



“Sacred is life” you heard the cravens cry,
They wrought upon your woman’s weakness
thus.

You dread to send another’s son to die,
But—WHAT OF US?

Is all your pity for the laggards—all?
Have you no tears to flow, no heart to bleed,
Except for those who would not hear the call—
Or will not heed?

Is all your tenderness for such as they?
You who would send, war-worn, with wounds
scarce healed,
Us who have borne the burden of the fray,
Back to the field.

“Sacred is life.” Out on the phrase that brings
Comfort to cowards and soothes the faltering
will!

Bethink, before it dupes you, there are things
More sacred still.

[Written by Andree Hayward and drawn by Stan Cross.]

Honor and faith—endurance to the end;
The shield unstained, the pledge inviolate,
The bond of kin to kin, of friend to friend,
Of mate to mate.

We mourn the dead. Should we not rather mourn
The living, if the price for life they paid
Were loyalty besmirched and faith forsworn
And trust betrayed?

“Help us,” they cry, the cruel gaps amid—
The men for you and yours who face the foe—
“Fill up these shattered ranks.” Now, God
forbid,
You answer “NO”!

VOTE YES ON DECEMBER 20.

(Authorised by Reinforcements Referendum Council)
WILLIAM LESLIE, Chairman. WM. D. CAMPBELL, Hon. Secretary.

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