pont, Bartlett, Moss, Gregg and Bahen. From the start the game was fast and furious. Alger defended in fine style. Moody, Bartlett, and Gregg were a clever combination, and they transferred the play to the Con Camp territory. Bartlett scored, but was penalised for offside. From the free Gregg secured, and easily beat the Ordnance « goalie ». Shortly after resuming, Moody passed to Pont, who found the net with a fast low drive. The Ordnance forwards then came with a rush. Sapper Young, their clever forward, tricked the Con Camp boys and scored. Half time scores, Con Camp 2 goals; Ordnance 1 goal.

Con Camp quickly assumed the offence, after the interval, and were all out to win. Once only did their opponents shine out to advantage, that was when Cpl Schofield accepted a pass from Young and scored making the scores level. From this out, the Con Camp had things all their own way. Bartlett, Pont, and Gregg each scoring goals. The final result was, Con Camp 5 goals; Ordnance 2 goals.

Collectively the Con Camp team was the strongest that had represented the camp. They were excellent in all departments of the game and will be hard to beat. Jarbo, of concert party fame, proved a first class back, and with Watson as his partner, he put up a fine defence. Fixtures will be gladly accepted from any team in Havre or surrounding districts. Club secretaries should communicate with Sgt H. Wells, Secty. Aust Con Camp Hockey Team, P.T. Staff. Rouelles.

Recently the opening prayer used each day in both Houses of the Australian Commonwealth Parliament was amended as follows.—Strengthen O Lord, the sailors and soldiers of our Commonwealth, our Empire, and our Allies; protect them from all dangers, give them speedy victory over their enemies; and grant that an honourable and a lasting Peace may result from their valour and sacrifice. »

Aussie mother to young hopeful. — « Oh, you dirty boy. Why don't you wash your blinkin' neck. »

Little digger. « That's only camouflage, mun. It is clean underneath.

FIXTURES

Y. M. C. A. Fixtures for the week are as follows:

LISMORE-CINEMA. — A. G. B. D. and Con Camp.

TUESDAY. — Mr Berry, Lecture.

WEDNESDAY. — Service.

FRIDAY. — Sgt. Hayes, Lecture, « Egypt ».

SATURDAY. — Yellow Dandies.

A. I. B. D.

TUESDAY. — American Vaudeville.

WEDNESDAY. — Service.

FRIDAY. — Yellow Dandies.

MONDAY. — Boxing and Wrestling.

Con. Camp. Gymnasium 5 p. m.

Red Cross Concert

THURSDAY. — Red Cross Hut.

Geelong Library Club

THURSDAY. — Between 5 and 6 p. m.

Everyone who has been in the Ypres sector knows the spot rightly named « Hell Fire Corner ». It is a near neighbor to « Crucifix Cross Roads. » An Aussie was doing traffic duty, and along came a poor little weary Tommy. « Say! Aussie; can you tell me the nearest way to « Hell Fire » asked the boy from Blighty. The digger jerked his thumb towards the dug-out, and laconically said « Take the tube, choom! »

It is all wrong to reverse a bullet in a point 303; against international law to cut the point off the little bit of nickle plated lead; but to go West, with a ragged slab of shell or bomb, is quite alright. The fighting was keen near a little Belgique village, where many a pleasant evening had been spent in a coffee joint. Jerry's « crumps » were falling a bit thick, when one struck the « home of joy. » Bits of red tile, bricks, and mortar, splattered round the shell hole where a dinkum was crouching, when he said to his cobbler; « I don't mind the blanky foundry, but I do object to him pelting the blinkin estaminet at me. »

Both the Imperial and Commonwealth Governments have given their sanction to the Broken Hill Proprietary Co to raise another £637,000 of capital for the purpose of increasing the output of steel rails and plates for ship building. This will bring the capital of the company to over £3,000,000, half of which has been provided by the Broken Hill Coy. The credit of profit and loss on the last report was £234,965, and £410,000 to reserve.

The British Government has voted a sum of £2,000,000 for the purpose of stimulating the flax industry of Great Britain. The Commonwealth propose establishing a committee for the purpose of aiding the flax growers of Australia. The committee may fix the price for green flax at £5 per ton 30 inches long and pro rate for less for the 1918 crop. The committee will have power to erect mills and acquire on behalf of the government all flax grown.

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PRICE ONE PENNY

WHEN PEACE IS DECLARED

Details of Repatriation

What Australia is doing

The question of what Australia is doing in regard to peace is of deep interest to all members of the A.I.F.

To deal with the important matter of repatriation a bill has been passed by the Federal Parliament, and is now in operation. Within its scope all arms of defence, naval and military, are included. All those, who have served in any capacity, and were appointed by the A.I.F., come within its scope and receive its benefits. It includes the A.M.C. Nursing Service in any part of the King's Dominions, if such person, prior to service, resided in Australia.

A Repatriation Commission has been appointed consisting of seven members. Two of the Commissioners must be returned soldiers or sailors. The Minister for Defence is a member, and presides. The Commission has fixed the weekly allowance payable to a permanently incapacitated soldier and his wife at £3 per week, and to a widow and child at £2/11/-. The maximum payable is £3/6/- per week for soldier, wife and children.

In addition to the Commission there will be in each State a Repatriation Board consisting of seven members. Two of these must be returned soldiers or sailors. All appointments are made by the Governor-General. Local committees may also be appointed by the Governor-General and shall have power to raise and control funds within their prescribed areas. Officers employed shall not be subject to the Commonwealth Public Service Act. If an officer of the Commonwealth Public Service be appointed he retains all his existing and accruing privileges.

Bankruptcy

The Australian Soldiers' Repatriation Fund of either the Federal Commission, the State Board or Local Committees will have priority of claim in the event of an ex-service man becoming bankrupt.

Soldiers' Obligation

No soldier shall (without the approval of the State Board), sell, or otherwise dispose of, pledge or mortgage in any way, or deposit as security, any goods advanced for a specific purpose or use in any way except for which they were granted. Penalty £100.

Raising Funds

No person, without the approval of the State Board, shall invite subscriptions or organise any scheme for raising money for repatriation purposes, or connected therewith. Penalty £100.

The Blind

Arrangements have been made whereby our men can be trained in the Blind Institutes of the various States.

The totally incapacitated will be provided for in Hostels and Homes surrounded by every comfort. The Defence Department will deal with men suffering from lung trouble until the Repatriation Committee is ready to take charge of them.

Artificial Limb Factory

An artificial limb factory has been established. It is proposed to erect branches in every State. Soldiers are employed.

Land Settlement

The Commonwealth will find £500 working capital for land settlers. The States find the land.

Reserve Employment

New South Wales and Victoria are starting forestry camps. If the wage be fixed at 10/- per day and the value of the work done by a partially incapacitated soldier is only worth 6/- per day, the balance of 4/- will be made up from the Commonwealth Repatriation Fund.

A conference between the representatives of the Trades Hall, Chambers of Manufactures, and State Labor Departments agreed on a scheme for training in private workshops. An agreement was arrived at the basis being, that the Commonwealth Industrial Tribunal should be created and subsidiary Labor Boards in the States. The former is the active working body. The industrial committee is composed of an equal number from the unions and employers. This body determines the value of the employer of a partially incapable ex-service man. This assessment will be periodical, and the proportion of inefficient men employed will be limited in industries to 1 in 6 to the men ordinarily employed. This does not apply to South Australia yet.

Special provision is made for men who need special training on account of loss of a limb requiring a change of occupation.

Important Points

The Repatriation Department is separate from the Defence Department.

Senator Millen, is the present minister in charge.

Twenty-six men out of every 40 have been assisted upon their return to Australia. £1,250,000 has been spent. The estimated total expenditure is £22,000,000.

The staff employed on the work consists of 90 per cent of returned soldiers.

Colonel Owen, and Mr Moorehead represent the soldiers on the Federal Commission.

The other representatives are, Mr Grayndler, secretary, Australian Workers Union, Mr Gibson, Mr Sanderson, and Sir Langdon Bonython.

The department accepts as the minimum responsibility of providing the returned soldier with an opportunity of earning, at least, a living wage, and until such time sustenance will be granted. This is the foundation stone of the scheme.

It applies to married and single at varying rates according to incapacitation.

A rental allowance will be paid to widows with children and incapacitated men when the board (State) holds that such allowance will ensure the maintenance or establishment of the home.

A young soldier whose apprenticeship was interrupted by enlistment, during its completion will be paid a journeyman's wage.

Widows desirous of learning some useful occupation will be afforded the necessary training and will be granted sustenance during their training which with their pension will equal £1/15/- per week. Liberal arrangements will be made to orphans.

Grants for soldiers to start small businesses are provided for within restricted limits.

Purchase of tools for tradesmen and free travelling to employment is also included.

« The Digger » will publish, in a subsequent issue, information in reference to individual States, and what is being done for the soldier in addition to Commonwealth activity.

JUST FOR ONCE

Put your arms around me, dear;
Lean and let me hold you near
Just for once.

And only wait before you go,
To kiss me so that I may know
By that kiss — you loved me so
Just for once.

Then I will do the same to you,
To show you dear, that I was true
Just for once.

And so 'midst glory or defeat
Though you and I may never meet
We'll know how love was passing sweet
Just for once.

