

PTE. E. TINKER

Mr. F Tinker of Warrnambool has received a letter from his son Pte. E Tinker, dated May 4th from the firing line in France. Pte. Tinker says his brothers Les and Jim and himself are in splendid health. The writer states he is on duty at the artillery telephone in the trenches. He and his comrades ring up the different batteries when the infantry want any artillery support. Before the messages are through a minute, the guns are 'pasting the Bosches Trenches'. Pte. Tinker relates that one soon realizes there is a war on when in his observation trench. A little while prior to writing he states he was just sitting on the step of his dug-out when four shells came in quick succession and landed on the parapet just in front of him. He was covered with earth and stones. He got into the dug-out in double quick time. The machine guns were playing all along the parapet, if a chap put his head up it is 'goodbye'. Pte. Tinker says the machine guns are deadly and he considers them the worst thing in the war excepting gas. One can easily tell when the machine guns are aimed at him they sound like a packet of crackers in one's ear. 'When they are not pointing at you' he states 'they sound like a high speed motor bike.' Roy Swinton and he claim to be the first Australians to take over the telephone communications in the firing line in France. The troopship Minneapolis, that bought them to Marseilles was torpedoed on her way back and they were congratulating themselves on their escape.

