

arranged by wire for our accommodation, and would not go back on it, there was almost a riot between two rival houses, and I expected any moment to see the old Shillelagh's at work, but we managed to preserve the peace until we reached Killarney, we secured accommodation at Graham's Elbow Hotel, the groom met us at the station, and in a few minutes we were at the hotel, it was fairly late by this time, so after partaking of supper we decided on bed.

Aug 17th 17.

We were up and about early, and after breakfast

we took a stroll through²⁰ the town, it is a busy little village, typically Irish, small diminutive donkeys pulling miniature drays, driven generally an old woman barefooted, and wearing a shawl; a good number of our lads were in the town, and they seemed to be quite at home; the previous night we arranged to do the grand tour of the lakes, and at 10am two drays carried a party of 10 of us, the morning was beautiful, the sun was shining, and we were all in great spirits, our driver pointed out objects of interest as we proceeded, and between times told us Irish

yards, of which he seemed to have an unlimited supply. He was a great character, and with his blenny would make the proverbial cat smile. The tour of the lakes is done in stages, the first is a drive of several miles to the entrance to the gap of Dunloe, this drive is very lovely, most of the way we carried the Earl Kilmorock's property with us, he is the largest land owner in the County of Kerry, about 11.30 am we finished our drive, pulling up at Kete Kearney's cottage, the little white washed cottage has a history all its own. It is said that his lady, Ka-

203
 Kearney was the most beautiful woman in all Ireland, and was greatly sought after by many her lovers; now it is used to supply refreshments, wet and dry, here I first tasted Poteen and mountain dew, the former is whisky made from potatoes, and has a decidedly smoky flavour, mountain dew consists of goats milk mixed with Poteen, I partook of it rather sparingly, for a little of it goes a good way, I bought a pipe here made from bog oak, it was carved fantastically, and was rather a good souvenir, but I afterwards saw

it to a friend of mine, who greatly fancied it; the next stage of our journey was through the beautiful gap of Dumboc, usually this is done on horseback, but when we came to count the ponies we found we outnumbered them by one, and as I was the fittest of our party it fell to my lot to pad the hoof the whole way, I did not mind this, for the gap is not bad walking, and a walk of seven miles had no fears for us; from Kate Kearney cottage we gradually ascended, until we reached the highest point of the road some

1200 ft, all the way we had to patronise some friend or another who for our benefit blew a trumpet, or fired a pistol so that we could appreciate the remarkable echo it produced, when we were not pestered with these gentry it would be some old dandy who would hold forth as to the merit of Poter or mountain dew, and shure sorr wauls ye not be thrying a wee drap of the mountain dew, and God bless ye sorr and may ye come back again with a lady as fine looking as yourself; we met with Blarney Blarney everywhere, of course we did

not swallow all we were told, but it was very amusing to hear these people, who since they were born had no doubt told the same tales to thousands of visitors who have visited this famous spot.

We reached the third stage of our trip, the upper lakes, at 1.30 pm, here we had lunch, and entered the rowing boats that were waiting for us, and we started on our 14 mile spin down the three lakes of Killarney, upper, middle, and lower. The upper lake is the smallest of the three, but it is really hard to say which is the more beautiful, on either

side of us we had great towering mountains, the highest being the McGillicuddy Reeks, from time to time as we passed along we saw deer grazing on the slopes, through a pair of field glasses we obtained a splendid view, one the largest of the lot was a real beauty, we counted 14 antlers on his head, he was quite close to us, and did not seem at all disturbed at our presence, and seemed to gaze enquiringly at us as we passed along; several of our party hallooed and shouted to see what sort of an echo it would produce, I tried my hand or rather voice at the

208
good old Coo'ee, and with good results, so good in fact that I was asked to repeat it so often that at last I jibbed, this call lends itself splendidly to an echo, it seems to ring on from place to place until it gradually dies away in the distance.

