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Edited by
G. P. "JACK" SHERRINGHAM

THE PORT HACKING COUGH

A RECORD OF THE
1914 - 1919 MEN

RETURNING HOME
ON D. 34.



Vol. 1 [Kelly's Eye] No. 1 [AT SEA "D34"] Published [Sometime, Somewhere, Somehow.]
SATURDAY, 14th DEC., 1918.

THE PORT HACKING COUGH.

This ship's magazine is being compiled to record the trip from England to Australia on the D. 34.

It is also to amuse and entertain the diggers of the 1914 leave draft on their homeward voyage. We ask all our readers to send us contributions of short stories, sketches poems, jokes, etc., and to give us their assistance to make this magazine interesting, amusing, and if possible, educating.

Naturally we do not endorse all the remarks made by our contributors, nor are we responsible for the remarks of our readers.

We will do our best to make a worthy souvenir of the doings of our voyage home to our own sunny shore.

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OURSELVES.

◆ ◆ ◆
IN launching our frail barque on the stormy waters of journalism, we have undertaken a task both difficult and dangerous. Even in times of PEAGE the lot of a newspaper man is not a happy one, so you can imagine the task we have undertaken in the present conditions.

◆ ◆ ◆
The members of our Staff, like our readers, are all war-worn warriors of over four years' hard fighting and dodging bayonets and bullets as well as shells and shrapnel—and work. They are broken down in spirits—so far as spirits can be broken down (and that's saying much)—still we will try as a last kick and dying flutter to produce the Ship's Magazine.

◆ ◆ ◆
Our office is situated in a Spraying Room originally intended for the destruction of microbes. This is now very suited to the disinfection of our M.S.S. prior to publication. Its prominent position on the fore'deck seen is to impress the diggers with the idea that it is an Enquiry Bureau, or Home for Waifs and Strays. Our Staff is kept busy answering foolish questions or paying pretty compliments to the eager information seekers. In consequence of this, our Office Kat has given notice to quit owing to too many "backsheesh" kicks being bestowed upon her after such interviews.

◆ ◆ ◆
Our lady clerk has deserted us and taken up her abode with a ship's fireman for the sake of peace and quietness and to escape the love sonnets of the poet.

◆ ◆ ◆
Let us remind our readers that our present address is a mobile one, as we are crossing the briny ocean on one of the palatial liners of the Commonwealth and Dominion S.S. Company: the smart ocean-going S.S. Port Hacking—a magnificent craft of some ninety thousand tons"—or less. In her efforts to put up a record run and cause excitement for the troops aboard, she waltzes or foxtrots to the music of the wild waves, the wind in the rigging and our own orchestra, accompanied by 'Ross'

The result is that our whole staff imagine that it is once more out-back, astride buck-jumpers. Even our crack rough-riders take their grips fore and aft to keep their balance and hold their own, while the Art Editor settles his spectacles firmly, takes a fresh grip—and adds a line to the drawing in the wrong column as the ship lurches.

◆ ◆ ◆
Despite these difficulties, we are determined to make this Ship's Magazine the Star of the East and with a competent crew, a trusty skipper, steady pilot and favourable conditions, we hope to have straight sailing to success.

G. P. J. Sherringham,
Editor.

H.M.A.T. D. 34,
S.S. Port Hacking,
At Sea.

A DAY IN A PILOT'S LIFE IN THE A.F.C.

By Lieut. Nosedive.

◆ ◆ ◆
A SHAKE on the arm and a voice saying "It's 5.15, sir! You leave the ground in a quarter of an hour." brings you with a crash from the land of dreams. Your first thoughts are for the weather, and you ask your man "What's the weather like? Dud?" (i.e., unfit for flying). At last you tumble out, shivering and don your flying kit and make for the mess, where Old Mac., the mess corporal, has a cup of hot tea and a biscuit awaiting you, which puts you in a much better mood.

◆ ◆ ◆
"Come on, you chaps," the Flight Commander roars. So you stroll down to the 'drome, from which comes the sound of engines running, and you confer with the Flight Commander as to what formation the flight is going to fly in, and what your position will be in it. Having polished your goggles and put on several pairs of gloves, you walk to your machine, which has now been "reved" up. A mechanic sits astride the tail to hold her down, a smile and a nod from the "ack emma," and you know things are O.K. So you jump into the seat and run your eyes over the instruments and

guns—everything O.K.—you wave your hand, the chocks are pulled away and you “taxi” out into the field.

◆ ◆ ◆
All in position, the Flight leader opens up his engine, the rest following in turn and you take up formation—being mighty careful not to get into another machine's backwash or you will go into a spin and probably crash. For the next half-hour we climb steadily towards the line and at 15,000 feet we are above it and nothing is to be seen bar a few “Harry Tates” (spotters), doing their tour up and down the line.

◆ ◆ ◆
We cross the line, making towards Lille, still climbing and keeping a sharp look-out for Huns. Nothing doing, so you let go a burst or two to test your guns—then, “crump, crump,” and you realize you have been flying straight—making an excellent target for “Archie.” You now make an S course and, still climbing, you look at the altimeter, which reads 20,000 feet, and it is bitterly cold. We change our course and looking well into the sun for Huns (for it is there the wily Hun is waiting to drop on the poor beggar who drops back from his flight) when, suddenly, the leading machine fires a red light and you know the Hun is about. Away down below can be seen a few dots and by their actions you know they are Huns. Down you go, with engine all out and doing about 250 miles an hour, and, marking your man, you go for him and put in a burst. But he goes down in a clever spin and you dare not follow, for he is too low and many a good fellow goes West through following down too far. So feeling rather savage with yourself for missing him, you flatten out and look for the Flight and climb up to them again.

◆ ◆ ◆
You hardly take up your position when another crowd is sighted—the Hun is up on the job with a vengeance—so down you go for another thriller. This time being luckier, getting right on his tail and put a burst in at 200 yards. He side slips and tries to manoeuvre for position, but you manage to hang on his tail. A couple more bursts and down he goes in a wild circling plunge, then completely out of control. You wait anxiously for him to burst into flames, when crack, crack, and the zipp, zipp of bullets through your machine, brings you

back to grim reality and you know whilst you were watching the Hun's wing plunge, somebody has got on your tail. You do a hundred things in a second. Looking back you see two Fokkers coming at you, all out, so you spin, side slip, and then zoom up—in fact everything you can think of to keep the ring of those sights out of the line of your head. When, all of a sudden, the zip finishes and you find, on looking back, that your flight has got on to them and one is tumbling down like a comet, flames streaming behind him and the other fellow making for home. Then you just scrape over the line, getting “Archie” to hell, and fly slowly over the C.C.S. at St. Venant, land at the 'drome and taxi in.

◆ ◆ ◆
“Get anything? Machine alright?” are thrown at you by the mechanics. “Yes, got one, 'bus good-o.” Then you jump out and look over the 'plane for bullet holes and Archie rips, but find you have been lucky, only the fabric torn in a few places. After going to the Squadron Office and making your report to the C.O., comes breakfast for which you are ready. A clean up, a shower, then lunch and up again at 2 p.m., a flight which you should be finished (if you are lucky).

GRAND FREE TOUR OF AUSTRALIA.

◆ ◆ ◆
The proprietors of this journal will give the reader who sends in the most suitable name for the ship's magazine.

◆ ◆ ◆
1st prize.—A guarantee of two months' furlough, free railway warrant at end of voyage, and a life insurance policy against submarines.

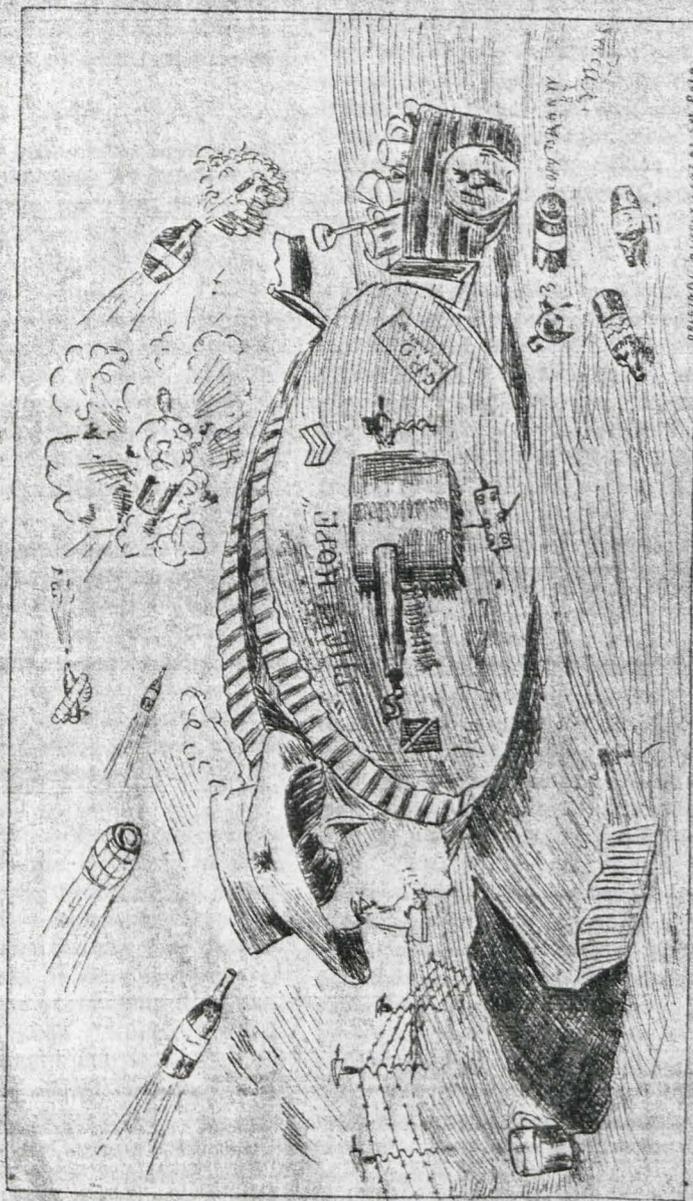
◆ ◆ ◆
2nd prize.—Exemption certificate from a medical board, if the war breaks out again.

◆ ◆ ◆
1000 consolation prizes. The decision of the managing board is final. Unsuccessful attempts will be returned via Davy Jones' postal service.

◆ ◆ ◆
STOP PRESS.

Wells beat Fireman Ellis in the fifth round.

OUR ARTIST'S DREAM
CHRISTMAS.



GETTING TANKED.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATION BY M. P. P. P.

A LAST WORD ABOUT THE WORLD WAR.

By Captain H. Neville Roberts.

◆ ◆ ◆
I THINK you men who heard me when I lectured at St. Budeaux Camp on the War, know that I was genuinely pleased to come and talk to you. I looked happy on the platform, did I not? That was your doing, for you were an audience after my own heart.

◆ ◆ ◆
In taking up my pen to write as promised for your ship's magazine, I am nearly as happy, but not quite, for I should be still better pleased to see you all about me, as I did in the Y.M.C.A. Hut at St. Budeaux.

◆ ◆ ◆
I tried to tell you what you have helped to save the world from; the threat of world-conquest by Germany. I cannot repeat the long story of the German plot to enslave the world—you were more patient with me than the Editor of your magazine would be—but I shall try to put the main point in a nutshell.

◆ ◆ ◆
The German Empire was built up by war—three short, sharp, successful wars. The German people came to believe in war as a very paying business, and, just when they were drunk with their victories there began the teachings of Nietzsche, followed by Treitschke, both declaring that war was the one thing for which every German should live and should prepare night and day.

◆ ◆ ◆
The German Military Party, which ruled Germany, took up the teachings of these two men, made them their aim and policy, foisted them on the people and steeped the mind of the people for the last three generations in these ideas of war, ruthless war that was to bring the world under their heel. This what they called "Kultur," which means "something cultivated," or, "something produced by breeding." So the German States deliberately, and successfully, bred a race of Germans with a lust for war, a lust for world dominion, and a blood lust for the blood of England.

◆ ◆ ◆
Then there arose in Germany, about twenty-five years ago, a party which began to talk of a German road to the East as a sure

road to their conquest of the world. This party called their plan the "Mittel Europa," or Central Europe scheme, and their aim was to dominate a great belt of territory stretching across Europe and down into Asia, from the North Sea on the one side, to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean on the other. Through the centre of this belt of territory they planned the Berlin-Bagdad Railway, connecting the North Sea with the Persian Gulf, and in 1914 they had got it all except the bit passing through Serbia and Bulgaria. Hence the war started by a German plot that brought about a quarrel between Austria and Serbia. And the world was at war to prevent Germany conquering the world.

◆ ◆ ◆
Your job during the last four years has been to save, not only the British Empire, but the world, from the barbarous and intolerable rule of the Hun bully. If they had got their "Mittel Europa" scheme, they would have got both the British Empire and the rest of the world under their devilish control, for what nation could have stood against them if we could not, or would not; if our Navy had not kept open the seas of the world; or if our men had failed us?

◆ ◆ ◆
Your job is done, as far as beating the contemptible Hun at his own game of war is concerned. You have helped to smash his boasted war machine, and to smash it utterly. You have helped to lay the pride of the German beast in the dust. You have won through the biggest task that the British Empire has ever undertaken in all its history. You and I know that it has been worth doing. Neither you nor I would change places with any man in the wide world who has not had a hand in it. We are glad that we were born at a time which gave us a chance of taking a hand in it. We might have gone through life in some narrow rut, without an opportunity of doing anything big. This has been an opportunity, and we have lent a hand at making history—world history. There is still work for us to do—work that is worth doing, and worth doing well. We have to re-build this Empire of ours, and we must not build it of the broken bricks that the war has tumbled about our ears. We must see to it that the building is better than ever it was. The war ought to

have taught us the value of work, of comradeship, of unity, of effort. It ought to have taught us the strength of our Empire, as well as where it has been weak.

We over here know now that we cannot do without Australia. Australia will know that she cannot do without us. We are more to each other than we were in the easy-going days of peace—and unpreparedness! Your peace job is to remake your great island-continent of Australia better than it was before—more worthy of the greatness it has achieved in this great war. Our job over here is to re-make the Home country, to extend our hand to Australia with all the help we can give, and to keep our eyes on the Hun beasts until they have shown that they are fit to be at large in a civilised world.

By the way, Australia, for heaven's sake see to it that the Hun swine are kept out of the South Pacific—or sent to the bottom of it. They have no right in your neighbourhood—except at the bottom!

Just three words more—Good Luck!
Merry Christmas!—Safe Home!

SHOCKS AND STARES.

By Lonar Baw.

The Share Market opened up very wobbly this morning, owing to persistent rumours that the works of Roulette et Cie., Twice Up & Co., and the old Sarnmajor and Mudhook Prop. Ltd., were being taken over by the Government, and when in the afternoon the rumours were confirmed by official notices, there were indescribable scenes on 'change, speculators clamouring madly to try and save a little out of the wreck, and the bottom was knocked clean out of the market.

House-building Mortgage Co. shares went up in leaps and bounds on news of important contracts with the Government for the duration.

Plymouth Brewers Prop. Ltd. dropped a few points owing to a heavy decrease in last fortnight's sales returns.

The market finished very unstable.

THE POET'S PLAIN.

It's hard to enthuse on the joys of the Muse
When the ship's like a tipsy old Scot;
The Poet who raves on the beauty of waves
Has been writing in some sheltered spot.
If CHILDE HAROLDE wrote on a wild
transport boat,
His travels, much would have been lacking.

Perchance, though, he might have been able
to write
On the joys of the
"S.S. PORT HACKING."

The orchestra strives to bring to our lives
Successive melodious thrills.
With raucous-voiced cry, "Devil's Own,"
"Kelly's Eye!"

The "house" fiend brings grist to his
mills.
The gramophone wails from its metal
entrails

The song of the voice that is bawling.
No cheerful-faced ass could possibly pass,
But must honor the office by calling.

Could LONGFELLOW write in a flickering
light

That goes out ten times in an hour?
A typewriter tapping and everyone yapping,
Would make even TENNYSON sour.
The Editor grows impolite, though he knows
This effort is hard. So I'll say
"Farewell!" "Au revoir!" The Muse
flows no more.

Yours—till the next issue—

Riquet.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

MUSICAL.

PLAYERS.—Wanted for the Ship's Orchestra:—

CELLIST

CLARINET Player

FLUTE Player

PICCOLO Player

and VIOLINIST.

Full particulars on application to

"THE CONDUCTOR."



A Sports Meeting will be held on Saturday the 14th inst., at 2 p.m., on the Sports Ground, main deck, S.S. "Port Hacking," when an interesting programme will be carried out, including the following events :

COCK FIGHTING.

First and second prizes. (At the Boxing Stadium on No. 5 Hatch.)

SKIPPING COMPETITION.

First and second prizes. (On main deck, starboard side, for'ard.)

SCRATCH PULL (Feet to Feet—Stick Pull).

In three classes. First prize in each class. (On main deck, port side, for'ard.)

POST ENTRIES.

Ground Stewards :

Cock Fighting.—Capt. Redhead.

Skipping.—Lt. Dickinson.

Scratch Pull.—Cpl. Geiger.

Here is a chance for the athletes not only to keep fit, but also get a decent prize as well. Every branch of sport catered for. Anyone who is feeling a bit strong after his spell from the Hoe and its surroundings, can try the scratch pull, and the sprinters and long distance merchants can have a go at the skipping, while the mounted diggers, and blokes who can ride anything with hair on, can try out in the cock-fighting—so come along next Saturday and let us see you all in action—the more the merrier.

BOXING NOTES.

Tuesday morning breaking fine, a few of the lads had a try out at the Port Hacking Stadium, and a series of six bouts were put on by the Welter, Middle and Lightweights,

when some very interesting fights took place, stouch being dealt out with an earnestness and received with a good humour that promises well for the trip.

The Sports Committee intend to put on a series of competitions in the various classes, leading up to the competition for the Championship of the Boat.

IS IT TRUE ?

THAT the restrictions placed upon this ship for exceeding the speed limit through the Bay of Biscay has spoilt our chance of putting up a record non-stop run to Australia ?

THAT the extra sprint for a few days across the Mediterranean was the Chief Engineer's renewed effort to regain lost mileage ? Or was it a dying flutter ?

THAT the Y.M.C.A. Rep. threw in his lot with the boys, and added his little bit to the mighty deep ?

THAT "Phosjene" has had a mighty bad gas attack ?

THAT a "Drop-short" Driver recognised an old "Gun-wheeler" of his on the dinner table Thursday, the 12th inst. ?

THAT since coming aboard this troopship the Kelly Gang has been broken up ?

THAT one of the boys slipped down the stairs with a bucket of boiling tea, and the only thing he said "It's rather upsetting" ? (I don't believe it.—Ed.)

THAT only a few pounds worth of Canteen Supplies was placed aboard this ship ?

WANTED TO BUY.

Wanted to buy, STALE BEER or BROKEN-DOWN RUM in any quantities.

N.B.—Fresh Beer or good sound Rum not objected to. Bring sample to this office for approval.

MUSICAL NOTES.

By Viola.

OUR FIRST IMPROMPTU CONCERT.

ON Tuesday night the 10th inst., our first concert was held at the "Hipodrome," main deck for'ard, when a number of exceptional turns were put on by the troops and members of the ship's company. As well as popular songs by good singers, a good turn was given by Piper Ross on the bag-pipes. A good ragtime turn was followed by a Wild West show from Wells and pardner, where the principal was punctured with pins, etc., and his arm was sewn to his neck, the turn finishing by chewing glass and the eating of liquid fire as if he liked it.

The singing of "God Save the King" brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

The ship's concert party, "The Medleys," assisted by our Symphony Orchestra, will give a grand concert at an early date.

After the Shows—

Come and have a quiet drink at

KELLY'S Pig and Whistle

Ned Kelly, Proprietor.

RAFFERTY'S RULES.

A man is engaged by the management to do all cursing and use bad language in the back-yard.

A dog is kept to do all the barking on the premises.

Our potman, or chucker-out, has won seventy-five fights, and is an excellent revolver shot. His assistant is first favourite for the cock-fight on Saturday.

An undertaker calls every morning at 10 a.m. for orders.

The Pioneer Battalion has been engaged as grave-diggers.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Tell us in our next week's number

Some of what we want to know :

We are not the chaps to slumber,

When there's "copy" on the go.

Is it true that forty-two.

Plays the gramophone, and then,

When they've played the records thro'

Wind them backwards on again ?

Are the deck-bolts just to teach us

Self-control, till we get freed ?

Why they stopped us at Gibraltar—

Were we going over speed ?

Is a Waac's hat worth a dollar ?

Ask a Q.M. Sergt. that !

Why the digger was so seasick,

When he wore the sailor's hat ?

Treacle sticks to anything,

Well, so everybody says ;

Why could "Treacle" stick to nothing,

For at anyrate, four days ?

Are the chaps who fed the fishes,

Since from Plymouth we got out,

Sending to the O.R. sergeant,

Saying, "Please don't walk about ?"

Has our celebrated artist,

With the appetite for glass,

Ever swung the lead on gutz-ache ?

If so—well, we'll let that pass.

Will they issue us with candles

When the dynamo gives out ?

Also any other subject,

That you've any news about.

Is it a fair thing to put the blame on the "PRINTER'S DEVIL" for all the mistakes which are constantly occurring in the MICROBE'S RETREAT ?

Do the inhabitants of the fo'castle sleep better now that they have half of the saloon deck for'ard roped off ?

Is it possible for the diggers to have a look at Kandy when we arrive at Colombo ?

Why does the R.Q.M.S. always wear a satisfied smile, and will it be possible to issue swagger canes to all the boys on disembarkation ?

What are the contents of the pills which the Princely Pill Purveyor so gleefully issues in place of the old No. 9's ?

POST-WAR PROBLEMS.

By L. V. Worle.

◆ ◆ ◆
No. 1—"INDUSTRY."
◆ ◆ ◆

WE have been away at the war for a little over four years now, and politics and the general way of things in Australia has not worried us much—it has always seemed too far off for us to take much notice, but now we are going home for good, it is up to us to look the facts in the face and see how we stand.

◆ ◆ ◆
Therefore we had to make shift for ourselves, and our manufacturing industries got a great fillip, and we proved conclusively to the world and particularly to our own pessimistic brethren that we could manufacture the goods and turn out a much better article at a reasonable price than was originally imported by us.

◆ ◆ ◆
Now, before the war—in most industries—we found or produced the raw materials and exported it to other countries, particularly Germany, and brought back the finished article at a greatly enhanced price, but owing to the abnormal conditions set up by the war, i.e., lack of shipping, we found ourselves in the unenviable position of having plenty of raw materials and practically no stocks of the finished articles at all.

◆ ◆ ◆
Now, I ask you all, which is the best business proposition—To sell the raw material and get a small sum of money, and then have to buy back the finished article, thereby letting a large amount of good cash filter out of the Commonwealth every year—or to produce the raw material, manufacture it ourselves and sell the finished article to the world's markets, after supplying our own needs? So we can see in the one case we let the main part of our money go out of our own country. In the other, we not only keep our money in circulation in our own country and give our own people more work, but we also get some of the other countries' as well, thereby giving us more opportunities of developing the country as every good Australian wants it developed.

Now it is up to us diggers going home to make it our business to keep those industries going by the force of the opinion we will be able to express at the elections, and to keep the job politicians out of the game. For these are the men who will want the old state of things to re-assert itself, as they were the only ones making any money out of the old system, and will want us to accept the old order of things as the best thing for Australia. But think for yourselves and look at it from every side, and don't take it easy, but work hard to keep the manufacturing business of our country going. We will then help to build up Australia to what she was meant for—the greatest country in the greatest Empire in the world's history.

A GASSY MEMORY.

By Gasometer.

◆ ◆ ◆
The usual state of things in "sunny" Flanders, mud to your hocks and Digger Stanley of X Battery was coming down for a spell. Pushing along, he was met by General Dashwood, who stopped him and asked him to lend him his box respirator, as he had left his own back at H.Q. But the digger was obdurate and refused to lend, saying it was worth a D.C.M. to be found without one. After a good deal of persuasion he handed it over on receipt of a chit on the Q.M. bloke for a new one.

◆ ◆ ◆
So the general went off mightily pleased with himself for getting out of a long walk back. Going on further he met one of his Staff, Lieut. Dudd, coming back. Said he, "Hullo, Mr. Dudd, you have no respirator, where is it?" On the usual lame excuse, he roared in good old style, then told him that he, with all the weight of an army on his shoulders, could carry a respirator and also have it ready for use at a second's notice. Then proceeded to prove it. Diving his hand in for the mask, to his great surprise, out fell a dirty shirt and a pair of socks. Collapse of the General and discreet smiles of subaltern.

TIRELESS TIDINGS.

◆ ◆ ◆
THE GREAT WAR.

◆ ◆ ◆
By Our Special War Correspondent.
(Phillip Fibbs.)

◆ ◆ ◆
Press H.Q., 10-12-18.

On the morning of the eighth after a heavy preliminary bombardment, the Codlin Moths went over the top in three waves, to the accompaniment of the drum-fire of the Drop-shorts and gained all objectives. But were driven out in the early morning by a vigorous counter-attack of the Crow-eaters.

◆ ◆ ◆
The whole front was very quiet during the day, but just as dusk was falling, an unfortunate incident happened through a mistake of the Crow-eaters' H.Q.—information being sent to the companies in support and on either flank of Captain Phosgene's Coy., that a raid was taking place and to take no notice of the increased rate of fire. Just as Phossie's company was preparing for the stunt, the Codlin Moths made a vigorous counter attack and Phossie's company suffered severe casualties, including one ear bitten right through, so Phosgene asked for an armistice to bury his dead—which was granted by the Codlin Moths after payment of cigarettes all round.

◆ ◆ ◆
Late Official.

The Gum-suckers have doubled their frontier guards and have mobilised all men between the ages of 85 and 103.

◆ ◆ ◆
The Sand-groppers have called up all youths up to the age of 6.

◆ ◆ ◆
The Bananalander War Cabinet have instructed General Treacle to bring all establishments, including "boozers," to a war footing.

RIOTS AMONG THE CORNSTALKS.

◆ ◆ ◆
The Kelly Gang went on the war-path and got in amongst the "house kings" and robbed them of all their good cash.

◆ ◆ ◆
Things have subsequently quietened down.

FURLOUGH FACTS.

◆ ◆ ◆
TELEGRAPHIC instructions have been received that a sliding scale of leave of absence in Australia on full pay and subsistence allowance for such periods as are indicated hereunder, has been approved by the Cabinet.

◆ ◆ ◆
1. "1914" Members.—Sixty days' leave on full pay and subsistence allowance of 3s. per diem for the period of leave.

◆ ◆ ◆
2. "1915" Members.—Twenty-one days' leave on full pay, and subsistence allowance of 3s. per diem for period of leave.

◆ ◆ ◆
3. "1916" Members.—Fourteen days' leave on full pay and subsistence allowance of 3s. per diem for period of leave.

◆ ◆ ◆
4. "1917 and 1918" Members.—Fourteen days' leave on full pay, but no subsistence allowance.

◆ ◆ ◆
The District Paymaster will arrange for the payment of the accumulated credit on the paybook calculated to date of discharge, plus 75 per cent. of the deferred pay earned, together with any amount of subsistence allowance payable—such payment will be made three to four days after arrival, and the balance on final settlement

◆ ◆ ◆
Before disembarkation, £10 (Ten pounds) will be paid to all members who embarked prior to 1916, and £5 (Five pounds) to members who embarked subsequent to 1916, provided their accounts are not over-drawn on the Paybook.

LOST AND FOUND.

◆ ◆ ◆
LOST.—On board ship, GERMAN WATCH. Finder kindly return to Ship's Orderly Room. 5s. reward.

◆ ◆ ◆
LOST.—FIELD GLASSES in leather case, stamped 4 L.H. Finder kindly return to this office. Reward.



THE SERGEANT'S MISTAKE.

VERITAS.

The orderly sergeant, grouter seeking, chanced upon a meek looking person shaving, outside his ward at the Base Hospital.

At a late hour last night a wild-eyed individual, with apple-pips in his hair, and strips of canvas round both legs (which were limewashed) rushed into our sanctum.

"I say," he asked in tones of sweetest sarcasm; "Do you always shave outside?"

"Well, serg.," replied the meek one, as he prepared to remove the fungus from his left cheek, "I don't think I'm fur-lined."

Zanza.

◆ ◆ ◆
"HE'S A BROTHER OF MINE."

Baron Hirsch, at the time of the flow of the Jews from Russia, was very surprised one day by his butler informing him that a visitor, giving the name of "the Lord God Almighty's brother-in-law," wished to see him.

He ordered him to be shown in and asked him how he came to give such a name.

The man answered: "Vell, Baron, it vos dis way: I vos born in a small village in which lived two sisters. I married one and it pleased God to take the other, therefore I must be his brother-in-law."

Steyerman.

◆ ◆ ◆
 Any fool can get in the Army, but it takes a genius to get out of it.



Jack to Jim (in Blighty for the first time): "Count your change, Jim."

Girl at desk (indignantly): "You don't think I'd do him, do you?"

Jack (with a grin): "I don't know, you'd do me."
 (A.A.C.)

The reason for his agitation appeared to be that he had an idea for beating the roulette expert, but as it was only in the bud, he wanted to spray himself to prevent codlin moth.

After calming him we strove to ascertain—for editorial reasons—where he obtained the joy-juice. But all he could tell us was this painful story:

"I am from the Speck and (pointing to the canvas codlin bands on his legs) I grew apples. My orchard is gone!"

Here our visitor was overcome with emotion, but, at our offer to bring a

drink of water, he recovered and proceeded.

"One night in a mist," he murmured, "the 'Loongana' was coming into Launceston when she bumped the wharf. You know the 'Loongana'? Fine boat she is—but the shock knocked all the apples off both trees on the Speck.

"So next day (all the apples being wind-falls) half the men were out of work. They were Tasmanians and therefore patriotic, but their patriotism was the downfall of

their country. Eight men joined up from the same side on the one day—the Speck cap-sized and it's only the cable to Flinders that keeps her from floating away."

Our visitor breathed a spiritual sigh and drifted below.



"INTELLIGENCE."

Officer, making out Intelligence Report on enemy shelling: "What size was that one, Jones?"

Digger Jones, with his dug-out blown in, arriving winded: "I didn't stop to measure it, sir."

L.V.W.

A CATCH, BUT NO BIRD!

Girl: Over there is the aquarium. Do you like fish?"

Aussie: "No. I prefer birds!"

Girl (indignantly): "Well, I'm not one."

NO DRAUGHTSMAN.

Depressed Digger (wearily): "What's that chap murdering on the goanna now, Jim?"

Cockney Cobber (with scorn): "Blimey, Bill! You ain't 'arf iggerent! That's 'Britannia Rules the Waves!'"

D.D. (more wearily): "Rules the waves does she? Well, why the h— don't she rule them straight?"

HE'D HAD SOME.

Jack (soulfully): "Haven't I a beautiful touch?"

Bert (unsympathetically): "Yes, when you are after a few bob!"

"Many are cold, but few are frozen."

The sea is no respecter of persons.

A PASSING THOUGHT.

The diggers have a lot of faults;

The officers but two—

There's nothing right they ever say,
And nothing's right they do.

BY EYE WITNESS.

IT was the official opening day for Australia House. King George did the opening act in fine style. Billy Hughes and Andy Fisher were his chief supporters on the platform. But did you see the "Aussies" who formed the Guard of Honour? Every man bronzed by the sun of Egypt, beaten by the winds of Gallipoli—bitten by the frosts of France.

Each man knew his job that day and did it like the man he was; they watched the "Performance" with immovable features, impervious alike to the comments or cheers of the London crowd. They stood rigid in the rain; they made no sign when a pale English sun peeped through the sullen clouds; they were some soldiers!

Then the Aussie on the Strand thrilled that day as he watched his chosen comrades come to attention as one man.

They were entertained at luncheon, and we believe they had enough to eat, if not to drink.

When the order was given to fall in and march to Horseferry Road, they took it all as part of the "show."

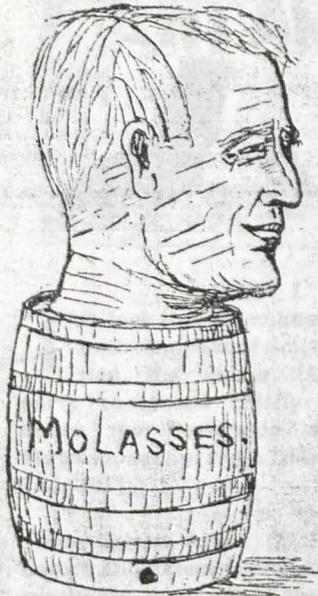
Led by the sweet toned silver band from Hurdcott, headed by "Tiny Tim," a little bloke of some eight feet, who twirled the "Pole" as though it were a walking stick, they swung through the Strand as one man.

The "Civvies" were green with envy. The faces of the Charing Cross "belles" were coloured with disappointment—as they saw the troops passing out of sight and reach. Eyewitness was at the Strand corner, spluttering to every Aussie, "What about that lot, digger—some soldiers, eh!" A little old short-sighted lady stood beside him. He was not aware of her existence until she said: "Excuse me, sir, are they Australians?" "Yes, madam," he answered curtly. She was hardly convinced. "I thought they were Red Indians," she said—and Eyewitness came to earth with a thud.

THE COMMONWEALTH & DOMINION S.S. COY.

SS PORT HACKING
CAPT. COTTELL.
Master
1918-9
TONNAGE TONS
1000S ON BOARD

1918			DECEMBER.			1918		
Day	Date	Mileage	Average	Date	Mileage	Average		
Sun	1	Left	London	8	252	10.5		
Mon	2	At	Sea	9	253	11.82		
Tues.	3	At Sea	Delaport	10	275	11.65		
Wed	4	Left	Delaport	11	277	11.72		
Thur	5	155	11.12	12	267	11.28		
Fri.	6	187	7.74	13	260	10.97		
Sat	7	243	10.08	14	258	10.9		

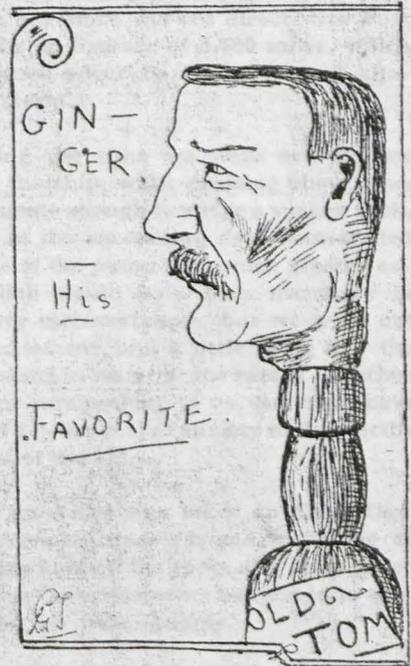


COCKY'S JOY.

A's for the Artist, the spoiler of ink,
When the ship rocks he hopes it will sink.
B's for the Boatswain who orders the men,
If you touch his new paint he's like a wet hen.
C's for the Canteen, to get toothpaste we try,
Use Kiwi instead as their stock has run dry.
D's for the Dynamo, which never runs steady,
Thanks to some candles we always are ready.
E's for the East for four years we've been yearning,
Look at our course and you'll see we're re-
turning.
F's for the Firewater down in the hold,
We'll have some at Xmas—or so we are told.
G's for the Gambling supposed to be stopped,
But catching is catching when you have been
copped.
H's for the Hardcase who sticks pins in his liver,
When he chews up glass it makes everyone
shiver.
I's for the Items in this Journal appearing,
Tell them a tale and you'll get a good hearing.
J's for the Jokes that the boys like to make,
Some are quite good and some give you an ache.
K's for the Knots that this good ship is making,
Soon in old Aussie our leave we'll be taking.
L's for the Log which shows the day's run,
Each turn that it makes puts us nearer the sun.
M's for the Master on whose cap is some flora,
If you waste any bread he'll catch you, by Dora.

N's for the Nuts to keep the engine together,
A lot come adrift when we have some bad
weather.
O's for the Outing we're to have at Ceylon,
If we get it, it will be just tres bon.
P's for the Padre, who's arranging the trip,
He's just the man we want on the ship.
Q's for the Questions our boys often make,
Sometimes we answer and sometimes we fake.
R's for the Routine relating to dress,
You mustn't wear hats when you sit at the
mess.
S's for the Sarn' Major, who poisoned the nags,
Here he fills in the day smoking our fags.
T's for the Tea which we have with our food,
It's made out of bark that is sold by the rood.
U's for the U-boats that belonged to the Hun,
Now, when you see one, there's no need to run.
V's for the Voltage in charge of the Chief,
As it's never at top, who is the thief?
W's for the Water round the Orderly Room flowing,
It always occurs whenever it's blowing.
X's is for Xmas, the time of good cheer,
How we'll be longing for a glass of good beer,
Y's for why we always must ask
When we are ordered to do any task.
Z's for the Zero which we used to dread,
Thank God it's all over—now I'm off to bed.

AH FAT.





PART I.

TO look into the unknown and to search in the interest of Science and Exploration, the whaler "Aurora," with a party composed chiefly of Australians, under the leadership of Sir Douglas Mawson, set out from Hobart on December 2nd, 1911.

Our objects were: (1) To determine the nature and extent (as far as was within our means) of that part of the great Antarctic Continent lying immediately south of Australia; (2) To make soundings, collect specimens and correct any geographical errors which might crop up during our voyages in those unknown waters.

Our first port of call was Macquarie Island, which is situated about 950 miles south-east of Tasmania. Here we were to erect a wireless station and leave a party of scientists for the study of the fauna (which is very prolific on this island), to make a topographical survey, and to keep in touch with both the mainland and southern party, so that the meteorological records, etc., could be sent to Australia.

This place is ideally situated for purposes meteorologically affecting both Australia and New Zealand.

I may state that when the expedition was disbanded, this station was taken over by the two governments and was continued until war broke out.

Macquarie Island up to the present has been used for collecting sea elephant and penguin oil, but I believe in the near future it will be made a National Preserve, as the bird and mammal life, of which this island abounds, is fast dying out in other parts of

the world, and it is only by taking this measure that the future study of these interesting specimens will be possible.

To erect a Wireless Station presented a great many difficulties, as the only suitable place was on a hill 400 feet high, situated at the northern end of the island. We were fortunate in finding an aerial ropeway which had been used by the men working on the island for transporting the sea elephant blubber to the trying-out sheds, as it is impossible to use a boat during the greater part of the year, owing to extremely bad weather.

After a great amount of exertion the heavy machinery and masts were hauled to the top of the hill, but not before we had dropped one of the dynamos (luckily it was not smashed too badly to be repaired). This station has since worked direct with Port Moresby, a distance of 3,400 miles, which constitutes a world's record for a 2 kilowatt station.

During the time we were ashore (ten days), the ship, while cruising about, was unfortunate enough to strike a sunken rock, which in the succeeding days necessitated the use of the pump to a much greater extent than would have been necessary in ordinary circumstances, but we were out for excitement, and a little thing like the ship taking in water at the rate of 11 inches an hour was nothing to us, but must have caused a great deal of anxiety to the worthy master of the ship.

Our good-bye was taken on Xmas Day, 1911, from Macquarie Island, by having to warp the ship off the rocks at a place called Caroline Cove, where we had put in to supplement our water supply.

Now we had started upon the serious part of our trip. The members of the expedition were put into watches to help the crew, and what with hauling on ropes, furling sails, etc., we had our time very much occupied.

◆ ◆ ◆
One of the amusing sights on the ship was to watch the sledge dogs being fed. For the benefit of those who do not know what these dogs are like, I will try and describe them. In looks they resemble a collie, with a head like a wolf and covered with very thick hair. Their nature is very much like a wolf in the way that their hair bristles when they are angry, and they will fight among themselves at the least opportunity. Woe betide the one that goes down in the melee, as it is sure to be killed if steps are not promptly taken to stop the fight. It is inadvisable for a person to interfere with bare hands (a log of wood is much better) as the dogs are quite impartial as long as they see something to bite at.

◆ ◆ ◆
A pack of these dogs always has a recognised leader, and if food is placed before them, and he anywhere about, they always defer to him and let him have the first share. If by chance one makes a slip and puts his nose into the bucket first, it will be promptly put in its place by the said leader. These dogs do not bark, but make a mournful howl.

◆ ◆ ◆
The food for the dogs varies, of course, in different places. We rely chiefly on seal

meat, which was cut into pieces about one and a quarter pound's weight, and heated over the stove, so as to drive off the moisture and also to reduce the bulk. The weight per piece is about one pound after this heating, and one lump is generally given twice a day to each dog.

◆ ◆ ◆
Of course these rations are for sledging journeys only. When at the base the dogs have the scraps from the hut, and they generally have as much as they can eat of seal meat to finish up with. There are various ways of harnessing them to sledges, but the two methods usually employed are the Fan and Tandem formation. Their harness consists of a collar similar to that used on horses, and a girth to keep the collar on. The tug-rope is fastened to the collar.

◆ ◆ ◆
It is estimated that eight dogs can haul as much as three men, and are much faster on an ordinary surface, but, when in bad country, a man-hauled sledge wins easily.

◆ ◆ ◆
A great deal of controversy has arisen among different explorers whether dogs are efficient or not, but I think that the remarkable trip of Amundsen to the South Pole with dogs proves conclusively that dogs properly used are the best means of transporting sledges.

(To be continued.)

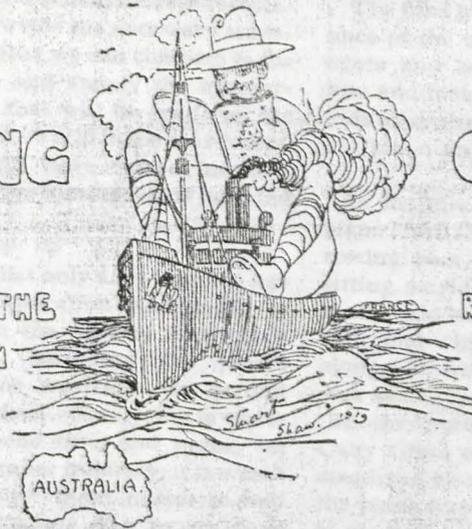


THE
HACKING

PORT
COUGH

A RECORD OF THE
1914 - 1919 MEN

RETURNING HOME
ON D.34.



Vol. 1 [Two Heads are Right.] No. 2 [AT SEA "D34" SATURDAY, 21st DEC., 1918.] Published [Sometime, Somewhere, Somehow.]

POST-WAR PROBLEMS.

By L. V. Worle.

No. 2—"THE TIMBER INDUSTRY"

HOW many of us have ever thought of the wonderful resources of timber that are growing in Australia, only waiting to be tackled in a businesslike manner to grow into one of our greatest wealth-producing industries? We have extensive forests of what is acknowledged to be, by all experts, absolutely the finest timbers in the world. Hardwoods there are especially, as well as soft woods and fancy timbers with the most beautiful grain it is possible to see—suitable for the manufacture of the finest furniture and the inside work of the builder.

These forests are, in many cases, being burnt to clear some settler's holdings, or for firewood (I have actually seen this). The whole trouble has been that public opinion still sticks to that old fallacy of the imported goods being the best, and of the premature working of the timber, i.e., not seasoning the woods before using them in the various manufactures.

That is one of our most important duties on return—to convert public feeling towards our home products. Now just take a look at what other countries are doing. California, U.S.A., on cutting down her own forests, is re-afforesting with Australian hardwoods. Italy and South Africa are also planting them as fast as they can grow the seedlings—having Government nurseries for the purpose. What are we doing? Just cutting down the trees indiscriminately and trusting to Providence for them to grow again, thus throwing away one of our most valuable assets. Look what has happened during the war. The Allied countries have had to scrape to meet the extra demand made on the world's timber supply by the war—even felling the finest old trees in some of the historical parks of England for the purpose. So you can see, when the building and other industries return to their former prosperity and activity and start to make up for lost time, that the world's supply is not going to meet the demand.

