

THE  
FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS  
AND OTHER VERSES

By  
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*NX 6925, 1st Div., R.A.E., A.I.F.*

THIRD EDITION.

*Illustrated with  
Official War Photographs  
by the Dept. of Information,  
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Dedicated to my two sons  
PTE. LAURIE BEROS  
(a Prisoner of War in Italy)  
and  
A.C.1 CECIL BEROS  
(of the R.A.A.F.)

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## TO THE PEOPLE OF AUSTRALIA.

In these verses I have tried to show life as I see it in the A.I.F.—the heartaches, humour, laughter, and pluck of these sons of Australia, with whom I have spent some of my life under conditions where the real manhood comes out.

I hail from a sister Dominion, Canada, where people are of similar stock to Australians, but I am now Australian in ways and outlook.

I have worked in W.A., S.A., Q'ld. and N.S.W. I was a miner, employed by the State Coal Mine, Lithgow, at the time of my enlistment.

Some things, mostly small things, live forever in the mind. I remember one time we were putting a bridge over a fast stream to get the wounded out. We were under Jap fire. When the job was finished, two sappers tied a piece of thin bark across, near the middle. Another, astride a stick and with bayonet held aloft, rode along to cut the "ribbon"—de Groot fashion. Even a high officer who was there had to enter into the joke.

Another time, an Arab was praying on the side of a road as we were marching by. One chap said, "I suppose he is asking Allah to send us home." His mate answered, "I hope he soon takes notice then."

A very deaf digger, lying with others when the Japs were only a few yards away, handed the sergeant a grenade and in a very loud voice said, "Give the b—— this for luck."

Padre Burt was left behind to look after and later bury three wounded men. Two died during the night and were buried. The third sat up and demanded breakfast early next morning. That man lived.

In Queensland, after we came back from the Middle East, the 2/16th Battn. opened the new latrines with fine speeches and the band in attendance.

One chap, who was shot through the cheeks, told the sisters they would be jealous of his dimples.

A private in New Guinea asked a chap for a match about 4 a.m. The "chap" turned out to be a Jap. It is hard to say who got the bigger fright.

I gave a pair of medical forceps, taken from a Jap R.A.P., to Major Macdonald. He was killed shortly afterwards when Soputa was raided.

I remember asking four big fellows to help a cobbler and myself to place a log over a deep stream. They said they could not, as they were a General's bodyguard. General Vasey called them to put their Tommy guns down and help. He did also and got wet to the armpits.

I remember Native police boys calling him very big Taubada.

In Tartus, Syria, we were living in a vault where old Crusaders were buried. We had some "rhum" (the "h" in it seems to stand for hell). It disappeared in the night—another thing the Crusaders will have to answer for.

One high Lebanese paid a wonderful tribute to the Australians. He said: "They drink a lot, they gamble a lot, they are kind; but the greatest thing of all is that they do not molest our women." Most boys I have met, no matter how wild, have in them a great love for their mothers.

NOTE: I am a field engineer. Now, the engineers' motto is "We make and we break." That is, we build or destroy as the occasion demands. We lay the bangalore torpedoes to destroy barbed wire, de-louse mines and booby traps, so that infantry can advance.

We destroy enemy ammunition dumps, guns, tanks, etc. We build pontoon bridges to get troops or vehicles across rivers—or, as in New Guinea, flying foxes and wire swing bridges. We are followed later by the Corps Engineers, who build more or less permanent structures. In some cases we use collapsible boats and row the infantry over, going backward and forward till they are all over. We make roads, tank-traps, gun-pits, weapon-pits; build huts, picture shows, etc.; repair motor trucks; sink shafts; put in sewers; build underground head quarters and R.A.P's.; lay mines, booby traps; place barbed wire; dispose of bombs.

In some cases we do wharf work, man ships, and do any rigging jobs. We are also trained as infantry and carry all types of small weapons. The bulk of the engineers are tradesmen; myself, I am my Section's miner. So you see, on any type of work we have some men who know what to do. After a while, most sappers can do nearly any job that turns up.

An engineer officer must hold an engineering degree. We carry architects, draughtsmen, first-aiders, storemen and accountants, as well as tradesmen. Sappers are sent in small parties to do or supervise work with different units. In New Guinea we made landing grounds and aerodromes, tracks for mules and men, stairs up steep grades, widened the main road and pass from Moresby, built tank-stands at the hospitals and con. camps and did the plumbing. When on withdrawals we destroy bridges, roads, railways and engines, blow up dams and wells—in fact, anything to gain time and hinder the enemy. The "bush artillery" of Tobruk was thought out by Sgt. E. Stienbeck, an engineer, now with the 2/24th Battn. At one time he took Fritz's mines and set them in our own mine fields. He also de-loused the Itie's mines and hung their fuses on their barbed wire.

My present Company are nearly all P.O.W's, for they landed us in Java just before it fell, after serving in the Middle East.

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I am indebted to Chaplain T. R. Burt of the "——" Battalion, who advised me to put these poems into book form; also for his criticism. I thank the "Courier Mail," Brisbane, for bringing me into the public eye through publishing "The Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels." Thanks are also due to the "Australian Women's Weekly," which gave me credit for this poem.

SAPPER H. BEROS.

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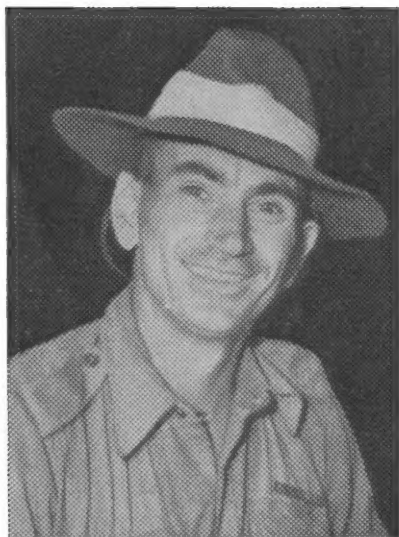
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*(Official War Photographs)*



THE AUTHOR,  
SAPPER H. (BERT) BEROS.



## FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS

*Dedicated to Sapper Victor Cooke, "—" Field Coy, R.A.E.*

Many a mother in Australia,  
When a busy day is done,  
Sends a prayer to the Almighty  
For the keeping of her son,  
Asking that an angel guide him  
And bring him safely back—  
Now we see those prayers are answered  
On the Owen Stanley Track.  
For they haven't any halos,  
Only holes slashed in their ears,  
And their faces worked by tattoos,  
With scratch pins in their hair.  
Bringing back the badly wounded  
Just as steady as a hearse,  
Using leaves to keep the rain off  
And as gentle as a nurse.  
Slow and careful in bad places  
On the awful mountain track,  
The look upon their faces  
Would make you think that Christ was black.  
Not a move to hurt the wounded,  
As they treat him like a saint;  
It's a picture worth recording,  
That an artist's yet to paint.  
Many a lad will see his mother,  
And husbands wee'uns and wives,  
Just because the fuzzy wuzzies  
Carried them to save their lives  
From mortar bombs, machine-gun fire,  
Or a chance surprise attack,

To safety and the care of doctors  
At the bottom of the track.  
May the mothers of Australia,  
When they offer up a prayer,  
Mention those impromptu angels  
With their fuzzy wuzzy hair.

*Written 14th October, 1942, at Dump 66, the first Range of the  
Owen Stanley.*

---

We were making steps up a very steep grade to enable the carriers to get out the wounded from the Iorabaiwa ridge. Seeing the way the natives looked after the wounded, Vic. said to me: "There'll be a lot of black angels in heaven after this." Next morning I wrote the "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels." The original I gave to my gunya (igloo) mate, Sapper Jack Smith, of Sydney, and the first copy to a native boy on the trail.

## KOKODA

*Dedicated to the "—" Battn., the first troops to advance into  
Kokoda.*

Long days in brooding jungle,  
With never glimpse of sky,  
Pale phosphorescent gleaming  
As fire-flies flutter by;  
Then from the gloom emerging—  
Kokoda lies below,  
A prospect of enchantment,  
And scented breezes blow;  
Kokoda—wild and lovely—  
Where fairies seem to stray,  
And mountain streams make music  
As in the glen they play.  
Now war has come to blast you  
With bomb and shell and flame—  
Yet flowers some woman planted  
Are blooming just the same—  
Like symbol of the beauty  
Awaiting our return  
To well-remembered places  
Where home fires brightly burn.

---

The homes of the Kokoda planters were burnt ruins, but the gardens were in bloom. I was with a party of Engineers sent to the Kokoda 'drome to search for mines—the first after the Japs left. We passed through these lovely deserted gardens.

## WHEN IT'S SPRINGTIME ON THE CLARENCE

*Dedicated to Sig. Doug. Stokes, of Maclean, and Alf. Watts.*

There are jacarandas growing,  
And they make me think of home,  
With the lazy Clarence flowing  
Through the fields of fertile loam.

When it's springtime on the Clarence,  
There the jacarandas bloom,  
When it's springtime on the Clarence  
I pray that I'll be home—  
To hear the butcher's chortle\*,  
The jackass laugh again,  
When it's springtime on the Clarence  
And there's feather on the cane.

For it's spring and harvest-time again,  
And Harwood† starts once more;  
The river punts are full of cane  
As in the years of yore.

When it's springtime on the Clarence  
The monster tides make spray,  
When it's springtime on the Clarence  
The mullet leap and play;  
And farmers start to plough, and it's  
The time for tilling cane;  
When it's springtime on the Clarence  
The young corn shoots again.

Oh, take me from this rainy isle  
Of brooding mystery,  
And drop me where the sunshine smiles—  
Where the Clarence joins the sea.

When it's springtime on the Clarence  
There's the humming of the bees,  
When it's springtime on the Clarence  
Garlands blossom on the trees;  
And sweet perfume is everywhere—  
The wattle golds again—  
When it's springtime on the Clarence  
Wild flowers the grasslands stain.

With the lazy Clarence, drifting  
Past its islands small and large,  
That's the place where I'll be shifting  
When I get the last discharge.

When it's springtime on the Clarence,  
Then all is fair and green,  
The wild birds in the Moreton figs,  
The water's dappled sheen;  
When it's springtime on the Clarence  
Nature's music fills the air;  
To be there in the springtime  
Would be answer to my prayer.

\* "Butcher's Chortle": Butcher bird's song.

