

THE FOUR PHASES.

The military experiences of the 7th. may be divided into four phases - "The Warren," "The Argyllshire," "Larkhill," and "France."

We are now in the midst of the fourth phase.

The first stage is a pleasant memory. "The Warren" training and discipline were rather "Keystonian" in comparison with later and more serious affairs. The work was delightful - especially the daily slumber under the trees at Riverside park. Every evening into town by the seven to five, every week end off: what a dream, what a vision of bliss! Presents poured in on us, sox and cake galore. Let us conjure up some pictures:- "The Block," "The Corso," "King Street," and in the pictures let us include those clanking, dazzling spurs, those beautiful shining boots, and the lads whistling "So Long Letty" music. Can't you feel all the old delight again? Can't you feel your pulses tingle? Let us turn over the "Warren" page; the only dark spots on its happy sheet - are fleas.

The next phase is the boat. Here we had many and novel experiences during our 63 days on board, and, at times we required to bring to our help the Australian characteristics of humour and "making the best of things." We made our own amusements, and deliberately made the most of our opportunities for fun, as those popular members of the crew, "Steve" and "Lamps" can testify. The Port niggers also afforded us some fun, and as they looked rather cold in their exceedingly brief costumes, we gave them a couple of quick hot luncheons of peppered pudding. They shrieked a lot of language afterwards, which presumably consisted of words of gratitude. Our old friend "Lamps" will go down to fame as the "Greatest Living Exponent of the Easy Art of Growling." His best known works are:- "The Dope," and "Bully Beef Again for Dinner." "Lamps" is now the nickname for the chap who thinks that the war will end in the spring of 1921 -- and looks it.

The next phase is in England. This phase includes the serious moulding and making of the Batteries and of the Brigade. We had our noses to the grindstone. We hope we acquired some degree of military efficiency. Unfortunately our camp was pitched in a rather inaccessible spot, as many a chap found out to his sorrow, when, after returning from London leave, he had to "pad the hoof" from Amesbury to the camp, the large amount of money in his pockets making the walk very laborious. One of the favorite evening pastimes was a game introduced by the drivers and called "chaff pinching". This game required to be played after sunset, and in a particularly dark part of the forage store. Owing to a defect in his sense of humour, it was never played near the sentry. The horses enjoyed their part of this game immensely, and would like the game to be introduced into French stables. If, however, only for the introduction to our now intimate friends, Frost, Ice and Snow, we shall long remember Larkhill.

We are now deep in the fourth phase. We have weathered the worst winter within the memory of that inveterate Ananias, "The Oldest Inhabitant" and it has taken from us all hankerings after Polar Expeditions or Picnics to Lapland. Mud has been a close and lingering friend. Many a time when in nice, open air horse lines, we felt when sinking through the mud, that we were taking a short cut home. The three previous phases have led up to this phase, and in this one we must keep our optimism as handy as our gas masks. We must preserve our national faculty for making the best of things and we must always remain the same cheery fellows, no matter what the future holds for us. Also, we must not forget the ideals that we keep at the back of our brain, but seldom talk about; the traits and ideals which have already won Australia fame in this war. We have entered the arena, a Brigade of mates ready to act according to our several abilities, staunch to each other, regardless and defiant of the future, proud of our Brigade, and proud of that sunny Homeland, where our thoughts are always wandering, way down in the Southern Ocean.

AUSTRALIA WILL DO US.

A recently captured Fritz said that only two ships will be required to take the A.I.F. back to Australia - one for identity discs and the other for the Horseferry Road staff. This Fritz has evidently an exalted opinion of Hunland evidently expecting that Billjims will decide to settle there.

ARGUMENT.

S. Bearer. "That dog's hind leg on your arm is all that saves you."
Bdr. "I'll get permission to take it off and soon fix you. You spilt hot tea on my arm and didn't even say you were sorry, you - you Judas Iscariot!"
S. Bearer. "What? Judas Iscariot!!!"
What's that?"