

No 6

1915.

June. 16th

Aug. 17th

Gallipoli

Wednesday

June 16th 1915

On the strength of Brother Andrews sermon on Sunday last and in hope of being able to write up a little story on such a unique service I have been looking up "Pauls epistle to the Corinthians" which I found very interesting I wandered on through the Bible until coming to "Proverbs" where I was quite astonished at the variety and high class wit, and even humour, yet wisdom argued throughout.

It Samuel (12) Isaiah (3) and others also invited my attention and I have now discovered there is much interesting and well described matter in the Bible.

Proverbs (30) says: There are four things that are never satisfied: - "The grave; the barren womb; the earth that is not filled with water, and the fire that saith not."

I will have to read this book further.

A large barrel of oil was washed up on our beach to day, the fellow broke it open, after rolling it around the corner where kerosene tins were taken out of it.

In the event of accident or death please forward this book to

A. E. Richards
41 Paul Street
Galleyside Penonlar

W. J. Richards
First Field Ambulance
1st Australian
Division

and every other conceivable vessel ^{was} taken
brought into action. The men were
in great delight. I secured about 3
parts of a sarsaparilla tin full and have
bottled a lot of it for a rainy day
as well as supplied some of our
friends with whom we trade, or
get presents of eatables from.

Some of casks in all were
washed upon the shore but an
officer with an armed guard took
the ends in although the men
were swarming around like
bees each one with a can or tin.

A party of four swam out &
towed a barrel in 200 yards and
alas the guard prevented them
from even getting a drink out
of it.

The wine is unseasoned &
and a little tart but when water is
added, and sugared, it's lovely and
reminds of my sojourn in France.
The best barrels are very large,
probably holding 100 gallons.

It was a red letter day with our ships

many of whom, as would only be expected,
made fools of themselves.

The bombardment at Cape Melle
has been terrific for hours on end.
The star shells at night time illumined
the hill prettily.

This afternoon George Hill and party
were taking a patient around to the
Beach when a shrapnel pellet hit
him in the chest. He walked into
the dressing station 30 yards away and
dropped. He was sent aboard the
hospital ship at once.

From the
reports and symptoms of the man who
were with him, it is indeed a
serious case. Poor George, he's
been down in the dumps for some
time now, but what a sterling
fellow he is?

This miserable
war business is enough to make
any person morbid. The whole thing
is a dead-lock unless thousands upon
thousands of lives are to be sacrificed
against the defenders few hundreds.

I do trust that George will soon
be well again.

Both sides have fired a lot of shells to-day.

Thursday

June 17th

Mother asks that I go back to Africa when this trouble is over! Nothing would please me better than to be with Mother. But Africa is a country in which I could not live in peace and contentment. If one were to make a home there it would be impossible to leave the house for fear of robbery and rape. I have a paper here this moment Sunday Times Johannesburg April 11th in which I found several of the usual black perit cases, and these must be 20 committed to every one that goes through the new-papers.

There is also a plain case of graft and bribery in connection with a Commission investigating the closing of companies. Commercial robbery by short weight and other devices by the Pretoria stockholders. Plague amongst

the (coloured chuff) people of the Cape Province Ravishes amongst the horses and stock through out the country (as high as 85% in places) as was ever the case Africa is reeking with War, Rebellion & Pestilence, also vice & robbery. And this all emphasized in this one paper too.

There were shells flying fast at intervals from the Gaba Zepe guns all day and quite a lot of damage was done. Things were exceedingly quiet in the trenches.

Friday

June 18th

There is nothing to report to-day. It is now 5.30 p.m. and I have neither seen or heard anything for the day.

I am on duty from 8 o'clock until 9 o'clock to-morrow morning with the squad.

Saturday

June 19th

Our aeroplanes are getting quite a lot of bomb dropping practice, every day 2 or 3 are dropped; which the enemy's aeroplane is never seen now-a-days.

I am unwell to-day I've got a dizzy head or perhaps it would better be called a "light head". I never before had such a thing and I feel more annoyed at the inconvenience than anxious.

Big noiseless howitzer fell in dozens this afternoon at about 15 minute intervals and made our position feel decidedly unsecure. The sun had just set 7.50 when the water carriers came across our corner and also did schrapnel shells from the Turks. There were several injured, but many wonderful escapes.

Sunday

June 20th

I put in from 9 a.m. to 1.15 p.m. with the squad waiting at Dr. Marks.

The Light-horse ambulance is taking over this post now and we have a bit less to do.

These 8 Queenslanders of the Light horse ambulance that waited also are rough devil-may-care & grumble about their officers and general arrangements like all the Medical Units.

I tried a bit of writing in the afternoon but its a slow thinking mood a fellow gets into these times.

I should write decent letters all around but the lack of paper and envelopes is sufficient excuse to put it off.

In drawing up newspaper matter I use the backs of my few letters received.

Bill & Bert write finely and regularly. Mother & his Sponza also.

I must go around and try to borrow paper off Fred Craig to-day. He is a two star man in the Supply Department.

For dinner to-night we had a baked pie and jam roll. Both of which turned out well and I fancy their production with means and difficulties would make an fairly interesting paragraph.

George Hill is out on the Hospital ship and is reported to be doing well. A schrapnel struck him in the chest.

Monday

Mail in Sponza & Ruth African papers.

June 21st

Yesterday while sitting down leaning against a stunted eucalyptus tree a stray bullet tipped its way into the tree first touching my shirt. A close call night enough.

Brother Andrews put up a extremely good sermon last night on "Colours" what they represent and mean taking the red white & blue of the Union Jack and working in their religious significance. A very earnest bit of work if it were original.

Andrew is a very cautious fellow and gets on well with everybody splendidly. He will surely do well one day.

At dusk for days past the schrapnel has been appetively scattered amongst the water carriers who persist in going around our exposed corner.

There has again been a terrific artillery struggle going on down here at Gaba Ipe, but only a small thing compared with Cape Helles where the flashing and booming have been heard for 240 hours.

The Frenchmen are reported to be doing splendidly and that the Turks are in full retreat.

Things are dead slow with us here & the fellows are getting fed up with waiting.

A hare appeared just near here this morning and dozens of fellows chasing it. Good sport as it ran for miles and then escaped. There are several about

8 months to-day since leaving Sydney a very long time its been too.

Tuesday

June 22nd

The today has been very unimportant to me, my head aches dreadfully I have tried to write but to no purpose I slept, covered away from the sun this, and felt worse; It may be

due to having my head shaved on the top, hoping to produce fresh growth.

All of the fellows who are ordered to be bald, are shaved, and indeed it's a good scheme now where appearance counts for nothing.

My top is shaved & I am wondering whether that, and the burning sun is the cause of my trouble.

A letter from Father & Mother read very brightly. Bill seems to be going over there I would willingly pay half of his expenses over, as I am pretty square with the whole world just now. By the end of this month it will be 254 days since leaving Sydney wharf, at 4/6 (including the deferred pay) means £ 56-8-0 on the North Queensland Bank.

Another water barge was sunk to-day so we will have to scud for water again. A very large number of the men are suffering from diarrhoea. And every body gets more & more discontented each day that we remain stuck here.

Real good reports continue to arrive from Cape Helles forces. The Turkishmen in particular are moving along. It must be a tough go and John Turk is a dandy to stand our field and naval gun so well.

Wednesday

June 23rd

This camp is getting like a garrison camp and the troops are brought out on parade each morning and afternoon especially the new arrivals. No saluting is carried on anywhere and our Australian boys faintly shrug over it. They do very much detest saluting and ceremony.

There was a few exchanges between the artillery as usual during the day, and the same number of shrapnel shells amongst the swimmers on the beach. More damage than usual being done 3 killed and some 12 injured, more or less.

A Greek tug boat flying the Greek flag was around here yesterday, why, nobody seems to know. But yet, it looks very nice and if the Greeks "come in" it will put the English and French and Australians out of a nasty bit of work as we cannot advance through this country with the prevailing methods of war without losing many thousands and God knows our losses have already been high.

I have written letters to Mr Harrison, Ruth, and Win. I will have to make some envelopes before I can post them. I have just purchased a roll of toilet paper which makes good writing material. It is over forty days since I heard from Mary. I suspect that I have gone right out of the cutting to the extent of being forgotten. I wrote to buy a copy I have placed in the centre of this book, but will remove to my bundle of scraps later with other things connected with this love affair of mine.

Thursday

June 24th

To day could not pass without 5 killed and some 25 wounded wholly on the beach getting water and swimming.

Bill Rodgers, one of our best men, got hit in four places. We now have ~~three~~ ⁴ new Howitzers coming onto the right flank.

Which I hope will meet the proposition and keep back those nasty Turkish quack forces which are doing a lot of damage day after day.

I cannot get ~~xx~~ any films + feel damn annoyed about it. All four sources seems to have failed.

A nice letter from McEby came to day.

Friday

June 25th

This afternoon the "Lord Nelson" came up from Cape Helles with 4 torpedo boats as a guard against submarine attack, it seemed almost pathetic that a war ship's existence depended almost the activeness of these small craft.

The "Lord Nelson" fired some 10 big gun shots across the Peninsula and a lot of 6 in shots and then went back again to Cape Helles.

While the "Lord Nelson" was shelling the Turks fired in shrapnel, which the warship never replied to. Flashes were seen with every shot coming from the top of a high hill and our men were quite indignant that we did not fire on them.

But this only rose the question whether they were false flashes or not, as intricate is this war business.

Saturday

June 26th

To day passed off with quite a lot of artillery shelling. The beach paying the toll as usual at ^{our} ~~out~~ end. And I think Gaba Tepe ^{Pay} paid toll also as it did get a rough handling from both land and sea. The Turks here have been very active building in earthworks, trenches + etc. There is a lot of movement noticeable at present amongst our Headquarter Staff, whether it is caused by the Turks preparation, or our getting ready to attack I don't know. But I hope so.