The many friends of C.S.M. Jack Higgins are delighted to learn of his promotion to that rank; and to responsibilities which his organising ability and business capacity eminently fit him for. Now the war will soon be over!

THE DIGGER

Published weekly by soldiers of Australian Imperial Force stationed at the Bases, Le Havre.

Editorial Staff and Management

PTE W.R.M. DIMOND, PTE E.A. DOYLE,
Rates : One penny per copy, quarterly, one shilling.

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No responsibility will be accepted for manuscripts except the article be marked « Return ».

Postal address : Editor, «The Digger», A. G. B. D. via Base Post Office, Le Havre, France.

A. I. F. EDUCATION

SPONTANEOUS ASSISTANCE NECESSARY

This week the prospectus of the A. I. F. Education Scheme was issued in pamphlet form, and distributed throughout the Australian Base. Briefly, the scheme is intended to assist the Australian soldiers for their return to civil life, by way of carrying on training uncompleted on enlistment, entering upon fresh courses of training, or gaining additional experience in occupations, and carrying previous training to a higher degree of efficiency. It is proposed to carry on a system of education during the periods of war and demobilisation. It is obvious that very little can be done during the war period, but all volunteer effort is encouraged. Every person and agency must volunteer assistance, some as lecturers, some as teachers, some as class leaders, some as secretaries, some as students.

Classes have been springing up spontaneously, in different units. Local initiative is to be encouraged in every way. Best work will be done by groups agreeing upon their own course of study. As the prospectus says, it is impossible to predict the date, or the length of the Demobilisation period. « It may come soon, it may be long delayed. It will certainly be a lengthy process. We must be ready to put it to the utmost possible use. Educational centres will be made by the Repatriation and Education Departments in conjunction. At these centres there will be provided intensive training courses on practically a full-time basis. » Every effort is being directed to make the scheme a success, but success will be impossible without the spontaneous assistance of the soldiers. Repatriation will be a simple process if each man is proficient in his trade or profession. It has been said that the soldiers of today are to become the leaders of tomorrow. They can only do this by education. Of course there are large numbers, who do not require an A. I. F. scheme to ensure their education and future, but there is an old proverb that « all knowledge is useful ». So when the glamour and excitement of Peace has worn down, the diggers should turn their ideas solely to education and successful repatriation. Success rests mainly with the individual.

Considerable interest among movie enthusiasts centred in the enlistment in the United States Army of Charley Chaplin, but few are cognizant of the military career of the world's laugh-maker. Charles Chaplin was exempted from military service for the purpose of making propaganda films for the United States Government.

Our Letter Box

303. . Too muddy and slushy. F. G. . . . Unimportant, and uninteresting, S.H.G. . . . Try again. E.S. . . . No good. We don't believe you would read it, if we published it. Certainly n body else would Ex-Democrat. . . . « The Digger » agrees, but it would be a grave indiscretion to publish it. Compreè Buck Private, Here goes.

« And out from his have sack a bloody knife
And then, without old Jerry's consent, the
[he drew, the
[blanky hun he slew. »

Sounds too much like a Bull fight. W.H. . . . Can't say if Padre Robertson is the « fighting person ». Jacko. . . . Cannot answer questions on military law through these communs. E. A. . . . Not up. Sap. . . . Advertise for a clean mind.

Sir Arthur CONAN DOYLE « THE DIGGER » THANKED

To the Editor, « THE DIGGER »

Sir,

I wish most heartily to congratulate you on the « answer » to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle His impression, I had previously read, and was highly incensed at the jealous attitude adopted by him. Your reply, in the form of a very courteous apologia for Sir Arthur's ignorance, just « gets » the situation nicely. . . . Therefore, sir, for myself, and for the diggers, who so greatly appreciated your article, I venture to congratulate you.

I am, sir,

Ist A. C. D.
13/10/18.

EX DEMOCRAT.

General BIRDWOOD

A correspondent writing an appreciation of General Sir W.R. Birdwood, who has been associated with the Australians since the commencement of hostilities in 1914 said, that the Australians would like to see more of their General after the war, and, if it should come about, General Birdwood would be a popular, and the Commonwealth's greatest Governor-General.

CHRISTMAS STORY COMPETITION

Write Yours Now

The following open literary competition has been arranged in connection with the Christmas « Digger ».

For the best Xmas story of 2,000 . . . words 20 fr.
Best humorous story of 300 words . . . 15 fr.
Best original poem 15 fr.
Best original joke 10 fr.

The closing date for manuscripts is November 15 th.

Seal, sign, and deliver or post your contribution to « The Editor, 'The Digger', Australian Base Depots, France.

Endorse envelopes « Christmas Story Competition. » Also state clearly if you desire manuscripts to be returned.

The right to use any contribution other than prize winners is reserved.

ROMANCE OF THE NAVY

Among the glorious deeds of the navy from the exploits of Drake, Raleigh, and Nelson, down to modern times of the Calliope, Ferdinand Isles, Jutland, the blocking of Zeebrugge and Ostend; the exploit of Captain Spicer and his 27 men, as told to an audience of soldiers in this district recently, ranks among the brilliant deeds whereby Empires are won. Col. Dunlop and seventy officers were also present. It was a story of daring, tenacity of purpose, resourcefulness, and success which was more wonderful than fiction. The expedition which Captain Spicer led had to get into Central Africa in that part where the names of Livingstone and Stanley will live for ever; to rid Lake Tanganyika of four German ships which were carrying supplies to enemy troops in German East Africa.

The Germans had four boats of 56 tons, 135 tons, 165 tons, and 850 tons capacity. Captain Spicer and his party left Cape Town with two motor boats carrying a Hotchkiss gun forward and 1 maxim aft. These were four ton boats, and could do from 2700 miles to the rail-head and 500 miles to Tanganyika. The story of two traction engines, two motor boats, 130 tons of stores, 28 white men, 150 oxen, and at times over 1000 natives assisting to climb mountains, 9700 feet above sea level, fording swamps miles in extent, building bridges hundreds of yards long, climbing and descending gradients of one in three, cutting the track and making roads in a land unvisited previously by white men, and the temperature ranging between 78 per cent and 124 per cent - an average of 108 per cent = gives one some faint idea of the difficulties to overcome before the lake whereon Germany floated her Black Iron Cross flag unchallenged, was reached.

Having crossed the mountains which the Belgians declared to be impassable and travelling down the Congo for hundreds of miles in 150 canoes, Tanganyika was reached. A noble inland sea 400 miles by 60 miles with 40 rivers as large as the Thames emptying their waters into it. This is the German infested « ocean » that Great Britain despatched two motor boats and 28 men to clear. The British boats were named the Mimi and Tou-Tou - the cat and dog Dealing with the Germans one at a time, British seamanship, pluck, and good shooting accomplished the supposedly impossible. The four German vessels were either captured or sunk, their crews annihilated and the supply to German troops in the East African possessions broken.

Incidentally Captain Spicer said he had no trouble with the natives after treating them considerately, and paying them for their work. The result was when he wanted 1000 men to assist him 5000 came clamouring for the job. These children of nature were so pleased that they threw dirt at the Great White Chief. This was the limit of nigger gratitude meaning, « I give you my land. »

Col. Dunlop presided and Captain Spicer was loudly cheered at the conclusion of the recital of his wonderful exploits in wrecking the dreams of German's « Mittel Africa. »

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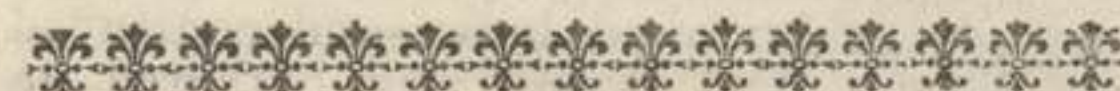
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BOXING and WRESTLING

UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

Boxing and wrestling enthusiasts, who have scrambled for admission into the Australian Stadiums, or various Athletic halls, can realise the ideal conditions under which the sport is conducted in the Con Camp Gymnasium.

There is a natural prejudice against any sport under military rules, but, after all, it is not so much the military, or, to be precise, the Army and Navy Rules, but the method of interpretation. It was often said of the Melbourne Athletic Club, where professional contests, took place each week, that the unhealthy condition of the atmosphere, caused by the crowding of all types of humanity into a badly ventilated building, resulted in a « green haze » overhanging the audience. With the construction of the large stadiums in the various capitals, the sport was seen to better advantage.

It is a fact that everything depends on the conditions which surround sport. Then again how many professional contests, which have been talked about for weeks, have proved fiascos. It is not so much the fiasco, but the fact that the seat you held probably cost 10/-. Under the Army and Navy Rules, strict silence is maintained during a round. The contestants are given the best chance to display their ability. The cheering and shouts of encouragement help a boxer who has temporarily gained the upper hand. It may depress the other man. That is certainly the psychological effect.

It is true that in some military stadiums, discipline is carried to, perhaps, so great an extent as to destroy the spirit of pleasureable sport, but Lieut Snow M.C. of the Con Camp contests, has always given a fair, liberal interpretation of the rules. The result has been that all contests have been conducted in a fair and sportsmanlike way, with the greatest of pleasure and comfort to the onlookers. The spacious Y.M.C.A. Gym is kept remarkably clean, there is plenty of ventilation and comfort, and the contests exciting and interesting. It is sport under ideal conditions, and there is never any question of a « put up » fight.

