

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Lichtenberg Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lenz Hambroch Doyle Gjellerup
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Hanrieder Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma Verne Hägele Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke George
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Schilling Kralik Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Gleim
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist Goedicke
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Sachs Poe Liebermann Koroienko
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



The publishing house **tredition** has created the series **TREDITION CLASSICS**. It contains classical literature works from over two thousand years. Most of these titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades.

The book series is intended to preserve the cultural legacy and to promote the timeless works of classical literature. As a reader of a **TREDITION CLASSICS** book, the reader supports the mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion.

The symbol of **TREDITION CLASSICS** is Johannes Gutenberg (1400 – 1468), the inventor of movable type printing.

With the series, **tredition** intends to make thousands of international literature classics available in printed format again – worldwide.

All books are available at book retailers worldwide in paperback and in hardcover. For more information please visit: www.tredition.com



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, **tredition** offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. **tredition** is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: www.tredition.com

The Kangaroo Marines

R. W. Campbell

Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: R. W. Campbell

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8491-4913-0

www.tredition.com

www.tredition.de

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.

**DEDICATED
TO THE
CONQUERORS OF ANZAC
AND THE
MANY KIND FRIENDS I MET
IN
AUSTRALASIA, EGYPT, AND THE DARDANELLES**

PREFACE

I am not an Australasian, I am a Scot. Therefore, I hold no special brief for the folks down under. But I am an Imperialist—one filled with admiration for our overseas Dominions and the self-sacrifice of our colonial cousins. They have played the game. They have astonished the world. They have even exceeded our own expectations. Let us not stint our praise. Let us write deep in the annals of our literature and military history this supreme devotion, this noble heroism. And in the greater Councils of Empire let us see to it that these sons of the Motherland have a say in settling affairs.

And I can claim at least the right to write about our gallant Australasians. I have lived in Australia and New Zealand. I have served on a Sydney paper and with the New Zealand *Herald*. I have met every Premier (Federal and otherwise), from "Andrew" Fisher to "Bill" Massey. And, during my stay, I made it my duty to study the Citizen Army—a National Service organisation.

This was before the war. And this army was founded by "K" and the Governments of Australia and New Zealand. Did they see ahead? One is almost tempted to think so. In any case, the possession of a General Staff and the framework of a National Army ensured the rapid mobilisation of a voluntary force to assist the Motherland. This force was armed, clothed, equipped and staffed from the existing military organisations in Australia and New Zealand. You have heard of their courage at Anzac; you have read of how many have died.

Anzac is the cope-stone of Imperialism. It is the grim expression of a faith that is everlasting, of a love that shall endure the shocks of years, and all the cunning devilry of such as the Barbarous Huns. Hence this little book. It is an inspiration of the Dardanelles, where I met many of our Australasian friends. It is not an official history. I have, in my own way, endeavoured to picture what like these warring Bohemians are. The cloak of fiction has here and there been wound round temperamental things as well as around some glorious facts.

I hope I shall please all and offend none. R. W. CAMPBELL, *Capt.*
October, 1915.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

1. A NOTABLE QUARTETTE
2. MELBOURNE VERSUS SYDNEY
3. THE LAND OF SIN
4. TREASURE TROVE
5. SYBIL, THE SQUATTER'S GIRL
6. THE WISDOM OF "K"
7. THE LANDING
8. "HELL-FIRE POST"
9. A BRAVE NEW ZEALANDER
10. VICTORY
11. WHAT LADY READERS LIKE

THE KANGAROO MARINES

CHAPTER I

A NOTABLE QUARTETTE

WANTED.—One Thousand cheerful toughs to enlist for the period of the war in the Kangaroo Marines. Boosers, scrimshankers and loonies barred. Gents with big waists and little hearts are warned off. Sharpshooters on the wallaby, able to live on condensed air and boiled snakes, are cordially invited. No parson's references are required. Jackaroos, cattlemen, rouseabouts, shearers—every sort of handy-man welcome. Pay, 6s. per day, and all the "jewels" in the Sultan's harem.

This is to be the crack corps of the Australian Force.

Hurry up and join.

(Signed) SAM KILLEM, Lt. Col. Commanding.