So we want to get busy as soon as we get home and make it our business to see that the Government do take notice of these forests of ours and their possibilities and

get a comprehensive scheme of re-afforestation going and provide the necessary transport facilities so that we can compete in the world's markets and supply the extraordinary demands that will be made on the timber supply of the world in the near future. Otherwise we will have vested interests from other countries coming in and jumping our claims.

We know now that only a few months ago a big foreign corporation was trying to obtain a hold on the best of Australia's timber reserves, including the jarrah forests of Western Australia, by getting long term concessions. Surely, if it is worth their while to spend time and money on working up our timber industry, it is worth our while to exploit them ourselves and keep the forests in our own hands, thus making the whole industry as it should be—a purely Australian concern, run by Australians for the good of our young country.

PURSUIT OF A PIANO AT PORT SAID.

We had great difficulty in the early stages of our voyage with having only one piano on board. Our Orchestra would be wanting to practise, and find it was being used by the Concert Party, and vice versa, so our popular Y.M.A.C. Rep., Mr. Sims, made up his mind that at the first port we touched, he would beg, buy, borrow, or steal the second one.

As soon as we touched Port Said, he and our popular Padre went over the side in search of one, and the necessary music, and Mr. Sims, after putting in a good tale, was given an old one by the Y.M.C.A. Rep. at Port Said, and he then went after the music and some new piano wires.

The day being a public holiday, all business places were closed; but with the persistence of a tail-bettor, following up a trot, he rushed around to the private house of one of the proprietors of a music warehouse, but the boss was out, and his wife could only speak Gippo, and our Y.M.C.A. bloke English, but after much gesticulation and glad eye stunts, he was able to explain himself and was sent to where they thought the Boss was.

The bird had flown, but with the assistance of the usual small boy he started off again and luckily met his man, grabbed him and took him to shop and then carried him off to the ship as a prisoner to tune the old piano up.

In the meantime our Padre had got the piano down to the wharf and aboard a small rowing boat, and at last came into view sitting astride and doing a balancing feat that would have opened the eyes of Cinquevalli, and with great excitement brought it alongside, where the best feat of the show was done; one nigger back-watered and the other pulled hard and the Padre did the Gaby Glide to perfection, pulling up and steadying just in time to save himself and the piano from a watery grave, and landed it on deck to the accompaniment of the cheers and laughter of the boys.

But our thanks are due to the hard work and persistence of these two gentlemen in trying to help us.

We now have two pianos and the work of the Concert Party and Orchestra can carry on independently, to their great satisfaction and the pleasure of the troops on board.

SHOCKS AND STARES.

By Lonar Baw.

PORT Said Distillers Coy. dropped with a bump, owing to official notice of the prohibition of sales of whisky, etc., by bumboats to ships passing through the port.

House-building Mortgage Co. shares fell a few points, owing to no business being done lately.

The Treacle Zero Financial Corporation floated the company during the week, but we advise our readers to look well into the prospectus before investing. They seem to be asking a lot from their shareholders, with no possibility of a return for their money for some considerable time.

The Sieda Fruit Growers' Association prices jumped 50 per cent. on news being received of large increase of sales of "orangees," figs, and dates at Port Said and Suez markets.



FIRST NIGHT.

By J. T. Milgate.

WE had just taken over new wagon lines and, as usual, the billets for the forward lines were the topic for a general discussion.

"All right, sergeant, get a move on, or it will be midnight before anything is done!"
 "Very good, sir—Righto, D. Sub., when

"'Ere, what's these 'orses doing on this line?" "Never mind them 'orses, they're right; they're the officers' 'acks." "Oh! are they. Well, this 'ere's D. sub lines, so you'll have to find another possie for the 'ead's 'orses!"



you're done getting yer gear on that there limber, we'll get along to these 'ere new wagon lines."

"Get mounted!" "Walk march!"
 "Wonder if there's any cellars, Blue!"
 "Cellars! Yer can have all yer cellars for mine. Gimme a possie in the open, with a sandbag or two before the best cellar yer can find in Franvillers." "Oh, I dunno. A cellar's tres bon when these 'ere Gothas get 'umming round after dark. Any'ow we'll 'op in first as soon as we 'it the joint."

"'Ere, Blue, 'op in 'ere. This'll do us for a 'ome." "Oh, no it won't. This 'ere's the cookhouse. Youse blokes always gets in before anyone as' a chance to get fixed up. So now you 'op it—this is going ter be the cookhouse, first and last, so long as I'm the babbler!"

"'Ere, Brownie, cut out the rough."
 "Why, what's the matter now?"
 "Matter? You'll find out what's the matter if yer don't cut out shuvvin' yer 'arness rack in my joint!"

"Whoa, there! I'll knock yer blinkin' 'ead off!" "Ay, Brownie, come 'ere and look after yer two donks. 'Ere's Billy's 'ead chain tangled up with Bobby's tail, and if yer don't soon come and fix 'em up, yer'll have to look over a salvage dump fer two more 'Tom fools'."

◆ ◆ ◆

"There's cook'ouse blowin'. Fetch up me dixie, Ginger, and I'll get your stew in this 'ere Machonachie tin with mine." "Wot, biscuits!" "Why, of course, wot do yer want—'ot cross buns?" "Don't we always git biscuits in a new joint?" "Well, it ain't bad stew, but 'Erb could 'ave kept the bully tins out of it! This 'ere is the second key I've found in mine!"

◆ ◆ ◆

Whiz-z-z-z-z-z-z—BANG!!!

◆ ◆ ◆

"Ullo, that's the first. Where are yer, Blue?" "Down 'ere. D'yer think I'm going ter stand up there just ter make a blinkin' target fer Fritzy?" "Why, I thought yer didn't like cellars, and 'ere you are right down inter the deepest one there is around the joint."

◆ ◆ ◆

"Well, any'ow 'e's quieter now." "Hi, Snow, take that candle outer that tin. Can't yer see I've got me jam issue in there, and all the grease from that there candle of yours is goin' inter a man's tucker."

◆ ◆ ◆

"Brrrrm-rrrm-rrrm-rrrrmm. Put out that light there, 'ere's Jerry. Jest keep quiet and listen which way e's going."

◆ ◆ ◆

Whist! BANG! BANG!! BANG!!!

◆ ◆ ◆

"Where'd you reckon that bomb went, Blue?" "Dunno! But not too far from 'ere!"

◆ ◆ ◆

"'E's gone! Let's go and see where 'e dropped 'is egg!"

◆ ◆ ◆

"Ullo! 'Ere's my stirrup irons and a bit of me waterproof. 'Ow did they git 'ere? I left 'em just this side of the cookhouse!"

"Well, I'm blowed! 'e couldn't a dropped it fairer—right on me gear and in the place where I was going to 'ave me possie!"

◆ ◆ ◆

"There yer are, with yer possie out in the open! Where'd yer been now only for the cellar?"

◆ ◆ ◆

"Right-o, Bill. We'll both doss in together in the cellar. I reckon you're right after all—a cellar fer me always!"

POET'S PORTION.

◆ ◆ ◆

ANANIAS.

◆ ◆ ◆

The boys sat round and discussed such things

As whizz-bangs—and Blighty—and rum.
They talked of sheep-farming and murders,
and kings,

—Accompanied by Gotha's dull hum.

"A townie" held forth on a wallaby hunt.
(He'd never been into the Bush)
A cocky spoke long on a "Guv'ment House
stunt,"

Referring to that "Toorak Push!"

◆ ◆ ◆

A red chevron man spoke of Courtney's and
Quinn's,

Another one mentioned the Strand,
They drifted through Millsies to Tickler's
jam tins,

And things that we all understand.
They argued on Paris and Nimitybell,
On thistles and prickly pear.

A Gumsucker reckoned that "Darwin was
hell!"

He'd an uncle who'd visited there!

◆ ◆ ◆

Then up rose a man who had just come to
light.

They listened—his words seemed to stun.
Then rose in a body and murdered the wight
And chuckled and laughed when 'they'd
done.

A corporal spoke, "We have wrought a
good work,

In slaying this Kangaroo rat,
You all heard the words of this son of a Turk,
'I've never yet SEEN a live chat'."



THE Sports Committee started the ball rolling last Saturday by opening the season with a Grand Skipping Competition, which was held on the Port Hacking Sports Ground, main deck, for'ard. All the Inter-State champions took part, and a good afternoon's sport ended in Victoria gaining the coveted honour of Premier State by taking 1st, 3rd and 5th prizes. N.S.W. put up the best individual performance, in Lester doing 1467 on a single break.

Ron. Wells (Vic.), of Wild West fame, won in a canter with 2231; Lester (N.S.W.) came second with 1764; Gunn (Vic.) getting third place with 1453; Roscoe (W.A.) came fourth with 1376, and Powell (Vic.) fifth, with 1031.

The prizes were presented to the winners by the Padre, Capt. Redhead, at the concert held in the evening.

BOXING BOUTS.

KEEN interest was centred in the contest between Ron. Wells (Australia), the champion "Magsman" of Vic., and Fireman Ellis (England). Both looked fairly fit, but Wells appeared about 14lbs. heavier than the Fireman. The bout was to be six two-minute rounds.

Round 1.—Wells went after his man from the gong and after a few exchanges, Ellis retreated to the ropes, showing a tendency to stay there and smother. Wells ripped a few body punches in and appeared much too strong for Ellis.

Round 2.—Wells jumped in and swung hard to the Fireman's head, and put in two or three good body punches. Ellis responded with lefts to the body, but judging by this round, Wells looked an easy winner.

Round 3.—This round opened with some lively exchanges, Ellis standing up to his man and looked like evening matters up, but after a few hot exchanges, broke ground and smothered.

Round 4.—Most of the fighting in this round was done in Ellis' corner, and he appeared very tired. Wells connected to the chin just as the gong went.

Round 5.—Wells led off with a heavy left to the head and followed with lefts and rights to the body. It was plain to see that Wells was too rugged for his opponent, and the claret was flowing freely from Ellis' nose and mouth. Wells connected to the point and the Fireman went down for eight. At the end of this round the towel was thrown in from the Fireman's corner.

Preliminary Bouts:—Bunny Smart v. Warwick Deuchar. A word in season to Deuchar to keep his glove shut when hitting; otherwise a very lively contest. Corpl. Geiger v. Pte. Nelson—interesting and willing go.

The judges were:—Capt. Collett, Ship's Master, and Lieut. Lucas; Timekeeper: Bdr. Wood; Ref.: S.-Sgt. Golding, who proved very efficient.

UNSOLICITED.

Condensed testimonial from an English Staff Officer, who watched the Anzacs scramble into action at Gallipoli:—

"They are the sort of people who, if thrown into Hell, would before night have a fire-proof house made out of things they found lying about—and would be serving iced drinks next day!"

Always be, the phrase sounds oddly, Cleanly, if you can't be godly!

TIRELESS TIDINGS.

◆ ◆ ◆
By Our Special Correspondent
(GILLIP FIBBS.)

◆ ◆ ◆ THE INTERSTATE WAR.

◆ ◆ ◆
A Great Victoria.

AFTER an exceptionally heavy bombardment the Cornstalks' 1st Army, under General Kelly, went over the top in the faint light of dawn and advanced a short distance, but in a brilliantly executed counter-attack the Croweaters, under General Phosgene, drove them back to a depth of fifteen yards on a fifty yard front.

◆ ◆ ◆
The Cornstalks put up a splendid fight in their reserve lines in heavy hand-to-hand fighting, but could not stop the victorious rush of the Croweaters, so five divisions of the Codlin-moths were thrown into supports. But still the advance continued, the Croweaters capturing a nine-inch gun and numerous field-pieces.

◆ ◆ ◆
With the aid of two more Codlin-moth divisions coming round in a brilliant flanking movement, the rush of the Croweaters was stopped. In some of the wild melees, after heavy street fighting, even the stretcher-bearers and pioneers took a hand. By this time the Cornstalks, under Kelly, had re-organised and moved up, and put in good work mopping up trenches and cleaning up dug-outs.

◆ ◆ ◆
The Croweaters, with Phozzie in command, again and again threw in new divisions to gain a decision, but the fighting still see-sawed and the streets were as shambles. Bringing up their last reserves, they bombarded the enemy with liquid fire and gas. Their low-flying 'planes flew over the enemy, doing great execution with their waddies and boomerangs; but General Treacle, with his gallant Bananalanders, moved up from supports and drove the Croweaters back past their original line. During the fight, Phozzie's cigarette dump was destroyed by incendiary shell-fire. Our war correspondent was wounded in the early stages of the battle, but was able to carry on until the end.

The Gumsuckers, who were neutral, have now joined the Allies. The Sand-gropers were out resting at Le Sharp End and after recuperating will take part in the coming battle.

MUSIC AND MELODY.

By Viola.

◆ ◆ ◆
OUR second Concert was held on Saturday, the 14th inst., at the Hippodrome, and was a huge success.

◆ ◆ ◆
A number of good turns were put on, including a couple of good songs by our popular Y.M.C.A. representative, Mr. Sims, and he received a great ovation. Murphy, with his inimitable Irish songs, was very popular with the large audience, but the star turn of the evening was a burlesque of the Johnson-Burns World's Championship Fight, by Ron. Wells and Cpl. Sherriff (Johnson). The big black hit, kicked and bit the little white fellow through five rounds. Rafferty's rules were allowed right from the start. Tammy went down for eight once and, taking a surreptitious drink while the referee was counting and the nigger sitting on his second's knee, blew the water into his opponent's face on resuming. In the fifth round, J. J. knocked Tammy clean out of the ring and sat down and waited for him. When Tammy got back he "jobbed" all within reach, but was too late and again lost the Belt. The turn was uproariously applauded by the crowd.

◆ ◆ ◆
After this turn our popular Padre, Capt. Redhead, presented the prizes won at the skipping competition. Making a pleasant little speech he announced that Wells wished to hand the first prize back for re-competition as a sporting offer by a good sport, but he was persuaded to take what he had won.

◆ ◆ ◆
Unfortunately, at this juncture the rain came down in torrents and the concert had to be continued down on the Troop deck. After a number of good songs, this most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the King."

The Great Naval Land Fleet in Action.

BOSCHE BADLY BEATEN.

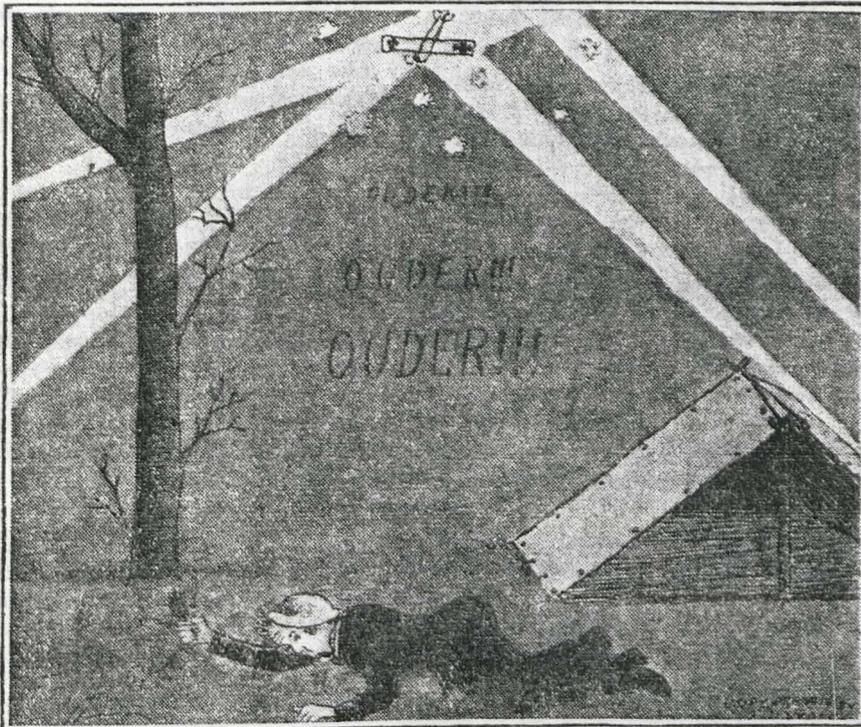
SPEED OUR GREAT FACTOR—By Loop Hole.

6.30 a m., 32nd April, 191?

A DECISIVE victory has been gained during the night by our Land Battle Cruiser Fleet, commanded by Admiral Sims, A.C.M.Y., aboard H.M.L.S. Slowcoach. At a given signal our fleet advanced in a headlong rush, covering the

was replied to by the Mudlark, and a moment later by the whole fleet.

The noise was terrific and in the din the thoughts of each of the men reverted subconsciously to his favorite canteen.



Original kindly lent by

"THAT OUDERDOM FEELING"
Digger disguising himself as a Daisy

S. M. Freeman.

five hundred yards separating them and the enemy squadron in less than two hours. Then came a change. The British spread out into battle array, H.M.L.S. Rivets swinging round and anchoring in a Johnson hole, while all waited in splendid silence for the enemy to commence.

After a few minutes of waiting, the leading German vessel opened a furious fire, which

Soon the leading German vessels appeared to be in difficulties. The "Billem de Grouser" was seen to stagger. It was afterwards discovered that a shell had penetrated their magazine and exploded the sauerkraut and lager beer, the fumes of which caused the hurried abandonment of the vessel by the crew.

Seeing this, H.M.L.S. Caterpillar went

forward to board the derelict *Bosche*. The task was comparatively easy as the poisonous fumes had blown away, and fortunately the *Limburger* magazine remained intact.



As she drew alongside, great rolls of barbed wire were swung over the side, down which the gallant crew speedily slipped.



Then the knives (jack, with lanyard—the most modern weapon in the armament of the nations) were brought into play upon the steel plates of the German. In a very few hours a cavity was made large enough to admit two men, who immediately raised steam and brought her into the British lines, where she was moored to a 5.9 dud. In the meantime the main German fleet was forced to retire fully eighteen inches, and, its speed being inferior to our vessels, it was soon in a very critical position.



The British advanced a further eight inches, remaining unharmed, save for H.M.L.S. *Warbler*, which had unfortunately come into collision with a duck-board.



Finally the enemy, finding himself badly worsted, beat a hurried retreat before the victorious British forces. At the furious speed—approaching at times .5 miles an hour—his vessels fled, leaving five of their number to be captured by us.



Rallying to the battle cry of "House on the Top Line," our fleet, escorting their prizes, came home to anchor in the fine harbour built of stacks of bully-beef and machonachie blocks.

On the Eastern Front.



"FOR some time our troops watched in silence while the enemy moved his stores and munitions on the morning of the 19th December."



So commences a despatch received to-day from our special correspondent at Suez.



"The wily Beduins with Eastern cunning had come upon us without raising alarm

among our men, and were carrying on with their work without hindrance. Suddenly a sentry observed something unusual and sent a shot on chance. Immediately the air sang with flying missiles.



"Hour after hour the battle raged, till an intense barrage drove the enemy to cover, with the exception of one brave boy who stuck to his post rather than miss the chance of cigarettes. Finally they drew off with loud cries of execration, leaving the whole of the stores in our hands."

SAND AND SORROW.



Whilst all aboard were admiring the evolutions of the air-men on Wednesday morning, as the ship was passing through the Canal, we were gazing from the Editorial sanctum, when our eyes fell on a mournful digger seated on a bollard, gazing sadly across the desert and weeping silently.

With our usual quick sympathy, and possibly with the hope that he had in some way managed to reach the cargo, we went across to enquire the trouble. After some urging, our melancholy friend dried his tears and unburdened his soul.

"Four years and a quarter ago I left a wife and four children to come into the struggle."

"My poor fellow!" we broke in, "and now you weep because you are returning to them?"

A reproachful glance told us that we had misjudged our man.

"Yes!" continued he; "the finest family in the most beautiful State in Australia!"

As we are from that State, our hand went out in comradeship, but his next words shattered the illusion.

"I am from Western Australia. Kalgoorlie is my home town. . . . And sitting here, looking across this lovely sand, a great wave of homesickness came over me, till my eyes were blinded and my heart broke."

Sadly we turned away, for who could comfort a Sand-groper, homesick in the Suez?



A sailor passing an ironmonger's shop, observed a notice in the window—"Iron Sinks."

He entered and remarked with a grin, "You say iron sinks?"

"Yes, me lad," interrupted the salesman. "And tin whistles; marble busts; water chutes; time flies and butterflies; sheep run; paper works; button holes; tangoes; tin tacks—"

"So do I,—I'm tacking off," said the sailor, as he disappeared through the door, with a dazed look in his eyes.

GUARDING HIS BOAT'S REPUTATION.

An Aussie officer was escorting one of our nurses across the Canal at Port Said. In reaching across to shove over the tiller, his arm went round the nurse.

"Hi! Mitta Officer," protested the Arab boat-boy. "No do that on my boat. Me Christian!"

RATHER WARM.

Old Lady to digger who had been badly gassed and who had his head and eyes swathed in bandages: "Poor fellow—have you been wounded?"

Digger: "No, lady! I was playing with a block of ice and got badly burned!"

SACKED.

One Star Artist: "Hey, my man! What's your bally name?"

Common Private: "Me? Oh, I'm Bags, first name Nose—half-brother to Sand Bags."

"If lysol is the king of disinfectants—what is a packet of Epsom Salts?"

A.: "Queen of the 'Movies.'"

Sea-sick Soldier: "How long before we get out of this blessed shell-hole country?"



The 'Doughboy' grinned—"If that don't beat the band!"

The capture by our troops of Bethlehem! Some scrap I guess, across the goldarned sand,

With nigs an' Tommies; Yids and all of them.

I reckon things got goin' there, a few, An' Johnny Turk's not feelin' over bright.

But say! It says the Aussies was there, too! I bet the shepherds watched their flocks THAT night!

LOST AND FOUND.

◆ ◆ ◆
FOUND.—At Devonport, 3rd December, 1918 : One grey-coloured old STEAMER. Known to have been sought after eagerly for four (4) years. Owners may have same without giving description, on disembarkation of Present Holders at Melbourne, Victoria. "Aussie."

SITUATIONS VACANT.

◆ ◆ ◆
3 ARTISTS WANTED for COMEDY CHARACTER SKETCH To be staged in conjunction with the Medley's Concert Party on board s.s. "Port Hacking."
 For further particulars, apply—
 J. T. Milgate, Mess 45.



LIFE IS JUST ONE D..... THING AFTER ANOTHER.

LOST.—A Day's Sleep by the Night Staff of the Hospital on board. Finder please return to their dug-out. No Questions Answered !

◆ ◆ ◆
LOST.—The Sense of Security by small party with guilty conscience, en route to Australia.

ARTISTS WANTED—for The "Medley's" Concert Company—
TENOR. **RAGTIME SINGER.**
COMEDIAN. **SPECIALITY TURN.**
 For full particulars, apply—
 Sgt. Vic. Odgers,
 Ship's Hospital.

HIS TRADE MARK.

Doctor (to tattered Cornstalk) : "Hallo, my lad, who tattooed you like this ?"

William from Woolloomooloo : "Me father, sir !"

Doctor : "Ah ! I see. Sort of illustrated by the author !"

ON DECK.

Pongo : "Say, Serg., wanter buy two tuppenny tickets ?"

Serg. Reed : "What for ?"

Pongo (in retreat) : "Fourpence !"

1918 DECEMBER 1918			
<i>Day</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Mileage.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
Sun.	15	253	10.7.
Mon.	16	263	11.12.
Tues.	17	128 <i>Arrived</i>	11.0 <i>PORT SAID.</i>
Wed.	18	87 <i>Arrived</i>	6.0. <i>SUEZ.</i>
Thur.	19	20	10.0
Fri.	20	284	12.0
Sat.	21	286	12.0.

INTERCOLONIAL Correspondence College.

Competent postal instruction in the following subjects :

BILLIARDS
HORSEMANSHIP
*BEER-CHEWING
HOUSIE-HOUSIE
BAYNET-FIGHTING
SINGING
TWICE-UP
WRESTLING

Each subject is in charge of an expert.

That marked * is conducted by a Professor who studied the art during long, long nights spent among the Antarctic snows.

Have You Had Your Christmas Shave
or Haircut Yet?

IF NOT! WHY NOT?

When you can get the very latest
CONTINENTAL CUT
and SHRAPNEL-PROOF SHAVE
at the Most Up-to-date and Fashionable
Hairdressing Parlors in the Red Sea.

Fogarty, Newbound & Claque

Tonsorial Artists to H.M. Forces aboard
s.s. "Port Hacking"

(by Special Appointment).

Ringers at Big Burrawong, Longreach
Downs, Mileo, Purple Downs.

Our Specialties are :-

SALT WATER SHAMPOOS
WHIZZ-BANG CLOSE SHAVES
and
HURRICANE HAIRCUTS.

Note.—Hair returned if satisfaction not
given.

**KEMPIES' KO-OPERATIVE
BACKSHEESH BAKERY.**

(Opposite "Hacking Cough,"
The Bulge—Sharp End.

HEAVY—MIDDLE—LIGHT & WELTER
WEIGHT BREAD.

Issued to Troops thrice daily, at 7 a.m.,
11 a.m. and 4 p.m.

PUDDINGS (Assorted) True to Name and
Up to Weight—Issued twice weekly.

Have you tried our famous
DUFF CAOUT-CHOUC?

"Chin Chin Chow" Choice Rice.
Special Shrapnel Sago
and Torpedoed Tapioca.

BRAINS.

Noticing the last stretches of shallow
water while we passed through the Bitter
Lakes, a digger had a brain-wave.

"Why don't they build walls along the
lines of piles?" he asked us.

When we asked why, he explained:
"Cripes! Instead of spreading out, the
water would spread up between the walls
and make the canal twice as deep."

L.V. WORLE.
ON

Christmas Cheer

AFTER enjoying to the full the big dinner the gods and the ship's staff had provided, and drinking my own and sundry friends' health in the half bottle of Bass, provided by our guardian angels or Q.M. and in consequence feeling at peace

silken tones, "A Merry Christmas, old sport, I've just walked along for a quiet chat." His face went even ruddier, and he replied, in savage tones, "Oh, yus! A Merry Christmas orl right. 'Ere's a bloke on duty ev'ry day in ther year an' 'as ter

No Repatriation of Enemy Prisoners.

—Lloyd George.



"Where does MY B..... Christmas come in."

with the whole world, I slowly meandered along the deck seeking inspiration for the Christmas article demanded by our fierce-looking but harmless editor.

Still seeking, at last I espied the ruddy face of our old friend the Port Light, masked with a woe-begone expression.

Thinking to cheer him up, I murmured in

work on Christmas Day, an' as fer a quiet chat, strike me lucky, a bloke's 'ad nuthin' else but chats ever since this old rotten gutted lump of scrap iron's bin a trooper. Why, 'erē's ther diggers and sailors all enjoyin' 'emselves. Blimey, I 'ad a screw dahn ther deck jus' now an' saw a bloke smite another in ther dial wiv' a puddin' an' everyone larfin' like 'ell at ther joke. Then there wuz ther diggers doin' their shoppin'

an' carryin' 'ome their turkeys an' geese an' fruits an' booze, along ther main streets of Port Hackin' fer their Christmas dinner.



"An' agen', after dinner showin' each other their present—pipes an' baccy, and fags, an' things, an' orl boozed on their 'arf bottles er Bass.



"Afterwards they orl started larkin abaht, an' throwin' Kelly, Possie, Treacle, 'The Boyes,' an' ther rest of ther mob in ther baths, an' great splashin' goin' on, even the ole Bosun larfin' fit ter bust hisself. Then ther greasy pole—all ther diggers doin' all sorts er tricks roun' an' roun' ther pole, knockin' one anuvver abaht an' ev'ry-one bustin' their sides a larfin', an' 'ere's a bloke stuck up 'ere on duty, an' not even arst ter 'ave a drink. Oh, yus! It's a Merry Christmas orlright! I don't fink!"



Being stone motherless, I couldn't accept the gentle hint, so I left our friend with the expensive colour gazing mournfully at the sad salt sea and meditating on the value of a dry throat with nothing to oil it but kerosene. I strolled across to interview our old friend of many a morning after, the Starboard Light, but came to deck with the usual abdominal for some lucky digger suffering the usual recovery had pinched it for a Pick-me-up, after a strenuous afternoon's work trying to knock the top off his demi-bottaille of Bass.



I then wandered disconsolately back to the office, wrapt in thought and a pair of shorts; I explained to the Editor that I was unable to supply the goods, but he would not give me a hearing at all, so I walked out still suffering from Bassitis—which translated into pure Aussie means not enough Bass germs to make life worth living—and gave up the Ghost. I then lay me down in a quiet corner of the deck and forgot all about the paper and its articles by going promptly off to sleep.

OPEN-AIR IMPROMPTU CONCERTS.



During the week impromptu concerts were held on every night for which no regular programme had been arranged.



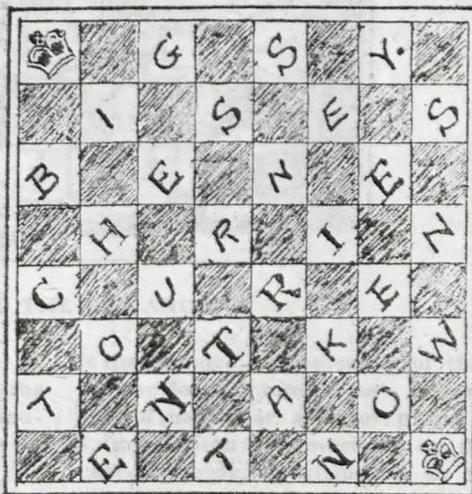
The troops and members of the ship's company assisted with items, and most enjoyable evenings were spent, some exceptionally good talent being found among the diggers.



The Orchestra generously assisted and with all hands joining in the choruses the evenings passed pleasantly.



We hope the same spirit—of helping each other in the entertainment and amusement of ourselves and the crew—will keep to the same high standard of good-fellowship until the end of this—our last voyage as soldiers on a troopship.



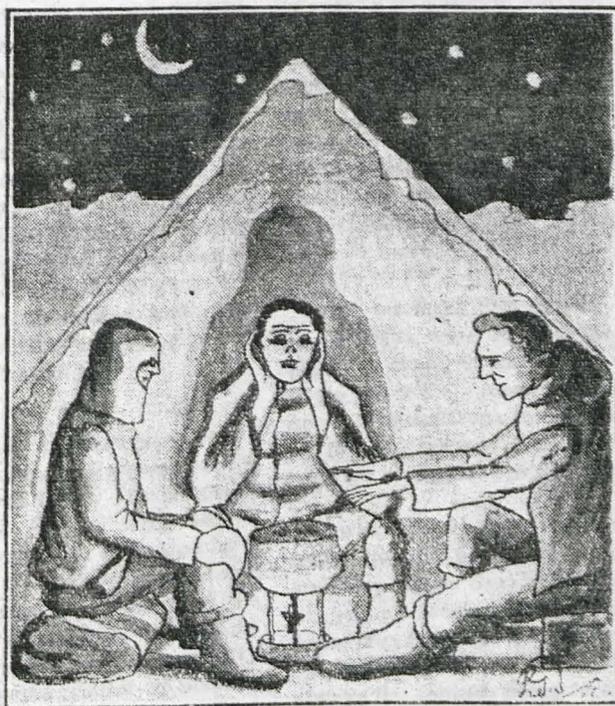
FULL PARTICULARS LATER.



PART 2.

SHORTLY after leaving Macquarrie Island the preparations were commenced to equip a sledging party ready to put off at a moment's notice, in case we discovered any land, or to make a journey

with a piece of wood about three feet long coming up from each runner at an angle of 60 degrees, and they are joined by a piece of wood which allows the driver of the team to have some control over the sledge. When it



XMAS IN THE ANTARCTIC.

over the ice should the situation warrant it. A great deal of detail has to be studied in the preparation for such a trip, so I will enumerate the main things that are required. First is the sledge, which consists of two runners of hickory or ash, 12 feet long by 4 inches wide, about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick, curved up at each end and joined together at one end

is man-hauled, the necessity for this steering bar does not often occur. Tenoned into each of the runners are short pieces of wood, 9 inches high and morticed on these are narrow strips, or stringers, as they are called. These stringers have cross pieces fastened to them, and the combination of stringers and cross pieces form the platform

on which the load is carried. All fastenings are made with greenhide, as metal would soon crystalize in the intense cold. You can understand how important it is to have good sledges, when I tell you that they have to carry a load of 1200 pounds weight, and that if a breakdown occurs, a big distance from the base, disaster will very likely overtake the party.



The next thing to be considered is the tent. This is made from very light Willerden canvas and is erected on five bamboo sticks, like an Indian wigwam. The entrance is round and has a piece sewn on to it in the form of a cylinder about three feet long, and this can be tied up to prevent any snow from drifting in. The bottom edge of the tent has a flange about 18 inches wide—on this, blocks of snow or ice are packed to keep the tent down. The tent is made to accommodate three men sitting down, and a pretty tight squeeze it is when you have the Nansen Cooker, food, clothes and sleeping bags inside with you. The sleeping bags are made from reindeer skin with the fur inside, and resemble in shape an Egyptian mummy case. They are difficult to sleep in for the first few times owing to the lack of air, as no part of the body is showing, but one soon gets used to the feeling, and when it is very cold you would swear that a gale of wind was blowing through it.



The Nansen Cooker was designed by the famous explorer, Dr. Nansen, when he made his dash for the North Pole. It consists of four pieces—central boiler, ring boiler, outside case and cover. It is heated by a Primus stove, and one gallon of kerosene will cook for four men for a period of ten days. The food consists of Pemmican (30 per cent. dried meat, 70 per cent. fat). This, in conjunction with ground-up biscuits and water, makes the famous Hoosh (some dish); biscuits, tea, sugar, dried milk, chocolate, butter, raisins and almonds complete the list.

With regard to clothing, our expedition relied chiefly on Jaeger woollens and burberries. The hands being covered by mittens and Wolfskin gloves with the fur outside, and the feet by Finnesko, made from reindeer skin, also with the fur outside. These are bound on to the feet with lengths of lampwick. The only change of clothing you have is socks. The spare clothing carried is put on when you get into your sleeping bag. It's not like, in the Antarctic, because you do not take your clothes off when you go to bed, but put more on.



The sledge belts (for hauling the sledge) are made from canvas and are about 6 inches wide, with cross shoulder straps, and terminate with a short length of Alpine rope, which in turn is fastened to the sledge rope by means of a toggle and eye. A mast is added to the sledge and the floor cloth of the tent can be rigged up as a sail when the wind is fair. It is also used as a flagpole when you leave it behind to mark a food depot. As every pound of extra gear carried means so much less food, a great deal of re-arrangement and cutting down of weight takes place before the leader passes the load as fit.



Well, we fixed this matter up O.K., and as the days wore on and the temperature began to drop, we knew that we must soon begin to see ice. About 4 o'clock one afternoon, a shout from the lookout announced the fact that ice was in sight, and at 6 o'clock we were alongside our first iceberg.



It was not very big (about a quarter of a mile square), but to us who hadn't seen anything bigger than that which you buy for fivepence a block, it was magnificent. The Antarctic icebergs are different from the ones in the North, inasmuch as they are always flat topped, being formed by successive layers of snow, whereas the Arctic icebergs are composed of true glacier ice.

(To be continued.)



THE "MEDLEYS"
CONCERT PARTY
A FEW IMPRESSIONS.

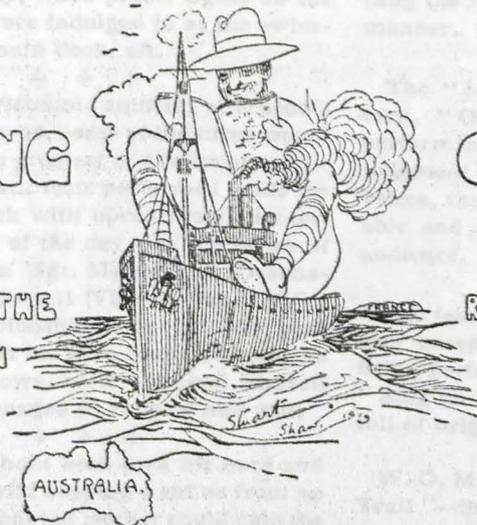


Stuart Shaw. 1918.

THE PORT HACKING COUGH

A RECORD OF THE
1914 - 1919 MEN

RETURNING HOME
ON D.54.



Vol. 1 [Trois Mudhooks] No. 3 [AT SEA "D34"] Published [SATURDAY, 28th DEC., 1918.] Sometime, Somewhere, Somehow.



in the second pull it was a great struggle' both men straining every muscle to gain the verdict, but the Padre managed to outstay the big Corporal and pulled him over the mark to the hearty cheers of the big crowd of spectators, giving first leg to N.S.W.



Lightweights.

Cpl. Keogh pulled Pte. McKenzie straight over in the first pull, but in the second had a much tougher job, but hanging on well he gave a good heave and pulled his man over again, and giving a second leg in to N.S.W., making a certainty of the premiership.



Middleweights.

Garsed (Vic.) pulled Davies (Vic.) in the finals and appeared much too strong for his opponent, pulling him over in two straight heaves.



Our Sporting Padre and Cpl. Geiger officiated as Ground Stewards in their usual able manner.

THE season was continued on Saturday the 20th, when the inter-state scratch pull was decided in which all the inter-state strong men took part and some great contests took place. Each event was keenly contested.



RESULTS OF FINALS.

Heavyweights.

After a gruelling contest in the semi-finals against a much heavier man, Padre Redhead put up a great pull; he pulled his opponent, Cpl. Geiger, straight up, but

The Sporting season was continued on Christmas Day, when pillow fights on the greasy pole were indulged in at the swimming pond, main deck, aft.

A most hilarious and amusing afternoon's sport was enjoyed, some of the turns would have made the greatest of pessimists smile and the acrobatic feats performed made the spectators rock with uproarious laughter. The star turn of the day was the series of bouts between Sgt. Macfarland (Queensland) and J. Powell (Victoria 1st D.H.Q.) for the championship. In the first bout Powell knocked his man over and with the force of his own blow knocked himself round, but managed to hang on and win.

The second bout both men hit hard and fell together, wild swiping went on from an inverted position, but neither could gain the verdict.

After a rest, they continued, and Treacle knocked his man into the usual upside down position, and with great strategy waited until his man came over the top to regain his position, when a heavy swipe made him continue the circle, much to the amusement of the spectators, and honors were easy again.

In the final, Powell got on to his man and toppled him over and by continuous belting stopped him from getting to the right side again. He kept on playing havoc with Treacle's binghy, until at last he knocked him off and won the championship. The efforts of Treacle to get on top nearly sent the crowd into hysterics

MUSIC AND MELODY.

By Viola.

THE "Medleys" costume concert party opened their tour of the Port Hacking circuit on Saturday, the 20th inst., at the "Palladium," main deck, aft, under the capable management of S.-Sgt. Odgers.

The Symphony Orchestra opened the programme with a medley of popular tunes.

Mr. Nathaniel, one of the ship's engineers, sang the "Deathless Army" in a pleasing manner.

The "Medleys" then gave a concerted turn, "Comrades," and this their first performance in public, showed that great judgment had been used in selecting the voices, the performance being very creditable and was well received by the large audience.

The female impersonator, S.-Sgt. Yates, was exceptionally popular, his make-up being perfect. As an encore they gave us "Sing us an Aussie Song," a topical turn full of bright gags.

W. O. MacLauchlan recited "The Yukon Trail"—there was an artistic finish about the rendering that puts Mac in the forefront as an artist of great dramatic ability and for an encore he gave that old favourite, "Gunga Din."

Pte. Jackson sang "Asleep in the Deep," with a will and has a powerful bass voice.

Cpl. Matthews played the popular Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The fair maid, Miss P. J. Yates, then sang "If you look in her Eyes," in a way that gladdened the hearts of the diggers in the orchestra stalls.

The musical monologue "Oh! Memory," by W. P. Odgers, was an exceptionally fine character sketch, and he gave as an encore the bush sketch "Destiny," in fine style. During the interval the orchestra played a pot pourri of popular melodies.

Sgt. Bassett sang "Mother Machree."

In the duet "Absent," by Privates Trundle and Jackson, the blending of the voices was good.

Then our popular and versatile Y.M.C.A. Rep., Mr. Sims, sang "An Emblem."

The comedy musical turn by Odgers and Wilson was very good.

"The Bells of St. Marys" was sung pleasantly by Pte. Trundle. Then we had the Wild West turn of Wells and Gunn; "Smoke Clouds," by V. P. O. Odgers; and "College Days" by the whole company.

Capt. Nankervis was the accompanist, and the whole concert reflects great credit on the promoter and manager, S.-Sgt. V. P. Odgers, and we hope to hear this company many more times on this circuit.



THE preliminary competitions for the championship of the Port Hacking in the various classes opened on Monday, 23rd inst., when the opening bouts of the Feather and Heavyweights were decided, under trying climatic conditions. Results:

Featherweights.

L.-Cpl. Roscoe v. Cpl. Gunn, (Vic.)—

1st round.—Roscoe led off and rushed his man, scoring frequently with the right, and Gunn had hard work trying to keep his end up, though he fought well, but Roscoe seemed too rugged, and was scoring persistently with his right throughout the round.

2nd round.—Roscoe bored in and it was easily to be seen he was looking for a knock-out, and though Gunn did well in the clinches, Roscoe connected to the head with a stinging right and he then just seemed to measure his man and put in a terrific right followed by a left and Gunn dropped to the boards, and though he gamely tried to get on his feet, took the count, and Roscoe was declared the winner.

Heavyweights.

Pte. Nelson (12-4) v. L.Cpl. Hattrick (12-6).

1st round.—The round opened with Nelson scoring to the head and Hattrick replied to the body; Nelson put in a good body punch and connected with a wild right swing to the side of the jaw, and although the round was stopped whilst Hattrick's gloves were changed, he never recovered and seemed too dazed to even smother and

Nelson just knocked him about as he liked, but could not administer the knock-out blow.

2nd round.—Hattrick opened out as if he had fully recovered, and scored frequently to the body and head, when Nelson got home in the same spot as before with a right swing which seemed to paralyze Hattrick. He then just belted until he dropped and the towel was thrown in from Hattrick's corner.

Referee: S.Sgt. Goulding.

The championship boxing competitions were continued before a large crowd, on Thursday, at the Stadium, when one of the best exhibitions of the tournament was contested between McVinish and Musgrove, the contest being fast and clean and both lads fought like champions.

Results:

Welterweights.

Fireman Ellis (England) fought a bye with Cpl. Geiger (W.A.).

Lightweights.

Air Mech. McVinish, A.F.C. (9.10) v. Dvr. Musgrove, 1st A.S.C., N.S.W. (9.6).

1st round.—The round opened with some fast exchanges, with McVinish getting a little the better of them, but Musgrove evened matters with some fast long-range work, and honors were easy.

2nd round.—Musgrove scored in quick succession with the left to head, Mac connected with right; Musgrove made two bad misses, and Mac followed in fast, and piled up the points with clever in-fighting and easily won the round.

3rd round.—Musgrove fought steadier and left the wild swings alone, and was forging ahead when Mac put in some brilliant work and scored freely; the round was fast and clever, Mac just getting a little the better of it.

4th round.—Musgrove connected with left to the point, and then came a series of brilliant exchanges, with Mac having a little in hand, and he was declared the winner midst the enthusiastic applause of the spectators. An even greater demonstra-

tion was given on calls for the losing lad after his great fight.

◆ ◆ ◆
Cpl. Sherriff, 8th Batn., Vic. (9.9) fought a bye with Ron. Wells, and the afternoon's sport was finished.

◆ ◆ ◆
Referee : Cpl. Jackson, 1st Engrs.

