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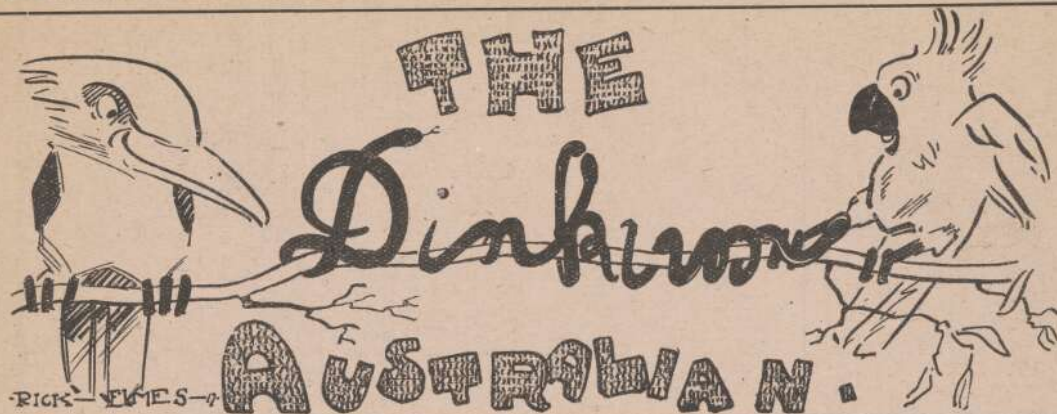
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# BARTLETT'S WARMINSTER ALES



No. 1.

JANUARY 30TH, 1918.

Price 3d.

"Ah! I remember  
I was nineteen when I  
enlisted in 1914, and  
will get my discharge  
in another five years.

Ah, ah, ah!"



Published  
Fortnightly.



A. L. CHAVASSE,  
Editor,  
No. 1 Command,  
SUTTON VENY.

**BARTLETT & Co.,** BREWERS, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS, MINERAL WATERS, **WARMINSTER.**

W. ARNOLD & SONS LTD. BRISTOL.



# Commonwealth Bank of Australia

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Guaranteed by the  
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Deputy Governor.

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Governor.

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	<u>£50,503,162</u>



Head Office:  
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## WARMINSTER Motor Bus Service.

### BUSES LEAVE—

Warminster.		Sutton Veny.	
2.15 p.m.	3.0 p.m.	2.35 p.m.	3.20 p.m.
3.45 "	4.30 "	4.5 "	4.50 "
5.0 "	8.0 "	5.20 "	8.20 "
9.15 "	10.15 "	9.20 "	10.35 "

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AUSTRALIAN HATS, 6/6. NEW ZEALAND HATS, good  
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SOLID BRASS N.Z. BUTTONS, Infantry and Artillery, 3/6  
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SPURS, KHAKI SHIRTS, HOSIERY  
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WARMS.

Colonial and British Military Medal Brooches and Medal Ribbons  
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# The Dinkum Australian

Sketches. Cartoons.  
Short Stories.  
Latest Camp Doings.

THE CONTENTS  
OF THIS PAPER  
ARE COPYRIGHT.

No. 1.

JANUARY 30TH, 1918.

Price 3d.

## Editorial Notes.

We know no politics, and only one creed, namely to produce an article of such interest that every man in the A.I.F. will find it is his own personal paper.

This is the first of its kind ever published where all profits go to the Regimental funds. All expenses are defrayed privately.

We want you to feel that it is each man's duty to give this paper a push on; to write us for advice on any subject, legal or otherwise, and to feel that he has a friend and a personal one in the Editor.

If you cannot write articles or sketch, perhaps you know of some funny happening whilst in camp or on active service. Send it along, it all helps, we want it.

If you feel that your camp doings are not reported, blame your camp correspondent, put some ginger into him, also tell us, and we will back you up.

Send us a half-yearly subscription, it is only 3/-, and the paper will be sent to Australia or France just as you wish. Send a copy to your friends in England, it only costs a penny per copy postage.

Every article and sketch is given us by enthusiastic members of the A.I.F. We cannot pay for contributions.

Men of the A.I.F., you who have made history and the name of Australians so feared by foes, show what you can do to make money for our sick and wounded. Let the world see that our abilities are not wholly given to fighting to kill, but also to fighting to help those not so favourably placed as ourselves.

We have arrived—it's Dinkum. As you all know Dinkum means the real, true dinky die—absolutely it. So it is with us. We are all that, and will be more with your help.

Speaking now personally, I feel that this paper will fill a long-felt want. Every issue I will try and improve on, and to you as a whole and individually, each man, I ask as a brother in arms and doing his bit, his hearty co-operation and personal assistance.