Visits to other Gymnasiums in the district prove that the conditions prevailing at the Con Camp are absolutely the best and most congenial.

DIGGER DUSTINGS

Why are the Turks like St Paul ?
Because Damascus was an eye-opener to both.

Damascus is mentioned in Genesis ;
The Turks remember it in Exodus. (Allenby, 1st Chapter; 1st Verse).

The watch on the Rhine is now
Kept by the Independent Air Force.
The German High Command is « Wholly at sea »,
The German Grand Fleet is not with them.

One of the Waac's is looking forward to that interesting time in another sphere when humanity will be sexless, The locality is not on the planet Venus.

ORDERS

Min. 1.

Place, Headquarters, The Whole World.

Time, All the time.

From C.O. Civilised World.

To C.O. Hell. (Through English channels)

SUBJECT. Transfer.

In compliance with the wish of the whole world and billions of people the Kaiser Wilhelm is hereby relieved from his present command, and will proceed to Hell. Upon arrival he will report to the devil for duty.

For the world.

(Sgd) General Opinion.

Min. 2.

Headquarters across Rhine.

Time. The same.

To C. O. Hell.

(1) Forwarded.

(2) The abote departed as directed.

(Sgd) Hinderburg.

Next in command.

Supply Officer.

Min. 3.

Headquarters. Hell.

Time. The day after.

To C. O. Across Rhine.

(1) Returned.

(2) The above reported in due time.

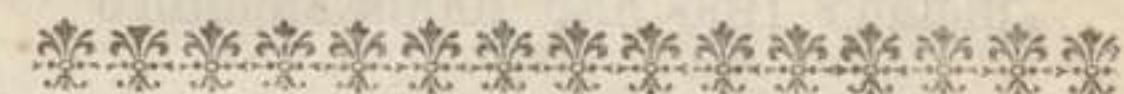
(3) There being no quarters available here at present, request information as to disposition of above.

(4) The above out ranks the present C. O. and requests that he be put in command.

(Sgd) The Devil.

C. O. Hell.

« Life ».

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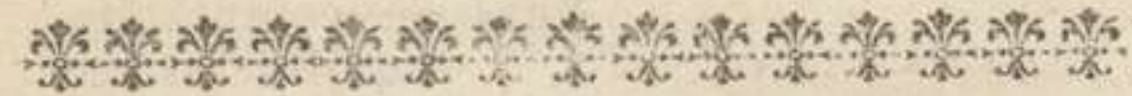
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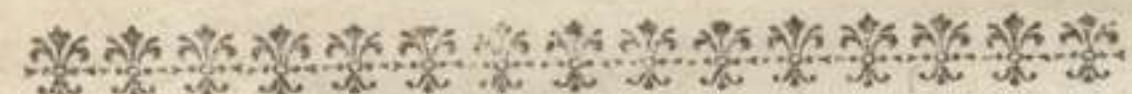
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BASE CONCERT PARTY

STRONG VOCAL COMBINATION

The Base Concert Party is settling down into its stride, and is overcoming the many difficulties always in the way of preliminary organisation.

The caste is an artistic one, and is particularly strong musically. The vocalists are by no means new to the business. A feature of the productions will be the original way in which programmes will be presented. Most of the items, interpolated and otherwise, in the first revue, will be original, inasmuch as the lyrics and concerted numbers have been specially written by Australian journalists.

The management has asked that a public request be made, through the columns of « The Digger », for the assistance of interested diggers, who are invited to forward original compositions, such as parodies, topical verses, and humorous items.

DETHRONEMENT

Now that the glorious beams of Peace are lighting the horizon of Time, after the night or war's horrors, it is well to scan the past, and remember, before we hail the coming day, what justice bids us do. Can we rest content and allow the Potsdam culprits to go unrepentant and unscathed? Can we allow that sinister central figure, who drenched the world in blood, to sit secure on his crimson cushioned throne? Can it be that, in the settlement of terms, and, who is responsible for the slaughter of ten millions of the flower of the white races, should go unpunished. Can we in cold blood calculate that now after four fearful years of tragedy, — that the personification and preacher of military autocracy should sit securely and hold his sway? Can we, who live in honor to our noble dead, allow the brutal Prussian sceptre and spirit to rule still? Can it be that when murderers cringe for pity, and yet cry justification with the same voice, that we should bend our ears to listen?

**

NO ! This cannot be. Continue the sacrifice rather than vice should be triumphant, and arrogant autocracy should keep its sword.

The way to Peace is by the rugged road of Abdication or Dethronement.

The latter preferred. The craven fear

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ENGLISH SPOKEN

ANY PARCEL CAN BE SENT HOME



of reprisals is in clear evidence today. The German Junker wants to boast that the foot of no foreign soldier polluted the soil of the Fatherland.

It remains a question, whether it is not necessary for the safety of the generations, yet unborn, that the devastation of war be carried into the home of the Hun, before he will have learned a better road to human achievement than along the bloody path of war.

We can talk Peace, but not with the Hohenzollern brood.

ADVICE TO WAAC'S

Believe all a digger says, He is romantic if he says, « Pariez-vous, Mademoiselle, Comprenez-vous ? » Say « Yes, darling » and go.

Love a digger like thyself.

Don't ask to see his paybook.

Don't ask about his pre-war days, or what he did on leave.

If a digger says « I love you », believe him. It is true.

Take him on trust, without discount.

If you see him with another bit of skirt, don't get jealous.

If he kisses you give it to him back. Double « whack » time.

If you ask him, if he loves another, he will say no. Believe that.

Always salute a digger, when you meet him « psychologically ». He likes it.

If he says « Will you marry me, Waac - wattle-blossom ? » say « Apres la guerre, » or « ask Mummer. »

DOWN SOUTH

The nigger preacher at a camp meeting is inimitable. His old smiles and quaint contortions of Holy Scripture are proverbial. Old Mo Daniels was dilating to a crowd of cotton pickers on the old Testament. He was reading, « dat I was anointed with God for forty yearhs.. Golly ! Breddern dar warh a walk ! » exclaimed the old man. « Forty yearh... and it warnt no go-as-yough-please... it warh on de level... Amos couldn't put it across de Almighty. » He paused, wiped his furrowed brow, and continued reading « And Amos was gathered to his fadders. »

« Dere youh are breddern » exclaimed old Mo, in a tone of triumph. « Dere youh are... De good Lord beat him in de home stretch... licked him holler on de last lap... and skittled him on the bell... De Lord warh too good in de wind, and too long in de stride. Take dis as a warning all youh niggers... de Lord ken beat de whole bunch of youh ! »

...Led us pray. »

Cricket

R.B.A.A. (Héytesbury) defeated No 1 Command Depot by 133 runs in the final match for the Y.M.C.A. Cup competition. The scores were R.B.A.A. 1st innings, 129 ; 2nd innings, 209. No 1 Command, 1st innings, 36 ; 2nd innings, 159. Gunner Thatcher secured 5 wickets for 15 runs for R.B.A.A. including the hat trick. The match was played on the private ground of Major caulfield, D.S. C., at Larkhill.

THE ANZACS

An incident in the life of the A.G.B.D. and the A.I.B.D. was the passing through of the soldiers who left Australia at the first trumpet call of war.

These veterans whose deeds have been extolled in prose and verse had their first experience of war in foreign lands on the desert sands of Egypt. The memories of that ancient African country will live for ever in the minds of Anzacs. Egypt in pre-war days was known to Australians chiefly for its Biblical incidents. The land of the Pharaoh's and Moses. The place where the Israelites wandered in captivity and ultimately found a way out to the promised land. A vision of the pyramids and Cheops, memories of Antony and Cleopatra, and the exploits of the Caesars and later of Turk and Briton in modern times is but part of the interest in this ancient home of man.

Here the Anzacs learnt at first hand something of the Egyptian mode of life. Habits that show little change since Christ lived. The plowing with oxen, the wooden plow, women pounding corn, the covered face denoting caste, the crude architecture, the mode of locomotion, all crowded the mind of the youth of Australia with keen interest. After the delay of Egypt came Lemnos, and quickly following Lemnos was ever memorable Gallipoli.

To the Anzac it is now « Old Gallip ». It was on those uninviting heights that Australians obtained a footing in the first quick dash. The story of how that fringe of territory was held by Australians, French and British troops, is one of the romances of war. It was made possible by the vigilance and power of Britain's incomparable navy. The ga-

taway of supplies was kept open by the seamen, while the men on land held on fighting a foe who was ever noted for courage. It is the Anzacs who say that « Johnny Turk play's the game. » The landing at Gallipoli was a military success; the withdrawal was a military triumph.

