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of Cairo and Alexandria, for the harbour is safe and sheltered, the beach ideal, and the climate bracing. Hotels were built, along with the usual casinos and places of entertainment for visitors. No doubt there were expeditions into the desert to Bir Shola and Wadi Majid, where we made our first contacts with the enemy and tasted real fighting for the first time.

To-day, however, no visitors swim in the harbour or lie on the sandy beach. Mersa Matruh, in recent years, has become a vast airport and naval base and the terminus of a railway line from Alexandria, following the old caravan route along the coast. Wharves and jetties have cut up the sandy beach on to which we leaped from H.M.S. Clematis when we arrived there in 1915. Warships lie at anchor in the harbour, along with oil tankers. 'Planes zoom overhead, watching for movement on the desert towards the Libyan frontier, or signalling the result of operations as British expeditions make their way to strategic points. New Zealanders now stationed in Egypt may once more find their way to this important post on the Mediterranean shore.

Thus the cycle of years has brought great activity back to Mersa Matruh. In the year 331 B.C., history records that Alexander the Great landed there on his way to consult the Oracle at Siwa, before founding the town of Alexandria. Siwa is an oasis in the desert, about 180 miles inland, which we always hoped to reach but never did, getting no nearer than Halazin, where we defeated the Grand Senussi and his forces on the open desert. There, in a fertile area, 30 miles long by three miles wide, many fresh water wells have made their country bloom and produce great quantities of fruit, especially dates.

For 300 years after Alexander's visit little was heard of Matruh. Then it be-

came famous again, this time as one of Cleopatra's pleasure resorts, known to the ancients as Paraetorium. While we were stationed there we found evidence of former occupation, and frequently came upon pieces of sculptured pillars and broken pottery. This was all that remained of the former glory of Cleopatra's palace (where she is said to have entertained Marc Antony). A small and dilapidated mosque has been built in recent times, but any worshippers had fled long before our arrival. A near-by well and three ancient date palms looked as though they might well have belonged to Cleopatra's epoch.

By Camel

For centuries the only means of communication through that desolate country was by caravan, carrying dates and salt from Siwa and merchandise from Cairo and Alexandria to tribes scattered about the coastal districts. Authors have given us romantic pictures of such caravans and their merchandise, but contact with a war-time camel corps completely destroyed my illusions. The smell from those patient and ungainly "ships of the desert" is immense and memorable. On our last trek along the coast, which was to have ended with an attack on Sollum, close beside the Libyan frontier, we were accompanied by a corps of 900 camels, carrying sufficient supplies and ammunition to last us for several weeks. They made a picture as magnificent as any ancient expedition as they moved three abreast, but they were at their best in the distance — and away from the wind.

No doubt there are smooth military roads radiating from Mersa Matruh since it has become such a vital base, and most of the camels will have been replaced by motor trucks and other mechanical units, but in essentials it will still remain the bare and inhospitable country we knew during the last war.

"THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND"

Words Of Patriotic Song

TO-DAY, by special permission of the publishers, Messrs. Allan and Co., Melbourne, we print the words of "There'll Always Be An England" (with extra verses for Australia and New Zealand). It has been decided by at least one Education Board that this song will be sung at the opening of school every morning. To help parents and children to familiarise themselves with the song, the NBS has arranged special broadcasts from 3YA every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 a.m. The words are given as they would be sung:

VERSE

*I give you a toast, ladies and gentlemen,
I give you a toast, ladies and gentlemen,
"May this fair land we love so well
In dignity and freedom dwell"
"Tho' worlds may change and go awry
While there is still one voice to cry*

CHORUS

*There'll ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND
While there's a country lane;
Wherever there's a cottage small
Beside a field of grain.*

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

*While there's a busy street;
Wherever there's a turning wheel,
A million marching feet.*

*Red, white and blue,
What does it mean to you?
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud,
Britons awake,
The Empire too, we can depend on you,
Freedom remains; these are the chains
nothing can break.*

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

*And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you
As England means to me.*

*THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AUSTRALIA,
Where Wattle blossoms bloom,
Where gum-trees rear their shady boughs,
'Neath skies that know no gloom.*

*THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AUSTRALIA,
While plains wide to the skies,
Reveal the spirit of our men,
Who dared to do or die.
The ANZAC Soul,
Inspired our men of old.
Heroes who gave our land a name, none
dare defame*

*Our Motherland,
We'll give a helping hand,
Ready to start, to do our part, with all
our heart.*

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AUSTRALIA

*While homes and hearts are free,
As England is so dear to you Australia
is to me.*

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE NEW ZEALAND

*Where Kowhai blossoms bloom,
Where rats rear their shady boughs,
'Neath skies that know no gloom.*

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE NEW ZEALAND

*While hills reach to the skies,
Reveal the spirit of our men,
Who dared to do or die.
The ANZAC Soul,
Inspired our men of old.*

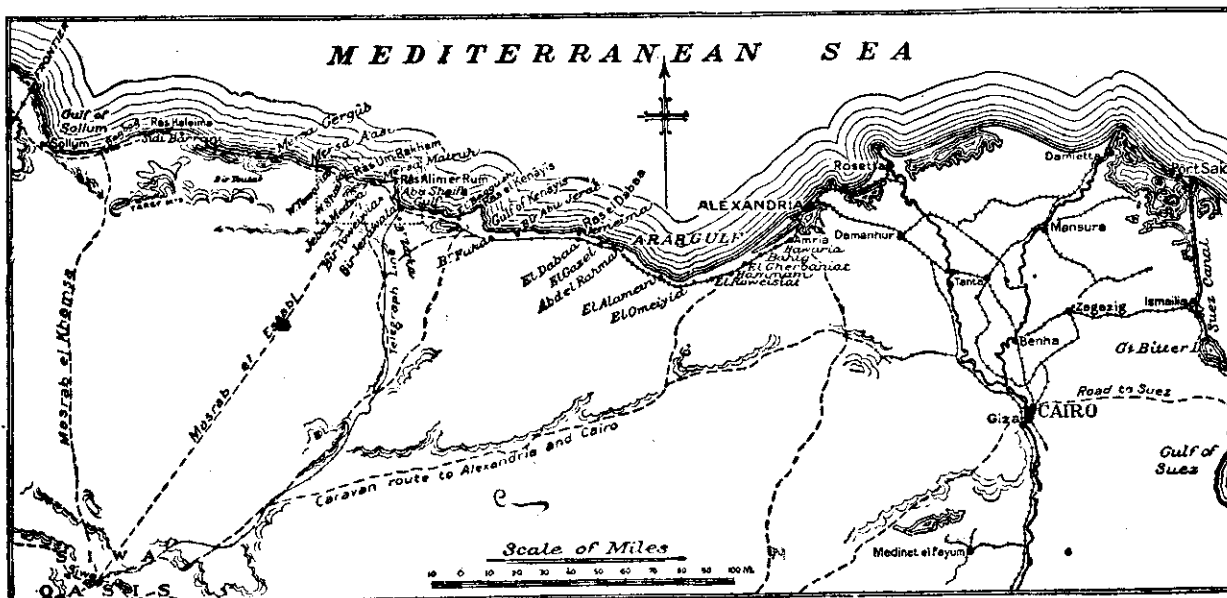
*Heroes who gave our land a name, none
dare defame.
Our Motherland,
We'll give a helping hand
Ready to start to do our part, with all
our heart.*

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE NEW ZEALAND

*While homes and hearts are free,
As England is so dear to you New Zealand
is to me.*

On the Abyssinian Border

Moyale, where persistent fighting between British and Italian forces has been reported for some time, and which has now been evacuated, is one of the small posts on the frontier between Kenya and Abyssinia. The country is waterless and rocky and any force there would have to carry its supplies of food and ammunition. The British air base nearest Moyale is Nairobi, in Kenya Colony, some hundreds of miles away. Great areas of Kenya, where it meets Abyssinia in the north and Italian Somaliland on the East, consist of tracts of desert and mountain, cut through with dry water-courses.



THIS MAP of the Mediterranean coast-line shows the scene of the New Zealand operations in the last war, using Mersa Matruh as a base. Other New Zealand units occupied the rail-head at El Dabaa. Sollum, close beside the Libyan frontier, is on the extreme left and the scene of operations against the Italians.