Before I close these few remarks let me add one word of thanks to the managers of all canteens, Y.M.C.A., various church huts, and others who have so kindly undertaken to assist in its distribution.

To every one of our readers we wish a prosperous and happy year, trusting that their wishes as well as our own will be fully realised.

THE EDITOR.

## Resolutions.

THE beginning of the year is a time when at least the more thoughtful of us usually take time to contemplate the past and endeavours to anticipate the future. Surely this is true of the year upon which we have just entered. We are thankful that 1917 has gone—gone for ever, and we look forward with curiosity and wonder to what the coming days have in store for us. If it were not for the fact that most of us have youth on our side the tendency to despair would be too great; but this fact, combined with the influence on us of the land we have left, is such that most of us are cheerful and are hopefully looking forward to our return home.

The beginning of the year is also a time for resolution making, and most of us have done our duty in this respect, for a man is not a man in the best sense unless he takes some thought for the days to come.

At a dressing station in France, as the wounded were being brought in, the men who had fallen out early in the action eagerly questioned the new arrivals as to the success of the advance. So long as the news was good, men forgot their wounds, content in the fact that something had been done that was for the benefit of their cause. Immediately the news of the success of the counter-attack and the subsequent retreat came a difference was noticed, and men were distressed to think that they had suffered and bled in vain.

In coming away from our far-distant homes we have made a sacrifice of which only those who have done it can know the meaning; we have cheerfully endured hardship, peril, and dangers, and in return our eyes have been opened, our minds broadened, our horizon widened. To quote one of our topical songs:

"We've seen some faces,  
We've seen some places,"

but if the experience ends merely with the seeing we shall have made all our sacrifices in vain. There is a very grave danger of losing what we have paid for so dearly. For God's sake, for Australia's sake, for our own sake let each of us go back determined to make our land politically, economically, and socially the greatest in the world.



**The Army Ten Commandments.**

1. THE Commandant is thy boss ; thou shalt have no other bosses but him.
2. Thou shalt make unto thyself many graven images of officers who fly in the heavens above, of staff officers who own the earth beneath, and of submarine officers who are in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt spring up and salute them, for the Commandant, thy boss, will visit with divers punishments on them that salute not, and shower stripes on them that salute and obey his commandments.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Adjutant in vain, for the Commandant will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.
4. Remember that thou rest not on the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thou hast to do : but the seventh day is the day of the Quartermaster :



3rd Training Battalion Concert Party,

in it thou shalt do all manner of work, thou and thy officers, thy non-commissioned officers, thy sanitary men, and thy prisoners that are within thy camp.

5. Honour thy staff officers, that thy days may be long in the ranks of the reservists, where one day they may send thee.
6. Thou shalt kill only Huns, slugs, lice, rats, and other vermin that annoy thee.
7. Thou shalt not adulterate thy section's rum ration (even though thou mayest be a quartermaster).
8. Thou shalt not steal from any but thy messmates.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness in the Orderly Room.
10. Thou shalt not covet the A.S.C.'s job ; thou shalt not covet the A.S.C.'s pay, nor his motors, nor his wagons, nor his jam, nor his quarters, nor his horses, nor his mules, nor any other cushy thing that is his.

**Perham Stars Concert Party.**

THE Perham Stars Concert Party, under the direction of Lieutenant G. H. Shemalleek, 26th Battalion, was formed in June, 1916, from ranks marching into No. 1 Command Depot, A.I.F., Perham Downs. Since its formation the party have moved to Sutton Veny, and owing to their popularity it was deemed advisable to retain the original title.

The party include some of Australia's leading artists, and has always received a good reception wherever it has shown.

Up to date they have given nearly fifty entertainments in various camps, towns and villages on the Plain, and have been instrumental in raising nearly £300 for Red Cross Hospitals and Prisoners of War Funds.

During the latter part of 1917 the party gave a series of entertainments at the Aldwych Theatre, London, to crowded houses.

Every member of the Perham Stars has seen active service, and the majority are "C" class men, who are doing their best to entertain and brighten the lot of men in camp and hospital.

**The Derelicts of the North.**

By LIEUT. M., A.I.F.

Up north, far away from the cities,  
Old comrades are waiting their turn,  
In the grip of a magic mateship

That only the derelicts learn ;  
With a glamour in every pint pot,  
With a romance in every thirst,  
The derelicts know in their wisdom  
That bubbles were made to burst.

'Tis the metal of life they live for,  
Not the husks, the dregs, or the sand ;  
Up north men give their praise to their Maker  
By lending a helping hand.  
They struggle with hopeful endeavour,  
They battle with hopeless reverse,  
They wring from the north land a pleasure,  
In spite of a failing purse.