It is a new page in the annals of war that thousands of men could be withdrawn from such a situation without loss. It was thought to be impossible, but is now done, and stands to-day as one of the most brilliant exploits of the war. From Gallipoli to La-Belle-France, and here on the Western front, amid the fluctuations and vicissitudes of an ever changing situation the Anzac has been true to the reputation he first made at Gallipoli. Whether it was on the Somme, Delville Wood, Pozieres, Bullicourt, Fleurbaix, Armentières, Ypres Passchendael, Messines, or later at Amiens and Villiers-Brettneaux; whether it was in the fair fields of France, or the flat lands of Flanders, the Anzac has played his part. After four years of strife and struggle, when Peace is once more dawning on a stricken world these warriors are being sent home for recuperation and rest. The hearty greetings of their comrades in arms are but a token of the welcome that awaits them in Australia.

The air of victory seemed to come with these men. We wish them « bon voyage » and success in that land of Freedom, whose Sun bathed shores will be made more sacred by the sacrifice of the brave whose spirits live although their bones lie resting on foreign soil. Anzacs on furlough we salute you !



FIVE OF THE BEST

HOCKEY and WAACS

On October 10th a mixed hockey team of diggers and Waacs fought for superiority on the Base Cricket Ground. The ladies put up a fine display. The atmosphere was real « sporty », and, where a series of smacks and cracks were being dealt out the Waacs were to the fore. Our boys were on their best behaviour and when they received a crack on the knee, they would say nothing, but accept it as a token of esteem, and hop away smiling. The first half was fast and furious and for the Waacs, Bartlett, Pont, and Moody scored. The feminine congratulations made the referee (Sgt Wells) blush. The Waac scorers had an elated look on their faces, and the remainder of the boys would have had to pay at least 5 francs to get a conversation out of them. Half time scores, Waacs 3 goals; Con Camp Nil. There was some difficulty to get the diggers

to resume play. The referee had to stop an argument between the two teams about « hooking with each others sticks ». When the game resumed eventually the Con Camp began in fine style and scored 3 goals, making the scores level. It was impossible to say who secured the goals, owing to so many girls attempting to knock out the player who was trying to score. With « grim set » faces they all started off to complete the last five minutes. Moody was here, there, and everywhere. He is a dinkum Aussie and adopted the kangaroo method of running. When « pretty » Erbacher got the ball, he would try and frighten the girls with weird noises, and yell « Look out Ethel ! » but the girls replied, « Bow-wow. » and « Waaced » him one. Anyhow, Moody with his pleading eyes, mesmerised the gallant Waac back to such an extent, that she left the ball standing and Moody scored. This seemed to put new Blood into Bartlett, and forgetting he was playing hockey, adopted

wrestling methods, and whilst administering an « arm lock » the Con Camp scored. The game ended. Waacs, 4 goals; Con Camp 4 goals. The climax was reached when the « gallant » referee asked the Waac captain if she had a masseuse in their camp. Surely Sgt Wells is not contemplating giving up his new job. Some of the « Whacks » were heavy, some light, some fast, some chic, but all pretty. »

Owing to the needs of reinforcements in another place the Australian Orchestra, under the conductorship of Sgt Arthur Edwards, suffered a good deal recently, but its numbers have been increased again, and rehearsals are in full swing. The Australian Y.M.C.A. have taken a special interest in the orchestra and have generously donated the whole of the instruments, and most of the music. Within the last three months the Association has spent nearly £100 on new instruments and music. Already the orchestra has begun rehearsals with the newly formed Base Concert Party.

Voice from the Clink

Presiding officer hearing a charge of A. W. L., drunkenness, improperly dressed and using language to the Jacks.

Presiding O. « What motive did you have in getting drunk last night? »

The Dinkum. « Motive, Sir! »

P. O. « Well, you were happy about something or what? »

The Dink. « Yes, I was happy, Sir; but I don't like to tell you. »

P. O. « Out with it man. I won't mind. »

The Dink. « Well, Sir! I heard they were sending you back home. »

The colored soldier, who is proving himself a vital force in the American Army, has no use for a German, dead or alive. « Der ain' much 'couragement. » said a darkie padre, « in fergivin' an enemy that starts sump'n else de moment yer fergive him. » The chaplain sighed ambiguously over a Hun he had just buried and remarked. « We all hopes brudder Heinie has gone where we knows dam well he ain't. »

Fred Klimo, stage manager to the « Yellow Dandies » has gone to Blighty on leave. While in England he will make arrangements to secure costumes for the Christmas pantomime, which the Dandies propose to produce. In the meantime George Dawes, is acting stage manager. There have been one or two changes in the personnel of the party lately. They have secured Cpl. H. Warren, who is a tenor singer, late of Williams' Australia.

That clever little mit juggler, Charlie Moran, has gone up the line. If fate be kind there is a great future in store for Moran. A non-smoker and total abstainer his constitution is unimpaired. He is peculiarly amenable to advice and improves every time he is seen out. If he comes through unscathed, and is spared to return to Australia, there is a big possibility of the lightweight crown fitting a chap with a head about his size.

CON CAMP BOXERS & WRESLERS

Novices Entertain Crowded House

Lovers of the kindred arts - boxing and wrestling - witnessed a very good show in the Con Camp gymnasium on Monday evening last. The performers were all of the novice class and each man was out to win. The results were as follows.

WRESTLING

The first bout was between lightweights Ptes Parker and Jones. During the first three minutes session Parker acted on the aggressive following the theory that attack is the best defence. Jones retaliated. The boys were evenly matched, and indulged chiefly in neck holds and scuffling. Parker got to work quickly in the second round, and for the first time got Jones on the mat. After getting him there he could not pin him. This round was all mat work. Jones was tiring his man out, but could not throw him. The decision was a draw.

Middleweights Ptes Barberis and Brown put up a willing bout. Brown was the aggressor but Barberis put up a barrage of tricks that baffled him. In the first round Barberis cleverly evaded a dangerous try by Brown who did all the leading. In the second round Barberis took the lead, and Brown put forth great exertion to try and obtain a fall, but his opponent was too agile, and wrestled well, using his « nut » all the time. The decision was a draw, and the large crowd cheered the men for their splendid contest.

BOXING

Sapper Woods, Australia, and Pte Brady, Inniskillings, were the first pair to enter the ring. They are old opponents and put up a wild cat desperate scrap. Brady, who is much the huskier of the pair, lasted longest and he had little Woods very tired at the final bell. So far as actual scoring was concerned there was nothing in it. Woods was the better boxer, but the other chap had the strength and stamina. Woods relied mostly on a stiff left jab, varied by an occasional right cross, while Brady slammed away with both hands without paying much attention to direction. When he did land a punch, the other fellow knew all about it. It was a great little bout, and the verdict, « Brady the winner » was well received.

The second pair were Ptes Grant and Gurney. When the gong sounded for hostilities to commence, they did commence with a vengeance! The boys clashed in mid-ring, and became merged in a whirl of flailing fists. Each boy punched good and solid with each hand. The crowd were settling down to enjoy a great fight, when « hey presto » the end came with startling suddenness. A fusillade of blows had caused Gurney to « smother up ». Grant forgot the danger that lurked behind that bowed figure, and protecting bulwark of « fending gloves ». Recklessly he flailed away. Suddenly Gurney uncovered, and whipped out a beautifully timed left hook that crashed squarely on Grant's chin. A sprawling figure, prone on the mat, while the referee's finger swung pendu-

lum like, and a voice chimed the numerals of the K.O. ritual, the immediate result of that dandy punch. At nine Grant got up, and tottered round the ring. Gurney pounced on his victim, game as a pebble. Grant faced « the music », but he was too shaken and a merciful second threw the towel in. « 'Tis the punch that wins, my masters » and never was a truth better exemplified than in this contest.

Ptes Ashwell and Ferguson, lightweights, were so evenly matched, that their contest became a bit monotonous. Ashwell hit the harder, and more often, and at the end of the third round was declared the winner.

That doughty little warrior, Pte Marsh, made short work of a bigger opponent in the person of Pte Gordon. The latter is a very heavy puncher and he landed some hefty wallops on Marsh early in the first round. The latter took 'em and came back for more, incidentally landing out a few himself during the process. A rapid fire attack raked poor Gordon « forid aft », and he hauled down his colours midway through the first round. Marsh is the most improved man of the novice boxing class. He is to be given a chance at the big show tomorrow night. His opponent will be Pte Spencer, London, a well performed English lightweight.

Ptes Cook and Lee presented a startling contrast. Cook, tall and rangy, towered over his stockily built opponent. Lee sailed into his man all the time, and gave him no peace. Cook, who boxed very prettily worked entirely on the defensive. His worked lacked the « devil » that characterised that of Lee. At the end of the three rounds there was nothing much in it, but the referee evidently took into consideration the fact that Lee made the fighting and forced the issue throughout the contest, and very properly awarded him the decision. Cook jarred his arm in the first round. Lee also had a disabled arm, so each side had « casualties. »

Cpl Pearce and Pte Brady were the final pair. They put up a very neat little contest. Brady boxed remarkably well during the first round. Pearce who was the heavier of the pair, was too fast and aggressive for Brady during the second and third periods. At the finish he appeared to have won well. The verdict was a draw.

This wound up a very pleasant evening's entertainment. Captain (Padre) Robertson refereed the boxing; Lieut Snow was a very efficient M.C., while Sgt Major Ratten was in his usual position of timekeeper. Sgt Billy Meeske refereed the wrestling bouts.