Sunday

June 27th

The Turks have had quite a lot of fun at our expense with their 6 in ~~submarine~~ ^{submarine} to day, breaking the mud things right in our Headquarter gully. Otherwise, everything is monotonously slow with us. There were

five airplanes over Cape Helles Sat yesterday and there was a lot of rushing & tearing about. Some of them were probably German.

Church services are held everywhere, but the more secluded spots are of course chosen. Most of our Chaplains have now gone back to Alexandria to attend to the sick.

I have given a 9th Battalion man. letters. Harrison, Mother, Ruth Hollingsworth (2) Copy of "Newspaper" and the "Church Service".

I am recommended for Award by Staff Captain ^{Pollock}
Monday ^{9th Light Horse} Mentioned in Despatches. June 28th

The day broke and, breakfast passed without anything very unusual happening. But by 9 a.m. the battleships on the South were making a brave showing, then from across Timor way there came 12 to 16 ships, transports and a ship of war or two. This looked like reinforcements being pushed on, and also savoured of an attack with some considerable intent. A late letter, from our look out, our torpedo-type craft were firing heavily into Gaba Dye Bay clearing up the trenches on that prominent knoll of ground and working back upon the trenches to the right flank of our own. A monitor (the no bottom style of thing that beats the submarines awfully) was firing rapidly also along the much battered Gaba Dye way. At 11 o'clock about 120 of our men were seen to come out of our most southerly communication trenches. Later with bayonets fixed they were seen amongst the bushes in front of the old Turkish trenches.

Feeling discontenting a lot of trouble and some excitement I took my bandage bag and went away up. On the way I met Capt Kay & Welch. I nearly cried, and tried to dodge them but they got me. Calling me over I had my tale made up. But to my surprise they asked me if I would go in along the trenches and see what Capt Dods was going to do with his wounded. I went in had a look around and could see that no arrangements of any kind had been made to get the wounded away who were

walking about in a half bandages, and no bandage at all, kind of a way and without knowing where to go.

I went back to our Capt and asked them to come in with 8 men and give Capt Dods a hand. Three of us then went right into the trenches. It was now about 4 o'clock and the 5th Light Horse were retiring bring back some of their wounded with them without stretchers and mostly without sheets.

Two fellows threw one ~~man~~ out of a trench who had been struck by a shell and taken away the whole of his right leg. He was quite conscious and spoke to several of his mates. I have never seen anything like this fellow in my life, as calm as ever a man was, nor have I seen a more glissando sight. What was left of the leg would not have weighed 3 lbs. but got the heat and the foot inside of it. The other leg was uninjured.

After getting him down amongst the rough brambles and trees. I came back, and by glory, the bullets and shrapnel was thicker than ever. Six men coming along with a comrade who showed a gaping wound on the thigh, a coat was over the rest of the leg. I stopped them and covered the wound from the flies then I saw that his shin bone was smashed to a pulp. I covered it up also when he and behold, in lifting the coat to cover the leg again I saw that the foot on the same leg was blown clean away altogether. What a dreadful case? A great shock even to myself. I went back home at 6.30 and done some sketches bearing up to 19

It was indeed a cruel kind of a day
What a frightful mistake not to have had
a supply of stretchers and splints at the most
convenient station and a organised line of
first aiders and stretcher bearers. Fanny doing
up a shattered arm with a bayonet sheath.
The fellow was in agony with it two but
there was no relief for hours for him.

The whole attack seems to have been
more in the way of a demonstration so
as to prevent the Turks from sending
reinforcement down south where I have
since heard the English made a valuable
improvement in their position.

Rather a gruesome demonstration right enough
we left on retiring a number of dead. I hit
them with stones from the trenches to make
sure they were not conscious and the
wounded were probably 15 very badly and
30 medium wounds but it is indeed
difficult indeed to tell. Much as I
enjoyed or rather valued the experience I
have no desire, if only for the sake of them
to expose myself to such a hail of bullets
and showers of shrapnel again.

The killed amounted to 70 odd for this day's demonstration.

It was this morning that the Turks
sent in an invitation for all Australian
and N.Z. to come and stay with them.
They had plenty of food and entertainment.

Tuesday June 29th.
We are experiencing terribly hot days now
it seems as least as hot as I have ever known
it even on the plantation up Herbert
River way.

There has hardly been a shot fired around
our way to day. But down south the
ships have been pouring heavy fire
at intervals.

The "demonstration" here yesterday is
reported as being more successful than
was expected. The English & French made
a lot of trenches and ground through
we being able to prevent the Turks
from taking any troops away from
here for the south.

I have ascertained that we struck
in three places yesterday first with
the 9th Battalion (Queensland) further
along with the 11th Battalion, and on the
extreme right with the 5th Light Horse
& several land. In each case the
parties were about 150 strong, and as
to say the losses were in killed 27,
18 & 25 respectively. John Turk lost
heavily also, in thousands I believe.

George Barr of the 9th explains the
lack of instructions and control that
they had yesterday. They did not know
where to go or anything, but they got
into the Turks trenches but having
not a burnt amongst them they were useless.

Wednesday

June 30th

To-day is very hot again. Nothing more important than 6 eggs between 4 has so far occurred. The first since leaving Cairo, nearly 3 months ago now.

Yesterday I saw 15 men & 3 officers of the 11th Batt. buried. A pitiful sight. Yet there are others who are not likely to be buried for some time.

A wind storm sprang up last night and blew furiously for an hour. To-day the sea is so rough the wounded & sick of whom there are hundreds, could not get aboard the barge to go across to the hospital ship.

Thursday

July 1st

Another month gone. That is two whole months & five days since we landed here, and 8 months 11 days since leaving Sydney. And it seems to me like many months yet before our dangers will be over.

I wrote 16 toilet pages for Ginnie Collier to-day and will have to answer Mr. Stuy's nice letter of 27th. Annie Stout, I have not heard of. In fact I feel kind of neglected all around just now.

A swim before breakfast is fine, particularly now that the sea is a little bit rough. But the little bit of swell makes it bad for getting the sick and wounded away, also our provisions & stores are difficult to handle.

Friday

^{I have given}
^{Mr. Kay} gave me 4 rolls of film. I promise in turn to give him a copy of them some day. I saw Harold Miller I got 4, also as that I am quite happy now.

July 2nd

The artillery are knocking things about this afternoon, although the much & shattered head has not been interfered with for the past few days.

It is remarkable how quickly the days go by now. And also we are by all accounts making provisions for a long stay here.

I think the British plans have badly missed right through the Dardanelles piece of work. Before we landed on the Peninsula even most careful information was given us as to what we should do and how we should behave when passing through Turkish villages, and above all things we were warned not to tamper with the woman folk as this was a matter of so much importance to the Turks. Provisions would be sold at military regulated prices by the natives. Everything was drawn up as to where we were going and what we were to do.

The actual landing seemed to be the only difficulty to overcome, this successfully accomplished, the rest would be easy.

This seems also to be borne out by the lack of necessary equipment for close range and trench fighting.

Picks & shovels were plentiful enough, but there were no timber, or galvanized iron, or sand bags, or the essential matter of bombs. Food and water arrangements were alright. But remaining matters now I feel certain our heads expected to be further advanced in the South end.

Saturday

July 3rd

We slept out last night but got no work to do. It started to rain & blow but did not come to much, though the weather has been cooled of late and the sea fairly rough in the surf for our barges to land. I noticed while coming along the beach to-day that some 10 to 16 punt and large provision barges have been blown or washed ashore.

We will miss them very much too, but smooze the water barges. There has been no fresh water on the beach for several days, but the many deep wells along Shrapnel Gully now have good water in them though it is a long wait to get the tins and cans filled.

With the camera I started at 10.30 a.m. for Shrapnel Valley, taking a photo of Jim Thompson's grave and going on past the water holes up to Quinn's Post, where great alterations have been made since the poor old 15th Battalion first made the trenches and dug into them for 4 weeks under bomb, rifle, machine gun and artillery fire. Without either sand bags or shelters now the New Zealanders are holding it and have wood and iron bomb proof shelters over head, with steel loopholes to shoot out of and where the trenches are open wire netting bomb screens are raised. The Turks trenches opposite are terrible dilapidated and battered and instead of them commanding the position as of old we have it easily in hand. I took some four photos in and around Quinns, and came back over Walker's Ridge and brought Jack Hynes back to dinner. A second swim at 9 p.m. was lovely. Photographed Quinns' grave and Indians watering mules.

Sunday

July 4th

With Bill Drummond I went right over to the extreme left flank, which is considerably broken about. Our outpost hold a prominent position on a hill but the Turks hold an adjoining hill which prevents us from linking up with our other left trenches. Some 500 Moaris arrived here two days ago and are camped right along here I photographed their lines. Also some Indians dressing their hair a Church service and transport mules. They should be good pictures, at 7 roll. The husky dark complexioned Moaris are like a lot of children as brave as is possible but I am afraid like all coloured folk they are kept to get fits of depression and weird fancies during which period they will be useless and probably shirk their fighting. I hope I am wrong in this summing up. Yet I fear them, brave as they are, if allowed to go into the trenches.

A dense cloud of smoke has been rising from Imbros Island where our provision stores are, it seems like a huge conflagration.

Down at Cape Heller also there has been much smoke rising as though from a series of explosions. I hope nothing serious has happened. To-day I received, at last, the parcel from Del Mar Gains which gives me more films (5 rolls) to work on and real glad I am of them.

One hears some great stories of the 15th Battalion their war service has been wonderful. Once the 13th were driven out of Quinn's Post, the 14th were in the support trenches, but they did not get into it until the glorious 15th came running up the hill to climb over the top of them all and succeeded in driving John Jubb away.

