Gallipoli
19/10/15

Dear Bill:-

Received your letters of Aug 8th, 25th and Sept 7th today, evidently there was delay somewhere. However, if a couple of them were a bit late, at any rate it was better than not getting them at all.

Of course you know that Stanley stopped one, I think I mentioned this in one of my letters home, so I was unable to break the sad news to him re Rattner Papers.

I couldn't help grinning when I read of it for Stan never tires of talking about the merits of this particular make of Paper. I fancy he will be struck dumb when he

Lears of it. Dearby was dead lucky to escape as he did with only two or three wounds in the leg, it might easily have been worse. I haven't heard from him since he left the Peninsula but am sure to get a line from him as soon as he has the chance. When a wounded man leaves here none of us know where he is likely to go, he may be sent to Egypt, Malta Lemnos or England, it all depends to a certain extent what Hospital Ship he boards. A Bomb from one of their trench mortars was responsible for Dear's mishap. They are very ugly devils measuring nearly 2' 6" long and about 6" in diameter, unlike a schrapnel shell which always bursts forward, these potters spread all over the shop. Only yesterday one of them sent 5 25

men out, 1 killed 4 wounded. It burst quite close to our bivvies, but happily none of our chaps were in the road.

The poor devil that threw through a 7 had a hole just under his heart the size of your fist. He fell like a log.

There is a devil of a lot of work to be done here, when we are not in the trenches, the pick and shovel occupies the time, there are not many spare hours. I can assure you, if I were none of those fellows in Camp at the present time, I would make myself pretty familiar with the old Pick & S.

When we arrived the trenches were only half completed as the Boches was only now just before we landed So you can guess what a great amount of work we have had to put in.

At present the men are digging

tunnels in preparation of for the winter.

By Lee, the nights are getting bitterly cold, it is a fair quarter just before dawn when we stand to arms. Last week I put in a spell 48 hours in the trenches without sleep, I can tell you I didn't feel too frisky when I knocked off. It rained like dee nick the second night and during my rounds I was slipping and sliding every other yard or so, I used some of my choicest.

However, it is all in the game and although the fellows curses like blazes they forgot all about it after they had finished their 24 hours.

We have one or two very nervy chaps in #2 Platoon. Last night I put 2 on a listening post, took them 2 coots down the slope in front of our trenches (about 20 yds) their duties were to keep their eyes & ears skinned and report

anything unusual. I could see they didn't like the job too well but anyhow I left them and came into the trenches again.

About half an hour later, damn my socks if I didn't spot them sitting in the trench again, they couldn't say a word when I asked them what in the B. H. they were doing there. Of course it is a serious thing for a man to desert his post, but I could see they were in a funk so didn't report the matter but sent 2 of the rear guard out.

One of the latter is a bit of a fatalist, he says, "if a b— man is going to be b— well shot, he will be b— well shot" even if he stays in his b— dugout. He is just about right too.

Our 3rd Reinforcements arrived here a few days ago, a pretty decent lot taking them all through, but there is one chap who takes the scone, he

is as deaf as a post, and the absolute limit as regards being simple and dawny. Like the majority of deaf men he shouts when he talks for anything, and this morning he broke the mob up when he roared at me, "Can you tell me where that gaed was found." Some of the wags had kidded him that there was a lot of gold found when the trenches were dug. Never thinking for a moment that he would take me seriously I pointed to a certain part of the trench where a big dugout is being made for the purpose of storing ammunition and bombs. Blast me if the silly galoot is not bogging in with pick and shovel for all he is worth.

He has a most appropriate name (Strange), the Chaps have Christened him Farmer on account of his "Rasayanas" pawnyess, every now and

then one of the band snaps would poke his head into the dugout and cack "Any luck Farmer", and "Struck the Code Jet Farmer". He is to be put in the Cooks lines, this is where all the brainy ones are find themselves.

I am glad you addressed your last letter plain Sergeant for evidently there was a bit of misunderstandy about Major Hanes wire. He laughed like the deuce when I showed him the handle that, Mick Hanj and Kate presented me with, as a matter of fact he was reading his wifes letter when I tackled him about it. I can quite understand how the mistake was made, the Cable read :- Promotes Sommerville, Peake Jeff weel. Naturally the women folk took it that both Peake & myself were promoted, whereas our names were mentioned merely to let the

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people at home know that we were well.

I might mention just here, that Burke was found to have about a ton of ice on his feet the day we entrained for Alexandria. These fellows who jib at the last minute should be made to refund all that was spent on them. Lt Hansen, beautiful chuck, was another individual who had Colitis.

The last I heard of him (from our Regt) was that he was still chasing skirts around Cairo.

Well, my Sonny Boy, I am getting a commission, it should be through any time now. The papers have only to go through the G.O.C (Birdwood) for the appointment to be confirmed and I shall be gazetted as a Lieut.

Naturally I am pleased for it is very satisfactory to know that the Leads think I am worth a Com

after having charge of the platoon ever
since we went into action, is at
least shows that I haven't been found
wanting. You will I am sure agree
with me when I say it is much
more to a fellow's credit to secure
a Commission on the field, than if
he gained same by passing a Dispatch
Exam on the theory of the business.

Well, old Sport I must be moving
along, am writing this in the trenches, and
have to take a stroll round every
half an hour or so to see that things
are going alright. Glad to hear
that you had a good day amongst
the geese.

Before I forget, tell Gwen not
to dish up any pies to me. When
I lob back, I've get a gut's full
of it here. ditto cold bacon.

Love to Gwen, and the Youngsters

Yours Jack