In that land where the sun-rod ruleth  
Life's fires burn fiercely and keen ;  
Men live for the hour, not the morrow,  
And forget what they might have been.  
They drink to the health of each other,  
They play their life's cards with a slam ;  
When the bubbles burst in the making,  
The makers don't care a damn.



JANUARY 30TH, 1918.

**The Dinkum Australian.**

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**Constitutionals.**

By RAMBLER.

To those whose interests are not wholly absorbed by "Tabbies" our new quarters are undoubtedly a great improvement on the old. And those fortunates whose love of rambling can be indulged in without fear of adversely affecting the matter of medical classification, the preservation of which occupies most of the mental activities of the troops, will find ample scope for their perambulatory habits in this locality. The writer, having exhausted the soul-stirring possibilities of Warminster, without, it must be confessed, becoming conscious of any signs of that lassitude which naturally follows upon any great excitement of mind or body, chose last Sunday afternoon, in search of food to satisfy his artistic soul, to wander forth by way of yonder melancholy mill. Alas! my noble heroes, that its walls no longer echo to the lilt and laughter of those fair "tarts" who once were wont to labour there. How, as once they spun and wove the shining silk, would they, could they, come again, spin their silken cords to bind our helpless limbs, weave their spidery nets to the undoing of us all, yea, even to the downfall of they whom the Padre loves, and those who sit in solemn holy state behind the library tables. Yes, brethren, even those war-worn veterans who, scorning to soldier, might have found courage to take the field against those three hundred lovely spinners.

Woe is me, to think that Time's babbling brook should have borne them hence, too soon, ah! all too soon, whose capacious crinolines might have rendered us such sweet and lovely service in the evasion of the godless "John"; how might we have taken shelter in that perfumed "pill-box," to dodge our ancient foe. Forgive these tears. For alas! the mill-wheel now is as silent as a certain A.P.O. will ever be in regard to a recent event.

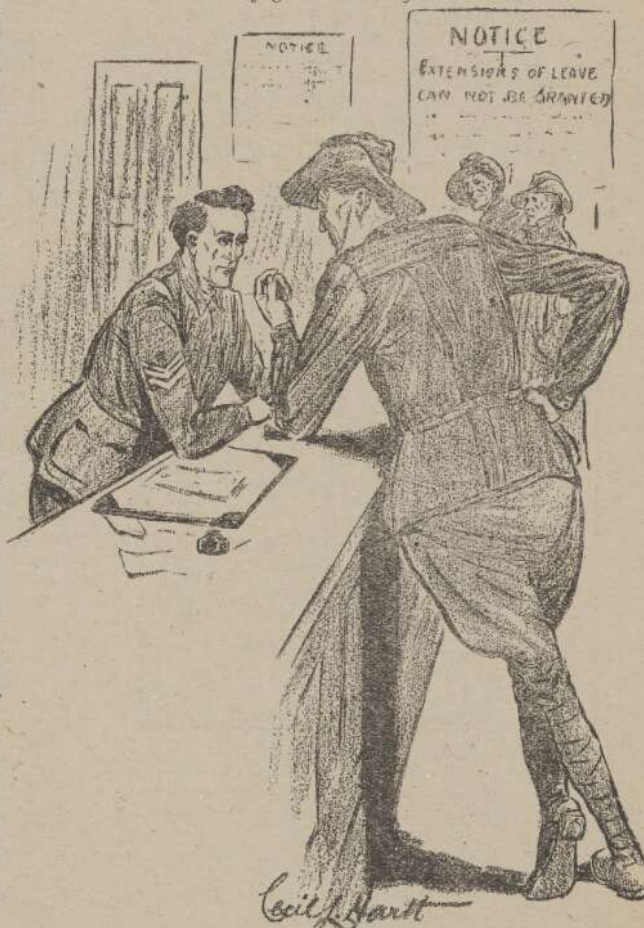
Well, my brothers, not to waste precious time in vain regrets, let us pass on, and after all, strange things happen to those who venture far in search of this (un-)holy Grail, who go even unto F—. For as we wend our way in search (ostensibly) of sylvan beauties, that wear the garb of nature only, as indeed all beauties should, mayhap we shall meet the granddaughters of those old-time spinners, and show them how we too can spin tales that would have shaken the shapely knees of the gallants of their granda's day.

To the left, as we strike the main road and then to the right, we discover a road that, so arched is it in places by towering trees, forms an ideal lovers' walk after the sun and other obstacles detrimental to the pursuit of le grand passions have gone to rest. One suggestion I would make as a result of observations made last Sunday night, it is this, that it would be in the interests of peace and decency if all other ranks were debarred from carrying

electric torches upon their persons. Will the C.O. please note.