† "Harwood": A sugar cane mill on the Clarence River, N.S.W.

---

This was part written in Middle East and finished later in New Guinea. I saw jacarandas growing in the jungle and thought about the Clarence, where I had cut cane years ago.

## TO THE MOTHERS OF THE WORLD

Oh! you Mothers of the world, can you lift your  
eyes and see  
The sons born of your travail, whom you nursed in  
infancy,  
See them bearded, dirty, hungry—maimed and slain  
by bomb and shell,  
Living worse than lowly animals, in a wretched  
man-made hell?

Can you see the battle graveyard, where the sons  
you bore are laid?  
Can you hear their little footsteps as around your  
door they played?  
Can you hear their squeals of pleasure, can you hear  
their moan of pain?  
Oh! you Mothers of the world, do not let it come  
again.

For the hand that rocked the cradle—and you  
future Mothers too—  
Don't you want a say about it? For it's really up to  
you.  
You must use your hard-won franchise, must  
demand your woman's right,  
When the peace again is with us, help to make it  
water-tight.

Put the Mothers in the limelight, help to run the  
sad old place,  
For the mess that man's made of it will forever him  
disgrace;

Man who ran the place for ages thinks he still  
should hold the rein—  
Get yourselves upon the pages, when the peace  
comes round again.

*Written in the swamp before Buna.*

---

I wrote this after seeing young men, looking ninety years old, starved and sick and wounded; also Japs living among dead of their own. A Digger of the "——" said to me: "If only their mothers could see them now—there would be no more war." This man also asked why so few suffer so much for so many.

## JUNGLE JUICE

*Dedicated to the —th Div. Concert Party, especially S/Sgt. Len James, late of the Tivoli, Sydney.*

An epidemic hit the camp, it travelled fast and loose,

It was started by a liquid with the name of Jungle Juice;

The reason why it started? There wasn't any beer,  
For the Diggers hadn't a drop for over half a year.

The tried and seasoned drinkers were positive they knew

A really bonzer recipe, a dinkum rip-snort brew:  
Prunes, rice and raisins, mixed with tins of fruit,  
And when it started working it was a proper beaut.

They bottled their concoction, but thought that it was dead,

So they dropped a little Persil in, to give the brew a head;

The news ran round the place like wildfire: Someone has some grog!

For grog attracts the Digger, just as water does a frog.

Then some grew great moustaches, thick and long and loose,

Where they could hide a small supply of fiery Jungle Juice;

When you saw some fellows acting like banshees in the dark,

They'd been lapping up the Jungle Juice to give themselves a spark.



When you met your unit padre, with eyes so big  
and bright,  
Trying to talk love to you, or maybe start a fight,  
Knowing more than Blamey—he's an ace and  
Tom's a deuce—  
You could bet he was a Johnny Woodser soaking  
Jungle Juice.

A big grey rat came snooping round and ate a J.J.  
cork,  
That's how he was found next day, because he  
couldn't walk;  
A cassowary tried it, too, and gave his mates a shout,  
They made like hell for the Stanley with feathers  
inside out.

Then the devil paid a visit, and found their hiding  
place,  
Said: "This stuff is good for devils, not the human  
race."  
He marshalled all his cronies, who opened wide  
their throttles  
To heat their hot interiors with Jungle Juice from  
bottles.

The brewers in the morning, broken-hearted, found  
the proof  
Of the thieving devil's visit by the imprint of his  
hoof;  
When they found their booze all vanished, then  
loudly did they wail,  
The devil he got tantrums and sparks flew off his  
tail;  
He swore they'd stole his patent—and drinking it  
as well—  
So he cursed the J.J. recipe, to make it act like hell.

The M.O.'s soon became alarmed, decided things to  
fix,  
For they knew that if they didn't they'd be left  
with lunatics,  
They wouldn't have a Con. Camp, but a giggle  
factory;  
Perhaps some day they *will* have beer for likes of  
you and me.

*Written at Thorpville Con. Camp, Xmas Day, 1942.*

### A LAD OF THE "——"

He was riding on a stretcher, pale and weak from  
loss of blood,  
As the fuzzy wuzzies bore him through a sea of  
stinking mud;  
He was very badly wounded, but never sign he gave  
Of the pain that he was suffering—Oh, God, how  
he was brave;  
I gave him taste of water and a smoke to cheer him  
up,  
He said, "Thanks, old timer, I'll be there to hear  
the Cup."

•  
*Written near Myola, Papua.*

---

The "——" will never forget the track from Templeton's  
Crossing to Myola. In places the mud was 2ft. deep.

## IS IT FAIR?

*Dedicated to Ex-Private —.*

To-day I met a cobbler, he was right down on his  
    luck,  
He only had his right hand, his left was in Tobruk,  
And the pension that they gave him, in exchange  
    for battle scars,  
Wouldn't buy a politician's drink, or keep him in  
    cigars.

That day we well remember, when the world was  
    set aflame,  
How they gave their fiery speeches, to go if we were  
    game,  
And the promise on returning, a deal both fair and  
    square,  
But like a lot of other things, it turned out not so  
    fair.

For now they've come back home again, blind and  
    maimed and halt,  
The pittance that is given them, one would think it  
    was their fault.  
We fellows often wonder if there's honour in the  
    land,  
By the way our mates are treated, like the man who  
    lost his hand.

*Written in Sydney, after meeting my cobbler, following an absence of 18  
    months. I last saw him in Qastina, Palestine.*

## SERGEANT PAUL ROSS ROBINSON

*Dedicated to his Mother.*

When he was a baby they christened him Paul Ross,  
In life's test he was pure gold, without a trace of  
dross;

For War's a true assayer to prove a man's a man—  
He showed it in the Middle East as later 'gainst  
Japan.

In the steaming jungle mountains where man has  
seldom been,

He led his small patrol, in where the sunlight's never  
seen;

Cut off from the Battalion—the Japanese they  
knew

Controlled the main dividing ridge—they had to  
hide from view.

Thirteen days he led them on, through moss and  
jungle mud,

Up tortuous hidden pathways, o'er rivers' tumbling  
flood,

The men were weak from hunger, so tired they  
hardly slept—

Yet Paul, like bygone chieftain, his clan together  
kept.

When one collapsed exhausted on a narrow mountain shelf,  
Paul put him on his shoulders—though almost spent himself—  
And carried him. Nor laid his burden down when boulders tripped,  
And jungle growth impeded steps and vines his body ripped.

He bore his wounded comrade up when he was all but done,  
That was the kind of man he was, this Paul Ross Robinson.  
And back in South Australia his name 'twill e'er be blest,  
This man who sleeps near Buna, where other heroes rest.

The men who knew and loved him will miss him from the squad,  
But know that they will see him, when warriors meet their God;  
If legend is correct there'll be an honoured place for Paul  
In that resting-place for heroes—Valhalla's special Hall.

*Written at Thorpville Con. Camp.*

---

I knew Paul in Cootamundra, Queensland, when we were doing defence work before going to Papua. He was a very big man, big of heart and liked by all. I wrote this by request for his friend, Sgt. John Gilbert, of Adelaide.

## THE COLOURED DIGGER

*Dedicated to Private West, "—" Brigade, A.I.F.*

He came and joined the colours  
When the War God's anvil rang,  
He took up modern weapons  
To replace his boomerang,  
He waited for no call-up,  
He didn't need a push,  
He came in from the stations  
And the townships of the bush.

He helped when help was wanting,  
Just because he wasn't deaf;  
He is right amongst the columns  
Of the fighting A.I.F.  
He is always there when wanted,  
With his Owen gun or Bren,  
He is in the forward area,  
The place where men are men.

He proved he's still a warrior,  
In action not afraid,  
He faced the blasting red-hot fire  
From mortar and grenade;  
He didn't mind when food was low,  
And we were getting thin,  
He didn't growl or worry then,  
He'd cheer us with his grin.

He'd heard us talk Democracy—  
They preach it to his face—  
Yet knows that in our Federal House  
There's no one of his race.  
He feels we push his kinsmen out,  
Where cities do not reach,  
And Parliament has yet to hear  
The abo's maiden speech.  
One day he'll leave the Army,  
Then join the League he shall,  
And he hopes we'll give a better deal  
To the aboriginal.

*Written at Donadabu Rest Camp (near Moresby).*

---

Pte. West was an aboriginal, who fought the Japs in his own tribal way. To avenge his aboriginal cobbler who was killed in the Owen Stanleys, he went naked and stalked the Japanese machine-gun pits, into which he hurled grenades. He died from illness after the campaign. He is well remembered by the men of the 7th Brigade, A.I.F.

## SQUABBLE

You ask for volunteers to fight,  
And win a glorious victory;  
You stand upon a box and skite  
About our British destiny.

While soldier's pay remains the same  
As when our grand-dads fought the Boer;  
The Digger plays the dirty game  
And pays the highest price of war.

While in our seven parliaments  
They argue—and the war gets worse;  
The Diggers don't want compliments,  
But just a bit more in the purse.

There's lots of them could work a Bren  
And help the soldiers bear the brunt,  
Forfeit well-paid jobs, and then  
Assist the fellows at the front.

Let *their* wives live on two pound two—  
Rear children on a bob a day;  
They'd have their work cut out to do  
And hold their own on service pay.

Hitler burnt his parliament,  
And gave the lot of them the sack;  
He stifled all their discontent,  
And none of them could answer back.



But in our own Australia fair  
They only argue, talk and brag,  
And patience gets the worse for wear  
As we are left to hold the bag.

So wake up, politicians, now,  
This is time to prove your steel;  
Or to dictators learn to bow  
And start to practise saying "Heil!"

*Written at Mughasi, Palestine.*

---

Answer to a controversy in the papers from Home.

## WORDS

*Dedicated to my one-time Major—now Brigadier—Irwin,  
known to us all as "Frankie."*

Snow is on Lebanon's heights,  
It is a wintry clime,  
So we have taken a language course  
To while away the time;  
*Mars selemi* means "good-bye,"  
*Siheeda* "How do you do";  
There are other words we should not know,  
Which are so easy, too.

*Written at Badaoui, Lebanon.*

---

Major Irwin started language courses for us—French and Arabic—but the Japs coming into the war put an end to it.

## THE LOST PATROL

With sunken eyes and hollow cheeks,  
And faces covered with hair,  
Equipment hung on skeleton frames  
And Robin Hood suits they wear;  
Slowly, painfully, step by step,  
In slimy, oozy mud,  
Lame and halt are many of them,  
Their bandages dry with blood.