We ~~passed~~ ^{passed} from the upper to the middle lake after shooting the rapids at the old Weir bridge, it is rather good fun this shooting ~~shooting~~ of the rapids, at times it is very rough and also dangerous, but it was just right at this time, the rapids are caused through the waters of the upper lake pouring

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into the middle lake, and at this spot is confined to a small passage, and bubbles and boils along right merrily.

It is beyond me to attempt to describe the glorious beauty of Killarney, no pen or ^{picture} can possibly do it justice, so I will not attempt the impossible.

The middle and largest lake of the three is about five miles long and nine wide, we passed Colleen Bawn rock on our right but did not stop to inspect it on this day, we proposed seeing it the following day; at last we reached the Weir.

210
ing of the waters at Bricken
bridge, this is one of the most
beautiful spots one could pos-
sibly imagine, it is simply
gorgeous; we passed along
into the lower lake, the last
of the three, and finally
reached Ross Castle where
we left the boats, we had
finished our trip through the
most glorious lakes in the
world, it is no wonder
people say "see Killarney and
die", nothing more beautiful
can ever be seen.

Ross Castle is
a very interesting old place,
it was originally the seat
of the O'Monaghu's and through
a marriage with ^{one of} the Ross

211
Claw, it was so named,
it is now the property of
the Earl of Kenmare, we were
allowed to go all over it, and
a keeper explained its history
to us as we went along,
there is little left of it now
except the outer walls, and
stairways, but we climbed
to topmost portion of the build-
ing where the Kenmare flag
was flying to denote that
the Earl was at home; this
building was last attacked
and destroyed by Oliver Crom-
well, who outwitted its defend-
ers by attacking it from the
water instead of by land
as they anticipated, the gues-
sers were all unseated and turned

2
towards the land, and I do
live that the taking of the
Castle proved an easy one
for the Ironsides; the original
guns for its defence are still
on view, never having been
shifted from where they were
first placed.

We finished our
days outing by driving from
Ross Castle into Kilkenny,
arriving there in nice time
to have a wash and brush
up and sit down to a
good substantial dinner,
we spent the remainder of the
evening in the town, where we
were treated to lunkings and
lavings of the pale blarney.

213
Aug 18th - 17.

We arranged to go
for a long drive through the
Kilkenny district, most of
the way embracing the lakes,
we started out about 10 am
and our first halt was
at Buckross Abbey, now al-
most a total ruin, this was
the property of the ~~order~~ order,
and until Cromwell invaded
Ireland was a rich and
prosperous order, he attacked
and partly burnt it down,
the roof which consisted of
thatch was completely
destroyed, but a number of
the order still continued to
live there for many years
afterwards, when they finally

214
left the Abbey and returned
to Louvain, where the head-
quarters of the order were.

There is plenty of
evidence to show that the
building was once a very
fine structure, it is beautifully
situated, a most glorious drive
leads up to it; the walls
of the abbey are almost
covered in ivy; inside the
building one can see the
Cloister walk where the monks
marched around and around
reciting their orisons, one
of the trees, an old yew, is
very ancient, it is a fine
piece of timber, and great
care is taken to preserve it,
barb wire has been placed

215
around it, to prevent people
from cutting their names and
otherwise defacing the tree, still
the barb wire did not prevent
me from securing a small twig
that I wanted as a souvenir;
this property and the country
immediately surrounding it is
now the property of a Mr Vincent,
a son of one of America's mil-
lionaires who purchased it
a few years ago, this gentleman
is a very large landowner
in the County of Kerry, in fact
ranks second only to Lord
Kenmare; I was told he
spends large sums of money
preserving and improving the
property he has acquired, the
roads are in splendid order

and it was grand to be
howling along in a jouncing
car with a good sleeping pony
in the shafts; we left the
Abbey behind and continued
through Vincent's estate which
continues for a number of
miles on one side of the
lake; our next halt was at
Colleen Bawn's cave, we went
through her one time hour,
with the aid of our matches
we successfully reached the
opposite entrance without break-
ing our necks, but we had
to proceed cautiously, the stone
floors were wet and slippery,
and taking it all round I
consider Colleen Bawn had
a very poor taste.