Along this road the village of Horningsham is reached in four miles of pleasant walking. The villagers here I found very hospitable. Besides the parish church there is also a Congregational Chapel, a very interesting little building, being as it is the oldest Nonconformist church in England. It appears that about 1566, when Longleat House, near by, the seat of the Marquisate of Bath, was in course of erection, some Scottish artisans employed there, having brought their northern independence with them, caused this church to be founded and themselves assisted in its building. Although since enlarged, it remains much as it was in the year of its erection.

Warminster is reached in about four and a half miles. Altogether this walk is well worth the energy spent in taking it, quite apart from the possibilities that lie in all such voyages of discovery.



"Say, Mate! Where do you report when six months over leave."



### The Gambler.

By Lieut. M., A.I.F.

STANDING pensively on the mullock dump of the Forlorn Hope Gold Mine, North Queensland, Micky Maher, a born gambler and the owner of a block claim on Golden Hill, gazed wistfully down towards the shanty at the foot of the rise, where a little group of gold-miners were busily engrossed in their favourite pastime—a game of two-up.

A blazing sun poised overhead. Amongst the scanty dark green leaves of the iron wood-trees fringing the hill-side a little brown bower bird fluttered and chirped, mockingly mimicking with unnatural reality the sounds of the toil that came from the mine; for had he not witnessed dozens of such futile attempts, had not thousands of pounds been spent in vain attempts to locate the dip of the wonderfully rich reef that outcropped along the whole crest of the Golden Hill.

Under the shade of a few rough boughs standing at a crude forge erected by the side of the mullock dump Jim Jackson, bracedman, tool sharpener, and general surface hand of the Forlorn Hope, sweated and toiled in the sweltering heat of the midday sun, beating out the points of the hard three-quarter steel, whilst down the sink Tom Horton slaved with hammer and drill.

Daily the mullock dump of broken schist grew larger, and the Forlorn Hope shaft, on which Mick had staked his all, grew deeper.

"Low-er!" The trailing voice of Horton came up from the mine shaft.

Jim Jackson placed the sharpened steel in the swaying bucket, squared his feet on the rough planking of the brace, gripped the iron handle of the windlass firmly, and began to carefully lower the bucket of steel down



the mine. The rough-hewn windlass astride the shaft creaked and groaned under its heavy burden. At the ominous sound the man in the sink flattened himself against the wall of the shaft and glanced uneasily upwards.

A stifled exclamation from the bracedman and the sound of a heavy fall caused Micky Maher to glance quickly towards the shaft. The windlass barrel was racing round, whilst Jackson lay huddled in a heap clutching the broken handle, from which the wedge had slipped.

Great God! the heavy bucket of steel was falling down the shaft, and Tom Horton was working fifty feet below.

For just the fraction of a second the gambler stood as if petrified, then with a muttered "It's a hundred to one!" he recklessly flung himself on to the whirling drum above the open shaft, and wound his arms round it.

Followed a rasping, searing sound, as the revolving windlass tore its way through his clothes and burned into his very flesh. Still the heavy steel descended, and still the drum revolved, carrying its clinging burden up and around. The stout planks nailed across from post to post above the windlass to steady the rickety contrivance snapped with a report like the explosion of a detonator. The man gambling with death, clinging tenaciously to the wooden drum, only tightened his grip; again and again his tortured body was drawn up and over the windlass.



Alongside the brace Jackson was staggering to his feet, but half conscious of the tragedy that was being enacted under his throbbing eyes. Still Maher clung to the revolving drum, and still the heavy bucket descended.

A prayer rose to his lips as he tried vainly to further flatten himself against the hard walls of the shaft, then,

A shadow darkened the mouth of the shaft, then, wonder of wonders! a moment later the rush of descending steel stayed within a foot of his head. The palsied hands of the gold-miner groped blindly upwards, and guided the heavy swaying bucket to the floor of the shaft, and Horton's staring eyes glanced inquiringly and thankfully upward towards the narrow ray of sunlight fifty feet above. Another shadow for a second shut out the light, as Jackson reached out and dragged the semi-unconscious Maher from the smoking windlass.

Half an hour later the windlass of the Forlorn Hope Gold Mine had been repaired, and hung in repose over the gaping shaft. Up from the sink came the dull thud of the blows of a pick, where Tom Horton, a little more thoughtful perhaps, again slaved at his work. From the anvil by the mullock dump again rang the clang of hammer on steel; whilst from the shelter of the leaves of the ironwood trees above the shaft came a weird, consistent rrr-rr-rr, as the little brown bird diligently practised this new addition of strange noises—the rush of a whirling drum—to his already congested vocabulary.

Down at the shanty at the foot of Golden Hill Micky Maher, his arms swathed in bandages, stood watching the spinning pennies and casually staking his last dollar in the two-up school—for he was a born gambler.



JANUARY 30TH, 1918.