This alluring advertisement appeared on the front page of *The Bushmen's Weekly*, a Sydney production, renowned for its wit and originality. It was designed to tickle the sides of the horny-handed men of the Bush, and to rope in the best of them. For these men of the Never-Never Land are soldiers born and heroes in the toughest job. They think deep and know the way of things. If they appear wild and uncouth, they carry beneath that scrubby exterior the will of men and the open heart of the child.

Moreover, they love the Motherland. This was specially true of the four who tenanted a little shanty on the sheep station of "Old Graham," one of the wealthiest men in Australia. The quartette consisted of Bill Buster, a typical Cornstalk with a nut-brown face, twinkling eyes and a spice of the devil and the Lord in his soul. Next came Claud Dufair, a handsome remittance man with an eye-glass and a drawl. This fellow had personality. He insisted on wearing a white collar and using kid gloves when doing anything, from dung lifting to sheep shearing. Paddy Doolan was the third member. He was an Irishman by birth, but Australian by adoption. He

had been in the Bush since he was a kid. A kind soul was Paddy, with the usual weakness—the craving for the "cratur." Fourth, and by no means least, was Sandy Brown, a Glasgow stoker, who had skipped away in a tramp from the Broomielaw because of another fellow's wife.

A mixed bunch, these four, you will agree. All with a history, part of it bad, but the main part certainly good. It takes a good heart to be a Bushman. Work is hard, the heat is trying, pleasures few, and the chances of wealth are only meagre. But the Australian Bush has a lure of its own. It calls the bravest and the best. It calls and holds the men primed for adventure, unafraid of death, and full of that innate charm and gallantry which is always the particular prerogative of the wanderer. No questions are asked in this land. A man's soul is never probed, nor is he expected to reveal his birth, or the cause of his being there. It is the place to hide a broken heart or mend an erring past. But it is only a place for men. And this quartette was full of the war. They were itching to fight. This advertisement, therefore, cheered their hearts and clinched their hopes.

"Well, boys," said Bill, "this is our call. We'd better join."

"Hear, hear!" remarked the others. That was all. They immediately packed their swag for the road. That afternoon they received their pay from the squatter. While Buster, Brown, and Doolan said good-bye to the master and mistress on the veranda, Claud was kissing Sybil, the charming daughter of the house, a tender farewell. For Sybil Graham loved the "English Johnny," as her friends called Claud. Her love was returned—not in the way he had treated some women in England, but with that reverence which is born out of true affection. This Englishman, despite his faults, had a veneration for the straightforward type which can be found in the Australian squatter's home.

"Come on, Claud—here's the coach," yelled Bill from the veranda. They embraced once more, then stepped out of doors.

"Good-bye, boys—God bless you!" said old Graham with a husky throat.

"Good-bye—Good-bye!" said his wife, with tears in her eyes, while Sybil had only strength to wave her arm to the fast disappear-

ing figure of Claud as he drove with his friends to the railway station twenty miles beyond.

"You're queer lookin', Claud," said Sandy, as they went down the road.

"Shut up!" interjected Bill, who, like all Bushmen, had a true respect for the sentiment inspired by the dangers of war. However, the sadness of parting was soon forgotten. They were, also, cheered to see, coming over the plains, little groups of cookies, shearers and others, bent on their own errand.

"Sakes alive! where's all you mad fellows goin'?" inquired the wizened old stationmaster.

"Berlin," said Bill.

"Ach sure, stationmaster, we're goin' to kiss the little darlins in the Sultan's harem."

"Well, hurry up, boys; the train's ready."

With a wild whoop fifty of them dashed for tickets, some "tucker," and a bottle or two of Scotch. Into the train they jumped, and in a jiffy were rolling over the line to Sydney. Song and story helped to cheer the long and somewhat tiring journey. During a sort of lull in the proceedings Claud looked up and said: "Here, Bill, can't you recite us some of that impromptu sort of doggerel that you get into the Sydney weeklies now and then."

"Well — yes," said Bill, rising and clearing his throat.

"Order, order! ye sheep-eatin' blackguards," shouted Paddy, hitting a table with his riding-whip. The gathering ceased their chatter, and Bill rhymed out:

"We're the Kangaroo Marines,
We're not Lager-fed machines,
But Bushmen, Bushmen, Bushmen from the plains.
We can ride, and we can cook,
Ay, in shooting know our book,
We're out to wipe off Kaiser Billy's stains.

