

Until yesterday I doubted the story that Fritz boiled down his dead soldiers in his corpse factories, for oil and fat, etc. Now I'll believe the worst about him. I can guarantee this: When the Hun had been driven from a Somme town, parties began the unsavory job of clearing up the mess he had bequeathed: incidentally they had to bury a score of odoriferous Huns. One body, which was found sprawled across a footpath, went off with a "bang" when the Diggers touched it: some delightful Huns had actually mined their dead comrade who a few days previously was defending with them the humane ideals of his glorious Vaterland! The mine did its work: the four Aussies had to be taken to hospital.

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