# The Dinkum Australian.

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Why did we not get an invitation to this? Is it because some of the guests were afraid that their funny stories might have been published?

## No. 1 COMMAND DEPOT.

A.I.F.

SUTTON VENY, WARMINSTER, WILTS.

Christmas Day, 1917.

*The Messing Staff  
(Assisted by the Cheer-e-o Society)  
request the pleasure of the company*

of  
at an evening to be held in the Messing Office  
on Xmas Day, 1917, at 7.30 p.m.,  
to bid farewell to C.S.M. R. Sutton, who will be leaving  
the Depot at an early date.

Frank Wilson,  
Hon. Sec.

R.S.V.P.

Private cars, taxis, and aeroplanes at midnight  
(petrol supplied gratis).

Arrangements have been made with the Anzac  
railway officials, in rear of Swill Farm, for London  
visitors to return to their homes by special trains.  
Last train will leave No Man's Land, H.Q. Officers' Mess,  
at 12.10 a.m.

The Swill cart will be placed at the disposal of  
visitors missing this train.

If a thaw sets in, and any guest wishes to slip home  
in the meantime, he can obtain dripping with which  
to grease his feet.

Interior economy is to be  
so far practised that guests  
will not be permitted to take  
any scraps home.

Visitors are requested to  
carry gas masks for use when  
passing Incinerator in No. 7  
Camp, in the event of a gas  
attack.

### MENU.

Cold Roast Gallipoli Turkey.  
Lone Pine Stuffing.  
Cold Ham.  
Hot as Hell-as Sauce.  
Trench Mortar Pickles.  
Allied Trifle.  
Blancmange à la Bapume and  
Howitzer Jellies.  
Assorted (18 pounder to 15 in.)  
Pastries.  
Gutierrez Sweets.  
Assorted Nuts (two for a 'arf).  
Sphinx Dessert.  
Estaminet Wines and Spirits.  
Cigars and Cigarettes.  
Toasts, Drinks & Songs—Guests.

The programme will be  
added to by each guest  
relating something funny.  
Absolutely no scratchings  
for this race.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

## A Thoughtful Act.

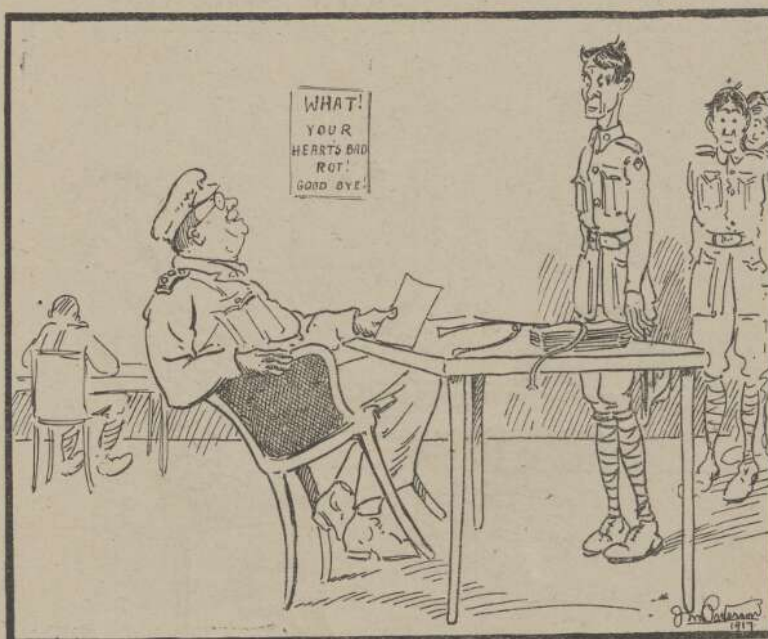
SATURDAY, Dec. 15th, 1917, was gala day for many of  
the patients in the hospitals at Brighton, when they  
were entertained at tea and a first-rate concert by Mrs.  
G. Evans, of Belmont School.

There were English, Scotch, Irish and Australians  
present, many having to be brought from their  
respective hospitals in cars.

The boys of the school entered heartily into every-  
thing, staging their breaking-up day's play, "Mary  
Queen of Scots." Much amusement was caused by  
one man thinking that the boy who took the part of  
Queen Mary was actually a lady, asking permission  
to write.

Tea was served in the school hall, after which a  
general concert and party took place.

Mrs. Evans, who is an Australian born, and a regular  
visitor to various wards of the local hospital, quickly  
proved that her knowledge of "God's own Country"  
was more than superficial. Her interesting stories  
of life in Adelaide and Brisbane quickly had every-  
one interested with a demand for more (fortunately  
they are not yet on the ration list). Time passed  
rapidly, and by seven o'clock everyone was moving  
back to their respective residences. One man ex-  
pressed probably the feelings of all when he said, "It's  
worth while taking the risks we do when such spreads  
as these are to be had."