A lost patrol of Australia's sons  
Of a battle-scarred brigade,  
That gallant band the Range defied—  
What an effort they made.  
Twenty-two men for twenty-two days,  
No rations or cover at night,  
In torrential rain in the jungle green,  
Cut off from the rest in fight.

Half their weight, they staggered on,  
Hope burning in their breast,  
Wondering how the fight went on  
And what became of the rest;  
Step by step on the Owen's top,  
While the eerie jungle slept,  
Some of them were too weak to climb,  
So over the top they crept.

When the night beetle started to screech,  
Wearily they lay down,  
To fitfully dream of a Melbourne home  
Or some other Victorian town;

The thought of food would colour their  
dreams,  
Or a glass of foaming beer,  
For the will to live burnt strong in them—  
The spirit of pioneer.

When the bell-like note of the butcher bird  
Woke them up at the dawn,  
They started off on their weary plod  
And climbed with the sun at morn;  
Up grades that are three in one they climbed,  
In the clinging mountain mist,  
To some bald knob, where wild yams grew  
In the place where the sun had kissed.

Then down again to the rushing streams,  
Wading over the stones,  
They ease their backs from foodless packs,  
And bathe their aching bones;  
Then on, each weary day the same,  
The nights with phosphorus gleam,  
To fall asleep and dream again,  
Only ever more vivid the dream.

At last, up the slope of Imita Ridge  
And over Dysentry Flat,  
But the men of the lost patrol don't mind—  
They've smelt worse things than that.  
Help was there at that splendid corps  
Known as the A.M.C.,  
To food and rest, to care of the best,  
They bore them tenderly.

For twenty-two days in the jungle hell,  
Where moss it deadens the tread,  
The twenty-two men came out of it  
Like corpses back from the dead;  
They may not get honours on their chest,  
Or letters after their name,  
Yet they'll be remembered in the hearts of us  
As men who tested the flame.

---

We saw these men come out of the jungle at a place called Dump 44, not far from the "Golden Staircase" between Ura and Uba. They came across a track we were making and had not had a smoke or hot drink for over 14 days. Sgt. Jack Maxwell, of Queanbeyan, gave them a packet of 20 cigarettes—two did not smoke, so they just went round. Some of the lads were killed later at Gona. Such is War.

## LAND OF MY FOREBEARS

*Dedicated to Spr. C. A. Wright of Benalla, Victoria.*

Oh! Land of my forebears, like lone beacon light  
That shines unafraid in the darkness of night,  
A bright gleam of hope in the black of despair—  
Land of my fathers, I wish I was there.

To be there in your trouble, just so I could feel  
Your tungsten of thought that toughens your  
steel—

The steel of your courage—the faith never lost,  
You weather the struggle, whatever the cost;  
Though boughs may be broken, the trunk bears  
the strain,  
And after the tempest they flourish again.

Land of my forebears—the downs and the wealds,  
Quiet country lanes and the peaceful green fields;  
The hills with their heather, the braes and the  
lochs—

The homeland of Taffy—have taken the shocks.  
Like ramparts of granite—and tough are the  
Scotch.

Battles unequal you've won without stain—  
And now you are fighting for freedom again.  
No tyrant can conquer, no upstart displace,  
The land of my forebears—the home of my race.

*Written at Ferry's Post, Ismailia, Egypt.*

## THE BOY OF THE SECOND "——"

*Dedicated to his folks.*

Will you see my folk when you get the chance  
And tell them I went O.K.?  
See also the girlie I met at the dance  
Before we sailed away.

Put the old ground-sheet under my head,  
Straighten my legs a bit;  
My spine is done, the doctor said,  
It throbs where the shrapnel hit.

Roll me a smoke for the last time, sport,  
And give it to me alight—  
I rolled him one of the old boong sort,  
I placed it in lips gone white.

A butterfly came with wings like plush  
Of brilliant hue and rare,  
A bird came and sang in a nearby bush  
A melody sweet and clear.

I gazed at the face of the beardless lad,  
Now drawn with the searing pain,  
And the bird song changed to a note so sad  
As it sang with a faultless strain.

Did he know that death was in the glade,  
With sickle poised ready to fall  
On the lad who lay there never afraid—  
Smoking and waiting his call?

I wondered, then, if the coming age  
Will realise the truth;  
Will it be written on history's page  
What Australia owes to youth?

The sun shone down on a grassy dell,  
In a place where a shell had struck;  
I'm going, Goldie, old man—farewell—  
Give me your hand—good luck.

I dug the grave for my fighting friend,  
My heart was heavy and sore;  
War made us pals, yet made it end,  
And his years were not yet a score.

He's resting now between mountain streams,  
Where cool is the evening air;  
Bird songs and cascades sweeten the dreams  
Of the boy who lies buried there.

*Written in Koitaki, Papua.*

---

His cobbler was Pte. Golding, of Victoria, who was with him when he died near Ura Creek, in the last action before Kokoda. These lads shared a pipe between them. They had gone to the Middle East together with the —th Division. The boy was then 16 years old and was fathered by Pte. Golding all through that campaign.

## ARACK

*Dedicated to Sgt. Joe Williams, 7th Division, R.A.E., A.I.F.*

To a robed and ancient Arab in a burnose of fine silk  
I went, and asked why arack mixed with water  
turns to milk.

You're a stranger from Australia, I will tell to you,  
my son,  
How old Adam was entrusted with the vine, when  
Time'd begun.

For Allah did enroll him as the Keeper of the Vine.  
When the grapes by sun were ripened, he could turn  
them into wine.

But one morning, to his sorrow, lots of leaves had  
dropped away,  
So Adam on the morrow to his Maker went to say:

"With a vine you did entrust me, and it now is on  
the wilt,"

"Get some milk from any female, have it at the vine  
root spilt."

This order he was given, through the jungle then he  
went,  
Came across a mother lion, he had tracked her by  
her scent.

Adam spoke and stroked her kindly, the beast was  
not afraid,  
There and then he milked her—he became the first  
milkmaid.



He did as he was ordered, and the vine with flourish  
grew—

But again it started failing, so Adam sought anew.

He caught a mother monkey by a gift of nuts and  
fruit,

With the monkey's milk he hurried, and again the  
vine did shoot.

Then he weeded, pruned and watched it, till the  
grapes began to form,

And he built a breakwind round it to protect it  
from the storm.

Once again the vine grew sickly, Adam's heart did  
nearly break,

For he couldn't find a female and his future was at  
stake;

But coming to his cave one night found there a  
farrowed sow,

As he put aside the piglets Adam said I'll milk her  
now.

So proceeded he to milk her, and he gave the sow a  
feed,

To his precious vine he hurried, and his heart was  
light indeed.

Then he loosed the earth around it with the aid of  
pointed stick,

Once again the vine grew healthy, never more again  
was sick.

When at last the grapes were ready, Adam put them  
in the press,

And the drink that he was making even Adam  
couldn't guess;

He distilled the mighty Arack—'twas a drink for  
ancient kings!  
With the kick of all the donkeys and a thousand  
insect stings.

For you'll find them in it, stranger—in the wonder-  
drink Arack,  
It's the same for any human, be you white or brown  
or black;  
Let it trickle on the palate, down the gullet smooth  
as silk,  
In its smoothness and its colour feel how it has  
turned to milk.

With a real good nip of Arack, man has lion's  
courage true.  
But he jabbars like a monkey after he has had a few.  
For the old monk's milk is in him when he's acting  
like a monk,  
And his manners are the old sow's when you see him  
really drunk.

---

Arack is liquor distilled from grapes—very potent and fiery  
and smells strongly of aniseed. It has many uses: as a fuel for  
primus stoves, for cleaning off paint and as an impromptu  
antiseptic. I once saw an aluminium dixie, the bottom of  
which had been eaten through by arack.

In Syria the natives have "caches," high up on the mountain  
sides, where snow is stored. In summer they go up and bring  
it down—to put in the arack cup. The arack is poured on to  
the snow and sipped. Walnuts and dried figs are eaten with it.

Arack goes milk-coloured when snow or water is added.  
It was greatly appreciated by some of the troops when the  
snow was on the ground. The Syrians also had a sort of rum  
called "RHUM." The boys said the H was the hell in it.

## THE SPUD BARBER'S LAMENT

*Dedicated to Sapper Peter Humphries, 7th Division, R.A.E.  
Headquarters.*

The war looked mighty ugly, might continue on  
for years,  
I thought I ought to stop it, so I joined the "Ginger-  
beers";  
High port, on guard, jab and withdraw,  
I'd watched them in the army charging harmless  
bags of straw.

Before I joined the A.I.F. I thought I'd handle guns,  
Instead I've peeled the spuds and onions—tons and  
tons and tons—  
Washed rows and rows of dixies, where they cook  
that army stew,  
Scrubbed table-tops and miles of benches—that's  
the job I do.

Or slicing miles of bread for sappers, dishing out  
their grub,  
I'd be better down in Sydney as a slushy in a pub;  
Now I wasn't full of bombo\*—no woman told me  
to—  
I've been sorry—so will Hitler—there's a day he's  
going to rue—  
It's the day that I enlisted, 'fore I knew the pros and  
cons;  
If I could have my pick again, I'd ask to join the  
W.A.N.S.

*Written at Tamworth Camp.*

\*"Bombo" means poor wine.

## A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS SON

*Dedicated to Sgt. Jack Flanagan, —th Battn., from Lilydale,  
Victoria.*

I stand and watch you, little son,  
Your bosom's rise and fall,  
An old rag dog beside your cheek,  
A gayly coloured ball.  
Your curly hair is ruffled as you  
Rest there fast asleep,  
And silently I tip-toe in  
To have one last long peep.

I come to say farewell to you,  
My little snowy son.  
And as I do I hope that you will  
Never slope a gun,  
Or ever hear dive-bombers and  
Their dreadful whining roar,  
Or see or feel their loads of death  
As overhead they soar.

I trust that you will never need  
To go abroad to fight,  
Or learn the awful lesson soon  
That might to some is right,  
Or see your cobbles blown to scraps  
Or die a lingering death,  
With vapours foul and filthy  
When the blood-flow chokes the breath.

I hope that you will never know  
The dangers of the sea.  
And that is why I leave you now,  
To hold our liberty,  
To slay the demon War God  
I must leave you for a while  
In mother's care—till stars again  
From peaceful heaven smile.

