

IN PARIS.

ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATIONS.

[By Lieut.-Col. N. V. Wallace, A Company, 48th Battalion.]

It was my good fortune to be on leave in Paris on that day of days, November 11, when the German delegates signed the armistice which marked their final downfall. Perhaps, too, that signature will mark the birth of a Greater Germany, founded on those democratic principles which time and events have proved to be the only means by which a nation may hope to maintain its honour and prestige in the counsel halls of mankind. Leaving my hotel about 10 o'clock, I made my way along the boulevards to the British Leave Club in the Place de la Republique. Something about the city crowds seemed to foreshadow the great news which was soon to send them all half-crazy, for the 72 hours allotted to the German delegates was almost at an end. Groups of allied soldiers sat at tables in the streets toasting the arms of their countries and wondering if the proud militarists of Germany would be content to accept the humiliating allied terms, and surrender once and for all their hopes of ever attaining a place in the sun by force of arms. Not that any of them cared much for the general opinion expressed or unexpressed, was everywhere the same, "If they don't like our terms, they can leave them. We're quite willing to fight on till they do like them." In the club the excitement was intense, but it wasn't long before we were informed of the great news. Strangely enough, we didn't go mad straight away. It was more than the lads could realize. All that one could really understand was that Germany had accepted the terms, and that fact alone was too much for us to take in all at once. Did it mean that we would not rejoin our units to be hustled up the line; were we never again to hear the shrieking sigh of the approaching shell, the spiteful zip of the sniper's bullet, or the rustling whirr of the falling bomb? Could it be that the long nights of watching were over, that the muddy trenches were really a thing of the past? Had Verrey lights, the parachute flares, and artillery signals flashed out on the blackness of no-man's land for the last time, and were we never again to line the tapes at dawn, amid the deafening drumfire of barrage and counter-barrage preceding the attack? Surely these things could not be? There in the hall and on the stairs we discussed the situation. Tommy, Maori, Jock, and Digger, Canuck, Guardsman, Enzed, and Springbok men gathered from the ends of the earth, assembled in happy union at the home of the Empire's sons in Paris, beneath the majesty of that symbol of liberty, the Union Jack, the defence of its honour had drawn them one and all from farm and office, from hall and cottage, to risk their lives in a foreign land.

—The Procession.—

Presently one of the ladies of the club announced that a procession would take place in the afternoon, starting at 2 p.m. Every one, of course, had to be decorated, so out we went. The drapery shops near by were raided, much to the amusement of the petite mamelles inside, who took charge of operations, and soon had our hats and caps adorned with tricolour bows and streamers. Returning to the club we soon had it stripped of all its flags, and by 1.30 p.m. were lined up outside awaiting the arrival of the Royal Horse Guards' Band, which was to lead us on our triumphal march. The procession was headed by a small group representative of Great Britain, and all the colonies each one bearing the flag of his native country, and with us were little V.A.D. nurses and girl guides from the club. Behind us and a little to the rear, two tall guardsmen carried a huge Union Jack—then came the band, and then a cheering flag-waving throng of British, French, and American soldiers, with dozens of pretty little Parisiennes scattered among them, cheering and singing. Our starting point was at the foot of the statue of Liberty, in the Place de la Republique, surely symbolical enough, but made more so by the fact that the Union Jack was held just over the spot where one of Big Bertha's messengers of hate had erupted its burden of spite and chagrin upon the undisturbed Parisians just two or three months before. Turning into the Boulevard St. Martin we made our way by various routes to the British Embassy. All along the way the excitement was terrific. Every one seemed to be singing. The band played "La Marseillaise" time and again to the accompaniment of thousands of voices. Bunting had sprung up from nowhere, every one had a flag or a heap of red, white, and blue ribbon. Shopgirls waved kisses from the windows, perhaps wishing that they were down with their sisters, who were not con-