Our Doc.





Miss Olga Vernay.



Mr. Ernie Preston.

**GADABATS CONCERT PARTY.**



COLONEL M-C: "You know, Sister, the best of this battery is that it doesn't hurt the patient in the slightest."

With acknowledgments to "THE KIT-BAG."

JANUARY 30TH, 1918.

## The Dinkum Australian.

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### What We Want to Know.

Who is the M.O. taking pleasure in a certain young lady's finger every afternoon, and why do his staff say they are his equal at such work.

When will the necessary structural alterations be made in No. 9 Canteen.

Who is the sergeant paying debts of honour lost in betting that a certain lady's hair was false.  
(We have personally inspected and found it *Dinkum*.)

Where do we hear "Quick March!" "Left Turn!" "Salute!"

When will a certain Orderly Room Sergeant learn that some people can have information of a confidential nature, and for the adjutant's ears alone.

Who is responsible for the order giving to men of the 1st Division only the Anzac Star.

Did not the men of the 2nd Division do equally as well, and land as soon as the 1st Division at Gallipoli.

When will the 2nd Division men get their stars.

### Xmas Dinner in London supplied from Australia.

At the Horseferry Road branch of the Y.M.C.A. about 100 men of the forces were entertained by the ladies of Deniliquin, N.S.W., to a Xmas feast.

The menu was composed of turkey, pork, pudding, custards, mince pies, fruit, etc. Everything had come from Australia, even the tobacco and cigarettes. During the evening every man present received no less than three parcels. It is easily understood why some men say others are lucky.

### Debating Society.

A MEETING of all interested will be held at the New Tipperary Tea Rooms, Australia House, Market Place,

Warminster, on Tuesday, February 5th, 1918, at 8 p.m. Mrs. Cranswick is arranging with a large number of local people to assist, and trusts to welcome both officers and men of the A.I.F. forces.

We are pleased to note this new move, which should prove a welcome addition to the many so inclined among our fellows in the various camps.

PRIVATE MURPHY had been reported killed twice. Whilst lying in hospital he received the following letter from his sweetheart in Sydney:—

"Dear Pat, I notice by last Saturday's *Sydney Morning Herald* you are killed. I do hope it's not true." Pat got the letter.



Front Line Optimist: "There goes a beauty for Headquarters. Hoo'ry!"





Natural re-afforestation in cut out  
Jarrah forest, Darling Ranges, W.A.

JANUARY 30TH, 1918.

# **The Dinkum Australian.**

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## **Our Trans-Continental Railway.**

Forty years ago it was suggested that the West be linked to the East by rail. Thirty years later £20,000 was allocated for surveying charges, etc. The survey was completed in 1909, and in 1911 it was decided by Act of Parliament that the line should be built.

On September 14th, 1912, the then Governor-General, Lord Denman, turned the first sod. On October 17th, 1917, the line was finished. On October 25th the first train travelled from East to West. This briefly is the history of the Trans. Line.

1,051 miles separate Kalgoorlie in the west from Port Augusta in the east. To facilitate matters construction was started at both ends.

The highest elevation attained by the line is 1,354 feet, 100 miles from Kalgoorlie.

The work was estimated at £4,000,000, but various alterations were made during the construction, bringing the cost to £6,500,000.

The tremendous organisation required to a considerable extent resembled the Army Service Corps of to-day. Nearly 800 miles of the route had no habitation. The equipping, feeding, medical attention, posting, and banking facilities for the many hundreds of men engaged required an ever-moving town.

Another difficulty was water, and until artesian wells had been bored and reservoirs built, every drop of water had to be carried forward for men, animals, and locomotives.

The line is capable of carrying trains at a speed of forty miles per hour. As soon as the necessary ballasting is completed an average speed of forty-four miles per hour can be maintained.

To-day East and West are joined together. The people of the most distant parts of our vast continent more closely united, and ever stronger and more self-reliant, will continue an outpost of the great English Empire.

## **1st Training Brigade.**

Lieut.-Col. Hihmer-Smith, C.B., is progressing favourably in Sutton Veny Hospital.

Major Borwick, D.S.O., has again returned to France.

The Anglo-Scotch Concert Party gave an excellent concert in the Y.M.C.A. Hut on the 16th inst. to a crowded house.

## **The Purple and Green.**

WEAR your colours, friend of mine,  
Green and purple will entwine;  
Green for life which shall endure,  
Royal Purple ever sure.

Kingship over self and life,  
Courage always in the Strife;  
Strength always to do and dare,  
Loyalty which all may share;  
Prayer which joins my life to thine,  
Friend of mine, friend of mine.