After a brief halt
we resumed our journey, and a
few hundred yards further on
we came to the Colleen Bawn rock,
where she is said to have thrown
herself into the water and finally
drowned, the poor Colleen seems to
have had rather a busy time
from her two lovers, she re-
turned the affection of one, but
her fear was greater than
her dislike for the other a
Hunchback; the final act was
brought about by the favoured
one shooting the man with the hump.
Shortly after leaving
Colleen Bawn rock we came
upon some land that is said
to contain unlimited supplies
of copper, during the present war.

the government commenced to work, but were forced to abandon the attempt through striking water, until this difficulty is mastered it will always contain copper.

About 1 pm we reached the lake at the point of the meeting of the waters. Here we had lunch, and gave our waddy a rest of something like an hour. Quite close to this spot is a cottage famous for the honeymoons spent there, we were shown the bride chamber, and there were then some of the boys who were of our party promised faithfully to return there for their

honeymoon; a visitors book is kept and its pages are well filled; we resumed our journey about 2 pm, and shortly afterwards joined the road that leads to Kenmare, made famous by Andrew Mack in his song "The road to Kenmare if a road is worth singing about, then this one is, for it is almost as smooth as a billiard table; and to ride on a jaunting car over its gentle slopes is a positive delight.

We intended to pull up and inspect the Torc Waterfall, but owing to one of our party wishing to catch an afternoon train we aban-

done the idea, but I understand although rather pretty it cannot compare with the falls on our own blue Mts.

We at last arrived back in Kilmurphy about 4 pm, after the most glorious drive of my life, the picture of it will always remain in my memory, once seen can never possibly be forgotten; our drive covered something like 20 miles.

We spent the evening in the Kilmurphy town hall listening to a Miss Stein's concert, the novelty of the thing appealed to us, and although several people tried to dissuade us from going, we

persisted, and found ourselves to be the only five soldiers in the hall; I never remember hearing a more enthusiastic audience in my life, the concert was almost wholly conducted in Gaelic, and it was ^{so} much Greek to us, but there was no doubt about the fervour of either the performers or the audience, once especially I thought the roof would come off when a young chap with a fine baritone voice sang "O'Donnell's Aboo", every man ~~and~~ woman and child joined in the chorus, their blood was properly up; we only remained about an hour, but the concert lasted

long afterwards, well after midnight I heard the band playing as they marched through the streets home, all the band and a number of others were dressed in the Irish national costumes, the pipes were also the Irish type of bag pipes.

The following afternoon at 8 found us saying good bye to Kilmarnock with a great feeling of regret that we could not linger longer in this fairland, still we made the best of our time ^{while} here, and we had hopes of revisiting it some day in the future, after a pleasant ride of about 8 hours we arrived back in the city.

Aug 20th 17.

I spent most of this day with my friends at Kilmarnock and it passed all too quickly, I began to realise that my furl to had nearly come to an end. I was due to report at Weymouth the following afternoon at 6 pm; my friends came to see us off from Kingstown and did not leave the wharf till after 9 pm.

Aug 21st 8.17 After an uneventful trip across the channel we reached Holyhead, and was soon on our way to London where we arrived about 6 am; I spent the morning with my friend from the A. I. J. headquarters, and

224
I was his guest to dinner
at one of London's leading
restaurants, a splendid evening
to a capital holiday.

I caught the 4pm
train from Waterloo, and finally
reached Weymouth at
6, I along with a number
who were reporting back from
furla, were at once taken in
tow by a sergeant attached
to Mount Video camp, which
we reached about 7pm. I
was once back to camp life,
pretty hard too, after spending
two months in hospital, with
every attention and another
fortnight living as the very
best, and as well comfort
bed to sleep in, still I was

225
not disposed to grumble, and
was prepared to accept the good
with the bad, and vice versa.