It may be because I hear more of the 9th & 15th but they seem to be easily the best fighters here.

Monday

July 5th.

At daylight an artillery duel was in brisk progress over our Valley. The Turks fired some howitzers and some howitzers this morning. They got under steam and went as usual right out to the hospital ship. This is not fair as the Turks dare no fire at them. Our provision transports too keep up close to the hospital ships. And if the Turk fires he will be accused of firing at the hospital.

It seems to me that the Turk is playing the game very well indeed.

It is thrilling to be sitting in my library writing and every few minutes hear a huge howitzer shell pass with a great noise and tearing of atmosphere to fall with a mighty splash into the sea, if they shorten the range a little more as they are doing we will get one in our camp.

It is no wonder that we fellows lose confidence and get sick of this business and the Headquarter Staff etc.

At 7 o'clock this afternoon two big barge loads of troops left, each in charge of a small launch for Imbros Is. When well away from our beach the Turks started in with two 14 pounders and scattered one after the other over the barges.

The launches started zig zaging and our mouths stood agape at each report and watched the effect of the shells several seconds later. Our boys were indeed

lucky to get through at all, but there must surely have been casualties. Why these men were not kept back for 45 minutes & darkness beats me. This is only one of the many damn fool instances we have seen.

15th Battalion

Tuesday

July 6th.

I went around to the 15th Battalion to get some facts concerning Major Quinn and the Queen's Lancers generally so that with photos of graves I might write up a story for the Northern. I met Fred Craig, Lieutenant Quarter Master, and from him and another Officer or two I learn the almost unbelievable facts that from the night of April 29th when the 15th arrived until June 1st they had 800 casualties in their Battalion alone: while through the same period the whole of the 4th Brigade lost 2,500 men. These astounding figures came out of the book, so are fairly reliable. Out of the 15th Battalion 35 officers only 5 are now here at the front.

Capt Freeman was shooting over the trench like a demon when a bullet pushed his heart on April 29th.

On May 10th Sam Harty with 11 other officers and over 200 men were put out of action while attacking the Turk trenches at Quinn's Post. On May 29th the 13th were blown out of Quinn's Post the Turks taking possession but the gallant 15th came up the hill laughing at the bombs thrown at them and up the Turks to flight again and cleared up the trenches.

On this morning Major Quinn and Fred Thompson were killed.

There are a lot of fish about now and the engine can get fair hauls with bombs every day. I would like to get some bombs myself and have a go as fish would be very welcome at present.

The warships have deserted us entirely now and the Turks fight off the destroyers with their 4-2 guns from the Gaba Ipe side up North the destroyers seems to command the situation right enough.

Yesterday the Turks thought over about 10 11-2 inch shells they landed around the beach but lost none.

Wednesday

July 7th

It is astounding the number of men throughout the lines that are suffering from diarrhoea is more or less serious forms. I even get periodical attacks myself and there seems to be no accounting for so much of this sickness.

There were several brisk artillery attacks today but of short duration. Quite a lot of fellows were killed and wounded in these dugouts right behind the trenches altogether. The mortar and the destroyers dealt out some trouble to the Turks if noise goes for anything. Our field guns are in a bad position and draw a lot of fire onto the trenches. A pity we did not have more room to move about.

Thursday

July 8th

I spent the morning with George Barr in the 9th Batt trenches. The front line of trenches are tunnelled in 5 ft. under the surface with firing apertures 4 ft. square dug out into the side and upwards to the surface where sand bags are used as usual. The trenches are wonderfully safe easily the safest place I have seen to date. They are situated on the right wing of the great memorial service at St Pauls London for the Australian & New Zealand dead. Please our men very much. They are delighted to think that they have made at least an impression in England. George Barr's company lost 92 men out of 187 killed & wounded in the demonstration of last week.

Cigarettes "from the members of the Over Sea Club" two packets to four men, and tobacco 2 oz to 8 men. There seem to be robbery here?

Friday

July 9th

Captain Welch returned a letter to Father as being too big. I went and asked him what the damnable regulations say on the matter. He maintained that Major Stokes' orders were one page only, and that he was sorry, but would put it through the 4th Field Ambulance for me. I declined with thanks, and told him that Major Stokes was both unconsiderate and mean: and act as though he were a demigod & we who in civil life were his equal, were treated as low conscripts instead of free volunteers and men of reason. Being that we have nothing to read, and amidst such monotony we grew living and dull witted so that it was in the interest of the Corps to encourage the fellows to write and exercise their minds in other ways than gossiping, cursing & swearing.

I feel much hurt over this matter. If we were moving on, and the censor officers had some work to do I would be the last to complain, but they are all actually loafing, and it does hurt me to think that ~~they~~ ^{we} who are exposing ourselves to danger every day cannot get a decent letter through to our friends and relations regardless of the subject dealt with. In this particular case I was dealing with a unique Chuck Service, nothing else and to Father who would much appreciate it, so much being a purely religious topic.

The guns enveloping us on the right flank is now called "Beastly Bill". I has done a lot of damage too. On the left flank there is a nasty gun also. It is more silent than ours, the fellows call it "Lonely Liz".

Saturday

July 10th

I have been lucky enough to get Mr. Affine going to Alexandria to take my letters away ^{long ones} had a glorious walk about the morning and took 16 films. Four of them showing the different water supply wells with the fellows in their usual poor dressed condition, but all as happy as is possible under the conditions that exist here from day to day.

I now have 4 roll exposed and I don't know how to get them away to Sydney.

The "Lord Nelson" came up off Gaba Taba and drove 140 shells into the mountain side, and went away at once.

Later a warship opened fire with both aeroplane & balloon observation.

The fire whole broadsides, we had no chance of counting them, and though she was continually circled by the mosquito fleet on the lookout for submarines, she did not remain, but turned and ran into Imbrosas though in flight.

It seems pitiful that a flying submarine has the might to penetrate these huge fire eating & spitting monsters to such a terrible extent.

We have had no mail in for a fortnight and the younger fellows are very much concerned but it does not bother me now that W. Z. B. does no longer write and I believe shows his sound judgement thereby.

Sunday

July 11th

An air of intense anxiety seems to prevail and common rumours are prevalent. Last night the firing line (chiefly the Turks I think) were on pins and needles and launched out with regular bursts of fire. In other words it was the custom not to fire without have an object to shoot at, but now a days it's just a matter of covering the area over which the foe will pass with lead so that nothing can live.

Mr. Geyor took charge of the Church service to night and got along nicely with his discourse on purity and innocence. He seems to have a lovely conception of life, but even here a man can be so engulfed as to become bigoted, which has a tendency to make young fellows afraid of him instead of having the confidence that would allow Mr. Geyor to get in closer touch with them, and thereby help them a stage nearer to the beautiful path of purity.

A party of some 300 men had the devil of a time hauling a 4-7 naval gun around from the beach to night. It is a cumbersome thing weighing about 10 tons.

Elcott & Watts went fishing last night and caught 9 small ones. This is the third lot of fish to date. They fry lovely. I can taste those of a week ago now, so sweet were they.

There was a lot of mortar shooting going on all night. The destroyers also added to the noise. The machine guns are called, amongst the fellows, type-writers; and sound similarly too.

Monday

July 12th

This morning has been a little bit more eventful than usual. I rose at 6:30, got wood ready for the fire and went down to have a swim. Rifle reports and the close thud of the bullets made me move quickly over the hill into the valley where I took off my singlet & cut off drawn ^{point} boots, near the beach when a bullet pitched into the wall a few feet away. I sat down for a few minutes then swam for the water & had a lovely swim.

I prepared breakfast down with biscuit toasted in fat and boiled potatoes & onions, jam & cheese. But during breakfast a furious bombardment opened with our guns followed by machine gun and rifle fire. A little later Turkish shells began to fly thickly all around us, and rain lead.

It was one of the finest Tomis wine had here for some time. After a shave and a cigarette the long waited for mail (2 weeks) arrived, and now I sit in my dugout in a stifling heat owing to the thin stuff bag covering which leaves good light in but keeps off the flies, this is essential, as they are damnably

mail from mother worrying over Bert & I. My cablegram "Young splendidly" was misread and they worried much. Ethel & Lis Spooza wrote nicely. H & B told her intention nicely of marrying Basil. What I can not complain of and I do wish her luck.

Yesterday, a battleship fired 139 shots at the hill near Goba Isp making a fine sight. Later another ship fired 75 shots over towards Maideros. The Turks fired shrapnel at them the whole time, and sunk the ship at Tomis. An aeroplane had an exciting time over 20 shots were fired at it and left the cloud effect on the blue sky. The plane seemed to be within reach of the shells too.

Tuesday

July 13th

We see some great artillery shooting from our camp by the Turk having a go at our torpedo craft and launches. They seem to be bad shots or have terribly bad luck so they seldom do better than go close and drive them away. The Turks seemed to be expecting an attack all last night and a hundred times opened fire with rifle and machine guns for 20 minutes at a time. Our idea, I believe, is to waste their ammunition which we believe to be getting short. The 9th Batt. in the afternoon were marching around in a circle with their bayonets gleaming over the trenches so that John Turk would expect would think they were preparing for a charge, and also being reinforced up. A good joke and it worked too.

I was taking off my short part for a swim this morning shelled from a sniper who was pitching bullets all around as the men passed at intervals and usually by. One chap passed me and some 5 bullets must have landed within 30 yards of him, and all he said in passing was: "That f--- will be getting some of these fellows yet."