Your mother is your daddy now,  
To guard your little ways,  
Yet ever I'll be thinking of you both  
In future days.  
I must give up your tender years,  
The joys I'll sorely miss,  
My little man, farewell, so long,  
I leave you with a kiss.

*Written by request for men convalescing at the Thorpville Con. Camp,  
Papua.*

---

Jack Flanagan wrote to all the next-of-kin of men of his section who fell in the campaign. He is good company and does little sketches for his cobbles. He is a Baptist lay-preacher.

## AUSSIE ANGELS

*Dedicated to Sister Wallace, "———," Koitaki, Papua.*

As I was dreaming fitfully through watches of the  
night  
Of tinkling bells of camels far away,  
A friendly voice addressed me through the net:  
"Are you all right?"  
I saw a Sister there—so fresh and gay.  
She was one of Aussie's angels, who've come out  
to nurse us chaps—  
They bring with them a lovely scent of home;  
They help us to forget the swamps, the mountains  
and the Japs,  
And make us wish we'd not been forced to roam.  
They smooth the ragged edges off a life lived in the  
rough,  
We watch our speech, and shave, and comb our  
hair;  
Although we are just Diggers and we tell you we  
are tough,  
We are really not, if there's a woman there.  
Our thoughts go back to home again, to women and  
their ways,  
And little things they do that mean so much—  
The things we took for granted in the good old  
peaceful days,  
Before we met artillery, bombs and such.  
For months no sight of women for these gaunt and  
hungry men,  
Now these bonnie nurses, eyes alight with mirth;  
We forget the war a while, and things like Tommy  
Gun and Bren,  
And we thank God we have women on this earth.

## A MOTHER'S WELCOME

*Dedicated to Spr. Ikey Dent. That every Digger loves his  
mother can be seen by the souvenirs he buys.*

As I lay down to sleep on old mother earth,  
With the stars shining brightly above,  
My thoughts travel back to the land of my birth,  
To my home and the ones that I love.

I'm dreaming to-night of the friends left behind,  
I remember my playmates again,  
And scenes of my childhood come crowding to  
mind,  
As I puzzle old memory's chain.

But the best of them all is my dear mother's face,  
With her fond eyes and smile full of joy;  
Though another has come, she still has her place  
In the heart of her wandering boy.

A sweetheart or mother may stand at my side,  
There'll be love in my heart for the two;  
But the love of a mother is chockfull of pride,  
No matter just what I will do.

How often I wish I could turn back the years,  
Say my prayers once again at her knee,  
And see the war ended, its tortures and tears,  
And know mother's welcome for me.

*Written at Tartus, Syria.*

## NOSTALGIA

*Dedicated to Sgt.-Major Don Burns, 2/6 Field Coy., R.A.E.,  
A.I.F.*

It's springtime now in Aussie,  
There'll be miles of growing corn,  
But I am in the Holy Land,  
The place where Christ was born.  
I've walked along the cobbled streets,  
The same that Jesus trod,  
I'd rather feel the springy turf  
Of good Australian sod.

The lovely scent of wattles  
Will be carried in the wind,  
And the smell of eucalyptus,  
In the land I've left behind.  
And lucerne in the paddocks  
Will be waving fronds of green,  
And everywhere the bush land  
Will be sprouting verdant sheen.

I do not like the eastern land,  
And never will their smells,  
I do not like the men-folk,  
And their sheilas are not belles.  
I've read about the Eastern Sheiks,  
Romantic class of men,  
Well, the old boys I've seen round these parts  
Last washed in 1910.



You ought to see their trousers,  
They make the fellows laugh,  
I wonder if they understand  
Our good old Aussie chaff.  
I do not like the Eastern smokes,  
And don't go on their wine,  
A quart of dinkum Aussie beer,  
Just now would suit me fine.

I've also seen the wailing wall  
Where Jewish people cry,  
The flagstone floor is very worn  
By feet, as time slips by.  
How I wonder why they do it,  
But then the East is queer,  
They'd send them west to Orange,  
If they did it over here.

I've seen the Sea of Galilee,  
Where Jesus stopped the storm.  
But I'd rather be in Bondi,  
Where the surf is clean and warm.  
I've seen the Mount of Olives,  
The Jordan and the plain,  
But I would swop all Palestine  
For Lismore's charms again.

I've seen the little village  
Where Jesus raised the dead,  
And where He fed the multitudes  
With fishes and with bread;  
They're still a hungry, cadging lot,  
And always on the beg,  
I wonder how they'd tackle good old  
Aussie steak and egg.

You ought to see their shepherds  
    With half-a-dozen sheep,  
A squatter wouldn't have them,  
    If they worked for just their keep.  
I write this 'neath an Eastern fig,  
    Beside a water hole,  
And wish it was the Moreton Fig,  
    Beside an old bush school.

The Mullah calls his flock to prayer,  
    The camel man dismounts.  
A call "The Aussie Mail is Here"—  
    Ah—that's the thing that counts.  
I know now how the lambing went,  
    The twins are doing fine,  
The mail has eased my discontent—  
    I don't mind Palestine.

*Written in Palestine, after a tour of the Holy Land.*

## THE LONE BRIGADE

*Dedicated to all the "—th" Australian Brigade—men whom  
Haw-Haw nicknamed "Rats."*

The "———" Divvy's lone brigade,  
Sons of the Commonwealth;  
Lean and brown and unafraid,  
The —th, the —th and —th.  
The doughty men of Wootton's command  
Learnt their trade in blood and sand;  
Famed Tobruk they helped to hold  
Through burning days and long nights cold;  
Flies by day, at night the chats;  
Haw-Haw sneered and called them "rats."  
They used to listen to his skite,  
But showed him rats could really bite.

Then Tojo started out for fame,  
To Aussie's territory made claim.  
He met the "rats," now turning grey,  
Who trounced his hide at Milne Bay.  
Then on to Buna went these men,  
Defeated Nippon's pride again.  
They kicked him from Endiadi Point,  
And wrecked his precious little joint;  
They belted up his yellow brats—  
The men whom Haw-Haw nicknamed "rats."  
Forever will live the name he made  
The glorious "——th's" lone brigade.

*Written at sea on the S.S. "———" returning from New Guinea.*

## THE FELLOWS OUT ON STRIKE

*Dedicated to Sgt. Jack Maxwell of Queanbeyan.*

When you're serving in the jungle,  
Your shirt rots on your back,  
Your shelter is a gunyah,  
You're living like a black.

Bully beef and biscuits,  
No sugar in your tea,  
You haven't any blades to shave,  
Your face is whiskery.

Your news comes by the mulga wires,  
You hear it all disputed;  
You're weary, oh, so weary,  
In an army phrase—you're rooted.

The body, it says rest a while,  
And let's call it a day;  
But somehow you keep going,  
For that's the soldier's way.

You talk about your Aussie,  
The tucker you would like,  
How you would swap your possie  
With those fellows out on strike—

Who growl when cigarettes are scarce,  
And say they're badly treated;  
We look in our tobacco tins  
And find they are depleted.

"They" growl when beer's restricted—  
We haven't *any* beer;  
We wonder how "they" would get on  
If "they" were over here.

Our holidays are far between,  
And luxuries unknown;  
If "they" don't like the job "they" have,  
We'll swap theirs with our own.

*Written at Myola, North Coast, Papua.*

---

We were making a bridge across a creek to get the wounded to the Medical Dressing Station at Myola. Letters from home brought newspaper cuttings telling of strikes for more tobacco, etc. We were bitter at this news. Men with us hadn't had a smoke for more than a fortnight and had been living on biscuits and powdered milk—when we could get it—otherwise on emergency rations. The courage of the wounded men was magnificent. They never winged or blamed anybody, though there were so many. They had to wait for care and share the few comforts that came. Medical supplies and ammo were the first consideration on the planes coming in.

## SANDY CREEK

*Written for the 2/4 of the R.A.E., who were "Rats of Tobruk."*

They took us out of Adelaide so we couldn't give  
    'em cheek,  
And dumped us in a hollow in a spot named Sandy  
    Creek;  
One day they took us rowing, it was a proper treat,  
And when they brought us back again they  
    marched us off our feet;  
They jammed us there, ten men in a tent, we never  
    got faloose,  
But we had a bit of fun one night, when the  
    "butcher" plucked the "goose."

---

"Faloose" is Egyptian for money. "Butcher" and "Goose" were two of the boys who had a fight one night in Sandy Creek, after coming back from the Middle East (Tobruk). "Goose" was a swarthy, stockily built chap, whom the Tommies had put in an "Itie" prison compound once, by mistake, thinking he was an Italian. Another time a Tommy officer interrogated him on a mine-field and demanded to see his meat ticket. The "Goose" is now a Sergeant.



Greeks and Aussies celebrate the arrival of the A.I.F. in the land of Plato and Homer. The Australians were fresh from their desert victories over the Italians. There was never any doubt about the way these soldiers of an old and a young democracy hit it off—our men knew they were among friends immediately. The gallant Greeks have since suffered for their defiance of Hitler—but their day is coming, as surely as the sun rises.



Wouldn't it! A donk lives up to his breed's reputation for stubbornness. There's still a place for four-footed transport—even in mechanised war. During the early fighting in Greece, when Australians were defending the Serbic Pass, donkeys were used extensively to pack food and ammo up to places inaccessible to wheels. This one doesn't seem to like the idea too much, but the Digger gives him  
a little good-natured encouragement.





The Rats of Tobruk—Lord Haw-Haw's abusive epithet became a term of highest praise as this "doomed" garrison kept the enemy at bay for more than 200 days, while Axis forces controlled the desert around them and Rommel's panzers rolled on to the gates of Alexandria. Here a group of Diggers is eating a meal—garnished with sand, no doubt—in a shallow trench. Ground hereabouts was hard and stony, making deep trenching impossible.



Native porters carry wounded Australians across a mountain stream. Sapper Beros has paid eloquent tribute to the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels, whose faithful service has saved many lives during the New Guinea fighting. The picture also gives a clear impression of the nature of the mountain country and the difficulties involved in moving troops and supplies in New Guinea—a problem partly overcome by the use of air transport.



"Kindness in another's trouble" would aptly describe the grand work of the Salvation Army during the New Guinea campaign. Here an officer of that organisation lights a cigarette for a wounded man, whose stretcher has been put down for the moment. In these faces—of the soldier, the man of service and the native bearer—we see the comradeship that draws men together when the false distinctions of civilisation have been stripped away.



