

## A PARIS FLUTTER.

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Hullo Digger, you're done up like a sore finger, - where to?  
Oh! 8 days special to Poree, tres bon eh? Bet yer!

Billjim's preparations prior to leave taking reminded one of the pleasant days at the Warren when Kiwi and Elbow Grease shared equal honors for the shine that was the pride of the troops, and the prelude to catching the four fifty-five train from Tempe to the City.

Everything being O.K. the night before - movement order, warrant, chat certificate, etc. all signed up - enabled the fortunate to rise with the frost and in the excitement forget breakfast. Not having frost cog attachments, the walk along the road brought back memories of the Glaciarium. Steenwerok at last hove in sight with twelve minutes to the good.

After having interviewed the R.T.O., tickets were purchased at the ridiculous sum of 7½ fros. (5/6) 2nd. class single to Paris, a distance of 225 miles. Punctually at 8 ack emma, "All aboard, dingle dingle," and the sardine packed carriages pulled out.

Arrived Calais at 11-10 a.m. - a whisky and soda? at the Church Army Hut put us in good fettle for the next phase, Calais-Paris. Tickets for the 2nd. Series in the dining car were secured and at 12-10 p.m. we waved a loving good-bye to a snice M.P. who had "good-naturedly" inquired if we had our passes.

At 3 p.m. Boulogne showed itself; this was the signal to take our mess tins and manners into the dining car again. Seated among the "civies" made one conscious that "HEGGATTY" was to be strictly observed.

After being stung by some charitable institution who "wore a smile that wouldn't come off" the Billjims were handed serviettes. Bill Badgery (25th) forgot himself so far as to ask what they were for! It did not take long to get outside the excellent luncheon which was provided for 7 francs.

Arrived Paris at 9 p.m. All the khaki was yarded, and Char-a-bano(ed) to Pepiniere Military Barracks where the passes were checked and initialled. Then came the inevitable lecture by a humorous Canadian M.C. on "what to do and what not to do" while in Gay Poree. This over, the Y.M.C.A. attended to the inner man with a good supper, and the progress of the fork from the plate to the gap was accompanied by a Ladies String Orchestra. Ye Gods! What a treat, Yep! Farmer's and the A.B.C. all over again!

Our hotel being central, all sights were within easy reach.

Firstly we made for "A Corner of Blighty in Paris" a soldier's club presided over by Miss Butler ably assisted by a number of ladies, some being "Ossies." "Blighty" is a fine idea, as it is there expressly for Tommies and Overseas Troops who want to see Paris & as a rendezvous it is immensely popular.

The Army and Navy Leave Club was next on the list. This is also a splendid institution where meals are served very cheaply and beds provided. It is a curious fact that the majority of our men from "down under" do not patronise these places for board and lodging as much as one would expect. It is due no doubt to the sight of khaki being continually before their eyes in the war zone. Therefore the Hotels and Restaurants draw the crowd despite the high tariffs. Of course one's pay-book must show a healthy credit.

That night Follies Bergeres, a fine theatre, with a wonderful promenade and "wonderfuller" women, was visited and much appreciated after the long months in the line, where theatres and women were non est.

The troops not being "skanky" bought promenade tickets at 3 fros. each, which entitled the holder to wander any old where. A pleasing feature was that "Gladeyeing" did not come under the censorship laws and as Billjim knew the fine points of the game he soon made a host of - er friends (Now then you Ossie girls, don't get the wind up, Paris isn't in Scotland!)

On the morrow we saw historic Paris under the excellent guidance of Miss Butler. First the Roman Palace, now the Cluny Museum, full of antiques and relics of Rome in Paris. One of the most interesting exhibits was the cabinet containing The Devil. This was used by the priest as a "third degree stimulant" to jog the lady confessionist's memory. The cabinet was beautifully worked, and had a painting of Christ on the centre panel. With the idea of bringing the lady a "Gutzer" she was forced to kneel in front of "The Old Oak Chest" occupied by His Satanic Majesty whilst the priest "lamped." At the psycholological (beg pardon) moment a button was pressed, the panel disappeared, and the mechanical bust of Old Nick came forth. By a swinging movement all kinds of weird noises were created. To

at to its repulsiveness the tongue protruded and the eyes moved. One Digger remarked, "Ought to take some of these over when we raid, they might induce old Frits to confess that it was he who started this plummy war!" Our guide related many events which helped to make French History, one being the incident when Robert Bruce, the greatest of all spider trainers kidnapped Marie Antionetto.