Aug 20th 17.

I was examined
by another medical board,
and learnt later that I was
classified as P. S. B., at the time
I did not know the significance
of this, but I was soon told
that I stood an excellent
chance of a trip home, this
seemed to be too wonderful to
be true, so I decided not to
build false hopes upon it.

The same afternoon
a batch was drafted to West-
Lawn camp some two miles
away, I was among the number.
I remained at this camp for

226
about a week, and the 30th Aug
I was again boarded, this time
finally, and my previous class-
ification was confirmed by
Lieut Colonel Gordon; when
I learnt that I was still mar-
ked Australian class, my joy
was great, and visions of
home and friends made me
as happy as a sand bag;
still although it would be
extremely hard luck if some-
thing should turn up to prevent
my going, I decided to regard
the possibilities & probabilities as
an even chance, I decided
not to mention the matter in
any of my letters to Australia,
for should I come a couple
of — the disappointment

227
would be mine only.
Sept 1st 1847.
I was again transferred this
time to Herne Citadel, just
outside the town of Portland,
and some five miles from
Weymouth. Herne Citadel is
considered to be the finest and
strongest barracks in the world,
it is situated on Portland
Bill, and rises above sea
level some 6 to 700 ft, all within
a mile from the water edge,
the barracks was wholly built
by convict labour, drawn from
the famous Portland prison
some half mile away, the
buildings and towers are
all of stone, and very solid.

These tunnels are now under ground, leading to all parts of the Citadel, I maintain there is enough fuel stuffs underground, to carry a year's prison through a siege of seven years. It was once very strongly fortified, but most of the guns have now been removed, our navy is considered equal to defend this port and here now only remains a few 6 and 9 inch guns, more as a matter of form than any thing else.

During my stay extending over about nine weeks at the Citadel, I spent a rather pleasant time, the first few weeks gave us

capital weather, nice warm sunny days, and in the evening we generally strolled into one of the rings, and occasionally took the train to Weymouth.

I learnt the history of Portland from some of the old residents of the town; the prison consists of a large number of rambling brick buildings, built by former convicts, at the present time there are about 600 inmates, before the war the number was a good deal larger, but in the first year of the war over 1,000 prisoners were released and drafted into the army, the ~~result~~ ^{result} was fairly successful, in one case a former

prisoners rose to the rank of a Lieutenant, and had for his batman his own time warden.

Many things were arranged and provided for the boys in this camp, the C.O. was a fine Officer and a thorough gentleman, and took a lively interest in the lads' welfare.

The red cross society provided two billiard tables, tip top ones at that, and in this way I spent many a pleasant hour; concert parties frequently visited us, some coming a long way, to amuse us, a professional also company also paid us a visit once a week, and were always sure of an enthusiastic audience.

As winter drew on the weather became vile, we were so high and in such an exposed position that very much had free play with us, and our anxiety to get away became as intense as the weather was trying, and when my name was read out on the boat roll on the 28th October I breathed a great sigh of relief; at last home was well nigh in sight.

Nov. 1st 17.

About 9 am some 120 lads marched away from the Verue, I among them, and as we marched through the town of Portland headed by the Verue's brass band, we received a passing

send off by the folk who ^{saw} ~~Part~~ ^{Part} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~train~~ ^{train} ~~came~~ ^{came} in the hands struck up "should unto acquaintance" and as the train pulled out we heard that great old piece "Home Sweet Home" being played, it made us yearn for the day when it would indeed become a reality.

We arrived at Plymouth about 2:30pm, and stepped from the train onto H.M.T.S. Berrima that was to be our home for several weeks to come.

We soon became acquainted with the ship, and learnt that this was her maiden trip after being torpedoed some six months before, when within

a few hours sail of Plymouth, this ship made her maiden voyage to Australia just prior to war breaking out, and was shortly afterwards requisitioned by the government, and was the first ship to carry troops from Australia during the present war, she carried a portion of the expeditionary force to New Guinea but tonnage is somewhere around 12,000.