Jack Hynes and Jack Brooks came along from the left and we went for a good walk around the gun pits and trenches. From them I learn that a good deal of enmity exists in all of the Battalions regarding the appointments as non-commissioned officers. They are new to the whole business and take charge of men who know the land, enemy's trenches and everything about this extremely peculiar type of warfare. And so it seems as if most of the raw recruits will give in their stripes and the positions be filled from the ranks of the tried and trusty original soldiers.

Wednesday.

July 14th

I wrote up a ~~short~~ brief account of my infatuation, or whatever it is, with my Manly lady to-day. I am in a better position to compare and reason with the particular particulars of the position which she so ~~boldly~~ coldly wrote declaring to be finished with now. But yet it is a hell of a conundrum to me, and although I have been hauled over the rack, I can't account for it yet.

I am pinning this matter together with the latter part of our rather large correspondence. I might at some future date be of use for reference re. There are quite a lot of cases going away at present the severe burning sun may be the primary cause. Although the sun burns so, it is fairly cool in the shade, but in my dugout with a chaff bag over the top to keep the flies out it is stiflingly hot.

Thursday

July 15th

One of our airplanes was subjected to a heavy bombardment this morning at 8 o'clock the still blue sky was dotted with clouds of white smoke from the bursting shrapnel and made a fascinating effect.

This evening I saw one of Major Hughes 18 pounders fire some 12 shots in quick succession, then John Turk got busy and it seemed strange to me to see, on the arrival of the Turks first shot, our gun crew leave their posts and run for cover. Eight other shells followed from John and buried themselves right in around the gun pit. A fairly strong wind blew the smoke away so that I could not get a photograph.

Friday

Fishing

July 15th

"Beachy Bill" has commenced early this morning and shells are now sawing their way overhead in a sinister and cruel manner. A number of large iron tanks were put up on the beach last night, the party evidently had no time to take them into the gully. They are lovely targets for Abdull, and if he doesn't deal with them, six in number, before the day passed I will be greatly surprised.

Andy & Watty were out fishing all last night and brought in some 14 small beam, this is the best haul to date, although the others had made a glorious meal. Our first decent fish since leaving Sydney, 10 months ago now, and I do hope to return soon and sit down to some thing or other.

Last night I was congratulated by many of the boys for having my name mentioned for bravery. I half expected this as one of the Light Horse Officers took my name on Monday June 28th. It is a nice compliment, earned or otherwise, doubly so seeing that it comes from strangers to me, where it our own officers reports I should be almost indignant.

There is a lovely young moon in the sky to-night. It looked lovely, yet mysterious, slowly working its way towards Semthrae. I am not yet absolutely certain why a new moon turns upon its back, and moves around. At present it is straight up & down, last time it was on its back. Due I have an idea to the regular reasonable changes

Saturday

July 16th

At 6.25 this morning a Turkish aeroplane dropped two bombs, one in the water near our camp, and I hear since that there were a lot of fish blown up and we are cursing at not going down to see at the time.

I am writing these notes by lamp light. A home made lamp, from a 2oz tobacco tin with a lint bandage for a wick, candles being so very difficult to get hold of, the smell of the lamp one soon gets used to. But the smoke that arises if one blows it out is strong enough to drive one out of the dug out for hours, so I use the lid of the tin to snuff it out and there's no smell follows.

Sunday

July 17th

Today has been a very quiet one with me. I tried to write a letter but it drifted into a newspaper article. Arrangements are

going on actively here lately and there is a lot of talk of a general advance, but hell what slaughter.

Water tanks and pipis are very prominently lying about the beach and it is just as well that our friend Beachy Bill is not feeling well or his shells would have knocked him hell out of those tanks, both iron and galvanised ones, but I think the Monitor done for Beachy Bill three days ago. He reigned a long time and got a lot of shells as well as doing much damage.

Monday

July 18th

It is the quietest morning we had for some time were it not for the rumbling thunder of the big guns from down south and the tuck-tuck of a machine gun sharpshooting along our beach every thing would be calm.

We were called out at 10 o'clock last night to take down some patients. It seems that a patrol party from the 11th Batt. ran across a concealed Turkish trench, but fortunately the Turks could not get at them with their rifles they were too close under the front of their trench. But John Turk got his bombs busy and wounded 6 of our party.

Jack Brooks and John Hynes came around this afternoon and we went up towards the 9th Batt lines and spent an hour with the fellows. An infantry man's life is the devil they seldom get away not even to get a wash.

Tuesday

July 19th

Our destroyer shelled the same old knoll with the double line of trenches on it at Gaba Ipe last night and as that infernal machine gun has not been heard this morning I presume they have blown up its position. All day yesterday this machine gun made things truly miserable. I went down for my swim as usual in the morning but I went near such an awful gizzard again. At 7 o'clock it was racking the beach worse by far than sharpshooting. It got up to the cemetery and a burial service in progress had to be postponed until quite dark.

Beachy Bill got snuffed out three days ago too, but he had a long earnings and possibly accounted for 300 men, some days he got as many as 8 killed & 25 wounded.

I have been through the 12th Battalion trenches which are tunnelled right through the hill, then over a gully and along a ridge good dug trenches have been formed. It is a maze of digging that would astound even the Egyptian children of Alexandria's Catacombs.

Wednesday

July 20th

The Turks put some high explosives into the trenches at Quinn's Post and entirely buried a number of our men. 8 killed 16 wounded was the total.

At Dr Butcher's there was a fellow who complained several times of weak nervous attacks but the Doctor only grumbled and called him a shirker; this evidently bothered the patient very much, and it was a very unfair accusation also.

The outcome was the fellow blowing his head off with his rifle to-day. It seems a shame as this man was a good worker and perfectly honest, but it is the damnable malingering, to be found amongst all soldiers, that leads the Doctors to distrust anyone with an invisible complaint. I wish medical men would take the man's character into consideration and reason more.

I had a couple of hours with some Northern boys yesterday. They are happy in their ignorance regarding the beauty and advantages of the North. The wharves, the mines &c. I must thank the powers that guide me, for leaving Ch. Downes and opening my eyes to the world and its ways. I am quite proud of my experiences and achievements when I get amongst the poor fellows of my time and on my social level at one time. And yet, with all the opportunity I am fitted for nothing in particular and do not know how I am or future to get my living and live up to my ideals of life, which I sometimes think are altogether too high and almost unreasonable as the world does not show much purity or cleanness of spirit.

I seem to have been carried from the earthly track somewhere and fast becoming cynical, which I must work out of, as a cynical or pessimist are annoyances to everybody whom they meet. This life I now lead is making me terrible sceptical and I dread the thought of this scepticism sticking to me.

Thursday

Drew 72.0.0

July 21st

Thursday

There has been a tremendous amount of rifle firing going on all night, but it is more demonstrative work, for what purpose I don't know, but very few injuries occur. Thousands of rounds are being fired away.

It is commonly rumored that the Turks are massing in front of our position and that an attack is almost certain for to-night. We have everything in readiness for him, and are delighted to think that he is going to do the perilous work of attacking, we were making full arrangements for an advance ourselves. The water tanks are almost ready, rations & ammunition are stocked in the lines and two bags of iron rations are issued to each man. So if John Turk comes will be very much obliged to him.

It is now after 6 p.m. and matters are extremely quiet. I don't like this as 'Abdull' should be knocking the barbed wire and sandbags away from our trenches with his artillerie if he really does mean to attack.

The Doctors say our men are breaking up fast now particularly the old hands they are compelled to keep time with the new arrivals whose nerves have not yet been tested, and this firing line and fatigue work is heavy work on this hard fare and some 5 hours sleep a day only. I often wonder what our unionists think of their long hours of hard work trench digging and sand bagging without overtime or extras.

A bottle of curry came to us to-day and the mutton baby beef stew was grand to-night. All the men throughout the lines have been inoculated twice against cholera, I have been done once and felt no effect at all. It does one good to see the indifference our men display towards the operation, and the gait of them would lead a stranger to suspect them of being the poorest clothed men on earth some no shirts no puttees, no boots, no hats &c.

Friday

July 22nd

Last night's much expected attack puzzled out a miserable disappointment. It was one of the quietest nights we've had for some considerable time.

Plain respirators and ~~st~~ smoke helmets have been issued to every man with instructions never to be in or out of camp without them. It is said that the Germans are preparing to use these German asphyxiating gases at any moment. It seems to me though that the strong winds and the deep gullies will prevent any serious damage being done here.

To-day has been an ordinary kind of a day, a little artillery fire all the time, keeping us always on the move and ducking.

Saturday

July 24th

Last night was again quite, though one of much expectation and anxiety. Our artillery did hear- ever, for the first time fire in number of shots during the night, and particularly the howitzer batteries.

Our fellows do pick up about the post office fellows robbing the parcels. Nobody is satisfied with the way their parcels do and do not come through.

I have some biscuits, malted milk &c coming through from Waggon which I anxiously await.

Condensed milk was offered here yesterday at 2/6 per tin. It is sometime procured on the beach at 4/3, but a person chances being arrested for buying it.

A lot of ~~Loof~~ ginger beer was sold on the beach some time ago, and I am wondering whether it is gift stuff or not.

We have a fair portion of rice issued now and it's glorious with golden syrup. We obtained two tins of milk, unsweetened, but it is fine

Sunday

July 25th

I wonder that the big dogs at the head of affairs don't pay more personal attention to the wants of the men in the firing line. They have worked like slaves for three months now and by the weakened appearance of them and the long sick parades I have come to the conclusion that the men are worked and ~~starved~~ starved almost to death. Better, and more food would keep them fit and well, but alas they are being wasted in hundreds as the constitution is so undermined, ~~they~~ and all that is wanted to make them as good as the best men in the whole world is more and better food to eat, the same old thing day after day. It is truly cruel, and the military head should show all else in warfare see that his fighting line might be decently kept alive. If there was a day's warfare where the men could buy food to fall themselves together with all would be well, but nothing can be bought. A Light Horse man paid 4/0 for a piece of chocolate yesterday and other 5/- for a tin of condensed milk is paid. It's a damnable shame and a matter so very easily overcome too.