Judges : Lieut. Lucas, 4th L.H. ; Capt. Collett, s.s. Port Hacking.

Timekeeper : Bdr. Woods, 1st A.F.A.

The above carried out their duties in their usual capable manner.

WRESTLING.

By Smackanhit.

During the week all the interstate wrestlers have been training solidly, the mat being available every morning and afternoon, through the active assistance lent by the ship's bosun, and no words of ours can express the feelings of the men on board at the ready help always given by this gentleman in the interest of all sports on this ship. It is to be hoped that a wrestling competition will be promoted in the various classes, as there are a number of promising lads on board and they are all looking fit.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Society held their first meeting on Saturday, 20th, when the discussion was whether a White Australian policy should be maintained.

Padre Redhead's team, Sgts. Possingham Jarrett and Worle, took the affirmative, Mr. Sims' team, Sgt. Sherringham, W. O. McLauchlan, Pte. McCutcheon, the negative, this great problem being discussed from every point of view. The work was continued on Friday the 27th, when a competition of impromptu speeches was carried out, and some interesting lights were thrown on the various subjects under discussion. The prize-winners were Pte. Datson, A.M.C., 1st., Sgt. Hannam, Corps H.Q., 2nd., Sgt. Sherringham, 5th A.F.A., 3rd. The prizes will be presented at the concert on Saturday night.

◆ ◆ ◆
The next debate will be held on Tuesday next, the subject being that interesting drink problem, whether we should have Total Prohibition or not in Australia.

THE DAY AFTER.

By A Perfect Day.

ON Boxing Day there was a great stunt at the Stadium, two diggers who had apparently had a couple of tee-total coppers at their table, deciding to have a friendly spar.

◆ ◆ ◆
Lightweights.

"Komic Style," 18 stone, 4 bottles of Bass and a horse-shoe

v.

"Ed. McGoherty," 6 stones, 21lbs., 44 ozs., 9 drachms (of Scotch) and a piece of hard luck.

The round opened with some great ring-craft, "Komic" performing some great footwork, when his toe caught in a seam, and very, very mixed exchanges followed; they let loose to Rafferty's rules—the Referee having great difficulty in separating them and dodging the lefts and rights aimed at him. They showed us the greatest variety of hits ever seen in a ring, uppercuts, cross-cuts and under-cuts, swings, merry-go-rounds, see-saws, right crosses, Victoria crosses and wooden crosses being mixed up in an indescribable whirl; then "McGoherty" went to the boards and as he rose "Komic" smote him with his shoe, incidentally forgetting to take his foot out of it, and the round closed midst the cheers of the large crowd.

The second round opened quietly, but they soon warmed to their work and plied each other with half nelsons, Lord Nelsons, strangle holds, ship's holds, left hooks, coat hooks, hat hooks, fish hooks, mud-hooks and bunches of uppercuts, "McGoherty" again going to the boards, but "Komic" wasn't satisfied and went down after him and carried on with the good work. When at last they staggered to their feet they made feeble efforts to knock each other out, but were too exhausted to carry on, and the contest was declared a draw and postponed for a hundred years.

◆ ◆ ◆
"Komic" announced at the finish that "McGoherty" was the best boxer, but not good enough for him.

◆ ◆ ◆
Spud Murphy, of s.s. Benalla, refereed, when he didn't have his eyes blocked by the contestants' gloves.

TALL TALES ABOUT TRAIN TRAVELLING.

By Treacle.

"DID you ever see that express from Boulogne to Paris?" says the Bananalander. "Talk about flash

trains, it was a beauty! The inside was done up like our Skipper when he hopped into that white suit." "Yes," says N.S.W., "but that's nothing to the Sydney to Melbourne Express. It has a carriage made entirely of glass, and everything one could wish for—even a swimming bath—mixed bathing allowed, too!"

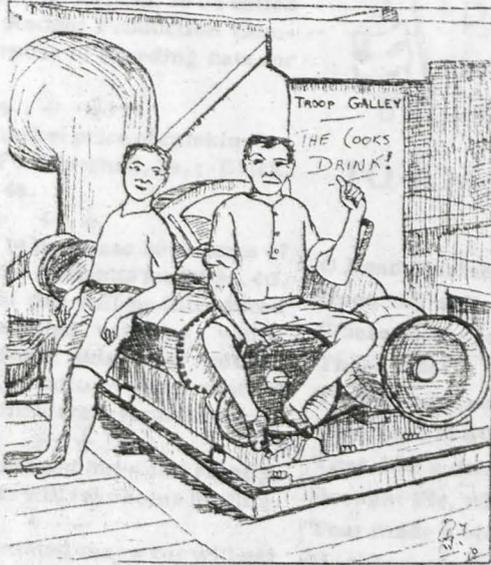
"What!" says Bananalander.

"Yes!" put in Billo from Victoria. "The water then runs into the second class, and after to the third class all for use respectively!"

"Then," chips in N.S.W., "the dirty water is bottled up and sent to you Bananalanders to drink on festive occasions." "That's a good-ee!" says Queensland. "But you want to see our railways. From the engineering point of view, that railway from Cairns to Atherton can't be beat in Australia or America. It's built on such a steep grade that they carry sentries to watch out for landslips, so that the enginedriver can pull back his joy-stick and leap any obstacles—and that requires flying speed and up-hill, too! One day the engine got loose at Barron Falls and on its own went right to Townsville—73 miles.—It was so used to hopping over obstacles that it cleared the dead end on the Townsville wharf and landed at Magnetic Island—seven miles out!" Of course, it was magnetic attraction carried it quarter of the way, but its speed was

marvellous!" "That's nothing," says the Cornstalk. "While you're talking about speed, did you ever hear how I lost my tart, and not over an express train either, but a troop train?" "No!" says Queensland. "Well, when I left Sydney for Melbourne with the mob, the whistle blew and I put my head out to kiss my tart, but, too late! too late! The guard's flag tore her head off!" "That must have been a shock, Bill!"

"Yes, I haven't spoken to a tart since."



XMAS 1918 AT SEA.

"Didn't notice any Brandy Sauce on the Duff, Bert, did you?"

"No, Look behind you!"

love," replied the hubby. The bride stayed away some time, so he poked his head out—and there was a line of feet sticking out all along the corridor!"

OUR GUN IN ACTION ON THE HIGH SEA.

By Old Dropshot.

Our Naval men tried their hands at practice with their new gun to-day, and after a couple of trial shots, had a go at the target, and upheld naval traditions in a good shoot, going close enough to make it uncomfortable for any submarine if it happened to be the target.

SHOCKS AND STARES.

By Lonar Baw.

◆ ◆ ◆
A PROSPECTUS—an artistic modification in mauve, bound with heliotrope ribbon, and bearing an imposing title, has come to hand during the week. Here is an excerpt:—

◆ ◆ ◆
“ A company is to be formed, to be called ‘ The Feline and Rodent Production Company,’ for the purpose of breeding cats for their skins.

◆ ◆ ◆
“ The present market price of catskins is : Tabby, 1s. 3d. ; Tortoiseshell, 2s. ; Black, 2s. 6d. ; Persian, 4s.

◆ ◆ ◆
“ It is proposed to purchase 2000 acres of sand country in West Australia for £4 3s. 4d. On to 1000 acres of this will be introduced 12,000 cats of assorted varieties, which should produce 2500 skins per month without further expenditure than that of killing (the most difficult task) and skinning.

◆ ◆ ◆
“ But it may be pointed out—and rightly, too—that 12,000 cats will take some feeding.

◆ ◆ ◆
“ It has been estimated that a cat will eat four rats for one day.

◆ ◆ ◆
“ We stock the remaining 1000 acres with rats with which to feed the cats.

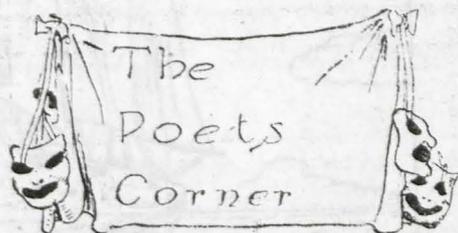
◆ ◆ ◆
“ So that the cats eat the rats—the rats eat the cats, and the F.R.P. Company collects the skins of each as its profits.”

◆ ◆ ◆
This appears to us to be a genuine gilt edged investment, which we would recommend to our readers, more especially as the company's offices are situated in Young and Jackson's Building, Flinders and Swanston Streets, Melbourne.

◆ ◆ ◆
Kandied Railways Corporation boomed on reports of a big contract with the “ Cook's Tourists Ltd.”

◆ ◆ ◆
Colombo Curiosities Ltd. jumped a few points on rumors of a rich vein being struck. It is reported that the diggers are flocking to the fields along the Dominion route and prospects seem very bright.

It is reported that Lloyds (D34 Branch) have refused to insure hats (C.P.) against either burglary or loss by act of God.



TO AN EMPTY FRIEND.

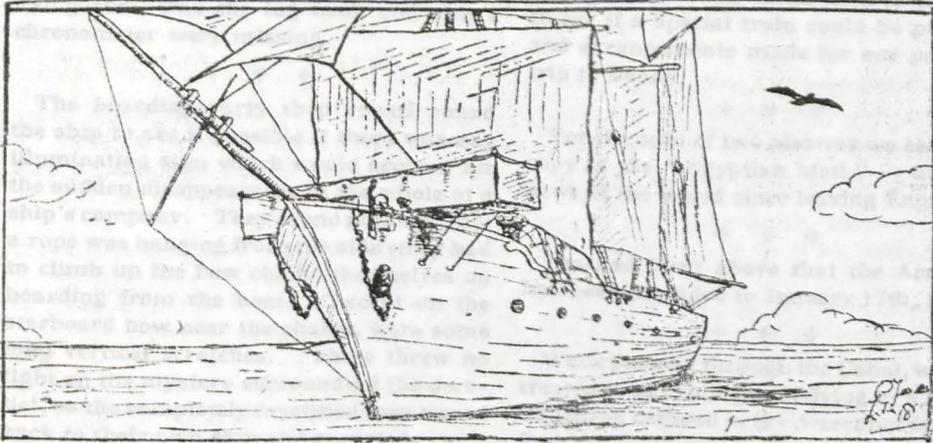
◆ ◆ ◆
O Dead Marine, with glossy sheen
Upon thy soft, translucent green !
Where is the joy that lay between
Those sides ? Where is the rale potheen
That was to pangs of life, morphine ;
That gave to all, enjoyment keen ;
That, like a drink from Gunga Din,
Brought life, where dull despair had been ;
That made a street girl seem a queen
More beauteous than had e'er been seen—
Like “ sentimental bloke's ” Doreen.

O Dead Marine !

Ah, Dead Marine ! the times are lean !
One-half thy contents may have been
Sufficient some wee babe to wean.
But for a grown-up man machine,
Or any older than fifteen,
It takes a bit more gasolene
Sad, sad to think—to ponder, e'en—
That till our own home towns are seen,
We'll slake our thirsts with old Yan Yean.
Adieu ! Adieu ! ma trusty frien'—

My Dead Marine !





“The Mystery of the Marie Celeste.”

◆ ◆ ◆

THE following narration has appeared elsewhere in some other publication, but in the opinion of the present narrator it is well worth telling for its absorbing “queerness” alone. The story is in the form of a problem which our readers are invited to solve. The original publication invited solutions, and when I say that such eminent authors as Sir Rider Haggard and Sir A. Conan Doyle tried unsuccessfully to submit a true theory of “Marie Celeste’s” misfortunes, it should put our readers on their mettle. The known facts are as follows and are absolutely authentic in so far as the narrator’s memory serves him.

◆ ◆ ◆

A good few years ago, the exact date does not affect the story, the barque “Marie Celeste” left New York with a good cargo of general merchandise, a contented crew and everything propitious for a good voyage.

◆ ◆ ◆

Four or five days after she was discovered drifting, abandoned, in the North Atlantic, by a passing tramp steamer whose attention was attracted by the erratic behaviour of the barque, which had all sails set, no signs of distress, but was yawing all over the place apparently under no control.

◆ ◆ ◆

A boat’s crew from the tramp boarded the “Marie Celeste,” as was painted on her counter, the sea being almost a perfect

calm—as had been the condition for more than a week past. On arrival on deck they found no one at the wheel, in fact no signs of life whatsoever. A close scrutiny showed no signs of violence, or evidence of any struggle. The sails and rigging were in perfect condition, and the boats hung at their davits. They went below. In the saloon the table was laid as for a meal—the chairs being pushed back from the table, and the meal half eaten, breakfast it had been, from the eggs and bacon, etc., which were, of course, cold and dried up. It looked as though the occupants had risen from the table hurriedly. The captain had apparently sat at the head of the table. Next him had been his wife, as a lady’s shawl was thrown over the back of the chair, also there was a sewing machine in one corner, with a lady’s thimble lying on its side, which fact testified to the calmness of the weather. Next, there was a child’s chair, also some toys, which would point to the presence of a boy of 5 or 6 years of age.

◆ ◆ ◆

Thus the evidence of the cabin—no sign of blood, or disease, was seen therein and no trace of any dead bodies.

◆ ◆ ◆

On further examination the cargo was found in good condition, therefore precluding the possibility of an asphyxiating gas being generated, the only circumstance that pointed to anything unusual having occurred

excepting, of course, the absence of any living soul, was the log book and ship's chronometer were missing.



The boarding-party then rowed round the ship to see if possible if there was any illuminating sign which would account for the sudden disappearance of the whole of a ship's company. They found nothing; not a rope was hanging from the side (they had to climb up the bow chains themselves on boarding from the boat). Except on the starboard bow near the chains, were some long vertical scratches. These threw no light on the mystery surrounding the derelict, so the completely mystified men rowed back to their own ship and reported.



Now, gentle readers, amateur detectives, and logical reasoners, explain and let us have your written explanations to this office if you can, and give a reason for this complete abandonment of a ship which was in perfect condition and at a time when the weather had been almost a dead calm for days past.



There is a solution known to the author, who intends to give it, with the Editor's consent, in the next issue of the "Port Hacking Cough."

L.G.T.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.



On the fourteenth inst. an unfortunate accident occurred on the ship. Sergt. Miller fell through the hatch into the hold. Luckily the stair rail broke his fall and saved him from what might have been a very serious accident. He escaped, luckily, with a dislocated wrist as well as a severe shaking.



Ship arrived at Port Said about noon on Tuesday, 17th inst., and left for Suez at 11.30 p.m. the same night.



While at Port Said the Y.M.C.A. Rep. secured another piano which was given gratis by the Aust. Y.M.C.A. stationed here.

A cable was also dispatched to Colombo to see if a special train could be procured and arrangements made for our proposed trip to Kandy.



For the sum of two piastres we secured a copy of the "Egyptian Mail" — our first news of the world since leaving England.



Learned from above that the Armistice had been extended to January 17th, 1919.



While passing through the Canal, we were treated to an exhibition of flying by a British Squadron camped in the desert not far from Suez



We arrived at Suez about midday on the 18th, where we anchored for twelve hours. Here our party was increased by the addition of 70 details of 1914 men waiting in Egypt—50 of these were Light Horse from the Palestine fronts.



To-day (Saturday) we put up our record run for the trip; the distance covered being 286 miles, an average speed of 12 knots.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.



Still we are enquiring, searching
After things we want to know.
If you have the information,
Let us print it here below.



When the Padre spoke on language,
And one man's profanity—
Was it "Treacle" murmured, "Why do
All the fellows look at me?"



Was the man who eats the tumblers,
In his second scrap a trier?
Did he get his dusky optic
From the man who feeds the fire?



How much Kiwi did some sergeants
Use in hopes of getting loose
At Port Said—and, of the Diggers,
Which put up the best excuse?

When the job has all been finished,
And we're back in our home towns—
What will be the price per dozen
Of our officers' Sam Brownes ?

When the nights are cold and dreary,
And it's dark the way they go.
How much would our ex-pip-artists
Give to have a star or so ?

Why are some chaps called sand-groppers ?
(No offence you'll take, I hope).
Is there anything, I wonder,
Worth their while for which to grope ?

When the airmen did their stunting
Round the ship on Wednesday last,
Did the skipper look so worried
'Cause he thought he'd lose a mast ?

Those two chaps who did the fireman's
Shift, when he five rounds had fought—
Is there any more entitled
To the name of "dinkum sport" ?

For their cheap advertisement,
What is Beddy's little bill
When we act as sandwich men
Every time we have boat drill ?

What's the number of the chaps
Who said things they didn't oughter,
When they went to have a wash—
And there wasn't any water ?

IS THIS TRUE ?

That a special bath is being constructed
for the O.R. Sergeant, as the present ones
are totally inadequate ?

That the Mess Orderlies are to be supplied
with spiked shoes, so that the Diggers'
dinner will not be bounced on the Mess Deck,
or the porridge strewn on the stairs ?

That rubber duffs are being supplied in
lieu of medicine balls for the bouncing
season ?

Also that fig leaves are being issued in
lieu of khaki overalls to the troops who
embarked from Egypt and Palestine ?

That the Pay Corps are going to supply
the necessary for our proposed trip to
Kandy ?

That the sergeant in charge of the Red
Cross stores always looks red and cross
when asked to exchange books ?

That we are now experiencing the driest
trip on record across the Red Sea ?
NO WINE!! NO WATER!!!!

That they are planting boronia along the
Yarra banks to make their perfume sweeter
for our disembarkation ?

That a certain ex-jockey Digger says that
he does not know why our heroes won their
V.R.C. ?

That another Digger suggests that this
ship should be fitted up with turpentine
engines ?

That the Diggers are going to be provided
with something substantial on Xmas Day ?

POST-WAR PROBLEMS.

By L. V. Worle.

No. 3.—RECONSTRUCTION.

HAS it ever occurred to you what an enormous amount of remodelling of our national policies will be needed when our soldiers return to civil life and occupations ? It has hardly been thought of yet, but we, the advance guard of the demobilisation scheme, are on our way home and must of necessity be the pioneers of the thought of Australian soldiers on matters affecting the national policy. There is our land policy (including the various State repatriation schemes) which must be reconstructed on much broader lines to make it effective. Up to the present we have only seen one comprehensive scheme—that of Queensland—and I contend that it should not be a matter for an individual State, but for the Commonwealth as a whole to take the whole scheme over, so that we may open up all the areas of land that are suitable for agricultural purposes, in every State of the Commonwealth.

We would then entice the desirable white immigrant to come to our country, for there is no doubt that is the only way in which we will populate the vast vacant spaces of Australia. The places of our friends who will never come back must be filled up as soon as possible, and so stop the chances of the Yellow Peril ever getting a hold in our fair land.

Again, it is no use asking people to take up land unless reasonable facilities are provided for the transport of their produce to the markets. The only way to do this is for the authorities to push the railways through the great central areas and thus open up the country in every direction. During the past we have been afraid to put down new lines unless there were prospects of an immediate return; and how can you expect a block of land that has to be cleared and then cultivated to give you an immediate return.

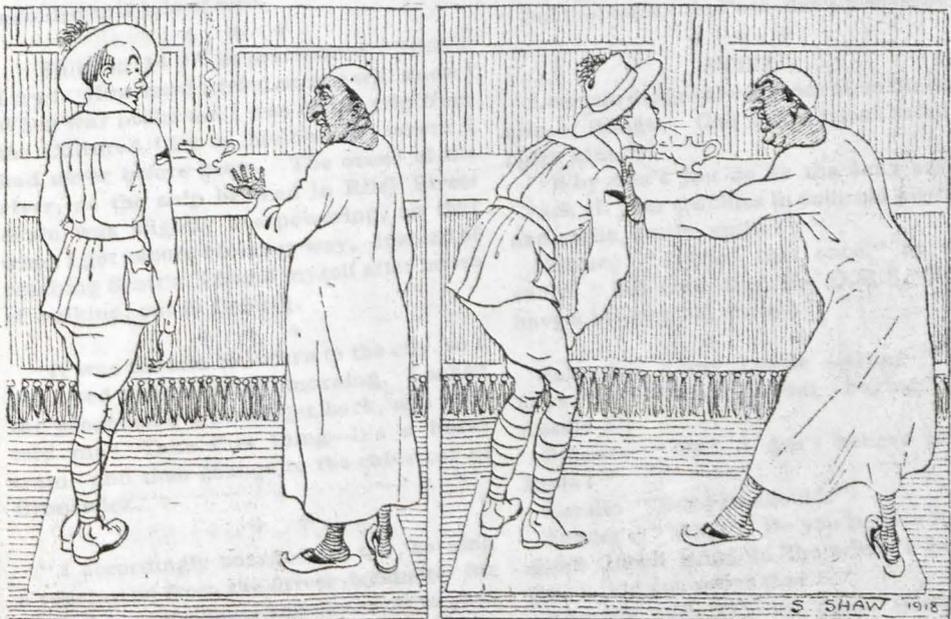
But, in the long run, the benefits that will accrue in the increased prosperity of the country by opening it up, will be much greater than the present system, where we

have kept to the coast and have never attempted to exploit our central agricultural areas, except for grazing cattle and sheep on.

This is a matter that every one of us requires to think long and carefully about, and get our ideas absolutely settled. "As we shall sow, so shall we reap," and if we are content to sit down and let the country lay idle, Australia will still have the great empty spaces to fill, and no one except blacks to people them.

But, if we work hard for the benefit of the country we shall populate the empty spaces with desirable people and have Australia one of the greatest agricultural countries in the world.

The more the agricultural industries grow, the more the kindred industries grow, in fact every industry will begin a new era of prosperity, and Australia will grow to be one of the greatest manufacturing and agricultural countries in the world, and the name of "God's own country" will be true in every sense.



THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

Abdul (Bethlehem Guide). "That lamp, Sir, has burned for over a thousand years."
"Dinkam?" "Well, it's time it went out!—pouff."



THE MAN WITH THE FOUR BLUES

We wonder, if anyone noticed a very disconsolate khaki figure on the wharf just before we left blighty ?

Our hearts were touched at his expression and we asked the reason of his despondent bearing. "You are going back to your home, while I know not when the sight of Peterhead will gladden my eyes," said he.

"You don't know!" we replied. "Why didn't you enlist in 1914, then you would be with us?"

He burst into tears, and between sobs unfolded this tale of woe.

"Enlist in '14?" he murmured. "Didn't I try! How hard I tried no one will know! When war broke out I was on the trip from the Cultured City to Melbourne, where I had never before been. The ozone of the river, as the ship berthed in Riley Street drain was slightly overpowering, so that when I got ashore I lost my way. Instead of reaching Scott's, I found myself after hours of walking, out in Coburg.

"It was too late to return to the city, so I got a bed and waited till morning. I asked the people how I could get back, and they told me: 'Take that thing—it's a horse tram—and then change to the cable car at Brunswick.'

"I accordingly boarded the car, earning a reprimand from the driver-conductor for getting in at the same end as the other passenger, which he said would certainly upset the car. Need I speak of the journey to the Business City? Fortunately I had money, and was able to obtain board and lodging at each stop. But by the time I reached Flinders Street and a recruiting office, the

news of the Anzac landing had come through—and that's the reason I don't wear the red chevron!"

The soft-voiced sergeant on the gangway recalled me to the ship, so that I had no time to comfort my unhappy friend.

JAM IT ALL

There was a disillusioned Digger at mess yesterday.

"Hullo!" he said, as he seated himself at the festive board, "what's the idea of putting the port on at the beginning?" And he poured out half a pannikin just to sample it.

"Port wine be d—," roared the M.O. "Put that back—that's to-day's jam issue!"

STIFF

A certain digger always looked on the dark side of things. One day a friend tried to cheer him up.

"Why don't you do as the song says—'Pack all your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile?'"

Digger: "I tried that once," he said sadly, "but even then the Q.M.S. didn't have a kit-bag big enough."

Salvation Army Lassie (selling "War Crys"): "What about buying one, Aussie?"

Digger: "Oh! I don't believe in the Bible!"

Lassie: "But you should."

Digger: "What! Do you believe it true about Jonah being in the whale's belly? How could you prove that?"

Lassie: "Oh! I'll ask Jonah when I go to heaven!"

Digger: "But suppose Jonah's not there?"

Lassie: "Well, in that case, YOU'D better ask him!"

COUGH DROPS.

Pork, Pertaters, Peas and Pudding are purveyed to people periodically.

On the Ocean Our Orchestra works Overtime on Overtures.

Rorty Ructions and Rampages Round the rough-up ring revolve.

Truthful tales with thrilling titles take some telling to the troops.

PUBLIC NOTICES.

TENDERS are invited for the manufacture of Water Colours, in boxes, 150 varieties required. Plans and specifications at "Cough" Office. (Highest or lowest tender not necessarily accepted.)

Paper Manufacturers are requested to send in lowest estimates for supply of paper to our "Cough." Supply running low.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED strong energetic young giant capable of dragging our S.O.S. away from gramophone; must be early riser, go without meals, and able to overcome strong opposition.

Marine Engineer, in demand to make small pump do work of bigwun. References required. Apply H. M. A. T. D 34, At Sea. Early start.

1918 DECEMBER, 1918			
Day	Date	Mileage	Average
Sun.	22	266	11.2
Mon.	23	224	9.2
Tues.	24	235	10.0
Wed.	25	254	11.2
Thur	26	264	11.14
Fri.	27	257	10.8
Sat.	28	245	10.4

WANTED.

Punkah Wallah, for employment in Editor's sanctum on publishing day. Fine opening for energetic youth. Apply Otazel.

Tenders are hereby called for the supply of ices, trifles and liquid refreshment to the editorial staff during the next 20 days. Any tender whatsoever eagerly accepted.

Hearts are heavy hankering for hearth and home and happiness.

After 'aving 'arf an' 'arf an Aussie's always after argument.

Christmas Carols and carousals are carefully curtailed.

Kidneys and karrots kannot kcompare with karefully kultivated kippers.

Isolated islands are inevitably items of intelligent interest.

Neither narks nor niggers now nose near nor annoy us.

Getting goose and game and giblet soup goes great.

ACK PIP.

FOR SALE.

BLOCKS of 100 square miles of country, rich in iron, steel, old cotar mars, etc.; in foreign country; inhabitants leaving for Australia. Bargain. Apply, French Minister, "Cough," Office.

WANTED TO SELL, about 20th Jan., 1919, Old S.S., one-time Troopship; very seaworthy, useful as a rocking chair; soon becomes of age; has a good knowledge of the world. Being vacated permanently by present occupiers. Apply C. & D. L. Ltd., Melbourne.

ALL quantities and qualities of old clothing—mostly overalls and canvas shoes. A gift. Owners have no further use for same. Apply Port Melbourne Pier.



Palhambra Theatre.



Palhambra Theatre.



Palhambra Theatre.



Delightful Display of Deeds, Doings, Dances.

Legs, Lingerie and Laughter.



PAUL GOOSENECK

Comical Conjuring Contortionist and
Chicken Chewer.

First appearance in the World.



MAGGIE MILO

In her Famous Trill—

“Love Me and the World is Mine for
Eighteenpence.”



THE TURNER TROUPE

Tricky Trapezists.

Sixteen Spasms, including—

Loop Looping, Side Slipping,
Deep Diving, Bottle Blowing,

Cow Cuddling and Potato Peeling.



SIGNOR SKYLARK

The Beery Baritone, in his Sentimental
Ballad :

“For Thee I would gladly get Inked.”

THE DEVILS' DANCE
by Carie Morelli Company.
“Dinkum Devils.”



VORNE AND VERDE

In a Screaming Farce, entitled
“Silly Ahse.”



Startling and Sensational Seance.



Popular Prices :

Dress Circle : One pound sugar.

Stalls : One leg lamb.

Gallery : One packet pins.

Boxes : One Discharge ticket.

Box Plan at “Cough” Office.

Booking : One Duff Issue extra.

(AP)

KOLOMBO

KOON

KONCERT

KOMPANY.



The proprietors of the “Hacking Cough”
have made arrangements with King Billy
of the Cannibal Isles, to bring his troupe
of Koon Komedians on board the s.s. “Port
Hacking,” on New Year's Eve, to entertain
the troops en route for Aussie.



Look out for the landing of the party in
their famous Handley-Page machine—New
Year's Eve



Part III.

OF course in a party such as ours there is always someone ready to damp your imagination, and our sailmaker, a Dundee man who had been whaling, so he said, in the North, when appealed to and asked what he thought of our Iceberg, put his nose into the air and started to tell us what he had seen. He was the most delightful prevaricator of the truth it has been my privilege to know, notwithstanding Quartermaster Sergeants who try to explain where the rum goes, and during one of his seances his age must have been at least 150 years by the time we began to yawn. Goodness only knows what it would have been if we had stayed for the finish.



By this time we were close to the Antarctic Circle, and had sunlight for practically 24 hours a day. It is a good thing that one has so much sunlight, as navigation is very dangerous amongst the ice, and to run into an iceberg would mean the end of the ship and all on board.

Our next item of interest was sighting the Pack Ice, and a wonderful sight it was. Words fail to describe the beauty of it. One's imagination runs riot amid the endless

forms which the ice takes. In one place you can see a man's face, another a beautiful fresco of lace, and so on—ad infinitum—but, above all, the silence (which suggests a dead city) impresses one more than anything else. Whilst among the pack we sighted our first seals and Adelie penguins.

We entered the pack and tried to force a way through, but as there didn't seem to be any water lanes showing, it was decided to skirt round the edge and try and find an opening. After cruising about for a time, open water showed up ahead and we passed safely through, and shortly after struck the first

of our new found land. I must qualify the last sentence by saying that the land we had found was part of the Ice Sheet (or Piedmont Glacier) which covers the greater part of the Antarctic Continent. Now, our excitement commenced to exhibit and everyone was on the qui vive. Whenever a man saw a shadow on the ice he would be sure it was real land that he was looking at, but the movement of the ship soon decided the matter and he would retire crestfallen. I was once sure that I had sighted land and went as far as to wake our leader up to inform him of the fact. "I didn't do it again." Our first experience of a blizzard occurred about this time, but we didn't feel the effects

much, as we were under the shelter of the ice cliffs, which rose in this place to 100 feet in height.

We cruised along this ice face for a few days, continually taking soundings, as we did not know when we would strike a shoal, and one afternoon a cry went up that land was in sight at last. It proved to be the place where the main party was to make its home for the ensuing 13 months, and to be the grave of two of our dearly loved comrades. A boat was lowered to investigate the place, and the party, after about three hours' absence, returned with the tidings that it was eminently suitable, as there were plenty of seals, penguins, and also a good take off into the interior.

A place was selected to anchor the ship, about a mile off the ice cliffs, and this place was afterwards named Commonwealth Bay.

Then the bustle commenced. The holds were opened; motor launch and boats were put over the side, and the first load was got away for the shore. It was incredible the amount of stuff that was jambed into our vessel.

Just before the boats which had been ashore with the first load returned, a heavy breeze came on, accompanied with drift snow, and this blow held the landing up for three days. The landing of the material occupied ten days, and we didn't have a moment to spare.

There was a very convenient place (which we called the boat harbour) to make a landing stage, and this we did by making a derrick out of two lengths of the wireless masts and then cutting a step in the ice wall, which was about six feet high at this place. To guard against the recurrence of a blizzard, a party erected tents on shore, so that

the building of the huts could be erected without interruption. It was during this time that we had practically the only fine weather during the whole time we were there. You will understand this by my saying that the wind average for the year was 48.2 miles per hour.

One didn't seem to have enough time in a day to complete the necessary preparations to put the gear landed every day in a place of safety. It wasn't safe to leave anything on the ice, as in the course of a few days it would have sunk out of sight. As soon as all the gear for our base was unloaded from the ship, we bade farewell to our comrades on the ship who were to make a base to the west of us.

Now there were only eighteen of us left to complete the work.

The living huts of which we had two, were erected on some outcropping rocks. Magnetic huts were erected, and the stores dragged up to a convenient place close to the hut. The hangar for the Aero Sledge was constructed with empty clothes boxes, etc., and all this work was only just completed in time.

(To be continued.)

STOP PRESS.

SCRATCH-PULLING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Heavyweights.

Padre Redhead (N. S. Wales).

Middleweights.

L/Cpl. Garsed (Victoria).

Lightweights.

Cpl. Keogh (N. S. Wales.)

Programme

of CONCERT to be given on WEDNESDAY

at 7.30 p.m. by

The Medleys and the Orchestra.

(Under direction of Messrs. Matthews, Yeates and Odgers.)

Accompaniments by Cpl. L. Wood.

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| 1. Overture | Orchestra |
| 2. Opening Chorus .. (Some Show) | "Medleys" |
| 3. Humorous Song .. (Shurr Up!) | Sleeman |
| 4. Song (Cigarette) | Odgers |
| 5. Rag (Samoa) | Banham |
| 6. Song (End of the Journey) | Jackson |
| 7. Rag (Indian Rag) | Yeates |
| 8. Song (Less than the Dust) | Trundle |
| 9. Elocution Recital—(The Dream Scene from The Silver King) .. | McLauchlan |
| 10. Song (Blue Eyes) | Roscoe |
| 11. Concerted (Four Italianos) (By request) | "Medleys" |
| 12. Cornet Solo | Ratford |
| 13. Hypnotistic Turn | Prof. Charles |

SHORT INTERVAL.

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 14. Instrumental Selection | Orchestra |
| 15. Song (Chu Chin Chow) | Trundle |
| 16. Mimicry—(A Story without Words) | Mr. Sims |
| 17. Quartette—(We're Four Jolly Sailormen) Braithwaite, Brotchie, May, & Odgers | |
| 18. Violin Solo (Selected) | Matthews |
| 19. Step Dance to Pipes | Steele and Ross |
| 20. Humorous Song .. (Where did That One Go?) | Sleeman |
| 21. Musical Sketch (The Savage) | Odgers |
| 22. Finale (Some Automobile) | "Medleys" |

GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE PORT HACKING COUGH

A RECORD OF THE 1914 - 1919 MEN RETURNING HOME ON D.54.



Vol. 1 [**Quatre Queens**] No. 4 [**AT SEA "D34"**] Published Some time, Some where, Somehow. SATURDAY, 4th JAN., 1919

COLOMBO CHIPS.

On Sunday evening, 29-12-18, Sgt. Clousten gave a very interesting talk on Colombo. The following is an extract from his speech:—

Points to remember on arrival at Colombo.

1. Beware of Sunstroke.

2. Money.—The decimal coinage is used. The sovereign equals 15 rupees, or 75 cents to the 1s. when paid in gold, but the 1s. is worth only 70 when paid in silver.

The coins are:—

Rupee equals 100 cents	1s. 4d.
50 cent. piece equals	.. 8d.
25 " " "	.. 4d.
10 " " "	.. 2d.
5 " " "	.. 1d.

Beware of counterfeit coins.

Carriage and Rickshaw Fares.—The fare is by the hour. Every vehicle plying for hire is licensed, and before payment, the wallah

should be made to produce his tariff, or scale of charges—if he fails to do so, call the first policeman (European for preference, as the native police usually accept "backsheesh" from the wallah). It is understood that if you have a race with two or more rickshaws it is worth a bit extra.

Police.—Civil (Native and European); Military.

Hotels.—The principal hotels are the Grand Oriental (G.O.H.), facing the harbour; Bristol Hotel; Galla Face Hotel and Mount Lavinia (the latter is about seven miles down the coast and is easily reached by rail or road. It is a beautiful drive by gharry or rickshaw, but the distance is rather long for the latter method of conveyance). The hotels are all first class.

Tariff (pre-war).—Rps. 8 per day for bedroom, meals, bath and attendance. All hotels have splendid billiard rooms. The Galle Face Hotel has a swimming bath (salt water). The orchestra usually plays in the evening. Dinner is in the evening, from 7 to 9 p.m.

The mid-day meal is called "Tiffin," and is on from 12 to 2 p.m.



Silks.—Silks of all qualities are obtainable but are fairly expensive. The best plan is to buy the silk by the yard and have it made up in Australia.



Clothing (men's).—Linen, cotton (white and colored), or linen drill, and crash suits are cheap. All are suitable for Australian wear.

Curios of any description may be bought. Care should be taken with regard to the exorbitant prices demanded by the natives. You can, by "hanging off," usually buy the article for half or quarter the "asking price," as the native terms it.



European Business Houses.—The prices are all fixed and it is no use trying to "beat them down" in price.



Fruit.—Great care should be taken in buying fruit by seeing that it is not over-ripe, as cholera is likely to follow eating.



Part I.
THE JORDAN VALLEY.



By A. J. Pawley, 7th L.H.

I SUPPOSE it is the case with most men, as assuredly it was with me, that impressions gained from books were not always the most trustworthy. Specially is this so with regard to descriptions of places about which we were accustomed to hear much, from childhood up. I don't know whether I was ever very much interested in any description I had ever heard or read of this Jordan Valley, before actually getting into it, but I know that what impressions I had formed of it before were far from being in any sense like its reality.



The most striking thing about that part of Syria which takes in the Jordan Valley, is its mountainous character. Nothing that I had ever heard or read of before prepared me for such mountains. Imagine, if you can, mountains that rise from a level 1200 feet below sea level to a height approaching 4000 feet above it—a height that it attained within the comparatively short distance of 12 miles. Standing in the centre of the lowest part of this valley it is possible to

see just such a rapid rise both to east and to west. One has almost to crane his neck to see the skyline on either side, although such skyline is perhaps 10 miles away.



As may be supposed, great varieties of climate can be had in and around the Jordan Valley. While in the summer it is possible to get a freshening breeze on the tops, and even cold and frost, it is totally impossible to live in the valley in any degree of comfort, because of its extreme heat. And in winter time, while one may be almost frozen on the tops, it is possible to walk about in the valley in comfort without a shirt.



The town of Amman sports some of the most interesting old ruins I have ever seen, even in this land, so rich in ruins. They are the remains of an old Roman amphitheatre, in a sufficiently good state of preservation to make it easy to conjure up old scenes that must still haunt it.



In their first attack on the town the Light Horse set out from the Valley in shirt sleeves. When they got to the top they found that rain had fallen, and out came the overcoats.

That night they slept two deep, and only for the danger of smothering, they would have slept ten deep, for the sake of getting a little warmth.



The best vantage point that I know of from which a good panoramic view can be had of this vastly imposing valley, is from that part of the old Roman road from Jerusalem to Jericho which brings the town of Jericho right under your feet. The road at this point skirts a deep gorge with a stream winding down its bed like a silver ribbon.



After having planted yourself firmly on this point of vantage let your eye take in the whole panorama in one sweep. Here at your feet is Jericho, with its tiny little mosques rising up as it seems a few feet and its other houses and hovels looking so small that it might be a mere model of Jericho, any house of which you could reach over and pick up to examine like a toy. Beyond Jericho, to the left, is the plain of Jericho, which slopes down to the Jordan River, no part of which can be seen because its bed is in itself a Jordan Valley in miniature. Beyond the river the ground rises again to the hills at the foot of the Mountains of Moab, from 18 to 20 miles away. Still sweeping round to the right with your eye, you at length come to see a great sheet of water which opens out into the Dead Sea. As far as the eye can reach to the South, this sheet of water stretches to the south until it is lost in a haze so indefinable that you cannot tell where sky and water meet. I don't suppose any digger would wait long enough on the point of vantage to watch Old Sol work his magic in light and shade, though it would be well worth his while. Writers have said "that the valley is Old Sol's playground," the Light Horse will tell you that it is impossible for anything else to play when Old Sol is in his most sportive mood. At no other place on earth is his coming in the morning ushered in with such blaring of trumpets and pomp and circumstance. Rudyard Kipling, in his "Road to Mandalay," makes the dawn come up like thunder. You get some idea of the meaning of this apparently meaningless phrase when you see the sun rise over the Jordan Valley. Wonderful colours of green and

gold and purple are given to the mountains in ever changing hue till the whole is transformed from their unforbidding appearance till seeming to have been draped with a soft velvet mantle which changes colour with every wave of Old Sol's magic wand.



Life does not permit of unceasing contemplation of grandeur, let it be ever so grand. And in the case of Old Sol and his wonderful transformations, he will soon drive you out by the very intensity of his efforts to please, till you seek a shelter from his burning rays. You may have been raised out of yourself till you didn't feel the pangs of thirst stealing on you, but you will wake up presently and find you have such a thirst as one can experience only in the East. Of course you will want to slake it, and here you will find a real pleasure, for clear running streams abound, and in the shade of a thorn bush, you may lie down and drink your fill of pure cool water. These streams run the whole year round and find their way to the River Jordan, which in its turn finds its way to the Dead Sea, in the dead water of which it loses itself.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Dinkum

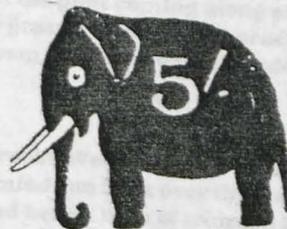


And dinkum, by the Canteen Doorway near
Come stealing through the dusk a figure
there,

Bearing a vessel in his hand with care ;
He bid me taste of it, and it was—Beer.



O Treacle's lips are dry, and one can hear
Him in his soundest sleep shout "Beer!
Beer! Beer!"
COOL Beer!" Tom Freeman answers
back again—
"Just lead me to it, if there's any near!"



Treacle's Triumph

BY RIQUET L'HIVER

(OUR NEW SERIAL)

ILLUSTRATED BY S. SHAW

People you meet in the Story :

Sgt. Treacle de Lyle—Rose from the Ranks.
Lady Maypole Margarine, O.B.E.,—Runs a
Buffet in Boulogne.

Mary Margarine—goes with Treacle.

Kiwi Kookee—a "Felicity" Footlight
Favourite.

"Ginger" Freeman—known to the police.
Brooke Wells—the dumb pianist.

◆ ◆ ◆
Chapter 1.

The Lady Maypole Margarine was dead. There was no doubt about it. The family physician had said so, immediately on learning that she had drunk a pint of lysol in mistake for port.

"She is dead!" he had said.

Margery came in from feeding the canaries. The doctor met her at the top of the stairs.

"My dear," said he, "your mother is no more."

Margery fainted.

As she fainted she fell downstairs and, breaking her neck, died.

"She is dead!" said the doctor.

He was right.

◆ ◆ ◆
Chapter 2.

Kiwi wandered by the embankment and meditated—one might almost say pondered.

Now, when a healthy, sought-after, first-row chorus-girl starts to think, there is something wrong. And there was with Kiwi. Tom—her beloved Ginger—was going back to France next day.

Why was he not here with her on this last night?

The reason is simple. It was but a short 15 minutes since he had left her. He would have NEVER have left her but that she had only enough money for one drink—the drink he was now having.

Meanwhile Kiwi cogitated.

How could she bear the uncertainty and suspense of the coming nine months—her period of waiting till Ginger would have his next leave?

And WHY bear it?

"Pourquoi?" she asked herself (her father had been a French polisher).

She wouldn't! Certainly not!

Climbing over the balustrade she leaped into the turgid waters of the Thames, just as Ginger Freeman came out of the hotel opposite.

When he saw her purpose he swore (he was a battery sergeant-major) and rushed across the road to stay her.

Alas! a passing tram met him half-way, and murmuring "Save her! She has my pay-book!" Ginger died.

◆ ◆ ◆
Chapter 3.

We must now go back to the afternoon of the day on which all these momentous happenings occurred.

Treacle de Lyle had taken his fiancee punting at Richmond. Some rough Australian fellows in another boat had collided with the lovers, and even Treacle's marvellous skill in punting—gained by many an afternoon's practice at Flemington and Caulfield—failed to prevent a catastrophe. As the punt capsized, Margery cast herself into his arms and they fell overboard together.

Fortunately the water was scarcely knee deep, so they waded ashore, and went to their homes to change their clothes—she to her death, as has been told.

But the punt drifted down stream and saved the life of Kiwi.

Coming up for the third time she, woman-like, had changed her mind about dying.

