

A SUBALTERN'S SHARE IN THE WAR

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649065769

A Subaltern's Share in the War by George Weston Devenish & Mrs. Horace Porter

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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GEORGE WESTON DEVENISH & MRS. HORACE PORTER

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George Weston Devenish.
1914.

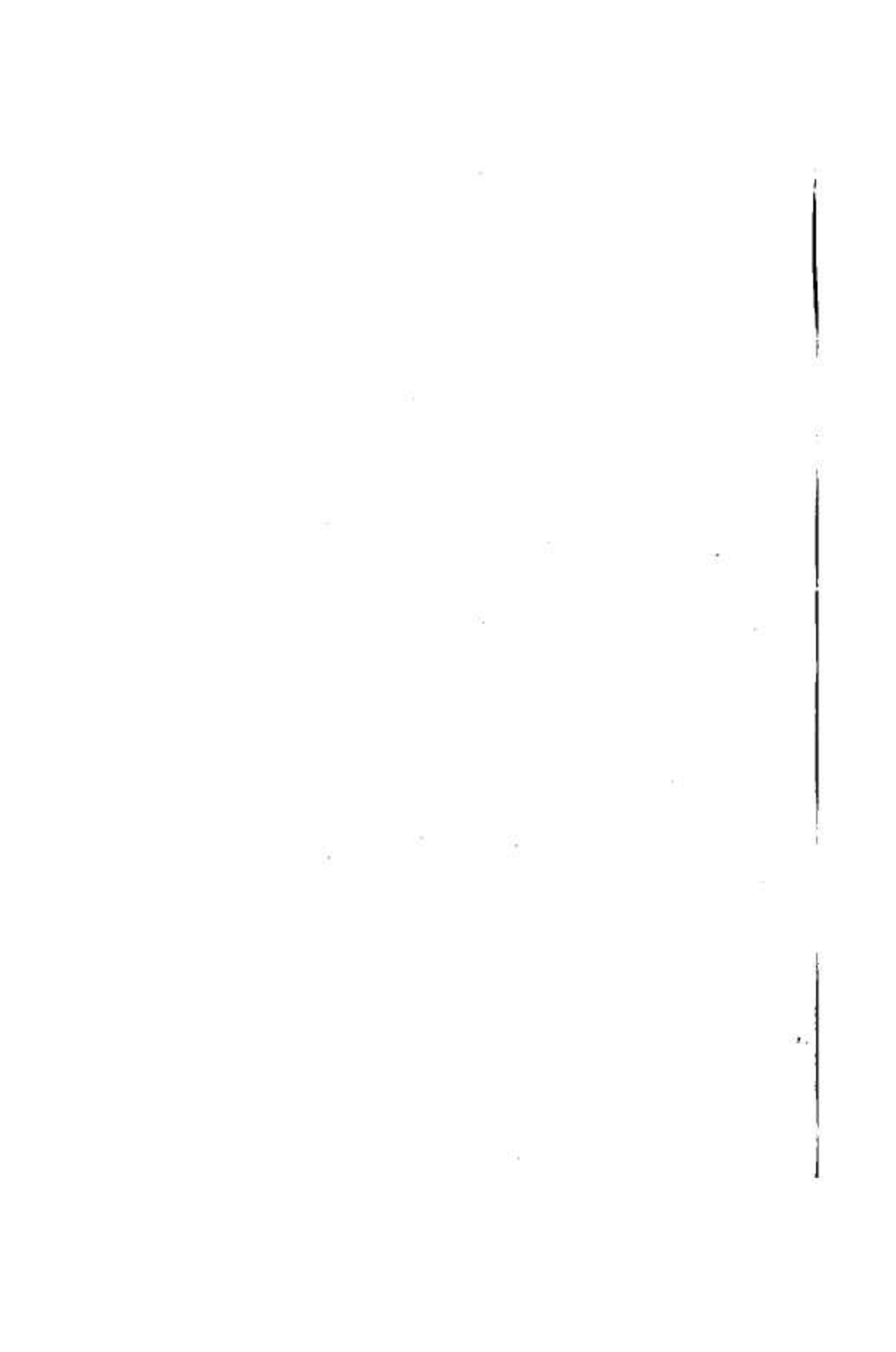
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GEORGE DEVENISH, AGED 5

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He was the soul of joy and happiness,
All things he loved, and took them as they came ;
In war, in peace, at labour, or at ease,
He laughed and counted each one just the same.

The echo of his cheery, joyous life—
His memory which nothing clouds or mars—
We hold of him for ever in our hearts,
Tho' he has passed "through hardships to the stars."

—C. D.

INTRODUCTION

AMONG our early memories of George Devenish, there stands out one of him as a sunny-faced, knickerbockered little fellow, spinning one of childhood's interminable yarns for the edification of his nursery companions.

"So then," a fresh episode began abruptly, "a dragon came out of the forest."

"Stop a minute, Georgie!" urged his little sister, following with eager interest. "What *kind* of a dragon was it?"

A difficult question, some of us older listeners thought, but one of George's characteristics was always his imperturbable readiness in facing difficulties.

"Oh!" just an or'nary kind of dragon," came the serene rejoinder, and the narrative resumed its course.

"Just an or'nary kind of dragon," the phrase passed into a household word, and it comes to one's mind in gathering together these few glimpses into what one young officer among