Sergeant Spratt & I wandered around the morning, and I am more and more amazed at the amount of work our men have done. I really believe there is 125 miles of trench work done including all communications 4 ft deep and 4 ft wide. It's astounding even to myself the amount of work that has been done. Church Service is taken by Brother M. Gregor.

The rumour that we are to be relieved by Kitchener's new army is indeed comforting, as every man here is worn and tired of their constant strain without any comforts or change of food.

Monday

July 26th

I tried to write a decent letter this morning but failed everything seemed so disjointed and the matter is full of very good stuff too. It is unaccountable and annoying to actually waste time so.

Etta Gifford tells me of Ella Pellston's engagement; you know, I thought I had a chance there; but there are no regrets as I doubt her constitution to become a happy wife, yet there is another side and but for the war, goodness knows.

The 16 pounder from the "Olive Grove" have been sending in some nasty shots this evening making a swimming party dive under many a time. These are 4, 18 pounders withing 200 yards of our trench and they were one after the Olive Grove making a nerve racking clatter.

Tuesday

July 27th

Shells are bursting behind our residence and throwing missiles all over the place. I have just returned from a swim at 6.15 a.m. the water as so clean and delightful. No sniper has been on this spot for several days now.

This afternoon has been one of considerable anxiety for the grim spectators around the trenches behind the 3rd Brigade lines, as the Turks sent in some 30 big howitzer shells and ploughed up the ground in a wonderful manner. Only one man was killed, but it was marvellous how they escaped. None of the many howitzer guns scattered on the flat were hit either.

It is surprising what a lot of shells it takes to do any actual damage just now. John Turk is still holding his own at artillery work although we have put up so many new guns lately. The terrible beach racking obnoxious gun is again in action and making a lot of trouble too.

Received box of lovely biscuits from Mother and my bag from Paddy Neunstone.

Wednesday

July 28th

Yesterday afternoon I went away onto the left flank outpost held by the New Zealanders with sergeant Stewart. It was a very interesting look around, though it is miserable to have to follow the deep barrow ugly travelling trenches the whole time.

We met some fine New Zealanders up at an observation post ^{No. 3} where there were sniping with a periscope rifle. I got some good photos here. (No. 12 roll) These men seem very well bred and pleasant to talk to.

The sergeant-major was sure enough to put on the average number of sick and wounded for last month being 600 a day. This I doubt myself. The No. 10 are working away very well and, apparently, happy.

Last night there were some hot rifle & bomb throwing abbeys. The Turks have so far not shown any signs of attack, and I believe they were simply making preparation for defence, which signs we read to be offensive measures.

Hundreds of men are engaged cutting terraces along the hill sides all over the place, we don't know what they are for but still they must be temporary camping grounds for new arriving troops. There is undoubtedly some thing in the wind as reserve water, food & ammunition are kept and guarded right up near our lines.

A number of fellows got around a chop selling milk at 2/6 a tin, they pushed in slowly and then rushed to show taking all. And some this robber right I wonder that the men stand so much of this kind of thing.

Thursday

July 29th

Many of the men have their hats named in the same manner as the wool carters have their huge waggons named out in the Western country. Then again the number of sailors about with the names of their ships on their caps, evidently inspires our fellows to ~~not~~ call themselves all kind of humorous names. One has H.M.S. FATIGUE another H.M.S. SELDOM FEDS. and one watercarrier H.M.S. WATER DEVINER. and on account of the moon issue being practically stopped H.M.S. TEETOTXLAR appears on front of a cap band.

I have my old astronomy book now and will take a more interest in the sky at night. When we first came here the days were growing longer each day and the sun would be seen setting a little further out and to the North of the Island of Somothrase but at present the sun sets right behind the Island and is rapidly moving southward and bringing the daylight to an early close. The sunsets are not nearly so good nowadays.

Rules and regulations are being strictly enforced in the trenches which seems extremely unfair. The men were doing hard digging all day and went into the trenches firing line, the same night and because one leaned against the side walls, another had his hands off his rifle which was leaning by his side, and as the third had the top box covering of his rifle be muddled the whole three were paraded and punished. This is not fair play where there is so much sickness and so much fatigue work to be done, on the absolute minimum of food, hard badly cooked stuff at that too. Mother's tin of Bunsby & Palmers biscuits, is to sweet and rich for us. It cost 2/3 postage too.

Friday

July 30th

A Turkish aeroplane came over our lines last evening and drove our observer, who had been up for some time, in a very slow plane, right away West and up into the air. The Turkish machine was very fast indeed. The aeroplane with the black crosses, (ours have red circles on each of the wings,) standing out prominently came over us again this morning and evening dropping bombs on each occasion.

No damage was done, although the two this evening were very close to the beach and our camp, but thank the powers that be they both landed in the water 150 yards from where I stood. The water went up 80ft. into the air, but I was too slow to get it with the camera I had in my hand. Again the Turkish machine drove ours away being I fancy very much faster.

Saturday

July 31st

This morning at 9 o'clock as Germans and I were coming along home after spending the whole night at a Dressing station the Turkish aeroplane was plainly seen and heard approaching at a great height. When it appeared to be immediately overhead, I distinctly saw a huge bomb released. It made me feel extremely queer, more so as there are a number of field and naval guns in the immediate vicinity which the bomb might be meant for. I heard the screaming and peculiar roaring, whistling noise of the descending missile. I hurriedly prepared my camera which is always on hand and set down on the road side. There was only a few moments to wait, but really they were like minutes to me.

anxious waiters upon whose life depended the fortunes of war, judging from our position directly underneath the plane.

We breathed only after hearing the bomb explode on the opposite side of the hill 60 yds away. What a glorious relief: you who have never stood under a bomb dropped will not know with what delight one hears a descending bomb drop out of harm's way.

The ground around us fairly shook and rose the fine dust. Another bomb was heard falling on its mission of destruction.

This one I did not see leave the aeroplane but knew full well with the pass this dare devil was flying and by the slight breeze that was blowing we were in perfect safety, but in expectation of obtaining a picture I ran up onto the hill, and there saw the dense cloud of black smoke rising from 150 yds behind our trench where very little damage could be done, but as the rising sun was glaring right into the camera I did not attempt a photograph.

With another bomb was dropped, it fell on top of a steep hill somewhere near the 4th Battalion Headquarters, though I could not see plainly. The three bombs were dropped in line and perhaps 250 yds apart.

This business is getting so common for my liking and makes me a little disappointed to see our men not attacking we have 7 planes, I have seen 5 of them in the sky at one time, and after reading of the great fights and deeds of daring enacted by aviators in Europe it makes me anxious to see them have a go in here. I will watch for them this evening with much expectation.

August 1st

Sunday

To-day (by the way this war is 12 months old this day) proceeds a night of bloodshed and pain. All the ambulance men were called out, after being warned previously, at 10 p.m. and from that time until 3 a.m. a stream of wounded came down from the 11th Battalion, West Australians mostly, situated some 400 yards from the extreme right flank.

It seems that we charged and fired three mines ^{or} with the intention of blowing up, and taking, the Juko trenches, which are out over a gully, and probably 300 yards in front of our original firing line, but only 60 yards ahead of our newly founded patch of advanced firing trenches.

Two, only, of the mined tunnels exploded but this done sufficient damage to enable our men to take some distance of trenches and successfully establish themselves. There did not seem to be a very heavy bombardment either preceding or after the assault, and strange to say that so many wounded seemed to come from the old firing line due to shrapnel shells etc.

The wounded must have had a very rough time getting in as there is a long travelling way leading right through the hill 5 ft. below the surface with only small ventilation holes every 30 ft. The height is about 5 ft. and the width very little wider than one's shoulders so you can imagine it's a rough passage of perhaps 100 yds. of pitch darkness.

I am not in possession of any really reliable information as yet but the galling reality of war lies in front of me now as

I sit writing at the Dressing Station at 4 p.m. and there are 10 bodies lying in line. Yesterday these were fine specimens of Australian manhood. ^{last later shows 30 killed} Men that any nation in the world would be proud to claim.

It is a sickly sight, if one is willing to permit the mind to dwell on the humane side of life. But this we must not allow as there is so much blood and slaughter about to face that one cannot be sentimental.

The bodies of two Turks also lay nearby. These are the smallest I have yet seen, and very puny specimens. Their boots were badly worn and crudely repaired in one case, while the other had on a light pair of open topped shoes.

All the Turks I have yet seen wear underclothes and about 10 rolls of a long cloth around their middle, while, as a comparison, our men are wearing mostly shorts and only a thin singlet under their tunics. This gear though not picturesque helps to troubleme his down ^{affectionately} there was a big bombardment down

South all day. But judging by the breaking of the shells they are not moving ahead at all towards Akhi Barba. With so many big guns on land & sea I have an idea that with unlimited ammunition a fly, would possibly live within or short a range, regardless of the depth of trenches, in fact the depth of trenches would be their downfall if we had shells enough to blow them in on top of them and bury them.

Yesterday afternoon the Turkish aeroplane did not appear but our own came

across and dropped three bombs, one of which landed amongst the 2nd Battalion lines of trenches, it made a lot of smoke and dust, otherwise, I have not ascertained the damage it might have done.

To-day is Sunday, and I have cut the large home made cake from Mother. I am very pleased with it so are the boys. But my mind works rather sadly on Sundays knowing that prayers are duly offered up for my safe keeping morrow on this than other days.

Then again, I am kind of melancholy and full of feeling for the loss of so fine a lot of men and the grief occasioned in their far away homes when the wire tells out the sad news to their dear friends.