"Rather," gurgled she, "will I become a V.A.D. and go to France with my Ginger." And the punt coming along at that moment, she grasped it and was borne along with the stream, and then with the tide far out to sea.

◆ ◆ ◆
Chapter 4.

Brooke Wells leaned over the rail and let his mind run back over the last seven weeks. It had been a time of triumph for him, never

before had the public so appreciated his efforts; time after time he had been recalled, till even his marvellous repertoire was exhausted. Now he was returning to the land of his adoption, and his thoughts were pleasant as he gazed across the moon-lit water.

Suddenly into the path of the moon came on an object upon the waves. Quickly in dumb alphabet he told the boatswain (who was playing hop-sotch with the skipper) and offered a sailorman 10s. to jump overboard to the rescue.

The ship was stopped and a boat put off for the unknown object. When it returned, bearing a pitiful figure and towing a punt, Wells found himself the hero of the ship. Little attention paid he to the plaudits of passengers, because he couldn't hear them.

What cared he for anything when the bundle of humanity in the arms of the boatswain was all that remained of his Kiwi—his little Kiwi—the girl who had danced into

his life at the "Felicity" like a great Golden Butterfly when he was a poor struggling pianist in the orchestra.

Tenderly he gathered her into his arms and bore her emaciated form below, while the passengers sobbed in sympathy.

Hour after hour the pianist attended the bed of his beloved, administering bottles of cognac till, with a flutter of her eyelids, she sighed: "Ginger! Was there any change?"

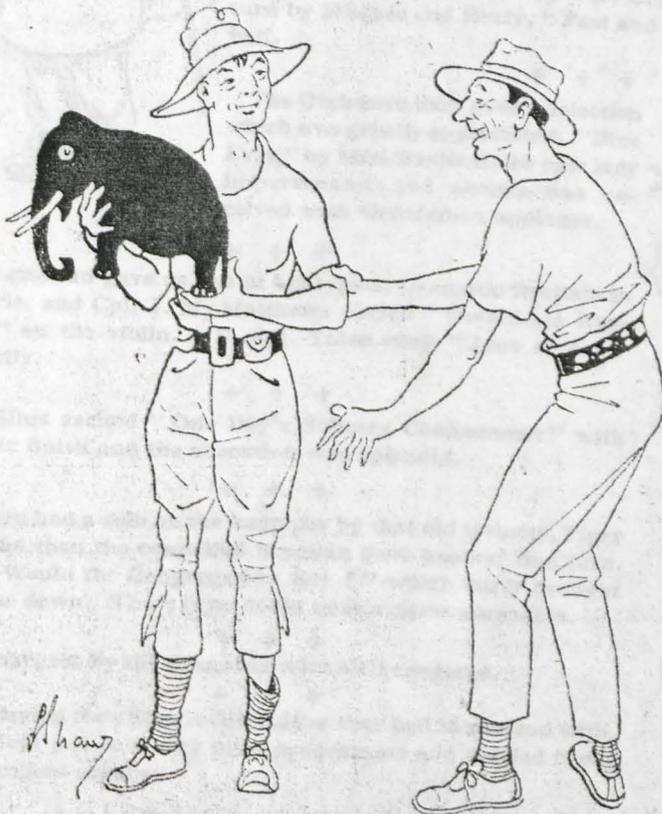
Poor girl! She knew naught of her lover's tragedy.

At the sound of her voice and the words she uttered, Brooke Wells rushed to the piano and dashed off an impromptu rendering of "Life's too Short to Quarrel!" Then slamming the lid of the piano, he dived up the stairs and threw himself into the sea.

Splosh!!!

So Brooke Wells died!

(To be continued.)



By Cripes! How much did you pay for the Colombo Jumbo?



ON Saturday, 28th, "The Medleys" entertained a large audience with music, laughter and bright gags, at "The Hippodrome," Main Deck For'ard. The Orchestra opened the programme by playing a number of melodies, followed by a monologue from W.O. MacLauchlan.



Pte. Jackson sang "Shipmates of Mine" pleasantly, and then Pte. Sleeman gave us "Dance with your Uncle Joe." Comedy had been the weakest part of this Company previously, but they have in Sleeman an artist of exceptional talent, and the audience rocked at his humour.



Cornet solo, "A Perfect Day," by Sgt. Ratford was very good. Then a duet by Yates and Banham was well rendered.



"Something Oriental," by Pte. Cramp, and a good topical turn by Milgate and Hurly, "Fast and Slow," finished the first half.



The Orchestra then gave a selection which was greatly appreciated. "Blue Eyes," by Miss Banham (the new lady impersonator) and chorus, was received with thunderous applause.



MacLauchlan gave us one of his typical Dramatic Recitals in fine style, and Cpl. J. M. Matthews played "Cavallieria Rusticana" on the violin. S.-Sgt. Yates sang "Joan of Arc" pleasantly.



Mr. Sims recited "One Day's Solitary Confinement" with dramatic finish and the execution was splendid.



We then had a solo on the bagpipes by that old favorite, Piper Ross, and then the comedian Sleeman gave another fine turn, "What Would the Congregation Say?" which fairly brought the house down. There is no doubt he is a clever comedian.



The choruses by the Company were well rendered.



Considering the climatic difficulties they had to contend with, the Medleys put on a very good programme and carried it out in an excellent manner.



WILLIAMSON 1917

Music lovers will be pleased to hear that the Promoter and Director of the popular Medley Concert Party is on the high road to recovery after his serious illness, and will appear with his party next Wednesday, when they will put on an entirely new programme of melody and mirth.

◆ ◆ ◆
WHAT'S THIS !!
 ◆ ◆ ◆

Come and see what can be done "In War Time." Dig Cramp says "Beware of Chuchin-chow," who is Vic Trundle in disguise as a "Bachelor Gay," but Miss Banham says in spite of the morning "I'll make you want me" as long as "The great big world keeps turning round." S.Sgt. Yates, with his "Kipling Walk," will try to captivate her to prevent her from ruining her young life, but you know what some girls are!

◆ ◆ ◆
 Anyway I hope the "Four Italianos" will give him a helping hand.
 ◆ ◆ ◆

Sleeman says "The fact is——" he hopes they will all "Shurr-up" before her fiance. Jackson gives her a surprise by "Coming Home."

◆ ◆ ◆
 P.S.—The Company will try and shake things up by their concerted item "Take Me back to Aussie."
 (Advt.)

DEBATING SOCIETY.

◆ ◆ ◆
 The Debating Society held its third meeting on Tuesday, the 31st, before a large crowd, when an interesting discussion of that important question "That the Total Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic would be advantageous to the Individual and the State," took place.

◆ ◆ ◆
 Mr. Sims and his team, Ptes. McCutcheon, Jackson and W. O. McLauchlan speaking in the affirmative, and Padre Redhead's team, Sgts. Possingham, Sherringham and S.M. Kemp in the negative.



◆ ◆ ◆
 Mr. Sims and his team brought forward a good strong argument including the following points: that no unemployment would occur, the alcohol being used for manufacturing industries; the bad results of excessive drinking on the morals and physique of the individual, and of family life, also the amount of sugar that had been used for brewing that

could have been used to better advantage, especially during the war.

◆ ◆ ◆
 Padre Redhead's team answering with firstly, the impracticability of enacting and administering the necessary legislation, and the inadvisability of further restricting the individual rights.

◆ ◆ ◆
 No prohibition got an overwhelming majority on a vote being taken of the large number of troops present.

POST-WAR PROBLEMS.

By L. V. Worle.



No. 4.—THE METAL INDUSTRY.

HAVING dealt, in previous issues, with our primary industries, we now come to what will be one of our greatest manufactures—our metal industry. As everyone knows, before this war turned commerce and the world upside down, Germany had her octopus-like tentacles spread with overwhelming grip around the heart of our metal trade, so that the local manufacturers absolutely could not compete with her. For, by a liberal system of national subsidising of her steamship companies, they were able to transport the crude ores to Germany at a much cheaper rate than we could send them to our own manufacturing centres not a tittle of the distance from our mines, that she had to carry them. But now, owing to there having been no means of transporting the ores out of the country, we have started treating them ourselves, sending them on to the manufacturing centres, thereby giving every metal trade a great filip.



This has meant increased prosperity everywhere, and we have proved in this, as in every other Australian industry, that we can make the goods of a quality as high, if not higher, than the imported article.



It is therefore up to us to see that the export tariff on crude ores is so prohibitive as to keep out for all time the foreign trading interests that have done so much harm to our manufacturing industries. As soon as the peace problems have been settled and peace actually declared, Germany and her allies are going to get to work with the peaceful penetration programme that she has drawn up during the war, ready for instant action. In fact, her feelers have been out already in some of the countries that have fought with us for national freedom, and, unless we take a firm stand we will be in the same unenviable position as before, relying on the foreign countries for the finished article.

The point is : Are we going to allow the peaceful penetration scheme to go on unmolested, or will we fight with our backs to the wall—as we have done in this war just finished ; fight for the freedom of our manufacturing industries and the right to keep them going in spite of the opposition that will come from the big importing interests that have mismanaged our industries in the past.



We Australians have already been taught a lesson that we will never forget, in the enormous profits made by Germany out of the great Cobar Copper Mines.



Think it over, weigh it in the balance of your common sense, and if it is worth while, stick together and make it a fight that will be remembered by the future generations of Australians as the turning point in the history of this great Commonwealth—where, from being a country that only grew or found the raw material, we became a self-contained nation able to make her way in the world's manufactures in line with the best of the old world countries.

COMMONWEALTH REPATRIATION SCHEME

By A. Digger.



THE latest Commonwealth repatriation scheme that this paper has seen, does not deal with land or small businesses, and gives one much food for thought. It provides for some small loans, gratuities and sustenance allowances for Australian soldiers until they are absorbed into civil life again.



Firstly, it provides for a gratuity to the value of £25 for widows with children or totally incapacitated soldiers (in poor circumstances) to buy furniture.



A gratuity of £10 for the purpose of buying tools, instruments or personal equipment, artificial limbs and surgical appliances and repairs.

Medical treatment, with travelling expenses to hospitals.



Free passages for incapacitated soldiers returning to homes abroad, wives of soldiers who married abroad, and fiances under a guarantee of marriage after arrival.



Sustenance allowance on application by soldiers awaiting employment, within six months of discharge, which will be granted on the following scale: Soldier without dependant, 42s.; with wife, 52s.; with wife and one child, 55s. 6d.; with wife and two children, 59s.; with wife and three children, 62s. 6d.; with wife and four or more children, 66s.; all these rates inclusive of pensions.



On failure to accept employment, or loss of employment, the applicant will be granted one week's allowance, and the State Board will have power of revision.



Apprentices will have their wages made up to the wages of a journeyman, and receive technical training free.



Funeral allowance of £10 for soldiers dying in poor circumstances.



Educational expenses, where necessary, for the training of a soldier or dependant.



Rent, where necessary, for a totally incapacitated soldier or the widow of a soldier.



Loans to be made to soldiers, on security, no interest on the first £50, and above £50 at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum up to £150, and special cases to Minister, £250, for the purchase of approved businesses, stock, plant, etc.



A soldier taking up land or a business has the right of appeal, through the State Boards to the Commonwealth Commission, on any dispute, the Commission's decision will be final.

The whole of this scheme, in our humble opinion, does not go far enough. We came to this war and fought not for any State, but for the Commonwealth and Empire.



We do not ask for charity—only the opportunity of taking up the broken thread of our lives, and resuming our former occupations.



We have the RIGHT to ask, whilst we were defending the country's freedom and honour, that our private interests be looked after, and that we do not suffer financially through being away, fighting the common foe.



This Commonwealth scheme, with the six State schemes, represents a conglomeration that no man can dissect, and we must see that the Commonwealth take the matter up, taking the best of every scheme, and make a uniform workable whole that can be administered quickly and efficiently. We do not want to go home and wait for years for the opportunity for working the land or business, but want to get right on the job and make up for lost time.



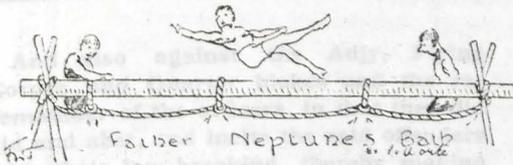
Any of us know what a time it takes to get through an application to Land Boards, and we don't want that again with these eternal Commissions. We must have ready by the time the main body will return a compact and efficient machine working to return them to civil life.



So put your shoulders to the wheel, and show them at home that we will not accept charity, but will have our rights as men—justice and fair treatment for all, and an early return to pre-war occupations.



Do away with all the State Boards and appoint one Commission, capable of doing the work, with adequate representation from the soldiers—for no one knows better than themselves what we want—and you will find that the difficulties of repatriation will disappear and the Commonwealth will resume its normal state in a very short time with increased prosperity for every class in the Commonwealth.



Chief Steward, white soot an' boots an' orl, an' ther rest of ther officers on this ole speed king.



"Strike me, I thort I'd bust meself larfin' an' ther ole Sar'n Major goin' dead crook an' fightin' like er digger wif 'is cobbers' rum moppin' up dug-outs, an' orl ther mob goin' fer ther lives.



ON Sunday the 5th, our Editor sent me to interview our sporting sea-weedy friend, Neptune's bath. I walked along the main street of Port Hacking in pursuit of our old pal, and meeting two wild, wet and woolly diggers, I explained my difficulty of finding our old friend. They generously offered to assist me and leading me along, all of a sudden I was propelled forcibly through the air and landed (gently?) on the bosom of our old pal. I spat out three gallons of the liquid that spoils good whisky, and asked him how the world was treating him. He gazed out to sea with a far-away expression and replied: "Well, this 'ere's ther fortieth time I've crossed this 'ere line, an' blimey I've 'ad more sizes an' shapes splashed in 'ere to-day than I ever 'ad afore in ther 'ole time I've bin sailin' ther mighty main.

◆ ◆ ◆
 "Why I 'ad 'ole Ah Fat lob right on 'is gutz in me middle, 'an what a ell of er splash 'e made, I thought he'd empty ther 'ole bloomin' show. Then Kelly's Eye an' ther rest of ther mob, ther 'ole Editor of ther "Cough" comin' up like 'er lubra aht 'f our Yarra.

◆ ◆ ◆
 "An' then ole Possie come up spit-tin' like a Cheshire cat and cawin' fer 'is life, and Cooky ther Or'ly Sarn't nearly cut ther canvas in two w'en 'e dived in.

◆ ◆ ◆
 "After lunch ther

An' Gawd, I larfed w'en ther ole Padre an' Y.M.C. acker bloke came a 'orful gutzer, an' the Adjy bloke nearly b'iled the water w'en 'e done ther Annette Kellerman act, an' ther Flyin' corpse bloke doin' a bonzer nose dive better'n 'e ever done w'en 'e was chasin' 'uns, an' ther Quarter bloke swore blind e'd eat orl ther fruit 'isself unless ther mob let 'im go. 'An' ther ole man 'isself enjoyin' ther joke wif one eye, an' keepin' ther other on 'is way'f retreat. I tells yer it was er birthday orlright. I never 'ad sich a time in me life afore."



We beg to point out to the court-martial section of the Ac.I.F. on board that they have ready to hand a series of charges against Possie, Kelly's Eye, Mac, Ah Fat, and the rest of the participants in this scene, the charges being that they did willfully and with malice aforethought break the laws of the sea in that they did unlawfully lay hands on and assault law-abiding citizens of Father Neptune's realm, the said citizens having been initiated before, and being fully qualified members of the society for the prevention of too much washing.

And also against the Adjy, Flying Corpse and Quarter blokes and the remainder of the officers, in that they did aid and abet, and incite the said offenders with their law-breaking, thereby making themselves accessories both before and after the fact.

We point this out to the President of the Court-martial, knowing that he, being so public spirited, will immediately take steps to bring these offenders before his court of justice.—Ed.

WRESTLING.

By Smackanhit.

Soon after leaving Colombo, an effort was made to get the above sport going, but the results so far have been very discouraging to the initiators.

The mat was spread on the deck for'ard, starboard side, each evening, but in spite of the stentorious exhortations of "Snowy" Taylor and the persuasiveness of his confrere, "Darkie" Taylor, business was scarce and the "birds" were shy.

It being too late at this juncture to arrange a tournament, the idea has been abandoned. Still the mat remains open to all desirous of exhibiting their dexterity. With Driver Jim Powell demonstrating the art of "The Breaking of Joints and How to do it," and the two Taylors handling the would-be "Catch as Catch Canaanites," a few more interesting evenings should be passed ere disembarkation.

There is so little chance of obtaining enough exercise on board ship that the ranks of the wrestlers should be enlarged and perhaps some good matches result.

INDOOR GAMES.

During the week the Sports Committee called for entries for a series of the following indoor games: Draughts, Chess, Cribbage, Euchre, Auction Bridge and Quoits, and a large number of entries were received.

It is proposed to conduct these games on interstate lines, to see which State provides the most champions.

Most of the best players have entered, and there is bound to be some exceptionally tough games.

The competitions will start early next week.

The entries received for the various games were: Chess, 43; Draughts, 74; Cribbage, 110; Euchre, 46; Auction Bridge, 73; and Quoits, 17.



ON Saturday the season was continued, when an interesting programme was put on, including a pillow fight on the greasy pole, and the standing long jump, in which all the champions tried conclusions, and a great afternoon's sport resulted, some of the comedies in the pillow fight being past description. Results:—

Semi-finals.

Treacle McFarland (Q.) v. Purtel (N.S.W.)

In the first bout, Treacle did not hit for a long time, just letting Purtel whack away, until he saw his opportunity, when he swung in an undercut on his opponent's legs and as he swung, hit him on the top of the head and knocked him clean off the pole.

In the second bout Purtel knocked Treacle off with a beautiful clout in the eye, and Treacle couldn't recover in time and went into the inverted position and hung for a while, but Treacle had to take the count.

In the final bout Treacle got in first with a beauty, and Purtel went right over, and looking up saw Treacle waiting with the bag above his head and it bluffed him, so he slid gently into the depths of the kinder looking waters.

◆ ◆ ◆
Garsed a bye.

◆ ◆ ◆
Finals.

Garsed (Vic.) v. Treacle McFarland (Q.).
Garsed led off, both men putting in some fast and furious work, but Garsed got his man and knocked him clean into the briny.

◆ ◆ ◆
In the next bout both men went at it hammer and tongs, and there were some great recoveries done and both men were trying their hardest, Treacle being much better in the tricky work, but the Gum-sucker was too hard and lasted better, getting Treacle with a purler in the neck, and Treacle did the mighty splash to perfection, and Garsed took the championship honors.

◆ ◆ ◆
Standing Broad Jump.

First.—Pte. Lester, G., (N.S.W.), 8ft. 6ins.
Second.—Q.M.S. Hunter, J. (Q.), 8ft. 4ins.
Third.—Dvr. Davies, W. (N.S.W.), 8ft.



THE competitions for the ship's championship were continued on Tuesday, when the semi-final of the welters, the finals of the middles and featherweights were fought.

◆ ◆ ◆
In the welter semi-final, Private Cornelsen forfeited to Fireman Ellis, so he fought a bye with Cpl. Hayward, who was too light to be in the ring with the big man.

◆ ◆ ◆
Results :—

Middleweights.
Sgt. (Treacle) McFarland (Q.), 11st. 8lbs.
v.
Pte. Ron. Wells, M.G.C. (Vic.), 10st. 6lbs.

The fight was uninteresting from a spectator's point of view, and went through six rounds of clinches and break-aways, Wells coming in close and using all his ring-craft to stop the big man from getting in any effective hits, and Treacle pushing him off to try and make an open fight and get his hitting powers into play. In the fourth round Treacle got a hard left home and sent Wells to the boards for eight, but he came to his feet and bored in and stayed there, leaning on the big man, and the fight ended at last by Wells getting the verdict on points

◆ ◆ ◆
Featherweights.

Bugler Roscoe, A.M.C. (W.A.), 8st. 11lbs.
v.
Dvr. Powell, A.S.C. (Vic.), 8st. 3lbs.

◆ ◆ ◆
1st round.—The round opened with some very fast and clever exchanges, Powell scoring with the left and Roscoe piling up points with his right. Some great footwork and ring-craft was seen, then Roscoe connected with a right swing to the jaw that shook Powell, and followed with a very fast left. The round was very fast and clean and there was not much between the boys at the finish, Roscoe having just a little the better of it.

◆ ◆ ◆
2nd round.—The opening exchanges were lively and Roscoe connected with the right and Powell scored to the head and body. Powell was doing most of the leading, but Roscoe was getting home his terrific rights with great regularity, and had Powell rocking during the round, but he came again and scored to the head in succession, and Roscoe scored with left to the point, gaining a further margin of points in this round.

◆ ◆ ◆
3rd round.—Powell connected to jaw with left; Roscoe retaliated to body; then Powell came in very fast, but stopped with a rush when he met one of Roscoe's right swings and Roscoe followed in and connected again, the towel being thrown in from Powell's corner. A good, clean fight from start to finish by two clever and willing lads.

◆ ◆ ◆
The afternoon's sport closed with an exhibition bout between Fireman Ellis and A.B. Bannam, R.N.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF CEYLON.

◆ ◆ ◆
Flyweights.

Arriving in Colombo harbour in the evening of New Year's Day, arrangements were made the following morning to put on an interesting series of bouts, the main contest being between the two flyweight champions of the Island—Jack Johnson (3st. 4lbs.) and Ole Starlight (4st. 5lbs.). The bout was willing from the jump, Starlight rushing his man, but Jack ducked cleverly and poked out his left as Starlight retreated, and when the ole fellow came in again, got him with a ripping uppercut. Both boys then missed with wild swings, and then Jack connected to the point and Ole Starlight's blood rose and they went at it hammer and tongs, but Jack, keeping cool, kept poking his left home and won easily.

◆ ◆ ◆

The rest of the fights were willing, but the main contest was easily the best, and kept the large crowd highly excited and the kids were uproariously applauded and showered with pennies and silver.

INDOOR GAMES.

◆ ◆ ◆

On leaving Colombo, the Indoor Games Committee started to organise tourneys in Chess, Draughts, Bridge, Euchre, Cribbage and Quoits.

◆ ◆ ◆

Chess was immediately commenced, the 43 players being graded into three classes and seven rounds of games are now complete.

◆ ◆ ◆

The entry for Draughts was so poor that the list was re-opened, 42 competitors finally entering.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Euchre tournament was decided on Tuesday, 7th inst., the winning partners being :—

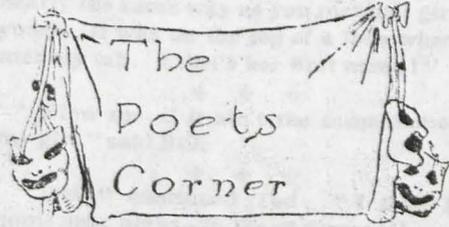
1550 Dvr. Smellie, J. (N.S.W.) and 98 Pte. Scott, J. R. (N.S.W.), with 2439 Dvr. Martin, O. E. (N.S.W.) and 2347 Dvr. Harper, H. C. (N.S.W.) as runners-up. So the Cornstalks had a night out in the Black-fellow's game.

The Auction Bridge was decided on the 10th inst., from a field of 110 competitors. The winners were :—

1747 Gnr. Barnes, F. N. (Q'land); 101 Cpl. Allison, V. A. (Tasmania); followed by 748 Pte. Miles, H. N. (Victoria), 737 L.-Cpl. Bradford, S. (S.A.).

◆ ◆ ◆

The Cribbage and Quoit competitions are yet to be decided.



The Conversational Brook.

◆ ◆ ◆

Acheron Wells in a Travesty on Tennyson.

◆ ◆ ◆

I come from Vic. ! Out Brunswick way
Was born. My voice unceasing,
I talked upon my natal day
With energy increasing.

◆ ◆ ◆

For 30 years I've roamed around
The city and the country.
Each opportunity I've found
I magged to all and sundry.

◆ ◆ ◆

Back with the unit those who know
Me, heard me silent never.
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

◆ ◆ ◆

As "Gentlemen" will understand,
Rascals I will not walk with.
And all you bad, blackguardly band
Of scoundrels, I won't talk with.

◆ ◆ ◆

I spruk inside the ring and out,
The fact is—dinki dye—
YOU don't know what I mag about,
And really, nor do I!

◆ ◆ ◆

But

I chatter, chatter, as you know,
Continuous as a river.
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"Riquet."



Gunner Bill Briggs had just returned from his first Blighty leave, and, like many before him, let his thoughts carry him back to the land where, only a few hours previous, he had been in his haven of delight.

He was a good fellow was Bill, but his one great failing was woman; one smile from a pretty face simply plucked Bill's heart from its bearings. And now Bill told of his pleasures.

"Well, it's about the best place I know of," said he; "and all I want now is a 'tres bon' little wound, anywhere in the fleshy part of the arm or leg will do for mine, so long as it gets me over there."

Then came the part we fully expected. Bill went on to tell us how he had picked up the best little tab that he'd ever seen.

"I was on top of a 'bus, goin' out towards Shepherd's Bush, and on gets a little tab and sits on the seat 'longside of me. Every thing went alright for a while, until suddenly the old 'bus bumped something hard, and before the girl could regain her balance she fell helplessly into my arms.

She didn't seem to mind, and apologized, and so did I, and to finish up we gets off together and goes to a play. After the play we goes to supper, then I carts her home, and makes a meet with her for the following night.

"Well, I met her every night after that. Went to theatres, and everything possible there was to go to. And now, here's a bloke back here in this hole!

"Anyhow, she's going to write to me always, and she reckoned that I was the only Aussie she'd ever met or ever walked with. I reckon she's dinkum, because every night she was there as regular as clockwork waiting for me."

Here Bill was interrupted by the arrival of Ted Spinks, just down from the gun pits, and expecting to go on his second Blighty leave the following day.

"Well, Bill," said Ted; "Tell me what you think of Blighty now."

Bill again explained all his experiences to Ted, not forgetting to mention his meeting with the fair lady.

"Well, Bill, old boy," said Ted, "I'm going to see the best little girl in Blighty when I go there. Funny thing, I met her in nearly the same way as you met that girl of yours. It was on the top of a 'bus where I met my tab. Ethel's her first name!"

"Blow me, if it ain't the same name as my girl," said Bill.

"Well," continued Ted; "I took her home that night—to Ward Street!"

"The same street as me!" said Bill. "Was it at Shepherd's Bush?"

"Yes," said Ted, "Number 11 Ward Street."

"The very same as mine!" said Bill. "Well, I'm blown! And she told me as I was the only bloke she'd ever been out with. Does she write to you, Ted?"

"Write to me! Why, of course—every week! And she's told me how she always stops at home and is always wishing for me to come—and here she is going out with Bill, Tom and Harry."

"She told me, too, that I was the first bloke she'd went out with."

"Well, anyhow, I'll steer clear of her this time; she'll get no theatres and suppers out of me!" said Ted, getting up and going outside.

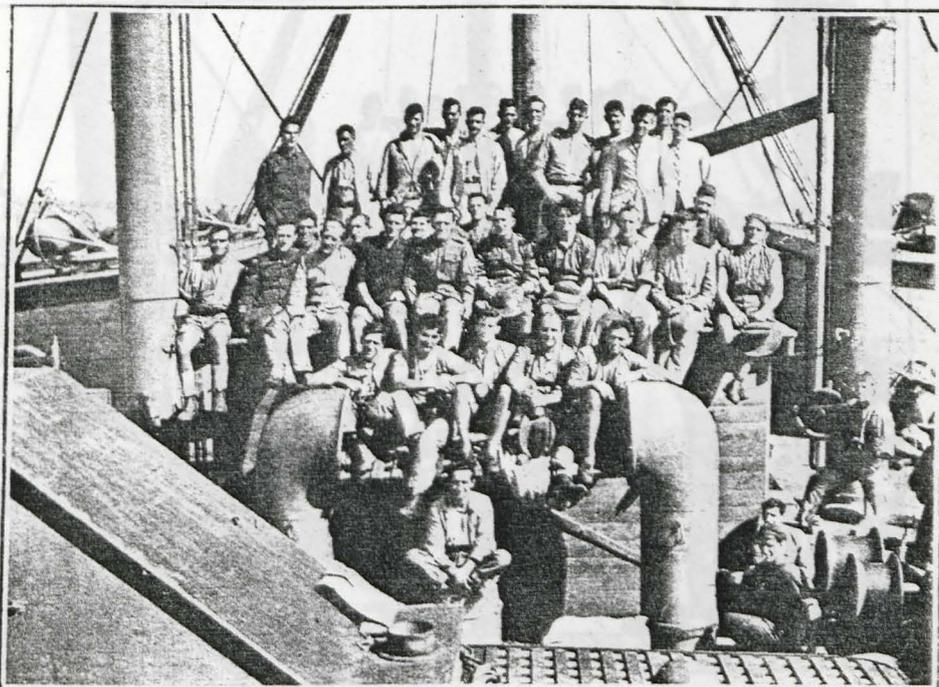
Bill Briggs sat there alone for an hour, with a look on his face that was anything but pleasant. Then he slowly got up and walked five kilos to drown his sorrows in "point blank."

J.T.M.

THE PORT HACKING COUGH

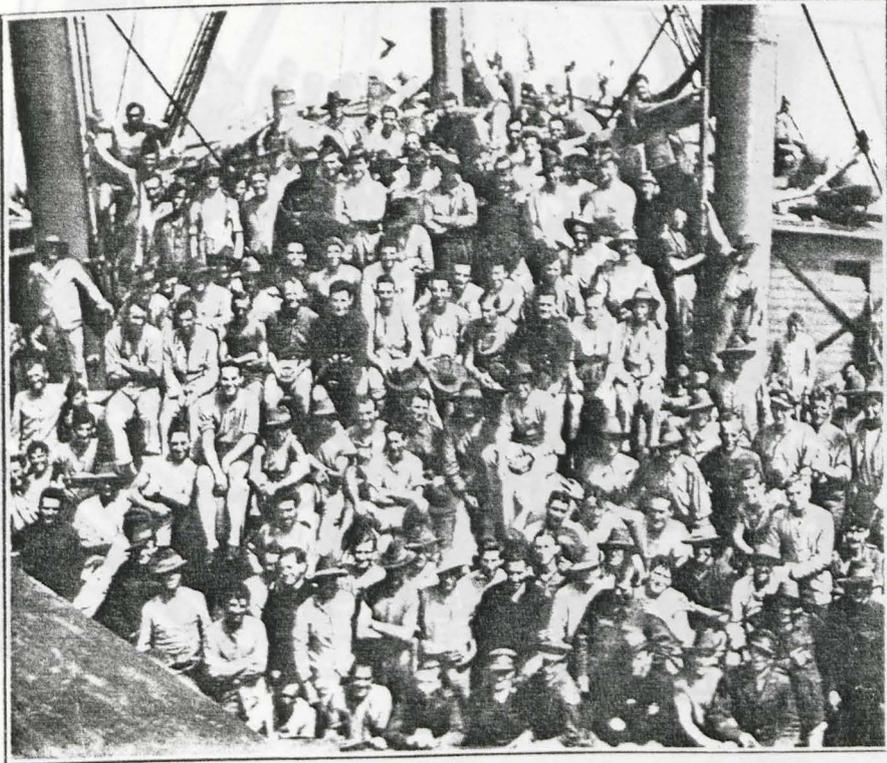


Victorians

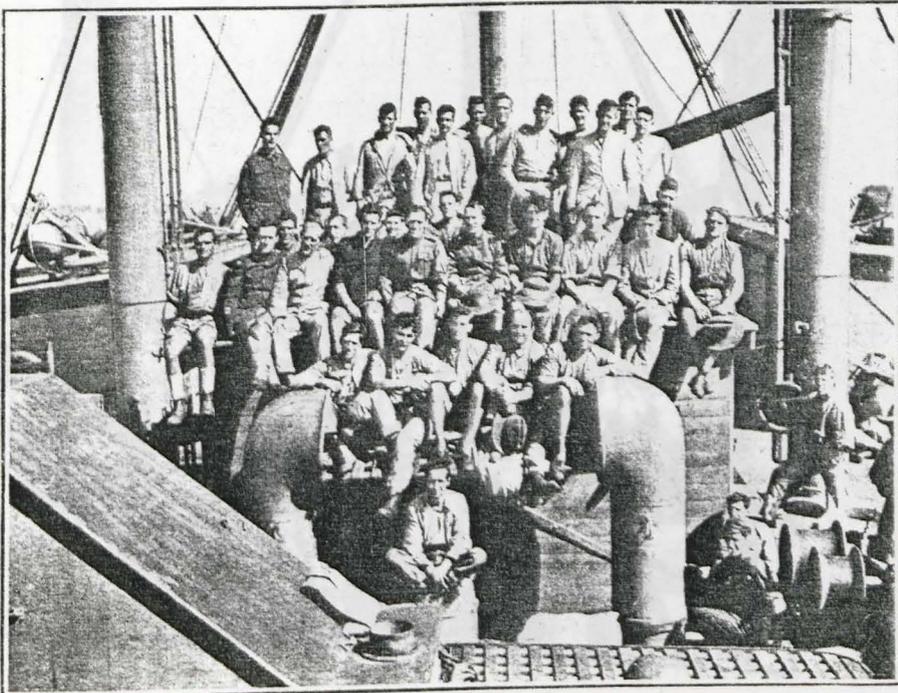


Tasmanians

THE PORT HACKING COUGH
THE PORT HACKING COUGH

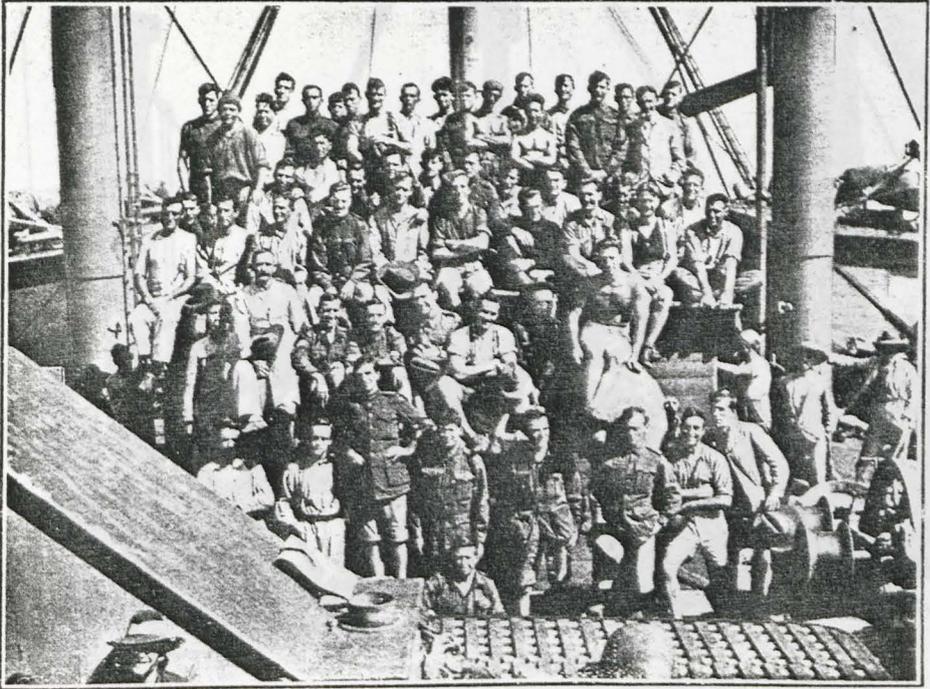


Victorians

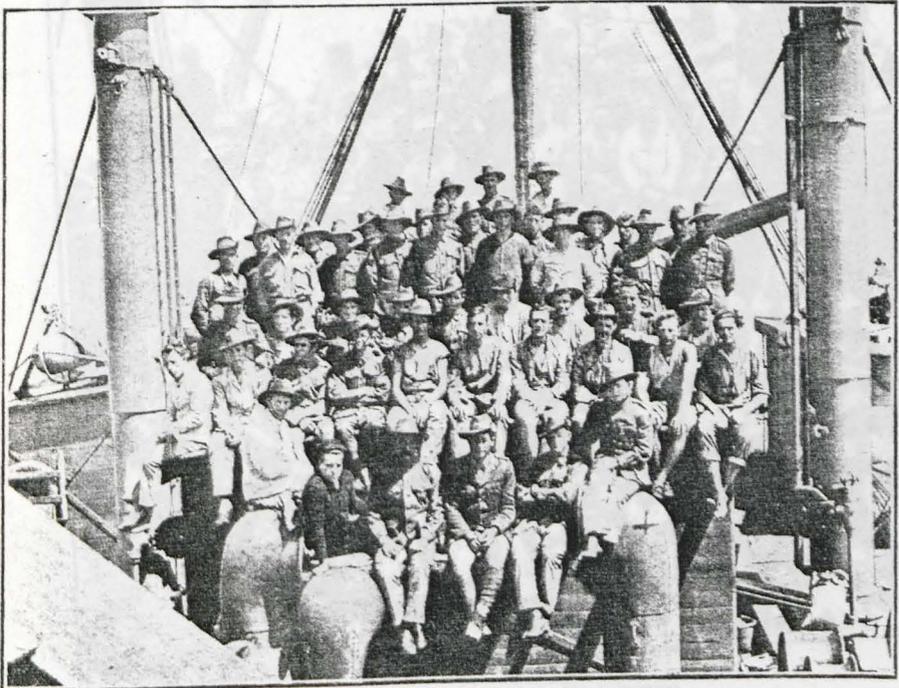


Tasmanians

THE PORT HACKING COUGH

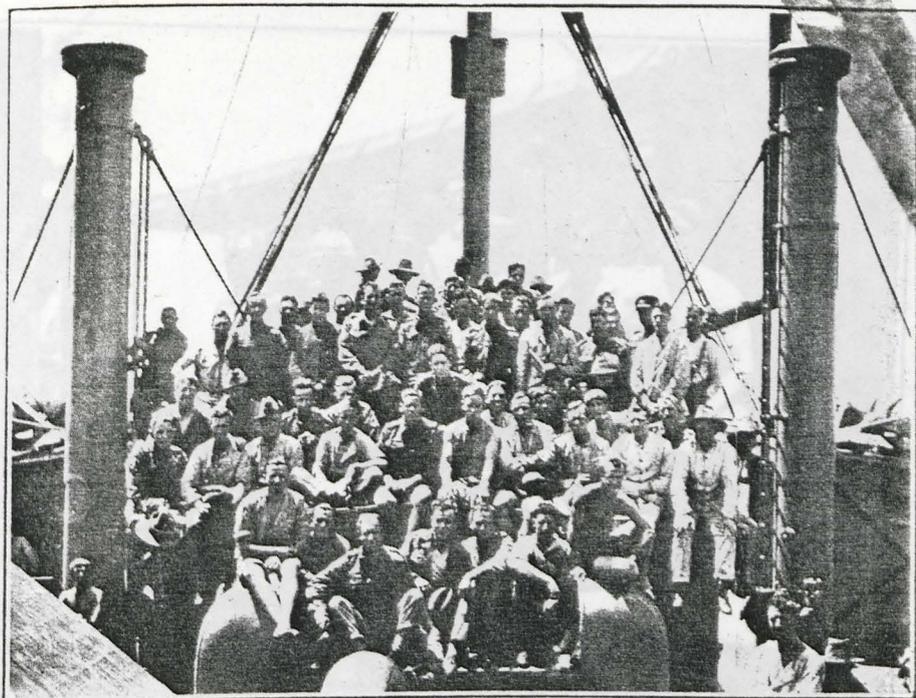


Queenslanders



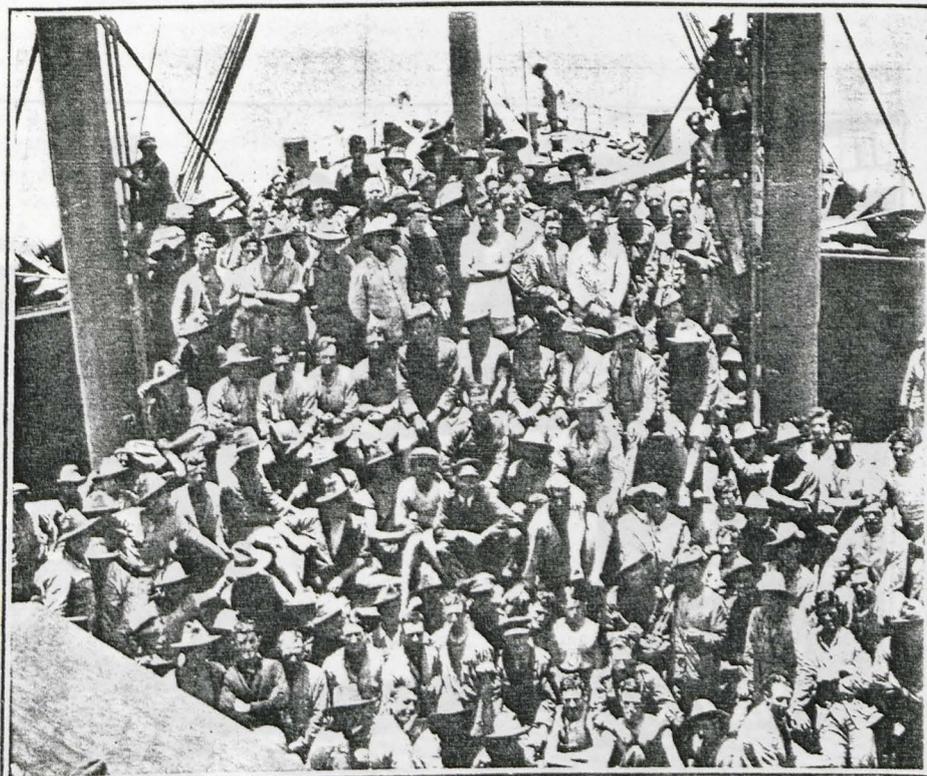
West Australians

THE PORT HACKING COUGH



South Australians

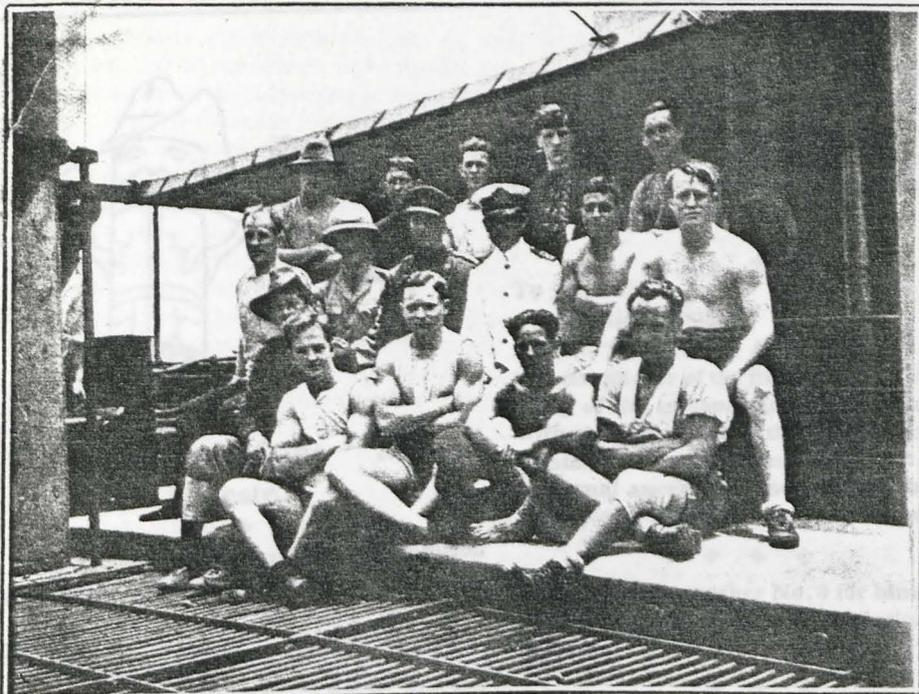
Sports Committee and Messes



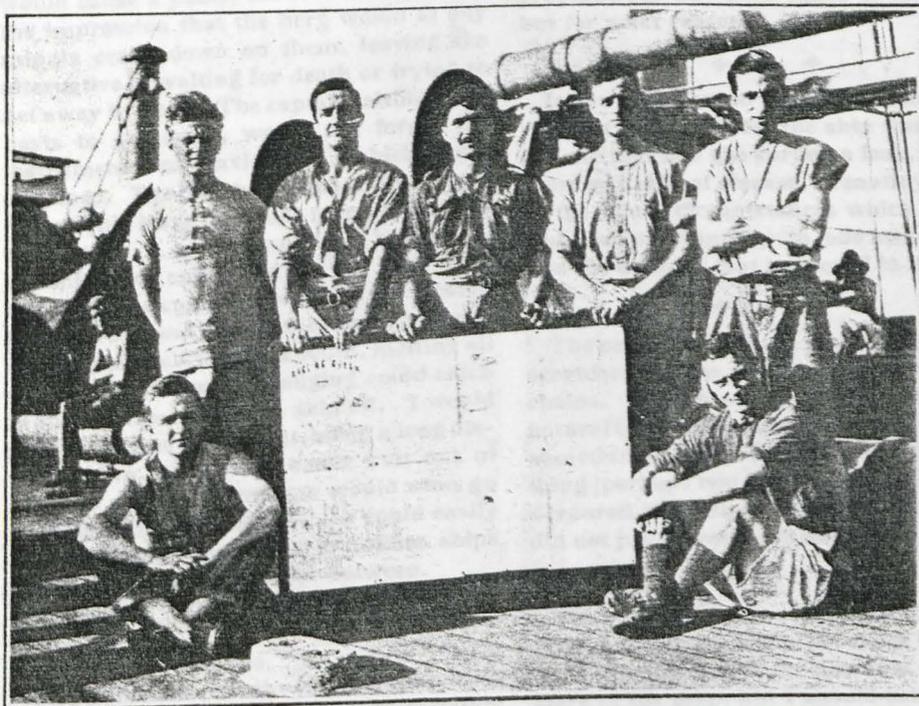
New South Welshmen

Staff of the Port Hacking Cough

THE PORT HACKING COUGH



Sports Committee and Boxers



Staff of the Port Hacking Cough



OUR LETTER BOX

The Mystery of the "Marie Celeste."