"We're not trim — and not polite,
And, perchance, get on the skite —
We're Bushmen, Bushmen, Bushmen from the plains.
Yet though we can't salute,
We can bayonet and can boot
The wily, wily Turk from our domains.

"So when we ride away,
Off hats and shout 'Hooray'
For Bushmen, Bushmen, Bushmen from the plains.
And, parsons, say your prayers
That we may pass "Upstairs"
Should a nasty little bullet hit our veins.

"Now, boys, stand up and sing
God save our good old King,
And Bushmen, Bushmen, Bushmen from the plains."

"Good, Bill, good!" shouted Claud, gripping the rough rhymster by the hand.

"Hear, hear!" shouted the crowd.

"Rot! D — — rotten jingo slush! What the hades has the King done for you and me?" roared a red-faced passenger at the other end of the car. This was none other than Bill Neverwork, secretary of the Weary Willies' Union and Socialist M.P. for the town of Wearyville.

"Go an' boil yer old fat 'ead!" said Bill, calmly lighting his pipe.

"Ye turnip-faced spalpeen, oi'll cut yer dirty thrapple wid my gully knife."

"Rot!"

"You beastly fellow!" said Claud, giving him a scornful look.

But this Socialist gentleman was not to be denied. He would speak. "Listen, boys," he roared above the din.

"All right, father—we'll listen," said Bill, giving the others a nod. Peace reigned, then Neverwork commenced.

"Boys, you've been fooled. Why should you fight for Hengland—
—"

"Britain, please—I'm a Scot," interjected Sandy.

"Well, what has Britain done for Australia? We don't want Hengland to interfere with our business and get our boys killed. We've enough work 'ere to do. This is the working man's paradise. And we can make it a sight bigger paradise. We want more men like me."

"Ave a banana," chirped Bill.

"Yes, mates; we want Socialism. We're going to get a Republic. We'll cut the painter. Curse England!"

"Britain, auld cock!" interjected Sandy again.

"Curse Britain—and you, ye porridge-faced hemigrant! It's the hemigrants that spoil this country. Kick them out, I say. Australia for Australians. That's my motto, mates. I know what I'm talking about. I'm Bill Neverwork— —"

"B.F. for Wearyville," interjected Bill as he got up. "And now, you puddin'-headed red flagger, if you'll sit down, I'll have a cut in." The bucolic M.P. collapsed in his seat, wiping the perspiration off his beetled brow with the aid of a navy's red handkerchief.

"Now, boys, you know me."

"Good old Bill—give it him!"

"This gent, what is called M.P., is a worm. I'm a Union man—we're all Union men. Andy Fisher's a Union man, and so is Pearce, the chap that's defending Australia. But there's Union men and Union men. They're mainly good, but some are bad. That's one of the bad ones there. His name is Neverwork, and he never worked in his life. He's a blowhard, a gasbagger, a balloon full of curses and twaddle. This bloke thinks we're fools. He's kidded his Union on that he's a smart fellow—a sort of High Priest of Salvation. He's

talked himself into a job, and he's drawing about five hundred a year out of another fellow's pockets. He's called a Socialist to-day, but he'd call himself a Jew, a nigger, a polecat to-morrow, if, by doing that, he'd get a hundred more. In short, mates, he's a politician—you know what that means. Now, Andy Fisher and Pearce don't shout like this thing here. They're men, they're Australians. They want us to fight side by side with the boys from the old country. That's why we're here. And we'll fight, and so much for a fat-headed M.P. that couldn't write his own name ten years ago. This chap's an insult to Australia."

"Hear, hear!" chorused all the Bushmen volunteers.

"Listen, boys! Listen!" roared the M.P. above the din; but they simply howled him down. In the middle of this row Claud rose up, and putting up his hand, asked for order. Again silence reigned.

"Well, gentlemen—I mean, boys," said Claud, fumbling with his eyeglass, "I wish to make a motion — —"

"You're a new chum—sit down," roared Neverwork.

"And that's why I want to speak," said Claud, in such a quiet, cynical way that the M.P. almost choked. "I'm a new chum—yes. And I am, also, one of the boys. I'm in the Shearers' Union, too. I have been treated well here—don't cher know, and here are my good friends. And we're all going to fight, for what — —"

"For financiers and Jews," roared the M.P.