PRESENTATIONS

Before the boxing commenced Lieut Snow presented a beautiful silver Cup of liberal dimensions to « C » Company No 2 Camp; also a medal to Sapper Mc Cluskey of 1st Australian Tunnelling Company for football. The Silver Championship Shield was presented to Lieut Barnes on behalf of B Company of No

FIXTURES

Con. Camp. Gymnasium

MONDAY. — Grand Challenge Contests.
7 P. M. Admission by ticket only.

Geelong Library Club

THURSDAY — Between 5 and 6 p. m.

V. M. C. A. FIXTURES were not available when we went to press.

2 Camp. The Shield was presented by No 11 Convalescent Depot and B Coy is entitled to possess it for one month for being the most efficient company in the Depot.

TOMORROW'S BIG CONTESTS

A splendid programme has been arranged for tomorrow's big show. Unfortunately the Bandsman Rice-Jim Monaghan match has lapsed. Through no fault of the Australian, I can assure you. Sgt Rice was not prepared to box tomorrow night. He complained of having a bad ankle. A worthy substitute in Shoeing Smith Andrews has been secured. The following Australians will be seen in action. — Ptes Monaghan, Bonnett, Roy Miner, Woods, Marsh, and Cpl Pearce. They have been matched with representatives Tommies. Billy Meeske and Pte Geo Kean will present their clever comedy tumbling specialty and the Con Depot Band will be in attendance. The show will commence punctually at 7 p.m. A great nights sport is assured, so get your tickets early. Doors will be opened at 5-30 p.m.

Sgt J. F. O'Donnell.

HOCKEY

The return match between the Con Camp and 52nd Stationary Hospital took place on Friday, October 11th. When these teams met recently the 52nd won. The Con Camp was represented by, — Aler, Akers, Watson, Erbacher, Moodie, Grant, Pont, Bartlett, Moss, Gregg, and Bahen. The Con Camp men were determined to wipe out the previous defeat. Play was fairly even during the first half, and the half-time scores were, — Con Camp, 3 goals; 52nd Stationary, 2 goals. Con Camp were the aggressors on resuming. Gregg scored with a neat drive. The Con forwards showed splendid combination. They improve each time they play. Good work by Akers was instrumental in Bahen scuring and passing across to Bartlett; the latter scored. The final scores were, — Con Camp, 5 goals; 52nd Stationary, 2 goals. Akers proved a sound back; Moodie, and Erbacher played a hard and fine game; Bartlett was « on his own » as a forward, and was ably assisted by Gregg, Pont, and Bahen. Padre Robertson and « Chunda » Humphrey were great barrackers for the Con Camp, and their terrific outbursts made the Grandstand shake. The caretaker complained that the Padre's voice threatened to loosen the iron sheets on the roof. He stated that such weird yells had never been heard since the war started.

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THE DIGGER

AUSTRALIAN
BASES
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WEEKLY EDITION

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PRICE ONE PENNY

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE

Australia's Advantage

The study of man's advance along the roadway of civilisation is always interesting. It shows how changes that are not considered of great moment when initiated ultimately grow to be of the first magnitude.

When Burton made the first steam engine to run on smooth rails and draw a load, and Stephenson improved on the type, little did the world imagine that the carriage of goods and people was being revolutionized. The Jehn's of London, and the coachdrivers along the King's highways of the country laughed to scorn the idea that a noisy, clumsy, smoke and spark emitting soulless piece of machinery could ever displace the horse.

The permission to run an engine on rails was tardily given and hedged with all sorts of restrictions, liabilities and reserves. It was man's brain working for economy in carrying coal that made it possible for a steam locomotive to be. Gradually as the years tolled on the steam horse working on smooth rails caused the world to be covered with a net work of steel railroads that in parts make a cob-web of intricate roads that are among the valued triumphs of civilised effort.

One has only to look at a map of the world to see that the most energetic and successful industrial people of the earth are those who possess the most railways. While these steel bands cross arid deserts and frozen zones, climb mountains, and descend into deep valleys, run to remote parts of inland settlement and converge in great cities and convenient ports, they are the great carriers of the world's commerce on land. Important in times of Peace, they have played a vital part in war. Germany and Austro-Hungary could never have waged war on such a scale without their elaborate system of railways.

France and Belgium are the only European Nations that possess a network of railways comparable to these two central powers. Italy, Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Greece, Albania, Turkey, Rumania, Bulgaria, Spain, and Russia, are all far behind the rest of Europe in railways. The room for expansion and extension in these lands is great; but what of the possibilities that lie in the future of Asia, Africa, South America, Canada, and Australia!

Whether the future motive power be coal, oil, or electricity the steel roads of the world will be the great highways on land for travel and trade. The country that possesses iron-ore in abundance is a country possessing great potential

wealth of ever increasing value. The disposal of such raw products is of great interest because the country that holds such material must decide in the near future, whether the Central Powers of Europe will be permitted to buy, or have strong financial interest in either their development or restriction.

The « Iron Knob » and Monarch in South Australia, owned by the Broke Hill Proprietary Company, are among the most extensive and richest deposits of ironstone in the world. The Tasmanian deposits are untouched. Their potential value is not fully realized. When the iron industry of Australia has been developed by brains and science, and the mind scans the vast field of industry that iron and steel play in man's effort to win sustenance and wealth from nature, not only does the steel rails of a universe, and the locomotive which travels thereon, appear important but the steel ships of commerce, all the tools of the varied trades, the delicate springs of a tiny watch, and the seats of iron, which cover a roof, are all built from the one foundation. Thus iron and steel have become of vital interest in trade and commerce, in progress and civilisation.

The advantage of the young fertile brains of Australians, while in these old lands, should be used to store some of the experience which may be gained on this side of the world, to be used in their great land, under the Southern Cross, when they return home.

DIGGER RIDDLES

From A.I.B.D.

Why is the Australian National Game of « Two-up » like a Diggers' Court-Martial?

Heads always win.

Why has the German Navy stopped drinking rum?

Because it has taken to port.

If Old Nick lost his tail, where would he go to get it repaired?

He would go to an estaminet, where they retail bad spirits.

Why will General Foch's armistice, when granted, resemble pigs tails?

Because it will be the end of a lot of swine.

What is the difference between President Wilson and the Kaiser?

President Wilson is in the United States, and the Kaiser is in the Devil of a State.

TO AUSTRALIA

By the courtesy of the editor of *The Australian at Weymouth* we are enabled to publish the following poem especially written for that journal as a token of esteem for the Australian Forces, by the Poet Laureate:—

TO AUSTRALIA

With the Wounded and the 1914 Men on leave returning Home, Autumn, 1918.

A loving message at Christmastide
Sent round the world to the under-side,
A-sail in the ship that across the foam
Carries the wounded Aussies home;
Who rallied at War's far-thundering call,
When England stood with her back to the wall,
To fight for Freedom that ne'er shall die
So long as on earth the old flag fly.

Oh hearts so loving, eager and bold—
Whose praise hath claim to be writ on the sky
In letters of gold, of fire and gold—
Never shall prouder tale be told
Than how ye fought, as the knights of old,
"Against the heathen in Turkey
In Flanders, Artois and Picardie:"
But above all triumphs that else ye have won,
This is the goodliest deed ye have done,

To have sealed with blood, in a desperate day,
The love-bond that binds us for ever and aye.

ROBERT BRIDGES,

*Chaucer, Prologue to Cant. Tales, lines 65 and 86
"LONDON TIMES".*

THE "WATTLE BIRDS"

BASE CONCERT PARTY NAMED

« The Wattle Birds » is the name selected for the Base Concert Party. As a result of the competition held by « The Digger » over 50 names were suggested. Most of the names were original and typically Australian in character, and the final selection was not an easy task. The first to suggest the Wattle Birds was Sgt W.A. Wriedt, of the A. G. B. D. To him is given the credit of successfully naming the new party. It was hoped to announce the date of the opening night, but owing to one or two hitches it has been found impossible to fix the date for this week. In all probability, however, it will be early next week.

To casually drop in at a rehearsal of the newly organised party it occurs to you that everybody is working with that zeal and expectancy that suggests the near approach of the opening night.

The caste is complete, the rehearsals are well ahead, and those concerned are wearing a smile of entire satisfaction and contemplate the future with confidence. Remarkable interest is being manifested by the Commandant, Colonel C.H. Davis, D.S.O. V.D. and Staff Captain R.M. Marks—a feature which means much to the organisation.

Martin Keith, producer, Alan Bailey, stage manager, and Sgt Edwards, conductor of the Australian Orchestra, are working untiringly in their respective departments. The present progress augures well for the future.



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“KILTED AUSTRALIANS” NATIONAL UNIFORM STANDS

In reply to Senator Pearce, the Minister Defence, General Sir William Birdwood has stated that Lieut-General Sir John Monash and the divisional commanders are opposed to the formation of kilted units, and that, in view of the many difficulties involved, he can only agree with their opinion.

The reply goes on to state that the spirit underlying the suggestion is fully appreciated and the difficulty of advancing convincing arguments against it realised, but the fame of the Australian Imperial Force has been made by Australian soldiers as such and as representatives of all that is best in the British race.