The following attempts at the solution have been received:—

The Editor,
"Hacking Cough."

Sir,—I would like to place before you my theory of the desertion of the "Marie Celeste." My idea is that she ran into an iceberg, probably in the early morning, during a very heavy fog. The forepart of the ship, say the jibboom, being held fast, which would cause a panic, the crew being under the impression that the berg would at any minute crash down on them, leaving the alternative of waiting for death or trying to get away by boat. The captain, although in haste to get away, would not forget his instruments of navigation (which were missing). The boat being got ready, everybody would leave by a rope found trailing in the water. A ladder would not be needed, the ship being small and not too high from the water the captain's wife and child could be handed down. After they had got away, the berg probably drifted south, melting all the time. The wind changing could catch in the sails and blow the ship off. I would account for the small boat, being a long distance from land, could easily run out of supplies and the occupants would soon go mad or starve to death, which could easily happen in those days of travel when ships were small and few and far between.

Dvr. H—,
Mess 36.

(We point out that the jibboom of such a ship as this one in question would certainly break wholly or partially on touching any

iceberg. Also we repeat, no boats, stores, or navigating instruments, excepting the chronometer, were missing. Anyway, the affair occurring in a frequented sea route, the survivors or the boat would have been salvaged.—The Editor.)

To The Editor,
"Hacking Cough."

Sir,—The average Australian is a scoffer and unbeliever of the first water. Tell him a story of the unusual and he will kick back with the information that without a doubt Ananias was a step-husband to one of your maternal ancestors, and you are the finest example of a throw-back that he has seen.

Well, here's another No. 9 for him to scoff or not to scoff, namely the solution of the mystery of the "Marie Celeste."

There is nothing to prove that the barque was abandoned. In fact the boats hanging in the davits show that the crew never left the ship. The disappearance of the log-book and chronometer point to the fact that preparations had been made to leave her, but for what reason?

It has been proved beyond a doubt that it was not bad weather, the ship was not on fire, neither had she sprung a leak, nor was there any sign of disease, or mutiny, or any of the usual circumstances which cause a whole ship's company to fade away, but it was the unusual that happened in this case.

The only clue we have is the long vertical scratches on the starboard bow near the chains. Being on the outside, it is only natural to conclude that they were caused by something from the outside, and that something (perhaps two of them) came aboard and devoured the ship's company—those who did not jump overboard and were drowned.

You want the name of that "Something." Well, not being a disciple of Isaac Walton, I am not familiar with the names of the monsters of the deep, but I should call it a Sea Serpent! Bit thick, What!—J.B.M.

To J.B.M.

In reply to your attempt at solution of the above :—

You advance the hypothesis that as the log-book and chronometer were absent the abandonment of the ship was a pre-arranged affair. This evidence is not conclusive.

The compass and certainly a quantity of stores would have been taken as well. The final part of our correspondent's letter advances a "Sea Serpent" solution.

I can only ask him to think awhile and ask himself could any carnivorous denizen of the deep abstract a whole ship's company without leaving a trace on deck, or without one soul hiding or escaping. Meanwhile J.B.H., watch next week's issue for the part played by the "vertical scratches."

The Editor.

A Weighty Matter.

To The Editor,
"Hacking Cough."

Sir,—I hereby give you notice that the puny attempts to make me the laughing stock of the goodly company of diggers on this palatial mail steamer must cease, otherwise I must instruct my legal adviser, Mr. K. R. R., to take proceedings against you. Also I must ask you for a public apology of at least one column in your fourth and last issue.

You will notice that I have mentioned last issue, because I don't expect that it will survive the ignominy which will be heaped upon the fourth.

Another small matter I wish to draw attention to, and that is that you are situated in a place suitable to your attainments to wit "The Spraying Room," and it will only be necessary for me to turn on

one of the valves situated therein and you will be fixed for good you microbe. I subscribe myself, more in pity than in anger,

AH FAT.

2-1-'19.

To Ah Fat,
Dolls House,
Leanville.

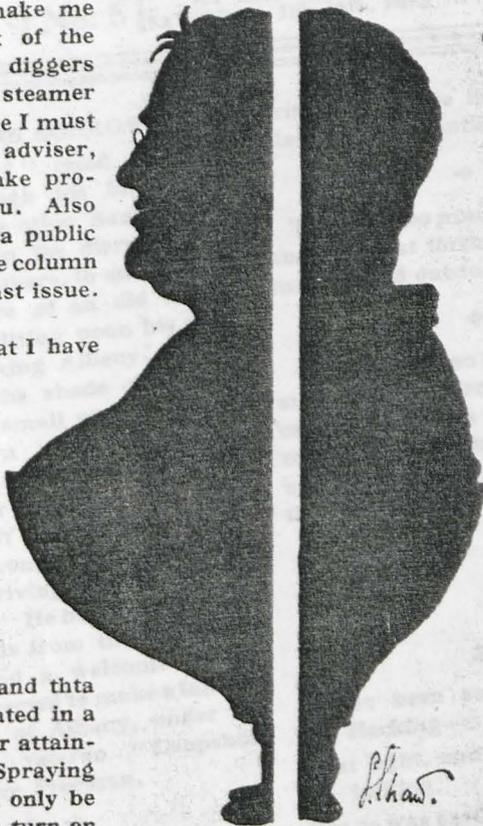
Sir,—We have read your letter with the liveliest satisfaction, and with regard to your request for one column, we will gladly give you one, but don't you think two will be better, otherwise we will have to print half of you at a time, which would rather spoil the effect.

We sincerely hope you put this matter in the hands of your legal advisers, as we will then be able to prove to the country through its courts of justice that owing to the great shortage of glycerine for the making of explosives you ought to be publicly boiled down, for the amount of fat you have robbed the nation of during this national crisis.

Also you say our puny attempt to ridicule you, well, judge for yourself, and if you call the result puny, we can only say that as well as having a distorted body, you also have a distorted eye.

We would also request you, when you are promenading the deck, to walk in the centre, otherwise you stop the work of our staff through the continuous rolling of the boat, and we shall be compelled to sue you for damages under the "Inciting to strike" section of the Arbitration Act.

Yours truly,
The Editor.



THE HACKING

PORT COUGH

A RECORD OF THE
1914 - 1919 MEN

RETURNING HOME
ON D.54.



Vol. 1 [Possie's Platoon.] No. 5 [AT SEA "D34" SATURDAY, 11th JAN., 1919.] Published { Sometime, Somewhere, Somehow

ASANDGROPER'S SORROW.

Hello! What's that?" cried "Dolly" Geiger, looking through his binoculars. Snowy Taylor and the other Sandgropers turned their glasses in the direction that Dolly pointed out and there, lo and behold, was the solitary figure of an old White-bearded Sundowner sitting upon his swag on the hilltop overlooking Albany. An old collie was lying in the shade of a Jarra stump and the three small puppies played around a time-worn "Whitely King" billycan. The old Sundowner had served at the Crimean War and was the only white man now left in the land of the Sandgroper to welcome home the 1914 draft of Anzacs arriving to-day on the s.s. "Port Hacking." He had tramped over miles of desert sands from the Kimberley Goldfields—to extend a welcome to our heroes who were expected to make a landing at the famous city of Albany, under the leadership of the veteran "Dropshort Professor," Old Tom Freeman.



Imagine his disappointment when he found that he was to be deprived of that one pleasure, for the heroes of Anzac were taken

prisoners by the military authorities and placed in Quarantine.



This was too much for our old Sundowner and he burst forth into tears at the treatment meted out to his gallant countrymen.



His tears fell so fast and furious that they streamed in a torrent down the hillside and caused the waves to roll high and our boat to rock so much that we had to weigh anchor and depart, leaving him to his sorrows and the Sandgropers to their fate.

"Old Sherry."



SLACKING

It has been said about this ship—Port Hacking—

That light, and water, food and drink are lacking.

But he was hard, who, speaking of her speed
Remarked—"They've christened her again

—'Caught Backing!'"

BADLY BENT!

A young Flight Officer, while practising some fancy "stunts" in France, did a nose dive towards Mother Earth. He caught his prop in some telegraph wires, tearing it off. This caused the machine to turn a couple of catherine wheels or somersaults, and then crash into a cluster of trees.

◆ ◆ ◆
The machine was completely wrecked, and lay piled up on top of our hero.

Some stretcher-bearers rushed up to render assistance just in time to see the Pilot—a dejected mass of bruised humanity, crawling out from amongst the wreckage.

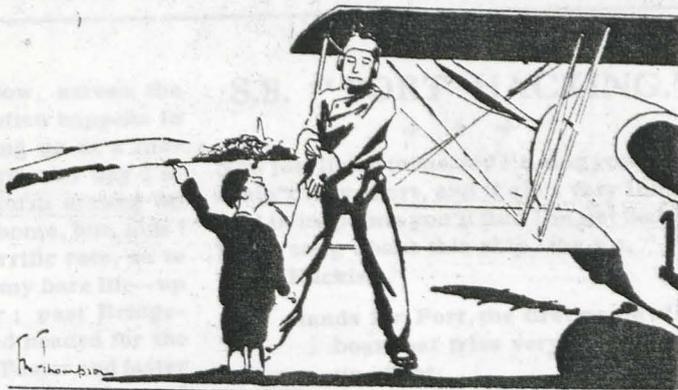
◆ ◆ ◆
He looked at his machine, then at the party, and smiling said: "Best leave her alone—I don't think I'll fly her again to-day!"

TANKED!

The tank was used in the Palestine campaign, for the first time, in the second attack on Gaza, which took place on the



Our Barber caught "Hacking"



"Please Mister, will you get my balloon?"

19th April, 1917. There were some eight or nine "Land Cruisers" as they were then called, and after the preliminary bombardment, they were sent on in front of the infantry, who followed the tanks in column of route.

◆ ◆ ◆
One tank that had been attached to the Aussie's Camel Corps was put out of action by a direct hit.

◆ ◆ ◆
After the attack, which had proved successful, one of the camel drivers who had followed this tank into action, was asked what he thought of the tanks. He answered in deep disgust: "Oh! — the tanks! They draw fire like a hollow log!"

A SPEED RECORD.

◆ ◆ ◆
On Sunday evening, I was strolling around the blunt end of this famed "Caught Backing," when my attention was drawn by a group of "Housey Housey" heroes assembled around our famous Croweating artist, the popular "Possie."

◆ ◆ ◆
He was holding forth on speed Records, and was getting his usual good hearing.

◆ ◆ ◆
"Take my tip," says Possie, "this old tub is not too slow, but she couldn't keep pace with me on my old "Boneshaker" bike! Did I ever tell you about the record I put up in South Aussie when I was training my whippets? Well, it happened like this. Every evening I tied the dogs to the back of my old bike, mounted her and then off I

went, with my dogs in tow, across the Mount Lofty Ranges. It often happens in that part that storms spring up at a moment's notice. On the particular day I'm talking about, a terrific storm sprang up suddenly, and I turned for home, but, alas! the storm came on at a terrific rate, so to save getting wet I rode for my bare life—up one hill and down another; past Bridge-water and Mount Lofty, and headed for the Old Pump Hotel at Algate. Faster and faster came the storm. Faster and still faster I rode, until all of a sudden a drop of rain fell on my face. This brought me to my senses.

My poor dogs tied on behind!

How were they! The thunder growled a warning; the ghastly lightning gleamed; the storm increased in violence. I'll chance a look behind. I did, and what did I see? Now, believe me! I had ridden that Bone-shaker so fast that although hardly any rain fell on me, my poor whippets were swimming in the flood-waters behind me!



But I was safe—and they were saved too, for lo and behold! we had arrived at the Old Pump Hotel at Algate, where my pals and I wet my great speed record!"

PUBLIC NOTICES.

◆ ◆ ◆
 REPATRIATION.
 ◆ ◆ ◆

Our Up-to-date Scheme.

Those persons on board desiring to take up land on the Australian Government thirty-three and one-third years' system, may lodge their applications with us within the next twelve months. The object of an early application is clear to all, as on arrival in Australia only three years will remain before the land is yours.



The arrangements have now been completed for use of the life-boats for those people who desire to go into the fishing industry. On application a boat and three days' rations will be supplied and practice stunts allowed, provided applicants do not stray too far off the course of the "Caught Napping."

L. H. P.

S.S. "PORT HACKING."



Now just listen to me and I'll sing you a song
 It ain't very short, and it ain't very long;
 And in its points you'll find I'm not lacking,
 It's a song about this ship, the s.s. "Port
 Hacking."

P stands for Port, the first name of the boat that tries very hard to keep us afloat.

O is for Orders they read every day, and twice they have told us that we'd get some pay.

R is for Rubber that they put in the duff, it's not very light but it's terrible tough.

T stands for Trouble that they have with the light, they burn in the daytime but go out at night.

H is for Haddocks, a fish you know well, and they smell just as if they had been sent from———?

A is the Anchor on which there's a strain and with it the boatswain did drag up a chain.

C is the "Cough," at our paper I hint, so send in your jokes and you'll see them in print.

K stands for Knots that she does every hour, but to do more than ten the Chief won't allow her.

I is impromptu, last Christmas Night's Concert, and some of the items were nearly the wrong sort.

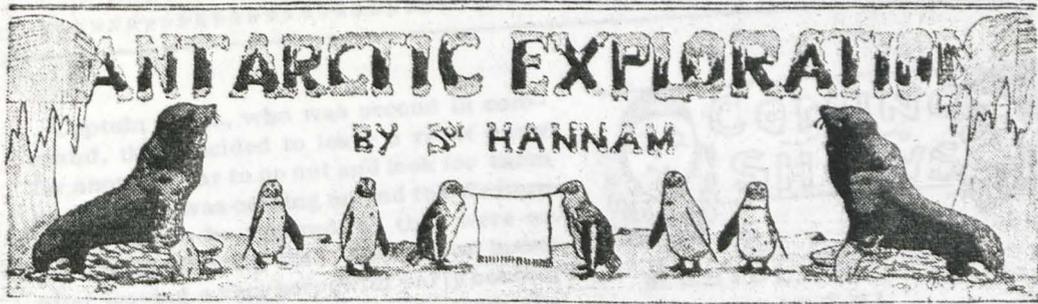
N stands for Nearer, I mean nearer Home, where for 60 fine days we'll be able to roam.

G stands for gutzer that most of us come, as there wasn't no whisky and there wasn't no rum.

TO OUR READERS.



We have collected all the information possible concerning Australia's repatriation scheme, and will publish a series of articles for your information at an early date.—Ed.



Part IV.

AFTER a few weeks of solid work we commenced to take things a little easier, as we had finished the huts and had most of the recording instruments in working order. But, of course, there was still plenty to do in the way of storing seal and penguin meat for the winter, making gear more secure, as by this time it had commenced to blow, and unless boxes, etc., were made secure with rocks, they were liable to blow into the sea. In fact we lost two sledges by not securing them before we had had an opportunity of knowing what the wind could do.



I may mention that we had recorded one gale up to 204 miles per hour when the anemometer broke. It was during this gale that one of the wireless masts was blown down. Unless one has experienced gales such as these, it would seem like a fairy tale to say that it was comparatively child's play to erect a mast in a 50 mile an hour gale, but we did it, and didn't think much of this achievement either.



As the winter started to arrive, the wind and snow became very persistent, and we used to have a sweepstake on the monthly wind average. The payments were made in chocolate, and one syndicate made a gambling instrument which they called Hunterloo and very soon after they had cornered the whole of our Saturday chocolate for weeks ahead. When they had completed their scheme they used to bribe us with their illgotten gains (of course we, the losers, reckoned they were illgotten). In the winter not much work could be done outside, although the daily records had to be made of temperature, wind, magnetic variations,

etc., and a couple of short sledging journeys were made, and they had a rough time with the wind and snow.



There was plenty of work inside, repairing and altering clothes, tents, etc. One man, of course, was sleeping every day, being on night watch the night before, and his duties consisted of keeping the stove going to heat the hut, observations of temperature, movements of clouds, Aurora Australis, and wind, baking bread, preparing breakfast for the cook, and last, but not least, having a bath and washing a few articles of clothing. Each man had a turn every 18 days. One of our big jobs during the winter was preparing and packing the food for the spring and summer sledging. Well, the winter gradually left us, and the weather started to clear up and the sledging parties moved off on their respective journeys and those who were left in the hut commenced to pack up the gear and collect penguin eggs before the arrival of the ship. In about ten weeks' time the first of the sledging parties returned and one day shortly after this we were surprised to see the motor boat from the ship moving into our boat harbour.



You can imagine the excitement this caused, as we hadn't seen the ship come in. Our first excitement over, everyone started clamouring for his mail, and a happy party we were, but a black cloud was hanging over us. Sir Douglas Mawson's party had not returned, and as the days wore on the feeling gained ground that something serious had happened to our leader. The ships cruised along to the east, to see if he was on the coast, but there was no sign of him.

Captain Davis, who was second in command, then decided to leave a relief party for another year to go out and look for them as darkness was coming on and the Western Party had to be relieved, as they were on practically floating ice. About four hours after leaving a very sorrowful party behind, we received a wireless message from the base to say that Mawson had returned, but Minnis and Merty were dead, and to return at once and pick up the party.



We returned, but found a heavy blizzard blowing, and after hanging on for 24 hours, it was decided to leave them (they were relieved in 1914) as the Western party were in a perilous position as regards food, etc. We passed along the coast for about 1200 miles, and through 40 miles of pack ice, and on the 28th February, 1913, we came up to their base.



It took about 12 hours to water ship and embark the party and then we turned for home, and three weeks later we passed into one of the most beautiful places in Australia—D'Entercastreaux Channel, Tasmania.



So ends my first Antarctic trip, but the ice is calling, and some day I hope to see again a replica of the most wonderful experience of my life.



MUSIC!
MIRTH!
MELODY!!!



On Wednesday Evening next, 8-1-19, at
7.15 p.m. sharp,



“THE MEDLEYS”
in
“SOMETHING DOING”
by special arrangements with

ASCAR OSCHE,
under the direction of
VIC. ODGERS.



The Company will be supported by the
Orchestra, who will render two Star Items.



ROLL UP!! ROLL UP!!
and don't miss this entertainment.



Box Plan at “Cough” Office.

1918 DECEMBER 1918			
Day	Date	Mileage	Average
Sun.	29	247	10.4
Mon.	30	265	11.2
Tues.	31	243	10.2
1919 JANUARY 1919			
Wed	1	ARRIVED COLOMBO	
Thur.	2	ANCHORED COLOMBO HARBOUR	
Fri	3	LEFT COLOMBO	
Sat	4	237	10.2

Look out for
RATFORD'S RAMBLERS
and
MOONLIGHT MASQUERADERS
in Star Impromptu turns on Promenade
Deck, Grand Boulevard
or
Any other Prominent Seaside Resort.



A SURPRISE CONCERT
at any time.

BILLIE DID !



A Digger, tall and browned, and nicknamed
Bill—

While billeted at Behencourt, had oft
Met, till he loved, a maiden called Jeanette,
Petite and dainty, velvet cheeked and soft ;
Blue-black and subtle scented was her hair ;
Lips like vin rouge ; big eyes so sweet
and true.

So William lost his soldier-heart right
there

And bought a book to learn to " parlez-
vous."

Then, when at last Jeanette sobbed " Au
revoir !"

Said William, husky voiced, " Vous
recevoir

" A Billet doux !"



A month or so in action, dreaming there
Of luscious lips and love-soaked, won-
drous eyes ;

Caressing, soft skinned arms and fragrant
hair,

Till all the battery chipped him for his
sighs.

Nor cared he for their chaff, because a maid
" Apprenait l'Anglais." Soon he had the
bliss

Of " Back to Behencourt again," nor stayed
Till he had found and told his sweetheart
this

" Me baysay you !" Soft sighed she " You
me kiss ?

" Ah ! Billie—Do !"

" Riquet."



POST-WAR PROBLEMS.

By L. V. Worle.



No. 5.—THE WOOL INDUSTRY.

WE now come to one of our greatest
problems and one of the most im-
portant in the welfare of the country
—the Wool Industry.



We breed what is recognised the world
over as the finest wool-producing sheep,
both for quality and quantity, that the world
has seen, and our annual wool sales are
among the greatest in the world. But most
of the clips are bought by exporters and
agents for shipment to England and other
countries for manufacture into blankets,
cloth, etc. ; we also have the local manu-
facturer buying very small quantities for
his factories.



Take the average man in the street before
the war, and you would find that he wore on
his back Australian grown wool of foreign
manufacture, in most cases, unknowingly.
The absurdity of it—Why ! it stands out as a
monument of the Australians' negligence
in matters of national importance, letting
the exporting and importing interests guide
his thoughts into the channels most profit-
able for them and most expensive for the
average individual.



We carry our raw materials over 11,000
miles for the purpose of manufacturing
them and carry back the same distance our
local requirements of the finished article ;
the colossal waste of labor and energy
speaks for itself, especially when we have
the raw materials, machinery, and work-
people willing to, and capable of manufac-
turing the cloths of a better quality than
the imported article, right on the spot.



Why, we know ourselves that whilst we
have been soldiers, the Australian tunics,
blankets, etc., have " licked " the other
makes out of sight for wearing qualities
and appearance, and the majority were al-
ways on the lookout for a " dinkum Aussie "
tunic. Well, if they are the best for the
soldier, surely they are the best for the
civilian, and we want to stick out for them
every time.

During this war the Imperial Government have bought practically the whole of our wool clip (after supplying local demands) for a number of years after the war. This would not have been necessary, or possible, if our woollen manufacturing industry had been on a sound basis before the war. The Imperial authorities would have bought the manufactured article, thereby letting their own factories do other work in connection with the successful prosecution of the war, and it would have meant a big increase in the financial resources of our own country, and thus have meant less direct taxation towards the cost of the war.



The buying of our clip means that our woollen manufacturers will be, to a certain extent, restricted until that period is completed, but, with a look-ahead policy, we can prepare for the day when normal conditions will be with us again, and attain the premier position in this great industry.



Most of us returning to civil life will find it necessary to buy complete new outfits of clothing; now, are we going to demand cloths of Australian manufacture, or are we going to take what the tailor likes to give us?



If every man going home demands (and sees that his demands are complied with) cloths of Australian manufacture, it will mean that our factories will get a big "boost," and the money will stop in the Commonwealth. It will also mean that more machinery will be needed to meet the increased demand, and so the general prosperity will be felt in every kindred industry, making more work for our people, supplying them with a better article and keeping the circulation of our money in the Commonwealth.



Every man asking for local products means a little more towards the great idea we are all working for, and with our natural business acumen and keen competition to assist it, there is no reason why Australia should not become in the near future the greatest woollen cloth manufacturing country in the whole world.

STATES REPATRIATION SCHEMES.

A SHORT SUMMARY.

By A Digger.

THE Queensland scheme provides land for soldiers under perpetual lease with right to purchase, on a very liberal basis, the main points being nominal payment of £1 10s. per centum of capital value of land from fourth to fifteenth years, then under the ordinary Land Act. Advances up to £500 for purchase of stock, etc.; for term of 40 years to apply to all Australian or Imperial soldiers who have served abroad and received clean discharge. The Tasmanian scheme provides Crown or Settlement lands for discharged soldiers under perpetual lease with the right to purchase, with concessions to selectors in the way of remission of purchase money, not exceeding £100, where the land is purchased within a certain period. Advances up to £300 for buildings and up to £150 for the purchase of stock, etc. Improvement of holding at rate of 2½ per cent. per annum; residence clause within 2 years and reside on land for eight months for following eight years. Act applies to all Australian soldiers or Imperial reservists.



New South Wales scheme provides land under perpetual lease or for sale, the purchase money to be paid in 15 equal annual payments.



Residence qualification for five years. Also Group Settlement allotments; which may be confirmed by Minister at end of 12 months and title date from then. Training farms provided. Minister may make advances bearing interest, for purchase of stock, etc. To apply to all Australian soldiers who have served abroad.



The Victorian provided for Crown grants to all Australian soldiers who have served abroad and apply within two years of end of war; also reservation of building sites within townships, with permission from Minister to erect buildings. Qualification certificates necessary. Advances up to £500 with further advances up to £500 on repayment of whole or part of original advance.

Closer Settlement Act 1915 to apply except where special provisions of this Act cover clauses. Training Farms to be provided, no residence qualifications necessary.



West Australia provides for purchase on liberal terms of wheat and sheep farms, 640 acres (dry area). Mixed farms, 20 acres (wet area), and 5-acre poultry farms.



Agricultural Bank of West Australia to have power to make advances up to £500 up to period of 25 years. Free railway pass to inspect. Applies to all members of H.M. Forces who served outside the Common-

wealth. Residence for six months of each year in first five years.



The South Australian scheme applies to all H.M. Forces with clean discharges, and offers land on perpetual leases, or purchase over term of years. The Minister to have power to remit whole or part of rent or purchase money. Advances may be made. Also Soldiers' Home Settlements for married men who are returned Australian soldiers, with advances up to £600 including value of land.



All particulars of schemes may be had on application to the various State Departments.



THE JORDAN VALLEY—Part 2.

By A. J. Fawley, 7th L.H.



IN addition to the heat of the Valley, the place abounds in venomous reptiles and vermin. Snakes particularly are to be found there, all of which are venomous and deadly. The most dangerous of all, I think, the Asp, a bite from which will put a man out in less than 20 minutes. Of the many causes of death in the valley, the snake was no insignificant one. Almost every day we would hear of a case of snakebite, the victim in nearly every case dying.



There were other kinds of snakes besides the asp, such as vipers, cobras, adders, and many other little known varieties. For the comfort of the troops in the valley, it was necessary to start a crusade against this very real nuisance, and a good killing came to pass, as a result, the valley is freer of snakes now, I venture to say, than it has been since the time when owing to a well nigh infernal rumpus, it was made.



The Medical Officers, in order to get an

analysis of the poison of the different snakes so that they might combat its effects more effectively, gave it out that they would be pleased if the lads would carry live snakes to them, so that they might milk them of their poison. On the first day after this request came out, our medical dug-out was besieged with every variety of snake that the valley knows, till the medical orderly was compelled in self-defence to threaten the snake collectors with a machine-gun.



With regard to vermin, there are to be found every species of nefarious scorpion, spider, ant and beetle known to science, and many that are not so known. The scorpions and spiders particularly are of very big and ferocious varieties. As may be supposed they made things uncomfortable, for they always seemed to have a partiality for dug-outs. However, quite a lot of amusement and even excitement was caused by these very same vermin. One chap that I knew had the champion fighting scorpion in the Division. He was a big black one, about six inches long, with claws like those of a

medium-sized crayfish and a sting in his tail as sharp and as hard as the point of a needle.

His owner, who was very proud of "Satan," as he called him, used to carry him about in a tin, and would throw out challenges to fight any type of vermin that could be dug up in the Jordan Valley. Giant spiders were brought, and would give a good account of themselves, till at the psychological moment "Satan" would let fly with his tail—finish spider.

The most deadly of all—and the smallest—is yet to be described. I refer to the mosquito. He abounds in swamps and any place where water lies stagnant. And like the other pests, the mosquito was ubiquitous. Every precaution was taken against him, the most effective being the killing of the egg, which is always left to hatch in rubbish on the surface of still water.

The magnitude of this job is not grasped till one comes to consider how much stagnant water would lie on an area of hundreds of thousands of acres over a great part of which swamps and stagnant water was to be found. Even on the edge of running streams would be found still water, which had to be drained off into the streams and the banks lined with stones to keep the water from spilling over into the holes, becoming stagnant and so affording a good surface for the mosquito to lay his eggs on. Every stream in our sector was so lined and a party was told off to watch them.

Where the water could not be drained off—as in the case of swamps—the surface was cleared of all rubbish and then sprayed with disinfectant.

But in spite of all these precautions the mosquito continued to thrive, and to give in exchange for the blood he took from one, a good dose of malaria. When our casualty list used to appear in the "Kiaora Cooe," it would be found that the proportion of men evacuated from the valley because of malaria against that for wounds from fighting would be about 10 to 1. Unfortunately, in the majority of cases the kind of malaria was that described as M.T. (Malignant) which was the cause of many deaths.

(To be continued).

SHOCKS AND STARES.

By Lonar Boar.

THERE was a rush on change to sell the shares of Kandied Railways Pty. Ltd. when news was received by Cooks Tourists Ltd. going smash, with no prospects of an early resumption of business and the market finished dead, plenty of sellers and no buyers.

House Goldmining Coy. rose a few points on receipt of news from the manager that a rich vein had been struck, but there was no definite intimation whether it ran right through the reef, and this company has been striking very patchy streaks from the start, so speculators want to look ahead before plunging.

Kolombo Kurios Ltd. sent along their fortnightly sales return, which shows a big increase in their export trade to Aussie, particularly in ebony elephants, silks, etc., and this company looks like doing successful business for some time yet, as a lot of diggers are on their way to the goldfields of Aussie, and the firm's warehouses are on the direct route.

COMPANY FLOTATION

A new company was started during the week and will trade as "Aussie Surgical Appliances Manufacturing Co." and their elaborate prospectus has been received at this office.

The Company is acquiring the lease of one of the largest foundries in Australia, and intends making all surgical requisites, including special hot air bandages for cold feet, special pendulums for lead swinging artists to enable them to baffle the Pensions Board, and invisible armour for "Jacks." This company is going in to provide a long felt want, and given good management and efficient direction, there is no reason why it should not go ahead, especially as they have as expert the well-known Gutzer King of the A.I.F., who will be able to advise them on many of the intricacies of manufacture.



THE Interstate Tug-of-War competitions started on Saturday the 4th, when the first round was pulled off in very warm weather, before a large crowd of diggers.

Results :—

N.S.W. v. VICTORIA.

In the first pull, N.S.W. after a good, steady pull of 4 minutes, got the Gumsuckers over the line.

With the second bout it was touch and go for a long time, both sides gaining a margin of a few inches and losing it again, but the Cornstalks stayed better, and pulled the Victorians clean off their feet.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA v. TASMANIA.

This was the best pull of the day, both sides being dead even, and it went the full limit of five minutes ; they were still absolutely level after some exciting tussles, and it was declared a draw.

In the second and deciding pull, the Crow-eaters coming up fresher after the previous gruelling contest, walked clean away with the Codlin Moths.

QUEENSLAND v. WEST AUSTRALIA.

Queensland won the first pull after a hard-wearing tug going the full limit, by the small margin of six inches. In the second both sides see-sawed a few inches during the whole term and both coaches keeping their teams well together, it was just the

bare space of one-inch that gave the Sand-gropers the judges' verdict.

West Australia won the final tug of the bout by four inches, after a long strong pull lasting the full time. It was a wonderful series of pulls, a matter of inches each time, and both teams all out at the finish, W.A. just getting the measure of the Bananalanders in the last few seconds.

Semi-Finals.

West Australia drew the bye.

N.S.W. v. SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

In the first pull N.S.W. won after an exciting pull, South Australia gaining a lead early and hanging on steadily looked like winning, but the Cornstalks, putting up a great pull in the last 30 seconds, pulled their opponents over and won by a margin of 2 feet, 'midst the wild cheers of the excited spectators.

2nd pull.—N.S.W. getting well off the mark with a strong steady pull, walked away with the Crow-eaters and made sure their chance of competing in the final.

Final.

INTERSTATE TUG-OF-WAR.

The representative teams were as under :

N.S.W. v. West Australia.

Bdr. Woods	Sgt. Latham
(Capt.)	(Capt.)
Cpl. Keogh	Gnr. Costello
Pte. Ferguson	Cpl. Naulty
Cpl. Lambert	Pte. Roach
Sgt. Coulson	Pte. Nelson
Cpl. Frazer	Pte. Ratke
Sgt. Maxwell	Cpl. Geiger
Pte. Laner	Gnr. Porteous
Dvr. Brown	Pte. Fosdick

Judges :—

Padre Redhead
 Bosun Stephens.

1st pull.—N.S.W. on taking the strain gained an advantage of about 12 inches ; the team hung on steadily and out-stayed the Sand-gropers. With a good pull the 'gropers tried to see-saw the Cornstalks off their feet, but N.S.W. were too steady and got the first leg in.

In the second pull, both teams pulled like Trojans right from the jump, and neither side could gain an inch of rope for about two minutes, when N.S.W. coming away strongly, walked off with their opponents and took the first prize and the coveted honor of Premier State.

PILLOW FIGHTS.

Wednesday being a warm day, water pillow fighting was indulged in and a very amusing afternoon's sport was seen at the Port Hacking baths.

There were a large number of entries and some of the contests were very funny. In the first round Bell and Cunningham got home on the side of each other's heads at exactly the same moment and both men were knocked clean off their perch and landed with a mighty splash together.

In the second round, Snow Roberts and Treacle MacFarland brought the house down with their finessing—Snow making faces at Treacle, trying to get him wild and jumping on the pole to try and shake him off, but Treacle landed a beautiful lifting hit that seemed to lift Snow four feet in the air, and he did a lovely turn and landed in the murky deep. In the finals, Eicke (Vic.) v. MacFarland (Q'ld.), the long Gumsucker, got right on to Treacle and knocked him clean off in both bouts and won the competition.



ON Tuesday the 6th, a series of bouts was held at the Port Hacking Stadium, in fine weather, when some ding-dong contests were staged to a large and enthusiastic crowd.

The first bout was a challenge contest between Bunny Smart, A.F.A. (Vic.), 10st, and A. B. Banham, R.N. (England), 9st.

The contest opened quietly, both men finessing for an opening, when Benham

rushed his man, scored with the left to head and right to body, and some lively exchanges followed, Banham scoring heavily in the in-fighting.

The second round opened lively, and Smart connected with a right, then missed badly with the left, and Banham, boring in scored fast to the body.

In the third Smart evened matters by scoring with straight lefts that stopped Banham's rushes with a jerk, and was the only round he won in the contest.

The fourth was willing, Smart connected to the jaw, with the left but Banham jumped in and punished his man severely about the body.

The fifth round opened with Smart reversing his tactics and he rushed in and forced the fighting in some give and take hitting; he then seemed to go wild and missed badly, and Banham connected with a hard left and Bunny took the count.

LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT.

Cpl. Sherriff, 8th Battn. (Vic.), 9st. 9lbs.

v.

Dvr. Musgrove (N.S.W.) 1st D.T., 9st. 6lbs.

1st round.—The round opened with Sherriff, who looked much heavier than his weight, scoring with a surprise uppercut, and he bored into his man and scored frequently to head and body. Musgrove, though fighting gamely, was outmatched, Sherriff being too strong for the little fellow.

2nd round.—Musgrove connected with left to head, and Sherriff scored to head and followed with some hard rights to the body and fought strongly on overwhelming his game little opponent, when the towel was thrown in from his corner, and Sherriff gained the title.

An exhibition three-round bout between Treacle MacFarland (Queensland) and Fireman Ellis (England) ended in the second round owing to an unfortunate accident. The fireman fractured a small bone in his wrist, which will put this fine boxer out of the game for the rest of the voyage.

Treacle's Triumph

BY RIQUET L'HIVER

(OUR NEW SERIAL)

ILLUSTRATED BY S. SHAW

Characters in the story :

Treacle de Lyle—will stick at nothing.
Lady Maypole Margarine.
Margery Margarine.
"Ginger" Freeman.
Brooke Wells.
Kiwi Kookee—a favorite with the Anzacs
(gallant).



Synopsis :

Hearing of Lady Maypole's death, Margery of the Rationed Name fell downstairs at Grease Grange and died. Freeman perished of Tram Shock in trying to save Kiwi from a diluted death in the Thames. She was saved at the last moment by grasping a derelict punt, being finally picked up by the vessel on which Brooke Wells was returning from Continental Musical triumphs. Wells then committed suicide on hearing her murmur the name of "Ginger!"
Now go on!



Chapter 5.

Treacle de Lyle waited at Tilbury for the "Potakin," due in at any moment.

"Carrambo! Parbleu! Donnerwetter! Tempus fugit! Vivavoci!" he swore impatiently. Many years at work on the copra mines in Queensland had left their imprint on his language.

And now he was troubled! Recently he had invested heavily in some theatrical ventures. All had gone well till a Swedish agent had outbid him for the pianist over whom the world had gone mad—Brooke Wells. Hearing of the infatuation of the dumb pianist for Kiwi of the "Felicity," he had sent his agent to her with an offer of engagement, hoping thus to lure Wells back from Stockholm. Then, just as all seemed well, Kiwi had disappeared, and here he was, waiting for his fish, but without the bait to land him.

At that moment the "Potakin" rounded the corner, and with a great clanging of bells and blowing of whistles, drew along-

side the platform—rather, the wharf—sinking two bumboats and a ferry in the process.

Treacle paid little attention to the commotion. There, on the boat deck, with the First Mate's arm around her waist, was Miss Kookee, wan and weak and worn, but still the old shining Kiwi.

As soon as she came ashore he spoke to her.

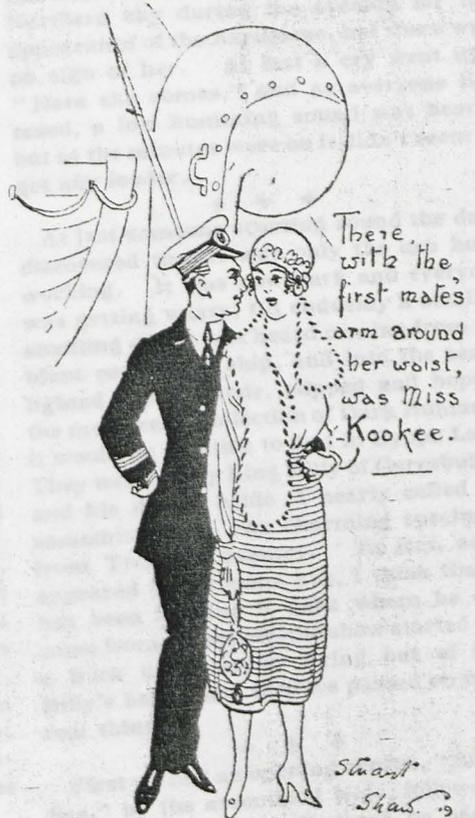
"Did you meet Brooke Wells?" he asked. She burst into tears and borrowed his handkerchief.

"He is dead!" she sobbed.

"Dead?"

"Alas! Yes. Dead! Dead! Dead!"

"Then will you marry me?" eagerly asked de Lyle.



"I don't mind if I do!" breathed the poor girl, as she leaped to his arms and pushed him into a passing luggage porter. Treacle kissed her on the nose and swore as the porter's truck went over his toe.

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Chapter 6.

"In seven days I shall foreclose!" Twysupp Chirnsyde spoke in a voice as harsh as a gas rattle.

"But you know I can't pay till my cat-farm dividends are declared!"

"In seven days I shall foreclose!"

Like the trump of doom came the words to the ears of Sir Treacle de Lyle, Bart., O.B.E., S.R.D.

Things had prospered with him since his marriage seven years before. Two successive successes at the "Felicity" had brought him first a knighthood and then a baronetcy, besides much wealth; but some unwise speculations had placed Cane Castle under a mortgage in the hands of the notorious money-lender, Twysupp Chirnsyde; and now the old family seat seemed likely to go.

"In seven days —" but Sir Treacle waited for no more. Grasping a heavy ink-well from the table he hurled it with terrific force at the financier's head, killing him instantly, and unfortunately splashing some ink over a priceless example of the early work of Corot.

So perished Twysupp Chirnsyde.

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Chapter 7.

Sir Treacle de Lyle was dead. At 8 a.m. the black flag had floated out from Newgate Prison. Directly Superintendent Kelly of the C.I.D. had taken up the case of the Ink-welled Philanthropist, the murderer was doomed. Not for nothing was Kelly's Eye famous. Kelly's Eye could spy criminals and Kelly's nose scent evildoers where all other detectives were baffled. The detective's triumph was shortlived, however. With a sardonic smile he spoke the last words of the damning evidence and turned to leave the court. A shot rang out from the back of the court and Kelly staggered back, while one of his former victims escaped in the confusion. Yet his work was well done. The wretched murderer had paid the supreme price. Our old friend Treacle was dead—hanged.

(Long instalment next week.)

N.B.—As Lady de Lyle and her numerous offspring have most unfortunately been killed in an air raid, we cannot print any more of this enthralling story.

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The Society for Psychological Research, however, may care to carry on.

KOLOMBO KOONS.

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A Criticism on the Kolombo Koons Concert Kompany.

By Onlooker.

Knowing that the Handley Page, with a crowd of Dinkum Abo's were to arrive on board, great preparations were made to have everything up to Dick.

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The stage was erected on the Saloon Deck at the sharp end of the ship. The lighting effects, consisting of Spot Lights (in two spots half lit) were generously supplied by the ship's company. We all watched the Northern sky during the evening for the appearance of the Aeroplane, but there was no sign of her. At last a cry went up: "Here she comes," and as everyone listened, a low humming sound was heard, but as the minutes wore on it didn't seem to get any louder.

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At last someone scouting round the deck discovered that it was only the ash hoist working. It was now dark and everyone was getting weary, till suddenly a stealthy shuffling of feet was heard coming from the blunt end of the ship, and into the semi-lighted arena strode, slipped and hopped the most weird collection of Dark Humanity it would be possible to find in Gyppo Land. They were led by King Billy of Currabubula and his dainty bride (I nearly called her something else), two charming specimens from Treacle's country. In fact, as he appeared of the same hue, I think that he has been keeping it dark where he does come from. Anyhow, the show started with a flock of Sparrows flying out of King Billy's beard, and then we passed on to the real thing.