Mud, mud, mud on the "road" from Kokoda to Buna. Note the abandoned Japanese bicycle—there was no use for it here. Besides being wet, both overhead and underfoot, it was stinking hot in this area. Notice that only one of the four men seen above is wearing his tin hat. The Diggers came to prefer their felt hats to the bullet-proof kind—just one of the rules of warfare that were thrown overboard in New Guinea.



A Digger snapped beside his Tommy gun in a front-line "trench" on the perimeter at Gona. These men had fought their way across the Owen Stanley and run the Japs to earth on the north Papuan coast. The heat here was frightful; men were completely dazed with the blinding blistering rays of the equitorial sun. Alternately the rain fell in sheets; this and seepage from the swamps filled the shallow holes they sheltered and slept in.



Padre A. E. Begbie commends to the Almighty the souls of men he helped to bury at Gona. A cross, made by lashing two pieces of wood together and bearing the name of the man who lies below, marks each grave. Padres walked across the Owen Stanley Range with the men, bringing them spiritual comfort in their hours of trial, helping the wounded and cheering the sick. They discounted their own hardships; did all they could to help.

## THE CROSSES ON THE KOKODA TRACK

*Dedicated to young Anzacs.*

We pass the crude wood crosses on the wild Kokoda  
trail,  
They mark the graves of soldiers who have died that  
we won't fail;  
Australia mourns her sons to-day, who were so  
strong and manly,  
They sailed away with buoyant hearts, to die on the  
Owen Stanley.  
They're resting on a jungle peak, 'neath canopy of  
trees,  
And near them, just beside the track, are graves of  
Japanese  
Who met our men in battle for their greater Asia  
plan,  
And now beneath the jungle lies a dream of old  
Japan.  
Destroyed by sons of Aussie when they met the  
Rising Sun.  
Rest on, rest on, Young Anzacs, yours is a job well  
done.  
So we leave you on the mountain, with its canopy  
of cloud,  
As the leafy boughs hang o'er you—an everlasting  
shroud.

---

These graves are mostly of men of the "——" and "——"  
Battalions and are at Butchers Hill, near Iorabaiwa, on the  
Owen Stanley Ranges, Papua.

## THE GIGGLE SUIT

*Dedicated to Spr. Les. Nibill, Wyalla, South Australia,  
3rd Rly. Construction Coy., R.A.E.*

A Digger on his Final, in a busy Sydney street,  
Met a bonzer sheila, with ways so coy and sweet.  
He said "Where are you going?" She said "The Old  
Time dance—  
Would you like to come along?" He said "I'd like  
the chance!"  
And so they waltzed the evening out, till morning  
hour was near,  
She said "Please Digger take me home, I'm feeling  
rather queer."

"Oh, come inside a little while, I'll make you some-  
thing warm;  
The air is cold, the clouds are black, it looks just like  
a storm."  
She turned on him a lovely smile, her eyes were full  
of tears,  
The Digger had not seen a look like that for many  
years.  
And then, of course, he went inside (I would have  
gone myself),  
For he was getting old, you know, and almost on  
the shelf.

She fitted on his tunic, put on his digger hat,  
She quizzed inside his pay book, she was shrewd  
enough for that.



And so he stopped his seven days with that blondie  
she,  
At shows and hops and surfing too, as happy as  
could be.

And when the time for parting came her tears fell  
like the rain,  
"Oh Digger, dear, my hero, when will I see you  
again?"  
He said "Don't call me hero, dear, I'm just your  
Digger Jack,"  
She thought—I will not marry him in case he does  
come back.

"Oh Digger, leave me everything," and so he said  
"Of course,  
I've already sold my station, but you can have my  
horse,  
My pay book, all I have is yours—you really are a  
beaut,  
But there's one thing I won't give you—and that's  
my GIGGLE SUIT!"

## PRAY NOT IN VAIN

*Dedicated to Jack French, V.C.*

The silent men who lie below,  
In Flanders' fields where poppies grow,  
Have heard again the bugles blow;  
The grind of war and martial tread,  
Among the crosses at their head;  
And when they hear that sound again,  
They sob to know they died in vain.

Will we their sons who fight once more  
On desert sands and jungle shore  
Be wasted, like our sires before?  
Will sacrifice and blood and tears  
Return again in thirty years?  
Have those who died on land or main—  
Or in the air—done so in vain?

Or will the bloody banner of Mars  
Be buried deep and hide the scars?  
And peace last longer than the stars?  
Will the glorious dead who died in war  
Then know it's peace for evermore?  
And lust and might rise not again,  
That they who die, die not in vain?

---

There were a bunch of men at the "—" Medical Dressing Station at Myola debating the subject of war; some were for and some were against it. I listened to them and later wrote this. The "—" Medical Unit owned Iorabaiwa Joe, the famous parrot which was rescued from the natives. The fuzzies had plucked out his feathers. Iorabaiwa Joe travelled across the Owen Stanleys upon the shoulder of Corporal J. C. McNicol. He ate army biscuits.

## RED CROSS SISTER

*To a little Adelaide sister on the —————*

A pink chart hanging within arm-stretch—  
It's just above my eyes here at the head;  
I took it down and out of boredom scanned it,  
And read about me—all the things it said.

Zig-zag lines and funny little symbols,  
Notes the sister jots down now and then;  
I wonder if she knows she's so attractive,  
She must have turned the heads of many men.

She's only small, but she is very active;  
I watch those red-caped shoulders flitting by,  
And wish that I was young and better looking—  
So I might get an answer from her eye.

---

I had pneumonia on the ————— going over to Middle East. I never found out her name, but she may remember me as the man who said he came from the Isle of Man.

## THE MAN I'D LIKE TO SHOOT

*Dedicated to Sgt. Rusty Burke, 2/4 Field Coy., R.A.E., A.I.F.*

I never got mixed up in brawls, to quarrels I was  
deaf,  
I led a peaceful life until I joined the A.I.F.  
I never read of murders or of slaughters in the  
papers,  
In fact I was a peaceful chap and didn't care for  
capers.  
But Hitler, he got going and he got me off my bike,  
Because he did a lot of things I didn't really like.  
So I learnt to stagger bridges, and how to wreck a  
train,  
The way to set those booby traps and raise the very  
cain;  
Build bridges over rivers and the way to trap a tank,  
With explosives I have handled I could wreck the  
Union Bank.  
I've learnt about the Lewis Gun, with rifle I am  
grand—  
But why this change has come in me, I fail to  
understand.  
I never thought I'd get like thus, but now I'd like  
to shoot  
The thieving dirty mongrel who has pinched my  
GIGGLE SUIT.

---

My giggle suit was pinched one morning whilst I was on guard at Tamworth; also my giggle hat, size 8½. No one would believe that a man could be low enough to pinch a giggle hat.

## GOOD-BYE, NEW GUINEA

*Dedicated to all the men who served in New Guinea.*

Australia, we are coming, we will soon be leaving  
now,  
So we'll say good-bye, New Guinea, before we  
make our bow;  
We see the tangled mountains, raising finger-points  
to God,  
Jungle hides the rough-hewn stairs our weary feet  
have trod.

A bastion strong you proved to be, defending our  
fair land,  
We thank your fuzzy wuzzies who gave us helping  
hand;  
Your slippery muddy pathways, your mochers and  
disease,  
Helped us stop the onrush of the clever Japanese.

Effogi to the Imita they overplayed their hand,  
Our reinforcements sent them reeling from the  
promised land;  
There tumbling streams make music, softly borne  
on mountain breeze,  
And gentle sounds of mating doves are heard  
beneath the trees.

There loveliest tropic butterflies, of every colour  
sheen,  
Like strips of flying velvet brighten sombre jungle  
green;  
The little friendly fireflies, that break the dark of  
night,  
The fungus in the undergrowth with phosphor-  
escent light.

The scented trees with gorgeous flowers, the orchids  
fine and rare,  
The beauty of the Rona Falls, with any can  
compare;  
The bower birds' playgrounds in the moss, and birds  
of paradise,  
Mother Nature guards them well, for man must  
pay her price.

On Buna's flats you'll see them, gold specks in the  
soil,  
Near the rubber and coffee plantations; where the  
natives toil;  
In the villages Kekenos will sing their old refrain,  
When the yellow men are vanquished and peace is  
back again.

One time we did not like you, with your rainy  
afternoon—  
But did your blazing sunsets, the glory of your  
moon;  
The crisp air of Myola, the cold creeks of the lake,  
The calling of the bell-birds when day was on the  
break.

We leave behind our comrades, with their names  
upon the cross,  
They are resting in your keeping, and we know  
you'll guard our loss;  
They are lying in the jungle, where the ground is  
seldom trod,  
And in the warm wet coast-lands, beneath the  
Kunai sod.

We leave you now, New Guinea, with a friendship  
fast and right,  
May the hand-clasp ever strengthen of the com-  
rades brown and white;  
In Australia's hour of peril we found your men  
were true,  
Good-bye, good-bye, New Guinea, may the great  
God prosper you.

*Written at Ishatabu, on the high level just above Rona Pass, about 25 miles  
from Moresby.*

## GOOD-BYE, MIDDLE EAST

*I dedicate this to my old Coy., 2/4 Fd. Coy., R.A.E.*

We'll often think of Egypt, the Pyramids and  
Sphinx,  
The lands about the Suez, the Wog towns and their  
stinks.  
We'll think about the leaves we had in Haifa, Tel  
Aviv,  
The customs of the people and the funny ways they  
live.

We'll call to mind the bars there and the sorts we  
bought a drink,  
How they charged a hundred bloody mils for water  
coloured pink.  
She'd sit down at your table for a friendly little  
chat;  
You'd ask to take her home, but no, she's not a girl  
like that.

We'll remember, when on guard, how we'd hear  
the jackal dogs,  
We'll remember how we had to watch those sneak-  
ing clifty wogs.  
They'd steal your rifles while you slept, the blanket  
over you,  
You never heard them creeping in that land of Wog  
and Jew.



Woe on you if boots weren't shined when you were  
in a street,  
The boot-shine boy would whine, till he was  
rubbing at your feet.  
The feeds we had embellished with a glass or two  
of beer,  
The wily baksheesh merchant who was always  
trailing near.

