Marks) and carried him back to our lines under a rain of bullets from the Turks. I recommended these men to General Chaytor for their gallantry and coolness under fire.

It was unfortunate that Private Mark's wound proved to be a mortal one. He had only joined the Battalion some three days previously, and this was his first encounter with the Turks. He had served in France and other war centres, and had passed through many a fierce fight, scathless. We gave him a very impressive burial the following morning, under the lea of a little hillock, with his face turned towards Jerusalem; the spires of the buildings on the Mount of Olives could actually be seen from the spot where we were standing around his grave.

One of the ten men who, at Helmieh, had wished to join a Labour Battailon, but who, on reconsideration, had seen that it was his duty to remain a fighting soldier, was Private Greyman. He was a man who disapproved of all forms of violence. He hated war and all the brutalities pertaining thereto, yet he carried out his military duties most conscientiously. He happened to be one of a party on duty in the forward trenches on the Day of Atonement, and while repelling some snipers who were attempting to make it unpleasant for us in our camp, poor Greyman met with an instantaneous death, an enemy bullet passing through his head. I heard afterwards that when his widow received the usual W. O. notification that he was killed in action, she refused to believe

it, for she saw that the date given was the Day of Atonement, a day on which she said no Jew could possibly be fighting; but alas, we had to man the trenches continuously, no matter how sacred, or in what reverence, any particular day was held by Jew or Gentile.

We were sometimes attached to the 1st, and sometimes to the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigades, under Generals Cox and Ryrie; when they moved we were placed under General Meldrum, the Commander of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade. All were keen soldiers and good and gallant comrades.

While we were under General Ryrie, I remember he said to me one day that he would like to come out and inspect my posts.

"Very good, General," I said. "Come out with me any morning you wish."

"When do you start?" he asked.

"Generally at three A. M." I replied.

"That's a d—d good time to sleep," said the General!

Another night some of our patrols scared the Turks badly, and they started a tremendous fusillade with every rifle and gun that could be brought into action. The noise of the battle reverberated down the Mellahah and reached the Auja, where General Ryrie was encamped. Thinking that a serious attack had begun the General sprang hastily out of bed, and planted his naked foot right on the tail of a huge black scorpion! For a full half hour afterwards Australia