tent with the waving part of the business. Almost every soldier had both arms fully occupied, while some one else carried his flag for him. At the Embassy Lord Derby realizing the futility of words just waved a flag and cheered, joining heartily in the singing of the National songs of the Allies. Passing onwards down the Champs d'Elysees, we entered the Place de la Concorde, where hundreds of trophies of war are collected. Here, at the foot of the statue to Alsace-Lorraine, we halted. Once more the band struck up the National songs. Once more the crowd yelled and cheered. Standard bearers of all nations mounted the steps of the statue and stood to attention with the purple and white flag of the Yugo-Slav Republic held high in their midst by representatives of the Slav Legion attached to the French Army. Passing onwards we came to the Place Vendome. Here in the crush the vanguard was separated from the main body, and so we pushed our way back to the Place de la Republique, through the cheering excited crowd.

—For France.—

After dinner we went out once more to see the fun. In the glory of their once more illuminated city the Parisians gave themselves up in a spirit of wild abandon to their emotions. Looking down along the great boulevard, now bright as day in the glare of the great arc lamps, one could see nothing but a swaying, laughing, cheering, flagwaving crowd, all at one in their delight in the downfall of the dirty Boche ("La Sale Boche") as they call him. Grey-beards in the cafes clinked their glasses toasting "La Revanche," thinking of those other days when the conquering hordes had defied these places with their presence. But to the younger generation revenge was not the uppermost thought. They were warm-blooded Gauls, happy, passionate, and above all, human, bubbling over with love and laughter, seemingly forgetful of the sufferings and horrors they had borne so nobly these past years. And yet not forgetful, for under all their gaiety lay the memories of slaughter at Verdun, of doubt and fear on the Marne. But what of that! Was it not for La France? The tricolour cockade enlivened the dresses of black—the black was but personal, the colours were national. And what spirits, what life. Close your eyes a minute and picture the dazzling boulevard. Here a crowd of happy minnettes prance up and down, arm in arm with their boys in khaki and horizon blue. Now they collide head on with another such procession—and catching hands in the medley, form a surging circle around the centre. Round and round they go singing and cheering till tired by their own exhibition the little girls fall into the arms of the nearest soldiers, whose kisses restore them once more, and on they go again. What a people for kissing they are. On occasions such as these every little minnette considers herself altogether out of it if she is not kissed by every allied soldier who passes within embracing distance. The Frenchman quite understand the situation—they are of the same warm temperament themselves, but the average Britisher, not forgetting the bashful Digger, has not been used to such an orgy of endearment. Still in this, as in other critical periods, of his experience abroad, he rises to the occasion with a zeal that is more than commendable, acquitting himself as nobly in the groves of Venus as he has done on the field of Mars. All night these scenes went on. "No sleep till dawn, when youth and pleasure meet," and even at dawn the crowd was great, so I presume the stopouts were reinforced by the early risers. The estaminets and cafes were open all night, and though always filled to overflowing with the brave and the fair, not once did I see a Parisian really drunk, or zig-zag, as they meet happily call it. This was certainly not through abstinence, for liquors of all kinds flowed like water, so one is brought to the conclusion that they take to it as naturally as we in Australia take to tea, if not more so.

—"C'est La Paix!"—

Next day was almost a repetition. How they surged round The Matin offices when the notices announced the assassination of the Crown Prince. Soon a merry crowd came scrambling through, bearing aloft the effigy of Little Willie—others bore skeletons decked out in the field grey uniforms. Taxis, motor lorries, and all sorts of vehicles were commandeered by the mad-ding crowd, and driven wildly round the town. Even the captured cannon were taken from the Place de la Concorde and dragged round by men and girls alike. The little street urchins had the machine guns on their light carriages bedecked with tricolour flags, and President Poincare is said to have stated that he didn't care if they took them home for toys now that the war was over. But the most wonderful, the most inspiring impression gained from all