We'll remember steak too tough to chew—the meat  
was never tender,  
They'd bring you just a sample, unless you were a  
spender.  
But the bill was never sparing—it rocked you  
through and through;  
That's what we'll remember of the Land of Wog  
and Jew.

*Written on S.S. "———" going to Bombay from the Middle East.*

## THE BUM

*He is no stranger—you've met him.*

He bit you for a drink and now you brag you've  
knocked him back,  
A while ago he was your equal—a proud son of  
Anzac;  
Nearly thirty years ago he donned a uniform like  
yours,  
And did a man's job fighting in the first of free-  
dom's wars;  
He was once a worth-while cobbler, game as any  
you may know,  
The French a medal gave him in a muddy, bloody  
show;  
He did a sergeant's duty in the battle of Messines,  
Two mentions in despatches while he still was in his  
'teens;  
In that knock-out blow we gave 'em, just before  
the show closed down,  
They awarded him a D.C.M. and above his stripes a  
crown;  
He was loved by all who knew him, a comrade  
straight and true,  
A sorry wreck of what was him now cadges beer  
from you.  
Unemployment, ailing missus, bills he could not  
pay—  
Rewarded him for what he'd done, the years he'd  
spent away;  
When death released his wife from pain, Jim  
quickly took to grog,

Now he's begging money and some treat him like a  
dog;  
For you see he lost his will-power, and went the easy  
way,  
So, sonny, take a lesson, he was once like you to-day.  
Who knows what blood and slaughter really do  
inside a bloke—  
It hurts to see a cobber always drunk and stony  
broke.

*Written in Adelaide after we returned from overseas.*

## NEW GUINEA

*Dedicated to Sapper Victor Edwy-Smith, "——" Field Coy.,  
R.A.E.*

Wet through daily, every stitch,  
Skeeters, sand-flies, Mocher Itch,  
Wait-a-while vines that scratch like hell,  
Vacant Jap camps—awful smell—  
Hills with steps and mountain spurs,  
Stinging trees and poison burrs,  
Barking frogs and jumping ones,  
Shrieking beetles, sound of guns;  
Fire-flies, glow-worms and the snakes,  
Hunger, fever and the shakes,  
Dysentery, diarrhoea and scabs,  
Ticks, fleas, flies, rats and crabs;  
Headache, tinea, belly pain—  
The Diggers fight in this campaign  
Not only treacherous Japanese  
But elements and dread disease.

*Written at Soputa, Papua.*

## SNOW

*Dedicated to Sgt. "Snowy" Kerr, of the Desert Column,  
1915-1918.*

It's the cemetery of Beersheba, now the dust begins  
to stir,

For a Khamsin starts a-blowing as I think of Snowy  
Kerr;

He was my mining cobber, whom I knew in days  
gone by;

In this hallowed acre men he knew and loved, in  
slumber lie.

I conjure up a picture of the old light horse Brigade,  
And I see, in one quick moment, the brave hot  
charge they made;

They are resting from their battles, 'neath the  
crosses neatly ranged,

Where their names will live forever, in memory  
unchanged.

I thought of him in Syria, when I tasted Eastern  
brew,

And things that I indulged in, just like Snowy used  
to do.

I would like to change the Khamsin, for the cool  
Bedourie blow

In the far north-west of Queensland, have a drink  
again with Snow.

---

I visited the cemetery at Beersheba with a lad from Dubbo. His elder brother had been killed at the charge of Beersheba in 1917; his mother had asked him to get a photograph, if possible, of the grave. We found it, beautifully cared for by the Australian War Graves Commission. I thought of my old mining mate, Snowy Kerr, and the tales he told of Beersheba.

## A LITTLE PART OF GIPPSLAND

*Dedicated to the teacher and children of Boisdale Estate  
State School, Victoria.*

I'm longing and I'm dreaming of the place I left  
behind,  
There's a little part of Gippsland that I love;  
The red gums on the flatlands, where the Avon's  
waters wind,  
Raise their leafy heads to heaven high above.  
The stringy barks have ribbons swaying gently in  
the breeze,  
There are massive sculptured iron-barks on the  
rise;  
And starlings are a-nesting in the hollows of the  
trees,  
While rosellas are a-mating with their cries.  
I picture now the clearing and the school\* that I  
once knew,  
Where the spotted gums wear dapples like a mare,  
Where emerald green's the meadow and the skies  
above are blue,  
And the lovely scent of box-trees fills the air.

---

\* This little school sent me a parcel and letters when I was in New Guinea. It has 24 pupils only. They grow and sell vegetables, hold bazaars and concerts, and the money gained is used to send presents to service men. My friend, Sapper Bill Graham, comes from this district.

Allan State School, Queensland, has since adopted me also. I get a great thrill out of receiving and answering letters from these kiddies. The teachers tell me that the pupils have learnt a great deal about New Guinea and the Middle East from my letters.

## THE CON. CAMP TURKEY

There was a fine young turkey, with a spirit light  
and gay,  
Who grew to tender plumpness on a farm in  
U.S.A.;  
They fed him well and fattened him before him  
they did slay,  
Then put him in a freezer and despatched him far  
away—

To the wild isle of New Guinea, to the Con. Camp  
at Thorpville,  
To be the Christmas dinner for the soldiers who'd  
been ill;  
The cook then gently basted him, his inside he did  
fill  
With crumbs and spice and onions, then slowly on  
to grill.

He was cooked so brown and beautiful, and put  
inside the chest,  
It was near approaching 12 p.m. when cook went  
off to rest;  
But a dirty thieving rotter came, a proper fiftho\*  
pest,  
He came around the place that night—a scoundrel  
we detest.

He came and shook that turkey from the men back  
from the fight,  
He was the type of fellow who would sneak about  
at night;

A mongrel in our ranks, he thinks that he is just  
alright,  
But some day he will make a slip—and get an  
awful fright.

We'll treat him worse than Tojo, whose agent he  
must be,  
We'll roast him like the turkey bird, so slow and  
evenly;  
Or use him on the long mad mile for boys of the  
I.T.B.  
As a warning to all thieving cows, whoever they  
may be.

\* Fiftho: Fifth columnist.

*Written at Thorpville Con. Camp, Papua—named after Major Joe Thorp,  
a doctor from Claremont, Queensland.*

---

This turkey weighed about 24lbs. and was sent to us through  
the Australian Red Cross, from the U.S. Red Cross.

## WX ——— UNKNOWN

*Dedicated to his mother.*

We knew he came from the western State,  
Though to us he remained unknown;  
For the WX was marked in his hat—  
The rest a mortar had blown.

We buried him there on a mountain spur,  
Where the trees are draped in moss;  
We thought of the mother, no news for her  
Of that irreplaceable loss.

Just a boy he looked, with his snowy hair,  
As we laid him down in the clay;  
The padre's voice was low and clear,  
No others had words to say.

Yet we knew a mother would watch and wait  
For a letter sent by her boy,  
How she would dream of the things he did,  
How his first words caused her joy.

And as he went off to school or game  
He'd wave her fond good-byes,  
Just as he did when the great call came,  
And the hot tears hurt her eyes.

Perhaps she will know in some unknown way  
Of that little rugged cross,  
The remains of her hero under it lay,  
Where the trees are draped with moss.



We cursed the heathens who stripped the dead,  
No pity on them can be shown;  
We marked his cross so it can be read:  
"WX Unknown."

*Written at Nauru, near Menari, Papua.*

---

"WX" means that he was a West Australian. Most likely a "——" Battn. man, as they were in action at "Butchers Hill" (a part of the Ioiba Ridge, so named by the soldiers). The Padre who buried him was going up to the forward area with us; he was later killed at Buna while reading a burial service.

## THE PLAN

*Dedicated to a good cobber of mine, Sgt. Bob Logan  
(a draughtsman) of Newcastle, N.S.W.*

The Great Divine Draughtsman,  
He once drew a plan,  
In lines, contour and colours  
To be followed by man.

But man who is headstrong  
Thought that he knew  
More of the plan than  
The Draughtsman who drew.

*Written at a place known as The 17 Miles—near Moresby.*

## MAN'S INHUMANITY

*By request of the "——" Field Coy., R.A.E., "—th" Division.*

You think you've done your duty to your Empire  
and your King,  
You've eaten flies and suffered dust and eggs the  
stukas bring;  
You've mended wire in no-man's land, blocking up  
the gaps,  
Digging holes and laying mines and setting booby  
traps.

You've laid upon your belly, under fire from hostile  
guns,  
You've chased the poor old dago and you've mixed  
it with the hunns;  
But the stinking Japs began to threaten fair  
Australia's shore,  
So they cram you in a transport and send you home  
for more.

You go as steerage passengers, with pickets on the  
stair;  
"Out of BOUNDS," "Out of BOUNDS,"—you  
see it everywhere;  
And a narrow-souled two-pipper from the last-  
arriving batch  
Goes and crimes you when he finds you smoking in  
a hatch:

The leave you get is seven days for all that you have done—  
For taking more you found you've got field punishment number one.  
You wonder if there's justice in the Great Creator's plan,  
As you quote a little verse of Burns: "Man's inhumanity to man."

*Written at Tenterfield Camp after return from Middle East.*

## AWARDS

The C.R.E.\* stood on the job, a pleased old man was he,  
"The way things are going, I'll get the O.B.E."  
The Major who was with him said: "I make those sappers go!  
The N.C.O.'s must get more done—I'll get the D.S.O."  
Two sappers, who were passing, one to the other said:  
"If they don't give us tobacco soon, we'll all be off our head."

\* C.R.E.: Commander of Royal Engineers. He had charge of three Field Companies and a Field Park. Each Company has a Major as O.C.

*Written at Kokoda, Papua.*

There was an acute shortage of tobacco at this time on the Owen Stanley trek. The ration was 3 men to 1 ounce and 1 pack of paper to each 5 men. There were weeks without any. Most of the men smoked native trade tobacco which had to be bartered from the natives, who were part paid for their services with tobacco and used it as money; especially for gambling.

## TO A VERY DEAD JAP

How dead you are—a small, brown Jap—  
Your bones stretch out your skin;  
The Diggers say: “You’re dead, old chap”—  
Remark that you are thin.

You lie here 'neath a rainy sky,  
The death-glaze on your eyes—  
Observed by all who pass you by  
Along Efogi's rise.

Some mother loved you, or a wife,  
You saw your children grow;  
But how the Reaper claimed your life  
Your kin will never know.