On embarking we anticipated an early start, but were doomed to disappointment, and did not get away until Nov 8th, eight days to our mind absolutely wasted, two days before leaving we took on board some 200

blue jackets who were to join
their ships in South Africa.

Nov 8th 1917.

At 9.45 our ship took up
anchors, and in a few moments
our propeller started work,
and we were on our way;
we were one of a large
convoy, consisting of three troop-
ships, several merchant ships,
two auxiliary cruisers and
six torpedo destroyers, on
crossing out we found our
ship moving up and down
to a fair swell, but I was
confident that I would not
be troubled with the dreaded
Mal de mer; it was not
long before the shores of
England began to fade away,

in the distance, and as I caught
my last glimpse of her, I
fervently wished that it would
be many a long day before I
set eyes on her ^{home} again. I must
own I spent some very very
pleasant timethere, to be in
England during the summer
months is splendid, but the
severity of the winter more than
counterbalances it; for my part
I will be content to never set
foot out of Australia again,
whether I will or not the future
will decide.

The second day
out we struck a heavy
swell, that made our boat
roll a good deal, I stuck
it for a good while, but

at last my confidence was shattered, and was compelled to join a number of others who were gazing down with sad eyes over the side of the ship; this and the following day I felt very sick and was like Mark Twain after his second half hour at sea, when he thought the ship would not go down, but I gradually recovered as the sea became calmer, and after another day or two managed to get my sea legs.

The trip was proving uneventful, after a couple of days out we had a view to the destroyers, and were now under the

care of the two Auxiliary Cruisers.

The weather became rather warm as we came into the tropics, but was by no means severe, we were only too pleased to shed a lot of our clothing, and most of the lads seemed quite happy at first in a suit of pyjamas; The reach of Serra Leone on the 21st Nov, we felt the heat here more than at any other stage of the journey; The town of Serra Leone seems to be a fair size, almost wholly populated by niggers, we were not allowed to ashore, nor had we much inclination to do so, and were content to beguile the time away

amusing ourselves with the
 wiggers who rowed around
 our ship in fragile canoes.
 The following morning we again
 commenced our journey, with
 Cape Town next in view, which
 we reached on ^{Dec 8th} after
 an uneventful sail of 13
 days.

We were given leave
 from 1 pm till 11 pm, and
 one of my pals and myself
 started out with the intention
 of thoroughly enjoying ourselves;
 it was some 18 months
 since I was last in Capetown
 but I remembered the locality
 of the place fairly well; we
 walked to Adderley St. and after
 purchasing a quantity of fruit,

we boarded a train for Camps
 Bay, this train ride is consid-
 ered to be the finest in the world,
 and I must say it has much
 to commend it, the trip in all
 is some 14 miles and makes
 a complete circle round the
 Lion's head, on the way some
 magnificent views may be seen,
 certainly hard to beat anywhere.

On arrival at the
 Bay we decided on having a
 dip in the baths, and it proved
 to be thoroughly enjoyable.
 We were getting rather peck-
 ish by this time, and on learn-
 ing that some few hundred
 yards away was a luncheon
 where the ladies of Cape Town
 dispensed tea & cake & fruits

oversea soldiers, we held
ourselves there at once, and
was presently sitting down
to a most glorious cup of tea,
we showed our appreciation
of this most delicious beverage
by asking for an encore,
which was readily given us,
it was such a change after
the rank tea we had been
receiving on board, that we
could not help appreciating
tea well made.

On returning to land
we partook of a substantial
dinner, and filled in a
couple of hours at a cinema
show till it was time to re-
turn to the boat.

241
Nov 6th 17.

During the morning of this
day we were very uncertain
as to whether we would be
granted shore leave or not,
and it was only through
the efforts of our O.C that
at last permission was
granted. He went ashore
and interviewed the Command-
ant of Cape Town, and on his
return to the ship, delighted us
all by saying "Righto lads
get into your gear as soon
as you like", his advice was
speedily carried out, and about
1 pm we were all ashore
once more; on reaching the
town my pal & I decided
on having a game of billiards.