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First we had an opening chorus, "Silvery Sea," by the assembled Nigs, followed by the duet "Absent," rendered by Messrs.

Trundle and Jackson. Sleeman then wedged in a gag on the W.A.A.C.S., which he followed by a comic song.

Murphy, I hope, was speaking for himself when he said "We'll get off and push." Now to let you into a secret: Phillips and Wilson wore out about at least two dozen spoons and the contents of the same number of bottles, before they became proficient in their Mandolin and Bottle Duet. Treacle (dressed up regardless of expense) here interposed with a gag re racing (the writer is not conversant with the latest racing matters, so will let him off this time). King Billy, who was next on the list, informed us that he and his lubra had just dropped in for a chat, but whether he was chatting the chat, or whether I was too far away I don't know, as his latter remarks were unheard by me. The "Swanee River" by Phillips, with the diggers helping in the chorus, went with a swing. A gag on I sharp, by Head and the pianist was fairly original, and was followed by "Are you from Dixie?" helped out in the chorus by the boys, and the first part ended with "In the Evening by the Moonlight" and "Hop Along, Sister Mary," after which the company disappeared, to be heard a few minutes later by such things as popping corks, and Treacle's voice saying: "A pint for mine, and did I ever tell you about those gins, etc."

It was a pity that the band couldn't compete with the wind, but the diggers appre-



ciated their attempts. The second part was a replica of the first, and the show came to an end with all hands singing "A Perfect Day." The whole show was a credit to all concerned and the boys showed their appreciation with cheers.

THE MEDLEYS.

MUSIC AND MELODY.

By Viola.

On Wednesday night that popular concert party, "The Medleys," under the capable direction of Vic Odgers, gave the best show that has been staged on the "Port Hacking."

The singing was good, the popular artists Vic. Trundle and Jackson being in fine voice, the latter's rendering of "Coming Home" being exceptionally fine. The concerted numbers were absolutely top-hole, especially the Musical Italiano sketch "Rallentando, Crescendo, Agitato and Me," "Me" introducing some original comedy turns that kept the house in roars of laughter.

Sleeman proved that he has not lost the art of comedy in a couple of fine turns, "The Fact Is" and "The One-man Band," in

which he introduced some original topical subjects about French mam'oiselles that fairly brought the house down.



That fine character actor, V. P. Odgers, gave us a fine musical monologue, "Oh, Memory," in his own inimitable style, introducing subtle comedy with the practice of a finished artist, and sang "My Moon" splendidly.



The fair lady's turn, "I'll make you want me," in which she introduced some high kicking, was greatly appreciated by the diggers in the Orchestra Stalls.

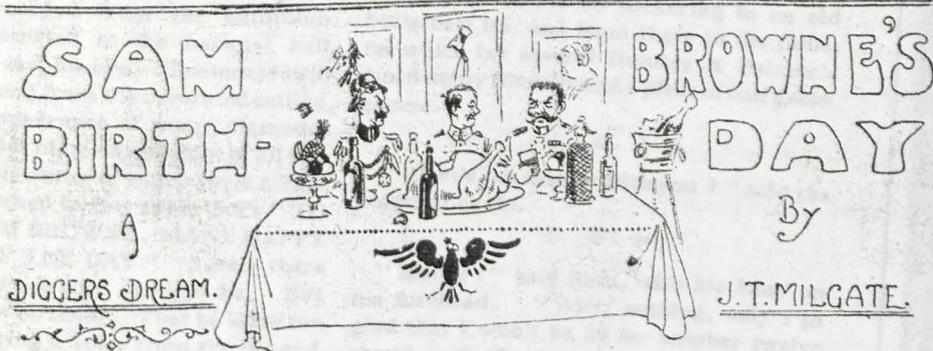


MacLauchlan recited "The Story of Anzac" in fine style, and afterwards made

an appeal for a fund for soldiers blinded in the war, and the sum of £16 4s. 9d. was collected from the troops and crew of the ship, and it was stated that a box will be put up at the Orderly Room, where contributions can be put in for this, the D. 34 contribution to this deserving fund.



The programme finished with a grand finale by the whole of the company, "Take me back to Bingville," sung by Yeates, in which the company on the stage was the whole "Damn" family on their way back with all their luggage and appurtenances. It was a fine turn that went with a swing from start to finish, and three hearty cheers were given at the finish for this popular company of artists.



IT was a cold and chilly day in January ; mud knee-deep and water in pools everywhere. The —th Battalion had just gone into the line.



There was nothing extraordinary about the day itself to the ordinary digger, but it was once that would be remembered for many a long day by Pte. Sam Browne. It was his 25th Birthday !



Sam was well known in the Battalion, and his cobbles, in honour of the occasion, bestowed upon him many issues of S.R.D.



Gladly did Sam partake of this coveted beverage, until at last, overcome by its sleep-inspiring influence, he forgot all about

the cold and mud. Whizz-bangs and minnys were to him mere items.



Unnoticed by the rest of his cobbles he withdrew to the depths of his dug-out. He had scarcely got inside the door when, to his amazement, who should walk up to him but Hindenburg himself. "Bless my heart and soul !" said Hindy. "If it ain't Sam Browne ! You're the man I've been in search of for nearly four years—and to find you here, above all places ! Come, stir yourself up, man, and come with me. I have a lot to show you." Hindy came forward and gently taking Sam by the arm, led him across to where a sentry, clad in blue-grey uniform, paced up and down at the mouth of a luxurious dug-out. On the floor lay the most magnificent carpet Sam had ever seen. His feet seemed to sink into the

beautiful texture. Even the parapet took Sam's eye, for large barrels of lager beer took the place of sand bags, and bottles of wine sparkled at intervals of a few inches.



On and on they went, till at last they came to a most luxuriously appointed palace.



At the approach of Hindy and Sam, bands burst forth into the sweetest music Sam had ever heard.



Into the palace they went, and Sam was escorted to the loveliest bathroom he had hitherto seen, with soap dishes inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl, and a bathgown of the finest silk.



Having emerged from the bathroom, Sam was escorted to the banquet hall. What a sight met his eye! Clusters of brilliant lights hung from the decorated ceiling, giving the appearance of many diamonds and rubies. But the greatest sight of all was the table, in the centre of which stood a huge iced cake, marked in tiny sugar 5.9's "TO PRIVATE SAM BROWNE. MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY." Surely there must be some mistake, thought he. But no! It was his birthday. That he knew for certain. Hearing a voice from the far end of the room Sam looked up, and there to his amazement was the Kaiser Wilhelm himself!



"Welcome to the palace!" said Bill. "Pray make yourself at home!" Then in came Bill's Missis and his daughters, who made such a fuss of Sam that he could hardly believe his senses.



The feast started without any preliminaries, with the biggest and best cooked turkey that Sam had ever tasted, and finished with many bottles of lager beer and mellow old port.



After the feast came cigars and a quiet whisky and soda with Bill and Hindy. Finally Bill came forward and taking from his breast an Iron Cross of the First Order,

pinned it on the breast of our worthy Sam. Congratulating him, Hindy gave him such a mighty smack on the back that Sam lost consciousness.



"Here, Sam! What's the meaning of this?" said the corporal of his platoon. "Here have I been tryin' to wake you up this last half hour. You didn't take any notice, so I gave you a crack with this trenchin' tool handle. Why, man, you've been talkin' in your sleep as tho' it was Christmas! You've been mixed up with turkeys and lager beer and goodness knows what!"



Sam looked dazed and stared into space. His hand reached out as if to grasp something. Then he felt on the floor, looked at the candle that stood flickering in an old bully beef tin, and from there to the table, on which lay several Huntley & Palmer's No. 5 Army Biscuits and a piece of half green cheese.



"What's the matter with you?" said the corporal again.



"Matter!" said Sam, with his hand on his forehead. "Why, nothing, only I'm glad that I won't be 26 for another twelve months—that's all!"



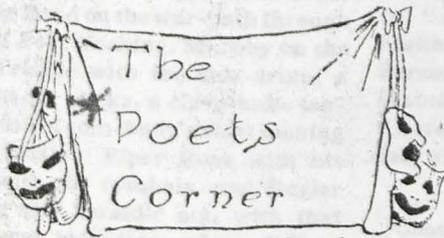
THE PORT HACKING COUGH

A RECORD OF THE
1914 - 1919 MEN

RETURNING HOME
ON D.54.



Vol. 1 [Sandgroppers' Section.] No. 6 [AT SEA "D34" SATURDAY, 18th JAN., 1919] Published Sometime, Somewhere, Somehow.



HOME.

There's a subtle sort of feelin' come
a-stealin' through the ship—

Just a feelin' of elation 'mong the boys ;
You can hear it in the chatter at the tables
and on deck—

Everybody seems to want to make a noise.
It's been gradually growing for the last six
weeks or more

Since we cleared Gibraltar, Everybody's
doin'

Up their leggin's and their boots—we're
gettin' near our native shore—

And yesterday the ship passed by the
Leuwin.



II.

See that ginger-headed digger grinnin'
wide from ear to ear ?

He's a Groper, and he goes ashore to-day.

You can reckon by next Tuesday he'll be
miles away from here
With his friends to listen while he has his
say.

The rest of us that stay aboard, have but a
week to go ;

The Brasseries work overtime a-brewin' ;
The fellows walk about the deck with grins
that seem to grow,

For yesterday, the ship passed by the
Leuwin !



III.

There's lots of things to think of, looking
back the past four years—

There's friends we've known, and cobbors
who've gone West ;

We've struck a lot of countries and we've
met a lot of folk—

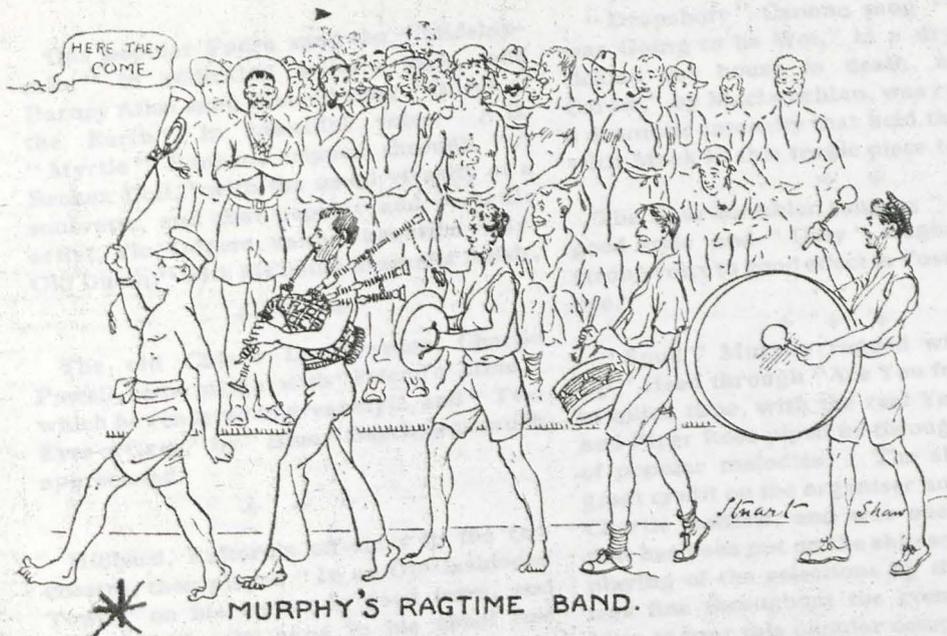
We've found the Blighty folks some of the
best.

But these are all behind us—for the time at
least forgot ;

Along with gas, and cold, and shell, and
ruin ;

And everybody's thinkin' of his special
little spot—

For yesterday the ship passed by the
Leuwin !



MURPHY'S RAGTIME BAND.

RATFORDS' Ramblers and Moonlight Masqueraders held the boards on Saturday night the 11th inst., when they put on a tip-top show. It was the best advertised show that has been on this circuit, their advertising manager getting Murphy's Moonlight Masquerader Brass and otherwise Band on the war-path through the streets of Port Hacking, Murphy on the big drum, Treacle with the side-drum, a pair of spoons for sticks, a clasp-knife lanyard and the tail of somebody's shirt making an effective tassel; Piper Ross with his pipes, Icke with the cymbals, and Bugler Roscoe doing the heraldic act, with that well-known and melodious piece, "Here they come!" They marched along, getting the most melodious noise out of the conglomeration of instruments that was possible, mixed with the wail of the bagpipes was a note or two of the bugle and the rumbling, like distant thunder, of the big drum; the devil's tattoo, by Treacle, like the broken rattle of machine guns, and that most musical instrument, the cymbals, playing seconds in ever rising crescendos, with their worthy wielder doing the Kan-kan to the music of the pipes.

Then the concert opened with popular melodies, and Referee Jackson sang

"Roses," in good style, followed by Paddy Egan singing that old favorite, "Mother Machree," in fine voice, with diggers joining in the chorus.

Bugler Roscoe trilled his light tenor voice in "Love's Garden of Roses," and J. Matthews played that fine piece, "The Barcarolle," from the "Tales of Hoffman" beautifully, and gave as an encore Braga's "Serenade," which he played with a delicacy of touch that was wonderful.

Charlie Ratford then played a fine cornet solo, followed by Andy Bennett reciting "Trooper Campbell" in great style; "Camelia" Cramp singing "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" nicely and as if it were true.

"Gentleman" Grace entertained us with a good swinging song about the soldiers, and Old Sherry amused the audience with a new "Port Hacking" version of "Murphy shall not Sing to-night," with some topical lines and a challenge to our Murphy to come up and try. The first half finished with the Orchestra playing "Something doing" in fine style.

Our popular Padre sang the "Midship-mite" in rollicking sailor's style, and Barney Allen sang that old song "Queen of the Earth" in beautiful voice. A.B. "Myrtle" Banham tripped through "A Broken Doll," with the usual vivacity of a soubrette, and that popular and versatile artist, Vic. Odgers, sang a beautiful "My Old Dutch," with his usual dramatic finish.

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The old Chinese Laundryman, Charlie Powell, came to light with "Friend o' Mine," which he rendered in great style, and "Two Eyes of Grey," by "Blue" Beach, was much appreciated.

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Hibberd, Raftord's off-sider in the Orchestra, then played "In an Old-fashioned Town" on his cornet in good form, and "Spud" Murphy sang in his usual fine Ould Oirish style, "When Irish Eyes are Smiling."

"Dropshort" Cannon sang "I Knew it was Going to be Wet," in a dry way that tickled the house to death, and "Mad Carew," by MacLauchlan, was recited with a dramatic intensity that held the audience with Mack in this tragic piece to the end.

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The Boss Rambler sang us "Thora" in good style and "Usey" Hughes used his strong voice to good effect in Tosti's "Good-bye."

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"Spud" Murphy ragged with "Twice Up" Head through "Are You from Dixie," in quick time, with the real Yankee touch, and Piper Ross piped us through a number of popular melodies. The show reflects great credit on the organiser and promoter, Charlie Raftord, and was one of the best that has been put on the ship so far, and the playing of the selections by the Orchestra was fine throughout the evening, and we hope to hear this popular company again in the near future.



THROUGH THE BARRAGE

By L. G. Taylor.

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MY IMPRESSIONS AT PROYART.

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The corporal buttonholes me gently but firmly in a corner of the trench behind the guns. "Flags, you'll be going forward with the Major in the morning, taking the director and stand. Leave here a half an hour after Zero and you'll not come back." This to me does not presage annihilation, as would seem from the final few words, but, as I know from previous experience, this job means crawling out from my dug-out at dawn (Zero hour), I pack and sling my scanty kit round me (my bed consists of an

overcoat these days of "Mobile" warfare), snatch a breakfast of bread and cheese with one hand, and the director—which is about as portable as a fire-escape—with the other, and set off with the Battery Commander.

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Our job (notice the "our") is to select a new advanced possie for the guns and to lay out their "lines of fire." To do this necessitates crossing a strip of country on to which the Huns' barrage is thudding down, trying blindly and futilely to check our boys.

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We start off towards it, leaving the rows of our guns behind us, thundering their support to the infantry. Leaping old trenches, stumbling over smashed barbed

wire entanglements, tripping over telephone wire concealed by the long rank grass in the deserted meadows, we push on past men going forward with stretchers, and little groups of scared prisoners coming back. These latter, tangible proofs of the success of our attack, hearten us greatly. A few hundred yards journey and we encounter the advance guards of what we have been watching with ill-concealed apprehension for some time—the Hun barrage—all “heavy stuff” too. We barge into the strafed zone, shells tearing down seemingly at our feet! There’s a batch of dejected Huns going rearwards in charge of a diminutive Aussie; they’re bobbing automatically every few seconds. We don’t. We can’t very well, with Fritz watching us. Down come the shells with a hissing whistle. Bursting with a thunderous crash, throwing up immense clouds of dirt, flame and smoke; the flying fragments whizz out from the bursts, sometimes two to three hundred yards. Then it’s fling yourselves to the ground, here’s another, and it’s coming our way, our experienced ears tell us. The sound of its passage—this heavy steel messenger of death—is a whine of eagerness to destroy, growing in volume as it rushes towards us with a loud roar. Then a ponderous tearing crash, five yards away—a fountain of earth flung skywards, and the whine and hum of jagged pieces. Some are big enough to cut a man in halves or make no larger hole than a bullet. They hum like bees over our backs, however, and we rise to walk on quickly, nerves are highly strung and all are distinctly “nervy.”



Under present conditions of making war, with death coming invisibly out of the skies, this is considered natural and unavoidable.



A man is considered game when he conceals his nervousness and carries on.



These shells are a later ingenious idea of the Huns—that is, mixing gas with his high explosive. Not content to spray the vicinity with death-dealing metal fragments, they belch out gas to choke the wounded and survivors alike.

Our party are now through the barrage, and collapse, rather than jump, into a trench, gasping, sneezing and choking, and fumble for our masks. No sooner on than the great desire is to tear them off for breath, but by an effort of will we keep them on, and suck in the filtered and purified air.



The gas from the shells which has been laying around, an invisible but efficient cloud, is soon dispersed by the breeze, and though we can see no evidence of its departure, a few cautious sniffs re-assure us, and feeling much better for the respite, we push on forward.



On arrival at the new position, our job is soon got through and we are soon the spectators of our guns rolling up through a now very fitful shell fire, swinging round and firing on the retreating Hun.

TIPS ABOUT TAILORS.



Here’s a motto for the year,
Learn delay to shun and fear,
When a duty stands out clear—

DO IT NOW!



So if you want a tunic or pair of breeches altering or renovating, bring them to us and let us

DO THEM NOW!



FITZSIMMONS, KIRSOPP &
MANDERS.

“Diggers’ Tailors,”

“Central Emporium,” Blunt End,

“Hacking” Square.



Long Distance Stripes Lengthened.



Colors cut to suit customers.



OUR LETTER BOX

No. 4 Hatch,
H.M.A.T. D. 34.
Port Hacking.

To the Editor,
"Hacking Cough."

Dear Sir,—As a regular subscriber and reader of your journal, would you grant me a few lines of your most valuable space to bring to the notice of your numerous readers the disgusting state of immorality which exists on this ship.

The subject I would bring to your notice is the dress during the mild weather we have been experiencing of late. It is no uncommon sight to see some gentlemen parading the promenade, saloon and boat decks dressed in a pair of shorts and hat. In fact, whilst at lunch and dinner on several occasions I have seen gentlemen sit down in the various messes, not only without a coat, but likewise a shirt.

On the 4th inst., whilst crossing the line, it was a regular sight to see gentlemen, after having been in the water four or five times, exercising in an absolutely nude condition.

This state which at presents exists is no more or less than disgusting, and I make this appeal in hopes that you will be able to bring about some remedy, and in the meantime I must appeal to the offenders' own conscience and ask for the sake of the fairer sex on this liner that they will in future use a little more consideration in the matter of dress.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Elaine G. McGhee.
President, Port Hacking Homeless
Girls' Reformation Society.

P.S.—I would further make an appeal for funds which are most urgently needed for the above society, and it is unnecessary to point out the thousands of daily acts done by my society.—E.G.McG.

(All donations of £5 and upwards will be gladly received at this office. No German Notes accepted.—Ed.)

THAT WEIGHTY MATTER.

To The Editor.

Sir,—I am sorry to find that I went to the trouble of noticing your gibes. Since the last issue was published I have had the ship's valuer in your establishment to see what would be the amount I could claim with some chance of receiving enough to cover my court expenses. Herewith a copy of his report:—

To Ah Fat.

Sir,—Acting under your instructions I have valued the publication named "The Port Hacking Cough," and the total of 7s. 6d. is made up as follows:—

2 reams Whatman's Knot Drawing Paper	7 0
Editor, Sub-editor and assorted Artists	0 6

Yours faithfully,
J. Blank.

In passing, I am pleased with the compliment paid to me in the fact that I would be some use to my country if I were dead. Other people whom I could name are of no use either dead or alive.

I thank you.

Ah Fat.



AND STILL THEY COME.

To Ah Fat,

Doll's House, Leanville.

Sir,—We publish your letter herewith, and in reply we beg to point out to you the fact that the valuer found we did have some assets to the value of 7s. 6d. According to information of friends of yours, you have never been able to raise a bob, much less 7s. 6d. And we did not say you were worth anything dead, we just pointed out your liabilities to the nation, and being a debt you owe Australia it cannot be included in your assets. So therefore you are worth nothing either dead or alive, and we ask you when are you going to this court you bragged of in your first letter, as we are anxious to bring this matter to a head ?

Editor.

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GAY GIRLS AND CHEAP CHAMPAGNE.

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To The Editor,

"Hacking Cough."

Sir,—In furtherance of my letter of 5th inst., I trust that this addendum will reach you before your paper goes to press, as this evening another most immoral action came before my notice. After leaving the concert and taking my evening stroll, I happened to pass the quarters occupied by the ship's S.M., Q.M.S., A.M.C. S.-Sgt., Dispenser and Red Cross Sgts., and one or two junior members of the ship's staff. The hour was 9.30 p.m. Just as I passed the door several ladies appeared in the doorway. Previously I had been informed by one of my committee that roars of wild laughter, voices raised in a most unseemly manner, were heard from outside.

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The aforementioned, being leaders of this ship's society, I regret that this incident must of necessity be brought to the notice of this mail boat's passengers, and furthermore I am willing to pay from my exchequer the cost of any actions that may be brought before a court of law, hence my reason in making known the persons concerned in this most unseemly, immoral and disgusting occurrence.

Yours truly,

Elaine G. McGhee.

LATER.

I have just returned from a further perusal of the quarter mentioned, and I found innumerable empty champagne bottles. This only goes to make the case much blacker and now I have no less than forty-two witnesses of well-known repute.

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POST-WAR POSITIONS.

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To the Editor,

"Hacking Cough."

Sir,—May I appeal through your columns for assistance which will be urgently needed immediately after my discharge from the army.

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I am a married man with five children and I live 360 miles from a railway station. During the war I have lost the use of my hands through paralysis caused by an explosion of a mine.

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I am only able to do pick and shovel work, but am desirous of settling in a city and becoming a clerk, shopwalker, or manager to a banking, insurance or commercial house. There are numerous readers who no doubt will be pleased to entertain my request and replies will receive urgent attention by

Adolphus Gerald de Monaco

(C.Q.M.S.)

c.o. Wet Canteen.

FACTS ABOUT FRUIT.

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Returned Soldiers wishing to learn the Fruit Industry in all its Branches, can obtain Free Instruction on the Art of

Banana Ripening.

Cocoanut Shying.

Pineapple Picking.

Lime Burning

and

Picking Dates from Calendars,

at

The One and Only

DICKININSON'S



HEAVYWEIGHTS.

The final boxing championships of the ship were finished to-day, when the heavy-weight championship was fought between Privates Nelson and Wells, before a large crowd.

The preliminary bouts were Murphy and Banham, who put on a good willing fight. Billy Gunn and Jimmy Powell also sparred three fast, clever rounds.

The contestants for the big fight then took the boards.

Pte. Ron. Wells, M.G.C. (Vic.), 10st. 8lbs.

Pte. Nelson, 11th Batn. (W.A.), 12st. 2lbs.

The fight was slow for a start, Wells doing all the leading and Nelson just quietly plugging away, waiting for the opportunity for the knock-out.

In the second round Nelson livened matters by rushing his man and scoring with hard straight lefts, but Wells came again and coming right in, connected successively to the head and body.

The contest slowed up in the third round and though claret was flowing from both men, there was not much fighting.

As soon as the gong sounded for the start of the fourth Nelson connected with a hard left to the jaw that knocked Wells back a few feet, but Ron came again and scored with rights to the body; then Nelson scored in the lively exchanges that followed, but the little fellow was too slippery for him to do much harm.

In the fifth round Wells bored in and leant against his man and gave him no opportunity for a clean hit, and, with his shorter reach, scored well in the infighting. At the finish the towel was thrown in by Nelson's corner, he having injured his hand, therefore being unable to continue the fight, and Wells gained the coveted championship.

INTERSTATE IMPROMPTU CONCERTS.

A series of State Concerts run by the Diggers from each individual State are being organised and promise to provide amusement for several nights.

"Treacle" has the Bananalanders in hand, and the popular

"Miss Yeates" is piloting the world-famed "Crow-eaters."

What about the "Sand-groppers," "Gum-suckers," "Cornstalks" and the "Moths?"

Watch for developments!

What Our Wireless Whispers.

A big stunt expected on the Port Hacking front.

RATFORD'S RAMBLERS AND MOONLIGHT MASQUERADERS

Look out for the big raid at the Bull Ring on Saturday night next, at 7.30 p.m. sharp.

The managers of this famous Impromptu Concert Party have mopped up the first line trenches of the Nightingales and Star Turn Artists, and promise the best night's entertainment heard up-to-date.

LATEST SPORTING.

The sports were continued on Friday, when the Hop, Step and Jump was decided.

There were twenty competitors and after an interesting contest, Pte. J. F. H. Jackson (S.A.) won with the fine jump (up hill) of 24ft. 6in., Pte. G. Lester (N.S.W.) being second with 23ft. 11in. Cpl. Gejger acted as judge.



THE JORDAN VALLEY—Part 3.

By A. J. Fawley, 7th L.H.

THE Valley is rich in religious historical associations. The writer does not claim to be conversant with such, but no description of the Jordan Valley, however superficial it may be, would be complete without reference to this fact. The scriptures tell us that Moses completed his great trek through the wilderness at a point on the hills of Moab, from which he could see the vast panorama of the Promised Land—a land, however, that he was not destined to enter. Joshua takes up the leadership from this point and with the Ark of the Covenant carried by some of the High Priests, proceeding on before, crossed the Jordan River, it is believed, close to where it opens out into the Dead Sea. He then marched on Jericho, to do battle against the inhabitants of that town. He found it well prepared against his coming, whereupon he caused all his trumpeters to be gathered together and instructed them to march round the walls of Jericho, blowing their trumpets until the walls fell.

The scripture asserts that the walls were brought down in this way, and we are not quite so sceptical about it now that we have had experience of trumpets and trumpeters.

The Crusaders also went to Jericho in olden time, but their wall razing, we venture to submit, would have been more substantial—battering rams would have been more to their purpose, as in our day 8in. high explosive was to the Turk.

"Jericho Jane," to give one of Jacko's guns the name that some wag, with a fondness for alliteration, had given it (perhaps a relative of the man who christened Beachy Bill) was a vast improvement to the trumpet, or even the battering ram, for wall razing. And if the spirit of one of Joshua's trumpeters, and an old Crusader, could have been called into being while "Jericho Jane" was throwing her weight about at Jericho, across some eighteen miles of intervening space, I guess they would have been considerably astounded and would have lost no time in resuming their ethereal condition as spirits, feeling that safety consisted only in being a wraith—the less substantial the better.

There are three monasteries in the Valley. One is perched like an eagle'serie half way up the steep side of the Mount of Temptation (which mount was the one on which Christ was supposed to have been tempted by the Devil) and overlooks Jericho at its feet. The second is on the river near where John the Baptist was supposed to have baptised Christ, while a third is situated near the Dead Sea. All three belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, and a few monks continued to live in them all the time we were there, despite the fact that the War was going on around them.

From St. John's Mount, looking towards Jerusalem, two spires can be seen away in the high distance, cutting sharply against the sky. These are well worth mentioning, as from a philosophical point of view they seem to represent two great influences in the world of to-day—or rather, of yesterday.

The one on the left, which is more graceful than the other, and rises to a more ambitious point, is the spire of the Church of Ascension, which church is built on the highest part of the Mount of Olives, and the other, half a mile away from the first, is the spire surmounting the Kaiser's Palace. The one is to represent the Ascension of Christ to heaven, and so is symbolical of man's ambition for a place in the next world, the other was meant to be a monument to the Kaiser's dominion and power over this world, and may be said to be symbolical of man's ambition (unbridled it was in the Kaiser's case) for power and dominion, which may be said to rest in the soul of every man.

In conclusion, let me mention that the atmosphere is capable of quite infernal suggestions and with a little effort of the imagination it is possible to conjure up visions of devils, witches, and all manner of diabolical personalities. So writers have expressed the opinion that the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah once stood where now is the bottom of the Dead Sea. It is easy to reason thus, because the general aspect suggests volcanic disturbances of quite a colossal character, and the very soil suggests fire and brimstone. And so Dante, in writing his Inferno might have gained color for his weird conceptions from a study (of the atmosphere) in the Jordan Valley.

When we have grown old, and come to pass the time in reflecting on experiences gained in the "BIG WAR" (because we know of all the old veterans we have ever heard of—that they did take pleasure in nothing so much as sitting in the sun—or maybe the bar parlour—a talking or reflecting on their past experiences).—To those that have gained the most of their experiences in Palestine, the recollection of the Jordan Valley will not be the least entertaining.



The Champion

1919 JANUARY 1919			
Day	Date	Mileage	Average
Sun	5	234	9.37
Mon	6	253	10.62
Tues	7	261	10.92
Wed	8	254	10.7
Thur	9	241	10.1
Fri	10	241	10.1
Sat	11	266	11.2

SHOCKS AND STARES.

By Lonar Baw.

It has been a sensational week on 'change, quite a number of companies closing down and the remainder preparing to make the final plunge, owing to the persistent rumors of this populous town of Port Hacking having to be evacuated owing to the military situation.

Roulette et Cie, having finally closed down after paying to shareholders one-quarter centime in the pound. Poker Metallurgique Prop. Ltd., are packing their machinery away ready for the final clearance, and that quiet smooth-working company, Twiceup & Company, are preparing for the final coup, before evacuating this war-smitten sphere for fresh grounds to work on, and we believe that they will start on a bigger scale in the near future.

That well-known firm, House Mortgage Building Society are preparing their final dividends, and the directors will take a well-earned rest on the remains of the capital that will accrue after the final clearance and the large profits they have made out of their war contracts.

We have received, per Wireless, the abridged prospectus of the Mort Pelbourne Slavage and Restoration Company, and they propose to buy the remains of Port Hacking and restore it to something new.

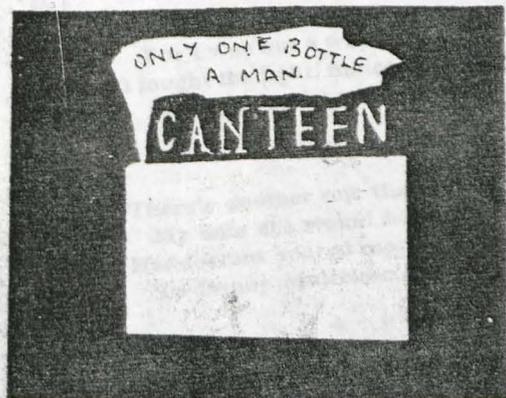
They are specialising in the taking of Khaki Sea-kits and remaking them into fashionable suits for soldiers returning from the war ; the renewing of ship's shoes and selling them as sand shoes at Manly, Coogee, Brighton, Aspendale, Cottesloe, Henley Beach, Wynham and St. Kilda.

Also the revulcanising of pricked consciences, the repairing of broken morals, and the remodelling of Blighty Yarns for married men.

This Company have engaged as chief of their sales department that well-known and successful bagman Wells, whose striking style, combined with a strong directorate should make this company a huge success, and we advise our readers, now the war is finished, to invest any spare cash in this project, as it will be more profitable than letting it lie in Whisky at 10d. per nip.

When you've seen a real good show,
And you're out to have a blow,
This is what you want to know—
What there is on sale below ?

If you are a trifle queer,
Come along with me, my dear,
And we'll have a Ginger Beer—
For that's all they have in here !



The Story of Anzac.

By W. McLaughlan, W.O., A.F.C.

Illustration by Stuart Shaw.

I am living still, old cobber,
Just in life, and that is all ;
All night long I've been in dreadful pain
And none could hear me call.

But I am living still,
And I am glad you have found me out,
For I thought you too had fallen
In that last and fearful rout !

'Twas a gallant struggle—
Many a gallant Anzac fell ;
If we only had them hand to hand
They'd have a different tale to tell.

But we did the best that valour could,
No matter what they say ;
I've never seen such bloody work
As that of yesterday.

Volley after volley in our front
Made large and gaping blanks ;
The cry was always " Steady men—
Close up—close up the ranks ! "

Close up the ranks ! Oh ! God in Heaven !
How could we do it then ?
While every time they mowed us down
As reapers mow the grain.

Then a startling cry rose wild and high—
" The ammunition's gone ! "
Three rounds or so was all I had—
I could only fire one.

One poor bullet : that was all—
But I made that last bullet tell
In the broad chest of a Turk,
For I heard his dying yell.

◆ ◆ ◆

Then Bridges fell. Poor fellow !
Well, he did his best.
No braver soldier died that day
Upon the mountain crest.

◆ ◆ ◆

For when the fire was hottest,
And our boys had suffered most,
He always fought the foremost
And his life has paid the cost.

◆ ◆ ◆

'Twas then I got my deadly wound ;
Being driven back upon the hill ;
'Tis here I feel it, in my breast—
I am dying, Cobber Bill !

◆ ◆ ◆

One drop of water from your flask,
I'll say a few words more—
Should fortune spare you to return
To Australia's wattle shore

◆ ◆ ◆

Tell my aged parents
That you laid me down to sleep
On the sunny shores at Anzac,
By the Dardanelles wide steep.

◆ ◆ ◆

Tell them not to weep for me,
For I was but a wayward son ;
I fought the fight, maintained the right,
And duty has been done.

◆ ◆ ◆

There's another one that's dear to me—
My wife she would have been
Had fortune spared me to return
To Bonny Muireleen.

◆ ◆ ◆

But it cannot be ! I'll never see
Sweet Nellie's face again
Until we meet on yon bright shore,
Where there's neither strife nor pain !

Take this locket from my breast,
You'll find her likeness there.
Remember, Cobber, break the news
To her "with care !"

◆ ◆ ◆

Tell her I wore it next my heart,
Stained with my life's last blood ;
That I never ceased to think of her
Till my soul went up to God !

◆ ◆ ◆

Where are you, Cobber, where are you ?
Gently raise me up again ;
For I feel so cold and clammy
And I suffer dreadful pain.

◆ ◆ ◆

Deep down here, within my breast
That dreadful bullet lies.
A fearful heat consumes me—
There's a mist before my eyes.

◆ ◆ ◆

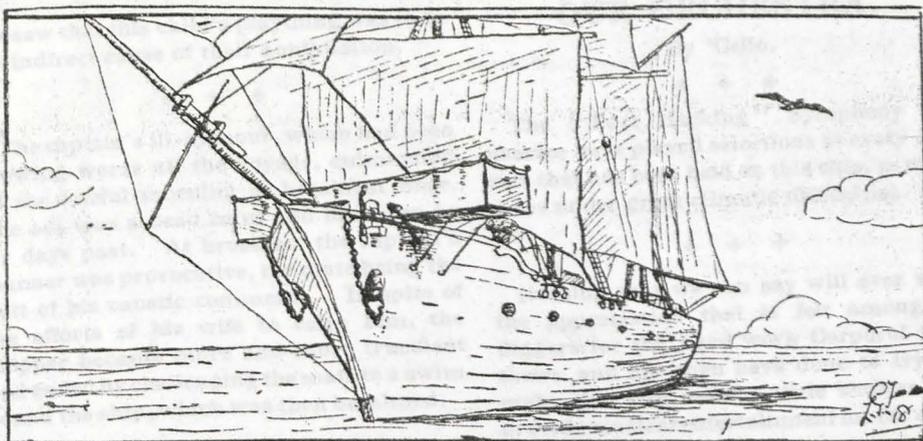
Draw closer, Cobber, closer still.
Remember, when I am dead,
To bury me with the Anzacs,
By the Gully's narrow bed.

◆ ◆ ◆

Give me your hand, old pal !
Stand by me to the last ;
For like an Anzac I can die
As many this day have done—
In the earnest expectation
That Australia's crown's been won.

Wm. McL.





The Mystery of the "Marie Celeste"

AS announced in a preceding issue of the "Cough," I am appending the only known authentic solution of this most baffling mystery of the high seas.

He bethought himself of the papers left by the sailor who had mentioned at the time that his last ship was the "Marie Celeste." Under the circumstances, the clergyman thought himself justified in producing the diary for publication.

Before setting out my data, etc., I would like to acknowledge the receipt of the solutions by two readers which were published in our last issue and therein commented upon.

The story revealed by the perusal of the diary is as follows: From the time of embarkation at New York the captain was "funny." The ship was a good one, seaworthy, and only recently refitted. The crew was small, as became the size of the vessel, and the usual "happy-go-lucky" crowd of seamen. The captain's wife and child accompanied him on the voyage. He being part owner, this was quite within his prerogative.

Now to get on with my task. After the discovery of the barque—derelict on the high seas—the story aroused much interest and speculation all over the world, especially among seafaring folk. A full account was then published in a leading English magazine. This in time elicited a reply from, of all people, a Cambridgeshire clergyman. His letter disclosed the fact that a good number of years ago, not long after the date of the "Marie Celeste's" strange adventures, a seafaring man, about to set out on a long voyage, deposited his valuables including diary, etc., with the cleric. These he stowed away and, his own affairs engrossing him, the incident was temporarily forgotten. Then he happened to read the magazine abovementioned, also the Editor's request for solutions to the mystery.

The child, a flaxen-haired boy of five or six, soon endeared himself to the rough crew. His happiest pastime was playing "skipper." Not content with his miniature quarter-deck, he demanded a bridge whereon he could act the captain properly. The crew, who would have done anything for the "baby," as they called him, obtained permission, and constructed a light model ship's bridge, which they placed across the bows as the most suitable place. This the child delighted to play on. None

foresaw that this child's plaything was to be the indirect cause of their annihilation.



The captain's ill-humour, which had been growing worse all the voyage, culminated on the fateful morning at breakfast time. The sea was a dead calm and had been so for days past. At breakfast the captain's manner was provocative, the mate being the butt of his caustic comments. In spite of the efforts of his wife to calm him, the skipper became more and more truculent and ended by challenging the mate to a swim round the ship, which was then becalmed.



To humor him the mate agreed and the captain brooking no delay, they arose from the table and were soon in the water swimming. All at once the cry of "Shark" was set up. Everyone below rushed up on deck and, as happens in the face of disaster, each thought of his most treasured possession—the woman her child, and the navigating officer the log-book and chronometer—and took them up on deck. "They're round by the bows" came the cry and all the little company of distracted people rushed for'ard and climbed on to the best vantage point to see—baby's bridge. All pressed to the side where the captain was in difficulties, with the natural result that the temporarily fixed "bridge" canted and shot the whole crowd into the water, the bridge following.



As before stated, there were no ropes dangling from the side, the swimming match being the result of a wild impulse. The ship's sides presented a high smooth wall and sharks being abundant, the end can be conjectured.



The sole survivor, as he claims to be, supported himself on the wreckage of "baby's bridge," and a light breeze springing up, the ship drifted far away, he being eventually picked up. Being of an ignorant and unimaginative type, the seaman kept his knowledge to himself, fearing he would not be believed, etc. And the famous mystery remained as such till the recent disclosure.

L. G. T.

OUR ORCHESTRA.

By 'Cello.



The "Port Hacking" Symphony Orchestra have played selections at every concert that has been held on this ship, in many cases under great climatic difficulties.



Nothing that we can say will ever show the appreciation that is felt among the diggers for the hard work Corporal Matthews and his men have done to try and make this trip seem a little shorter, and provide musical entertainment for the ship's company.

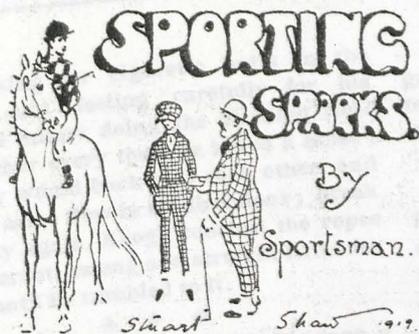


On Wednesday they assisted the Medleys at their concert, and put on a high-class performance that was much appreciated by the large audience. The selections of popular melodies were rendered in fine style. The "Hacking Cough" March, composed by one of the members of the orchestra, Private W. F. Unsworth, was a great success and the diggers applauded it so much that they had to reply with an encore number. We suggest to the leader, Cpl. Matthews, that the Orchestra give us a musical treat in the shape of an evening devoted solely to the Orchestra, and feel sure that it would be much appreciated by the troops on board.

DEBATING SOCIETY.



The Society held the third of their series of debates on Friday, when the Returned Soldiers' Association was the topic. The talk centred round the necessity of having an efficient organization capable of keeping the rights and wants of the soldiers before the public on their return to civil life. The social side was also discussed, and some interesting propositions were put forward, and we feel sure that the object of these debates (to bring before the troops on board this ship the problems that await us at home) is being fully attained, and we hope to hear many more discussions on the problems that await us on our return.



The sporting season was continued on Saturday the 11th, when a contest for blindfolded boxers was put on, and a number of wrestling bouts by the best exponents of the art on board.

WRESTLING.

Best two out of three falls.

The first bout was between Dvr. Taylor (Vic.) and J. Baulkland (s.s. Port Hacking, England).

Taylor won the first fall after a good exhibition—Baulkland almost having his man at one time with a half nelson, but Taylor wriggled out with a half inch from the mat to spare, and throwing right over, got on top and levered his man to the mat.

Baulkland got the second fall in quick time, getting his man to the mat and Taylor trying to back throw over his man, Baulkland caught him in the middle of the throw and forced his opponent's shoulders to the mat, making a fall each.

In the final bout, Taylor rushed his man and then put up some fast work, Baulkland showing great cleverness in defence, but Taylor's great strength overpowered his opponent, and he won the deciding fall.

Dvr. Powell (Vic.) v. Sgt. Mackenzie.

The first fall went to Powell after some very fast clever work; Powell rushing his man and went for the Flying Mare and Mac cleverly evaded it and almost got his opponent with a cross buttock, but Powell

cleared himself and got his man to the mat and brought him over, the sergeant's lack of condition telling at the finish.

Powell threw his man in good style after a very clever bout, in which both lads showed great cleverness both in attack and defence, and we would like to see Mac train and have another bout with Jimmy, and feel sure it would be worth seeing.

Exhibition No-decision bout between Bdr. Woods (N.S.W.) and Dvr. Taylor (Vic.).

A clever bout right through, both men showing every hold that is practised in the strenuous art of wrestling; also putting a couple on the Referee—just for luck.

BLINDFOLD BOXING.

In this competition all the contestants were blindfolded and put in various parts of the ring, and on the gong sounding were to search and knock out their elusive opponents.

Those well-known exponents of the fistic art (Ron Wells, Bunny Smart, Skeeter Hayward, Treacle MacFarland, Darky Taylor and Keogh) took part and one of the most amusing day's sport that has been seen on this trip was staged.