E. M. S. HORNSBY.



**V.C. Hero.**

Private Martin O'Meara, Australian Imperial Forces, for most conspicuous bravery. During four days of very heavy fighting he repeatedly went out and brought in wounded officers and men from "No Man's Land" under intense artillery and machine-gun fire. He also volunteered and carried ammunition and bombs through heavy barrage to portion of trenches which was being heavily shelled all the time. He showed throughout an utter contempt of danger, and undoubtedly saved many lives.

AN amusing story is told of two privates of the 13th Battalion during the Bullecourt advance. It appears these two men got well in advance of their section, and took prisoner a German major who spoke very good English.

"You can't take me," he said. "I must have two men of my own rank before I move. You are privates, I am a major."

To the most earnest entreaties of the Australians he turned a deaf ear, even the threat of the bayonet was useless. Time was valuable. So of one accord they attached themselves, one to either side.

Removing his sign of rank, they said: "Consider yourself reduced to the ranks from to-day on. Quick march!"



## Railway Time Table.

To Bristol, etc.			
Warminster depart.	Westbury arrive.	Westbury depart.	Bristol arrive.
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8 21	8 29	—	10 7
10 58	11 7	—	12 20
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	Weymouth, etc.
1 35	1 47	2 20	P.M.
			3 50
3 32	3 41	—	Weymouth, etc.
5 40	5 50	—	4 57
7 39	7 49	—	7 15
8 38	8 47	9 20	9 10
			10 35
Sundays only.			
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
4 0	4 10	—	5 20

To Salisbury.	
Warminster depart.	Salisbury arrive.
A.M.	A.M.
7 38	8 35
9 54	10 41
P.M.	P.M.
12 54	1 25
	For Portsmouth, Southampton, etc.
2 32	3 18
	For Bulford, Amesbury, etc.
5 30	6 15
6 38	7 21
7 55	8 45
9 54	10 25
Sundays only.	
P.M.	P.M.
4 53	5 30
8 1	8 45

From London.				
Paddington depart.	Westbury arrive.	Westbury depart.	Warminster arrive.	Salisbury arrive.
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
10 15	12 10	12 38	12 54	1 25
P.M.				
12 20	2 15	2 45	3 0	3 26
5 5	7 10	7 40	7 55	Codford only.
				8 45
Sundays only.				
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
2 40	4 38	—	4 53	5 35

To London.		
Warminster depart.	Westbury depart.	Paddington arrive.
A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
8 21	8 29	11 10
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
1 35	1 47	4 15
5 40	5 50	8 15
Sundays only.		
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
4 0	4 10	7 45

## The Battery Horse.

HE whinnied low as I passed by,  
It was a pleading sort of cry.  
His rider, slain while going back,  
Lay huddled on the muddy track;  
And he, without a guiding hand,  
Had strayed out on the boggy land,  
And held there by the treacherous mire,  
He lay exposed to shrapnel fire.

He was a wiry chestnut steed,  
A type of good Australian breed.  
Perhaps on steep Monaro's height  
He had followed in the wild steer's flight,  
Or out beyond the great divide  
Roamed free where salt bush plains are wide;  
Or through the golden wattle groves  
Had rounded up the sheep in droves;  
Then slipped away to feed the guns,  
And help the boys to strafe the Huns.

His load was eighteen-pounder shells,  
The sort that in a barrage tells.  
I drew the shells from out their sheath,  
And cut his girth from underneath,  
Then lifted off his saddle pack  
To ease the weight and free his back.  
His muzzle softly nosed my hand;  
Because I seemed to understand.  
My steel hat from an old-time trench  
I filled three times his thirst to quench;  
I brought my ration biscuit back,  
And fed him from my haversack.

No horse that had been stable fed  
More proudly tossed his chestnut head  
Because a stranger saw his need,  
And, passing, stayed to give him feed.  
But time pressed on, I must not stay,  
For weary miles before me lay.  
He made a gallant bid to rise,  
Then sank with almost human sighs.  
I hoped a train might see his plight,  
And draw him out before the night.

Now, you may ask why in this strife,  
When times were grim and death was rife,  
I should have ventured from my course  
To try and help a battery horse.  
I'll tell you why. I felt his need—  
I've owned and loved a chestnut steed.

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O. T. B.  
Every Wednesday and Friday in Regimental Theatre.  
Every Monday and Saturday in Y.M.C.A. Hut.

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2ND TRAINING BATTALION.  
Every Thursday and Friday in Regimental Theatre.

HEYTESBURY.  
Every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday in Anzac Theatre.

JANUARY 30TH, 1918.