Never to your door you'll stride,  
Or parents welcome you;  
Never will you swim or ride,  
As once you used to do.

It's spring-time in Japan just now,  
But never more for you the sight  
Of Fujiyama's mantle white—  
Or pink that blooms on cherry bough;

Or feel of earth beneath the plough,  
Or scent of camphor-laden breeze;  
For here, beneath strange jungle trees,  
You died—to seal your sacred vow.

---

This dead Japanese was on a rise just before Efogi; he was lying on a stretcher made of two bush poles and a network of jungle creepers. It was a very narrow place; the Jap lay on the edge of a bush-clad precipice. Nearly every Digger who passed him spoke to him, some even shook his hand. Sgt. "Stutch" Stutchbury of N.S.W.—also of my Company—said to me as we two looked at this dead Japanese: "Some mother used to love him."

## THE LADIES OF THE LAMP

*Dedicated to Sister Wells, in appreciation of her kindness to myself and all the others there, who will never forget her.*

In that bitter freezing winter  
With its ice and snow and hail,  
To the wounded of Crimea  
Journeyed Florence Nightingale.  
She bandaged up their wounds and eased  
Their limbs of binding cramp,  
Now her spirit lives forever,  
In the Ladies of the Lamp.

Many a stricken Britisher,  
Their gentle healing felt,  
When wounded or with fever  
In the battles of the veldt.  
On the little Isle of Lemnos  
They were nursing men again—  
Men who'd met the might of Turkey  
In the Dardanelles campaign.

They were there in ancient Egypt  
With its ever-shifting sand,  
To the slush and mud of Flanders  
Came the Rose of No-man's Land;  
And now their gentle hands relieve  
The agony of war,  
For these Ladies of the Lamp are with us  
As they were before.

Once again the desert saw them,  
Once again it knew their feet,  
And we marvelled at their courage  
On the shores of Greece and Crete.  
They knew the bestiality  
And the awful crime of war,  
They did far more than duty  
In the fall of Singapore.

Yes, we love these noble women  
Who are near us when we fight;  
Often hear their quiet footsteps  
As they go their rounds at night;  
Now they're there in wild New Guinea  
With its heat and sodden damp,  
And the sick and wounded warriors  
Bless the Ladies of the Lamp.

*Written at 2/12 A.G.H., Warwick, Queensland.*

## THE SPIRIT OF ANZAC

*Dedicated to my cobbers of two wars.*

Across a thousand memories  
    With a million bitter tears,  
We live again with Anzacs,  
    Looming misty through the years.  
We still remember how you loved  
    And joked and laughed and died,  
We'll always pay you homage,  
    With a nation's humble pride.

You cherished life, like most of us,  
    Yet did not seem to care,  
You gave Australia all you had  
    One day at Sari Bair  
Against the line of Hindenburg—  
    The World knows how you fought—  
Your deeds will live forever  
    From Lone Pine to Bullecourt.

You lie beneath the poppy fields,  
    Your resting-place a shrine,  
In shifting sand or grassy fell,  
    Or 'neath the ocean's brine;  
And now you share Valhalla  
    With the souls of younger ones,  
The spirit of Anzac lives again  
    In yours and others' sons.



In paths that once you proudly trod,  
    They followed on with pride;  
In places you once hallowed,  
    They also fought and died;  
In vast expanse of ocean,  
    On the soil of Crete and Greece,  
In Libya or Syria,  
    They died to bring us peace.

On battle-fields much nearer home  
    They died as heroes shall,  
In the jungles of Papua  
    And the lava of Rabaul;  
In the Isles of Indonesia  
    And the rice-fields of Malay—  
Their names will always be with yours—  
    Forever and for aye.

*Written on Anzac Day, 1943, at the 102nd Aust. Con. Depot, Warwick.*

## THE BAR-ROOM BATTLE FRONTS

*Dedicated to my old Section Sgt., Jim "Bluey" Birss, a piper  
in the N.S.W. Scottish Regt., now of 2/4th Field Coy., R.A.E.*

Travelling the countryside, you know just what  
they are,  
Their line of occupation, if you step into the bar.  
In heavy-timbered country, where the giant logs  
are sawn,  
Round the scattered station districts, where sheep  
are being shorn.

Up in Northern Queensland now, they'll be cutting  
cane,  
Down the wheatland places, they'll be lumping  
golden grain.  
And in the coalfield country, hewing at the face,  
Placing props and slabs around, in their working  
place.

Then about the goldfields, driving in the lode,  
And in the cattle country, a droving on the road.  
In the big construction gangs, whispers of the track,  
Spiking down the sleepers, enough to break one's  
back.

Here in teeming cities, where they spoke of nags  
and dogs,  
Conversation's altered now, it's all of Jews and  
wogs,  
The A.I.F. is home again, right where they were  
before,  
Again lined up before the bar, all talking of the war.

See them drawing sketch maps with a beery finger,  
You shall learn a thing or two, if you care to linger.  
Bits of cigarettes and matches help to build a plan,  
Listen to geography from a soldier man.

Here by Mount Olympus we held him quite a treat,  
Over by this bottle-top the Kiwis had him beat.  
He got through the Yugoslavs just about this stick,  
Then he heard us moving—boy—did we do it  
quick!

After that he kept on coming, bombed us off our  
feet,  
Till the navy gave a hand and got us on to Crete.  
When he chased us on the Crete, we lost our food  
supply,  
And you know a man must eat, so scrounging round  
was I.

Then upon that Isle of Doom, he turned a proper  
blitz,  
Fed up and far from home were we, pasting us was  
Fritz.  
They came dropping from the sky, just like blanky  
hawks,  
We saw many of them die, still I hear the squawks.

Paratroops and yellow flares, blimey what a mess,  
How we ever got back here you would never guess.  
Then some mug keeps chipping in: let's have one  
for luck,  
See this corner of the bar. it's my version of Tobruk.

Here's the Marco Polo—here, over by this butt,  
Behind this ridge, right on this spot, I tried to build  
a hut,  
It was just a dirty dug out, full of rats and fleas,  
This smear is Wadi Odor, these matches mark the  
trees.

There we have the bakery, and here the petrol  
dump,  
We all would be in hell now, if she had got a bump.  
Here's the old distillery, not wine or gin, but water,  
This pot is the Ities' Church, not even cracked its  
mortar.

Edmondson he won his cross, just over by this ledge,  
He's standing by the monument, up beside this edge.  
This glass here's the monument, the architect was  
Sands,  
Built by the Engineers, with skill and loving hands.

This is where they gave us hell, we were coming out,  
Now I'm getting dry old-timer, what about a  
shout?  
Yes, I'll put across again, still can raise a deena,  
You went on to Dier Ser Neid, we went to Qastina.

Off we went to Syria to chase the blanky Frogs,  
I was making roads up there, standing over Wogs.  
We had a go at Arack there, a drink we didn't  
know,  
And it put us on our backs, when shandied well  
with snow.

Over here is Baalbeck, with those pillars tall,  
Here we have the I.P.C. where we played football.  
Lebanon with Cedars—it took some getting there,  
Tripoli and Beyrouth girls made us stand and stare.

Back we came to Palestine, back to rooky class,  
Wishing to get home again, slow the days did pass.  
The O.C. worked some leave for us, he's not a bad  
old gaffa,  
A day or so in Tel-Aviv, a wander down to Jaffa.

Then to Tewfik Port we went, marked close beside  
this stub,  
'Tis a dry old argument, why are we in a pub?  
Talk about the tucker bag, 'twould make an angel  
grouse,  
What about a free one—is this one on the house?

I didn't think she'd do it, boys, but anyway she did.  
You see that fellow over there, I owe the cow a  
quid;  
I borrowed it in Alex, before the handicap\*.  
Must be going now boys and—thanks so much old  
chap.

\* Our first retreat from Libya was known as "the handicap."

## OUR SERGEANT

*Dedicated to Micky Green's cobbler, Sgt. Keith Nicolls.*

We have a travelling arsenal,  
The tidiest we have seen,  
He is the papa of our tent,  
His name is Micky Green.  
Now back in sunny Sydney  
There is a bonzer blonde,  
Our sergeant used to like her,  
But now she won't respond;  
Our Mick he isn't happy now,  
He's hanging down his head,  
For a letter he is reading says  
That blondie soon will wed.  
His voice has quite a tremor,  
We see that he is sad,  
For he is getting on, we know,  
And blondie likes a lad.  
He's told us of the other ones,  
And lots of them he's kissed,  
He also told us all about  
The snorter ones he's missed;  
And in the bar he'll soon forget,  
When a few beers have been sunk.  
He's a qualified grand master  
Of the "order of the drunk."  
We formed that royal order  
Before arriving back—  
He was the champ. of champions,  
With that Arab drink, Arack.

He comes back in the still small hours,  
He's woolly in the head,  
And Mick will go a-sleeping,  
Drunk, in anybody's bed.  
You might lie in your greatcoat,  
Around your ears a sleeve,  
And dream about the good sort  
You had on final leave;  
You cuddle in the darkness  
To something nice and warm—  
Outside on the desert  
It's blowing up a storm—  
You wake up in the morning,  
A dreaming fool you've been,  
For the form to whom you're clinging  
Is our sergeant, Micky Green!

---

Mick is a native of Forbes, N.S.W., later of Crow's Nest, Sydney. He is a very untidy, lovable man. A bomb-disposal sergeant who loves to find out all about enemy mines, booby traps, bombs, etc. He was  $7\frac{1}{2}$  months in Tobruk as well as 10 months in N.G. "Blondie" was purely fictional girl.

## COMING HOME

*Dedicated to the 2/12 Battn., 2/4 Field Coy., R.A.E., 2/6  
A.S.C., 2/5 A.A.M.C. and 18th Brigade Headquarters.*

We are camped on board a freighter,  
Near the stinking hot Equator,  
The Brigades are going home in fancy style;  
And we moan and curse the heat,  
Keep our quarters nice and neat,  
For the Brigadier is with us all the while.

He's a demon for detection  
When he makes his day's inspection,  
You ought to see him with his hangers-on;  
And for days we've laid at anchor,  
He won't have two-up or banker,  
As we lie in seeing distance of Ceylon.

See the temple domes a-quiver,  
'Neath a sky of bird's-egg blue,  
See the slender palm-trees shiver—  
And they seem to beckon, too;  
The bum boats sail around the ship with souvenirs  
and fruit,  
And in the Lascar quarter a fireman plays a flute.  
It's a song of Mother India we will never under-  
stand,  
As we're pining for the music of a sunny southern  
land.