General Birdwood adds that this makes them wish to encourage and preserve the national character of Australian soldiers, and the fact that all units now have their own traditions, which are jealously guarded, makes any proposal for changing their composition extremely inadvisable. In so far as the formation of a special kilted brigade is concerned, General Birdwood states that he cannot at this late stage recommend it, as the addition of a new higher formation now is hardly practicable, and would not be appreciated by the troops, despite their friendship and admiration for the Scottish troops beside whom they have fought.

He concludes with the hope that Scottish organisations in Australia will realise the point of view of himself and the divisional commanders and continue to go ahead and raise the equivalent of a brigade to fight in the uniform of their adopted land, whose soldiers have proved that they possess military virtues rivalling the long-established and recognised hardihood and valor of the men from the Home lands.

A novel method is being adopted to raise the new £40,000,000 loan. The States are being asked to contribute their quota according to population. Thus Victoria's quota is £13,500,000. The State is being divided into districts and each district is asked to raise its quota.

REPATRIATION WHAT QUEENSLAND IS DOING

It is of equal interest to every Australian soldier to know what is being done in the various States for his benefit. To the men from Queensland with its 429,120,000 acres of land the advantages offered the ex-service men are probably the best in the world.

Queensland with an area nearly four times the size of England, Scotland and Ireland combined is reserving 9,000,000 acres of land for soldiers. A total of 234,125 acres are available in the following districts.

60,000 acres at Beerburrum on the North Coast, 40 miles from Brisbane. This land is suitable for pine-apples, bee-keeping, and poultry breeding. The Government will clear three acres and plant with pine-apples on every soldier's farm.

17,000 acres in the Parish of Pike-dale, 8 to 14 miles West of Stanthorpe. This is good orchard land. Five acres on each block is now being cleared and roads made.

157,300 acres in the Innisfal district for dairying, agriculture, and sugar-cane growing.

Resumption of 125 acres at Sunnybank for poultry farms and soldiers' homes, near Brisbane.

The conditions for country lands will be treated as Perpetual Leave selections, viz.,

NO deposit required with application.
NO rent or survey fee for first three years.

Survey fee, payable in 14 years commencing after three years.

Rent beginning in the fourth year and continuing until the 15th year — 1½ % of the Capital Value. For each succeeding 15 years the rent to be determined by a Land Court.

The Minister has power to remit or postpone the rent.

The areas are reserved for discharged soldier under the group system.

The State will advance £500 on the £1 for £1 basis to ex-service men with an honourable discharge. The repayment is stretched over a period of 40 years. The interest will not be more than the amount the State pays for the loan. In the case of Crown Lands the interest commences at 3½ per cent. In NO case will it exceed 5 per cent.

In addition £700 may be made for the purchase of stock, machinery, and other purposes. Repayable in 25 years. Interest 5 per cent.

While absent on military duty a soldier's parent, brother, sister, wife, or child, or duly appointed agent, may make application on his behalf. The conditions of residence and payments are suspended until six months after his return. The lease is extended to cover this period of absence.

To the men returning to the God blessed country of Australia, we ask you when desiring to make a home to contrast the advantages offered to the cramped conditions of life you have seen in the old lands; that in addition to being overcrowded, are torn with the ravages of war, and are gripped in the icy fingers of snow.

Soldiers will find it an advantage to keep the above information for referen-

ce.



A. M. (Boulogne). A « duel », you call it! Not much of a « duel » when sympathies collide with fact. However, cheerio, napoo! E. A. B. « The Flapper of The Feather », is now flapping in the W. P. B., but for those diggers who have forgotten what an Australian flapper is, here goes,

« She was what they called a flapper,
She was dainty, pert, and dapper,
And just the kind of girl that « nuts »
adore;

But the things that she would sigh for,
Almost cry, and freely lie for,
Were money, dresses, choes, and « nuts »
galore. »

Anonymous. A Durban girl's lament, owing to the indifference of some South Africans to the call of war,

« O God, could we show these misers
The path that the Anzacs went:
Could they rest in their beds at night
time,

Or lived in their damned content?
Could they talk with a sneer of
Australians

When one or two get drunk?
I'd rather a drunk Australian
Than a wealthy Durban funk!

They're coming in tens of thousands,
And here's to their honour to-day —
Here's to the Sister Dominion
Who is showing us the way. »

Our religious editor is in a blind stupor over this ecstasy. A digger's soliquy,

« Oh! God hear my pleading, and bring
to a close
This bloody war from which, life ebbs
and goes,

Then let me sink in Love's sweet repose,
In the arms of the Angel that's
calling. »

Nuf sed! Cynical McDuff. Apply for the position of female impersonator to the Concert Party. « The Digger » will support your application. Also, what about a « learned » criticism from you regarding Germany's peace conditions. Don't worry about Ex-Democrat. He can look after himself. Undisciplined. There was a horrible smell of burning sulphur in the room when the skit was read. Study « Dante's Inferno! » That will put the « wind-up » you.

Our Christmas Number

The Christmas edition of « The Digger » is to take the form of an elaborate souvenir number with a suitable cover design and illustrations. The Christmas number will be a thoroughly up-to-the-minute, and « worth while » 16 page Xmas edition. Orders will now and henceforward be gladly received and posted to any part of the world. The price is 50 centimes. By post 60 centimes. Send your order now, there will only be a limited number for sale.

Particulars of what the other States offer will be published in subsequent issues of « The Digger ».

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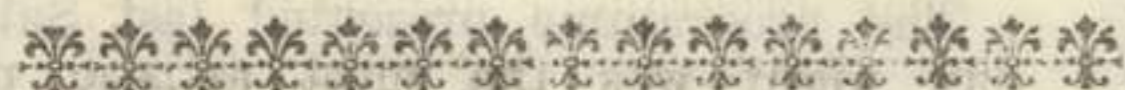
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STIFF LUCK

Two cobbers, who were great cobbers, were on the financial rocks in gay Páree, and were discussing the serious subject of how to float a war loan when one of them, while fumbling in his pocket for a fag, unexpectedly found one bright colored franc. The consultation then turned on what to do with the « orphan ». Arch wanted to squander it on beer; Jack preferred Rum. After much argument on the value of thrift, and the purchasing power of money, it was unanimously resolved to toss the pretty little coin to get a decision as to whether it should be beer or rum. « Heads » was beer; « Micks » rum. Up spun the nimble franc, glistening like a silver fish in the sunlight, and down she came on the footway for the first time. « Heads! » Jack, who wanted rum, cried « Two out of three. No sudden death! » So up went the coin again, spinning like a Taube with a broken wing, and down plunk on the pavement. This time it was tails. The going was even. Up she goes again for the final spin, and « top of the Wazza and Kelly's eye » the nimble and only coin rolled to the gutter, and down the... sewer! The language broke the printing machine. Oh! this is a frightful war.

We know all about Medical Boards, but there is not much difference them and the civil tribunals. All sorts of individuals are summoned to the Exemption Court for the purpose of letting the military get an eyeful of the conscientious objectors and others. One day a little chap limped up to the witness box, and after metaphorically « blowing the match out » the officer said, « Well, my man, what's wrong with you. Why can't you fight. » The Civie, - « One of my legs is six inches shorter than the other. » The Officer, « Pooh! That's nothing. The ground is uneven in France. A.I. » Another complained that he could not fight because he had a floating kidney. The same officer, - « That's nothing, join the navy. »

Harry Stone, the well known American lightweight, who has fought many fistic battles in Aussie, was « knocked out » by Judge Wasley in one hit. Stone claimed £251 damages from the tramway board and Withers Proprietary Company, who owned a char-a-banc which bumped Harry on a St Kilda tram. In addition £150 was claimed for loss of profit on an engagement to fight Llew Edwards which had to be postponed. The judge « whanged » Stone out in one clout by saying « there is no evidence to go to the jury on either side. »

The boys were discussing matters in the dug-out about « dear old Aussie » when the discussion turned on that interesting but tabooed in the army subject of politics. The chinning was not unanimous. One beardless boy said, « I settled my people! » « How was that? » enquired the mob. « Oh! » said the digger, « I told them, if they didn't vote as I wished, I would bring home a Blighty bride. » The crowd laughed. « I would too », roared the digger, « I meant it, my blanky oath. »

Base Celebrities



Padre Green sails for the Guerre

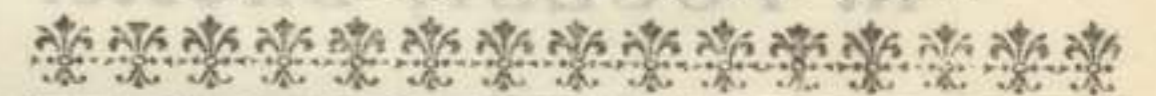


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« In Australia » the popular Australian song written and composed by Captain G. C. Neech, 9th Battalion, A. I. F., which is being sung with great success in France and England, can be obtained by application to « The Editor, 'The Digger' Australian Base Depots, France. » Price 2/- or 2 frs 60 cents. Copies forwarded from this office are specially autographed by Captain Neech.