The fact that they died well, is no answer to the question as to why they should die at all. But also!! No! Hell.

Sergeant Spratt had tea with us after which I strolled back up to the right and there lay ready for burial 15 of the 11th Battalion in a terrible looking line. And 20 yards away were four poor looking Turks with clothes all patched and boots worn through. A sickening sight!!

Artillery and rifle fire has been very quiet all day to-day. Although "Becky Bill" did send along his compliments in batches of about 5 shots from time to time, with which he raked the beach and bluffed the boys.

Our wounded for this little job amounted to 70. One wounded man with a broken leg was slated at the work of the ambulances men and said "Every bloody one of them earned a Victoria Cross to-night"

Monday.

August 2nd

At 6.30 p.m. a Turk aeroplane came across following our line of trenches then out to sea where a huge bomb dropped quite close to the Hospital ship; another landed close to the beach at the foot of our left flank and Light Horse camping ground. For the first time our 18 pounders fired several shots but the rifle men went mad and fired hundreds of shots even two machine guns got busy but like the field guns they waited until the aeroplane was too far away.

Tuesday.

August 3rd.

The most important happening up to 5 o'clock this afternoon was the miserable complaints of our fatigue party who were commissioned to bring up some poles iron and sand bags, about 30 altogether, and of all the petty growlers I've heard in my life I heard to-day. We as a body have not, in comparison to the infantry, done so good days work out of the 14 weeks that we have been here, and naturally when there is a bit to do there is more cursing and swearing than one would expect from a lot of overworked and ill-treated men. But if there is stretcher bearing work to do they are not so bad, although even here, there is bitter jealousy as to which section is doing the work. I am sick of all this squaking and pithiness, it makes me feel so wretched.

It is 8.45 p.m. at the moment of writing sitting furnished up in my single apartment dugout with a lamp burning splendid some fat I hauled from a 4th tin of Garrison's Rabbit Meat.

Wednesday

August 4th

Beachy Bill done a lot of work last evening and night, he fired from 8 until 11 p.m. along the beach and must have done considerable damage as the supply depot is crowded with men and mules at this time of the night. Our guns exchanged shots with him, but if our gunners are no better shots than there are, it will take a long time to knock "Beachy Bill" out of position. One of our guns is on a ledge close to the sky line at the top of our highest shell and I suppose the Turks have fired 3,000 shots at it over the past 14 weeks, but it still exists.

Our big monitor with howitzer guns should get them from the sea, moreover, it now that "Beachy Bill" has two companions judging from the salvoes of shots that forced their path through the complaining atmosphere a few yards overhead. It is a queer feeling to hear a shell approaching in your immediate direction, and not knowing where it is likely to burst, and because a dozen others passed safely over one hates to pay John Turk the compliment of ducking, therefore he grips his courage and takes no notice.

Down at the beach this morning a sharpshooter was playing along the front. I changed (by taking off the shirt I sleep in) and ran into the water. There were some newly arrived boatmen, we have hundreds now, washing their cloths, a number of bullets passed within short distance of them and other struck the water not 10 yards away, still they, on their banishes, went on with their washing. An Australian water carrier went by, and forgetting entirely that he himself was in the narrow strip of ping area between the walls of the hills and the ocean, told the three boatmen that they would be getting shot through the guts if they did not get out.

The lads said "what are they buggers shooting at us?" "My bloody oath" said the Australian. "With which all three scattered over the shingle beach in an exasperated hurry. At which the Australian angrily said "Strike me dead! There's no need for such a bloody rush, you'll hit the b - but see his in the night spot." Referring to the surface of course.

August 4th.

I was nearly forgetting that I was awakened at 6 o'clock this morning by hearing something tearing and roaring through the air. It sounded like an aeroplane bomb, so I hopped out, taking my camera, and behold the black smoke of an aeroplane bomb followed by an explosion that shook the ground and vibrated through the air. I was too slow with the camera, and missed what might have been a good picture only 40 yards away from where I stood.

Yes, it was close shrapnel, but it did not seriously disturb any of us. We are getting used to them, and reconnoitre ourselves easily to aeroplane or any other bombs.

On coming up to duty this morning I met a Belgian mountain battery party out drilling the whole of the gun and four boxes of ammunition was carried on some 7 mules; and when the order was given to "mount gun" everybody repeated it and rushed up to the position slipping the whole gun, barrel &c. from the backs of the fine animals and had the gun set up in very quick time indeed. The gun was also quickly dismantled and strapped to the mules ready to move off. I got three photographs of them.

It is now 9.15 a.m. and with the squad I am sitting in a dugout waiting for wounded or any report of them. Our term of waiting is from 9 to 1.0 o'clock.

I was up at the 9th Battalion last night talking to George Barr. The men here are wild to think that 30 men were killed and 40 wounded the other night to take a trench that we could have had simply for the digging of it weeks ago. This whole ridge was idle for weeks and while we were putting in time digging in behind the present lines we could have built up this trench for nothing, whereas it cost us weeks of digging and 30 good men. Our old miners laugh at the engineering sections' attempts at survey work or tunneling, to meet, they are often 2 yards out in a distance of 10 yards. This department is a laughing stock amongst those who know anything of mining affairs.

Continued

August 4th

"Bucky Bill" has been playing up all day long; last night he kept playing onto the town beach while we landed some 8,000 troops, and strange to say without much injury as they were all hurried away off the beach, and by some extraordinary account this seemed to be between the hulls of shrapnel fire.

In the afternoon of to-day Akiba-Barba got hell from our warships. They fairly tore it up for 30 minutes or so. And yet I would like to see them stick to the shelling for hours instead of minutes, and the lives of our poor infantry would be much safer when the time comes to charge.

Many reinforcements joined us to-day, and it is now pretty certain that we will soon be attacking John Jurek again. Tons of material are going into the trenches.

According to George Barr the
new animals are very touchy to
fire like mad at the first
suspicion of an object in the
dark, and which are purely
imaginary, some can see
Ballesters of men and all sorts
of imaginary things and
being. George is a quite and
patient fellow and often runs
foul of an alarmist Captain
who keeps his men at high
tention all the time, which is the
sterner and cooler man object
too. Well one afternoon 40 men
before dusk, our men fired
five rounds rapid and cheered
wildly. This no doubt brought
John Turk to his feet but he hardly
fired a shot. 45 minutes later
the Turk done exactly the same
thing and had our fellow firing
madly. We were caught at our
own game. Wasted ammunition

Thursday

August 5th

My squad had 3 hours digging to
do to-day so I choose to commence to
job at 6 a.m. This we did and are
thankful to think we worked the best
of the day so well.

I'm sitting at D^r Marks' dressing station
and the conversation is being directed upon the
wealth of each member upon his return home.
It's a fact too, that some of the fellows have
more money than ever they dreamt of, and
that they are likely to run loose and spend it
all before they think of looking for work.

There are a lot of fellows right enough who
will be lauded, and have their legs pulled by
their so termed friends who will help them
to spend their saving in debauchery.
Then it, of course, will do a lot of young
fellows the world of good and start them off
in life brilliantly and well.

In this common type of discussion with
us, it is astounding the crude rough fellows
that claim to have just bought a new suit
and turnout of cloths before leaving, some
of them 3 suits, and so the few pounds to
their credit on return will compensate that of

August 11th

Friday

August 6th

It is nearly 6 o'clock now, we have been working hard from very early morning amongst the wounded. And such smashed and battered men one never saw.

It was purely a bomb fight in the trenches taken from John Turk about four days ago by the 11th Battalion, in which engagement our losses ~~totalled~~ totalled some 37 killed & 70 wounded, many of whom will die.

To-day tally will probably be similar ^{Later killed 49} ~~wounded~~ ^{wounded 120}

Happens that the Turk crept up to our trenches, which have taken a lot of work to build up and hold, and filled them up with bombs actually before our men knew anything about it. The Turk took possession of about 50 yards of the 300 of lost trenches and driving our men out. But reinforcement and hard fighting in turn drove the Turk out and though we gained to-day we lost heavily. The bombs knocked and shattered our men over the whole

of the body. Some cases were swaddled in cotton wool gauze and bandages from the hips right down to the feet. Sad sights they were.

Worse even, was the congestion down on the beach where the poor fellows, with marvelous fortitude, laid about in dozens and even three, "Beachy Pitt" & "Dada" gun from over the middle point showed in sharp relief, chiefly for the 10th Gurkha Indian troops who made a particularly hurried landing. So many troops were landing this morning, and over night too, that the small launches did not appear to be available to take the wounded aboard the Hospital ship.

The landing Indians look very frightened as they scrambled one

over the other out of the hedges and scud along the beach for shelter, were they immediately regained their composure and wore a bright, heroic expression of a child. I like their loose supple limbs and their general physique; they reminded me of Japanese both by their short stature and the features, being only a little darker in colour.

They are very unlike the Indians that run our mail transport or the better fellow perhaps on the mountain batteries.

The Ambulance men worked wonderfully well this morning and kept the way open splendidly.

Another bombardment has commenced now; all of our big guns are working like hell. Tossing shells onto the Turks lines. Warships are battering up Gabo Dope & Achi Barba, huge clouds of smoke grow up like the

bean tree in Jack the Beanstalk
pantomime and after rising to a
height of 80ft. dispense.

We are at the moment on the eve
of a monster engagement. All arrange-
ments are thorough and already prepared
to advance. Each soldier and man
have white arm bands and a square
patch of white material sewn on the
back. It's going to be a rough
house to night, and our poor men,
they must, they will get knocked down
and battered over and over again.