On the gong sounding, the contestants came warily to the centre and Treacle sent a bunch of uppercuts into the empty air; then a little more finessing and Ron Wells, hearing a noise apparently, put in a couple of heavy body punches, but there was no body there; then Hayward made a wild swing and hit himself behind the ear and nearly knocked himself out; then all the contestants met in a corner of the ring unexpectedly, and in as many seconds in an indescribable whirl of legs and arms, Treacle, Ron, Hayward and Taylor were down and out, leaving only Keogh and Bunny to fight the finish.

In the second round the house rocked at the antics of the two men to find each other, Keogh getting down low "like a London

bum looking for cigarette butts in the gutter," and feeling carefully for his man, and Smart doing the Battling Nelson smother every time he heard a noise; then they would back into each other, and legs and arms flew in all directions; break and away again, Keogh touched the ropes and uppercut, swung and straight lefted for his life until he tumbled to it.



In the final round Bunny hit his man a miss by miles, and then they met and swinging wildly, Bunny accidentally got his man, Keogh getting Bunny half a second later, Keogh just reaching the boards a fraction before his opponent, and Bunny was declared the winner.



Cpl. Jackson dodged the wild swings and uppercuts that were thrown round indiscriminately and between whites refereed the contest in his usual capable manner.



INTERSTATE LEMON CUTTING.

On Tuesday the 15th, the sporting season was continued, when a large number of competitors took part in the Lemon Cutting contest, before a large crowd. The conditions being that the competitors were blindfolded, turned three times round the ring and were allowed three cuts at the potato hanging from a line.



There were some very amusing stunts in the first round, Murphy causing much amusement when he lost his bearings and made wild sweeps at the spectators with his sword, and putting the wind up those within reach.



Lambert slashed away at the empty air as if all the Huns in the world were opposing him, and Fowles, losing his bearings, rushed forward each time until the spud touched his face, when he jumped back, parried, and cut for his life, but only the empty air.



Sixteen were left in for the second round and seven again scored one point, but Cpl. Willis (22nd Battn., Vic.), won outright with two points; getting right on the spud he made no error and put in two slashing cuts, but missed with the third.

In the third round for second place, some great cutting was put up, four of the contestants cutting their spud twice out of the three tries.



The contestants for the second place in the final round all missed with the exception of Sgt. Sherringham (5th Battery, Victoria), and he, scoring one point, took second prize, and this finished a fine afternoon's sport.



COCK-FIGHTING.

On Wednesday a series of cock-fighting competitions was decided, conditions being best two of three falls and if both fall, first man mounted to win.



There were some good bouts in the first round, especially the bout between Treacle McFarland and Taylor against Keogh and Icke, and after three hard willing tussles, Treacle and his horse won the bout.



Ferguson and Lambert versus Powell and his horse, was a very clever bout, both jockeys employing every trick and Ferguson and Lambert just got the verdict.



In the semi-finals Ferguson and Lambert beat McFarland and Taylor after a good scrap, the bouts being very even until the deciding bout, which was won in a sudden rush that swept Taylor off his feet.



Worle and Johnston won their first fall against McNamara and Garsed, and the two succeeding bouts being exceptionally even and draws, Worle and Johnston were declared the winners.



In the finals, Ferguson and Lambert won in two straight falls, after some hard tussles, both jockeys doing all sorts of back twists to try and get the mastery.



Before the final round, a presentation (collected from the sports on board, and one from the Sports Committee) was made by the Padre in a pleasant and complimentary little speech, to the popular bosun, Mr. O. Stephens, for his untiring work in the interest of sport during the voyage.

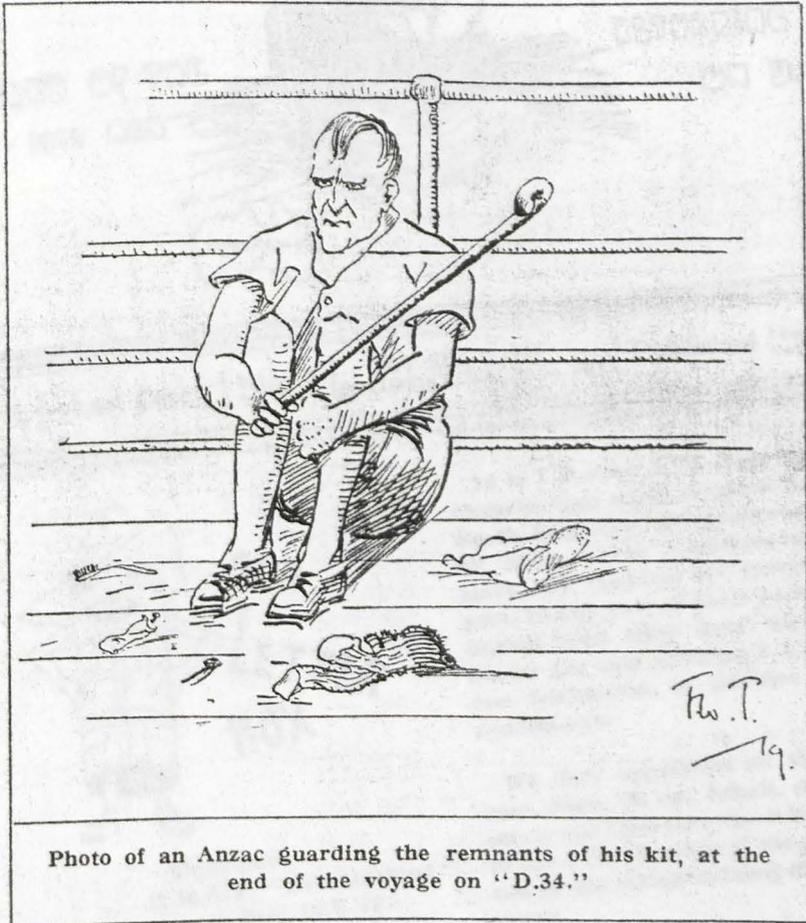


Photo of an Anzac guarding the remnants of his kit, at the end of the voyage on "D.34."

THE
HACKING

PORT
COUGH

A RECORD OF THE
1914 - 1919 MEN

RETURNING HOME
ON D.54.



Vol. 1 [Last Post.] No. 7 [AT SEA " D34 "] Published [Sometime, Some- where, Somehow.]



OUR
LETTER
BOX

Blunt End,
H.M.A.T. " Port Hacking,"
At Sea, 14.1.19.

To the Editor,
" Port Hacking Cough,"
T.S. Port Hacking.

Dear Sir,—Permit me, through the medium of your widely circulated newspaper, to draw the attention of your readers (not only those on this boat, but also the many thousands who anxiously await your daily wireless reports in all Australian Commonwealth States) to a recently published statement in a well-known Australian Journal.

In it I learned with surprise, and some chagrin, that while Western Australia and South Australia have generously offered to all their " 1914 " soldiers returning on leave, full facilities for travelling, free of cost, to any part of their respective States during their sixty days' leave, the other States are only allowing a free warrant to one destination, in addition to suburban concessions.

◆ ◆ ◆
We fully appreciate all that our States have done, on our behalf, during our absence, and I feel sure that it is only necessary to draw the attention of the proper authorities to this matter to bring about the desired result.

◆ ◆ ◆
May I, then, suggest to you, sir, that in your next communication to the Commonwealth Government this very natural desire of the diggers will receive due ventilation ?

◆ ◆ ◆
In closing, permit me to express appreciation of the energy displayed by Queensland agents in advertising to returning soldiers on this boat the advantages of settling in that State at the termination of the war.

We understand that all States are desirous of holding their own soldiers within their respective areas, but Queensland has led the way in this instance, not only in holding her own, but also in inducing men of other States to settle within her boundaries.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours, etc.,

(Sgd.) H. M. Kemp, R.Q.M.S.

(4th Battalion).

(This matter will receive our immediate attention.—Ed.)

♦ ♦ ♦
MEDLEY'S MANAGEMENT.

♦ ♦ ♦
S.S. "Port Hacking,"

Monday, 13-1-19.

Dear Mr. Editor.

In your last issue of the "Hacking Cough" reference is made to a concert given last week by the Medleys under the direction of Vic. Odgers.

May I be permitted to state, in all fairness, that it was directed and very successfully put over by S.-Sgt. Yeates, not me. The credit is distinctly his.

(Sgd.) Vic. P. Odgers.

(We sincerely regret not having given S.-Sgt. Yeates his full dues in the matter, having believed Sgt. Odgers had taken over the management of his popular company again before this concert, and feel sure that S.-Sgt. Yeates, knowing the great success of his efforts, will forgive this error in our criticism.—Ed.)

♦ ♦ ♦
THAT WEIGHTY MATTER SETTLED.

♦ ♦ ♦
Doll's House, Leavelle,
13-1-19.

To the Editor.—Rumors are flying round that you are shortly being closed down (about time too), so taking all things into consideration, I think it will be advisable that this dispute between us should cease forthwith, providing, of course, that you are agreeable. I think that if we both promise to provide each other with a gargle at Bel-field's, or any other suitable estaminet, our accounts ought to be settled, N'est ce pas.

(Sgd.) Ah Fat.

(We agree, providing you have the necessary. "Compres."—Ed.)

THAT THAR MARY SELEST MISTRY.

♦ ♦ ♦
Deer Mister editor.—what i wants ter no abart this 'ere Mary selest is this that ther sayler saived from the rek was a iggerent man wivout enny edgukashun wotsomever wich ow cud e rite a diary of wot appened yours truly

The Devil.

♦ ♦ ♦
GAY GIRLS, Etc.

♦ ♦ ♦
Bachelor Chambers,

Sharp End,

15-1-19.

The Editor.

Sir,—On reading your last issue, I was surprised to see in your Letter Box column a complaint from a certain young lady (Miss McGhee) on board this excellent liner, and I should like to know what right or authority she has to interfere with the social standing of the ship and why she was out of her cabin at such an hour at night?

Perhaps she had not been invited to this ceremony and wrote her letter to your paper in wrath.

Hoping you could give me some detail, I should be greatly pleased.

I am, yours truly,

The Silent Knight.

♦ ♦ ♦
APPRECIATIONS.

♦ ♦ ♦
Dear Mr. Editor.

On behalf of the "Medleys" I would like to express keen appreciation for the genial support afforded us by all aboard.

Your personal assistance (and that of your staff) will not be forgotten—neither will your faces, for when the "Hacking Cough" makes its appearance from the printers, all those who travelled aboard D. 34 will be reminded for many years to come of the worthy men who have worked diligently and with marked ability to give us a pleasing souvenir of our trip back to dear old "Aussie." Good luck to you all for it!

Permit me to say that your reports on our concerts have perhaps been a wee bit "flowery," we can but hope that they were merited. Personally, I do not feel that I deserve all the nice things you said of me.

I would like to say that a great deal of musical support has been given by one of the highly esteemed Medical Officers aboard (Captain Nankervis). To find time, between duties, to play our accompaniments and tutor us at rehearsals under conditions far from pleasant, was quite a sacrifice on the doctor's part, one which we all feel deeply grateful for. Bert Cramp also did a great deal for us in that direction, in fact, his ability in accompanying has helped very largely in pretty well all events aboard where music has been conspicuous.

There are many names I'd like to mention, but I feel that those who respond to them feel as I do, i.e., that so long as our humble efforts to entertain have been appreciated—we are satisfied.

Yours faithfully,

Victor P. Odgers.

At Sea,
18-1-19.

POST-WAR PROBLEMS.

By L. V. Worle.

◆ ◆ ◆
HOME PRODUCTS—No. 6.

WE have dealt with the various important industries of the Commonwealth in our previous issues, and now come to the last and greatest problem of all, individual support for Australian Manufactures.

◆ ◆ ◆
We have shown previously the effect on the various industries in the country, of the importing craze that has held the vitals of our manufacturing industries in its grip during the past decade.

◆ ◆ ◆
The only way to fight this down is by individual efforts, our asking always for the locally made goods, and not only asking, but making certain that we get them. The man who is going home to marry the fiancée who is waiting anxiously there for you, see that you build and furnish your home with Australian timbers, grown and manufactured in your own country; see that every bit of metal ware is made in our local

factories, that the clothes you wear are Australian made; in fact, that everything you buy is purely Australian, and once carrying out this resolution, stick to it, and you will have done something towards making this country of ours great.

◆ ◆ ◆
The bachelor—it is your duty also to make certain of getting the Australian made article, and it is every man's duty, not only to buy them himself, but educate the people who do not, or will not know, so that they may be converted to the excellence of the locally manufactured products.

◆ ◆ ◆
It is the individual effort that is going to count and gradually make a united demand for the Australian articles that will not be denied: learn a point from our despised enemy—Germany—and make every soul in the country a canvasser for our factories and industries.

◆ ◆ ◆
When we have done that, we will be able to hold our own everywhere, and the effects will be far-reaching, in that we will be able to supply the world's markets with the manufactured article instead of the raw material only.

◆ ◆ ◆
We have been far away for four years; we have a broader outlook on life; we have seen for ourselves and know that our goods are better than any other; look at the jam we have been issued with usually, and tell me, would you not rather have the Australian goods? So let us put our whole heart and soul into it, and be in the forefront of this great campaign to support our local industries and relegate this importing craze to the place where it rightly belongs—the garbage heap of Australian thought.

◆ ◆ ◆
Remember, every Australian article bought is a spike in the guns of the big importing interests, another pound in the national exchequer, another man employed in a trade, and another step towards the ideals every true Australian has been fighting for—to see this big country of ours peacefully leading the world's greatest nations in commerce.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

◆ ◆ ◆
A CHALLENGE debate between Mr. Sims, our Y.M.C.A. Rep., and R.Q.M.S. Kemp took place on Monday night, under the auspices of the above Society. The subject under discussion was "Whether Total Prohibition of Alcoholic Liquor would benefit the State and the Individual," Mr. Sims taking the affirmative, and R.Q.M.S. Kemp the negative.

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Mr. Sims opened the debate by outlining the terrible effects on the population of the drink traffic and that the average individual cannot stop at moderation. The enormous cost of the drink traffic being one-seventh of the cost of the war during the same period, and the example of the leading people of the world in condemning its use during this war. The enormous loss of working time during this war through the evil effects of drink and that the use of alcoholic liquor is decreasing in hospitals in favor of milk and other foodstuffs.

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R.Q.M.S. Kemp, in reply, emphasised the need of moderation, but not prohibition, as it interferes with the liberty of the subject, and the average person was able to keep to moderation. The issue of rum to the troops and navy was absolutely essential to their welfare and is not harmful to the general mass, so why restrict the majority for a few degenerates. The attitude of Christ and Apostles towards drink in allowing it in churches, was quoted as an argument that the churches as a whole did not denounce it. That prohibition meant more secret drinking than there was when licenses were allowed, and finally mentioned a humorous story where a Temperance lecturer in a Prohibition District asked for a pint flask to illustrate his arguments; on repeating and saying that a quart would do, every member of the audience handed one up.

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On a vote of the audience, Mr. Sims took the majority for putting up the best argument, and on the vote to see which side the troops were on, the voting apparently seemed even.



THE "Medleys" concert party, under the capable direction of Sgt. Odgers, S.-Sgt. Yeates and Cpl. Matthews, put on a tip-top show on Wednesday night.

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The Orchestra set the ball rolling with a fine selection, "Round the Map," introducing cornet and violin solos with great effect, and this fine orchestra excelled itself.

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The company then tripped on the stage and gave us a new and original chorus, entitled "Some Show." Then Sleeman "Shurrup" ed to his heart's content in his own inimitable way that puts the house in a good humor, and he replied with an encore tale about not being able to keep his eye-glass in his eye, in a comic way that kept the audience roaring.

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Vic. Odgers soliloquised through a "Cigarette," with great dramatic finish, to a fine chorus effect by the company, and A. B. Benham ragged his way through "Samoa," to the appreciative plaudits of the crowd, followed by the popular singer J. H. Jackson, who sang "End of the Journey," using his fine powerful voice to good effect. Then S.-Sgt. Yeates introduced us to the "Indian Rag," with original music by the orchestra and chorus that was very popular with the troops, and it was SOME rag.

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Trundle rendered "Less than the Dust," in fine voice, and MacLauchlan recited the "Dream Scene," from the Silver King, his make up of Wilfred Denver being fine, and he delivered this fine scene with a pathos and dramatic tensity that was really fine. Then the new Lady of the company, Bugler Roscoe, sang "Blue Eyes" in a way that

✱

captivated the hearts of the diggers in the stalls and circle, and he looked a "tres bon mademoiselle."

Charlie Ratford played "God Send You Back to Me," on the cornet, with violin obligato by Cpl. Matthews, and the audience joined heartily in the chorus and Sleeman, Jackson, Odgers and Trundle gave us that popular turn "Rallentando, Crescendo, Agitato and Me," Me fairly bringing the house down with his facial contortions and struggles with a fierce moustache.

A specialty Hypnotism turn by Professor Charles and his assistant Abdul was very cleverly done: getting the mediums from anywhere in the audience, he hypnotised them and made them do all sorts of tricks, including washing in a basin of flour, chasing and killing imaginary bees and other vermin, throwing nuts to monkeys, and finally imitating brumbies on a buckjumping stunt, and it was a decidedly clever and original turn that was well appreciated by the large audience.

The orchestra played another fine selection, "Something Doing," during the interval.

The chorus introduced some novel lighting arrangements in rose and pale blue whilst Trundle let his fine voice go in "Beware of Chu Chin Chow," with the company joining in the chorus. Then Mr. Sims entertained the audience with a sketch "A speech without Words," a very clever piece of mimicry.

"Four Jolly Sailormen," by Braithwaite, May, Brotchie and Odgers, and they spliced the mainbrace and did other old salts' tricks through their fine performance, and their make-up of four relics of the old windjammer days was perfect.

The "Barcarolle," from the "Tales of Hoffmann," by Cpl. Matthews, was played with excellent technique and a delicacy of touch that brought roars of applause and he gave as an encore that beautiful piece, Braga's "Serenade." Then Sleeman came on made up as Ole Bill, with Alf and Bert and an Aussie having a confab in a dug-out, and sang "Where did that one Go," with a realistic touch of the wind up, and this popu-

lar comedian certainly works some original comedy into his turns. Then Ross piped while Steele danced the Hie'land Fling as a good Hie'lander would after a few wee drappies on a braw bricht nicht. Vic. Odgers rendered "The Savage" in wild comic fashion, dressed in rabbit skins and cocoa-nut fibre, and "Some Automobile," by the company with all properties, Sleeman in his funny way steering them through the intricacies of the stage, and S.-Sgt. Yeates supplying the propellant with the chorus on the exhaust by the whole company.

The audience then joined with this popular company in singing "Auld Lang Syne," in anticipation of the disembarkation of the Sand-gropers in the next couple of days, and "God Save the King" brought a very pleasant and successful evening to a close.

Mention must be made of that fine pianist, Cpl. Woods, who has played the accompaniments for most of the concerts during the trip, and worked in a quiet, but efficient way for the amusement of the troops during this voyage.

RATFORD'S RAMBLERS AND MOONLIGHT MASQUERADERS

ON Thursday the 16th, this popular company put on another tip-top show, advertised as usual earlier in the evening with the now famous Murphy's Ragtime Band, greatly augmented for the occasion, and they enlightened the troops as to the sounds of futurist music to some order.

The performance reflects great credit on the promoter and stage manager, Charlie Ratford, who has worked very hard in getting the shows going and deserves all the success he has attained. All the old artists appeared and sang their songs in fine style, and a new discovery, Fireman Murphy, of the s.s. "Port Hacking," gave a song and dance specialty turn that was exceptionally clever, and brought forth tumultuous applause from the large audience.

Cpl. Woods accompanied on the piano in his best style.

OUR FAREWELL CONCERT.

◆ ◆ ◆
"The Medleys" Concert Party gave us the final concert of the season on Tuesday the 21st, under the capable management of Vic. Odgers, and being near the end of the voyage it was made a request night, and all the old favourites of the company sang, recited and danced their most popular turns in their usual accomplished way, and a few new turns were put on, including songs by Captains Nankervis and Cottell, and our popular Padre, Captain Redhead, a fine selection on the mandolin by C. Wilson, a song by Mr. Nathaniel well rendered, a good turn by our Y.M.C. Acker, Mr. Sims, and a stump speech by Boyes.

◆ ◆ ◆
At the conclusion of the finishing chorus, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by the party and large audience, in anticipation of the parting in the next couple of days, and "God Save the King" finished a show in which this popular company and tuneful orchestra excelled themselves.

◆ ◆ ◆
The whole of these concerts reflect great credit on the promoter, Vic. Odgers and S/Sgt. Yates and their able assistants, who have worked so hard for the amusement of the troops during this voyage.

GOOD-BY-EE.

◆ ◆ ◆
A SHAKE of the hand, a terse good-bye and some of the pals who have been through four years of Anzac and muddy Flanders, are gone—perhaps forever. Everybody happy, smiling faces everywhere, for it is the first sight of the homeland and the realization of our dreams of four long, weary years; soon we will all be going our devious ways, and perhaps never see each other's faces again, for our roads in most cases lead far apart.

◆ ◆ ◆
But we will still have our thoughts, memories well worth treasuring—think of it, memories of a pal who helped you when you were knocked; gave you half his last fag, and whose every belonging he shared with you—the eternal brotherhood in a new, rough form, but none the less sincere, come

to give us a bigger and broader outlook on life, and make us for all time pals.

◆ ◆ ◆
Well, Sand-groppers, we saw you go off on the long, long, trail, and the occasion was too big for noise, but you know what we feel—it's in our hearts alright, only we couldn't express it.

◆ ◆ ◆
We know you'll make good in the future as you have done in the past; the ideals we fought together for are very near realization now and our job is finished; all that remains are the memories, sometimes sad, sometimes happy, but always of a duty done and of cobbers who were with you in the doing. So Good-bye with the best of luck to you all and hopes of a meeting sometime—somehow—somewhere!

ONLY.

◆ ◆ ◆
Only a line of khaki
That leaps from a sodden trench;
Only the enemy's shrapnel
That bursts with a spluttering wrench.

◆ ◆ ◆
Only an Aussie soldier
Prone in his agony;
Only a number added;
A single casualty!

◆ ◆ ◆
Only a little cottage
In summer days rose-twined;
Only an Australian lassie
Like many more you'll find.

◆ ◆ ◆
Only a tiny cradle
That makes her sore heart glad;
Only a chubby baby
That prattles "Dad! Dad! Dad!"

◆ ◆ ◆
Only a simple message—
A knock that makes her start;
Only an orphaned baby;
Only a broken heart!

◆ ◆ ◆
"Only!" the world may say.
Is it "only" to them, I pray?

A.J.F.



PRIVATE MARK TIME'S FIRST GUARD

By J. T. M.
Illustrated by S Shaw.

MARK TIME had just arrived in the city from way out back. Being the early spring, the city began to look bright and busy, but these things Mark did not notice. He had not come to the city for amusement's sake, nor yet for a holiday. War had broken out, and Mark, hearing the call for men, at once volunteered. Hence his arrival in the city—to go into camp.

Having arrived in camp, he was allotted to a unit—the fumbleteenth Battalion—and at once commenced the duties of a private in the A.I.F.

Mark was put in a tent along with a dozen others who had arrived in camp that morning. They were a decent lot except for one—a burly fellow by name of Jones—a thorough scoundrel, and a rough Australian gentleman.

But Mark took no notice of him, and made up his mind to keep to himself, doing his work most conscientiously and in a soldier-like manner.

Detailed for duty, he did not grumble, but performed it, no matter how hard or dirty it may have been.

A week had passed and Mark was growing more accustomed to his work. He did his parades and learnt a little in the use of a rifle.

At dinner time one day, the Orderly Sergeant came round, and Mark was warned to mount guard that evening at 6 o'clock. That meant the afternoon off for him to get cleaned and have everything ready.

Uniforms not yet being on issue, Mark had to clean up his old suit a bit, the trousers

of which allowed more shirt to protrude from the rear than was tucked inside.

Six o'clock came and Mark was ready. Going up to the parade ground he fell in with eight of his mates who were waiting for the Orderly Officer to inspect them.

This done, their duties were explained minutely, and each man given to understand what was required of him. Then, the first relief being posted, the remainder were marched to the Guard Room and dismissed.

Mark sat alone for a while. His shift was from 2 a.m. to 4 a.m. Strange things passed through his mind. Things that might possibly happen in the night. He had read in the daily papers of German spies and their doings. Supposing they molested him during his watch! These things he knew were not impossible, so he made up his mind to be ready.

Two o'clock came and Mark was marched out to his post, which extended from an opening in the fence to the butcher's shop.

Armed with a trenching tool handle he paced up and down his beat. There was no moon, and the night was inky black, making it almost impossible to see more than a yard ahead. All went well for an hour, then Mark heard a movement in the vicinity of the butcher's shop. He stopped and listened, but heard nothing more. A breeze had sprung up and perhaps a piece of loose timber or something had rattled, so he took no more notice till a few minutes later he heard the noise again, decidedly louder. Again he stopped and listened. The noise continued. All sorts of things passed through his mind. Mark crept a little closer . . . and the noise in the butcher's shop continued. His mind was made up. It must be a spy trying to poison the meat that was stored within for the troops! Should he wake the Sergeant of the Guard? No! He would capture the culprit himself!

The noise inside grew louder, as if cases were being moved, and Mark, creeping still closer, roared out: "Halt! Who goes there?"

But there was no answer.

Again he called out, and still there was no response.

A cold sweat had come over his forehead, and grasping the trenching tool handle more firmly, he determined to deal with this culprit.



Creeping up to the door, which was ajar, he crawled stealthily inside, but the noise continued. He stopped for a while and looked round.



Then he noticed a movement above him of something dark and round in shape. Mark decided that this must be the head of the intruder.



Grasping the handle in one hand and easing himself up with the other, he struck a terrific blow at the moving object.



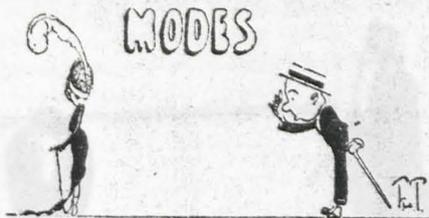
A screeching howl rent the air, and he distinctly heard something drop to the ground, and a sort of mist appeared before Mark's eyes. He knew no more till he was roused by the Sergeant and one or two more of the guard who had been awakened by the piercing scream, and were now standing in front of him. "What's wrong?" asked the Sergeant, looking puzzled.



Mark told him of his adventures, and they at once made a search of the place. And there, under the table, lay a cat with its head missing. The head was afterwards found 25 yards from the door!



The mascot of the Fumteenth Battalion had met with a terrible end, for Mark had taken its 9th and last life!



CHIDLEY'S COSTUMES AND

FAMOUS FIG-LEAF FASHIONS
Introduced by the "Lost Horse" and
Palistine Pilgrims.



Owing to the shortage of Khaki Overalls and Silk Summer Suits on board this Palatial Liner, our far-seeing and popular S.Q.M., Lieut. Dickinson, of the "General Emporium" has secured a substantial stock of Fig-leaves of all the Latest Patterns at moderate rates.



Be in the height of fashion and order early to avoid disappointment.



All the best dressed society of the City and Suburbs of Port Hacking get their clothes made and their uniforms renovated at the Fashionable Tailoring Establishment of
FITSIMMONS, KIRSOPP & MANDERS
Ltd.

The Diggers' Tailors,
Central Emporium, Blunt End,
Port Hacking.

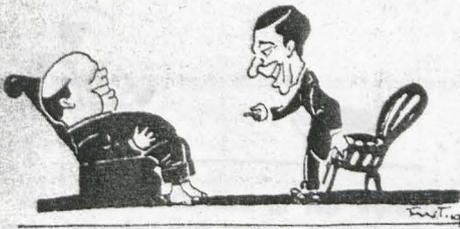


Uniforms to suit all sorts and sizes from
BURLEY GOLDIE to TINY AH FAT.



All classes of work done on the premises.
Beware of Bogus Travellers.

The Costumes worn by the
LEADING LADY
in the
COLOMBO KOONS KONCERT KOMPANY
were designed and made by
THE SILENT KNIGHT.
Costume Designer and Wig Maker by
Special Appointment to King Billy.



KEEP THE REIN CLEAR.

An 'Ardcase Aussie, to wit our Evergreen Kelly, whilst at Plymouth, decided to take his lady love for a joy ride.

He hired a pony and neat turnout from the livery stables—and received the usual instructions before departing.

The evening was showery, so Kelly was observed driving up Union Street early in the afternoon with his lady-love's best gamp held up over the pony's blunt end, which naturally caused much laughter among the boys.

"Hey, there!" cried Possie, "what are you holding the umbrella over the pony for?"

"That's alright," said Kelly; "My instructions were not to let the rain under this nag's tail. So I'm not taking any risks!"

A NEW DISEASE.

Digger: "I guess I'm very bad this morning, doctor."

Doctor: "Where's the pain?"

Digger: "No pain, but I can't stop laughing."

Doctor: "Oh! you'll soon be alright—it's only the 'Hacking Cough!'"

HEARD AT A PROHIBITION MEETING.

Orator (in reply to a question): "Yes; I would be willing to have beer, providing it had no kick in it."

Digger (with memories of Plymouth draught beer still on him): "Like the Blighty beer!"



SOUTH AUSSIE AEROPLANES.

There was a happy look of anticipation in the eyes of a small group of men on No. 2 Hatch when we lay in Colombo Harbour. They were gazing upwards at the wireless aerials, and at first I couldn't understand their remarks.

"I want the big one on the right. Go great with cabbage and dock-leaves."

"Keep yer big one fer mine, ole son. Gimme the little 'un, stuffed with sage and onions."

Still I wondered.

Then I looked up and saw they were discussing—the Colombo Crows.

They were from South Australia!

HIS WING.

Jim: Padre, why don't you wear wings?"

Padre: My boy, I'm not an aviator."

Jim: But aren't you a sky pilot?"



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY
"Course, Maav, here, ole son, QUERRY MEDLEYS, BARRIN!"

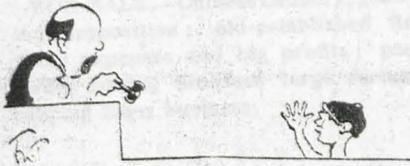


Overheard in the Medleys' Dressing Room.

"Say, Roscoe, have you got a hairpin handy?"

"No. How would a marlin spike do?"

AUCTION SALES.



FOR SALE.—Canteen in full working order, complete with stock. Annual turnover £10,000, monthly profits £100; owner leaving the country under compulsion.

FOR SALE.—In good district, Country Hospital, special rest-cure facilities, going concern, plenty of business, big profits, splendid opportunity for young medicos; proprietor dead.

FOR SALE.—Hairdressing Saloon in main street, guarantee of £50 a month; fittings complete, including electric hair brush and massage; large cut glass mirrors.

FOR SALE.—That High-class Vaudeville Company known as Ratford's Ramblers, together with their leases (99 years) of Port Hacking Tivoli Theatre. Any bid accepted, or will exchange for good sheep dog; owner going away.

FOR SALE.—Large Factory, together with that well-known tailoring business of Fitzsimmons & Co., including large stock of one mile and four furlong stripes, bottoms of khaki overall trousers and rosettes. Large turnover and enormous profits; a bargain. Owners leaving for Portsea.

FOR SALE.—"The Medleys" Theatrical Enterprise, complete with costumes, props., contracts for years with the great artists of the world and the leases this Company hold on the Port Hacking Hippodrome, Palladium, and part lease of the Tivoli. Going cheap; owners leaving Port Hacking permanently for Quarantine.

FOR SALE.—McCutcheon's Irrigation Corporation, plant complete, running concern, big business, solid connections; going all the year round. Will sell cheap; proprietor has abdicated.

FOR SALE.—The Public Accountancy of Chiselem, Cheatem and Rookem Ltd., official return of last month's business, 731 accounts made up; accounts overdrawn a specialty; going for nothing; owners bankrupt.

FOR SALE.—Complete set of Orchestral instruments, including two Strad violins, one trombone, clappers, and busiest man in the band's set; going for nothing; owners blown out.

FOR SALE.—Lucrative Medical Practice in thickly populated district, enough for two practitioners; large influenza spraying and fumigating laboratories attached; going cheap; present proprietor retiring on reaching the age limit.

FOR SALE.—Clerks Agency, Port Hacking Branch of 130 Horseferry-road, millions of returns and orders every week, with large contracts from Defence Department. Stock consists of fine collection of old crime sheets, routine orders, and leadswingers' history sheets; large staff employed; cheap; proprietors going west.

FOR SALE.—Miss Yeates' Select Boarding House. Splendid view of the sea-front, three minutes' walk to swimming baths. Hot Sea, Turkish and Sulphur Baths on the premises; beds for single men; N.C.O.'s taken in and done for; splendid home for Weary Willies and Tired Tims; owner going into Theatricals.

FOR SALE.—Dickenson's Universal Providers and Fruit Agency, together with their up-to-date premises, special fruit-ripening rooms and cigarette and tobacco bond store. Large stock of over-ripe bananas, pineapples and dates going very cheap.

FOR SALE.—That well-known Dispensing Chemist's Business of Pills, Squills & Co., up-to-date pharmacies, enormous stock of No. 9's, Epsom Salts and Mist Expect.; any offer accepted; owner run down through using his own pills.

FOR SALE.—Chinese Laundry, good paying proposition; old-established firm—small expenses and big profits; present owner having amassed large fortune is retiring from business.

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FOR SALE.—Library; largest stock of books in the Bight; all classes of readers catered for; French novels, etc.; going cheap; owner no further use for same.

◆ ◆ ◆

FOR SALE.—The Instruments of that famous Murphy's Ragtime Band, including bagpipes, kettledrum, clappers and Drum-Major's Stick; exchange for tube of tooth-paste.

HACKING COUGH LOST PROPERTY & POSTER DEPARTMENT.

◆ ◆ ◆

During the voyage from Devenport to Melbourne, 9,837,683 articles have been handed into "Cough Office" as found:—

◆ ◆ ◆

Of these, 9,837,678 have been returned to their rightful owners, two to doubtful owners, and three remain on hand.

◆ ◆ ◆

We have had great pleasure in running this branch for our subscribers and hope we have given entire satisfaction.

◆ ◆ ◆

Our Poster Department also has been a huge success. The number of posters turned out by this office on the voyage is beyond figures, but our record day numbered a quarter of a million, more or less. If you have missed any announcement you must have been color blind.

"Hacking Cough."

1919 JANUARY 1919			
Day.	Date.	Mileage	Average
Sun	12	241	10.46
Mon.	13	240	10.
Tues	14	222	9.3
Wed	15	246	10.3
Thur	16	265	11.13
Fri	17	ARRIVED ALBANY	
Sat	18	230	10.3
Sun	19	248	10.5
Mon.	20	250	10.55
Tues.	21	241	10.15
Wed.	22	250	10.6
Thur.	23	91	PORTSEA. QS
Fri.	24	IN QUARANTINE	
Sat	25	D?	D?
Sun.	26	QUARANTINE	PORTSEA
Mon.	27	ARRIVED	MELBOURNE

Old Humbug (to Digger with one leg): "Poor man! Was your leg shot off?"

Digger: "No! I was leaning up again our 'Dropshorts' barrage—and the rotters lifted it—and let me fall into a shell hole and broke it off!"

◆ ◆ ◆

Murphy: "Ever heard the story about our three issue eggs?"

Treacle: "No! Let's have it."

Murphy: "Two bad!"

◆ ◆ ◆

Treacle: "Have you heard the one about our smoke-stack?"

Murphy: "No! What about it?"

Treacle: "Too smutty!"

◆ ◆ ◆

Doctor (to orderly): Give Private Jones inhalations for that cold of his."

Two days later. Doctor: "Well, Jones, how's your cold now?"

Jones: "Much better, thanks Them ventilators are alright for colds!"

**Goldring, Goodwin & Marstin,
Limited.**



**WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS.
GENERAL EMPORIUM,
UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS.**



The only original direct importers in the
State.

Our Emporium is between Nos. 3 and 4
Hatches.

Port Side s.s. Port Hacking
(Take underground tube to door.)



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.



We beg to notify our numerous customers
that we have now received advice per "Mar-
coni" that large supplies of the following
items, which we have been unable to supply
for some considerable time, will be available
after arrival at Melbourne:—

Tooth Paste, 2s. 6d. per tube.
Washing Soap, 9d. per tablet.
Toilet Soap, 10½d. per tablet.
Eno's Fruit Salts, 5s. 3d. per bottle.
Tooth Brushes, 2s. 9d. each.

Also all other necessities of life. We thank
our patrons for their loyal support in the
past and trust in future we shall be able to
meet all their requirements. We are the
best and most up-to-date firm on the Port
Hacking, and guarantee that enquiries will
receive attention all hours of the day and
night.

Yours faithfully,
Goldring, Goodwin & Marstin, Ltd.



NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS.



We KEEP only the Best Brands of Cham-
pagne and Choice Wines, Spirits and
Beers and CORDIALS



Order early to save disappointment.



**MELODIOUS
MUSICAL
MELODRAMATIC
MEDLEYS.**



Absolutely the last appearance of this
Popular and Up-to-date
**MUSICAL AND MELODRAMATIC
MEDLEY**

supported by
OUR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
under direction of

Messrs. Matthews, Yeates and Odgers.
Accompaniments by Cpl. L. Wood.

Will appear before the Port Hacking public,
for the last night of the season; in

**A GRAND FAREWELL REQUEST
CONCERT,**

on
Tuesday Night next,
at 7.30 p.m. sharp,

at

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THE STAR TURN OF THE SEASON!



The "Winning Post" captured in the last
big stunt by . . .

"RATFORD'S RAMBLERS"

supported by

**"MURPHY'S MOONLIGHT
MASQUERADERS."**

Thursday Night, at 7.30 p.m. sharp,

at

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE PIER.



SEND-OFF TO SAND-GROPPERS.



Rafferty's Rules!

Go as you please! Come when you like!

APPRECIATIONS.

To Our Energetic Y.M.C.A. Representative,
Mr. CHAS. A. SIMS.

◆ ◆ ◆
Many days before we embarked at Devonport, there was a very busy man in our camp there. He possessed a fine talent for organization and unusual foresight, combined with unbounded energy, all of which resulted in the arrival at the s.s. "Port Hacking" of numerous parcels, packets, cases and a piano.



It wasn't many hours out before we appreciated the last. As soon as the ship commenced to dance to the music of the wind and the waves in the Bay we were glad of something to take our minds off our feelings, and it was in singing the old songs and listening to music both new and old that we passed the time. Then later on we went on deck and began to take an interest in things. We gazed at the sea and the sky and got tired of doing nothing—till we discovered the Y.M.C.A. library. Few of us but have had many an hour's enjoyment reading some book to our taste—for all tastes are catered for.

◆ ◆ ◆
To mention all the directions in which the energy of the Man Who Does Things has

been expended, would be to print a list of most of the activities, mental and physical, aboard. The boxing, tug-of-war, and all other competitions, including chess, draughts, the card games, etc., result directly from his efforts.

◆ ◆ ◆
Can we speak modestly enough of our own existence as a journal? We owe it to him, as the barbers' and the tailors' establishments, the Orchestra (all praise is due to the unselfish work of the performers) and the Medleys, all of whose props. he provided, besides the songs and the second piano, a result of some violent activity on his part at Port Said.

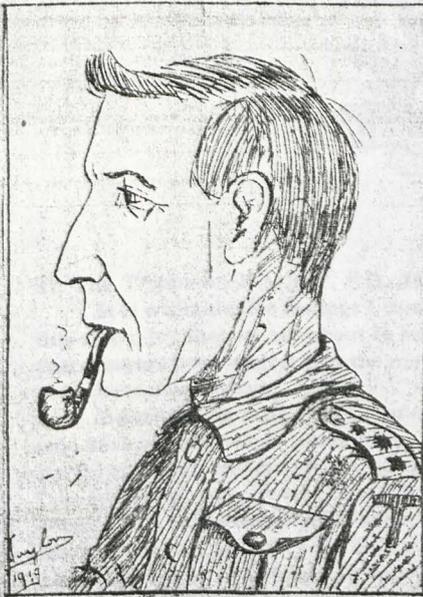
◆ ◆ ◆
Space won't allow of full mention to be made of his efforts for us at Colombo, even though we were disappointed at being unable to land. His work represented the expenditure of £300, and negotiations were rendered complicated by certain restrictions.

◆ ◆ ◆
We are grateful for such things as the cigarettes and the fruit we get, but it is the energy and the forethought of which they are the result that we appreciate most.

◆ ◆ ◆
It's not the Y.M.C.A. organisation we want to thank—we all know and have realised the value of that to us during the last four years. We want to place on record our appreciation and gratitude to Mr. Sims, whose unselfishness and common-sense has done so much to make this voyage pleasant. And so, to one of Nature's Gentlemen—a White Man whom we are proud to know—we will say "Thank you." He will understand.

◆ ◆ ◆
To "Our Popular Padre,
CHAPLAIN-CAPTAIN T. J. REDHEAD.

◆ ◆ ◆
Now that the Australian coastline is in sight, and your next issue will probably be the last of the voyage, kindly permit us (the "1914" returned soldiers on board) a little space, in which to express our appreciation and gratitude to Our Popular Padre, Cap-



tain T. J. Redhead, who by his devotion to duty and untiring efforts to please, has so closely endeared himself to all.

We realise that an Army Chaplain has many grave difficulties to contend with, unknown in the experience of the average clergyman. Napoleon harshly said that if a soldier was not a bad man he must be made one. In this he meant that the finer qualities of a man's nature must be brushed aside, the softening and refining influences of more tender years must be obliterated; he must, in fact, be transformed into a being

whose one thought was vengeance, and who whose only desire was to slay.

After our experiences of over four years in the greatest war that the world has ever known, Padre Redhead came amongst us as our guide and spiritual adviser during our voyage "Homeward Bound." He soon exhibited those rare qualities of closely associating himself with matters of interest to the humblest "digger," while, at the same time, displaying with unusual tact, a breadth of mind and undoubted ability to deal with those opposed to spiritual matters, or men of higher culture. Padre Redhead has proved himself a "man's" man with a wide knowledge of the various phases of human nature, and we feel that we cannot allow him to leave us without expressing our sincere gratitude for his many services, not only in the interests of our spiritual welfare, but also our bodily needs.

We rejoice with him in his approaching re-union with those nearest and dearest to him, and sincerely trust that, although now wishing him "Au revoir," we will have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with him in the happier occupations of civil life.

Yours, &c.,

THE "1914" DIGGERS.

H.M.A.T. D. 34,

s.s. "Port Hacking,"

At Sea,

15th January, 1919.

INDOOR GAMES.

The following are the results of the Indoor Games Competitions:—

CHESS:—43 Entries.

A. Grade.

1st Prize—772 Pte. Barling, W. (Vic.)

2nd „ Mr. Barret, (C. Eng. P.H.)

B. Grade.

1st Prize—650 Gnr. Oliver, L.L. (Vic.)

2nd „ 1325 Pte. Sleeman, W.O. (N.S.W.)

C. Grade.

1st Prize—926 Sgt. Colbourn, R.F. (Tas.)

2nd „ 2347 Dvr. Harper, H.C. (N.S.W.)

DRAUGHTS:—42 Entries.

1st Prize—241 Pte. Cameron, W.H. (N.S.W.)

2nd „ 1787 Cpl. Mathews, A.J. (Q'land.)

CRIBBAGE:

1st Prize—94 Dvr. Edwards, R.D. (Qland.)

2nd „ 967 Pte. Pritchard, C.A. (N.S.w.)

AUCTION BRIDGE:

1st Prize { 1747 Gnr. Barnes, F.M. (Q'land.) }
 Prize { 1012/Cpl. Allison, V.H. (N.S.W.) }

2nd Prize { 748 Pte. Miles, H.W. (Vic.) }
 Prize { 727 L/Cpl. Bradford, S.C. (S.A.) }



H.M.A.T. D. "34,"
S.S. Port Hacking,
22-1-19.

