

## From our Boys at the Front.

---

The following are extracts from letters sent by Pte. F. H. Collins to his parents at Coolup. Pte. Collins is with the 16th Battalion Machine Gun Section at the Dardanelles.

I am glad to say I am back again with the boys. We have now left the firing line for rest which I can tell you we badly needed. We don't have much to do in camp except sap, each man has a dug out to live in, as the Turks are always dropping a bit shrapnel into the camp, but we are getting quite used to that now. You remember young Lees, he was killed, and poor Ernie was with us in a charge and when we retired he never came back. Bert is still alive and well, he and I went to the Light Horse lines to see my old school mate, Alf, he has grown a fine big chap. While in hospital I got no letters at all, but last week I got one from

all, but last week I got one from mother saying you received the silk and cards all right. Our good old Capt. Margolin was hit three times but is still knocking about cheerfully and evidently in good spirits. I hear the 15th and 16th were mentioned in despatches, good luck to Queensland and W.A. You must not expect to hear from me very regular as it is impossible to get paper in the firing line, but depend upon it I will write every chance I get.

Later. We have had another brush with the Turks but I came through safely. After I came back from the Hospital I found most of the boys were wiped out and things were not quite to our liking, so Bert Hair and myself joined the machine gun section as they were short handed. You cannot beat the machine gun for making a mess of the enemy and they are soon learnt in war time, in peace time they would take a year to teach a man. We are now having a fine spell on an Island. It seems strange not to hear the bullets whistling or the

Shells bursting over one's head. We have no idea when we will have to go back to the firing line but we can do with a long spell as one's nerves get run down. Yesterday we had a French marine band here, it was splendid to hear a bit of music again; of course they are professionals, they played the tune I was always so keen on "The Turkish Patrol" the irony of it. You know they always say the Turks are cruel fighters but I'll say this for them whatever they did before they are playing the game this time. You know the tale about having an armistice and both sides exchanging smokes. I never used to believe that in the papers, but we had an armistice for the Turks to bury their dead—300—and we swapped cigarettes with them and our doctors were chatting with their doctors and everything was peaceful for a few hours and then we went on at it again, hammer and tongs.

Our little holiday has come to an

Our little holiday has come to an end and we are going up to give the larks "waffor" at present things are quiet enough, at the same time the scenery can change suddenly.

The ladies of Coolup are certainly becoming patriotic and may success attend their efforts. I guess the boys will be able to do with all the underclothing they can get this winter. I find things much better in the machine gun section, "seems more classy don't you know." I only wish I had joined it at first but then one could not have appreciated the difference. When I get back to the little grey home in the west, Ill bring one of our trench perescopes with me; it would be very handy to set up over my fence and see what my friends are growing in the next paddock, don't you know. After our little holiday it seems like home to come back to the old familiar scream of the shells over head as I write this note "Lizzie" (a Turkish Howitzer) is banging away for all she is worth at us, but we are used to that sort of thing now, they are only 12 pound-

coming now, they are only 12 pounders anyway.

---

The sergeant was in a bad temper, consequently the recruits under instruction were having a bad time of it. The squad had to "'Bout turn!" so many times in a few seconds that it was no wonder the recruits got dizzy, and one of them finished up by turning about the wrong way.

The sergeant, striding up to him, roared, "Where the dickens do you reckon to be, eh? On parade or what?"

"Well, sergeant," replied the other, meekly, "I began to think I was at a fancy dress ball dressed up as a blooming leg o' mutton and twisting round and round on a meatjack."

---

He was from Erin's Isle. He had only just arrived at Liverpool, and wanted to go to Manchester.

They informed him at Lime Street Station that the fare was half a crown.

"Bedad," says he, "that's an awful lot of money; it'll be cheaper to

lot of money; it'll be cheaper to walk."

And he immediately started to do the thirty-six miles to Cottonopolis.

But when he got half-way, he felt rather tired, and thought he had better ride the other half. He went to the Warrington Station, and asked the fare by the next train to Manchester.

It happened that there was no third-class by the next train, and the lowest fare was two shillings.

"What?" says he, "two shillings? Sure couldn't I get the whole way for two-and-sixpence! Be jabbers, yez won't do me that way, I'll go back to Liverpool, and ride all the way!"