The Roman Amphitheatre was inspected, but owing to the present transport difficulties, it was decided not to buy. Speaking of this ancient work brings to mind a curious thing. When the excavating operations were begun in 1870 the "box on" between the Froggies and the "Nuttie Huns" was staged, so the "diggers" knocked off.

Again in 1914 the job was restarted but the "Fancy Excavators" had to down tools owing to the present scrap taking place. We vote the Froggies won't tickle this part of the earth again in a hurry.

Notre Dame was next. This is a very wonderful Cathedral of stately proportions, two of its chief assets from a sight-seeing point of view being the Rose Windows (very charming) and the Statue of Our Lady. To this Statue, it is believed by the population, that the whole destiny of France hangs. Immediately war was declared in 1870 the Statue was taken down and buried, to be re-erected après le guerre. This burial process was repeated in 1914 a few days after this war started, when Paris was threatened by the Huns, and it was some time before "Clever Mary" was put back on her perch.

The sight which takes the bun is undoubtedly the Palace Versailles and the grounds. This was the kingly residence of the "k'nut" who liked himself, viz:- Louis XIV, where something like twenty millions sterling was spent. The Hall of Victories (where no knock-outs were screened), the grandeur of the marble staircases, the spacious ball room, the Chapel, the richly decorated and painted ceilings, and in the grounds, the lakes, grottoes and statuary were enough to take one's breath away. No wonder there was a French Revolution.

Palace Fontainebleau, (Map's Dark Hut) resembles Versailles. The Bois de Boulogne, a National Park, with its beautiful drives and avenues, stands by itself. Place de la Concorde from which the Champs Elysees inclines to the Arc de Triomphe, the latter having all the French victories carved thereon.

Then there is Napoleon's Tomb and The Invalides, where a fine collection of captured war trophies are on view. The Louvre, Pont Alexandre L'Opera House, Hotel de Ville, and numerous other places made one realize why the Parisians love their City.

After being seven days in an atmosphere of heavenly bliss we were brought to earth with an 8" thud (not a dud) by suddenly remembering that the old war was still in progress. So beaucoup au revoirs occupied the last day and there was much rivalry as to who would have the greatest number of mam'selles at the station to say good-bye to. Cnr. Ken Grieves (26) was an easy winner.

The long hours of the journey back to home sweet home???? were passed in holding posts mortem on each others doings. However, we arrived at Bailleul at 5p.m. next day, and the tramp to our billets through yards of mud soon damped our spirits and spoiled the glace effect of our foot wear.

Still, Paris leave is not a bad stunt, is it?

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BOUQUETS.  
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Lt. Col. H.D.K. Macartney, D.S.O. made his final inspection of this Brigade on Jany. 7th. last, prior to leaving for Australian Corps Head Qrs.

This transfer caused much regret throughout the Brigade, still, that which is our loss is someone else's gain. Having commanded us since we were learning the great "War Game" on Salisbury Plains, every officer and man in the Brigade feels the parting, and will miss the cheerie words he had for us all. His determination, methods and energy did great things for the 7th. and his whole-hearted interest in our sports and welfare were instrumental in raising the esprit-de-corps to a high standard.

On behalf of the members of the 7th. F.A.B., we wish the colonel in his promotion all success, and the very best of luck.

At the same time we take the opportunity of welcoming Colonel Macartney's successor, Lt. Col. W. Churchus, D.S.O., who has come from the Divisional Ammunition Column to command us.

We are confident that under his able guidance the 7th. will still go ahead, and he can rest assured that one and all will live up to the motto "Play the Game."