

"Locky" had self satisfaction and inventive genius. He was educated almost to perfection. He knew and believed he was Sergeant Major by Divine Right and it was only modesty which caused him to lurk in obscurity when Lord Kitchener's job was being filled. "Locky" was educated at Edinburgh University and it was a pleasure to the troops to hear him address the parade "Get filled in, the whistle's blew." Experiences many and wonderful did "Locky" relate to his admiring underlings; hair breath escapes in the Boxer Rebellion, tales of bravery in the Boer War, deeds of daring in Mexico and hand to tooth fights with ferocious animals in the Indian Jungle. Locky was an inventive genius. He related how when touring the continent, a Balkan princess fell violently in love with him, but the King her father, refused his consent to their marriage. He had recently received a lawyer's letter calling upon him to pay £30,000 for cattle, an amount already settled, but the receipt unfortunately was lost. This touched the hearts of the hearers who resolved to call for subscriptions to ameliorate their Sergeant Major's distress. The following will be recognised by many who were at the Warren at the time and saw it exhibited on the notice board in front of the old building:-

SUBSCRIPTION		LIST.	
No.1.Tent	A Prayer Book	His old college chum	An English dictionary
No.4.Tent	A tin of Melon Jam	Vickers,Son & Maxims	Treatise on gun drill.
Sergeants' Mess.	An automatic revolver.	No.14.Tent	Tripping Piece Part 2.
His Batman	3 yds. of rope.	His pals of the boxer rebellion.	The cold shoulder.
No.6.Tent	A tooth brush.	The employees of his fathers American Cattle Ranch.	A free ticket out of the country.
No.11.Tent	The life of George Washington, the man who never told a lie.	The Balkan Princess	Her Love.

The types of N.C.Os herein depicted were commonly met with at the period described, but fortunately for the future of the brigade they were not all of that stamp. Many gained promotion through stirling worth,tact, firmness in handling men, ardour for the efficiency of the Brigade and good solid work. It was the former type, however, that began by losing the respect of the troops, lost influence over them, exposed themselves to ridicule and were largely responsible for the inception of the wily art of swinging the lead or the science of avoiding work without detection."

Few of us ever dreamt that the opportunity would present itself for us to see any country other than Australia. Firstly because we were so far away from all other lands and secondly because in our isolation, in the Great Southern Ocean, we grew to love our own land so well that we lost the desire to travel. Australia's myriad aspects sufficed for all temperaments and tastes, but when the war clarion sounded over the earth, the Australian buckled on his armour and set forth on his grim pilgrimage to the earth's end. It was on the morning of the 11th,May 1916. that we, as members of the 7th. F.A.B. set forth on our great pilgrimage, the step into the great unknown.

Who will ever forget the "Reveille" at "The Warren" as it sounded that Autumn morning? In most of our memories it will echo while we remain on this mortal coil. It sounded at 3.30.a.m. that alone is enough to make one remember it. Very few had slept, many had not even attempted to woo gentle slumber, but all hurried to the Cook House for a plate of the everlasting "stocq" and then, with our kit bags and overcoats, we were drawn up in front of the historic building, (now demolished,) addressed for a few seconds by the C.O.Lt.Colonel Pearce, while the Y.M.C.A. Chaplain, with a few words thrown into the darkness, touched a sympathetic note in every fellow's heart, and put us in good cheer for our farewell.

We marched to the tram, any old "ay, and an old lady, wrinkled, care-worn and bowed down with the weight of sorrow and years, was among the crowd at Merrickville that cheered us, and she came to each compartment and wished each one tearfully, "Good Luck." We got on our boat, "The Argyllshire" "A.8." at 6 in the morning, and immediately put out into the stream. Leaving the wharf was a vivid experience, bands playing, crowded wharf, the breaking of Autumn dawn, streamers flying and vociferous cheering. We lay at anchor in the harbour for some hours, while launches crowded with people cruised around us, and the passing steamers "Cock-a-doodle-dooed" unceasingly.

We hauled up anchor about 4 in the afternoon, the boat's nose was turned towards the Heads, and we were off. The last scene we saw was a small launch which we had outpaced, falling away to the stern, on which was a broken-hearted girl, sobbing her eyes out and despairingly waving a spiritless hand.

As we passed through the Heads and turned South, what memories filled our brains, what emotions pushed into our hearts. Our minds were haunted with memories of Australia, the men who had lived and died for it in the past, and the patriots who had striven to guide the young developing land through all its early trials.