*The Dinkum Australian.*

13



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*The Best of Luck and*

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*in*

*The New Year.*

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**Football History in A.I.F., 1917-18.**

On September 12th, 1917, a representative meeting of Australian football enthusiasts was held at Larkhill, the Australian Y.M.C.A. offering £500 for the purpose of a competition.

Rules were quickly compiled and a syllabus of matches arranged between the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 10th, 11th T.B.'s, R.B.A.A., and Bulford.

This competition had only been in progress four weeks

As the season advanced the standard of play improved and excitement increased, and to-day there are men in hospital or the front line, 'midst shot and shell, asking who will win the final.

A combined Australian League team, representing Sutton Veny, played a combined team from the Fovant Area are in London on Saturday, [December 29th. Sutton Veny won by one point. Scores: Sutton Veny 4 goals, 10 behinds; Fovant, 4 goals, 9 behinds.

On the following Tuesday, New Year's Day, a combined team played A.I.F. Headquarters, and won by six points. Combined team, 4 goals, 6 behinds, A.I.F. Hqs., 3 goals, 6 behinds.

The game was introduced for the first time in to Scotland during the same periods, the 2nd Training Battalion playing the A.A.S.C., the two leading teams of the competition. This match attracted considerable attention, and the papers gave interesting accounts of this new game. Both teams had an even number of shots, but the T.B. made best use of the opportunities, scoring 7 goals, 6 behinds to the A.A.S.C.'s 1 goal, 12 behinds.

Great preparations are being made for the final match, which is to be played in London on January 26th. Proceeds to be given to War Funds.



when orders were issued for the immediate removal of all camps. This new move upset all arrangements, and a general meeting of all interested was called for and held at Sutton Veny on Monday, 22nd October, 1917. New competitions were decided on, and in addition. Soccer and Rugby were introduced, with the result that eight entries were received for Australian Rules and Soccer, and four for Rugby.

One cannot say too much for the umpires and referees, whose competency as officials has accounted so much for the smooth working of the competition during the season.

**O.T.B. RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.**

*Left to Right.—Back Row.*

Sergt.-Major Smith, N.S.W., McGarvie, Corpl. Taylor, N.S.W., Letts, N.S.W., Frawley, N.S.W., Stevenson Saml., N.S.W., Sergt.-Major Egerton, N.S.W.

*Second Row.*

Smith, N.S.W., Sergt. Francis, N.S.W., Lalor, Sergt. Wynward, Regt. Sergt.-Major Egan, N.S.W., Sheeley, Guider, N.S.W., Stenning, N.S.W.

*Front Row.*

Fennelly, Nicholson.

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**38 Market Place, Warminster, High Street, Codford, & Sutton Veny.**



JANUARY 30TH, 1918.

**The Dinkum Australian.**

15

**Camp Doings.**

9TH TRAINING BATTALION.

ON Monday, the 14th January, a team of six B.T. and B.F. instructors gave a display of bayonet fighting at the National Sports Club, London. The event was put on between two boxing bouts, and was hugely appreciated by 2,000 onlookers, among whom were a large number of service men. The speed and accuracy with which the various thrusts were delivered were superb. Defence as well as attack was illustrated, in every case the naked point being used. The officer in charge of the team faced a bayonet in the hands of an opponent unarmed. By side-stepping a vicious thrust he closed with the aggressor, and with a leverage on the arms turned him over on his back. The team were the guests of the National Club for the evening. A Major of the Grenadier Guards was so enthusiastic over the display, that he invited the team to visit the Wellington Barracks and exhibit their work before the Guards. This display was given in the Gymnasium before an assembly of officers and N.C.O.'s, each of whom might be judged as an expert with the fighter's weapon. That the display was "Dinkum" and not stagey was tested by a sergeant-major, who stepped into the ring for a bout with one of our boys. A very few minutes sufficed to prove the genuineness of the

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show. In the absence of the O.C. the Major-in-Command thanked the officer in charge (Lieutenant Dickens, M.C.) and the members of the team for the display, which he characterised as magnificent, proving what a powerful weapon the bayonet is in the hands of a man who understands and appreciates its value. The members of the team were afterwards entertained in the Sergeants' Mess.



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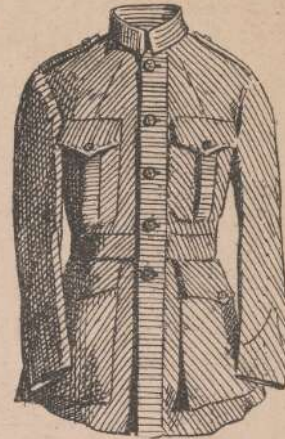
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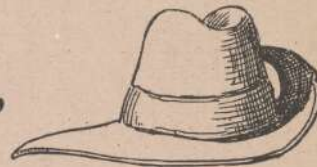
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