right away from every form of discipline as we know it; in other words, we want time to regain our own personal individuality and become ordinary men again. This matter of repatriation wants a lot of thinking over by you folks at the other end. As far as we can make out, you haven't even got a settled general policy. You have got the idea of being able to deal with boat loads of some fit men as you dealt with boat loads of returned unfit. It is a much bigger problem, and a very complicated one. We have a certain amount of detail about Western Australian land terms to returned soldiers, but we want more, e.g., we have the following:—"Applicants who have not got enough experience to qualify before the Land Qualification Board may be required to acquire reference on a training farm, or with some established farmer until they can be certified by the board as competent to manage their own farms."

—Some Difficulties.—

Now, what are we to understand by not enough experience? e.g., a man will probably ask me "Will they say I have not enough experience. I have been working for seven years on a farm. I don't know anything about engines, nor book-keeping, or manures, except we used to use so much per acre." So on. Will that Land Qualification Board accept the A.I.E.E. service certificates as proof of competence in the subject covered by the certificate? If not, why not? What is lacking in the course? Again, where are the "training farms"? What do they teach? How long would an ordinary man take to acquire the necessary experience? Have you enough of them for all possible applicants? Do they get paid while working at the training farms? What qualifications as regards the farm and the farmer are necessary to allow of a man being classed as "established farmer" by the qualification board. This is merely to illustrate to you how necessary it is we should have as much detail as possible. Furthermore, what else besides farming are you proposing for us? We don't all want to go farming. What is the Chamber of Manufactures, the Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Mines, the various trades unions doing?

—Technical Training.—

6. The education service has secured from the Y.M.C.A. at Weymouth (one of our depots in England), a technical school, and is proceeding to develop and extend it. They have also secured some land down there, and will as far as possible give instruction in branches of agricultural practice. Competent men have been secured who can be relied on to emphasize to students the difference which Australian conditions will make (Birks, B.Sc., Adelaide University, is one, and Stanley Kelly, a member of the South Australian Advisory Board on Stock, is another). 7. A number of prominent lecturers have been secured to deliver lectures at some of the big depots. 8. Two of the biggest associations of manufacturers in the United Kingdom have been approached, and are preparing a panel of manufacturing firms who will take selected men into their works for three, four, five, or six months, to gain practical experience. There are some "C" class men already in this ("C" class are permanently unfit for general service).

—Concentration Camps.—

So you will see that a fair amount of work has been done. We do not expect to do much till peace is declared. We certainly cannot teach any subjects in France, which require a certain amount of practical work. French is already popular, and will, I fancy, be still more popular under the scheme. During the demobilization period we expect the force to be located in fairly large concentration camps. The education service will get a proportion of huts for use as classrooms. If (this is a very big if) scattered over England, there will be a certain amount of selection of men, e.g., if there is a camp in the Midlands, engineers, &c., will be sent there. If a camp is in a famous sheep district, wool men, and so on.

—How Australia May Benefit.—

There is one very definite rule which has been laid down by the A.I.F. H.Q., presumably by order of the Federal authorities. No man is under any circumstances to be kept on this side any longer because he is doing some educational course than if he were not doing it. We expect this to be modified to this extent—The director of E. Service shall have power to keep him on two conditions only, viz.—(1) That the man cannot get any similar training in Australia; (2) that the course of trade he is doing is one which will be of benefit to the Australian nation. Now, it seems to some of us that it is quite possible that many Australian concerns would gladly see their A.I.F. employes gain experience in their own head offices, London agencies, factories, &c., at this end. And it is evident that the demand must be made at that end. The idea is applicable to all sorts of men, bankers, accountants, merchants, civil service, engineers, wool brokers, municipal servants, teachers, and others. The difficulties, though not very apparent, are very real. The result should be of great benefit to Australia, though, remember, there will be a lot of Canadians, Americans, and others searching for new ideas and for new information about the same time, and the interchange of ideas will be useful to all.