242
which we did, resulting
in a win for my friend;
we spent about an hour
in the P.O. writing letters to
our friends in England; after
this we decided on a stroll
through the gardens, they are
very fine, and it was delight-
ful to stroll along through
its shady walks.

The partook of an
early tea, for we had decided
upon spending the evening at
Cecil Rhodes estate, his late
house is some five from the
city, and available by both
train & tram, we closed the letters
and reached our destination
about 6 pm, we were not per-
mitted to look over the house,

243
for it is now the residence of
the premier of S. Africa, it is a
magnificent home, all built
of white stone, and the gardens
surrounding it are gorgeous, we
passed on through the park
to where the zoo or menagerie
is; here there are all kinds of
birds and animals, in fact
it is almost as complete a
collection as some of the zoos
in many cities.

On arriving back
in town we spent the time
before going back to our ship
playing billiards.

Nov 7th 17.

On waking up this morning
we found our ship moving,
we were glad of this, we

were quite satisfied with our
two days leave on shore, and
was anxious to be on our way
on our way towards home.

We moved along in
the same old groove, a concert
once or twice a week relieved
the monotony of the trip some-
what, and a sports meeting
held one Saturday afternoon
was appreciated. It was gen-
erally a trouble to find some-
thing to occupy our minds,
we put in most of our time
playing cards, smoking, sleep-
ing, there was nothing else really
to do.

Dec 21st 1917.

About 4 pm we obtained our
first sight of the Coast of

245
Australia, the lads nearby
went wild with delight, at
seeing their good old Aussie
once more. Personally I felt
a great feeling of grateful-
ness that I should thus be
spared to return home, many
of my pals who left with
us will never more return,
it is the luck of things, but
I could not help thinking what
an awful pity it is that so
many fine fellows did not meet
with better fortune.

About 6 pm we
drew into the wharf, and were
soon exchanging pleasantries
with the folk on the wharf.
A military band played many
of the good old tunes, and we

246
felt very happy and satisfied with things in general, a number of the boys got off here, and the remainder of us gave them a rousing send off, I almost envied them their luck, and wished it was the East and not West.

A number of red cross ladies came on board and dispensed, cakes, cigarettes and fruit liberally to the boys, an action that was greatly appreciated; at 11 pm we drew out from the wharf, and anchored in the harbour till morning; and it all found us once more on our way.

Our trip through

247
the Bight was very smooth and calm, usually one or two ones and getting a tossing about in this bit of the sea, but the sea remained quite calm right through.
Dec 27th 17.

About 10 am we came opposite Kangaroo Island, a very large piece of land lying south of the light. We were a long while passing this island, which in length must be at least sixty miles; we drew into the Port of Adelaide about 6 pm. Here was another scene of enthusiasm, a large number of friends of the lads came down to meet them, and

249
ours, lads, all the boys
voted the evening a most
enjoyable one.

Dec 28th 17.
Another steamer "Hemistocles"
returning to Australia came in
during the night, and first
thing in the morning I went on
to wharf to see if I could
pick out some of my former
pals, I found them, also two
other lads who really never
expected to get a trip home, still
their luck was in, two brothers
both returning home on the
same boat. I was more than
pleased to see them.

About 9 am we
pulled our anchors up, and
was once more on the wave.

248
both lads and friends were
greatly excited at once more
seeing one another.

We were looking
forward to a days leave
here, but were both a little
pleased and at the same time
disappointed to leave, we were
due away early the next morning,
but that we would be interest-
ed by the red cross people of
Adelaide to refreshments and
a concert at the wharf; we
were soon sitting down to
a nice spread, and soon
made the good things very scarce,
the concert that followed was
really very good, quite a num-
ber of ladies contributed, and
also a sprinkling of our

our journey's end, now very
nearly in sight.