We wish that we could get some leave and stretch  
our legs on shore,  
We don't know where we're going—and less about  
the war;  
The old ship, how we curse—  
For the tucker's getting worse—  
We'll be glad when we get off this pitching tub.  
To get ashore at Perth, in the greatest land on earth,  
You'll see us make a bee-line for a pub.

As we wander in the parks,  
We'll forget about the narks,  
To see white girls again will make us smile;  
We don't mind if we fight,  
If they'll give us one free night  
To forget this bloody army for a while.

*Written aboard the H.M.T. "———" on the way home from the  
Middle East.*

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This trip was called the "Spitfire Fund" for reasons best known to us. The boys reckoned they ought to buy a Spitfire with the money we paid in fines.

## SHIPBOARD TALKS

*Dedicated to Lieut. Col. Pat Currie, A.I.F.*

We talked about the Island, the jungle, and the rain,  
The Japanese and natives, reviewed the whole  
campaign;

How General Waste still carries on—at times he is  
forgot—

The stacks of sugar, flour and tea, standing there  
to rot.

And all the bikes the Army brought, and took them  
back again;

Perhaps they didn't know New Guinea was a land  
of rain.

And how we had misjudged the Jap, and how our  
leg he'd pull,

Now he's using up against us, our scrap iron, lead  
and wool.

And how we often wondered if the men who sold  
the scrap

Had sons there in the jungle, dodging missiles from  
the Jap;

Remembered how we'd cursed the way some people  
get their wealth,

For money doesn't mean much when you're using  
up your health.

Calm and lovely was the weather, glorious the sky,  
And so we kept a-yarning on, Clarrie, Jim and I.

We talked of coal and mining, of gold and tin and  
zinc,

Of tucker, good and plentiful—and of course we  
mentioned drink.

The way a shell gets on an egg and whiskers on a cat,  
The cost of land and living and other things like  
that;  
Of wool and wheat and timber, of oranges and  
pears,  
Why Orientals sit on cushions, Occidentals chairs.

War and party politics, shipping and the rail,  
These were things we spoke about as southward we  
did sail.  
Of onions and unions and the blokes who gall the  
crowd,  
Of the soap-box and its orators and speeches long  
and loud.

And rocks, the cause of coral and the famed guana  
Isle,  
Of copra, tea and rubber, as we travelled mile on  
mile;  
Of scientists and doctors, and teachers small and  
great,  
And how we learnt to scribble on the humble little  
slate.

Of school days, now so far behind, the struggle for  
our bread,  
Of hunger 'midst plenty—or some such thing was  
said;  
Of gamblers and drunkards, millionaires and bums,  
Of bagpipes and concertinas, flutes and pipes and  
drums.

Of creed and race and colour, the black man versus  
white,  
The Ganges, the Amazon, Murrumbidgee and the  
Bight;  
Of fish and birds and insects, silk-worms and silk,  
Of beer, wine and ice cream, no malt for malted  
milk.

Of women, good or otherwise, who in history hold  
a place,  
Of the ones we know and all we love, as home to  
them we pace;  
Post-war problems, big and small, when we've got  
the sack,  
What will they do for us when they have got us  
back?

Of Roosevelt and Churchill, De Gaulle and Uncle  
Joe,  
Democrats and Communists, can they in harness  
go?  
And why there's class distinction, when we really  
are the same  
In the way we're manufactured at the starting of  
the game.

Why some grow bald, while others flourish chests  
of manly hair,  
Why some are coarse and ugly, while others are  
so fair;  
Why some get up the ladder by pushing others  
down,  
Why some haven't any home and others half the  
town.

The rise and fall of money, like the ocean and its  
tide,  
And lots of other questions with answers long and  
wide;  
How kangaroos get in the pouch, why does the  
jackass laugh—  
Is it because some get the wheat and others only  
chaff?

And why is it the provosts are so little understood,  
Why is it that you hear the bad, but seldom hear the  
good?  
And how is it so many lies of them are oft  
repeated?  
We know they did their duty when the fighting  
force retreated.

Was Jonah swallowed by a whale, or was it just a  
tale  
He told to his old woman after he'd been on the ale?  
And so we yarned all day until the stars shone in  
the sky,  
As we were coming home again, Clarrie, Jim and I.

*Written on S.S. "—————" coming from New Guinea to Australia.*

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The finest O.C. of troops I have met since I have been in the A.I.F. is Lieut. Col. Pat Currie. He was C.O. of the old 11th Battn., W.A., last war. Lieut. Col. Currie gave a talk over the amplifier to us every morning, inspiring and humorous. One morning he said: "You are all a little rough in manner and speech; you now have a week to get yourselves smoothed up so you won't give your mothers, wives or sweethearts too big a shock." He did not believe in unnecessary parades or pickets. There were no fines on his ship. He was often on the decks and would have a chat with anyone of the ranks.

## THE MAN WITH THE GEE-STRING

*Dedicated to Sapper "Baron" Ireland.*

Mr. Blamey's been and seen us, he's been up around  
the front,  
Sending compliments and speeches to the men who  
bear the brunt:  
It's a man's job that you're doing, now you've got  
him on the turn,  
Keep hitting him for liberty, so the torch will ever  
burn.  
But the man who helped to do it, with the load upon  
his back,  
Was the fellow with the Gee-string and a hide that's  
nearly black.  
It was he who carried tucker to the forward area  
men,  
And the victuals for the Tommy Gun, the Rifle and  
the Bren.  
He is very seldom mentioned in this awful thing  
called war,  
But we know he is a king-pin: we've a lot to thank  
him for.  
And in ways he's like a woman bringing in the sick  
and hurt,  
Though we curse and call him "Heathen" if he  
nicks off with our shirt.

*Written at "—" Field Ambulance, Uverl, Papua.*

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Sapper "Baron" Ireland lost his false teeth in the pocket of his shirt when it was stolen. He held up every boong (native) wearing a shirt for a long time after that, but he never got his teeth back again.

## THE RED SHIELD

To the madness of humanity  
Comes a gleam of something sane;  
It's the touch of Christianity,  
Like a balm on burning pain.

It's the Army of Salvation—  
Blood and fire is their creed;  
Doing good for any nation,  
Helping all who are in need.

See their banners always flying,  
At the base or on the field;  
Among the wounded and the dying,  
Men of Christ with crimson shield.

Practising without much preaching,  
Doing little things that tell  
Of the Master and His teaching—  
In the midst of man-made hell.

Giving hope to men grown weary,  
Bringing with them peace of mind,  
Lustre to a world grown dreary,  
Brotherhood to all mankind.

## THE MORESBY MICE

*Dedicated with admiration to the boys of the A.M.F., who  
fought so valiantly against the Japs in New Guinea.*

The Moresby Mice—unused to battle—had to bear  
the brunt  
When Tojo's army got ashore down on the Gona  
front;  
They blew the bridge at Kumusi and fought a  
running fight,  
The dumps and stores they couldn't take along  
they set alight.

At Deniki they were cut off, for war to them was  
strange,  
But some of them at last got through that towering  
mountain range;  
The Japs, they said, have gotten in and now they  
hold Kokoda,  
In jungle fight he beat the white, so far from his  
pagoda;  
There are thousands of his yellow men, like fleas  
upon a dog,  
The jungle road is trampled up and now's a sticky  
bog.

Their tucker, too, was running out—no bully, tea  
or rice—  
A merciless baptism for those Chocko Moresby  
Mice;



They'd battled hard and grimly, 'gainst those  
stealthy foes unseen—  
A strange and baffling task for men who'd come in  
almost green.

They know that awful track so well—they'd  
walked it mile on mile—  
And when the A.I.F. arrived you should have seen  
them smile!  
Tojo, old man, their message ran, you've run right  
out of luck—  
The Moresby Mice have cobbles now, the big Rats  
of Tobruk.

There are Diggers here from Greece and Crete,  
and Syria as well;  
With veterans beside us we've a different tale to tell.  
There's many a yarn that's told to-day about the  
Moresby Mice—  
But they were there when Gona fell to eat old  
Tojo's rice!

## TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER

Away from home and loved ones, between us deep  
blue water,  
Each day my thoughts go home to you, my little  
darling daughter;  
But I must fight to keep you free, and all that I  
hold dear,  
Yet how I long to see you now—just in your second  
year.

Your eyes are like Australian sky, your hair like  
ripened wheat,  
I'd like to hear your merry tongue, its girlish sound  
so sweet;  
May din of war stay far from you, God guard you  
night and day,  
And save my little girlie for the daddy who's away.

*Written at Koitaki, Papua.*

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A digger from Sydney of the —th Battalion, in hospital,  
showed me the photo. of his baby girl, so I wrote this and gave  
it to him.

*Dedicated to the ' — ' and " — " U.S. Infantry.*

At home you see them in the street,  
With gaiters on like spats,  
The navy men in nice blue suits  
And funny porky hats;  
Those flash marines in fancy clothes  
Are like a small-town band,  
With downstairs stripes and medals on  
And girlies by the hand.  
You might hear some one going crook,  
But he will be a crank,  
If we were in the U.S.A.  
You bet we'd have a yank.  
For Ginger Meggs and Uncle Sam  
Good coppers are to-day;  
Australia has a lot of thanks  
To give the U.S.A.

*Written at Soputa, Papua.*

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I met these Americans going into action their first time on  
the north coast of Papua.

Scouting for the maze;  
You couldn't even light a fire for fear you'd bring  
a shot;  
And now your inside craves for taste of something  
nice and hot.

Then—you come across a track, beside a mountain  
stream;  
You smell the smoke of burning wood and see the  
billy's steam;  
The Red Triangle's hanging up, you see a Y.M.  
bloke—  
A mug o' tea is waiting there, a biscuit and a smoke.  
You lay aside your rifle, ease your shoulders of the  
pack,  
And ask him how's the going on his piece of jungle  
track;  
You yarn awhile and mention home, then saddle for  
the way—  
Life seems a whole lot brighter as you relish a P.K.  
The chaps who tend the fires do a lot for you and  
me;  
We never get a smell of rum, we're thankful for the  
tea,  
The comforts and the bits of news, the cheerful  
little jokes—  
They help us all to carry on, those good Wy Emma  
blokes.