this is the fierce enthusiasm of the French women. See them surging down the streets wildly singing or chanting "La Marseillaise," arrayed mostly in black, but plentifully decorated with tricolour bows and ribbons—see them cheer their glorious standards of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and then look beyond them, back, back, through the years, and you will see those same great women singing the same great song and marching onwards in the first great days of the Republic, ever onwards to the Palace of Versailles, or the Citadel of the Bastille, those seats of despotism which under the name of aristocracy had like a canker eaten into the heart of their beloved France. Can you blame the warm-blooded effervescence those who for four long years have borne their sorrows so philosophically and so stoically. "C'est la guerre," they said, but now—"C'est la Paix." Yes "La Paix" the glorious peace—so longed for and so seemingly far off which has now come upon them. In a few days they will finish their laughter and singing, and will settle down to build anew their half-shattered country as they did in those tragic years of the early seventies, sacrificing anything and everything for their beloved mother "La Belle France." They need no other inspirations, their country's needs are theirs, her wish their law, and so long as she calls upon them they will face all suffering and sacrifice with a merry laugh, and a ready "Vive la France et les Francaises."

SENIOR AND JUNIOR EXHIBITIONS.

From "EDUCATION"—A comparison of these awards with the results of the examinations presents an apparent anomaly. The names are neither in alphabetical order nor in order of merit. In publishing the results the Education Department had made it clear that the awards are given under three distinct sections, the absurdity—to take one case—of the name of the Tennyson Medalist in the senior examination appearing at the bottom of a list with those of candidates who did not do nearly so well at the top of the list would not be so striking. This is all the more desirable as the University has abolished the general honours lists.

NAVAL SURRENDER.

SOUTH AUSTRALIANS PRESENT.

There were three Adelaide University men present on the occasion of the handing over the Germany navy—Sub-Lieutenant G. I. D. Hatchesoon, of Sturtstreet, who was on H.M.A.S. Australia; Sub-Lieutenant H. J. G. Nicholson, son of Sergeant Donald Nicholson, of the City Watchhouse, who was on the cruiser Melbourne; and Sub-Lieutenant R. Berry Smith, of Unley, who was on the cruiser Sydney. In a letter to his parents, dated November 23, Sub-Lieutenant Nicholson stated:—"This has indeed been a momentous week, for we took a leading part in the handing over of the Hun fleet, and are guarding them at the present time. At 8.30 we went to action stations with all our gear shipped and half an hour later the first of the Huns came in sight. In the van was one of our light cruisers, followed by five battle cruisers and 10 battleships. We passed them about six miles off. By this time we had hoisted our battle flags, and they were flying their ensigns with the flagship carrying a white flag. A little later we came abreast of seven light cruisers, following one of ours, and then we turned. At midday 49 Hun torpedo boats, accompanied by 80 of ours, passed us, and soon left us behind. At 3 o'clock we dropped anchor off Inchkeith, and it was indeed a wonderful sight to see all these Hun ships surrounded by ours. The Nürnberg was our particular ship, and we sent a party aboard to see that there was no ammunition, and last armistice. Everything was right, and the Hun had removed all the gear in connection with the training and firing of his guns. They found the officers sullen, but the men were cheerful. At 6 o'clock that night we held a thanksgiving service in the waist of the ship. We put our hearts and souls into the short service, especially in the singing of 'Now Thank we all Our God.' At once my mind flashed back to my college days when we were reading the history of Friedrich der Grosse in German. After one of his victories he had his troops massed and they sang the same hymn. What a difference! And a short distance from us was lying the Friedrich der Grosse, the Hun flagship. On Friday morning we coaled whilst our boarding party made the final inspection of the Nürnberg. The Sydney was looking after the Emden. What irony! Yesterday morning the first batch of destroyers left for Scapa. In the afternoon about ten of us made a tour in our steamboat, and thus had a very close look at the Huns. The first we came to was the Emden. She had a couple of