

THE STRAITS IMPREGNABLE

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The Straits Impregnable by Sydney De Loghe

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SYDNEY DE LOGHE

**THE STRAITS
IMPREGNABLE**

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THE STRAITS IMPREGNABLE



G.B.

BY SYDNEY DE LOGHE

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET W.

1917



TO
THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION

*This Book,
Written in Australia, Egypt and Gallipoli,
is true.*

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CHAPTER I

THE CALL

THE afternoon was wearing out, and I began to think of home and tea. I stopped working, straightened my back, ran moist fingers through my hair, and sat down on the log. The axe went tumbling to the ground. "Watch-and-pray" and "Wait-and-see" got up from the fallen gum suckers, and trotted forward with waving tails and glistening, slippery tongues. I made haste to get rid of them. They began to play, biting ears and growling, but went back at last, laid keen black heads on narrow paws and watched me out of grave brown eyes.

To Gippsland spring had come. The day had been a day of spring until evening beckoned afternoon away. Now a little breeze—gentle, but rather cold—came out of the west and wandered through the tops of the gum suckers. The scent of eucalyptus came with it; and behind it followed the voices of countless rustling leaves.