"No, my apoplectic friend! We're going to fight for Australia—not Britain—and we're going to fight to prevent fools like you handing this land over to German or Yellow men. It's the proper thing, don't cher know. Now, gentlemen — —"

"Not so much of the gentlemen," shouted Neverwork.

"My dear friend, you were not included in the term. I am addressing these gentlemen from the Bush. You're too beastly dirty and lazy to be a Bushman," said Claud, adjusting his eyeglass and surveying the squat figure of the M.P. as if he were examining a maggot.

"My motion, boys, is simply this, that we stop the train by pulling the communication cord, and hold the driver up for ten minutes.

Meantime, we might seize our political gasbag, secure him with a few bits of rope, hoist him out of the carriage, and tie him up to one of the signal posts, leaving a suitable inscription attached to his corporation, so that all the world shall know what a delightful idiot this gentleman — I mean politician — is."

"Carried, be jabbers!" roared Paddy Doolan, pulling the communication cord, while Bill, Sandy and some more, seized the Socialist. He kicked, cursed, bit, screamed and wriggled, but to no purpose. As the train slowed down, Bill jumped out, and, running along to the driver, held him up with a masonic wink and a Scotch refreshment. The trussed form of the M.P. was then carried out of the train. He was still cursing. But the Bushmen quietly tied him to a signal post. This completed, Claud pinned a great white sheet of paper with an inscription on it.

"Good-bye, old cock," shouted the Bushmen, jumping into the train again. The whistle blew, and as the train went slowly past the enraged captive, the eyes of all read the notice fixed to his waist:

**"THIS IS NOT AN AUSTRALIAN,
HE'S A D — — FOOL.
(Signed) KANGAROO MARINES."**

CHAPTER II

MELBOURNE VERSUS SYDNEY

Sam Killem, Commanding Officer of the Kangaroo Marines, sat in his Recruiting Office chewing a cigar in the usual Australian style. Now and again he looked at his recruiting figures and smiled. "Five hundred men in three days," he mused. "Not bad for you, Sam; and good stuff at that" — for Sam was a judge of men. He was a squatter and as rich as Croesus. His big, bony frame spoke of strength, while his eye and face told the tale of shrewdness and resource. He was forty, and successful. Three hundred miles of land was chartered as his own. His sheep were counted in thousands, and his brand as familiar as a postage stamp. Yet, in all his struggles for success, Sam had found time to be a patriot. He had served as a Tommy in the African War, and since then had commanded a corps of mounted men in the back of beyond. He was the fairest yet fiercest, the most faithful and fearless man in the force. A man who disobeyed his orders always received a knock-out blow, for Sam boxed like a pro. and hit like a hammer.

"Some more recruits, sir," said his sergeant-major, opening the door.

"Right, Jones; show them in."

The door closed on the now famous quartette — Claud, Bill, Paddy, and Sandy. They were still in their rough bush-whacking clothes, while their eyes told the tale of a merry night before.

"Well, boys — glad to see you."

"We've met before, Sam," said Bill.

"Guess we have, but cut out the 'Sam,' click your heels together, say 'sir,' when you answer, and salute when you meet me. I'm bossing this show. And we can't have sheep-shearing familiarities—understand!"

"Bit sudden like!" smiled Bill, trying to comply.

"Not so sudden as death, or a shrapnel. Now, to business. You fellows look fit. What's your names?"

"Bill Buster's mine."

"Age?"

"About thirty — that's near enough."

"Religion?"

"Ain't got any."

"That means you're officially C. of E."

"What's that, Sam — eh — sir?"

"Church of England — they father queer birds like you."

"Now, your father and mother?"

"None."

"How's that?"

"I was found as a kid on the Woolamaloo Road, with a newspaper for a bellyband and a rubber tit in my mouth. The old woman who found me said I dropped from heaven."

"The other's the most likely place. Now, sign."

"Right! Next."

Paddy Doolan described himself as an Irishman, born in Kerry, and an egg-merchant by trade.

"Your religion?" asked Sam.

"Sure, I'm a Catholic."

"When were you at Confession last?"

"It's a long time now, yer riverance; but if yis'll lend me a pound I'll have something worth confessing by early Mass to-morrow."