

was SALLY LAURETTE, the guns going into action the following night in front of MALLARD WOOD. At 4.45 a.m. on the 22nd, an attack was made, which proved highly successful; the objective was the out-skirts of BRAY. The guns were moved forward to a place called HAPPY VALLEY, which proved to be a misnomer, as Fritz strafed it to such an extent that the order was given to pull back to the old position. Next afternoon, the guns moved forward again. At 3.30 the following morning, the barrage opened and our Infantry captured BRAY. At 6.30 a.m. the Brigade moved forward to ETENHEIM, but did not fire from this position as the Infantry advance had been too rapid.

Our next move was through BRAY, the Batteries taking up their position on the other side of the town.

I will leave you here Effie, and in my next, hope to give you some exciting experiences that occurred afterwards.

Yours affectionately,

(Stripes) "EDEDE."

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"WHIZZ-BANGS AND DEEDS"

Heard in a dug-out at SALLY LAURETTE:-

Robert Davis (26) to Richard Deane (23), both sweating on Blighty leave.

Richard, where do you think would be a good place to buy some nice "Undies" ?

A digger outside:- "Strewth" do you hear those "Tabs" ?

The "Armoured car" that the 107th Officers sniped at MORLANCOURT proved to be a perambulator.

Some epitaphs at ROSSNOY, the work of an "Aussie" burial party.

"Here lies three Kuns,  
Who met a digger  
Had there been more  
The hole would have been bigger.

"Here lies a Hun.  
Whose name was Von Hutzer  
He met a Digger  
And came a "gutzer"

In a shell hole at Hargicourt,  
a large number of Fritz's were  
buried. Some "wag" put the  
following on a cross:-

"Beaucoup Fritzes"

A Digger to a Fritz captured on  
3th August.

"Well Fritz, do you think  
you're winning?  
"Ye do not tink, we only hope"

Aussie to a Tommy of the Tank Corps  
during the progress of the push.

"Have you got any "dinkum Oil?"  
No chur, but I have some good  
lamp oil you can have."

To a haughty "Jerry" Officer  
carrying gloves in the prisoner's  
cage at BELLICOURT.

"Hey! Give me those gloves!"  
"No. I want 'em myself".  
"Oh no you won't, you'll be  
cook's fatigue to-morrow".

A VISITOR - APRES LA GUERRE.  
The sun sinks low in the brilliant west  
Adorning the clouds with gold,  
While slowly over the rolling plain,  
The shadows of night unfold;  
A bat darts by on it's silent wing;  
A frog in the river croaks;  
Rosellas screech in their quick alarm,  
And fly from the sheltering oaks;

A wallaby down from ranges dark,  
Intent on it's evening swill,  
Looks up disturbed, then scampers away  
To lairs on the distant hill;  
A duck, a-crouch in the dusky reeds  
Shoots out o'er the darkening pool;  
A Jackass laughs from a low-hung limb  
Enjoying the twilight cool.

All nature's soft with the Autumn touch  
For Autumn's kindly withal;  
Be rein our horses and pitch our camp  
In sound of the Gurler's call.  
We light a fire of crackling twigs,  
Red flames up-curl in the breeze;  
And while the billy is on the boil,  
Gray smoke slips up through the trees

Our pipes come out when the meal is o'er,  
And gone from the sky the light;  
While stars as bright as radiant gems  
Make lovely the robed of night.  
We watch the flames of the fire uprise,  
And think of our war-time mates;  
We see the faces of those we loved,  
Who fell through their ill-starred fate

Smoking, we sit round the camp fire's glow  
And dream of the old affair;  
We picture the scenes of former days,  
And mates who had helped us there.  
And those returned are our mates by fate-  
Decreed by an Unseen Hand-  
While those who fell have given their all  
For love of their native land.

We speak of them now in softened voice,  
These heroes of war romance;  
And know our land will never forget  
Those chaps who went down in France.  
This life is often a game of luck,  
And death's but an episode,  
But gallant the lads who fell in fight  
Or dropped by the weary road.

\* \* \* (See over leaf)