This morning early I went out
through the tunnel under the original
firing line to the advanced aid post
where there were 21 seriously wounded
laying about in all most heart break-
ing positions. We took a break of a
fellow with an arm practically brown off at
the shoulder, and after scrambling over the
bodies of some 3 Turks, we reached the way
out. It's unenviable walking on dead bodies!

Saturday

August 7th

War; war with a vengeance!
There is no word, or for that matter, series
of words that can convey any realistic idea
as to what war, actually means. Dante's vivid
description of the inferno, an Hindu idea of Hell
are as nothing compared to it.
I was going to write up last night's noise
of bombardment, but it is now 7 a.m. &
I am ordered to go down with the squad
and carry from our camp station to the
beach.

At this moment of writing, 6.30 p.m.
with a lovely sunset bedecking the West
the battle has been raging 25 hours.
And from all quarters the wounded
have been streaming in as happy as
sand boys are the great progress we
have been making all around.
We are paying our price; a bitter price
too. I am too tired and light headed
to write just now but I will have to
try and make a job of it to-morrow
but then, we A.M.S. men will have to
keep going until the trouble subsides.
Just now rifle fire is slack by one hour
ago it was fierce. The warships are going
the pace with their big guns on our

left flank. I feel confident that we have taken Mr. John Durk by surprise this time, as at 9 o'clock this morning we had some 2,000 prisoners in hand. And to do them justice they were a rather good physical type of man, their boots were worn and their cloths patched a bit but this can be understood as they have been in the field a long time.

Our General put up a good stunt by bombarding Gaba Lake beach as if preparing to land troops there last night but behold when daylight broke there were transports, warships and dozens of unclassifiable ships standing off Sulva Bay on the salt lake.

We landed some thousands of men there, and there seems to have had very little trouble in making ground; and though the hill commanding the whole of the Peninsula, cutting off Ahi Baba and Durkiah communication 709 (I think) has not yet fallen into our hands it must surely do so, and then the Durks fate is sealed once and for all.

And God what a relief it will be to get away from this truly bloody place. The reality of war I have been through, it is relentlessly cruel and does not give a brave man a dogs chance.

Sunday

August 8th

It is 39 hours since we commen-
ed the attack and it seems as unsettled
as ever. The 1st Brigade made some 300
yards of ground and drove the Turks out
of three lines of trenches, but John is still
holding the fort and knocking fair hell
out of our poor men with bombs. A
stream of stretchers and walking cases still
continue to come down, but thank good-
ness the ambulance units and dressing
stations are able to avoid congestion.
Yesterday morning the poor fellows were lying
in hundreds around the beach, a truly
terrible sight. I have been working
from 12 until 7 this morning without
hardly a break and feel perfectly done up.
It is now 8 a.m. I am going to try &
sleep, but those fine fellows being cut
and battered to fragments, (our men
are walking over the bodies of their
comrades) keep me awake more so
I know that the 16 weeks here of awfully
hard digging & fatigue with an average
daily sleep of 6 hours on the poorest
class of food, has weakened the men to
such an extent that I fear nature will
^{not} stand to them in a long stubborn
engagement. Sick parade each morning
for weeks past have been up to 126

from one Battalion and I understand
this is a fair average all round.
Even then, the double issues of rum that
have been dealt out lately will have a
lower effect on the system as it wears
off, and with matters at such a high
tension as they have been for the last
38 hours a fear for our men very
seriously. They should have been fed
up better, or at least had the advantage
of a canteen, then they would, at the
moment be, be a dozen times the more
jiced & languid they take all unnecessary
risks, it the devil.

Information as to our exact position
and what our fortune is, ^{we} we don't
know at all.

The warships are crowded in around
Juloa Bay and doing quite a lot of firing.
The Jack is not doing much with his
artillery, its essential a bomb fight
with him. Bombs make terrible
wounds to. We should get Feb 97
alright. I don't know how the Jack
sticks out against our huge guns at
all. He must be a great fighter.
I must try to sleep now, as our work
carrying heavy men is extremely hard.

This battle has now been raging 48 hours, and though I still feel confident of a complete victory the news leaking through from all kinds of sources is not so glowing as of yesterday. One pleasing feature is the fact that very few wounded are now coming down from the 1st Brigade and very little rifle fire can be heard near by though on the left there are occasional rumbles that sound quite a long way off. I am feverish to-day and not up to much or I certainly would go up to the firing line and have a look around. The stories one gets from the wounded is at times interesting, but usually they don't know much of things outside of their own little environment, and then most of them are so wrapped up in their business that they see but little of what is going on. I met the first speaker of the battle this morning. He was a bomb thrower and was only slightly wounded for which he should have been thankful. Instead he pleaded, "This is what a man gets for volunteering to throw bombs. They rush you up into the trench in the dark and let you go without knowing where to throw or how far to throw. No more bloody war for me nor if the Germans do rule the world."

This, ~~that~~ thank goodness is an exceptional case and both his spirit and his mind can be gauged from his lack of knowledge as to the contents of the bombs he was throwing. When we are working night & day to succour the wounded who are in bearing a silent it jars to get one waster like this one. I have made mention of this case just to let one see the effect of a squabble on all hands he meets.

The warships are firing freely from time to time. I think John Junk is wonderful to stand and fight on with all the machinery of war opposed to him. Bombs seem to be the Junk's chief fighting feature just now and he seems to over-shadow us in this particular department of this game.

I am still anxious for our boys, who's physique cannot suit them. Nature cannot hang out. There are a lot of Englishmen waiting back as reserves, and alas; the 13 Battalion was sent into the front as reinforcements. And though the wounded increased to four down our tally is about 950 stretchers & walking cases.

It is Sunday to-day. I guess there will be no services held this day.

Monday

August 9th

My head is burning and my body
shivering. Fever of some kind I presume;
but nothing very serious nevertheless.
I got an opportunity to see the trenches taken
from the Turks this afternoon. They seem almost
impregnable roofed over with cypress pine
logs. But this is a story for when the
light is not so far gone as at present
I took six photographs.

I have been sleeping nearly all day to-
day, so soundly did I sleep that I had
a dream of seeing two wonderfully fine
boxers in combat. It was a good
interesting encounter and, I believe, done
me a lot of good in the way of entertain-
ment. This is my 1st, or thereabouts, dream
on the Peninsula. "Beaky Bill" put
in some good work today. I saw him
get onto several mule lines to-day, and
he cut to pieces and the timing and
accuracy of the shells a bunch of 7
was surprising. 12 mules dead.

I cannot get any recent information
about our new landing party on the
left flank. It is however pretty well
certain that we have not taken it and
this makes me rather dependent as
the battle is 68 hours old now and
the Turks have had time to make
all kinds of killing devices from
ghostly ~~the~~ receptors.

Tuesday

August 10th

It is 8 a.m. I have just come in after being on duty since 1 a.m. But I am almost joyfull to know that by the very few wounded that we are holding our captured positions the Jukes having steadied down and thereby giving our poor devils a chance. No news comes from the left wing at all which means we have not yet got control of 971. So much delay makes me very anxious too.

The Jukes are dropping 8 or 9 inch howitzer shells 100 yards away from here. We can hear these awful things sizzling down almost out of the clouds, and stand anxiously waiting the crash. The afternoon of our attack I was on the hill behind the trenches and got some good photos of these shells bursting although out of 7 successive shots only one exploded. They seemed to turn and fall on their side, one of them sent out a lovely smoke ring it hung together a long time and was so fascinating. There were a few Jowings injured by this bombardment, and this morning the shell though so very close are falling in the gully safely. I think its the 5 in. howitzers that they are looking for. Well there are some 11 in the right gully and 6 in the gully

Wednesday

August 11th

I am on duty from 7 am to 7 p.m. with a hell of a head-ache, but there is not much going. If I have to go sick it will make me miserable I would sooner be wounded.

I have lived on the contents of Mother's parcels for four days now and cannot stick much longer.

Our tent division arrived and joined us this morning. All of the nursing section and the dozens of non-coms. A very funny lot of stripe wearers they are too. I suppose there is 60 in the party and not a hand's turn for them to do. I hope they won't humbug we old hands much. It is surprising, the disrespect the old hands have for all new arrivals. Up in the firing line the reinforcements are used as useless. They stop at every shot and squeal at even light work, yet talk with a tone of superiority. Of course they soon come to their level and knuckle down.

Thursday.

August 12th

There has been no fighting of any kind about here and, therefore, no wounded are coming down.

But the landing party on the North seem to be fighting very hard indeed, with what effect, we have not the slightest idea.

No news can usually be taken as good news; but with the kind of dope that the military folk pass onto us from time to time I feel sure that if there was success being met with we would have heard.

Therefore I take it that we are getting a very rough time on the North. This is the devil as I

expected outside of 971 within 30 hours of the attack, and have John Dusk within our grip. The winter is rapidly approaching and we had an idea from the tail end of the last one there, on our arrival, that winter with its piercing winds fog and rains would be the devil of a place.

August 13th

Friday

News is very hard to get still concerning our new landing party on the left or north. But we have good reason to suspect that our success has been very limited, if they exist at all.

Several times I've heard that the Tommy broke and came back upon the reinforcements in a demoralised state. We have had a lot of East Yorkshire, Warwickshire, King's Own, and others. Some of them looked loose and solid but taking them generally we Australians have not much faith in them, they oftentimes look slovenly built and slow of action.

It is nice to see an English fatigue party walking down to the beach two deep with the sergeant in front. Our parties roll down in a long rambling line from one to five deep. If they pick up a ball they stop and chat and if the sergeant arrives with 15 out of 20 he is well pleased, as they saunter away & get lost anywhere.

We never had a patrol all last night. Matters have been extremely quiet all along our front.