To The Troops on H.M.A.T. "D. 34."

It is with mingled feelings I come to bid farewell to the "1914" personnel on board this ship; joy that we are about to be re-united once more to our families after our four years' separation; regret that the many pleasant associations formed during this voyage home have now to cease.

Before saying good-bye, I would like to voice my appreciation of the different people who have contributed so much to the success of our trip. The members of the Concert Party who have entertained us so charmingly on many pleasant evenings, the Sports Committee who have carried out such a varied programme of events, the Debating Society, coupled with the names of our Padre, Captain Redhead, and our Y.M.C.A. Representative, Mr. Sims, also the Staff of the Ship's Paper. We are all looking forward to receiving the paper in book form and will prize it as a delightful souvenir of the voyage home. And now, in bidding good-bye to you, I would like to thank all ranks for their splendid and soldierly conduct during the trip—it is quite in keeping with your great record during the past four years.

The Officers appreciate the manner in which various duties have been carried out, the good feeling that exists between all ranks has made their task a light one.

I wish you all good-bye and the very best of luck.

E. O. WILLIAMS,
Captain, O.C. Troops.

To The Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Men of
H.M.A.T. "D. 34" Port Hacking.

Dear Comrades,

Your Editor, Sergeant Sherringham, has granted to me space in this souvenir edition of the "Port Hacking Cough," to say au revoir, and now I find it extremely difficult to express my real sentiments to you all; but, firstly, I must convey to the members of the "Medleys," "The Kolombo Koon Kompany," the Staff of the Ship's Paper, and the Orchestra, my very grateful thanks and appreciation of their splendid and successful efforts to interest, amuse, and consequently increase the "esprit de corps" of the troops on board.

Throughout the whole of our voyage the spirit, conduct, and earnest desire to assist shown by all ranks, has been such that it is well worthy of men who represent a portion of the remnant of the original Anzacs who, during the past four and a half years have made the name of the Australian Army as a fighting unit second to none.

I wish to thank you all for the assistance given to me at all times in my various duties as Adjutant, and now, Comrades, accept from me my best wishes for your future happiness, the best of good luck and good health.

Au revoir!

NORMAN LUCAS,
Lieut. and Adjt.,
H.M.A.T. D. 34.

At Sea,
January 22nd, 1919.



To The Editor,
"Hacking Cough."

Sir,—In your last issue I was pleased to note the well merited articles concerning the kindly efforts of our Padre, Captain Redhead, and Mr. Sims, Y.M.C.A. Representative, to lessen the tedium of what otherwise might have been a rather monotonous trip, and would like to voice the sentiments of the Troop Deck, who unanimously vote these two gentlemen as sports.

But I crave space in your journal on this, the eve of disembarkation, to express on behalf of the said Troop Deck the appreciation we all feel at the treatment we have received at the hands of the O.C. Troops, Captain Williams and his Officers, who have done all in their power to make the trip as enjoyable as possible for us.

It seems there has been no little amount of ill-treatment, both as regards insufficient accommodation and bad food, meted out to soldiers returning to Aussie per troopship, and it behoves us all to give as wide a publicity as we may to the really enjoyable trip afforded us, the "1914" men returning on furlough per the "Port Hacking."

We cannot dwell too long upon the excellent food rations, in both its quantity and quality, the numerous comforts supplied by the Red Cross and Comforts Funds, and the Y.M.C.A., nor can we say too much to thank each and every one of those responsible for the arrangements made for us.

The cleanliness of the troop deck and the utter absence of illness are praises in themselves for Major Goldsmith and his medical staff, while we all fully appreciate his efforts to obviate unnecessary quarantine on our arrival in Melbourne, by thoroughly spraying and disinfecting all the kit on board.

In conclusion, I defy any digger in the Commonwealth to say he has had an equally comfortable and enjoyable trip during any period of the War!

Trusting you will find space to give publicity to these sentiments of the Troop Deck in justification of all concerned in our welfare whilst on the "Port Hacking,"

Yours, etc.,

696 Dvr. R. DUNCAN.

[A copy of the above letter was sent to the principal dailies throughout the Commonwealth.—Ed.]

THE QUARANTINE QUESTION.

By A. Digger.

◆ ◆ ◆

WELL, we've been doing nose dives and abdominal crashes for four years and a half now, and Thursday, the 22nd inst., was the final and worst one of all—we landed on our stomachs with a bounce and a splash that was heard as far away as Melbourne.

◆ ◆ ◆

Every man got up in the morning with a happy, expectant look on his face, and Kiwi, razors and soap were flying in all directions. At last every man arrived on deck looking spick and span and ready for the great day. The Port Phillip Heads hove in sight and at last we passed through to the Quarantine Station, and there the great crash came.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Quarantine people came aboard, their faces covered with protective masks, and pronounced the verdict—in Portsea for four long days. A meeting was convened and the complaint sent through to the proper authorities, and received the official reply that suspicious cases were on board. Where they got the information from no one knows, for the ship had reported "All well" since the 9th January, and yet they placed us in Quarantine before we arrived, so probably a little bird whispered it to the official mind.

◆ ◆ ◆

Then the blankets had been handed in, so a request was sent for the loan of new ones, and the great official mind sent this wonderful reply:—No blankets could be supplied owing to the danger of infection, and they had not enough to supply us. We can understand that if they did not have the blankets we could not get them, but in the first part of the official reply it apparently did not matter about the danger of infecting poor diggers with dirty blankets—they had been risking their lives off and on for four and a half years, and another risk or two wouldn't matter to them!

We all realize the necessity of keeping the dread Influenza out of Australia, and would willingly spend three weeks in quarantine if we were certain it was necessary, but when a ship is reported clean by our Medical Officers and also at the station on arrival, well, we think after the time we have been away we deserve a little more considerate treatment, and suggest that a ship is examined before she is quarantined, as we were, a week before we arrived in the home port.

◆ ◆ ◆

The officials also came aboard and pronounced our spraying room (erected under Admiralty supervision) as not sufficiently air-tight. They then brought off and erected a ramshackle canvas spraying shed of their own, with holes that a man could climb through in the walls; even a layman could see the absurdity of it, and after the place was erected they found the ship's room the best, and used it in preference to their own.

THE PORT HACKING FISHERIES.

By The Chief Inspector.

◆ ◆ ◆

In making my annual report of the Fisheries I must go over the whole of the districts, including the New Fishing that has started aft.

◆ ◆ ◆

I started my tour from the pointed end for'ard on the Port side, and strolling, saw many diggers with lines varying from a trout bobbing strength up to a hawser, gazing with a rapt expression at the sea, and at last came to a big sixth battalion sergeant, with his back hunched and his feet firmly planted, hanging on for his life, and on looking over the side I saw a fish fully ten feet long making for the Heads at 900 miles an hour, when, with a twang like a ship's cable parting, the line broke and the tiny sergeant fell with a crash. When he rose I spoke sympathetically to him, but he just murmured sadly, "It's not my line," and departed.

I strolled on and at the blunt end came on Murphy. He was playing with his line with the artistic finish of Lord Vere de Vere landing a salmon trout, and at last brought up a huge flathead, weighing fully a quarter of a pound to within a few feet of the deck, when slither, and away went Murphy's only hope and he retired disconsolately, to carry on with his ordinary duties, with no prospects of a fish tea.

The whole of the fisheries seem to be thriving, and I'm sure that if we put a net across the heads and swept the bay from top to bottom, we would be assured of a supply that would last this populous district at least one meal.

FUMIGATION.

By Ricochet.

Strikeme! I never larfed so much in orl me life as wen ther Qorrinteen blokes brort off their ole sprayin' room ter put on ther ole boat insted of our own dinkum shed, ther diggers orl 'elpin' ther 'eads ter git it up over ther side.

An' then wen they started ter put it up, ther old shanty 'ud 'ardly stan' on its pins, but at larst they got it up and started ter cover ther bloomin' show and wen they put ther canvas on, cripes! I thort I'd bust larfin' 't ther idear, yer cud see 'oles orl over ther place an' sum 'f 'em biggeren a bloke cud get his head through.

At larst ther 'eads were reddy an' started orf on ther job and ther first mob was put through; ther ole shed 'ud 'old about fifty orl told, an' after a hundred and fifty 'ud gone in an' passed out ther other end, the quorrinteen bloke sed thet'll do, it must be crowded now, and wun 'f ther mob inside

sed thers plenty 'f room yet, Joe! So 'e let a few more in, an' then Woodsie an' a few more poked ther 'eads out thro ther 'oles jest ter show ther was no ill-feelin'.

Well, ther first mob got thro ther ten minutes at larst, an' ther bloke went in ter fill up ther mixture jugs agen and ther was all ther mob playin' two-up in ther center and no fumes, or nothink ter worry 'em, Blimey! didn't the mob roar!

An' down a bit further, at the ole joint as should a bin used, our ole Doc. was puttin' some more thro an ther blokes 'ud come out splutterin' like 'ell, gettin' ther dinkum stuff all ther time, I tells yer, these guvment blokes lick me, never seem ter see anythink at orl. Why anyone cud see wif ari an eye thet ther joint put up by the Admiralty licked their ole shanty outer sight, but not ther 'eads, they were satisfied ter put ther ole shanty up an' make a bit more money out'f the pore taxpayers' pocket, an' it mite keep ther influenza out, tho I 'ave me douts.

PORT HACKING SHIPPING NOTES.

By Old Salt.

On Thursday night our old friend the s.s. "Perth" arrived in port and was quarantined.

On Friday the "Nestor" arrived and met with the usual fate, and Sunday the old Shire boat, the "Wiltshire," arrived, and after putting off a few on the Australian Navy—No! No! I mean the "Countess of Hopetoun," she continued her voyage at the "Tout," looking pleased to get away from this infected district.



On the arrival of the Port Hacking (a clean ship carrying 700 Anzacs) the Health Officers and their assistants came aboard wearing Masks.

UNHEALTHY ? (whitch) ?

LAND HO!

Pass the whisky bottle, digger, let us drink
a rousing toast.

Old England's wars and France are left
behind!

Rally round the table, cobbers, yonder is
the "Aussie" coast—

To drink "Australia!" now is in my
mind.

◆ ◆ ◆
How our hearts are madly beating with a
wild and mighty throb

As we view the old familiar shore.

Can you picture now the greeting? Here a
laugh and there a sob—

Kings of old have never wished for more!

◆ ◆ ◆
In our cups, boys, let us mingle thoughts of
diggers long "gone west,"

None shall ever pass from memory who
have bravely stood the test!

Good luck to them, while toasting Austral's
shore.

◆ ◆ ◆
Clasp your hands and all be merry, raise
your glasses with a cheer;

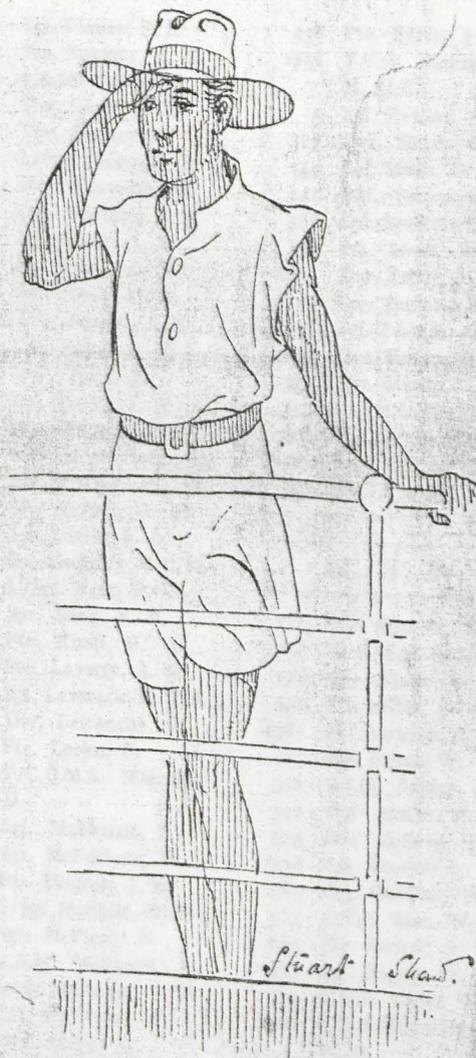
Over now the fighting and the pain,

Under skies so bright and clear

Greet your loved ones ever dear,

Heaven's true joys are with you once
again!

—Kempie.



AT LAST!

PR 6211

OFFICERS

Capt. E. O. Williams, "M.C."
 O.C. Troops.
 Mjr. F. Goldsmith.
 S.M.O.
 Lieut. N. Lucas, Adjutant.
 Capt. A. W. Nankervis, M.O.
 Lieut. V. R. Dickenson,
 S.Q.M.
 Lieut. A. Baker, "M.C."
 Lieut. H. W. Davis, "M.M."
 Lieut. J. R. McKenzie, "MM."
 Lieut. A. Edwards.
 Lieut. G. E. Holroyde.
 Lieut. J. S. Disney.
 Lieut. J. H. Nott, "M.C."
 Lieut. R. J. Wells.
 Chap. Capt. T. J. Redhead.
 Padre.
 Mr. C. A. Sims, Y.M.C.A.
 Representative.

QUEENSLAND

447 S.Sgt. Armour, W. J.
 722 Pte. Beesley, A.
 24 Spr. Bethune, E.
 806 Pte. Baker, R.
 1747 Gnr. Barnes, F. M.
 56 Pte. Barr, J. J.
 233 Spr. Carew, J.
 2322 Gnr. Bevan, L. J.
 2297 Dvr. Carrol, P. D.
 4 Pte. Cash, O. C.
 271 Sgt. Cawsey, G.
 1920 Sgt. Chirnside, J. H.
 39 Dvr. Clark, A. G.
 1691 Dvr. Clerk, C.
 75 Pte. Cramp, C. C.
 36 Dvr. Davis, B.S.C.
 20 Dvr. Deasy, T.
 638 Pte. Doherty, F. T.
 94 Dvr. Edwards, R. D.
 598 Gnr. Evans, W. J.
 621 Cpl. Fennelly, W.

10 Sgt. Finney, F. L.
 614 Pte. Fogarty, A. G.
 146 2.A.M. Fowler, J. C.
 1682 Dvr. Gould, A. E.
 2120 Dvr. Garner, F.
 61 L/Cpl. Glanville, R.
 62 Dvr. Glanville, W.
 1768 Dvr. Griffiths, S. J.
 13 Cpl. Groth, J. A.
 904 Sgt. Hardaker, W. J.
 305 Sgt. Harley, H. F.
 69 Dvr. Harper, A. G.
 3346 Cpl. Harrison, S.
 2671 Dvr. Hart, A.
 1700 Cpl. Henry, T. J.
 5294 Pte. Higginson, R.
 5 A/S. Sergt. Hodge, R.
 142 2.A.M. Hoorigan, J. F.
 451 Sgt. Hunter, R. A.
 2623 Sgt. Jarrett, F. A.
 652 Cpl. Kennedy M. C. M.
 671 L/Sgt. Kerr, R. W.
 98 Spr. King, F. P.
 643 Pte. Knott, G.
 535 Pte. Laverty, J. S.
 1704 Sgt. Laverack, H. J. S.
 43 Dvr. Lefranche, G.
 1159 Pte. Locke, F.
 633 T/C.Q.M.S. Moloney,
 D.
 140 Sgt. McDonald, T.
 1161 Sgt. McFarlane, H.
 539 Pte. McIlrah, J. H.
 498 S/Sgt. McNally, W. W.
 1790 Sgt. McPhail, D.
 1714 2.A.M. McVinish, B.
 91 L/Sgt. Mathers, S. M.
 1787 Cpl. Matthews, A. J.
 139 Dvr. Mays, C.
 1785 Sgt. Muldoon, W. D.
 42 Sgt. Norris, E. L.
 102 Dvr. Neal, G.
 5293 Pte. Overguard, P. M.
 245 Cpl. O'Callaghan, L.
 1720 Dvr. Perkins, A. R.
 5296 L/Cpl. Pollock, J.
 225 Cpl. Pope, F.
 1350 Pte. Quinnell, J. H.

258 Pte. Reditt, F.
 1051 T/Cpl. Richards,
 H. A. C.
 5 Sgt. Ratford, C. H.
 389 Dvr. Simmonds, S.
 159 Cpl. Smith, D. H.
 141 S.M. Sommers, R.
 588 Cpl. Sweetman, R. W.
 136 Pte. Sweet, W. A.
 1663 Dvr. Tebby, J. T.
 186 Tpr. Thomson, A.
 231 Sgt. Towner, A. W.
 144 Dvr. Verney, J.
 2439 Dvr. Martin, O. E.
 147 C.Q.M.S. Weeks, F. A.
 506 Tpr. White, T.
 2386 Gnr. Waters, E. R.
 596 Pte. Young, W.

N. S. W.

110 Tpr. Andrews, A. S.
 358 E. R. Cpl. Arden, W.
 134 Cpl. Adams, W. J.
 996 Pte. Allen, J. J.
 1382 Cpl. Andrews, A. W. A.
 463 Cpl. Ansell, W.
 558 C.S.M. Ashley, P. J.
 540 Dvr. Atkins, V. B.
 974 Dvr. Aubrey, J.
 1302 Cpl. Bromwich, C. F.
 380 Cpl. Burchell, W. R.
 985 L/Cpl. Bain, W. J.
 895 Pte. Barker, A. W.
 875 Sgt. Barden, H. R. C.
 394 L/Cpl. Bance, V. M.
 60 L/Cpl. Barraclough,
 W. B.
 914 Sgt. Barwick, A. A.
 1122 Sgt. Bass, W. F.
 144 S/Sgt. Baird, L.
 3138 Dvr. Beavan, L. E.
 1303 Pte. Bell, J.
 1388 Dvr. Bell, F. E.
 559 Dvr. Bish, W. J.
 475 Sgt. Bishop, F. G.
 1170 Pte. Blanchard, F. C.

ROLL OF HONOUR—Continued

561	Sgt. Bonney, R. R.	24	Spr. Evans, J.	1009	R.Q.M.S. Kemp, H. McL.
194	Pte. Boots, R.	1127	Pte Evans, W. H.	1049	Pte. Kenny, E. J.
809	Pte. Bott, F.	78	Pte. Fearnley, A.	215	Cpl. Keough, W. J.
685	Pte. Bowie, W.	2701	C.Q.M.S. Fenwicke, C. M.	1200	L/Sgt. Kerlin, R. J.
828	Pte. Boyle, C. S.			362	S/Sgt. Keyte, O. C.
211	Pte. Boyle.	1417	Dvr. Ferguson, H. J.	54	A/Sgt. Laughlon, D. J.
211	Gnr. Bradley, G. H.	2688	Dvr. Finlayson, P.	1374	Cpl. Lambert, H. R.
316	Pte. Brennan, D'A. L.	845	Pte. Fisher, A. E.	491	Pte. Laner, A.
661	Pte. Bridger, V.	1092	Pte. Fitzsimmons, C. J.	1286	Sgt. Lane, E. K.
647	Dvr. Brown, H. H.	1583	Dvr. Fowles, A. E. G.	524	L/C. Layton, S.
1177	Dvr. Brown, G. A. B.	125	2/Cpl. Fraser, W. D.	518	Cpl. Lester, G.
563	Sgt. Buchanan, J.	370	Tpr. Gill, C. R. B.	1439	Cpl. Lorrimer, G. R.
178	Sgt. Button, J. A.	858	Tpr. Glasson, C. R.	721	Cpl. Lough, N.
1506	C.S.M. Button, J. J.	261	Tpr. Glass, W.	2611	Sgt. Lyneham, L. P.
98	T/Sgt. Cameron, A.	3152	Gnr. Gammon, M. L.	126	Cpl. Munns, L. C.
153	2/Cpl. Carmichael, P. J.	485	Cpl. Gardiner, F. G. L.	707	Gnr. Mant, C. W.
382	Sgt. Fox, C. E.	1370	Pte. Glaszion, J.	156	Cpl. Marks, J.
2462	Cpl. Callan, T. H.	227	S/Sgt. Goldring, L.	2712	Dvr. Martin, L. H.
243	Cpl. Calvert, T.	595	Dvr. Goodrich, A.	608	Cpl. Martin, S.
241	Pte. Cameron, W. H.	218	Dvr. Goodwin, A. H.	390	Sgt. Maxwell, G.
925	L/Sgt. Campbell, W.	89	Pte. Green, J. J.	1538	Dvr. Mason, J. H.
1494	Pte. Cannon, W. J.	6946	Sgt. Hannam, W. H.	538	Gnr. Millgate, J. T.
141	Dvr. Chambers, W.	626	Dvr. Hauber, E. L.	281	Sgt. Modral, R. E.
244	Dvr. Chapman, C.	946	Sgt. Hurley, W.	776	Sgt. Moorhouse, A. V.
5271	Cpl. Chapman, T. R.	628	Dvr. Haines, C. J.	1593	Cpl. Morris, J.
605	Pte. Charge, V. E.	2577	Pte. Hanson, W. E. O.	1050	Cpl. Morris, K. L.
5378	Pte. Christian, W. A.	1427	Dvr. Hantler, G.	439	Pte. Morton, E.
1211	Pte. Clague, O. P.	581	Dvr. Hampson, P. J.	1159	Pte. Morton, L. T.
13689	Gnr. Clements, F. O.	2584	Dvr. Harding, J. T.	149	Sgt. Mounsey, J.
555	Dvr. Coates, F. H.	1225	Dvr. Hargrave, W.	450	C.S.M. Mozzell, R. J.
1313	Pte. Cornelson, R. T.	2347	Dvr. Harper, H. C.	246	Dvr. Musgrove, L. K.
1118	Cpl. Cooper, F. M.	2496	Cpl. Hart, P.	856	Pte. McArthur, W. K.
1392	Sgt. Coulson, C.	414	L/Cpl. Hazlewood, A.	2519	Dvr. McDonald, J.
660	L/Cpl. Coxhall, A. H.	1323	W.O. Hellyer, O.	876	Sgt. MacDougall, J.
665	S/Sgt. Cunynghame, A. A.	299	Spr. Henry, R. L.	272	L/Cpl. McGregor, G.C.
648	Sgt. Curran, J. P.	171	Pte. Hibbert, G. A.	961	Pte. McKay, A.
356	Dvr. Danes, H. E.	229	Dvr. Hillyer, W.	225	Tpr. McCarthy, S.
318	Dvr. Davis, W. C.	39	R.Q.M.S. Hobson, C.	155	Gnr. McKay, W.
677	Bdr. Day, F. C.	1344	Pte. Hocking, A. A.	1361	Tpr. McLeod, E. D.
5274	Pte. Dawson, R.	728	Gnr. Hogg, A.	1253	Sgt. McKenzie, A.
502	Pte. Dickson, L. W. H.	86	Cpl. Hoddinott, F. W.	526	Sgt. McKenzie, H.
311	Dvr. Donald, K.	283	Sgt. Horam, G.	481	Gnr. McKenzie, E.
2704	L/Cpl. Down, G. W.	1880	Dvr. Horne, J. L.	510	S/Sgt. McKinney, J. G.
1406	L/Cpl. Downton, C. E.	1520	Dvr. Howell, E. J.	635	Pte. McLaughlan, V. E.
500	Pte. Doyle, A. J.	243	Cpl. Hughes, H.	495	Sgt. MacQuarrie, C. S.
2474	C.Q.M.S. Earnshaw, A. H.	172	Pte. Hun', J.	38	L/Cpl. McNamara, C.
1121	Sgt. Earnshaw, T. W.	414	Sgt. Hutchison, E. J.	1459	Dvr. Newman, R. E.
385	Pte. Edgeworff, W. D.	119	Cpl. Jackson, H. H.	1544	Dvr. Orr, J. J.
96	Sgt. Egan, W.	112	Sgt. James, D.	116	Cpl. Pascoe, C.
1120	Cpl. Elliot, J. R.	178	Pte. Jagger, A. A.	782	Cpl. Patfield, H. M.
1409	Dvr. Ellis, H.	608	Bdr. Keene, D.	148	Cpl. Pawley, A. J.
		753	C.S.M. Kelly, P. H.	106	Pte. Pander, T.
		640	Dvr. Kemmis, G. S.		

ROLL OF HONOUR—Continued

667	R.Q.M.S. Penfold, P.	612	Cpl. Bohun, H.	83	Dvr. Dolan, W.
303	Pte. Peterson, U. M.	290	L/Cpl. Bolitho, H. S.	425	Spr. Donaldson, J.
967	Pte. Pritchard, C. A.	2205	Dvr. Bosanko, H. M.	2058	P'te. Duncan, H. J.
1261	L/Cpl. Purtell, H.	104	Sgt. Boyes, C. W.	696	Dvr. Duncan, R.
647	Pte. Ryan, J. G.	1341	Sgt. Bourne, A.	67	Pte. Dykes, G. I.
3130	Dvr. Reedman, V. A.	550	Sgt. Boys (D. C. M.),	100	Cpl. Eckhardt, H. G.
1471	2/Cpl. Roberts, W. G.		H. A.	2773	Cpl. Ellett, J. A.
1035	Pte. Ross, C.	864	Sgt. Braithwaite, H.W.	900	Dvr. Ely, A. J.
1897	Dvr. Ryan, W. W.	70	L/Cpl. Brinsmead, F.	658	Cpl. Enders, E. H.
301	Dvr. Shaw, S.		S.	212	Pte. Eva, J. R.
280	T/Cpl. Setter, E. W.	559	L/Sgt. Brotchie, J. A.	247	Sgt. Evans, E.
1148	A/Sgt. Skelly, F. W.	1922	Dvr. Brown, J. L.	258	R.Q.M.S. Ewart, H.
332	Dvr. Smith, G. E.	5240	L/Cpl. Buchanan, W.	219	Gnr. Feddersen, A. E.
1325	Pte. Sleeman, W. O.		J.	615	Pte. Fiddian, P. D.
1550	Dvr. Smillee, J.	26	Sgt. Bucknall, H. R. N.	11A	Dvr. Finlay, H. J.
763	Cpl. Smith, S. F.	173	Cpl. Burns, J. C.	584	Pte. Finlay, L. G.
1181	Pte. Smith, W. J.	62	Sgt. Burrow, A. A.	498	L/Cpl. Floyd, J. E.
5283	Cpl. Styman, W. E.	1120	Sgt. Callaghan, A.M.	51	S/Sgt. Fordyce, R. A.
285	Gnr. Sullivan, H. J. L.	402	Sgt. Calley, F. A.	5243	Cpl. Francisco, A. L.
572	R.S.M. Tuson, E. V.	753	L/Sgt. Brodie, D. A.	308	Cpl. Frazer, D. F.
596	Dvr. Taylor, R. L.	389	Sgt. Cogger, C. R.	231	Gnr. Freeman, G. A.
139	P.e. Thompson, F. W.	115	Cpl. Clutterbuck, N. H.	147	L/Cpl. French, J.
2718	Dvr. Trundle, V. M.	80	Cpl. Cameron, W.	519	Dvr. Friend, J. J.
239	Dvr. Turner, W. A.	723	Cpl. Cameron, W. H.	945	Cpl. Games, J. B.
2012	ER/Sgt. Walker, W. S.	334	Sgt. Campbell, A.	1199	Cpl. Grace, E.
448	Tpr. Warton, A.	149	Whr. Campbell, J. A.	1138	Spr. Garford, R.
329	Pte. Waters, G. R.	493	Cpl. Campbell, J. M.	649	L/Cpl. Garsed, E. M.
509	Pte. Williams, C. E.	49	r.A.M. Carey, B. A.	2842	Cpl. Gascard, J. S.
249	Cpl. Webb, B. L.	2160	L/Cpl. Carle, D. Mcl.	406	Sgt. Gillespie, D. J.
382	L/Cpl. Welsh, H. M.	295	Sgt. Chambers, F. A.	2083	Dvr. Gilmour, D.
304	Dvr. Wickenden, J. T.	605	S./Sgt. Cherry, R. R.	234	S.S.M. Gloster, W. E.
598	Pte. Widdy, C. V.	1345	Sgt. Cheyne, J. H. B.N.	2844	Dvr. Gorringe, A. W.
812	Cpl. Wilson, R. D.	1579	Pte. Cleverly, E. G.	1051	Gnr. Grant, W. J.
2569	Bdr. Wood, A. S.	895	C.S.M. Clyne, A. D.	365	Cpl. Gregory, A. J.
595	Sgt. Yells, C. R.	464	Pte. Collatz, H.	2004	Cpl. Greig, W. G.
		388	Sgt. Commons, A. M.	2102	A/Sgt. Groome, M. J.
		805	A/Sgt. Cook, G. D.	1167	Pte. Gully, J.
		183	Dvr. Cooper, F. H.	867	Cpl. Gunn, W. H.
		293	S/Sgt. Corben, H. L.	782	Sgt. Guthrie, J. B.
		1366	B.Q.M.S. Cornish, J. H.	90	Pte. Hacking, J.
		53	Sgt. Corbett, T. L.	2170	W.O. Haxle, W. R.
		568	Pte. Cowell, L. E.	117	C.S.M. Harding, J.
		2827	Gnr. Cridland, L.	543	Cpl. Harmon, C.
		1347	Dvr. Cullen, A. B.	317	Pte. Hastings, J. G.
		2834	Dvr. Cummins, H. A.	92	Dvr. Hatterick, D. D.
		174	Spr. Davis, N. E.	796	Pte. Hayes, W. H.
		309	Cpl. Dawes, L. F.	1405	Cpl. Hayward, E. B.
		409	Sgt. Dawson, C. St. V.	205	Pte. Hedger, J.
		163	Dvr. Dawson, F. E.	232	Pte. Henry, N. H.
		2839	Gnr. Deuchar, W.	5376	Pte. Hewitt, G.
		163	Pte. Dickson, T. P.	159	Spr. Hill, W. A.
		1009	L/Cpl. Dickson, F. A.	569	Sgt. Holwell, G. L.
		186	Dvr. Dobson, D.	570	Dvr. Hill, G.
		785	Dvr. Doherty, W. A.	2849	2/Cpl. Hookins, S. S.

VICTORIA

1330	Gnr. Acreman, A.
296	Sgt. Allen, W. E.
2147	Cpl. Anderson, S.F.
2143	Cpl. Anderson, E. T.
477	Pte. Ashmore, H. E.
2148	Dvr. Bach, T. H.
2076	Dvr. Baird, H. G.
678	Cpl. Banks, J.
772	Pte. Barling, W.
T/847	Pte. Barlow, B. C.
2758	Dvr. Bartlett, B.
413	Sg. Bassett, R. A.
1156	L/Cpl. Beck, G. M.
1495	Pte. Beech, J.
14	Cpl. Billings, H. D.

ROLL OF HONOUR—Continued

207	Sgt. Hope, A. T.	1960	Sgt. Moody, R. V.	603	Sgt. Pola, W.
130	Pte. Howell, C.	2879	Cpl. Moore, G.	633	T/Cpl. Potts, R. P.
1038	Dvr. Hutchinson, L. A.	301	Tpr. Morrison, A. L.	411	Dvr. Powell, J. B.
434	Dvr. Hyde, H.	693	Pte. Morrison, W. S.	233	Sgt. Prest, W. T.
5382	Pte. Hyde, J. T.	1388	Cpl. Morrow, F. G.	1923	Cpl. Pritchard, P. W.
2254	Dvr. Icke, P. W.	1099	Pte. Moss, H. G.	976	Pte. Pullan, H. V.
170	Spr. Ingram, W.	1254	Dvr. Mulholland, F.	594	Pte. Quarrell, L. E.
91	Pte. Irvine, C. J.	376	Pte. Murphy, E.	396	Pte. Renehan, F. F.
2184	Cpl. Jacobs, B. W.	2094	Dvr. Murray, S. W.	154	Gnr. Roberts, H.
131	L/Cpl. Jackson, A. J.	558	L/Cpl. McCabe, M.P.C.	191	Pte. Richardson, H.
2172	Dvr. Jackson, G. B.	23	Q.M.S. McCubbin, W.	229	Pte. Rigbye, W. J.
2121	Pte. Jarvis, W. A.	31	Cpl. McConnel, W. W.	276	Cpl. Sanderson, W. H.
2034	L/Cpl. Jenkins, G. H.	5258	Pte. McKay, H. D.	1056	L/Sgt. Saxton, W. J.
191	W.O. Johnston, A. C.	1833	Dvr. McDermitt, C.	1511	Sgt. Sherringham, G. J.
2737	Dvr. Jondahl, H. W.	297	Pte. McDiarmid, W. C.	1068	Cpl. Sherriff, S. W.
1421	Sgt. Johnson, W. H. H.	1171	Q.M.S. McDonough, S. B.	205	Art. Sies, J.
1946	Dvr. Jones, J. W.	492	Pte. McGeorge, R.	2961	Dvr. Silverhorne, H. J.
1196	Pte. Johnston, J.	2074	Dvr. McGregor, B.	2246	Dvr. Smith, A. H.
686	Sgt. Jeffery, G.	2750	Cpl. McGregor, D. A.	961	Bdr. Smith, E. G.
392	Sgt. Kennedy, J. R.	544	Pte. McIntyre, S.	1191	Pte. Smith, G.
123	Tpr. Keyes, G. E.	1822	Dvr. McKenna, A.	307	Cpl. Spendalove, T.
2934	Dvr. Kinder, A.	1080	Cpl. McKenzie, M.	760	Cpl. Stanford, J. T.
256	Pte. Kirsopp, A. G.	113	W.O. McLaughlan, W.	1953	Dvr. Stewart, N.
2867	Dvr. Kyle, T. A.	12B	Cpl. McLean, R. W.	2467	Dvr. Strawbridge, R.
347	Dvr. Lack, J. T.	248	Pte. McLeish, L. J.	1942	Dvr. Steyerman, H.
936	Sgt. Lawry, W. J.	626	L/Cpl. McMahon, E. W.	2906	Dvr. Taylor, C.
1068	Dvr. Lawler, C.	646	Sgt. McMillan, J.	668	Dvr. Taylor, J. B.
115	Pte. Lee, G. W.	798	Pte. McNamara, A.	1954	L/Cpl. Teece, N.
665	Sgt. Lewis, A. R.	2876	Cpl. McPherson, D. A.	1126	Pte. Thomas, E. T.
299	Pte. Lewis, T.	2787	Sgt. McPhee, A.	704	Cpl. Thomas, G. R.
38	Cpl. Loughreed, P.	33A	Pte. McSmith, W. H.	217	Dvr. Stratton, P.
1163	Pte. Lucas, F. N.	949	L/Cpl. Newbound, G.	2202	Gnr. Taylor, N.
2063	Spr. Lycett, W. D.	624	Pte. Newton, T.	973	Cpl. Thompson, W. D.
2169	Dvr. Maloney, J.	318	Sgt. Newton, J. E.	198	Sgt. Turner, A. R.
707	Dvr. Manallack, K.	986	Dvr. Nisbe, J.	404	Pte. Vanderzee, R. A.
96	Pte. Manders, P. V.	3243	Gnr. Newman, A.	111	Dvr. Ventriss, G. E.
2090	Dvr. Mann, H.	762	C.S.M. Nowotna, A. H.	272	Pte. Vorherr, P. A.
1207	Gnr. Mansell, L. W.	1091	Gnr. O'Neill, J.	456	Cpl. Wardley, F. I. J.
1253	Dvr. Marstin, J. W.	650	Gnr. Oliver, L. L.	2008	Pte. Williams, L. W.
65	2/Cpl. Marum, T. F.	321	L/Cpl. O'Toole, W. E.	238	Pte. Williamson, H. G.
2096	Dvr. Matthews, H.	1094	Gnr. Parer, L. J.	173	Pte. Wilson, C.
445	Tpr. Mathews, H.	991	Pte. Parker, F. S. K.	240	Spr. Winters, H. F.
1035	Cpl. Matthews, J.	1473	Cpl. Parker, H. F.	2495	L/Cpl. Wood, L. J.
215	Sgt. Maurice, L. E.	473	Pte. Parnell, S.	2229	Sgt. Worle, L. V.
925	B.Q.M.S. May, W. R.	470	Sgt. Passmore, A. A.	3502	Bdr. Wrigley, F.
1427	Sgt. Maywood, E.	30	Pte. Pata, J. A.	1501	Dvr. Wright, T.
291	C.Q.M.S. Merritt, F.	879	Cpl. Peachey, G.	871	Sgt. Wardle, E.
748	Pte. Miles, H. W.	953	Pte. Pennefather, L. H.	1529	Gnr. West, A. E.
3509	Bdr. Miller, C.	2030	Pte. Phillips, G. C.	406	Sgt. Wallace, G. H.
171	Pte. Milne, A. H.	52	Pte. Phillips, H. A.	51	Cpl. Watkins, W. F.
916	Spr. Mitchell, F.	282	Pte. Phillips, W.	1112A	Cpl. Willis, W. E.
207	Cpl. Mitchell, L. J.	413	Dvr. Phipps, P. B.	845	Pte. Zelman, A.
733	Sgt. Monaghan, E.	163	L/Cpl. Pilley, H. W.		
60	Cpl. Moncur, H. G.				

ROLL OF HONOUR—Continued

S. AUSTRALIA

819 Dvr. Allan, F. A.
 388 Sgt. Allchin, F. E.
 1113 Sgt. Armour, R. D.
 802 Dvr. Blake, F. H.
 114 L/Cpl. Burzacott, P.
 883 Spr. Blunt, E. K.
 1133 Sgt. Brackenridge, G.
 727 L/Cpl. Bradford, S. C.
 1131 Sgt. Bullinge, E. S.
 11 A/Bdr. Butt, H. M.
 2658 Sgt. Button, H. R.
 171 Pte. Churton, A. R.
 2789 Sgt. Cocks, A. C.
 1081 Pte. Datson, J. H.
 2659 Cpl. Dixon, W. R.
 701 Pte. Dowd, W. J.
 676 Pte. Fildies, H. A.
 1087 Dvr. Edmonds, G. W.
 578 Pte. Fennell, D.
 1053 2/A.M. Ford, G. K.
 240 Cpl. Gardner, R. C.
 2661 Pte. Green, D. T.
 828 Sgt. Hannam, H. R.
 65 Dvr. Hardaker, H.
 501 Pte. Harley, G.
 216 Sgt. Harris, R. O.
 877 Dvr. Hayes, R.
 145 Cpl. Herber', P. C.
 40 Cpl. Hill, W. E. L.
 851 Cpl. Hornhard, L. J.
 1029 Sgt. Huselius, E. F.
 10A Sgt. Hutton, A. S.
 519 Dvr. Jackson, R. F. H.
 15 Pte. Judd, D.
 1057 L/Cpl. Kay, J.
 1063 Dvr. McInnes, R. R.
 1072 Dvr. McKnight, R. C.
 628 Pte. McNiece, C. J. G.
 56 Pte. Mackey, H. O.
 1075 Pte. McCutcheon, A. D.
 567 Pte. McMahon, N.
 2662 Sgt. Medley, J. J.
 861 Pte. Milne, L.
 2071 Cpl. Mitchell, F. J.
 217 Sgt. Mooney, J.
 293 Pte. Moore, A. S.
 1162 Pte. Murray, W.
 601 Pte. Newman, R. H.
 8444 Dvr. Osborne, R. L.
 172 Sgt. Odgers, V. P.
 130 Pte. Pearson, R. A.

576 Sgt. Possingham,
 W. H.
 185 Sgt. Rogers, P. T
 800 Sgt. Reed, A. I.
 1179 A/Sgt. Spooner, W. J.
 363 Pte. Wells, R. C.
 1103 S/Sgt. Yeates, J. A.

W. AUSTRALIA

689 Pte. Allan, W.
 990 Pte. Allen, E. G.
 471 Sgt. Atkinson, L. H.
 1370 L/Cpl. Baylis, R. H. M.
 1204 S/Sgt. Bennett, C. A.
 633 L/Cpl. Bennet, A. G.
 3051 2.A.M. Caesar, P. R.
 874 Sgt. Chapman, F.
 1795 A/Bdr. Clifton, R. A.
 644 Sgt. Clouston, J. H.
 884 Pte. Corin, W. L.
 22 Pte. Corry, J.
 1820 Gnr. Costello, T.
 893 Pte. Courtenay, E. W.
 253 Pte. Davenport, A. J.
 169 C.Q.M.S. Davidson,
 A. R.
 141 Cpl. Denton, J. A.
 30 L/Cpl. Dow, A.
 255 Sgt. Elliott, D. R.
 172 Sgt. Fewster, W.
 21A Pte. Fincher, W. C.
 165 Pte. Fosdick, D. B.
 592 Pte. Fraser, W. H.
 182 B.S.M. Freeman, T.
 1815 Sgt. Goodall, J. D.
 917 Cpl. Goodman, W. A.
 194 Dvr. Hastings, R. J.
 438 Sgt. Holmes, L. J.
 447 L/Cpl. Jarvis, C. I.
 1238 Pte. Jeffries, C. F.
 763 Pte. John, W. A.
 937 Cpl. Johnson, F. W.
 967 Cpl. Keast, J. R. T.
 207 Pte. Kilgour, P.
 1903 Sgt. King, S. A.
 1149 Pte. Lewis, F. M.
 709 Pte. Laning, C.
 799 Cpl. Larnder, C. W.
 150 Sgt. Latham, W. L. St.
 C.
 209 Pte. Mullane, W.
 391 Cpl. Munro, W. H.
 2689 Cpl. Murray, J. B.

577 Cpl. Naulty, C.
 1322 Cpl. Neal, A. V.
 1163 Pte. Elson, J. P.
 320 Pte. Noble, T. A.
 1171 Pte. Pitts, H. E.
 3071 Gnr. Porteus, F. H.
 396 Pte. Priestman, T. Z.
 937 Pte. Ratkie, L. H.
 1878 Sgt. Robinson, M. W.
 346 L/Cpl. Roche, M.
 351 Pte. Rowe, E. E.
 171 L/Cpl. Roscoe, W. F.
 98 Pte. Scott, J. R.
 1266 S/Sgt. Shoesmith, W.
 1263 Pte. Steele, A.
 15123 Pte. Taylor, C. T.
 3518 Gnr. Taylor, L. G.
 237 Dvr. Tomkins, A. J.
 240 Cpl. Thomas, W. G.
 843 Pte. Unsworth, F. W.
 246 Pte. Woodwood, F.
 892 Cpl. Geiger, A. E.
 213 Pte. Sadler, G. E. M.

TASMANIA

101 2/Cpl. Allison, V. H.
 374 Pte. Bantick, E. A.
 420 Sgt. Bellinger, A. F.
 1949 Cpl. Bennett, L.
 523 Sgt. Blyth, W. O.
 1203 L/Cpl. Bracken, H. J.
 203 Pte. Clayton, C. E.
 926 A/Sgt. Colbourn, R. F.
 75 Er/Sgt. Crawford, R.
 W.
 399 L/Cpl. Crook, C. A.
 1980 Gnr. Duke, N.
 408 T.R.S.M. Fisher, W. N.
 1010 L/Cpl. Fox, R. F.
 384 Dvr. Geary, A. E.
 2056 Gnr. Hart, O. R.
 1421 Pte. Honeysett, L. R.
 5219 S/Q.M.S. Hodson, G. H.
 304 Cpl. Jubb, C. C.
 2325 Sgt. Kilmartin, J. T.
 510 Sgt. Laphorne, R.
 1060 L/Cpl. Lawler, C. E.
 5263 Cpl. Lahmann, J.
 259 Sgt. Miller, F. R.
 661 Cpl. Ponsonby, F. H.
 1939 Bdr. Priest, C. J.
 335 Pte. Ralph, L. I.
 2037 Gnr. Reid, M. M.

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YOU HAVE DONE FOR THE
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"And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states."

CHRISTMAS 1918.

"As You Like It."—Act v.



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