

circumstances which do not allow them to show their true worth, and all that a man like Shea wanted was an opportunity to distinguish himself. While the men who were with him rushed up the shaft he went back into the danger and worked up to the last trying to save the life of his mate. He was undoubtedly made of true grit, and if opportunity had placed him on the battlefield no doubt he would have won the Victoria Cross. Blackguard though he was, his heart was in the right place, and sometimes I have felt very sad when I think of him.

Joe Kavanagh and I were old mates, and on one occasion we were working down at Buninyong. We started in an old shaft, where it seems the men who were there before had left a shot unfired. Joe went below and started to work, after a while the shot which had been left went off, and threw Joe right up the