Colonel A.L. Holden, Senior Chaplain of the Forces, will be at the Bases today, and will conduct the O.P. D. Church Parade. He has expressed a desire to meet his friends of « the good old days in Aussie. »

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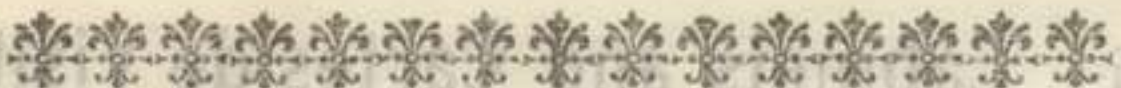
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School's in- **BILLY MEESKE** Instructs

Billy Meeske, professional middle-weight wrestling champion of Australia, and all round athlete, has issued a challenge to any 13 stone man in the Allied armies for a wrestling contest, catch-as-catch-can style. The Australian champion was late head physical drill instructor to the A.I.F. Forces in Australia, also Ju Jitsu expert, boxing and wrestling instructor to the Instructional Staff, amateur wrestling champion, middle-weight, for 1912-13-14-15-16: professional light heavy champion 1916-17. His present weight is 12 stone 3 lbs.

Meeske is one of the finest athletes produced by Australia. Born in Albert Park, Victoria, 28 years ago, he was only 15 years of age when his career began. He received his training at the popular school of Weber and Rice, Melbourne. It is safe to say that the soldier



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ENGLISH SPOKEN

ANY PARCEL CAN BE SENT HOME

wrestler is one of the finest athletes produced by Australia, and when it is considered what a great number of first class athletes have been produced by that country it will be realised that is a strong assertion to make, but nevertheless Meeske's record justifies the statement.

Before leaving Australia with the Railway Unit Meeske challenged any athlete to an all round contest, but no opponents came forward. He is an unbeaten champion, and can claim the unique record of not having been thrown. Besides wrestling he has been successful in boxing. He has few equals at heavyweight lifting, is an excellent swimmer, and holds a certificate for a three mile swim on the river Yarra. As a track cyclist he was a great success, always from back mark. Cycle pace following, was another of his hobbies, and it was on Boxing Day, 1912, at the Friendly Societies Ground, Richmond, that he circled the big track behind a motor at a wonderful speed. He covered a mile, from a flying start, in 1 min 35 secs. without any preliminary work whatever. This time was a Victorian record.

Since leaving Australia his wonderful success has continued. In France he has been boxer, wrestler, instructor, given splendid acrobatic turns at vaudeville shows, and taken part in almost every branch of the athletic world. His wrestling victims include, Pte Maack, champion of Middlesex, Pte Laws, R.E., Spr Jackson, R.E., Pte Herbert, Canada, (twice), and Pte Paverud, (America).

Sgt Meeske is a popular athlete, and a fine representative of Australian sport. In many parts of Belgium and France he has delighted Australians. Out of eighteen boxing contests he won 17, the remaining one being a draw. His drawn match was with Pte Matherson, New Zealand. The swift manner in which he defeated Pte Paverud, the American wrestler—a man of great strength, and almost two stone heavier—demonstrated his remarkable condition. Meeske fears no one, and the Aussies are with him.

AUSTRALIAN DANDIES

The programme presented last Saturday night was the most artistic production the Australian Dandies have rendered. George Dawes, the producer, is to be congratulated on the rapid progress made under his direction.

The programme was delightfully balanced with descriptive pieces, sketches, vocal and instrumental numbers, and comedy. The female impersonator, Jack Trehearne, made his debut in Drama, as Minnie, in « The Man in the Street ». In individual and concerted items, he also scored. Joan of Arc was introduced by T. Beachcroft in the garb of a Poilu, supported by Jack Trehearne as Joan or Arc, and the company as her Allies. When the back cloth was drawn aside revealing the cleverly sustained picture the house rang with prolonged applause. The laugh making was left to C. Conway. His comic songs and humour throughout were clever, snappy and worth producing. A feature of his work was that everyone was able to thoroughly enjoy it.

The entire company in their dramatic, novelty, and song numbers, were strong and the whole show was good.

SPORT (continued)

happened in the second round. Again, in the fourth, he was on the floor. A clash of heads resulted in Monaghan sustaining a deep cut just above the right ear. The end came in sight. « Have a go downstairs », was Monaghan's orders as he left his chair. The men had barely shaped up, when, « Bang » went Monny's right glove fair into O'Toole's midriff. The big fellow dropped like a stone. Sprawled in a curiously contorted attitude, he rolled from side to side in agony ! He was out to the world. It was a great punch, and it constituted poor Ireland's very latest injustice. It also wound up as fine a night's entertainment as the most glutinous boxing fan could desire.

We wish to thank Major Hume Kelly, Capt Roddy, Sgts Pat Carroll, Drake, and Shaw for their valuable assistance in compiling the programme.

Three of the Con Camp boys will be boxing at the Lezarde Valley Boxing Club Show next Thursday night, and at the time of writing, it had not been decided who would go across, but Monaghan is practically assured of a match there.

Sgt J.F. O'Donnell.

CHRISTMAS STORY COMPETITION

HOW ABOUT THAT ORIGINAL JOKE ?
NOV. 15th. IS CLOSING DATE

The following open literary competition has been arranged in connection with the Christmas 'Digger'.

For the best Xmas story of 2,000 words 20 fr.
Best humorous story of 500 words 15 fr.
Best original poem 15 fr.
Best original joke 10 fr.

The closing date for manuscripts is November 15th.

Seal, sign, and deliver or post your contribution to « The Editor, 'The Digger', Australian Base Depots, France

Endorse envelopes « Christmas Story Competition. » Also state clearly if you desire manuscripts to be returned.

The right to use any contribution other than prize winners is reserved.

AUTUMN-LEZARDE VALLEY

The world is all achill; the wind
Shivers amid the saddening-wood
Whose dead and dying leaves, where stood
They once in Summer glory, bend
Their parent crests with russet grief
That life should be so brief

The skies are drab and cold, and hide
All day the tired Sun who seeks
Wanly to pierce his shroud. Soft speaks,
The river, hurrying on its tide
As if to flee the threatening fate
When autumn opes the gate.

Lieut Mc Lennan is officer in charge of the Base Concert Party. Mr « Mac » is an acquisition to the caste in many ways. Incidentally he lost his heart to one of the dinkiest of dinkun Aussie workers in Miss Jean Divers, of the Crystal Palace. Their engagement is announced. Congratulations !

A PEACE CORROBOREE

THE DIGGER'S TERMS

If you would develop wit and wisdom sit with a crowd of diggers, and catch the undercurrent of their clean humour. You can hear it at its best on Sunday afternoons at Padre Green's tea stunts.

Some of the following conditions of a « Diggers' Peace » will find a place in our « war records. »

« Billy Hughes to be made Chancellor of Prussia. »

« Give each digger the rank of Major and put them in charge of German towns. »

« Hand the Kaiser over to the Australian girls, whose best boys have been married to English and French war brides. »

« That Little Willie be handed over for exhibition in the Zoological Gardens, Sydney, as a pet daschund. »

« Or, make the said Little Willie work for the meanest Cookie in Australia ! »

« Instead of paying an indemnity Germany shall accept under compulsion all prickly-pear, rabbits, and members of the I.W.W. The transport of these three to be the primary duty of German tonnage. »

« That Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and Tirpitz be in charge of German laborers to rebuild France and Belgium. »

« No future war to be declared until the diggers say—Yes ! »

« That we carry on until we have the pleasure of being in Berlin on the Spree—Mine's a lager ! »

Judging by last Sunday's meeting, the diggers really think, —

« That we impose on Germany the same conditions she would have given us. »

« That all German Colonies in the Pacific be confiscated. »

« That all Germans in Australia be deported, and never allowed to re-settle in Australia until Germany has paid the last farthing she owes. »

« That should Australia permit Germans to enter the Commonwealth at a future date she shall never permit them to form associations or societies. »

« That in view of the fact that the Hun has shown himself less Christian than the dark-skinned races we draw the line to exclude him from our Commonwealth. »

Billjim, returned and married, had a habit of keeping bad company, and worse hours. The sweetheart of his youth was worried how to cure her beloved, so when Bill was zig-zagging home one evening a white robed figure glided past him. « What » yelled Jimbill, « In Hell's name, whats that. » « I 'm the family ghost » was the reply in sepulchral tones. « Praise be ! » added the ex-hero, « I thought it was my old woman. »

Claude McGlynn, the violin virtuoso, is heart and soul in his work. Last Saturday night his rendering of « Traumerel ! » as an encore number was excellent.

Congratulations to Sgt Dynowski of the A.G.B.D. He has taken unto himself a wife from the fair land of France.

CON CAMP SPORT

Basket Ball.

The final match of the Con Camp inter-company basket ball competition took place in the Gym on Tuesday afternoon last. After twenty minutes strenuous battling B2 Company (Lieut. Barnes) beat C1 Company (Lieut. Marlow). It was a hotly contested match, both sides showing fine form.

Hockey.

Great interest has been centred in the October Inter-Company games. Hockey has come on by leaps and bounds, and many Australian Inter-State players have come to light amongst the diggers. Hockey has been given every encouragement in the camp, and the efforts of Lieut Galvin, O. C. Hockey, and Lieut Marlow, who has been assisting, have been heartily appreciated.

