
West Australian News

(From Our Correspondent.)

INTERESTING LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN D. I. FREEDMAN.

Mr. Lazarus, of Perth, is in receipt of the following letter from the Rev. D. I. Freedman, who is on active service with the Australasian Forces:—

Dear Mr. Lazarus,—I am now just about two weeks with the Front fighting forces, and in that time have had all sorts of experiences. I have already a full personal and intimate acquaintance with a soldier's rough life. About general military movements at Gallipoli I have to be particularly silent just now so you must not look for what is called news in this note. I must get away from the subject as quickly as possible, else I shall be tempted to say things. This, however, I must say, the Australian Army and its neighbours at Gallipoli have again achieved a feat which I think is unique in history. I told you I was posted for duty with the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps at Gallipoli, and when I arrived at the Peninsula I found that everything had been made ready for me. For rations and quarters I am attached to the 2nd Divisional Headquarters, and I find the staff from the General downwards to be exceedingly nice and ready to afford me all the facilities required for the carrying out of my duties. I was fortunate in receiving as my home a dug out that had been vacated by a Major, who had been transferred to a regiment, but my fortune only lasted a little while as we all had to shift quarters and take

as we all had to shift quarters and take up new ground, which meant, at least for a new chum like me, a gloriously rough time. Some of the nights especially were the most beautifully awful I have spent in my life. Most of the time in the night I spent in doing voluntary sentry duty, as I preferred walking to "sleeping." However, by breakfast time I forgot all about the "comforts" of the night, and immensely enjoyed my tin of sardines and biscuits. At one breakfast I ate a large tin of sardines all to myself, a thing I never did before, so I must be thoroughly enjoying life. I should mention, however, that at the moment of my writing, matters all round are much more comfy. One night the wind, which rose to a gale, blew my house down on the top of me, and as the night was clear I decided to refuse the invitation of the officer next to me to take shelter in his home, and bivouaced in the open. I just covered myself completely with my blan-

ket and that, with the dust which the wind blew in shovels full made quite a good covering. I have come into touch with a goodly number of Jewish soldiers. My duties being spread over the whole Army Corps, involves very long distances up hill and down gully, and it is very fortunate that I am a good walker. As cold as it is I have returned at night wet through and through from the straining of the long and hilly walk. I found General Monash (whom no doubt you know, as he is from Victoria) to be exceedingly gracious and helpful. He has given me some good hints which I am following. I am very pleased to find how well everyone speaks of him and of the other Jewish officers including Major Margolin. It

ish officers, including Major Margolin. It was a Roman Catholic Priest who told me that General Monash is regarded here as one of our bravest generals, and that his men positively swear by him. One of the gullies at Gallipoli is named Monash Gully, I am told, in recognition of the gallant way in which the general held it at a critical period. Margolin, too, is making good, and he enjoys the confidence of his men, on more than one occasion he has been given a post of honour, which means a post of the greatest danger. At Gallipoli there is really not a spot which can be considered safe, shells fall round one continually. They burst everywhere, and in one's walks one is for ever wondering how near the next one falls; the

wonder to me really is not that so many are hit, but that so many escape. At night the cracking of the rifles goes on incessantly. I once succeeded in counting a silent interval of four seconds. I have held services for our Jewish soldiers. At one of them a number of men of the Zion Mule Corps attended, and I found myself tied up in a knot. The Zion Corps men did not understand a word of English, and our men did not know Yiddish, and only very little of Hebrew, so that I had to make the service a regular mix up thing. The Zion men mostly speak only Hebrew and Arabic. I have had many long chats with one of them, and have learnt the story of the Zion Mule Corps, which is very interesting, and which if I am spared to return I shall one day narrate. I am agreeably surprised to find how well I can carry on long chats in

pure Hebrew. I am writing this on a

pure Hebrew. I am writing this on a Friday, and am arranging for another service to-morrow. I have had some lucky escapes, I had arranged to go out one afternoon with a guide—the country at Anzac is so intricate that one can only get about with a guide. He came for me but I was not ready for him for a minute, while he was waiting a shell fell quite near, on the very path we had to take; we had the pleasure of inspecting the hole it made. The following afternoon I was out with the same guide. We were in some bit of open country late in the afternoon when no one was about but ourselves. I heard rifle cracks and a couple of bullets whiz just above our heads, a third and fourth whizzed over us, and I remarked to the guide, "Some one is sniping at us. Is he not?" He replied, "Yes, sir, and the blighter is a very bad shot, sir." Anyhow, we did not think we should give the blighter's bad shooting any further test, so we made a dash for the sap, which, happily, was near. The billy cans with the Christmas gifts from Australia are just being handed out; mine is from a lady in Victoria. The men behind me are raising a cheer for the donors, and I heartily join in it. You have no idea how welcome every little gift is out here.

As this is again the only letter I am writing to Perth I shall be much obliged if you will pass it round. I have still not received a line from anyone, and am just longing for a letter. With kindest remembrances to everyone in the congregation, which I earnestly trust is going on well and also with personal regards to yourself and family, I am,

Yours faithfully,
D. I. FREEDMAN.

... .. for the services of

A social evening under the auspices of the Chevra Kiddusha Society was held at the Prince's Hall on Thursday, February 10th. The chair was occupied by E. S. Lazarus, Esq., President of the Congregation. The societies represented were The Zionist Association, Perth Hebrew Literary Society, Chevra Kiddusha Society, Jewish Girls' Guild, Jewish Ladies' Benevolent Society, and the Perth Hebrew Philanthropic Society. The President, in his opening remarks, mentioned that the idea of the gathering originated with Mr. J. Sharp, and the function was similar to that held by kindred societies in other parts of the world. It is hoped that the affair will be an annual one. The chairman briefly referred to the work of the Society, but he regretted that the good work of the Society had not been made more public in the past. He wished to refer to the absence of the Rev. D. I. Freed-

man, a very earnest worker, who was always anxious to see that the work of the many societies was carried out successfully, and that much praise was due to him. Councillor H. Boas proposed Communal Societies, and hoped that they would continue to prosper as in the past. He mentioned that the work of the Jewish societies of West Australia was far beyond what he had seen in the Eastern States. This was evident by the response of the small population in the appeal of the distressed Jews in Russia. Reference was made to the war, in which he mentioned that approximately 1000 Jews were serving at the front from Australia, and three had received the V.C. The remarks of Mr. Boas were supported by Mr. Goldberg, who said that he had received a

berg, who said that he had received a letter from Major Margolin stating that he was one of the last ten of the officers left in the trenches when evacuating Gallipoli, and was now acting-Lieutenant-Colonel. A programme of musical items followed, in which the following took part:—Miss Flo Luber, pianoforte solo; Mr. Baron Frieze, song; Miss King, violin solo; Misses Greif and Ginsberg, sketch; Mrs. M. Bercov and Mr. Baron Frieze, duet; Mrs. M. Bercov, solo.

Other speakers during the evening were Messrs. J. Sharp, E. Casper, E. Masel, and A. J. Cantor.