Saturday

August 14th

I am at this moment sitting at the Clearing Station waiting for a boat for Mudros where I am to have a rest. Major Welch upon an examination by Copts. Kay & Wessell give me the clearance last night. I don't really want to go but they tell me I'd better, my spleen, or some such thing has gone wrong. Anyhow, I've had nothing to eat worth mentioning for 8 days now. I expect it's up to me for a spell though really I don't feel as if I have earned one!

I waited on the beach all day long and until 9 p.m. before getting aboard. A boat load went at 1.0 o'clock but as they asked for the worst cases I missed getting aboard. Well this time there were 160 scattered about a huge barge and away we went, wondering how long the journey would take to Mudros, but alas! they pulled up at the Hospital ship and we all climbed there and spent the night.

Sunday

August 15th

I had a glorious night's sleep on board last night. We were treated really well. Told where to get a mattress and blankets, which is the first mattress I've used for 11 months and letter cocoa & bread & cheese was served up. But, lo! the soft loving voice of a woman turned me over to look out, and there was a nurse talking some little distance away. I never saw her face but her voice brought back sweet hopes of reaching civilization again. The first voice for four whole months, hard & nasty months too. But she vanished all too soon I would have given the world if she would only have spoken to me and given me a chance to reply; nothing could have sounded so pure and holy (though I know this not) in my parched ears

Yet I did hear the voice and it did
me a lot of good.

Breakfast at 7.30 and we were
bundled off onto a trawler, and this
time assuredly for Mudros. But
another disappointed awaited as
we were pushed off at Imbros Is.
and bunged into a R.A.M.C. Hospital
these Tommy controlled hospitals
are prisons to Australians as the
poor Englishmen can't understand
them, and are also so lazy and
always squeaking. This I have
already found and am hoping
to ~~be~~ shifted to-morrow.

On Monday Aug 16th the 'Spartan' with a load of sick and wounded were steaming past and close to the Island of Samothrace, on which there was to be seen quite a lot of habitation. I was leaning over the rails and a young Englishman was at my elbow evidently much interested also. I cleared my throat and prepared my plainest English voice as I did not want to be asked to repeat myself and then probably be misunderstood, a common trouble when talking to English Germans.

After a false start, which woke him up I attempted to explain that the Island was called Samothrace. It was very prosperous in older times and was frequently visited by St. Paul according to the Bible. I felt certain I had him understanding me and interested. I was going to tell him of James Gurners fascination for the skyscrapers and sunsets of Samothrace. When the fellow in the most casual voice possible turned to me and said "Yes! its a lovely night isn't it?" I never answered him.

Monday

August 16th

It is nightfall and I am lying besides some steam pipes on the deck of the "Christian" a kind of converted hospital ship, having left the ~~My~~ Imbros Hospital where I got four mugs of home made milk hot at 1.0'clock. I am glad to get away, but if I strike another English run hospital to-morrow, or whenever and where we go, I will curse my luck. We are still in Imbros Harbour, a decent little harbor considering how usefull it is at present as a supply base and a shelter for our warships from submarine. There was a terrible rush at meal time to-night, I got something out of it but it was hard and patient work.

Sailed for Lemnos Island at night fall.

Tuesday August 17th
We steamed into Mudros Harbour this morning but as there is no room in the Hospital where we are remaining aboard matters are quite attention and food very poor.

Wednesday August 18th
Still anchored at Mudros. Nobody knows what the next move is going to be. I hope we go to Malles, I badly want to see it.

Thursday August 19th
It rained last night & drove me from the deck. We have just had breakfast and no sign of clearing yet.

Friday August 20th

- No 17. commenced August 4th finished August 6th.
- 1st Pictures of myself with gas respirators two kinds
 - 2nd for use in case the Turks use gas.
 - 3 } Mule transport taking sealed tins of water up onto the
 - 4 } taken at "Casualty corner" trenches.
 - 5 The 10th Glucks landing at Anzac under severe shell fire.
 - 6 My stretcher squad with patient. A busy morning.
 - 7 By Boeritzes shells bursting right over
 - 8 our trenches, they seem to fall straight down.

- No 18. commenced August 6th August 8th
- 1 A cloud of powder smoke falling straight down into a gully in which are hundreds of English troops.
 - 2 Smoke cloud in the gully around where the Army
 - 3 A mule team carrying ^{per mule 50 lbs.} ~~the~~ shells are camped.
 - 4 } Taken in the Turk trench. 6-8 hours after the bombardment.
 - 5 } Dead Turks & Australians lying on the bottom and up on the sides.
 - 6 } timber bomb proof shelter. Captured by 1st Brigade
 - 7 } The Cyprus fern.

- No 19 commenced August 8th finished 15th
- 1 } Captured Turk trenches with dead 1st Brigade
 - 2 } at dusk.
 - 3 } hospital ships
 - 4 A view of the warships, transports, messenger craft and
 - 5 Indian mountain cart, mules and packmules
 - 6 } Turk warship at Imbros Is. 11 boats
 - 7 } very stumpy beside our British ships.
 - 8 Greek labourers pumping Imbros Island

- No 20 commenced August 15th finished August
- 1 Canadian Nurses on the at Mudros
 - 2
 - 3 On board the "Notman."
 - 4

No 13 rolls (continued) July 27th to 29th inst.

- 6th film Filling machine gun belts by hand.
- 7th Filling belts by machine.
- 8th Two Yeomen getting dinner ready.

No 14 roll July 29th to July 30th.

- 1st Two lancers assisted by men drawing a stout barge of the shore where a gale blew it.
- 2nd } Around about a 5 inch Howitzer manned by a crew
- 3rd } of 10th of England men. These guns of which we
- 4th } have a large number have done great work.
- 5th } A water supply depot, which unfortunately often fails
- 6th } the water comes from wells.
- 7th } Artillery horses stabled in a blind gully for safety.

No 15 roll commenced July 31st finished August 1st

1st Bomb from our own aeroplane breaking right on our own trenches.

2nd } Sunsets from my dugout, the best we've had

3rd } for a very long time and vastly different

4th } more of the obiturn tents.

5th A hurried picture of men scattering on account of a German aeroplane while gathered around 15 dead of the 11th Batt and 4 Turks badly clothed and booted

6th Taken from our camp "Lookout" overlooking the right flank. On the space in the foreground is a huge signal of long strips of white cloth directing the aeroplanes.

No 16 roll commenced August 2nd finished August 4th

1st Taken in the meat depot at the Army Service Supply Department

2nd } Platt Cold Storage beef South America. The butchers say it's the best

3rd } meat in the world and they are Australians, too.

4th } Two young Law Practitioners Murphy & Pope Anderson building, or digging a dugout, dwelling place

5th } Indian Mountain Gun party at drill. 7 a.m.

Number 17 back on page

No 10 roll commenced July 11th finished July 18th

1st A sunset taken with the sun on the sky (Bulls)

2nd The road up which the 4-7 naval gun weighing 30 tons has to go. with 1st Field Ambulance camp behind.

3rd A sunset. with ships and Samothrace Island.

4th Hauling up the 4-7. our camp behind

5th Showing men hauling up this 4-7.

6th The gully between the 12th Batt old & new trenches

7th A photo of myself in the tunnel like trenches

8th Bill Drummond & Archibald in the tunnel.

No 11 roll commenced July 18th finished July 26th

1st A Howitzer firing, taken from directly in front

2nd Grave of 11th Batt men killed on June 28th, 16 men

3rd Taken from the camp showing miles journey

4th Through a travelling way unseen to the enemy

5th our road to the position & water stores.

6th Looking north to Sulva Bay.

7th Hand pumps from water barges to the shore with

8th pair built by our engineers behind

9th Pumping from water barges to the hundreds of water

10th carriers.

11th The 4th Battalion cook house.

12th Quin's Post from Popes Hill.

13th Hughes Battery standing at ease during meal

14th hours.

No 12 roll commenced July 26th finished July 27th

1st Taken at 5 Howitzer Battery. 3rd 7.0.1. 1st class Div

2nd } All British men, firing over Quin's Post way

3rd } from the right flank. 5 inch gun preparing

4th } fired. attaching prisoner cap.

5th Graves of artillery men killed shortly dur-

6th ing the early days.

7th Twilight from my dugout.

8th Pumping spirit out from my dugout

9th Sinking for water in Shropshire gully.

10th The beach with latrines on foreground.

No 13 roll commenced July 29th finished July 29th

1st double exposed plate transport all trench

2nd } shooting with periscope rifle

3rd } Observing & shooting from Observation Post

4th } In the Observation Post of 4th right flank

5th View from travelling way to the left flank.

2nd roll of film on back of page

How my films were sent forward

- 2 rolls ^{April 20th per Jimnos} undeveloped taken to Alexandria by Harcourt to be developed and forwarded to Hollingsworth
- 3 rolls May 20th by A.S.C. man addressed direct by [unclear]
- 1 " May 30th by the Buyer direct to Hollingsworth
- 1 " June 15th per G.I. Hill for Hollingsworth
- 4 rolls July 10th Jack W. Arton developed in Alexandria and forwarded to Sydney
- 5 rolls July 29th by Jim May ^{Apr 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 to be developed or sent direct to Sydney. (128 pictures)}
- 2 rolls August 4th by Tom Horns to Jimnos. 15416

Mr. Roberts, Commissioner, 355 Van St Sydney.
 Mr. Hollingsworth, Post Office 32 Castlereagh St.
 Hill Street 169 - Pitt St. Hoffmann Chambers.

Aguan Sea Gulf of Anos, Masdos
 Gaba Lye Kiled Baba, Imbras Is.
 Sea of Marmora, Galapagos Peninsula
 Ache Baba, Samothrace
 Scutellin Point, Mucall Point
 Hill St. Subscript or Deadman, Gully
 Beachy Bell, Lonely Gz, Wandering Gully

Johns Birthday May 25th 1916
 Gully June 1st 1916