The results were as follows, —

Coy.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
A1	6	3	3	—	3
B1	5	—	4	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
C1	7	6	—	1	$6\frac{1}{2}$
A2	5	1	3	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$
B2	7	4	2	1	$4\frac{1}{2}$
B2	6	2	4	—	2

The semi-finals resulted, — C1, 2 goals, beat A1, nil; B2, 1 goal, beat C2, nil.

In the final, C1, 1 goal, beat B2, nil.

The names of the winning team (C1) were, — Grant, Lever, Rutheford, Taylor, Waldron, Rumble, Burns, Saunders, Pearse, Bonnilly, Hookham, and Stockwell.

Following the competition victory C1 challenged the crack Depot Team. When the game took place last week the result was a draw, after a hard and fast game. No score was registered by either side. Arrangements are being made for a return match at an early date.

FOOTBALL

Con Camp Results.

Australian rules; N° 1 Camp, 10 goals, 9 points, beat N° 2 Camp, 7 goals, 11 points. Rugby League rules; N° 2 Camp, 17 points, beat N° 1 Camp, 3 points.

Staff Captain R.M. Marks has received a cablegram from his brother, who is secretary of the Bendigo Agricultural Society, stating that the Bendigo Show was a great success. The high jump was won by Mr Judd's « Snow-down ». The height was 7 feet 6 1/4 in which constitutes a world's record. Bendigonians will remember that « Blue Baron » previously held the record which was 7 feet 1 1/3 in.

Sambo is a great exponent of scripture. He got lost one day in a maze of his own eloquence, and in dilating to the camp congregation, he got tangled by saying, « Breddern ! Breddern ! dar am only two roads to go. Only two roads. One leads down to Hell and de udder goes to damnation. » Snowball was listening intently. He said to himself, « Golly ! I'm not goin' down eider of dem tracks. I'm off to de weeds. »

It has been decided by the Commonwealth that, where the breakages and shortages on board troopships does not exceed 6d per head, the government will pay the shipping company. If in excess of the amount stated, the men will be charged as hitherto.

Australians Score in Big Contests

INTERNATIONAL BOXING AT CON. CAMP

Jim Monaghan's Punch

When big Barney O'Toole pumped the floor midway during the 5th round of his battle with Jim Monaghan, on Monday night, at that famous convincing ground the Con Camp Gym, the seismograph instruments in the nearest Observatory must have registered another earth tremor. The punch that put Barney a huge and grotesque sprawling figure on the floor was a fitting wind up to a great night's amusement, a regular feast for the fistic gods. The international flavour lent an added piquancy to the bouts. There were seven contests in all. Seven Aussies were opposed to a like number of mit jugglers from the British Army. Each pair fought stoutly and well, and gave freely of their best. All were generous givers in the true ring sense of the word. There were several alterations to the original programme. These, however, were unavoidable. The necessity for crushing the Hun chappie knows no law, and drafts and hurried departures play fast and loose with the best laid programme.

It was indeed a pity that Sgt Dick Rice, the clever English light-heavy, who was originally to box Jim Monaghan, proved rather a difficult customer to negotiate wit. Like so many professionals, the Sergeant had rather an exaggerated idea of his own fistic importance, and we were reluctantly compelled to cancel the match. It would have been interesting to note how our young dashing boxer would have shaped against a veteran ringster like Rice. I certainly did not expect Monaghan to lick the Bandsman, but he would have given Rice a much harder tussle than many anticipated when the match was first mooted. A worthy substitute in L/Cpl Barney O'Toole was forthcoming. The latter, who is approaching the sere and yellow period of fistic life, is an ex-champion army and navy heavyweight. He put up a game showing against a younger, cleverer, and more vigorous opponent. As usual with these shows everything went like clockwork. Not a minute was wasted, and in the words of the side-show orator,—“The show his goin' on all the bloomin' time.”

Captain Roddy, adjutant, No 17 Camp kindly consented to fill the ticklish position of referee. He certainly proved himself to be the right man for the job. His handling of the bouts was most satisfactory. His interpretation of the Army and Navy Rules just hit the happy medium. He was not too strict, neither did he err on the side of leniency. He allowed genuine in-fighting, but promptly pulled them up, when it became a scuffle. The referee can make or mar a fight. Capt Roddy is a good referee. Lieut Enow was in his usual place as M.C. and handled affairs with his usual aplomb and judgment. Capt « Padre » Robertson and Lieut Barnes A.I.F. acted as judges. Sgt Major Ratten handled the watch, and needless to say the clocking was perfect. As to the doings in the hempen square here goes to tell all about them.

Corkweights — Kilkenny Cats

Sapper Woods, A.I.F., and Pte King, K.R.R. set the ball rolling. This pair of corkweights fought like the traditional kilkenny cats. Not a second was wasted in sparring or posing. At it they went. King worked a nice stiff left rip to the stomach, now and again, switching to the jaw. He also stabbed a pretty left to the nose at intervals. Woods used both hands freely and was the aggressor all the time. This atom of humanity has a heart as big as a lion. He is only a frail little chap, but he laughs danger to scorn, and fearlessly wades into whoever he may be fighting. In the second round, Woods started to pay attention downstairs. King fought back fiercely, and there were several spells of vicious battling. At the end of the four rounds, Woods aggressiveness and rapid fire methods had placed him in the lead, and he was duly declared the winner.

Tommy's Brilliant Effort

The next pair were Pte Roy Miner and Pte Jeffords, K.R.R. Good class boxers, these boys fought a beautiful six round contest. Jeffords, who is a protege of that clever London lightweight, Mike Honeyman, was just a shade too fast our boy. Jeffords' right hand punch to the body is a feature of his boxing. He used this dangerous wallop as it should be used, and in a style reminiscent of Ned Murphy, Snowy Sturgeon, Ted Nelson, and other giants of the past. Miner has a quick darting left hand, but leaves himself a bit open when delivering. Jefford was quick to notice this, and his countering of Roy's left leads was masterly. The English lad also knows what to do with his right hand, and frequently crossed it good and hard to Miner's jaw. The Aussie used his feet nicely, and his backmoving and sidestepping frequently had Jeffords floundering. It was nip and duck all the way with Jeffords just a shade in front. Roy rather overdid the old trick of rebounding off the ropes. It worked several times, but eventually Jeffords got wise, and the ruse lost its effectiveness. At the end of a brilliant bout Jeffords was declared the victor.

A Digger's Short Shrift

Then came Pte Marsh, A.I.F. and Dvr Spencer, R.G.A. This bout was short and sweet. Marsh, who was giving away height, weight and reach, went right at his man, and gave him no peace. Spencer jabbed a few tentative lefts and swung the same mawler to the jaw. Spencer was shaken but remained erect. Marsh was immediately transformed into a raging tornado, and smote his foeman with all sorts and conditions of wallops. Spencer bent before the storm, and suddenly decided that golf, croquet, or some other exciting form of sport was more in his line. He shook hands with Marsh, and expressed a desire to retire and meditate

FIXTURES

Con. Camp. Gymnasium

MONDAY. — Con Camp Gym. 5 p. m.

Geelong Library Club

THURSDAY. — Between 5 and 6 p. m.

Y. M. C. A. FIXTURES were not available when we went to press.

on the woes of a boxer. Marsh, the winner.

Gunner George R.F.A. and Cpl Pearce, A.I.F. now occupied the square. The bout lasted the six rounds. Pearce was loss cockey all through. He hit George with everything, but the book of rules. The gunner was tough and game, that lets him out. Pearce is splendidly built for the game, and will do much better in better class company. He won very easily on points.

Fierce Engagement

Enter Pte Carney, R.F.A. and Pte Gurney, A.I.F. this was a bitter stubborn fight. Carney, whose countenance has stood the stress and storm of many glove massagings, soon showed that he was no slouch at the business. He pecked away with a poky left, and crossed solidly with the right. Gurney depended on a left hook mostly. Round and round the ring they fought. The claret was flowing freely. A storm of cheering greeted the termination of a great first round. The second and third were reflections of the first. Gurney was fighting a dogged stubborn up-hill battle. In the last round the Aussie went all out to win. He hooked Carney heavily on the chin, and jabbed him fair on the nose a second or two later. Carney came back like an infuriated bull, and toe to toe they fought it out. The last gong found them in a merry mix up. Carney got the verdict and deserved it. Gurney fought a great fight against a heavier and more experienced boy.

Evenly Matched

Pte Roberts, London Regiment, and Pte Bonnett, A.I.F., now showed their faces. This was a neat contest. Neither were out to take risks. Each showed a good knowledge of stops and blocks. The first three rounds saw Bonnett a shade ahead. He had a most effective stop for Roberts' favorite left hook. Roberts put it over on Bonnett in the 4th and 5th periods. In the last round Bonnett pulled himself together and attacked all the time. The scoring was about even in this round. The decision, a draw, was a sound one.

Monaghan Decisive Win.

The final bout saw Pte Jim Monaghan opposed to Barney O'Toole, R.G.A. Barney is left handed and shapes right hand out. He was an awkward customer and « Monny » had to be very careful. If one of the big man's hefty left swings had landed on the chin, Jim would have thought peace was declared, because there would have been so many bells chiming.

A short right jolt dropped O'Toole in his own corner, just on the bell. This

Continued page 5.

XX² DIECLE Y RUS VOLTAIRE - NAVR